The JOY of LIVING

By SIDNEY GOWING

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Disliking the prospect of a month's visit to her austere aunt, Lady Erythea Lambe, at Jervaulx abbey, and her cousin, Alexander Lambe, Aimee, vivacious 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, Aimee 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, Aimee again meets "Billy." He tells her his name is Spencer, and she gives hers as Amy Snooks, 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 Stanhoe, taking separate lodgings in Ivy cottage.

CHAPTER IV.—That night Aimee 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, Aimee 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 Erythea and, realizing what will happen on his arrival, is in hopeless bewilderment.

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

"Leaving an exit for any thief in the house to escape by!" snorted Lady



"There Was No One to Be Seen," Pursued the Butler.

Erythea. "Continue your brilliant narrative."

"But when I reached the open there was no one to be seen," pursued the butler, whose throat ached with the effort to make his mistress hear; "there was, however, a dim light, a mere glow, in one of the windows; I shouted, asking whose it was—"

"Which window?" asked Mr. Lambe sharply.

"I am unable to say for certain—either her ladyship's or Miss Scroope's, which is next to it. Perhaps, if we went out—"

Lady Erythea immediately led the way through the front entrance.

"There is a light full on in one of the rooms now!" said Alexander.

"It is Aimee's room," said Lady Erythea. Like a thundercloud she swept upstairs and beat upon the door of her niece.

"Aimee! Open the door. Why is your light on?"

"I—I'm so frightened, aunt!" cried a trembling voice. "I dare not be in the dark—I dare not."

"I cannot hear you!" said Lady Erythea.

"Have they c-caught the thieves?" screamed the voice tragically.

"Caught them?" snorted Lady Erythea, shaking the doorhandle. "Is it likely a mob of mental deficients could catch anybody? No!"

"Thank heaven!" said Georgina with an explosive gasp.

Lady Erythea started.

"Er! What are you talking about! Will you open the door or not!"

"I'm frightened, aunt! I—I—!" Georgina's voice rose to a shrill whoop.

CHAPTER IX

"Marvelous!"

Lady Erythea recoiled. There were, after all, enough hysterics in the house already. Evidently nothing was to be learned from her niece.

"Go back to your bed and don't be silly. There is no danger," snapped Lady Erythea. The sharp whirr of a motor on the drive below drew her attention, and she hastened downstairs.

The car drew up at the entrance with a jerk and ejected three policemen; a constable, a sergeant and Inspector Panke of Stanhoe, a man of enormous energy for his bulk, with thick black eyebrows and a singularly bitter expression. He ran up the steps, but before he could open his mouth Lady Erythea forestalled him.

"You are wasting your time here! Go at once in chase of a motorcycle that got away ten minutes ago by the Stanhoe road!"

"A motorcycle!" exclaimed the inspector almost joyously, as one who seems his theories confirmed. "Sergeant, get after them at once in the car—take Polson with you. As we didn't meet them they must have taken the branch lane at the crossroads—away with you, man—quick!"

"I shall consider no reward too great, if my emeralds are recovered!" exclaimed Lady Erythea, as the car drove away. "Do you think your men will be successful, Inspector? My butler allowed the malefactor to slip through his fingers in the most fatuous manner. Can you—"

"One moment!" interrupted the inspector. "The thieves were seen then, by your ladyship's servants! Was one of them a woman?"

He had to bawl the question into Lady Erythea's ear-trumpet, which Alexander brought. When she understood, Lady Erythea's eyes flashed fiercely.

"Yes!" she exclaimed, "a young woman. You suspected a woman then—before you came here?"

"I do more than suspect, my lady," said Inspector Panke grimly. "I know!"

"Who was this woman, Inspector, and when do you propose to apprehend her? We have a piece of the creature's skirt!"

"Hah! let me see it at once!" said the inspector, his eyes lighting up. It was brought to him and its capture explained. Inspector Panke examined the yard of cloth, tried its strength, rubbed it, held it up to the light, peered keenly at the torn edges.

"Good!" he said under his breath, and turned upon Mr. Lambe so sharply that that gentleman jumped. "Your telephone, sir—where is it?"

"Who is the abominable creature?" exclaimed Lady Erythea. "And why is she at large, a scourge upon the country, breaking into—"

"She won't scourge it much longer," said the inspector grimly. "I'll very soon give your ladyship news of her—I want the telephone, quick!"

"This way," said Mr. Lambe, and led him to the call-room. Inspector Panke remained at the instrument a considerable time. He emerged triumphant.

"If they get away now—well, may I never handle another case," he said quietly to Mr. Lambe. "I can't answer questions at present, sir; I've got to get busy. If I might suggest that you induce her ladyship to retire, and come round with me yourself—it hampered me a bit, that ear-trumpet, and we've got to be quick—you can explain to her afterward."

Alexander was successful in persuading his aunt to retire from the field, though she went breathing threats of vengeance, and mourning aloud for the emeralds. Inspector Panke made a rapid examination of the safe, the wall beneath Lady Erythea's window, and the ground outside. He took a full description of the missing jewels, and briskly questioned the servants.

"I've only time to say this, sir, before I go," he said, turning to Mr. Lambe. "I recognize the work of Jack the Climber in this case, as plainly as if they'd left the name written on the wall! It was him and Calamity Kate. I thought for a moment it might be Bender Williams, who was released from Portland last month. But it's undoubtedly Jack's job. For some months past a series of daring burglaries have occurred at country houses in various parts of England, and, so far, I'm bound to say they've beaten us; no arrest has been made. The methods of the thieves are so similar in each case, that it is clear to an expert all these jobs were done by the same person—or, rather, two persons, a man and a woman. The man, besides being as smart a hand at cracking a safe as ever lived, seems to have the training of a steeplejack as well. He can climb anything that a fly could get a foothold on; in fact, he's known as the Climber.

"The woman, if anything, is more dangerous than the man. All that's known of them is that they're probably foreigners—some say Americans—and that they use a motorcycle when they're on the job.

"Briefly, what happened here is this: The man got in through Lady Erythea's window. There's the marks of him on the wall. He might have got in still easier by the next one, where the veranda is. But he went in through her ladyship's bedroom."

Mr. Lambe's eyes met those of the inspector; the same thought passed between them; whatever might be said of Jack the Climber's moral character, he was a brave man.

"And so to her anteroom, and opened the safe without waking her—of course, she's pretty deaf. The burglar-alarm didn't go till he'd done it; and for that matter all these precautions of her ladyship's are simply bunco; the house is an easy job for a cracksman. Jack got away by the same road he came, and the only thing that puzzles me is why Kate had to bolt for it downstairs. It isn't usual for her to be in the house at all—we believe her job is helping her partner up and watch-keeping outside.

"However, there it is. And this bit of blue cloth, sir," concluded Inspector Panke, holding it up, "is going to put Calamity Kate in my hands."

He folded the torn fragment of cloth, put it in his pocket, and moved briskly to the door. "Goodnight, sir! Before very long I'll show you the rest of this skirt—and its owner!"

CHAPTER X

Action and More.

Billy Spencer, sitting in his austerely furnished bedroom, looked unusually thoughtful. The night was still young, but his candle was not lit. The whole house, indeed, was in darkness. He sat on the window sill and stared out into the night. At last he wandered back to the bedside, his hands thrust in his pockets.

"The partner," he said pensively, "has got something on her mind. A fellow doesn't need any X-rays to see that."

His lips curled down at the corners.

"I'd give a lot to know what it is. I hate to seem inquisitive. But I'd hate a lot worse to have anything happen to the partner. An' I can sure smell trouble coming. She doesn't fear man or devil. But that isn't always goin' to help a girl. There's times when it's more useful to call up a hooker with big feet—like me.

"She'd sure be mad if she thought I was interfering. And she can get mad—the partner. Gee! but she's great! The dinkiest thing that ever happened. But I don't like the way things are framing."

He stood for a while, as if listening; then sighed and lay down on the bed, fully dressed. In twenty seconds he was asleep, breathing regularly and easily.

It was a doglike sleep, of which some men hold the faculty, and very doglike was the manner in which Billy roused himself some hours later. In a moment he was broad awake, and swinging his legs off the bed, sat listening with cocked ears. He moved swiftly to the window and peered out.

There was nothing to be seen. Billy remained where he was for some seconds, all his senses alert. Then, with a gesture of decision, he snatched up his cap, heaved himself out of the window, and climbed down the trellis.

He came silently under Aimee's bedroom window, glanced up at the open casement, took a little nickel torch from his vest pocket, and bent down. Shading the glow with his hand, he examined the soft soil be-



There Were Five Little Shoe Prints Visible.

neath the window. There were five unmistakable neat little shoe-prints visible; the first pair deep and pointing inwards to the wall, the others leading outwards.

Billy at once ran noiselessly round to the garden gate and peered up and down the lane. No one visible. He returned quickly, got a rake from the shed, and carefully raked over the footprints; also those beneath his own window. Then he made for the gate, and, after a moment's thought, unlocked the shed where the Flying Sphinx reposed. He wheeled the cycle out, freeing the engine, and tiptoed softly down the path with it.

Not till he was clear of the lane and well out on the high road did Billy start the Sphinx, and then only at a very gentle pace. At an easy seven miles an hour he ambled along the road, heading for Jervaulx abbey.

It would have surprised Aimee Scroope considerably had she guessed for one moment how far Billy was abreast of affairs. The carefree, insouciant Billy, who seemed to live for nothing but the Sphinx, was infinitely more wideawake than people gave him credit for. The cool blue eyes missed very little; the brain behind them was able to connect facts together shrewdly.

Aimee had not the faintest suspicion that anybody at Ivy cottage knew she had made an unconventional exit by the window the night before. Billy, however, was perfectly well aware of the fact. Early that same morning, before setting off for Syderford, he had observed the footprints beneath her window, which, to a keen eye, told plainly that Aimee had dropped from the trellis, and later on had regained her room by the same path.

Clearly the partner had made a midnight excursion for a very definite object; people do not roam the countryside in the small hours for nothing.

The incident of the carriage on the Stanhoe road puzzled Billy; he had mentioned the carriage casually to Mrs. Sunning—saying nothing about the collision—and learned that it could belong to none other than Lady Erythea of Jervaulx abbey. He was told a good deal about that establishment. It was easier to start Mrs. Sunning talking than to stop her.

Obviously, Amy had something to fear from Jervaulx; something that bound her to secrecy, and led her to run risks. It annoyed Billy that she should have anything to fear whatever.

"Sometimes," said Billy to himself, as the lodge gates of Jervaulx came in sight, "a broncho filly with the spring blood in her will get doin' stunts an' galloping among the gopher holes. When they do that they're liable to fall an' break a cannon-bone. It's the same with her. If she doesn't want me, why she doesn't. But if she does, I'm going to be right there."

He dismounted some little distance short of the park entrance. The dark pile of the abbey was visible, a quarter of a mile across the grasslands.

Billy paused and reflected. The journey could be nothing more than a scouting expedition. He wished very much that he had been closer on Aimee's tracks.

Just then he observed a light flash out in one of the abbey windows. Faint, tintinnabulatory sounds were borne to him upon the night breeze—the clanging of a bell.

He watched the house with alert and thoughtful eyes. In a few moments two dim figures became visible, moving swiftly. An imaginative onlooker might have thought them to be goblins, gamboling across the sward. But they kept an uncommonly straight line, crossing the park and heading for a point a few hundred yards to Billy's right. Two people—running swiftly.

Billy followed them with his eyes. The foremost was long-limbed, scudding along with giant strides. The other, close behind, moved no less swiftly, but if was a figure of vague outlines, apparently wearing a cloak or dust-coat. They vanished from sight against the park fence where the lane turned.

"If that ain't a hold-up," said Billy, starting away from the fence, "there never was one yet!"

He heard the cough and splutter of a starting motorcycle under tall trees far up the lane. For one moment he listened, then made a dash for the [illegible]

(To be Continued)

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PROGRAM FOR THE M. E. CONFERENCE.

M .E. Conference to be held in Dover In April.

The following program has been prepared for the M. E. Conference which is to be held at Dover beginning April 4:

Tuesday, April 3, 7.30 p. m.—Semi-Centenial sermon, Rev. F. C. Macsorley, Federalsburg, Md.

Wednesday, April 4, 9 a. m.—Conference session, opening with Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

2.30 p. m.—Anniversary of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, presiding officer, Miss Katherine R. Truax, conference corresponding secretary. Speaker, Miss Frances Vandergrift of Lima Peru, subject, "The Open Door in Peru."

7.30 p. m.—Address, "To Serve the Present Age," Bishop McDowell.

Thursday, April 5, 8.30 a. m.—Conference session.

10 a. m.—Address, "Our World Service Program." speaker, Dr. R. E. Diffendorfer, team leader, questionnaire.

11 a. m.—Address, "Strengthening the Local Church," speaker, Dr. C. E. Gutherie. Discussion and questionnaire.

2 p. m.—"Training Christian Leaders," Dr. W. F. Sheldon.

3 p. m.—Address, "Saving America Through Our Home Missions," speaker Dr. C. R. Virmilya. Discussion and questionaire.

7.30 p. m.—Address, "Our Over-Seas Work,"speaker, Dr. Harry Farmer.

Friday, April 6, 8.30 a. m.—Conference session.

2.30 p. m.—Anniversary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, presiding officer, Mrs. J. Talley Smith, conference president; annual report, Mrs. Edward McIntire, conference

Friday, April 6, 8:30 A. M. Conference Session. 2:30 P. M. Anniversary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. Presiding Officer: Mrs. J. Talley Smith, Conference President. Annual Report; Mrs. Edward McIntire, Conference Corresponding Secretary. Speaker, Miss Rosa Sautee, Superintendent Deaconess Home. 7:30 P. M. Joint Anniversaries:— I. Board of Sunday Schools; Presiding Officers, Rev. R. P. Nichols, Conf. Sec'y. Speaker, Rev. E. C. Keboch, Central Penn. Conf. Sec'y. II. Board of Epworth League. Presiding Officers: Rev. W. G. Harris, Pres. Conf. E. L. Speaker, Dr. C. E. Guthrie, General Sec'y Epworth League.

Saturday, April 7, 8:30 A. M. Conference Session. 2:30 P. M. Anniversary of Board of Conference Claimants. Presiding Officer, Mr. Caleb E. Burchenal, Wilmington, Del. Speaker, Dr. H. L. Davis, Greencastle, Ind. 7:30 P. M. Joint Temperance Jubilee: Anti-Saloon League, and the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. Presiding Officer, Mr. Harry Mayer, Dover, Del. Speakers, Hon. Roy A. Haynes, National Prohibition Commissioner, Washington, D. C. Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson, Washington, D. C. Temperance Choirister, Prof. J. G. Dailey, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sunday, April 8, 9:00 A. M. The Conference Love Feast. Leader, R. K. Stephenson, D. D. 10:00 A. M. Divine Worship. Sermon by Bishop William F. McDowell. 2:30 P. M. Memorial Service. 3:30 P. M. Ordination of Deacons and Elders. 7:30 P. M. Joint Anniversaries: I. Board of Deaconess. Speaker, Dr. D. W. Howell, Cor. Sec'y Gen. Deaconess. II. Board of Hospitals. Speaker, Dr. C. M. Boswell, Ct. Sec'y M. E. Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Monday, April 9, 8:30 A. M. Conference Session.

A meeting of the Board of Conference Stewards will be held at Wesley Church Tuesday, April 3rd at 9:00 P. M.

The Laymen's Association will be held in the Presbyterian Church, South Governor's Avenue, Friday, April 6th.

Sessions: Morning, 9:00 o'clock; Afternoon, 2:00 o'clock.

President, W. Harry Jones, Sudlersville, Md.; Cor. Sec'y, Victor C. Hitchens, Laurel, Del.; Treasurer, M. E. Culver, Laurel, Del.

MILLINGTON

We are glad to report Mr. Joseph Mallelieu, who was recently quite ill is much improved.

Clarence, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wallace, of near Crumpton who was taken three weeks ago to Emergency Hospital, Easton, Md., for special treatment returned home on Friday of last week very much improved. He was accompanied home by his mother.

Mrs. John Michel, of Union Hill, N. J., spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Beatrice Curlett.

Mrs. Howard Anthony has been added to our list of sick in town.

Little John B. Phillips, Jr., the 20 months old son of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Phillips, was taken to Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore, on Thursday of last week for special treatment. He was accompanied by his Mother and Dr. Merritt Brice.

Miss Annie Power returned home on Friday of last week, after spending the winter in Atlantic City, N. J.

The Epworth League of Asbury M. E. Church held a social on Thursday evening of last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Anthony

Mrs. Charles Hollett spent the week-end with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood, near Chesterville.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Disharoon, her daughter, Mrs. Frank Lambert, Jr., of Wilmington, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dishavoon, of Philadelphia, were guests last week of friends in town.

Mrs. Oscar Roe, of Sudlersville, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mallalieu, last week.

Mr. Henry L. Disharoon, of Philadelphia, has purchased the property on Cypress Street formerly owned by Mrs. Rose Ash, now occupied by Mrs. Ella Whit and the post office.

Mr. Harry Lockwood, aged 21 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Lockwood, near Chesterville died at his home on Wednesday of last week after a lingering illness of tuberculosis. Funeral service was held at the home of his parents at 1 p. m. on Saturday, conducted by Rev. H. A. Wilson, and interment was made in Crumpton Cemetary. Pall bearers were Harry Merchant, Edgar Rodgers, Edward O'Neal, Harry O'Neal, Wilmer Stevens and Frank Brinsfield. Sparks and Good were the undertaker.s

Mr. A. J. Taylor attended the funeral of his brother John C. Taylor at Hursley, Va., on Thursday. Mr. Taylor died suddenly at his home in Philadelphia on Sunday last.

ROCK HALL

The St. Patrick's Day Social held Friday evening by Mrs. A. F. T.Raum's M. P. S. S. class was very much enjoyed. About thirty were present.

The Seventh Day Adventists have been holding a series of prayer meetings at the homes of members.

Dr. T. B. Willson made steady improvement for a while, but has had a relapse and is very weak.

Mrs. Hyson Dill is quite sick at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James Rodney.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Downey, Sr., have returned from wintering in Baltimore.

Mr. Willis Durding, of Baltimore, was week-end guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Durding.

Mr. and Mrs. John Coleman had as Sunday guests the latter's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. Benjamin F. Sewell and Mrs. George Akers.

Mrs. Susan Hague has returned from spending the winter with her children in the upper part of the county and has as guest, her granddaughter, Hallie Hague.

Mr. and Mrs. Asbury Smith have had as guests their brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss Somers, of Baltimore.

Mrs. Tenie Urie, of Baltimore, is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jacob.

Mr. Howard Happersett and friend, Franklin Carter, left Sunday, Mar. 11, for Coatesville, Pa., where they have secure good position in the steel mills.

Taxes Increase $300,000.

Evidence of increased prosperity in Maryland is seen in figures of Federal income returns for 1922. The total was$9,512,810.51, as against $9,248,280.98 last year, a gain of nearly $300,000, with additional schedules still coming in by mail. Galen T. Tait, collector, expressed the opinion that the final total may pass the $10,000,000 mark for the first quarter payments.

Owing to exemptions for 1922 payments that were not in force when 1921 payments were made a large number of schedules upon which taxes formerly were paid were returned in non-taxable class this year. The total collections to date are from 107,200 taxable schedules, while last year the taxable schedules numbered on the same date 120,400, a falling off in taxables of more than 13,000 schedules.

—Pocomoke City Officials have taken a big step toward providing adequate apparatus for fire fighting purposes. On Thursday of last week they signed up with the American La France Co. for the purchase of a 1000 gallon double combination pumper and hose wagon. This means an engine that will throw 1000 gallons of water per minute, and through a stretch of hose 4000 feet that will throw water over any building in the town. The La France Company has made a donation to the town of a double combination chemical and hose wagon. This is a built up machine, and two years ago cost the people of Georgetown the sum of $3500.



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—The Transcript, $1.50 per year, in PER YEAR.

The Cost of Telephone Service

Telephone service has become of such universal use as to justify it as one of the various items which go to make up the householder's budget.

That its cost has not mounted to the extent of the other items is shown by the following comparison of per cent increases in costs throughout the United States since the year 1914, taken from the reports of the National Industrial Conference Board.

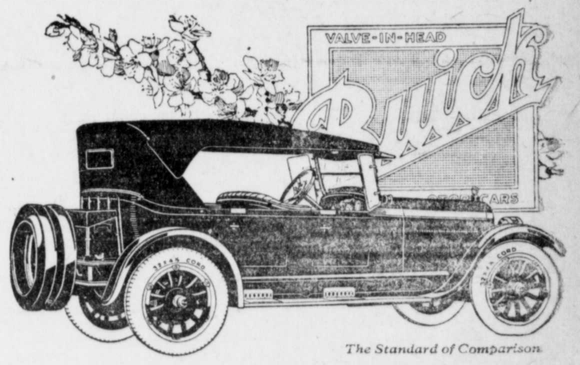
	Per Cent Over 1914	
	1920	1922
House Rents	58	65
Clothing	166	53
Fuel	66	81
Sundries	85	72
Food	119	40
Maryland Telephone Rates	23	23

This table shows that in 1920, the period of highest prices, the increase in the cost of telephone service over 1914 was less than a fourth of the average increase in the cost of the other items; and now, with prices largely stabilized, the increase is less than one-third of the increase in the other items.

The usefulness of the telephone service to the patron in a city, town or community depends largely upon the number of persons with whom he may communicate; in other words, the value of telephone service increases as the number of telephones increases.

In some places in Maryland since 1914, the number of telephones has increased as high as 100%; in the entire state the increase has been 53%. In other words, the increase in the value of the telephone service to the user in Maryland has greatly exceeded the increase in our rates.

The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of Baltimore City



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5 Pass. Touring	885	5 Pass. Touring	1195	7 Pass. Touring	1435
3 Pass. Coupe	1175	5 Pass. Touring		7 Pass. Sedan	2195
5 Pass. Sedan	1395	Sedan	1935	Sport Roadster	1625
5 Pass. Touring Sedan	1325	5 Pass. Sedan	1985	Sport Touring	1675
Sport Roadster	1025				

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