

## The Story Chenoworth Tells

By ELINOR MARSH

Miss Marjorie Mackenzie emerged from a mammoth department store and looked about for a taxicab.

There were several automobiles drawn up to the sidewalk. Miss Mackenzie inquired of several chauffeurs whether they were disengaged, receiving answers from some that the conveyances they drove were private, from others that they were waiting for persons in the store. At the end of the line a young man sat in his car reading a newspaper. Miss Mackenzie approached him, and the first thing he knew of her presence was hearing a very well modulated voice ask:

"Is this cab engaged?"  
The young man looked up into Miss Mackenzie's liquid eyes. He did not reply at once, but when he did he asked where the young lady wished to go. She said that she desired to go home, giving him her street and number. He hesitated a moment, then said he thought he could take her there and get back to the store before a lady he was waiting for should finish her shopping.

Miss Mackenzie was about to step into the rear part of the vehicle when she paused and said that she always preferred to ride in front. The chauffeur thereupon opened the door beside him, and the lady entered by that opening.

"It's a beautiful morning, miss," the chauffeur remarked.

"Indeed, it is. If you were not engaged I would have you take me to the park."

"I think I can do that and get back to the store before the lady I am driving finishes her shopping. It always takes her a long while."

"Well, if you think you won't get into trouble you can take me for a ride."

The chauffeur drove to the end of the park, turned and drove back, turned again and again driving back and forth. An hour had been consumed, during which Miss Mackenzie was so pleased with the park scenery, the vehicles glittering in the sunshine, and the conversational powers of her companion, remarkable for a chauffeur, that she supposed but ten minutes had elapsed. She asked the driver if his fare would not likely be through her shopping and need him, but he said she had told him he would have to wait a long while for her, and he entered upon another hour's drive, at the end of which he deposited the lady at her home. On handing him his fare she asked him if she could not use his cab occasionally, to which he replied

that she could and gave her his telephone number, telling her to call for Charlie.

After that Miss Mackenzie called frequently for Charlie, taking long rides with him, paying liberally therefor, with an occasional tip for himself. One afternoon when he called for her an elderly lady was in the cab.

"I must apologize for my presence," she said. "Charlie is my favorite chauffeur as well as yours. When I asked him to take me to my sister's this afternoon he said that he was engaged to take you out. I told him that he might take me in for a half hour, dropping me at my destination. You must not blame him."

Miss Mackenzie got into the back seat with the lady, who made herself so agreeable that the girl forgave her for what she had done. The lady seemed to take a desperate fancy to her and when they parted asked for her address. Miss Mackenzie gave it cheerfully, and as soon as the cab had turned a corner Charlie pulled up, and she took the seat beside him.

"Is that the lady you were waiting for," she asked, "when I hired you the first time?"

"Yes, miss."

A week later Miss Mackenzie received a note from Mrs. Chenoworth, the lady who had divided the cab with her, expressing her appreciation of the girl's kindly assent to that intrusion and inviting her to dinner. Miss Mackenzie was a bit uncertain about accepting an invitation on so short an acquaintance, but the lady had seemed to be a refined person and Miss Mackenzie had been much pleased with her. So she accepted.

On the evening of the dinner Charlie was telephoned for, and when he pulled up in front of the house, although the evening was warm, he wore an overcoat buttoned from the throat to his ankles. On reaching Mrs. Chenoworth's Miss Mackenzie, after handing Charlie the customary fee, with a tip for himself, went into the house, was received by the hostess and, having removed her wraps, the two sat conversing in the drawing room waiting for dinner to be announced.

But a few minutes had elapsed when a young man in evening dress walked into the room.

Was Miss Mackenzie dreaming? Surely that immaculately attired young man could not be Charlie. Nevertheless he was Charlie and smilingly advanced with outstretched hand to Miss Mackenzie.

"Charlie is my son," said Mrs. Chenoworth, "as well as my chauffeur. He forced me to hire a cab to get home the morning he was driving you in the park. I concluded that if I wished his services I would need to make your acquaintance in order that we could the better arrange for a divided service."

Charlie Chenoworth tells the story as to how he got his wife with great gusto.

## MAKING HISTORY

Only It Pertained to Two  
Persons Instead of  
a Nation

By ALAN HINSDALE

I was driving my auto along a country road, enjoying the constantly changing scenery. The spring had developed into summer; the leaves on the trees were full blown, birds were singing in the trees, a range of distant hills stood soft and mellow against the horizon, light, fleecy clouds sailed lazily over an azure sky.

I am one of those who love to ride slowly, that I may see each vista, each landscape, near objects, enjoying them while I look. I have no patience with those who must be always tearing along so rapidly that no sooner does one get an eye on a green velvet slope with cattle feeding upon it than, presto! it has vanished and its place is taken by a ragged height covered with scrub trees, past which the road may be so uneven as to require a three mile an hour gait. Such drivers will get over twenty miles of beautiful scenery in a jiffy, to drag and jolt along beside a quarry or a street lined with hovels.

On this summer morning of which I speak my heart had been warmed by the beautiful decked sunlight beside the road, and I felt especially charitable toward all the world. I was motoring along a narrow dirt road, but extremely smooth, lined with a broad space of turf on either side to the fences, when I saw before me a feminine figure whose lines and dress indicated that she was a young girl. She was carrying a satchel of ample dimensions on her arm and used a staff. When I came up with her I brought my machine almost to a standstill, she turned her face toward me, and I noticed that it was comely.

"Shall I give you a lift?" I asked.  
"Thank you, sir, I have far to go and am weary," she replied with that Scotch accent which in a woman is especially musical, though from a man the words usually come like bullets from the muzzle of a pistol.

She was about to climb into the rear seat when I opened the forward door, and she took the seat beside me.

"Where do you go?" I asked.

"I dinna know at present," she answered. "I am to meet my brother at Medbury. Where we shall go from there I canna tell."

I got out my road map, asked the girl to unfold it and while I held the wheel with one hand held the map with the other. I saw that Medbury was a matter of ten miles as the crow flies, but it was fifteen by road and nearly thirty by such roads as would be suitable to an auto.

"At what hour do you expect to meet your brother?" I asked.

"This afternoon."  
It was 9 o'clock in the morning. I was not required to be at any particular place at any particular time. There was plenty of time to get the girl to her destination before she was due there. She was pretty, her voice was very sweet, and I saw no reason why I should not enjoy her companionship for the greater part of the day instead of riding alone.

I jogged along till we came to a fork in the road, and as I was about to turn into the right road the girl made a move to alight, saying that her route lay over the left road, which was only a lane. I told her that I would take her to her destination over motorable roads, and she consented. Again I examined my road map and laid out a course involving a fifty mile ride, and since I preferred a slow gait we would make Medbury at noontime. As we rolled along I led my companion to talk about herself, for I felt some curiosity concerning her. She was not dressed as a farmer's daughter, and, although her accent was Scotch, it was not a peasant accent. I could not understand why so refined a person should be trudging along on foot, and I did not consider the lonely roads a proper place for a young girl to be unattended.

During our conversation she gave me her name as Edith MacDownell. Her father and mother had come to America from Scotland when she was

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about ten years old, which accounted for her retaining only a portion of the dialect of her native country. Her father had been a landed proprietor to a very limited extent in Scotland and, having been seized with the desire to extend his possessions, had sold his property and come to America, where the proceeds of the sale would purchase a more extended domain. But it did not appear from what the girl told me that he had utilized his American acres except in devoting some of them in the cultivation of fruit.

As we do not realize that we are making history, so we do not recognize in small events that we are shaping our lives. I often revert to that pleasant summer day when I took into my auto for a lift a girl I had never seen before, intending at the start to set her down where our paths diverged; how I resolved to make her my companion for a ride; how she communicated to me a brief statement as to her social position. It was under the warm sunshine, tempered by a delicious cool breeze, while we rolled along through a beautiful country that I was making history for myself as well as the girl beside me.

In remembering the several small incidents that were tending to divert my life's path from what it had thus far been I have often thought that the matter of good roads played an important part. Had the roads been stony or filled with hollows my attention would have been necessarily fixed on them and my temper would have been sorely tried. Instead the roads were perfect. For miles the dirt roads were dry and hard packed. When we entered upon the turnpikes they were either covered with the finest stone or were of asphalt. My machine worked to perfection. On these accounts I was not only able to give my whole attention to my fair companion, but my heart was free to warm to her.

The history that I was making for myself and my companion was in a way more important to her than to myself. But why this was so I did not learn for a long while afterward. During that eventful day I set her down as a most demure Scotch lassie in whom there was no disposition to act for herself. Indeed, she impressed me as barely having escaped from the nursery.

At noontime we came upon a grove in which stood a cottage, with a sign, Wildwood inn. There were rude tables in the grove, and I inferred that a luncheon would be obtainable, so I turned my machine into the place. A woman with a white cap and apron came out, and I asked her to produce the best she had in her larder.

That luncheon tastes delicious whenever I think of it to the present day. There was an omelet fit for the gods, biscuits such as were never made before north of Mason and Dixon's line, so light that I almost feared they would fly up among the branches of the trees above us before I could get them to my mouth. As for the butter, I doubt if it had been churned an hour. A heartier course was spring chicken served with cucumbers, so that the heat of one was nullified by the coolness of the other, while both heat and coolness were enjoyable. A cup of tea smoothed by the richest cream was what we drank; for dessert a great dish of strawberries as large as walnuts. And all the while I was looking into a pair of brown eyes opposite me and listening to a musical voice.

One thing more of a different kind was needed for our history making. It was not important except in a small way; there was nothing heroic, scenic, lurid, romantic about it. Indeed, it was very commonplace. A punctured tire. Nothing more, nothing less. Who would suppose that so unromantic a happening should have been the cap-

stone of incidents shaping the lives of two human beings? Nevertheless it was.

Never before had I driven without an extra tire. I would not have been without one this time had there not been a delay in filling an order. I had expected one to be delivered to me that morning. It had not arrived, and I was obliged to set out without it. Thank heaven that it was not forthcoming!

I had barely started from the Wildwood inn when one of my forward wheels was let down on the road. Fortunately we were so near the inn that my companion could go back there to wait while I tried to extricate myself from the dilemma. A short distance down the road was a house, where I found a telephone, but I spent a long while before I could get a man to come from a garage with implements to repair the break. And it would not be safe to use the tire for an hour or two after he had done so. It was 3 o'clock before the patch was put on and half past 4 before I dared start again. Then I drove back to the inn and informed Miss MacDownell that we were twenty miles from Medbury, and since I dare not strain the newly patched tire we should have to proceed slowly over such portions of the road that were inferior. It might be 6 o'clock before we reached the place.

"How long will it take to go home?" she asked.

"I can get you back to where I overtook you in an hour," I said.

"Take me home. I dinna care to go to Medbury now."

"Will you be too late to find your brother?"

"I dinna care to go there now," was all I could get out of her.

We were fortunate in reaching her home without further mishap. When we came near the house my companion left me and went on alone. Before parting I arranged for a call and another ride. The call I made at an early date, and after that we had many rides together.

One matter turned up a mystery. It soon came out that Edith had no brother. Upon my accusing her of having deceived me she confessed that on the morning I took her into my auto she was going to meet a lover for an elopement.

It was then that I understood her words, "I dinna care to go there now." And this is why I have said that I was making history more for her than for myself. She changed her intended husband during our ride.

It turned out well for her that I invited her to ride and that the bursting of the tire delayed our reaching Medbury as it did. Had she arrived there at the time appointed she would not have found the man she had expected to meet, for he had no intention of keeping the appointment. Some years after our marriage I learned through friends of my wife that the man with whom she had expected to elope had at that time already more wives than the law allowed. He had been born a gentleman, but was the black sheep of the family. The reason why she wouldn't have found him at the appointed place was that wife No. 2 had got wind of his intention and had had him jailed. I never allowed my wife to know how serious a fate she escaped.

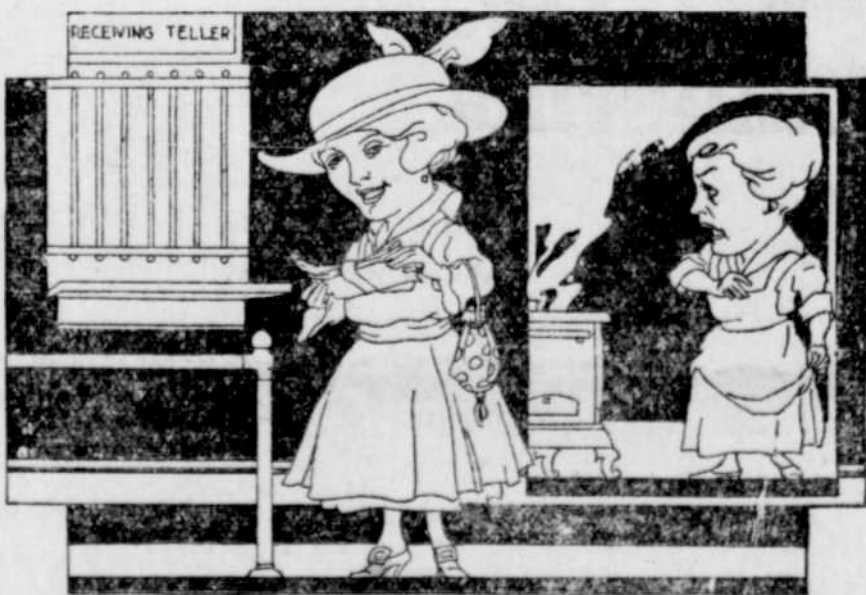
How He Lost Out.

"I've decided not to marry him."

"Why not?"

"He took me out to dinner last night and gave so many instructions to the waiter as to how he wanted the meat cooked and the courses served that I made up my mind there'd be no living with a man as fussy as that."—Detroit Free Press.

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