

The Wall Flower

By MARION RUBINCAM

REVELATIONS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Pandora Nicholson is so terribly shy that meeting strangers is a painful experience. She has lived, as a sort of poor relation, with her Uncle Peter and Aunt Maudie and their daughters—the buxom, popular, noisy Gladys. She has been told she is stupid, ugly, repulsive and of no use for so long that she believes it implicitly.

She makes no friends; there is nothing in common between herself and Gladys' friends in Norris City. They Morton Newberry, shy, homely and not very popular, is attracted to her. Their friendship grows into love—Pandora's gratitude to Morton for liking her is intense. Then Gladys decides she wants Morton, probably because he is the only boy who never paid attention to her, and marries him. Pan fancies herself broken hearted—when Gloria Gates, an interior decorator in New York, whom she met casually, sends for her to take charge of her small son, Frankie.

In the city, Pan begins to find herself. She is much attracted by Gloria's friend, George Ridenway, who finds that these new friends have interests similar to hers, so she loses her terrible self-consciousness. George is particularly kind. Once when he is ill, she goes to his place to carry him some hot supper.

Chapter 61

George began: "Gloria says you have the inferiority complex, and I must help get you out of it."

Pan laughed. "What's that?" she asked.

"It's a highbrow way of saying that you aren't conceded enough that you underestimate yourself."

"I know, Gloria tells me that too. But I don't see what you are going to do about it. If I'm stupid enough not to be able—"

"Stop—that won't do. That thinking you're stupid—is just why you never will amount to anything. Besides it's not true."

Pan began to defend herself, or rather to defend her own unimpaired point of view.

"But it is true. Look at the way Gloria talks. She knows about everything. It seems. She talks about pictures like an artist, she seems to have seen all the good ones; she talks about music like a musician, she's familiar with everything that's played. I can't tell Stravinsky from Beethoven without a program and never heard of the 'modern movement' in music until Gloria told me of it."

Pan made a little gesture to silence an interruption.

"And books! At least I thought I'd read. But I've read only the old standard sort of things which all of

you have read and forgotten. There's a modern movement in literature that I know nothing of, and writers of good things in the past that I never dreamed about.

"Gloria knows every character in history—or almost everyone, it seems to me. She knows about old books, and old china, and old furniture, and medieval architecture—you all do. Don't you see why I feel so tongue-tied and out of it?"

"You never had a chance to know these things—and Gloria's chances for learning them were exceptional," George answered.

"Not only that—she and all her friends know everything going on every day. They know why the Republicans are going to win the next election, or whether they're going to lose; they talk about events in Washington with an intimacy that astounds me—I read the papers carefully and try to remember which congressman comes from what state and whether he's a Democrat—Gloria knows exactly how he'll vote on the next treaty."

"Hold on a minute!" George cried, leaning back and laughing heartily. "If Gloria and her circle knew all that—well, they'd make their fortunes in other ways than by being interior decorators and artists."

"But—" Pan insisted, "I don't know enough about the present trend of events, who is who, and what has been happening, to talk of it at all."

"That's just it, you don't—but you are learning fast," George said.

"Look here, child, I want you to get out of your present state of mind. These things you envy may be desirable, but they are not essential. There isn't a woman in Gloria's circle who doesn't envy you with a positively bitter envy."

"Why?" the girl flung the word at him almost like a challenge.

"Because you have something they haven't and never can have."

"What?" she was simply wondering now.

"Youth, simplicity, sweetness, innocence,—and a great deal of sense as well. And besides that, an eagerness to learn that they know will get you all the cleverness they build their own reputations upon."

Pan began to laugh. "I do feel like a new person since I came to live with Gloria," she said more quietly. "A few months ago, if she came, I couldn't have talked like this. I couldn't even have thought like this. I would have been so scared of you that I could not have opened my lips."

George helped himself to another cigarette.

"Gloria wanted me to tell you what I've said about you to her," he said. "I didn't believe in you at first. I didn't really believe that the combination of simplicity and innocence and sweetness that makes up you—could exist in one person. I've

known women who seemed to be all you are—but it was a sham, a pose, to attract men. Gloria is the other sort, she's sweet and good underneath as any woman could be, but she has a hardness that comes out now and then,—and an impishness that annoys me—yet that makes her doubly attractive, even when she's exasperating."

"I know," said Pan, thinking of Gloria's foolish disobedience to the doctor's orders—and the great charm which she exerted to get her own way.

"The proof of your awesomeness and generosity," George went on, "was the way you came here this evening—a woman less sweet and generous would not have troubled merely because I chose to be cross and go without supper; a woman more sophisticated, more worldly, would have stopped because it's considered unconventional."

"But why? You were ill. You needed someone to look after you. You needed some supper anyway," insisted Pan.

George laughed. He picked up the telephone and called Gloria's number.

"It's getting late and I must send you back," he said.

Chapter 62

It was not yet 11, and Pan had no expectation that Gloria would be home. But she was, she had found that her strength was not yet equal to a great strain, so she had danced a little while and then slipped off home alone.

"Hello—well, glad you're home and being sensible, how do you feel?" George asked.

"Excellent," Gloria's voice came over the telephone.

"Then come around and collect your child. What? No. The Child she became alarmed because I had no dinner and came over here to bring me some, the reward for her kindness will probably be that she will scandalize my hall porter downstairs. Come around and get her."

Pan laughed again at this method of talk. She was used to being discussed in the third person when she was present in the room.

And presently Gloria arrived, still in her yellow velvet frock, a little hollow cheeked and pallid, so her black eyes stood out with uncanny prominence. Tired as she was, however, she took in this new situation with a flash of amusement—George at ease in the big chair, the bandaged ankle resting on two cushions on a stool; on another stool, Pan in her demure little housedress, watching George with softly smiling eyes.

"I wanted to go back alone, he wouldn't have dragged you out," Pan apologized.

"Oh, I've come to save Mrs. Grundy's face," Gloria said airily, perching for an instant on the arm of a big chair. "The world in general—meaning the hall porter and the elevator boy, servants are always our moral censors—doesn't know you came to bring hot soup to an invalid."

"Was it wrong to come?" Pan asked.

"No, it was sweet and charming of you."

But Gloria's eyes were looking at George with great amusement. And George was looking cross.

So Pan was puzzled. She could get always make out her friend. Gloria saw all of a subject, and a lot more. She was like a chess player who sees not only the next move, but probably three or four moves beyond that.

Why should she sit smiling with meek amusement at George? And why should George resent her merit?

"Sit down, since you're here," George began.

"Oh, thank you sir!" Gloria interrupted with a comic attempt at humble gratitude, and slipped into the chair.

Announcement!

On June 15 a considerable portion of Longview and Fairview Additions will be assigned to sales offices in other cities.

☐ We urge those in Bend who have been considering the purchase of this property to make their selections during the week.

☐ If not convenient for you to call at our office, an appointment can be made and our representative will call on you at any time during the day or evening.

THE BURNS CO.

Bend Office 642 Franklin Phone 422

George paid no attention. "I'll tell you now what I didn't say over the phone," he went on. "I saw Frank yesterday. I think he's sailing—back again."

Gloria lost her impishness at once. "What did he look like?" she asked.

"The devil," George replied. "Pretended he'd been sea sick—said New York air didn't agree with him—found out there was nothing he could do about the money he wanted, so decided to go back as fast as he could."

"Why did he look badly—I mean do you think it's just dissipation?" "Dissipation and disappointment," George said. "I imagine he's come to the end of his rope financially, and was hoping to get enough money out of the estate to go on for a while. At that, I'll bet he took a de luxe cabin—I know he went on a high priced boat."

"Poor Frank!" Gloria sympathized with a little laugh. "Can't you see him walking up and down the decks, dressed in the most correct of rough tweeds, and making eyes at every pretty woman on the boat?"

She rose, pulling her cape around her.

"Come on, child, I've kept a cab waiting downstairs. George, you're a dear to have bothered about all this domestic fuss of mine. I know he tried to see me and you kept him

away. I feel better now he's going off again."

She went over to George and took his hand. Those amazing expressive eyes were full of sweetness now, all her impish mood had passed. She held his hand only an instant, then George raised it, with hers resting upon it, and kissed her fingers.

And that was all there was to a pretty little incident. Gloria and Pan went home in the cab, Gloria chattering volumes about the people at the dance, shrugging her shoulders a little over an important and unpleasant interview next day with a client who was disputing a bill.

But Pan was silent.

For a strange little feeling, sharp as a knife blade, had gone through her when George kissed Gloria's hand.

"It's not jealousy," she told herself as she lay awake thinking of it. "I couldn't be jealous of Gloria. She deserves all the love of a man's life as he is. If only she returned it!"

She was sure Gloria was in love with Santley, more sure than herself. For Pan judged people by ever. Had George kissed her hand she would have been quiet from sheer contented happiness—while Gloria chattered lightly of a lot of folks at a dance!

"If she loved him and they were happy, I'd be happy too," she thought.

Tomorrow—New Events.

In the coming polo tournament for the national junior championship the United States army team will make a determined effort to recover the title, which they won in 1922 and 1923 only to lose it last year to the horsemen from the far west—the famous Middlethian Country club team of Pasadena.

It is 70 years this June since the first match game of baseball ever seen in Boston was played by the Olympic and Elm Tree clubs. June

VERNE WILL GIVE YOU A

RIB STEAK, FRENCH FRIED POTATOES, AND ALL THE HOT BISCUITS YOU CAN EAT FOR 50c

TERMINAL CAFE
Next to Frenchie's Service Station

DR. GRANT SKINNER DENTIST

Room 16, O'Kane Bldg
Phone 235 W

W. G. Manning, D. M. D. Dentistry

Suite 12-14 O'Kane Bldg.
Phone 178 W. Bend, Ore.

It also was the 65th anniversary of the first game in Philadelphia, between the Equity and Winona clubs.

MOUNTAIN VIEW Maternity Hospital
Trained Nurse in Charge
515 Kansas Ave. Phone 481
Mollie Boehert

CARLSON & LYONS PLUMBING & HEATING
Plumbing and Heating Supplies
Bath Room Accessories, etc., etc

Pipe, Valves and Fittings

TELEPHONE 159-J

R. S. HAMILTON ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Rooms 13 and 16 First National Bank Building. Phone 51.
(Dr. Coe's Former 760e)

HIRE A CAR
and drive it yourself
Reasonable Prices

FRANK REED
Bond and Greenwood
Phone 269 W. Used Car Lot

RIVERSIDE FLORISTS
Flowers for All Occasions
861 Wall
Greenhouse 456 Newport
Phone 345

Fred A. Lieuallen, M. D. EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALIST
HUBBLE BLDG.
Office Ph. 97; House Ph. 73 J
Office Hours 9 to 12
2 to 5; Evenings, 7 to 8

OPEN West Side Service Station
Central Avenue and Columbia Street



Is Your Work Hard On Your Kidneys?

Is your work wearing you out? Are you tortured with throbbing backache—feel tired, weak and worn-out? Then look to your kidneys! Many occupations tend to weaken the kidneys. Constant backache, headaches, dizziness and rheumatic pains result. One suffers annoying kidney irregularities; feels tired, nervous and depressed. Don't risk neglect! Use Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys—workers everywhere recommend Doan's. They are endorsed here at home. Ask your neighbor!

A CONVINCING CASE
G. W. Schwartz, retired farmer, 704 W. 9th St., The Dalles, Ore., says: "My back ached as if it were broken and my kidneys didn't act right. Doan's Pills relieved those attacks and put my kidneys in good condition."

DOAN'S PILLS 60c
STIMULANT DIURETIC TO KIDNEYS
Foster-McMillan Co. Mfg. Chem. Buffalo, N.Y.

Mrs. Muller's and Presley's SCHOOL OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Complete general course in Madame Pattenaude's and Parker methods.

ENROLL NOW

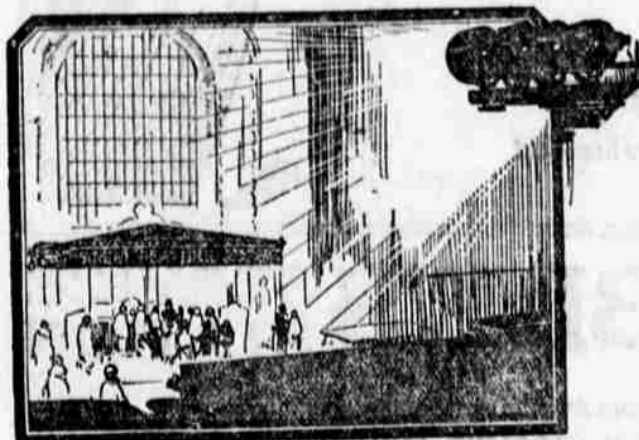
MRS. MULLER'S BEAUTY PARLOR
140 Oregon Phone 352-W

Dr. Herbert B. Mallett Chiropractic Specialist
151 Minnesota Ave. Phone 428

O. S. PHILLIPS, M. D.
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist
Rooms 17-18 O'Kane Bldg
Hours: 9 to 12, 2 to 5:30, 7 to 8
Evenings: Office 175 J, Res. 130 J
Lumberman's Hospital Certificate Good Here

DR. ROY REYNOLDS Chiropractor
O'Kane Bldg., Phone 480

Floodlighting



--the best night advertising

--for--

- Theatres
- Dance Halls
- Churches
- Stores
- Office Buildings
- Skating Rinks

Bend Water, Light & Power Co.

Popular New Novels

Just in, that are now on display at The Pilot Butte Pharmacy

- The Mother's Recompense** By Edith Wharton
- Stolen Idols** By E. Phillips Oppenheim
- Destiny** By Rupert Hughes
- May Fair** By Michael Arlen
- Rocking Moon** By Barrett Willoughby
- Share and Share Alike** By Reginald Wright Kirkman
- The Constant Nymph** By Margaret Kennedy
- The Annexation Society** By J. S. Fletcher

Pilot Butte Pharmacy

"Service Unsurpassed—Stock Complete"
917 Wall St. Next to Postoffice, Phone 555