

TAXI

An
Adventures
Romance

By George Agnew Chamberlain

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PART IV.

The Ascent to Mars.

When Mr. Robert Henry Randolph, alias Sam Harvey, chairman, vice president, secretary, treasurer of the Village Club company, No. 1008, decided that he would like to see the world, he decided to go to the top of the Pappy club and, as a result of his financial resources, in conjunction with Miss Inezona Farnes Thornton's spontaneous peering occupation, hoped that some lady in the middle of the evening on her hands and knees, he leaped from his seat in a spontaneous impulse to help her to her feet and administer every kind of first aid that the occasion seemed to demand.

Two considerations, however, stood in the way of his spontaneous intention of leaping and helping, caught him on the wing, as it were, and deflected his flight from west to east with a sharp turn the south at the corner of Fifth street and Sixth street, to the first place, but of the corner of the sea he had seen his first-time friends, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Tourke and Mr. Harry ascending the middle stairs from steps in an antechamber; in the second place, he suddenly recollected that Miss Thornton was an heiress, high above his present station and intent, as he had gathered from between the lines in various advertisements in the local press referring to the location of his prison, on thinking and otherwise remembering him for turning in the night in a matter of ten thousand dollars a year, unearned increment.

As he gazed for one ten brief second down into the pleading eyes and adorably eager face of this lovely vision on her hands and knees, which it seemed unbelievable he had once held in his arms, only the oft-repeated favorite poem of his nurse:

I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not better thee.

kept him from facing the avalanche of ridicule and giving the eternally searching Inezona with his lantern a run for his money. As previously stated, it was not to be. Mr. Randolph turned from the waiting arms of the sweetest temptation ever resisted by man and made his swift way to the sanctum of Mr. Tourke O'Shaughnessy, foreman-manager of the Village Club company.

"Tourke," said Mr. Randolph, "I'm through. Smashed up the two off-



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wheels of my wagon on the curb in front of the Pappy club. Thank me thirty, please, and make out my pay check."

"Through, Sam? What's in mean?" said Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "Think I'm going to back you for a kid on a day like this? I'm for your tin, kid, but take another wagon."

Robert Randolph, alias Sam Harvey, shook his head.

"You don't understand," he said. "I've lost my nerve."

"Lost your nerve?" gasped Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "What's in mean to tell me a kid like that? Come on, now, draw a map! Kid you with the nerve?"

"Oh, no," said Sam. "That's just it. I mean, the young lady is very much all right."

"A dash to get you," murmured Tourke. "What on your neck, eh?" A look of pity followed by one of sympathy went into his eyes. "Look here, Sam," he continued. "I know that you're a kid and a kid is the plainest looking with a mark of distinction. But you got a lot of high credit to show to. First what you got in the box, all the boys here in the box. What's your first name, the first name, I want to tell you, Sam, you're the first doctor

factor had they could have got a cop at a busy day and make the time it was a job."

"Faint," said Mr. Randolph, but shook his head sadly.

"Now, now," murmured Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "I'm going to have the boys go back as they come in and get 'em on. In the meantime, you stay for a minute. Get Sally Parker round the corner to see your face looks to the color of your complexion, do a little job on your complexion, and let a little stay in the upper lip of your complexion. Got me?"

Mr. Randolph's widely placed blue eyes narrowed in an effort to ascertain the proposition earnestly from all angles, and the light of hope was just beginning to dawn across the trouble in his honest face when there came a sharp knock on the door, followed promptly by the entry of the lovely lady and the unconscious entry of one Inezona, hair-dresser, finger corporation lawyer and two competent general plain-clothes men.

"Look! What's that?" exclaimed the startled Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

"The legal light will be no head and advanced on the fast-moving Sam Harvey with outstretched hand.

"Robert," he cried heartily. "My dear boy, I'm glad to see you."

"Just like the old days, Sam," said Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "The little that may be tried to serve papers off you. Now, come, show me your pants. I'll call the boys and you take the consequences."

"I guess it's all right, Tourke," said Sam wearily. "They aren't going to pull me, exactly."

"I don't care whether they think they're going to punch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy, being multigland eyes on the two heavy banking faces of the small lawyer. "I never did like the small of fat."

Suddenly he roared: "Hug! Boy!"

The two ladies, striped into incomprehensible postures, turned, stepped cautiously to the door, and took the flight of steps in three. They could not be blamed, for they had recognized in Mr. O'Shaughnessy the man who had once been arrested for pushing over with one hand a Ford that had crowded him.

"Now, Robert," said the legal personage, apparently quite oblivious of the desertion of his supporters, "I just want to talk with you. May I sit down?"

"Certainly, Mr. Mityuna," said Robert, apathetically.

"Excuse me," murmured Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "Did I, or didn't I get the name correct?"

"I beg your pardon, Tourke," said Robert. "Mr. Robert Mityuna; Mr. Tourke O'Shaughnessy." He pronounced it "O'Shuckensy," to the delight of the owner's ears, long unaccustomed to the correct intonation of the exotic patronymic.

"I did hear correct," said Mr. O'Shaughnessy, as he rose and tipped from the room. "I leave you gentle to your family affairs," he added from the door, his eyes drinking a last view of the brain king he had dared to call a runt.

During the next half-hour, Mr. Mityuna delivered himself of an assorted lot of special pleading that he could have sold on the market almost any day for fifty thousand dollars, but the sole judge and arbiter of his efforts still sat swinging one putted leg in midair, as though fanning aside the valuable streams of golden words, and continued puffing at one cigarette after another, each lighted from the hut of its predecessor.

"It's no use, Mr. Mityuna," said Robert, at last. "The truth is, and you know it, that a meeting between myself and Pam—Miss Thornton, at the present time and under the exceptional conditions, could only bring about complications beyond the capability of any one of us to handle. Her proposal that she divide her income with me is so absurd that I am amazed at your impudence at your hardihood in even mentioning it."

Mr. Mityuna wiped his brow for the first time in many years.

"I don't mind you calling me impudent, Robert," he said meekly. "Call me anything you please, only—and his voice rose gradually to a surprising volume—"don't forget that I printed one of the dearest, most unspoiled, lovable, and wholly adorable young persons that it's ever been my privilege to assist of the impossible that I would bring you to her, and by the holy manhood, I wish—if I have to hold you by one ear with my teeth."

Mr. Randolph took his latest cigarette from his mouth during this strictly illegal proposition, and allowed his lips to spread into a broad smile.

"Mr. Mityuna," he said, "I always did like you; now I've got a deeper feeling. They call it love. I admit to the human end of you that the only thing that keeps me from rushing straight away to visit on the lady you have so nobly described is the fact that I haven't money and she has."

"But what about the job I offered you?" interjected Mr. Mityuna.

"I was coming to that," said Mr. Randolph. "I'm not keen on charity from you and more than from Miss Thornton, but—more than that—I wouldn't busy myself in your weekly job advertisement at any cash price known to man. In the first place, you belong to the most unoriginal of all professions, and in the second, you make money too slowly."

"Make money too slowly?" gasped Mr. Mityuna, forgetting Bobby and Pamela and their affairs for the first time in three weeks, and commencing for a change, and with a revivification of his hardened conscience, the vice of his last sentence. "You're

But Mr. Randolph allowed him an hour for reflection in quiet mirth.

"That's what I said," he continued, amused. "To meet Miss Thornton face to face and dismount. I fear that I must have a capital of at least a hundred thousand."

He made his head be thought for a moment. When he raised it again, the widely placed blue eyes were closed. So was the outside of his forehead across his eyes; as was the measure of himself across his open face, his arms extended over all was a new note of sudden emotion.

"You will please tell Miss Thornton," he murmured. "That I shall do myself the honor of calling on her one week from the day after tomorrow at four in the afternoon. There is a condition, however, and it is that I be left alone without any mental conversation by her and you and your agents during the intervening time."

"One hundred thousand in one day?" murmured Mr. Mityuna skeptically. His great brain being poised in thought for some time, but finally he nodded his acceptance of Robert's terms of capitulation and promptly left the room.

(Continued in Next Issue)

ALLIANCE PEOPLE PREVENT APPENDICITIS

Many Alliance people are using simple glycerine, buckthorn bark, etc., as noted in Adler-Ika. This flushes BOTH upper and lower bowels so completely it removes all food, accumulated poisons from alimentary canal and prevents appendicitis. Adler-Ika relieves ANY CASE gas, on stomach or sour stomach. Often CURES constipation. In one case of chronic stomach trouble ONE little produced wonderful results. Harry Thiele, druggist.

AT THE MOVIES

"So Long, Letty," one of the best comedies that has been scheduled for the Imperial in weeks, is due Tuesday evening. Throughout the story of "Letty," matters become mixed, tangled and final in the most surprising manner. Two couples—newlywed—are neighbors. The four present a quartet of dispositions as different as day is from night. The two husbands depict the home loving and the good dog types. The two wives differ in about the same manner. It so happens the gay dog is married to the home body wife while the hubby of the frisky and carpet slippers has the consort who loves the jazz bands and the creations of a Fifth Avenue modiste. The difference in temperament leads to all sorts of comedy and discussion with the result the men decide to swap wives. The women folk are called into conference and they agree with the men in order to teach them a lesson. A trial of one week is demanded by the women before taking up the business of divorce. The trial week follows and so does some

of the most interesting situations ever seen in pictures.

The Wednesday feature is "Out of the Storm," a photoplay taken from the novel by Gertrude Atherton. In this story Margaret Hill, sympathetically portrayed by Barbara Castleman, is a singer in a disreputable restaurant. Her lover appeals to Albert Levering (Sydney Kamowitz) and he offers to have it cultivated. He supports her until, at the expiration of two years,

Levering is accused for embezzlement and Margaret is thrown upon the world with her name as her only asset. She goes to America and after a long and hard struggle gains renown and is sent on an operatic tour through England. There she meets her lover, a young English nobleman and marries him, but Levering is released from prison and returns to claim his property. Margaret Hill is happy and she has her choice between happiness and duty to Levering from which to choose.

Her choice makes the story.

"In the Heart of a Fool," which is the Thursday attraction, the story deals with a girl's problem in marital relationship. Through a train of abnormally dramatic events, it pictures the disillusionment and heartaches suffered by a girl who mistakes the mother instinct for love.

Stock hogs wanted by the Nebraska Land Co. 103-1f

Why Keep Advertising?

"Things are slow this time of year; why should I advertise now?" is the question a man asked me one day last week.

That man has driven an automobile. He knows that you can't start an automobile on high. First, you get the engine going; then you "put her in low." When she's moving a little faster, you change her to second speed and finally, when the wheels are going round at a pretty good clip, you shift into high.

Why is this? Because an automobile is a heavy load weighing thousands of pounds. It takes time and lots of power to get that big piece of metal started and rolling along smoothly and rapidly. You can't start an automobile right off at sixty miles an hour.

In the same way you can't advertise today and have the orders you want on your desk tomorrow evening. People don't do business that way. You have to tell them what you want to sell and keep on telling them many times over to get their orders. Some people are harder to start than automobiles and they move more slowly.

Some Herald readers are just as anxious to buy your goods as you are to sell them. But they don't know about 'em. Tell them what you have got. Start in at once. Tell them facts in your advertisement every week and when they are placing orders—YOU'LL GET YOURS.

The Alliance Herald

TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS. Telephone 340. Masonic Temple Bldg.

Don't Miss the Big Championship WRESTLING MATCH

At the Roof Garden, Alliance, Neb. Friday, February 18 COMMENCING AT 8:30 P. M. SHARP

Clarence EKLUND

Fred MORTENSON

of Sheridan, Wyoming

of Alliance, Challenger

Light heavyweight Champion of the World has once more agreed to defend his title against Fred Mortensen, "The Terrible Dane," of Alliance, Nebr.

Light heavyweight Champion of Denmark, better known to mat fans as "The Terrible Dane." He lost one fall to Eklund January 18, 1921.

IT TOOK CHAMPION EKLUND ONE HOUR AND FORTY-SIX MINUTES TO WIN ONE FALL, JANUARY 18. IF YOU WANT TO SEE A REAL WRESTLING MATCH, DON'T MISS THIS ONE.

NOTICE: This will be a finish match, two best out of three, no time limit, for a purse of \$750, winner take all. The purse was put up by Alliance business men.

TICKETS: Ringside, \$4.00; reserved seats, \$3.00; general admission, \$2.00, including war tax. Seats on sale at King's Corner and the Corner Barber Shop.

The Wrestlers have both agreed to have Dr. G. H. Hand of Alliance, Nebraska, to referee the Championship Match.

BRING THE LADIES—WRESTLING WILL BE CLEAN.