

DONNA of the BIG TOP

by BEULAH POYNTER

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CHAPTER XXXI

GRANDFATHER was sleeping when Bill and Donna arrived and they did not have to make any explanations about their early return. Donna went upstairs and undressed, but it was almost an hour later before Bill joined her.

Bill removed his clothes without turning on the light and Donna lay perfectly still, pretending that she was asleep. She yearned to throw her arms about him and try to banish the ugly thoughts that she knew were troubling him and raising a barrier between them.

A long time they lay there. Donna's eyes burning, her lids heavy from the tears she had shed. At last she could endure it no longer. She touched his shoulder timidly. "Bill," she said, "are you asleep?"

"No."
"You aren't thinking that I went to pieces because of—Con David?"

"No."
"Then—"
"I'm facing the facts. I've been so happy that I suppose I've been a blind fool. I should have realized I had nothing to offer to take the place of all you're accustomed to. I'd forgotten that you ran away once to escape the farm—and that if it was unbearable then it would be more so now that you've seen the world."

Donna was silent, not knowing how to answer, since obviously he had not believed her protests that she was absolutely happy here.

"I know you've done your best to be satisfied. No man could have asked for a better wife. Perhaps that's why I haven't understood as I should have before this. I'm not altogether selfish, Madeline. I love you. I love you so much that, sooner than see you go on getting paler and thinner every day, I'd rather give you up. Send you back to the life you love!"

"Bill!" she cried. She rested her right arm on his shoulder and tried to see his face in the shadows. "I believe—there's nothing else I can believe—that you've brooded and thought so much over what I used to be that you put a wrong construction on everything I do. Won't you take my word for it that nothing in the world is farther from my mind than to return to the circus?"

"I know they say show business gets under your skin. It does with some, but my accident and others I've seen drive away all the glamour the circus may have held for me. It wasn't regret, or anything like it, that sent me to pieces tonight. It was thinking about a friend, a very dear friend who died in an accident. That girl—the one who played Polly—looked something like her—"

"Why didn't you say so then?"
"You didn't give me a chance. You took it for granted it was something else. You're being unfair. I admit I'm unstrung—I have been ever since my fall—but isn't that natural? Then Grandfather's illness—we know he can't live much longer and that makes me unhappy. If you are going to be jealous and suspicious—"

Her voice broke.
"If I were only sure you were telling the truth—"
"I am! I am! I love you more than the whole world. When you aren't yourself or there's any coolness between us the life is all gone out of me. Sometimes I think it must be wrong to love anyone as I do you. I'm afraid some misfortune will come of it."

"Darling," he murmured, and cradled her head on his chest. "What a crazy fool I am."
And at the very time when the fit that had made them both so miserable for a brief while was dissipated, Con David was making his plans to come to Lebanon.

Thanksgiving day was drawing near. It might be Grandfather's last Thanksgiving day on this earth and Donna was determined that it should be a pleasant and cheerful one. Having discovered that she had a little talent for cooking, she set about preparing fruit cakes and mince pies and great kettles of pumpkin.

All Tuesday afternoon she and Minnie were in the warm, spicy-scented kitchen, both with their sleeves rolled to the elbows. While Donna mixed

cake batter, weighing the citron and nuts and fruit for the cakes, Minnie stirred the kettle of yellow pumpkin and kept up a flow of chatter. Donna wasn't at all sure that the turkey which finally found its way into the kitchen, plucked and ready for the stuffing, was young or old, but under the circumstances it seemed advisable not to seek information. And Minnie, for once, had nothing to say.

Thursday dawned clear and cold with a crust of snow on the ground but no indication in the sky that there was more to come. Grandfather seemed particularly well and antipathy being moved, bed and all, into the dining room for the festive occasion. Gay winter berries were hung in wreaths over the windows, the shades were drawn to admit the sunlight, and the radio was tuned in for the Thanksgiving services.

Donna, her cheeks flushed and rosy, her eyes sparkling, bustled from kitchen to dining room. On the old-fashioned oak buffet the fruit cake rested in state. Jars of pickles, preserves and cranberry sauce graced the long table. Mounds of sweet butter and cottage cheese and pickled cherries and walnuts, as well as citron and raisins and almonds, were set out. And there was the great roasted bird, bursting with oyster dressing.

In the kitchen Minnie whipped Irish potatoes into a veritable cream and basted candied yams with their own syrup. On the stove deep pumpkin and mince pies retained the warmth of the oven.

Miss Perkins, without her uniform and rather pretty in a dark blue velvet dress, helped Bill push the bed into the dining room. From his pile of pillows Grandfather said the blessing over the food they were about to receive. Bill and Donna, though their heads were lowered, clasped hands under the table and offered another prayer of thanks that the old man they both loved so was sharing the dinner with them.

Bill was carving the bird and Minnie was in the kitchen dishing up the vegetables when the door bell rang. "I'll go," Donna said and left the table.

Walterville High Meeting is Held

WALTVILLE, June 27.—(Special.)—McKenzie high school district annual school meeting was held on Monday afternoon and discussions on transportation for pupils and other features of the district work were carried out by those present. L. R. Millican was re-elected to serve as director. His term will be five years. At the board meeting held after the annual school meeting Mrs. O. L. Stacy was re-elected clerk.

Violet Potter left Sunday for Salem where she is visiting this week with Mr. and Mrs. Orville Wagner. She went back with them when Mr. Wagner drove down Saturday evening for Mrs. Wagner.

The Workers' society will meet on Thursday, June 28, at the home of Belle Millican.

Misses Margaret, Mabel and Ruby Chase and Lola Crabtree of Lower Camp Creek Sunday school who attended the Walterville district convention at Walterville last Sunday were supper guests Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jack at Deerhorn. Mr. Baldwin, Mrs. Jack's father, and Mrs. Jack took the girls home in the evening.

Mr. Fisher of Springfield is at the Campbell home papering their front rooms. He is driving back and forth to his work.

Mrs. Mary Smed, Charlie, Ross and Myra Smed motored to Colfax Saturday and visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Braetel.

Baling was halted at the C. A. Jensen farm Monday afternoon about 4 o'clock when the thunder storm broke and a hard rain fell. Wind and rain kept up until late in the evening and intermittently all during the night. The rain came down so hard that loading the tractor of the baling machine was given up until Tuesday morning.

Mary Fritz of Roseburg came Monday evening to visit at the home of her cousin, Dorothy Millican. She plans to stay several days.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Humanest" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

YOU AND YOUR GANGSTER PALS MADE SO MUCH NOISE YOU WOKE UP THE KID—

YEAH? WHAT DID SHE HEAR?

Ignorance Is Bliss

SHE HEARD NOTHING, THANKS TO ME—BUT I'M TELLING YOU, KEEP YOUR THIEF PALS AWAY FROM HERE—

AW, I'M RUNNING THIS—

YEAH? SUPPOSING THE KID DOES OVER HEAR YOU, AND GETS WISE?

IT'S YOUR JOB TO SEE THAT SHE DOESN'T GET WISE—SHE COULD SPOIL EVERYTHING—

YOU'RE SO CRAZY ABOUT THAT BARN, THINK THIS OVER—IF SHE DOES GET WISE, AND IF SHE DOES SPOIL OUR PLANS—WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THE GANG WILL DO FOR HER—IF YOU WANT HER TO LIVE, WATCH HER—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

THE SPIDERS GOT OUR BOY PRISONER ON HIS BOAT, CAPTAIN! WE JUST LEARNED IT FROM ONE OF HIS BLACK WARRIORS WE BROUGHT IN!

THAT'S BAD NEWS, FELLOWS—AND THE BOATS COMPLETELY VANISHED!

I GUESS YOU HEARD THAT POOR BRUDDER'S CAPTIVE, TIMMY—

YES, BUT I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT HIM NOW, MOTHER MALONE, BECAUSE THE CAPTAIN PUT ROY PLETTY ON THE "SPIDERS" TRAIL TO DO

WHILE HE OFF UP THE RIVER A POWER-BOAT EMERGES FROM ITS HIDING-PLACE AND AGAIN SPEEDS TO PARTS UNKNOWN!

CLARK'S CAPTURED "BAT-EYE" AND "BOOPY"—WE GOT ONE OF THEIR BUNCH SO—

BY LYMAN YOUNG

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

OF COURSE I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU

YOU FEEL SORRY FOR ME?

PLEASE DON'T, BECAUSE, REALLY—I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU—HERE, IN THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD HOUSE, THAT COULD BE SO BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL! YOU HAVE EVERYTHING T'VE GOT FOR EVERY REASON TO BE HAPPY! BUT, NO—YOU'D RATHER LIVE IN THE PAST, N' LIVE OVER THE THINGS THAT YOUR ANCESTORS DID! YOU'RE SO PROUD, N' STIFF, N' WARPED, YOU'VE FORGOTTEN HOW TO SMILE! WHY DON'TCHA GET AWAY FROM IT ALL? BE YOURSELF! FORGET THE PAST! LIVE—LAUGH AN' BE HAPPY

Enough Is Enough!

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR HEAD?

OH, DON'T BE ALARMED, MRS. ROSS—I'M GOING! BUT, SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS PROBABLY WOULD SEE ME, AN' MISPLACE THEIR EYEBROWS, IF I LEFT BY THE FRONT DOOR—SO I'LL JUST SLIP OUT THE BACK WAY AN' NO ONE WILL EVEN NOTICE ME! I WOULDN'T WANT TO HUMILIATE YOU ANY MORE THAN I HAVE—GOODBYE!

BY MARTIN

BRINGING UP FATHER

THAT SON OF MINE AIN'T SEEN HOME ONE NIGHT THIS WEEK BEFORE TWO IN THE MORNIN'! I'M GONNA SIT UP TO-NIGHT AN' GIVE HIM A TALKIN' TO WHEN HE COMES IN—

WELL, IT'S ONLY TEN O'CLOCK, AN' HE'S COMIN' IN?

WELL, YOU'RE IN EARLY FOR A CHANGE?

YEAH, BUT I'VE GOT TO GO OUT AGAIN, DAD

AND SPEAKING OF CHANGE, THAT'S JUST WHAT I CAME BACK TO SEE YOU ABOUT, CAN YOU LET ME HAVE ABOUT TWENTY DOLLARS?

BY GEORGE McMANUS

THIMBLE Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"WE GIRLS MUST STICK TOGETHER" TOMORROW—"THIS CALLS FOR A RETAKE"

BY E. C. SEGAR

NOW, MISS OYL, I WANT A CLOSE-UP OF YOU SINGING OUR THEME SONG—"UNDER THE MOON"—I HOPE TO HEAVEN YOU'VE GOT A VOICE

UNDER THE MOON

OOOOOOOONNN

UNDER THE MOON

UNDER THE—!! MOOOOOO OOOO

OUT OUR WAY

BY WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN

THAT'S IT, MA! YOU'RE DOING FINE, SNUGGLING UP, CHEEK TO CHEEK, AND GET THAT DREAMY LOOK, LIKE YOU WERE ENJOVIN' IT, THERE—YOU'VE GOT IT DOWN, NOW!

PUT A LITTLE MORE WIGGLE IN IT, MA!

THE LAST OF THE MO HICK UNES.

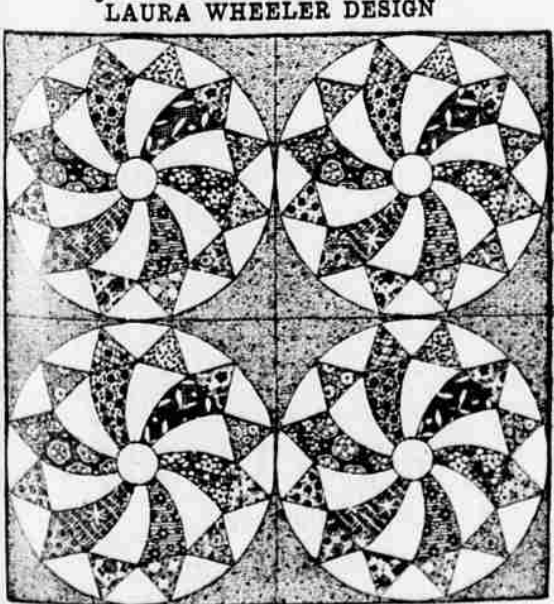
WHY-AH-OH, HELLO, TIM AND SNUFFY! I, AH—EGAD—JUST STOPPED IN FOR A MINUTE, ON MY WAY TO ORDER A SUPPLY OF GROCERIES! UM-M-AH—ANY LUCK AT THE MINE?

WELL, WE GOT ALL TH' ROCKS OUT OF IT THAT WAS LOOSE, AN' WE JES CAME OVER TO ASK IF YOU WANT US TO PUT 'EM BACK IN AGAIN

SINCE THERE AINT ANY SIGN OF GOLD, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING, NOW, TO DO WITH TH' MINE—SELL OR RENT IT TO A HERMIT!

A SORT OF SHUT-DOWN ON THE MINE

QUILT LOVELY IN SCRAPS IS LAURA WHEELER DESIGN



FEATHERED STAR PATTERN 551

Feathered Star made to the greatest part in scraps is as graceful a design as it is economical. The block—an easy one to do—would make an especially lovely pillow as well as a quilt, its colorfulness being an outstanding feature. Pattern 551 comes to you with complete, simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram and quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials. Send 5 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.