



## DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE  
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

**What's Gone on Before**  
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 he 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. Ferrigus 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.

Lucy goes to Stevens to help him, but he refuses to take money from a woman to whom he is not married. So Lucy marries the man she hates, and promptly runs away from him, going to her friend Fergus Faunce, and tells him what she has done. Stevens sets out in search of Lucy. Meanwhile, Dr. Faunce and Lucy launch a new boat. A hurricane wrecks them on their first trip. Lucy is saved, and finds herself on board the Minerva, wondering what has happened to Dr. Faunce.

Now go on with the story.

She felt her throat constrict and was conscious of an almost masterful desire to scream. If Fergus had not been saved, if he, her mad companion in her mad adventure, had been lost, then life would have no savor, not even a reason for continuance. If she, impelled by motives which even to herself were obscure, had dragged Faunce to his death, then she would be guilty of that death.

She cried out at sight of him, and he leaped from the chair. She leaned against the outer wall of the cabin and laughed. He was so ridiculous in those clothes, obviously borrowed from Stevens' supply. Then she wept slightly, but dried her tears as he advanced upon her. She held out her hands to him.

"I wanted to die," she said. "The fear that I'd dragged you to death—As his hand dropped gently upon hers and imprisoned it, she met his glance.

If she had not known before, she would have been informed now. He loved her with that overmastering love which is only given to middle age. Youth is romantic and desirous but the middle years bring selfless devotion.

"Don't, Fergus," she said brokenly. "My dear, I can't help it. It seems to me that I's always been so, and always will be so. But I'm not going to bother you with it, Lucy, dear. I didn't mean you to read it in my eyes. But you have, and I am glad, because if ever you need any one, —I don't want to be dramatic, but I'd die for you, Lucy."

"Oh, Fergus, don't speak of death, we've been so close—so near—." Her voice ceased; the hand that rested beneath Faunce's fingers moved un- easily, and then the fingers clenched. Faunce looked up. Stevens had emerged from the pilot-house forward and was now approaching them. Unwillingly Faunce admitted the great charm of the man. His big body moved cat-like, smoothly, gracefully. He had the knack of wearing clothes well, and his blue-flannel double-breasted jacket became him. The yachting cap could not entirely hide the blond curls, and the tan of his face but made his teeth the whiter as they showed in a smile.

"Better dear wife of mine?" he inquired. She felt a taunt in the inquiry and she blazed.

"I suppose I owe you my life?" she queried.

He shrugged his wide shoulders. "No need for protestations of gratitude, my dear. The hurricane hit the Minerva and we were scurrying for the lee of Barracuda Island when we saw the waterspout hit your craft. We didn't know who was in your boat, but we did the obvious thing. We managed to save you. Rather a shock to pick one's bride out of the ocean, clasped in another man's arms, but as one gets older one understands that life is a lurid melodrama when it isn't a savage farce.

Sleep well, my dear?

"Say Faunce, would you mind letting me have a word alone with my wife?"

Faunce flushed at the brusqueness of the request. He glanced at Lucy. "I'm not a bit afraid of him, Fergus," she said.

Reluctantly the doctor arose and walked forward. Stevens leaned toward his wife.

"Where were you going with Faunce," he demanded.

"I don't at all mind telling you. We were going to spend last night on Barracuda Island. Then we were going to some Bahama key and stay there."

"Forever," he sneered. "Until I'd become tired of it. Until I'd had time to think."

"Well you're going to do just that thing. Only you're going with me, not Faunce."

"Don't be absurd," she advised. "Absurd? My God! you talk to me of absurdity! Listen, my dear Lucy: you left me, to run away with Faunce. Do you think any jury in the world would convict me of murder if I killed him out of hand?"

"You wouldn't dare," she breathed. "And why not? You know better. You know that my hands are itching now to toss him overboard. So help me God, upon my word of honor—"

"Your word of honor?" she jeered. "Upon my word of dishonor, then. I'll kill him here and now unless you agree, without further word, to go with me to Barracuda Island, to share the tent I'll erect there, to be mine!"

Faintly, far away, her voice sounded as she made her decision.

Stevens clapped his hands; a Filipino steward came running.

"Please tell Dr. Faunce I wish to speak to him," said Stevens.

Faunce came at once, no fear, but anxiety upon his face; worry, Lucy knew for her.

"My wife and I," said Stevens easily, "have composed our differences. And so Doctor, I'm going to send you to Miami in the Minerva, while she and I continue in a motor-boat, the voyage that you and she began. I leave it to your own decision what explanation you may make, if any. It would, of course, sound plausible if you stated that your boat had been picked up by Mr. and Mrs. Tim Stevens, honeymooning on their cruising house-boat, and continuing a deus on Barracuda Island. Any unwitting injury you may have intended doing a man who had never injured you would be balanced by such a story, I think."

He rose abruptly and went forward. They saw him enter the pilot-house where Modane the skipper steered the Minerva. Faunce looked at the girl.

"You—want this?" he asked. She nodded, avoiding his eyes.

"Because, my child, if you don't—" he began.

She cut him short. "Fergus, he's my husband, and— I'm coming to my senses."

She rose and walked away; already in obedience to orders given by Stevens, the Minerva was losing way.

Members of the crew were swinging outward the davits where was slung a motor boat; stewards were placing supplies in the boat. She entered the pilot house where Modane stood by the wheel. She held out her hand.

"I want to thank you captain, for saving me," she said. Modane glanced at Stevens.

"Why, ma'am, Mrs. Stevens, why ma'am—"

Stevens slapped him on the back. "Attaboy, Modane. Modest as any sailor, my tarry boy of fiction. Well, Mrs. Stevens is eternally grateful to you for leaping into the water after her, and so am I. I'd be a widower but for you, Modane, instead of a bridegroom starting upon his honeymoon."

It was a busy afternoon that followed luncheon. Stevens had no suggestions to make to her, but he accepted her aid. He chopped wood; he erected the tent, first clearing a space for it back from the beach. He found the spring which trickled in a tiny stream to the sea, and cleaned it out, and sunk in it the aluminum containers which held the butter and cheese. She washed the dishes, put them in order, stacked the stores beneath a tarpaulin which Stevens stretched between poles which he had chopped and sunk deeply in the sand.

How long do you expect to remain here?" she asked. To save herself, she could not keep anxious timidity from her tones.

He shrugged carelessly. "Oh, I told Modane to drop by in a week or so. If we weren't here I told him to cruise over to the Bahamas and get trace of us there. Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered," she said. "What do you care where we go, so long, my dear, as you are with me?"

Since they had landed his manner and words had been impersonal. Now she felt the jeer behind them. And this was the man who professed to love her, this man who took joy in her spiritual agony. Well, she would not give him the satisfaction of knowing her fear, her horror of him. Instead, she would show her contempt.

"Quite right. Inasmuch as Paradise itself would be hell if you were present, what difference can it make what we do or where we are?"

"That's more like Devil May Care, the high spirited maiden whom I wooed and won," he mocked her. "Well, let's have some supper."

Once again his manner became impersonal, light-hearted, even gay, and she was angry and humiliated that she took her tone from him. Why should he have any power over her whatsoever, even the power to make her smile or frown?

"Lucy," he broke a long silence. "do you hate me?" "And despise you," she said.

"Why did you marry me?" he asked. "I don't just know why," she honestly replied.

"I do," he told her. "Then why?" "Because, as my wife, you could hurt me more than in any other way."

And you did. To run away, to humiliate me. . . Well, despite everything, you are my wife, and I've caught you, and I have you. You can't get away from that, my dear."

"No," she said flatly.

He reclined upon the sand, propping his head up with one hand, and stared at her.

"You've never guessed how desirable you are, Lucy?"

"Men have asked me to marry them," she retorted. "But you didn't; you married me. Do you know why?"

"You've just told me why," she said. "Oh, that! That was the immediate motivating impulse. But behind that, wasn't it fate, Lucy?"

"Perhaps," she admitted. "And fate, when it brings a man and a woman together, means love, does it not, Lucy?"

She looked at him coldly. "Don't be a cad," she said. "Don't try to justify yourself by persuading yourself that, in spite of everything, I'm really in love with you but haven't found it out. Be man enough to do what you intend to do without excuse. Love you? I think you are the most contemptible thing that breathes. Are you satisfied?"

"Plenty," he said. "And now, my dear wife, will you please go to the tent and wait for me?"

Well, she had proposed the game, made the rules, and interpreted them. She had given her word to save Fergus Faunce from the dreadful anger that could possess the man. She rose obediently, walked to the tent, entered it, and the flap fell behind her.

"Lucy," he called. Her voice came back to him, clear, unafraid, tinged with contempt.

"Well?" "I wanted to tell you: you need not be afraid of me. I don't want you, and never will want you. So far as I'm concerned, my girl, you may go to hell and be damned forever."

CHAPTER V She understood now exactly why she had married Stevens. She had intended to revenge herself upon him by making him a byword for the mean hearted public to laugh at. She had not comprehended her own motives, but he had made them clear to her in that conversation on Barracuda Island.

TO BE CONTINUED TRANSFERS DEPOT MAN TO TERMINAL YARDS

Max Cogill, for several years yard clerk at the local Southern Pacific station, was transferred last week to a position as train clerk at the Eugene terminal yards. H. C. Jackson, of Eugene, is filling the position formerly held here by Mr. Cogill.

### SERVICES OF EXPERT

#### AVAILABLE IN MAKING

#### INCOME TAX RETURNS

Local people who are bothered with many details in making out their income tax statement may secure the services of a deputy from the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue by visiting him at his office in Eugene sometime between February 1 and 12 and between February 22 and March 15 inclusive. A deputy will be stationed in Eugene on the above mentioned dates to assist the public with their problems. This is just a part of a general state-wide service which is being provided by Clyde G. Huntly, Internal Revenue Collector to make the annual income tax problem less bothersome.

The deputy will also be in Cottage Grove on February 24 and in Junction City on February 25.

### POISONED GRAIN MIXED

#### TO FEED GROUND PESTS

The Lane County Agricultural agent is already getting busy with a campaign to rid the county of many gray diggers and other ground digging pests. O. S. Fletcher, county agent, and J. B. Branson, state rodent control agent, last Saturday mixed together three tons of strychnine poisoned barley for the use in the campaign against ground squirrels.

The poison will be placed in bags of five pounds each and distributed to dealers in all parts of the county before March 1. The poison is now available at the county agent's office in the Producers' public market for those farmers who are bothered earlier than usual.

Spends Sunday at Ashland—George Kennett made a business trip to Ashland on Sunday.

## "First Sunrise" - Now "Evergreen" and "Hillcrest"

As rapidly as weather permits, work on the development of this beautiful memorial park is going forward. With the filling of the plots for the two new areas—fittingly named "Evergreen" and "Hillcrest"—the final design of the park becomes evident.

No great effort of the imagination is required to visualize the park as it soon will be—a retreat of charm and loveliness and peaceful beauty.

Remember that every dollar invested in the park—under the terms of the trust agreement—goes into the actual work of development, administration, and other necessary expenses.

And remember, too, that every dollar invested by the public in the original—or "wholesale" distribution of the property will be returned two-fold when the sites are resold for actual use.

Don't you owe it to yourself to know all about "Rest-Haven."

## Rest-Haven MEMORIAL PARK

536-7-8 Miner Building

Telephone 830

## VIEWPOINT

There are two angles from which to view a job of printing.

- (1) As a mechanical proposition involving the use of type, paper, ink and machinery, or
- (2) As a means to an end—utility or sales.

The first is the ordinary printer's viewpoint.

The second is ordinarily the buyer's viewpoint.

The difference between printers who are "job printers" and the Willamette Press organization is in our effort to view every printing job—whether the simple form or the most elaborate selling piece—in its relation to the final task it must accomplish.

To us, type, ink and machinery are friendly geni existing only to do the will of their masters. "Sales power" or "utility" is the service we demand from them.

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Doors will be open for this display every day for the next few weeks.

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Plant on Pacific Highway, ¼-mile north of Eugene, Oregon