

# Jingle Bells - By - Frank R. Adams

**WHAT HAPPENED SO FAR**  
Tom Bilbeck is the narrator. He is a fat newspaper writer who drives a tumbledown car he calls Grandmother Page. He is in love with Maryella, his rival being Jim Cooper. The three are members of an amateur dramatic club. Plans for a play at the Old Soldiers' Home are under way. Grandmother Page has engine trouble while Maryella is out driving with Bilbeck, and Cooper in his big roadster, takes Maryella home. After Maryella has left Bilbeck is able to start his car again.

The amateur players are to give Pygmalion and Galatea. In their version Bilbeck is to act as the statue, and Maryella gets peeved when she discovers that Bilbeck is bowlegged. Mrs. Hemingway later flatters Bilbeck and talks to him about the play. Bilbeck pats her hand, only to find a rough hand grasping him by the shoulder and lifting him out of his seat.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Mr. Hemingway does not belong to the club. He is managing editor of the Daily Mail, and has to work nights too often. But he usually calls for his wife to take her home from rehearsals.

We stood in the aisle and glared at one another.

"Why, John!" Mrs. Hemingway interposed. "I wasn't expecting you for quite a while yet."

"I can see that," he retorted, not taking his eyes from my face. "Now all I want to know is who you are," he shouted at me. "Take off that mask before I yank it off."

He made a motion toward me with his open hand.

His wife stopped him.

"Don't, John. It's Tom Bilbeck. That's his real face."

John Hemingway's jaw fell. He and I are close friends. We went through all our schooling together, and I suppose we have sworn eternal friendship and brotherly love on a dozen occasions. It was partly owing to him that I held down my star job on the newspaper.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, and turned to his wife. "But—"

She had stepped out in the aisle and his eye fell on her costume for the first time. He was speechless—with admiration, I thought.

"What have you got on?" he demanded hoarsely. "Is it anything at all, or have I merely got a speck in my eye?"

"This is my costume for the play," she explained carefully.

"Your costume?" he repeated, puzzled. "Where is the rest of it?"

"This is all."

"All? What do you represent—a clothespin?"

"No."

Mrs. Hemingway has the virtue of the fault of literalness.

"I am a Greek boy."

"Not any more," her husband stated firmly. "You can quit right here. I won't have my wife parading around in that kind of a—whatever it is."

"It's a Greek tunic."

"It is not," he declared, looking at it more closely. "It's my best silk sport shirt with the neck cut out and a little embroidery around the tails! Go and get on some clothes and I will take you home."

"Oh, John! You don't mean it!"

Mrs. Hemingway was genuinely alarmed now, and feared that he was in earnest.

"That is all for Art."

"I don't care whether it is for Art or for Tom Bilbeck. Go, cover 'em up."

By this time the rest of the company had heard the discussion, which had been conducted in the same tones as those ordinarily used on the bleachers at a baseball game. They gathered around.

"Please, Mr. Hemingway," pleaded Maryella. "You couldn't make Helen withdraw now. It will break up the show."

"If she doesn't it will break up the Hemingway family," he declared firmly.

"Is Mr. Hemingway here?" inquired a voice loudly from the rear of the auditorium. It was the boy from the box-office.

"Yes," replied John. "What is it?"

"You're wanted on the telephone."

Hemingway left us, a dejected group.

"What can we do?" wailed Maryella disconsolately. "What will the old soldiers do?"

"Don't worry," Mrs. Hemingway said. "I'll manage him some way. I'll fix the costume up so that he will approve all right."

She sighed with regret at the idea. Hemingway returned.

"Get dressed, Tom," he said to me.

"We've got to get over to the office."

"What happened?" I asked.

"There has been a jail delivery at the penitentiary and twenty prisoners have escaped. It's a big story, and we'll have you to handle it."

A chorus of protests went up at the idea of my leaving the rehearsal. I

was just peeved enough so that it did not make any difference to me. They had made fun of me, and now that I had a good excuse for withdrawing they could see how they could get along without me.

The idea of taking the long, cold trip to the penitentiary did not appeal to me in itself, but I was glad to be able to leave the theatre.

Hemingway had gone after telling his wife that he would send a taxi to take her home.

The coach came out in front of the curtain to announce that the stage was all set for the third act.

"Everybody on stage," he requested. I did not respond.

"Surely you are not going to go away during a dress rehearsal!" said Jim Cooper.

"I really have to go," I replied, and added bitterly, "It doesn't make any particular difference. I believe that you will find the dummy more pleasing to some of the members of the cast, and if you use it I'm sure it will save me a lot of trouble."

"Maryella"—Jim turned to her—"can't you do something to make Tom remain? He'll do it for you."

Maryella looked at me with a coldly flashing eye.

"I doubt," she hesitated, "whether anything I could say would have any effect. I imagine that his interest in the rehearsal will cease with Mrs. Hemingway's departure."

I could scarce believe my ears. How could she be so unreasonable? I turned on my heel and made down the aisle for the front entrance of the theatre.

"Tom," some one shouted after me. I continued my way unheeding.

"Oh Tom! Wait a minute!" implored Jim.

I did not answer. If I had I might have said something that I should have regretted exceedingly later.

Some one was coming down the aisle after me. I quickened my pace, determined to listen to no pleadings. Maryella had chosen to bring personalities into it, and I would not stand for it, that was all.

I reached the main entrance of the theatre and stepped through a door into the brilliantly lit lobby. A man who was buying tickets at the box office looked up with a yell ran out into the street, leaving his change behind on the shelf.

Some one opened the door I had just closed behind me. I did not look around.

"Tom!"

It was Jim Cooper's voice.

"Well?"

"I thought you might want these if you are going over to the office."

He thrust something into my hands and then hastened back into the theatre. It was my trousers!

### CHAPTER III

#### Watch for the Big Surprise

The penitentiary is one of the things that places our city on the map. Therefore any happenings of importance out here dominates the local news and figures largely also in the Associated Press dispatches.

The prison authorities had been having considerable trouble because of a number of men among the prisoners who were agitating for an eight-hour day, and some of the new fox trot records for the phonograph, or something like that. The warden had not granted their demands, so this jail delivery practically amounted to

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Stevens Finishing Work—Welby Stevens, who has been viewing and purchasing the right of way for the new Florence highway in the Mapleton vicinity for the past few weeks, returned to his home here Saturday night. He left again for Mapleton Wednesday to finish the work. He estimates that it will take him about three days more.

#### CALL FOR WARRANTS

Notice is hereby given that School District No. 19, in Springfield, Lane County, Oregon, will pay at the office of the Clerk of said district all warrants to and including No. 481. Interest ceases after June 28, 1929.

WM. G. HUGHES, Clerk District 19.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of William H. Collins, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them, with the proper vouchers attached, to the undersigned at the law offices of Immel & Evans, in Eugene, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Eugene, Oregon, this 27th day of June, 1929.

ROYAL H. COLLINS, Administrator of the Estate of William H. Collins, deceased.

IMMEL & EVANS, Attorneys for Estate.

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### "Scarface" In Jail



"Scarface" Al Capone, Chicago gangster and racketeer, who was sentenced to one year in prison at Philadelphia after being charged and convicted of carrying concealed weapons.

### UPPER WILLAMETTE

Mrs. William P. Bristow, who has been spending the past three months with relatives in California, and with her daughter, Mrs. C. P. Mason, at Gallup, New Mexico, returned to her home at Pleasant Hill last Thursday.

Rev. W. A. Elkins, who has been pastor of the First Christian church for the past ten years, will deliver his last sermon as pastor of the church next Sunday.

Oiling of the Willamette highway was started last week. A strip from Goshen eastward has received its first coat of oil. The road which was oiled last year is in splendid condition, and the oiling of the rest of the highway to Goshen will make the Willamette highway one of the best drives in the district.

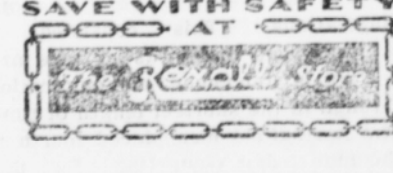
The Intermediate Endeavor of the Pleasant Hill Christian church attended the Intermediate Endeavor convention held at Santa Clara last Sunday 100 per cent strong and won the attendance cup. The Intermediate Endeavor of Pleasant Hill was only recently organized.

At the annual election of the high school district No. 1, held at the Pleasant Hill high school Monday, June 24, William Kelsay of Dexter was chosen to serve five years and Bert Beaver of the Enterprise district was chosen to serve one year, in the place of Truman Robinett, who moved away. The vote was very scattered, there being several put up for each office.

At the annual public school election of the No. 1 Morton Bristow was chosen as director to take the place of E. Y. Swift, who has served three years. The board consists of Ernest Schrenck, chairman, Sam Baughman, and Morton Bristow. Jesse Phelps was re-elected clerk.

Before an unusually good crowd the Pleasant Hill athletic club baseball team defeated the A. Gutaric Camp team by a score of 12 to 6, Sunday, June 23.

Ross Mathews and family have been busy harvesting their strawberries at Thurston. E. B. Tucker has harvested his gooseberry crop. Mr. Harris is still harvesting strawberries. The pigeons are busy harvesting the few cherries that are in the cherry orchards, stripping trees as they go. Bert Beaver is enjoying a visit



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The Rexall Store

from his uncle of Modesto, California. A wedding of much interest to residents of the Upper Willamette district was that of Veda Hill to Paul Ray last Saturday. Miss Hill graduated from the Pleasant Hill high school this spring. She was active in school affairs and was center for the basketball team.

Florence Jordan and Nancy Barnum entertained the members of the eighth grade at a party Thursday night, June 26, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Jordan. Games were played out of doors until refreshments were served. Those present were Lucetta Baughman, Mildred Swift, Harry Barnum, Nancy Barnum, Cecil Drew, Florence Jordan, Evelyn Phelps, Margaret Dent of Roseburg, was also present.

### THURSTON

Perry Price, who went to Idaho some time ago, returned home last Friday.

Lawrence Jackson from Eugene, spent several days last week visiting relatives here.

Arthur Calvert from Junction City visited at Ray Haugh's Monday.

Linn Endicott, who has been employed in Portland for some time, is spending his vacation with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cotton from Eugene spent the week-end at Roy Edmiston's.

Winfred Endicott had the misfortune to cut his leg while chopping wood a few days ago.

M. and Mrs. J. S. Painter from Kansas visited Mr. and Mrs. Ira Nice a few days ago. Mrs. Nice and they were neighbors in California at one time.

### NEW DAIRY ON FIFTH OPEN FOR BUSINESS

The new Daisy Lane dairy on Fifth street, between Main and A was opened to the public Monday. The store will act as the distributing center for the milk routes of the dairy and will also carry for retail trade, ice cream, cottage cheese, butter and other dairy products.

The building was completely remodeled for the dairy. A concrete floor was poured in the back, where the milk is handled, while the retail department has been partitioned off at the front. In the rear of the building have been installed a Sim-

plex milk cooler with a capacity of 500 pounds an hour, a steam turbine washer, a steam bottle sterilizer with a capacity of 120 quarts at one time, and a bottler. An automatic bottler with a capacity of 16 quarts a minute will be installed within a short time. A storage room has been built into a part in the rear, and is kept cool by an ammonia refrigerator.

**A Correction**  
In last week's Springfield News it was erroneously stated that Mrs. W. H. Pollard was a candidate for school clerk in 1927. It was Mrs. Elsie Pollard who ran for office.

**Here From Camp Creek**—J. T. Rossman of Camp Creek was a business visitor here Monday.

## In the Shadow Of Spencer Butte--

—Lies the seventy-eight acres of land that will be REST-HAVEN Memorial Park, just one and one-half miles south of the city limits of Eugene. It will be a place of beauty, with rolling lawns and artificial lakes.

It will not be the old conception of a cemetery, with its rows of crowded tombstones, but a beautiful park with graves marked by bronze tablets set level with the lawns, the latest development in cemetery projects.

# Rest-Haven Memorial Park

OFFICE: 536-7-8 MINER BLDG, EUGENE, ORE.  
PHONE 830

## To the Present and Prospective USERS of GAS

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THE NORTHWEST CITIES GAS COMPANY WILL ENDEAVOR TO GIVE THE SAME HIGH GRADE SERVICE TO WHICH GAS USERS OF SPRINGFIELD HAVE BEEN ACCUSTOMED. IT IS OUR EARNEST DESIRE TO RETAIN ALL OF THE OLD FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS MADE BY THE MOUNTAIN STATES POWER CO. AND TO ADD NEW ONES AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY.

THE SAME EMPLOYEES WILL SERVE YOU AS IN THE PAST—ALL OF THE EMPLOYEES OF THE GAS DEPARTMENT HAVING BEEN TAKEN OVER BY US. WE ASSURE YOU THAT YOUR REQUESTS WILL BE PROMPTLY ATTENDED.

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