

# The JOY of LIVING

By **SIDNEY GOWING**  
Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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(Continued from page three)

A loud clanging interrupted her, as of a vibrating hammer striking a gong. It jarred horribly on the silence of the dark abbey. Followed the crash and tinkle of breaking glass, and the sound of a fall. A second gong spoke with a brazen tongue. Georgina went very white.

"Great Scott! What's this awful row?" exclaimed Almee.  
Georgina pressed a hand to her bosom.  
"It's—it's one of Lady Erythea's burglar alarms," she said faintly. "The house is full of them!"  
In half a minute the abbey was galvanized into extraordinary activity. Swift running feet padded along the corridors. The squeak of a maid-servant broke shrilly through the chorus.



"Great Scott! What's This Awful Row?" Exclaimed Almee.

door. "Are you awake, miss?" said an excited voice. "There's thieves in the house—her ladyship's jewels stolen! Keep your door locked till she comes to you!"  
The speaker was heard retreating swiftly down the passage.

"That's torn it!" gasped Almee, running to the door. "If aunt finds me here—!"  
She unlocked the door swiftly and opened it.

"Almee!" breathed the trembling Georgina, "don't—"  
"I've got to get out, I tell you! I can't stay here!"

Almee looked rapidly up and down the passage. It was all clear. She fled at an amazing pace, and, reaching the landing, was aware of a figure of wrath, very like Britannia, but holding a fire-shovel, striding toward her. It was Lady Erythea.

Almee doubled like a hare.  
"Stop that woman!" cried Lady Erythea. "Stop her!"

Almee reached the head of the stairs just as Mr. Alexander Lambie with a jacket over his pajamas, flew to intercept her.  
"Stop!" he shouted commandingly. Almee, in full career, gave him a desperate two-handed push. Mr. Lambie's heels flew from under him, and he came down on the slippery oak flooring with a heavy thump.

Down the broad stairs, three at a time, sped the fugitive; in the lower hall the butler, his bald head shining like a comet in the gloom, rushed across the line of communications. Almee dodged too late; the pursuer made an active plunge, and caught her by the skirt.

"I've got her!" shouted the butler triumphantly. His voice rose to a yell as Almee kicked his shins, but he held on inexorably. "I've got her!"

## CHAPTER VIII

### The Plot Thickens.

By sheer force of arrested impetus, Almee and the butler spun round each other at arm's length like skaters on a rink; something ripped loudly, the butler, shooting off at a tangent, collided with a suit of armor pedastaled near the wall. The ensuing crash suggested an insurrection in a hardware shop.

Almee skidded against the wall and recovering, leaped wildly over the two prostrate relics of feudalism—the butler and the coat of mail—and dashed for the double doors that stood open before her. There was a curious flashing effect as she ran—a gleam, as it were, of whiteness. The next moment she had vanished into the night.

Alexander rushed to the open doors and stared out into the darkness. He heard the sound of the hunt some where beyond the fir-trees. For a moment he thought of joining it. But the starlit gloom gave faint encouragement—pursuit seemed very useless. With a sudden impulse Alexander ran back through the hall, turned on the light, and pulled open the door of the telephone call room. He snatched the receiver from the hook.

"Stanhoë police station—put me through quick!" cried Alexander.  
Lady Erythea descended the stairs, a superb model for Boudicca among the wreck of the Roman legions. Her eyes flashed fire, her lips were compressed in a thin, tight line, her hand gripped the brass shovel. She stared at the disgruntled butler.

"Tarbeaux!" she cried sharply. "Tarbeaux!"

Mr. Tarbeaux came forward, limping. One hand pressed a crimsoned handkerchief to his nose, which had impacted rather violently upon the good knight's breastplate. His other hand grasped a yard of torn blue cloth, which he waved before him.

"Did you stop that woman?" cried Lady Erythea.

Mr. Tarbeaux' inarticulate answer was in the negative.

"Why not, idiot!" said his mistress. "A houseful of useless incumbrances unable to stop a single—!" The empurpled handkerchief caught her eye.

"Why, what is the matter, man? Are you wounded?"

"Proud—shed m' blood—ladyship's service!" snuffled Mr. Tarbeaux. "Couldn't help skirt tearing, m' lady."

"What!"

Mr. Tarbeaux, with a silent but splendid gesture, laid the piece of torn skirt upon the hall bench.

"Clue, m' lady," he said, with the air of a bankrupt making the most of his assets. "With this it should not be difficult to trace the thief."

"Trace her!" snorted Lady Erythea. "If you had held on to her there would have been no need to trace anything!"

Mr. Lambie joined them; his mild eye at once apprehended the significance of the piece of serge.

"I cannot see that Tarbeaux is to blame," he said in his aunt's ear; "he did his best, and after all it is unimportant."

"Unimportant! The infamous creature has got clear away!"

"My dear aunt! That stupid girl cannot have been the thief. You do not really suppose this burglary was committed by a woman!"

"Most certainly I do!" cried Lady Erythea. "I can believe anything of the modern woman—anything! She hid when the alarm sounded, and made a desperate dash for escape when I discovered her. It is as clear as daylight to anybody but a fool! It is certain she had my emeralds upon her at the time, and it is lucky none of you are killed—though it would be very little loss. Tarbeaux, did you recognize the creature whom you allowed so egregiously to escape?"

"No, my lady. It was too dark. And the incident was somewhat sudden," said Mr. Tarbeaux apologetically. "It was a young person—I am unable to say more. But I am sure she was not one of our household."

"I have telephoned the police at Stanhoë," said Mr. Lambie; "they are coming immediately by car."

"A gleam of intelligence at last! Thank you, Alexander—and forgive me—I am overrought. My censure does not apply to you. The whole affair is appalling!" said Lady Erythea, clenching her hands. "My pearls, the diamond chaplet—these comparatively are trifles—but the emeralds are gone. The Lambie emeralds!"

The audience shrank before her wrath.

"It is incredible! Twelve years ago the abbey was broken into—this is the second case. I had taken every possible precaution, under skilled advice. My safe is modern; I considered I had made the house itself impregnable at night. So it would have been, had I been adequately served. What measures did you take, Tarbeaux? I was almost enough to think I could rely upon you, in an emergency like this!"

"I retired at the usual hour, my lady, to my room in the passage," said Mr. Tarbeaux unhappily. "As I have done for years, by your instructions, in view of—er—er—an emergency like this. One of the alarms roused me; I rose immediately, only waiting long enough to don a garment—"

"Go on, man, go on!"

"While putting them—while putting it on, my lady, I sounded my bell, which connects with the other menservants' rooms, and ran into the hall. At that moment I thought I heard feet on the gravel outside, and unbolting the front door I rushed out—"

"Leaving an exit for any thief in the house to escape by!" snorted Lady Erythea.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Ellis Minor, deceased, and has accepted said trust. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, are hereby required to present the same, duly verified, as by law required, at the office of Woodson & Sweek, my attorneys, at Heppner, Oregon, within six months from the date of first publication of this summons.

Dated and published the first time this 9th day of January, 1923.  
(Signed) W. B. POTTER,  
Administrator.



"There Was No One to Be Seen," Pursued the Butler.

Erythea. "Continue your brilliant narrative."

"But when I reached the open there was no one to be seen," pursued the butler, whose throat ached with the effort to make his mistress hear; "there was, however, a dim light, a mere glow, in one of the windows; I shouted, asking whose it was—"

"Which window?" asked Mr. Lambie sharply.

"I am unable to say for certain—either her ladyship's or Miss Scroope's, which is next to it. Perhaps, if we went out—"

Lady Erythea immediately led the way through the front entrance.

"There is a light full on in one of the rooms now!" said Alexander.

"It is Almee's room," said Lady Erythea. Like a thundercloud she swept upstairs and beat upon the door of her niece.

"Almee! Open the door. Why is your light on?"

"I—I'm so frightened, aunt!" cried a trembling voice. "I dare not be in the dark—I dare not."

"I cannot hear you!" said Lady Erythea.

"Have they caught the thieves?" screamed the voice tragically.

"Caught them?" snorted Lady Erythea, shaking the doorhandle. "Is it likely a mob of mental deficients could catch anybody? No!"

"Thank heaven!" said Georgina with an explosive gasp.

Lady Erythea started.

"Er! What are you talking about! Will you open the door or not?"

"I'm frightened, aunt! I—I—I!" Georgina's voice rose to a shrill whoop.

## CHAPTER IX

### "Marvelous!"

Lady Erythea recoiled. There were, after all, enough hysterics in the house already. Evidently nothing was to be learned from her niece.

"Go back to your bed and don't be silly. There is no danger," snapped Lady Erythea. The sharp whirr of a motor on the drive below drew her attention, and she hastened downstairs.

The car drew up at the entrance with a jerk and ejected three policemen; a constable, a sergeant and Inspector Panke of Stanhoë, a man of enormous energy for his bulk, with thick black eyebrows and a singularly bitter expression. He ran up the steps, but before he could open his mouth Lady Erythea forestalled him.

"You are wasting your time here! Go at once in chase of a motorcycle that got away ten minutes ago by the Stanhoë road!"

"A motorcycle?" exclaimed the Inspector almost joyously, as one who sees his theories confirmed. "Sergeant, get after them at once in the car—take Polden with you. As we didn't meet them they must have taken the branch line at the cross-roads—away with you, man—quick!"

"I shall consider no reward too great, if my emeralds are recovered!" exclaimed Lady Erythea, as the car drove away. "Do you think your men will be successful, Inspector? My butler allowed the malefactor to slip through his fingers in the most fatuous manner. Can you—"

"One moment!" interrupted the Inspector. "The thieves were seen then, by your ladyship's servants! Was one of them a woman?"

He had to bawl the question into Lady Erythea's chamber, which Alexander brought. When she understood, Lady Erythea's eyes flashed fiercely.

"Yes!" she exclaimed, "a young woman. You suspected a woman then—before you came here?"

"I do more than suspect, my lady," said Inspector Panke grimly. "I know!"

"Who was this woman, Inspector, and when do you propose to apprehend her? We have a piece of the creature's skirt!"

"Hah! let me see it at once!" said the Inspector, his eyes lighting up. It was brought to him and its capture explained. Inspector Panke examined the yard of cloth, tried its strength, rubbed it, held it up to the light, peered keenly at the torn edges.

"Good!" he said under his breath, and turned upon Mr. Lambie so sharply that that gentleman jumped. "Your telephone, sir—where is it?"

"Who is the abominable creature?" exclaimed Lady Erythea. "And why

is she at large, a scourge upon the country, breaking into—"

"She won't scourge it much longer," said the Inspector grimly. "I'll very soon give your ladyship news of her—I want the telephone, quick!"

"This way," said Mr. Lambie, and led him to the call-room. Inspector Panke remained at the instrument a considerable time. He emerged triumphant.

"If they get away now—well, may I never handle another case," he said quietly to Mr. Lambie. "I can't answer questions at present, sir; I've got to get busy. If I might suggest that you induce her ladyship to retire, and come round with me yourself—it hampered me a bit, that entrapment, and we've got to be quick—you can explain to her afterward."

Alexander was successful in persuading his aunt to retire from the field, though she went breathing threats of vengeance, and mourning aloud for the emeralds. Inspector Panke made a rapid examination of the safe, the wall beneath Lady Erythea's window, and the ground outside. He took a full description of the missing jewels, and briskly questioned the servants.

"I've only time to say this, sir, before I go," he said, turning to Mr. Lambie. "I recognize the work of Jack the Climber in this case, as plainly as if they'd left the name written on the wall! It was him and Calamity Kate. I thought for a moment it might be Bender Williams, who was released from Portland last month. But it's undoubtedly Jack's job. For some months past a series of daring burglaries have occurred at country houses in various parts of England, and so far, I'm bound to say they've beaten us; no arrest has been made. The methods of the thieves are so similar in each case, that it is clear to an expert all these jobs were done by the same person—or, rather, two persons, a man and a woman. The man, besides being as smart a hand at cracking a safe as ever lived, seems to have the training of a steeplejack as well. He can climb anything that a fly could get a foothold on; in fact, he's known as the Climber."

"The woman, if anything, is more dangerous than the man. All that's known of them is that they're probably foreigners—some say Americans—and that they use a motorcycle when they're on the job."

"Briefly, what happened here is this: The man got in through Lady Erythea's window. There's the marks of him on the wall. He might have got in still easier by the next one, where the veranda is. But he went in through her ladyship's bedroom."

Mr. Lambie's eyes met those of the Inspector; the same thought passed between them; whatever might be

said of Jack the Climber's moral character, he was a brave man.

"And so to her anteroom, and opened the safe without waking her—of course, she's pretty deaf. The burglar alarm didn't go till he'd done it; and for that matter all these precautions of her ladyship's are simply bunco; the house is an easy job for a cracksmen. Jack got away by the same road he came, and the only thing that puzzles me is why Kate had to bolt for it downstairs. It isn't usual for her to be in the house at all—we believe her job is helping her partner up and watch-keeping outside."

"However, there it is. And this bit of blue cloth, sir," concluded Inspector Panke, holding it up, "is going to put Calamity Kate in my hands."

He folded the torn fragment of cloth, put it in his pocket, and moved briskly to the door. "Goodnight, sir! Before very long I'll show you the rest of this skirt—and its owner!"

(Continued next week)

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glasscock, of near Lexington, were week end visitors with relatives in Heppner.

W. R. C. INSTALL OFFICERS  
Rawlins Post No. 23, Woman's Relief Corps, may reasonably expect continued prosperity since their newly installed officers, as in the past, are both capable and patriotic.

The following were recently installed by Post Department President Bertha Drew Gilman:

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