

The JOY of LIVING

By SIDNEY GOWING

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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(Continued from last week)
SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Dilking the prospect of a month's visit to her aunts, Lady Erythra Lamb, at Jervaulx abbey, and her cousin, Alexander Lamb, Almee, vicious daughter of the Very 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 "Flying Sphinx," and part. With Georgina Berners, her cousin, Almee 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, Almee again meets "Billy." He tells her his name is Spencer, and she gives him as Amy Spook, at present "out of a job." Billy offers to take her into partnership in selling the Sphinx. In a spirit of madcap adventure, she accepts. The two proceed to the town of Stainbow, taking separate lodgings in Ivy cottage.

CHAPTER IV.—That night Almee 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 Sphinx, with Billy, Almee almost collides with a carriage in which are her aunt, Georgina and Alexander. The pair escape unrecognized.

CHAPTER VI.—Georgina learns that Lord Scroope is coming to visit Lady Erythra and, realizing what will happen on his arrival, is in hopeless bewilderment.

CHAPTER VII.—While Almee is secretly visiting Georgina at Jervaulx, the place is burglarized. Almee escapes.

CHAPTER VIII.—Georgina learns, with much relief, that Almee has got away.

CHAPTER IX.—Police Inspector Panke decides that the robbery is the work of "Jack the Climber" and "Calamity Kate," noted thieves, who travel on a motorcycle.

CHAPTER X.—Billy, aware of his "partner's" nocturnal jaunts, is troubled. He follows her, on the Sphinx, to Jervaulx. He hears the commotion, at once suspects burglary, and follows two figures on a motorcycle who are apparently in a desperate hurry. Cornering the pair, Billy knocks out a man who attempts to shoot him, picking up a package the fellow had dropped. He discovers the other fugitive to be a woman. Stopping to aid her, she strikes him with a stone, rendering him unconscious, and the pair escape.

CHAPTER XI.—Recovering, Billy discovers the package he had picked up is a jewel case, containing emeralds. Realizing they must be part of the loot from Jervaulx, he starts for the abbey. On the way he meets Almee, with the police in pursuit. In a secure hiding place, a cave among the crag pits, Almee tells him the whole story. He urges that she make a frank confession to her father, but on reflection both realize Almee's good name has been compromised by her two nights' stay at Ivy cottage.

"There's several of these around here," said Billy, "but this is one you don't find unless you hunt for it with a sounding pole. It's a heap quieter spot than the high roads tonight. Suppose we sit down."

They seated themselves on the powdered crag in the cave's mouth.

"It's time to show down our hands, partner," said Billy. "Do you mind putting me wise? Don't leave anything out. I want the facts."

Almee was silent some moments. She found it difficult to begin.

"It was like this, Billy."

She plunged into the tale, and went through it from beginning to end—leaving out nothing. It took some time. She could hardly see Billy in the gloom. He made no comments;

he was so silent that sometimes she wondered if he was there. Billy was for a time, too flabbergasted to speak. At the finish, she heard a stifled, grunting noise, a sense of something shaking. It seemed to touch a spring in Almee. She bowed her head on her knees and laughed till her cheeks were wet.

"Haven't I torn it!" she moaned. "And I downed Cousin Alexander—and the butler's got yards of my skirt!"

Billy wiped his eyes with his sleeves. "An' you can laugh," he said, with intense delight, "after all that! Gee, but you're the stuff! Sand right through. You're all right. As long as you can laugh, the Red Gods'll stand by you! An' so will I. I'm one of 'em."

"Billy! There's nothing but you between me and those beastly police."



Almee Gave a Little Cry.

But I'll bet it's enough. What's to be done?"

"Hear my side of it!" said Billy, dropping on his knees and producing the jewel case. "Here's the first item!"

He opened the case and shone the torch upon it. Almee gave a little cry. Billy explained briefly how he had come by the gems. He said little about the struggle; that point was as sore as the side of his head. The best of us have our pride.

"One of them knocked me out for a spell, and like a fool I let 'em get away," he said. "I guess I didn't get all the goods, but this looks like an ace flush to me."

"How splendid you are!" cried Almee, a catch in her voice. "Why, those will be the Lamb emeralds. I've heard of them—everybody has. They belong to my Aunt Erythra!"

"Then I shouldn't wonder if they scooped the jack-pot. But there's some high cards out against us. See here. We had to run for it. Here's the police precinct over the country after a man and a woman on a motorcycle—for I guess they must be wise to it. Here's me with the stuff in my pocket, and you with a dress sample in the hands of the sleuth-hounds. Been the station-house for ours, if they'd got us just now—an' there'd be too much explaining to do. We'd have hit the cells for the night, sure. No place for you, partner. And all the newspapers spreading themselves over it."

"I know. It's fearful!"

"Not a bit!" cried Billy. "For now you can get in ahead of the cops. Don't you see? Put your folks wise to it—lay down all your cards. You're

Lord Scroope's daughter—you ain't a burglar. Give it them straight. I'll stand by an' see you through."

"But—I can't, Billy! It'll all have to come out, then. Every bit of it," said Almee with a gasp.

"Why, of course it will! It was bound to come out anyway, soon or late. You didn't think you could keep up this Jervaulx racket? I don't see any way you could do that. But you can keep it in the family. You've got to face the music."

There was a long pause.

"I—can't," said Almee, scarcely audibly.

Billy was amazed. If it had not been so dark—and an incredible supposition in any case—he would have supposed from her voice that she was crying.

"You aren't afraid?" he said wonderingly.

"Of a row? No! It isn't that." Billy sat down beside her.

"What is it then, partner?" he said gently.

"I never thought of it—till George told me," said Almee in stifled tones. "Told you what?" he answered quietly. "What's the trouble?"

"About staying there. I—Ivy cottage!"

Billy moved slightly.

"I—I don't quite get you," he said. "I can't tell Dad!" Almee put her hands over her eyes and burst into tears. "I daren't! Billy, what am I to do!"

CHAPTER XII

A Gambler's Chance.

Billy stared straight before him. When at last he found his voice, it had so dazed a tone that Almee hardly recognized it. He laid a hand on her shoulder.

"This thing's got me guessing," said Billy slowly. "I—don't know what—"

"Of course, you never thought twice about it. And no more did I!" said Almee. "I didn't care! And I don't care now! I wouldn't if it wasn't for Dad. But people—it's all this miserable sentiment—that's what's wrong."

"Yes?" said Billy dizzily. "Well—"

"And now—why, the police are looking for a man and woman on a motorcycle, and they'll find out we were at Ivy cottage. They'll get my description. And even when they find out who I really am—"

Billy drew in his breath sharply.

"George told me it was my finish—even before this silly burglary happened," continued Almee gloomily. "George knows about these sort of things. It isn't the burglary that matters. I could get over that. It's this—this other thing."

Billy was silent.

"The idea is," continued Almee, with the same remarkable calm, "that I've lost my character; like a housemaid that's been stealing, or a groom caught selling the corn. Only I haven't been caught—yet."

"But—if Dad knew! You don't know my father, Billy. I couldn't explain him to you. Dad is just about the dearest thing that ever lived—in his way. But he belongs to a time about two hundred years back. Mother would understand; but not Dad. It's his creed that a girl mustn't be even—suspended. It was only tonight Georgina told me this thing would—well, it would break his heart. And I know him; I see she's right. If you and I—"

"Stop!" said Billy hoarsely. "Don't say any more. I—I've got to think this thing out."

Almee found that he had suddenly left her. Presently she became aware of the outlines of his big figure, standing motionless just outside the cave. He was there quite a long time. Almee sat where she was, twisting her handkerchief between her fingers. She felt very much calmer. The trouble and the stress were now with Billy.

He came back, and stood over her.

"I'm a coyote," he said quietly. "What I need is a quilt laid across me. I've been a fool."

REASON FOR HIS SUCCESS

An efficient credit man was being complimented on the success of his follow-up letters and was asked where he got his secret for success from.

"Well," he replied, "I saved the letters from my son at college when he wrote for money."

"Not a bit!" said Almee quickly. "How should you know?"

"It was my business to know! There isn't any excuse. But—things are so different, where I come from. And I don't know anything about women. We think a lot of women, down my way, but we don't talk about them—much. Partner, this thing I've let you in for through my foolishness—it's broken me all up."

"Because I'm Lord Scroope's daughter?"

"No!" said Billy shortly. "Be the same if you were his housemaid. But it's up to me to see you clear—you and him, too. And I'll do it."

His voice was so confident that Almee's trouble fell away from her, as a sun-ripened chestnut sheds its prickly husk.

"What are we to do then, Billy?"

"It seems to me," said Billy gently, "that the simplest way is the best way. Let's you an' me go to the old man. No use talkin' about it here. I'll put it straight for you, partner."

"No!"

"I hope I can make him see sense—even if he's two hundred years old, as you say. It's all my fault. It isn't yours—not one scrap of it. I won't say much—but come right along with me to your father now—an' leave the talking to me."

Almee rose.

"Never! I won't have it, Billy!" she said desperately. "I don't know—I don't know what you might say. If it comes out I'm done for anyhow; I'm going to take the chance that it won't! There must be a way to stop it—there must be some way."

"It's my trouble—mine! And I won't have it given away."

Billy drew a quick breath and straightened himself.

"Right!" he said. "Those are the orders. I accept them. I s'pose a man can't give away a girl's secret, if she wants it kept. I know that much."

"Why, of course," said Almee simply. "But will you please understand, Billy, that I'm not going to drag you into this. The best thing you can do is to get away out of it all. I shall manage all right. I don't want to—"

"Cut that out," said Billy very quietly. "I don't go." There was a pause. "I did think, for a while, it might be best—for you. But that's wrong. I've got to be right on hand, for I'll be wanted. Now hold on while I tell you what we've got to do."

"Yes?" said Almee eagerly.

Billy stretched out a long arm, plucked a leaf from the bramble that screened the cave, and chewed it pensively.

"There's just a gambler's chance," he said at last. "It's pretty thin—like drawing to a three-card flush. But it's wonderful how they come off sometimes. If you back your luck, good an' full."

He flashed the torch round the walls of the cave.

"What d'you think of this place?"

"It's—snug."

"Snug!" echoed Billy admiringly. "That's you! It would give some women fits. But you've said, 'Do you think,' he added diffidently, 'that you could make out here for a bit? Could you sleep here?'"

"Certainly I could. Why, they'll never find me—"

"Come up here," said Billy, leading the way along the cave, which turned in a long curve, narrowing to a very small space. At the end stood the Sphinx.

"She'll have to stay here, too. There's a bit of risk to that—but very little. We can't help it. In the pan-der-case you'll find iron rations, a can-opener, biscuits, an' chocolate. I always carry those. Down the pit yonder, just by the alder bush, is a spring of water. That settles supplies."

"Now, the first deal is to keep you right out of the way. For a few hours, perhaps for a day or more—I can't say how long. But we've got to put up a bluff. And you'll be at least as safe here as anywhere in the British Isles."

"Our best chance is that the police may get the bracelets onto the real thieves right away. I'm not much stuck on that chance. Police, wherever you strike 'em, are—well, they're just police. We're in a lot more danger from them than that dead-beat who broke into Jervaulx, and the female rattlesnake he had along. The police mustn't get you, at any price. And—then mustn't get me either."

Only there's more to it than that. Half a hundred things. There's a mighty tangled deal in front of me.

"Now, I'm going to sail right in. All you've got to do is lie here in this cache till about seven or eight o'clock. I'll be back here by then. If I'm not," said Billy quietly, "it'll be because I've fallen through. You bet your life I won't. But—if I don't get here by then, you must throw your hands in. Just get straight to your father, best way you can. Do you promise that?"

"Y-yes! But tell me what you're going to do, Billy!" she said breathlessly.

"I can't tell you anything. I'll have to play the hand as it's dealt me; it just depends how the cards fall. And don't you worry any!" he said earnestly. "If you get doubtful or scary, just wash it right out of your mind, an' say this: 'Billy's running the thing for me, an' he'll see me through!' I'm off. Shake!"

With a sudden gesture Almee put both her hands in his. He gave them a crushing grip, and broke into the sunniest smile.

"We sure are seein' life, partner!" he chuckled.

Almee replied with a rather tremulous laugh. The next moment Billy had dropped her hands, and was gone.

Once clear of the crag-pits, Billy made for the road by another route. While climbing a gate he glanced at the luminous dial of his wrist watch, and emitted a whistle of consternation. Almee's account of herself was absorbing, but he did not realize till now what an unconscionable time they had spent in the cave. The night was nearing its close.

Billy avoided the roads. He struck right across country and reached Ivy cottage with as little loss of time as possible. But the eastern sky was rapidly lightening when he arrived. Entering the garden with extreme caution, Billy found everything quiet. He climbed the trellis deftly, and heaved himself through Almee's window.

With a certain sense of embarrassment Billy swept the walls with his torch, unhooked the blue dust-cloak that hung on the door, folded it small, and packed it inside his jacket. That was the main object of the expedition.

He also annexed a cake of soap, a towel and a brush and comb—these latter he had himself bought for Almee at Syderford on the first morning. Billy again descended the trellis, raked over his footprints carefully, and with all possible speed shook the mud of Ivy cottage from his feet.

It was broad daylight when he had crossed the fields and came within sight of Jervaulx abbey. He hid the cloak and its accessories under a thorn bush, glanced at his watch again, seated himself under the hedge, and lit a cigarette.

He drew the jewel case from his pocket and examined the necklace.

(Continued on Page Five)

CATHOLICS TO FIGHT OREGON SCHOOL LAW

Washington, Feb. 3.—Catholics throughout the nation today were asked by the National Catholic Welfare Council to raise \$100,000 to carry the legal fight against the Oregon anti-parochial school law to the United States supreme court.

The money raised will be called the "Catholic Educational Fund" and the appeal was sent to all members of the hierarchy in the United States, signed by Archbishop Hanna, San Francisco; Bishop Muldoon, Rockford; Archbishop Dowling, St. Paul; Bishop Schriemb, Cleveland; Bishop Walsh, Portland; Bishop Gibbons, Albany, N. Y.; Bishop Molloy, Brooklyn.

Mrs. C. Underwood, a Salvation Army worker, was in Heppner Saturday in the interest of that most worthy organization. Mrs. Underwood is an accredited worker and collector of funds and is sponsored by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and the American Legion. She represents the Portland corps of the Army and is stressing the need for funds just now for the White Shield Rescue and Maternity Home and the Industrial Home at Portland.

Mrs. Underwood reports that results from this county were hardly up to her expectations due, no doubt, to the unfortunate financial condition in the wheat and stock sections.

Wife (away from home): "Horror! I forgot to turn off the electric iron!"

Husband: "It's all right. Nothing will burn long; I forgot to turn off the water in the bathtub."

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as administrator of the estate of C. F. Williams, deceased, has duly filed his Final Account in said estate in the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon, and that Wednesday, the 14th day of February, 1923, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and the County Court room in the County Court House at Heppner, in said County and State, has been duly appointed by the said Court as the time and place for the proving of the same and hearing of any objections thereto.

Dated this 10th day of January, 1923.

W. P. MAHONEY, Administrator of the Estate of C. F. Williams, Deceased.

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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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