

The LUCKY LAWRENCE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

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SYNOPSIS

The luck that brought the Boston Lawrence to California at the beginning of the gold rush has deserted the present generation. From a 4,000-acre ranch, their holdings have shrunk to a small farm, and the old family home in Clippersville, Phil, now twenty-five, has gone into the iron works. Gail, the public library and Edith to the book department of Clippersville's largest store. Sam is in school, and seven-year-old Ariel is becoming a problem. Phil is fascinated by "that terrible" Lily Cass, whose husband has deserted her. Young Van Murchison, scion of a wealthy family, returns from Yale, and Gail has visions, through marriage with him, of the turning of the Lawrence luck. Dick Stebbins, Phil's best friend, has the run of the house. Ariel is sneaking out of the house at night for joy rides. Phil suggests, to his sisters' consternation, that they invite Lily Cass to the house. Gail goes with Van for a week-end with the Chippis, his uncle and aunt. She is received coldly by Mrs. Chippis and her guests. At a roadhouse Gail sees a raccoon-coated man helping Ariel into a roadster. Ariel admits she was at the place, at night, and displays no remorse. Gail is gloomy as she considers the family's outlook.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Best of all had been the morning after a dance, when, waking in the big hotel on the hilltop, Gail had breakfasted in pajamas—the silk pajamas Edith had won when she won the Hope Chest at the Catholic fair last year.

After breakfast the party had split and scattered, Gail going off with Van in the roadster.

They had gone to the Cliff house and apostrophized the seals that were barking harshly on the rocks behind the drifts of fog; they had had tin-types taken on the board walk, and had tried all the swings and chutes. They had come downtown again and lunched on a roof above old Chinatown; hearing the cars honking in the streets below and the fishermen crying their wares. They had bought ginger and li-chee nuts, had lingered long at the theater doorway, studying the cheap little photographs, bursting into fresh laughter as they pretended to translate the hieroglyphics to one another.

An idiot—yes, but Van was a most lovable idiot, the ideal idiot with whom to spend a silly day like this, when one's senses were still dreamy and dulled with the excitement of a gala night, and when one had him to oneself—not showing off, not given any chance to be drawn away, innocently to hurt one's feelings. This day in Chinatown was one to be marked with a white stone for Gail.

At four they had known they must start for home. It would take almost two hours to drive to Clippersville; Gail had not dared prolong the fun too far. Van had landed her safely at her own gate at six o'clock, and she had gone into the dim old brooding house, that was close and dark tonight, with a sudden realization of the limitations of the place—the stupidity of home.

"I've had the best time I ever had in my life!" she could tell them over and over again, exhausted by sheer felicity. She told them the jokes, the situations, the events, in an inconsequential jumble. Edith had listened eagerly, sympathetically; Phil was not at home. Ariel had listened, too, but with a difference.

"Ariel had an experience last night. She went out for a casual drive with the Camps after the movie," Edith had said, "and they broke a spring, and it was nearly midnight when she got in! Phil and I were terribly frightened."

Gail's eyes and Ariel's had flashed together. But even when they were alone Ariel had not been communicative.

"You run your affairs and let me run mine!" she had said, not rudely, very simply.

"But it wasn't a broken spring, Ariel?"

"I say it was."

Gail had been too anxious to get back to her own dreams and memories to worry, even about Ariel.

The day had had its marvelous moment. It had come at four o'clock, when she and Van, laughing over the purchase of dragons, bowls, candle sticks, and charms in the sandal-scented, opium-scented interior of a dark little Chinatown shop, had been reluctantly forced to a consideration of the flying time.

"Yep, that's so, we can't stay in town—we ain't married yet!" Van had said, with his wild laugh.

It wasn't much. But it was enough for her to remember happily now; it

showed that he did think of it, that it was in his mind.

"We ain't married yet!" It would have been a little better if he had not put it in the vernacular. Still . . . it was sweet.

She went to sleep dreaming of the newspapers of a few years hence. Her heart was very tender toward Van tonight. He had been a charming companion today, this big tweed-clad man with the well-filled wallet and the shining open car. Gail liked the memory of his smiling lean face grinning at her. She liked his clothes, his speech; she liked his references to places and things that belonged to a world of leisure and luxury that she did not know.

Almost every week-end was spent at the ranch in Los Gatos now, and between the Mondays and Fridays Gail lived in but a dreamy half-consciousness of what went on at home. The women of Van's set had taken her up, and when the Chippis were back at home, as they frequently were in mid-week, Mary Spence or Lucia would come to Clippersville to stay with Lenore, and they would all straggle into the library during the dull forenoons to report their shopping expeditions, or to try to coax Gail to come off with them to a country club luncheon.

Life, at this accelerated pace, fairly burned her up. The new pleasures enchanted her, but never satisfied, leaving her always straining for more; which indeed was the position of them all—Lenore, Mary, Van, Fred, to say nothing of their elders. They went everywhere, anywhere, they did anything and everything that might promise fun. Breakfast on the MacCleishes' yacht, for example; life on the MacCleishes' yacht had nothing to do with sailing or the water. The yacht might as well have been moored ten feet underground in a coal mine, for all its gay party ever saw of the sea. Yet there was something distinguished about being asked to spend a week-end on a real yacht!

The glory spread far ahead of it, and far behind it. Gail saw her name in the Clippersville Challenge more than once during this amazing summer, listed among the guests at affairs whose distinction a few months back was beyond her wildest dreams.

She had a feverish feeling sometimes of having lost Edith, lost Phil and Sam and Ariel, lost touch with her work at the library and her duties at home—one could not live two lives, after all, and Van's very exactions were a delight, an answer to her wild young ardent prayers of last spring. Nothing mattered but that she should please him, should keep close to him. She grew wittier, quicker, gayer as the weeks went by; their talk together was merely a quick cross-fire of repartee.

One night in late August she and Van walked home from a movie in Clippersville. The night was insufferably hot, and the audience was glad enough to straggle out into the black darkness of the Calle, where the air was some degrees cooler.

"Whew! That was frightful," Gail breathed, turning her bare head up to the stars, shaking back her tawny mane.

"This is a snorter!" Van commented. "Los Gatos tomorrow, hey? And into the pool."

The moon had not yet risen, but there was an odd light in the world, at nine o'clock; whitewashed surfaces and the adobe walls of the oldest buildings wore an odd pale glimmer of white. The upper branches of the great trees over the Calle rustled wearily in a hot wind.

"Maybe we'll go over to the beach Sunday," Van said.

"I wish we were there now!"

"Take you in a minute!" he offered eagerly. The girl laughed.

"A hundred miles," she said drily.

"And we'd get so hot going over, and be so tired coming back, that we wouldn't gain much."

"Ice cream at Dobbins'?" he suggested.

"Kind of mussy." But she turned toward the drug store none the less; the opportunity to be seen by all the town, having soda at Dobbins' with Van Murchison, must not be overlooked.

All Clippersville came in and out of Dobbins' on a hot summer evening, and she kept wheeling about on her high stool to greet library acquaintances and neighbors and friends.

"How-do, Miss Lawrence." "Hello, Gail." "How-do, Gail." "Good evening, Miss Lawrence!"

They all saw that she was with Van Murchison.

Ariel came in and put her slim arms about Gail from behind and kissed the bright wave of tawny hair over Gail's ear.

"Take our places," Gail said, getting down. "We're done!"

She walked along beside Van silently in the street. The man kept up his regular stream of chatter for a minute; somehow it jarred tonight. Gail broke across it suddenly.

"The reason I wanted to come away was—my brother Phil was in Dobbins' there."

"Your brother Phil was?"

"Yes. 'Way over in the corner, in one of the twosomes."

"Why didn't we yell at him?" Van asked simply.

She had to have sympathy; she had to test him. With a sudden letting down of the bars she said, "Because his girl was with him."

"And don't you like her?" Van demanded, with his delighted air of discovering something amusing.

"I despise her!" Gail answered somberly.

"Not really!" he exclaimed ecstatically. "What? Phil's girl?"

"She's not a girl, really, and it's very serious," Gail said, determined to sober him. "She's a divorced woman, and she has three little boys about three and two and one—"

"Oh, I love it!" Van said with relish. "Phil! Old sober-sides! I adore it! I'm crazy about it!"

"Van, how can you say so!" Gail reproached him, hurt. "She's a terrible girl; she comes from Thomas Street Hill; she was one of the Wibbers."

"Oh, I think it's perfectly grand!" Van said, with his raw, joyous laugh.

"Think of the trouble and expense saved—his family all ready-made!"

But suddenly perceiving that she was not amused, and that a genuine mood of anger and disappointment was keeping her silent, he changed his tone and said rallying, lightly:

"Why, what do you care who your



He Might Easily Have Put His Arm About Her.

brother marries! You don't have to marry her! It's his funeral."

"I suppose so," Gail conceded after a moment, wearily.

"Want to jump into the car and rush off somewhere and get cool?"

"It would take too long, and I'm too tired, and I promised Edith to be home early. She gets nervous."

The car was parked a hundred feet from the Lawrence gate. Gail went to the fence that had once been their meadow fence, and leaned on the bars and stared into the night that was now lighted by the moon.

"Phil's marrying would simply wreck our home," she said, reverting to the topic deliberately, desperately.

"Oh, forget it! He won't marry her," Van assured her easily.

"I think," she began, a little thickly—"I think what worries me is Ariel. She's proud, she's so sensitive—"

"Shucks! She isn't any prouder or more sensitive than you are!" Van said unsympathetically. He hated to be serious, Gail knew. He was hating it now.

"The thing about Ariel is," Gail pursued resolutely, "that she is running around with that Buddy Ralsch crowd—of course they may be a perfectly decent crowd underneath—"

"Why, she's nothing but a school child!" Van said, in distaste and displeasure.

"Well, she's not such a school child but what she lets Buddy Ralsch take her out in his roadster—"

"Oh, I love it! I think it's priceless!" Van exclaimed, laughing, as Gail's troubled voice fell still.

"I don't know what to do about it," Gail began again. "I was wondering," she added timidly, "what you would think I ought to do, Van?"

He was interested now, but in an annoyed, reluctant sort of way. He said quickly:

"I? For heaven's sake, what should I know about it? It seems to me if she's such a fool she likes to run 'round with a boulder like that, why, let her do it!"

"But you don't understand, Van," Gail said patiently. "She's only seventeen—she won't be eighteen until next Christmas."

"That wasn't no hindrance to the late Miss Juliet Capulet!" Van reminded her joyously.

Gail laughed faintly, and was silent.

"I'll come for you early tomorrow," Van presently said. "How's nine o'clock? That gets us to the ranch at noon, easy."

The girl felt cold, unresponsive, heavy.

They were standing close together at the old fence rail; he might easily have put his arm about her. But he never attempted that sort of thing; Gail wondered sometimes if it were some queer lack in her that prevented him, or some missing quality in him.

Going into the house she determined that she would not go down to Los Gatos at all tomorrow, and felt a great relief in the thought. If they wanted her they could make a special overture next week.

She wandered away to her own room, returned in pajamas, brushing her thick mop of tawny-gold hair.

"Phil was at Dobbins' tonight," she said suddenly, "with Lily."

Edith opened her lips to speak, made no sound. They stared at each other.

"He wasn't!" Edith whispered after awhile.

"He was."

"At Dobbins'?"

"In one of the twosomes—the alcoves."

"Oh, Gail!" Edith wailed.

"I know. It's awful."

"He's crazy," the younger sister said darkly. They brooded upon it in silence.

Gail felt tired and blue; discouraged about Phil, about Ariel, about her own hopes and plans concerning Van. A sense of futility, of helplessness, was heavy upon her as she went slowly downstairs and slowly moved about the kitchen, pressing her white linen, freshening her printed chiffon.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Pantomime Originated With Old-Time Romans

Pantomime owes its origin to the plays of the ancient Romans in which the male characters were always played by women and the female characters by men. Hence the tradition that the principal boy must always be a girl and the dame must be a man. Attempts to depart from this rule have seldom proved successful, states a writer in Tit-Bits Magazine.

Pantomime was brought to England in the reign of James I when some Italian players introduced a dumb-show burlesque in which the principal characters were Arlecchino, Columbine, and El Pantaleone. That was the origin of the harlequinade. The first English Harlequin was named Rich, though he performed under the stage name of Lun.

In the unpatented theaters the spoken word was forbidden, so he, too, performed in dumb-show. About that time a French clown named Delpini was sent to prison for exclaiming "Roast Beef!" on the stage of the Royalty theater.

It was David Garrick who first made Harlequin speak, and Joe Grimaldi who was first responsible for the introduction of the clown as we know him today.

Fairy stories were first introduced as brief "openings" to the harlequinade, but after a while they became so popular that they ousted the harlequinade altogether.

Lonely Tangier Island

Tangier Island, Va., is a hilly little island with a population of about 1,500 in the Chesapeake bay 12 miles (2 hours) by boat from Crisfield, Md. The islanders have always made their living entirely from the water—from fish, oysters, crabs and plants. One peculiarity about the island is that there are absolutely no means of artificial transportation, neither automobiles, buggies, nor street cars, and in addition neither telephone nor wireless stations.

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