

Girl Unafraid

By
Gladys
Johnson

CHAPTER XXX.

Ardeth's cheeks were flushed, her eyes glowed with earnestness. Looking at her across the table like this, Tom reflected that it was a long time since he had seen her so alive. After the staggering blow of Ken's marriage she had seemed to withdraw from the world. Tom mentally blessed the frivolous little shop.

"Look here—why don't you buy it and run it yourself?" he asked suddenly.

She flashed a smile at him. "Thanks for the compliment! My savings would just about pay Ah-Ling's salary for a month. Oh, well, there's nothing I can do. When Jeanette's tired of a thing—she's tired of a thing. And maybe it isn't so black as it seems. She might sell out to someone who would want me to keep on managing the place. Maybe I won't have to give the darling place up."

"You don't have to give it up," Tom returned quietly. "I just told you—buy it."

Her eyes fastened on the steady brown eyes regarding her across the table. "That's sensible. I haven't a cent—"

"You have all you need."

Her face went pink. "You mean—borrow from you—"

"Why not? This is a business proposition. You said yourself the place was a money maker. I'm looking for an investment—now wait, keep your shirt on! I'm serious. What do you think Jeanette would take for a down payment?"

He drew out a pencil and poised it over the tablecloth.

The crisp business tone, the shrewd narrowing of the brown eyes reassured her.

Two hours they lingered at the table, heedless of the hovering waiter. The clock was covered with figures when they finally rose to leave, and Ardeth's face was radiant.

"You look like a little kid that just found her Christmas sock full," Tom said, fondly, as he helped her on with her coat. "You are only a kid after all, Ardeth."

"Are you afraid?" she asked proudly. "I don't want to do this unless you think—"

"Shut up," Tom returned, pleasantly brusque.

When he stopped the car before her hotel, he held her hand for a moment and looked earnestly down into her face, noting for perhaps the hundredth time the soft sweetness of her mouth; the little pointed chin which would just fill the hollow of a man's palm.

"You modern girls beat the Dutch! Here I am, waiting like old faithful Dobbin, to give you my worldly goods in front of a parson whenever you give the word, and the most I can get to be is the silent partner in a business deal."

"You should be thankful that I leave you a little money and a little liberty instead of taking all of both."

Tom opened his hand reluctantly. "You're the doctor! Whatever you say goes. But if you want to increase the partnership—"

She laughed with determined gaiety and waved him a flippancy goodbye as she ran up the steps. But her heart was sore with pity. Why was life like that? Why must one hurt another, unwillingly. First, Neil. Now this good fellow... hurting him as Ken had hurt her.

In the mirror of her dresser she saw the change Tom had noticed in her eyes, heightened color on her face.

She had come far from the scared girl who had left the Harrison flat and taken this small room. The last two years had given her poise. Reading, studying, suffering—they had put depth behind what had been the glowing beauty of youth.

She was in a fever of anxiety to speak to Jeanette about the shop the next day. But Jeanette did not come down all morning. It was not until Ardeth returned from her own luncheon that she heard Jeanette's resonant voice

coming from the smokerie. "Cecile was furious when she learned about it and they had another jolly row. Poor Ken, his life is one row after another, she's taking advantage of her condition to air her nasty temper whenever she pleases—"

"What did Ken say?" That was Phyllis Hawkins' voice vibrant with curiosity.

"Oh—his reason was that he was sick of living on Parker money. He'd just reached the breaking point and decided to cut loose from dad's office and start one of his own. A defiant gesture, my dear, but really he was driven to it. Cecile stared a tantrum, of course, and pretty nearly cracked the plaster. She knows she can get away with murder right now."

Jeanette's voice was scornful. "You'd think she was the only woman in the world who ever expected to have a child. She needs that as a whip to crack over Ken and whip him back in line—"

The words were a whip no—striking out into the outer shop to whip the blood from a girl's face, to lash pain and a swift, wild rage into Ardeth's heart.

Never before had Ardeth known jealousy like this. Fierce, corroding jealousy sweeping over her like a hot wind, leaving a desert in its wake.

Jeanette's words echoing in her ears. Cecile... Cecile to have a child... Ken's child!

She pulled off her hat. Her coat. Walked to a mirror and rearranged her hair. Her hands were shaking. To the white faced reflection which looked back from the mirror she whispered with stiff lips. "Well... what is it to you? What can you do about it? His wife..."

Porcing back scalding tears. Trying to swallow the painful lump in her throat.

Not even that time when she crouched in the church and watched Ken married had been worse than this. Nothing of the romantic girl about Ardeth in this moment. She was all primitive woman—savage, despairing.

"No!" she was crying wildly in her heart. "No—she has no right! My child—mine!"

Later the hot jealousy died. The wind had blown itself out leaving dreadful stillness in its wake. Deep buried resentment poisoning her heart. Hatred... even against the child of the future.

A change in Ardeth dating from that day. Unsuspected, some vestige of hope had remained. Perhaps Ken was not lost forever to her. People who were married sometimes disagreed, separated, married others and were happy. But now she felt that he was truly lost to her. She must go on alone along the road they had hoped to travel together.

Always a shadow underlying the golden eyes now. A touch of gentle disunity in her manner.

Many noticed it and put it down to the responsibility of managing the shop. For Ardeth had bought The Caprice.

Jeanette had been entranced at the idea of getting rid of the place so easily. She was entirely engrossed in her latest whim—a poetry club of earnest females who planned to tour Europe and visit the shrines of great poets. Not that Jeanette had ever written verse. But then, neither had the other members. But they intended to do so—some day when they had the time. And just now the club answered its purpose in enabling Jeanette to adopt a calm and detached attitude to mundane things, and to be exasperatingly placid and high-minded on her infrequent visits to Cecile.

At the close of a golden October day the deal was struck. Tom, who had come in at the last moment, leaned back on his elbows and watched the girl.

The copper light of sunset struck through the one narrow window and turned Ardeth's hair to ruddy gold. Her eyes were glowing topazes as she looked fondly about her.

"My very own..." she said softly. Then in a tone grown more

U. S. MAY LOAN TO WATER DISTRICTS AT REDUCED RATES

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 18.—Irrigation districts all over Oregon will be benefited if an amendment is made to the so-called Smith bill, now pending in congress, whereby irrigation as well as drainage districts are extended federal financial aid. Governor Norblad and State Engineer Stricklin both favor the amendment, and the governor yesterday telegraphed the Oregon delegation asking its support. A reply from Representative Hawley today said he believed the amendment would be made by the irrigation committee meeting today.

The plan provides that bonds issued by districts may be purchased by the federal government on a 4 per cent basis, which would be a per cent saving in interest to

practical. "The first thing I'm going to do is give up the smokerie. I've always hated it. It just encourages gossip. Some of those women get together and chop up reputations as though they were chopping hash. You should have heard Maida Duvant and that fat Mrs. Curtis in here yesterday snickering over the latest spy. 'I hate that rotten magazine,' Tom put in heatedly."

"It's never going to come in here again!" Ardeth's tone was grim. She was remembering the insinuating notice which had appeared about herself and Ken. "I don't care if it loses trade. I'm going to give up the smokerie."

She kept that resolution. The back room reverted to type. Down came the hangings of the Oriental den. It became Ardeth's living quarters.

This was part of her programme of strict harmony. What she saved by giving up her hotel room played a large share in paying Ah-Ling's salary each month. It was no hardship to live in back of the shop, close to all she held dear in the world. The couch served as her bed. The one window, looking on the narrow alley, admitted air, if not light.

Tom scowled on the arrangement. "Good Lord! It's worse than the maid's room at my sister's! Her room is small, but it gets sun and air. Don't be stubborn, Ardeth. Let me pay Ah-Ling's salary and get an apartment."

But she was determined. "Please remember, you're supposed to be the silent partner in this firm—decidedly silent."

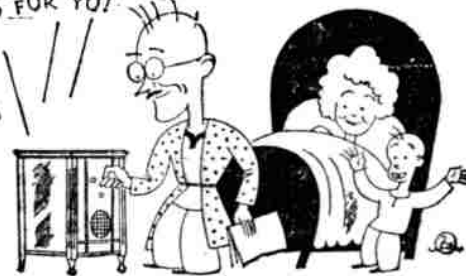
"But, Ardeth—" Tom protested, and his face was woeful. "Gosh—just thinking of you living in this dump keeps me from having any fun at all! I can afford it and what good is all this money piling up in the bank? Don't you know that money's no good to me if I can't buy a little comfort for you—"

There was a note in his voice which warned the girl that another of Tom's periodic proposals was due, and she backed away in mock alarm, shaking her head violently.

"No! No! No! I know what I'm doing. And if you're so set on doing something for me come down in the store and nail a packing case. I split a thumb nail and Ah-Ling smashed a finger on the darned thing."

(To Be Continued)

HELLO, ANNA!
HELLO, FUR YU!



You are cordially invited to

"BREAKFAST WITH SPERRY"

SUNDAY MORNING
OVER THE NBC NETWORK
AT 8:30 O'CLOCK

Uncle Lee, the bachelor host, with his two adopted children, and Anna Kristina, the Swedish maid, and various talented guests contribute to a varied program of melody and mirth, with the compliments of the Sperry Flour Co.

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CHRISTMAS SEAL SALES TOTAL \$348

Today's receipts from the sale of tuberculosis Christmas seals in Douglas county total \$348.50, with only fourteen of the schools accounted for, according to Mrs. H. C. Boyle, county seal sale chairman.

Returns from Roseburg citizens are coming in a little slower now while the schools outside of Roseburg are just beginning to check in. The interest is good and many schools this year have sold more than in previous years.

The generous response of hundreds of Douglas county people who have already bought is most gratifying, and, in behalf of the Douglas County Health association I want to thank them for their support. Many have been most generous and we hope that before the campaign is over everyone will have been given the opportunity to help in this health-giving crusade," said Mrs. Boyle.

No attempt is made to tell people how many seals they should buy. Mrs. Boyle said. "Everyone knows that the money goes for a good cause, and gives according to his ability and his interest in the work. If everyone could see the health-giving service made possible

by his gift, our goal would be reached before night."

Ninety-five percent of all contributions stays in Oregon and is jointly administered by the county health association and the state tuberculosis association. The other five percent goes to the National Tuberculosis association as Oregon's share in the great medical research work sponsored by that body.

"The health of each one of us depends to a large extent upon the health of everyone else. We all profit from disease prevention work, and most of us could give much more generously than we do."

OIL BLAZE PERILS OKLAHOMA FIELD

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

WEWOKA, Okla., Dec. 19.—The south Wewoka oil field, less than two months old with three prolific producers, was endangered here this morning and part of the residential district was evacuated when a well believed to be the Glenrock Oil corporation's No. 3 Davis, caught fire.

The well, which caught fire immediately upon being drilled in had a flow of gas estimated at over 30,000,000 feet which blew in

AIRPLANES JOIN IN BANDIT HUNT

SAFFORD, Ala., Dec. 19.—Two airplanes joined the search today for four bank bandits believed hiding in Bogue Chitto swamp, three miles from here.

The planes circled at low altitude over the two-mile stretch of swamp lands while the ground forces of more than 300, composed of national guardsmen, sheriff's deputies and citizens continued the hunt with a new pack of blood hounds.

The planes were equipped with machine guns and smoke bombs. The latter were to be dropped to guide the ground forces surrounding the swamp in the event the bandits should be spotted from the air.

The dogs were brought in the heavy spray of oil.

Townpeople were awakened by the roar which was reported heard more than five miles away. Hundreds hastily dressed and went to the field.

There are 16 wells being drilled adjacent to the Davis farm and fear was expressed that other producers in the south Wewoka field would be ignited and that flames might be swept into the city.

HAPPY VALLEY FARM SOLD TO NEWCOMER

Mrs. L. O. Maddux announces the sale of the Howard ranch, near Happy Valley bridge to Richard J. D. Stevenson, a newcomer to this vicinity. Mr. Stevenson purchased the ranch from Mr. T. D. Tiller, who has bought a large ranch at Camas Valley, where he will make his home. These sales were made through the classified advertisements of the News-Review.

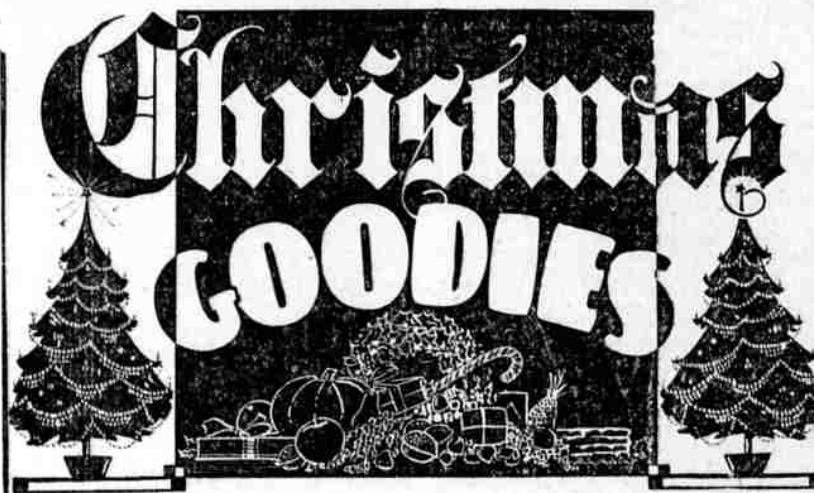
Don't miss the big dance of the year—the Christmas Ball by the Roseburg Fire Department at the armory, Dec. 25th.—Adv.

MACMARR STORES

One in Sutherlin

THREE MODERN FOOD STORES

Two in Roseburg



Christmas season is here again with its gay, hustling holiday spirit and good cheer. And no one is more busily occupied from morning till night than the housewife. No wonder she appreciates our convenient and complete food service, our stores with hundreds of suggestions of good things to eat and our fresh, fine quality foods. She knows right where to find the "goodies" for her Christmas feast!

Prices Effective Saturday to Wednesday, December 20 to 24 Inclusive

MINCEMEAT	Kerr's Best in bulk. 2 lbs.	27c
CAKE FLOUR	Swan's Down package	33c
DATES	In bulk. 2 lbs.	19c
ASPARAGUS	Libby's Picnic Tins, 2 for	35c
PEAS	Del Monte, Early Garden, No. 2 tins, 3 cans	50c
CORN	MacMarr, Del Maize, No. 2 tins, 3 tins	50c
FLOUR	MacMarr, Hard Wheat, 49 lbs. \$1.29; 10 lb. bag	35c
COFFEE	MacMarr Blend, lb. 35c; 3 lbs.	1.00

Produce Department

ORANGES	Large, "Sunkist," doz.	49c
CRANBERRIES	Excellent quality, 2 lbs.	39c
SWEET POTATOES	6 pounds	25c
CELERY	Large, crisp, 2 bunches	15c
LETTUCE	Solid heads, 2 heads	14c

CANDY
Starlite Mix, or Royal
Chocolate, lb. 12c

NUTS
Mixed without peanuts,
2 lbs. 55c

RAISINS
Thompson's Seedless, 4
lb. pkg. 27c

JELL WELL
Choose your flavors.
4 pkgs. 20c

BACON
Medium weight, extra
firm, lb. 29c

HAMS
Bake a half for Christmas
eve, first grade, lb. 28c

Quality is never sacrificed for price by Mac Marr Stores. \$5.00 orders delivered free. Small orders 10c. Sugar excepted.

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