

millionaire escape. The very possi-bility of it frightenediher. It had not cultural products. periences of the sex duel she was

afraid of herself, of the strength of occurred to her that the little man had We find the damage appeal to our neighbors and to voters in all parts of Oregon to vote for the repeal of the present income tax and to oppose the enaciment of any new slate income tax bill, at least until such time as the other Pacific Coast states have enacted similar legislation so they cannot grow at Oregon's expense.

ned feeling that sweeping her. She disengaged her-self from his embrace and stood back.

a faint tremor passed through her body. The long lashes fell to the hot cheeks and curtained lambent windows of light.

"What are we doing?" she cried softly.

"Doing? I'm making love to you, sweetheart, and you're telling me you love me for it," he answered, capturing her hands.

"Yes, but . . . I don't want you ... . make love to me . . . that to WAY."

"You do." He laughed aloud, and with a swift motion drew her to him again. "We belong, you witch."

His ardent kisses smothered her and drew the color into her lovely face. She yearned toward him, faint with a sweet, exquisite longing. Was this love then? Had it at last trapped her in spite of her cool wariness? She did not know. All she was sure of was that she wanted to be in his strong arms and to feel forever this champagne leap of the blood.

. . . .

With the excuse that she must dress for dinner, Joyce went at once to her room and locked the door. Discarding the walking suit she was wearing, she slipped into a negligee gown and seat-ed herself before the glass. She liked, while thinking things over, to look at hernelf in the mirror. The picture that she saw always evoked pleasant fugitive memories. It was so now. Never had her beauty seemed so radi ant and vital, so much an inspiration f the spirit in her. How had he dared? She was a

rare imperious queen of hearts. No man before had ever ravished kisses from her in such turbulent fashion. When she thought of the abandor with which she had given herself to his lips and his embrace, the dye deepened on her cheeks. What was this shameless longing that had carried her to him as one looking down from a high tower is drawn to throw imself over the edge?

It was of herself, not him, that she was afraid. She had wanted his kisses. She had rejoiced in that queer, exultant stir of the blood when his eyes stabled fathoms deep into hers. What was the matter with her? Always she had felt a good-natured contempt for girls who threw away substantial advantages for what they called love. After steering a course as steady as a mariner's compass for years was she going to play the fool at last? Was she going to marry a pauper, a workingman, one accused of crime, merely because of the ridiculous emotion he excited in her?

The idea was of course absurd Joyce Seldon was the last woman in the world to make a poor man's wife. Tomorrow she must have a serious talk with him and set the matter on a proper footing. She must not let

spirit enough to resent her course so effectively. With the prospect of losing it in sight, his great wealth Beneath the guick probe of his eyes loomed up to dwarf the desire of the hour. She blamed herself because in the excitement of her affair with Kilmeny she had for the first time in

her life let herself forget real values. But Joyce was too cool a hand to waste time in repining so long as there was a chance to repair the damage. Was the lost prize beyond secovery! Two points were in her favor. Verin-

der had not yet gone, and he was very much infatuated with her. She would self, by throwing herself upon his But since this must be done, mercy. she was prepared to pay the price.

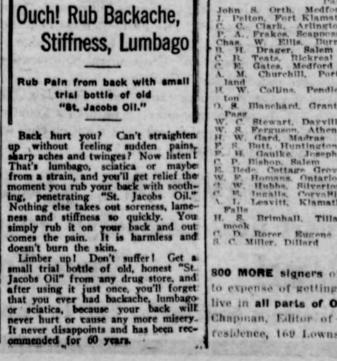
It appeared that Dobyans Verinder did not intend to give her an oppor tunity. From the soup to the walnuts the topic of conversation had to do with the impending departure of the mine owner. Joyce was prepared to

be very kind to him, but he did not for an instant let his eyes dwell in hers. Behind the curtain of her dark sliken lashes she was alertly conscious of the man without appearing to be so. He meant to snub her, to leave without seeing her alone. That was to be her punishment for having cut

too deep into his self-esteem. He was going to jilt her. During dinner and during that sub sequent half hour while the ladies waited for the men to rejoin them Joyce was in a tremor of anxiety. If Jack would only stay away until shecould see Verinder

the instant that the men reappeared. He looked across the room sullenly and appeared for one dubious moment to hesitate. But before he could frame

an excuse she had spoken again. (Continued next week.)



We do not object to paying a state income tax, but we do object to imposing a tax that keeps capital out of our state, retards state development and lends to leave our farmers dependent upon distant narkets.

We resent the tendency to give Oregon the reputation of hehave to flatter him by abasing her- ing a "backward state." Oregon's resources and the courage and enterprise of her pioneer people entitle her to a great destiny. Let us all join nands to rid Oregon of legislation that handicaps Oregon development.

## READ THE NAMES OF THESE SIGNERS:

Well
 J. Roberts, Redmond
 M. G. Hope, Vale
 W. L. Thompson
 L. A. Wright, Union
 Mrs. Lewie A. McAr-thur, Portland

VOTE

For

Repeal

Moolte, Wm. L., Banks Stohler, H. A. " Graz, Doy, Ecaverton Livermore, F. W. Jr." Brock, A. L. Cornelius Sholes, F. H. " Sushaueh, H. E. " Adler, William, Gaaton Burk, Thomas, R.1" Gowen, R. E. Gowen, R. E. Bailey, J. E. Forest Grove Bauman, G. A. " Johnson, M. R. " Johnson, M. R. " Schneider, E. " Schneider, E. " Schneider, E. " Schneider, E. " Mills, E. G. " Jark, C. Jr." Kuratl, E. J. " Starpetton, G. T. " Wood, James A. " Hergen, W. V. Hillsbore Garrett, J. H. " Stapleton, G. T. " Wood, James A. " Hartick, Enterprise Porter J. Neff, Medford Kuratll, E. J. " Mills, P. C. G. T. " Wood, James A. " Barter, J. K. Stapleton, Condon D. Schneider, K. " Schneider, K. " Schneider, K. " Mills, E. G. " Mills, E. G. " Schneider, K. " Ming, H. T. " Merrill, L. J. " Ming, L. J. " Merrill, E. J. " Merrill, E. J. " Merrill, E. J. " Ming, J. M. Spotland A. L. Mills, Portland F. E. Andrews, Portland A. L. Mills, Portland F. E. Andrews, Portland F. E. Andrews, Portland F. G. Sammons, Portland C. J. Sheiton, Baker N. N. Tasdale, Sutherlin N. G. Wallace, Prine-vile C. G. Washbourne, Eu-gene T. C. Wheeler, Cottage Thomas Gavin, Shaniko C. H. Stowart, Portland J. W. Mayo, Stayton P. Metachan, Portland A. D. Moe, Hood River, Chas. Hall, Marshfield S. P. Pierce, Sixes J. C. Perry, Salem Patsy Daly, Prairie Citky R. B. Sawyer, Bend J. F. Adams, Merrill F. W. Falconer, Mac Hoke, Pendleton R. M. Fox, Portland C. H. Castner, Houd River River Collegon Gaston Moore, Wm. L., Banks

Bergen, U Garrett, J Groner, P Jack, C. Ullen, & Uratil, E errill, L upleton, G She called the mine owner to her

Stapleton, G. T. " Wood, James A. " Jay H. Dobbin, Joseph Sam Litch, Enterprise Porter J. Neff, Medford A. L. Mills, Portland F. E. Andrews, Portland H. D. Norton, Grants Pars Wheeler, Cottage D. Norton, Grants Pars hn S. Orth, Medford Pelton, Fort Klamath C. Clark, Arlington A. Frakes, Scappess-as W. Ellis, Burns H. Drager, Salem R. Teats, Rickreal E. Gates, Medford M. Churchill, Port-and

T. C. Wheeler, Cottage Grove J. L. Gault, Corvallia L. Barnum, The Dalles L. J. Chapin, Salem E. G. Favell, Lakeview A. J. Stange E. J. Kuratil. Hillsboro J. R. Lasswoell, Oakland R. J. Hendricks, Salem Hal E. Hoss, Ore, City W. H. Daughtrey, Eelon W. C. Daltou, Elamath P. B. Chandler, Canyon City F. D. McNully, Joseph Lera Miller, Newport W. M. Peterson, Pendle-ton P. E. Pollman, Baker C. O. Portwood, Fossil Keith Powell, Woodburn A J E J, J. R. R. J. Hal E. W. H. Falls F. C. Collins, Pendle-Blanchard, Grantr Blanchard, Grants
Blanchard, Grants
Stewart, Dayville
F. D. McNully, Joseph
F. D. McNully, Joseph
Bout, Huntington
Gaulke, Joseph
Bett, Huntington
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800 MORE signers of above appeal; more than 1,500 contributors to expense of getting facts before voters; signers and contributors live in all parts of Oregon; this advertisement issued by C. C. Chapman, Editor of Oregon Voter, initiator of repeal measure; residence, 169 Lownsdale St., Portland, Oregon.



## College boys! Cabaret girls! Jazz! White lights! Sensationalism! Young love! Passion!

Youth dares all-youth does all! Maddened by the sparkling eyes, the luring form, the mocking smile of the beautiful dancer, the boy plunged deeper and deeper into the muck and mire of Broadway's night life, until, bereft of his senses and crazed by his desires, he is on the brink of destruction.

Does beauty of face attract a man more than beauty of form? Or is a noble nature more often a magnet than either of them?

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