

# A NICE GIRL COMES TO TOWN

By Mavis Greig

**SYNOPSIS:** After she ends her temporary engagement with Tony, Mary Lou rebukes herself for having done it. She really loved him, but she hated to continue a make-believe game. Brynmor, her secret heart of former days, calls and asks her to go out with him. She accepts without enthusiasm. He is elated to learn that Mary Lou's engagement with Tony is ended, for he likes her himself. She is working in the gown shop of Jay Jerome, her cousin. Gwendolyn Carruthers comes in to buy a dress, announcing that she is going out with Tony that night. She decides on a green frock, and Mary Lou purposely substitutes a hideous pink dress for it when she gives the package to the delivery boy. She tells him not to deliver it until after the wedding for Gwendolyn to exchange it.

## CHAPTER 27

### ABOUT FE

MARY LOU was miserably uncomfortable that night at the Savoy. Brynmor had been thoughtful about plans for the evening, but Mary Lou tried in vain to be grateful.

Until now the Savoy had belonged exclusively to herself and Tony. It was there that they had brought Jay and Jerry to celebrate their engagement.

Brynmor raised his voice after they had finished dinner. Mary Lou had no idea how long he had been talking.

"You certainly surprised me when you told me about you and Titherington."

"Did I?" She managed to divert her mind, momentarily, from her private trend of thought.

"I suppose you found you didn't like him so well after he came back."

"Something like that. Why wouldn't he stop talking about that? She was ready to scream.

"I know, because I realize now that the way it was between Clarence and me—just infatuation. And it was fairly convinced from the beginning that you didn't love Titherington. Yet I'll admit he is attractive in some ways."

"Generous of you," Mary Lou laughed.

"Look here, do be serious Mary Lou." Brynmor obviously was frustrated.

"I'm all attention."

"I knew it wasn't a genuine affair," he resumed. "Not the sort of romance we had in the summer."

"No," Mary Lou admitted. "It wasn't like that."

Brynmor swallowed.

"I'm glad you feel the same way about it as I do, Mary Lou." He hesitated. "—Because we've been seeing quite a lot of each other lately, and I was wondering—please don't think me conceited—whether that had anything to do with your breaking the engagement with him?"

Mary Lou didn't reply. The supposition was too preposterous. Brynmor misconstrued her silence.

"Don't answer, if you don't want to, dear." His voice had dropped to the husky note that had thrilled her last summer.

"But I want you to know that I love you, Mary Lou. Underneath everything, it's been you all along. Clarence was only an interlude. I suppose all men have them at some time or other. What I feel for you is deeper, more lasting. . . . Mary Lou, do you—do you feel like marrying me, dear?"

She blinked at him. Marry Brynmor? Was he mad? She had an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh in his face. Yet, when the first shock had passed, she began to wonder.

What cynic had said that the best way to recover from one love affair was to throw yourself, heart and soul, into the next? But this one was stale, stale since last summer. Yet, with a lot of imagination, couldn't she recapture some of the thrill? Wasn't any experiment worth trying to help drive Tony from her mind?

"You needn't answer at once, darling," Brynmor urged. "Take your time and think it over. I'm afraid it has been—rather a shock."

"Yes, rather," she admitted. "Let's dance, Brynmor."

The after-theater crowd already had arrived, but a few latecomers were struggling through the door.

"Two more hours," Mary Lou thought desperately. "I can't very well go before. Brynmor will think me ungrateful."

The dance ended, and they drifted back to their table. Already Brynmor's grip on her arm was slightly possessive.

"I'd love to startle him by telling him what I really think of him," Mary Lou thought spitefully. "Yet in the end I suppose I'll take him. Women usually do the sensible thing—and spend the rest of their lives regretting it. I'll marry Brynmor, settle down and have a dozen little Brynmors. How I shall hate it!"

Just then she glanced across to the stairs that led down to the dance floor. Immediately she knew why she never could become resigned to marrying Brynmor. For there, leaning indolently against the rail, surveying the crowd with a

bored, cynical smile, was Tony—Incredible Tony.

Her eyes suddenly became bright and eager; then they became grey with a suggestion of panic.

Apparently Tony was waiting for someone—Gwendolyn Carruthers, of course. Mary Lou thought of the pink dress—but perhaps Gwendolyn hadn't worn it. She imagined Gwendolyn's face raised to Tony's, her red head fitted into the curve of Tony's shoulder, where her head belonged. . . . She drew a sharp breath.

"Brynmor, I've been thinking it over. . . . The wedding is on."

She was only dimly aware that Brynmor was leaning toward her, his face eager and flushed. She was only faintly conscious that his hands were gripping hers.

"That's marvelous, darling. . . . so marvelous I don't know what to say. . . ."

Her eyes still were fixed on Tony. Gwendolyn hadn't appeared. Well, let her come—now. Mary Lou's lips curved in determination. She was prepared.

She watched Tony descend the stairs slowly. He looked around for an empty table.

The head waiter was about to direct him to a table, when Tony spotted Mary Lou. He came toward them, grinning, exclaiming "Jove, Mary Lou, this is great."

Brynmor muttered something under his breath. Mary Lou smiled.

"May I join you?" queried Tony. I hate to eat alone. Oh, hello, Whitlamore, hope I'm not intruding—"

Brynmor's expression said that Tony was very much the intruder. But Tony ignored him and waved to a waiter.

"I was interested in that fight of yours," Brynmor remarked, feeling that he must make some show of cordiality.

"That's ancient history now," Tony smiled. "The past never counts."

Mary Lou felt something cold settle in the place where her heart should have been. Didn't the past count with Tony at all?

"I thought you were taking Gwendolyn out tonight." She couldn't resist mentioning it.

"Gwendolyn? So I did. But she went home after the show. She seemed rather fussed about some frock not having arrived."

Mary Lou smiled.

"You mean you didn't invite her here?"

"That's it, if you must know," Tony chuckled. "Wise kid."

From the moment Tony had joined them, Brynmor was struggling against an uncomfortable conviction that Mary Lou had been slipping out of his grasp. In an effort to recapture her attention, he suggested that they dance. She sprang up with readiness.

Tony sat alone, wondering how Gwendolyn had managed to bore him so utterly as she had bored him tonight. Before the fight, he had regarded her as an entertaining youngster.

He began to feel that Mary Lou had treated him rather badly. Why couldn't they have continued to gether, the same as they had before he went away? Surely he was as amusing as this fellow Whittamore. His ill humor grew as he watched her dancing with Brynmor.

When they returned to the table, Brynmor leaned across to Tony, trying to keep triumphant silence from his voice.

"I say, Titherington, I'd like you to know, Mary Lou and I are engaged."

Mary Lou turned pale. She had opened her mouth to protest, then decided against it. What was the use? He had to know sometime.

"Whew!" Tony exclaimed. He started to laugh.

"What's the joke, Titherington? Brynmor inquired abruptly.

"The whole situation," Tony smiled. "Mary Lou's sitting between the dead corpse of one romance and the living body of another."

"I'm glad you can take it like that."

"How else should I take it, old chap?" Tony asked airily. "Congratulations and all that sort of thing."

Clearly it depended on someone to straighten out the situation. The hand did its best—or worst—by bursting forth suddenly into a tune that had been popular the winter before. They were singing it too:

"Let's pretend that I love you, then all the world will know we are true. We can have our fun, cupid on the run. No heartbreaks when you have proved that you're untrue. . . ."

Tony sprang to his feet, a resolute line in his mouth.

"Dance this, Mary Lou," he commanded, just as he had commanded at Jay's party the night before the fight.

And inevitably, when Tony commanded, Mary Lou obeyed.

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Does Tony love Mary Lou, after all? Tomorrow he is invited into realizing that he does.

## RURAL AND SUBURBAN NEWS

### WILLIAMS CREEK

WILLIAMS CREEK, Ore., July 15. (Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Glen Loucher of Provolet, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Day and Mrs. Mary Robinson of Grants Pass joined with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Blodgett and family the Fourth on Williams creek.

Mrs. Bert Holzhauser spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. C. W. Roberts.

Verdina Kennedy of San Francisco is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Doc Mansfield and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Doll Lemmon and son, Horso, and Harry Newman spent the Fourth and Saturday in Ashland.

Tom Herritt who was operated on recently in a Portland hospital for cancer of the stomach is reported to be doing nicely. He is well known here.

Fremont Jordan of Thompson creek left last week for Oakland, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kincaid and Herbert Fisher of Klamath Falls visited Mrs. Kincaid's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coughle Saturday.

Mary Kathryn Dahle is spending two or three weeks in Medford.

Mrs. A. L. Blodgett, daughter, Eunice and Mrs. Axel Blodgett, called on Grandma John and Mrs. Stella Stratton Saturday.

Farmers have finished putting in their first crop of hay and some are beginning the second cutting. The yield in both meadow and grain hay is splendid in our little valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Lois Loesch, Laurence York and Romie Holzhauser spent several days at the Bigelow cabin on Grayback, also Ben Lettchen, Joe and Robert Pennington and Tom Lazen, who camped at the Glades on Grayback.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lloyd and son, Billy, of Berkeley, Cal., spent the Fourth with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Smith of Applegate, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Heetebry and Mrs. Temby were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Huntley Sunday.

Mary Kathryn Dahle and Dwight Claudson of Grants Pass spent Sunday with Grandma John and Mrs. Stratton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Roberts were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Lettchen Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Stines and daughter, Mrs. Harry Smith and her two daughters of Portland are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ira Sparlin on Williams creek. Mrs. Stines was a resident of Williams several years ago.

Tuesday visitors at the home of Grandma John and Mrs. Stratton included Mrs. Nipper of Grants Pass and two daughters of Oakland, Cal., Mrs. H. D. Norton, Miss Mattie Burrell, H. Norton, Louis and Billy Lister of Grants Pass.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Kincaid and daughter Margaret of Applegate visited Sunday at the Charles Coughle home.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Watkins and daughter, Evelyn Jean of Medford and Mrs. George McClain of Phoenix called at the C. W. Roberts home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Walling and Warren Walling of Los Angeles visited Ed Walling and family of Provolet several days this week. It is the first time Warren and Ed had met for 25 years.

Austin Coughle, who is employed at Willerville spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coughle.

Mr. and Mrs. Kaidel, Mr. and Mrs. Banks Newcomb, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Smith, Louis Carson, Mrs. Alice Hamlet, Mrs. Stella Stratton and Mr. and Mrs. Casper Kubli picniced on the Applegate Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Bryan called on Mrs. C. W. Roberts Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Elizabeth Pickard and daughter, Ruth of Seattle, and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Champlin of Tacoma visited at the Kradel and Newcomb home near Williams.

Lorraine Kincaid, who has been visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coughle, returned home with her parents Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Elder are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby girl named Wanda Elder.

Blanche House is staying with Mrs. Frank Wood.

A group of young people enjoyed a swimming party Sunday afternoon at the Blodgett reservoir.

Mrs. Otto Davis passed away Wednesday night at the Grants Pass hospital. She was in charge of the Provolet telephone service for several months. The body was taken to Oklahoma for interment.

Kathleen Lemmon burned her foot Wednesday when she stepped into some hot ashes that had been caked from the furnace of the sawmill.

Miss Alberta Binlow of Grants Pass is visiting on Williams creek.

Charles Lemmon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lemmon is visiting his uncle, Doll Lemmon near Williams.

Mrs. Emma Provolet, who is ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Emery Stone, is not improved.

Approximately 4000 more acres of lettuce will be harvested in July and August than last year in California. The total acreage is 12,000.

### CRATER LAKE

CRATER LAKE, Ore., July 15. (Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Earl Biglow and son Earl, Jr., and friends, motored to Crater Lake Sunday morning and returned to Medford in the afternoon. Mrs. Biglow visited with friends at the lodge.

Mrs. Henry Pace and daughter, accompanied by friends from Medford, were visitors at the rim on Sunday.

Miss Betty James of Medford was a visitor at Crater Lake this weekend.

A small electric storm hit the rim Saturday afternoon and although it did do some damage in the forest, it brought with it a refreshing downpour of rain that settled the dust on the trail and road around the rim, much to the relief of the many visitors at Crater Lake.

L. B. England of Portland was a visitor at Crater Lake this weekend, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. J. Dannels. Mrs. Dannels is 70 years old, but that did not keep her from hiking down to the lake and taking the launch trip on the water.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelly of Cloquet, Minn., are spending several days at Crater Lake. Mr. Kelly is attending to business matters in Medford at the same time.

P. D. Coy of the Eads Transfer company, spent Saturday evening at the lodge.

The total number of guests at the lodge this weekend from California alone totaled 115. There were 12 from New York state and 114 from Washington. More distant states represented were Illinois, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Connecticut and Massachusetts.

W. M. Clemensen and R. E. Rowley of Medford spent the weekend at Crater Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kuntz of Bronxville, New York, spent the weekend at Crater Lake. They are making an extensive tour of the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Manegold of Tsingtao, China, were visitors from the greatest distance at Crater Lake this weekend. Mr. Manegold is in the employ of the government.

Visitors from Medford at Crater Lake on Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Richmond, Mrs. Clyde Hazelrigg, and Miss Eleanor McQuiston. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond visited with their daughter, Wilda, who has charge of the picture splinter at the lodge.

Jack O' Bryan of Hollywood, representative of RKO, was a visitor at Crater Lake over the weekend. Mr. O' Bryan is well known in Medford. He was accompanied with H. Wm. Wolf of San Francisco.

ELSIE JANIS MOTHER VICTIM OF PNEUMONIA

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., July 15.—(AP)—Mrs. Janis E. Bierbower, 60, mother of Elsie Janis, actress, died from pneumonia, terminating the actress's most noted mother-and-daughter companionship.

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Mike Martin is a genius. He can take men claimed to be too old, stiff or rheumatic to play baseball at all and make them as frisky, vigorous, sup-

ple and quick as a boy. Mike Martin knows his business—ask Herb Pennock, Ty Cobb, Geo. Sisler, Lea Meadows, Ray Kremer, Walter Johnson, Alexander, Chief Bender, Nick Altrock, or any of the big stars of today, or the past few years. They know. Ask the trainer of any of the Big League Ball Clubs.

HE CAN HELP YOU

Mike Martin has had a little folder printed, telling how he quickly banishes stiff, swollen joints, achy, lame backs or feet, various rheumatic pains, etc. He has arranged with leading druggists here in town to sell you generous sized bottles of the liniment these great "Stars" use. He has made it a long time for his own use. Athletes on other teams kept Mike busy making his "Mike Martin Liniment." Trainers, coaches, colleges, big league teams all over the country buy it by the gallon from Mike. Now, Mike Martin, swamped with demands for this

liniment and directions how to use it, has employed a big sales company to distribute it and they are supplying all the druggists—Mike still supervises the making of it—during odd times between acting as trainer of the American League Washington Ball Club.

### ASK THE DRUGGIST

If your druggist hasn't secured a few bottles of Mike Martin's Liniment, ask him to get it. There is no other liniment like it. It works like crossed lightning even in cases of chronic lameness, swellings, stiffness or pains, yet is so mild it can be used on a baby's skin. Mike Martin's Liniment is unquestionably the most effective, quick, sure, up-to-date remedy made. Big league players couldn't afford to foot with weaker, slower remedies. No one else should.

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## BLAZE DESTROYS TABLE ROCK BARN

TABLE ROCK, Ore., July 15.—(Sp.)—Fire of undetermined origin destroyed the large barn and contents on the Ralph Wilson ranch Friday evening.

The barn was about half full of hay which had been stored there about a month ago and was believed to be in a well cured condition at the time.

Barn and hay were partially covered by insurance, the hay being insured in the Grange Fire Relief association, this being the first fire to occur among insured members of the Sams Valley Grange.

An international touring and transportation exhibition is to be held in Warsaw, Poland, July 6 to August 10.

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