

# LET'S LIVE! MILDRED LAMB

**READ THIS FIRST:**  
Byrd and Larry Browning had been married only a short time. It had been at first night between a man who wanted life to move swiftly and excitement and a girl of a small town, who expected to settle down and have a home and children.

There were many things that threatened their happiness right from the beginning. Larry's partner was a speculator, unscrupulous Jack Duncan in a speculative venture, floating the stock of the Builders' Supply company. Larry's continual years from Byrd's father, who was president of a bank in Jacksonville; the succession of parties with a fast-moving crowd, consisting of Tiny and Fred Oberman, Jack and Mary Duncan, Chet Everson and India Campbell, a former sweetheart of Larry's, Larry's growing estrangement, his refusal to break off his friendship with Jack; the increasing number of quarrels over bills, over liquor, over card games, over all sorts of differences.

Byrd's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, arrived to spend a week with them. Mrs. Hamilton, who loved to manage other people's affairs, was bitter in her criticism of Byrd's extravagance. Byrd couldn't tell her the truth without involving himself. Her parents fell for Larry's glamorous personality, and her father gave him an other loan.

Before they left, Mr. Hamilton confided to Byrd his greatest worry, which was Larry. Byrd's sister, who was "hitting the trail like the rest of these young folks," had told him that Pat would be the summer with Larry and Byrd. Pat's coming had more serious results than anyone anticipated. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.)

**CHAPTER XXVI**  
It was just a week after Byrd's parents had returned to Jacksonville when Pat arrived. Larry's attitude was enigmatical, for he had seemed delighted with the arrangement when they first discussed it with her father and mother. Now he had grown groucher and groucher each day over the prospect of having one more person in the little apartment. He would wait until it was too late to write, thought Byrd, with an agony of pain wrenching her heart.

How in the world were they going to put three people in the breakfast alcove, he wanted to know. Pat would have to use the in-a-door bed that opened into the living room, and a sixteen-year-old ought to be in bed at nine o'clock, or ten at the latest. There was he supposed to spend his evenings? Sitting in the kitchen. Or take his books and papers into the broom closet? Pat was too young to be of any help at a party, and too old to be told to stay at home every night. What were they going to do with her? Well, he'd be darned if he'd turn nursemaid! He hadn't gotten used to being married to one person, not to mention two. He wound up each diatribe by wondering why he'd gotten married, anyway!

Fatally Byrd suggested every stage querulous statement.

"Why, Larry, I hadn't the least idea you weren't willing to have Pat come up for a little while," she burst out in tearful exasperation. "You told father you were going to be out of town practically all the time, and since you and Jack decided to work in the small towns around the state first, and it would be company for me."

Silver sheets of brimming blue water filmed Byrd's deep-set eyes.

"That's another thing again," argued the argumentative Larry. "A lot of excitement. She'll be dragging the entire neighborhood in all hours of the day and night."

"I can manage her," answered Byrd quietly.

"—umph!" shrugged Larry, with a belittling shoulder. "You'll have just about as much influence with her as a fly with a monkey. Well, if she starts going a pace, I'll take a hand."

"—umph!" thought Byrd to herself, with a scornful mental gesture.

The idea of Larry managing any woman was ridiculous. Still, if he felt responsible for Pat, as a member of his family, who, like herself, was expected to reflect only credit on its male member, Larry's influence might have a chastening effect even on the irrepressible Pat.

"She's probably got the appetite of a yak," said Larry, grinning.

"You needn't worry about the expense," said Byrd, quickly, "father'll take care of that."

Byrd felt a momentary resentment that Larry could borrow money with such equanimity from her father and quibble like this over a little added expense to the grocery bill.

"Don't you really want Pat to come?" Byrd eyed Larry challengingly, for her deep love for Larry wouldn't swerve her from her sense of duty toward her sister. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad, she decided, with sudden intuition, to permit the tiniest little breach to take place between her father and Larry.

"Oh, let her come," Larry decided magnanimously, "but for Pete's sake, see that she doesn't hang around us all the time."

And now here she was! Or rather here they were! For some inexplicable reason, instead of sending Pat to the apartment in a taxi, as he said he would do, Larry was

escorting her in person. Byrd could hear their gay voices echoing down the corridor. She frowned. What a racket they were making.

"Here's the jazz kid!" Larry said, as Pat rushed by him and threw herself into Byrd's arms.

"Gee, I'm glad to see you, darling," and she embraced Byrd rapturously, again and again. "How's the old straw hat, anyway?"

"Great, Pat, dear, and how are you?" asked Byrd, patting her hair back into place. Pat's embraces were like a mountain slide. "You don't have to pat quite so much muscle into your greetings."

"Well, here's your little hay shaker right from the country," Pat stood with her feet far apart, "fresh as this morning's milk. How do you like it?"

Byrd eyed her helter-skelter tomboy of a sister, while Pat, disdaining a chair, jumped up and sat on the edge of the somewhat fragile gategleg table that served as a dining room set, swinging her legs violently.

She wore a little green felt hat, bright as a blade of new grass, a yellow sport coat with an Easter egg lining, and underneath she glimpsed a sport dress of brightest rose, in the latest design.

"Bought the whole darned outfit in a sport shop on the avenue in Cincin in fifteen minutes, with time out for lunch. It's my snappiest model."

Byrd, slightly bewildered, stood looking at her, one hand moodily drawing her lips together.

"You look like a purple moment," she said weakly.

From a slight, slit-ribbed, red-haired tomboy that had paled with every boy in the neighborhood, shinning up trees, operating on grubby worms, swimming in the creek, boy scouting with them, dexterous with a rope or a knife, and inventive as any of them when it came to constructing radios and aeroplanes, Byrd suddenly realized that Pat, still possessed of that electric vitality that started sudden excited gusts of air stirring wherever she went, had lost something of her boyish simplicity, and in its place there was a bright, hard brilliancy.

In a word, she was loud. She still had, however, her one disarming charm, a directness and lack of self-consciousness.

"Not a word to throw at a dog," Pat said, winking broadly at Larry. "I gather it's not as swanky as it thought it was."

"Oh, you look wonderful," lied Byrd, and then hastily changed the subject.

"The office has been trying to locate you, Larry. Better hurry before they call again."

Looking as if he'd rather stay, Larry departed.

"I'm here to stay," Pat announced, after Larry had gone, jerking open her suitcase and dumping its contents on one of the twin beds. "I brought along all my junk and I'm—here she burst into a high soprano, cutting a caper to its beat, "—never going home any more! The whole family have gone batty since you left, and the situation is simply impossible. Why the day you were married she hauled out all that milled fancy work that you started years ago, in your unbalanced moments, and made me start working on my trousseau. Can you see me married? I'd rather be thrown to the crocodiles! Then father got sore about my falling down on the old geometry for the third time."

Byrd helped Pat arrange her clothes in the dressing room closet, four hooks of which had been generously supplied to accommodate a dozen violent-looking dresses, coats and hats, and then they sat down and discussed Pat's future.

Pat balked openly on going to a city high school, and they compromised on a business college. The next day she promised she would start at the Cleveland Commercial school.

While Byrd shelled new peas and scraped new potatoes for dinner, Pat moved restlessly about, examining and commenting on everything in the apartment in her decisive, outspoken way.

"How do you like married life, anyway, Byrd?" she asked curiously. "It didn't take Larry long to let me know how he felt about it."

"How was that?" smiled Byrd, impersonally.

"Oh, he thinks a man of his temperament isn't cut out for it," rawned Pat. "I wouldn't let him get away with that point of view much longer. He got you into it, not you him."

Byrd chuckled.

"And say, Toots, how can you stand this crowded apartment? Gosh, I haven't been able to draw a whole breath yet!" Pat gave a groan, much muffled with breath. "My exhaust just can't work!"

"Larry thinks we're better off in town for a while. He thinks he's going to make a little fortune on

## Warden Under Fire



Rumors emanating from the U. S. department of justice indicate that there is a movement on foot to remove Warden W. Snook from his post as warden of Atlanta, Ga., federal penitentiary, and that a congressional investigation will be held shortly after election. Once before prison matters were investigated at Atlanta and the warden was exonerated of any blame.

It being the subject of a lecture?" Then Pat stepped in.

"Cut the barbed wire! Come on, let's have a drink before dinner," she cried, gayly, waving the gloves at him. "We'll take turns unless you've got a pair."

Larry did have some.

He stood regarding his little sister-in-law with amusement, her figure straight and boyish, her eyes laughing with that sense of mischief that made her irresistible. Her school life had been interrupted almost daily by some untoward act that had kept her father in an almost perpetual interview with the principal and her mother's lips pulled down with great weights of disapproval.

Larry removed his coat and the scrimmage began. Byrd ran around, moving back the furniture and placing the brace in safer places. Pat's light, sinuous body, was the essence of grace, as she ducked, dipped, maneuvered, covering her opponent, recovering lost ground, or giving way, as she finally had to, to Larry's more skillful arm.

"Your round," called Pat, pantingly, every little while.

Finally, her breath gone, she leaned against Larry, completely spent and the tears of laughter still brimming in her blue eyes.

"You're some fighter!" he admitted, laughing, enjoying the sportsmanlike way she had stuck to the end. "You've had a poor trainer! Jim doesn't know anything about fighting! I'll give you the right dope!"

"We-ell, I'm—I'm pretty good, don't you think?" she stammered, taking in her breath and wiping the perspiration off her broad, low forehead. She tossed her head like a high-spirited horse.

"You're darn good!" laughed Larry.

During dinner, Pat and Larry discussed all the points of the boxing ring, dipping into prize fighting and its allied industries.

"You know, if it hadn't been for Henrietta, dada would have taken

me to the Tunney-Deemsey fight at Chicago," she nodded solemnly. "I cried for two whole days because moms wouldn't let me go."

Fine lines of worry began to crowd the creamy surface around Byrd's eyes. She wished Larry wouldn't encourage Pat's wayward propensities.

"Mother was right, Pat," Byrd began slowly. "You're almost seven years old, and it's time you grew up. The things you've been doing in Jacksonville would look crude in a city. People wouldn't understand."

"Want me to be a little Lord Fauntleroy?" Pat and Larry looked at each other understandingly and burst into laughter.

Byrd looked nonplussed.

"Listen to me, Pat," began Byrd, earnestly. "You can't go on tearing around like a crazy boy all your life. On the other hand, you can have a darn good time, and be doing something worth while at the same time. A general improvement in your manners won't be any social barrier." She added this with a smile.

"Thus endeth the first lesson," jeered Pat.

She saw that she had hurt Byrd's feelings. She put an arm around her shoulder.

"Now, please don't be snooty, Byrd, darlin'! But you can't strut that family stuff! I've had too many doses of family castor oil, and I'm going to be my own boss for a while. If you start worryin' about me, you'll suffer from the rush of blood to the cortical centering and have a stroke or something."

"Go fry an egg, Byrd!" Larry joined in, easily. "Let the kid alone. Why, she just came today, and you go jumping all over her."

He turned to Pat. "Byrd thinks she's General Booth, and has to revolutionize the world. She wants everybody to be cute little angels!"

"You're certainly a great help!" said Byrd to Larry with a look

look which had no effect at all.

"Come on, let's go to a movie," said Larry. "We've just got time to wash the dishes and get to the second show."

"Pat spent last night on a sleeper and she's got to be at school at eight-fifteen in the morning," expostulated Byrd.

"Now don't be a flat tire," chirped up Pat.

"All right, you two go," said Byrd. "I've got some mending to do."

Pat flew around like an animated Easter egg, and in two minutes she and Larry were cackling walking down the hall. Pat always hopped and skipped and jumped to the place she wanted to go.

"Don't know how to use her legs like a lady," her mother used to complain.

After they were gone, Byrd realized she would have to change her tactics in regard to Pat, for any open criticism would arouse Larry to her defense. And Pat had to be curbed. She certainly did! And she'd be ruined if she wasn't! And it was up to Byrd!

Byrd settled down finally to her sewing, after washing the dishes, her deep violet eyes clouded with many new problems which Pat's coming had suddenly precipitated.

There was a light tapping at the door. It was probably one of the neighbors on their floor, but now that she had gotten to know them all, they usually walked right in. Something warned her not to answer the door, but she did.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Erickson are receiving the congratulations of friends on the birth of their first child, a girl, December 1 at their home on Franklin avenue. The little lady has been named Shirley Ann.

The regular W. C. T. U. business session will be held this afternoon beginning at 2:30 o'clock in the Union hall on Commercial and Ferry street. The devotions will be led by Mrs. D. J. Howe.

The Salem Boy's chorus will give a concert in the Jason Lee Methodist church tonight for the church brotherhood benefit fund. A small admission charge will be made.



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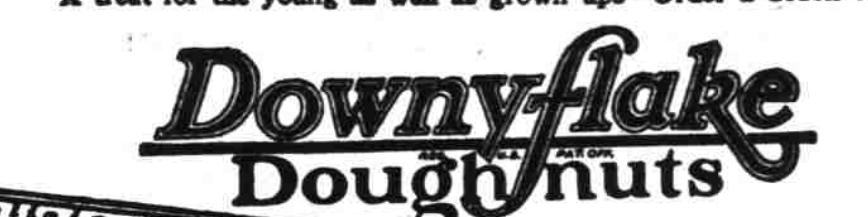
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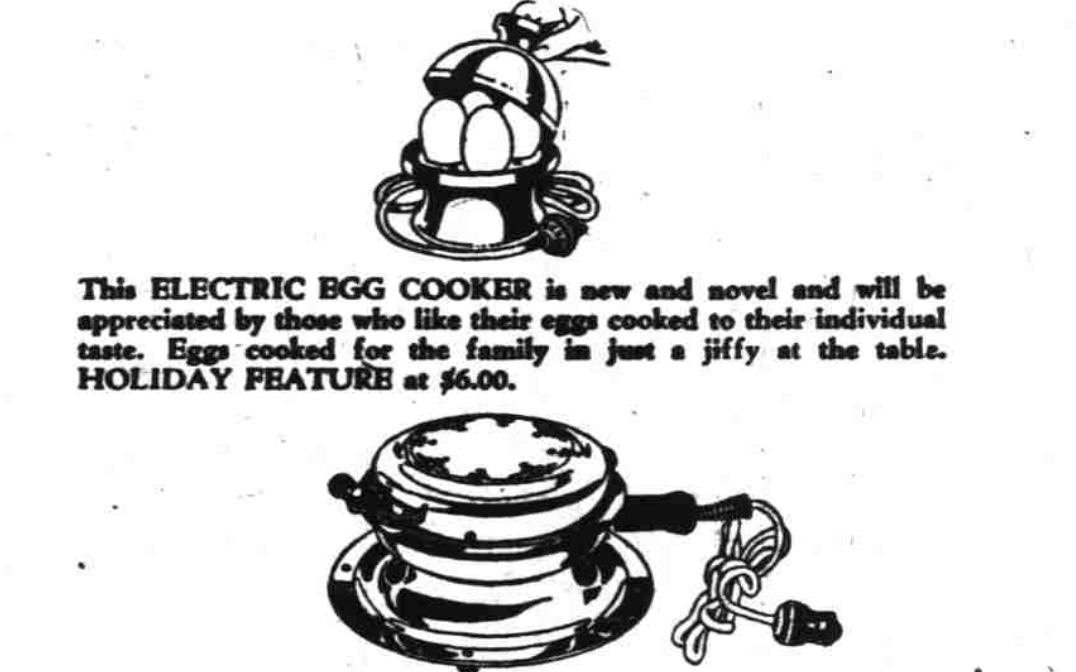
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