

Tomorrow is Forever by Gwen Bristow

CHAPTER V

At half-past four the following afternoon, Spratt was winding up another conference with the new writer who had come from Germany. Spratt pushed his chair back from his desk and grinned at his colleague.

"That's all for the present, Kessler. We can go into more detail tonight after dinner. And you'll start writing the story-treatment in the morning."

"Yes, Mr. Herlong." The new writer smiled back and though his heavy dark beard emphasized his foreignness to this American office and his customary dignity was such that his smile, unlike Spratt's, could hardly be called a grin. He conveyed his acknowledgment of the comradeship that springs up swiftly when two workers discover they can work together. "When you will read the synopsis—I am sorry, the treatment—you will forgive my awkwardness with the language?"

Spratt chuckled. "In the first place, your language is very rarely awkward, and in the second place I can get a dozen writers who know English grammar or one who can tell a story. I don't mind saying, Kessler, you took a load off my shoulders in our conference yesterday. You understand stories—I wish you could tell me how to make all these English grammar writers understand them."

"Perhaps it is only sometimes viewing situations as other people would view them, and not entirely from the unchanging viewpoint of one's self."

"Am I supposed to tell that to the inhabitants of this ego-ridden capital?" Spratt laughed ruefully and shook his head. "Yes, Lydia," he said as his secretary came in.

"The art department has sent down the sketches of the bedroom and living room sets. Do you want to see them now or are you and Mr. Kessler still in conference?" She glanced toward Spratt's visitor with the respect she gave anybody whose ideas came to the rescue of a befuddled script.

Spratt's visitor answered for him. "He wants to see the sketches, and we are no longer in conference." Miss Fraser. He moved toward his chair, but he had a heavy hand on the head of his heavy cane, and pushed himself into a standing position. It was an easy movement, but he accomplished it with the skill of long practice. Lydia opened the door for him. A clever girl, she managed to make it look like a gesture of deference instead of necessary aid. Their new writer could not stand without the support of his cane, and since he had only his right hand this made it impossible for him to open a door without pushing a chair toward it so he could sit down. Spratt had seen this, and walked over to the chair.

"I'll pick you up at your car this evening, as close to six as I can, and we'll go to dinner."

"Thank you, Mr. Herlong." He smiled courteously at Lydia. And then he turned to Spratt.

Lydia went with him to the outer door of the bungalow, then returned to Spratt's inner office with the set sketches in her hand. "A remarkable man, Kessler," Spratt observed as he took the sketches.

"What? To sink into that script forty-eight hours and come up with a solution. And him half dead, too. Did the Nazis beat him up, or was he in the war, or what?"

"I've no idea. You don't ask about those things, though you can't help wondering. Maybe something but an auto accident."

"He does manage to howl from the wast in spite of it. Do you suppose he's going to continue forever calling everybody around here 'Mr. and Miss'?"

Spratt laughed a little, and shrugged. "Probably. Germans are very formal. Never him. I like him."

"So do I," said Lydia.

Meanwhile the subject of their conversation walked to his own bungalow, which was conveniently located next door, since his power of walking was limited to very short distances. Explaining to his secretary that Mr. Herlong was to call for him later, he went through the reception room into his private office beyond.

Alone, he glanced around the room with approval. It was furnished with only the necessities of his work—a desk with pencils and stacks of paper, a working-chair and an easy-chair, a case holding reference books, a typewriter that wrote only capital letters and required no shift key. He had taught himself years ago to operate such a machine with his one hand. Bare as the room was, he liked it, for it had wide windows bringing in abundant light, and giving a

view of the vast hills beyond the studio lot. A mirror on the wall reflected the hills, producing an impression of space and peace. Space and peace, he reflected as he wanted now, this was what he looked around, this was what he still had in America. The Americans took them both for granted. Even now there were some Americans who did not realize how precious they were, and how rare.

This reflection came to him of itself whenever he looked around. It occurred to him now, but he paid hardly any attention to it. He had another concern to occupy his attention. Tonight he was going to see Elizabeth. He was going into her home and see her there, surrounded by all the things she had ever wanted, and the prospect of it gave him a pleasure that was warm and tender, and none the less intense because while she had all these things she would never know that he had given them to her.

He went over to the mirror on

the wall and stood there looking at his reflection. It was not possible that she could recognize him. Between them lay not merely twenty-four years, but the wreckage made by that shell at Chateau-Thierry which had destroyed him so terribly that it had taken one of the greatest surgeons in Germany five years to put together the semblance of a body that he now possessed. A makeshift that had been uncertain enough in normal times, this frame of his could hardly, after the effort to which it had been forced when he had to get out of Germany, be expected to last much longer. It was only because he was sure he could not last much longer that he was willing now to let himself see Elizabeth. He had never expected to see her again. In those frightful days in the German hospital, he had not wanted to. He had wanted her to be rid of him, as resolutely as he had wanted to be rid of himself. Even now he trembled when he remembered that slow, tortured rebuilding, insersion of metal strips to replace shattered bones, stretching of shrunken muscles, inadequate food and inadequate anesthetics, his own screams and curses at the man who persisted in keeping him alive when he wanted to die.

(To be Continued)

EMMYVALE W. I.

The October meeting of the Emmyvale Women's Institute was held on October 6th at the home of Mrs. Joseph Duffy with an attendance of thirteen members and 5 visitors. The roll call was responded to by a recipe. Some discussion took place on the scrubbing of the school, but it decided to leave it until November. The school committee reported a wash basin needed. The sick committee sent fruit to sick members of the district. A cotton contest was much enjoyed, also a punch board which netted 90 cents. The travelling agent, which has been among the members for some time was opened and its patches made \$7.75. It was won by Mrs. Peter Clarkin. School committee: Mrs. James and Mrs. Peter Clarkin. Sick committee: Mrs. Patrick Clarkin and Mrs. J. J. Murray. Program: Mrs. D. McDonald and Mrs. M. Murray. It was decided to hold the November meeting in the school, each member to bring a lunch. Mrs. Duffy served a tasty lunch and a social chat was enjoyed. Meeting closed with God Save the King.

NEW HOPALONG HUMDINGER

Blazing with the action which western fans love so well, the latest Hopalong Cassidy thriller, "Riders Of The Deadline," a United Artists release, starring William Boyd, opens at the Capitol Theatre to-day. As the famous cowboy sleuth, who always runs down and gets his man in the end, after many thrilling and thrilling adventures, Bill Boyd was at his best. This time he plays the part of a Texas Ranger, who falls into disrepute, through the death of his pal and young protege, Tim Mason (Richard Crane) who also has lost his standing with the Rangers, through suspicion that he is implicated with a band of smugglers, who have been using his ranch as a hideout. How Hopalong follows up the outlaw gang, invades their hang-out, and captures or kills the leaders and saves the ranch, with the aid of his faithful pal, California (Andy Clyde) and Jimmy (Jimmy Rogers) in a series of breath-taking adventures, makes an thrilling and satisfying film as the most exciting fan could desire. Don't miss it. It's a humdinger!

Advertisement for Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate, featuring an image of the chocolate bar and the text 'The QUALITY CHOCOLATE Neilson's'.

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Through Faith to Victory

I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.' And he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God...'

Do you remember when His Majesty, King George VI used this quotation?

'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than the known way.'

It was Christmas, 1939, when he made those lines immortal... on the eve of the darkest year of the war. In a few months we were to experience Dunkerque, and for years we knew no victory. Today, the faith of the faithful—the Thanksgiving of all of us—is justified. We have come to the time when we may continue that quotation:

'So I went forth, and finding the hand of God, trod gladly into the night. And He led me toward the hills and the breaking of the day in the lone East.'

When we could see no light ahead, we bought Victory Bonds to 'furnish the tools.' We 'carried on' with more Victory Bonds in the second Victory Loan. With the Third Victory Loan we declared that, 'Nothing matters now but Victory.' Dawn began to gray the night, and we 'Backed the Attack' with more Victory Bonds. Success in Sicily brought a feeling of complacency that had to be overcome to make the Fifth Victory Loan the success that it was. Last spring we met the Sixth Victory Loan in an attitude of tense expectation of the invasion of Europe from the West.

Our guide has not failed us. Our past efforts have been rewarded with success. Would you falter now, and 'turn back into the darkness?' Or will you follow on to the daybreak? Buy one more Victory Bond than before.

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