

The Everlasting Whisper, By Jackson Gregory

Copyright by Charles Scribner's sons
W.N.U. Service

SYNOPSIS

In the California sierra Mark King, prospector, sees Andy Parker, a law companion, both known to King. He is on his way to the home of his friend, Ben Gaynor, King and Gaynor share with Brodie and his crowd knowledge of a vast store of hidden gold. King meets Mrs. Gaynor and is impressed by her daughter Gloria's youthful beauty. He instinctively dislikes a house visitor named Gratton. With Gloria, King rides to the village of Coloma, intending to "sound" Honeycutt. He finds Brodie with the old prospector, and animosity flares. Their ride to Coloma and their companion-ship for a day draw King closer to Gloria. Gloria and her mother return to San Francisco. King, at Gloria's invitation, attends her birthday party there and is, he feels, somewhat coldly received.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Gratton, more interested in what she was saying than in the yellow envelope, opened it carefully. But in a flash his attention was whipped away from her. He read in a sweeping glance, and before his eyes came back to her they went hurriedly to his watch.

"I've got to go, Gloria," he said nervously. "Immediately. This is important. I'll be gone a couple of days. Something has happened."

He helped her in the car and lifted his foot to follow.

"Gloria," he muttered, "I can't make it. If I see you home I will miss the last boat across the bay."

She was more and more interested. She had never known Gratton to show emotion as he showed it tonight; she was more and more curious about that "business" which carried him out of town. Why hadn't he tossed the telegram across the table for her to read? Here was a shut door, and from being barred a door always invites the more temptingly. Especially to a girl like Gloria.

"Why, I can go home alone—"

"I don't like it, I—"

"Come with me, Gloria!"

Gloria wondered what he meant; whether the man was suggesting an elopement or just a wild bit of downright unconvictionality.

"I mean it," said Gratton. "Listen. The new day has already started. I've got to drive up into the country; we'll phone your mother and will start right away. We'll get there long before noon; we'll be back before night. It would mean only a day's outing and no harm done. Won't you come, Gloria? Please come!"

He pulled out the telegram and his watch again. "We've just got time to catch the boat comfortably." He called to the taxi driver, "To the ferry," and jumped in.

"But—"

"You can come as far as the ferry, anyway. And—"

When they came to the ferry there was no time for debating the matter; the crowd was pouring toward the last boat, and Gloria, her eyes bright with the joy of her escape, went with him through the little gate. It was unconventional, as she saw quite clearly. But to Gloria unconventionality was a condition fairly divided into two widely separated browsing grounds; there was the thing which was just "daring"; there was that other which was ugly because it was "compromising." This adventure promised to fall into the safer category.

They laughed together in anticipation as they crossed the bay. On the electric train they were whizzed among many sleepy folk into a sleeping town, Oakland, drowsy and silent. Gratton summoned a somnolent taxi driver and they were whisked through the cool air to a garage. He left her a moment, sitting in the taxi, while he ran in and arranged for a roadster.

Gloria, left to her own thoughts, began to regret having come. The thing, reviewed in solitude, was "crazy."

She grew vaguely distressed. She wanted to go back to San Francisco—but there would be no boat now until full morning, three or four hours; she could not get home before seven or half past seven o'clock.

"I've got the car," Gratton was back offering to help her down. "And I phoned your mother."

"Was she—"

"She trusts you with me, Gloria," he said quickly.

She let him help her into the car he had hired. Gratton would not tell her where they were going, assuring her gaily that their destination was revealed in the final surprise for her.

He evaded laughingly when she asked, "Maybe we'll keep right on going, always and always," he jested with her. She thought that under the jest there was a queer note; when his eyes flashed briefly toward her she tried to read their message. But the hour, mystery-filled, filled them with mystery.

Gloria began laughing.

"What will we look like tomorrow—like me when it's full day! I'm drowsy like this—you in evening suit!"

"By Jove!" said Gratton. Then he laughed with her. "It's the lark of my life."

They were far up-country when the sun rose. Gloria was asleep and started wide awake when the car stopped suddenly. They were in the one street of a little town; it must be eight o'clock.

Over their breakfast in the little wayside restaurant it was Gratton who did all of the talking. Gloria by now realized that she was downright sorry that she had come.

"The waiter," she said as they finished.



"Gratton and Wife, S. F." She Turned Crimson, Went White.

ished, "Is staring his head off at our clothes."

"We're going to remedy that matter. Come on; the stores are open."

"I haven't a cent with me—"

"Let me be your banker," he said lightly.

Gloria hesitated. But very briefly. The escape, even this going to a country store with a man and on money borrowed from the man, was an experience to put the gay note of adventure back into the affair.

Gloria made her purchases in fifteen minutes and the change from theater gown into an olive outing suit in another fifteen. When they left both were strangely silent.

"I owe you a lot of money," she said with assumed carelessness.

"Which I hope you never repay," he returned meaningly.

At nine o'clock they were threading the streets of Sacramento. At a little after ten they were in Auburn. On, over a narrow, red-dirt road, closer down to the gorge, across the long bridge, up and up the steep, writhing grade. They came to the top of the ridge; raced through Cool, through Lotus.

"Coloma!" gasped Gloria. "You are going to Coloma!"

"Well?" he said lightly.

"It is to Coloma that you have been coming every week!"

"Well?" he said a second time.

"Then you—you, too—"

He glanced at the road, cut down, the speed still more, and looked back into her thoughtful eyes.

"Would you rather that it was Mark King or I who succeeded?"

She was clearly perplexed.

"Mark King is papa's partner," she said musingly.

"And I? I hope one day to be more than his partner!"

She understood but gave no sign of understanding. He did not press the point.

"Here we are," he said presently as the first of the picturesque old rock-and-mortar houses of Coloma stood forth out of the wilderness. "And you're dead tired and nearly dead for sleep. I am sorry we can't have a city hotel up here; but I'll get you a room where you can lie down. You can sleep and rest for two or three hours; then we'll start back."

He led the way to the little "hotel," and she followed. Since she could not insist on following him about his "business," it was, perhaps, just as well if she lay down. And, alone, thought things out. He placed a chair for her and arranged for her room; he registered for her. Then Gloria was shown down a long hall and to her room. Here Gratton left her, impatient to be away. She went to her window and stood looking out. She saw Gratton come about the corner of the house and start across the street. A man, a very big man, came to meet him. They stood together talking in the middle of the road, their voices low, their looks earnest. They went away together. She shivered and went to her bed and sat down, her hands tight clasped, a look of trouble in her eyes. Gratton and Swen Brodie together—

"I don't understand." She said it to herself over and over. "I can't understand!"

She sprang up and left the room, going in feverish haste back to the front part of the building. She was groping blindly in a mental fog; she was tired, very tired. And uncertain. Suddenly she felt utterly alone, helplessly, helplessly alone. She wanted her mother, and with the impulse wheeled back toward the clerk.

"I want to use the long-distance telephone," she said. "Where is it?"

"This way, miss," said the man, eager to be of service. Then, with a bashful grin, he amended: "I beg pardon, Mrs. Gratton, I mean!"

Gloria stared at him. Her mouth was open to correct him; she saw how naturally his mistake was made. But before she could speak a wild flutter in her heart stopped the words; she went swiftly to the register. In Gratton's own hand, setting the clerk's number seven indicating her room, were the words: "Gratton & Wife, S. F." She turned crimson; went white.

"I'll telephone later," she said faintly, and went again to the door and this time out into the autumn sunshine. All of the high adventure was dead ashes; the "lark" was lost in a sinister enterprise.

Gratton's wife—Mrs. Gratton—He had done that! She walked on blindly; tears gathered, tears of mortification, of blazing anger. But they did not fall; she dabbed viciously at her eyes. Why had he done that? Why?

"Howdy, miss?" a voice was saying.

It brought her back to earth from a region of swirling vapors, back to today and Coloma. She stopped and looked at the man, startled. He was a stranger, yet dimly familiar.

"I wanted to ask," he said solicitously, "how your father was this morning."

"My father?" she repeated dully.

"Oh, he's quite well, thank you."

Plainly her words puzzled him.

"You're the young lady that stopped in my store one day last spring with Mark King? June it was, wasn't it?"

"Yes," she admitted. She would never have remembered him. But he, who had not seen others like her, remembered.

"Then you're Ben Gaynor's girl? And you say he's well?"

"Quite well, I believe," she said coolly.

"But wasn't he bad hurt last night?"

"Papa hurt? How hurt?" she cried sharply. "When? Where? Tell me; why don't you tell me?"

He looked at her in wonder.

"All I know is just what I heard. I heard he got hurt at old Loony Honeycutt's last night. Right bad hurt, they said. But I was just asking you—"

"Where is he?" she cut in excitedly.

"Now?"

"Didn't you just come out of the hotel?" He looked more puzzled than ever. "Wasn't he there?"

"How do I know? Was he taken there?"

He nodded. "Leastwise I heard he was. Last night—"

Gloria turned and ran back to the building she had quitted only a moment ago, bursting into the front room, demanding earnestly and in words that came with a rush:

"Is my father here? Is he hurt?"

"Your father? Hurt— Say, you ain't Ben Gaynor's daughter, are you?"

"Yes, yes. Take me to papa. Quick!" said Gloria imperiously. "You should have told me the minute I came."

"But I didn't know—"

"Quick!" repeated Gloria.

He showed her to the room, only three doors beyond her own. He moved to open the door but Gloria's hand was first to the knob; she opened and went in, closing the door softly. She made out a man's form on the bed; there was a white bandage about his head. He stirred and turned half over.

"Papa!" cried Gloria, her voice catching.

He looked at her in wonderment; Gloria misread the look in his eyes and for a terrible moment thought that he was dying.

"Gloria!" he said in amazement. "Here—"

"Oh, papa!"

To Ben Gaynor this unannounced coming of his daughter partook of the nature of an apparition and of a miracle. But the hands gripping his were flesh-and-blood hands.

"By the Lord, we'll nail their hides to our barn door yet!" were his first words of greeting.

"What in the world happened?" Gloria asked after a sigh of relief.

"How you happened to be here gets me," said Gaynor. "It's like magic. You didn't hear down in San Francisco that I was hurt, did you?"

"No. I—I just happened to be here. You see, papa—"

"That'll come later," he broke in. "You're here; that's all that counts. You're going to do something for me."

Anything, thought Gloria. And she was glad that he did not seek just now the explanation of her presence here; of course she would tell him everything—later. But she was still confused—"Mrs. Gratton"! Did she, down in the depths of her frivolous girl-heart, want to be that?

"You are not dangerously hurt, papa?"

"Bless you, no! Not now, that you're here. I got a crack on the head that sickened me; but the tough old skull held out against it. And I got an arm broken and a rib cracked— Don't you worry about me. I'll be on my feet in a week. Now, listen: I've got to talk fast before somebody comes in. You know the trail through the mountains to our place; you rode it twice with King."

"Yes."

"I want you to ride it again today. You can get a horse at the stable. Don't let anyone know where you are going. I want you to take a message to King. And it's got to get to him and into nobody's hands but his. Understand that, Gloria?"

Gloria saw a terrible earnestness in her father's eyes. She squeezed his hands and replied:

"Of course, papa. I'll do whatever you want."

"God bless you for that," he muttered. "This is sober, serious business, Gloria; you are the only one here I could trust. King will be at the house; at least I hope he will. And, Gloria, I want you to promise, by all that's good and holy, that you won't let a word or a sign or a hint slip to anybody else. Not a soul on earth. Will you, Gloria?"

"Yes." She had never known her father to be so tensely in earnest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton Oregon

Entered as second class matter, December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

J. H. Hulett, Business Manager

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1932

FOREST FACTS

It was a Connecticut Yankee who first made wooden nutmegs, but it remained for an Oregonian to manufacture wooden nest eggs of western red cedar, and do a prosperous business turning them out. It is said the hens approved of them because they warm more easily than glass or porcelain and their odor is distasteful to vermin.

Of Oregon's primary income 91 per cent is accounted for by forest products, agriculture and manufacturing. Of this 91 per cent forest products contribute 43 per cent; agriculture 24 per cent; and manufacturing (other than of forest products) 24 per cent.

During the past 6 years, the Washington members of the Order of DeMolay have planted 197,450 young forest trees on their forest in the Wind River valley, Columbia national forest.

SAFEGWAY STORES

Shop Fri. and Sat., This Week.
Store Closed Monday, Labor Day

Features For Friday - Saturday September 2 - 3

SUGAR		COFFEE	
Pure Cane		Edward's Dependable	
10 lbs.	39c	or Max-I-Mum	28c
		1-lb. Vacuum Can	
MILK,		Max-I-Mum	4 1/2c
SUNTEX,		Tall Can, per can	
		Bleaches and	10c
		Sterilizes, per bottle	
Crackers		SALT	
Snow Flakes	19c	Fine for Pickles or	19c
2-lb. pkg.		table use, 8-lb. pkg.	
HONEY,		Highway Brand	43c
		5-lb. Pail	
SHRIMP,		Per can	10c
		Gulf Kist Fancy	
CATSUP,		VanCamp's or	12c
		Highway 14-oz. bottle	
SARDINES,		North Star	7c
		Per can	
PAR,		The concentrated soap	29c
		that is kind to the hands	
Palmolive		Salad Oil	
Soap Nuf Said	19c	in your container	15c
3 bars		Quart	
MAYONNAISE,		Best Foods	25c
		Pint	
Deviled Meat		Libby's, 5c cans	10c
		3 for	

ROASTS

Choice Cuts of Beef or Pork

10c lb.

Eastern Sugar Cured

BACON

lb. 16 1/2c

BEEF BOIL

Lean and Tender

lb. 7 1/2c

Baby Beef

STEAK

lb. 15c

HAMS

Half or Whole

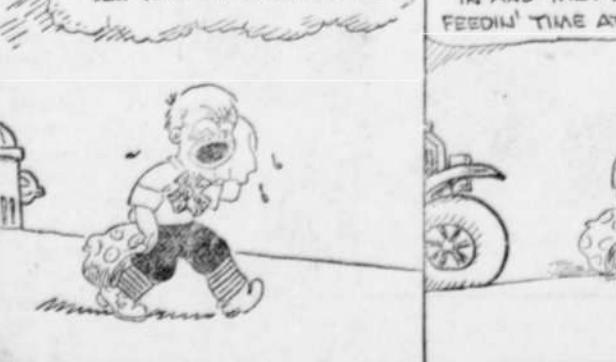
lb. 15c

Spring Chicken and Rabbit Go To Holiday Luncheon

Get Our Price First
On Canning Peaches

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

OUR HERO IS DISSOLVED IN TEARS. HE IS LEAVING A TRAIL BEHIND HIM LIKE A SPRINKLING WAGON. LET'S SHADOW THE LAD AND SEE WHY TH' BRINY WEEPS!



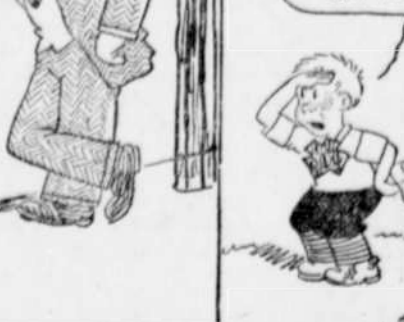
YOU AIN'T SEEN MY RADIO GEY NOWHERES, HAVE YA? I READ WHERE A GUY USED HIS CAT FER A RADIO ANTENNAE, SO I BORROWED A CAT AN' WRAPPED A WIRE 'ROUND ITS TAIL AN' HOOKED IT TO MY RADIO GEY AND TUNED IN AND THEY WUZ BROADCASTING FEEDIN' TIME AT TH' LINCOLN PARK ZOO =



AND WHEN THAT OLE CAT HEARD ALL THAT AWFUL GROWLIN' 'N' ROARIN' AN' SHARLIN', HE DUG IN HIS TOES AN' BEAT IT =



AND I BEEN ALL OVER TOWN AN' I DON'T SEE NUTHIN' OF MY RADIO GEY NOWHERES!



AND I BEEN ALL OVER TOWN AN' I DON'T SEE NUTHIN' OF MY RADIO GEY NOWHERES!



The Comic Strip
ANTHONY GOES
FINANCIAL NEWS
By O. B. B. B.
ADVICE FROM
WASHINGTON
GIVES LIFE OF
A DOLLAR BILL
AS IT GOES
TO BE MINTED
TO BE MINTED
ANY DOLLAR
BILLS DIE ON
YOUR HANDS, IT
IS PERMISSIBLE
TO SPEND THEM
AS FAST AS THEY
ARE RECEIVED.
THE MARKET ON
TWO CENT STAMPS
REMAINS DRY.
QUOTATIONS ARE
UNCHANGED.

Oh, Where Is MY Wandering Radio?