

JINGIE BELLS

BY FRANK R. ADAMS
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. DRUEN

Third Installment

WHAT HAPPENED SO FAR

Tom Bilbeck is the narrator. He is a newspaper writer who drives a tumble-down car. He calls Grandmother Page, who lives with Maryella, his rival being the three members of the "Old Soldiers' Home" group. Plans for an automobile race have been made. Grandmother Page has engine trouble. Maryella is out driving with Bill Cooper, passing in a big road race. After Maryella has left, Tom is able to start his car again. Bilbeck and the players are to give Pygmalion to the "Old Soldiers' Home" group. Grandmother Page is to act as the driver. Maryella departs when she discovers that Bilbeck is to give Pygmalion to the "Old Soldiers' Home" group. Mrs. Hemmingway later tells Tom about the race. Bilbeck takes her hand, only to find a rough grip, and he is the slouching figure who is out of his seat.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Mr. Hemmingway does not belong to the club. He is managing editor of the *Daily Mail*, and has to work nights. He usually calls for his wife to take her home from rehearsal. He stood in the aisle and glared at me. "Why, Tom?" Mrs. Hemmingway asked. "I wasn't expecting you to be here yet."

"I can't go," he retorted, not taking his eyes from my face. "Now all I want to know is who you are," he asked me. "Take off that mask," he said. "I think it off."

He made a motion toward me with his open hand. His wife stopped him. "Don't, John. It's Tom Bilbeck. That's his real face."

John Hemmingway's jaw fell. He and I are close friends. We went through all our schooling together, and we belong to the same secret societies. I suppose we have sworn eternal friendship and brotherly love on a dozen occasions. It was partly owing to him that I held down my star job on the newspaper.

"What have you got to go on?" he demanded hoarsely. "Is it anything at all, or have I merely got a speck in my eye?"

"This is my costume for the play," he explained carefully. "Oh, Tom!" I repeated, puzzled. "What does it represent—a date?"

"What does it represent—a date?" Mrs. Hemmingway asked the virtuous and the virtuous. "The virtue of the date?"

peal to me in itself, but I was glad to be able to leave the theatre. Hemmingway had gone after telling his wife that he would send a taxi to take her home. The coach came out in front of the curtain to announce that the stage was all set for the third act. "Everybody on stage," he requested. "I did not respond."



"I thought you might want these . . ."

you will find the dummy more pleasing to some of the members of the cast, and if you use it I'll use it will save me a lot of trouble."

"I don't," she hesitated, "whether anything I could say would have any effect. I'm sure that his interest in the rehearsal will cease with Mrs. Hemmingway's departure."

I could scarce believe my eyes. How could she be so unreasonable? I turned on my heel and made down the aisle for the front entrance of the theatre. "Tom," some one shouted after me. "I continued my way unheeding."

"Oh Tom!" "Wait a minute!" implored Jim. "I did not answer. If I had I might have said something that I should have regretted exceedingly later."

Some one was coming down the aisle after me. I quickened my pace, determined to listen to no pleadings. Maryella had chosen to bring personal things into it, and I would not stand for it, that was all.

I reached the main entrance of the theatre and stepped through a door into the brilliantly lit lobby. A man who was buying tickets at the box office looked up and with a yell ran out into the street, leaving his chair behind on the shelf. Some one opened the door I had just closed behind me. I did not look around.

get supper at an all-night lunch-counter. I turned in about three, but didn't get to sleep for an hour or so after that. It seemed as if I had barely dozed off when my telephone rang. I got up and answered it. "Hello," I growled. "Hello, Tom. This is Jim Cooper talking."

"I muttered something under my breath. 'Don't swear,' he observed pleasantly. 'You ought to be glad I woke you up.' 'Glad?' I repeated, incredulously.

"What have I got to be glad about?" "Because Maryella wants to talk to you for one thing. She asked me to tell you to come over to her house as soon as possible. You see, it is all for the best."

"I went back to my nice warm bed, but sleep was effectually routed for the day. My wife was aroused. 'What did Maryella want? Probably something wherein I would be the mid-platelet out. I was suspicious. Still, it was nice of her to make the first move toward reconciliation. In the past that had always been my part. Maybe she knew she was in the wrong and wanted to apologize.'

"We're making pads," Maryella explained after I was comfortably settled. "For me?" I asked suspiciously. "For everybody who needs them," Maryella added hastily, interpreting the hostility in my tone. "For you, for Mr. Cooper and for Mrs. Hemmingway."

"For Mrs. Hemmingway?" I repeated incredulously. "I don't see what she needs of—"

"Mrs. Hemmingway, who is speechless with modest blushes, wishes me to thank you on behalf of herself and her Creator. As a matter of fact we are not making any pads for her. Quite the reverse, in fact."

"No. Did you ever read a story entitled 'Dollyanna'?" "Not yet," I replied with my best noncommittal manner. "I have heard of it though. What's it about?"

"It's about a great many things," Maryella explained seriously, "but mostly it's the story of a girl who believes that no matter what happens it is all for the best. She is an awfully dear little child, and she always looks on the bright side of everything. It's sort of sad too, because she gets hurt once and nearly dies, but she cheers everybody up just the same and tells them that it is all for the best because it has been a doll pad for the undertakers anyway."

Continued Next Week

NOTICE OF SUMMONS AND WARRANT OF ATTACHMENT

NORTH CAROLINA, JACKSON COUNTY. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT W. Mike Brown

The Flexible Floors Company, Inc. The defendant above named will take notice that a summons in the above entitled action was issued against it on the Third day of April, 1929, in the Superior Court of Jackson County, for the recovery of the sum of Nine hundred, forty three and sixty-nine one hundredths Dollars, (\$963.69) which said summons is returnable before said court on the second day of June, 1929.

The defendant will further take notice that the said sum is due on contract, to the plaintiff, and that a complaint has been filed therein. The defendant will further take notice that a warrant of attachment has been issued against the Western Carolina Teachers' College, Garnishee against moneys held by them and due the defendant, said warrant of attachment being returnable before said Court on June 2, 1929, the return date of said summons, and the defendant is required to appear before said Court and answer or demur to the complaint, or the relief demanded therein will be granted. This April 3, 1929.

J. T. GRIBBLE, Clerk Superior Court. 4-4-As. D. D. A.

NOTICE OF ELECTION

North Carolina, Jackson County, Town of Sylva. It is hereby ordered by the Board of Aldermen of the Town of Sylva that in pursuance of the provisions of the Consolidated Statutes of North Carolina, an election be held in the Town of Sylva for the purpose of electing a Mayor and a Board of Aldermen, on Tuesday after the First Monday in May, 1929, it being the Seventh Day thereof. The Registrar for said election shall be Walter L. Jones and the Judges shall be Ben N. Quet and P. E. Moody. This April Third, 1929. J. D. COWAN, Town Clerk DAN TOMPKINS, Mayor.

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

HURTING HOOVER'S HAND. TWO DIRE POSSIBILITIES. CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. NEWS FOR FARMERS.

President Hoover's hand is sore after shaking hands with 1757 fellow citizens in one day. WHY SHAKE HANDS? Especially when your fellow citizen, pushing a plow professionally, shows his appreciation with a grip developed by holding the furrow straight among stones.

In France important men meeting embrace each other. We don't do that. Why shake hands? Why not invent something else? Rubbing noses, Indian-fashion, would not do; too many germs. Why not simply look the row of 1757 proud Americans straight in the eyes, and say "How do you do?"

Will Rogers understands public sentiment, expresses it tersely and affects inaccurate use of English, despite the training at Eton and Oxford.

He says "There is two things that can disrupt business in this country. One is war and the other is a meeting of the Federal Reserve Bank."

War, fortunately, is suspended for the moment. Fifty-two thousand Britains demand abolition of capital punishment. In England criminals are hanged. They don't use fancy electric chairs, reserving science for better things than killing men.

An end of capital punishment would be a step toward civilization. Meanwhile, British capital punishment shows common sense.

When one Briton kills another, they hang him a few weeks later. No years of delay for appeals, delivery of bouquets and sympathetic letters from ladies.

British criminals, knowing of this, rarely carry deadly weapons on burglary expeditions, since using them to kill would mean hanging. Here it means hiring an able lawyer.

Rudolph Kawlikowski, head of the Kosmos Machine Works, of Goerlitz, Germany, and a serious scientist, has interesting news for farmers.

He says they can run motors with dust made of pulverized coal, charcoal, farm waste and other substances.

Kawlikowski runs an eighty horsepower Diesel motor with pulverized vegetable materials, costing 75 per cent less than gasoline costs in Germany.

Dried and ground cornstalks could run all the farm machinery. Everybody knows the terrific explosive power of dust as demonstrated in exploding grain elevators. Controlling that power in motors is new.

Twelve hundred advertising agencies and writers are asked to compete for a prize of \$1,000 answering the question, "Why Go to Church?"

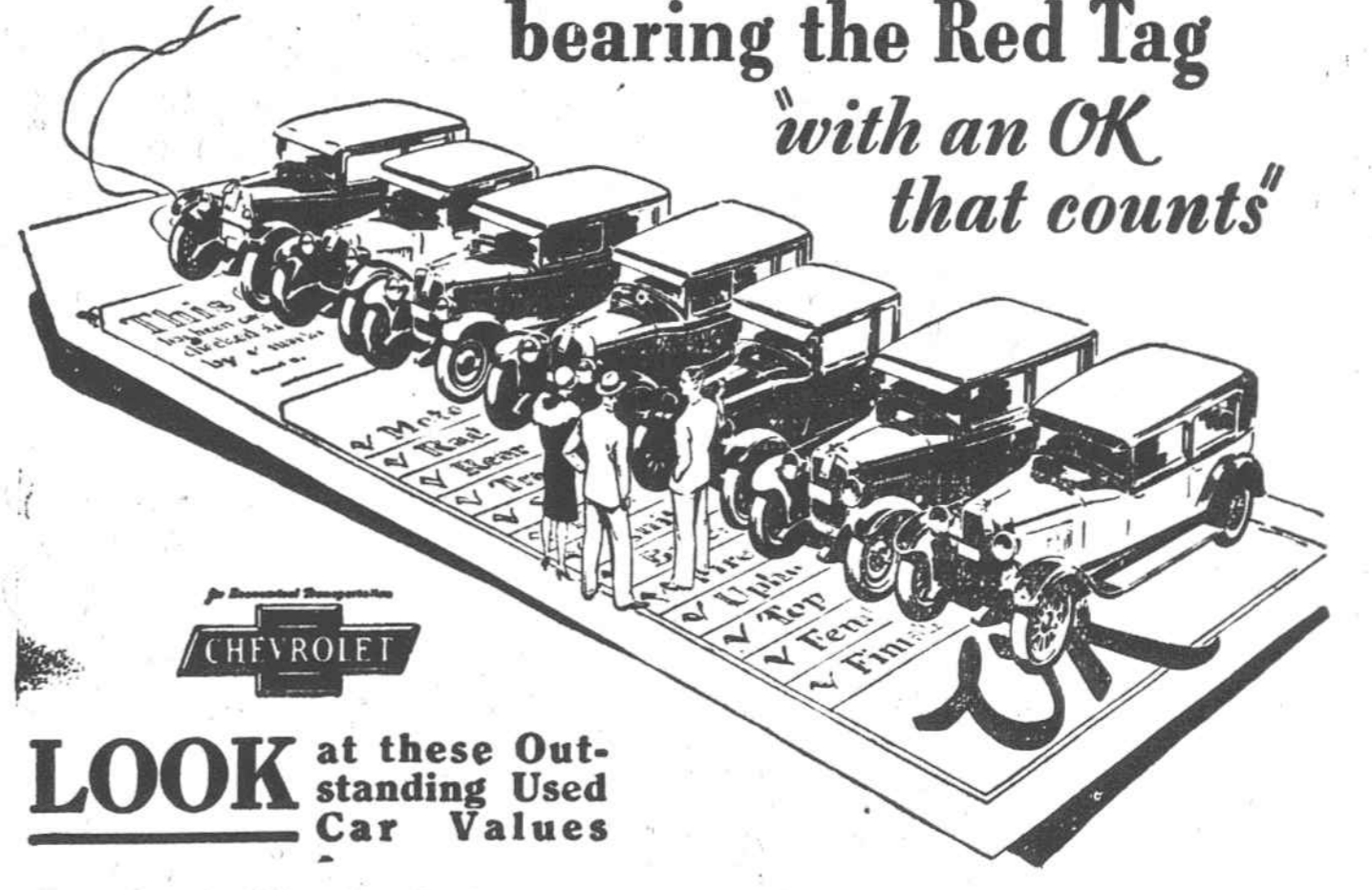
What would your answer be? An answer to the question would be, "The only important thing about a man is his conception of Divine intelligence and wisdom." In other respects, he is like mice, frogs and guinea pigs. So, go to church and prove that you are not a guinea pig or a mouse.



Starts at Bottom Fowler McCormick, 28, son of Harold F. McCormick, head of the International Harvester Co., has gone to Omaha, Neb., to learn the harvester business from the ground up. He starts at \$150 a month.

Buy on a Sound Basis!

We stand behind every Used Car bearing the Red Tag "with an OK that counts"



LOOK at these Outstanding Used Car Values

Chevrolet Roadster, 1929—5 Balloon Tires, bumpers, 1929 License, Duo Finish. Good mechanical condition, \$115 down, balance 10 months GMAC plan. With An O. K. THAT COUNTS

Chevrolet Coupe, 1926—New Duo paint job, looks fine and runs good. 5 balloon casings, bumpers front and rear, large steering wheel, \$105 down. WITH AN O. K. THAT COUNTS.

Chevrolet Touring, late 1927. A nice, clean car, fully equipped, good tires and in first class mechanical condition. \$115 down balance 10 mos. GMAC terms. With an O. K. that counts.

Ford Touring 1926—New paint finish. Good tires, good top and upholstery. A real bargain. \$60.00 down. GMAC plan.

Oldsmobile Roadster 1927—5 excellent casings, upholstery fine, original Duo paint, looks like new, 1929 license, rumble seat. Motor in splendid condition. \$150 down, balance in 10 months. With an O. K. that counts.

OUR used car department is operated under the famous Chevrolet Red O. K. Tag system. Under this plan, we attach the Chevrolet Red O. K. Tag to the radiator cap of every reconditioned car—showing exactly what vital units of the car have been checked or reconditioned by our expert mechanics.

We believe that no fairer system of used car merchandising has ever been worked out—for it assures the customer honest value.

Due to the great popularity of the new Chevrolet Six, we have on hand at this time a wide selection of "O. K.'d" used cars taken in trade on new cars. Come in and look them over. You are sure to find exactly the car you want at a price that will amaze you. Terms are exceptionally easy.

JACKSON-CHEVROLET CO, Sylva, N. C.

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