

The Everlasting Whisper, By Jackson Gregory

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FROM THE BEGINNING

In the California sierra Mark King, prospector, sees Andy Parker, a fellow prospector. 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 visitor named Gratten. With Gloria, King rides to Coloma, intending to "sound" Hennessey. He finds Brodie with the old prospector and his assistant, Ben Gaynor. In a spirit of adventure Gloria accompanies Gratten 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 Gratten. He proposes marriage, and Gloria, apparently accepting him, Gratten, for the marriage by a country "judge." King comes to the house, unseen by Gloria. Informed of the coming ceremony, he watches it from a window. At the last moment Gloria refuses to utter the requisite "Yes." In the resultant confusion King enters the room and Gloria appeals to him for protection.

CHAPTER V—Continued

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"Wait for me outside, Summerling," muttered Gratten. "I haven't said you won't be needed, have I?"

"Jim," called King, "slip your arm through Summerling's and lead him off with you. Feed him if you feel like it, and let him stick around for a word with Gratten if he wants. And you, Steve Jarrold, Ben Gaynor isn't here, but just the same you can take it from me that neither you nor any other of Swen Brodie's handgrips is wanted in Ben Gaynor's house. Out you go."

Jarrold's eyes slanted off to Gratten. Then, seeing himself ignored and forgotten, he shrugged his shoulders, pulled on his hat, and went out. Behind him, arm in arm, one smiling widely and the other pulling back and sputtering, went Jim and the "Judge."

To all this Gloria had given scant attention. The spell no longer lay over her; she was keenly awake to the demands of the present; she was thinking, thinking, thinking! What temporary sense of security was hers was due to Mark King, to his presence. But when he went, there remained Gratten and his venom. Quicksands all about her in which she would be floundering at this moment but for Mark King—

Her heart was beating again, the pallor left her face, which became delicately flushed. Her eyes rose to King's and met his long and searching. Yet there was that in this expression that made him understand that she was not looking at him, the physical man, so much as through him. For the first time in her pampered life the day had come when she was face to face with vital issues; when there was no mamma and no papa to turn to; when there were no shoulders other than her own to feel the weight of events. She must do her own thinking, come to her own decisions. It seemed that within her, coexistent and forever in conflict, there were two Glorias: a girl who was very young, spoiled, vain, and selfish; a girl who was older, who looked above and beyond the confines of her own self, who was warm-hearted and impulsive, and could be generous. No matter what she had felt toward Gratten before, she detested him now; no matter what he might have appeared in San Francisco, here in his unaccustomed garb he looked to her puny, shallow, and contemptible. He was, as she had told him, a beast. He had betrayed her confidence; he had taken advantage of her headlong youth; he had displayed to her view the villainess within him. He loved her, did he? So much the better. It lay within her power, then, to repay him, if only in part, for what he had made her suffer.

"I repeat, Miss Gloria," Gratten was saying, a stubborn look in his eyes, "that you promised to marry me. You have had a hard day, I realize; there has been much to unnerve you. I erred in haste, perhaps; I should have waited until you had a night's rest. But you know why I did not wait. It was for your sake."

Gloria heard him through with a hard little smile.

"Nothing is further from my intention, Mr. Gratten," she told him icily, "than to marry you. Now or ever. Please let us consider the matter closed once and for all."

His fingers worked nervously at his vest. Gloria chose the moment to

She wanted Gratten to see, she wanted to hurt him all that she could. She looked back to see him wince. Nor did his quick contraction of the brows result from her glance alone; he had seen the look lying unhidden in King's eyes. Mark King had tonight, for the first time, swept barriers aside and looked straight into his own heart and known that all of the love that was in him to give had been given to Gloria Gaynor; he was certain of nothing just now beyond the tremendous, all-excluding fact that, wise or fool, he loved her. He wanted her with a want that is greater than hunger or thirst, or love of man for man or of man for life itself. Much of this lay shining in his eyes, for Gratten to read—or for Gloria.

"I am no boy to be thrown aside like an old glove," cried Gratten, beside himself with jealous fury. "You have promised; you have loved me; in your heart you love me now. I tell you, you shall marry me."

Gloria's laughter, cool and insolent, maddened him.

"Think before you laugh! What if, instead of doing the gentlemanly thing, I refuse, to marry you? Alone with me all this time; all last night; a clerk to swear I bought clothing for you; a register to show where we engaged a room as man and wife; the San Francisco papers already bandying your name about, already nosing after scandal. You've got to marry me; there is nothing else for you to do!"

Gloria flushed hotly. But only in anger this time. King mystified, looking from one to the other, turned at last to Gloria and muttered:

"For God's sake let me throw him out of the door!"

"I think it might be best first," she answered quietly, "if Mr. Gratten remained long enough to understand that this is the last time I shall ever speak to him or listen to a word from him. He has tried to get me into a nasty situation; he will do all that he can to promote scandal. But I want him to know that he will, in the end of it all, have my father to reckon with—and my friends." Again she looked swiftly at King and again Gratten writhed at the look. "Papa will not be here tonight; he is hurt and in Coloma, and I'll give you his message soon. But—"

"You saw your father! In Coloma!" It was a gasp of astonishment from Gratten. "You said nothing—You brought a message to King here?"

"And you escorted me and never guessed!" Gloria taunted him.

His prominent eyes bulged, written large with consternation. For a moment he stood the picture of uncertainty, plucking at his lip.

"Gloria," he said shortly, "despite all you have said I shall see you again. Tomorrow, when we have both rested, I'll come to you. Now, if you will pardon me, I'll have a word with King. Look you, Loony Hennessey is dead at last. His secret is no longer his secret. Swen Brodie knows something—a whole lot!"

"It strikes me," frowned King, "that you know more of this than I gave you credit for. Where do you come in?"

"I know—nearly all that it is necessary to know!" His eyes flashed triumphantly. "Think I'm the man to let the crowd of you lift a fortune right under my nose? Here is my proposition, and you'll thank your stars that I make it. You and I enter into a pact right now, purely business, you understand. Whatever we find we divide, fifty-fifty!"

King's sudden laughter, no pleasant sound in Gratten's ears, checked the rush of words. To accept Gratten as a partner—on a fifty-fifty split of the spoils! Was the man crazy?

"I have been working with Brodie," shouted Gratten. "If I chip in with him against you, what will the inevitable end be, I ask you? Look at the odds!"

"The inevitable end," said King sternly, "will be that they'll pick your bones and kick you out."

"I demand to know what word Gaynor sent!"

"Will you have him go, Mark?" said Gloria. "He—sickens me."

King, unshaken by her words, took a quick step forward.

"Gratten," he said, "you'd better go."

Gratten, rising to fresh fury, shouted at him:

"And leave you and her here? Alone? All night!"

King bore down upon him and struck him across the mouth, hurling him back so that Gratten tripped and fell.

Gloria rose and stood watching, ter-

rified and yet fascinated. She saw Gratten crawl to his feet. King's hand shot out swiftly, gripping his wrist.

"You'll go now?"

"Yes, I'll go. But—"

"On your way, then!"

"But—"

"Shut up!" A tremor not to be repressed shook King's voice. "And go before I— Just go!"

Gratten caught up his hat, stood for a moment plucking at his lip and staring at Gloria, and then turned and went out. Strangely, only now that he had gone, did Gloria shiver and look after him fearfully. The man here had seemed so futile and yet she had seen that last look, so filled with malevolence that in his wake the room seemed steeped in menace. King must have had somewhat the same sort of an impression; he went to the door and called out loudly:

"Jim! Oh, Jim."

"Comin', Mark."

"Gratten's outside. I've told him to clear out. Give him about two minutes, and if he's still here throw a gun on him and run him off the place."

"Oh, I'm going fast enough." From somewhere off in the dark it was Gratten's voice calling back hatefully.

"And don't you forget it, Mark King. I am going where an offer like mine to you will be accepted. We'll be there before you yet, a dozen men that won't lay down before you! And you can tell that girl in there, with my compliments, she'll be on her knees to me before she's a day older."

He lifted his voice so that Gloria, shivering in the silent house, must hear every word. "You can tell her, too, that if I didn't telephone to her mother from Oakland, I did call up two of the San Francisco newspaper offices! Tell her to watch for the papers. And when they get wind of the nice little situation tonight, Gloria here all night!"

King held the door open only to see if Gratten was going to his horse. Now, however, he slammed it suddenly and went back to Gloria. After all, Jim could be depended on to see to Gratten. There was still the message to be had from Ben Gaynor, who, it seemed, lay hurt somewhere in Coloma.

But he stopped dead in his tracks when he saw Gloria, and for the moment all thoughts of Gaynor or a message fled from his mind. Again she was as pale as death; she lifted to King eyes sick with terror.

"I haven't got the straight of things very well," King said to her, speaking very gently. "Only one thing seems clear. You are tired half to death and worried the other half. I wouldn't let myself think of that snake Gratten or his poison drippings. Things will work out all right. They always do, you know."

"Do they?" she asked listlessly. And she forced a smile, so wan and bleak that it came close to putting a dash of tears into King's eyes.

"For one thing," he said brusquely. "I'll bet you haven't had a bite to eat since you got here; have you?" She shook her head; she hadn't thought of such a thing as eating.

"You'll sit right down," commanded King. "Or lie down is better. In two shakes I'll have something ready for you."

"You are so good to me." That came straight from Gloria's heart; her eyes shone with a gratitude which struck him as far beyond proportion to the small deed of the moment. "I'll go upstairs a moment; papa's message—"

"It can wait ten minutes."

Intricate Problem Is History of Mankind

Five hundred years may not seem to be many if put against the years of which man has left written or pictured record of himself. The first we know of him in that way is of a certain King Menes of Egypt and of the first dynasty, who met an unfortunate death in an encounter with a hippopotamus. The date of this tragic accident, singular as the first record in man's history, was no further back than 4,400 years before the Christian era—say, 6,000 years ago. But what is that in comparison with all the years that man has been a reasoning, problem-solving creature on the earth? Worked flints have been found in strata of the end of the Pliocene period, at a date reckoned by geologists to be about 600,000 B. C. A creature that could shape those flints, adapting them, as we have to suppose, to a preconceived end, is surely to be complimented with the name of "man." The few years for which man has left us any records other than his handiworks, the tools

"Let me get it now. I—I will lay down in my room until you call me, if you want me to."

"That's good." He watched her go slowly upstairs and then hastened to the kitchen. He got a wood-fire going in the range, scouted for coffee, found a glass jar of bacon, a tin of milk, and kinds of canned goods. And meantime, though occupied with such specialties, he was not without a special vision concerning all that had happened before his night's sleep in the future, he saw for an instant entirely forgot Gloria and how pitifully home down she looked.

"Just a little bit of a girl." And he had looked to see for the sanity of mature age. A mere girl, sheltered all ways by father and mother, spoiled to the nth degree, given no opportunity to develop her own character, to grow up to life's responsibilities. He remembered days with her in the mountains and sought to forget the fragment of one evening in the city. "Here she was her real self; there she had been what her mother had made her over."

Gloria lay on her bed, her hands pressed tight upon her closed eyes, her will set against heeding the troubling in her temples as she strove to think clearly. Gratten's words rang in her ears. They plunged her into panic. For scores of "friends" and hundreds of acquaintances she would furnish a topic of talk.

But Gloria clung passionately to the one straw offered her; Mark King had come; he had saved her, only for the moment. If there were further salvation, it lay in Mark King. And so she came presently to a thought that made her sit bolt upright, that set her heart racing, that brought a new look into her eyes. Just now it had seemed so clear that only one thing could save her—marriage with Gratten. But Gratten was gone and Mark King was here! If she married King! The "Judge" was still here. What if she went to King, saying to him straightforwardly: "Thus and such is my predicament. For my sake—for the sake of papa's daughter and hence for papa's sake no less—will you go through the form of marrying me? I shall be no burden; it will make no difference in your life. For tomorrow I will go back to San Francisco and you need never see me again. You can let me have a divorce; you will have lost nothing; I shall have been saved everything. Will you marry me, Mark King?"

"Gloria!" King was calling. "Will you come down now? Everything's ready."

"Coming," answered Gloria. She glanced in her glass as she went out; the color which had played hide-and-seek all day was again tinting her cheeks a delicate rose. What were fatigue and hunger when hope attended them?

But it happened that Gloria's impulse, which was at least honest and frank, was for a little held in abeyance, and thus it came about that she lost the opportunity to appear before Mark King at a critical moment as being straight-dealing, direct, and outspoken. She thanked him with her eyes for the lunch he had set forth for her; she gave him a quick little smile as he waited on her. There was in his eyes a look which he had no suspicion was there, the look of a man's adoration.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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J. H. Hulet, Business Manager

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1932

J. B. Hayes of Aloha visited with Beaverton friends last week.

C. C. Tripp returned last week from Washington, Idaho, where he was called by the death of his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. VanKleeck and daughter Kathryn were Sunday guests at the Claude Anderson home in Portland.

Mr. M. C. McKercher left last week for Roseburg where he was transferred after two weeks in the S. P. office in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Murium Hansen who have been residing in the Jenkins house near Whitford Station moved to Portland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Downing, J. B. Downing and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hansen left for Eastern Oregon a delightful hostess for the Whit Friday on a deer hunting trip.

SAFeway STORES

DISTRIBUTION WITHOUT WAIST

Quality Foods At Safeway

Features For Saturday-Monday September 24 - 26

Pork CHOICE CUTS
Beef ROAST 10^c lb.

Short Ribs 6¹ c
Bake or Boil 2 lb.

Sugar C'r'd Ham 15^c lb.
Eastern Bacon

Pure veg't'ble Shortn'g 7¹ c 2 lb.

Honeymaid GRAHAMS
A National Biscuit Product

2-lb. box 25c

Butter lb. 21c

FRESH CHURNED

EGGS doz. 14c

FRESH FULLETS

FLOUR

49-lb. bag 79c

CHEESE

FULL CREAM
Delicious With Macaroni

lb. 14c

VANILLA

BUNNY 15c

4-oz. bottle

Molasses 19c

AUNT DINAH, 2 1/2-lb. tin

VINEGAR J'ness's Pure Cider 19c

per Gal.

Toilet Tissue SILKO, 1000 SHEETS 15c

3 rolls

Mop Handles Real Value 10c

Each

BROOMS KITCHEN, Well Made 29c

Each

SALAD OIL Best Grade 15c

In bulk, Qt.

Tomato Sauce OUR BRAND 4c

Can

COFFEE

EDWARDS' DEPENDABLE, STEEL-CUT

Note The Price
Pound Tins

29c

MALT

Dog Food

Beck's or Budweiser 43c

CALO 25c

3 Cans

SEE PORTLAND PAPERS

AND OUR WINDOWS FOR

PRODUCE SPECIALS



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

WHERE TH' HEK WAS YOU YESTERDAY WHEN WE PLAYED THE QUEEN STREET NINE - WE SURE NEEDED YOU! BOY, THEM BOLOS MADE SO MAIN HOME RUNS OFF ME THAT THEN RAN THEMSELVES BOWLEGGED!

I WAS GONNA PLAY -

BUT GOOPIE BUTTS CAME OVER TO BORROW OUR GARDEN HOSE - YOU KNOW WHAT ANWFUL MOOSHERS THEM BUTTS ARE - AND I DIDN'T WANT TO LET HIM HAVE IT -

WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH YOU DREAMING THE BALL GAME?

WAIT, CALY YA - GO I SAID, "GORY, BUT WE'RE GONNA USE IT OURSELVES THIS AFTERNOON - WE'RE GONNA WASH THE CAR!"

THAT WAS USIN' HER HEAD

WAIT, WILL YA? - AND MY DAD, HE OVERHEARD ME, AND HE SAID, "WELL, IT SURE NEEDS IT - DO A GOOD JOB" - SO I SPENT THE HULL AFTERNOON WASHIN' TH' CAR!

WHAT A LIL SAP YA TURNED OUT TO BE!

THE COMIC STRIP

ANYTHING GOES!

"GREAT INVENTORS"

ARCH J. J. J.

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