

A NICE GIRL COMES TO TOWN

By Maytie Greife

SYNOPSIS: Brynmor still admires Mary Lou, even though he despised her as "too nice" a girl when he fell in love with her. Mary Lou then became engaged to Tony Titherington, an aviator. At the moment Tony is enroute on a flight around the world, and Mary Lou is quite nervous because there is fear that she has been lost. On the eve of their proposed marriage, Clarice confesses to Brynmor that she has helped Freddy Mason to rob night clubs. Brynmor has suspected a plot of sinister activities, but the revelation of Clarice's attitude toward him, she tells him to leave and never to return, and Brynmor departs in a rage. With his romance shattered, he loses all control of himself.

Chapter 24

CONDOLENCES

It was the fifth day after the abrupt termination of his affair with Clarice. Slowly but painfully Brynmor had dragged himself from a shroud of despair.

In his mind he had reconstructed the whole scene that had occurred in Clarice's flat, and there no longer was any suggestion that it was he who had let Clarice down. No, on the contrary, she had sent him ruthlessly from her, and he was rather glad it had turned out that way.

Undoubtedly she had preferred that chap Mason. Yet Brynmor felt that, on the whole, he had behaved quite creditably about the whole affair. He never would fall in love again, of course. The experience with Clarice had been a sufficient lesson.

It occurred to him that morning that it would be pleasant to see Mary Lou again. He decided to take her to tea at the Claxon. They could talk quietly there, and it would do him good to unburden himself to someone who understood him.

Over the telephone he hinted to her that some tragedy was overshadowing his life. If she would take tea with him at the Claxon, he'd be deeply grateful.

Mary Lou, distinctly surprised, agreed to come. As an afterthought, Brynmor inquired if she had had any news of Titherington. No, there was no news, she said, discouragingly, and hung up the receiver.

Brynmor was sunk in a deep, comfortable lounge in the Claxon's lobby shortly after five o'clock. He felt years older than he had a week before. He was sure that Mary Lou, because of her worry about Tony's disappearance, also would be in a serious mood. He hoped so, and he had counted on it.

From the doorway Mary Lou sighted Brynmor. Her red coat and red hat were in colorful contrast to the sobriety of the hotel atmosphere.

To Brynmor's surprise she waved excitedly, and rushed up to him breathlessly.

"Isn't it marvelous!" she began. "I don't know what to do. I feel like turning a somersault right here!"

Brynmor looked at her in speechless reproach. Hadn't he made it clear over the telephone that he had something serious to tell her? Yet here she was, exuberant and gushing with enthusiasm.

"Has anything happened, Mary Lou?" Brynmor asked calmly, hoping to restrain her.

"Has anything happened?" she echoed. "Haven't you read the evening papers? Tony is safe!"

"Oh, I'm glad of that," Brynmor tried to force enthusiasm. And of course he was glad, he tried to assure himself. He wished that the good news had come later—after he had had a chance to tell his story first. Her vivacity had upset him.

"And the best part of it is," Mary Lou continued, "that Tony and Mac-Tavish are home the worse for their forced landing. It seems that something happened to Gay Girl's propeller. They landed to its fit, but couldn't. And then something went wrong with their wireless. That put them in a devil of a mess.

"There was nothing to do then, of course, but sit down patiently and wait to be rescued. Tony assures me, in his cable, that they lived on prickly pears and liked them! Anyway, they're safe in Brisbane now, and Gay Girl's being mended. In a few days they're going to continue the flight."

Brynmor decided that further comment was expected from him. "That's fine. You say you've had a cable already?"

Mary Lou nodded. "It arrived just before I felt the shop."

"And what did he say?" Brynmor, although he had no great desire to know.

"Oh, not much, except a lot about mechanical details and their future plans."

"I'm sure that's not all," Brynmor remarked slyly.

"Not quite," Mary Lou admitted. She continued eating and smiled to herself.

Brynmor still was annoyed by the thought that Mary Lou hadn't seemed to remember that he also had something to tell her. It was

rather thoughtless of Titherington, he reflected, to get himself rescued on this particular day.

In the end, however, it was Mary Lou herself who broached the subject.

"Please forgive me, Brynmor, for being so utterly absorbed in my own affairs. I've been almost hysterical about Tony lately—I couldn't think of anything else. What did you tell me the other day about your marriage? I was so obsessed in my worry over Tony that I didn't even catch the drift of what you said. Haven't you something exciting to tell me?"

"Scarcely exciting," Brynmor corrected, with a wry smile. He was nonplussed that she had paid no attention to his announcement of only a few nights ago.

"What is it? Please tell me."

"I'm not going to be married, that's all."

Mary Lou at once became duly concerned.

"What a shame! Should I be sorry?"

"Well, I don't know," Brynmor reflected. This is in strict confidence, but I'll tell you. It appears that Clarice was in calicoes with a chap known to the police as 'Gentleman Freddy'."

"But that's exciting, isn't it?" Mary Lou interrupted. "Wouldn't it be fun if you had married her and had a real live crook in the family? They're frightfully fashionable just now, you know."

Her happiness was irrepressible, but Brynmor looked pained.

"It's no laughing matter for me, I assure you." He felt that she was turning his tragedy into a joke.

"You see, I happened to be rather fond of Clarice."

"Then why didn't you marry her?" she demanded. "You could have reformed her. I thought all men loved to reform their wives."

The expression on his face caused her to pause.

"Forgive me, Brynmor." Her voice softened. "I know it's horribly impolite of me to behave like this. I really am sorry. It must have been a terrible shock."

"It was," he admitted.

Mary Lou leaned across the table and gave him a quick tight squeeze.

"Buck up, old dear. Try to laugh about it. I've had to try that lately, and I know that it helps to tide over the rough spots."

Her optimism rather stabilized Brynmor's shaken feelings. He looked across at Mary Lou and discovered, suddenly, that she really was most satisfying. He liked the way she was wearing her hair.

"You've changed considerably since last summer, Mary Lou," he remarked.

"Have I?" she smiled. "I've been educated, you know."

"And no, by books?"

She shook her head pensively. "Oh, no, book learning doesn't mean much to a girl. It's other things that count—things a mother can't teach you—things you must learn for yourself. Don't you think I've improved?"

"I liked you last summer," Brynmor mused, evading her question. "You were so unspooled and naive then."

"Yet that didn't mean a thing to you," she countered, "once you met Clarice, who wasn't so naive." Brynmor flushed. "I suppose I was a fool."

"It's because all men are fools. In a way, that we girls must get educated," she smiled condescendingly. "A girl must have a dash of sophistication these days."

"Yet I often wish the summer were back," Brynmor admitted.

"Don't you, Mary Lou?"

For a moment she hesitated. To have last summer back . . . never to have known Tony . . . what a lot of heartaches she would have saved . . . and there were more coming when she must give him up . . . and pretend she didn't care.

Did she wish that summer was back? Might as well wish she'd never been born. To her, by this time, Tony was life itself. He was all that mattered. No, it was better to have lived in hell than never to have lived.

"Of course I don't wish that," she told Brynmor. "How could I? Don't you understand?"

"Titherington's a lucky chap," was his only comment.

As she prepared to leave him, Brynmor was outspoken in his gratitude for her company.

"Couldn't we meet again soon?" he suggested.

"The practical streak in Mary Lou sprang to her lips before she considered her words."

"Why not?"

It might be wise to hang onto Brynmor, she mused later, as she rode homeward. He might come in handy—after she and Tony had abandoned that aggravating game of make-believe.

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Mary Lou's next decision only brings her added unhappiness—in Tony's row's chapter.

Spears' Son Falls From Window But Lands Uninjured

EUGENE, Ore., July 11.—(AP)—A taste of what is to come if he follows his dad's footsteps was given Bobby Spears, 10-month-old son of Dr. Clarence W. Spears, University of Oregon football coach and former Minnesota venter.

A screen was loose on the second floor of the Spears' home and Bobby tumbled to the sidewalk below. He was uninjured.

KANSAS FARMERS WORKING AT NIGHT

KANSAS CITY, July 11.—(AP)—"Make hay while the sun shines," is a proverb strictly applicable to hay, in the opinion of western Kansas wheat harvesters. Unable to work in the blazing sun, combine crews last night began to harvest the grain by moonlight.

The heat which kept them out of the fields by day yesterday caused the death of Ole Olson, 45, farm hand, who died in the field in which he was planting corn.

PAPER ROUTE EXERCISE MADE ROCKNE ATHLETE

CHICAGO —(AP)— Knute Rockne used to deliver papers on the north side of Chicago as a lad, and he had to run a mile before he reached the first customer's house.

That early conditioning, Rockne declares, helped him later in his sports career, and helped to interest him in athletics.

Major John L. Griffith, Big Ten athletic commissioner, is another who says he became interested in track athletics delivering papers as a boy in Beloit, Wis. He used to run the full length of his route.

OCEAN HOPPER FORCED TO ABANDON AIRPLANE

DAKAR, Senegal, July 11.—(AP)—Jean Mermoz, French air-mail flier and his two companions, who were forced to descend on this sea yesterday while en route from Brazil to Africa, were rescued here today aboard the dispatch boat Phocée, which rescued them.

As the sea was rather rough it was out of the question to tow the seaplane. All detachable things were removed and the plane set adrift about 400 miles southwest of Dakar.

NORBLAD URGES SPEED IN NAMING LIBRARIAN

SALEM, Ore., July 11.—(AP)—Governor Norblad today wrote W. Lair Thompson of Portland, chairman of a committee of the state library board, appointed to receive applications and report on candidates for the position of state librarian, asking him to expedite the report and suggest a time for the board to meet and make the selection. A librarian is to be selected to succeed the late Virginia Cleaver Bacon.

FARMER TELLS HOW HE GOT RID OF PILES

Suffered 20 Years and Tried Everything. Couldn't Work

SIMPLE HOME REMEDY WORKED LIKE MAGIC

"I suffered with piles for twenty years and could not get relief until I read in the paper about these Colac Pile Pills you take internally. They are marvelous," enthusiastically declared W. D. Fox, a well known farmer of Mt. Jackson, Virginia.

"My stomach felt miserable and the piles would come down so bad they felt big as my fist and hurt so bad I could not sit down or walk, but thanks to Colac Pile Pills, I'm free at last of that awful trouble. I couldn't believe that pills you swallowed at meal time would help piles in such a short time but after the first two doses I could see I was getting better. I'll gladly tell anybody what they did for me if they write and you can use my name all you want to," continued this man. Thousands of others say the same. No one should suffer another day or bother with nasty salves or suppositories. Doctors endorse this new internal way. Harmless and quick. If reader desires to try Colac Pile Pills, buy a bottle of local druggist, or send 75c to Colac Chemical Co., Brentwood, Md., for regular bottle, full directions, postage paid, by return mail. Results guaranteed or money back by this nationally known concern.

County Health Department Activities and News

By Dr. B. C. Wilson, Health Officer

All About Milk.

(Continued.)

Milk offers us a supply of mineral salts, such as iron, lime and phosphorus, without which the best planned diet would be a failure. Lime is one of these salts, and the following illustrations show how much lime there is in milk as compared with carrots, eggs or bread. Lime helps to build the bones and make them strong.

Adults need it because the bones wear away, little by little, and nature must have materials to make the necessary repairs. Pregnant women, especially, need it. If lime is not supplied in the food, the body may rob one part, say the teeth, or enough lime to satisfy the needs of another part.

Children, of course, while their bones and teeth are growing, need lime even more than grown-ups need it. Milk contains a great deal of lime, in fact it is the best source of this important building stone in our diet.

Phosphates are another important mineral item, and milk contains plenty of them. They, too, have a part in the growth of the bones; and they do their best when they have the help of sunlight. Children who are deprived of sunlight, even though supplied with phosphates, are apt to develop rickets.

An important merit of milk is its readiness for use. There are

many foods that can be put on the table with little or no preparation, each of them useful for one purpose. But milk is the only all-purpose food that comes to us ready for use and requires no preparation.

Milk can be purchased in various forms and in varying grades of purity and richness. The better grades require greater care in production and handling, and for that reason their price is somewhat higher. Unless the milk is graded, however, you cannot be sure of its quality. Some think that the proportion of cream in the milk tells the whole story, but it does not.

Milk may be rich in cream, yet poor as to cleanliness. If your milk is graded, ask the health officer to examine a sample and tell you whether the grade is up to standard. Certified milk is the freshest, cleanest and best raw milk that it is possible to produce. It is of uniform composition, obtained by clean methods, from healthy cows, under special sanitary care. The cows are tested for tuberculosis, and examined from time to time by a veterinary surgeon. They are curried, groomed, and kept as clean as race horses. The construction, lighting and ventilation of the cow barns are extra good, and the water supply is extra safe. A physician looks after the health of the milkers. Men are in at-

LOGGERS LOSE LIVES AS FELLOWS LOOK ON

MANIWAKI, Que., July 11.—(AP)—Four of six river drivers sent out to the middle of the Malines river to break up a log jam, were drowned Tuesday when their boat overturned.

Two hundred lumbermen watched

ing from the banks were unable to help them. Two of the six Corvallis.—Miniature golf course established on G. B. Coon property at corner of Third and Jackson streets.

NEW TONIC STOPS HAIR FROM TURNING GRAY OR FALLING OUT

Improves Condition of Scalp, Brings Gray Hair Back To Youthful Color

ANYONE MAY USE IT AT HOME, COSTS LITTLE

"My hair seemed dead and continued to fall out and turn gray in spite of various preparations I used, until one happy day I learned about this wonderful Le's Hair Tonic," declared Mrs. W. S. McBride of Romulus, Mich.

After using Le's Hair Tonic a short time my hair stopped falling out and gradually as if by magic—so gradual friends never noticed the change—why all those gray dead looking hairs were back to their natural color and my hair and scalp were in perfect condition. Now just an occasional application to the scalp with the finger tips, keeps my hair splendid. Another thing I like is that it doesn't stain the scalp, the lining of your hats or the bed pillow like the other stuff I formerly used. Le's certainly is wonderful and women who want to look younger and better should try it." continued this enthusiastic lady.

Many people not gray at all, use Le's for dandruff or itchy scalp but of course the most amazing results come to gray haired folks. You can see such a vast improvement, yet not even an expert notices one is using it. Beauty specialists charge fancy sums in larger cities for applying Le's, but anyone may apply it at home just as well. Le's sort of puts nature back on the job and of course the massaging of the tonic into the scalp with the finger tips brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the hair roots in a harmless, healthy, beneficial way. Many report their hair growing out thicker, even colored and beautiful. Certainly Le's enhances a person's appearance wonderfully. If reader desires to test Le's on a small spot of gray or dandruff, or give it the fair trial it deserves, the druggists have it, or send dollar bill check or stamps to Le's Tonic Co., Brentwood Md. If desired just write for it—pay postman when it comes (twelve cents extra). This nationally known concern guarantees results will please and delight user after six weeks use or money back from them or your druggist without argument or question.

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You Know the Reason!

THE DALLES LUMBER PLANT IS DESTROYED

THE DALLES, Ore., July 11.—(AP)—The plant of the Mill Creek Lumber company, operated 11 miles south of here by O. A. Wallmark, was destroyed by fire last night. Officials estimated the loss to be about \$15,000.

EVANS VALLEY RANCHER SLAYS GIANT RATTLER

EVANS VALENEY, Ore., July 11.—(Special)—Mr. Strode recently killed a very large timber rattler near his house which was four feet long and had nine rattles and a button.

Seaside.—Smith's restaurant, Robb's doughnut kitchen, Walker's Home bakery, Tagg's garage and Dunning Art and Curio shop installed Neon signs.