

The Wall Flower

By MARION RUBINCAM

WATCHING

Chapter 33
Santley, too, noticed this change in Gloria.

While they were dining, he said suddenly:

"It's been about five years, hasn't it? Do you tell your age, Gloria?"

Gloria laughed and gave it.

"Five years," Santley went on. "I thought you'd aged a lot this afternoon. But you look younger now than you did the day I saw you off on the boat to France—when you were going to cross to America."

"I know—those wretched days! Why do girls marry young? They should be 30 before they are allowed to—I'm sure of that. Think of the fewer number of mistakes they would make."

"They wouldn't know it," Pan said practically, and they all laughed.

"Do you know that now?" Gloria asked.

"Santley, when I annexed this child, she was breaking her heart over a young man who would have been totally unsuitable—poor thing, she would have been so unhappy. Fortunately for her, the affair ended before it began, and I brought her to New York to live with me."

"You put it kindly," Pan said.

"Another lady went off with the man—and it's all right because they are happy, and I am too—now."

She marvelled that she could talk so lightly of it. A year ago—how different it was then! She was poor, friendless, overworked, starved in mind and soul. It was nearing the time when Gladys and Morton were to marry—she did not know whether she had felt worse before the marriage, or later, when there was a queer consolation in the fact that it was over at last!

Thinking of herself, she had missed the talk at the table. Then she heard Gloria say:

"The past is dead—let's bury it!"

Then a laugh.

"But how can I? I've been miserable in so many parts of the world, Santley, ghosts will walk for me no matter which place I go to."

"Go to all of them when you are

perfectly happy, and then you'll find the ghost is laid. All this is your imagination—you'll get over it."

"I suppose so," Gloria agreed. "Already, the ghost is laid for me in London. I feel as though Frank never had existed. Even Frankie—somehow doesn't belong to him, but only to me. He has odd little dreamy qualities, and long fits of contemplation, and seriousness that don't belong to a child—and certainly don't belong to either my family or his father's. But I put that down to the infinite wonder of nature."

"And send him out to play with boys twice as big as he is," Pan put in.

Gloria promptly laughed.

"Poor Pan does the darning, so she regrets his scuffles," she explained.

Pan sat thinking of the phrase—the past is dead, let's bury it. Her past was dead—wasn't it? Why would she always remember it?

But what was going to happen? Gloria clearly was in love with Santley—her first guess had been correct. Santley, she was sure, was in love with Gloria. Whatever little game of watching and waiting they were playing now—was only a game after all, and would not last.

She looked over the table at her friend, Gloria was sitting idly watching the other diners, she was as usual, dazzling, but she was, somehow, suddenly changed.

How?

Her fine black eyes were the same, as they surveyed the restaurant, with cool unconcern when she was stared at—she was always being stared at—or as they flashed with laughter when a very fat woman in a very red dress waddled by—or when they took in something new with the quick interest that was so characteristic of her.

Her cheeks were a little pink, of course that made her look better, though her pallor was odd and becoming. There was a change—the mouth that was keen and determined and not always pretty, was



See It Sunday
CAPITOL

soft now—yes, that was it, and the fine lines that came when she was tired had magically vanished. She was a superb figure, Pan thought in her devoted little soul.

Then she glanced at Santley. And Santley was looking steadily at Gloria—who probably felt his look and pretended not to—woman fashion. Then the girl and the man glanced at each other, and Santley knew Pan knew all about it, and confessed it with a slightly sheepish smile.

After that, they always liked each other.

But Pan wondered whether George knew Santley had come back.

"Are you going to write and tell him?" she asked that evening.

"Darling, why should I write and tell him or write him at all? He's very busy over there, he was too busy to come back with us."

But Pan determined to write.

George should have his chance too, that was only fair.

Monday—An Exciting Event.

Morson Land Company Receiver Faces Court

PORTLAND, Ore., July 2.—On order of the court, John E. Morson of the Morson Land company, is appearing in Circuit Judge Tucker's court to make an accounting of the receipts and disbursements of funds in connection with his receivership of the Walker Basin Irrigation company, a project in the Deschutes valley near La Pine.

The accounting was demanded by the state desert land board which challenged Morson's financial statement filed October 1, 1924. The state board contends that of the \$25,736.24 disbursed, according to the statement, but \$9,676.25 was spent for reclamation, the rest being expended in violation of the court order appointing Morson as receiver.

The statement showed receipts amounting to \$36,945.92, according to the complaint, of which \$34,496.38 was from the sale of water rights from Crescent lake.

Morson contends he can make a proper showing of all money spent. He was appointed receiver by the circuit court July 16, 1923.

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Drum and Bugle Corps Will Be Made the Best

The Bend post of the American Legion will have, within the next year, a drum and bugle corps equal or superior to any in the state. This was decided at a meeting of the post last night when the legionnaires voted to go ahead with plans for financing such a musical organization.

It is estimated that in order to uniform and develop a drum and bugle corps which can compete with other such organizations, an expense of about \$2,500 will be entailed. Plans for raising this money will be decided on and announced later.

Although in practice for only a short time, the Bend-Redmond drum and bugle corps was the only musical organization competing in Prineville at the state convention of the American Legion to receive a perfect mark on cadence.

A new device is a motor driven steel cutting band saw which stops automatically at the end of each cut.

Japan is buying radio apparatus from American manufacturers at a rate of nearly half a million dollars' worth a month.

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