

FOR THE LOVE OF PAM

By VIVIEN GREY

Chapter 21

Mother Takes A Hand

MRS. BARRINGTON, with some vague sense of uneasiness, dispensed with breakfast in bed, dispensed with breakfast entirely, as a matter of fact, as a tribute to the number of cocktails she had had the night before. Not that Mrs. Barrington ever was guilty of over-indulgence. But cocktails had an unpleasant tendency to add curves to a figure already inclined to plumpness. She walked out to a bench on the lawn where Freda was sitting staring at the sea with unusual seriousness. She studied her daughter for a moment. There was something different about Freda.

"You know, Freda," she finally said with her usual directness, "I'm not too pleased about last night."

"What do you mean, Mother? Last night?" Freda seemed to be coming out of a dream.

"You know very well what I mean, Freda. You're letting that little local girl get away with murder, and incidentally, with Jerry Winthrop."

"So what?" Freda asked quietly.

"So do something about it. And don't use that sort of language to me!"

"I didn't mean to offend you, Mother," Freda turned to her mother with respectful attention. "It was just that I was wondering what a girl could do when a man found he loved someone else."

"What are you talking about?"

"About Jerry and Pam Queller-ton," Freda answered very calmly, as if she had faced the thing for so long that there was no more surprise about it.

"Freda, please put what you're trying to say into simple English! I'm in no mood for conundrums this morning."

"Jerry's in love with her, Mother, in love with Pam Queller-ton. Freda spoke without any dramatic emphasis. The expression of her mother's face startled her. "Well, don't look like that, she said quickly. 'It's happened before. And it'll probably happen again. I mean, men have found someone else after giving rings and making promises. And after all, Jerry never made any promises. We asked for this, you and I. I can remember that day at the jeweler's as if it were yesterday. And it isn't a very pleasant memory. I didn't really mean to, but I tricked him into something—I and the circumstances."

"Freda, you're behaving like a fool!" Mrs. Barrington's voice was the one discordant note in a perfect setting. The sea, out beyond the gold of the sand, was a clear turquoise. Laying, in a clear direction around them, were soft green velvet, set with the fragrant jewels of flower gardens. Trees made lovely patterns of light and shade. Mrs. Barrington went on: "If you're telling me that you and Jerry are breaking up, I won't have it. I won't, I say!"

Freda turned to her mother, a question in her eyes.

"You can't embarrass me this way, Freda. I won't let you do this to me."

"I think it would be more embarrassing to try to hold a man against his will."

"You're talking like an idiot! No man ever wants to get married. It's a man's business to make him think he does. And then, after it's all over, it always turns out all right. They not only put up with it; they like it!"

New Idea

"MOTHER, forgive me, but that's a strange talk. Besides, I have the feeling that I'm doing something decent and thoughtful and generous for a change. And you've no idea what a nice feeling it is. I think Pam deserves Jerry. She'll make something of him. I need a man who's made something of himself."

They were silent for a moment. Then Freda continued thoughtfully:

"I haven't got it in my hands, this matter's clay and sculor sort of stuff, when it comes to human beings. It's a little too big a job for me. I'm not interested in making the effort. But Pam is."

Mrs. Barrington stared at her daughter thoughtfully. There was something too definite, too firm to argue further with. She asked finally:

"Has he asked you for the ring?"

"No. As a matter of fact, he's told me to keep that—just as a gift."

"That's nice." It came very sweetly from Mrs. Barrington as she looked out over the water where bathers were bright dots on the scene.

Freda laughed. "Mother, you're too transparent for words! Too, too delightful!"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, darling! Nothing at all!"

And then it was like Toni Barrington to say:

"I noticed that good-looking

young doctor from the naval station gave you a rush at the party. Is he nice? Do you like him, Freda?"

"I think he's an exceptionally nice man," Freda said seriously, but inwardly she was smiling because she knew exactly what was in her mother's mind. Mrs. Barrington was happiest when she was engineering a romance. Freda knew Doctor Leo Shore would have to watch his step, or his next one would land him right into the middle of an alliance, the mechanism of which had been set in motion by the skillful Mrs. Barrington.

Freda made a mental note that she, too, would have to watch her step, for this time it would have to be right. She had looked with some envy on Pam's courtship. It must be nice to sit back and let love come to you without any scheming of your own.

Proposal

DOCTOR LEO SHORE had formed a habit of early morning walking. He was safe in leaving the post at that time, when crises were generally over and patients were getting their best sleep. On the morning after the party on the Winthrop yacht his walk had a special purpose. He circled around through the park at the end of Division Street. Finally he turned in at the gate in the Queller-ton picket fence.

"Leo!" There was a glad note in Pam's voice. "You're just in time for breakfast."

Melita, in the kitchen, heard the young doctor's voice, accepting Pam's invitation. Her eyes warmed with a smile. Leo would make a perfect master for the big Queller-ton house some day. She put three more eggs in the pan. Leo was big and husky. His appetite would be that way, too. More guava jelly was put in the old glass dish, and extra bread went into the toaster to brown.

It was apparent that there were things on young Shore's mind that morning, something more than the charm of his young hostess as he looked across at Pam in her crisp print dress. He tried to put his thoughts into words as they stood under the big pepper tree near the gate.

"Pam," he was looking at her earnestly—"my trip to Washington had to do with a transfer next spring. I'm to go to the post in Panama. I'm to be chief surgeon there. I'd like to arrive there with my bride. Will I, Pam? You can tell me the answer to that." When she didn't answer immediately, he asked: "Pam, will you marry me before I go?"

Pamela Queller-ton knew that through all of the rest of her life she would never be called on to make a more important decision; never would she be asked to answer a question that would mean so much in the shaping of her future. Steady, dependable Leo. Brilliant, capable Leo.

Her brain said definitely yes. But her heart was strangely silent. She was reminded of an old Turkish saying of her grandfather—he had probably picked it up in some foreign port or from some member of his crew: "Live with the head, but marry with the heart."

Marry with the heart. Could she do that? Could her head and her heart disagree on so important a matter? Leo was everything an intelligent girl could want in the man she married.

He had charm and personality, a worthwhile purpose in life, the right ideals. Yet, when she thought of saying yes, it was Jerry's name that followed. It was Jerry's name that whispered in her heart.

"Pam, you know I love you," Leo was saying. "I think I've been telling you that all my life. And I'll want to tell it to you all the rest of my life in all of the ways I can think of."

"Leo"—Pam's voice was low—"I wish I could say yes. Oh, I wish I could! I want to more than anything else in the world. But I can't say it honestly. And I know you'd want it no other way. If we can't begin our lives with an honest base—" She paused.

"It's Winthrop, isn't it?"

"Yes," she admitted reluctantly, "and yet I can hardly be sure even of that. Oh, Leo, what am I to do? Is there something wrong with me that I'm so weak and undecided? Jerry isn't any of the things I admire and respect in a man. He has only one thing to recommend him—his natural kindness and goodness to every living thing. I've seen him buy food for hungry dogs. I've seen him insist that boys who were teasing a helpless mouse put it out of the way quickly and mercifully. He has kindness, but so little else that I've always thought I must demand of a man I might marry. And you, Leo, have everything. Everything. Yet I can't say yes to you. Not honestly—yet, Leo."

"I see," Leo said quietly. "I see. And it's your happiness that's most important after all."

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1230, Portland;
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland;
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1210, Spokane;
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco;
KJW (NBC-Red) 630, Portland;
KJR (NBC-Blue) 1690, Seattle;
KNX (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles;
KOA (NBC-Red) 830, Denver;
KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland;
KOMO (NBC-Red) 850, Seattle;
KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco;
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Wednesday
5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KEX, KJR, Maurice's Orch., KPO, KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—Dr. Christian, News, KSL, Music by Stoker, KGW, KPO, KOMO.

6:00 p. m.—Fred Waring's Orch., KPO.

6:30 p. m.—News, Here and Abroad, KGO, KJR, KEX, Barrel of Fun, KPO.

7:30 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KEX, KSL, KOIN, Authors' Playhouse, KGO, KEX, Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

7:30 p. m.—Hemisphere Revue, KGO, KEX, KJR, Juan Arvizu, KSL; Football Forecast, KNX, KOIN.

8:00 p. m.—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR, Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN.

KSL: Adventures of the Thin Man, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

8:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KNX, KOIN, KSL, Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KEX, KJR.

9:00 p. m.—Time to Smile, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Star Theater, KSL, KOIN, KNX.

9:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Gene Krupa's Orch., KGO, KJR.

10:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

10:30 p. m.—Concert Hall, KPO; Dance Orch., KOMO, KGW; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Dance Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bob Crosby's Orch., KNX, KOIN; News, KGO.

Thursday
5:00 p. m.—Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR, Lee Sweetland, KPO, KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KEX, KJR.

6:00 p. m.—Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; News Here and Abroad, KGO, KEX, KJR; Music Hall, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

6:30 p. m.—United China Relief, KGO, KJR, KEX; Quiz of Two Cities, KOMO.

7:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Cugat Rumba Revue, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee Prgm., KEX, KJR, KGO.

7:30 p. m.—Good Neighbors, KPO.

8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX.

KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Joe Gallicchio's Orch., KGO, KEX.

8:30 p. m.—Maudie's Diary, KNX, KSL, KOIN; This Is Judy Jones, KGO, KEX, KJR; Coffee Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

9:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Duffy's Tavern, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

9:30 p. m.—Tommy Riggs, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Johnny Duffy's Orch., KNX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Dance Orch., KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO; State Traffic Quiz, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Dance Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bob Crosby's Orch., KSL, KNX; News, KGO.

BRITAIN ERASES PROFIT ON WAR

London—(Correspondence of the Associated Press)—Sir Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said recently: "We have taken, and are taking, profit out of war. We must be an

TABLE TALK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAKE A LARGE BITE OF SUPPER AND STARTS TELLING WHAT HAPPENED IN THE FIRST QUARTER OF THE GAME TODAY

FATHER BARKS HOW MANY TIMES DOES HE HAVE TO BE TOLD NOT TO TALK WHEN HE HAS A BITE IN HIS MOUTH

CHEWS SILENTLY, VERY SELF-CONSCIOUS BECAUSE HE FEELS EVERYONE IS WATCHING HIM

THIS CAUSES HIM TO TRY TO HURRY, RESULTING IN HIS CHOKING

AND THAT IN TURN BRINGS MEAL TO A HALT WHILE HE IS DIRECTED TO DRINK SOME WATER AND IS SLAPPED ON THE BACK UNTIL RESTORED TO NORMAL

AND SO AT LAST RESUMES HIS ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST QUARTER, UNCONSCIOUSLY TAKING A LARGE BITE OF SUPPER AS HE TALKS

LIL ABNER—The Humiliation of Pansy Yokum!

TH' STUDIO PHONED THEY NEED ANOTHER MESS O' POLECAT PIES IN COCKER. IT DOES MAH HEART GOOD T' KNOW THEY INJOYS MAH COOKIN'. AH WON'T WAIT FO' TH' TRUCK—AH'LL DELIVER 'EM MAHSELF!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jungle Mystery!

THE NEBBS—It's All Over

AUNT FANNY, HAVE YOU A SEWING MACHINE?

Rewards Offered

In Miley Slaying

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 1.—(AP)—Rewards totalling \$2,277 and a fund-raising proposal for a memorial were counted today as police struggled vainly for clues to the slayers of Marion Miley, 27, popular and pretty golf star. Miss Miley was killed and her mother, Mrs. Fred Miley, was wounded critically early Sunday at the swank Lexington Country club.

CREW PLEADS IN LEME SABOTAGE

Portland, Oct. 1.—(AP)—Officers and crewmen of the Italian motorship Leme sought only to make the vessel immobile and not to make it unsafe, counsel

Timely presents:
"The Finisher"
America's finest Topcoat to sell for \$45.00
Barkers
STORE FOR MEN

exceedingly lucky man who can make a fortune today."

Sir Kingsley gave forth these figures:

A man earning as much as \$400,000 a year has to pay a fraction more than 94 cents in taxes from every dollar he makes.

For the man in the \$20,000 a year class, who claims exemption for two children, the tax is 55 per cent of his gross income.

If a man with \$4,000 a year income earns an extra \$1,000 a year, he must pay \$448 of the increase in taxation.

If a man making \$40,000 a year earns another \$20,000 he must pay \$18,248 of the increase to the tax collector.

Energetic Woman

Petitions Council

Portland, Ore., Oct. 1.—(AP)—A 68-year-old woman asked the city council today for per-

mission to spade up and plant to flowers a dead-end street so she could work off excess energy.

The woman, who asked that her name be withheld, wrote the council:

"You will furnish an old woman, 69, an outlet for excess energy while pursuing a hobby that enables me to brighten up the lives of sick friends and decorate the church I attend."

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

LEHIGH AND LAFAYETTE HAVE FACED EACH OTHER 75 TIMES SINCE 1804! THEY TIED ONLY TWICE...

GENERAL GEORGE MARSHALL, CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE U.S. ARMY, IS NOT A WEST POINT MAN... NOR ARE THE 4 GENERALS OF THE 4 U.S. ARMIES UNDER MARSHALL!

ROSA HALEMBA, Aloha, Oreg.—OPERATES A GREENHOUSE IN AN OLD TROLLEY CAR—AS A LIVING MEMORIAL TO HER FATHER, WHO WAS A STREETCAR CONDUCTOR!

NON-WEST POINT GENERALS

General George Marshall, chief of staff, was graduated from Virginia Military Institute in 1901. Lieut. General Hugh Drum, commander of the 1st army, enlisted in 1898. Lieut. General Ben Lear, Jr., commander of the 2nd army, enlisted in 1898. Lieut. General Walter Krueger, commander of the 3rd army, enlisted during the Spanish-American war. Lieut. General John DeWitt, commander of the 4th army and the 9th corps area, attended Princeton and received his commission as second lieutenant in 1898.

TOMORROW: Five-Minute President!

By AL CAPP

MAH PIES!!! YO' IS WASTIN' 'EM!!

By HAL FORREST

GREAT SCOTT!! SHE'S DISCOVERED WHAT WE'RE USING HER PIES FOR!!

By SOL HESS

WELL, WHATEVER THE OUTCOME OF THIS IS GOING TO BE, THE IDEA SEEMS TO HAVE EXTRACTED THE MOPE FROM HER SYSTEM FOR WHICH I FEEL LIKE BURSTING INTO SONG