LET'S LIVE!

By MILDRED LAMB

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CHAPTER L

BYRD took out her key and opened the door of the house where she roomed. It was a family by the name of Kelly. All the houses on the street had once been the homes of well-to-do people, but as the city grew, they had moved further out.

Practically every house had the sign "Furnished Rooms" stuck up in the windows.

Byrd had chosen this room because Mrs. Kelly didn't have the "boarding house look."

She was a small, sweet-faced woman with kind grey eyes and grey hair with just a suggestion of the brogue of her fatherland still clinging to her tongue.

Byrd started up the stairs, but stopped as Mrs. Kelly called to her.

"Won't you come in a minute, Mrs. Browning and meet my family?"

Byrd hesitated. She shrank from meeting strangers. She had decided to make no new acquaintances so that she would never have to explain who she was or why she was working and living with strangers.

But these were plain people, she thought to herself, who were trying to be friendly.

She stepped into the little sitting room and met Mr. Kelly, a small, stoop-shouldered man with near-sighted eyes and a strange, rasping voice, who, Mrs. Kelly explained proudly, had been bookkeeper at the Corrigan steel mills for thirty years.

Then Mrs. Kelly introduced her to a tall young man, who had kept his eyes fastened on her ever since she had come into the room.

"This is my son Martin." Mrs. Kelly's voice showed the great pride she had in her family, and then explained that Martin had graduated from a technical school in the east last year and was now with the Corrigan steel mills, too.

"You can see, Mrs. Browning," said Martin, laughing easily, "that for mother no other family exists."

And lastly, she met Rose, who was in her first year at high school.

Byrd noted the plain furnishings, the worn rugs and the old piano, whose cracked skin gave evidence of great age.

Mrs. Kelly went up the stairs with Byrd, looking about the bedroom which opened off the rear hall, to see that everything was in order.

"The other two roomers are men," said Mrs. Kelly. "They have the front rooms and they leave very early and come home late. We've never taken roomers before, but my husband has spells of asthma when he can't work and Martin is paying back the money he borrowed to put him through school."

Byrd asked about breakfast. Could she have a tray in her room at 7:30?

"I'd like that, too," said Mrs. Kelly. "It would save fixing up the table for you. The men take all their meals out."

She said goodnight and left.

Byrd sat down on the edge of the bed and looked around the room. The furniture was unvarnished oak, and gave the room a dreary, woe-be-gone look. There wasn't even the relief of dainty covers or curtains, thought Byrd, for on the dresser and washstand were plain towels, a little grey from inadequate boiling, the curtains were faded cretonnes, and on the bed was a cotton, crinkled bedspread, also touched with grey.

A pathetic smile turned her lips as she thought how Henrietta would carry on if she ever learned that one of her daughters was living in a drab, run-down rooming house, sharing the common bathroom with half a dozen strangers.

And Jim would be terribly hurt to think that she hadn't consulted him in her trouble. The thought of her father—no, she just would not think of him.

"He'd never, never forgive me," she said to herself, with a catch in her throat.

• • •

Byrd was the very first to arrive at the bank the next morning.

She went to her little office, which opened into Mr. Polk's, and put it into shining order.

She arranged the papers in the drawers of the desk, cleaned the typewriter, looked through the files in the filing cabinet, and, still waiting for Mr. Polk, put herself through the speed exercises she had had at the little Jacksonville business school she had attended off and on during the summers she had worked in her father's bank.

"You're going to be a bad influence around here," laughed Mr. Polk, taking off his hat and coat. "If you keep up these hours."

Byrd came shyly into his office. "Have you seen Larry?" she asked, eagerly.

Mr. Polk nodded and started to open up a pile of mail lying on his desk.

"I spent a whole morning with the young man last week. He got a-plenty from me, too," Mr. Polk said, gruffly, starting to bury himself in the letter which he had in his hand.

Evidently Mr. Polk didn't intend to tell her more.

Byrd spent the morning writing letters. Mr. Polk gave her the idea he wanted to convey and left the rest to her. She liked writing letters that way.

Toward noon Pat telephoned her that she would meet her for lunch.

They went to the "Coffee club," a serve-self which advertised good food and clean service.

"I've just seen India," announced Pat, as they deposited their trays on the spotless china-topped table.

Byrd looked at her sister in amazement.

"What a funny, cold-blooded child it is!" she exclaimed, in a voice which showed a little hurt. "I don't see how you could talk to her after—after—"

"Hold your horses, Rosebud," piped Pat, in her high voice. "This is the low-down on it. I telephoned India one day last week and told her that I wished she'd pay back the money she borrowed from me and that I wanted it P. D. Q. She started to say she couldn't remember ever borrowing a penny, but I told her I had the list and the dates, and if she wanted to make trouble I was ready." Pat chuckled at the memory. "I'm not Jim Hamilton's daughter for nothing."

"Well," asked Byrd, curiously.

"Well, 'll'l goldfish,' as Tiny says," continued Pat, "today she had it for me, all but the money for the dancing lesson, and I took back the ticket instead. She'd used about three of them."

Byrd laughed until her eyes were dripping with tears.

"You're a funny old thing," she said, finally, drying her eyes. "I never dreamed you'd even remember that India had borrowed from you."

"Why, I figured that that money would just about buy a washing machine," snickered Pat.

"I'm going to give it to Chet for his birthday present."

Byrd promised to spend Saturday afternoon with Pat to help her buy some things for the apartment.

Then Pat started on dancing lessons. She and Chet had decided that Byrd had to be kept very busy or she would become despondent. Pat didn't put it like that, but she indicated that they were going to see that she was entertained evenings.

"Chet has to be at the bank two evenings a week, and he suggested we take dancing lessons those nights," said Pat. "So tonight, young lady, you're coming home with me for dinner and afterward you're going to begin using India's left-over lessons."

"All right," Byrd agreed.

The thought of sitting in her dreary room all evening was not alluring.

Mr. and Mrs. Nickolai Remenoff rented the Conkling dance hall for their classes in Russian ballet dancing.

When Byrd and Pat arrived, the rest of the class were already dressing, trotting around in their chemises and step-ins, laughing and talking as they added a little more powder, paint and rouge before the mirrors that ran around the dressing room.

Pat knew some of the girls and introduced Byrd. They were stenographers and clerks and beauty parlor experts, all jolly and young.

"I made India give me her costume for the lessons she'd had," said Pat unrolling the paper bundle she had brought with her.

The "costume" consisted of black silk bloomers and a silk slip with gored skirt.

"Golly, I'm getting cold feet," said Byrd peeking into the hall where the girls were doing preliminary steps, "I've never had a dancing lesson in my life."

"You should worry!" said Pat slangly. "This is only a beginner's class."

Two garish chandeliers in bright gilt, threw an artificial glamor over the little hall and the mirrors that ran around the entire four sides of the room, she knew would make her feel more self-conscious than ever.

She clung to Pat's side.

Mrs. Semenoff, a large motherly looking person with slender ankles that had probably once been the toast of Russian music halls, helped the girls with their clothes and kept books for her husband.

Mr. Semenoff looked more foreign, with a graceful figure that didn't look out of place in the satin breeches in spite of his receding forehead inadequately covered with sparse grey hair.

He was really a cultured gentleman reduced by age to the necessity of teaching.

About two dozen girls stood in single file along the wall, holding to a brass rail with one hand while they did various steps, intricate and difficult. Then they seized the rail with two hands doing more steps. Finally they stood in the middle of the room and put all the steps they had just been taught together, forming a complicated pattern.

About a half dozen girls couldn't do them.

Mr. Semenoff motioned Byrd to step out of line and come to his side.

"I like you to do this step with me to show how it is right to do."

Hand in hand, she followed him and did the steps perfectly.

"Bravo!" he said smiling encouragement at her scared face.

"Now I show them!" he said.

"Now give him me!" he directed pointing to her right foot and held out his hand. Byrd looked bewildered and then laughed.

She placed her right foot in the hollow of his hand while he swung her around dizzily.

"Now the same with him!" pointing to her left foot.

Again he swung her.

As they finished the demonstration he patted her arm approvingly.

As they filed past into the dressing room, Mrs. Semenoff whispered to Byrd.

"The master thinks you will make a very good dancer. It delights him when somebody learns so quickly."

"You sure made a home run with the old boy," said Pat giggling delightedly, as they walked down the three flights of stairs.

"I enjoyed every bit of it," said Byrd. "He is a funny old thing, isn't he? Rather pathetic too to think that he has to end his days doing this. I believe he once stood at the top of his profession in Russia."

Byrd slept heavily and dreamlessly, thanks to the dancing lesson.

The next morning she woke up after seven and hurried through her breakfast. She was walking rapidly toward Euclid avenue to the Euclid avenue streetcar line, when she heard the persistent honking of an automobile horn.

"I go right past the bank," Martin Kelly called, "let me drive you down."

(To be continued)

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MY New Year's greeting to you would not be complete without a mention of the many beautiful homes, city, suburban, and rural which I have listed and which I will sell to you on very reasonable, yes, even easy terms.

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Young Detective Falsely Claims Criminal Record

SANTA ROSA, Dec. 29.—(AP)—Byron Thompson, young private detective called at police headquarters today to "give himself up." Asked what charge, Thompson said, "bad checks."

The sleuth was booked on a vagrancy charge and jailed until the check charge could be investigated. When he was informed that no ground could be found for the bad check charge police asked Thompson what his idea was.

"Well, I just got tired running around."

He was ousted from jail.

OUR wish is oft-repeated but we say it from the bottom of our hearts!
A Happy New Year!

Cobbs & Mitchell
349 S. 12th St.

MAY each grain of sand running through the glass of time bring you prosperity and may yours be a Happy New Year.

Central Pharmacy
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Marion. Probate department.

In the Matter of the Estate of Cyrus Butler, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed executrix of the last will and testament of Cyrus Butler, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Marion County, and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me at Route 3, Box 74, Salem, Oregon, with the proper vouchers and duly verified within six months from the date hereof.

Dated and first published December 4, 1928.

Last publication January 1, '29.

—FRANCES E. BUTLER
Executrix.

Jesse G. Warrington, Attorney, 622 Corbett Bldg., Portland, Oregon.
Dec. 4-11-18-25 J. 1

Al Tyson, who broke a leg while playing with the Brooklyn Robins, has been sold back to the Buffalo International league club.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF MARION.
PROBATE DEPARTMENT
In the Matter of the Estate of
CYRUS BUTLER, Deceased,

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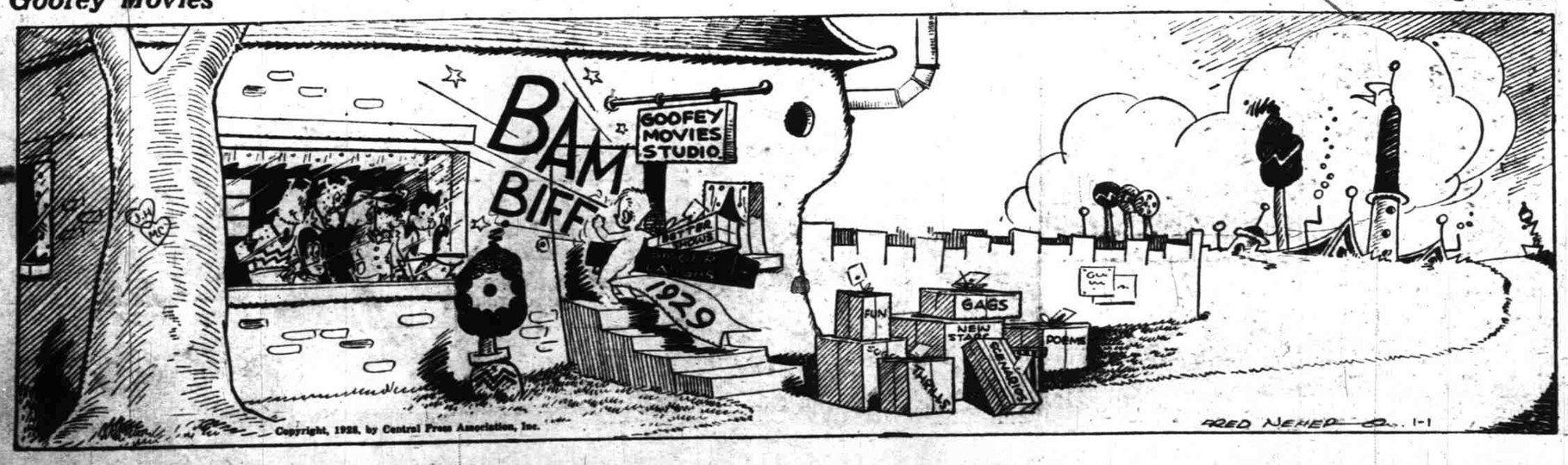
Dated and first published December 4, 1928.

Last publication January 1, 1929.

FRANCES E. BUTLER,
Executrix.
JESSE G. WARRINGTON,
Attorney,
622 Corbett Bldg.
Portland, Oregon.—D. 4-11-18-25 J 1.

Goofey Movies — By Neher



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