

SERIAL STORY
ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE
BY DONNA ASHWORTH

FRIDAY: Lita gets her di-
but it will not become dual
months. While shopping
New York, she sees Ken and
street. Lita watches
kisses the girl goodbye, re-
Ken said he had a busi-
appointment. Ken explains
girl is Janet Carstairs, to
he was once engaged.

INVADES FARMINGTON
CHAPTER VI
A gray February morning
is now Ann—and Sally
into Farmington. Trucks
with furniture, bought in
York, followed them. The
estate man from whom they
wanted a house had already
and two servants to help them
called—John, a Negro house-
and Jenny, a cook who was
at anybody could ask.
The furniture was finally
placed, and Ann and Sally surveyed
new home. It was perfect.
pictures to rugs and knick-
s, the place had an air of
been lived in for a long
Antiques mingled with more
furniture in just the cor-
degree. Rugs were rich and
ground. If Ann had wanted
house, she had bought
of it, as far as furniture
her house were concerned.
and now what?" Sally asked.
here, but he might as
be a thousand miles away.
are you going to do next?"
day is Saturday," Ann an-
Ken will be there and
will be properly introduced.
call tomorrow afternoon."
church," said Sally slowly.
I haven't been to church in
years. I wonder if I'll know
to act."

"You never learn any sooner,
if you had ever been in an
age, Sally, my love, you
never forget, because you
go so much."

HE walked out on the porch
and stood staring out at the
The air was chilly but not
There was no sound except
passing down the street and
ticking of the bare branches
wind. Snow lay on the
in irregular patches, smoke
d up from chimneys, and in
houses she could see that
the lights were on.
me. Her whole life from now
could be here. Everything was
coming here. For Ann Mar-
A nice, ladylike name, Ken
said. Lita Damson was en-
dead. She would never live

...
DAY morning, and all of
Farmington was going to

church. Ann had never dressed
with such care. Her golden hair
was a mass of ringlets beneath
her green felt hat. Her fur coat
covered a green dress with a
bright-hued clip. Everyone would
look at her. And she wanted them
to. She wanted them to look at
her and like her. She smiled at
Sally as they walked along past
old houses set deep back from the
street, and her eyes were eager
with anticipation.

At the red brick church with
the tall steeple, Ann's heart stood
still with sudden fright. It would
take courage to go inside. As they
went in, it seemed she could feel
the eyes looking her over, the
questions in those eyes.

Now she was singing, songs she
had almost forgotten. The read-
ings all came back, too. The years
of the orphanage were as yester-
day, and she found herself repeat-
ing the words without hesitation,
without stumbling.

"They'll never know I haven't
been to church since my wedding
day," she thought. "But, then,
they would never know that she
had been married. She must re-
member that."

Service was over. People were
moving down the aisles. People
were coming up, speaking and in-
troducing themselves to her and
to Sally.

"I'm Ann Marshall," she was
saying, "and this is my aunt, Miss
Green. We're living in the old
Willard house." She spoke to this
one and that one. Then Ken was
standing before her. The minister
was introducing him at the door.
"How do you do," she spoke
demurely, a smile on her lips, as
his hand held hers a moment.

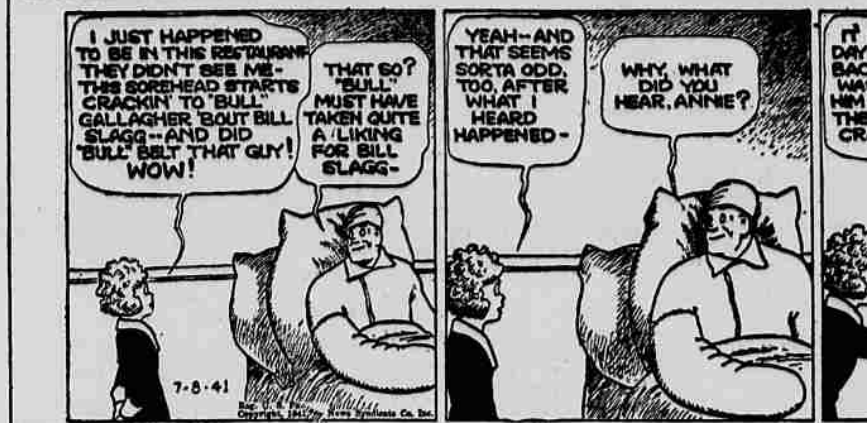
"This is my aunt, Miss Green,
Mr. Richards," Ann almost
laughed at herself.

"And my mother, Mrs. Richards—
Miss Marshall and Miss Green."

HE spoke as if he had never
seen her before. She glanced
at the woman beside him. She
was like the pictures of women
she had seen, straight, almost an-
gular; Ann glimpsed white hair
beneath a black turban. Mrs.
Richards' eyes were like Ken's,
but more alert, more hard. Her
mouth was thin. Ann didn't like
her mouth exactly. Her voice was
soft, and yet beneath it there was
a hint of steel.

"How do you do," she spoke
pleasantly enough, but Ann could
feel the scrutiny of her glance.
Who was this girl? What was she
doing here? "We're glad to have
you with us this morning."
"Thank you," Ann felt frozen.
She couldn't think of words.
"We're glad to be here."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



Secret Service
By HAROLD GRAY



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Now Showing—"WATCH YOUR TONSILS, OLIVE!" Tomorrow—"THE ANVIL CHORUS."



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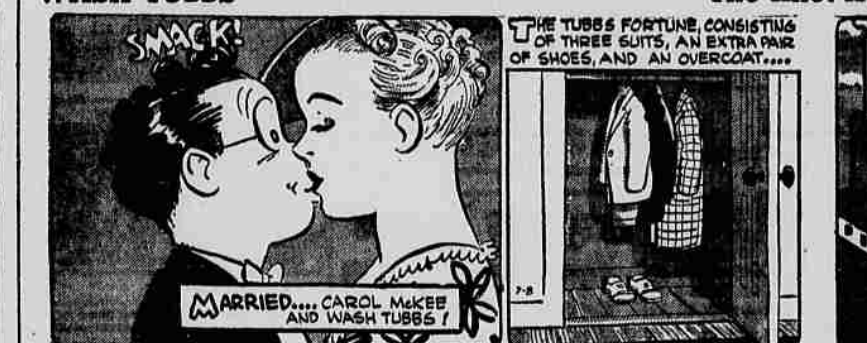
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES
Now, Now!



By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS
The Knot Is Tied



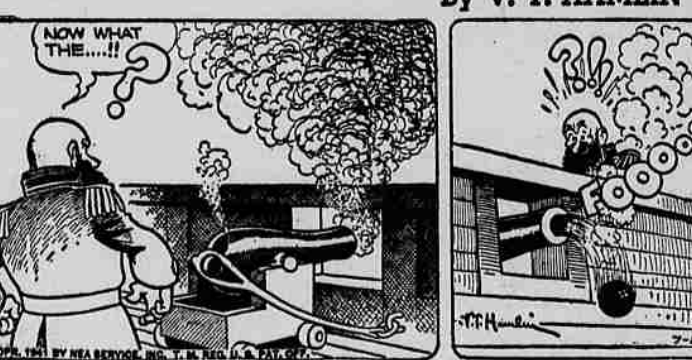
By CRANE



ALLEY OOP
The Dud



By V. T. HAMLIN



OUR BOARDING HOUSE - with - MAJOR HOOPLE



OUT OUR WAY
By WILLIAMS



JAPANESE SHIP REPORTED REQUISITIONED—The Nozima Maru, formerly the
ma Maru, shown anchored in Manila harbor, has been ordered to unload 6,000 tons of
ore consigned to the United States, then sail for Japan, informed sources said in Man-
ila. Two other ships, the Kyusu Maru and Bordeaux Maru, both carrying American-bound
cargoes, were also requisitioned, the same sources said.

SIDE GLANCES



Lorane Items

LORANE, July 7.—(Special)—
Mrs. Gladys Perry left this week
for a visit with an aunt and cou-
sins at New Castle, Wyo. She ac-
companied a cousin from Portland.
Charles McKernan of Seattle,
Wash., visited this week with a
sister, Mrs. Martin Foster and
family.

Elmer Albright who is employed
at the Douglas Airplane factory at
Los Angeles visited friends here
recently. He formerly lived at
Lorane and is spending a week
with his parents at Eugene.

Helen Dunn is leaving for Yaki-
ma, Wash., to spend the summer
with a sister, Mrs. George Gipsen.

Grange Meets Tuesday
Lorane grange will hold a regu-
lar meeting Tuesday night, July
8. The program will be in charge
of the graces. Refreshment com-
mittee are Mrs. Blanche Abbey,
Merl Allender, E. S. Addison, Mr.
and Mrs. L. N. Ashley and W. C.
Singhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Riggs of Wil-
lamina, are spending the week-end
with Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Mitchell.
Mr. and Mrs. Riggs are former
Lorane high school teachers.

All sawmills were shut down
here Thursday for the week-end.
A number of people are spending
the holiday at the coast and var-
ious lakes.

A man of 85 has a brain three
ounces lighter than when he was
20; a woman's brain of the same
age is four ounces lighter.