

Girl Unafraid

By
Gladys
Johnson

Ardeth Carroll is just a shop-girl, leading a very 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, Jeanette, opens a specialty shop, she asks Ardeth to take charge. Ardeth meets Ken at the shop. Shortly after, knowing Jeanette has left for the day, Ken calls, feeling he had planned to drive Jeanette home. He asks Ardeth to go instead. Ken plans a foursome of Ardeth, Jeanette, Tom Corbett and himself. Jeanette and Tom are unable to go so Ken is alone with Ardeth. They picnic together, their hearts racing with each other's nearness. Ken kisses Ardeth. Next day Ardeth waits in vain for Ken's visit. She feels she was just another flirtation. One night Ken meets Ardeth after work and her heartaches vanish. Later, Ken has tea with Cecile. Ardeth is consumed by jealousy.

CHAPTER XII.

If Tom Corbett noticed Ardeth's agitation he gave no sign. His eyes had dropped to the trinket she was arranging on its satin cushion.

"What in the name of common sense is that?" he asked in astonishment. "A bunch of glass grapes?"

The girl drew a deep breath. Her tone took on protective lightness of manner. Golden eyes twinkling to smiles she answered: "You're an excellent guesser since that's what it's supposed to look like. They're each a tiny bottle of perfume. See — unscrew one of the rest of the cluster and you have a little dash of perfume. It's an imported novelty Jeanette picked up yesterday."

"Gosh—the trouble you women go to!" Tom's honest square face looked blank.

She laughed — and he could never guess her mind was strained to the hilt in the back room.

"A different perfume to match different moods!" she said gaily. "And you women keep that sort of truck on your minds along with your other troubles? Good Lord!"

"Oh, I don't think a woman with real troubles would remember she had this bunch of grapes!" Ardeth couldn't keep the bitterness out of her voice.

Something in the tone which raised the man's eyes to study that lovely averted face.

A gale of laughter came from the other room. "Cvill, you're priceless!" sounded Cecile's high clear voice. The inevitable Du vinot "Not really!" echoed.

Tom's light brown eyes became a little arim.

"They're reading that Spy thing . . . You know, that scandalous weekly called 'The Spy.'"

"I saw Jeanette bring it in this morning," she answered.

Tom's square fingers tapped a tattoo on the top of the case. "Well named, isn't it? How can a thing like that flourish for years in a civilized community? Nobody likes it, and everybody reads it. Afraid they'll miss some dirty crack about themselves if they don't, I guess."

Save just enough to smirch reputations and not quite enough so they can get the rotten sheet for libel. Wonder who's the garbage collector who reports the tid-bits, anyway."

"Like an assassin—striking in the dark, isn't it?" Hot color had run to Ardeth's cheeks. "It was suddenly indicative of them, those perfumed, sophisticated women smoking and chatting scandal. And Ken — with his breezy out-of-door air, his frank smile — sitting beside Cecile."

She dropped her head, feeling that her face betrayed too much. Tom's admiring eyes feasted on her. "Pretty kid . . ." ran his thoughts, "and sweet too. . . Nice steady way she looked at a fellow."

The dream stretched through the days, yet a beating of wings. A vague fear like a beating of wings. Only when she was with Ken did

it still. There was a measure of anxiety in her manner now, something painful in the hazel eyes when they silently searched the man's face. She had a breathless sense that the time was drawing short. The time for what . . . ?

Each day she saw him was another precious pearl added to the string. Noon hours when he would be loitering by the flower stand at the corner. His tall slim figure, white face flashing in the warm tan of his face. Hurrying to her through the sunshine. Grasping her elbow with a teasing "Woman, I'm starved — for you!"

Why did they keep these meetings secret? Later Ardeth recognized this as the tribute she paid to fear — the fear which beat under her happiness like wings.

So long as nothing definite was said to break the spell, the dream went on. Nothing definite between them. . . nothing to strangle for or against. Just the sweet security of knowing she would see him sometime during the day without pre-arranged appointment. She didn't want to think. If she did, she would be afraid.

Sometimes Ardeth found Jeanette watching her with that curious smile. But Jeanette's manner was very kind.

The days, going by, bright and easy. One must skim the surface of life, lightly — oh, so lightly, lest one break through and drop into the fear below.

She lived only for his presence — for the moment when he would come in the shop, calling a careless greeting to Jeanette, his eyes leaping across at her in laughing caress. Often Tom Corbett came with him, friendly as a great dog. His brown eyes watched Ardeth admiringly as he talked.

But at night the fear pounced on her. Dull nights when she moved as though in a dream about the Harrison flat. Washing her underthings. Mending her clothes. Busy with tasks for her real life in the shop the next day. Hot James of jealousy burned her then.

Where was Ken tonight? What was he doing in that other world where she could not follow? Was he with Cecile? Jealousy scorching her as she thought of Ken's vivid face bent close to Cecile's provocative lips. . . .

Bitter moods washed away the next day when she saw him waiting up near the flower stand. Saw his white smile in the sunlight. Heard his murmured "Hungry — for you, Moti!"

Dancing with Ken out at the beach on Saturday nights. Seeing his eyes darken with emotion when he looked at her face so temptingly near. Ken, holding her so tightly she could feel his heart beating on her own. . . .

Then, in a moment, this dream world shattered. . . .

She had come to the store early this morning. Jeanette was coming down later and later, now that the novelty of the place was wearing off.

Ardeth slipped off her hat and coat and was standing at the mirror pressing the waves in her hair when a flash of something green caught her eye.

The postman, pushing the weekly issue of 'The Spy' through the letter slot.

Ardeth's lip curled at the sight of the insinuating magazine, but she was a true daughter of Eve.

A moment later she was standing by the door, her eyes running down a column called "Through the Spyglass."

Words leaped up, to part her

Shoots Rich Husband,
"Just an Accident"



Mrs. William J. Warkenton on her way to police headquarters to be further questioned regarding the shooting of her husband, a wealthy New York broker. Although he is believed to be fatally wounded, he murmured that it was "just an accident." They separated six weeks ago after a quarrel over a woman.

lips and send the hot color pulsing through her face.

Personalities, framed in the affected stinging style of the publication.

"The Spy" was long watched with interest the engagement of a certain beautiful blonde and one of our former collegiate football stars. This engagement, like those of royalty, was made by family arrangement. But in our humble opinion long engagements are a mistake. There are other beautiful blondes — though not of royalty — and blue eyes will rove, to your knitting, Cecile."

When Ah-Ling came into the shop in the middle of the morning she heard her name called from the back room. She went in to find Ardeth sitting on the couch with her wraps on.

"Phone Miss Parker," she directed the solicitous little Chinese girl. "Tell her she'll have to come down and take charge. I'm going home. I—I'm not well. . . ."

And indeed she looked ill; her face milk-white save for two hectic spots of burning on her cheeks.

At the end of the car line she struck off across the sand until she reached a large dune on the less frequented part of the beach. She sat down on its seaward side, pulling off her hat so the wind could lift her hair and fan her hot forehead.

Up to now she had held her feelings rigidly under control. But here there were no prying eyes. But for the moment tears would not come. She was too completely as yet, to feel anger or outraged pride.

Never once did it occur to her to doubt the article she had read in 'The Spy'. Her own memory backed it up.

Now she knew the reason for that shadow on Ken's face the Sunday in the duck shack — that ominous something which had crept

FOREIGN DEMAND AIDING OREGON'S PRUNE SITUATION

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PORTLAND, Nov. 27.—Generally improved trading tone is shown in the prune situation, according to The Journal. This is being felt with an advance in the price. In spots the market is unchanged and especially so on the smaller sizes but even in this line some advances are secured.

Oregon Italian 20-40s are up to 4 1/2 lb. and actually selling well at that price. This is an advance of a full quarter cent over previous asking prices for the size named. The advance in a measure is due to the fact that Oregon alone has this size to offer. California distributors

between them at the mention of Cecile. Knew the reason for that vague fear which had always underlain their gay words. . . .

Afraid . . . yes, she had been something in her had recognized the lurking danger even when she had tried to hold her thoughts at arm's length.

And those nights, when she was not with him—jealous fear in her heart, picturing him with Lucile, his handsome, laughing face bent close to the other girl. . . .

Then the storm broke. Rags shaking through her hot — devastating. Choking her so that she made stifled animal sounds, pounding her clenched hands on the sand as though she pounded them on Cecile's beautiful, mocking face.

Sheer exhaustion brought her to herself, ashamed and a little sick. Sand gritting on her teeth, grimacing her tear-stained face.

She sat up, catching her breath in convulsive gasps like a child which has cried too long, and scrubbed her cheeks with her wet ball of handkerchief.

She smoothed her hair, pulled on her hat. Sat for more than an hour with arms clasping her legs while she stared on the beach below.

Hard, bitter thoughts went over her mind as cloud shadows were passing over the water.

The old story! Her heart mocked her. The wealthy young man caught by a pretty face. Of course Ken wasn't wealthy but he was a part of that world of wealth which held Cecile — Jeanette — all those easy mannered, comfortable people who came in Jeanette's shop.

Well—she'd asked for this pain, hadn't she? said the scornful inner voice in her mind. A fool about him. . . . She had shown it in every look—every time her hand touched him. She had offered her heart on her lips — how could she blame him for taking it?

"A cheap fool!" She said it aloud, and her voice sounded oddly thin against the roar of the sea. No! was right. "They get all they can and then throw you to one side. . . ."

Oh, what a fool she had been. To lose her heart to Ken—Ken, who was going to marry another. . . .

Marry Cecile. . . . Oh, she caught her lips between her teeth and her face went white and cold. Ken—holding Cecile in his arms—

She was crying, soft, helpless tears which drained her heart of bitterness and left her limp on the sand, staring up into the empty sky with wet swollen eyes.

(To Be Continued)

have quit offering the 30-40s and therefore the world must look to the small remaining stocks in Oregon for its requirements.

What makes the matter extremely interesting is that the higher prices are being paid not by the domestic market, which usually pays the premium for large fruit, but by foreigners. Germany, Italy and the United Kingdom are taking the higher priced supplies from Oregon. They usually purchase the larger Californians but this season California has practically none to offer.

Stocks of Oregon prunes unsold are now figured at around 30 per cent of the crop, or approximately 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 lbs. With a world-wide demand these may not remain long.

CHICAGO JUDGE SENDS GANGSTER BACK TO PRISON

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—The authorities behind Chicago's drive against "public enemies" scored again — this time by sending back to the penitentiary for 30 years James "Fur" Sammons, beer gangster, who has been at odds with the law for more than thirty years.

With little or no ceremony but with the utmost precision the graying gangster was returned to the penitentiary at Joliet yesterday, thus becoming the second "public enemy" to be put behind state prison bars. At Joliet Sammons joined George (Red) Barker, another "public enemy" and alleged labor union racketeer, recently committed. Sammons, like Barker, was sent back to prison as a parole violator.

At one time Sammons was under sentence of death for killing Patrick Barrett, a saloonkeeper, in 1902, but the penalty was commuted to a 99 years sentence, and Judge Carlstrom ruled the parole law did not apply to commuted sentences.

OPENS

Saturday Nite

Nov. 29

At Canyonville

A dance under new management

with

Freddie's
Merrymakers
PLAYING

5 of 'em—come—enjoy

MA KENNEDY SEES PLOT TO DISPLACE AIMEE McPHERSON

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 27 — Dr. Edward W. H. Williams, treating Aimee Semple McPherson, Angelus temple pastor, says he expects his patient to be out of her sick bed within "two or three days." The evangelist, who recently returned here from New York to seclude herself in her home here, is no longer seriously ill, Dr. Williams said.

Mrs. Minnie Kennedy, mother of the evangelist, declared as she previously has, that attempts are being made to wrest control of the temple from her daughter. She made the statement as she left her home near the temple, accompanied by a secretary, for a destination she refused to disclose.

Used Tractors

Fordson (a good one) \$250.00
McCormick-Deering, 10-20 \$425.00
Fordson, Wood Saw attachment \$ 50.00
2-14 Plow (nearly new) . . . \$ 60.00
6 ft. Double Disc \$ 65.00

Miller-Sanford Tractor Co.

321 W. Oak St.

Roseburg, Ore.



Two Modern Food Stores in Roseburg

"Save as you spend" may sound contradictory but it isn't at all. At our stores you actually save on every dollar you spend for food. That's because our modern methods of distribution save you over 10 per cent more than older types of distribution. And remember, it's consistent savings that count, so buy here, where you "save as you spend."

Prices Effective Nov. 29-Dec. 1, Saturday-Monday

FLOUR MAC MARR Hard Wheat. Guaranteed to please. 49 LB. SACK 1.39

SPUDS U. S. No. 1 Netted Gems from Klamath County. 2 sacks \$4.25 CWT. 2.25

MILK Carnation. Tall Cans. 3 Cans 25c. CASE 3.95

CRISCO Pure Vegetable Shortening. 3 LBS. 79c

CAMAY SOAP A Popular Toilet Soap. 6 BARS 43c

MALT Blue Ribbon, Buckeye, Budweiser or American. CAN 55c

BUCKWHEAT Alber's Preferred buckwheat hot cake flour. NO. 10 BAG 73c

COFFEE MAC MARR Lb. 35c ECONOMY Lb. 27c 3 Lb. \$1.00 3 Lb. 79c

Fruits and Vegetables

CELERY—Those large Jumbo bunches, 2 for 15c

CRANBERRIES—To accompany the turkey hash, 2 lbs. 35c

SWEET POTATOES—Medium, smooth, 4 lbs. 15c

ONIONS			CARROTS ONIONS TURNIPS BEETS	Full size bunches 3 bunches 12c
10 lbs. 15c	50 lbs. 69c	100 lbs. \$1.25		

\$5.00 Orders Delivered Free Small Orders 10c. Sugar excepted.

MACMARR STORES

Business Man Makes Strong Statement



ROBT. A. STRATE

OKLAHOMA CITY — Robt. A. Strate, prominent business man, owner and general manager of the Bakery Equipment Co., makes the following statement regarding the recent recovery of his health:

"I suffered ten years with as bad a case of stomach trouble as any man ever had. It was impossible for me to ever enjoy a meal without suffering. I was terribly run-down. Five bottles of Sargol made me feel like a new man. I have gained sixteen pounds and have as much strength and vitality as I had twenty years ago. I have never found anything to equal Sargol Soft Mass Pills. They regulated me perfectly."

Nathan Fullerton, The Rexall Drug Store, Roseburg; Burton's Pharmacy, Reedsport; Highway Pharmacy, Oakland, agents.—Adv.

IT'S YOUR MOVE, MADAME!

One of life's little tragedies is to need and want a new coat and dress . . . but feel you have to wait

until the January clearances . . . when prices are marked down to the lowest.

NO NEED TO WAIT ANY LONGER

All Fall and Winter Coats and Silk Dresses

Take Discounts up to 50%

COATS

DRESSES

Every Coat over 60 days in stock 50% Off

The latest Coat arrivals 25% Off

Don't wait for best pick!

We are taking our mark-downs now instead of waiting until January. All dresses . . . even our last shipment . . . now \$4.66 \$7.66

THE LOWEST BID POSSIBLE IN A COMPLETE CLEARANCE OF

MEN'S SUITS

It's thrifty to buy a new suit now. We have chopped off the dollars in a most reckless way. Our racks must be cleared before the new season.

No padlock on purses when prices like the present every inducement for the consumer to buy.

Prices Cut to \$13.50, \$15.00, \$17.50 and \$19.50 on Suits

Breier's Big General Sale Still Going On

Men's part wool Union Suits, \$1.98 value . . . \$1.35
\$4.98 value Men's all wool Blazers . . . \$2.93
Boys' all wool Blazers . . . \$2.79
\$3.98 value
DEPT. STORES

C.J. Breier Co.
IN THE WEST

A FAIR EXCHANGE
We saved—so will you. From America's leading maker of work pants.

BIG PURCHASE

Men's Cotton Flannel Shirts, 98c value . . . 65c

MOLESKIN PANTS. Heavy weight, black and white stripes. Made on dress trouser pattern, insuring better fit. Heavy pockets. Cut cut . . . \$1.59

\$3.98 value Men's all wool Shirts . . . \$1.98
Men's Cotton Jersey Gloves, 20c value . . . 11c
Women's Rayon and Wool Hose 98c value . . . 79c
DEPT. STORES

C.J. Breier Co.
IN THE WEST