

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 Iphigenia. 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 that everything that happens turns out for the best.

The players arrive at the Old Soldiers' Home, being greeted royally and meeting Plik Henwether 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. Mean while the Sheriff arrives.

Hemmingway arrives just when Bilbeck is assisting Mrs. Hemmingway, who has fainted, and of course thinks up the worst. Meanwhile a disturbance is heard in the cellar, and all in the house rush down to it.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

and get it over with."

Comrade Henwether and I were observing the scene, he with appraising looks seeking to read in their faces what he missed in their speeches, and I with a chill of horror at the seriousness of the breach.

"I think she likes you best after all," vouchsafed Plik. "He's a mite better looking than you be, but you've got a way with you that goes with the ladies, durned if you ain't."

Mrs. Hemmingway shrugged her shoulders helplessly and started from the room. Mr. Hemmingway followed to the door, which she slammed in his face.

I quickly gave up my intentions of going up-stairs, which involved passing through the living-room and went to the basement instead, convinced that safety lay in sticking to the crowd.

We went to bed later for a morning nap. When they woke me up next time—I refused to arise until I was provided with some clothes.

It was all very well to prow around in white tights at night when I was hunting ghosts, but it would look rather silly to appear in them in broad daylight going about the ordinary business of life, such as eating soft boiled eggs or bringing in an armful of wood.

Unfortunately I am a larger man than most of the veterans. I tried on several pairs of trousers without finding any that I would dare trust. We had just about given it up as a bad job when someone suggested that Comrade Dreyenfurth was nearly my size.

His other pants were commandeered. I have mentioned, I believe, that Abel Dreyenfurth west leg had been missing since Antietam. For that reason the Dreyenfurth trousers last twice as long as most men's. He used the material in the extra leg to reinforce the seat.

For that reason they did not give me all the protection that I could have wished. They were like the first installment of a mazinee serial—good as far as they went, but tantalizing.

Still they were better than nothing, so I got up.

The sun was bright and dazzling. I went to the window to look out. What a beautiful world it was! Tons of snow had been carelessly tossed over the map with the lavish hand of an inconceivable giant. In some places were graceful drifts as high as a man, and against a shed in the yard it was piled up even with the roof. It had been a tremendous storm. Inside we had not realized the amount of snow that had fallen.

City people never know what a

snowstorm is like. It falls on streets that are shoveled clear almost as fast as it comes down, and the little patches that remain are almost immediately soiled with tracks and the soot of countless chimneys. But out in the open it is different. There you can get an idea of the way the Lord intended the world to look in the winter time.

Strangely enough the lake, which lay peacefully crystallized at the foot of the hill where the Home stood, was comparatively free from snow. The wind had swept its glistening surface clear and it lay a clear blot on the white surface.

Here and there fishing shanties dotted the lake, and near the shore some boys were rigging up an ice-boat. One of them was up on the mast threading a halyard through a pulley block. I remember when I had done that soft of thing on my first ice-boat.

I sighed. I could never do it again—not with my weight.

Breakfast was announced. I went down, fully clothed but not ornamentally clothed.

The only one of our party who spoke to me was Jim Cooper. Mrs. Lillelove looked as if she were going to, but suddenly she blushed and lowered her eyes to her plate without saying anything.

"Good morning," Jim assured me cheerfully. "Isn't it a fine day?" He rubbed his hands gleefully, as if he had done it himself and expected to be complimented for his skill.

"Yes," I mumbled, hurt and puzzled to find myself an outcast in my own circle.

Later I discovered that Comrade Henwether had been doing a travelogue on my prowess as a lady-killer which had been interrupted by my arrival.

Mrs. Hemmingway's eyes were red from weeping. Poor woman, she had not had any sleep at all, I judged. Her husband sat moodily staring at his plate, but ate little.

Maryella and Mrs. Lillelove conversed with painful animation about crochet stitches and new fashions.

After breakfast Jim Cooper got me on one side.

"Are you really in love with Mrs. Hemmingway?" he demanded, fixing my eye with a look that demanded an honest reply. "Are your intentions honorable?"

"Of course I'm not in love with her!" I replied with bitter emphasis. "And I haven't any intentions."

"It's all for the best then. You and I must reconcile them."

I started away hastily.

"Not on your life. I haven't any skin on my shins now just because I mixed in trying to help Mrs. Hem-

mingway. You do the reconciling. You fix it up and get all the credit!"

"I will," he declared confidently. "I can do it. And all I ask is a little thanks."

That's the way with Jim. He's one of the best little fixers I know. He is always eager to make some one happy. Whatever happens he likes to feel that he is the man who mended the mainspring.

And he likes to be thanked, too. Half a dozen thanks, and Jim will go without his breakfast any day. It's a vice with him. He has to be thanked for something about every so often, or he gets terribly depressed and thinks that he is not much use to the world.

In an anglo-saxon community a confirmed thankomania is continually getting hurt. Since I have learned of his habit I always thank him every time I see him, even if I can't think of anything he has done. It saves a lot of trouble.

So Jim agreed to fix up between the Hemmingways. With elaborate formality he invited them into a small room off from the living-room which served as an office for Colonel Stewart. They followed him wonderingly, and he closed the door.

Jim was back again ever sooner than I expected. What chance had a lad of his slender build against an exasperated man as large as Hemmingway? He picked himself up from the rug where he had landed and removed the care chair seat which was around his neck.

"I suppose it's for the best," he observed.

"What?" I asked without enthusiasm.

"Well, I had to agree that you would marry Mrs. Hemmingway," he explained painstakingly. I tried to make him see differently, but he insisted. You ought to be glad, Tom. She's a very sweet woman and will make a fine wife."

"You agreed that I would marry her?" I demanded. "What in the name of Mike have you got to say about it?"

"Well, he explained, "I let him think that you had sent me to pitch it up. Maybe I did wrong, but I thought it was all for the best."

"Oh, I see." What difference did it make, after all? One tangle more did not make it worse.

"Pardon me," I said mechanically. "Didn't I thank you? I certainly am much obliged for your good intentions."

"It was nothing at all, Tom, I'd do it again for you any day. Whenever

you get into a tight hole send for me. I'm always willing to help. A little thank is all the pay I want."

Immersely cheered, he left me. It was all for the best—I had located a paper weight to throw at him if he offered to do anything more for me.

I picked up an old magazine and tried to read. The story I started proved to be a serial. I asked Comrade Dreyenfurth, who happened in, if they had a copy of the number with the next installment.

"No," he replied with aggravated bitterness, "we get our magazines from people who send 'em to us after

they get through reading 'em. And nobody ever sent us a complete set yet. I gave up trying to read the serials five years ago."

"I can tell you what happens in the November number," offered Mrs. Lillelove, who had overheard the conversation. "I read nearly all the magazines that come out. It's terribly exciting when you get six or seven heroines in tight places all at once."

TO BE CONTINUED

Marion Chase Here—Marion Chase Camp Creek resident, was a business visitor in Springfield Monday.

**FASTER...SMOOTHER
MORE POWERFUL**

than any other
six of equally
low price

PONTIAC Big Six

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

745

J. A. B. Pontiac, Mich.
Five-Passenger
Two-Door Sedan,
Body by Fisher

When you drive the Pontiac Big Six and actually experience its exclusive performance qualities—it's easy to understand why thousands of buyers are turning to this outstanding General Motors product!

The down payment is low—and a few dollars a month take care of the balance. Come in to see how much more Pontiac Big Six offers—and bring your present car for our appraisal.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values. . . . Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only reasonable charges for handling and for financing when the Time Payment Plan is used.

**Faster Safer
Easier to Drive Smoother
More Economical More Powerful**

W. R. DAWSON
Springfield, Oregon

6 hours a week of Freedom from hard labor

Special Offer for August

\$5 down
\$6.25
Monthly

Note These Amazing FEATURES

- 1 You can operate it with 10 minutes' practice.
- 2 It's portable, simple, compact. Operates in any room where there is a convenience outlet.
- 3 You sit down to iron.
- 4 Has ironing surface equal to 10 flatirons.
- 5 Heats in 4 minutes.
- 6 Irons everything.
- 7 Saves its cost on flat-iron alone.
- 8 Presses men's trousers and women's skirts.
- 9 75% faster than hand ironing.
- 10 Saves 6 hours a week of hard labor.



MADAM— if your ironing is of average size—you are spending about 8 hours a week ironing it by hand. *And you're wasting 6 of these hours.*

This new Thor Speed-Iron will do it in 2 hours. Do it better—and with none of the old back-breaking, nerve-racking drudgery. Let us show you how it works—how easy it is to work with. You'll never go back to hand methods.



Ask for a Free Demonstration
MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY



ORONITE

"Kills 'em dead"
flies, mosquitoes, roaches, moths
and many other insects
STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

FLY SPRAY

There's greater speed
and comfort
by train

\$15

San Francisco
\$28 Los Angeles

[from main line points]

These exceptionally low fares are available every day and you have the choice of four daily trains.

At this low cost you enjoy all the comforts of train travel, with the added advantage of greater speed. Plenty of room to rest and relax or walk about.

Tickets are good for travel in roomy, all-steel coaches and in

Tourist Sleepers on "West Coast", "Klamath", "Oregonian" and "Shasta" (no tourist on "Shasta").

Ask about summer excursion fares to other Pacific Coast points and to the East.

Southern Pacific

CARL OLSON, Agent
PHONE 65

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed the sheriff. "There's a lot of life in that old horse yet. I didn't suppose he could do that."

"Is he frightened?" Mrs. Lillelove asked.

"No. He's just lonesome. He ain't used to being alone at night, and I suppose he was going to look for me."

The inference was that either the sheriff slept in the stable with the horse or the horse slept in the house with the sheriff. At any rate I had an explanation of the ghostly sounds which had awakened me from my doze when I started on my ill-fated expedition down-stairs which had culminated in the sensational mix-up with the Hemmingways.

While the sheriff and some of the others recaptured the horse and tied him to a ring in the stone wall, I went back to the main floor. I wanted to be alone and think.

As I came up from the basement to the living-room, which was now beginning to get light with the first chill of dawn of winter morning, I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Hemmingway in eager conversation. Apparently they were approaching some sort of negotiating for peace because they were standing quite close together and once or twice he made as if to take her in his arms.

Far be it from me to interrupt any reconciliations between the Hemmingways. There and there only lay my hope of retaining my job and incidentally the respect of the community.

I was carefully tiptoeing across the living-room to the door which led to stirway, perfectly willing to have my progress unnoted, when I was arrested, nay frozen in my tracks, by the piercing voice of Plik Henwether cautiously subdued to a longshoreman's hail.

"Hey, Mr. Bilbeck!" he called, "I want to warn you. There's a feller here trying to steal your girl away from you—the pretty blond one that was making eyes at you last night."

Mr. and Mrs. Hemmingway who had reached the sobbing-on-shoulder stage of their reconciliation, now separated suddenly as if a shell had exploded between them.

"So!" the husband shouted, his anger at white heat once more. "My suspicions were true after all! You made such a fool of yourself that everybody noticed it. And to think that you would try to lure me back by soft words! You vampire!"

He struck his forehead a sharp blow with the palm of his hand.

"My heaven! To think I am married Mrs. Hemmingway's eyes, usually so placid, blazed in response, to his anger.

"You needn't be any longer than it takes to get a divorce," she exclaimed, half-hysterical with anger. "If you're going to believe everything you hear we might as well separate