

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine anything more fascinating than our new serial story

The Joy of Living

By Sidney Gowing

(Continued from page three)

no time to get here except by car—I know he has to catch the ten o'clock mail train from Seaside. He'll have to take the carriage there—and start early, too."

Billy emitted a stifled noise. "It's all to save Dad pain and worry," said Almee complacently. "One must consider one's parents. Never do to have him coming here just now."

"Great Christopher!" said Billy. "But that doesn't explain how—"

"I'm coming to that. I made a circuit through the Home wood to the cottage where Amy Snooks lives with her old grandmother. I tucked up and down in the offing till I saw grand-mamma toddle away on her usual afternoon visit to the woodcutter's wife, and I nipped indoors to have it out with my dear old Snooks. I found her packing for Jervaulx, and I told her what I wanted her to do."

"Amy Snooks is what you call stolid, and I've broken her in very well—but I'm bound to say she was absolutely paralyzed this time. But she surrendered, before I'd done with her. She just came to heel. It may surprise you, Billy, but she simply adores me. Amy never refused me anything in her life."

"Having melted her into flexible condition, I borrowed one of her print dresses (she hadn't another black one) and her second-best coat, and did my hair like hers. I'm jolly good at doing hair."

"To cut it short, I cleared out and tramped across country to Pillbrook station and took the afternoon train. Amy joined it with her two tin boxes at Burnt Ash, and I got into her carriage at the next stop. I gave her all the money I had, and made her go on to Seaside with one of the boxes. She'll get herself lodgings there and have a good time till further orders—she can last a week, anyhow. I took the other box and came on here. And now, partner—what about it? Wasn't it a brain-wave?"

Billy took off his cap and made disorder of his honey-colored hair.

"You mean to tell me," he said dizzily, "that girl fell for it—just because you told her to?"

"Ah, you don't understand the feudal spirit," said Almee complacently. "There have been Snooks in the Home wood ever since there were Scroopes in Scroope Towers. They help each other. When Amy and I were kids and went bird-nesting, she was always underneath when I fell out of the tree. She has irregular features, but a heart of gold. And, by the way, of course Aunt Erythea has never seen Amy—she engaged her on Dad's recommendation."

"But she's seen you!" exclaimed Billy, when you crashed the Sphinx into her carriage."

"Only for half a second. She's blind as a bat. She'll never know me. Isn't it great, Billy?"

He looked at her thoughtfully.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" he said, explosively. "It is! You're right. The last place on earth those fool police would ever find you or look for you, the house where the burglary happened. It's better than the cave, anyway. You'll be right under my eye; and among your own folk in case real trouble came. But—"

"But what?"

"Why, you can't do it! You, parlor-maid to Lady Erythea? It's the acid test! Partner, you could never get away with it."

Almee regarded him pityingly.

"Billy, I may not know anything about men," she said, "but you know less than nothing about

SELF INTEREST, HUMAN SYMPATHY, DEMANDS BACKING FARMER

The Condon Globe-Times reprints the letter from a farmer's wife which appeared in the Heppner Herald last week and comments on the matter thusly:

"Complaint is probably justified—in Morrow county at least. The business men of Condon and other Gilliam county towns should see to it that such complaint is not justified in this county. The problems of the farmer can be solved best by the farmer himself. But that is no reason why business men, whose prosperity depends upon that of the farmer, should not show interest in farm problems and farm meetings, by attending these meetings and giving thought to problems the farmer is attempting to solve. Self interest, as well as friendly human sympathy, demands this of every business man in farming communities."

Advertise it in the Herald.

women. There isn't the woman living, from six years old upwards, that isn't a born actress, when she has



"The Young Person, My Lady," Said Mr. Tarbeaux Softly.

to be. Most of us are acting all day and every day—whether you guess it or not. I don't do that myself—that's why you and I get on. But I can! I can get away with it, Billy!"

He put on his cap with a bang.

"Then let's get on!" he gasped.

"There's nothing else for it now. The boats are burned. Away for Jervaulx!"

He leaned over and opened the rear door of the car. "Jump down, partner, and get in behind."

"I shan't! What for?"

"Get down, I tell you," said Billy, sternly. "I've been warned about this. If I'm seen talking to parlor maids I get fired. In with you!"

Almee obeyed like a lamb.

"This has got my nerve," groaned Billy, as he let in the clutch. "Here's where we get ours."

He drove at a furious pace till, turning into the park he approached the abbey and drew up at the side entrance. The door stood open, and Mr. Tarbeaux, seeing the car, came out as Amy descended.

"Miss Snooks?" he asked patronizingly.

"Yes," said Almee shyly.

Mr. Tarbeaux stared. In spite of the screwed hair and the print skirt, he had never seen such a vision of beauty at Jervaulx.

"Her ladyship wished to see you immediately you arrived. This way."

He strode before her through the corridor into the great hall, past the suit of armor with which he had collided in the gloom of the past dreadful night. Now, however, Mr. Tarbeaux was himself again. There was a gleam of appreciation in his somber eyes.

He opened the door of the wide South room, where Lady Erythea sat erect before the fire, knitting. She did not turn her head.

"The young person, my lady," said Mr. Tarbeaux softly.

CHAPTER XV

Exposed.

Lady Erythea laid aside her knitting, and picking up a lozenge, inspected the new parlor maid with icy deliberation. Almee, though presenting an unmoved front, trembled inwardly. There was a faint chance that her aunt might recognize the female cyclist. Lady Erythea's lips tightened to a thin line.

"I was given to understand," she said in the voice of counsel for the prosecution, "that you were considerably less prepossessing in appearance than I find you."

"Yes, my lady," said Almee meekly.

"H'm!" said Lady Erythea.

The lozenge continued to direct itself at the parlor-maid's face.

"Really, Anthony should wear stronger glasses," muttered Lady Erythea. The neatness of the girl, however, her demure air, and the hideous manner in which her hair was dressed, diluted her ladyship's disapproval a little.

"I need not examine you as to your capacity for your duties, or your character. These have been vouched for by Lord Scroope. My housekeeper will instruct you in the rules of the establishment, which all my domestics are required to keep rigidly. There is, however, one warning that I must give you."

She was interrupted by the arrival of the butler with a telegram. Lady Erythea opened it; its message was not unwelcome to her.

"Car broken down. Regret impossible arrive Jervaulx. No time. Must leave for Clonsminster tonight."

"ANTHONY."

"There is no answer," she said to the butler. "Lord Scroope is prevented from coming. Cancel the orders I gave you regarding his arrival."

"Very good, my lady."

Almee's heart leaped with joy. But her face remained unmoved. She continued to look demurely at the carpet.

"I was about to warn you," said Lady Erythea, "that your predecessor was discharged at a moment's notice for allowing one of my menservants to make advances to her of an amatory nature."

"I don't understand, my lady," said Almee faintly.

"She permitted," said Lady Erythea grimly, "my chauffeur to kiss her."

The startled look of horror and disgust which Almee's features respectfully expressed, carried conviction even to Lady Erythea's mind.

"It is an unpleasant subject," said her ladyship, "which I should have wished to spare myself mentioning to you. It was necessary, however, to clear the ground. I hope to hear good reports of you. You may go to the servants' hall."

Almee bobbed to her mistress, and left the room quietly. Outside she found Mr. Tarbeaux waiting for her. Everything depends on the angle from which one regards so supreme a person as the butler. The new parlor maid looked at him timidly. Mr. Tarbeaux, with an air of mingled satisfaction and apprehension, conducted her to the women-servants' hall. The housekeeper was absent.

At Jervaulx the male and female servants were segregated in separate apartments for meals. Mr. Tarbeaux took his charge to a room next the vast kitchen, where a meat tea was in progress, presided over by a cook of vast adiposity. The pageboy was the only male in the room. Mr. Tarbeaux presented the newcomer in form.

"Ladies," he said gravely, "Miss Amy Snooks. Late of Scroope Towers." And took his leave.

Almee said "good-evening" shyly, and seated herself. It occurred to her that she had never seen so many plain women gathered at one table. With the exception of the cook, they were all angular and scraggy. Pulling herself together with an effort, Almee took a generous mouthful from a slice of thick bread and butter. The fewer words the better, until she knew her ground. She seemed to detect an air of faint hostility in the others.

"What's the feedin' like at Scroope?" asked an elderly housemaid opposite her, in a hollow voice.

"They fare pretty good," said Almee, with her mouth full of bread and butter. "But the place is dull. I been at home some time."

"You won't be 'ere long," said the pageboy regretfully, neglecting his tea to stare at her.

"Why not?" said Almee with some pertness.

"You're a sight too good-lookin'," replied the page gloomily.

"Albert!" said the cook with austerity, "pass this cup o' tea an' don't talk rubbish!"

Almee took refuge behind her stone-ware teacup. She was aware of a crossfire of glances, so sour and side-long, that the very milk seemed to curdle in sympathy.

The morning sun, full of the promise of a fair day, shone through the windows of the long drawing room. Almee, in a snow-white cap and apron, was wielding a feather brush among priceless knick-knacks. Her manner of dusting was desultory.

"I wonder how long I can stick it?" she murmured in despondent tones. A Wattiau shepherdess escaped destruction by a miracle.

"In all my life I never saw such a lot of frumps. And the taste it leaves in one's mouth—it's awful. It's all very well sitting tight and saying nothing. I shall break out—I know I shall, unless I can see Billy soon."

She observed a large photograph of the Rev. and Hon. Alexander Lambie, in an ornate silver frame, standing on a table. Almee recognized the portrait, and flicked at it viciously with the feather brush. She miscalculated, the portrait crashed on to the floor. When she picked it up the glass was shattered.

"That's torn it. All breakages come off my wages. I wish it had been his silly face!"

At that moment Miss Georgina Berners entered by one of the French windows. She was aware of a slimmer and more youthful figure than any she had yet seen in the household. Georgina made a point of always being civil to her hostess's servants.

"Are you the new parlor maid?" she said amiably.

Almee turned and faced her.

"Hello, Georgie!" she exclaimed.

Georgina, during the last three days, had suffered more than any placid soul should be called upon to endure. She stared wildly for a moment at the slim form in the cap and apron. Georgina had arrived at the breaking-point. She collapsed backwards into an armchair; a series of shrill whoops came from her; her hands beat the air.

"Georgina!" cried her cousin in a panic. "For pity's sake don't do that. You'll give the whole show away!"

"Honk! Honk! Honk!" said Georgina.

Almee had once heard a physician declare that sympathy and kindness merely made hysterics worse. It was time to change the treatment. She grabbed her cousin by the shoulders.

"Shut up that beastly row!" said Almee fiercely, shaking her till her teeth rattled. "Stop it! Do you want to get me handcuffed and put in the cells? Idiot!"

Georgina gasped, choked, and sat up. She clung to her cousin desperately.

"I will be quiet. I will," she said faintly. "Wh-wh-what does it mean, Almee? Why—?"

"Try to behave like a reasonable being, and I'll tell you."

"Yes, yes! I'm better now, dear."

Almee inspected her and, judging the danger to be past, kissed her affectionately. After a cautious glance at the windows she proceeded, as Billy would have phrased it, to put her cousin wise.

Georgina, having heard her to the end, pressed both hands pathetically to the sides of her head.

"And—you're living in the servants' hall?" she said feebly.

"It's no catch, I can tell you, Georgie. But one mustn't grumble. Billy's living at the garage—in a green uniform with brass buttons."

"That—that extraordinarily good-looking young chauffeur?" said Georgina, staring at her. "Then he is—"

"Now don't get sentimental," said Almee warningly. "Yes, he is not bad-looking, is he? Billy's great. If it hadn't been for him—" she checked herself. "Don't you see what an excellent arrangement it is, my being here—in spite of the little drawbacks?"

Georgina gave a sigh—positively of relief.

"It's better than having you wandering about the country, getting into all sorts of horrible scrapes. It will have to come out soon, and then Lady Erythea—"

"Yes, yes. Never mind Aunt. What I want you to do, Georgie, is this—oh, bother! Look out!"

Almee seized her brush and, darting to the sideboard, began dusting busily. A step was heard on the gravel, and Mr. Alexander Lambie entered by the window.

"Cousin Almee, you are looking pale," he said in tones of concern. "It is delightful out of doors, the air is so balmy. Shall we—er—take a little walk in the rose—"

Alexander stopped short, and his features froze. He had caught sight of Almee's face, with the light full upon it, reflected in the mirror before her. He stared for a moment with remarkable intentness.

"Who is this?" he said sharply, stepping towards her. There was menace in his voice. "Who are you?"

Almee, preparing to meet her destiny, turned composedly and faced him. She dropped him a small curtsy. "Please sir, the parlor maid," she said.

Mr. Lambie's eyes were nearly starting out of his head.

"Parlor maid? You?" he said sternly. "You are the woman who drove that motorcycle. I could vouch for you anywhere. You are—he shot the words out with extraordinary vehemence—"you are that abandoned creature, Calamity Kate! You are the woman who knocked me down!"

With unexpected agility he sprang forward and seized Almee by the wrist. And with equal deftness she wrenched herself free.

"Am I?" she said fiercely. "Then keep your hands off me, or I'll do it again. Do you hear me?"

Almee, thoroughly roused, flourished the feather brush in his face. Mr. Lambie started back, a little pale. He placed his thumb on the bell-push.

(Continued next week)

PAINTED AND GILDED LACE

Rainbow Tints Varied With Glints of Gold; Fast Dyes or Colors Should Be Used.

For those on the lookout for some novel touch, a new departure for trimming is painted and gilded lace. Only the coarsest type of lace is used, and this is touched into rainbow tints, varied with glints of gold until the original color is entirely painted over. Pattern and design are not studied, and the effect is of "run" colors without attempt at tinting border or motif in any definite or repeated shade.

It is suggested to those who propose to utilize this novelty trimming that fast dyes or colors should be used for the purpose of tinting the lace.

New Fancy in Ribbon.

A garter ribbon woven with a back so that the only work required to have an attractive garter is to run the elastic through and sew up the seam is one of the popular ribbons of the day. The ribbon comes in all colors and in a large variety of combinations of colors.



The Gramophone Oval Tone Amplifier

Brunswick

True Tones! without "metallic" suggestion

This scientific tone chamber, light as a violin, as tensely resonant as a drum head, is largely responsible for Brunswick's Supreme Position in the musical world.

JACK MULLIGAN

at Harwood's Jewelry Store

HEPPNER, OREGON

Phone Main 1062

January Records now on Sale



The End of a Perfect Meal

Never overlook the prime requisite to perfect peace of mind and calmness of thought—by omitting the after-dinner coffee.

"The Cup That Calms and Pacifies"

Don't unnecessarily take the joy from a perfect meal for most red-blooded Americans. We keep the best—

Folgers - Golden West
Schillings - Wason

Phelps Grocery Company