

Trumps in the Game of Love

By A. W. Peach.

NOLAN, keen-eyed and lean-faced, took the chair that Garson offered him. They were sitting in the private office of Garson's suite, but Nolan looked around cautiously and peered through the door, then rose and closed it.

"I've just run on to a tip that may interest you, Grant, and I thought I would pass it along. Scott, that dyed-in-the-wool rival of yours, is just about to blow up. He's got into some bad stock and it's carrying him down; he's tried everywhere for credit, but he can't raise a loan of a dime." Nolan finished smilingly.

Garson looked at him in surprise. "Is that so?" he said thoughtfully.

"Sure, it is so. There's a chance that he may get out even, but it's so poor it's not worth considering. I thought I'd step in and let you know. I imagine it's going to be his finish, and if it is, I guess you won't be bothered by him much longer."

"It looks that way, all right," said Garson. "Thanks for the word, Will," he added, as Nolan, picking up his grip, went out.

When the door closed behind him, Garson leaned back in his desk chair, and his face grew set with thought.

Opportunity had put a scheme into his hands, a scheme by which he might be able to put an end, as Nolan suggested, to Scott's rivalry.

Both men loved Alice Aldridge, and the love and the rivalry had been of long duration. She was a girl worthy of the love of a strong and upright man; her ideals were as high as her life was gentle and pure. She had seemed to favor Scott during the last months, in Garson's view; at least, if Scott were out of the way, there was no other dangerous rival.

"I'll play the game close, and see what can be done. If Scott—" Then the plan cleared. Scott was impulsive, boyish in thought and action. It occurred to Garson that if money were placed in the other's hands at this time of crisis, he would be so tempted to use it that he could not stay himself. And if Scott did use money entrusted to him for investment he was liable to drastic laws whose infringement meant imprisonment.

Grimly Garson thought the matter over and grimly he decided. He would put the plan through—the plan that meant wreckage and ruin for Scott if he was tempted.

For the first move, Garson sent for Scott.

When the slightly younger man appeared, his face, in spite of its outward control, gave sign of worry and anxiety; it was a boyish face, a friendly face, without sign of great will, yet not weak.

Garson explained briefly his purpose in sending for him. "I want to put a few thousands into Dalton stock, and I thought you might be willing to place it for me. The stock, I suppose, is readily convertible into cash, but I shall want to hold it for investment. You may take as long as you like in buying it. Do you care to undertake the commission?"

Scott's face had whitened and reddened, and it was almost pitiful to see the eagerness with which he agreed to carry out Garson's request.

When he had gone, Garson smiled to himself. "He'll be using that money before night to try to save himself. Walked right into the trap!"

The next day Nolan was put on Scott's trail, and he reported in the afternoon.

"He's gone and done it, Garson, and the rumor's out that he used your money. He's been under too close watch to get by, and he was about wild. I guess the tramps are all in your hands. Play 'em!"

"I will that! Nolan, see Stafford and have him start proceedings; tell Scott I would like the stock, having changed my mind, and so forth. You know how; put it through. I'll run

up this eve, and try to clinch the game. All's fair in love and war," Garson finished grimly, nodding farewell to his friend.

About 8 o'clock he motored to the mansion that had been the home of the Aldridges since the early days of the city.

When she came to meet him with both hands extended, her gray, shadowy eyes bright with an unusual welcome, he was thrilled as he had seldom been before. Her cheeks were rosy with some excitement, and her manner was warm and friendly. When they were seated together in one of the quiet rooms of the great house, his impression deepened that something had happened to change her attitude toward him. She was now as he had dreamed she might be some time, and his usually cool-beating heart quickened.

After they had chatted of many things, "the nothings that make up so much of life," she leaned toward him and rested one small hand on the back of the wide lounge.

He jumped at her first words, stiffened at others, and his throat was beyond utterance when she finished.

"Grant, Scott was here late this afternoon. I had heard rumors through a friend in Beecher's office that not only was he on the verge of business failure, but, also, that he had used money that you had given him to invest. He was in such terrible stress of mind that it wasn't all clear what he said, but he did say that he used your money, but that it was a loan from—"

"A loan from—pardon me, go on."

"Yes—and, Grant, I knew you would be modest about it; but really, it was a noble thing to do, and I could almost love you for it!"

He turned to her, his mind tangling its thought, as he looked into her gray, tender eyes. He mastered his feeling.

She went on. "It would not take very much more for me to give myself—wait, please, please! I am not ready—just yet, but it was a deed which showed a kindly heart; and I've always thought you did not have it."

A maid came with a card, but before the tray was offered, Scott, haggard of face, dusty, and quivering, came toward them. He stopped short and swayed.

He was breathing hard, but his widely strung, breathless words carried meaning. He turned to her. "Alice, I—I have come to say I'm—I'm to be arrested—I—"

She went to him with that curious little sound that can be described only by saying it is a mother-sound, and her arms went around his neck. "Hush, Ted, wait—sit down here with me."

He sank down. His curly head was drawn against the white bosom, and he broke into the wrenching sobs that are torn from a man's harrowed soul.

Garson, who had risen, looked on in wonder, then with understanding. Some one had warned Scott, and he had gone to the only one he could come to—the girl he loved, and the girl who, beyond all question, loved him. The boyish spirit was broken; and Garson knew why. Fortune and the love of one true heart are the stakes for which, since time immemorial, men have sinned and suffered. The boy before him could not be blamed.

He stepped over. "Pardon me, may I ask what is wrong?"

Scott lifted wild eyes. "You—you here? Garson, I—I—a warrant is out for me for embezzling funds you—"

Garson laughed. "Well, that is a devil of a note—pardon me, Miss Aldridge—there must be some mistake. I loaned you that money. The strain has been too much for you, Scott, this week; you aren't as tough as the rest of us. Why, I certainly advanced that money as a loan, and I've got more if you want it."

Scott rose unsteadily to his feet and gripped Garson's hands in both

his own. Garson looked into the pain-filled eyes of the younger man, and he saw there understanding of what Garson had said, and gratitude—gratitude that made Garson's heart throb.

Then Garson turned to her. "I will go now. You had better keep Scott with you. He has been under great strain; everything has worked out well; and I'm sure he'll never get into such a box again."

In the shadow of the great door at the side, she touched his arm. "Grant, I do love Ted, as you have seen now; but I honor you from the bottom of my heart for aiding him; and I give you my friendship as a reward."

Her lips, warm and fragrant, touched his, and she was gone.

He stood in the dusk, silent, for

many moments, then entered his car. A half-hour later a much puzzled Nolan was receiving instructions that brought from him an astonished question, "Why?" and his astonishment was not much lessened when Garson answered:

"I've loved and lost, lied and reformed, tonight, and all I have is a memory; and that's why I want everything straightened out for Scott. Waste no time. Good-by."

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AN EDITORIAL

By OSWALD WEST
Governor of Oregon



OSWALD WEST

OREGON should go dry because there does not exist a single reason on earth why it should stay wet.

The war news from Europe strikes us with horror; yet this great war, with all its carnage, past, present and future, will not prove a drop in the bucket compared with the ravages which are being made throughout the land by booze.

We boast we are the greatest nation upon earth, and in our efforts to preserve this position we boast we must strive constantly to raise, or at least maintain, the standard of our citizenship, and to accomplish this end we must unceasingly fight organized greed and graft, stamp out poverty, vice and crime, protect the home and make life more pleasant for those who have been less fortunate than others. It is idle, however, to talk of progress along those lines so long as King Alcohol

occupies the throne.

Who grabs the pay check from the honest workman on Saturday night and makes his wife and little ones go hungry?

Mr. Booze.

Who sows the seeds of poverty and distress everywhere?

Mr. Booze.

Who loads upon us most of our tax burdens?

Mr. Booze.

The Wets protest against our voting the state dry because it will close Paul Wessinger's brewery and be equivalent to the confiscation of his property, but they do not tell you how the brewery was built through the ruination of homes and the confiscation of pay checks. They do not tell you that every brick in the building represents a broken heart and the color of the building is emblematical of the blood which has dripped therefrom.

Whenever I think of the devil I think of booze, and whenever I think of booze I think of the devil, for the devil is booze and booze is hell.

Old Booze is an outlaw who has been long pursued but never subdued. At no time and under no circumstances should he be given quarter, and it is the duty of every good citizen to stand ready to sand-bag him whenever he sticks his head in sight. All Oregon will have a chance to sand-bag him on November 3, and for the Lord's sake let us make a good job of it.

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