

FOR THE LOVE OF PAM

By VIVIEN GREY

Chapter Nine

Pursuit

JERRY had missed Pam and was circling the room alone looking for her when Antoine came in.

"What are you on the prowl for?" Antoine asked.

"Looking for Pam," Jerry replied.

Antoine stopped beside Jerry. He was glad he had not been asked if he had seen Pam. As it was, he could keep Pam's confidence by merely saying nothing. Though something about that made him uncomfortable. It seemed not quite right.

"I don't know what your idea is about that girl, Jerry," he began thoughtfully, oppressed by the feeling he should do something.

And Jerry, tried to the limit of his endurance by Freda's willfulness, turned on him quickly.

"Must I tell you I love her?" he demanded sharply.

Antoine glanced at him, trying to understand. "Well, you don't have to love a highball to enjoy it, you know," he began hesitantly.

"It isn't that sort of thing," Antoine wondered if that was the time to tell Jerry Pam had gone home crying. Or was it kinder to keep Pam's confidence? He was so in the dark. Besides, he was vaguely aware of something within himself that had been hurt. Pam was lovely. She was like a song. A love song. With her nearby he might compare some of the things he'd wanted to. The sweet, beautiful tranquility of her—but Romero was looking at him. He'd better go up and take the baton. He was glad Jerry meant right, anyhow.

Without speaking again, Antoine moved away. Jerry had forgotten him and was searching the place. Freda caught sight of him.

"You look wild-eyed," she said, and stopped him as he would have passed her. "Dance with me, darling. I'm bored limp. Besides, I've quite forgotten and forgiven your foolishness of a moment ago. I'm a smart girl, Jerry. I know there's no futurity like being bitter. And so, with me, water under the bridge is just—well, water under the bridge!"

Jerry's answer was to ask if Freda had seen Pam.

"No, darling. I haven't seen your buggy-dashy with some local swain!"

"Don't be like that!" Jerry exclaimed sharply. "This isn't the moment for wise-cracks. Besides, that mood isn't becoming to you."

"Is my darling worried about the little Conch?"

"If I didn't know it was Cuba Libre talking, I'd slap you for that, Freda!" Jerry's voice was shaking with anger. "And don't say Conch in that tone of voice. Some of the nicest people on this island, aristocrats in more ways than one, are Conch. Jerry paused a moment to look intently at Freda.

"If you were smart, you'd take a leaf from their book, girl. With their natural charm and decency and your beauty, you might go places."

"You can't talk to me like that, Jerry, and get away with it," Freda's voice too was sharp.

"You asked for it, Jerry started to move on but Freda caught the lapels of his jacket.

"You're not leaving me like this," she said.

"Let go! You're making a scene."

"Not nearly as much scene as you're making with that little Conch. You've carried your joke far enough now. I won't have you make me a laughing stock."

"I'm not. You're doing it yourself. You've been drinking too much."

"When is too much?"

"You should know," he started on, but Freda clung to him. At his car she slipped in as he opened the door, before he could stop her.

Desperate Girl

"GET out of that car!" Jerry commanded. Freda's only reply was an insolent giggle. Jerry reached in and took hold of her, but Freda turned limp. Up to her old tricks, thought Jerry. He knew if he dragged her out of the car, she would merely fall in a heap at his feet, her evening gown billowing about her like a little mound of fluff.

Jerry had seen her do that when she was a child and her nurse tried to get her to do something or started to correct her. That had been a wretched scene, but used effectively all her life. It had always alarmed her gay, pretty mother to the point of giving in to anything.

"All right," His teeth gritted on the words. "You got in, now you stay in. If you dare get out when I get where I'm going, I'll knock you cold!"

Freda giggled again and leaned comfortably against him.

"Have on, darling," she said easily. "I love it. Anything to hear your nice baritone. It's you who should sing, not Lenore. What say we make up a song and dance team, you and I, and start out under our own power?"

Jerry did not bother to reply. The car seemed to jump away under his hands. He drove with a sort of mad speed across town, swung into the driveway of the

charming old house on Division Street. Before he could get out of the car and away, Freda was out, clutching his arm and hanging on.

"Whither thou goest, old dear. My name's not Ruth, but I'm saying that and meaning it."

"Let go!" he said in a low but fierce tone.

But Freda, tall as Jerry himself, and strong as swimming, dancing, skating and cycling had made her, hung on.

"I'll sock you!" he cried fiercely against her light flagpole of laughter.

"Sock, darling!" she dared him. "I'll tell you one that will be the surprise party of your sweet young life."

Jerry knew that well she might. Freda was smart and slim and attractive, but no delicate flower, no clinging vine that needed a strong oak to twine around.

"Let go! Let go, I say!" he raged, struggling to free his arm. But Freda clung to him.

Jerry paused an instant in his struggling and looked at her intently. He had just lifted his hand to push her from him when Freda ducked into it, getting a slight blow on the cheek. Jerry stared in startled amazement. He had never even accidentally been in the position of striking a woman. He flushed with indignant shame. Freda had no business putting him in such a position. He was aware then of Freda's high scream piercing the air.

"You struck me!" There was fury in her voice.

"You asked for it," Jerry said. "I didn't intend to hit you, but it wouldn't be honest for me to say that I'm sorry."

"Beast!"

There were sounds as if a wild cat had been turned loose in the Quelleron gardens.

Strange Meeting

PAM had not been sleeping. She had been lying staring into the darkness, wondering how a man who looked and seemed as nice as Jerry Winthrop could be so cruelly dishonest. She blamed herself for breaking her rule about the sons of rich winter people. She should have had nothing to do with Jerry.

She wondered vaguely how she was to face the future. Jerry had grown so into her life in the short time she had known him. There would be such an aching vacuum where he had been. Pam knew with certainty she loved Jerry.

The object of a bet, she thought on a wave of feeling that was almost bitter. That was what she had meant to Jerry. He had Freda, who meant something fine and serious to him; Freda who wore his ring and was probably laughing at her. They had probably all been laughing at her as she sat there at Antoine's right all through the supper, thinking she was being honored when really they were making her ridiculous.

She had meant nothing more than a bit of passing amusement to Jerry. And to her he had suddenly meant the difference between living and just existing. Now he must mean nothing. Pam was trying to look down the years and fathom their loneliness when she heard the car.

She listened, wondering if some new arrival in Key West, taking her large, white house for a hotel, as so often happened, was about to ring and ask for rooms. Then she heard unmistakable sounds of scuffling.

Something was happening out there in her shadowy garden. She listened intently.

Steps came softly along the hall. Juan, walking quietly trying not to waken Melita.

"What is it, Juan?" Pam asked softly through her partially opened door.

"I came to see if you were frightened, bambi," he said in his low, gentle voice. The fond, diminutive Juan and Melita had always used was soothing to the girl.

"It is the young man from the North," Juan continued. "I think you have no need to fear. Should I ask him to go, please?"

"No, Juan, go back to rest. You have served well. I am grateful." Unconsciously, when she spoke to him, Pam resorted to Juan's own quaintly formal speech. So much of her time had been spent with him and the gentle, bright-eyed Melita.

Pam pulled a housecoat over her pajamas and peered down from the window into the room to the silver enchantment of what a moment before had been her peacefully sleeping flower beds and lawn. Two figures struggled wildly there. Pam recognized their voices. She hurried down the winding stairway and out to where the two still struggled, oblivious of her.

"Jerry!" she called softly, but there was authority in her voice. Jerry, please! My roses! Oh, my flowers! My flowers! It was a wall as she saw Freda and Jerry dance wildly in her annual bed.

"Pam! I'm sorry!" Jerry was suddenly aware of her. He grabbed Freda and dragged her out of the garden to the wide walk.

"Why, Jerry!" Pam said in amazement. She peered through the dim light. "And Freda!"

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial:
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 520, Portland; KJR, 1090, Seattle; KNS, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 850, Seattle; KPO, 680, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown is PST

Wednesday

5:00 p. m.—Treasury Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Speaking of Gilmour, KGO, KJR; Songs of Jean Handlik, KEX; Playhouse News, KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Concert, Favorites, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Concert Music, KGO.

6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Author's Playhouse, KGO, KEX; Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Ray Kinnear's Orch., KEX, KJR; Juan Arizola, KNX, KOIN; Findings in Brass, KGO; All Around Town, KNX.

7:00 p. m.—Quita Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Music for Listening, KPO, KGW.

7:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Time to Smile, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Grand Central Station, KSL, KOIN, KEX.

8:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Les Brown's Orch., KSL; Night Music, KGO, KJR; Baseball Game, KEX; Dr. Pepper's Parade, KNX; Something Sweet, KOIN.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Hemisphere Review, KGO; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Aloha Land, KJR; M. Stern's Orch., KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Paul Pendarvis' Orch., KGO; Don Pedro's Orch., KPO, KOMO; News, KJR, KSL; Tango Time, KGO; Variety Pgm., KOIN.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bob Crosby's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Jay Burnette's songs, KJR, KEX; Musical Baseball, KGO; Freddy Nagel's Orch., KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Bob Saunders' Orch., KGO, KJR; Neil Bondshu's Orch., KGW, KOMO; Red Tanager's Orch., KSL; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Carl Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KGO, KEX; This Moving World, KEX; Nightcap Yarns, KOIN, KSL.

Thursday

5:00 p. m.—Major Bowes' Original Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Owen Williams' songs, KGO, KEX, KJR; Music Hall, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

5:30 p. m.—Jews He and Abroad, KGO, KJR, KEX.

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HAITI WILL GET LEASE-LEND AID

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\$1,000,000 for Haitian defense will be sent to that strategic Caribbean island.

The agreement was signed by Secretary Hull and Fernand Denis, Haitian minister.

Repayment will be made by Haiti by shipments of Haitian products to this country.

Sam White, first flying warden in North America, still uses airplane to apprehend game violators in the frozen wastes of Alaska.

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

35-YEAR PAY CHECK!

PAUL MOFFETT—Clovis, N. M.—THIS YEAR RECEIVED \$1.25 IN PAYMENT FOR RAILROAD WORK DONE IN 1906!

PARALINE, USED IN OILS FOR TANKS AND PLANES—IS ALSO USED BY WOMEN AS A COMPLEXION CREAM!

IN BATHING, JAPANESE MUST USE SOAP OUTSIDE THE TUB, AND HAVE THE WATER AS CLEAN AS CLEVER FIND IT!

"LIVING" STATUE!

THIS 55-TON, 36-FOOT FIGURE IS CONSTANTLY MOVING! CARVED OF ONYX BY CARL MILLES, THE GIANT INDIAN GOD OF PEACE TURNS 90 DEGREES...REQUIRING 2 HOURS FOR EACH ROTATION

St. Paul, Minn., City Hall...

GOD OF PEACE

Carl Milles' enormous, commanding statue required five years to complete and is dedicated to the war veterans of Ramsey county, Minnesota. When commissioned to carve a monument, Milles thought of an old Indian he had known many years before. Using the Indian god of peace as a theme, he produced a group of red men smoking the pipe of peace. From their smoke rises the 36-foot figure of the god.

Paralene was discovered by Dr. Arthur W. Burwell. It was found that workmen handling paralene were immune to skin disorders. Naturally, this led to its use as a cosmetic.

TOMORROW: Knock-Kneed Cow!

By AL CAPP

LOOK!! OH!!

By HAL FORREST

By SOL HESS

THE NEBB—Good Bye

but Barker's can you find those good looking Arrow Shirts.

Barker's Store For Men

With The 69th Brigade on Maneuvers, Sept. 17.—(P)—Lt. George Seeman of Omaha, Neb., carries two weapons in his holster—a pistol and a slingshot. "A well-placed pebble," said the former Cornhusker football star, "has reminded many a gold-bricker of his assigned duties."

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads

PONTIFF GIVES REPLY TO ROOSEVELT'S PLAN

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