

QUESTION OF HONOR

by Ruth Cross

Chapter 2 ANNE MAKES AN ENEMY

The dance at Burkhalter's was already in full swing when Anne and Douglas came in sight of the ranch-house on the following night. A riot of motion and color swayed across the bars of light made by the open windows.

The soft rock and away of youthful feet keeping time to an old country dance tune, the throb of fiddles and guitars, reached out ineffably into the night; above all, the stentorian cries of the leader calling out the figures.

Anne and Douglas made their way through the crush of onlookers who thronged yard and porch towards a window near the back of the dancing room, where they could watch the scene without calling attention to themselves. Anne leaned against the window sill, and absorbed in the picturesque and lively scene.

The huge, bare room was lighted by flickering oil lamps suspended at intervals from the walls, casting a vivid glow on the crowd. Most of the women were young, many of them pretty, and their brightly colored gowns and their brightly colored ribbons in their hair lent charm and splendor to the scene.

Around the sides of the room was a dense fringe of spectators—for the most part elderly. At the farther end, on a slightly raised platform, was the orchestra.

There was something vaguely familiar about the leader, who was pumping and sawing and rocking over his old fiddle and working his musicians—a fiddler with a guitar, several negroes with banjos, Jew's harps, accordions, etc.—up to a perfect fury of rhythm. Anne leaned forward to get a better view of him.

"Why, there's Sheb," she said. She had forgotten Douglas standing beside her.

"Who's Sheb?" the latter asked curiously.

She pointed to the leader of the orchestra, who was bowing and twisting, keeping time with his head on his feet, and otherwise performing a regular dervish dance in his attempts to work his little hand up to a tremendous climax.

"How do you know his name?"

"But Douglas's question was drowned in the climax which descended at this juncture with force enough almost to rend the mountains asunder.

"That's your real test of youth and vigor," Douglas observed, "an old-fashioned square dance! Our more languorous modern dances are symptoms in themselves of a decadence—its diversion of a less hardy race."

Anne nodded—somewhat abstractedly. She had heard a queer sound close at hand, a squeaky little sound full of distress, and she stood with her head turned toward it. She listened a moment, then walked quickly to a window some dozen feet away. Laughing, she beckoned to her companion. "Look," she invited, pointing to the window, which was wide open, like all the rest.

They both peered inside. The room was lined literally, from wall to wall, with made-down pallets of gaily pieced quilts. On the pallets were rows of sleeping babies—of every conceivable size and complexion. That is to say, they were all sleeping but one. He was kicking frantically and producing cries of indignant protest as he became hopelessly entangled in his blanket. As they watched his head disappeared beneath his covering.

Anne made a quick sign to Douglas to lift her. She leaned over the window sill, reached out and straightened the blanket and quiet-

ed the youthful dissenter.

"That's solving the servant problem with a vengeance, isn't it?" she said, laughing. "It's too bad Mr. Morse couldn't come tonight; that alone," she motioned toward the babies, "was worth travelling a long way to see."

"Oh, I don't know—about his coming—" Douglas' face was close to her's in the half darkness; she was aware he still held her arms after helping her down.

"Leon Morse is all right for building railroads and piling up money but when it comes to making life interesting for a beautiful and high spirited woman—" he shrugged expressively, "at all events, his loss tonight is my gain!"

There was meaning enough in his tone—a meaning more unmistakable in his warmer, more ardent clasp of her arms. In his eyes, very close, too, she watched the sudden flame of desire which she had seen so often. Never had that flame in a man's eyes seemed so distasteful to her as it did now.

She released herself—slowly—and turned full towards him. "Did he tell you to say that?" she asked, her voice lightly ironic.

"Why—I have no idea what you're talking about," Douglas stammered. He was as red as a schoolboy, and his usual poise was gone.

"I think you do," Anne returned still lightly. "If he did you can tell him from me that I may flirt with every other man in the world, but not with his confidential—man Friday!"

Douglas winced. His face went from red to purple. He seemed on the point of replying, but checked himself. Anne snickered casually toward the dance floor. He followed.

An unpleasant interval of silence was terminated by a strapping giant of a man, who dropped a great, hairy paw on Douglas' shoulder, and drew him to one side. Soon Douglas spoke to Anne. "I wonder if you will excuse me for a few moments? I'll find you a seat near one of the windows."

She nodded a ready assent and slipped into one of the rustic benches as Douglas bowed disappeared with the giant stranger. Anne looked after them thoughtfully; she knew that she had made an enemy of the attorney but—she had been one anyway—she might as well have him in the open and incidentally spare herself the disgust of his presumptuous love-making.

A tuneful melody brought couples hurrying back to the dance floor. Anne lost in the joyous abandon of the scene, her foot beating time, forgot Douglas, forgot herself, everything—

Presently she became aware of a familiar face among the unfamiliar ones. It was the man she had twice seen before.

"The most unpopular man in the Sierras!" Douglas' phrase leaped to her mind, and he certainly seemed to be, for people avoided him as though he were afflicted with cholera.

(To be Continued)

OPERATION IS SLATED

Silverton—Bert Terry was taken to Portland the last of the week by his sister, Mrs. John Hoblitt and husband and Mrs. Terry where he is staying with another sister, Mrs. Kull, until he is strong enough to undergo a minor operation at the St. Vincent's hospital.

Silverton—H. A. Brandt of the Hoard district has returned from Louisa where he went to visit his son, Louis, who bought a 120 acre dairy ranch there a short time ago.

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLES

ACROSS
1. Native metal
4. Brittle
9. Interrogative pronoun
12. City
14. English
16. Famous district
17. Princes' home of Italy
19. Stomach ache
20. 263 days
21. Kind of feet
22. Persian poet
23. Tree
24. Dirigible balloon
25. West Point freshmen
26. False show
27. Kind of bird
28. Evident loosely
29. Not the same
30. Lib out
31. Federal district of the U. S.
32. Southern constellation
33. Article
34. Kind of beer
35. What's that, Eng.
36. Mineral spring
37. Name of a cat
38. Light and airy
39. Colorado
40. Continued stories
41. Derivatives
42. Vocal composition
43. Gentle
44. Kind of fish
45. Atomus

DOWN
1. One of the
2. Breeds
3. French
4. Conductor
5. Abbr.
6. Japanese statesman
7. Individual performance
8. Dress up
9. Twisted
10. Garden implement
11. Accumulates
12. Part of the head
13. Cardinal point
14. Subjects of a government administered by
15. Japanese money
16. Part of the head
17. Japanese money
18. Sexual distress
19. Highway
20. Abbr.
21. Downy preck

24. Those who set free
26. Likely
27. Existing among nations; abbr.
28. Expression of impatience
29. See
31. Character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
32. Lineage
33. Uncertain
34. Flots of ingots
35. Small depression
36. Note of the scale
37. Poisonous chemical element
38. Commander
39. Article
40. Merit
41. Trifle with the truth
42. An German
43. Sailing vessel
44. Haverly
45. Continued
46. Multitude
47. Fierce with the horns
48. British money of account
49. Continuation
50. Japanese money
51. Sexual distress
52. Highway
53. Abbr.
54. Downy preck

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE

An Active Display

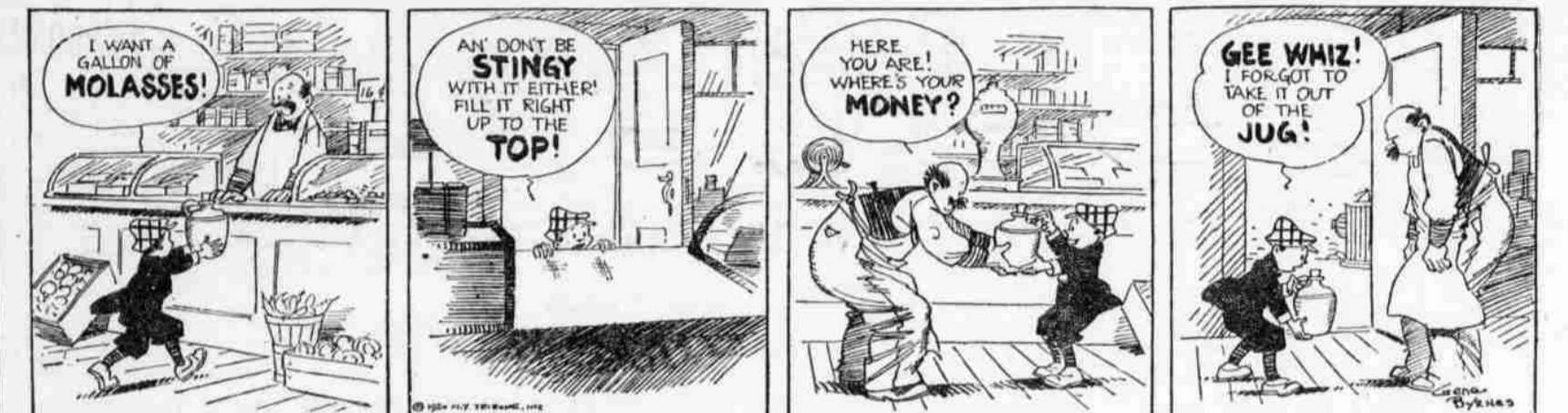
By Harold Gray



REG'LAR FELLERS

Figgs To Remember

By Gene Byrnes



TAILSPIN TOMMY

Tommy Escapes Assassination

By Glenn Chaffin and Hal Forrest



DUMB DORA

A "Bird" Of A Heroine

By Chick Young



BRINGING UP FATHER

Back To The Soil

By George McManus



MUTT AND JEFF

Back To The Soil

By Bud Fisher



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84
85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96
97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108
109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120