

Mad Pursuit

BY JESSIE DOUGLAS FOX

"I WANT TO LIVE!"

The house was still asleep when Nora had come in from the garden and dressed. She made the strong black coffee her father liked, and two slices of toast. Balancing her father's tray carefully, she went to the door on the second floor and knocked.

"Come in!" her father's voice called. "So it's you. Where is our slave?"

"Magdalena didn't come."

Her father with a sweep of his hand cleared the table behind his bed, knocking Don Quixote on the floor.

"What have you got there? I feel like a breast of chicken and lead champagne," he said. But he sat contentedly munching toast and drinking the steaming coffee.

Nora sat down and observed him with delight. His erect of hair, his wine-colored eyes, his long face with its lively expression. His skinny arms protruded from the sleeves of his pajama jacket like brown twigs.

"Hand me my cigarettes. I was talking to Thayer last night. You know he's here. He knows of a place in the Tyrol... the truth is, Nora, I can't stand this hole any longer."

He rumbled his dark hair with long nervous fingers.

"I'm tired of wandering. I'm tired of meeting people we never see again. Oh, Julian, let's go home! I want to live!" Nora cried flinging out the old cry of youth. "You can't live when you're always thinking of money, wondering how you can pay the next night's lodging, hoping you'll meet someone who'll lend you something."

"Well, we'll go home then," he grinned.

But Nora knew that he would promise her anything she asked and show only a hurt surprise when she reminded him of it later. But now his silence was transparent as silence often is between two people who have lived long together; so that she could almost understand his keen appraisal of her.

He was looking at her rosy mouth in the fresh pallor of her face. At the eyes so full of light that her Irish mother had given her; at the terrible red blouse she wore and the slim legs in stockings that needed darning. But Julian Lake thought, disregarding the discrepancies in her clothes, she was a lovely creature.

He seemed pleased. He spoke from a train of thought that she was not slow to follow.

"Take some breakfast in to Nicholas Thayer, but see if you can't find some bread that isn't moldy."

"If you'll give me some money," he waved toward his cluttered bureau where brushes and dirty glasses, a pair of old shoes and a half-finished sketch sat companionably together. But Nora, having made a thorough search, showed him their whole fortune, no more than five lire.

"Not enough. We'll have to pay Magdalena," she told him.

"My poor bourgeois child, who ever heard of paying the good Magdalena? She comes with this villa."

"But I'm sure Mrs. Nevers expected you to pay her."

"I shall speak to Mrs. Nevers!" he said sternly. "And you might ask Nicholas for a few lire, just as a loan. Remember our proverb, 'Count where money lies.'"

"Julian!" cried Nora, a fearful thought leaping into her mind. "Why did you ask him here? You never liked him when he was at the pension!"

"Nor did you," her father said. "If you must live, as you put it, why not marry Thayer? He's deep enough. He's bound to make you unhappy. And that's what the young call living. Isn't it?"

She turned and faced him at the door, her hands tipped up showing the angry brightness of her eyes.

"That man!" she said with a scorn she thought superb.

"He never looked your way, did he?" he asked, his face creasing

into delighted laughter. She tried to be very dignified, opened the door with one hand, but the tray tilted and a cup slopped over and she set it straight with a bang. Outside the door she heard her father's chuckling laughter.

Still smarting with anger at the faint her father had flung at her, she walked past Nicholas Thayer's room. The door was open. But he was not there. She stopped, arrested, by something she saw on the table. It was a small painting propped up against the wall. The picture seemed to draw to it all the light and interest of the room. An old peasant woman sat before her dark hearth, looking through her open door. Sunlight keen and brilliant streaked across the earthen floor, lay on her patient folded hands, her bent head in its white coil, the blue of her cotton skirt.

Nora moved back and continued to look at the picture. The trembling sunlight, the polished panes of the window, the woman's dark, lined face.

The painter had laid bare the life of the old woman, in the patient resignation of the face, the folded hands. It was so unlike the clashing colors in which her father painted, that it was as though Nicholas Thayer had used another medium.

She hurried downstairs, set the tray with a crash on the table in the salon and saw that Nicholas Thayer was waiting up and down the room. He was the very person that she wanted to avoid, but she was intensely curious about him.

To the girl of twenty this man in his early thirties seemed fairly middle aged. He was a tall and shaggy fellow in gray tweeds that had taken on the easy lines of his body. The curt "Good morning" he gave her showed that she was only an interruption.

Observing him narrowly she saw the structure of his face was violent, with its jutting nose and strong chin. The glance with which he swept her was penetrating and cold under a heavy line of brow.

"I wanted to tell you I'm going away today," his voice was harsh like his personality. Nora wondered what could have attracted her father to such a man.

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(To be Continued)

SILVERTON SENIORS WILL PRESENT PLAY

Silverton—The senior high school class play, "It Won't Be Long Now," will be given in the auditorium of the Eugene Field building on Friday evening.

The leads are taken by Frances Stewart and Max Lindholm. The others in the cast are Tom Ballantyne, Ruth Hubbs, Phyllis Waldner, Bob Coffey, Olga Green, Steele Temple, Harriet Campbell, Don Lehman, John Able, George Downing and Ray Paulson.

Lon Ann Chase of the senior high school faculty, is the director. LaForest McDonald student director, Dick Davenport, business manager, Mary Stalter, property manager; Cathryn Beusen, art director and Evelyn Barr in charge of make-up.

Prize Is Awarded To Turner Class

Turner—The Intermediate Loyal Six-Eight Sunday school class of the Turner Christian church attended in a delegation (Thursday evening, and a delegate's meeting at the First Christian church in Salem. They were accompanied by their teacher, Mrs. E. J. Gistrap and the class was awarded a picture for the largest attendance of a Sunday school class at the meeting. Twenty-one members and friends of the class were represented, and the picture has been placed in their classroom.

Plymouth, England, will replace all street cars with buses.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

An Old Time Friend

By Harold Gray



REG'LAR FELLERS

Foolish Like A Fox

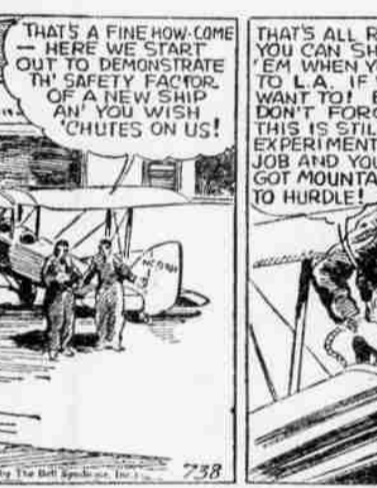
By Gene Byrnes



TAILSPIN TOMMY

Off For "Movietown."

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



DUMB DORA

A Dumb Bulb

By Paul Fung



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



MUTT AND JEFF

A Lion Hunter-Or Lyin' Hunter?

By



ACROSS

1. Grown old

4. Messing

12. Ocean

13. Soubse

14. Tune

15. Pimp

17. Endure

18. Dry

19. Liquor

20. Absent from food

22. Heroic poems

23. Mature

24. Biblical tower

25. Animal's foot

26. Enormous

27. French

28. Absorbed

29. Wrote can't

30. American lake

31. Metal

32. Trench

33. Iron ore field

34. Close fitting

35. Central part

36. Dealers in fur

37. Ditch

38. Tray

39. Tibetan

40. Greek

41. Marine

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. GROWN OLD

2. MESSING

3. OCEAN

4. TUNE

5. PIMP

6. ENDURE

7. DRY

8. LIQUOR

9. ABSENT FROM FOOD

10. HEROIC POEMS

11. MATURE

12. BIBLICAL TOWER

13. ANIMAL'S FOOT

14. ENORMOUS

15. FRENCH

16. ABSORBED

17. WROTE CAN'T

18. AMERICAN LAKE

19. METAL

20. TRENCH

21. IRON ORE FIELD

22. CLOSE FITTING

23. CENTRAL PART

24. DEALERS IN FUR

25. DITCH

26. TRAY

27. TIBETIAN

28. GREEK

29. MARINE

30. Fruit drinks

31. Obtain

32. Kind of tree

33. Turn to the right

34. Attention

35. Roads the

36. Feathers

37. Character in Wagner's "Down"

38. Covered with a thick black

39. English cathedral city

40. Franklin

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