

"Daphne"

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girl's shrill, happy laughter tinkled, lingered a moment, and was gone in a whiff of gasoline.

A pickup maybe. Girls did things like that. Other girls did, why couldn't she? It would be nice to ride in a fast red car, and stop somewhere where it was bright and light, for something hot to eat. Something hot. She pulled her coat tighter about her. It was getting cold there on the pier.

Two drunken seamen lurched by. One of them was singing softly, in a sentimental whiskey tenor. "Lay my head beneath the rose."

Daphne listened, huddled in the shadows. "Be-neath the rose." It was oddly sweet in the silence of the wharf. And the lurching seamen weren't alone, they had each other.

"I'll do it!" she decided hotly. "I'll pick someone up. Everybody else does. I don't know why I shouldn't!"

Mr. Gartz, whatever made him pop into her head? Mr. Gartz, and his wet, thick lips on her neck. Ugh! She scrubbed at the spot, just below her right ear, sickened at the remembrance. It wasn't any use, she couldn't do it.

She leaned against the shed again, straining her ears to hear the last of the sailor's song, hearing instead the soft lap, lap of the water. A cradle song. A song for her.

She looked over the edge. Dark and quiet with just the grate bobbing up and down, up and down, peacefully. It wouldn't be so bad to be bobbing up and down there, dead. If you went too close to the edge. . . and fell in.

Lap, lap, lap. . . the water against the piles. . . talking to her. . . If she should fall in. . . accidentally.

She wouldn't do it, of course, but her feet were bringing her nearer the edge. Her hands were searching in the small red purse for her card case, to destroy the cards, just in case. . . The nickel! She pulled it out thoughtfully. It seemed a shame not to spend it first.

She stood looking at it in the darkness, feeling its shiny sides. Suppose, it were only a telephone slug! "Well, I'll go spend it anyway!" she thought whimsically.

"I'll buy a cup of coffee down here somewhere, and if it's bogus I'll say I couldn't see in the dark!"

A cup of coffee! She could almost taste it, could almost smell its hot fragrance.

She ran all the way back to the ferry, keeping close to the lights, away from the pier. She was suddenly afraid of the smooth, oily water.

When you have only a nickel you have to read the menu pasted on the window to make sure coffee won't be ten cents. It was five at the "Java Inn," just a block from the ferry building. A nice, clean-looking place, with a plate glass window, and a red-faced cook in a white cap, flopping hot cakes merrily. The most delicious smell of coffee and toast, and frying steaks, came out to her on the sidewalk. She pushed in the door.

CHAPTER X

INSIDE the Java Inn the air was warm and smoky. A great hooded range extended along one side. The small, brown tables were crowded. Sailors mostly. Nice-looking boys, lean and bronzed from the salt wind, ready for anything. They raised bold, friendly eyes to look at Daphne as she came in. One of them grinned. "Hello, cutie!"

"Aw, shut up!" his companion drawled. "You're annoyin' the lady!" And he grinned, too, and deliberately winked a bold, dark eye.

swallowed it, reached for the salt and pepper. What a lot of pepper! He'd spill it. . . but he seemed to like it that way. He was certainly enjoying it. She sighed, and reached for a piece of bread. My but it was nice to eat again, even dry bread. She had another slice. And another. More than her share, but the man didn't seem to care for bread, some people don't.

She watched him furtively, busy with his ham and eggs and French fried potatoes. He looked like somebody she'd seen before. A little wrinkle of concentration gathered between her eyebrows.



She watched the man furtively, busy with his ham and eggs.

Embarrassed Daphne sank into the nearest empty chair at the other side of the room. Under lowered lashes she saw that she had chosen a table at which a man sat smoking, reading a newspaper.

The waiter placed a paper napkin, a knife and fork and a glass of ice water on the bare table before her, and a long, spotted "Bill of Fare."

"Just a cup of coffee—that's all!" At the sound of her voice the young man opposite looked at her over the top of his paper, then returned to his reading.

The waiter went away and did not come back. The sailors shuffled out with a great scraping of chairs and flipping of coins on the cashier's counter. Soon Daphne and the man at her table were the only ones left, and she wished, uncomfortably, that she had chosen another table. But the warmth and the smell of food drugged her senses, she sat there stupidly, waiting for her coffee.

It came finally, a tall white mug with the cream already in it, golden brown, boiling hot. With the first sip Daphne began to feel better. Her head cleared. Warmth surged through her. She drank the scalding liquid greedily, and put the cup down in a little panic when she saw that it was already half empty. She wanted to make it last. The man opposite had coffee, too. He dropped three lumps of sugar into his cup, and stirred it absently, still absorbed in his paper. Then the waiter came back with a smoking platter of ham and eggs, and a plate of bread which he placed between them.

Ham and eggs. . . sputtering still, full of little buttery bubbles. Daphne took another sip of her coffee. She was hungry, terribly hungry. How good the ham and eggs looked. She watched, fascinated, while the young man cut off a piece of the ham,

He was so busy eating that she could frankly stare and he didn't even notice.

Smooth, blond hair, lighter than his tanned skin. Well chiseled, very masculine features. Long straight eyebrows. A nice boyish mouth that quirked up at the corners. He looked like. . . like. . . She studied him, trying to remember. . . a collar ad? No, not a collar ad. The man who smoked cigarettes on the billboards, half serious, half humorous.

He certainly looked like that cigarette man, but the man in the cigarette ad was darker. "Well—I've seen him somewhere!" she thought. But where? Absorbed in trying to remember, she took the last piece of bread, and ate it dry. The coffee was all gone.

Then, absently, with his eyes still on the paper propped beside him, the young man reached for a piece of bread. The plate was empty.

He looked at it blankly, then, with a flicker of amusement he looked across at Daphne, shrinking in her chair, growing smaller and redder every moment. She felt him looking, knew that he was laughing at her. It was no use pretending not to notice. "I'm sorry," she said in a small voice. "I didn't think. I just kept on eating. Maybe it wasn't meant for me at all."

He continued to look at her, amused and silent, with the air of an old, shaggy dog watching a nervous kitten. When her voice trailed away he said heartily, "Why—that's all right. We'll order some more."

(To Be Continued.)

SKULL IS FRACTURED
William, the 13-year-old son of Pete Farley, died Sunday in a Pendleton hospital from a fractured skull received when he fell off a horse at his home in Boardman.



THE FABRIC FASHION SHOW

APRIL 22nd To APRIL 24th, Inclusive

Amena Elliott Webster, fashion expert and lecturer from Marshall Field and Company of Chicago, will conduct a three day Fabric Fashion Show at Miller's beginning Monday, April 22nd.

Promptly at 2:30 each afternoon four living models will fashion fifty individual frocks, ensembles, afternoon dresses, sports wear, etc., made up of newest spring and summer fabrics. Miss Webster will give a short outline of the requisites necessary for the making of the garment, how to obtain the utmost in style from the pattern, and many other details that should interest every home dress maker.

Amena Elliott Webster's services may be had entirely free for the asking. She will be found in the piece goods section during the three days of the show.



Junite Chiffon

Chiffon is counted a practical fabric this season, and used for all types of costumes. Junite is an especially lovely quality, and we are showing it in a number of smart shades. You will see Fashion Show Garments made of it in black, orchid and green, 40 inches wide—
Yard \$1.98



Rose Mary Voile

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS
This is an exceptionally soft, sheer voile, and we have chosen it in a fascinating red, white and black design to be made up for the Fabric Fashion Show. You certainly will want to see the model garment and also the other colors we have in this fabric.
40 inches wide—yard \$1.00



Piquant Printed Silks

These moderately priced printed silks are attractive in quality and the unique designs have unusual charm. Bright and colorful for summer wear—
Yard \$2.95

Polo Pique

SMART COTTON MODE

Cottons have come into their own, and this Polo Pique in leaf and flower design is very smart, as you will see by the costume on display in our window. You can duplicate it for yourself at slight expense. Polo Pique is 36 inches wide.
4 1/2 yards for this costume—yard 50c

Real Values! - Real Savings! Opening Sale of New Spring Goods

Pure Silk Hose Pointed Heel Pair 75c	2x44 Double Thread Turkish Towels 39c Value 4 for \$1.00	Rayon Hose Delusterized, Pointed Heel 2 Pair for \$1.00
Pillow Cases 39c Value At 25c	42 large Fine Rayon Bloomers, Panties and Shorties Special 89c	Sheets 81x90 — \$1.19 Value at 95c
Extra size Fine Rayon Bloomers Special \$1.00	Vests to Match Special 75c	\$2.98 White Satin Spreads Special \$1.98
300 YARDS Printed Tub Silks 32 inches Beautiful floral and modern designs Special, yard \$1.00	PRINTED RAVINIA Rayon Voile 36 inches A superb display of the newest designs and color combinations. Special, yard 95c	
Beautiful Lace Collar and Cuff Sets Special \$1.00	Three Cornered Heavy Silk Scarfs \$1.50 Value Special \$1.19	
5 PIECE RUFFLED CURTAIN SETS \$1.10 Values at 95c \$1.39 Values at \$1.10 \$1.50 Values at \$1.29 \$1.75 Values at \$1.49	DRAPERIES Colonial Cretonnes Special at 25c and 35c Colonial Crashes Special at 25c, 35c and 50c Colonial Damask Special at 89c and 98c	
WOOL DRESS GOODS REMNANTS One to Four Yard Lengths Values to \$2.50 at 59c Yard Values to \$4.95 at \$1.00		

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Salem's Leading Department Store

