

HIGH TIDE

By Frances Hanna

YESTERDAY: Unknown to Jan, Johnny Denton decides that she will be his wife. Derek accepts the fishing barge job although he decides that work is a nuisance.

Chapter 10
Derek's mother had kept him just long enough to extract a substantial settlement from Gregory Knowles, then shipped him back to Eton, a boy disillusioned, embittered from seeing things he should not have seen; a sensitive lad, too introspective, turning with all the zealous starved fervor of his emotional nature to music.

At eighteen his father took him to New York to live with his stepmother, a charming, quiet woman who was good to him. From the time he came to his stepmother, feeling violently his father's new-found love, a sleek young actress, he stayed on until, inadvertently, he learned that she, too, was using him as a pawn.

At nineteen he demanded to go abroad to study; his stepmother, however, met him at the airport. He listened to copybook maxims, to fumbling words of attempted explanation and reconciliation, took his letter of credit and sailed alone.

But he could not escape being Derek Knowles, heir to a huge fortune, rich in his own right, at twenty-one, from a legacy of his paternal grandmother. He was news. He was the son of Gregory Knowles, financier, capitalist. Girls clustered at him, fawned over him, pursued him.

At twenty-one he was a cynic about women. Until he met Lenore Page.

"Nuts!" said Derek, sitting up on the sand, "Jan's right. It's a lot of fun to feel sorry for yourself."

About now, he thought, his father would be hearing from his lawyers that his son and only heir was well on his way to China.

"Might as well be," Derek reflected. "I'll never run into anyone I know down here. I'm safe enough. Safe from Lenore and Len and all their kind. I like it. I'm going to stay."

He chuckled to himself over the fact of Jan hunting him a job. He'd never worked for anyone in his life, except his music professor; never earned a penny of his own. It would be novel, at least. Certainly, today, he was in no mood to cast himself into the water. He wondered if a great deal of money would suit Jan. His smile soured. He had no wish to find out. She tolerated him; pitied him, probably; would in all likelihood try to manage him as she did Lenore and her home; but he had no intention of letting her know who he was or how rich he was.

"He'd try to cash in on the money to live on," he thought. "The rest of the time, well, the hot sun was pleasant. Tomorrow? It never comes."

When Jan heard the trap door lifted she knew it was Derek. No one else would venture up here to disturb her solitude. She didn't want him here. She didn't want him to see the quite lovely sweep of beach, the sky she had just sketched and painted with water colors. Yet she sensed his coming here was somehow inevitable.

"I've come to have your soul," he announced, striding toward her, a grin on his arrogant face. "You owe it to me after yesterday. I should have left that piano alone. I knew better, but—let me see your canvases."

Tender Kiss
Because the day was really warm, she had come up here in brief shorts and sun-bather. As Derek carefully unwrapped pictures she knelt down to take a half from the locker she felt Derek's eyes on her.

"You have a lovely figure," he commented casually. "Not an ounce of fat on you."

"It must be the Melba Toast and grapefruit diet, or maybe the rowing machine in the attic which I never use."

"After all, what is an attic without a rowing machine? And family skeletons?" she assured him.

"No skeletons," she assured him. "At least, not Merrimer skeletons. No, yet, anyhow."

"Then there's no hope for you. You can't be glamorous without a skeleton or two to rattle. Here, let me help you with those canvases."

Unwrapping one painting at a time, she handed it over for his inspection. He held it up in varied lights and squinted critically. She tried to read his reaction from his expression, and could not. Fear mounted in her; the certain fear that he would confirm her own opinion.

"Jan," he said, when the last picture was back in its wrappings. "I think you're on the wrong track. You have ability, all right, and an eye for line and color, but I wish, simply—I don't think painting is your proper métier. I want to paint!" she insisted, tears

edging her voice. "Fruit, flowers, trees, house—no!"

"What about people?"
"I never tried. Always," her voice mounted, "always the sea! It's practically an obsession. I suppose I should hate that vast murderous expanse of brine because it took my father and mother from me, but I don't."

"Then," he advised after a silence, "do nothing for a time. Let your creative ground lie fallow awhile and let other impressions crystallize. If you have genius, and you may have it lying latent, undeveloped, it's for something else perhaps, Jan! What is it?"

For she was weeping, the hot tears pushing through her thick lashes. Consternation filled him. She was so fragile-looking, she looked like a hurt child crying out heartbroken and disappointment. "I—I know I'm not a genius," she stammered. "I've tried and tried and sometimes I thought I had it—but I didn't have it. It eludes me, like wind. Wanting to do a thing isn't doing it."

"Don't know?" he asked softly. "I guess we're just a couple of frustrated artists, Jan, and misery loves company." He put his arm around her shoulders in a gesture of sympathy and camaraderie. Her hair, fragrant and clean and unperfumed, blew against his chin. Then something, call it an emotional spark, sprang from nowhere to ignite both of them. Trembling, she turned to face him. His arms tightened, caught her close against his hard chest; his lips brushed the tear-drops from her lashes. Body found her lips and held them in a kiss. A very tender kiss. He felt her mouth soft and quivering and unresponsive. Unconsciously he kissed her. Again he kissed her, lips impetuous. Her arms went up and around his neck and caught by a sudden rapturous emotion, she returned his kiss. A moment he held her, then let her go, rudely, abruptly.

"Rather Melodramatic"
Through tears, she saw the dark scowl on his face. "No, no making us both more miserable!" he grated. "Damn it, Jan, I'm sorry this happened. I liked the basis we were on. I can't give you love, romance, marriage, and you're the sort who'd expect them. I can't give anything, really, except my sympathy. I wish you'd forget I kissed you."

She showed her hair back of her ears and managed a very small ghost of a smile. "I have a poor memory," she said. "A gust of anger swept her. 'Aren't you being rather silly, Derek?' Rather melodramatic," she said. "I didn't inquire whether your intentions were honorable or not, you—you egotist! Don't you think I've been kissed before?" The shrill sound of her voice irritated her ears. "It was just one of those things that happen sometimes. You were sorry for me—I was sorry for you—oh, Derek, for goodness' sake, stop growling and leave me alone!"

At the edge of the trap door he paused to look back at her queerly, uncertainly. Then from below Lance called.

When Lance called, Jan went. At once, without fuss. If she didn't fretted himself into sick feverishness.

Jan dabbed at her eyes with her hands before she opened his door. She saw at once what had prompted his call. The clipper ship, in the process of being varnished, had slipped from his hands to the floor and one of the wings had crumpled. Lance was staring at it, white-faced, as if it were a world-shaking calamity, but Jan knew he wasn't seeing the tiny ship at all; he was living again over the times he'd piloted great planes on test flights and bailed out more than once when a wing gave way. She went down on her knees to pick up the tiny model plane. Momentarily she forgot the scene on the roof. As she laid the plane on Lance's lap she looked into his

eyes. "You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

"You're a little fellow," he said, "but you're a good fellow."

SIDE GLANCES

by Outbrain



"Junior asked me to buy a new comb and brush today—has he mentioned anything to you about girls?"

drawn face. At first he seemed not to see her at all, then his eyes focussed and he demanded:

"What happened between you and Derek, Jan? I heard him go up on the roof. You've been crying. What did he say to you? What did he do?"

Tell tale scarlet rushed up her throat and flamed in her cheeks. "Nothing, Lance."

"Don't lie to me, Jan! Did he hurt you in some way? Did he? Answer me!"

"He only agreed with me that my pain was no good," she confessed wearily. "And then I wept feminine and—and cried. That's all."

His strange, beautiful eyes bored into her. "That's all you intend to tell me, at least," he demanded. "Jan, are you falling in love with the man? Are you?"

"Of course not, silly."

"You never were a good pretender," he frowned. "You don't know who he is. Nothing about him. An honest man is not so reticent about himself, Jan. I won't see you hurt. Tell him to go. Tell

him to leave our house. Right now. If you don't tell him, I will. I mean it, Jan."

(To be continued)

U. S. Allots Millions to Provide Student Work

WASHINGTON, July 17.—(AP)—The national youth administration allocated today \$26,240,281 to finance NYA student work during 1940-41.

Officials said the allocations would furnish part time work for about 500,000 needy students between 16 and 24, inclusive, to enable them to continue their education. They said \$12,509,161 would be used to provide employment for secondary school students, \$13,731,120 to provide employment for college students.

Allocations by states (first figure for school work program, second for college and graduate work program) included:

Idaho, \$55,117 and \$72,765; Oregon, \$86,382 and \$168,345; Washington \$152,410 and \$254,715.

SWEET MOO-SIC—THE DIGESTIBILITY OF BORDEN'S MILK

Says Elsie: "There's a flavor to it, a richness, a smoothness, an easy digestibility that accounts for the popularity of Borden's evaporated milk."

"More, it's irradiated with the sunshine vitamin—and you'll find the familiar blue and white Borden label featured at your grocer's."

"Good plan to stock up."

IF IT'S Borden's - IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD

Oregon's Own and Only Sugar

Famous Lithia Park, Ashland, Oregon

Salutes ASHLAND

Picturesquely set in the foot-hills of Southern Oregon's beautiful Siskiyou Mountains is Ashland, an industrious and charming city of 6,000 people. Jackson County's Ashland is famous for its beautiful Lithia Park, and is one of the best known health and vacation resorts on the Pacific slope.

Situated in the Rogue River Valley, famous throughout the world for its vast acres of pear and other fruit orchards, and for its incomparable scenery, including Crater Lake, Ashland is noteworthy in its own right for tomato canning, lumber, brick and tile, dairying, gold mining, poultry, sheep and truck gardening industries.

Guaranteed for Canning

Ashland's ideal soil and climate combined to produce wonderful tomatoes, and tomato canning is a relatively new but fast growing industry. Ashland, we salute you; we, who are proud of the quality of Oregon sugar, for nowhere can you find sugar that surpasses it for quality, cleanliness, and purity.

FACTS ABOUT ASHLAND
Home of Southern Oregon College of Education. Excellent hotels, mineral health springs, scenic beauty, and Oregon's celebrated annual Shakespearean Festival, help make Ashland famous. Only 35 miles from Lake O' the Woods by Mt. Loughlin, 92 miles from Crater Lake.

WHITE SATIN SUGAR

A DOUGLAS COUNTY PRODUCT

Mfg. by Douglas County Mills

Buy it from your favorite grocer.

Price Boosters Get Federal Warning

WASHINGTON, July 15.—(AP)—The treasury threatens prosecution of dealers allegedly misrepresenting price increases as due to new defense taxes.

A department statement reminded dealers that they were subject to fines up to \$1,000, or both, if convicted of misrepresenting the portion of price caused by federal taxes.

The statement said: "The bureau of internal revenue

has had its attention called to the fact that in certain instances dealers in articles subject to the internal revenue taxes have raised the prices of these products to consumers in amounts considerably in excess of the defense taxes imposed by the revenue act of 1940.

"The bureau has received reports that a number of such dealers have represented to their customers that such increases in prices are due solely to the imposition of the defense taxes."

The statement did not identify the products involved, nor did it give the names or localities of the offenders.

However, officials pointed out that the recent tax increases amounted to 1 cent on a package

of cigarettes, \$1.00 a barrel on beer, 75 cents a gallon on whiskey, 10 per cent on refrigerators, radios, automobiles, and automobile parts, 1 cent per gallon on gasoline, and 1 cent per pound on tires.

Caravans to Celebrate Oregon's New Highway

PORTLAND, July 17.—(AP)—Two automobile caravans, originating here and at Klamath Falls, will head for Salt creek tunnel on the new Willamette highway July 30 to meet and celebrate completion of the road.

Salem, Albany and Eugene cars

will join the northern entourage. The road shortens the distance between Portland and Klamath Falls by about 80 miles and links Willamette valley roads with The Dalles-California highway.

Avocados (alligator pears) have 1200 calories a pound—far more than any other fruit.

COMPLETE OPTICAL SERVICE
Dr. D. B. Bubas
116 No. Jackson

Could You Use \$50.00?

Well, if you are an average family of four, spending about \$40.00 a month for food, you would save at least \$50.00 annually by buying all your foods at Safeway. Safeway prices are extremely low consistently. You save every day, and the money you save at Safeway can be spent for other things you need.

SAFEGWAY

NOB HILL
Extra Rich
COFFEE
Lb. 18¢ 2-lb. 35¢
AIRWAY COFFEE
Lb. 12¢ 3-lb. 35¢

Julia Lee Wright
BREAD
FIRST DAY FRESH!

These Prices Effective
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, July 19-20

Centerbury Tea 1/2-lb. pkg. 25¢
Edwards Coffee 1-lb. can 21¢
Cheese, Mild Cream 1-lb. can 19¢
Baby Foods, Clapp's 3-lb. can 20¢
Kellogg's Corn Flakes Regular pkg. 3-20¢
Powdered Sugar 3-lb. pkg. 19¢
Prunes, Hurd's can 11¢
Chocolate Hershey's 2 large bars 25¢
Cookies, Loose Wiles cellu bag 15¢
Calumet Baking Powder 1-lb. can 17¢
Vinegar, Highway 16-oz. bottle 13¢
Sandwich Spread 1-lb. jar 21¢

Jar Rubbers 3 pkgs. 10¢
Kerr Economy Jars, pts., doz. 85¢, qts., 98¢
Jels-Rite Pectin, 8-oz. 3 bottles 29¢
Parowax, Jelly Seal, 1-lb. pkg. 11¢

Wheaties or Corn Kix, 2 pkgs. 23¢
Deviled Meat 1/2-lb. can 10¢
Tomatoes, Stokely's solid 2 No. 2 1/2 cans 27¢
Green Beans Garden Side No. 3 cans 3 for 23¢
Spinach Emerald Bay 2 No. 2 1/2 cans 23¢
Fancy Peas Sugar Belle 3 No. 2 cans 29¢
Corn, Country Home 3 No. 2 cans 29¢
Tomato Juice Sunny Dawn 40-oz. can 17¢
Bartlett Pears Harper House No. 2 1/2 cans 19¢
Pineapple Juice Stokely's 40-oz. can 23¢
Wax Paper See or Diamond 125-ft. roll 12¢
Sunbrite Cleanser 2 cans 9¢
Shinola White Polish bottle 9¢

FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
Folks like produce fresh so salads can be crisp and appetizing—fruits fresh picked and full of natural flavor. Safeway produce is guaranteed farm-fresh—always.

Cabbage
Firm crisp, lb. 2 1/2¢

Beans
Fancy local, 3 lbs. .. 14¢

ONIONS Bermuda, 3 lbs. 13¢
CARROTS 3 bunches 10¢
GRAPES Basket 10¢
PEACHES 20-lb. box 65¢
GRAPEFRUIT 6 for 22¢
ORANGES Juice size, 50 for 49¢
In Shopping Bag.

SUGAR Oregon's White Satin, 10 lbs. 51¢ 100-lb. Bag . . . \$4.98
COCOA Blue Mill 2 Lb. Can . . . 14¢
Pancake Sperry's 9.8-Lb. Bag . . . 52¢
BEER Brown Derby 24-can case \$2.15 3 cans 29¢

CHEESE Kraft's Velveeta, 2-lb. loaf 49¢

SAFEGWAY

A DOUGLAS COUNTY PRODUCT

Mfg. by Douglas County Mills

Buy it from your favorite grocer.