

DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

What's Gone on Before
 It at party in Palm Beach given by Mr. Cooper Clary, Leeson, an attorney, meets Lucy Harkness, known as Devil-May-Care because of her adventurous life. In a game in which partners are chosen for the evening, Lucy is won by Tim Stevens, who has a reputation as a heart breaker. Leeson is a bit jealous, Tim Stevens tells Lucy they are going aboard his boat, the Minerva, and she accedes in order not to be a quitter. Asked if she is sorry that she won her company, Lucy says she is not and that evidently fate arranged it. Tim thereupon tells her to stop looking regretfully after Leeson.

Aboard Stevens boat, Stevens tells Lucy he loves her, to which she replies with contempt. He becomes angry, and she becomes afraid of him. Stevens tells Lucy that he will not let her go until she has promised to marry him. To escape him she leaps into the water from her cabin window, swimming a short distance under the water.

Lucy reaches land and meets Dr. Ferguson Faunce on an island. He takes care of her and takes her home. Everyone is worried about her, and when she meets Stevens he is frantic, regretful and still ardent in his love. Now go on with the story.

"We start from here, then; I took you away with me; I frightened you; I drove you almost to certain death. But . . . we start from there. Is that it?"

"From where else could we start?" she countered.

"And you . . . you can't forgive me, Lucy Harkness?"

"Can you make me? That seems to be the question," she answered.

He rose from his chair, fatigue dropping from him like a bath gown from a bather on the beach. That amazing virility of his returned to him in a rash.

"I don't like equal chances," he said. "I want the odds against me. Two to one, ten to one, a hundred to one!"

"They are," she reminded him.

"And what shall we tell? People will be curious."

"I came home in my bathing suit," she said calmly. "If your crew and Modane—"

"They'll say nothing," he promised.

"And naturally, we won't," she laughed.

"And you'll see me, speak to me, though nothing had happened?"

"I'll do what fate directs, she said. He shook his head.

"You're no saint, Lucy Harkness. If you were, I'd not love you. You're flesh and blood and wavy hair and long lashes and pink and tan skin, as . . . human! You can't fool me. You're going to do something. . . ."

"Which ought to make life interesting, Tim, she chuckled. "Trying to outguess a woman is hard enough under ordinary circumstances, but under these . . . But perhaps your blood has cooled. In emotion we want things, promise things, do things that contemplation causes us to regret. An hour ago death was an adventure which you welcomed. Now a flirtation seems dangerous. Well, go your own way, Tim Stevens."

"I'll go yours," he cried. "The way of Fate."

She laughed.

"We'll see."

"You hate me. You'll get even, some way . . ." He paused, too puzzled to continue.

"Of course I hate you," she said evenly. "I think you're low, bestial. But what has that to do with fate?"

"You're daring me," he asserted.

"And you're afraid to take a dare," she accused. "But I've given you all the time I can this morning. I'm due at the Beach club."

He held out a tentative hand. She shook her head.

"Not yet awhile, Tim. Perhaps never. You know, after all, you did not trump my ace, or move as I putted. You did—or tried to—a thing that you must have known would have caused me to kill myself. But enough of that. We start again."

After he had left she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes.

"We start again," she murmured. "But where shall I lead him?" The curved lips straightened harshly, and the hands that rested upon the arms of the wicker chair suddenly gripped them. Then she relaxed. She was able to summon a perfectly natural smile to her lips as, in response to the noise of the iron knocker upon the gate, a Jap admitted Leeson to the patio.

A nice looking boy, she told herself as he advanced eagerly. Clean, well built, and enthusiastic. She liked this latter quality in him. She liked this eagerness in the viewpoint of life. Too much of it had gone from her; perhaps because the people she knew, played around with were too sophisticated, too ennuled with the business

of living. Perhaps she could regain some of it from Leeson.

"You didn't come back to Mrs. Clary's last night," he accused, as he bent over her hand.

"Did you expect me too?" she inquired.

"Of course," I hoped so.

"But you lost," she said.

"On a foul," he reminded her. She shrugged.

"We threshed that out last night I like winners, as I told you."

"Did Stevens keep you away?" he asked.

She straightened in her chair.

"That's a strange question," she told him.

"Well, Mrs. Clary was nervous, and I don't like Stevens, you know."

"Losers never care for victors," she mocked.

"It isn't that alone. But when Stevens came and faintly in Mrs. Clary's patio . . . and you hadn't answered the telephone . . ."

"After parties I regain my girlish color by plenty of sleep," she said.

"And aren't you being a trifle persistent, Mr. Leeson? I'm not used to cross-examination or insinuations that I'm unable to take care of myself. What makes you think that Stevens, or anyone, could take me anywhere against my will?"

He blushed nervously.

"I didn't mean to be impertinent. But . . . Well, I don't care whether it is good form, or being done, or anything like that. Stevens' bad, Miss Harkness. I mean a rotter. And when you go off, with him, and don't return—"

"The intimation is that I am also bad, a rotter, isn't it?" she replied.

"Not at all." His blush was painful. "You know—No, you do not know—how could you—my opinion of you."

"It might be interesting, though," she scoffed. "And I almost believe you're frank enough to give it."

"You don't mean frank; you mean unsophisticated, Miss Harkness," he said. "Well, I suppose I am. I'm not used to—well, the sort of people, the sort of things I meet down here."

"Why not run back home, then, where everyone is nice and wholesome?"

"Now, you're not being you. You know I'm not critical, or condemning. I'm merely explaining. I'm a lawyer, Miss Harkness. And I ought to tell about Stevens."

"How ethical," she murmured. "Stevens is a client of your firm, and I am not. Therefore, you will tell me about him."

"Professional ethics can't be permitted to conflict with common decency," he declared. "And he isn't a client any longer. The firm have telegraphed that, owing to many things, he is no longer a client. They have asked me to remain down here a while, ordered me to get in touch with him, to get explanations of certain matters, to settle up affairs with him."

"And you, out of common decency—was that it—tells me, who have no interest in the affairs of Mr. Stevens or your firm, that the latter is too holy to deal with the former. Stick to professional ethics, Mr. Leeson; they will get you farther than common decency, it seems to me. Professional ethics are laid down for you; you do not have to guess at them. But common decency is open to interpretations, and a cad will interpret it according to his caddishness."

"That is not merely unfair; it is dishonest," he said. His color, his embarrassment had vanished. He was not the nervous youth who had entered the patio, but a cool and collected attorney, willing and able to challenge her, to pick up where she left off.

"Why isn't it?" she demanded.

"Because when a woman is involved a man must not protect another man. He must protect the woman."

"You think I need protection?" she asked coolly.

"This man Stevens is a beast; any woman would need protection from him, and almost any man who wasn't forewarned. And I . . . isn't anything fair in love or war?"

"Is there a war?" she asked.

"Perhaps there's love," he retorted.

"We met last night," she reminded him.

"And again now."

"And about Stevens?"

"There's going to be a warrant issued for his arrest today, unless he settles a certain matter. And he can't settle. It's for a quarter of a million. That he stole. That's why I come, caddishly, to you, to warn you not to have anything to do with him."

"Do you think he'd borrow from me?" she asked idly.

"Oh, I didn't mean to say all this!"

he cried. "I—I wanted to see you. And I'd worried, as Mrs. Clary had done; and then—you defend Stevens, and—Well, I've told you."

"Most unethically, and not even common decency. Your excellent—"

"To my present client," He smiled.

"You didn't know? Your lawyers, Maddox and Roe, have just joined our firm. Another reason why I am staying longer than I intended. The firm—the new firm, telegraphed me this morning."

"Oh," she said.

She hid a sigh of relief when luncheon ended. Here formality ceased; one went to the room and at hazard or roulette forgot one's hostess, one's guests. She played awhile at a wheel then was conscious of some one standing over her. She turned to meet Leeson's intense gaze.

"Hello," she said.

"He knew the etiquette of roulette. 'Don't let me disturb you,' he said hastily.

She shrugged, but her last few chips, lost, rose and left the table.

"No need to concentrate on the wheel when one's luck is vile. I'm through. Have you been unlucky?"

"I can't afford to play," he said. "I came to luncheon, and am just looking on. Stevens," and his voice sank to a husky whisper, "is to be arrested at five."

"Why that hour instead of another?" she asked. She was hardly conscious that her every muscle was tense.

Leeson laughed.

"After all, Stevens has been our client. To demand a quarter of a million from him on the spot is going too far. To demand it within a few hours is slightly different. Stevens was given that amount of money for a definite purpose. Either he used it for that purpose or should have it accessible. He didn't use it. Therefore he must have it. Unless he's stolen it and converted it to his own use. This, we know, he has done. But the police here won't act on the moment. He asked, an hour or so ago, until five o'clock. Said he had the money, but was busy with other things. At five he'd pay. But he can't."

She hastened from the room, secured her wraps from the maid, and went out into the blinding sunshine, so incredible in February. The doorman beckoned for a chair, and stepping into it she ordered that she be taken to her bank.

"What's my balance?" she asked the paying teller.

He looked it up and told her that she had something like over forty thousand dollars on deposit.

"How much can I borrow?" she asked.

The teller summoned the president, there was a ten-minute conference. From the vaults Lucy brought securities. The loan she asked was very quickly arranged.

"And there'll be no word of this leak out!" she asked.

The bank officials assured her of their silence.

"I'll take it in cash," she said.

Well, those who came to Palm Beach did many strange things, and Lucy Harkness was called Devil-May-Care: She had deposited four hundred thousand of her best securities for a loan of two hundred and fifty thousand. If she wanted the cash—, Perhaps she was buying property from an owner who demanded money, not a check. Perhaps—A thousand perhaps suggested themselves, including the possibility of blackmail, but why annoy a good client? She had departed with a satchel crammed with money.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

COUNTY CHAMBER MEETS IN EUGENE TONIGHT

The Lane County Chamber of Commerce meets tonight at Eugene as guests of the Eugene Chamber of Commerce. The hosts will entertain the members of the county organization at a banquet to be served at the Osburn hotel at 6:30.

W. K. Barnell, Jesse Seavey, and W. A. Taylor are the local delegates to the meeting.

NEEDLECRAFT LUNCHEON IS BEING HELD TODAY

Mrs. Clifford Wilson and Mrs. Allen Kafoury are joint hostesses at a noon luncheon today for the members of the Needlecraft club and specially invited guests. It is being served at the Rose Gray tea room at the west approach of the Springfield bridge. The afternoon will be spent in sewing and discussion.

UPPER WILLAMETTE

The Pleasant Hill women's club met at the home of Mrs. Maggie Stewart Wednesday afternoon, January 5, and spent the time sewing and visiting. It was decided not to organize the Girl Scouts until some time in June, as Miss Irma Laird, who is to be the leader has gone away to teach. The next meeting will be an all day meeting at the home of Mrs. C. E. Jordan, and each woman is asked to bring her lunch. The exact date will be announced later. Mrs. Jordan will be assisted by Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Schrenck. Fruit jells with whipped cream, cake and grape juice were served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. E. Y. Swift and Mrs. Jean Carrothers.

Those present at the meeting were: Mrs. S. H. Callison, Mrs. C. L. Williams, Mrs. G. W. Kelsey, Mrs. C. E. Curtis, Mrs. E. E. Kilpatrick, Mrs. T. F. Kabler, Mrs. C. E. Jordan, Miss A. Parker, Mrs. A. L. Perry, Mrs. Ross Mathews, Mrs. Milford Barnum, Mrs. J. W. Jameson, Miss Leta Wheeler, Mrs. W. P. Sheridan, Mrs. Morton Bristow, Mrs. C. Y. Swift, Mrs. Jesse Carrothers, Miss Elsie Shoults, Katherine Wheeler, Margaret Jameson, Marion Jordan, Mrs. Ernest E. Shrenk and children, and Mrs. M. Stewart.

Miss Parmalee Markham, who formerly lived in Pleasant Hill, was married January 7 to Chester O. Hunter, at the home of Mrs. Hunter's sister in Dwaco, Washington. They will make their home in Eugene. Mrs. Hunter is a sister of Mrs. Frank Smith and Mrs. Morton Bristow, of Pleasant Hill.

A party of young folks enjoyed coasting on Cooper's Butte Friday night. Several people took advantage of the snow and cold weather and went skating.

The thermometer registered 3 above zero Friday morning at Pleasant Hill. About four inches of snow fell on Monday.

E. B. Tinker and son, Lyman, left for northern California Sunday morning, January 5. When they left it was just beginning to snow at Pleasant Hill. Mr. Tinker writes they were one of two hundred cars stalled on Hesper mountain that afternoon. No one was hurt but everyone seemed to be enjoying the experience, wrote Mr. Tinker.

About half the student body was absent at Pleasant Hill Monday, January 13 on account of the snow.

C. E. Curtis is working for Mrs. Perry, who has bought the Steele ranch, and is clearing the land for pasture.

Miss Thelma Perry is a new student at the Pleasant Hill high school.

There were no games of basketball at the Pleasant Hill high school last Friday night as had been scheduled.

Jed Wheeler closed his mill last Thursday and will not start work again until the weather moderates.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Laird got a shipment of Rhode Island Red baby chicks from the Russell poultry yards last week.

The Pleasant Hill Christian church started Sunday night services last Sunday. In spite of bad weather there was a good turn out for the first services.

THURSTON

The Thurston grade school started the week day Bible school last week, under the leadership of Miss Smith and her helper.

Luelle Margaret Campbell, from Eugene, spent a few days with her grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Campbell, last week.

Hugh Doolittle went to Eugene on Sunday, where he entered business college Monday to continue his course there.

Harvey Calvert had a very serious accident last Friday evening, when his .22 caliber rifle exploded, hitting him in the face. He was rushed to Eugene to the Northwest hospital, where Dr. Stanard has hopes of saving his eye.

Perry Price, an employee of Hill Creek Lumber company, run a pickaroon in his hand a few days ago, and has infection in it, and has been unable to work.

John Taylor, who has been helping his brother Charles for several days, returned to his home at Indian Creek Monday.

Frank Campbell and Charles Hastings are on the sick list.

The Sunday school conference held at the church last Sunday afternoon was not very largely attended on account of the cold and snow. Miss Mary Hastings, from Eugene, gave a very interesting talk on the week day age for the past three months. The Bible school work. The Walterville Sunday school won the banner for having the best average for the past three months. The next meeting will be held at Mabel on the 12th of April.

Rev. Miller resigned as pastor of the Thurston church last Sunday. He plans to preach at Brownsville.

Misses Lena Hart and Irene Baxter, also Professor Henegan, attended the

high school conference held at the University of Oregon in Eugene last Friday and Saturday.

The basketball teams from the Baptist church at Eugene played the Thurston teams on the local floor last Friday evening. Both Thurston teams won.

The young people are enjoying the snow and ice greatly most every night. They go to the Whitaker hill and coast for several hours. Last Sunday they spent the afternoon in skating on the ice.

LANE COUNTY W. C. T. U. MEETS IN EUGENE TODAY

Several members of the local W. C. T. U. organization are attending the county meeting in Eugene today. The meeting is an all day session and is being held at the Christian church, the women of which are acting as hosts for the visitors.

The special occasion for the meeting is the observance of the anniversary of prohibition. An all day program has been arranged and Alta King, district attorney, is one of the principal speakers.

I. O. O. F. ENTERTAINS MEMBERS OF REBEKAHS

The regular monthly social meeting of the I. O. O. F., which is held every third Wednesday of the month, was held at their lodge rooms last night with the members of the Rebekah lodge as their guests.

A large number of persons attended the gathering and enjoyed the refreshments served.

STUDENTS TO DECIDE 'LAUGHTERESQUE' FATE ON FRIDAY MORNING

The probable fate of "Laughteresque," the fun program which has become an annual event at the Springfield high school, will be determined tomorrow at a general assembly of the high school students. There is some sentiment at the school which favors the abolishment of this event this year and substituting two moving pictures to be shown in the high school in their stead.

In former years the students of each class have vied with each other in an effort to produce the best twenty minute program, of either a serious or a ridiculous nature. There has been some trouble in the selection of stunts and skits for the various classes in former years, as one group would steal the others' idea before it could be signed up for at the office of the principal. If it is decided to retain this affair, it is expected that several changes will be made in the manner of handling the class entries.

Either March 7 or 14 have been selected as the dates for the show, if it is decided to carry on with it.

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