

SOPHIE KERR'S GREAT NOVEL
"STAY OUT OF MY LIFE!"

By Sophie Kerr

CHAPTER V

CLIMBED in the window because the door was locked," said Amy. "I wanted to speak to Amy. I didn't suppose she'd let me in the way she was."

"Don't mind me, Amy," taunted Jane. "You've been running after him behind my back, asking him to kiss you last Friday night and telling him to pretend he was going to see Professor Elliott. It's only my dearest friend who'd think of a thing like that."

There was no use in telling Jane to stick to the truth, she couldn't, she must always imagine mean motives, and having imagined them, believe them. "And she knows she's lost him," thought Amy. "She's being tortured. Oh, poor Jane, poor Jane!" Her gaze went past Jane to Howard, and her eyes said what she was too shy to put into words. Before that look of trust and affection Jane stood silent, she barred her away from them, made them untouchable to her accusing. They were all silent in the bright slanted sunlight of the chapel door, three figures caught in a golden spell of revelation.

It was Jane who broke through. "Oh—oh!" she cried. "I'll never forgive you, Amy, never, never! Take him, then, I don't want him. I never did want him, but he hung around and begged me and begged me—" she put her hands over her face and started down the path, stumbling, looking very small and forlorn. Amy took a step after her.

"Don't," he said. "It won't help to go on with it. Everything's settled now."

He led her into the chapel and they sat down on one of the benches, near the door.

"Dear girl," he went on, "I'm ashamed that you had to go through this. It's my fault. I ought to have told her right at first, that night, but she got me so mixed up, and then, I'm not used to girls who—well, never mind that. It couldn't have gone on, Amy. You know it couldn't have gone on. I'd have had to tell her, even if she hadn't been you. Don't look so stricken. What is it, what's the matter?"

"It's Jane. She's so miserable."

"But what do you want, Amy? If Jane and I had kept on for a while with that—trumped-up engagement she wouldn't have been happy, she'd have realized sooner or later that I didn't care about her. And you and I certainly wouldn't have been happy. There's no reason for all three of us to suffer by being tied up in a false situation. I don't want to say mean things about Jane, but she only seemed to me to want to own me and parade me around as her possession."

"There was more to it than that. She loves you."

(To Be Continued)

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News of Natron

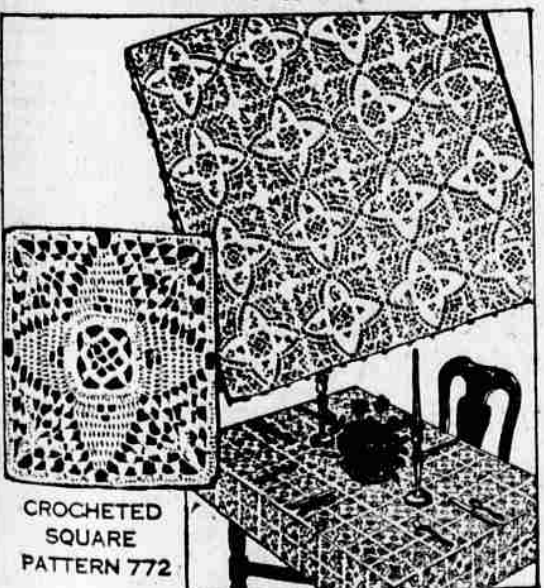
NATRON, July 21.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Lindley and family of Portland visited relatives here this week-end.

Mrs. O. C. Parr and children and Mrs. Norvel Neal and daughter spent Tuesday with Mrs. Robert Parr of Cottage Grove.

The club met with Mrs. Andrews Thursday afternoon and the time was spent in quilting for the hostess, after which refreshments were served to Mrs. Lindley, Mrs. Parr and children, Mrs. Jensen and son, Mrs. Talefaro, Mrs. Lindland and daughter, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Andrews and son.

Mr. and Mrs. Norvel Neal and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Stewart attended the L. O. O. F. picnic at Lost Creek ranch Sunday.

ENHANCE YOUR HOME WITH CROCHET SUGGESTS LAURA WHEELER



Every woman longs to have lovely accessories to enrich her home—choice bedspread—a stunning tablecloth or luncheon set. With these a background, her other possessions take on a new beauty. Today the clever housewife uses string crochet, for it has a mellow softness that gives charm to its surroundings. This beautiful square—it measures 6 1/2 inches, is the thing to use for a bedspread, scarves and tablecloth. Contrast is gotten into the design by using a stitch that gives the effect of popcorn, while remaining flat and being easier to work. The squares are joined just by being sewn together. It is a design that lends itself to such a variety of articles that the crocheter, quickly learning the design by heart, will enjoy using it for a variety of accessories.

Pattern 772 comes to you with complete directions for making the square and joining it to form a variety of articles; material requirements; and illustration of all stitches used.

Send 19 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

ENJOY

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM 5¢ AND WORTH IT!

THE PERFECT GUM SWEETENS THE BREATH

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

Now She Knows

BY HAROLD GRAY

GEE— I STILL FEEL SORTA DIZZY AND SICK TO MY STUMMICK—

I KNOW, ANNIE— IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TERRIBLE SHOCK TO DISCOVER YOU WEREN'T OUR LITTLE GIRL AT ALL— OF COURSE YOU WERE BOUND TO LEARN THE TRUTH SOMETIME—

BUT I HAD NO IDEA "PAPA" BLEEK WAS SUCH AN AWFUL BAD MAN, TILL I OVERHEARD HIM TALKIN' YESTERDAY— WHY, IT WAS HIS IDEA TO PRETEND YOU AND HE WERE MY FOLKS, SO "DADDY" WARBUCKS WOULD GIVE HIM A LOT OF MONEY—

AND HE GOT HARE TO STEAL ALL THAT MONEY FROM "DADDY"— SO IT'S HIS FAULT "DADDY" IS IN PRISON— AND NOW HE'S TH' HEAD O' TH' "GHOST GANG" AND IF I SAY A WORD, OR IF I LET ON I EVEN SUSPECT TH' TRUTH, HE'LL KILL ME—

YOU, POOR LITTLE KID— I WAS TO BLAME TOO, AT FIRST— BUT I DIDN'T DARE TELL YOU FOR FEAR, IF YOU KNEW I WASN'T YOUR MOTHER, YOU'D NEVER LOVE ME—

I HEARD WHAT YOU TOLD HIM— DO— DO— DO— I DO—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

NEVER MIND WHO ITS FOR, KID— SEND IT AND DON'T TRY TO TRICK ME OR ELSE—

OKAY, 'SPIDER,' BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO TH' TRATOR IN TH' IVORY PATROL IS THAT'S GETTIN' THIS MESSAGE—

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

WHEN RONNIE CAME AWAY FROM AGATHA'S HOME, HE WAS ABOUT THE HAPPIEST MAN THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN— AND WHY NOT?

WHY? HOOPEEEE!

BRINGING UP FATHER

WHAT IS IT, DADDY?

A VERY IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE COMPANY'S STOCKHOLDERS— I MUST GO DOWN RIGHT AWAY

AM I LATE?

YES, BUT THEY TOOK UP THE BUSINESS WITHOUT YOU, SO DON'T DISTURB THEM

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, BUSTER, TO ALLOW FOR EXPANSION OF HIS HEAD— HE SENT HIS HAT OUT TO HAVE A RIP CORD PUT ON IT!

WHAT'S TH' IDEA, PUTTIN' TH' CHILL ON US? SINCE YOU'VE COME BACK FROM YOUR GOLD MINE, YOU'RE ALL LACQUERED UP WITH A LOT OF IMPORTANCE! DON'T FORGET, KID, WE'RE PAYING GUESTS IN THIS JERNT!

YES—SO YOU FANCY—BUT THE HOUSE OF HOOPLE IS NOT DEPENDENT ON YOUR PATRONAGE! FACT IS, I HAVE NOT APPROVED OF MY WIFE TAKING IN LODGERS! UM-M—I WILL RENEW MY PROTEST TO HER, ON THE MATTER!

ISNT HE TAKING IT BIG! UM-M

OUT OUR WAY

I DON'T KNOW IF IT PAYS— WORK YOURSELF HALF TO DEATH, GO HOME AN' GIT A LARRUPIN'! ER TO BED WITHOUT SUPPER, FER RUININ' YOUR CLOES, JIS FER A LITTLE FUN OF SWIMMIN'!

AWRIGHT— THEN, I'LL QUIT, IF THAT'S TH' WAY YOU FEEL— AN' WE'LL GO WITHOUT A SWIMMIN' HOLE THIS SUMMER.

NO, WE WON'T QUIT— I WON'T! 'AT'S JUST WHUT MAKES ME SORRY— WE COULD ONLY GIT THREE TO WORK ON IT, BUT THEY'LL BE TWENTY SWIMMIN' IN IT— WATCH TH' MOB THAT'LL BE HERE, AFTER WE TURN TH' CREEK INTO THIS HOLE.

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

DON'T INTRUP HIM, HE'S WORRYIN' NOW

DON'T MAKE NO NOISE, IT BOTHERS HIM WHEN HE'S WORRYIN'

WORRY! WORRY! WORRY!

THIMBLE THEATRE

NOW SHOWING—"THE FLOOR'S THE LIMIT"

WHAT'S A MATTER, MISTER VANRIPPLE?

I CAN'T HELP SHEDDING A FEW TEARS, JUST LOOK AT THE POOR FELLOW

THIMBLE THEATRE

TOMORROW—"BLACK SHEEP"

DON'T LET IT GET YA DOWN, LAY!

I CAN'T HELP IT, IT'S TERRIBLE

THIMBLE THEATRE

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BY E. C. SEGAR

THE SCORE IS ONE— ONE IN THE TENTH INNING— THREE MEN ON BASE AND CASEY AT THE BAT!

THIMBLE THEATRE

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