

Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

Ardeh Carroll works in a shop and is being wooed by Neil Burke. He is home late from Pleasant Street. He is home late from Pleasant Street. He is home late from Pleasant Street.

er's locked. Tony's coming to wash the windows and cases in the morning — perhaps you'd better get down a few minutes early. Oh, Ken — the trials of a business woman!" She turned to him in mock despair. "Well, come on; let's go — I'm exhausted and half starved."

CHAPTER VI.
The shop lent an air of smartness which made it the vogue. They came in chatting groups to exclaim over the exquisite trifles crowding the small shop beyond its capacity — fur-coated ladies smelling of expensive perfumes. Gentlemen with golf tocs and Harvard accents — English accents — southern accents.

Strangely still seemed the little shop to the girl; they left behind. She leaned on top of a showcase and dreamed.
"Your window display can't be beat." The memory called up a dimple in her cheek.
Leaning back on one elbow like that there had been an awkward grace about his tall, slim figure. But it was not good looks alone which formed the charm of Ken Gleason. Neil was tall and strong too — Neil's course, black hair — his black eyes and white teeth were good looking in their own way.

There came one day Ken Gleason.
It was late in the afternoon. Ardeh was crouching on her heels in the window marshaling the ivory elephants along the strip of satin.
The picture reached out to arrest the young man as he started in the doorway and he stopped. A slim girl in black sitting back on her heels. Lights beating down on her tawny hair turned it to a golden blue against the black satin drape behind her. She was like a black and gold and ivory tapestry come to life, thought the man.

Something further, thought the dreaming girl. Perhaps it was the odd effect of brightness about Ken. How the electric light gleamed on his smoothly brushed brown hair. His eyes were startling blue in his tanned face. And when he smiled his lips had a queer whimsical twist on one side. Crisp lips — what she thought of as "hard" lips. If Ken Gleason kissed a girl his lips would feel firm and pleasant.

Ardeh suddenly caught sight of her own glowing eyes in the mirror opposite and her face flamed.
"Oh, you poor fool!" she whispered. "As if he cared whether you were living or not!"
Her imagination flashed a picture to torture her. Ken Gleason dimming at the Parker's big house on Jackson street. Ken's brown head close to the straw colored marble of Cecile Parker. His eyes laughing into Cecile's.
Suddenly weary, heavy of heart,

Ardeh closed up the shop and stepped into a gray, foggy world. That night she went to a picture show with Neil. And when he kissed her goodnight later in the dark hallway, she was passive in his arms.
Had Jeanette been less absorbed in her own affairs the next day she might have noticed that her faithful Man Friday looked a trifle forlorn. There was a wistful droop to Ardeh's young mouth. A very distinct dimpling of her flame-like quality about her.

Ardeh's sensitive imagination caught at that. Idle dream! Her gaze went across the store to meet her own golden stare in the mirror and a scornful little smile touched her lips.
In the hurried into her hat and fura.
"I'm off to Mary Eastwood's tea," she explained. "Ardeh, I don't see why we can't mix different perfumes together and sell them as individual scents. That's an idea. I'll run a small ad in the Sunday papers. Have your personality expressed in your elusive fragrance." I don't believe most people can tell one scent from another half the time."
She went away with knit brows, contemplating the matter with the intense gravity of one who packs a world burden.

At six, as Ardeh was closing the store, Ken Gleason walked in.
"I came to drive Miss Parker home," he explained easily.
Nothing in the girl's composed manner to betray the thumping at

her heart when she saw his tall figure.
"But she isn't here. A tea —" The face of the young fellow dropped and his tone was as regretful as though he had not heard Jeanette planning to do this very thing last night.
"Always the way when I try to be a good boy scout and do my good deed for the day!" he said, plaintively, with a side glance to see if she would smile. "Well — see here, Miss Carroll — as though the idea just presented itself. 'don't you think you should sub for Jennie? Ah — don't let my noble impulse count for nothing.'"
Girl-like her thoughts had flown to her clothes. This black georgette she had made to wear down here — that was all right. But her old blue coat with the mottled fur collar — the fabric gloves. Have Ken see her at such disadvantage?
"Oh, no — don't bother. . . . I catch my street car just a block below."
Then all of her convincing arguments were hollow. She was seated beside Ken in his blue car while he steered it through the six o'clock traffic.
A meeting spring night. The last sunshine had just left the tops of tall buildings. The sky was a quiet, depthless green with little rosy ripples of cloud running through it like the pattern in moire silk. There was a salt tingle in the air which brought a picture of the ocean rushing high and green outside the heads.

Perhaps it brought that message to the man, for he turned the car with an inquiring little glance at the girl beside him.
"A little ride out to the beach?" Then, as she opened her lips to protest, "Please — I'll still get you home as quickly as you could ride on a street car."
"Not long then —"
She settled back against the cushions filled with a breathless sense of happiness. Glorious to be driving here beside Ken Gleason — sitting into the sunset. Just those two — closed away from

the world like this in the cozy intimacy of the car.
They talked and laughed — though what they said, why they laughed, she could not afterward distinguish. Her consciousness was a tingling consciousness of his nearness. She stole little side glances at his intent profile as they rounded corners. That nice straight nose of his; she had an impish impulse to run her finger down it. Delicious laughter bubbled within her at the thought.
Her own nose sniffed eagerly at the tweedy smell of his overcoat — at the smoke of his cigarette. Something thrilling in the capable way his thin brown hands grasped the wheel.
And stealing another glance up at him she was confused to meet his eyes.
"Know what I was thinking?" he asked earnestly. "I was thinking that your eyebrows are the same dark gold as a moth's wings. Sort of tan gold, you know. Yes —" he nodded his head with mock solemnity. "I shall take that for my name for you. How does that suit you — Moth?"
They had laughed through sheer lightheartedness. Only when the man reluctantly turned the car about did a cloud come on their high spirits.
(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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Chauncey was killed yesterday

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