

LOVE FOR TWO

RUTH DEWEY GROVES © 1928 By NEA Service Inc.

CHAPTER I

Bertie Lou stood on the brink of the great adventure. She was thrilled to the core of her youth-firm little body. And no one guessed it.

Her own mother had not been permitted to see behind the mask of sophistication she wore to conceal her shy, dreaming soul. And not even Rod had known how happy she was.

For Bertie Lou would not talk about it. She was afraid of being snippy. So she posed behind an armor of haughty and fussy for the weakness of sentiment. It was the code of her day among her friends.

But tonight she could not jeer at her happiness. It made her feel like a traitor to the other girls—this being so old-fashionedly palpitating and unguarded. "Wouldn't they laugh at me?" she thought.

She knew she ought to be asleep. Marriage was a million years old—nothing to get excited about. And she was excited. No use trying to be blasé for her own benefit. Not on this, her last night as Bertie Lou Ward. Tomorrow she would become Mrs. Rod Bryer.

She let herself dwell upon the event, with much the same thought that might have filled the mind of any maiden of yore on the eve of her wedding day. The influence of her friends melted away before the wonder in her heart—the thousand questions, the fears and eagerness.

That was only for tonight. The next day she would be modern again—a clear-eyed, know-nothing about mrs. No one would have to know that she had been misty-eyed and hesitantly prayerful the night before—just like any sap who believed in fairy tales.

She thought of the advice one 17-year-old Solon had given her: "Don't let it get you, Bertie Lou. If you don't like it you can chuck it, you know."

"But it does get you—no matter how wise you are," Bertie Lou whispered into the warm darkness of her room. And that was the nearest she had ever come to wisdom.

She lay a little longer, lost in the enchantment of standing on the threshold of a new life, before the heat of the summer night pressed unbearably in upon her. The little breeze that had sprung up at sundown had died down again. Her room had grown sultry since she had gone to bed.

Bertie Lou threw back the sheet that covered her and slipped her sun-tanned legs over the edge of the bed. She felt around with her foot for her old mules and thrust her feet into them.

They clattered a little as she crossed the bare floor and groped her way down the hall to the stairs.

Her mother called to her: "Bertie Lou, is that you?"

Bertie Lou had no surprise. Her mother was a sound sleeper. But Bertie Lou did not know what it meant to have a little girl getting married on the morrow.

Perhaps her mother was suffering from the heat. "You going down for a drink," she answered. "Want a glass of ice water?"

"Don't drink ice water, honey. There's some lemon juice in a bottle in the refrigerator. Let the water run a while."

"The whole water supply is not enough to boil an egg," Bertie Lou replied, and went down the stairs on the banister. She didn't do this for sport—it was too old a habit for that—but to save time.

She made a dash for the lemonade for her mother after she had had her bath and started back upstairs with it. On the way she passed the hall door leading to the dining room and a sudden wish to take a peek at the wedding presents nipped her.

She put the lemonade on a stand and opened the door. The light from the hall shone in upon the girl who stood looking at the array with frank pleasure in the generosity of her friends.

Since the family supper on the screened back porch she had been too busy to view the gifts and she did not know that one had arrived which she had not yet seen.

It was encased in a leather binding with gold set into the edges of the table, with the case open. The light struck softly on a dull bronze blade and caught Bertie Lou's eyes.

"Bertie! Another one!" she ejaculated and went in to examine it and the card of the sender. "A funny wedding present," she thought, picking it up, "sharp as the devil!" Then she looked at the card.

"Miss Lila Marsh."

Bertie Lou dropped the paper and ran quickly into the case. Her face, already flushed with heat and excitement, grew a trifle warmer in color and her eyes darkened. Always the name of Lila Marsh affected her in some way. If others were present she managed somehow to keep a poker face but if, as now, she was unobserved, she showed her true feelings toward the girl who had refused to marry Rod.

The rich blood in her cheeks betokened consciousness of Lila's importance and the darkened eyes expressed her will to stand firmly on her own ground.

She was Rod's girl now. Lila belonged to his past. Moderns didn't trouble about a person's past. This is, they didn't acknowledge that they did. But Bertie Lou knew that had known her for years. Lila was a menace. She'd always played the game by her own rules. She never gave another girl a sporting chance.

Bertie Lou wasn't going to be jealous of Rod's past. But his future belonged to her. At least it

was as Lila was concerned. Lila had had her chance. She'd turned Rod down because he wasn't making enough money. And she couldn't see any chance for a bookkeeper in Wayville to leap into a fortune.

Of course it was all right for Lila to send a present. Bertie Lou conceded that. But why a dagger? From anyone else it would have meant nothing. But coming from Lila it might mean anything.

That was the rub. Bertie Lou didn't know. Lila hadn't gone steadily with any boy since Rod. But she wasn't lonely by any means. She was popular. What if she wanted Rod?

Bertie Lou had openly subscribed to that overworked declaration about keeping no strings on anyone. "If he wants to say he may, if any other girl can take him, she's welcome."

That was before she fell in love with Rod. Now she knew that a possessive, fighting strain ran side by side with her pride.

She would keep Rod if she could. And she couldn't see how any girl could stop loving him. She didn't believe Lila had. Lila had instilled the idea by a pose of sadness and frequent wistful references to a great mistake.

Bertie Lou slammed the door of the dining room with a bang. Lila had spoiled her night.

When she offered the lemonade to her mother, Mrs. Ward said: "Your hand is hot, honey; don't you feel well?"

"It's awfully close. Mums; do you think it will rain tomorrow?" Bertie Lou evaded.

"Maybe it will rain before morning and cool things off. Can't you sleep?"

"I'm too excited"—that was a slip—"I mean there are so many darned things to think about when you have a wedding. I wish Rod and I had eloped. What a lot of trouble it will save when people who want to get married just walk up to a mountain top and shout their vows to the four winds."

She had raised her voice. Her father, sleeping beside her mother, stirred restlessly. Bertie Lou became quiet.

"Want me to come and talk to you?" her mother whispered anxiously. It had disappointed her vaguely that Bertie Lou had not come to her with confidences and questions.

"You need your sleep, Mums. I'll read," Bertie Lou replied, and slipped out of the room. Back in her own flower-papered bower, stripped of rugs and hangings for coolness, she threw her pillows down by the window and knelt up on them, arms crossed on the window sill, and tried to go to sleep.

It was more restful than her bed. And the orchestration of myriads of summer insects soothed her. She didn't believe she would sleep that night.

At six her mother woke her, scolding. "You'll be stiff as a ramrod. Go and take a hot bath, real hot. You know it's a hot day, but you do as I say. Cool off with a shower if you like, but don't stand there rubbing your eyes out."

Neither feelings hiding behind bustling authority.

Bertie Lou had a better idea. She went down and put on a phonograph record and listened up with the Black Bottom and a stompy. Then she took her bath and poured the last quarter bottle of bath salts into the tub. Her mother didn't like them. She might as well luxuriate. Couldn't pack a neatly empty bottle.

She was well wrapped in rose perfume by the time she was ready for the cold shower.

Then came breakfast. It was slightly cooler on the shaded porch and Bertie Lou's mother had provided iced honeydew with lemon.

No one "joked" for her being half dressed this morning. Her old organdy house coat was left unfastened over her limited underthings without rebuke. Bertie Lou's sweet little body was no mystery to her family. Keeping her covered had been her mother's chief concern and activity for several years.

Her dad grunted at her, fingered a bit over his second cup of coffee, and then took himself off to his carpenter shop to work until time to come back and dress for the wedding. He wanted to say something to Bertie Lou. He didn't know what it was, but a man didn't have a young daughter getting married every day. He felt he ought to say something. And he said nothing because there half-mad young animals of the present day confused him.

Across town another father felt the same way. Mr. Bryer wanted to have a frank, heart-to-heart talk with Rod, but he couldn't speak his own language and he dreaded to be laughed at. Besides, he had a suspicion that his offspring knew more than he did anyway.

Rod's mother would have given anything to tell Bertie Lou how to make Rod happy. But she didn't dare. Bertie Lou was little and sweet but she was no clowning vine. And Mrs. Bryer knew she would make a man happy in her own way or not at all.

The wedding was to be at 10 o'clock in the morning. That would permit Rod and his bride to take the best train to the resort. In the hills, where they were to spend two weeks of their honeymoon during Rod's vacation.

At eight the florists came and decorated the house. It did not take them half an hour to do it. But it was pretty, even if it wasn't a garden of costly blossoms. Rod and Bertie Lou had been busy the evening before with white ribbons and lace paper balls, pointed plants and vases of white roses. It was an old house with large rooms and high ceilings. Bertie

Lou had been born in it and her mother wanted her to be married under the same roof. Bertie Lou hoped people wouldn't suffocate. She wanted to have the altar built under the great elm tree at the great elm tree at the corner of the lot. But Mrs. Ward said it was too public.

Well, Bertie Lou reflected, it would be a short ceremony. Then they could all go out to the long veranda where the buffet breakfast was to be served, while she and Rod drove away to the station.

"I hope no one will think of dad's old tin can in the barn," she said to Rod when they congratulated themselves upon completing their plans for outwitting the card-decorating committee. Their suitcases were to be deposited secretly in Mr. Ward's old car, which they would drive to the station, leaving the banner-and-can-trimmed motor car belonging to Rod's father at the curb.

As Bertie Lou surveyed the completed work of the florists she felt her throat tightening over a lump that choked her. Maybe you could break up your marriage if you didn't like it but you'd never have the same chance for happiness again, she felt.

She sensed that overmuch expectation with life didn't bring the happiness that one got from one big success. She wanted to be happy with Rod, and she knew that divorce was on the increase. It was getting harder to stay married. If you didn't want a divorce when your husband did you were a dog in the manger.

She couldn't imagine Rod wanting a divorce—Rod, who kissed her as if he'd been hungry all his life for her lips.

She had heard, however, girls talking about the technique of the boys. Their attendance at the movies had not been in vain, it was agreed.

Had Rod ever kissed Lila like that? If he had then he could come up to a mountain top and shout his vows to the four winds. She was only a third—the same way.

The new girl scorned to ask the man she was to marry if he'd ever loved anyone else. She didn't want him to lie to her. Rod had no idea how Bertie Lou felt about Lila. They never talked about her beyond Rod's brief—"she's magnificent."

Bertie Lou swallowed the lump in her throat. What was the use? You couldn't read the future. She closed her eyes a moment and recalled Rod's goodnight to her. It still sent delicious shivers along her spine. He had kissed her eyes, her lips, her hair, her throat.

She was brought to earth by her mother's voice, calling her to some small talk in the kitchen. Bertie Lou worked there and all over the house until the bridesmaids appeared. Then she went upstairs with them, not to come down again until the wedding march summoned her.

Most of the things for her trip were packed. One of the girls checked off a list she had made to use as suggestions for Bertie Lou. It saved her overlooking her handkerchiefs. The others put on their own dresses, made green organdy, and then helped Bertie Lou into her wedding dress.

She could not fail to look beautiful. The white tulle was like the spirit of her youth. Soft, yet firmly crisp, supple and alive. Her hair, half red, half brown, framed her eager, sparkling countenance like a rich golden crown of heavy swirls.

One of the girls said that her eyes would melt butter if she looked at it—it was so soft. With that peculiar velvety softness that only brown eyes have.

She did not wear a veil, only a small wreath of white rosebuds, like the bouquet she was to carry in her arms.

The girls heard her mother come up the stairs and go into her room. Just when they'd finished fastening the wreath. Then she called to Bertie Lou and the girl went to her. The instant she was gone an excited chatter broke out among the bridesmaids.

"Isn't she sweet? Rod's in luck! I wonder how Lila will feel when she sees her. She's coming, isn't she? I guess so. Bertie Lou couldn't refuse to ask her. Pardon if I would? Then you'd have every body saying she was your goat. I should worry my extra weight off about that!"

Bertie Lou was coming back, but they did not hear her.

"I don't believe Bertie Lou needs to worry about Lila Marsh!"

"Oh, you don't? Well, I do. I'd worry if that snarling bad animal in my man!"

"But she hasn't an interest in Rod. She gave him the gate!"

"Yes, but we all know why. He didn't have enough money for a husband!"

"Oh, Bette, shut up! That's rotten."

Bette shrugged. "Is it? So's fire then. Give me a cigarette. If Lila wants Rod she'll have him, eating out of her hand. Bertie Lou's too soft."

Another voice joined in. "I wonder if Bertie Lou likes being second love?"

"Someone turned on a speaker. 'For Pete's sake, Milla, do you want to have to teach a guy how to make love?'"

"I don't want the girl he learned on right under my nose?"

Marcus retorted. "He might have a relapse or something."

Outside the door a bride's faltering footsteps paused, hesitated between right and entry, paused again, and Bertie Lou walked in among them.

"Mother says we must hurry," she said, as though she hadn't heard a word. They were slightly uncomfortable, not being used to it. But extreme compassion and tenderness still lay ahead of them.

It did not trouble them much to hurt a few feelings. Life was like that—brutal—they would tell you.

Amid merry laughter the final preparations for Bertie Lou's wedding went on. There was a little stir that reached to her room, when Rod arrived. Guests were already taking their seats in the living room—where an electric fan contended with the heat—or standing around on the lawn.

Bertie Lou's fingers were like ice when someone handed her the bridal bouquet. The minister had come, her mother had been in to say she would go down and have Miss Eustace, the church organist, begin the wedding march. Bertie Lou was ready.

But her heart had grown heavy. Words rang in her head. Second love. Second choice, perhaps. And at her wedding there would be a girl, laughing at her maybe, who could have stood in her place had she so desired.

"Bertie Lou, you'll have to put on some rouge," one of the girls cried suddenly. "You're pale as a ghost." Bertie Lou submitted, her eyes closed, while they dabbed her cheeks in their skillful way with artificial color.

Then the strains of "Lohengrin" stole softly up to her and she moved with her attendants toward the door. When she reached the top of the stairs she knew a wild impulse to rush back into her room, to tear the rosebuds from her hair and cry her heart out.

Mechanically she moved down the stairs. "Here comes the bride, second choice, here comes the bride, second choice," kept time in her head to the music.

But when she entered the double doors of the living room a low murmur of admiration rose, to be quickly stifled by people who reminded themselves of where they were.

That murmur was like a benediction to Bertie Lou. It gave her courage. She must be very lovely indeed, as the girls had said, to bring it forth. Even the prettiest girl in town, as some people called Lila Marsh, must grant this day to another.

And then she saw Rod, waiting for her. Waiting for HER. Bertie Lou's heart swelled with joy and pride. The pain vanished. The mist that grew agonizingly slow. She wanted to fly to him, to his arms, to hear him say, "I love you, Bertie Lou."

Oh, he said that, many, many times. But never had he said: "I love you more than anything else in the world."

Bertie Lou wanted him to say it. But Rod wouldn't say much about his love. That would be silly.

Bertie Lou had a fleeting instant of hating herself for the defeat of her pride. She wanted to be Rod's wife, second choice or third, or the last girl in the world.

She knew that nothing could induce her to turn and run back from him. Let Lila watch! She would see only joy.

Bertie Lou did not look round for her. Her eyes were upon the toes of her small slippers.

Remembering, she had torn them away from her bridesroom to assume the demure expression traditionally belonging to brides.

Evening might be silently speculating, as her bridesmaids had speculated, and she might never again see her pride in full flower, but life wouldn't be endurable without Rod. If pride was the price she must pay for all the love she could wring from life, then so be it.

She might learn some day that Rod had never loved anyone as he loved her. But Bertie Lou would always have to admit that she had married him in doubt—had been willing to be second love, second choice, rather than give him up.

The spin and toss of emotions through which she had passed since her mother called her out of her room was almost too much for an overwrought, sensitive girl.

Bertie Lou scarcely heard the minister's words. She responded automatically to the congratulations and good wishes of the relatives and friends who closed in upon them at the end of the ceremony.

She hardly realized that she was Rod's wife.

Until Lila came up and kissed her, wishing her joy. Then Bertie Lou seemed to come to life again. The haze left her.

Lila was ravishing in a pink frock and blue picture hat. What if her hair were not naturally blond? "I was beautiful. She looked like an old maid out of a dream."

Bertie Lou was surprised that Rod did not seem to notice it.

Lila was saying, "I'll help you to your place while you're away. I know so well what you like Rod."

(To Be Continued.)

GOOD GOVERNMENT CHIEF PURPOSE OF G. O. P., WORK SAYS

Protection of Payroll of America to Be Voted, Is Prediction of Party Guide.

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Declaring the republican party would follow an instructive and informative course in the campaign, Chairman Work of the national committee today told his co-workers that the "promptings of conscience and personal liberty within the law were not proper subjects for political debate."

The republicans, Work said, were interested solely in preserving the foundation of good government administration through its party organization and wished to secure complete unity in this common purpose.

He outlined as the first work to be done the securing of complete cooperation between the state leaders and their lieutenants and said he wished this line of endeavor to follow down from the national committee to the state organizations.

The national chairman stressed that a tariff on imports to protect workmen in the mills, mines and fields against the cheap labor of competing nations and to give employment to workers, that they may buy produce of the farms, "was one of the outstanding issues of the campaign."

"Our people should vote to protect the American payroll, vastly larger than that of all the rest of the world. It is our one universal asset. We must profit by it to maintain our high standards of living," Work's statement said.

"The republican party is most fortunate in the selection of our standard bearers. The favorable reaction over the country at large to these men, has been almost unprecedented. They will, of course, carry the party vote and also draw themselves support in great numbers from those who think independently on political questions."

NOTICE OF SALE OF SCHOOL WARRANTS

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the Looking Glass school board, Dist. No. 13, July 14 at 8:00 p. m. for the purchase of \$3,000 of school warrants with interest at 5 per cent, payable semi-annually July 1 and Jan. 1. Redemption amortization plan beginning Jan. 1, 1930. Optional payment after 5 years.

A. H. MARSH, Clerk Dist. 13, Looking Glass.

FARM REMINDERS

Except as a pasture, planting new and untried varieties or "freak" crops in Oregon is usually an expensive and unprofitable venture, says the farm crops department at the experiment station.

The station is testing hundreds of varieties as rapidly as they appear and can usually give authentic information on proposed crops or varieties for the asking.

In spite of the fact that potatoes were unusually cheap in Oregon last year, much poor seed was planted. This has resulted in some poor stands and diseased plants. Where stalks appear badly mottled or curled in the leaves, they are best pulled out and then removed entirely from the field to prevent disease spread, says the experiment station.

The habit of "holding up" milk is frequently formed by cows as a result of having the calf close at hand when the cow is being trained to hand milking, says the college dairy department in answer to an inquiry. Most successful dairymen remove the calf entirely after about three days with the cow, being particular that it is out of both sight and hearing of the cow. This habit of holding up milk, if once formed, sometimes persists the entire life of the cow.

Weeds are abundant in many newly sown alfalfa fields in Oregon, finds G. R. Hyatt, chief in farm crops, in a tour of parts of the state. Where there are bad enough to shade the young alfalfa the field had best be clipped, he says, as this checks the weeds more than the alfalfa. If weeds are few the field had best be left alone until the new crop blooms, when it can be cut for hay.

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SWEET CREAM POSSIBLE EVEN IN HOT WEATHER

Years ago practically all butter was churned from sour cream but the chief demand now is for better quality sweet cream for this purpose, says V. D. Chappell, manager of the college creamery at the Oregon experiment station. Certain precautions, he says, make delivery of such sweet cream an easy task.

Healthy cows—proved so by test—are of course the first requisite, he says, after which it is necessary for the milkers to be clean and healthy; clothing used for milking is then kept clean and even the milking stool is washed occasionally and kept in a clean place. Milking with wet hands, he says, is a filthy habit.

The strain takes out visible particles but unless kept sterilized may contaminate the milk from one milking to the next. If checks are used these are boiled immediately after use and dried soon. The same applies to other milking utensils which, unless

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properly washed and sterilized, may be the greatest source of milk contamination. Use of alkaline washing powder (not soap) and a small iron-box sterilizer is practical on the small place where steam boilers are not available.

Some bacteria get into milk unavoidably but their multiplication may be kept to the minimum if the milk or cream is cooled as soon as possible and kept so. Where cold running water is available it may be run around the cans in a portion of the milk room. Otherwise some ice or artificial refrigeration is needed.

Much careful work in keeping milk and cream sweet is lost in transporting it. Shaded roadside milk stands and care in covering the cans while they are being hauled will avoid much trouble.

Some dairymen use heavy jackets for cream cans similar to those now used by ice-cream makers. The growing practice of paying for cream on grade is a benefit to the good farmer, says Professor Chappell. Poor cream makes poor butter. Poor butter sells for a poor price, and the farmer pays the bill.

HUSBAND IS FACING MANSLAUGHTER CHARGE

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., July 7. George Dietzler's explanation of the death of his wife, whose body was found with a fractured skull on a roadside, is that she was driving from the back seat and jumped out when reproved. He is accused of manslaughter.

Improvement in condition of the 1928 winter crop since May 1. Private reports also indicate increased acreage in Canada and Australia, and favorable conditions for a good Canadian spring wheat crop.

Potatoes showed an unusually sharp decline of 19 per cent, accounted for largely by the exceptionally heavy movement of old potatoes, and the marked increase in shipments from the first early states which flooded the market the latter half of May and the first two weeks in June. The average farm price of potatoes on June 15 was 56 per cent lower than the farm price a year ago.

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\$ 500.00	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.34	\$ 6.34
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1500.00	8.00	10.00	18.00
2000.00	10.00	13.34	23.34
2500.00	13.00	16.67	29.67
3000.00	15.00	20.01	35.01
3500.00	18.00	23.34	41.34
4000.00	20.00	26.67	46.67
4500.00	23.00	30.00	53.00
5000.00	25.00	33.33	58.33

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