

Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

Life to pretty Ardeth Carroll meant working in a shop, an unhappy home with her aunt, and the courtship of Neil Burke, to whom marriage would mean a continuance of her drab existence. When fate in the guise of the socially prominent Jeanette Parker, offered her the chance of a shop she is opening, Ardeth accepted. Her happiness knows no bounds when she meets her idol, Ken Gleason, often seen with Cecile, Jeanette's younger sister. Ardeth and Ken see much of each other. Announcement of Ken's engagement to Cecile stuns Ardeth. Ken denying his engagement, explains it is his mother's wish that he marry Cecile. He confesses his love for Ardeth. Unable to oppose his mother, Ken hopes to win her approval of his marriage to Ardeth. Neil quarrels with Ardeth about Ken. Ardeth leaves home. In spite of Ken's love for her, Ardeth fears Cecile's influence. Ken breaks an appointment with Ardeth. Intuition warns her he is with Cecile. Tom Corbett asks her to dinner. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As they drove away from the beach Ardeth was determined to carry out her plan. Whimsical—charming—not permitting herself to think, it was these moments that she realized that a new Ardeth Carroll had been born—a new Ardeth deeper, far more subtle than the girl of a few months before.

Or even, she amended, of a few weeks before. Some precious faith had slipped away.

They reached the great wooden place standing in its shadowy gardens. Tall windows glowing with light. Thin strains of music filtering into the night.

Bitter excitement rising like a tide on Ardeth's heart, as Tom drove the machine along the curving drive to the entrance.

So many times she had come here with Ken. Just the two of them, dancing. Ken holding her so close she could feel his heart beat. Looking up into the dark blue of his eyes, seeing the smiling lips silently frame "I love you."

She dropped her head quickly as Tom helped her from the car, lest he see that her eyes had filled.

Before Tom's on-the-beach reached the scintillating glory of becoming San Francisco's most romantic cafe it had been a large private dwelling standing in solitary glory on the city's ocean shore.

The long hall, now used for dancing, though ample for a home, was entirely inadequate for the pleasure-seekers who gathered here Saturday nights, and dances quickly evolved into a confused and laughing shuffling.

On the nights when she had come out here with Ken this had been a pleasant feature to madcap play of the evening, to worm their way through the merry crowd, peep, close and laughing.

But tonight, as she slipped into Tom Corbett's arms, the playfulness was lost. Warm air stirred lifelessly by the shuffling crowd. . . . faces swimming by like drowned shadows in the half light. . . . she had to fight to keep her spirits from drooping.

A Good Actress. Fortunately, Tom was not subtle. He missed the strained note in Ardeth's laughter. He thought only that he had the prettiest girl out here and he told her so. At the sudden smile she flashed him, he caught his breath and a tender warmth crept into his heart.

As they made their slow way down the hall, passing the open doors of the small private dining rooms, Ardeth eyed each one beneath her lashes, hoping— and dreaming—to see Ken.

She had already seen Mary Eastwood and Phyllis Hawkins dancing by. Now, in a small room at the further end of the house, she saw the rest of Cecile's party.

Fred Eastwood's broad back turned to the door as he bent to speak to his dinner partner. A woman Ardeth did not recognize. At the end of the table, as coldly beautiful as a moonbeam, in a severely smart white satin dinner dress, was Cecile. Beside her, leaning on one elbow, head bent so the light gleamed on his hair, turning it surprisingly blond above the black of his tuxedo, was Ken.

At the sight of him Ardeth felt her blood rush back to her heart, felt her face go white and pinched. Instinctively she clung to Tom's stocky figure, for her knees went weak.

The man's arm tightened automatically, and his gaze, warm with pride, rested on her shining hair.

The Meeting. At that moment Ken raised his head, met Ardeth's wide stare, he came transfixed.

A breath of the music had carried her by the open door—away from the blue misery in Ken's eyes, and Ardeth dropped her lashes quickly, lest Tom read the wild grief in her face.

Back at the table she was determinedly gay. Her sweet, high laugh was frequent, she chatted with a bright vivacity, feeling all the while as though she were in some unhappy dream.

It was an open wound in her mind. She turned on herself with bitter scorn. Well, was she going to stretch herself out for a man to walk on? She seemed to hear the cackle of Aunt Stet's derisive laughter. Neil's bitter sneer. Cecile's crisp voice, "I hate a door-mat woman!"

She goaded herself to animation, trying to forget the sight of Ken's shining head bent to Cecile. Oh! Withering shame sweeping through her like a bitter wind leaving desolation in its wake.

Let him have Cecile, if that was the kind he was! Whose heart was broken?

She dropped her bright head close to Tom's shoulder in a dreamy wait, but her watchful eyes were searching, searching.

CANCER CURE SAID YET TO BE FOUND

(Associated Press leased wire).

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 4.—Cancer can be destroyed and life saved only when it is caught before entering the blood stream, Dr. Albert Spilland, of Los Angeles, said today at the Radiological society of North America convention here.

"Cancer can be located in its primary state while it is a local disease, and before it has an opportunity to become distributed in the blood stream it can be fought," he said.

It is no secret that many of our advanced pathologists and clinicians consider basic cancer wholly incurable by any agent, drug or appliance, and in the cold analysis of the few facts thus far accumulated, I agree with this viewpoint.

Just as long as human minds remain active we must needs carry on and investigate any and every reasonable problem, theory or discovery which gives an inkling of shedding light upon this world dominating disease with all its ramifications.

Cancer today is the main topic of discussion in scientific medicine. The object being to elicit interest of the intelligent public in order that they may submit themselves to their family physicians for periodic examinations in order to detect early signs of cancer before the patient is aware of its existence.

"In that way only will cancer eventually be conquered, for I do not believe personally that there is any immediate prospect of a cancer cure."

SENIOR TEAM WINS BASKETBALL SERIES

Interclass basketball honors in the Roseburg senior high school were won by the senior class in the final game played yesterday. The junior and the sophomore teams played Wednesday, the juniors winning 24 to 10. Last night the senior team played the juniors, winning 17-15 and taking the championship. There was a very good turnout of students wishing places on the teams.

BROTHERHOODS TO FIGHT COMPETITION

CLEVELAND, Dec. 5.—Officers of the five big brotherhoods of railroad employees announced after a conference here yesterday that a meeting of representatives of the 21 railway labor organizations has been called to meet December 8 in Washington. The conference in Washington will consider plans for obtaining a shorter working day in the railroad industry and to prepare for a common fight with railroad operators against the competition of motor trucks, pipe lines, waterways and busses.

the telephone.

She slipped from bed and heavily made her way to the wall phone. Tom had said he would ring her today. She wished now that he would not.

Ken's voice coming over the wire. "Ardeth, I've got to see you." Heart thumping so fast that she could not keep her voice steady. "What's the use, Ken?"

"Lots of use. Is it fair to condemn a man unheard?" She was silent for a breath of time, half supporting herself by the phone, heavy eyes watching the curtain blow in and out.

Finally, in a tired voice, "But what is there to say? I know what happened!"

"Do you?" His voice was bitter. "Going to hold your own version, aren't you?"

"What else can I think?" she asked wildly. "I waited. . . and then, to see you. . ."

"Ardeth, I'm coming right over!" he said, and hung up before she could protest.

She pulled on her clothes with shaking hands. The white-faced girl who looked back at her from the mirror was a stranger. She flung on her coat. Pulled a small hat down until its brim shaded her eyes.

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Come Into the Kitchen

By ELLA LEAHR

Christmas—shepherds on a hillside—three wise men—a star. And a lowly manger becomes a shrine. We've been poking about all day—fingering price tags, eyeing longingly the just-right-out-of-the-warehouse gifts we want for our friends, meeting France and Germany and Czechoslovakia in quaint peasant ware and painstakingly carved little figures of wood, laughing with the youngsters over foolish antics of mechanical toys—and home with aching heels to curl in a cushiony chair and ponder over Christmas. Then we read the old but ever beautiful story for there—and not in bustling crowds—we know we'd find the Christmas spirit.

And so we peruse our Christmas list. . . . and ponder some more. Now Gwendolyn—everything that her dainty blonde head could think of, and more, will come to her. Off goes the futuristic marble jar! Remember the poor old lady—75 years it a day—washing dishes for her living? How she would adore that lavender heating pad for cold nights. After all, wouldn't our gifts be of "gold, frankincense and myrrh" if thoughtfulness were behind them?

Ten hundred and ninety-five meals ahead—that's 1931 for mother! Make it a "Christmas unforgettable" with a modern temperature controlled range which will allow her to come out of the kitchen a bit and get acquainted with the family.

Or a refrigerator—ice by wire or ice by flame! The help problem is had enough without having the handsome "ice-man" elope with your kitchen goddess. And what a chance for hostess distinction with the frozen dainties the modern income brings.

Or an electric sink-dishwasher and sink combined. "Member when the wife went vacationing, Mr. Man? And every dish on the place was dirty when she wired she was coming home?"

Then there's a mixer that chops, mashes, beats, grinds—in fact does "most everything but wash the baby—that at a snap of the switch. And electric waffle irons—with an automatic feature that lets you know when the iron is just right for the batter; the same with a

certain type of toaster.

A super-automatic iron—you set it for any heat you want. An ironer saves calloused hands and aching backs.

There's a small electric washer that may be used on the sink drainboard or a table near the sink—just right for the daily washing of children's clothes—and small pieces.

Its larger cousin modernized—dries clothes as well as washing them. Don't give her this for Christmas—but see that she has it for a happy New Year.

A sandwich toaster for the friend who entertains, a doughnut iron for the culinary-inclined sister-in-law.

A little room heater for grandpa, and for old Aunt Hetty with the "rheumatism"—an electric heating pad.

Lamps—floor lamps, table lamps, bridge lamps—in fact no end of lamps for from six to sixty. Little Joe Ann will enjoy the Cinderella shade of the tiny lamp in her room as much as Maizie, graduating from flapperdom, will adore the fixtures on either side of her dressing table and the lamp by the side of the "end of the day" chair.

The electric clock—"wound" by wire, so to speak, is ideal in its beautiful simplicity for a gift to the newlywed relatives. Winding the clock and putting out the cat becomes a joke—there isn't room for even a very small kitten in the modern kitchenette. And Johnnie Kilowatt attends to the time-places.

Electric curling irons, baby bottle warmers, immersion heaters for the hubby's shaving excise, electric large and small—vibrators for health's sake, electric hair dryers, grills, table stoves, waffle irons in all sizes and shapes. And what youngster wouldn't thrill over an electric cornpopper?

Far be it from us to advocate a practical Christmas—we've always had a lump in our throat over the little boys who receive "lost pants" when for months the longing had fairly jumped out of their eyes when they thought of electric trains. But we do advocate the thoughtful Christmas—gifts that bring joy the whole year through.

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