



DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

What's Gone on Before

It is 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 com-

Lucy reaches land and meets Dr. Fergus 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. Leeson informs Lucy that Stevens must raise a quarter of a million dollars or go to jail at five o'clock. Lucy goes to her bank and raises the sum.

Now go on with the story.

Half an hour later her chair paused before the gate of Stevens' place, out beyond Vita Serena, in southern Palm Beach. He was in his garden, at a table on which lay something like a checkbook. He was writing in it, but looked up as Lucy approached, and waved away the colored servant who had admitted her. He rose and stared at her.

He had shaved, had donned fresh flannels, a colored shirt, and a gay tie. He could wear clothes, she inconspicuously thought, better than any man she had ever seen.

"This is a surprise," he said.

She made no reply, but opened the satchel and dumped the money upon the table.

"What's it all about?" he asked.

"To save you from jail," she replied.

His eyes puckered, and a tiny crease appeared between them.

"Jail?" he echoed.

"Mr. Leeson has seen me. He told me that the man who wanted to marry me was a thief. Perhaps, Tim, one reason you professed such great devotion was because of what money I possess."

She was looking right at him, but his eyes never flickered. His hand moved toward the check book; he swept a piece of paper from it and tore it into tiny bits.

"Perhaps," he agreed calmly. "But inasmuch as I'm not to marry you, I'd hardly take the money."

There was a hard finality in his voice.

"Not even to keep out of jail?" she demanded. "You're a shade better than I thought."

He bowed.

"Many thanks."

She bit her lip.

"But Mr. Leeson said you'd be arrested this afternoon."

He bowed again.

"Great little man—Leeson."

"I can't let you go to jail," she cried helplessly.

"And I couldn't take your money," he said.

"Then," she said slowly, "as I can't let you go to jail—"

"Why not," he demanded. "Is it because after all, you love me?"

"I hate you," she blazed. "That's why you mustn't go to jail. You must take my money."

"You're a bit incomprehensible, Lucy. You hate me; yet you'd save me. Well, I'd take money only from the woman I was married to, and I'd hate to take it from her."

"But you would?" she asked.

He shrugged.

"To avoid jail, yes."

"Then," she said, "I'll have to marry you. Today. Now!"

Had Diana, sojourning at Jupiter's palace on Olympia, slipped down the mountainside and in some wayside parsonage in Thessaly taken unto herself a husband, the scandal would have been comparable to the marriage of Devil-May-Care.

Apparently hurried weddings, among people nationally known, are bound to cause gossip. But neither he or Lucy would have cared a whit for that. Had their marriage been one of equal love and trust, they would have been uninterested in the nasty speculations of nasty people.

But Lucy had left him. She had strolled out of his patio as unconcerned as though she had been having tea and was now on her way home to dress for dinner. Home! She had gone home!

Devil-May-Care she was called. Well, the insouciance that defied death itself could not defy Tim Stevens. He knew his rights and he would have them. He'd force—But he slumped back in the wicker chair that protested against his twisted bulk. He'd tried to force Lucy last night and she had chosen almost certain death in preference to himself. He might as well face the facts; he was no nearer Lucy now than he was before the minister had read the marriage ceremony to them.

To marry a man who positively ravaged for her, and then coolly deny herself. That, he thought, was the explanation. She had no intention of coming back to him, ever. But to have loaned, given him an incredible sum of money, to have married him in order to assure his acceptance of the money, to have instilled in his heart the hope that, married, she would relent, would come to him—What exquisite torture this was.

CHAPTER III.

South, along the Ocean Boulevard, Lucy bowed along in the little Ford. Somehow, the ocean that had seemed so grim and dour a few hours ago, now, in the gathering dusk, seemed gentle and inviting.

The path through the trees to the center of the island, where Faunce's cabin was located, was easily followed. In five minutes she was upon the edge of the clearing, and her torch turned off, was standing gazing at the porch of the cabin.

Before the cabin blazed a fire. It had extended beyond the confines of the fireplace, and was, evidently, not for purposes of cooking, but for the purpose of cheerful companionship and perhaps warmth. The resinous pine logs roared and crackled, and threw a fierce light upon the face of Fergus Faunce, who sat upon his porch.

"Who's that," he called.

"It's Lucy Harkness," she said.

"I wonder," he said, still seated in his chair, "if our thoughts evoke our friends, or if the approach of our friends evoke our thoughts. Or has the tropic moon, which has just peered over the palms, brought delightful madness to me?"

She stared at the tropic moon which

now had gloriously risen. She saw, silhouetted, the lacy outlines of the palms and pines. She could hear the eternal rustle of the trees, as the pines kissed the palms, and the palms returned the caress. Little intimate noises came from the jungle, as though the night whispered secrets hidden from the day. Afar, the wild surf wooed the sand. And the glory, the unutterably glory of the Florida stars.

"Where shall I begin," she asked suddenly.

"Where it suits you; or nowhere," he replied.

"I'm in trouble," she said.

"Of course," he replied.

"Why 'of course?'" she demanded.

"All people are in trouble, always. They may not know it, but the fact remains."

"Well, I know it, and— Suppose I just wanted to stay here—oh, for as long as I chose, Fergus Faunce."

"Then here you shall remain, he stated flatly.

"And your reputation—"

"Would be unimportant. But your own reputation? That would be a thing not lightly to be smirched by any act, even though merely acquiescent, of mine."

"In other words, you'd leave me, left scandal—"

He shook his head.

"No, I don't think so. You didn't come here lightly, my child. You did some thinking. I simply said I would not lightly smirch you. Let's hear your reasons."

"Suppose I choose to give none?"

"I shan't ask for them. Sufficient unto the day is the Lucy thereof."

"Then I am evil?" She caught at his paraphrase.

"That was unfortunately put. Let me say that the Lord said, Let there be Lucy and there was Lucy."

"That is better, much better," she said judicially.

She lighted another cigarette, removed her hand from its abiding place upon his knee.

"Were you ever a damn fool, Fergus Faunce?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"I'm glad of that," she said. "Were you ever in a scandal, Fergus Faunce, she asked.

"No," he replied.

"Would you mind, terribly, being in one?"

"Not particularly."

"Would it affect your practice?" she persisted.

"Not in the slightest. Patients come to me for my skill with a knife, not for my morals."

"I was married today," she said lazily.

She could feel his sudden rigidity. But his voice, when he spoke, was even and calm:

"Then, when I called you Lucy Harkness I called you out of your name."

"My name is Lucy Stevens."

"Do I know the happy bridegroom," he inquired.

"It was from his boat, last night, that I dived into the tide that swept me on your beach," she said.

"And, the usual obvious reason being obviously not accountable in your case, for today's marriage, what did impel you to the act?"

"I hated him so," she murmured.

"Think of him, Fergus Faunce, a bridegroom minus a bride, wondering where on earth I am—"

"But you didn't do it just to play a trick on him, Lucy," said the doctor.

"Fergus Faunce, I don't know why I did it! Can you tell me?"

"I'd rather not, just yet," he answered.

"Now, what do you mean by that?" she asked.

He waved the question aside.

"And what are you going to do next?" he asked.

"Next? It's a very sleepy Lucy that sits at your feet, Dr. Fergus Faunce. Probably I shall go to bed. I wonder, you who are willing to give life and reputation to me, what you will say if I demand your cabin?"

"It is yours already," he smiled.

"Frequently I sleep in a blanket by my fire; I love the stars, the moon, the waving branches—"

"Don't be poetical," she ordered.

"Get the scolding over with, Fergus Faunce."

She had turned and was looking up at him, and the rays of the moon illumined her features. Faunce thought that he had never seen anything so elfinly beautiful as the face of this girl. Yet his smile was not even faintly tremulous.

"There will be no scolding, my child," he told her gently. "Of the Lucys man asks nothing save that they be. Do we scold the sun because it sulks and hides behind a cloud? Aren't we rather, grateful for the hours when it shines upon us? The

Lucys come but once in a generation, my child, and we who know them, who are privileged to know them, cannot censure ever."

"Fergus Faunce, why didn't I, the moment I saw you, love you?" wailed Lucy.

"I am not good enough for that, my dear," he told her.

"Too good— A man like you—you do really love me? You really loved me the moment you saw me?"

"I adored you," he said simply.

"I knew it—knew it this morning," she said. "And if I were anything but a silly little fool, I'd have loved you. You're everything that I want to love, that I ought to love, that I need to love. Why don't I?"

He made no answer.

"I wonder if perhaps I will," she cried.

He shook his head.

"My dear, Love doesn't do what we want him to. But that you should want to love me—that lifts me above the rest of the world. Lucy Harkness—Lucy Stevens, it's time you went to bed."

Wrapped in the blankets, she could hear him moving outside. Somewhere in Palm Beach, Tim Stevens was crazy with anger, with worry. She smiled as she thought of Tim.

TO BE CONTINUED

UPPER WILLAMETTE

Basketball in high school B league has suffered a great deal from the wintry weather. Scheduled games have not been played and with the tournament booked for next week players are becoming anxious, as the necessity for practice has been lost owing to the cold weather. There has been no school at the Pleasant Hill high since last Thursday, when only half a day school was held. Students living nearby have trudged to the school house faithfully each day to find those living further away were unable to get to school. Several turned out last Monday night to the basketball games that had been scheduled between Mohawk and Pleasant Hill, but the Mohawk teams were unable to come. There was however, a practice game between Pleasant Hill high school and Walker Athletic club.

No lights, no phone, no water, was the cry of some of the farmers of the Pleasant Hill district last week. With pumps frozen and with electric wires down, life became quite complex. Many of the farmers have disposed of their gasoline lamps since installing electricity, so there was a hustle to find candles, old coal oil lamps and flash lights when the lights suddenly went out. As the lines are new and many of the trees through which they passed were not trimmed to meet such a storm, crews of the Mountain States Power company have worked day and night to keep the farmers with lights. One farmer had 1500 eggs set in an electric incubator. The power company helped him to transfer them to other incubators. At one time many of the phones kept up a steady ringing, showing that the light lines were crossing the phone lines. When the ice dropped from the wires Sunday morning the ringing stopped.

Coasting has been very good in some places around Pleasant Hill, but many of the joy seekers received cuts of the hands and knees from the sharp ice. In places the sleds skimmed over the complete fall of snow and ice and in other places broke through.

Baby lambs and baby pigs are suffering a great deal from the icy cold weather.

E. B. Tinker and son Lyman returned from northern California on Sunday. They say they did not strike any icy roads until they got to Roseburg. They report Dunsuir, California, had 64 inches of fresh snow and Castello six feet. The garages in Dunsuir were doing a wonderful business in selling chains.

The public schools have held school regularly during the storm.

Mrs. Rose Beaver is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Burch in Eugene.

All of the mills are closed, awaiting milder weather.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

During the past week marriage licenses have been issued to the following: C. M. Golden and Marie Hahn both of Junction City; Orvil Greer, Oakridge, and Mildred Robinette, Eugene; Orvil Hazen, Cottage Grove, and Iyone Scott, Marcola; Charles Nichols, Walton, and Phyllis Weiss, Grannis, Arkansas; Elton Melson and Jennie Christensen, both of Eugene; Alec Brandt and Lillian Clarke, both of Klamath Falls.

Thurston Man Here—William Renie, of Thurston, visited in Springfield yesterday afternoon.

Leaburg Man In—Arthur Frazee, of Leaburg, was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

Gas Main Break Causes of Alarm

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Moon Suffer Sunday From Escaping Gas

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert V. Moon suffered from gas fumes at their delicatessen store Sunday morning when they were both nearly overcome by gas escaping from a broken main in the alley back of the store. Both were put under the care of a physician and spent the day in bed. Mr. Moon was able to return to the store Monday morning, but Mrs. Moon kept her bed most of Monday.

According to Mr. Moon, he opened his store at 6:20 Sunday morning and immediately detected a strong odor of gas in the room. He investigated connections and could not discover anything wrong, so he called the office of the gas company at Eugene and told them that there was a leak somewhere, but that he was unable to locate it.

Officials of the gas company informed him that a service and repair man was making an investigation of the Springfield line at that time, and that he would probably appear at the eating house shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Moon continued their work, both having splitting headaches, but not realizing that they were breathing enough of the gas to cause them this trouble. It was not until 10:30 when Mrs. Moon was overcome that a doctor was called. He ordered them both to bed and he kept them there.

The crack was caused by the cold weather, according to Mr. Olson, manager of the Northwest Cities Gas company. The pipe expanded and suddenly contracted. This was the only trouble which the gas company has had with its mains either here or in Eugene during the past two weeks.

Gas in the entire city was shut off until late in the afternoon while the workmen were busy repairing the break. Many were inconvenienced when they returned from church and found there was not any gas with which to cook their Sunday dinners.

A large quantity of gas was lost by the gas company as a result of the break. Officials were unable to estimate accurately the loss, but one of the repairmen volunteered that ten dollars' worth of gas was escaping every hour.

Gray's Cash and Carry Store's store, Swartz meat market and several other business houses were flooded by the gas fumes, which seemed to follow the sewer lines and come up from under the floors. No damage was done to the contents of any of the buildings.

LANE SHERIFF RETAINS STATE GROUP OFFICE

H. L. Bown was re-elected vice-president of the State Sheriffs' association at the annual meeting which was held at Portland last week-end in conjunction with the state convention of Oregon District Attorneys.

LOWELL HUNTERS CLAIM STATE RECORD FOR GAME

The two Kintzeley brothers, "Bud" and "Dot," of Lowell, claim to be the best cougar hunters in the state. Since Thanksgiving day these two brothers, with the aid of their dogs, have treed and killed thirteen cougar, twelve wildcats, ten racoon and one bear.

They have confined their hunting expeditions to the Fall Creek and the Windberry districts.

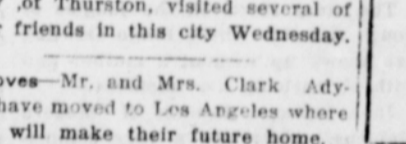
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From Waltherville—Charles Toie, of Waltherville, purchased supplies in the city Wednesday.

Visit in City—Mr. and Mrs. Ira Gray, of Thurston, visited several of their friends in this city Wednesday.

Moves—Mr. and Mrs. Clark Ady-lott have moved to Los Angeles where they will make their future home.

January Sale Lower Prices



January Specials on Congoleum Rugs

6 by 9.....	\$5.05
7½ by 9.....	6.25
9 by 9.....	7.55
9 by 10½.....	8.75
9 by 12.....	9.95
9 by 15.....	12.45

Congoleum by the yard - - 56c
WRIGHT & SONS
516 MAIN STREET PHONE 18

FOX-McDONALD NOW PLAYING

Metro Goldwyn Mayer
METRO
Joan CRAWFORD
in
"Untamed"
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ROBERT MONTGOMERY
& ERNEST TORRENCE
A Tropic Beauty—
wild...untamed...
All TALKING!
Thrust into the upper
crust of a long island society



FOX - REX NOW PLAYING

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Drama
of a
Wolf
of
Wall
Street
Shorn
by a
Woman's
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Other
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COLUMBIA
Picture
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"WALL STREET"
with
RALPH
INCE
AILEEN
PRINGLE
All TALKING!