PAGE TWO

were cracked. Evidently the Home

yau" she said. "Although I am sure

to a man who wins the love of a mar-

"What are you talking about," I de.

"Why, Jim has just told me that he

fixed it all up for you," she explained,

innocently enough. "He says it is all

for the best, because otherwise Mr.

Hemmingway would probably have

. . One of the horses has hurt

"I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen,"

"What can we do?" wailed Mrs.

"But there must be some way of

. That's

ried woman "

manded roughly.

the colonel answered it.

He hung up.

had to turn back."



WHAT HAPPENED SO FAR Tom Bilbeck is the narrator. He is a fat newspaper writer who drives a aid, and he left us alone. 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. Grandmotner Page has engine trouble while Mary ella is out driving with Bilbeck, and Cooper in his big roadster, takes Mary ella 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.

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 peniaenti-This escape keeps Bilbeck busy ary. 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 ahat everything that happens turns out for the best.

players arrive at the Old Sol-The diers' Home, being greeted royally and meeting Pilk Henweaher 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 es. caped convicts, one of whom is captured by Bilbeck after a struggle.

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 right to the home-as he is suspicious of Bilbeck and his wife. Meanwhile the Sheriff arrives.

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

The Sheriff's horse has broken pects Bilbeck more and more, and the trail. Jim Cooper mixes in to tell Bilbeck he had arranged that the Hemmingways be divorced and that Bilbeck is to marry Mrs. Hemmingway NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Comrade Dreyenfurth saw that he was nothing extra. Most of the melwas not required as a conversational odies were very ancient and many for the moment.

speaking to you at breakfast," Mrs. as its magazines. Lillelove went on nervously. "Of Everyone was anxious to get away. to be any affair of yours." course I couldn't before everybody. As the time approached for the rigs to wife of the most prominent undertaker and embalmer in town makes it waiting.

impossible for me to do anything openly that might be talked about?" she came into the room. I assured her absently that I under-

stood. What was she driving at?

"But beneath my calm, conventional exterior" she went on, "I am terribly romantic! I am very broad, and although the world may flout you for loving another man's wife, I do not

censure you. Oh, Mr. Bilbeck, you naughty man.!"

She paused to observe the effect of her reproof. "But how we girls do admire you shot you."

rakes, you men of the world!"

Covered with blushes at her own gloomily. What pleasure it would be

emerity, Mrs. Lillelove left me to di- to pay a fine for assault and battery gest her declaration. This two hun- committed on the person of one James dred-pound Venus hed seen in me a Cooper, alias Jim the Fixer! Don Juan and was secretly envious of The telephone rang. Every Mrs. Hemmingway as the supposed re- listened with strained attention while

cipient of my attentions. The poor nut! What a fool situation "What's that?" he asked after lis it was. Probably no man within a tening a minute. "Can't get the here?

radius of a hundred miles was less . capable of being a gay deceiver than himself in a snowdrift? . . and yet entirely without effort on too bad. When do you think you The captured thief is taken back to my part I was thrust into a stellar can make it? . . . All right." part in a Decameron romance.

How could I clear myself and be. come again what I had been yester- he said, turning to our group. "The over the phone, says he is coming day, a good natured dub, convention- liveryman says they can't get through the world?

#### CHAPTER X. Skis vs. Snowshoes

The morning train left at eleven Lillelove. o'clock. The colonel has telephoned "You'll all stay here until they the the local liveryman to send rigs for road broken through. They say that our party. The sheriff determined to they can make it tomorrow if there loose Meanwhile Hemmingway sus- wait and go in after we had broken is no further fall of snow."

> While we were waiting for the getting through to-day?" teams to come Comrade Henwether "Not unless you use snowshoes." played the phonograph for us. Owing We sat in moody silence. As hardly had been sent by some charitable to his affliction his choice of records any one was speaking to anyone else.

discussion of our situation.

move. and I guess I can do it again." jected Mrs. Hemminkway, her mat.

ronly concern overcoming her anger "Thank you just as much for your

"I want to beg your pardon for not got its records from the same source suggestion," her husband said coldly. "but my going and coming has ceased

Mrs. Hemmingway flushed as if she You understand, don't you, Mr. Bil. come the women folk got on their had been struck. I half arose as if to beck, that my social position as the wraps and sat around expectantly tefend her. This was observed by near the door so as not to keep us the others, who glanced at one another with significant looks as if to Maryella had spoken to me when say, "See! The ownership of the woman has passed from the husband to "I suppose I ought to congratulate the acknowledged lover!"

"We can't let you go alone," Colo-I don't know just what one does say nel Stewart objected when Hemmingable danger."

"Then will someone go with me?" a man in the lot of us.

After all, why not? There was nothing such a degree that I abandoned all

Hemmingway.

"Don't be unreasonable," Jim Cooper put in his oar as usual. "This is all for the best. You ought to be glad to have Tom go with you. If he's wth you it's the only way you can be certain that he isn't flirting with your wife."

Jim's argument carried undeniable ing to him.

At last he said "Come on then, if you're the only one who has the nerve to follow where I lead."

Then came the problem of snowshoes. Hemmingway had his that he had secured in town, but there was not another pair in the institution.

Finally we dug up some skies which contributor with a lack of humor. If you never happened to see any, they are long strips of springy wood about four inches wide turned up at one end like a sled runner. If you can navigate them the chances are that you can spell "fjord" with out breaking . the typewriter.

The colonel bade up godspeed and directed us on our way.

"You can't get lost," he assured us. "It may be hard to follow the road on account of everything being piled deep with snow, but if you bear due

there was not much opportunity for I wrenched myself away from my idea of doing anything but pray. contemplation of the beauties of na- Directly in my path, proceeding Mr. Hemmingway made the first ture and considered the matter of slowly down the hillside, was John I'm going to town," he de- progressing further. I started to Hemmingway. Headed as I was I clared. Ican't stand it here any walk after him. Soon I was relieved could not fail to strike him. I tried to longer. I made it once on snowshoes of the necessity of effort. The gentle steer in some other direction. It was grade was enough to cause me to no use. I flew toward him as a filing "But the snow is deeper now," ob- slide over the surface of the snow,

It was an exhibirating sensation and very restful. I was suddenly glad that

had been envying Hemmingway the impact would be terrible. superior traveling qualities of his the advantage was going to be all my way. While he walked down the hills think of was "Fore!" I would be gliding gracefully and

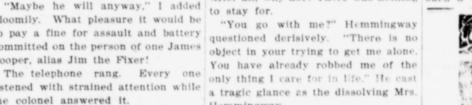
resting myself for the next hill climb. Wrapped in pleasant introspection

I had scarcely noticed that my speed was increasing a little. Now a slight difficulty in balancing called my attention to it.

I leaned forward a trifle to restore way began to bundle up preparatory my balance. As I did so I heard a to get out of range. With mendish to leaving. "There is really consider- sharp swishing sound as the runners perversity the skies turned also. I was glided swiftly over the snow.

Mr. Hemmingway surveyed our for some way of slowing up. There group with disdain. His attitude sig- seemed to be no brake. It appeared nified that he did not think there was inadvisable to turn sideways as one

"I'll go," I volunteered suddenly, as I thought, my pace accelerated to per month. 207 D st. Phone 116R.



weight with the distracted husband. I could see him ponder it. Although he ally in love with the sweetest girl in from town. The drifts are six and had cast her off, the idea of his wife eight feed deep in places and they taking up with someone else was gall-

to a megnet.

He was blithely unconscious that I was overtaking him. He is a large I had skis instead of snowshoes. 1 man and so am I. The result of an

I tried to cry out to him, but my equipment, but now I could see that voice left my dry throat as only a dry cackle. The only word I could

> Intuition made him turn around. He must have read in my eyes that I had lost control because he started to

scramble hastily out of my way. Horror of horrors, my runners, which had hatherto glided straight, as if on rails, now swerved to one side in the direction he was going!

He saw it and redoubled his efforts almost upon him! He made a sup-The speed increased. I looked about | reme effort-and stumbled. O shut my eyes

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

does on skates in order to stop. Even BOARD and ROOM with garage, \$30 A 32



## It's Our Home Town



### and We Like It -

COMEONE once said something about his town which we think applies with particular meaning to our home town. We won't change a word for it suits us just as it stands.

"There are fancier towns than our little town, there are towns that are bigger than this, while the people who live in the smaller towns don't know the excitement they miss.

"There are things you see in the wealthier towns that you can't in the town that's small; and yet, up and down, there's no other town after all.

'It may be that the streets aren't long, they're not wide and maybe not straight, but the neighbors you know in your little town all welcome a fellow-It's great.

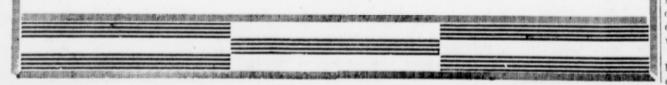
"In the glittering streets of the glittering towns with palaces, pavements and thrall, in the midst of the throng you will frequently long for your town after all.

"If you live and you work in your own little town, in spite of the fact that it's small, you'll find it a fact that our own home town is the best little town after all."

We believe in our town and have lots of faith in our fellow townsmen. We want our paper to be your home town paper and all that it implies.

> Your Country Weekly, is of, by, and for Your Home Community

## THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS



east you'll come out at the village without fail."

We started, not rapidly as I have heard that Indians and Norwegians travel across snow-fields, but cautiously and slowly. My skis had a tendency to toe out that was very aggravating. Once or twice I had to sit down to argue with them about it. I couldn't follow both of them, and if I went with one I had to leave one leg behind.

On the few occasions when I deflected them from the outward angle they turned the other way and I got my runners crossed.

"If you're trying to make me laugh" said Mr. Hemmingway sarcastically, as I got up and dug the snow out of my eyes and ears, "you may as well give up. I'm not in the humor for it." I was able to keep still, thank

heaven, although it would have given me great pleasure to have swatted him with the flat sire of a ski.

The country round about us was sloping. This is ideal ground, they tell me, for ski running. It was fairly level from the Old Soldiers' Home. however, for several blocks. I was glad of that because it gave me an opportunity to sort of find my ski legs. By the time I could take three steps without tripping or splitting, I considered that I was no longer in the amateur class.

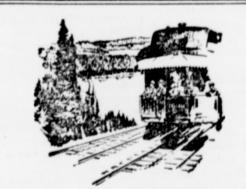
My egotism melted away when we came to the first rise. It was a gentle slope, but I found it difficult to climb. I had to tack or else I found myself slipping backwards.

I tried dismounting from the skis, but found that the snow was us nearly to my waist, and well-knigh impossible to flounder through.

I made it somehow, but Hemmingway on showshoes beat me to the crest by several minutes. He waited there until I got nearly to the top and then he started down the other side. I gained the summit. It was not very high, but afforded an excellent view of the country. Under the suow it was beautiful. A group of fir trees over at the right with branches borne down with a tremendous load of white was a graceful picture.

"Come on," yelled Hemmingway, half way down the hill. "We have to catch that train."





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