

Rowena Rides the Rumble

By ETHEL HUESTON

GREENWOOD

(Mrs. Roy Thompson, Reporter)

SIXTH INSTALMENT

Rackruff Motors hire Rowena to accompany Peter on a nation-wide tour in their roadster as an advertising stunt. At the last minute Little Bobby is engaged to act as chaperon. A few miles out Bobby becomes unwell at being parted from her sweetheart and Rowena insists on taking her place in the rumble so that she can ride with Peter and have him to talk about Carter. Rowena gets Peter to consent to divide the expense money each week as soon as it arrives, and astonishes Peter by eating too economically.

The three tourists reach Denver, after passing thru Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis. Peter and Rowena have many tiffs on the way while Carter keeps wiring Bobby to return to New York. The morning after they reach Denver, Peter and Rowena discover Bobby has deserted them and returned to New York by train. They are faced with the impossible condition of continuing their trip without a chaperon.

Rowena suggests to Peter that they make a "companionate" marriage. They are married and go to Cheyenne, where their actions, when they ask for rooms on separate floors, arouses the suspicions of the hotel clerk. They finally succeed in getting rooms, but not without exciting the laughter of the hotel loungers.

They resume the trip the next day and are overwhelmed by a cloud-burst in an arroyo and are thrown out of the car. A party of tourist campers gives them dry clothes and food.

Now go on with the story—

"Oh, that'll fix us up just fine," said Peter gratefully. "Thanks very much. Here you are, Rowena, a la Biltmore."

"It will do for you both with a little squeezing," said the farmer's wife pleasantly. "Jim and I camp on one the same size."

"So it will," said Rowena. "Lots of room."

"Make your bed close to the fire," said Farmer Jim. "Turns cold up here nights."

"And don't get nervous if you hear things wriggling around," called some one else. "Sometimes the rattlers go crawling around nights like this."

"Peter," whispered Rowena, "perhaps—perhaps after all—you had better—sleep on the edge of the mattress—the farthest edge. After all, I suppose we're as good as married. And—I shouldn't like to have you bitten by a rattler."

Peter laughed at her.

When all the others had said good night and gone away to their beds, he spread one of the blankets on the mattress, and rolled up his coat to make a pillow for her.

"I'll just lie here on the grass beside you," he whispered, "and they'll never know the difference."

"Good thing it's dark!"

"Are you comfortable, Rowena?"

"Oh, it's perfectly wonderful—You take your coat, Peter. You will be cold on the ground with just that one thin rug."

"Nonsense. Why, I'm snug as a bug. Snuggler for that matter. Isn't this great? Isn't it just corking?"

"B-better than last night, isn't it?"

"Well, rather—Better than almost any night I ever saw."

Slowly the full night settled over the mesa and a crescent moon rode high. Little night sounds echoed loudly in the great silence. Owls hooted. A coyote whined. Now and then a wolf barked in the distance. Little footed creatures scurried past them in the grass. Suddenly Peter felt a little shiver in the blanket roll on the mattress beside him. He touched it gently with his hand. Rowena was noiselessly sobbing in the darkness. He put his arm over her and pulled himself up until his lips were close to her ear—so close that a little bronze perfume curl touched his face.

"Don't be afraid," he whispered softly.

"I'm not afraid."

"Please don't cry."

"I'm not crying. I just feel sorry."

"Because I smashed the car?"

"No. Because you are so nice, Peter, and it is so awful to hate a nice person—so very, very much."

Peter laughed. "If that's all, cheer up. It should comfort you to know that at least there's no love lost between us." He patted the blanket kindly.

"And I really do admire you, Peter, for ever so many things. No body else in the world could ever make me half as mad as you do. Really, you're just wonderful."

One slender hand wriggled out from under the blanket and felt about until it found his, which closed over it warmly. It was hours later when she fell asleep.

Altho Peter awakened very early the next morning, almost before the dawn of pale gray light, he found the big farmer standing near and looking down upon them with a quizzical, friendly grin.

Peter got up rather shamefacedly, dropping his blanket on Rowena's mattress, and the two men strolled down for a look at the river.

"Don't begin wrong, youngster,"

said the farmer kindly. "Don't make life too easy for 'em right at first. Let 'em have their share of the hard-knocks. Does 'em good."

"Sh-she's not very well," said Peter, floundering desperately for a suitable excuse. "I—want her to be—careful."

"Oh, is that the lay of the land, eh?" The man was cordially interested. "Golly, I hope that wetting didn't hurt her. She's got spunk, that one. You should a' told my wife. She'd a' give you a hot water bottle and a nip of whiskey."

"I think she'll be all right," said Peter uncomfortably.

"You better take these rough roads a bit easier, youngster. You passed us yesterday like a streak o' greased lightning. Bumps in the worst thing for 'em. We lost one that way."

"Uh—that so? Too bad," stammered Peter awkwardly.

The flood had subsided over night and barely a foot of water now trickled over the rocks where the torrential flood had rushed. Camp on the mesa was quickly broken. Breakfast was hurriedly prepared and hurriedly eaten. Cars were loaded, children and dogs collected, for all were anxious to take to the road at the earliest possible moment. But the big farmer, altho himself as eager as the next one to be off, put a peremptory veto on the suggestion that it would be sufficient for them to send a trouble car back for Peter and Rowena, leaving them a supply of food for emergency.

"We can't leave them kids up here alone in the fix they're in," said the farmer firmly. "It's his wife,"—with a broad wink.—"Wouldn't be fair no ways."

So the men fell to with right good will. Half of them down in the river pried and tugged and pulled at the car while the others up on shore worked with pulleys and ropes and chains, and at last a great cheer went up as the Rackruff rose slowly, groaning, over the rocks and was drawn inch by inch up the side of the arroyo.

Both Peter and Rowena were profuse in their gratitude.

"You're just wonderful," said Rowena. "I never knew that people could be so kind." And they were tears in her lovely blue eyes, and something of a quiver stirred the pleasant voice, just because she was so glad to learn that the people of earth were so very good.

And they smiled at her and told her to take good care of herself and not get "run down," and with many such friendly farewells and admonitions the caravan forded the dwindling creek and wound off over the mesa behind the hills. But before the Kansas farmer and his wife had gone far they turned back and pulled up beside the dripping roadster. The woman got out and went close to Rowena.

"You musn't catch cold, dear," she said in a confidential voice. "Your clothes are pretty short and pretty thin. It gets awful cold evenings up here in this high altitude and you're not dressed for it. Now you take this little wool blanket and soon as you feel the cold coming on, you bundle yourself all up snug in it. It's old, but it'll all wool and warm as toast. You mind now. Catching cold is the very worst thing you can do."

Rowena thanked her and promised to be very careful and not catch cold whatever she did, and then stood high on a boulder waving the blanket after the farmer's car until it rounded the hill and disappeared. Then she turned to Peter with a puzzled air.

"Aren't they all queer?" she asked wonderingly. "I don't look sickly or anything, do I? They seem to have a complex on catching colds out here. And—what difference does it make if I do get tired? Everybody gets tired, don't they?"

Peter was working very hard on the car at that moment and mumbled something quite indistinguishable about not knowing what it was all about.

"Well, of course, they meant well," declared Rowena. "And I'll be careful to please them. But I do hope I'm not beginning to look anemic or anything."

A day of ecstatic, heavenly calm followed. Peter worked on the car. Finally they got under way again.

At last in the early evening when they approached the town where they had agreed to spend the night, Rowena put her hand on his arm in tender appeal.

"Peter," she said gently, "I do realize how very embarrassing it is about the hotel. It is for me too, tho I dare say you don't believe it. How would it do for us to go in separately and register each for himself? I could go in first and ask for a single room and go right on up, and they wouldn't even know we came together."

Peter turned it over reflectively. On the whole it seemed the best way out. Certainly anything was better than their first experience. So when they pulled up to the hotel Rowena stepped quickly out with her bag and hurried up to the desk. She asked for a single room, registered "Miss Rowena Roestand, New York City," and was taken upstairs. Peter meanwhile, put the car in the garage

and then sat on the veranda half an hour with a cigarette and a paper. When at last he ventured in to the desk his request for a single room aroused no undue interest, and he was handed a key and a telegram. The telegram was from Mr. Rack and Mr. Ruff written by the former but signed by both to make it more official. He read it and then inquired if a Miss Roestand had registered at the hotel. Upon being told that she had and was in her room, he called her on the phone and asked her to come down to the lobby.

"I have a wire from the company," he explained, "and I think you had better see it."

Rowena left off her unpacking and hurried down.

"Did you get a room O.K.?" she whispered.

"Yes. Everything's jake—but this," Rowena read the telegram. "The red-headed persecution," it said, "just came in to announce that all is forgiven. Says the chaperon left you at Denver and is on her way back to New York. What do you mean by continuing alone? Entirely against our orders and our wishes. If facts are as stated, please consider contract canceled. Send Miss Roestand to New York by first train and you bring car back immediately."

Peter looked quite worried about it all, but Rowena laughed gaily.

"Tish, tosh, and even tush," she said brightly. "It's nothing. They don't know we're married. Come on—let's give them the low-down on it."

So they went to the telegraph desk and with a great deal of laughter and many foolish suggestions and much scratching out of words they finally worked out an announcement to their satisfaction.

"Everything's jake with us. We were married in Denver. Who wants a chaperon on a honeymoon? Cody tomorrow night. Love and kisses from Peter and Rowena Blande."

This dispatched and pretty well pleased with themselves on the whole, they got into the elevator and went up to their rooms.

Their tour of the park was uneventfully delightful, auspiciously free from embarrassing complications.

"Isn't everything turning out just gorgeously?" demanded Rowena.

But Peter and Rowena had not yet come into the fullness of their emotional experience. They left the park by the northern route. They went to Butte and Helena, and all was well. They started for Spokane. A succession of untroubled days had given them new confidence and they were sure their worries lay all in the past. They pulled up to the hotel in Spokane without inner qualm or morbid presentiment.

Peter asked for two singles and signed the register. The clerk looked at the names and smiled broadly.

"Oh, how do you do?" he exclaimed cheerfully. "Just a moment, please."

Regents Examinations

Regents are well-known way in Greenwood Union School. Below is a report of the papers marked thus far:

Geography: Clinton York 96, William Quinlivan 91, Charity Banks 90, Richard Fish 90, Edward Mullen 89, Ada Cole 89, Owen Updyke 88, Clinton O'Dell 88, Rachael Teribury 87, Dorothy Vanderhoef 86, Curtis Mattison 85, Oletha Teribury 83, Leo Comfort 81, Doris Vanderhoef 79, Mary Louise Brutsman 76, Wayne Teribury 75, Lena Doty 75, Leah Doty 75.

Arithmetic: Clinton York 98, Clara Cole 98, Ruby Krusen 94, Eileen Grist 91, Lloyd Chaffee 90, Helen Greene 90, Robert Updyke 88, Lawrence Hyland 87, Leo Comfort 83, Dorothy Sampson 82, George Williamson 81, Wayne Teribury 80, Rosamond Rollins 76, Oletha Teribury 75.

English: Clara Cole 91, Rosamond Rollins 82, Helen Greene 80, Lloyd Chaffee 80, Virginia Perry 80, Eileen Grist 80, George Williamson 77, Robert Updyke 76, Lawrence Hyland 76, Ruby Krusen 75.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Brundage accompanied Wellsville friends to Buffalo, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Buck and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fish were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mott of Hornell Monday evening.

Miss Ruby Tyler of Hornell was the guest over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Chaffee.

Mrs. Ruth Sweet and daughter, Eleanor and Leslie Smith were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Burdette Russell of Hurts, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Kellogg and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Latham of Canisteo were week-end guests at the McFadden Health Home in Dansville.

Mrs. D. D. Baker is visiting her sister, Mrs. Claud Clark of Alexander.

Mrs. Mae Freeland has been very ill this week, suffering from a heart attack.

Miss Loretta Casey of the high school faculty is confined to the home of Mrs. F. D. Young with an attack of grippe.

The funeral of Guy Kemp of Ulysses was held at the M. E. church here Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Kemp, who was a former resident of this place is a son-in-law of Thomas Young. Burial was made in Benetts Creek cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Friends of Hornell were guests of Mr. and Mrs.

Wealth of Quotations in Shakespeare's Works

Read a scene from Shakespeare's plays every day. Soon you can out-quote everybody in your circle and aggravate them. Aren't we all struggling for superiority? What an easy way to gain it—and at the expense of only slight application. Shakespeare is the most quotable of all the human race; and every one has gone to that fount of quaint English and untarnished wit—and got his quotation wrong.

That is why we have the Shakespeare concordance and Bartlett. They are useful in finding out that what you want to quote is not in Shakespeare at all;—such as "What is so rare as a day in June?" which we once attributed to Longfellow (and got seven letters setting us right); and "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Mr. Shakespeare might have said that in his mature years, after his youthful experience with Magistrate Thomas Lucy, but he did not, at least not in those words.

If there is anything that William Shakespeare did not say clothed in brilliant verbiage it would be hard to find. Read him and see. Sir Francis Bacon had no such command of his English, scholarly as he was,—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Inventor Printer

Gutenberg, the inventor of movable type, was born about 1400 in Mainz. In 1450 he entered into a partnership with Johannes Faust, also of Mainz, and in that city they established their press and began printing. They first issued a vocabulary, and later a Latin Bible. Gutenberg died about 1468.

The Gutenberg Bible, while not the rarest, is one of the most prized of books. Only 41 copies are known, and of these more than twenty are in perfect. A short time ago a private collector in London purchased at auction a paper copy of the Gutenberg Bible, paying considerably more than \$100,000 for it.

The orange was originally a pear-shaped fruit about the size of

H. A. Fish, Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Arling Mobb were in Alfred Saturday night to attend the basketball game and wrestling match.

Mrs. Sherman Hoyt has returned from Elkland where she has been caring for Mrs. Leo Gleason. Mrs. Clayton Scribner, Mrs. Herman Wallace, Mrs. A. H. Dennis, Mrs. Edward Scribner and Mrs. E. E. Carney were in Avoca Friday, to attend a Rebekah meeting.

Several members of the local lodge attended the regular meeting of Whitesville I. O. O. F., Tuesday evening.

Barbara York, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester York, had her tonsils removed Saturday at the office of Dr. Taylor in Whitesville.

Miss Ellen Young and Miss Emily Barney spent Saturday shopping in Rochester.

At the annual meeting of the Greenwood Telephone Co., held Saturday at the Masonic Hall, Frank Turner was elected president and Wm. Reimann secretary. Mrs. Ruth Sweet will continue as operator.

James Leahy of Lyons was calling on friends here Saturday afternoon.

There is a man in New York who makes \$100,000 a year selling gags—jokes—to comedians.

Some men here are wearing shoes made of goat skin.

They are flavoring a certain brand of lipstick here with different brands of wine. Wine flavored kisses—that's the idea.

Portable fireplaces with electric "logs" are very popular here.

A chandelier, weighing six and a half tons, the largest single lighting fixture of its kind ever built, has been installed in the auditorium of the Roxy Theatre in Radio City.

The most widely read book in New York is the telephone directory.

The depression has reduced the number of telephones in New York.

A New York department store is selling a flash-tinted mirror which



DOG OWNERS' NOTICE

Dog licenses for 1932 expired on December 31, 1932. The 1933 license fee is due January 1st. Licenses so issued will cover the period from January 1 to December 31, 1933. Every dog must wear a tag of the current dog license year. A dog without such a tag is not protected by law and no action can be maintained for his injury or destruction.

An unlicensed dog may be seized and killed and the fact that a dog is without a tag is presumptive evidence that the dog is unlicensed.

Dog licenses must be obtained from the clerk of the city or town where the dog is harbored or kept.

License fees: Male dog \$2.25; female dog \$5.25; spayed female dog, \$2.25. These amounts include clerk's fees.

No license can be issued for less than the full license fee.

The owner of a dog who fails or refuses to obtain a license for the dog as required by law incurs a penalty of \$10.00 and costs.

The enumerators of towns and the police departments of cities are required to prepare in January of this year a list of dog owners. The omission of the name of an owner from the enumerators or police list will not excuse the owner from obtaining a license.

If you owned a dog last year and do not own one now, so advise the clerk of your town or city.

Dog licenses in the town of Andover are issued by A. L. BLOSS, Clerk, P. O. Address, Andover, N. Y.

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makes pale persons appear healthy and ruddy.

A Fifth Avenue jeweler is selling a \$95 gold case for \$250 right long-ank.

It is difficult to go into a New York home these days without seeing a jig-saw puzzle spread out on some table—usually half finished. New puzzles appear every week.

Professor Charlie Wagner lives at 11 Chatham Square. He tattoos for a living. He complains that the Atlantic Fleet is in the Pacific.

A telegraph company in New York for a fee will call you up each year to remind you about your wife's birthday, your anniversary and other days when gifts are expected.

There are nearly 7,000 natives of Turkey living in New York.

There is a night club here which is becoming famous for its Monday morning breakfasts.

A shop here is offering scented leather gloves for women.