

FOR THE LOVE OF PAM

By VIVIAN GREY

Chapter 23 Pam's Offer

PAM searched Jerry's face for a moment. She was forced to believe what she saw there.

"I'd say then that's one less barrier between us, one thing less to keep you from being the fine person you could be, Jerry. I've been afraid of your money. It's been like something rising between us, something that made me helpless against things like—"

She paused.

"Like Lenore," Jerry finished for her.

"Yes, I've felt I couldn't fight her because there were so many things that could be said that I couldn't answer. Like," she continued quietly, "wanting your money and all that. If Lenore had said that to me, I'd have wanted to die, and yet I couldn't have made any answer. How could I prove anything? Now no one can say that."

"Pam, you're lovely," and Jerry was thinking of how different her reaction had been from Lenore's.

"Not so lovely," Pam said. "That, Jerry, is selling part of me. I was thinking of it when I said that; that poor, you might be the man I'd like to see you be. Your money has frightened me, Jerry. It's done things to you that nothing else would."

"You're talking as if money were a curse, Pam."

"But I didn't mean that at all. Money can be the most marvelous force for good. It can do things that are wonderful beyond words. But it can tear down as fast as it can build up. You were letting it tear you down, Jerry. Oh, I could almost be cruel enough to say I'm glad your money is gone! I could, Jerry, if it involved just you alone!"

"Pam! Does this mean that your doubts about me are gone? Does it? If it does, then I'm glad, too. I'm glad, Pam. Only—the gladness left his voice as the depressing afterthought came—"I have nothing to offer you now."

"It isn't that, Jerry," Pam replied gently. "I think all I want you to offer me is the certainty that you'd make yourself a useful, serious-minded citizen." It wasn't exactly what she had meant to say. She didn't know actually how to put her thoughts into words without coming out bluntly with the whole thing. The fact that he had been the kind of young man who could bet about a girl still rankled.

"This will be hard on Lenore, too," Pam said, and Jerry replied: "Don't waste any sympathy on her."

Pam and Lenore were so different, he thought. Loss of the Winthrop fortune meant almost as much to Pam as to Lenore, if Pam did intend to marry him. Yet it had brought out all the best qualities of Lenore. With Pam it had revealed further sweetness.

"Is it very bad, Jerry?" Pam asked finally.

"About as bad as it could be," was his reply. "And I'm so helpless. I'd never realized until now how selfishly I've lived. I haven't had a thought for anyone but myself, Pam."

Planted With Love

HER hand touched his, the first gesture of tenderness that she had offered.

"Money does that to you, Jerry," she said. "You mustn't blame yourself too much. We never understand trouble until we've had it ourselves. We never think very much until something makes us stop and do it."

"You're such a wise little owl," he said whimsically. "You make me feel very immature and inexperienced right now."

"Perhaps now," Pam said after a little silence. "I'll dare ask you with your mother and father to come here." And then a new thought came to her. "Jerry, if it's so bad—well, this house is large, you know. I need so little of it. Would you come here? I mean all of you? And make it your home. I mean—she was confused at the idea of being able to do something for people who had been accustomed to all the Winthrop's had. "Of course, it isn't what you've been used to—"

Jerry's arms swept her to him and his lips silenced whatever else she would have said.

"Pam, darling!" he whispered. "How like you. You'd share anything you have. You're sweet. Too sweet for people like us."

"I mean it, though," Pam insisted. "You could have the whole house, all but a little corner for me. And Juan and Melita would love doing for you."

"Pam, the darling of you," his voice was so quiet steady. "I don't even know how to thank you. I'm humbled to my knees by your generosity. But," and his voice was very low, "I'm through accepting, Pam. I'm going to become the kind of person who has something to give, too."

"Oh, Jerry! I wish I could do something to help. I don't mind being poor. But for you folks,

who have had so much, it will be hard. It will."

"You've already done something, Pam," Jerry said. "You've set me a wonderful example."

They stood at the door for a moment as Jerry was leaving. The soft night air was weighted with the perfume of Pam's rose-garden.

"Pam," Jerry turned to ask, "why do your roses grow so much more fragrant and luxuriantly beautiful than for anyone else?"

Pam smiled through the faint light.

"Perhaps," she said. "It's because they were planted with love and have grown with it through the years."

Christmas Box

CHRISTMAS EVE was always a day of happy activity in the old Queller house. The candles in the century-old wrought-iron candelabra were replaced with brilliant red ones. Poinsettias, which flamed in luxuriance beside the big old barn, were cut and brought into the house to be put in tall vases. Red-berried plumes of the pepper tree were cut and put in large floor vases on either side of the door in the wide hall.

The mistletoe, which a friend from Carolina sent, was tied with a red ribbon and hung from the living room chandelier.

That would be a gay and lively spot at the Christmas party which had been a Queller custom for generations. Melita had the art of buffet breakfast down to a fine point. There would be chafing dishes of creamed kidneys, little hot sausages, some in bacon jackets, in covered silver dishes; heaps of home-made potato chips, trays of buttered toast and gallons of coffee.

In the afternoon and evening there would be other teas and parties, starting a series which would continue merrily all through the holiday week; high-lighted at certain times by special church services which everyone attended.

Most of the homes in which these parties were held were merely carrying on a tradition which had been started by ancestors.

Melita and Juan were like two happy children about these preparations, and Pam, always happy at festive times, was most excited over a large box that rested on a hall table. Into it had gone one dozen of the choicest poinsettias, a tiny bunch of mistletoe, some sprigs of Oregon holly and a huge cluster of pepper tree plumes.

"And now," she said to Melita, "one of the large glasses of guava jelly, one of peach mango preserves, orange curd, and those little boxes of candied orange peel. Your special fruit cake—the little square one. Oh, Melita, it's the most beautiful box! There isn't a corner that isn't filled!"

The box was tied with a big red bow and Juan was dispatched to the cottage on Flagler Street the Winthrops had moved themselves into. Christmas at the Winthrop home was a holiday such as they had not had for years. Emma's Gargles was called in to help Mrs. Winthrop with preparations for the feast at which all four members of the family sat down for the first time in years.

There were not as many gifts as usual, but there was more tenderness and affection and consideration. Bart Winthrop was happier about his family than he had been in years.

It was at an especially lovely party at the home of one of the officers at the Army Post that Pam, a used to be beside the piano where Vin had just finished a number. He had only a cello and two violins with him.

"Vin," Pam said, "that was a marvelous thing you just played. What is it? Have I ever heard it before?"

"No, you haven't, Pam! Vin looked up gratefully. "It's a thing I wrote for—"

"Lenore," Pam finished for him, because she had guessed from the look on his face and from the tenderness with which the melody flowed from his fingers.

"That was swell!" Antoine was beside Pam and speaking to Vin. "That will be the making of you, boy. Could you give me a good orchestration of it?"

Vin nodded. His fingers, wandering over the keys, found the opening strain of a Chopin waltz. Vin swung it just a little, improvising as he moved through the number, his dark eyes lighting as he danced where Lenore had been to the middle of the room to his rhythm.

Antoine slipped his arm around Pam and they glided away together. Over Antoine's shoulder Pam could see Freda looking up at Leo. She wondered if there was more than casual interest in Leo's as he looked down at the girl. Then Antoine claimed all of her attention. He was telling her of Lenore's quarrel with Vin. Of how deeply Vin had been hurt.

"That's cruelly unfair," Pam exclaimed. "Vin deserves better than that. He's so real. Edmund! If you can do anything for him please do."

"I can, and I will. To get Lenore's goat, if for no other reason."

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:

KALE (MBS) 1300, Portland; KEX (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510, Spokane; KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco; KGW (NBC-Red) 620, Portland; KJR (NBC-Blue) 1600, Seattle; KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Los Angeles; KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver; KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland; KOMO (NBC-Red) 950, Seattle; KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco; KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Friday

5:00 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KPO; Adventure Stories, KGO, KJR, KEX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

5:30 p. m.—"Gean Concert, KPO; KOMO; News of the World, KGO, KJR, KEX.

6:00 p. m.—Waltz Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

6:30 p. m.—News, Here and Abroad, KGO, KJR, KEX; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; First Nighter, KEX, KSL, KOIN.

Saturday

5:00 p. m.—Dance Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Music in Waits Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Bob Bradley and Erwin Yeo, KSL, KEX.

5:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Boy Meets Band, KGO, KJR, KEX; Fifth Quarter, KSL; Sports, KEX, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Barn Dance, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Message of Israel, KJR, KEX; Manny Strand's Orch., KEX, KOIN; Gilbert and Sullivan, KGO.

Sunday

5:00 p. m.—Franks Black Presents, KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Hemisphere Revue, KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:30 p. m.—Grand Ol' Opry, KGW, KPO, KOMO; Bob Hanson, KOIN; Sweet and Rhythmic, KGO, KEX, KJR; Dr. Pepper Parade, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Truth or Consequences, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Guy Lombardo's Orch., KEX, KOIN, KSL; Bishop and the Osgoys, KGO, KJR, KEX.

40 JAPANESE KILLED

Tokyo, Oct. 3.—(P)—Forty Japanese were killed and 62 injured within the past 24 hours in two major railway accidents in separated parts of Japan.

SUSPECT ARRESTED IN MARION MILEY MURDER

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 3.—(P)—Night Police Chief Dudley McCloy said today a suspect had been arrested at Shelbyville, Ky., in the slaying of Marion Miley, nationally known golf star, and the fatal wounding of her mother, Mrs. Elsa Miley, here Sunday.

Police Chief Roy S. Jones of Shelbyville, about 50 miles west

Defeat of Hitler First Obligation

Seattle, Oct. 3.—(P)—Defeat of Hitlerism is labor's first obligation, Sidney Hillman, associate director of the office of pro-

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

of Lexington, reported the suspect, about 17 years old, was being held without charge.

Mrs. Miley, 50, died late yesterday.

DEATH GEMS!

EGYPTIANS FASHIONED BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY OF GOLD AND GEMS EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE USE OF THE DEAD!

DR. NORACELLA MCGUIRE IS A DENTIST IN SYLVIA, N.C. HER FATHER, MOTHER, SISTER AND BROTHER-IN-LAW ARE DENTISTS...

HER GRANDFATHER AND HER MOTHER'S SISTER WERE DENTISTS...

HER SISTER ATTENDS DENTAL SCHOOL!

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THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE CAPTAIN OF THE ELM STREET TIGERS, WHO HAD HOPED TO DAZZLE THE OPPONENTS WITH HIS BRAND-NEW UNIFORM, WAS FORCED TO WHEEL HIS BABY SISTER AROUND THE BLOCK JUST BEFORE THE OPENING GAME

10-3 (Released by The Bill Syndicate, Inc.)

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LIL' ABNER—An Old-Fashioned Boy

HO-HUM!—THIS IS THE Dullest Part of My Trip!—SO STUPID AND UNINTERESTING!!

HM-M!—STUPID PERHAPS—BUT NOT UNINTERESTING!!

CAN I GIVE YOU A RIDE?

MAH MAMMY TOLE ME NEVAH TO ACCEP' RIDES FUM STRANGE, AN' (GULP) BOOTFUL GALS!!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Confession!

O-OW, ERNESTO! MY POOR BROTHER! THEN I, I, WAS RIGHT WHEN I SUSPECTED YOU. YOU WERE CAPTAIN PANTHER, THAT NIGHT.

YES, YNEZ... I... I... FELL INTO MANUEL'S POWER... WHEN I FORGED A CHECK TO PAY A GAMBLING DEBT TO HIM... HE THREATENED TO NOTIFY THE POLICE...

PUBLIC EXPOSE OF MY FOLLY... WOULD HAVE RUINED THE PROUD NAME... OF CASMETTO... MY ONLY ALTERNATIVE... WAS TO FLY IN THE SERVICES OF MANUEL AND SLADE.

ERNESTO... SAVE YOUR STRENGTH! WE SHALL TAKE YOU TO... A DOCTOR...

IT... IT... IS TOO LATE, DEAR SISTER. YOU... MUST LEAVE HERE PRONTO! I... HAVE ALREADY RADIOED SLADE TO... TO SEND HIS MEN... HERE...

G-G-G-GOSH! GOSH! YOU... MUST LEAVE HERE PRONTO! I... HAVE ALREADY RADIOED SLADE TO... TO SEND HIS MEN... HERE...

More Sugar and Fat For British People

London, Oct. 3.—(P)—The government announced today that on Nov. 17 the sugar ration will be increased by 50 per cent, from eight ounces to 12 ounces

BOTANY WRINKLE PROOF TIES \$1.00

Barkercs STORE FOR MEN

Lincoln, Tillamook Herds Tie For Top

Corvallis, Ore., Oct. 3.—(P)—The Lincoln and Tillamook County Herd Improvement associations tied for top honors among Oregon's 23 cow testing groups in the month just reported on by Roger Morse, extension dairyman at Oregon State College. Both Lincoln and Tillamook cows averaged 34.2 pounds of fat each for the month.

Runners-up were the Coos Bay, Tillamook, Owner-Sampler and Coquille Valley associations.

THE NEBBES—There Has Got to Be a First Time

HOW'S YOUR NIECE COMING WITH HER STUNT, AND WHAT IS SHE GOING TO DO?

I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT IT—IT'S A SECRET WITH HER

I DO HOPE IT'S INTERESTING... I'M WORKING SO HARD TO MAKE THIS ENTERTAINMENT A SUCCESS

YOU KNOW I STUDIED DRAMATIC ART BUT I'VE NEVER APPEARED IN PUBLIC—THIS IS MY FIRST TIME

AND THE FIRST TIME IS TRYING ON THE SOLDIERS—IF SHE'S OUT TO TRY SOMETHING HUMOROUS SHE WON'T HAVE TO MAKE UP FOR IT