

GIRL ALONE

THIS HAS HAPPENED

David Nash, athlete and college student, who is working on Clem Carson's farm during the summer, strikes Clem a terrific blow because he makes insulting remarks about David's friendship for Sally Ford, ward of the state orphanage, who has been "farmed out" to Clem for the summer.

Sally and David flee and join a carnival, David as cook's helper and Sally in a sideshow disguised as "Princess Lalla," crystal gazer.

Nita, the hula dancer, who is infatuated with David, threatens to tip the police off that Sally and David are with the carnival if she doesn't keep "hands off" David.

In Capital City, location of the orphanage, Sally is recognized when the little orphan troop in with a beautiful woman who is playing "Lady Bountiful," Gus, the Barker, manages to divert attention and Sally is saved.

That night a terrible storm blows up and when the tent falls Sally finds herself supported in the arms of a man who had spoken to her earlier in the day.

He tells her he knows her real identity. When they are rescued from under the tent, Sally learns the carnival safe has been robbed and that David and Nita are missing. She pleads with Bybee, carnival owner not to send the police after David until he has had a chance to return. At last he agrees. Sally goes out in the night to find him. At daybreak she sees him coming toward her, a wound in his shoulder. Back on the train he tells of following Nita and Steve as they fled with the money. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XXXII

"Then I reckon I'd better not tell you that I did save the money," David grinned at her. "I surely hate to see you faint, ma'am. It isn't so pleasant."

"Dave, you answer me this minute," the old lady commanded, shaking a skinny finger in his face. "Do you know the outfit I he stranded if those two crooks did get away with the money? Every cent we had in the world was in that safe! You oughta be ashamed of yourself, teasing an old woman!"

"I did save the money, if that's what they had in the suitcases, Mrs. Bybee," David answered more seriously.

"Then where is it? What have you done with it? Let it lying in the road?" the showman's wife screamed, her eyes wild in her gray, wrinkled face.

"Now, now, Mother," Bybee soothed her. "If he did, he should be blamed. How could you expect him to walk six or seven miles with two heavy suitcases and his shoulder shot through?"

Sally lifted her face from David's caressing hand and glared at Mrs. Bybee. "Of course he didn't leave it lying in the road! After

risking his life to save it for you. David is the cleverest and bravest man in the world! Don't you know that yet?"

Her eyes dropped then to David's face, softened and glowed with such a divine light of love that the boy's head jerked impulsively upward from the pillow. "Where did you hide it, David darling?"

"Dear little Sally!" he murmured, as he fell back, overcome with dizziness. "She guessed it, sir," he said drowsily, turning his head with an effort to face Bybee. "I knew I couldn't carry it far, so I hid it. The Steve chap was knocked out cold—I suppose they'll have another charge of assault with intent to kill against me now—so I knew he couldn't see what I was doing."

"I took the two suitcases across the road, holding them in one hand, because by that time my shoulder was bleeding so I was afraid to strain it. There's a farm right at the bend of the road. I struck a match and read the name on the road. The name's Randall—C. J. Randall, R. F. D. 2. You oughtn't to have any trouble finding the place."

"There wasn't any moon, but the stars were so bright after the storm that I could just make out a barn about a hundred yards from the road. I cut across the cornfield and managed to reach the barn. There wasn't a sound, not even a dog barking, lucky for me, for if I'd been caught with the suitcases I'd have had a fine time explaining how I happened to get them and what I was doing with them. But I had to take that chance."

"Even if the police had caught you with them, I'd never have believed that you robbed Pop Bybee," Sally assured him, tears shining her voice, but her eyes shining with pride.

"If you'd seen me robbing the safe, you wouldn't have believed it," David said softly, his free arm drawing her down to the berth so that he could kiss her.

There was a rustle of whispering a giggle or two from the audience crammed into the corridor outside the door. But David and Sally did not mind. The kiss was none the shorter or sweeter because it was witnessed by the carnival family.

"Well, sir," David went on after that unashamed kiss, which had left Sally trembling and radiant, "I got the suitcases into the barn and up a ladder to the hay loft. You'll find them buried under the hay, unless the Randall horses have made a meal of them by this time."

"Glorious! He to the Lord!" Mrs. Bybee screamed, pointing her hand on the back. "The show'll go on, Winfield. And what are you standing there for? Hush! Right out after them suitcases or I'll go myself. You've got to go yourself, or the farmer Randall will take a pot shot at anybody that goes meddling around his barn."

"All right, Mother, all right!" Bybee protested. "I'll handle it. Don't worry. But I want to thank Dave here for what he's done for the outfit. Dave—" he began, lifting his voice as if he intended to make an oration.

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Bybee," David blushed vividly. "We'll just call it square. You didn't turn me over to the police last night, and you've taken Sally and me in and given us work and protected us—"

"I'm going to do more than that, by golly!" Bybee shouted. "I'm going to the district attorney of this burg and tell him the whole yarn! I'll get them charges against you and Sally quashed in less time than it takes to say it! You're a hero, boy, and by golly, I feel like charging admission for the rubes to look at you! The biggest and bravest hero in captivity! Yes, sir! How's that for a speller, Gus?" he shouted to the Barker.

"Dave don't seem to think it's so grand!" Gus chuckled. "Look at him! A body'd think he's been socked in the eye instead of slapped on the back!"

It was true. David was looking so white and sick and his eyes were so filled with embarrassment and distress that Sally was in tears again.

"What's the matter, Dave?" Bybee asked in bewilderment. "I thought you and the kid would be tickled to death to get a clean bill of health from the cops. What's wrong?"

David struggled upon the elbow of his right arm, his white face twitching with a spasm of pain. "I'd be glad to be free of those charges, Mr. Bybee, but I guess we'd better let them stand for a while. I might get off all right, but—"

"—It's Sally. You see, sir, she's not of age, and the state would make her go back into the orphanage. The law in this state makes her answerable to the orphanage till she's 18, and it would kill her to go back. I couldn't bear it, either, Mr. Bybee. Sally and I belong together, and we're going to be married when this trouble blows over. Although, he was blushing furiously, his voice was strong and clear, his eyes unwavering as they met the light, twinkling blue eyes of Pop Bybee.

"But man alive!" Pop protested, and it was noticeable to both Sally and David that he did not call him "boy" after David's declaration of his intentions toward Sally. "We can't simply hush this whole thing up! You did follow the crooks and take the money away from them! I've got to notify the police that the swag has been recovered."

"Can't you tell them it was all a mistake and call them off the case?" David pleaded earnestly.

"And let that Hula-hula get off scot-free?" Bybee boomed. "No, sir! No sir! No sir! This family to me, and she'll have to pay for double-crossing me! I was

good to that girl! Staked her to clothes and when she came up, whining she didn't have a cent to her name! Stringing me all along! Just joined up to learn the lay of the land!"

"Besides, we've already put the case in the hands of the police and they've seen the safe for themselves. The sergeant said it was a professional job, all right, as neat as safe-cracking trick as he'd ever seen turned. I couldn't hush it up if I wanted to."

"I'll do what I can for Sally, he like a gentleman for her, she never joined up with us, we don't know where she is—anything you like, but I'm afraid you're bound to be the hero of Capital City before you're 24 years older. Too bad, son, but I don't see how it can be helped," he twinkled.

"I don't care a rap about being a hero," David snapped. "The only thing in God's yard I care about is Sally Ford. Listen, Mr. Bybee, tell the police that one of the other boys chased the crooks and took the money away from them. Let Eddie Cobb be the hero! Eddie'd like that, wouldn't you, Eddie?"

he sang out to the freckle-faced youngster, who was looking on, goggle-eyed, among the crowd that jammed the door of the afternoon.

"Aw, Dave!" Eddie protested, flushing brightly under his freckles.

"Sure you would like it!" David laughed feebly, sinking back to his pillows. "Listen, Mr. Bybee: this is Eddie Cobb's home town. He was raised in the orphanage, like Sally. He'd get a great kick out of being a hero to the kids at the Home. He can go with you to get the suitcases, after you've sent for the police to go along with you."

"I'll lie low, Eddie can tell the story I've told you, and the cops will never be the wiser. I can give you a pretty good description of Steve. I had plenty of chances to study his face after I'd knocked him out. I imagine he's beat it in his car by this time, if he was able to drive; otherwise you'll find him in the road just as I told you. Of course he'd have it wasn't Eddie that fought with him, but the police wouldn't have any reason to doubt Eddie's word."

"But Nita may have told him about you and me!" Sally cried. "Oh, David, don't bother about me! Take our chance while you have it to be cleared of those terrible charges! I'll go back to the Home and—wait for you. I could save some money. If I knew you were back in college, I—"

—a hero, and working for both of us. Please David! Think of yourself, not me!"

"No," David shook his head stubbornly. "This little thing I've done wouldn't get you out of trouble. They might clap you into the reformatory, as a juvenile delinquent. We can't take a chance on that! Besides, you've had enough of the orphanage. We'll stick together, darling, and that's that! May I have another cup of coffee, if it isn't too much trouble?"

"You're both a pair of fools, so crazy in love with each other that you can't see straight!" Mrs. Bybee scolded, as she blew her nose violently. "But I'd like to see Winfield Bybee try to do anything you don't want him to! Far as I'm concerned, you can have anything I've got and welcome to it!"

Of course there was nothing then for Pop Bybee to do but to adopt David's plan. The boy was transferred to a lower berth, where he was safely hidden until after the detectives had arrived and departed with Pop Bybee, Eddie Cobb and Gus, the Barker.

Eddie, in his zeal for playing the part well, had torn his shirt, bruised his knuckles, scraped dirt on his arms, rolled in mud, and done everything else to make-up for the part.

For the rest of the day Eddie strutted about in the limelight of publicity. Newspaper photographers and reporters arrived within a few minutes after the detectives had phoned headquarters that the suitcases filled with silver and bills had been found in the hayloft, and when Eddie returned with the showman and the Barker, he was prevailed upon to pose for his pictures.

The newspaper reporters commented admiringly on the "boy hero's" admirable modesty and diffidence in the big front-page stories that they wrote about the carnival robbery, and Eddie's freckled face, grinning bashfully from the center of the pages, confirmed every word written about him.

His kowtow doll booth at the carnival that afternoon and evening was mobbed by his admirers, and before the day was ended Eddie almost believed that he had routed two famous criminals and saved a small fortune for the owner of the carnival.

Sally was permitted to stay with David during the afternoon, but Bybee apologetically asked her to go on for the evening performance, since a record-breaking crowd had turned out, drawn partly by the fine weather that followed the storm, but largely by the front page publicity which the robbery had won for the show.

It was just before the 10 o'clock show that Sally, slipping into the throne-like chair before the crystal, heard a familiar, musing voice:

"It's not fair! You look as fresh as a daisy! And I've been frantic with anxiety all day, expecting to hear that Princess Lalla had eloped with pneumonia. I've come to collect thanks, your highness, for saving your life!"

(To Be Continued)

Up bobs the New Yorker again, the man who saved Sally during the storm.

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BANANAS Golden Fruit, lb. **6c**

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Flour "Sperry's hard wheat" sack, \$1.98; bbl. **7.60** **Raisins** "Thompson's Seedless," bulk, 3 lbs. **23c**

Washing P'der Peet's granulated, 2 pk **79c** **Tomatoes** Large cans, 2 cans **25c**

Toilet Soap Palm Olive 3 bars **19c** **Sal mo** The tall tin, pink meat, 2 for **35c**

Crackers "Tru Blu" Sodas, family pkg. 3 lbs. **39c** **Pork & Beans** Beans are high. Buy in can. Van Camp's med. tins, 3 for **25c**

Matches 6 boxes **15c** **Tomato Soup** Campbell's 3 cans **25c**

Coffee Stone's Special Blend, lb. 35c; 3 lbs. \$1.00; Stone's Supreme, lb. 47, 3 lbs. **1.35**

Smoked Meats

Hams "Swift's Premium," lb. **30c** **Cottages** "Lots of lean," lb. **28c**

Bacon Fancy Medium, lb. **30c** **Salt Side** lb. **25c**

Shop and Save at Stone's

RADIO PROGRAMS

Portland Stations

KGW, 491.5—6 to 7 p. m., dinner music; 7 to 8 p. m., studio entertainment; 8 to 9 p. m., Whigley hour the Pacific coast network; 9 to 9:30 p. m., White Rock program, the Pacific coast network; 9:30 to 10 p. m., "Retold Tales," the Pacific coast network; 10 to 10:30 p. m., dance music, from the Pacific coast network; 10:30 to 12:30 a. m., topsey-turvy time; 6:45, dinner concert; 7:15, amusement guide; 7:15-8, Benson hotel orchestra; 8:40-9, jubilee string orchestra; 8:40-9, studio program; 9-10, concert; 10-11:30, dance frolic.

Other Coast Stations

KMO, Tacoma, Wash., 254.1—5:30 p. m., varied music; 7:30, studio entertainment; 9:30-10, concert music.

KOAC, Corvallis, Ore., 270.1—6:30 p. m., music and utility; 7:15, science review; 7:15-7:30, farm utility; 7:30, music.

KHQ, Spokane, Wash., 370.2—6:15 p. m., orchestra concert; 7:15-7:30, travelogue; 8:30, network concert; 9:30-10, studio program; 9:30-10, Pacific coast network.

KJH, Seattle, Wash., 348.6—6:20 p. m., time signals; theatrical and market news; 6:20-6:30, news; 6:30-7:30, dinner concert; 7:30-8, old-time music; 8:15, educational program; 8:15-9, chain program; 9-10, studio program; 10, time signals; 10-12, dance band.

KOMU, Seattle, Wash., 309.1—6:15 p. m., news flashes and sports; music by the Totem concert orchestra and soloists; 7:30, orchestra program; 8:30, network concert; 9-10, network concert; 10-11, novelty program; 11-11:30, news and music; 11:30-12:30, dance music.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 447.5—6:45 p. m., children's program; 6:45-7, farm review; 7:15-7:30, news; 8:30, network concert; 10-10:30, "Henry and the Bobs"; 10:30-12, Hot O'Clock from KGW.

KYA, San Francisco, Cal., 361.2—8:30 p. m., dramatic program; 9-10, music by the Metro trio; 10-11, dance entertainment.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 384.4—6:45 p. m., utility; 6:45-7:30, dinner concert by the Portland quintet; 8:30, network concert; 9-10, network concert; 10-11, dance orchestra.

KNX, Los Angeles, Cal., 317.5—6:30 p. m., dinner concert; 6:30-7, Baltimore hotel orchestra; 7:30, courtesy music; 7:30-8, feature program; 8:30, courtesy program; 9, Ambassador Hotel

orchestra; 10-11, sports; 11-12, Baltimore hotel dance orchestra.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 488.5—6:15 p. m., dinner program; 7-8, orchestra program; 8:30, Pacific coast network concert; 9-10, network concert; 10-11, network dance frolic.

KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 422.3—6:45 p. m., dinner concert; 6:45-7:30, organ recital; 8:30, network concert; 9-10, network program; 9:30-10:30, concert orchestra; 10:30-12, Kpo dance orchestra.

NOTICE

Bids for auditing School Clerk's books will be opened at Board meeting, May 4th, 1928. Boundary board reserves right to reject any or all bids.

Signed Mrs. Edith S. Ackert, Co. Supl. Schools.

For sale—John Deere 3-bottom, 10-inch orchard tractor plow, new, for \$125. Sterns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Oregon.

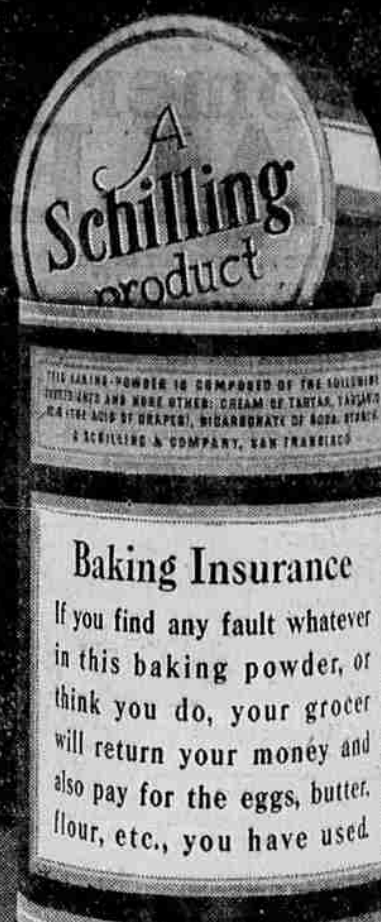
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BULGARIAN EARTHQUAKE CLAIMS LIVES OF TEN

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SOFIA, Bulgaria, April 19.—Ten dead and about fifty injured were the casualties reported today from the city of Philippopolis which was rocked by a series of violent earthquakes last night.

The city, scarcely recovered from a series of quakes on Saturday, was thrown into panic when tremors again became apparent and at least 30 separate shocks

were felt during the night. The extent to which the city was damaged was not definitely known this afternoon.

Only meager news was coming through.

ATHENS, April 19.—The earthquake which struck southern Bulgaria last night was felt in various cities in Macedonia. Several houses collapsed at Komotino. No casualties were reported.

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THE very rind of a delicious orange has a tang of its own when the fruit is just right for eating, and an expert can tell just how fresh an orange is by the rind.

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