

December 12, 1937

JILL

BY MARY RAYMOND
Copyright, 1937, NEA Service, Inc.

CHAPTER XVII
Alan had left Jill in a mood of anger, swept at times by cold and a burning jealousy. His love for her was really all over. She had changed to hate and to loathe. Tonight, Jill had pre-arranged to still loved him in order to humiliate her announcement. It had amused her to have a painting witness her triumph and prestige. A lovely woman surrounded by her court-ship more than that, she had wanted to humiliate him fearfully before he had despised her favors. Before he had left the Wentworth house, he had heard people talking about Jill and the man she had married. Even he, a comparatively stranger in the city, knew the name of the society playboy. He let himself into his studio and he was still shaking fingers, with embers of the fire still glowing. Yet he stood for a moment gazing at a half-finished portrait of a woman on the easel. How cold and how the line of her nose, despite the lovely curve of her mouth and the graceful curve of her shoulder. A woman of the world. He had been a victim of her. Visualizing Jill laughing at some sort of lovely, laughing and attributing all sorts of things to her. There was no doubt that a deep and dangerous fire glowed in Alan's eyes. But she was a saint compared with Jill. He laughed mirthlessly. Some-thing would paint Ardath in a new light. And then he would do a companion picture of Jill, as a companion picture of Delilah. He would like to do it now. On an impulse, he crossed to the easel and ran his hand into one of the pockets and the telephone number of Ardath would come if he called her. Tonight she could lift her head to feverish heights as an artist, even though she left him cold as a man. He would have to love a woman to be stirred by her. And he would never love any woman again. He put the card back, wearily. It was ridiculous—indicating the number in his mind—to believe that could help him now. That had been only another illusion. He had shattered his un-pleasant thoughts. Alan went into the front room and opened the door. An icy draft of air, accompanied by a flurry of snow, greeted him. A girl stood there, muffled against the weather. Her turban was spattered by snow. The fur collar of her coat was turned up about her face. For a moment, his heart stood still. "You're letting me freeze," came low, throaty voice. "Can't you take up your mind to invite me in?" Alan swung the door wide. The girl fell on Ardath. It was most as though she had materialized from his thoughts. He smiled a little, thinking how useless a decision had been. Here she was! "Surprised to see me, aren't you?" Alan shut the door. "Yes," he answered. Ardath took off her small, snow-covered hat and tossed it on a chair. "Please help me with my coat." She moved close to him and Alan helped her to take it from her shoulders. What an amazing creature she was. Coming to a man's apartment at this hour of night, and suddenly expecting to remain a guest. "I like this," Ardath sank into a low chair near the fire. "Say, really feels grand after that blizzard out there." Business slid from Alan in a surge of sympathy. These girls who battled for a living had rough time of it. No doubt of it. "May I fix you something hot?" he asked. Her lips parted in a wide, amused smile. "I don't mind. I'd like to eat, if you have the makings of a hot dinner." Alan had. He went back to his kitchen, which was nothing more than an efficiency arrangement in an alcove, and mixed two eggs. "This will fix me up," Ardath said, sipping her drink. Her eyes were searching his. In her lap was a sheet of newspaper, closely folded. After a moment, she unfolded it and handed it to him. Alan took the paper. Jill's face came to him. "Did you come here just to show me this?" he asked roughly, pain in his voice. "No, it came earlier and the news was dark. Then I went to a party. When I came out the news-people were crying out something about engagement. I got a paper and brought it along." "You'd rather not talk about her," Alan said in a dull tone. "You'd rather not talk about me, you mean?" Ardath's gray eyes were blazing. She had painted bright banners of news. Her lips had parted in a flash of white teeth. She was staring at her strange-ness with a brush. Paint her face with a brush. Paint her face with a brush. Paint her face with a brush. And, para-phrase, paint Jill with a cruel smile showing in her smiling face. "Look here. It's ridiculous to paint a better idea."

Instantly, anger disappeared. Ardath smiled. "Have you? What is it?" "Will you pose for me?" She laughed. "So that's what you meant. Of course I will. How do you want me? Without All or All together?" "All together, if you mean fully dressed," Alan replied coldly. She was brazen, but she was also beautiful and paintable. An artist couldn't afford to be squeamish or too conventional. After all, he had painted nudes in the classrooms with professional casualness and indifference. But at the light words of this girl, he had felt the blood rush to his face in revolt against her bold-ness. Ardath followed him into the back room, where he arranged his easel and tubes with professional precision. "Funny to see a man painting in evening clothes," Ardath said, suddenly. A malicious note was in her voice. "Maybe you had planned to go to the Wentworths and then changed your mind. It's not too late even now. Don't let me inter-rupt any plans." "Will you please sit in that carved chair, turn slightly toward me. Now look at me, and don't talk," Alan's tone was like ice. Ardath sat down, settled back gracefully and turned slightly, her strange eyes slanting to meet Alan's gaze. She wouldn't talk. She would look at him! Quite dispassionately, Alan would about Ardath's shoulders a splendid scarf of ivory silk, shot through with shining silver threads, which completely covered the cheap green blouse she wore. Ardath resented his cool composure, his casual touch. If only he were not so handsome, she could match his indifference with her own. But there was something that pushed her aside; his strange absorption, his strained, white face. She could have screamed out angrily: "You touch me as though I were a figure in a glass case. I'm human." When Ardath's glowing eyes met his, Alan thought: "That's the look! The femme fatale look. The devastating fire that burns men who come too near." It was going to be difficult to change that sultry glow into a saintly gleam. (To Be Continued)

House Warming at WALTERVILLE Home

WALTERVILLE, Nov. 12.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Jennings were surprised Wednesday evening when a group of friends went in for a housewarming. They are moved into their new house-keeping rooms adjacent to the store building. A new room was built on and the store enlarged, making more space for their stock, and also more attractive living rooms. The evening was spent in games and refreshments were served to the following: Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Stacy, Carolyn Stacy, Janet Stacy, Mr. and Mrs. George William, Laurel Edith William, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Page, Mrs. Ethel Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Steve Erickson and daughter Stephanie, O. J. Yeakum, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Millican, Mrs. Jim Crockett, Mrs. Joe O'Dell, Mar-gheda O'Dell, Mrs. Ben Lefever and baby Billy, Mrs. Clarence Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Wearin, and the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Jennings. The assembled group pre-sented Mr. and Mrs. Jennings with a chromium serving tray.

Dean Jewell Is Speaker at Lowell

LOWELL, Nov. 12.—(Special)—Dean J. R. Jewell of the school of education, University of Oregon, spoke at the Lowell high school Monday afternoon. His theme was "One Should Have Some Specific Training." Mr. Jacobsen spoke Monday morning, his theme being "Courtesy As a Business Asset." Miss Alice Whittington has been working in the Shultz store at Lowell since Nov. 1. Miss Whit-tington lives on Lorane highway southwest of Eugene about six miles.

LUNCHEON SERVED

OAKRIDGE, Nov. 12.—(Special)—The Oakridge Community club held a cafeteria luncheon in the I. O. O. F. hall Wednesday. Mrs. Guy Shorey served as chair-man and she was assisted by Mrs. John Archer, Mrs. Frank Wilson, Mrs. Chester Stonebraker, Mrs. Charles Croner, Mrs. Jay Towne, Mrs. Russell Twitty, Mrs. John Miller and Mrs. J. C. Wright, cash-ier. Proceeds for the sale will be used to carry on the hot lunch project.

LODGE MEETS

HARRISBURG, Nov. 12.—(Special)—The Three Link Rebekah lodge met Tuesday night and initiated one new member into the order. Several more are in prospect. The degree team is putting on a membership and attendance contest, to run for the remainder of the year. Each side will have eight members and the captains are Helen Hathaway and Evelyn Cain. Losers are to give the winners a treat. Tuesday night after lodge session the members were treated to refreshments.

PLAN CARNIVAL

THURSTON, Nov. 12.—(Special)—The young people of the high school are making preparations for the carnival being given Saturday evening at the grange hall here.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

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



One Friend Left

By HAROLD GRAY



THIMBLE THEATRE Starring **POPEYE** Now Showing: "THE GEM OF THE OCEAN" Monday: "A PROFESSIONAL MOURNER" By E. C. SEGAR



SECRET AGENT X-9

Are You Listening, Mr. G-Man?

By ALEX RAYMOND



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Hooked

By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS

Ready and Waiting

By CRANE



OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE . . . with . . . MAJOR HOOPLE

