The Joy of Living

by Sidney Gowing

Good humor, love and romance! Here is youth personified and romance on wheels—a thrilly on wheels. The best in the romance across the most important thing in a motorcycle. The hero is a young American from Connecticut. The heroine is an English girl. Scenes are laid in England and bring to the reader's view many of the charms of a British countryside.

Suppose you were a stranger in a strange land and all unexpectedly were forced to assume the guardianship of a madcap young lady, a titled daughter of the country, with a perfect genius for getting into trouble, yet the merriest, nerviest and altogether loveliest little creature you had ever met; suppose that one of her innocent larks had caused her to be suspected of a burglary which does not only the local police, but the terrifying detectives from Scotland Yard upon her trail; you know her to be incapable of wrong-doing and it were up to you to save her; what would you do? You would be likely to split your head thinking, wouldn't you? Well, Billy Spencer did his scale cracked by one of the real burglars, but it did not prevent his thinking and acting—quickly, efficiently and with real American genius and daring.

Sidney Gowing is a comparatively new novelist whose cleverness has attracted international attention. He has great gifts as a humorist and delights in mixing American and British characters and extracting a great amount of fun from both. He seems to lack the fondness of the average English novelist for plots involving marital infidelities. His "The Joy of Living" is clean in every respect, combines comedy and thrilling adventures, lives up to its title and is an antidote to a jaded appetite.

CHAPTER I

Sentenced.

"I can't go, dad," said Aimee desperately, "and I won't!"

"My answer, my dear Aimee," said Lord Scroope firmly yet benignantly, "is that you must go, and you shall!"

"A month of Aunt Erythea," said Aimee in stifled tones, "would kill me. Why are these things always piled on to me? I'm fed up!"

The Very Rev. Viscount Scroope archdeacon and incumbent of the living of Scroope Magna, gazed dreamily over his daughter's head without appearing to hear her. A sunbeam filtered through the diamond panes, illuming his silver hair and finely cut features. It was as though the sunbeam said: "Behold a saint; here is one who hears and speaks no evil." A saint Lord Scroope undoubtedly was; calm, benign and immovable as granite.

"My dear child," he said gently, "let us admit the cold light of reason. You can have no genuine objection to your Aunt Erythea, for you have never set eyes on her since you were three years old. Jervaulx abbey is a well-appointed and strictly ordered house. It is an atmosphere which will correct, I hope, the influence of that deplorable school from which we have removed you. You must go. Aunt Erythea desires that you shall go. And that, as you will realize when you make her acquaintance, is final."

The Hon. Aimee Scroope's vividly lovely face became still more mutinous and desolate.

"And do not suppose that you will lack youthful society," added Lord Scroope, smiling. "Your cousin, Alexander Lambe, is at Jervaulx. A little older than yourself, doubtless, but an excellent companion for you. A young man wholly devoted to good work, and with unexceptionable connections, he will doubtless attain that eminence which his aunt would wish for him."

Aimee looked at her father with intense suspicion. Then she turned to the photograph of a young man in a clerical collar; the face was pleasant but somewhat serious, with large, frank, round eyes. The face that Aimee made at it was hideous.

"Go and tell your maid to pack, dear child," said Lord Scroope gently, patting her head. Aimee was twenty years of age, and stood five feet six, but her father contrived to have the air of patting somebody about three feet high.

Aimee said something inarticulate, and made a bee-line for a rose-pink boudoir where Lady Scroope, blonde, petite and wholly charming, was buttoning her gloves. Amid pink surroundings, Lady Scroope looked little older than her daughter.

"Mummy," said Aimee forcibly, "you'll have to throw me a rope. I have simply got to be rescued from this awful visit!" She expounded with extreme rapidity and terror her views on Jervaulx, Lady Erythea Lambe, and Alexander.

Lady Scroope twinkled, and was so exasperating as to laugh. She put her hands affectionately on her daughter's shoulders.

"Sorry, Aimee," she said; "there is, as you would say, nothing doing. You will have to go. I can't have your dear father worried any more. I don't think," she added pensively, "there's any cause for real alarm about Alexander Lambe."

"It's all very well for you," mourned Aimee, "but—"

"I'm really sorry, dear. I am going to the Milne-Temples and elsewhere for a few weeks, but when I come back I will make it up to you. These are the little crosses you have to bear."

She kissed her daughter, and hurried down to the car.

The car whirled her away, and Lord Scroope followed it with dreamily adoring eyes. Aimee, who had watched the pair with a sort of exasperated affection, turned into the waiting room.

"What on earth," she murmured, "has one to do with people like that?"

She encountered her guest and cousin, Georgina Berners, twenty-three, plump and placid, dressed in a style that suggested enforced economy. Miss Berners was looking wistful.

"Why, Georgie," said Aimee, encircling her ample waist, "have you the bump, too? Let's be miserable together."

"It has been lovely here at Scroope," sighed Georgina, "and you are such a dear. I've nothing to go back to but Uncle Joseph, who doesn't think about anything but biology, and scarcely remembers I exist—though he is quite kind, of course. It will be awful after this."

"I've never met your Uncle Joseph," said Aimee, "but I'm certain he's nothing to my Aunt Erythea and Jervaulx."

She broke into a frenzied and vivid word-picture of all that awaited her.

"A place something between a cathedral and a barrack, and a fearful sort of Roman matron with a nose like the duke of Wellington's—I've never seen anyone's nose, but it's certainly like that—and to be drilled into illbring decorously with an awful-faced curate who, some day, they say, will probably be a bishop—"

Georgina was intensely shocked.

"Aimee, you really are extraordinary! Many people would be too glad to be in your shoes. A long visit to a charming old place—Jervaulx, they say, is even more old-world than Scroope—everything orderly, romantic, peaceful—"

"Moldy!" interrupted Aimee.

"And luxurious. Lady Erythea, everyone says, is a splendid manager. And your cousin—a nice, sensible young man. I've seen his photograph. His face—"

"It's the face," said Aimee fiercely, "of a cold boiled codfish! I've seen it—I've seen it! It made me feel as if my shoes were full of water!"

"Aimee!" said Georgina plaintively, "You appal me!"

"Good thing! Then you know how I feel!" retorted Aimee pertly. "The whole thing appals me. These curates! I'm fed up with them! Alexander is the limit!"

Aimee paused for breath.

"He's a prig!" she said, with extraordinary vehemence.

"He is good!" insisted Georgina. "That is a good man's face if ever I saw one. And," added Georgina, with a rapt expression on her plump features, "he will fall in love with you, Aimee. I'm sure of it! And when that happens—"

"Oh, you make me sick!" said the frenzied Aimee. "It's a disease with you! Sentiment revolts me. This mooning about love—"

"Aimee," said Georgina almost tearfully, "your very name means 'Beloved'!"

"Oh, rats!" said Aimee furiously, and fled from the room.

CHAPTER II

Escape.

In the deepest depression, Aimee wandered down the park avenue towards the high road. She passed through the lodge gates and turned the corner of the road.

There Aimee halted, and considered the perversity of Fate. And close beside her barked a sharp explosion, with a flash of yellow flame and a whiff of pungent smoke. And a clear voice exclaimed:

"H—l!"

"Just what I was thinking!" said Aimee.

A young man, who was tinkering a motorcycle, whence came the explosion, looked up startled, and removed his cap.

"Oh! I'm sorry!" he said. "I didn't know there was anyone around."

They looked at each other, and both laughed. It was impossible to look at the stranger and fail to laugh. Not in derision, but joyously, spontaneously, as one laughs when the breeze heels the boat, or when a puppy dog turns head over tail.

When the motorcyclist grinned, his teeth were so white that they gave the effect of a flash. His fair and rather tousled hair caught the sun. His head looked as if it might be rammed through a door, without damaging anything except the door-panel. He was big built, and about twenty-five, but his bright blue eyes might have belonged to a boy of sixteen. He wore dusty blue overalls.

"That's better!" he said approvingly, as Aimee laughed again. "You were looking as if you felt pretty low."

"I was. Everybody has been appalling! Talking sentiment till I feel sticky all over."

The stranger's face fell.

"Gee! That's too bad! Sentiment, eh?" He made a gesture as if warding off invisible assailants. "Sentiment is poison ivy! It gives me that tired feeling. Madam, accept my sympathy."

In the space of a moment they felt as though they had known each other for years.

"Do you live anywhere about here?" said Aimee. "I seem to have seen—"

"Here? About seven thousand miles south-south of here!" said the stranger, laughing. "Cobalt, Arizona, county. Citizen of the world—answer to the name of 'Billy.' And I'm here in England," he added, laying a loving hand on the tank of the motorcycle—"to sell this."

They Looked at Each Other and Both Laughed.

"Weird-looking thing!" said Aimee, with interest, for the cycle's engine was of a remarkable shape. "Yours?"

"Mine!" said the stranger joyously. "Alone I did it. I built the parent. It's a Sphinx-mobile—the Flying Sphinx!"

"Bipping mome. Can it fly?"

"Can it fly? It devours space like the sunbeams lick up the islets of the morain! And no louder noise than a baby's whisper.

"Around the world in thirty weeks
When once astride the Flying Sphinx!

"It's got Sinbad's Carpet an' the Seven-league Boots combined!" He threw a leg over the saddle. "Like a spin up the road? Jump up behind!"

Aimee immediately perched herself on the carrier. There was a whirlwind charm about the stranger that carried her away. The next moment the Flying Sphinx did the same. The wind whistled past Aimee's ears. To keep her seat she was obliged to grab Billy suddenly round the waist.

"Don't mind if I hold you?" she gasped.

"Shucks!" said Billy impatiently. "I don't care how you hold me, s'long's you don't hit the grit!"

They breasted the crest of the rise.

"Hang tight now!" he cried. "We'll let her out!"

The Sphinx went forward with the whirr of a shell. She peeled the road way behind her like a running tape. Aimee felt the roar of the wind rise to a scream. Billy leaned lightly forward towards the handlebars, cool, effortless, efficient.

Aimee was only conscious of being whirled gloriously through space when the Sphinx, after a two-mile loop, slid back to the spot whence she had started. Aimee sprang from the carrier.

"Oh, thank you!" she gasped. "That was too good to be true!"

The cyclist, without dismounting, looked at her glowing face and frank eyes.

"I wish there were more like you," he said, laughing. "Tell 'em—whoever they are—to can the sentiment. S'long, an' good luck to you!"

He raised his cap, and next moment the Sphinx whirred him away in a cloud of golden dust. Aimee followed him with her eyes till he was round the bend, then she turned back into the park. It seemed to her that the sunlight had become less vivid and the sky paler.

Very slowly, Aimee made her way back to the portals of Scroope Towers, where the heavy family car, laden with luggage, stood waiting. Georgina was on the steps, abundantly wrapped up, and Lord Scroope stood beside her.

"Grundle," he said to the chauffeur, "you will drop Miss Berners at the station and take Miss Aimee on to Jervaulx, returning here direct."

(Continued on Page Four)

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF CONTEST
Serial No. 016740
017329
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Contest No. 1412
La Grande, Oregon,
December 22, 1922

To Harry McKacy of Ritter, Oregon, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that Harold J. Cox, who gives Heppner, Oregon, as his post-office address, did on Dec. 18, 1922, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead Entry No. ——, Serial No. 016780 made Dec. 2, 1916, for Lots 6, 7, 8, 9, Sec. 7, Tp. 7 S., R. 23 E. and S. 1-2 NE ¼, E. 1-2 NW ¼ Sec. 12, Tp. 7 S., R. 28 E. W. M. and Add'n. H. E., No. 017329, made Mar. 20, 1920, for Lots 3 and 4, W 1-2 SW ¼, SE ¼ SW ¼ Sec. 1, Tp. 7 S., R. 28 E. and Lots 20 and 21, Sec. 6, Township 7 S., Range 29 E., Willamette Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that said Harry McKacy has failed to make the improvements thereon required by laws of the United States; that he has abandoned said land and has not been on the same for three years; that his true name is not Harry McKacy but is Harry H. Henderson; that his absence from the land was not due to any military service.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken as confessed, and your said entry will be cancelled without further right to be heard, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically responding to these allegations of contest, together with due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

CARL G. HELM, Register.
J. B. PEARE, Receiver.

Date of first publication, January 2, 1923.
Date of second publication, January 9, 1923.
Date of third publication, January 16, 1923.
Date of fourth publication, January 23, 1923.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution duly issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Morrow county by the Clerk of said Court on the 8th day of January, 1923, pursuant to a judgment duly rendered and entered in said Court on the 3rd day of March, 1922, in a certain action in said Court wherein Julian Rauch, was plaintiff and Frank Ayers, and J. B. Coxen, were defendants, and in which action the plaintiff recovered judgment against the said defendants for the sum of $500.00, with interest thereon from the 11th day of January, 1920, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, less the sum of $146.49 paid thereon February 28th, 1922, for the further sum of $50.00, attorney's fees and $21.00 cost and disbursements of said action, I will on Thursday, the 8th day of February, 1923, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the front door of the Court House in the city of Heppner, Morrow county, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real property, situated in Morrow county, Oregon, to-wit:

The South half of the Northeast quarter of Section 17 in Township 2 South of Range 26 East of Willamette Meridian.

The said real property is taken and levied upon as the property of the defendant, J. B. Coxen, and the said sale is made subject to confirmation by the said Court.

Dated this 5th day of January, 1923.

GEO. McDUFFEE,
Sheriff.
57-41

MEN'S MEETING

Hear Men's Gospel Team, Sunday, 3 p. m. Federated church.

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Arlington	Lv	9:00	2:00
Cecil	Lv	10:20	3:20
Morgan	Lv	10:35	3:35
Ione	Lv	11:05	4:05
Lexington	Lv	11:30	4:30
Heppner	Ar	11:55	4:55

TO ARLINGTON

Heppner	Lv	9:00	4:00
Lexington	Lv	9:25	4:25
Ione	Lv	9:50	4:50
Morgan	Lv	10:05	5:05
Cecil	Lv	10:35	5:35
Arlington	Ar	11:55	6:55

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