

A NICE GIRL COMES TO TOWN

By Mayle Grete

SYNOPSIS: Mary Lou Leslie is beset with worries because her sweetheart, Tony Fisherington, apparently has been lost on an airplane trip around the world. No word has been heard from him for several days. She spends hours of consolation from Brynmor Whitmore, whom she loved before she met Tony. Brynmor is engaged to Clarice Day, bewitching night club dancer. They desire to get married despite objections of Brynmor's father, Freddy Mason, who trails Clarice for suspicious reasons, cars of it. He tells her that she must marry him if she marries anyone. "Brynmor," he tells Brynmor of her "past," Mason tells Clarice she must abandon her plan to marry him.

Chapter 22

"THOSE JOBS"

CLARICE did not seem impressed by Mason's threat to reveal her life history to Brynmor.

"You mean about my living in the slums, dancing in tough joints? Oh, well, there's nothing very bad about that. More credit to me that I pulled myself out of the rat."

Freddy chuckled. "Credit to you? Who gave you the chance to get training to be a good dancer? You know I've never stunted you."

"Well, I've paid you back, haven't I?" she demanded. "How about all those jobs I've helped you pull off?"

"Oh, yes, those jobs. What would Master Brynmor think about them?"

She decided to try another line of argument.

"Come on, Freddy, be a sport," she pleaded. "I've always wanted to go straight, marry into decent society. This is a good chance for me, and I hate to turn it down. Besides, I'm fond of Brynmor. He's a decent kid."

Freddy yawned and stretched his arms.

"I've told you what's what, Clary. You either give up all ideas of this wedding, or I'll spill the beans to the handsome bridegroom. He'll be amused to hear of the little trick we turned together at the Emerald Dragon. It's funny, but didn't it occur on the very night that you became engaged to him? Quite romantic, I'd say."

With that he left her. She heard him chuckling in the hallway as the maid handed him his coat and hat. But she didn't hear the few words he whispered in the girl's ear.

The last vestige of her self-control snapped as she heard the door close behind him. Her whole frame shook with an intense fury. So Freddy thought he could stop the wedding, did he? Well, for once he had overstepped the mark.

She wasn't going to have her whole life ruined just because of him. She'd outwit him—but how? That needed thought.

Was she to confess everything to Brynmor? Trust to his love to prevent him backing out! That solution she set aside as being too risky.

She never had been wholly convinced of Brynmor's love. At times it flared to a point of infatuation. Besides, there were the objections of his father, Colonel Whitmore.

No, the danger was too great. Somehow she must contrive so that Brynmor was left in ignorance—at least until after the ceremony.

"If only Freddy could be kept out of the way for the next few days," she thought. "Then he can say what he likes and go to the devil for all I care!"

There came another idea, but her first reaction was to shy away from it. It was an easy way out—yet it would be a detestable trick. Still, Freddy had threatened to use equally detestable means to stop the wedding. Wouldn't it be excusable if she turned the tables on him?

It was some time before Clarice finally decided to put her idea into action. Even then, with her hand on the telephone receiver, she hesitated.

In the old days Freddy had been a good pal to her. He had given her the chance to make good with her dancing. In a way she was fond of him. Until Brynmor came on the scene she hadn't been altogether averse to the idea of clearing out with him for some other country.

Now all that was changed. Marriage with Brynmor would lead her into a very different life, one which appealed to her as far more agreeable. She always had longed for an entrée into society. And, apart from that, she liked Brynmor himself.

Now that she was so near to attaining her dream, would she let Freddy ruin it? Not if she knew it! A few minutes later she had an inspector of Scotland Yard on the telephone.

"This call is anonymous," she said in a low-pitched voice. "I believe you're working on the recent series of robberies in various night clubs. 'Gentleman Freddy's' your man. He's not abroad, as you think. You'll find him tonight at No. 11 Red Harr Square. But you'd better be quick."

With that she rang off. She was breathing heavily as she put down the receiver. Now that she actually had done it, she experienced a sense of fear. If Freddy ever found out...

A noise in the hallway caught her attention. She sprang to her feet and threw open the door.

The maid was on her knees, polishing the floor. Clarice stared at her in surprise. "What are you doing, Gwen, polishing the floor at this hour of night?"

"The gentleman had such muddy feet. I thought I'd clean it up before I went home, miss," the girl apologized.

Clarice didn't comment, but her suspicions were aroused. Why should there have been muddy footprints in the hall when it hadn't rained that day?

In the light of his approaching marriage, Brynmor had dismissed all worries about Freddy Mason. Instead, his mind was agog with thoughts of the wedding—and the Paris honeymoon with Clarice. He had the special license and tickets to Paris in his pocket.

He glanced at the evening paper as he dashed homeward. The headlines read: "Daredevil Tony Still Missing."

That meant continued grief for Mary Lou. At once Brynmor had the impulse to telephone her and extend his sympathy. Surely it would do no harm, and it might cheer her up.

Mary Lou's voice sounded truly grateful when he did call.

"Oh, yes, we're still hopeful," she replied to his question. "I'll let you know if we hear anything."

Her sincerely embarrassed Brynmor.

"I'm afraid I won't be here for the next few days," he stammered. "You see, I'm being married tomorrow. We're going to Paris for a few days, you know."

He felt tactless in saying it, yet Mary Lou seemed positively enthused. He had to admit that she had been the best kind of a sport about the whole affair.

"She's a topping kid," he pondered as he hung up the receiver.

"Wish I hadn't been so mean to her that first night she came to town. But, after all, that's a thing of the past—"

Immediately his thoughts swung to the future. Tomorrow at this time he and Clarice would be on their way to Paris—and two weeks of excitement.

He dressed rapidly. Clarice didn't know of his plans for a honeymoon, and he was eager to break the news to her.

Brynmor had considered his father's objections to the marriage, but they didn't seem so serious now. What could his father say, once he really was married? Colonel Whitmore always had been reasonable about most things, and Brynmor only hoped he would take a decent attitude when it came to accepting Clarice as a daughter-in-law.

He hailed a cab and urged the driver to make all possible speed toward Clarice's flat. He had walked the distance many times, but tonight it seemed that the cab was inexcusably slow. Congested traffic at several corners made it even worse.

Finally Brynmor stepped out, his face flushed with the excitement of anticipation. He ran up the stairs to Clarice's door. A sound behind caused him to look back.

As he did so he felt the grip of a hand on his arm, and the figure of a man stood beside him in the dimly lighted stairway.

"Hello, Whitmore. Just going up to see Clarice, were you? I think I'll come along, too."

Brynmor recognized the voice immediately, and with a sharp sense of annoyance. Who else except Freddy Mason spoke with such a sneer? What was he doing here tonight, of all times? Thor oughly disgruntled by the fellow's interruption, he turned to face Mason directly.

"What's the big idea, Mason? he demanded in irate tones. "I'm sick of seeing you whenever I come to see Clarice. What's your game in trailing me like this, anyway? I'm taking Clarice out to dinner tonight, and I want no interference from you or anyone else."

It was the first time Brynmor had unloosed his steady growling wrath against Mason, and he was rather surprised at his own outburst. He half expected Mason to retort with blows, but Freddy only grinned.

"Calm yourself, lad," he replied. "I won't be bothering you much longer. If we never see each other again, we're going to see Clarice together this time. Understand?"

Brynmor decided it was best to say nothing, and they mounted the stairs to Clarice's door.

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In Saturday's chapter Brynmor is joined by some news that staggers him.

ARGUMENT FOR POISON TABLET GIVEN TO HOSS

Senator Miller of Grants Pass and Albany Solon Hand in Document for Place On Pamphlet.

SALEM, Ore., July 9.—(AP)—Affirmative argument for the state government consolidation bill, to be voted on by the people in November, was filed with the secretary of state today by Senator Ed W. Miller of Grants Pass and Representative Hector MacPherson of Albany. It will be printed in the voters' pamphlet.

The third member of the interim committee appointed to prepare the argument is Representative Homer D. Ansell of Portland. The committee met in Portland yesterday and prepared the argument. The bill, which was passed by the legislature and referred to the people, proposes a cabinet form of government of nine departments.

"In Oregon," says the argument, "we have 74 different officers, boards and commissions, 17 large state institutions and 15 private institutions receiving state aid—a total of 107 agencies doing our state work. The payroll carries over 6000 names with almost \$650,000 outlay per month in wages and salaries or over \$7,500,000 a year. There is no general supervision, no adequate system of reports and accounts and not even a common fiscal year."

Three fountains of burning lava yesterday invaded the entire northwest section of the vast platform of the crater, falling down 95 feet into the opening. The flames could be seen for many miles.

TINY TRAVELER ON CRATER LAKE TRIP

CRATER LAKE, Ore., July 9.—(Special.) When the large passenger launch plowed its way thru the deep blue waters of Crater Lake on July 5, it carried the tiniest passenger ever permitted to ride on the lake. The passenger was five-months old Earl Harvey Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl D. Williams, of Lakeview, Oregon.

Baby Earl rode down to the lake cradled in his father's arms and was booked as a passenger on the launch making the trip around the lake, visiting Phantom Ship and Wizard Island.

But what made the trip most exciting to him, and he demonstrated with gurgles of delight, was the fact that he was held out over the water and allowed to dabble his tiny feet in the blue waters of the lake.

COUNTY AGENT BETS EDITOR PREVARICATED

SALEM, Ore., July 9.—(AP)—S. H. Van Trump, Marion county fruit inspector, in a letter to Rodney W. Alden, editor of the Woodburn Independent, offers to give \$100 to charity if Alden can prove any one of several things said about Van Trump in a recent article. Among other things the Independent charges that Van Trump delivered a "political rant" with some of his remarks based on articles he read in the Independent.

Bar Quiz On

SALEM, Ore., July 9.—(AP)—The annual state bar examinations, conducted by the board of bar examiners, opened here Tuesday in the hall of representatives. Applicants number about 110.

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POISON TABLET TAKEN BY BRIDE THROUGH ERROR

BUDAPEST, Hungary, July 9.—(AP)—Dorothy De Konkoly-Thege, 23-year old New York bride who died in a hospital here yesterday of poisoning, was the victim of a fatal mistake in taking wrong medicine, police investigations have revealed.

Mrs. De Konkoly-Thege had spent Saturday evening in the lobby of her hotel with her husband and a party of friends and she chatted cheerfully about the following day's program. She then left the party and went upstairs to her room where she opened a small medicine chest brought with her from New York.

The tablets which she swallowed by mistake took effect instantly but left her sufficient strength to telephone to the porter and ask him to summon her husband.

The patient recovered sufficiently to tell those present about the mistake.

VESUVIUS FLAME LIGHTS COUNTRY

NAPLES, Italy, July 9.—(AP)—Mount Vesuvius, perennial scourge of the Neapolitan countryside, was in active and violent eruption today, but observatory officials did not believe neighboring fertile slopes were endangered.

Three fountains of burning lava yesterday invaded the entire northwest section of the vast platform of the crater, falling down 95 feet into the opening. The flames could be seen for many miles.

Alessandro Malladra, observatory director, said that the eruptive activity would continue for several weeks.

ARMY WORMS INJURE EDEN PCT. GARDENS

EDEN PRECINCT, Ore., July 9.—(Special.) Talent gardeners have been invaded by great numbers of army worms, which strip everything in their path. They have done great damage to the S. S. Stevens, Hartley and Fish and have wrecked the Wm. Schuler commercial garden on the east side of Bear creek from Phoenix.

They are in lesser numbers in the Hopkins and Chandler places. The worms seem to dislike water and small irrigation ditches turn them in the opposite direction.

DR. M'AFEE SECRETARY PRESBYTERIAN BOARD

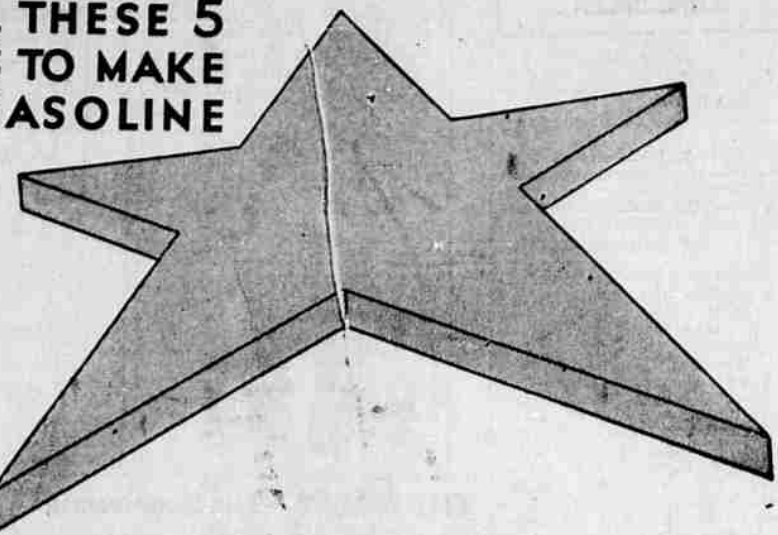
NEW YORK, July 9.—(AP)—Dr. Cleland R. McAfee, professor of systematic theology at the Presbyterian seminary in Chicago has accepted the secretaryship of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions.

He will assume his duties about September 1, succeeding Dr. Arthur J. Brown, who is retiring from the post.

Amaranth to Meet

SALEM, Ore., July 9.—(AP) Courts of the Order of the Amaranth will meet here from several Oregon cities, July 12, for an annual picnic. Court members will be here from Portland, Eugene and other cities.

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