

Jingle Bells - By - Frank R. Adams

CHAPTER I. What's the Use?

Grandmother Page refused to budge. I turned her over again, but there was no sign of life. I squirted gasoline into her cylinders, but she didn't seem to care for it.

As you may have surmised, Grandmother Page is a relation of mine only by adoption and purchase. She originally was created and assembled by the Page Motor Company of Detroit, but that was so long ago that her years fully entitled her to the title of "Grandmother."

She has had a hard life, too. For every year she has been going nearly everywhere that I go, and for a long time before that she was the traveling companion of a suburban real-estate man who could sell gold bricks to placer miners. I suspect that he taught her some of her deceitful tricks.

It must have been from him that she got her love of the country. She revels in green fields and running brooks and sand-banks and mud-holes. Whenever she finds one she always wants to stay there all day. The farther it is from the city the better she likes it.

I personally am fonder of the city and when she decides to remain all night on some road fourteen or fifteen miles from anywhere I have sometimes walked home rather than share the sylvan solitudes with her.

Under my breath I murmured: "Durn you, Grandmother," and hit the engine a vindictive tap with a monkey wrench.

"Maybe there is no gasoline in the megnet," suggested Maryella, who had watched my struggle from the front seat.

I made no reply. When some one begins offering me suggestions after I have tried every known trick on a stalled motor I find that the only way to preserve my reputation as a gentle man is to keep absolutely silent.

Even Maryella, whom I have been trying for two years to persuade to become Mrs. Tom Bilbeck, can draw fire from me on such a dynamic occasion.

"We've got to get home, Tom," she fretted. "There's a rehearsal of 'Pygmalion and Galatea' to-night, and if we're away they can't do a thing."

No, reader, we are not actors. I am positive of that. Our stage-work receives mention only in the society column. We perform for charity before people who have to like us because we represent such worthy causes. Whenever the Social Settlement sends up a yell for funds we spend about a thousand dollars worth of time enticing five hundred people to meet with fifty cents each to hear us forecast our lines.

When Belgium needs bread or the Fish Islands run out of pants, who comes to the rescue regardless of consequences? The Sheridan Dramatic Club!

And now we were doing "Pygmalion and Galatea" for the Old Soldiers' Home, which needed some new window shades or an electric piano, I've forgotten which.

"Besides," continued Marayella, shivering slightly, "it's getting colder, and I think I felt a drop of rain a minute ago."

"That being the case," I observed, sarcastically, "we'll start."

"Let's," she encouraged.

Grandmother Page and I repeated our justly celebrated repertoire of tricks, from adjusting the spark-coil to putting gasoline in our eye while lying prone under the tank. Each separate adjustment was preceded and followed by reducing exercises with the starting crank.

"Jim Cooper has a self-starter on his car," Maryella observed sympathetically while I was trying to catch my breath.

"Then why," I inquired in icy exasperation that I regretted instantly, "why don't you marry Jim Cooper, if you're so crazy about a self-starter?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Maryella, inarticulate with rage at my remark. "You have no right to insult me like that!"

"I didn't mean to insult you, dear."

I forgot Grandmother Page for the moment in my anxiety to square myself for my tactical blunder.

It was the wrong move. My very humility made her think that she really had been offended in some way, so she dabbed at her pretty eyes to see if she could scare up a tear. She could not. That made her more angry.

"I know one thing," she stated, clambering out of the seat. "I'll never ride in your old car again as long as I live!"

She started down the road.

"I'll walk home first!"

Why are girls of twenty so adorable—and why are men a few years older such fools about them? The answer to that question may explain also why I followed her through the

dusk that was part twilight and part gathering rainstorm.

"Listen, Maryella," I called after her. "Be reasonable."

No response.

"You can't walk all the way home. It's ten miles."

"I'd probably have to walk anyway," she observed dispassionately, "so I might as well get started before dark."

That remark about walking home anyway was the crowning insult to me and Grandmother Page. It hurt the more because it was probably true. I turned back angrily. She trudged on . . .

Down the road came a purring motor. I had hardly expected a car to pass that way. I had purposely chosen a back-country road for my drive with Maryella that day. This machine was coming from town.

I looked at the turn of the road around which it would presently appear. Maybe it was a friend of mine.

The car rounded the turn. I swore under my breath.

It was the racing runabout belonging to Jim Cooper. No situation that I could imagine would please him more and me less than that in which we were placed.

He pulled up alongside of Maryella, who had proceeded about two or three blocks before he arrived. After a short parley she got in beside him. I gnashed my teeth, but thanked Heaven that I would soon be alone to express my opinion on automobiles, nature, human beings and things, in general.

No such luck. The car was coming on toward me. It pulled up alongside Grandmother Page.

Maryella looked off across the fields on the other side of the road, but the driver got down from his seat and inspected Grandmother Page.

"What's the matter? Won't the engine run?"

Jim Cooper is the kind of a man who would ask a question like that. His sense of humor is very low, just above that of an anthropoid ape. When bromidioms were being passed around he took one of each.

"I'll admit that he is rather a good-looking chap. His hair just escapes being too blond and he has a wisp of a mustache such as you see on the men in the clothing advertisements.

Nature did all she could for the outside, but let him go without filling in the place which was originally intended for a mind. Whatever people seem to be doing he does without questioning whether there is any sense in it. He plays golf because so many others seem to enjoy it, not from any love of the game. He is one of Maryella's admirers for the same reason.

Maybe I am prejudiced, but I can't believe that he really appreciates her adorableness.

Maryella is flattered by his attention, not knowing what a small tribute it is. The fact that he asks her opinion on every move he makes, from changing brands of tooth-powder to buying a summer home, caters to her love of power.

"Are you sure you've got gasoline in the tank?"

Jim Cooper continued his ruthless assault on the remaining shreds of my temper.

"The trouble is in the spark," I volunteered briefly, looking around for a weapon in case he should ask another question.

"Oh! Can I give you a lift home, old man? Of course, there isn't an extra seat, but you could sit on the gasoline-tank at the rear. I think it will hold you."

He surveyed me doubtfully.

A slight snicker from the lady in the car spurred me to a quick refusal.

"No, thank you. I'll have my car going in a few minutes."

"Oh! Miss Walte told me it wouldn't go at all."

"Did she?" I murmured politely.

"I didn't know that she was interested."

"Maybe we had better wait," he suggested, "until you get started, and follow you into town. Then if anything goes wrong we can pick you up along the road."

"Please don't," I urged, with just a shade of feeling showing in my voice.

"Just as you say, old top. I'd like awfully well to help you if I could."

He got back into his car and insulted us once more with the subdued but efficient purr of his electric starter. Then waving at me airily, he turned about and disappeared in a cloud of dust toward the city.

I sat by the roadside and told myself that I was probably one of the seven worst "fussers" in the United States and the Dominion of Canada. I had played my game like a fifteen-jeweled boob. The first rule for mak-

ing a girl eat out of your hand is never to let her know when you are mad. The second is not to be sorry if you do. I had a blow-out in both rules.

While I sat there it began to drizzle, but I thought too little of myself to care to move, so I didn't. Instead I recollected with delightful pain how eminently desirable Maryella was.

Slim and slender and cool-looking, she was obviously the handiwork of a beauty-loving god who wanted to show what he could do. But she had eyes, dark ones, that came from no heavenly work shop. In them there was a bit of temper, of daring and an invitation to come along that was irresistible.

If a man must lose his head over a woman, Maryella's type offers the utmost justification. If you had any curiosity and a wee bit of nerve, you made up your mind that you would have to find out whether to believe her eyes or the rest of her face.

Up to that afternoon I had been doing pretty well, too. Not having money in my pocket, I had started against Cooper with a considerable handicap. He worked short hours in his father's office, which would eventually be his; while I plugged away for a salary—a good one, but nothing that would make the mint work overtime to keep up with me.

There is no use concealing what my job is. A good many people know already from having seen my name signed at the bottom of a column of alleged humor which I conduct daily for a syndicate of newspapers. Any one who has read my stuff knows that I work hard for my money, especially when I write verse.

Besides by syndicate work I do all the big stories for the Daily Mail, which is our principal morning paper of our city. It is pleasant, because I do not have to be in the office constantly like a regular reporter. When they need me they send for me. When there is a big political convention or a disaster of a sensational murder I usually cover it.

I had been offered a job as war correspondent, but I declined. Just because Irvin S. Cobb got back with all his arms and legs attached is no sign that they wouldn't be able to hit the next fat man that went over.

When I was thoroughly wet through so that it didn't make any difference what I did, I decided that I might as well start for home. It would be more comfortable to die of pneumonia in my own bed. So I got up and sloshed over to the car to get my coat, which I had laid aside when the contest between me and Grandmother began.

Just by way of a passing expression of my feelings I gave the crank a turn.

"Bang!"

The engine started.

I stood in the rain a full minute longer relieving my mind before I mounted to my seat and steered Grandmother Page back over the sloppy roads to the city.

What was the use now?

NEIGHBORS TO MEET HERE NEXT TUESDAY (Continued from Page 1)

and Mrs. Nina McPherson, Entertainment Mrs. C. F. Eggmann, chairman; assistants, Mrs. Rachel Thatcher, and Mrs. Walter Laxton.

Delegates to the Springfield convention will be sent from circles of the Neighbors of Woodcraft at Engene, Drain, Roseburg, Riddle, Ashland, Medford, Coburg, Marshfield, Grants Pass, Myrtle Point, Coquille, Oakland, Phoenix, Paisley, Jasper, Waltherville, Port Orford, Yoncalla, Kerby, Junction City, Lakeview, North Bend, Creswell, Langlois, Klamath Falls, Bandon, Gold Beach, Myrtle Creek and Cottage Grove.

The program for the two days is as follows:

TUESDAY

10:00 A. M.—Call to order. Hostess Guardian, Mamie Richmond.

Formal entrance and seating of district officers.

Address of welcome—W. P. Tyson.

Response to welcome—Mrs. Ollie Parsons.

Vocal solo.

Instrumental solo.

Opening of Circle meeting by district officers.

Noon Recess.

1:30—Call to order.

Report of credentials committee.

Roll call of officers and representatives.

Appointment of committees.

Good of the Order and resolutions—Past Grand Representative, Alberta McMurray.

Adjournment.

8:00—Closed meeting—Regular exemplification of ritual by district officers.

Report of Woodcraft Home.

WEDNESDAY

10:00 A. M.—Reports and recommendations.

Reports of committees. Election of Grand Representatives.

Fixing of place of next meeting.

Election of district officers. Miscellaneous business.

Adjournment.

8:00—Open to public.

Music by Teddy's.

Flag Observance—District Team No 4.

Installation of district officers—Retiring Past District Guardian.

Address—On the Good of the Order—Dr. William Kuykendall.

Vocal solo—Jenny Murphy.

Juvenile Drill by Circle No. 162—Mrs. Myrtle Eggmann, senior guardian.

Stunt—Creswell team.

Music—Teddy's.

Fancy Drill—Junction City team.

Vocal solo—Mrs. W. K. Barnell.

Fancy drill—Cottage Grove team.

The Light Fantasy—Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Anderson.

Fancy drill—Eugene team.

Fancy drill—District team.

Music—Teddy's.

Reading and approving of minutes.

Closing ceremony of Circle.

Child Seized by Man

An unidentified man attempted to attack a small Springfield girl Saturday afternoon about 3:30 o'clock on Mill street near the high school building. He seized her by the back of the neck, but released her and ran away when she screamed.

The child was unable to give an accurate description of the man. A posse headed by Kenneth Gile, chief of police, searched for him in the vicinity of the high school for several hours, but was unable to find any trace of him.

TO BE CONTINUED

RICKARD FAMILY MEETS AT THURSTON SUNDAY

The annual reunion of the Rickards, pioneer Oregon family, will be held Sunday, June 16, at the Idlewood park at Thurston. The hall at the park has been rented for the occasion.

The Rickard family has more than 500 members living in Oregon at the present time, as well as 118 in other states. It is expected that a large percentage of the Oregon members will be present at the Thurston meeting. The last survivor of the original Rickard family was Mrs. Elizabeth Beck, who died in Indiana this year. The Rickard family keeps a book in which is recorded the names of every member, together with the records of the births, marriages and deaths.

McLagan at Coos Bay

W. C. McLagan, district superintendent of the steam plants of the Mountain States Power company, left this morning for Marshfield where he will spend a few days on company business. The Mountain States Power company is installing a new steam plant at Marshfield to furnish more power for that section. The California Oregon power company is also building a new line into the Coos Bay district from Roseburg. The Mountain States will buy power from the California Oregon part of the time, and then in times of low water at the latter's plant at Prospect, the California Oregon will buy power from the Mountain States.

Millionaire: "Every dollar I have was made honestly."

Candid friend: "By whom?"

KENSINGTON CLUB HOLDS LAST MEETING OF YEAR

The last meeting of the year of the Kensington club was held Monday night at the home of Mrs. Paul Basford, with Mrs. Basford and Mrs. W. C. Rebhan acting as joint hostesses. At that time it was decided that the annual picnic of the group would be held June 28, probably at Swimmers' Delight. Mrs. C. E. Kenyon was placed in charge of the picnic. Two guests, Miss Clara Jones and Mrs. Simpson, of Bend, were present at the meeting.

Members present were: Mesdames A. J. Morgan, C. E. Kenyon, S. C. Wright, W. C. Wright, L. May, J. T. Moore, C. E. Swarts, A. Kessey, D. B. Murphy, Jack Henderer, L. E. Basford, Miss Edna Swarts, and the hostesses, Mrs. Basford and Mrs. Rebhan.

BOOTH-KELLY LABORERS LOSE 15 DAYS' WORK

Fifteen days of work were lost at the Booth-Kelly mill during the month of May as a result of accidents at the plant, according to the monthly report posted by O. H. Jarrett, the superintendent. One man lost one day as the result of stepping through a hole in the dock and spraining a muscle in his leg. Another lost a day as the result of being injured when a wrench slipped from a bolt, and a third lost 13 days when he bruised his heel jumping from the sorting table. There were 19 days lost at the mill during the month of April.

Chase Forced Off Road

Harry Chase was struck by a car, forced off the road through a fence and into a field near the Ferry bridge while driving home from Eugene Saturday night. The other car cut around him, and as it passed struck Chase's Overland on the front hub cap. The Chase car was forced completely off the road by the blow, crashed through and old board fence, and stopped in a field beside the road. The machine was not damaged but Mr. Chase had considerable difficulty in getting it back onto the road. The other car did not stop.

Marcola Man Injured in Mill Accident

Ed Frome of Marcola was quite badly injured Monday when he caught his right hand in the planer blades at the Fisher Lumber company mills at Marcola. The index finger of his right hand was cut completely off, and two other fingers on the hand were mangled. Frome was brought to Springfield for medical treatment.

GIRL SCOUTS GIVE SURPRISE PARTY FOR MISS ALTA MANNING

A surprise party and handkerchief shower in honor of Miss Alta Manning, leader of the Springfield Girl Scout troop, was given by the members of the troop at the home of Mrs. C. O. Wilson Saturday. Miss Manning left Monday for Louisiana to spend the summer visiting relatives there.

The rooms were decorated with flowers. Miss Manning was presented with a bouquet of flowers with handkerchiefs in among them by Adaline Perkins. The following program was presented by the girl scouts:

Piano solo—Pearl Heltterbrand.

Piano duet—Barbara Barnell.

Piano duet—Evelyn and Melba Harris.

Xylophone solo—Barbara Barnell.

Skit—The girls present.

Following the program the evening was spent in playing games, after which light refreshments consisting of ice cream, waters and punch were served.

Those who were invited to attend the party were the ladies who have helped with the scout work during the year, Mrs. Arnold Schrup, Lane county scout executive; Mrs. C. E. Wheaton, Lane county girl scout councilor, and all of the local troop.

Ladies attending were Mrs. W. C. Rebhan, Miss Alta Manning, Mrs. Walter Gosler, Mrs. C. O. Wilson, Mrs. Arnold Schrup, Mrs. Clayton Barber, Mrs. C. E. Wheaton, and Mrs. Carl Olson.

The members of the organization who attended the meeting were Mildred Morgan, Velma Peddicord, Margaret Haack, Ellen Cox, Jo Lana Futman, Barbara Barnell, Evelyn Bascus, Evelyn Harris, Melba Harris, Easel Adams, Pearl Heltterbrand, Ruth Stratton, Faye Stratton, Jean Louk, Martha Moon, Margery Moon, Juanita Wilson, Adaline Perkins, Bernadine McFarland, Alice Neet, Marion Shipley, and Barbara Adams.

Henry Tomseth Injured

Henry Tomseth was quite painfully injured at the Booth-Kelly mill last Thursday when he stepped from a pile of lumber to one end of a bunk lying across a truck. One board tipped up, striking him on the knee cap. He was forced to stop work for several days.

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