

DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

She told herself that her desire to be back on the bridge was due to her desire for fair play, to her reluctance to leave any excitement behind her. But even as she told herself these things, she realized that she was not admitting the whole truth. Certain thoughts intruded. . . . How magnificent Tim had been!

How utterly devoid of fear he was! She was awake when he returned, somewhat after dawn, to the house, and she descended quietly to the patio, lest the servants be awakened, to greet him.

He was haggard, mud-stained, a stubble of beard was on his chin, but his spirits were gay! He grinned at her.

"If you'd do all this for a man you hate—lord! what you'd be capable of for a man you loved, Lucy Devil-May-Care!" he said to her.

She felt herself blush.

"I like fair play."

"Oh, I know. Don't be worried. I'll not bother you. Gosh, but I'm hungry."

"Sit down," she said.

He eyed her curiously, but dropped into a chair. She went to the kitchen and turned on the electric stove; she was back in just ten minutes, bearing a tray on which was steaming coffee and a plate of scrambled eggs.

"But you don't get it unless you tell me everything that happened," she warned.

"Oh, you saw all the excitement!" he laughed. "Foaming arrived at five this morning. He brought court officers with him; he presented an order restraining any one from entering upon my property until title was adjudicated. I think the old boy exceeded his powers a bit, but it does not matter, because Clary and I came to an understanding. Clary's a rotten winner, I guess, but he knows how to lose. Offered to buy me out at my price. I told him I was here to stay; so he offered to effect a combination of his holdings with mine, my crowd to have the majority stock, and we shook hands on it."

Only man that wasn't satisfied was the marshal. I thought he was sheriff but he was smaller fry than that. Yep Maddox was pretty sore at what I'd said, and the men I slugged were angry, so I'm under arrest, out on bail, and I'm to be tried this afternoon. I'd plead guilty and pay a fine; only, this Maddox got my goat, and he ought to be removed from his office, so I'll go to court. And that's that."

Tim was up and out of the house, when at lunch time, she awoke and dressed. She was surprised at his absence, and vaguely hurt.

Luncheon seemed strangely lonely. She wondered if Tim were with Fergus Faunce, and tried to imagine what had brought these two together in amity. She could not guess. Restlessness possessed her.

And finally she swallowed her pride. She telephoned the court house and learned that Tim's trial was set for two o'clock. She drove over to West Palm Beach, parked her car, entered the courthouse, was directed to the proper room, and joined the crowd that thronged in the corridor outside it.

She could make no headway through the crowd until she bethought herself to state, to an attendant, her name, then way was made for her, and she found herself in the courtroom. Her husband saw her, whispered to a lawyer, and that worthy immediately came to her side, and led her to a seat beside Tim.

Stevens seemed a bit worried.

"My lawyers have been telling me that a conviction, trifling as it is, won't help me with investors. It's not terribly important, but—would you mind testifying on my behalf?"

"Why, of course not," she replied.

The judge opened proceedings, Maddox called and sworn, testified that he, acting upon the request of Clary, who told him he had reason to believe that violence would be offered his peaceful gang of laborers by the defendant, had, with half a dozen deputies, gone to Seminole Creek. There two of his deputies had been assaulted by the defendant, Timothy Stevens, who had threatened Maddox with a revolver. He had put Stevens under arrest, but the defendant had resisted restraint.

Two of his deputy marshals were called and corroborated his story. Then Stevens took the stand. Duly sworn, he began his story.

"Maddox may tell the truth, your Honor, when he says that Clary stated he expected trouble. The truth of the matter is that I never dreamed of any action until my wife came to me at Mango Key, several miles from the bridge over Seminole Creek, and in-

formed me that she had learned of the proposed assault upon my property rights. Naturally, it being a matter of vital importance that the bridge be left standing, I, with my wife and Dr. Fergus Faunce, went by boat to the bridge in question.

"I threw a couple of men off the bridge, and challenged Maddox and his gang to take me. He said that he was an officer of the law—I think he called himself sheriff, which was an untrue statement—but I felt that he was not enforcing justice and refused to yield to arrest. The man is truthful enough, so far as he goes, your Honor, but he doesn't go far enough. I do not believe that he was bribed by Mr. Clary, but I have reason to believe that he owns certain acreage adjoining what was, until this morning, the Clary properties, and believed that the value of his holdings would be enhanced by the destruction of my bridges. You might ask him, your Honor, if my surmise is correct."

Maddox admitted the truth of the surmise, reluctantly. The man was stubborn; Clary had tried to call him off, and now he begged to regret his stubbornness. He regretted it still more when Devil May Care took the stand. For she not only corroborated her husband's testimony, but remarked that twenty men had shown an exceeding reluctance to attack two, which statement brought a laugh from the crowded courtroom.

That ended the rather flat proceedings; the judge reprimanded Maddox for too zealous conduct and discharged Stevens.

Through the press Tim guided his wife; the pressure of his hands—was strangely pleasant upon her flesh. She was seeing a new Tim, a Tim that had never existed in the days when she had mocked him, derided him.

"Much obliged, Lucy," he said, as they gained the street.

He bowed, turned on his heel, and left her. She entered her coupe and drove slowly across the toll bridge, to Palm Beach. At Bradley's she turned into the courtyard, parked her car, and entered the Casino.

Gambling seemed indicated. She wanted something to restore that wild uncertainty of racing blood that had been hers last night when she started from the Everglades Club; that had been hers half an hour ago in the street before the courthouse.

As she approached the roulette room she saw young Leeson. With him was Elsie Darragh, a dimpling, smiling, joy radiating Elsie. She seized Lucy by the hands.

"You're the first to know," she breathed. "Just now I reached for some chips, and my hand touched Jim's, and, with the croupier looking on, my dear, he might have heard him—he asked me to marry him."

Lucy kissed the girl. She held out her hand to Leeson. That young man was blushing, but his eyes were cold. She could read his thoughts. They said, "You played with me, found out what you wanted to know, used me, betrayed me. I'm afraid of you; you're not my kind; I need something tamer. I've got it."

She played, unhappily, for half an hour. Why should other people be happy and she unhappy? For Leeson would be happy, despite the thoughts which she had read. He would forget the memory of Lucy in the reality of Elsie. Heigh-ho!

"The Breakers is on fire," she heard the croupier say. "Your luck's bad, anyway. Better not buy more chips, Mrs. Stevens. Look at the fire."

As she came abreast of the bathing casino, she gasped in sheer delighted amazement. For the flames were shooting up into the air, seemingly hundreds of feet, illuminating the whole vast building. Vesuvius in eruption could hardly be more beautiful, more awe-inspiring.

No one cried, no one seemed sad which was a marvelous thing about the catastrophe. In few other places in the world could people have faced disaster so philosophically. But those were of the nation's wealthiest. Their losses would not be crippling. Even the hotel company would lose nothing. It could sell the land on which the Breakers stood, for ten times the original cost of land and buildings combined.

The sun, setting over Lake Worth, suddenly shone through the flames, a burnished, angry orange disc. The throngs upon the beach gasped in sheer delight at the spectacle. She found herself suddenly in the midst of a group of friends. Mrs. Clement Clary was among them.

"Aren't you proud of Tim?" the plump matron asked.

"He seems to be a good business man," she rejoined.

"Business? I'm not thinking of business. Look at him, my dear!" cried Mrs. Clary.

"Look at him? Where is he?" asked Lucy.

"He's been everywhere; just now he's on that roof—see?"

Lucy looked. Upon the cottage adjoining the north wing of the Breakers crouched men; white cloths, doubtless water-soaked, covered their heads; they played streams of water upon this building to whose roof they clung. They fought the fire as one might fight the living assault of mad savages.

She had advanced nearer now; she could pick him out of the others on the roof, by his cat-like agility as he moved about. Oh, God! why didn't he come down? What right had he to risk himself there? He was married, and there were plenty of younger men to take chances. Some one had climbed one of the ladders, was beside Tim, was speaking to him. It looked, from the way he held his face close to Tim, as if he were whispering, but Lucy correctly guessed that he was screaming at the top of his lungs. In no other way could he be heard above the roar of the flames.

She bumped into Leeson and Elsie Darragh. The girl was flushed with excitement, and Leeson was hardly less aroused. He showed a magnanimity of which she had not believed him capable.

"Congratulations on having a man for a husband, Mrs. Stevens," he said.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

GIRL SCOUTS PRESENT PROGRAM ON SATURDAY

Sixty women attended the benefit party and scout program presented at the Chamber of Commerce rooms for the benefit of the local Girl Scout troops Saturday. The room was decorated by the girls in red, white and blue. The girls who served the refreshments were dressed in early colonial costume.

The program consisted of several numbers by the girl scout chorus under the direction of Mrs. W. K. Barnell, folk dances directed by Miss Anne Vogel, a xylophone solo by Barbara Barnell, accompanied by Florence May, a piano solo by Margaret Jarrett, a recitation by Essel Adams, and a piano duet by Barbara and Melba Harris.

Mrs. C. H. Phetteplace and Mrs. E. E. May won first and second prizes respectively in the bridge games, and Mrs. Fred Louk and Mrs. Jack Henderer won the high prizes for 500.

Mrs. Alta Manning is the troop leader for the Girl Scouts. Miss Ann Vogel and Mrs. L. E. Scott are the patrol leaders. Mesdames C. E. Wheaton, C. O. Wilson, Clayton Barber, O. H. Jarrett, Carl Olson, and W. K. Barnell constitute the local scout committee.

BARBARA BARNELL IS ON EUGENE SCOUT PROGRAM

Several xylophone solos by Miss Barbara Barnell, accompanied on the piano by Florence May, are included in the program which is being given at the Eugene Chamber of Commerce on Saturday afternoon in honor of the Lane county Girl Scout Council. A tea is also being planned for the same afternoon.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS HAS PARTY ON FRIDAY

Mrs. A. B. Van Valzah entertained the members of her Sunday school class of the Methodist church at a party at her home in this city on last Friday evening. About 20 members were present and enjoyed a pleasant evening of games and stunts. A program was given, and refreshments were served by the hostess.

MRS. MAYBE ENTERTAINS W. C. T. U. ON TUESDAY

Members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Springfield were entertained at their regular monthly meeting Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Will Maybe. A discussion meeting was held and refreshments were served by the hostess.

SPRINGFIELD STUDENT RECEIVES HIGH GRADES

L. G. Achterman, son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Walker, was among the few students at the Oregon State Agricultural college to receive all grades above one for his work during the past term. He is majoring in civil engineering and will be graduated in June.

LIONS "LADIES NIGHT" DRAWS LARGE NUMBER FOR MONDAY FROLIC

Ninety-one members of the Lions club of Springfield and their ladies attended the joint Ladies Night banquet and program at the Howard Tourist apartments north of Eugene Monday evening and heard Lloyd Reynolds, of Salem, district governor of the Lions clubs, tell of Lionism, its Aims and Ideals.

During the banquet, which was presided over by Senator Edward F. Bailey, of Junction City, as toastmaster, Mrs. W. K. Barnell sang several solos, Eldred Gaspy played a violin solo, accompanied by William Pollard, Miss Hazel Mills, of Junction City, sang a solo and the Springfield Lion's club quartet, consisting of W. C. Rebhan, L. C. Moffitt, Dallas Murphy, and Ernest McKinney, sang several numbers. Ernest McKinney presented a reading and sang a solo.

The Junction City members presented a one man radio and television opera. The toastmaster, who is also the president of the den at Junction City, told the Springfield members of the work they are doing, and Jack Henderer, the Springfield club president, responded by telling of the aims of the local club.

An initiation ceremony was presided over by H. E. Maxey, as the Grand Gasmoka. W. H. Adrian and F. B. Hamlin served as keepers of the jungle.

A dance followed the banquet and speech-making.

AGED RESIDENT PASSES AT DAUGHTER'S HOME

Mrs. Mehetable Richardson Wray died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Florence Chase, on the Camp Creek road last Thursday. She was 93 years of age at the time of her death.

Mrs. Wray was born in Pennsylvania on November 22, 1837. She moved to Minesota while a young girl and spent most of her life there, coming to Springfield two years ago.

She is survived by four sons, C. M. Wray, Silverton; F. E. Wray, Portland; M. C. Wray, Murray, Minnesota; two daughters, Mrs. Alice Shoemaker, Salem; and Mrs. Florence Chase, Springfield; two brothers, D. M. Richardson, West Concord, Minnesota; and Luther Richardson, of Medford. There are also 30 grandchildren and 40 great-grandchildren.

The body was shipped to Minnesota on Saturday by the Walker-Poole funeral home here.

NO-HOST DINNER PARTY HELD FRIDAY EVENING

Dr. and Mrs. Carl H. Phetteplace entertained at a no-host dinner at their home last Friday evening in honor of their fifth wedding anniversary. Bridge was the form of diversion following the dinner. High honors went to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Chase.

Those present for the anniversary event were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Chase, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Swartz, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Hurd, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Larson Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ward, and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wright.

CENSUS OF BUSINESS STARTED LAST MONDAY

The work of taking the United States census was started all over the United States on Monday of this week. The workers who went into the field that day had as their first objective the taking of the census of distribution, or the business census, as it is commonly called.

This business census is being taken now ahead of the population census to enable statisticians to begin work at once on the compilations of findings which will be very useful to the business men of the United States.

The census this year will be limited to retailers and will be taken on two different schedules of questions. The first will be a short form, which all retailers will be required to fill out, and the second schedule, which calls for the presentation of considerable detail as to the business transacted, will be submitted only to the larger dealers.

Census takers are all sworn to secrecy and any information which the business men divulge to them will not be revealed to anyone but the workers handling the facts. The purpose of the questions asked is not to have certain individuals find out a whole lot about someone else's business, but rather to ascertain a mass of information which will be useful to all business organizations during the next few years.

A great deal of investigation as to the cost of producing a given article has been going on for several years, but now the government is determined to learn how to control the costs of distribution.

Wins Prize—Miss Maxine Snodgrass spent the weekend at Shedd with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Snodgrass. While at Shedd Miss Snodgrass attended a dance near Albany and won a prize for having the best masquerade costume.

FOX McDONALD NOW PLAYING

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