Breithaupt Ideal Seen In Largest Floral Shop

Store at 512 State Street Provides Three Times Floor Space Occupied Formerly, Making Firm Largest in State

Opportunity for realization of an ideal which he has cherished throughout nearly all of the period of over four years during which he has operated a floral shop in Salem, was seized by C. F. Breithaupt when he secured space in the new Bligh building for a store which thus becomes the largest floral shop in Oregon.

Simply but effectively decorated in blue with a unique wall design, this store, at 512 State street, provides three times the ground floor space that Breithaupt had in his former location on North Liberty, in addition to a large storage space in the basement.

As a result, Breithaupt's retail shop keeps pace in its appointments with the greenhouses, comprising three-quarters of an acre under glass, at 16th street and Gordon road, and with the growing grounds for perennials, annual cut flowers, shrubbery and bulbs, just now being opened on Wallace road.

In the store, Breithaupt will now be enabled to carry a new line of pottery, as well as party favors, goldfish, a few flower seeds and supplies in addition to his regular flower service.

Dome of Bligh's Capitol Is State House Replica

(Continued from page 1.)

to date in arrangement.

The entire building was constructed of reenforced concrete, with pressed brick and terra cotta facing.

The general public, on the other hand, is especially pleased with another feature which was the product of Mr. Bligh's planning; a permanently constructed marquee which extends out over the sidewalk all the way along both streets, a welcome arrangement in view of Willamette valley humidity.

The general contract was awarded to Tranchell & Parelius, who have had charge of construction. Williams & Gibson were given the plumbing contract, and the Peninsula Electric Co. the wiring contract. Numerous sub-contractors have had a part in erecting the building.

Roberta Risks It

By MARGARET CAMERON © MARGARET CAMERON LEWIS

CHAPTER ELEVEN

P. G. (Piggy) Brazenose is an amiable young man with a diverting habit of getting into strange escapades—to the discomfort of his Big Business dad. By sheer chance he is placed in a position to be of aid to a spirited young lady, Roberta Scott. Her dad is holding "captive" her younger sister because of a love affair. He threatens to spoil her whole life in his misplaced zeal to "save" her from the lover he disapproves.

Piggy and Roberta elude a detective who is following her—a precaution of her father's—and head for the Scott country home where the sister is held. They use Piggy's car. For safety's sake, Roberta is disguised in widow's weeds.

Roberta is disguised in widow's weeds. On the way, it develops that her father and Piggy's are business rivals. Undismayed they hurryon to the New Hampshire country place.

And then several things happen—Read on!

Deciding to avoid New Haven, where he was widely and more or less favorably known among the college men, Piggy chose the longer route via Danbury and Waterbury; and as automobiles were much less numerous then than now, speed laws less drastic, and traffic officers few and far between, his progress along the country highways left a wake of purple invective emanating from indignant citizens who conceived that they and their vehicles had narrowly escaped annihilation, though he drove with circumspection through the settlements.

They talked little. Once Roberta inquired whether he had any plan for rescuing her sister, and he answered that he was thinking it out. And once he asked whether she could comfortably wait for dinner until they reached Hartford, to which she agreed. Waterbury had been left behind when he spoke again.

"What are the nearest towns to this place we're going?"

"Keene, Dublin, Peterborough, Jaffrey."

"Hully gee! I know a lot of the crowd who summer in that Monadnock country. I ought to have got a wig! Well—may be they'll have gone home now. Do they know you in those towns?"

"Some of them might. I spent the summer there three years ago."

"Isn't there some place near by where they would not?"

She meditated awhile. "There's a village over on the Finchburg road, but I can't remember the name of it. It's Fitz-something. Fitzroy? No.—Fitzwilliam. That's it. But it's a long way from Birchwood. That's the name of father's place."

"So much the better. They won't be looking for you there. Suppose we can find a furnished house for rent?"

"A house!"

"Sure. We can't risk a hotel. Small-town hotel-keepers are curious, and we may have to do some queerish things. We can't pull this off in a minute, you know, and we've got to have some base that's fairly safe. You're Mrs. Rowena Smith, a broken-hearted widow, looking for a lonesome lodge in some vast wilderness where you can mourn and mourn and mourn. I can stay at a hotel. By the way, is there such a thing in this burg you spoke of?"

"I'm not sure. I think so."

"Well, I'll find some sort of place. A common chauffeur like me can bunk anywhere, but you've got to retire from the world to mourn properly. Gosh! Why didn't I think of that before? You ought to have a maid."

"But we're not going to stay up here."

"We're going to stay until we pull it off and we don't want to attract any more attention than we have to. Women like you don't have swagger chauffeurs and no maids. We've got to do this right or we'll fall down. If I'd thought in time I'd have brought Janet. I'll send for her, by jinks!"

"Who's Janet?"

"An ex-housekeeper of ours. Scotch, and a perfect old clam. Lives with her sister in Brooklyn now. She ran our house for years, and then dad pensioned her. She'll do anything on earth for me and never open her head about it. She saved me many a licking when I was a kid. We can tell her everything, or nothing. She'll scowl, anyhow, but she'll see us through." He chuckled delightedly. "She's so darn respectable, too. We could commit murder and get away with it, with Janet behind us. How do you get to this place by rail?"

They discussed several routes, all involving one or more changes from one road to another, and at last she suggested that Janet could take a through train from New York to Greenfield, where Piggy could meet her with the car, as it was within easy driving distance from their destination.

"That's better," he said. "I'll wire her from Hartford."

Accordingly, he drove to the Hartford station, found the schedule he sought, and telegraphed Miss Janet McDougall to take a certain train the next day for Greenfield, where he would meet her late in the afternoon. He signed it Hemple, which was what she had always called him when his offenses against decorum had been particularly flagrant. It is a Scots word signifying fit for hanging, and would be a sufficient warning to the experienced Janet to keep her own counsel regarding her sudden journey. It would also tell her that the case was urgent.

Pleased with this happy device, he was turning away from the telegraph desk when a heavy hand smote him between the shoulders and a heavy voice boomed jovially:

"Hello, Piggy! What you doing here?"

"Hello, Brick," he returned, inwardly cursing as he shook hands with a former classmate. "Same to you. Off your beat, aren't you?"

"No, my married sister lives here. I thought I saw that red devil-wagon of yours outside."

"Mine?" Piggy opened innocent eyes. "Guess again. I left it at a garage to have the fan belt fixed."

"Like hell you did!" Brainerd Melvin, a red-haired giant with close-set, inquisitive blue eyes, poked him in the ribs, chuckling. "Who's the lady?"

"What lady?"

"Oh, come off, Piggy! Your car's out there with a woman in it."

"Rats!" quoth young Mr. Brazenose scornfully. "Women aren't in my line and you know it, you crazy lunatic. I'm off on a hunting trip with another fellow."

"You don't say!" Melvin looked him over owlishly, and Piggy was smitten with a consciousness that his raiment was more suggestive of Fifth Avenue than of the wildwood.

"We're going to stop at a house or two on the way," he improvised, "and then maybe run on up into Canada, if the weather's good."

"Who's your friend?" Melvin asked, half convinced. "Anybody I know?"

"No. He's an important customer of ours from the West. Waiting for a train?"

"Yes. Jim Lamont's due in a minute or two. Bring your friend up to the house and we'll have a game."

"Wish I could, but we're due in Springfield tonight. Been there now if it hadn't been for that darn belt. I've got to hop along. Glad I met you, Brick."

"Wait a minute and I'll drive you uptown. Jim's train's due now."

Unwilling to rearouse Melvin's suspicions, Piggy waited. Later the three men walked directly past Roberta, who sat motionless and unrevealing, muffled in her black veil.

"That's the car," Melvin said in a low tone.

Piggy glanced at it critically. "Same model as mine. But you must have thought I was off on a sobbing bee, Brick," he added, as they passed on. "That woman's covered with crepe."

Melvin laughed. "Well, you never can tell. Where'd you leave your devil-chaser? I'll drive you around."

"I dunno. Some place near the hotel. Didn't notice the name. Drop me at a drug store, anyhow. I've got to buy some stuff."

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER TWELVE

Breathing more freely when his friends left him, Piggy made certain purchases, and with these under his arm and a wary eye out for acquaintances, returned to Roberta.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," he said, half under his breath, "but I met a man I knew and had to lie like a trooper. Guess I put it over, though. Anyway, I'm primed for 'em now, all right."

"How?"

"Tell you later. Will sandwiches and doughnuts and fruit be enough dinner for you? I've got a thermos bottle of hot coffee and some paper cups. But I'm afraid to tackle a restaurant. I know too darn many people in this neck o' woods."

She said this would satisfy her, and they drove through obscure, deserted streets until the danger of recognition was past. A few miles outside the city he turned into a narrow little-used country lane overhung with trees, and there, sitting on a rug in the glow of the headlights, they made their frugal meal.

"Mind if I call you Bob?" he asked. "I've never had much to do with girls, and there's no sense in calling you Miss Scott, anyhow. You seem just like another fellow."

Her lips twitched at the corners, but she replied: "I don't mind at all. We're partners now, for a little while. What shall I call you?"

"John." He rejoiced that at last a time had come when he could assume, even temporally, a sensible solid-sounding name that a man needn't be ashamed of. "John Anderson."

"My Jo-John?" she flashed back, then bit her lip.

But Piggy, being neither musical nor sentimental, was unfamiliar with the words of the old ballad, and looked blank. "What's that?"

"Nothing. Just a song. Hadn't you better stick to your own initials? Aren't any of your things marked?"

"Gee!" It's luck you thought of that. Well, then, I'll be Peter G. Brown, chauffeur for Mrs. John Smith."

"Oh not John Smith! That's too drab! Let's give hubby a high-sounding first name to make up for the last one. Let's call him Horatio, or Percival. How do you like Sylvester? Or Roland? I think Horatio's best, don't you? Mrs. Horatio Smith. Sounds all right."

"Do you like giddy names like that?" he asked uneasily.

"That depends, Smith calls for something. What does P. G. stand for?"

"Piggy," he gruffly returned, wondering whether she was going to be like other girls, after all.

"But you weren't christened Piggy, were you? Is it short for Pygmalion? Don't tell me it's Pygmalion Galatea!"

Percival Galahad Brazenose exploded "Oh good Lord! Haven't girls got any sense at all? Pygmalion! Rats!"

"Well, Peter's a perfectly good name." Perceiving that she had unwittingly touched a sensitive spot, she instantly veered away. But curiosity waxes and grows strong on prohibitions, and Roberta's mind ran rapidly through a list of improbable P's—Plantaganet, Phineas, Philemon, Peregrine, Philander—wondering with which he had been cursed. Piggy changed the subject.

"Do you know how to dye hair?"

"Good heavens, no!" Why?"

"I got some dye." He pulled a bottle from his pocket. "Meeting Brick Melvin threw a scare into me. It would mess things up like the deuce if anybody recognized me. There isn't time to get a wig, and anyhow it might be a giveaway. You can generally spot 'em a block off. So I thought of dye, but I'm not sure I can put it on myself. I got a pencil to blacken my eyebrows, too."

Chuckling over the brilliancy of this idea, they studied the directions in the glare from the road lights. Piggy took off his coat and collar and produced a comb and brush from a bag, Roberta contributed a towel for his shoulders, and then, slowly, carefully she invested him with raven locks afterward darkening his eyebrows with the pencil.

No apprehension that the one stain might be less easily removable than the other dimmed their enthusiasm. Nor is it likely, even had doubt entered their minds, centered as they were upon the exigencies of the situation, that it would have influenced their action. For, however they might enliven life's surface with persiflage, the divine insanity of noble minds, and deep within their souls each felt that they were bound upon a sublime crusade. Not that either of them would have relished hearing their expedition described in these terms. Were they not modern? And above all else, practical? Undeniably they were young.

(To be continued)

DINNER STORIES

A young man in a collegiate suit with wide bottom trousers said to a clerk in a music store:

"What jazz tune is that girl playing in the back of the store?"

"That ain't no tune," the girl replied, "that's one of the clerks dustin" of the piano."

A story about an autocratic society leader of New York comes from the Riviera.

A multi-millionaire succeeded in getting himself presented to the lady one day at Ciro's in Monte Carlo, but she never recognized him thereafter. This annoyed the multi-millionaire very much, and he got a young lady to intercede for him.

"Really, Mrs.——," thus ran the young lady's intercession, 'the man is really not such a ba'd sort. A diamond in the rough, you know."

"Yes, I know," said the dowager. "That's why I'm cutting him."

While awaiting her turn at the Palace, Tessie, of Eddie and Tessit, novelty song and dance artists, picked up an evening paper. Tessies eye fell on an item which, under a glaring headline told of a court decision awarding damages of $20,000 to a chorus girl for a single kiss. Borrowing a pencil, she began figuring furiously.

"What now?" her father remarked. When he finished the newspaper story he said, "And now how much does it come to?"

"Exactly $64.745," answered Tessie.

"At $20,000 a kiss I see."

"That isn't what I'd make, you poor dear. What do you think I am? That's what my income tax would be."