



**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 Bilbeck a play at the Old Soldiers' Home 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.

The Sheriff's horse has broken loose. Meanwhile Hemmingway suspects Bilbeck more and more, and Jim Cooper mixes in to tell Bilbeck he had arranged that the Hemmingways be divorced and that Bilbeck is to marry Mrs. Hemmingway.

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 But Maryella summons him and starts gets away from the dramatic club, 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 Pirk Henweaver 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.

Hemmingway arrives just when Bilbeck is assisting Mrs. Hemmingway, who has fainted, and of course thinks 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**

We found that we were in a bowl shaped depression with steep sides and a rounded bottom. It looked as it would be a comparatively easy matter to climb out. Hemmingway suggested that we run around in a circle and then by easy spirals we would finally reach the top, after the same manner that motorcycle riders ride within a bowl.

He started out ahead of me and in order to keep out of his way I had to follow. We succeeded in getting along fine and were half way up the side of the bowl when Hemmingway, who was travelling up by line slipped and as he went down carried me with him. We landed in our usual position at the bottom of the bowl, hopelessly tangled up with the skis and snowshoes.

We arose and tried the same scheme again, only to have the same result.

After a series of heart breaking trials we arrived at the top, worn out and very hungry.

"We have been delayed so much," said Hemmingway, "that we have probably missed the train."

"I suppose so," I returned, "but there should be another train again some time. I guess if we hurry up we may be there before it goes."

So we pushed on, a little doubtful as to our direction, but as soon as we emerged from the wood we found the sun again and headed in that general direction, bearing a little to the left as before.

Although we were hungry Hemmingway vetoed the idea of stopping at the first farm we came to, saying that we could not possibly be very far from the town.

At the top of every hill we expected to get our first view of Fair Oaks but every time we were disappointed. It seemed strange that we had not come eight miles. Still, we were headed in the right direction, due west at least toward the sun.

It was only when the sun set that that we realized our blunder. While we had been in the soup-bowl the sun had passed overhead and when we had taken our bearings again after coming out we must have headed southwest when we went toward the sun and a little left. It was really simple when we came to think of it, but I doubt if anyone not raised in woodcraft would have done differently.

We had been going ever since noon in the opposite direction, and by this time we were three or four hours traveling from Fair Oaks!

Just by way of diversion we now had an argument as to which way the nearest farm house lay from where we were. We had determined

to postpone trying to reach Fair Oaks until morning and wanted food and shelter for the night.

I thought that I had seen farm buildings on our right, about a mile back on the trail. Hemmingway insisted that they were on the left.

"There is no use quarrelling about it," I said finally. "There is nothing to prevent each of us going the way he thinks is right. It's a cinch we will both find shelter if we keep going far enough."

So we separated. We had grown intensely tired of one another anyway; especially since hunger had put an edge on our tempers. Hemmingway started southwest and I branched off over toward the north. It grew dark very rapidly after the sun was gone, but the snow on the ground made it fairly easy to see and I was able to hit up quite a fast pace.

But the farm house I thought I had seen did not materialize. I could have sworn it was in that direction, too. Rather than give up I pushed on further. I did not like the idea of going back to Hemmingway and admitting that I was wrong. Surely if I kept on in the same direction I had been going I would eventually reach some sort of shelter and food!

It was a long time though, before I saw a welcoming light. I can't say just how long, but I think it must have been several hours. Anyway, I was thoroughly fatigued and could barely drag one ski after the other.

But when I saw the light I quickened my pace and made for it. I was afraid that the people who lived there would go to bed before I could arrive.

As I passed over the snow I had a curious sense of familiarity, a feeling that I had been there before.

All at once the moon came out, and at the same time did the building toward which I was heading.

I knew at once why the neighborhood had seemed familiar. The building was the Old Soldiers' Home, and I had walked all day to return at night to the very spot from which I had started!

I had no very cheerful vision of a warm welcome upon my return to the Home, but it was a case of any port in a storm, so I continued on my way. The Home was still half a mile distant when the light went out. But I plugged on. I felt pretty sure that I could get in without waking any one up, which I decided would be much better than making explanations.

As I drew nearer in the shadow of the woods that bordered the road I saw a figure dart suddenly from their protecting shade across the patch of intervening moonlight to the Old Soldiers' Home.

That struck me as rather curious. Why should anyone be in such a hurry and why so furtive?

I thought it over quite a while as I stood there waiting for something else to occur.

Then a solution occurred to me. It was doubtless the other escaped prisoner, the one who had held us up in the road when we had started for home the first time!

The chances were that he wanted to get back and release his partner.

As soon as I had arrived at that decision I, too, hastened in the same direction that he had gone. By the time I got to the front of the building he had disappeared. An open window indicated very plainly where he had gone, and removing my skis I had no hesitation in following him. It was hard for me to climb through, but I managed it.

There was enough moonlight coming into the living room where I found myself for me to see that there was no one there. I hardly expected that he would linger long. He was doubtless searching for the room in which Bill, his partner was confined.

There was nothing on the main floor excepting the living room and the service quarters. I glanced in each room below and then went upstairs which was a more likely hunting ground. I paused at the head of the stairs scarcely breathing.

He was not there.

While I waited, senses alert and nerves taut, a figure glided through a door and went down the hall away from me. It reappeared again and passed on into a room. I was in a quandary what to do. If I raised an alarm the chances were about even that he would escape. It seemed better to capture him single-handed.

Therefore, when he disappeared into the next room I followed down the hall. As I did I heard a door in back of me open, but was too intent on my quarry to pay much attention

to the sound in the rear.

I came to the door where I had seen my man disappear last. It stood open. I stepped in and closed it softly after me. Next I felt gropingly for the light switch on the wall.

Before I could find it there was a woman's scream in the room somewhere ahead of me, and then at my back I heard a clicking sound in the door I had just closed.

My hand found the switch. I turned it on.

Sitting bolt upright in bed, with a revolver leveled at me, was Maryella!

There was no one else in sight!  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

**CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP IS THEME OF SERMON**

"Christian Citizenship" will be the theme of Rev. Roy Dunn at the Springfield Christian church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Bible school will be held in the church beginning at 9:30 o'clock. In the evening at 7:30 o'clock Rev. Dunn will speak on "Christian Liberty." At that time he will use a chart and will illustrate his address. Special music is being arranged but the details are not yet completed.

Tomorrow night the monthly Church night will be held at the church. A program consisting of music and readings is being arranged by a committee composed of Marion Adams, John Robertson and W. I. House, but it has not yet been completed. Refreshments will be served following the program.

**To Leave on Vacation**—Miss Winifrid Tyson will leave today on her vacation from Gray's store. Miss Tyson expects to visit friends for a time in Portland and then continue to Seattle. She will be gone from Springfield for two weeks.

**Cuts Knee**—George Franks, an employee of Simmons and Grey, logging operators of Jasper, cut his knee with an axe while at work on Wednesday morning. He was brought to Springfield for medical attention.

**Visiting in Washington**—W. G. Hughes is expected to return to Springfield today from Tacoma, Washington, where he has been this week visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. Lemley.

**At Springfield Hotel**—Mr. and Mrs. Gus Swanson of Santa Monica, California, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Andrews of Grants Pass were registered this week at the Springfield hotel.

**Harrisburg Man in Town**—William Sperlen, Harrisburg resident, was a business visitor in Springfield on Wednesday.

**Evan Hughes Here**—Evan Hughes spent the week-end in Springfield visiting at the home of his parents. Mr. Hughes is spending the summer as the traveling representative of a publishing company. He has been working through Southern and Southwestern Oregon, but now is working through the coast section in the vicinity of Newport.

**HUCKLEBERRIES FOUND PLENTIFUL ON MOUNTAIN**

Four Springfield men found the huckleberries plentiful on the summit of Gold Hill, near Blue River, they report, following an expedition there Sunday.

The party, consisting of Lloyd Williams, T. J. Maxwell, Welsey Maxwell, and Bill Cox, left Springfield at 10 o'clock Saturday night and reached Blue River about midnight. Leaving the car at Simmons Creek, a tributary, they started hiking up the mountain, stopping at the springs two-thirds of the way up the summit at three o'clock, where they camped until daylight.

The men continued to the top the next morning and spent the greater part of the day picking berries, each one of them obtaining five gallons. They saw several deer near the top. They left the top of the hill with filled pails at 5 o'clock and reached Springfield at 8:30.

**REV. AND MRS. BAILEY HONORED AT DINNER**

A dinner party in honor of Rev. and Mrs. Walter Bailey of Springfield, Massachusetts, who are visiting with friends here, was given on Wednesday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chase at Chase Gardens. Those who were present at the affair were Rev. and Mrs. Bailey and children, Wendell and Patricia; Rev. Bailey's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Meidinger of Eugene; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pengra of Newport, and children, Arthur Jr., Pauline Anne, and Billie; Miss Gertrude Goin of Hood River; Miss Marguerite Goin of Jefferson; J. W. Chase, Miss Maude Chase, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chase and family.

Rev. and Mrs. Bailey will leave by train for Springfield, Massachusetts Saturday night. Rev. Bailey is the pastor of the Park Memorial Baptist church there. He was brought up here and was a graduate of the Springfield high school and the University of Oregon. He was ordained as a minister at the local Baptist church.

**THURSTON**

Clifford Weaver and Mrs. Mary McElroy from Salem spent the week end at A. E. Weaver's.

Mrs. Anna Houston and Frank Cumm from Washington arrived on Sunday from an extended visit with their sister, Mrs. Ira Gray.

Flora and Leota Bertsch, small daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Bertsch from Springfield, spent the week-end with their uncle, Ernest Bertsch.

Mrs. Josephine Cumm left last Thursday for her home in Newark, New Jersey, after a visit of several weeks with her relatives here.

The small thresher machine finished work Monday. The larger one finished Wednesday. Clover hilling began Tuesday at A. B. Mathews.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Morris Brawn at the Goshen hospital, on Friday, August 23, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Baugh and Mrs. John Edmiston attended the funeral of their brother-in-law, Jim Maxwell, last Saturday at Elmira.

Miss Grace Wilburn from Salem visited her cousin, Miss Mildred Price, last week.

**Wending Woman in Town**—Mrs. S. M. Wicks of Wendling was a business visitor in Springfield for a short time Wednesday.

**Jasper Man in Town**—C. L. Wallace of Jasper was among the visitors in Springfield from the country Wednesday.

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