

# The JOY of LIVING

By **SIDNEY GOWING**  
Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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(Continued from last week)

### SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER I**—Disliking the prospect of a month's visit to her austere aunt, Lady Erythea Lamb, at Jervaulx, Aimee, vicious daughter of the Vary Reverend Viscount Scroope, is in a rebellious mood.

**CHAPTER II**—She wanders into the park, there encountering a strange youth in trouble with a motorcycle. He laughingly introduces himself as "Billy," American. The two cement the acquaintance by a ride on the motorcycle, the "Flyin' Spinx," and part. With Georgina Berners, her cousin, Aimee sets out for Jervaulx. On the way she decides that Georgina shall impersonate her at Jervaulx, while she goes on a holiday. Georgina's horrified protest is unavailing.

**CHAPTER III**—Happy in her new freedom, Aimee again meets "Billy." He tells her his name is Spencer, and she gives hers as Amy Snooka, at present "out of a job." Billy offers to take her into partnership in selling the Spinx. In a spirit of madcap adventure, she accepts. The two proceed to the town of Stanhoe, taking separate lodgings in Ivy Cottage.

**CHAPTER IV**—That night Aimee visits Georgina and learns that the deception has not been discovered. By her dominant personality she compels Georgina to continue the subterfuge.

**CHAPTER V**—On a trial spin next day on the Spinx, with Billy, Aimee almost collides with a carriage in which are her aunt, Georgina and Alexander. The pair escape unrecognized.

"Brake lever bent, that's all. Nothing serious."

Aimee suddenly sat down on the edge of the ditch and began to laugh. She laughed till the very road threw back the echo; scandalous laughter.

"That's good!" said Billy, grinning. "That's the stuff! I was afraid it might have shaken you. Go on—laugh!"

"You'll never let me drive her again!" gasped Aimee, mopping her streaming eyes.

"Won't I? Why, you've learned the game—you'll never do that stunt twice. Only thing I feared, it might have shaken your nerve. But you've no nerve to shake! You're the goods. That fool coachman was on the wrong side, anyhow. Let's get on the Spinx. You'll ride her like a bird after this. All the same," he added, "that tank-bar is a bit awkward for your dress."

"I don't care—I can manage."

"No—it's got to be fixed." His face cleared. "It's dead easy! I'll get you a pair of breeches in Syderford."

Aimee, dumfounded, turned and stared at him.

"What do you think you are?" she exclaimed. "The Universal Provider?"

Billy's chin stuck out sternly. "I'm your partner! Get me?"

Aimee looked at him thoughtfully, and smiled.

"All right, Billy," she said softly. There was a pause. "Let's go back to Ivy Cottage. You can drive."

Billy mounted the saddle joyously, stuffing his cap into his pocket. Aimee took her seat behind. The Spinx meandered homeward at an easy fifty miles an hour.

### CHAPTER VI

"Thou Shalt Not Lie,"  
Georgina Berners began the day

well; though she came within ten feet of beginning it very badly indeed—she was nearly late for prayers.

After the service the servants dispersed to their duties, and Lady Erythea led the way to the morning room. She kissed Georgina with the air of one conferring a benefit, and bestowed a word of approval on Alexander, who was looking at Georgina with some concern in his large eyes.

"You look a little tired, cousin," he said, "did you rest well?"

"Oh, y-yes," said Georgina, "the journey yesterday was a little tiring."

"Perfect health," said Lady Erythea, "is not only desirable, it is a duty, in the young."

Breakfast proceeded in silence, till Lady Erythea made her announcement.

"The carriage will be ready for us all at ten," she said. "Remember that one does not keep horses waiting. We shall drive to Syderford."

"In that case," said Mr. Lamb, "I must be excused now. I have many things to do before ten."

Lady Erythea watched his exit with some anxiety.

"For a man of Alexander's physical development," she said, "I feel sure he does not eat enough. A mouthful of whiting and half a cup of tea! He would rather die than indulge in meat on a Friday." Lady Erythea was making excellent practice with a grilled sole. "That, of course, is quite right. But he carries some things to extremes. I am not wholly sure that Alexander is sound on the subject of marriage," continued Lady Erythea, with her customary directness. "I am, of course, a High Churchwoman. Of that faith, I know very well, there are many who hold that a priest should be celibate. I do not agree with them for one moment. Let those differ from me who will—I say that even a clergyman is essentially imperfect until he has a wife."

Georgina flushed slowly scarlet. Lady Erythea turned the ear-trumpet to her inexorably, and waited.

"I am quite sure of one thing," roared Georgina into the ear-trumpet, with almost a touch of rebellion. "that A-Alexander will do what he believes is right—and nothing else."

"He must be guided," said Lady Erythea firmly. "On no other point should I presume to direct a Clerk in Orders. But, in this matter, men—even such men as Alexander—are as children. The judgment of an experienced woman is alone of value here. Alexander is my heir. Jervaulx will be his. He owes a duty to his race and name; duty must guide us all. At times Alexander seems to me almost—almost too devout. I sometimes wish—with a slight sigh—"that Alexander were a little more—human. A touch of Adam—a mere soupçon, as it were of naughtiness—is not wholly unattractive in a young man."

Georgina stared at her in amazement, wondering if she had heard aright. And Georgina was guiltily conscious that a similar thought had crept, unbidden, into her own mind. Lady Erythea's eyes, meeting her gaze, became story.

"I was referring, of course," she said, with some sternness, "to the duty good women owe themselves in reforming young men of that type. In a girl, flightiness is abhorrent to me—absolutely abhorrent. Hussies are my especial aversion." She smiled, and laid a hand on Georgina's shoulder. "I don't know why I speak of them. Nor can I understand, my dear, how such a mistaken impression of you could have reached us, before we knew you."

"For," she added, rising, "I have formed my opinion of you, Aimee, and my judgment is never mistaken. The woman does not live who could deceive me. Aimee, my dear, you are free to follow any occupation you choose—until ten o'clock."

Georgina made her way upstairs

and sank into the most luxurious arm-chair in her bedroom.

"How perfectly lovely it would be here," she sighed, "if only things were proper and regular. But they aren't!"

Georgina, gazing before her, fell into a day-dream. Presently, the sound of the carriage passing beneath her window roused her with a start, and hastily donning a wrap she ran downstairs.

"Sit next me, Aimee," said Lady Erythea, settling herself comfortably in the carriage. "Alexander, you will take the other seat. I dislike having anyone immediately opposite me."

For two hours, at least, all troubles were to be left behind. As the carriage bowed through the smilt park Georgina, lying back against the cushions, under the benign gaze of Alexander, felt inexpressibly soothed.

When the carriage returned to Jervaulx, Georgina felt rather than descended from it. Almost in a state



"My Judgment is Never Mistaken."

of collapse, she preserved some sort of outward composure and retreated to her bedroom as a hunted fox goes to earth.

The collision with the motorcycle on the Syderford road opened new horizons of terror for Georgina. It seemed to her like the climax of a nightmare. What in the world was Aimee doing? Who was the man—it was evidently a man, though Georgina had seen little of him except his boots—that was with her. What was happening to the wretched girl?

"It's too awful!" said Georgina hysterically, "and I'm responsible. I think I shall go mad!"

Later in the afternoon, in the natural course of things, she found herself alone with Alexander in the garden. She looked at him with timid, yet hopeful eyes. Here, at least, was righteousness, kindness, wisdom. Georgina felt she could keep things to herself no longer.

"I am afraid that narrow escape this morning has upset you, Aimee," he said sympathetically.

"Yes—I was rather upset. But I am better now. Don't let us talk of it. C-Cousin Alexander, there is something I want to ask you," she said suddenly. "I should like your guidance. Imagine that somebody who was dear to me—somebody one loved very much—had got into difficulties, and was in danger of exposure. And punishment. That it was in one's power to save them. Supposing that it would help, would it be very wrong to tell a—a fib?"

Alexander regarded her wonderingly.

"Let us give things their proper names," he said. "You mean a lie. You know the answer. A lie is in all cases not only inadmissible, but unthinkable."

"N-not even a little one?" said Georgina faintly. "I don't mean for one's own benefit, of course, but to shield the other."

"There is only one answer," he said sternly. "That other must make a clean breast of it, and bear his own punishment—or hers. No matter how bitter it may be. Whoever indulges in such shielding is equally guilty."

Georgina felt utterly chilled.

"Is not that a little hard?" she said.

"The hard way is the way of the transgressor," said Alexander, with some grimness; "there is authority for that. And yet the friend—I think you said a friend—may give all aid and succor to the sinner, even to the extreme sacrifice of himself. But deceit, even the shadow of it, must by no means enter into the matter. You are asking me what you know perfectly well. But why talk of unpleasant things," he continued, "tell me of yourself, and your life at Scroope, Aimee."

There was small comfort for Georgina the rest of that day. She dressed for dinner in a state of despair. Lady Erythea, as her custom was, even when in familia, came down splendidly bejeweled, and wearing the famous Lambé emeralds—said to be worth a prince's ransom—on her somewhat bony chest. As usual at dinner she was in a good temper.

There was a late delivery at Jervaulx, and a letter was brought into the drawing room afterward, addressed to Aimee Scroope.

"Surely, that is your father's handwriting, Aimee," said Lady Erythea. "My letter will have crossed his. Let us hear what he says."

Georgina would as soon have thought of picking a pocket as of opening another person's letter. But there was no help for it. The letter was dated Scroope Towers, Thursday. At the word of command, Georgina read it aloud, somewhat falteringly.

My Dearest Aimee:  
I am writing to your aunt, to whom my love, but myself with only time before the post goes to tell you I am obliged to leave Scroope earlier than I expected. As I wish to see you before I go, I will come over for an hour on Saturday. I'm sorry it is impossible for me to stay the night. I have news of importance for you.

Your loving,  
FATHER.

"It will be the first time," said Lady Erythea, a trifle acidly, "that anybody ever saw your father in a hurry."

The letter put the finishing touch to such a day as Georgina had never dreamed of. She went to bed half an hour later. Before she fell asleep, her pillow was wet.

### CHAPTER VII

The Way of the Transgressor.  
Georgina awoke with a start. The light from a tiny electric torch dazzled her eyes; somebody was shaking her violently.

"Wake up, old thing," whispered Aimee's voice; "it's like trying to rouse the dead. I'm anxious about you. What did they say about that little stunt on the Syderford road?"

Georgina sat up with a gasp, and clutched Aimee with both hands as a drowning person clutches a life-buoy.

"It's you, is it?" she said fiercely. "I've got you, Aimee—make up your mind to it! This dreadful business is finished. We're done for—especially you!"

"Eh!" exclaimed Aimee, a little startled. "What have you got the breeze up about now?"

"You'll know very soon! Who," said Georgina sternly, still holding her, "was that Man that was with you? Who was he?"

"Man?" said Aimee. "Oh, you mean Billy. One of the best that ever stepped! A clinking good sort."

"Billy?" echoed Georgina in a shaking voice. "Tell me. Tell me all!" she said, tightening her grip.

"Well, why not?" said Aimee, and forthwith she related the Saga of Billy. The tale, as it proceeded, seemed to affect Georgina with creeping palsy. When it ended, she was trembling violently. She made two unsuccessful efforts to speak. She reminded Aimee of a hen with something stuck in its throat.

"You are staying with this Man?" gasped Georgina. "This Spencer—in Stanhoe? And he let you do it? The man's a cad!"

Aimee sprang up, tearing herself loose from her cousin's hands.

"How dare you say that! Cad? If there's only one gentleman on this earth, it's Billy!"

She glared at Georgina.

"There's no beastly sentiment in Billy, thank heaven. That's why we became pals; because we want to get away from it all. I see nothing wrong in it—nor does he."

"Then he's a fool!" said Georgina bitterly. "Oh, what can one say?" she groaned. "I know there's nothing wrong. That you are incapable of—"

she choked. "And this man, from what you tell me, he is just such another as you. He is not a man—he is a child! Or he is from some place where things are—very different from what they are with us. But you are living in Eastshire—not in the desert. You know what Eastshire is. If ever this comes out—as come out it must—your reputation and your good name are gone—finished!"

"That, I suppose, you do not care for," she said bitterly, rising and facing Aimee, "but one thing I can tell you and you may believe me. This thing will kill your father!"

Aimee stared at her blankly.

"I know your father, better, perhaps, than you do, Aimee. To Lord Scroope, black is black and white is white. No one is more proud, more sensitive. That his daughter should be living in an obscure lodging, under an assumed name—with a strange man she picked up on the high road, I tell you, quite soberly and certainly, that it will break his heart."

There was a long silence.

Suddenly Aimee sat down on the bed and began to cry. She cried with the abandon of a child of ten, but very pitifully.

"I never wanted to hurt Dad!" she sniffled. "I didn't think—I didn't see—!"

"Do you understand at last?" said Georgina grimly.

"Yes," gulped Aimee slowly, "I believe I do. Dad! I—!" she caught Georgina by the arm. "I must keep that from him—I must!"

"We must keep it from him," said Georgina trembling, "at any cost. We must find a way, for his sake and yours. This muddle at Jervaulx cannot be hidden; we must face it. But your father must never hear of—the other thing. What are we to do? He is coming here tomorrow afternoon!"

Tearfully she gave her cousin the news in Lord Scroope's letter. Aimee stared in blank dismay.

"We have till five o'clock tomorrow," faltered Georgina. "I don't care what happens to me—there's nothing I won't do to save you, Aimee." Her face brightened suddenly. "I've thought of a way—"

"And so have I!" said Aimee eagerly. "There's just a chance—go on—let's hear your plan!"

"If we can keep the whole thing quiet till five tomorrow we shall pull through—with luck. Should anything turn up before then, to show that you're not here where you ought to be—we're done for," said Georgina, tragically. "My plan is this: You must go at once—"

(Continued on Page Five)

The ladies of the Woman's Relief Corps will hold a window sale at the Case Furniture Co. store Saturday, February 3. Patronage of the public will be appreciated.

"Waiter," said the customer, after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup, "have you ever been to the Zoo?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you ought to go. You'd enjoy watching the turtles whiz past you."—Railroad Red Book.

"That brother of mine is smart—the smartest man I ever saw."

"And is that so?"

"Yes, quite true, my friend."

"Well, I'll wager he wasn't smarter than my brother."

"And how do you know?"

"Well, mine was so smart he could even tell the day he was going to die."

"And how could he do that?"

"Simple enough; the judge told him."—Selected.

### 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 14th day of January, 1920, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, less the sum of \$146.49 paid thereon February 20th, 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 North-east 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 9th day of January, 1923.

GEO. McDUFFEE,  
Sheriff.

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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
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