

SAFE AND SECURE

By KARL GRAYSON
Associated Newspapers—WNH Service

ANDY flung aside the mug and gave himself over to black thoughts. In his mind's eye he could picture himself as the hero of the story he had just completed—the story of a man who, after twenty years of married life, suddenly woke up to the fact that his wife, his dearest, had been stiffened by a narrow, unimaginative, overbearing wife. The hero had determined to cut loose from it all; had cut loose, in fact, realized his dreams and found happiness and great success.

It occurred to Andy that his life had not been like this; his wife was not unlike the wife in the story, now that he stopped to think about it. She was narrow and stupid and unimaginative. She had laughed at his schemes to do great things, been in contempt of his ambitions, never willing to let him take a chance, always insisting that they play safe and secure.

The words fairly made him write. They had been like a shadow, like a protecting cloak, enveloping him, pressing him down, stifling him, ever since he had married Best.

Andy sat upright and pounded the arm of his chair.

It was time he made a break!

Time he had the courage to tell Best exactly what he thought, and cut loose!

He was getting old.

Ambition didn't burn in Best's soul forever.

Best was like the wife in the story.

She was holding him back, stifling him, robbing him of things that he wanted and needed, of life. And she had been doing it for twenty years, only he hadn't had the courage to do it, face it, as he was doing now.

But now the time had come. He stood up and reached for his hat.

It was going to be hard on Best. She'd probably be astonished and bewildered.

She wouldn't understand, and he'd have a hard job explaining because when you came right down to it there was nothing really wrong with Best, nothing that you could lay your finger on or point to. She was loyal and dutiful, as wives went. She merely lacked imagination and understanding. He pictured her weeping and carrying on, and uncontrollably tossing his hair, in a little gesture of defiance. He wouldn't weaken. Not this time.

It was five o'clock when Andy reached the house, an hour earlier than usually arrived. The hall and living room were empty, and he guessed that Best must be upstairs dressing. He mounted to the top floor, and there, in the dark, his heart was beating unnaturally loud, that his hands felt clumsy. Before the door of their bedroom he paused. For a split second misgivings assailed him. He brushed them impatiently aside, lifted his hand and opened the door.

Bess was seated at her dressing table doing her hair. She saw him in the mirror and smiled.

"Hello, darling," she said. "You're early."

Andy stood still, watching, vaguely aware of a feeling of guilt, of a dryness in his mouth. And he knew that Best must be upstairs dressing. By scientific study of the habits of mosquitoes, however, it is possible to devise a control program that will be effective against a group of species of similar habits.

Planning mosquito control, it is first necessary to identify the kinds that are causing the trouble. Traps are used for controlling another. By scientific study of the habits of mosquitoes, however, it is possible to devise a control program that will be effective against a group of species of similar habits.

He cleared his throat, and when he spoke his voice sounded unnaturally harsh. He wished he could have seemed gentler.

"Bess, I've been thinking. About you and me."

He stood by her face in the mirror.

"I've come to the conclusion that our marriage is—was a mistake. I mean, we're not suited to each other. I mean, we're different, Bess, our ideas. There are certain things that I want to do and—"

He faltered. He had expected the world to interrupt long before this, and the fact that she had let him go on was a trifle disconcerting. He hadn't planned any long speech.

Bess didn't turn and the expression on her face didn't change. But her eyes in the mirror were watching him.

"I think it late to discover we made a mistake, Andy."

She sounded almost casual.

Andy wet his lips.

"I suppose it is. I—I've known for a long time. I mean, I've just waked to the fact that—that well, there are certain things I want to do that you don't approve of and—"

"—that's it!"

In the mirror Best's lips smiled. She reached for a hairpin.

"I'm sort of cramping type style, eh, Andy? I'm a little too practical and not quite imaginative, though. It's the old story of the wife who holds back the ambitious husband."

Andy nodded.

"Why—why, yes, I guess that does about cover it."

"Very well, Andy. I love you too much to want to stand in your way. You arrange everything and I'll not hinder you."

"You mean, you won't—that is, I'm free to go to do as I like without any objection from you at all?"

"Of course, Andy. I want you to do what you think best. If you can get ahead, faster alone—well, we can still be friends and perhaps see each other occasionally. That's the only sensible way."

Just like that. No fuss, no bother, no tears, no difficulty whatever. It had been easy, too easy. Almost as if Best had expected it. Andy turned and went out. He was too astounded to even make the pretty farewell speech he'd planned. He'd planned to place on his hat and wear half-way down the front walk when a thought struck him. A horrible, ugly thought. It struck him with such a force that he stopped as suddenly as he would if he'd run into a stone wall. He fell suddenly numb and weak and miserable.

There was only one explanation for Best's behavior. She had made no reference to his suggestion; she wanted him to go. She wanted to get rid of him. She had stopped loving him. It was an excuse, a convenient means of suggesting the same thing to him on her own behalf. Why? The question throbbed in Andy's mind. She had the answer, crystal clear, come out of nowhere to torment his soul. She loved another! There was another man in her life. She had been carrying on an affair! Under his very nose. He had been stupid, blind, too bound up in thoughts of himself to notice it. In a single, overpowering moment of realization he realized how terrible life would be without Best, without her love.

Impulsively Andy turned and rushed back up the walk. He flung open the front door and bounded up the stairs two at a time. The door to their bedroom was still open, just as he had left it. Best was still at the dressing table. She looked at him in the mirror and smiled.

Andy came slowly across the room. He stood for a moment looking down at her. Then he dropped to his knees. There was pleading in his eyes, agony, guilt. He reached for her hand, but she wouldn't come. Tears appeared instead. A choking sob escaped his lips and suddenly he bent forward and laid his head in her lap.

Bess bent over him and stroked his head tenderly. Her lips rested against his hair and she pressed him closer. Then those tormenting thoughts were foolish and unimportant. He wanted forgiveness, and knew that it would be given. A vast feeling of comfort stole over him, of contentment and security. He was safe, he was safe, he was safe and secure once more.

Above him, Bess smiled through her tears. No need to tell him she thought of the torment that had entered her own soul, of the momentary misery she had experienced. No need to let him know that she had lied to the doctor, that she had lied to the nurse, that she had lied to her husband, and that he had back him had not noticed there on the walk and turned of his own accord. No need at all. Let him continue to think that she was practical and without imagination. It was better that way. A great deal better.

Biting Test Best Guide

For Mosquito Campaign

Mosquitoes, important both as disease carriers and as pests that make life miserable for men and for animals, vary so widely in their breeding habits that the treatment that will control one species may not control another. By scientific study of the habits of mosquitoes, however, it is possible to devise a control program that will be effective against a group of species of similar habits.

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AT THE REDFORD THEATER



Edward G. Robinson is back in action as the cinemas' classiest killer in "Brother Orchid," Warner Bros. picture which goes into the Redford on Friday. Feared with him is blonde Ann Sothern, with whom he has a slight case of merged "Brother Orchid," a tale of hysterical homicide, tells the story of "Little John" Barto, who gets mad at his mob when they cut out a party without even sending him a memo on it. So he quits the rackets and goes hunting for culture with murderous mirthful results. His search for culture leads him to a party that smacks of "class." He soon drives his bankroll buying such gold bricks as a glass doorknob, palmed on him as the world's largest diamond, a sleek black

racehorse that turns white when it starts to rain, and a sixteen century bed made in Grand Rapids. Fleeced of his last dollar, he turns to the States to recoup his fortunes.

The mob, instead of welcoming him, take him for a ride. He manages to escape with his life and finds a new mode of living which has "angles" all its own.

Besides Robinson and Miss Sothern the "mob" includes Humphrey Bogart, Allen Jenkins, Donald Crisp, Ralph Bellamy, Charles D. Brown, Cecil Bellamy, Morgan Conway, Richard Lane, Paul Gouley, and many others. Lloyd Bacon directed, from the screen play by Collier Connell.

SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICIAL REPORTS ON HALF YEAR

More than 219 persons in the two counties served by the Pontiac Field Office of the Social Security Board are now receiving monthly checks under the old-age and survivors insurance plan which went into operation January 1.

Figures relating to the first six months of operation of the plan were released today by Richard B. Hendrick, manager of the Social Security Board office in Pontiac. His report is based on claims which actually have been approved and notices of awards sent to the claimants. Many claims were pending at the end of June, when the totals were compiled, Hendrick said.

Now receiving monthly checks are workers who have retired after employment in jobs covered by the Social Security Act, wives over 65 who are married to workers and living with husbands of the same group; widows who are over 65 and who were married to insured workers at the time of the death of the latter; widows with children under 18 at the time of the worker's death, also dependent aged parents of insured workers who had neither widow nor child ell-

igible for the monthly checks at the time of the worker's death.

Reporting the figures for the area served by the Pontiac field office, Hendrick showed the number of persons in each group now receiving checks, and the total amount of the payments and the average in each case.

During the first six months of operation of the plan, 219 persons received monthly checks, totaling \$3,666.94 each month. The average of each month varied from \$11.71 to \$21.84.

In addition to these monthly payments, there were 76 payments to defray funeral expenses of insured workers who died without leaving a survivor entitled to monthly payments. The total of these payments was \$10,993.63, the average being \$143.35.

Of the 78 workers over 65 there were 15 who had wives over 65 and who thus were eligible for monthly checks. The payments to these families averaged \$35.65 a month.

Widows who had children covered by the Social Security Act averaged a fraction over two children for each family. Payments to these families averaged \$46.66 a month. This is on the basis of \$21.74 for the widow and \$13.80 for each child, as shown by the averages.

When these children reach age 16 they are dropped from the pay

list unless they remain in school, in which case they receive checks until they are 18. The widow continues to receive her monthly check until the youngest child is 16, or 18 if in school, and then is dropped from the roll until she reaches age 65. At that time she again receives her monthly checks unless she remarries or is employed in a job covered by the Social Security Act.

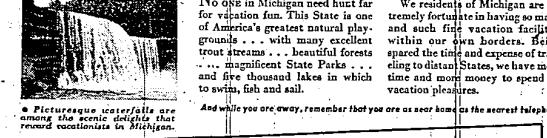
Commenting on the figures made public by his office, Hendrick said: "As estimated, the number of persons receiving monthly payments during the early months of operation of this plan is relatively small. However, these payments are cumulative and will increase from month to month. In addition to the claims certified there were many which were pending at the end of June. This is because time is required to obtain proofs of birth, proofs of marriage and other information which we must have before payments can begin."

Some bakers carry a raw onion in the mouth to quench thirst.

The Gogebic in Presque Isle county is the only river in the southern peninsula having falls in its course.

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