

Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

Ardeth Carroll is just a shop-girl, leading a simple life, but her ideals are high. She looks beyond the drab existence marriage to Neil Burke would mean. Seeing handsome Ken Gleason with Cecile Parker, society belle, Ardeth's heart leaps. When Cecile's sister, Jeannette, opens a specialty shop, she asks Ardeth to take charge. Ardeth meets Ken at the shop. Shortly after, knowing Jeannette has left for the day, Ken calls, feigning he has planned to drive Jeannette home. He asks Ardeth to go instead. Ken plans a foursome of Ardeth, Jeannette, Tom Corbett and himself. Jeannette and Tom are unable to go, so Ken is alone with Ardeth. Next day Ardeth waits in vain for Ken's visit. She feels she has just another flirtation. One night Ken meets Ardeth after work and her heartaches vanish.

Always someone dropping into the shop now for a cup of tea or a cigarette, or for that other excellent reason — merely to see who else was there. Ardeth grew to know women who had been only names to her in the society section of the Sunday papers. Young matrons and the more sophisticated of the debutantes, for the most part, with always a piquant peppering of men. From the middle of the forenoon to the closing hours they sat there in for free tea and expensive cigarettes. The back room breathed always of incense and expensive perfumes and tinkled with teacups and laughter. It took on the nature of a smart club. Jeannette, beginning to be bored by the game of tending shop, found new interest in playing hostess. She was generally in the smokerie these days, chatting over the latest bit of gossip or subtly engineering the sale of her latest perfume — powder compact — cigarette case or holder, leaving the care of the outer shop to Ardeth. A changing show, passing under the eyes of the slender golden-haired girl watching from behind the glass case. She came to know the individualities. Towheaded Phyllis Hawkins, lisping sophistries with a baby stare. The vacant faced Duval twins, the one who giggled and the one who drew "Not real-ally!" Tall, dark Mary Eastwood, whom she liked for a sort of boyish frankness in her manner. And there was Cyril Underhill. . . .

CHAPTER XI.
Her head went proudly up. She fumbled for the door handle and turned, a light good night on her lips. Her sweet brave gaze caught in his own. The man gave a reckless little laugh and pulled her into his arms. Again that strange heady happiness surging through her blood. Pulsing in her lips. Ah, life was sweet. . . . sweet. Ken's voice, a husky whisper. "Open your eyes, sweetheart. . . . Look at me. . . . Obediently she lifted her lashes. Starting to find his face posed a few inches above her own. His eyes — wide — intent, growing out of the dark. A funny little shake in his voice, as though he spoke against his will. "Hungry for you, sweetheart. . . . just plain starved! I couldn't stay away another day." She hardly heard his words. Her heart was throbbing an undertone which turned each drop of blood in her veins to sparkling golden wine. Her eyes closed as the lines met and her arm cropt about Ken's neck, drawing his face closer.

Where this blind love for Ken was leading her Ardeth did not stop to consider. Later, when she looked back upon this time in memory, it seemed impossible that she could have been so indifferent to the future. She was in a trance of happiness. Nothing was very real these days, save Ken. She went about in a dream which took no note of the things which had once grated on her Aunt Stiel's nerves. . . . Even Nell had become one of the shadowy people receding into her background when she was not with Ken. Afterward, Ardeth wondered if it was not some instinctive fear of the future which kept her thoughts from crystallizing into practical plans — some subtle sense of trouble which makes the dreamer persist in the dream because waking means facing unpleasant reality. Jeannette's little shop was doubly dear to Ardeth at this time — not only as escape from the shabby Harrison flat, but because it provided a meeting place for Ken and herself. Rarely a day when Ken did not drop in now, as Jeannette observed to herself with a narrow secretive smile. The smokerie gave him ample excuse. Jeannette's scheme to turn the back room into a woman's smoking retreat was proving a bonanza.

silk robe, passed the Canton teacups about the smokerie, his hooded gaze followed her. He called her "Dah-lins" — a witticism which brought forth appreciative laughter in the back room and flashing-eyed resentment in the outer shop when Ah-Ling held forth to Ardeth. "The insulting pup!" Ah-Ling expressed herself in most un picturesque Americanese. "I'd like to smack him one for that!" But not all the men who frequented the smokerie were of the type of Cyril. There was Fred Eastwood, Mary's stout stockbroker husband. And one day Ken brought Tom Corbett. Tom Corbett was a slow-spoken, chapsky and sandy-haired, the sort of man children and dogs like immediately. When Ken introduced him, Ardeth privately marveled at the strong bond of friendship which had held the two men together since their college days. They were exact opposites. Tom was slow where Ken was quick. Ken was sparkling water — Tom, solid earth. Yet there was between them a deep regard, a quiet loyalty which exists between few men and no women. Ken's appearance in the shop this morning was hailed with feminine cries of delight. "Ken Gleason — come over here and tell me why you don't show up at the Waller dance last night!" Cecile ordered with pretty imperativeness. And suddenly — as she watched him go into the other room and seat himself beside Cecile, who moved over to make room for him, Ardeth's fool's paradise vanished about her. She was tremulous — fear, like a little dagger, sticking in her heart. To be forced to remain out there in the shop while Ken vanished in there. . . . In there — that other world, where he belonged and she could not follow. It was like a symbol. . . . a warning of what would always be. . . . She moved about the place — keenly aware as she passed the open door that Ken's sparkling face was turned toward Cecile, and her heart was heavy. Tears stinging her eyes as she automatically rearranged the trinkets on the case, she was so lost in her own somber thought that she jumped nervously at a man's voice sounding beside her. Tom Corbett had come out and had leaned on the case, his serious brown eyes fastened on her face. (To Be Continued)

FREIGHT PICKUP AT STORE DOORS NEW STAGE PLAN

Inauguration of store-door pickup and delivery service for freight handled on established lines of the Southern Pacific company through the medium of its subsidiary, the Pacific Motor Transport company, was announced today by J. E. Clark, local S. P. agent. The French Transfer company has entered into a contract with the Pacific Motor Transport company for the pickup and delivery work in Roseburg. Announcement of the new service was issued today by L. B. Young, vice-president and manager of the transport company. Tariffs and notice of intention to inaugurate the new service have been filed with the public service commission at Salem, and the transport company is arranging to furnish complete service from the store door of the shipper at point of origin to the store-door or home of the consignee at the point of destination, all for one rate, the rates being comparable with those of other carriers providing the same type of service, Mr. Clark states. The method of operation is to use motor trucks, through private contract with transfer companies in cities and towns for pickup and delivery, and performing the haul between towns by rail. One of the outstanding features of this new service is the fact that instead of purchasing their own trucks for use in cities and towns and going into competition with local draymen, the company is using the established service, giving increased business to the local operators. The new service is to commence December 8, according to the announcement.

DARIUS WELLS DIES IN HIS 81ST YEAR

Darius Wells, 81, a well known pioneer resident of Elkton vicinity, passed away in his home at that place Tuesday night after several years' illness. He was born in Lane county March 25, 1849 and has been a resident of Elkton for the past 79 years. He was married in 1876 to Miss Julia Haney, who passed away several years ago. Mr. Wells is survived by one son, R. H. Wells, Elkton; two sisters and one brother, Mrs. Esther Smith, Roseburg; Miss Mary Wells, Elkton, and Frank Wells, Elkton. He was a member of the Masonic order. Services will be held in the Elkton cemetery, today at 1:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Sumner will officiate. Interment in the Elkton cemetery. Arrangements are in care of H. C. Stearns.

RENEW OPERATIONS ON COAL DEPOSIT

Lawrence Jyne, a newcomer to Roseburg, has started operation of the coal mine, located on the Dunn property, just beyond Melrose. Denn-Gerretsen company has been appointed local representative of the new organization which is to be known as the Melrose Coal Co. Mr. Jyne, who has had 23 years experience in the coal fields of Illinois and Oklahoma, said that in his opinion the coal produced locally compares very favorably with that found further east. If results of preliminary work warrant it new machinery will be added to facilitate working of the mine.

ALBIE BOOTH NAMED TO CAPTAIN YALE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 26.—For the first time in five years Yale will have a back as football captain next season, Albie Booth Jr., or Albie as he's known to football fans, was elected as 1931 captain last night. Albie is a quarterback and his selection breaks a tradition that line men shall be picked to captain Yale teams. The last backfield man to break the charm was P. W. Bunnell in 1926. Booth is a junior in the Sheffield scientific school of Yale. His home is in New Haven and he prepared at New Haven high school and Milford preparatory school. As a Yale freshman he was captain of the football, baseball and basketball squads and he starred for the varsity in all these sports.

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WOODRING NAMED GOVERNOR BY 251

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 27.—Harry Woodring, Democrat, yesterday was officially declared winner of the Kansas governorship by a plurality of 251 votes over Frank (Chief) Hauke, republican. The official count of votes cast in the November 4 election showed the following totals: Woodring, 217,171; Hauke, 216,920; Dr. J. R. Brinkley (I.), 183,278; J. B. Shields (Soc.), 3,866.

Dear Old Santa has arrived with a carload of TOYS

and Joyland Opens Saturday



Toyland opens Saturday in 558 Ward stores—the first step of a nation-wide campaign for a jolly old-fashioned Christmas. Santa Claus will be here from 1 to 3 Saturday afternoon.

- DUMP TRUCKS—of auto body steel; haul 200 lbs. A Christmas gift that delights any boy! — \$1.00
- COASTER WAGONS — with steel wheels, Christmas fun throughout the year. \$1.95 to \$5.39
- STEAM ENGINES — A real toy. Will make any boy happy. — 98c to \$3.98
- BAG OF BLOCKS — more than a peek, to make churches, houses, garages. Fun every day! — \$1.69
- TOOL CHESTS—a practical gift for Manual Training students! 24 tools! Red chest! — \$1.00 to \$4.50

- DOLLS In Search of a Home \$1.98 to \$2.48 DOLLS with waterproof enamel faces! They say "Ma-Ma," too. \$2.48 to \$4.98 DOLLS that wear party frocks. They talk and walk and sleep! 95c to \$2.45 BABY DOLLS—soft and cuddly. Adorably dressed.

- DOLL CARRIAGES—smartly styled to lead the Christmas Doll Parade! — \$1.65 to \$4.39
- ELECTRIC RANGES—safe, practical. Just like mother's. — \$1.59 to \$3.95
- BLACKBOARD DESKS — "Home Work" becomes play work with this outfit! 43 in. high. — \$2.98
- "GARROW" BOARDS — give you a variety of 57 games! A gift to any family. — \$4.98
- SMALL PHONES — receiver lifts from hook, bell rings. Black, nickel trim. — 25c

Doll Furniture

PARLOR SETS—7 metal pieces to thrill young home-makers! Chinese and grand piano! — \$1.00

DINING ROOM SETS—in walnut finish metal and hospital to any Holly's home! — \$1.00

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To appreciate what we have done in the way of making your dollar do double duty here, and to profit thereby, you must come and see for yourself. For instance. . . .

BELDING-HEMINGWAY HOSE—which stands for true hose beauty. . . . becomes true hose ECONOMY at our sale. Instead of paying \$1.95 for ALL SILK, FULL FASHION AT QUALITY HOSIERY. . . . ladies are going to get this remarkable hose for \$1

Note. . . . Yes, we know there are many kinds of \$1 silk hose on the market now. . . . but please remember, this is NOT \$1. . . . but we are selling it for that. It is manufactured to sell for almost twice as much.

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Our share of this purchase has just arrived. . . . See them SATURDAY!

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Here's an extraordinary value for you! Crisp new dresses just in from New York for only \$3.33 each—or two for \$6! And you can ensemble an entire wardrobe from this group. If it's a tunic, a graceful cowl neckline, or a neatly tailored frock you've set your heart on having, be on hand early Saturday!

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