

JINGLE BELLS

BY FRANK R. ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. DRUEN

SYNOPSIS

Tom Bilbeck is the narrator, and is a fat newspaper writer who drives a tumbler-down car he calls Grandmother Pare. He is in love with Maryella, his rival being Jim Cooper. The three are members of an amateur dramatic group. Plans for a play at the Old Soldiers' Home are under way. Grandmother Pare has engine trouble while Maryella is out driving with Bilbeck and Cooper, passing in a big roadster, taunts him. After Maryella has left Bilbeck is able to start his car again.

The amateur players are to give Pyramion and Galatea at the Old Soldiers' Home. In their version Bilbeck is to act as the statue, and Maryella despairs when she discovers his bow legs. Mrs. Hemmingway later utters Bilbeck and talks to him about the play. Bilbeck pats her hand, only to find a rough hand grasping him by the shoulder and lifting him out of his seat.

The players arrive at the Old Soldiers' Home, being greeted royally and meeting Plik Henwether and others. The play at the home is interrupted because of a fire, the players and veterans escaping.

CHAPTER VIII "Help"

Mrs. Hemmingway refused to re-tire until her husband came. I offered to sit up with her, but she de- clined vehemently.

"You know what John would think if he found you and me sitting up alone together," she ex- plained.

I agreed with her heartily, so we fixed a good warm fire in the stove and left her alone to welcome her spouse. It would be only a few hours until morning, and I did not bother to undress, but threw myself exhausted, on my cot.

I did not sleep, however. The storm outside was making a contin- uous racket around the eaves and corners of the building that nearly drowned the chromatic snores of the veterans.

The excitement of the evening still kept my blood racing and my nerves at high tension. I listened for the opening of the door which would indicate that Mr. Hemming- way had arrived.

The snoring slumbers of our country's ex-defenders began to fray my temper. What right had every- body to sleep while I struggled in vain to woo Morphus?

I might have become accustomed to a regular snore, but there was one—Comrade Plik Henwether, for a dollar—who gurgled in his sleep. The exasperating part about it was that he didn't do it all the time. Only occasionally above the diapason of his fellows came this unearthly gurgle, as if dishwater were disap- pearing down a sink.

I tried to calculate the interval between explosions, and finally thought I had him timed to twenty- eight seconds. Then he fooled me by missing on one cylinder and remain- ing quiet a full minute. It was almost a relief when he burst forth again.

Something had disarranged his timer, for he became erratic from now on, sometimes firing twice in succession and sometimes failing me for two and three revolutions at a time. His compression was wonder- ful. The trouble was in his spark.

At last my brain grew curdled with futile exasperation. I may have dozed, or possibly I had a fever delirium. I don't know. Any- way, it was not a refreshing sleep that came to me and it was crowded with nightmares.

Suddenly I opened my eyes and listened intently to a new sound that had been beating against my eardrums for several minutes dur- ing my doze. A series of irregular tappings, accompanied by a low moaning, became audible above the steady roar of the storm. My re- laxed nerves became alert once more.

What was it?

The irregular thumping was re- peated. It sounded far away, and yet strangely near, as if it might be in the walls of the building. Was it a spirit rapping?

I had never believed in such things, but then I had never had proof of any kind to convince me. One hair-raising supernatural inci- dent will make a spiritualist of any- body.

A sudden sound of some one strangling made me sit up in bed. This last was in the room, so I soon decided that it was my friend, the eccentric snorer, who quite by acci- dent, had hit upon a new speciality.

But the thumpings and moanings continued. I threw off the covers and got out of bed, determined to in- vestigate. I had no matches—there were no pockets in my tights; but I felt my way to the door, barking my shins only once on an iron cot.

Faintly came a cry for help.

I made haste. I am a chivalrous fool; no one ever yells for assist- ance without getting it from me. I rush in blindly where even angels would pause to put on gosholes.

I stumbled down the stairs. Came again the faint cry:

"Ho!n!"

It was Mrs. Hemmingway's voice. I peered in at the door of the great living room, which was faintly illuminated by a single oil lamp on the table—the electric current was supplied only until one o'clock. I discovered later. The room was chill with the penetrating cold of a winter's morning when the fires have reached their lowest ebb.

Mrs. Hemmingway was walking up and down frantically screaming, "Help!" every time the thumping and moaning would recur.

Suddenly she saw me as I ad- vanced out of the darkness. As she

"Hadn't you better take care of your wife?" I panted, apprehensive lest she roll off the table.

"You seem to be able and willing to do that," he hissed vindictively. "You home-wrecker."

"You're mistaken," returned hastily.

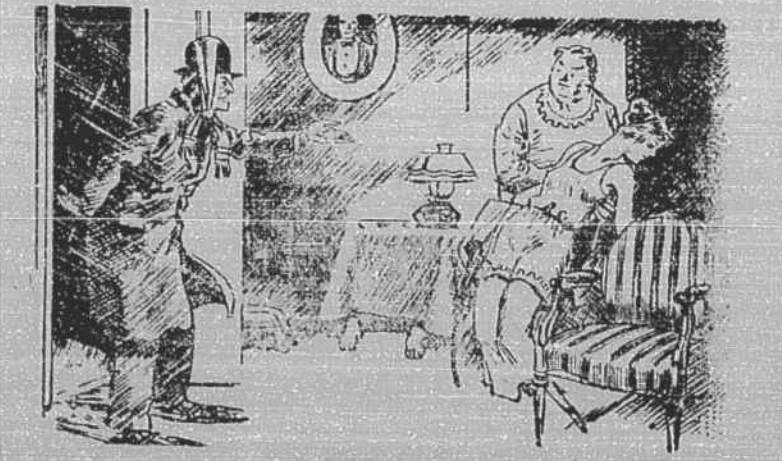
"Of course," he sneered. "I didn't wait in just now and find her in your arms at four o'clock in the morning! I only thought it was you! In reality it was some one else and you were up in your own room last night!"

To emphasize his remarks he haul- ed off with his right arm, which I had carelessly allowed to escape me, and belted me energetically in the ear.

I don't know what might have happened further between us had we not been separated by a willing assortment of half-dressed old gen- tlemen.

"Stop this racket!" shouted the sheriff, displaying his star conspicu- ously. "I represent the law and or- der around here and I'm going to have peace!"

I was dragged off from Hem- mingway's snowshoes. We stood glaring at one another. It is impos- sible instantly to forget a ringing blow on the ear, I find, even if it is delivered by a very good friend. On his side I suppose that his resent- ment toward me was at least par- tially justified by appearances. It



The outer door was flung violently open, admitting a swirl of flying flakes. . . . With the n came a gentleman

did an almost inarticulate cry of desperate fear escaped her lips and she pitched forward.

I jumped quickly enough to catch her. She had fainted.

While I looked around anxiously for a place to deposit her at full length I became aware of a new sound—a rapping at the front door. I was too busy to bother about it then. I picked up Mrs. Hemming- way bodily and started for the table where the lamp was. In the absence of a couch I could put her on that.

I had nearly reached it when the outer door was flung violently open, admitting a swirl of flying flakes. With them came a gentleman who strode in unannounced. He was wearing a derby hat tied onto his head with a muffler and was other- wise ineffectually bundled against the storm in a black broadcloth overcoat with the collar turned up. On his feet were a pair of snow- shoes.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Who are you?"

"John Hemmingway, command you!" he growled, stepping toward me with upraised fist and tripping over his own snowshoes, which he had forgotten he had on.

That gave me a second to place my burden on the long table before he could reach me. Just in time I straightened up to find myself in his grasp.

We wrestled back and forth si- lently. Twice he kicked me in my brushed shin with his snowshoes. The only way I could prevent a re- petition of those tactics was to stand on the broad webbing of the shoes myself. As I weighed something over two hundred I effectively an- chored him to the floor.

While we stood embracing one another in a deadlock a low moan escaped the lips of Mrs. Hemming- way.

was justified by appearances. It was hard to think of those things just then, however, and as a matter of fact, I didn't.

"Good morning, Mr. Hemming- way," greeted Jim Cooper, arriving in what I thought at first was an abbreviated sleeping garment, but which I later discovered was his Greek tunic. "Glad you got here at last. Why—what the deuce?"

His glance had rested on the pro- strate form of Mrs. Hemmingway.

"Mrs. Hemmingway fainted," I explained.

"Oh, I see," he considered thought- fully. "I suppose it's all for the best. I imagine that is the only way any one could get any rest in this insti- tution."

Evidently Jim had noticed the snoring too.

Mrs. Hemmingway opened her beautiful blue eyes.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed joy- fully as she recognized her husband even in a derby hat and snowshoes.

He made no move to respond to the entreaty in her voice.

"Why, what's the matter?" she pleaded.

"You know very well," re returned savagely. "When I arrived, I had you in Tom Bilbeck's arms."

"Me?" she said interrogatively. "Impossible. It must have been Maryella von saw."

"It was not," hastily disclaimed a voice in the rear of the group.

My heart sank. I was in hopes that I would be spared Maryella's participation in this scene.

"I don't know what happened," Mrs. Hemmingway went on, slightly bewildered, "but I'm sure that I can explain everything."

While they were talking the floor trembled violently and there was a muffled crash beneath us. Soon fol- lowed a prolonged breaking of

Sue's Tummy



Mrs. Katherine King Fogarty of Fort Worth, Tex., is suing Gene Tunney for alleged breach of prom- ise. She asks \$500,000.

glass as if a brick chimney had fallen through a skylight.

(Continued Next Week)

It Carries a Threat.—Jack: So your father demurred at first, be- cause he didn't want to lose you.

Ethel: Yes, but I won his consent. I told him that he need not lose me; we could live with him, so he would not only have me but a son-in-law to boot.

Jack: H'm! I don't like the expres- sion, "to boot."

THOMAS GREER

The subject of this sketch was the son of Elijah and Sallie Greer, and was born near Elkland, N. C., Janu- ary 1, 1844, and died at his home in Zionville, September 4, 1928, the time of his sojourn here being 84 years, 7 months and 28 days. He was married October 3, 1870 to Miss Mollie Bledsoe. To this union were born four children, two sons and two daughters, N. J. Greer and E. C. Greer, the latter the present county treasurer. Mrs. Lillie Thomas and Miss Hettie Greer, the present post- mistress at Zionville. He professed faith in Christ in early life and joined the Christian church, and remain- ed a member of this body until death. This writer is informed that he was in the Civil war, serving 3 years as private in Company B, 4th Regiment, Tennessee Infantry. He and his family came to Zionville about 1900, where the family now lives. Uncle Tom, by which name the people knew him, is sadly missed in this community; we think of him on the little farm at work, attending to the various duties of the day; we think of him at the postoffice, his kindly smile, his pleasing way of serving the public; we also think of his kindness to the children and how he loved them all. He was in high spirits when he could take his little grandchildren for a buggy ride to the mill and other places; and the children always seemed happy in his company. He was a good father and advised his children right; he was a great reader and kept himself well informed and was an authority on many subjects of vital interest.

He leaves a wife and two sons and two daughters and a host of grandchildren to mourn their loss. We believe this world was made better by his sojourn here. The fifth Com- mandment says to honor thy father and thy mother. We may do so by preparing to meet those of them that are gone, for they cannot come back to us.

R. C. EGGERS.

Legal Advertisements

Advertisements appearing under this heading are payable strictly in advance. This rule applies to all. Please do not ask the publish- ers to deviate.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

The undersigned having qualified as administrator of the estate of H. C. Miller, deceased, all persons in- debted to said estate will please come forward and make immediate settlement. All persons having claims against said estate will please present them to the undersigned on or before the 8th day of May, 1929, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This 8th day of May, 1929.
MCCOY MILLER,
R. P. MILLER,
Administrators.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS AND WAR- RANT OF ATTACHMENT

North Carolina, Watauga County— in the Superior Court; Before the Clerk.

Sarah E. Ellison, administratrix of the Estate of Fred Ellison, deceased, vs. R. M. Martin.

The defendant above named will take notice that a summons in the above entitled action was issued against the said defendant on the 10th day of May, 1929, by A. E. South, clerk of the superior court of Watauga county, returnable on the 10th day of June, 1929; and also that a warrant of attachment was is- sued at the same time and place by the said clerk of the superior court of Watauga county against the prop- erty of the defendant above named, also returnable on the 10th day of June, 1929, and the defendant will take notice that he is required to ap- pear at the office of the clerk of the superior court in Boone, Watauga county, North Carolina, on or be- fore the 10th day of June, 1929, and answer or deny to the complaint with the plaintiff has filed in said action or the relief therein prayed for, will be granted.

Given under my hand and seal, this 10th day of May, 1929.

A. E. SOUTH,
Clerk Superior Court.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONER'S SALE

By virtue of a judgment of fore- closure in an action now pending in the superior court of Watauga county entitled "Federal Land Bank of Columbia plaintiff vs. P. M. McGinnis and wife, F. M. McGinnis, T. F. Yates, F. P. Chappell, E. M. Harman, J. J. Mast and the Valle Crucis National Farm Loan Association, de- fendants, dated 6th day of May, 1929, appointing the undersigned as commissioner, I will on Monday, July 1, 1929, at the courthouse door of Watauga county between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate, to-wit:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land containing 243 1/2 acres, more or less, situate, lying and being on the Banner Elk-Beech Mt. road about 5 miles west from the town of Valle Crucis in Shawnee- haw township, county of Watauga, state of North Carolina, having such shape, metes, courses and distances as will more fully appear by refer- ence to a plat thereof made by L. M. Trivett, C. S., January 28, 1919, and being bounded on the north by the lands of the Whiting Lumber Co.; on the east by the lands of the Whiting Lumber Co. and the Yates heirs; on the south by the lands of Ward & Shull; on the west by the lands of Earthing Brothers, Gwyn & Kay and the Whiting Lumber Co. This being the same tract of land heretofore conveyed to the said P. M. McGinnis in two tracts. Tract one conveyed to the said P. M. McGinnis by Luther Masteller and wife, Sarah J. Masteller by deed dated 19th day of May, 1903, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Watauga county in Book 3, page 256. Tract two conveyed to the said P. M. McGinnis by F. M. McGinnis, deed, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Watauga county in book 22, page 177.

Purchaser at said sale will be re- quired to deposit a certified check for the sum of \$50.00 on day of sale. This 31st day of May, 1929.

T. E. BINGHAM, Commissioner.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed to the undersigned trustee on the 28th day of July, 1928, which said deed of trust is recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Watauga county in Book 12 at page 491 by Floss Eggers and wife, Bessie Eggers, to secure the payment of the sum of \$516.00 to the Taylor Motor Company and default having been made in the payment of said sum as in said deed of trust pro- vided, I will on Saturday, June 22, 1929, at the courthouse door of Watauga county between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., sell to the highest bidder for cash the follow- ing described real estate, to-wit:

All of two certain tracts of land, lying and being in Beaver Dam township, county of Watauga, state of North Carolina. Tract 1, con- taining 25 acres, more or less, and being more particularly described in a deed from Julia Flannery to Floss Eggers and wife, Bessie Eggers and Owen Baudley, which deed is dated February 18, 1928, and re- corded in the office of the register of deeds for Watauga county in Book 25 at page 575, to which deed and the registration thereof refer- ence is hereby made for a more com- plete description of same.

Tract 2, containing 51 acres, more or less, and being more particularly described in a deed from G. W. Eggers and wife to Floss Eggers and wife, Bessie Eggers, which said deed is recorded in the office of the reg- ister of deeds for Watauga county in Book 35, page 577, to which deed and the registration thereof refer- ence is hereby made for a more complete description of same.

This 21st day of May, 1929.

T. E. BINGHAM, Trustee.

666

is a Prescription for COLDS, GRIPPE, FLUE, DENGUE, BILIOUS FEVER AND MALARIA. It is the most speedy remedy known.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

The undersigned W. W. Hampton and A. F. Hampton having qualified as administrators of the estate of William F. Hampton, deceased, notice is hereby given for all who have claims against said estate to present same within one year from the date of this notice, otherwise this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery. All those who are indebted to said estate will please come forward and make im- mediate settlement.

This 7th day of May, 1929.
W. W. HAMPTON,
A. F. HAMPTON,
Administrators. Wm. F. Hampton, Deceased.



WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant- tasting, and youngsters love it.

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Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Cald- well's Syrup Pepsin, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

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HEY, PINKY, CAN'T WE STOP IN AND EAT A BITE?

HELLO EVERYBODY!

HIS PARENTS SEEM TO BE NICE PEOPLE

LET ME DO A FEW ROPE TRICKS FOR THEM, PINKY

AW, C'MON NOW SNEEZER

GO GET A WHEEL BARROW AND LOAD HIM ON IT, JEFFERSON

Terry Gilkison

By TERRY GILKISON