



NINTH INSTALLMENT

WHAT HAPPENED SO FAR
 The dramatic Club, of which Tom Bilbeck, the narrator, Maryella, the girl he cares for, and Jim Cooper, his rival, are members, start a performance of Pygmalion and Galatea at the Old Soldiers' Home, but are interrupted by a fire. During the rehearsal Tom Bilbeck is accused by the husband of one of the actors, Mr. Hemmingway, of being in love with his wife. Riding away from the scene of the ill-fated play in their costumes and overcoats, the group of players is held up by two escaped convicts, one of whom is captured by Bilbeck after a struggle.

The captured thief is tied to a chair at the Old Soldiers' Home. Unable to leave the home as the car refuses to budge, the players must stay there, and Mr. Hemmingway, hearing this over the phone, says he is coming right to the home—as he is suspicious of his wife and Bilbeck. Meanwhile the Sheriff arrives.

Hemmingway arrives just when Bilbeck is assisting Mrs. Hemmingway, who has fainted, and Bilbeck thinks the worst. Meanwhile a disturbance is heard in the cellar, and all in the house rush down to it.

"Well, I'm giggered!" exclaimed the sheriff. "There's a lot of life in that old horse yet. I didn't suppose he could do that."
 "Is he frightened?" Mrs. Lillielove asked.
 "No. He's just lonesome. He ain't used to being alone at night, and I suppose he was going to look for me."

The inference was that either the sheriff slept in the stable with the horse or the horse slept in the house with the sheriff. At any rate I had an explanation of the ghostly sounds which had awakened me from my doze when I started on my ill-fated expedition down-stairs which had culminated in the sensational mix-up with the Hemmingways.

While the sheriff and some of the others captured the horse and tied him to a ring in the stone wall, I went back to the main floor, I wanted to be alone and think.
 As I came up from the basement to the living-room, which was now beginning to get light with the first chill dawn of winter morning, I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Hemmingway in eager conversation. Apparently they were approaching some sort of negotiation for peace because they were standing quite close together and once or twice he made as if to take her in his arms.

Far be it from me to interrupt any reconciliation between the Hemmingways. There and there only lay my hope of retaining my job and incidentally the respect of the community.
 I was carefully tiptoeing across the living-room to the door which led to the stairway, perfectly willing to have my progress unnoted, when I was arrested, nay frozen in my tracks, by the piercing voice of Pirk Henwether cautiously subdued to a longshoreman's hail.
 "Hey, Mr. Bilbeck!" he called. "I want to warn you. There's a feller here trying to steal your girl away from you—the pretty blond one that was making eyes at you last night."
 Mr. and Mrs. Hemmingway, who had reached the sobbing-on-shoulder stage of their reconciliation, now separated suddenly as if a shell had exploded between them.

"So!" the husband shouted, his anger at white heat once more. "My suspicions were true after all! You made such a fool of yourself that everybody noticed it. And to think that you would try to lure me back by soft words! You vampire!"
 He struck his forehead a sharp blow with the palm of his hand.
 "My Heaven! To think I am married to you!"
 Mrs. Hemmingway's eyes, usually so placid, blazed in response to his anger.
 "You needn't be any longer than it takes to get a divorce," she exclaimed, half-hysterical with anger. "If you're going to believe everything you hear we might as well separate and get it over with."
 Comrade Henwether and I were observing the scene, he with appraising looks seeking to read in

their faces what he missed in their speeches, and I with a chill horror at the seriousness of the breach.
 "I think she likes you best after all," vouchsafed Pirk. "He's a mite better looking than you be, but you've got a way with you that goes with the ladies, durned if you ain't."
 Mrs. Hemmingway shrugged her shoulders helplessly and started from the room. Mr. Hemmingway followed to the door, which she slammed in his face.

I quickly gave up my intentions of going up-stairs, which involved passing through the living-room, and went back to the basement instead, convinced that safety lay in sticking to the crowd.
 We went back to bed later for a morning nap. When they woke me up next time—this was for breakfast—I refused to arise until I was provided with some clothes.

It was all very well to prow around in white tights at night when I was hunting ghosts, but it would look rather silly to appear in them in broad daylight going about the ordinary business of life, such as eating soft boiled eggs or bringing in an armful of wood.

Unfortunately I am a larger man than most of the veterans. I tried on several pairs of trousers without finding any that I would dare trust. We had just about given it up as a bad job when some one suggested that Comrade Dreyenfurth was very nearly my size.
 His other pants were commandeered. I have mentioned I believe, that Abel Dreyenfurth's west leg has been wilfully missing since Antietam. For that reason the Dreyenfurth trousers last twice as long as most men's. He uses the material in the extra leg to reinforce the seat.

For that reason they did not give me all the protection I could have wished. They were like the first installment of a magazine serial—good as far as they went, but tantalizing.

Still they were better than nothing, so I got up.
 The sun was bright and dazzling. I went to the window to look out. What a beautiful world it was! Tons of snow had been carelessly tossed over the map with the lavish hand of an inconceivable giant. In some places were graceful drifts as high as a man, and against a shed in the yard it was piled up even with the roof.

It had been a tremendous storm. Inside we had not realized the amount of snow that had fallen.
 City people never know what a snowstorm is like. It falls on streets that are shoveled clear almost as fast as it comes down, and the little patches that remain are almost immediately soiled with tracks and the soot of countless chimneys. But out in the open it is different. There you can get an idea of the way the Lord intended the world to look in the winter time.

Strangely enough the lake, which lay peacefully crystallized at the foot of the hill where the Home stood, was comparatively free from snow. The wind had swept its glistening surface clear, and it lay a clear black blot on a white universe.
 Here and there fishing shanties dotted the lake, and near the shore some boys were rigging an ice-boat. One of them was up on the mast threading a halyard through a pulley block. I remember when I had done that sort of thing on my first ice-boat.
 I sighed. I could never do it again—not with my weight!
 Breakfast was announced. I went down, fully but not ornamentally clothed.

The only one of our party who spoke to me was Jim Cooper. Mrs. Lillielove looked as if she were going to, but suddenly she blushed and lowered her eyes to her plate without saying anything.
 "Good morning," Jim assured me cheerfully. "Isn't this a fine day?" He rubbed his hands gleefully, as if he had done it himself and expected to be complimented for his skill.

"Yes," I mumbled, hurt and puzzled to find myself an outcast in my own circle.
 Later I discovered that Comrade Henwether had been doing a travelogue on my prowess as a lady-killer, which had been interrupted by my arrival.
 Mrs. Hemmingway's eyes were red from weeping. Poor woman, she had not had any sleep at all, I judged. Her husband sat moodily staring at his plate, but ate very little.

Maryella and Mrs. Lillielove conversed with painful animation about crochet stitches and new fashions.
 After breakfast Jim Cooper got me to one side.
 "Are you really in love with Mrs. Hemmingway?" he demanded, fixing my eye with a look that demanded an honest reply. "Are your intentions honorable?"
 "Of course I'm not in love with her!" I replied with bitter emphasis. "And I haven't any intentions."
 "It's all for the best, then. You and I must reconcile them."

I started away hastily.
 "Not on your life. I haven't any skin on my shins now just because I mixed up in trying to help Mrs. Hemmingway. You do the reconciling. You fix it up and get all the credit!"
 "I will," he declared confidently. "I can do it. And all I ask is a little thanks."

That's the way with Jim. He's one of the best little fixers I know. He is always eager to make some one happy. Whatever happens he likes to feel that he is the man who mended the mainspring.
 And he likes to be thanked, too. Half a dozen thanks, and Jim will go without his breakfast any day. It's a vice with him. He has to be thanked for something about every so often, or he gets terribly depressed and thinks that he is not much use to the world.

In an Anglo-Saxon community a confirmed thankomania is continually getting hurt. Since I have learned of his habit I always thank him every time I see him, even if I can't think of anything he has done. It saves lots of trouble.
 So Jim agreed to fix up between the Hemmingways. With elaborate formality he invited them into a small room off from the living-room which served as an office for Colonel Stewart. They followed him wondering, and he closed the door.
 Jim was back again even sooner than I expected. What chance had a lad of his slender build against an exasperated man as large as Hemmingway? He picked himself up

from the rug where he had landed and removed the cane chair seat which was around his neck.
 "I suppose it's all for the best," he observed.
 "What?" I asked without enthusiasm.
 "Well, I had to agree that you would marry Mrs. Hemmingway," he explained painstakingly. "I tried to make him see differently, but he insisted. You ought to be glad, Tom. She's a very sweet woman and will make a fine wife."
 "You agreed that I would marry her?" I demanded. "What in the name of Mike have you got to say about it?"

"Well," he explained, "I let him think that you had sent me to patch it up. Maybe I did wrong, but I thought it was all for the best."
 "Oh, I see." What difference did it make, after all? One tangle more did not make it much worse.
 "People don't seem to appreciate it when a man goes out of his way to do them a favor," he observed with martyrlike resignation.
 "Pardon me," I said mechanically. "Didn't I thank you? I certainly am much obliged for your good intentions."

"It was nothing at all, Tom. I'd do it again for you any day. Whenever you get in a tight hole send for me. I'm always willing to help. A little thanks is all the pay I want."
 Immensely cheered, he left me. It was all for the best—I had located a paper weight to throw at him if he offered to do anything more for me. I picked up an old magazine and tried to read. The story I started proved to be a serial. I asked Comrade Dreyenfurth, who happened through, if he had a copy of the number containing the next installment.
 "No," he replied with aggravated bitterness. "We get all our magazines from people who sent 'em to us after they get through reading 'em. And nobody ever sent up a complete set yet. I gave up trying to read the serials five years ago."
 "I can tell you what happens in the November number," offered Mrs. Lillielove, who had seated herself near and had overheard the conversation. "I read nearly all the magazines that come out. It's terribly exciting when you get six or seven heroines in tight places all at once."

(Continued Next Week)

MINSTREL SHOW COMING.
 The minstrel fans of this vicinity will be pleased to learn that one of the very best and largest minstrel organizations on the road is to visit Heppner, Friday, June 21, under canvas, according to advance notice. Possibly certain people have forgotten that they are minstrel fans because it has been so long since they have had an opportunity to see a really first class minstrel—however, the fever of the minstrel microbe will get them when Arthur Hoekwald brings his Richards & Pringle's famous Georgia Minstrels to Heppner. Doors open at 7, and the performance starts at 8 p. m.

OVER ¼ MILLION USERS AND THEY HAVEN'T SPENT A DOLLAR FOR SERVICE OR REPAIRS!

6 things to consider in choosing a refrigerator

\$10 DOWN

- 1. Operating cost.** All-steel cabinet, hermetically sealed mechanism, and tiny motor of the General Electric will keep your electric bill low.
- 2. Efficiency.** There are over a quarter-million General Electric users and not one of them has spent a dollar for service.
- 3. Durability.** The all-steel General Electric cabinet is built like a safe and will serve you a lifetime.
- 4. Refrigeration.** The General Electric is always well below 50 degrees. Has freezing control.
- 5. Manufacturer.** Behind the General Electric refrigerator is the stability of the General Electric corporation.
- 6. Price.** Due to quantity production, you can secure the General Electric with these superior qualities at moderate prices. Model illustrated—\$10 down, \$10 monthly, or \$227 cash. Offer is for limited time. Take advantage of it today.

Pacific Power & Light Company
 "Always at your Service"

Everybody's talking MACMARR!

It's true—everybody who is interested in buying foods IS talking about the newly-united MacMarr Stores! For at these inviting food centers you get MORE for your money. Thousands of food buyers have chosen these clean, modern stores as their food headquarters.

Saturday and Monday Savings

ORANGES Fancy, medium size oranges of the sweetest quality. 3 Dozen 59c	CANNING BERRIES The strawberry market is drawing to a close. At this price we encourage you to buy your canning requirements. This berry is the finest quality that we are able to secure on any of the larger markets. BUY NOW AND SAVE Crate 99c	BACON Fine medium weight bacon; a good cure; with pork so high this is a fine buy. Pound 29c
SPUDS Now is the time to lay in a supply for your harvest crew. Sack \$1.69	LARD Pure hog rendered lard, from a strictly fresh stock. 8-lb. Pails . . \$1.45	MAYONNAISE Best Foods Gold Medal, the same good quality priced low. Pint Jars 29c
CHEESE Full Cream, Mild or Strong 31c		
CERTO IT MAKES FINE JELLY 2 for 55c	Economy Caps ALWAYS SEAL TIGHT 2 Dozen . . 55c	JAR RUBBERS Double lip, double strength 2 Dozen . . 17c
JARS Ball Mason jars. MacMarr's are carload buyers of jars, therefore MacMarr's sell for less. CASE 95c		
PAROWAX Best quality, fine for sealing your berry preserves. 2 lbs. 29c		
25-lb. Sack SUGAR SACK \$1.79 Pure Cane, Finest Quality—No limit, buy all you want. With the sugar market steadily advancing, we encourage you to buy. \$5.95		

New York Life Insurance Co.

NOT A COMMODITY BUT A SERVICE

W. V. Crawford, Agent

Heppner, Ore.

John Day Valley Freight Line

(Incorporated)

Operating between Heppner and Portland and John Day Highway Points.

DAILY SERVICE

Prompt delivery, rates reasonable—plus personal and courteous service.

\$10,000 cargo insurance.

CITY GARAGE, Local Agent, Phone 172

Modernize—YOUR HOME

—add to the joy of life and increase the value of your property through the application of modern principles of remodeling.

Inside and out, your home can be made modern in every way. Let us show you how to make use of waste space—how to add comfort and convenience as well as attractiveness to your home.

We can quote you actual figures based on our experience with many other homes to prove that enlarging and remodeling can be planned at moderate cost.

Materially Yours—

Tum-A-Lum Lumber COMPANY

MACMARR STORES

Phone 1082 STONE'S DIVISION Hotel Heppner Bldg.