

A NICE GIRL COMES TO TOWN

By Mayzie Grete

SYNOPSIS: When wedding guests begin to arrive, Mary Lou's unhappiness increases because she knows her love for Brynmor is slight. It is Tony, her former fiance, in a make-believe engagement, who continues to hold her attention. However, she resigns herself to marrying Brynmor, and goes to London to do some last-minute shopping. There she accidentally meets Tony, and he takes her for a ride the day before her wedding. He tells her that he won't attend the wedding, but that he will fly over the church in his plane just before the ceremony—and write a message of good luck for her in the sky. Tony secretly revels in the fact that he is not to be the groom.

Chapter 21 TRYING TO FORGET

It was a melancholy Tony who dragged himself into his flat after the ride with Mary Lou.

"What a jam that was!" he exclaimed to himself. He was forced to admit, however, that he was glad to have seen Mary Lou again.

The thought of her wedding only added more coals to his fire of discontent. It had astonished Tony to discover that his affection for Mary Lou actually had reached a point where he no longer could deny it.

He tried to forget Mary Lou, her wedding and everything in connection with it—but the matter had become an obsession.

Finally, in desperation, Tony decided that he would attend Brynmor's farewell bachelor dinner. In certain moods men like to torture themselves.

Brynmor, he knew, had issued the invitation to him for one reason, and one reason only—to gloat over his defeated rival.

"Well, let him gloat," Tony muttered. "I deserve to be gloated over—fool that I am."

He dressed hastily.

"I may be a jackass for going to this dinner," Tony thought as he drove to the club, "but what do I care?"

Brynmor greeted him with half-hearted cordiality.

"It was nice of you to come, Titherington."

Tony grinned.

"Yes, I thought it rather sporting myself."

Brynmor tried to conceal his embarrassment by turning to another guest. Tony drifted over to the cocktail bar.

"Side car," he ordered, and felt better after drinking it. He had another and felt better still.

At dinner Tony found himself seated between two men he didn't know, and didn't wish to know. Still, they were willing to drink with him, and Brynmor hadn't stinted his guests in the matter of wine. There were nearly a dozen varieties of it, and Tony sampled them all.

Speeches went with the champagne. Pomposity, the man on Brynmor's right arose to propose a toast to the health of the bridegroom.

He made a lengthy speech, full of the usual remarks—the boys would miss their gay, carefree bachelor brother; matrimonial shackles were closing in on him; they supposed he would go the suburban way and be an empire builder.

There were laughs at this point, and sly knowing glances in Brynmor's direction.

Tony's fingers suddenly snapped the stem of the glass he was holding. His cheerful, philosophic mood passed, in the flash of an eye, to one of cold fury.

"Famous idiot," he muttered under his breath. "If he thinks I'm going to listen to this twaddle..."

Before the crowd's laughter had subsided, Tony sprang to his feet and drowned the speaker's voice by shouting hoarsely:

"For he's a jolly good fellow—
For he's a jolly good fellow—"

Somewhat surprised, the others took up the song. It wasn't quite time for it, but they could only conclude that Titherington's friendly enthusiasm had caused him to forget himself.

The speaker turned red in the face, and glared angrily at Tony, who was standing with one foot on the table, waving a broken glass.

When the din of the song finally subsided, Brynmor rose to reply. Before he had a chance to begin, Tony shouted:

"I, the defeated rival, salute you!"

He sent a glass of champagne sailing through the air, and it narrowly missed Brynmor's head. The guests howled as it crashed to the floor. Several whispered to their neighbors, "Not quite the best taste," or "Must have had too much."

Tony realized that his conduct was becoming prominent, but he continued to lead the riot by waving glasses wildly as he rocked back and forth with one foot on his chair, and the other perched precariously on the edge of the table.

Presently a waiter approached and tactfully intimated that Mr. Titherington was wanted on the telephone. Tony had seen Brynmor nod to the same chap a moment before. He knew it was a lie, but took the hint.

"Kicked out," he grinned to the waiter, once they were in the hall outside. The man coughed apologetically, and Tony handed him a ten shilling note.

"A purse of gold to the executioner!" he exclaimed grandiloquently.

Knocking his opera hat askew with the silver knob of his black ebony cane, he sauntered down the corridor and out into the street.

The evening was young, and Tony decided to visit the Emerald Dragon. It had been some time since he had made an appearance there.

"Where's that little dancing girl, Clarice?" he demanded of the head waiter. "The girl with the red hair?"

"Oh, she is gone," with an expressive gesture. "I do not know where, but they say she is on the continent."

Tony wandered toward the dance floor, sat down and ordered champagne. To his uncertain eyes it seemed that dozens of waiters responded to his wishes.

Suddenly he spied a girl sitting opposite him. She wore an atrocious pink frock—with sleeves. In another moment he would have stumbled across the floor and asked her to dance, but instead he jumped to his feet, called for his bill, and departed.

Next he went to the Jungle Club. There he came upon a party which included Gwendolyn Caruthers. She greeted him with a cold stare.

"Hey, Gwendolyn," he grinned as he passed her table, "don't let your face freeze that way. I'd advise you to smile."

The others laughed, but Gwendolyn blushed in fury. Someone asked Tony to join the party, but he waved his hand in refusal and made for the door. He wanted to go somewhere else... somewhere else.

The rest of the night was a continuous round of other night clubs. Tony himself didn't remember which ones they were. He had forgotten his car, and left his fate in the hands of willing taxi drivers.

He had a befuddled impression of climbing one set of stairs, and down another... of seeing tables jammed together... of people eating... hands playing... synopsizing... all different... yet all the same... all expensive... all crowded... and all—damnably rotten.

He was trying to escape from himself... trying to escape from thoughts of Mary Lou.

Four o'clock, when the first fingers of dawn were stretching over the horizon, found him seated on a stool in a coffee stall on a dingy side street where he never had been before.

"Come on, boys, let's eat. The treat's on me."

He waved an unsteady arm to ward half a dozen down-and-outers who sat near him.

"What'll it be, boys? Order anything you like. We'll eat everything in the whole blooming stand..."

The man beside Tony applauded. "The gawd'nor's a wif, 'e is."

Tony accepted the compliment, and ordered a fresh cup of coffee for each of them.

After a few minutes, a man with a burly-gurdy appeared on the scene.

"Ah, music hath charms!" Tony cried, and upset his coffee down his shirt front.

"Here!" and he threw half a crown to the man. "Let's have some music to greet the new day."

The little mustached man in the checkered cap, surprised at the sign of a customer, was only too ready to oblige. He turned the handle, and the machine did the rest.

Tony encouraged the others to lift their voices in song. He conducted with a sausage. After one mournful tune, the burly-gurdy changed to the latest dance piece in its repertoire. It was a full season old.

"Let's pretend that I love you,
Let's pretend that you love me,
Then all the world
Will parade his..."

Tony covered his head with his hands and rested his weary head on the counter. The others laughed at him as tears came to his face.

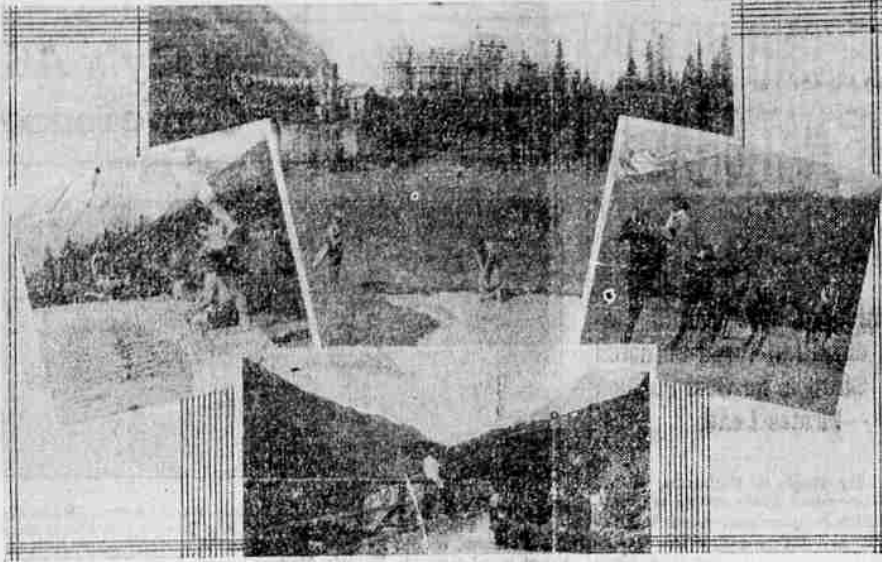
A minute later he arose and paid the bill, bid an affectionate farewell to his newly found friends, and started to stagger homeward.

"Must pull myself together," he muttered. "It's Mary Lou's wedding day. I must fetch Gay Girl this noon. 'Twould never do to disappoint Mary Lou."

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Tony does keep his promise to Mary Lou—with variations. Follow the story tomorrow.

Vacation Resorts in Canadian Rockies



Upper—Banff Golf Course, with Banff Springs Hotel in the background. Left—Warm outdoor swimming at Banff. Right—Ready for a climb in the Rockies. Lower—Scene on the Banff-Lake Louise highway.

A vacation locale that annually attracts thousands of tourists from every part of the world, situated within easy reach of the Pacific Northwest by rail and water, or motor—such is the picture of Banff Springs Hotel and Chateau Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies. Here, within two days of easy travel from this section, are far-famed vacation resorts that offer everything in the line of summer recreation for youth and adult alike. And always there is the scenic background of the snow-capped Canadian Rockies, known as "the finest mountain region in the world."

At Banff, for example, there is a new 18-hole golf course of unusual beauty—spotty enough for the most experienced player, yet equally enticing to the beginner. Those who prefer to swim will find beautiful outdoor pools at either Banff or Lake Louise. Both afford excellent horseback over winding mountain trails, or hiking for those who prefer more leisurely travel on the trail. Fine fishing is available in nearby streams and lakes. Tennis is available for those who enjoy this sport. And the scenic highway between Banff and Lake Louise is far-famed for its beauty and appeal for motorists.

Both Banff Springs Hotel and Chateau Lake Louise are Canadian Pacific hostesses of metropolitan magnificence, affording the utmost in fine cuisine, service and accommodations. There is constant social life around these hotels—dancing, entertainment, music, bridge. Nothing has been overlooked for the comfort of every guest.

Within easy reach of these resorts, also in the Rockies, are the justly-famous Canadian Pacific Bungalow Camps. These are more informal vacation spots, affording "old-clothes comfort" at moderate cost. There are seven of these Camps located at strategic points in the mountain region.

Whatever your favorite vacation activities may be, Canadian officials say, you can fulfill them at Canadian Pacific hotels and resorts in the Canadian Rockies.

seller for the Girl Scouts camp there.

The barn on the J. W. Quackebush place near Agate, was destroyed last Saturday by fire caused by back-firing of a tractor.

G. P. Hall writes from Sacramento that times are rather "scarce" there with thousands of men out of employment, a bumper crop of fruit and plenty of pear blight.

Raphael Benson of Central Point spent Sunday visiting Paul and Donald Wilson and was among those who enjoyed swimming at Hybee bridge.

Daily Vacation Bible school will begin at the school house Monday, July 21. Competent teachers will be in charge and sessions will be held during the forenoon only.

Miss Nancy Green of Milwaukee, Wis., arrived Sunday to join her brother John Green, who with his cousins, Jack Hendricks and John Seabrooke, of Omaha, are here visiting their uncle, A. L. Seabrooke.

The Jas. Camberg family of Talent visited with Frank Hart and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Williams of Ashland have a new son, born July 12. Cecil Williams is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Johnson.

H. P. Jewett returned from Eugene Friday to spend the week-end with his family. Mr. Jewett is attending summer school at the University of Oregon.

Miss Lucretia Davidson of Eagle Point spent Tuesday and Wednesday with her sister, Mrs. Ralph Merritt.

The I-H Health club met Wednesday afternoon at the school house.

Hebron Bible class of the Federated church met July 9 at the home of Mrs. W. J. Gebhard. The Bible lesson was in charge of Rev. J. M. Johnson. Mrs. H. P. Jewett had charge of the entertainment. Dainty refreshments were served. Those present were Mesdames Duncan, Johnson, Wilbur, Nichols, Swenson, Wyatt, Fisher, Frye, Reed, Webster, Mayfield, Harris, Boswell, Wagner, L. G. Grimes, W. B. Grimes, Jewett, Gebhard, Hoffman, Parker, W. J. Gebhard, Miss Inez Gebhard and Rev. J. M. Johnson.

Pioneer club which has been camping at Lake o' the Woods, returned Wednesday evening after a week of pleasure. Mr. Ayres is their leader.

Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Johnson left Tuesday for Eugene to attend the Presbyterian synod. They will be joined by Mrs. E. F. Wilbur and daughters, Elaine and Gail at Eugene. They will leave later for Milton to visit M. W. Johnson, who is Rev. and Mrs. Johnson's son and Mrs. Wilbur's brother.

Rev. J. M. Johnson, Mrs. E. F. Wilbur and Miss Amy Johnson went to Lake o' the Woods Monday. On the way they visited Mr. Perry Johnson.

Mrs. C. A. Kalkstein was shopping in Medford Wednesday.

Mrs. J. L. Erber was in Talent on business Wednesday afternoon.

Misses Marie Sommer, Goldie Abbott and Jeanette McNeerney were Crater Lake visitors Sunday.

Mrs. M. R. Burnett was a caller at the home of Mrs. Ella Abbott Tuesday.

W. D. Starkweather has purchased the Homer Neal ranch and taken possession.

Wayne Bradley returned home Wednesday after spending the past several months in San Jose, Cal.

Frank Ragsdale was in town Tuesday. Frank is an employee of the United States forest service and was on his way from Pish, lake to Fort Klamath.

Earl Fry and Carl Dawson of Trail visited friends here Sunday. The swimming tank is the popular place these afternoons and

evenings. Many are learning to swim.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Driskell and son, Junior, have returned to camp after a two weeks' stay at the valley.

The Carl Jackson family are planning to move into their house on Fee street. The house is being remodeled and redecorated.

The Boy Scouts are lending their assistance to Mayor Hosts and other volunteers who are burning the dry grass as a fire preventative.

Mr. and Mrs. Carson are entertaining guests from San Francisco.

Relatives from Oakland, Cal., have been visiting the Hibbard families.

Lola Edmondson, one of the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Edmondson, is ill at the Sacred Heart Hospital.

The house on the corner of South and Oak streets is being rebuilt by Mr. Evannoff. This house, it will be remembered, was partially burned when the J. G. Hibbard family resided in it.

Mrs. Averill has as her guest a niece, Miss Florence Bourgham. Miss Jean Catharine of Ashland is with her father this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Weight received a visit Wednesday from Henry Leaverton and L. D. Dyer, old Montana friends who now reside in Medford.

Mrs. Henry Dahlke of Olympia, Wash., and Mrs. Mona of Medford have been guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Charley.

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man and family of Medford and Fred Ford, who lately moved to school home from southern California and will spend the summer in the valley.

Mrs. John Hall is entering this week Mrs. Powell and sister Miss Ruth Arbuckle and brother Clarence of Portland. The Arbuckle party is enjoying some of the scenic beauties of southern Oregon while here.

Stewart Mason will talk to the members of the Sams Valley Grange Saturday night on the subject of fraternalism. Mr. Stewart is an important lodge worker at Portland and an interesting talker. The lecturer has also promised to have the debate on the subject resolved, that early marriages are preferable to late ones. Visitors are always welcome.

Army worms are fast making their exit from the Sams Valley fields and gardens, much to the relief of the farmers.

Dr. W. B. Everett is both pastor and doctor in Sterling City, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sanderson and family spent last Sunday at the Union Creek resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sims left the first of the week for Yellowstone national park to spend several days.

Wilbur Blackman has sold his Maxwell car and is now driving a Ford.

Earl Case and family are camping on Rogue river at the Dodge bridge for a few days between fruit thinning. The Cases used to live here and are well known by the Beagle residents.

Lee Mitchell and Otto Rutzler of the Meadows were Beagle visitors Tuesday and they helped in fire fighting on the Pursell ranch.

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