

"Daphne"

(Continued from Page 8.)

"Could I leave a message for him?" she began all over again. "Certainly!" Mrs. Colby bridled, at the other end of the wire.

"Then will you please tell him, Daphne said timidly, not to send the car back for me, because I'm not feeling straight home."

"Tell him what?" "Not to send the man—"

"I thought you said cart! You'll have to speak more distinctly, Miss Heinz, I don't know what man you want. There isn't any man here. Is someone coming?"

What's that? I don't hear you— In the end she had to give up. "I'll just have to be back at the building to tell the chauffeur not to wait, that's all," she decided, but it wasn't so easy to break the news to Ralph.

He ordered a marvelous dinner. A special salad, steak and mushrooms, all the things she liked. He smiled at her across the table, admiring her, noticing all the little things, things she had always wanted him to notice and he never had before.

"Pretty hat, Daphne." The old blue hat she had bought to please him last summer, that had been invisible to him before. Her fingers flew to her wrist. A little pat. "Do you really like it—its old now—"

"Yes, blue is your color, isn't it?" She wished she had a whole blue outfit. But her pleasure was marred by the furtive glances she couldn't help giving to her wrist watch. Five minutes to six. Six o'clock. Five minutes past six. The waiter brought the steak with a flourish. "Shall I serve, sir?"

Ten minutes past six before he was finished and gone. "This is something like!" Ralph gripped. "Sauce, Daphne? Remember the first dinner we had together. At the hash-house down by the ferry?"

Did she remember? Could she ever forget? And she leaned forward, her eyes dark with excitement, shiny with unshed tears. "Of course, I remember, Ralph, and Ralph, I'm afraid I'll have to hurry tonight, because Mr. Greely is sending his car back for me at half-past six and the chauffeur won't know what to think if I'm not there."

"So he sends his car for you now?" "Not all the time!" she laughed, and her voice sounded unnatural, even to her own ears. "Just tonight, because I was going to be late. Just the one night I met you!"

"Don't let that embarrass you," he said coldly. "I'm not surprised. It's more generally known than you think."

Her hand flew to her throat. "What's more generally known? What do you mean, Ralph?" He stared at her coldly, intently. Like a stranger.

"You don't think that Mr. Greely—that Mr. Greely— Oh, Ralph!"

She continued to watch her, a strange gleam in his eye. "Come," he said, "don't make a scene. Of course, people talk. What do you expect, with Greely's reputation? Don't pretend you don't know all about the women he's had!"

"At eight! Oh, Ralph! And even if he is like that, you don't suppose I'm one of them do you?" The idea was so ridiculous, that Mr. Greely, with his long words and his cane, and his congress boots. . . Her first hurt indignation melted! Mr. Greely!!! It couldn't be angry. "It's so funny!" she giggled, the tears in her eyes.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed with her. "Ha, ha! It is funny to anyone who knows you as I do, Daphne. But it looks bad to other. Darn bad. That's what I was going to talk to you about tonight. I've got to thinking about it, and I see I made a rotten mistake, taking you to his office that way. I had a little run-in with him this morning. From now on it's likely that there will be no love lost between us. You'll have to quit, Daphne. Right away—that's flat."

She blinked at him, wondering if she heard aright. "Why, I couldn't quit if I wanted to. Not just now, anyway. I'm doing special work."

Allan's work. . . work that might be worth thousands of dollars to Ralph. . . to Ralph, who had stood the loss for his friend.

"Oh, you don't understand Mr. Greely!" she burst out explosively. "He's thinking about your interests all the time."

"Cut that!" he ordered sharply. "No soft-soaping me. It's a fight to a finish from now on. You can't be friendly with both camps. You'll have to choose—"

Still she refused to take it seriously. "You feel differently about it, when you've cooled down. He roars a lot, but he'd do anything for you—"

"Are you going to quit, or aren't you?" She saw he meant it then, and her temper, violent as it was rare, rose to meet his. "Quit! Of course I'm not going to quit! You failed me the night my father died. You've always failed me. . . and then you pushed me aside for Crystal—"

For Crystal. . . what was she saying? Talking to him like a jealous woman. . . accusing him. . . showing him she cared. . . Tears blinded her, tears of humiliation. She clatched her shaking hands in her lap, staring at her plate, too proud to brush the brimming tears away, hating him, hating herself, hating everything.

And his voice came, thick with anger. "Accuse me! That's good. When you double-crossed me for Allan—that crook—that jail bird—"

"For Allan!" She hadn't meant to answer. The words just slipped out.

"You heard me. Didn't you go to Greely's the pair of you? Didn't I lend my car for the day? Yes, like I've been lending him things ever since I first set eyes on him. School books. Sweaters. Money. Everything! And then you. Do you think I was blind? And now Greely. . . it makes me

sick. I'm getting so I don't trust anybody any more. Greely, my father's friend— He used to push back her chair. She even managed to struggle, unassisted into her coat. As she walked through the maze of white-covered tables, past black-coated waiters, who seemed to be lunging at her with trays, she thought she could hear Ralph's voice still. Snarling, snarling at her whom he used to love.

COMMISSIONERS COURT

The following is the official publication of the record of claims before the Marion county commissioners court for the February term, 1929, with the amount allowed, bills continued, etc., according to the records in the office of the county clerk.

(Continued from Page 6.)

Table listing various road districts (No. 60 to No. 69) and the names of individuals or companies associated with them, such as Sheridan, Kenneth, team work; Mages, M. M., patrolman; Parton, H. E., labor; etc.

Table listing various road districts (No. 60 to No. 69) and the names of individuals or companies associated with them, such as Marquet, G., labor; Masten, W., shovel, etc.; Nash, Varnum, labor; etc.

Table listing various road districts (No. 60 to No. 69) and the names of individuals or companies associated with them, such as Botme, Olaf, labor; Sande, John, labor; Womack, Fred, foreman; etc.

Table listing various road districts (No. 60 to No. 69) and the names of individuals or companies associated with them, such as Larsen, P. J. & Sons, machine work; Lettice, J. L., Equip. Co.; Shovels; etc.

Table listing various road districts (No. 60 to No. 69) and the names of individuals or companies associated with them, such as truck; Burns, J., labor; Dutton, F. A., labor; etc.

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- List of insurance claims and amounts: W. S. Beaton, Car Collision, Wrist Fractured...\$60.00; R. G. Stover, Over-turned car, bruised leg...\$20.00; Harry P. Gustafson, Auto Skidded from...highway, contusions of head, other injuries...\$44.28; Mrs. Grace Burns...\$1000.00; Carl E. Burns received injuries in an auto accident which resulted in his death.

INSURANCE APPLICATION AND SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Form for insurance application and subscription, including fields for Name, Address, City, State, Occupation, Phone, and Beneficiary's Relationship.

Advertisement for Williams Self Service Store, 370 State. Includes an illustration of three men in a shop setting and the text 'REMEMBER THEM TODAY'.

Advertisement for NEUMAN'S PAINT STORE. Includes the text 'ANNOUNCEMENT' and 'BEGINNING Saturday, June 1, 1929, we are opening a new Wholesale Department for the Benefit of Painters and Building Contractors.' Also lists 'WALLPAPER HANGERS AND DECORATORS — PAINT CONTRACTORS' and the address '477 Court Street - Salem'.