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Escape From Heartbreak

By Margaretta Brucker

CHAPTER II

For a minute, it seemed to Valerie that Phil was a stranger. His hands, which she had caught them close, brought her some responsive thrill to her heart. She felt as if she had seen him. Weak.

Then Phil pulled his chair forward. He covered Valerie's hands with his, caught them close. "Look here," he coaxed, "be sensible, sweet. You know I can't rush Lillian. She may think me a sensible fellow, but I can't rush her. I can't hurt Lillian. You would not want me to do that, would you? No need for you to get all upset over a little delay."

He leaned forward suddenly and kissed her.

Valerie drew her hands away quickly. Under the persuasion of Phil's kiss, she was almost ready to listen while he outlined a wild plan of secret meetings.

She said quietly, "We can't be together until we can live together honestly. Phil, I'm not silly and prudish, but I won't do that. You'll have to tell your mother we are married."

Phil thrust his hands in his pockets and stared at her angrily. "You'll get in bad with Lillian," he declared. "You haven't a cent but what she gives me."

It was true. Knowing that, knowing that Lillian Prescott could bend Phil to her will, Valerie went, worth, had dared to hope that she would assert herself and acknowledge her as his wife.

How had she dared? Would she dare to pit herself against Lillian Prescott? She must!

"Phil, please be honest and tell your mother right away. You want me to do that, but I can't do that unless—"

"Then you don't love me."

"Do you love me?"

"Listen, Phil. 'Haven't I loved you ever since that Chicago buyer noticed you when he was going through the store? He pointed you out to me. He said, 'That girl's got something. That's when I first noticed you. Remember?'"

"Yes, remember."

Phil had both her hands again, holding them tight. He was clever to remember the thrill of that first meeting.

Phil leaning across the counter, saying, "What about a spoon of bread?"

She had whirled and said, "What color, please?"

Phil said, "Are they blue or hazel?" And looked straight into her eyes.

She said, "Silly" before she realized that this was Phil Prescott, whose mother owned the store.

There had followed other meetings, cautious meetings. Penny had offended her when she hinted that Phil was careful of his interest in a girl at the notions counter.

"Phil's thinking of me," Valerie had said. "I'm sure of it."

"Phil Prescott never thinks of anyone but himself," Penny had declared.

Now, with her fingers clutching his, Valerie wondered. She wanted to please him, but something held her back.

She found herself repeating feebly, "I can't. I've always been honest. Phil—"

"Honest!"

Phil caught the hand which wore his ring and ripped off the ring. He thrust it into his pocket. He pushed back his chair and stood up, towering above her.

"You'll get back that ring and wear it when I want you to wear it," he said roughly. "I'll have to wait until I get Lillian in a mood, for one thing, and she's in a beastly humor now. Just back from New York, where she's had the best her to some modes she's set her heart on buying. Should I whip in now and tell her that I'm married? Do you imagine what would happen?"

He picked up his hat from the table and turned to go.

"Look for a call about seven—in case you change your mind," he said.

"I won't change my mind," said Valerie stubbornly.

"Well—same time. Same place."

Then, he hurried upstairs.

She knew he meant that they would not meet again until he came striding toward her through the store. Presumably, checking sales, but really watching for the opportunity to halt at the notions counter.

Tomorrow would be no different because for a few minutes she had worn his ring. Waiting and hoping that he would come, watching the clock, watching the elevator doors.

Tomorrow, it would be like that again.

Note: The restaurant proprietor stood beside her. He said, "A sandwich, maybe? A cup of coffee?"

Valerie ordered a cup of coffee and the sandwich he suggested. She touched her lips to the coffee, pushed aside untasted the thick most sandwich.

Later, she went home to her rooming house. Huddled upstairs, anxious to avoid Penny, who lived in the room just beyond her own. Tonight she was in no mood to listen to Penny.

She spent a sleepless night and started for work drowsy and sick with worry. Maybe she had been wrong. She might as well give in to Phil's pleading and live with him secretly as he suggested.

Having made this right-about-face decision, Valerie's attention suddenly lifted. She even felt light-hearted. After all, she thought, wasn't it childish and absurd to insist that they must wait until Lillian Prescott gave her sanction to their marriage before they dared to live together?

Her elation in the new decision lasted until she reached the store. Lashed until she left her locker, when a messenger from the office waylaid her and said, "I was told to give this to you as soon as you came in."

A letter on Prescott Department Store stationery. The typewritten words blurred before Valerie's eyes. They said that her services were no longer required at Prescott's. Would she call at the office at once and get her check?

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Valerie read through the letter twice before she convinced herself that the words were real. She had lost her job! She had been discharged!

It would not be easy to find another job. She had been in a previous winter when she had been out of work for two whole months—terrified, almost penniless when she was taken during the Christmas rush at Prescott's. She had been ready to die with joy at the chance of a temporary job, but when the Christmas rush was over, she was kept on for the January sales, and then Penny had told her that there would be a place open in the notions.

She had been so proud of that job. She had been praised for her salesmanship—she had been promised advancement to the lingerie as soon as there would be an opening.

Penny, who had been at Prescott's for three years, had said enviously, "Good-looking gals get all the breaks. I run my legs off, but the management never sees me."

Phil, who had been at Prescott's for a flat-chested figure, angular shoulders and limp brown hair, would stay on at Prescott's. Penny would never attract Phil and thus antagonize his mother.

(To be continued)

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Rev. D. A. MacLeod
An Appreciation

and dear to him had been laid, members of his church and community.

The bulletin of the church on Sunday gave this summary of his relations to the church:

"He loved and was loved greatly."

The many beautiful flowers were in charge of Messieurs Wm. Rehan, Wm. Rhine, Noah Doyle, John Foster, D. D. Cox, Howard Rehan, Percy Greenfield, Paul Griffiths, Misses Myrtle Kessinger and Blanche Grubb.

The casket bearers were John Driskell, James Driskell, Howard Rehan, John Kessinger, Gus Goby and Percy Greenfield.

Honorary bearers were Clarence McNaughton, W. R. Goby, Dr. W. H. Scherer, O. R. Henry, Wm. Rhine and Paul Angle.

Out-of-town guests from Springfield were: Rev. Edward W. Ziegler, Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Driskell, and Mrs. John Driskell, Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, Mrs. Charles Adams, Mrs. Roy Osenton, Mrs. Jack Morrison, Mrs. Wm. P. Pagan, From Sullivan: Dr. and Mrs. Clarence Miller, Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Merriman, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Little, Miss Jessie Burton, Mrs. D. G. Gummont.

From Hillsboro: Rev. F. G. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Latham, daughter of St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Houch of Collinsville; Mrs. Cecil Beatty of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Duane Ferrell of Chicago; and Mr. and Mrs. James Driskell and daughter of Hillsboro.

Remember When

By The Canadian Press

Gen. Quinn, Norristown, Pa., won the Canadian open golf championship at Montreal 10 years ago, today with a 52 to the hole round—two strokes under par. The 25-year-old star rang up a total score of 280, two better than Vice Ghezzi of Deser, N.J., who tied for fourth in the 1945 open at Toronto.

WATER-WEIGHT

A salamander can increase its weight by nearly 40 per cent within a few hours by absorbing water through its skin.

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Several Tins to a Customer While they Last!

Scotland Has Big Plans For Her Highlands

By JAMES MCCOOK

EDINBURGH, Aug. 29—(CP)—If all the plans for Scotland come into effect, the highlands will be a heather glens instead of a wilderness as has been the custom for nearly 200 years.

In the office of the Secretary of State for Scotland (Joseph Westwood) the talk is of highland farms, of hydro-electric developments, of better land use, of tractors and living standards in the highlands which 200 years ago were more a land of mystery than the New England States.

"We're practical here and we don't think all the changes we are content with are coming overnight," said an official.

"But we don't want Canadians or anyone else to think that we are content with our best of the past and fine scenery for the highlands. There are to be great changes, and they are coming fast."

Story Pretty Grim

The story is pretty grim. After the 1746 rebellion, the last fruitless of the Stuarts for the throne, Hanoverian lands were destroyed and the chiefs were replaced by abandoned landlords or themselves. They were tenants. Sheep were profitable, and tenants were driven from their ancient homes to make room for grazing.

A Royal Commission in 1884 began an examination of the plight of the small highland farmer. Its main benefit was legislation giving the crofter security on his land, provided he operated it with reasonable efficiency.

"But even then, since the start of this century, 1,000,000 Scots have gone abroad—our best, our most enterprising," said the official.

The present trend is away from private landlordism. The state now

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Rev. D. A. MacLeod

AN APPRECIATION

The Raymond News, Ill., says: Seldom has the news of a death brought sorrow to so many hearts and homes as the word that came over the telephone on Monday morning, July 23, saying, "Rev. D. A. MacLeod has passed away."

His friends had known during the last two months of his illness and a number of them had called on him, both at the Memorial hospital in Springfield, and the Jewish hospital in St. Louis, where everything possible had been done for him, but few had any idea that the end was so near.

He was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Raymond for over ten years, resigning in June of 1939 to retire from active ministry.

He was loved and respected by the entire community and volumes could be written of the many acts of kindness to the people of this community regardless of church affiliations. He was a true and loyal friend, giving to all who needed it, his time, talent and much financial help. Many of our young people can tell of the help they received from him. How they were given, not only higher ideals, but help in many ways that made their lives easier and broader.

Daniel A. MacLeod was born at Bonshaw, P.E.I., on July 4, 1872, and went to the United States at an early age. He served his country in both war and peace, was a veteran of World War I, serving at Camp Lewis, Washington.

He served as pastor in a number of Presbyterian churches, and his last charges were Sullivan and Raymond, Illinois.

He married in Sullivan and his widow and the following relatives survive him: One sister in Toronto, Canada; one brother in Calgary, Alberta; a nephew, Colin MacLeod, of Bonshaw; Mrs. A. B. McLeod, a sister-in-law, and several nieces and nephews, two brothers and two sisters having passed away before him.

After leaving Raymond he lived for a short time in Hillsboro, Ill., then went to Springfield, Ill., where he died in the Memorial Hospital on Monday morning, July 23, 1944.

The body was taken to Raymond and on Wednesday afternoon, July 26, a beautiful and impressive funeral service was held in the church, a large crowd of people coming to do him honor.

The services were in charge of the Alton Presbytery of which he was a member. Rev. Mellon, pastor of the Hillsboro Presbyterian church as acting moderator, opening the service.

Dr. Case, pastor of the church, read the scripture lesson and the sermon, most beautiful and comforting, was preached by the Rev. Dr. Ziegler, pastor West-Minister Presbyterian church of Springfield, the church home of Rev. and Mrs. MacLeod.

Mr. D. D. Cox, an elder in the local church, gave the prayer. Mrs. C. McNaughton and Mrs. O. R. Henry sang "The City Four Square" and "Crossing the Bar," with Mrs. J. E. McDavid at the piano.

Surrounded by his loving friends and great masses of lovely flowers, he was laid to rest in beautiful Hillside Cemetery, where a number of his friends, some very near

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of the following Merchandise will start MONDAY THE 27th and Continue for One Week

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- Summer Coats
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