

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. Hemmingway 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.

Mr. Hemmingway, husband of one of the members, thinks Bilbeck is in love with his wife. During the argument the two men receive notice that there is a jail escape at the penitentiary. This escape keeps Bilbeck busy at his newspaper work, so that he gets away from the dramatic club. But Maryella summons him and starts telling the story of "Dollyanna" who believes that everything that happens turns out for the best.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"She is a sweet child," I said admiringly.

"But she doesn't die, so it is all right," Maryella hastened to reassure me. "There is a great lesson in the book, though, and if every one would take it to heart this world would be a better place to live in. Don't you think so?"

I looked at Maryella's eyes sharply. I never can tell from the rest of her face whether she is in earnest or not. She was perfectly serious.

"Yes," I admitted cautiously.

"All we can do," she went on, "is to make a beginning; but maybe others when they see how beautifully it works will follow our example."

"Us?" I questioned in alarm.

"Whom do you mean by us?"

"Why, the Sheridan Dramatic Club of course. All the members whom we have asked so far have agreed to do it. Jim Cooper started it. He just finished reading the book to me last night. I think it is an adorable scheme and also very practicable. I wanted you to be one of the first to come in. Mrs. Hemmingway and Jim and I are the only ones so far, but if you'll try it we'll bring it up before the club and maybe change the name of the organization to the Optimists or something like that."

"Ouch," exclaimed Mrs. Hemmingway, who had been sewing away industriously while Maryella and I were talking.

"What's the matter, dear?" Maryella inquired.

"I just stuck the needle in my finger about an inch, darn it," murmured Mrs. Hemmingway feelingly.

"You mustn't say 'darn it,'" reproved Maryella. "The fact that you pricked yourself is all for the best. You ought to be glad."

"Why," Mrs. Hemmingway was a trifle petulant.

"Because—Maryella paused and thought a moment—"because if the needle wasn't sharp enough to prick you, you couldn't sew with it. So you see it is all for the best."

She turned to me triumphantly.

"You see how it works out, don't you, Tom? Isn't it lovely?"

"It would be even a better example if it had been your finger," Mrs. Hemmingway pouted, kissing her own injured digit in the absence of her husband.

Maryella disregarded the comment and continued to me:

"Even our afflictions will make us happy if we look far enough back or far enough ahead. There is always some blessing disguised in every ill. All we have to do is hunt for it and if we look hard enough we'll forget all about the misfortune itself and see only the benefit."

Maryella in a moment of enthusiasm is a glowing magnet. I could no more have hesitated her then as she stood before me like a little saint fairly alive with the spirit of optimism than an emotional sinner can stand against an old-fashioned revivalist. I knew there would come moments of doubt later when I would kick myself for a sentimental fool, but now I was carried away by her belief in her propaganda.

So I promised to join the cheer-up movement and to seek for the kernel of good in every husk of hardship.

"I knew you'd do it," Maryella congratulated. "You'll find it makes everything look so different."

"Some problems are harder than others, of course. One of the very first things that struck me this morning was remembering about your being bowlegged. I couldn't figure out any way that it could be all for the best, but finally I got it. Jim Cooper helped me."

"Oh, he did," I said arcuently.

"What cheerful outlook could you two get on the dark fact that I am laid out in curves like a park, instead of straight like a city street?"

"We decided that it was all for the best, because if it wasn't for the curves you would probably be so tall that your head would bump the ceiling. After we got that one every thing else was easy."

What was the use of being angry with her? She evidently regarded my curves impersonally, as if they were some freak of nature impossible to explain, like the Grand Canyon or Niagara Falls. It was more fun being with Maryella than against her in a discussion, so I willingly let the subject drop. Adopting our new code, I decided it was all for the best.

"How long before you'll be through with that?" Maryella asked Mrs. Memmingway, who was pinning ruffles on a curious-looking garment.

"I think I can finish it in another hour," she answered.

"Then, Tom," Maryella went on, taking charge of me and the expedition with her customary eye for detail, "let's get started for the Old Soldiers' Home right after lunch. Is the car running all right to-day?"

"I don't know. Are we going out in the car?"

"Can't we? It will be much nicer. Besides, there is no train back late at night and we don't want to sleep there. I called up Mrs. Lillelove and she says we can use their bus, as there is no funeral in town this afternoon. That holds twelve, and if you'll take me and three others that will be all we need. Fred Merryweather went out on the train with the scenery and properties this morning."

I agreed to this arrangement. I had a few private doubts as to whether Grandmother Page would negotiate the thirty miles out to the Home and back without making any fuss about it, but I kept them to myself. The prospect of the long drive with Maryella on the front seat beside me was so rosy that I overlooked all the blue goops that might be hovering in the background.

As a justifiable precaution, however, I went to the garage to inspect the car as soon as I left Maryella's house. Grandmother rattled with joy when she saw me coming, as she always does. I gave her a lump of hard grease and patted her on the radiator. As far as I could see she looked as if she would last twenty-four hours longer.

Just to be on the safe side, however, I put a hank of baling wire and some habit metal in the tool box and bought a package of chewing gum in case the acetylene-gas system should leak anywhere.

When I called on Maryella's house I found that my load consisted of Maryella herself, Mrs. Hemmingway, Mrs. Lillelove and Jim Cooper!

"I don't like to take my car out in bad weather," he explained in answer to my look of surprise. "It's all for the best anyway, because this way we can be together."

I hastily smothered the reply that rose to my lips and busied myself adjusting the carburetor.

It was snowing slightly and a pleasant winter sting was in the air as I threw in my clutch and Grandmother started up with a jerk as if I had struck her with a whip.

We left town at two o'clock and—here is the surprise with which I close this chapter—arrived at the Old Soldiers' Home at three-thirty without having to stop for anything.

CHAPTER IV.
Comrade Pilik Henwether

I have never received a more royal welcome than that tendered us by those living at the Home. They had heard us coming a long way down the road—that is one of the advantages Grandmother Page has over most cars—and when we came around the turn the Home Band burst into melody.

"Burst" is absolutely the correct word, as you would realize if you had heard the sound and had seen the expression of the players. Grandmother Page shied and nearly jumped us into the ditch. The air was "The Star Spangled Banner," but the slide trombonist evidently had the wrong music.

But what a bass-drum virtuoso! I have never heard a bass-drum played more feelingly, even in Sousa's band. What expression, what shades of meaning the artist put into it! You could just picture the bombs bursting in air. First came the boiler-factory motif, then a minor counterpoint melody of bursting quick-detachable tires, and finally a reversion to the original theme in the major key, ending in a magnificent crescendo, a sort of tone picture of a courtship between two coast-defense guns at two hundred yards' range.

It was magnificent! Grandmother

Page was shamed to absolute silence for the first time since we have been acquainted.

As we pranced up to the gate the melody grew a trifle thinner. All the players seemed to be working just as hard, but the result was discouraging. One by one the artists would cease playing and shake their instruments with a puzzled look. At length none was left but the bass-drum player. He hammered away regardless until the leader took the drumstick away from him.

Colonel Stewart, the acting head of the home, met us with outstretched hand. He was a fine, hearty old fellow with white hair and a close-cropped military mustache.

"The boys certainly appreciate your kindness in giving a show for them," he told us. "We're eight miles away from everywhere out here and they don't get many chances even to see moving pictures."

The members of the band came up and he introduced them.

As I shook hands enthusiastically with the bass-drummer, Colonel Stewart said:

"This is Comrade Pilik Henwether. You'll have to speak pretty loudly to him, as he is nearly stone deaf."

I congratulated him. "It's all for the best."

"We're sorry we couldn't play that piece all the way through, apologized the bandmaster. "We know all the notes, but it's so cold that all the wind instruments froze up. I told the boys not to blow damp, but I guess they couldn't help it."

"Never mind," I soothed. "It's probably all for the best."

He looked at me suspiciously, but apparently saw no guile in my eye because he went on cheerfully: "It will be all right when we get inside and thaw out the horns. Then we'll play it again for you."

We had a lovely time that afternoon. The old soldiers were as eager to play as children. In the summer-time they had lots of visitors, but in the winter it was rather dull. The Home is on Three Bears Lake, eight miles from the town of Fair Oaks at the other end where the railroad station is. As a consequence few people take the trip in winter except for some special reason.

Comrade Abel Dreyenfarth had lost a leg at Antietam. That did not interfere with a lively desire to learn the fox-trot, and Maryella spent an hour teaching it to him.

The bass-drummer Pilik Henwether discovered in me a kindred soul.

"I like you, Mr. Bilbeck," he confided at the top of his voice. "I can sort of tell what you are talking about because you make faces when you speak."

The undertaker's bus arrived just before dinner. We all ate together in a large mess hall. The dwellers at the Home cook their own meals and do all their own housework.

"That's the chief objection I got to the Home," said Pilik Henwether, hardly raising his voice above a shout. "There ought to be some female veterans. I'm durned if I like washing dishes."

The dinner was good, all except the dessert, which was a fallen angel-food cake with ice-cream.

"Henry Klingman made it," Pilik confided, "and I think it's punk, if you want my honest opinion. But I wouldn't let him hear me say ahat because it would hurt his feelings."

As Comrade Klingman was in the room and Pilik Henwether spoke in his ordinary tone of voice, there seemed little doubt of his feelings receiving a jolt.

"It ain't so bad though," Pilik went

Henry has only got one arm. He says on "When you come to think that the other one was shot off at Chancellorsville, but it's my private opinion he lost it running a buzz-saw after the war was over. Anyhow, he draws an extra allowance as a one-armed man."

TO BE CONTINUED

Notice of Sale of Government Timber, General Land Office, Washington, D. C., June 21, 1929. Notice is hereby given that subject to the conditions and limitations of the act of June 9, 1916, (39 Stat. 218), as amended by the act of May 17, 1928 (45 Stat. 597), and pursuant to departmental regulations of April 14, 1924 (50 L. D. 376), the timber on the following lands will be sold August 12, 1929, at 10 o'clock a. m., at public auction at the United States land office at Roseburg, Oregon, to the highest bidder at not less than the appraised value as shown by this notice, sale to be subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior. The purchase price, with an additional sum of one-fifth of one per cent thereof, being commission allowed, must be deposited at time of sale, money to be returned if sale is not approved, otherwise patent will issue for the timber, which must be removed within ten years. Bids will be received from citizens of the United States, associations of such citizens and corporations organized under the laws of the United States or any State, territory or district thereof only. Upon application of a qualified purchaser the timber on any legal subdivision will be offered separately before being included in any offer of a larger unit.

T. 15 S., R. 1 W., Sec. 15, NE 1/4 SW 1/4, red fir 984,337 feet, white fir 70 M., red cedar 120 M., NW 1/4 SW 1/4, red fir 939,043 feet, hemlock 40 M., T. 16 S., R. 2 W., Sec. 5, NW 1/4 SW 1/4, red fir 1900 M., SW 1/4 SW 1/4, red fir 1850 M., T. 21 S., R. 4 W., Sec. 35, NE 1/4 NE 1/4, red fir 1500 M., cedar poles 125, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, red fir 1600 M., SE 1/4 NE 1/4, red fir 1200 M., incense cedar 50 M., SW 1/4 NE 1/4, red fir 1700 M., incense cedar 20 M., NE 1/4 NW 1/4, red fir 1300 M., incense cedar 60 M., SE 1/4 NW 1/4, red fir 800 M., incense cedar 40 M., T. 14 S., R. 6 W., Sec. 7, NE 1/4 NE 1/4, red fir 410 M., SE 1/4 NE 1/4, red fir 740 M., T. 16 S., R. 7 W., Sec. 31, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, yellow fir 1700 M., red fir 180 M., none of the timber on these sections to be sold for less than \$1.75 per M for the red and yellow fir, \$1 per M for the white fir and hemlock, \$1.50 per M for the red cedar, 50 cents per M for the incense cedar and 40 cents each for the cedar poles. T. 16 S., R. 1 W., Sec. 17, SE 1/4 SW 1/4, red fir 450 M., T. 17 S., R. 1 W., Sec. 31, SE 1/4 SW 1/4, red fir 480 M., white fir 20 M., S 1/4 of lot 2 of SW 1/4, red fir 840 M., white fir 20 M., T. 23 S., R. 5 W., Sec. 7, SE 1/4 SE 1/4, red fir 630 M., T. 32 S., R. 5 W., Sec. 33, NE 1/4 NW 1/4, yellow fir 500 M., yellow pine 50 M., T. 13 S., R. 6 W., Sec. 25, NE 1/4 NE 1/4, red fir 670 M., SE 1/4 NE 1/4, red fir 560 M., T. 18 S., R. 6 W., Sec. 27, NE 1/4 SE 1/4, red fir 910 M., hemlock 20 M., NW 1/4 SE 1/4, red fir 1020 M., hemlock 30 M., red cedar 20 M., SE 1/4 SE 1/4, red fir 720 M., SW 1/4 SE 1/4, red fir 945 M., T. 8 S., R. 1 E., Sec. 25, SE 1/4 SE 1/4, red fir 2175 M., SW 1/4 SE 1/4, red fir 2100 M., SE 1/4 SW 1/4, red fir 2350 M., T. 9 S., R. 2 E., Sec. 13, NE 1/4 SE 1/4, red fir 1670 M., NW 1/4 SE 1/4, red fir 1160 M., none of the timber on these sections to be sold for less than \$1.50 per M for the red and yellow fir, \$1 per M for the white fir, 75 cents per M for the red cedar and hemlock and \$3 per M for the yellow pine. T. 29 S., R. 10 W., Sec. 29, NE 1/4 NW 1/4, douglas fir 600 M., port orford cedar 100 M., NW 1/4 NW 1/4, douglas fir 740 M., port orford cedar 50 M., white fir 30 M., T. 38 S., R. 8 W., Sec. 3, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, yellow pine 50 M., sugar pine 95 M., red fir 20 M., SW 1/4 NE 1/4, yellow pine 55 M., sugar pine 45 M., red fir 20 M., NE 1/4 NW 1/4, yellow pine 25 M., sugar pine 255 M., red fir 50 M., SE 1/4 NW 1/4, yellow pine 60 M., sugar pine 120 M., red fir 20 M., none of the timber on these sections to be sold for less than 75 cents per M for the white fir, \$2 per M for the douglas fir, \$11 per M for the port orford cedar, \$1 per M for the red fir and \$3 per M for the yellow and sugar pine. T. 13 S., R. 7 W., Sec. 15, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, yellow (green) fir 1400 M., dead yellow fir 275 M., none of the timber on this section to be sold for less than \$1.50 per M for the green fir and 50 cents per M for the dead fir. T. 3 S., R. 3 E., Sec. 19, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, red fir 800 M., red cedar 10 M., none of the timber on this section to be sold for less than \$1.50 per M for the red fir and red cedar. T. 18 S., R. 1 W., Sec. 17, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, red fir 1000 M., white fir 100 M., red cedar 60 M., SW 1/4 NE 1/4, red fir 1500 M., white fir 40 M., red cedar 40 M., none of the timber on this section to be sold for less than \$2 per M for the red fir, \$1.25 per M for the red cedar and 75 cents per M for the white fir.

C. C. MOORE, Commissioner.
Jl 4-11-18-25 A 1

Visiting at Estacada—Fred and Evelyn Buell, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Buell, accompanied by Mrs. Porter, left Monday morning for Estacada, where Mrs. Porter will visit her sister, Mrs. C. F. Cook. Evelyn Buell will visit with friends there while Fred plays with the Estacada band July 2, 3, and 4, at the rodeo at Oregon City. They will return Friday evening.

SUMMONS FOR PUBLICATION
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane.
Mabel Reed, Plaintiff, Vs. Floyd Reed, Defendant.
To Floyd Reed, Defendant.
IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint, to-wit: for a decree of this Court forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant and divorcing the plaintiff from the defendant; for the further decree of this Court that plaintiff's name be changed from Mabel Reed to Mabel Williamson, and that plaintiff have such other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable.

This summons is published once each week for four successive weeks in The Springfield News, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Lane County, Oregon, by order of the Honorable G. P. Skipworth, Judge of the Circuit Court of Lane County, Oregon, which order bears date the 3rd day of July, 1929, and the date of the first publication of this summons is July 4th, 1929.

POTTER & KING,
Attorneys for Plaintiff, Residence and Post Office Address, Eugene, Lane County, Oregon.
Jl 4-11-18-25 A 1

BEAUTY

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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

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE
Commercial State Bank of Springfield
at Springfield, County of Lane, State of Oregon, at the close of business June 29, 1929.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$131,544.11
Overdrafts	44,056.35
Bonds, securities, etc.	44,056.35
Banking house \$14,900.00; furniture and fixtures \$3,500.00	18,400.00
Real estate owned other than banking house	10,793.10
Cash, due from banks and cash items	29,355.95
Other resources, Claims and Judgments.	25.00
Total	\$234,423.56
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 30,000.00
Surplus	3,750.00
Undivided profits—net	547.76
Demand deposits	161,426.03
Time certificates	26,134.22
Savings deposits	22,555.55
Total	\$234,423.56

State of Oregon, County of Lane, ss:
I, C. E. Kenyon, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
C. E. KENYON, Cashier.

Correct—Attest:
Welby Stevens, M. M. Perry—Directors.
Subscribed and sworn before me this 2nd day of July, 1929.
(SEAL) I. M. PETERSON, Notary Public for Oregon.
(My commission expires June 1, 1932.)