

So Much for Love

by NARD JONES

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CHAPTER X

As John Lassiter had insisted, the annual Sunshine Club ball was the most important party of the year. The whole town took part, but the affair was largely a show for the "rich and famous" families. A goodly number of families who hoped one day to be included in that category.

The approach of the Sunshine Club ball was heralded in Henderson's Department Store by an appreciable increase in volume in the gown shop and the "evening accessories" counter. The housewife had managed to persuade her husband that she needed a new gown. It would probably be at the annual ball that she would wear it for the first time.

Next morning, in Courtney's office, she told the lawyer: "So you see, they're not going to have me. . . . Not right away, perhaps," Courtney said. "But they'll come around. I've seen it happen before."

Helena glanced up bitterly. "I don't care whether they come around or not. All I want is to make a success of the store."

"You're doing that," the attorney told her enthusiastically. "Your credit policy hasn't hurt business, and it's brought in payments we never believed we'd get. And the bonus system for employees is working out fine. You're really selling goods now, not just waiting for somebody to ask for them."

"It's nice of you to give me the credit, Well . . ." she shrugged, "I'll have to get to work."

Courtney shook his head. "You put in longer hours down there than the janitor!"

When Helena reached her office the telephone was ringing insistently. Taking it up, she heard Lassiter's voice. "Helena, I'm darned sorry, but I simply can't make it for dinner tonight."

"Why, that's all right," she told him. "Of course I'm disappointed—but business before pleasure."

His answering laugh was weak. "I—I want to tell you where I'm going," he said. "You might hear of it and misunderstand. I have to go to the Fraziers for dinner. You see, the last time they asked me I had something to interfere. I simply didn't dare turn them down this time."

"No . . ." agreed Helena dully. "No, you couldn't do that. Not after last night."

"Helena! Last night has nothing to do with it. You do understand how it is, don't you?"

She told him that she did, and Lassiter promised to telephone again soon. Slowly she replaced the instrument. Then almost hysterically, she plunged into a routine of work. All the morning, all the afternoon, she kept her mind away from Lassiter's broken engagement. But at 6 o'clock, long after the store was quiet, Helena broke. Her head in her arms upon the desk, she burst into tears.

Finally the tears stopped, but she did not raise her head. She felt too weary, too utterly alone to open her eyes upon the world. . . . There was a tentative rap at the door, and through the frosted glass she saw the outline of a man. Hurriedly she powdered, tried to rearrange her hair. Then, "Come in," she called.

Harvey Jameson stood in the doorway. "I noticed the light," he said, "and I thought maybe I could persuade you to knock off and see a movie with me. If you haven't eaten, we can grab a bite on the way." Having spoken, he seemed afraid that he might have presumed too much. Helena slammed shut the drawer of her desk, faced that friendly smile. "I'd like to," she said.

(To Be Continued)

Residents Of Drain Report Bus Week

DRAIN, July 29. — (Special.) — Blanchard Cellars and son of Portland came Friday and visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cellars. His mother accompanied him to Roseburg, where they visited his brother Kyle.

Claude Patchen and mother, Mrs. Joe Patchen, Mrs. Edna Kenner, Mrs. Eva McClure and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hult went to the Paradise creek bridge dedication and monument service in honor of pioneer stage drivers.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson and mother Mrs. Irwin of Bandon spent the week-end here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Robertson. Mrs. Irwin is the mother, and Mrs. Wilson a sister of Mrs. Robertson. Grace Robertson, who has spent the past several weeks at the Wilson home returned home with them.

Mrs. Eva McClure of Marshfield left for her home Sunday, after spending several days here caring for her sister, Mrs. Claude Patchen, who has been quite ill.

Mrs. Maude Craig and family moved Saturday to Cottage Grove.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at the local Methodist Episcopal church for Mrs. Leona Velez who died in Eugene Wednesday after a short illness. Interment was in Cottage Grove.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Perish the Thought

By HAROLD GRAY



Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING—"IT'S HARD TO 'POP' THAT QUESTION" TOMORROW—"THE SQUAW'S AN INDIAN GIVER"



SECRET AGENT X-9

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By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE . . . with . . . Major Hoople



LINGERING ILLNESS