

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, killed by Sven Brodie, Parker's outlaw companion. King is on his way to the home of his friend, Ben Gaynor. King and Gaynor share with Brodie knowledge of a vast store of hidden gold. King meets Mrs. Gaynor and is impressed by her daughter Gloria's youthful beauty. He dislikes a house visitor named Graton. With Gloria, King rides to Coloma, intending to "sound" Honeycutt. He finds Brodie with the old prospector, and animosity flares. Their companionship for a day, draws King closer to Gloria. Gloria and her mother return to San Francisco. King attends her birthday party there and is, he feels, coldly received. In a spirit of adventure Gloria accompanies Graton on a "business" trip. At Coloma she finds her father badly hurt. He gives her a message and a package for King, urging her to get them to him at once. Gloria realizes how she has compromised herself by her journey with Graton. He, feeling he has her in his power, proposes marriage, and Gloria, fearing inevitable gossip, apparently accepts him. Graton arranges for the marriage by a country "judge." King comes to the house, unseen by Gloria.

CHAPTER V—Continued

In the house they were waiting for Gloria. Graton paced back and forth, whirling always abreast of the stairs, looking up expectantly.

At last Gloria came. Slowly she descended the stairs, one hand at her breast, one gripping the banister. Her eyes, glancing wildly about the room and at the men to be seen in the hallway, were the eyes of one in a trap, seeking frantically for escape, knowing that there was no escape. She saw three pairs of eyes staring at her, men's eyes, to her the eyes of wild animals; she read what lay in the mind of each: in the little gray man's, the judge's, speculation; in Steve Jarrold's, the jeers of a crowd; in Jarrold's type at such a moment when they fell upon the bride; in Graton's, quickened desire of her and triumphant cunning.

"My dear," said Graton, coming forward as though to meet her and then pausing abruptly and holding back. "This is Judge—Judge Summerling. He will perform the ceremony, you know. And this is Mr. Jarrold. He brought the judge and will be a witness."

Gloria from the last step regarded the three men as a prisoner might have looked upon jailers coming to drag her to execution. Her lips moved but no sound issued. "Judge" Summerling bowed stiffly and cleared his throat.

Suddenly Gloria began to laugh hysterically, uncontrollably. Graton whipped back and stared at her; Summerling and Jarrold were mystified. She looked so little like laughter! But they could have no clue to Gloria's thoughts. Her wedding! With that insignificant little gray man in his cheap wrinkled clothes to officiate; with that unshaven, leering, dirty man to witness! Holy matrimony! Gloria Gaynor's wedding!

The "judge" was clearing his throat again. "This affair ain't any more reg-



She Saw Three Pairs of Eyes Staring at Her.

ular than it ought to be," he was saying. "Now, just the matter of the license—"

Graton jerked about and glared at him. The "judge" broke off with a vehement clearing of his throat.

"Seem' as both parties want to get married," he said hastily, "and as circumstances is what they is—keepin' in mind how circumstances does alter cases—well then— Are you ready?"

"Are you ready?" seemed to

explode like a pistol-shot in Gloria's ears. Something within her shrieked: "No, no, no!" Graton had said a quiet "Yes," and was looking at her. She heard herself saying faintly: "Yes."

Graton put out his hand as though to help her down the last step. She made a little gesture, motioning him back. He bit at his lip and obeyed, though with a quick flash of the eyes. Gloria looked down at the step. About six inches high, and yet—and yet where she stood was as high as heaven, down there as deep as hell. She shuddered and moved quickly. Now she stood on the same level as Graton and the others; the physical fact was sinister as though symbolical of the psychical.

Across the room was the fireplace; over it an ornamental mirror. From where she stood she could see only the reflection of the window across the room, the strip of curtain at the side stirring softly in the evening breeze. That breeze came down through the pines; it wandered free; why couldn't she, Gloria, be like that? She thought poignantly of her few days among the pines with Mark King. Oh, the remembered glory of it, the clean, sweet freedom of it.

"Now, folks, if you're ready. Stand side by side—"

"Oh!" cried Gloria.

"Eh? What's that?" demanded the "judge."

She tried to smile.

"I—I think—" She saw Steve Jarrold leering. "The witness," she said wildly. "There is only one, and—"

"It's usual to have two anyhow," admitted the "judge." "But, being as things is a bit irregular and everything, why we'll make one do."

"There's Jim," said Gloria. She did not look toward Graton, but he understood that she addressed him. "Jim Spalding. I'd feel better if someone I knew—if you'd get Jim to come, please."

She knew that she did not care whether Jim Spalding came or did not come; that she was fighting for delay and that she would not help snatching at any straw, though she knew that in the end she would go down, overwhelmed by circumstance. Circumstance and—Graton. Graton also knew and frowned.

"It will take only a minute," he said over his shoulder as he went. Spalding saw Graton running toward him. "You're wanted in the house a minute, Spalding," he said curtly. "Miss Gloria. She wants you right away."

Graton turned and hastened back to the house, Jim quickening his own pace as he sensed something out of the ordinary. He looked from face to face with keen, shrewd eyes, ignored Jarrold, who said a mirthful "Evenin', Jim," and turned to Gloria for explanation.

"I'm here, miss," he said when Gloria's white face only stared at him. "You ain't sick, are you?"

"No, Jim, I—I am going to be married, and—"

"Married!" Jim looked incredulous and then puzzled as again his eyes went swiftly from one to the other of the three men's faces.

"Yes, Jim. And I want you to be a witness."

Jim flushed up and shifted uneasily. He had never been at a wedding; he did not know what a "witness" had to do.

"Right now?" he muttered. "You're gettin' married right now?"

"Yes," said Gloria wearily. And to Summerling: "I am ready."

"But I ain't!" cried Spalding. He got to the door and started down the hall. "Wait a minute, will you?"

Graton hurried after him, his face hot with rage.

"Come back here, Spalding," commanded Graton angrily. "Whatever you've got to do can wait a minute—"

"You wait," growled Jim. "I'll be back quick enough."

Mark King was awakened by old Jim rushing into the room. He sat up, demanding:

"Has Ben come?"

Jim began chuckling. From a cupboard he began dragging forth his one and only serviceable suit of clothes, dingy black, shiny affairs, but Jim's "best."

"No, Ben ain't back," he grinned at King. "Guess he'll be surprised when he does come. His girl's gettin' herself married. To that city guy, Graton. Right now in the house!"

"What!" King had heard well enough, but that "What!" broke from him explosively.

"An' me, I'm a witness," said old Jim. "Steve Jarrold's another. They got the preacher there an' everything."

He paused a moment and reflected, with puckered brows. "What do you think of her marryin' that swab, now? Think Ben's going to be pleased? Kind of surprisin', ain't it, Mark?"

King managed a laugh.

"Oh, it's been open and shut all along that she'd marry Graton," he said. "If it suits his womenfolk, I guess Ben will stand for it."

By now Jim was "dressed," and was back at the door.

"Better come along, Mark," he invited. "You don't see a weddin' every day."

"No, thanks," said King.

"Lord, Mark," said Spalding, holding on his heel a moment. "You must of made one almighty day of it! You sure do look tuckered!"

King rose and went to the door and stood looking after the swiftly departing figure. Here was the end of everything, it dawned on him. He, who had never looked on a woman, had looked thrice on her and again. He, the one woman man, had found the one woman—and had lost her. Gloria was marrying. Graton. Now. The world was empty, life was empty. There was nothing. Simply because Gloria had come, had laughed into his eyes, and had gone on. She would be laughing now—into Graton's eyes.

He would never see her again after tonight. Other men had loved and their loves had crumbled to ashes, blown away by the winds of time. But tonight he would see her. The last time. While still she was Gloria Gaynor and not Graton's wife—

He started and hurried toward the house. They were waiting for Jim and Jim had hurried. He came to the porch and he made his way silently around to the living room side of the house. There was a window there; the shade was not drawn; the curtains were blowing back and forth. He drew close and stood, watching.

He saw her. He watched her fingers moving nervously at her sides and his brow contracted with a sudden access of pain. Those fingers had touched his and he had thrilled to the soft, warm contact; he loved them better than he loved life. And soon they would find their way into Graton's.

Not once did he move his eyes from her. Though her head was up, her still body drooped. Like a little wild-wood flower wilting. So she remained for what seemed a very long time. Then suddenly he saw her body stiffen; her hands flew to her breast. The "judge," hurrying along, had asked:

"And do you take this man to be your wedded husband?"

King did not want to hear the answer; he turned to go. But hear now he must, for though until now responses had been low-voiced, hardly above a murmur, he heard Gloria crying:

"No! No and no and no!"

King stopped like a man paralyzed. Had he gone mad? Then his pulses leaped and hammered. Gloria had cried "No!"

"He is a beast and I hate him!" she cried wildly. "He tried to trick me and trap me. He tried to make me marry him. But I won't! I won't! I'd rather die."

Her voice died chokingly away, and for five seconds it was deathly still. King did not move. He heard Graton's exclamation, "Have you gone mad, Gloria? Think what you are saying—"

"I have thought. I hate you. Go away. Let me go."

Graton's pale eyes must be ablaze with wrath now; his tone told that.

"There's no way out for you. You've got to marry me. I—"

"Take your hand off—"

Her voice broke into a scream.

"You're hurting me—"

And now Mark King moved. Before the last word had done vibrating through the still room he was through the window, taking the shortest way. Graton's hand was on Gloria's shoulder; King threw it off, hurling the man backward across the room. Gloria turned to him—

"Mark!" she cried. "Oh, Mark King!"

He put his arms about her, thinking that she was going to fall. For an instant he held her tight; he felt her heart beating as though it would burst through her bosom.

"You won't let him—"

He moved with her to a chair, placed her in it, and turned toward Graton, a look like a naked knife in his eyes.

"By jings!" muttered old Jim under his breath. "By jings!"

Gloria sat swallowed up in the big chair; she forgot Graton with the white, angry face; she had no eyes for

Mark King or for Summerling, Steve Jarrold or Jim Spalding. She was thinking of another day, two years ago, when she and her mother had been alone in this room. They had been busy with the last touches of furniture arrangement; both tired out with a day of effort, they had come near tears in a verbal battle over the best place for the sole article remaining unplaced. Finally it was Gloria who cried with sudden laughter:

"Oh, what difference does it make? Have it your way, mamma."

Gloria wondered if any other act of her life had had the tremendous import of that sudden yielding to her mother's wishes. If the mirror had been placed anywhere else in the universe, even by a few inches removed from its present abiding place, would there be a Gloria Gaynor in all the world right now? Or would her chair



King Threw It Off, Hurling the Man Backward Across the Room.

hold quite another sort of person—Mrs. Graton? If she had not lifted her desperate eyes and seen Mark King reflected at the window, how would she have answered that one final question the "judge" propounded? Would she have said "Yes"? Or would it have been "No"? She did not know; she would never know.

"You don't answer!" a voice was saying irritably.

She started. They were talking to her, they had been talking to her, and now she realized that she had heard voices across a great distance. She turned her eyes on Graton, since obviously it was he who insisted on an answer. But King spoke for her.

"Look here, Graton," he said bluntly, "as far as I can see there is no reason why Miss Gaynor should pay the least attention to your effervescings if she doesn't care to."

"I'll ask your opinion when I want it," snapped Graton. "Miss Gloria—"

"You asked me something?" said Gloria. "Pardon me. I didn't hear."

Her aloof reply disconcerted him. Her attitude was spontaneous, unaffected, and hence unconsciously one of polite indifference. Suddenly Graton, fume as he would, had become of not the least importance.

"You said that you would marry me. Not a dozen minutes ago."

"Did I?" she demanded coolly. "Are you quite sure I said that?"

"Look here, Miss Gloria." It was Jim Spalding, who had been ill at ease all along and now had the brains and perhaps the delicacy to understand that this was no place for him. "If you don't need me after all, I'll go."

"And the rest of us with you," said King. "If Miss Gaynor cares to talk things over with Graton—"

Gloria put out her hand impulsively, touching King's arm.

"You stay. Please. Until—he goes." King inclined his head gravely, not realizing that his body stiffened under her light touch.

"What about me?" demanded the "judge" sharply. "Am I needed or ain't I?"

"I'd say not this evening," King's dry voice answered him. "Good night to you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bids are received for improving the swimming pool at West Linn high school.

Bids have been opened for the construction of a three-room school house at Bly.

Construction work is progressing on the new bridge over Santiam at Jefferson.

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. Hulet, Business Manager

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1932

Starting the Child to School

Only a short time remains for the opening of school. No parent would think of starting a child to school without having an adequate and suitable wardrobe as well as

necessary school supplies. How many of these children are going to be physically equipped to undertake this new work? That there are many that will not be physically fit is indicated by the examination of large numbers of preschool children. One may draw the conclusion that the parents have neglected to have examinations of their children made and have been unaware or unconcerned about the existence of these defects. All too often it is not until the child is examined in school and the parents' attention called to the presence of defects that anything is done toward their correction. Physical handicaps may lead to mental handicaps, with the result that such children will fail to make as rapid progress in (Cont. on Correspondence Page)

SAFEGWAY STORES

DISTRIBUTION WITHOUT MATCHES

REAL FOOD VALUES

Features For Saturday-Monday September 17 - 19

SUGAR 25-lb. Bag **\$1.15**

COFFEE Airway Blend Pound **23c**

KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes Package 7c	COCOA Hershey's 1-2 lb. tin 10c
--	---

LIBBY Pineapple Tid-bits 8-oz. tins 5c	Fancy Tuna White Star No. 1-2 tins 14c
--	--

TOILET SOAP Lux 3 Bars **19c**

Crystal White Soap 10 bars **25c**

CATSUP Van Camp's Large bottle 13c	RIPE OLIVES Highway Tall tins 10c
--	---

PORTE'RS Semolina Macaroni 3 8-oz. pkgs. 19c	SCHILLINGS Baking Powder 12-oz. Can 29c
--	---

SNOWDRIFT 3-lb. tin **49c**

BEANS Baby Lima 3 lbs. **19c**

JELL-WELL All Flavors Package **6c**

MALT Balco Large can 43c	HOME USE Bottle Caps Pkg 1 Gross 19c
--	--

Asparagus Tips Fancy Tips Can **12c**

STRING BEANS Cut, No. 2 Tins Can **9c**

SEE OUR WINDOWS AND Portland Papers Friday night and Saturday morning for special prices on fruits and vegetables

SPECIAL!!

Pure Vegetable Shortening 3 lbs. **23c**

Beef Roast Choice, Tender Per pound 10c	PORK STEAK Lean Shoulder Cuts, Pound 11c
---	--

Cottage Rolls Sugar-Cured and Boneless, Per Pound 15c	BACON Well Streaked with lean, lb. 16¹/₂c
---	---

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

LISSEN, WHITE BOY, AM CRAVES TO MAKE TALK WID DE EDITOR 'BOUY DE ITEM TELLIN' HOW MAH HUSBUM WUT REMOVED TO DE HOOGSEOW FO' BEATIN' ME UP= MAH PRIDE IS HURT= AH KINK-KNOCK DAY CULLORED PUSSON BOW LEGGED ANY DAY OB DE WEEK, SO DAY ITEM HURTS MAH SOCIAL STANDING



BOY, MAH SUSPISHUNS IS 'ROUSED= FO' TIMES TODAY I'VE BEEN IN MEAH, AN' EV'Y TIME HE IS BEEN OUT! WAS GUM!



AH GLEEVEES HE IS OUT JEST ON PURPOSE= IT AINT NO ACCIDENT!



WE SEZ IT'S JEST PLAIN BULL LUCK!



Undoubtedly



The Comic Strip
ANYTHING GOES
HOW TO GET RICH
DRAW A FEW MORE LINES LIKE THESE AND THEN WRITE A CATCHY TUNE THAT WILL SELL 1,000,000 COPIES. JUST A PIECE LIKE 'WE HAVE NO BAWWAGS' WILL TURN THE TRICK.