

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 wats 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 about everything that happens turns out for the best.

The players arrive at the Old Soldiers' Home, being greeted royally and meeting Plik Henweather and others.

The play at the Old Soldiers' Home is interrupted because of a fire, the players and veterans escaping.

Riding away from the scene of the ill-fated play in their costumes and overcoats, they are held up by escaped convicts, one of whom is captured by Bilbeck after a struggle.

The captured thief is taken back to the Old Soldiers' Home and the Sheriff is sent for. As the car refuses to budge, the players must stay there, and Mr. Hemmingway, hearing this over the phone, says he is coming right to the home—as he is suspicious of Bilbeck and his wife. Meanwhile the Sheriff arrives.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

He stopped in amazement as he saw our group.

"You've got a lot of prisoners, ain't you," he commented.

"These aren't all prisoners," the colonel explained hastily. "There's only one."

He led the way to Bill, who, trussed up in his chair, had fallen asleep peacefully.

The entire situation was explained to the sheriff while he peeled off a layer or two of clothing and revealed himself as a small old man, with watery blue eyes and considerable foliage in front of his face. His beard was white, except where it was stained with tobacco-juice.

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"If you don't mind," said the sheriff, "we won't go back until morning. It's storming so hard out now that I doubt if we could get through. I'll just put my horse in the stable."

"You can't, the stable is burnt up," said the colonel.

A compromise was effected by quartering the horse in the cellar. As it happened, there was an outside runway leading to the basement, down which supplies were usually wheeled in trucks. After considerable persuasion the horse was induced to negotiate this and was tied to a post in one of the small store-rooms below.

This done, the colonel assigned us quarters for the night. Fortunately, there were enough vacant rooms so that each of the ladies could have an apartment, while we men were billeted on cots in the general dormitory, where most of the veterans slept.

CHAPTER VIII.
"Help!"

Mrs. Hemmenway refused to retire until her husband came. I offered to sit up with her, but she declined vehemently.

"You know what John would think if he found you and I sitting up alone together," she explained.

I agreed with her heartily, so we fixed a good warm fire in the stove and left her alone to welcome her spouse. It would be only a few hours until morning, and I did not bother to undress, but threw myself exhausted, on my cot.

I did not sleep, however. The storm outside was making a continuous racket around the eaves and corners of the building that nearly drowned the chromatic snores of the veterans.

The excitement of the evening still kept my blood racing and my nerves at high tension. I listened for the opening of the door which would indicate that Mr. Hemmingway had arrived.

The sonorous slumbers of our country's ex-defenders began to fray my temper. What right had everybody to sleep while I struggled in vain to woo Morpheus?

I might have become accustomed to a regular snore, but there was one—Comrade Plik Henweather, for a dollar—who gurgled in his sleep. The exasperating part about it was that he didn't do it all the time. Only occasionally above the diapason of his fellows came this unearthly gurgle, as if dishwater were disappearing down a sink.

I tried to calculate the interval between explosions and finally thought I had him timed to twenty-eight seconds. Then he fooled me by missing on one cylinder and remaining quiet a full minute. It was almost a relief when he burst forth again.

Something had disarranged his timer, for he became erratic from now on, sometimes firing twice in succession and sometimes failing me for two or three revolutions at a time. His compression was wonderful. The trouble was in his spark.

At last my brain grew curdled with futile exasperation. I may have dozed, or possibly I had a fever delirium. I don't know. Anyway, it was not a refreshing sleep that came to me and it was crowded with nightmares.

Suddenly I opened my eyes and listened intently to a new sound that had been beating against my eardrums for several minutes during my doze. A series of irregular tappings, accompanied by a low moaning, became audible above the steady roar of the storm. My relaxed nerves became alert once more.

What was it?

The irregular thumping was repeated. It sounded far away, and yet strangely near, as if it might be in the walls of the building. Was it a sprit tapping?

I had never believed in such things, but then I had never had proof of any kind to convince me. One hair-raising supernatural incident will make a spiritualist of anybody.

A sudden sound of some one strangling made me sit up in bed. This last was in the room, so I soon decided that it was my friend the eccentric snorer, who had hit upon a new speciality.

But the thumping and the moaning continued. I threw off the covers and got out of bed, determined to investigate. I had no matches—there were no pockets in my tights, but I felt my way to the door, barking my shins only once on an iron cot.

Faintly came a cry for help.

I made haste. I am a chivalrous fool; no one ever yells for assistance without getting it from me. I

rush in blindly where even angels would pause to put on goloshes.

I stumbled down the stairs. Came again the faint cry:

"Help!"

It was in Mrs. Hemmingway's voice.

I peered in at the door of the great living-room, which was faintly illuminated by a single oil-lamp on the table—the electric current was supplied only until one o'clock. I discovered later. The room was chill with the penetrating cold of a winter's morning when the fires have heached their lowest ebb.

Mrs. Hemmingway was walking up and down frantically screaming "Help!" every time the thumping and moaning would reoccur.

Suddenly she saw me as I advanced out of the darkness. As she did an almost inarticulate cry of desperate fear escaped her lips and she pitched forward.

I jumped quickly enough to catch her. She had fainted.

While I looked around anxiously for a place to deposit her at full length I became aware of anew sound—a rapping at the front door. I was too busy to bother about it then. I picked up Mrs. Hemmingway bodily and started for the table where the lamp was. In the absence of a couch I could put her on that.

I had nearly reached it when the outer door was flung violently open, admitting a swirl of flying flakes. With them came a gentleman who strode in unannounced. He was wearing a derby hat tied onto his head with a muffer and was otherwise ineffectually bundled against the storm in a black broadcloth overcoat with the collar turned up. On his feet were a pair of snowshoes.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Who are you?"

"John Hemmingway, confound you!" he growled, stepping toward me with upraised fist and tripping over his own snowshoes, which he had forgotten he had on.

That gave me a second to place my burden on a long table before he could reach me. Just in time I straightened up to find myself in his grasp.

We wrestled back and forth silently. Twice he kicked me in my bruised shin with his snowshoes. The only way I could prevent a repetition of those tactics was to stand on the broad webbing of the shoes myself. As I weighed something over two hundred, I effectually anchored him to the floor.

While we stood embracing one another in a deadlock a low moan escaped from the lips of Mrs. Hemmingway.

"Hadn't you better take care of your wife?" I panted, apprehensive lest she roll off the table.

"You seem to be able and willing to do that," he hissed vindictively. "You home-wrecker."

"You are mistaken," I returned hastily.

"Of course," he sneered. "I didn't walk in just now and find her in your arms at four o'clock in the morning! I only thought it was you! In reality it was some one else and you were up in your room fast asleep!"

To emphasize his remarks he hauled off with his right arm, which I had carelessly allowed to escape me, and belted me energetically in the ear.

I don't know what might have happened further between us had we not been separated by a willing assortment of half-dressed old gentlemen.

"Stop this racket!" shouted the sheriff, displaying his star conspicuously. "I represent the law and order around here and I'm going to have peace!"

I was dragged off from Hemmingway's snowshoes. We stood glaring at one another. It is impossible to instantly forget a ringing blow on the ear, I find, even if it is delivered by a very good friend. On his side I suppose that his resentment toward me was at least particularly justified by appearances. It was hard to think of those things just then, however, and as a matter of fact, I didn't.

"Good morning, Mr. Hemmingway," greeted Jim Cooper, arriving in what I thought at first was an abbreviated sleeping garment, but which I later discovered was his Greek tunic. "Glad you got here at last. Why—What the deuce—?"

His glance had rested on the prostrate form of Mrs. Hemmingway. "Mrs. Hemmingway fainted," I explained.

"Oh, I see," he considered thoughtfully. "I suppose it's all for the best. I imagine that is the only way any one could get any rest in this institution."

Evidently Jim had noticed the

snoring too.

Mrs. Hemmingway opened her beautiful blue eyes.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed joyfully as she recognized her husband even in a derby hat and snowshoes.

He made no move to respond to the entreaty in her voice.

"Why, what's the matter?" she peaded.

"You know very well," he returned savagely. "When I arrived I found you in Tom Bilbeck's arms."

"Me?" she said interrogatively.

"Impossible. It must have been Maryella you saw."

"It was not," hastily disclaimed a voice in the rear of the group.

My heart sank. I was in hopes that I would be spared Maryella's participation in this scene.

"I don't know what happened," Mrs. Hemmingway went on, slightly bewildered, "but I'm sure that I can explain everything."

While they were talking the floor trembled violently and there was a muffled crash beneath us. Soon followed a prolonged breaking of glass as if a brick chimney had fallen through a skylight.

CHAPTER IX.
The Gay Deceiver

Conjecture was superfluous. The disturbance was in the basement. We piled down by the inside stairway.

Some one had been thoughtful enough to bring the lamp from the table. By its light we discovered a wreck that impoverishes description. The post to which we had tied the sheriff's horse had been torn out bodily and a tier of shelves containing several hundred glass jars of fruit which was supported by the post had collapsed and slid its burden to the cement floor.

The horse, wining continually to himself, had retreated to a corner of the basement followed by the uprooted post.

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION IN FORECLOSURE

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale in foreclosure issued out of the Circuit Court of Lane County, Oregon, on the 29th day of July, 1929, in a suit wherein, on the 25th day of July, 1929, in said Court The Pacific Savings & Loan Association, a Washington Corporation, recovered judgment against the defendants Will G. Norwood and Zelma Norwood, his wife, Twin Oaks Lumber Company, a corporation, The First National Bank of Junction City, a National Banking Corporation, and Alsea State Bank, an Oregon Corporation, for the sum of \$1067.16 and interest thereon at the rate of 10% per annum from September 25, 1928, and for the further sum of \$11.00, and for the further sum of \$100.00, and for the costs and disbursements of this suit, and said execution to me directed commanding me in the name of the State of Oregon, in order to satisfy said judgment, interest, attorney's fees, cost of suit and accruing costs, to sell the following described real property, to-wit:

Lot eight (8) in block nine (9) in College Hill Park Addition to Eugene, Lane County, Oregon.

Now Therefore, in compliance with the said execution and order of sale, and in order to satisfy said judgment, including interest, attorney's fees, costs and accruing costs, I will, on Saturday, the 31st day of August, 1929, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Southwest front door of the said County Court House in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell for cash, at public auction, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest of the said defendants Will G. Norwood, and Zelma Norwood, his wife, Twin Oaks Lumber Company, a corporation, The First National Bank of Junction City, a National Banking Corporation, and Alsea State Bank, an Oregon corporation, and all persons claiming by, through or under them or any or either of them, in and to said premises.

H. L. BOWN,
Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.
A 1-8-15-22-29

Dr. Van Valzah Here—Dr. C. G. Van Valzah of Portland spent the week-end in Springfield visiting at the home of his mother, Mrs. A. B. Van Valzah.

At Springfield Hotel—Leonard Orin of Waltherville and F. Filkin of San Francisco, California, were registered this week at the Springfield hotel.

Be sure it is **BETTER BREAD**—New Home Bakery, 405 Mill Street.

At Elite Hotel—S. G. Silbeck was registered at the Elite hotel this week.

Lebanon Man in Town—Emmett Rasmussen, Lebanon resident was in Springfield for medical treatment Wednesday morning.

Rebhan at Blue River—Dr. W. C. Rebhan made a professional trip to Blue River Tuesday night to visit patients there.

Go to Belknap Springs—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott left Monday for Belknap Springs, where they will remain for some time for Mr. Scott's health.

Injured at Mill—A. C. Travis is laid off at the local Booth-Kelly mill as the result of a quite serious injury. Mr. Travis injured two of his vertebrae on his back in a fall and will be unable to work for some time.

Return to California—Mrs. Vivian Hurley and family of Santa Rosa, California, who have been visiting with friends in Springfield vicinity for the past week, returned Sunday to their home.

Visitors at the Gofrie Home—T. G. Gofrie of Portland and George Ramey of Cushman spent the week-end in Springfield visiting at the home of Mr. Gofrie's mother, Mrs. C. I. Gofrie Sr.

To Visit in Nevada—Miss Irene Johns of Chase Gardens left Monday for Carson City and Reno, Nevada, where she will spend a few weeks visiting with her father and other relatives.

Marriage Licenses Issued

During the past week the county clerk has issued marriage licenses to the following: Charles Elliott, Montecello, California, and Lois Haines, Eugene; William Hammon and Mary Shirley, both of Florence; Harold Robinson and Della Blackerby, both of Eugene; William Hardesty, Eugene and Eva Vogelohl, of Sutherland; A. G. Hines and Eva Miller, both of Siltcoos, and Fred Holman and Drea Reed, both of Mapleton.

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