

# The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

WNU Service  
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## THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—On a certain morning Monday, Miss Constance Fuller, cataloguer and seller of rare books at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop of lower Fourth avenue, New York, noticed that the first customer who enters the store, at half-past nine, is a dignified, white-bearded old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." After a while Peter Burton, one of the employees who has been out on a buying trip, comes in with a pathetic tale of woe.

CHAPTER II.—Peter amazes Constance by telling her he paid \$500 at an auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out in the store.

"The station guard got her, right away, because I cried and Brandon ran! She telegraphed for Peter, and he came for me late in the evening. I was so-o-o glad to see him! And then, as he and the Travelers' aid lady and I were crossing the station to the New York train—will you believe me?—there was Brandon again, snooping behind a bench! Well, like a fool—I suppose because I was so nervous—I screamed."

"Why did he come back?" I couldn't help puzzling aloud.

"I give up," confessed Nancy. "Did he think I would ever, ever, ever, in this world or the next, forgive him for trying to get rid of me, after he'd asked me to go off with him? Well, anyway, there he was."

"What did he do?"

"Run, of course."

"And I suppose Peter gave chase?"

"Yes; he overtook him, and they had a dreadful fight right there in the station, but Brandon got away, and Peter got arrested, and came home only this morning. The Travelers' aid lady brought me home. And on the train," whispered Nancy, in an awestruck tone, as the last fragment of pastry vanished, "the queerest thing of all happened!"

"What was it?"

"You see I cried so much I had to have a clean handkerchief. I opened my suitcase to get one, and inside were Peter's gray tweed suit and collars and razors and things and a crumpled old leather law book!"

"Nancy! Was it really Peter's suitcase all the time, and not yours?"

"You get the point at once. I hadn't noticed it before, because I hadn't been carrying the bags; anyway, the two suitcases are just ordinary black leather ones, much alike. I haven't had time yet to figure out how they got changed, but at least I changed them back again when I got home. Come on, let's go and look at that flat."

I summoned Ernesto, and explained to him that Miss Burton was desirous of inspecting his vacant apartment. By the happiest of coincidences, she and her brother were now seeking new living-quarters and shared his contempt for the subway. Ernesto promptly led us forthwith up two steep flights of stairs, and into a sunny front suite of three small rooms, made by cunning partitioning out of one former enormous apartment.

Nancy eyed with cool appraisal the furniture in the living-room, punched the mattresses, rattled the pot in the kitchenette, and discussed terms with Ernesto. She had not kept house for a refined, genteelly poor widowed father for nothing. Finally:

"Who else lives here?" she inquired.

"In the rear apartment, just behind me," replied Ernesto. "Me, my wife, my four children. Never will you be lonely! Below" he paused with an air of climax—"lives Mr. Grosvenor!"

"Who's he?" demanded Miss Manhattan, with unshaken morale.

"Most distinguished gentleman! He owned this house, long ago. It was his father's. He sold to me, I rent him one floor, so all his life he lives in one house. Think, for New York!"

"Is he nice?" inquired Nancy.

"Sure! I tell you, most distinguished! Miss Grosvenor, also. They are very quiet lady and gentleman, and most distinguished! Nobody else lives here; everybody nice!"

"Well, I guess if my brother and I will do, we'll come," decided Nancy, and with her breath-taking speed snatched a ten-dollar bill from her purse and thrust it at Ernesto. He hustled downstairs ahead of us to make out the receipt for the deposit.

"Nancy," I remonstrated feebly, "wouldn't it be better to wait and let Peter come and see—? Suppose he doesn't—"

"Certainly he will like it! He's got to; I took it on his account—so convenient, right in our business neighborhood! I am perfectly positive it is going to be just the right place for us!"

So they were coming there. But most of Nancy's previous judgments filled me with a curious apprehension that somehow it was going to be just the wrong place for them. My luncheon enterprise had certainly been successful in convincing Nancy that all is not necessarily over at seventeen; nevertheless, it had filled me with an inexplicable sinking feeling which even the affectionate God-speed of Ernesto failed to dispel.

## CHAPTER IV

### Exit Bookplate

It was very quiet in the shop. Daisy Abbott, noting my entrance, stole forward, loaded to the guards with important news.

"That poor old gentleman! He died at one o'clock, Mr. Case told us."

"Without recovering consciousness?" I inquired, spreading out my index cards as a gentle hint that I would be alone.

"Yes; and nobody knows who he is. And employees are not to talk about the accident, Miss Fuller. And, oh, that girl who gave the alarm! She's still unconscious, the hospital people say. Isn't this the most exciting and awful thing you ever had happen to you?"

I agreed fervently; and Daisy evaporated, giving me a chance, while finishing my index, to reflect on the many strange events connected with that mysterious old law book now up in Mr. Darrow's office.

How many persons had shown interest in it! Peter Burton; his unknown rival bidder at Richmond, "that girl," whoever had broken open Peter's suitcase in the hotel, and now the polite and handsome Brandon Tower! For under whose auspices, if not his, had Nancy's suitcase suddenly become Peter's? "Elopement," for sooth! He had not had even the slightest design against her! His proposal to elope was nothing but a pretext to enter the Burton house; for Nancy, with her artless narrative of Peter's Richmond trip, had informed him exactly where the law book was—of whose existence and value he was evidently somehow aware all ready. Then in the number of the book fanciers was the poor old gentleman of the law alcove.

Yet was it sensible to assume that out of the hundreds of books there, he had specially wanted Carlisle's "Notes"? But if not, why was the girl who had a vital interest in that very book, so extraordinarily upset when she found the old man dying? Why did she cry, "Keep it for me?"

Now, whatever value it had was as an antique, and for law-book collectors. As the book itself was not a valuable trophy, could there be anything about the plate that might have influenced the searcher of Peter's suitcase?

I resolved to presume on the fact of being one of the employees Mr. Darrow spoke to; to ascend to his office; and to ask his secretary to let me see Carlisle's "Notes." Incidentally, I intended to get a look at that bookplate, myself.

I rang for the elevator. Down it clanked with unheard-of promptness, and out stepped Mr. Case and a tall young man, a stranger.

"Ah, Miss Fuller," said Mr. Case, "of course you're unfailingly ready for us. This is Captain Ashland, Mr. Darrow's nephew. He's been looking us over for an hour or so already, and by the way of a climax, has come to see your famous card index. Miss Fuller, sir, can give you more exact information than anyone else here regarding our cataloguing methods."

"Quite so!" murmured Captain Ashland, agreeably; "and of course I am here in search of information, and instruction."

With all the enthusiasm I did not feel on being thus baffled by a person so surprising that he could reach an appointment ahead of time, I led the way to my desk. The captain promptly revealed other surprises. His opening remarks had certainly not been recalcitrant, and he did not look any more complacent than any other keen, prosperous young man in the late twenties. He was dark-haired, clean-shaven, slightly stooped; he had a brilliant rosy complexion, rather small, very sharp twinkling gray eyes, half-concealed behind tight spectacles with tiny black rims, and a most amiable expression, in which composure was the leading characteristic.

Moreover, I soon saw that while I might introduce him to new mechanical devices, I could learn far more than I taught, about rare books and literary curiosities. He had been too severely wounded, it seemed, in the Somme offensive in 1916, ever to return to the front. He had therefore turned—rebelliously, I judge, at that hour of history—to acquire a thorough knowledge of his ancestral business. I got a further jar when I saw him take promptly to our rainbow card system.

In listening to his modest but authoritative conversation, for the first time that day I forgot my troubles, and what was still better, other people's. And then suddenly a vivid blaze of life and color came lighting down the aisle of the old, dim bookshop, which had that very morning been the scene of sinister tragedy: Nancy, with her bright blue eyes, her waving chestnut hair, her peach-elm-clad feet and her apple-green frock. Under her left arm was pressed a thin octavo volume bound in calfskin.

"Pardon me, Miss Fuller; I have a message from Mr. Darrow for you," she began carefully and importantly, as if repeating a formula she had been taught. "Will you kindly remove the bookplate from this book, and have it

and the book advertised for sale, separately, in the trade press?"

Consumed with curiosity, I took the book. A shiny black label pasted on the back bore the gilt-lettered title:

## NOTES

on  
Medical Statutes  
in the  
Virginia  
Code

W. Carlisle  
1810

"You're sure the message is correct?" I inquired. "I understood this book had already been ordered by the Legal federation."

Nancy's red lips parted in an excited titter.

"They won't take it!"

I was stricken dumb by this devastating information.

"It's too expensive!" confided Nancy with most interesting indiscretion. Captain Ashland was observing her composedly, and with that close attention one bestows on a remarkable foreigner, and I sensed that the next minute she would spill out, giving due credit for same, his uncle's possibly hectic remarks on learning that he had for once overreached himself.

Heavens! Had Ulysses hit the bull's eye again? For Mr. Darrow had certainly lost some money! I gave Nancy a look that frost-bit even her giggle.

"Very well; go to Miss Wilkes, and tell her I will follow Mr. Darrow's instructions. Do you understand, Miss Burton?"

Nancy nodded and retired. I turned toward the captain with the book.

"Here," I remarked, "is a curiosity you'll be glad, I believe, to have crossed the ocean to see. It's a Colfax bookplate."

"I say! that would be a find—an American Colfax!" ejaculated Captain Ashland, almost excitedly. He rose and came around the desk beside me. "Let us see it!"

I opened the first cover, and our eyes rested on the owner's label glued inside, that eagerly sought prize, I recalled, of so many pursuers. It was evident at once that this was what is called a pictorial plate; that is, one with the design in the form of a picture, as opposed, for an instance, to a coat of arms or an allegorical design. Collectors can often tell promptly, also, the nationality of the plate and its artist. In this case the serpent shaped in a capital "C" had guided Peter in identifying the work as that of Colfax, thus making the picture out as of English origin, and fixing its date somewhere in the late Eighteenth or early Nineteenth century.

The design depicted in the foreground a table on which stood an alembic, or old distilling vessel, a skull, a scalpel and other small instruments of scientific appearance. The three objects named were, I knew, purely conventional symbols, often used. They announced, despite the absence of an owner's name, that this had been a physician's bookplate. But from this point the plate took on more originality, for in the distant background of the picture appeared a seascape, where a frigate under full sail floated on the waves. The sides of the picture were framed by two Greek columns of conventional classic style, which formed an attractive setting for the drawing.

It was a most interesting bookplate skillfully drawn, of charming design full of tantalizing clues to what one's curiosity as to who had been the long-departed owner, what the story of a life that in some way had combined science with adventure, a century or more ago. Yet, ten seconds after my eyes had rested on it, I was filled with consternation. I felt my face turning cold; it was from the chill of regretful disappointment that began to emanate from Captain Ashland, as he, too, gazed at the bookplate in silence? Finally I stole one glance at him, praying that my judgment might have made an error, however awful, after all. But he shook his head, slowly yet decidedly; and then confirmed my fears with the authoritative verdict:

"It's a forgery!"

I knew it. Every sign pointed to it and chagrin overwhelmed me. The captain, while disappointed, was philosophic.

"It's sad to have high hopes dashed," he remarked; "but this paper's modern, its color's wrong, the design's not really characteristic of Colfax's style, and—I say! This really is a drawing, not an impression from a plate. By Jove, though, it's clever! I hardly wonder the buyer was deceived."

"Especially as he's just beginning to have enough experience for such work," said I, quickly; "and one way at least, no harm has been done. Mr. Burton hasn't said anything official about his 'find.' I'm the only person here to whom he mentioned it. He knew I'd be interested, on account of my special work."

"Quite so," assented the captain with discreet understanding; "but won't the poor chap be so end surprised when you tell him the truth?"

I was plunged into gloom by the prospect. A moment of silence was shattered by the clatter of the descending elevator, wherein, as it hung a moment above the alcoves, we could see Mr. Roberts and a stranger. Darrow was full of strangers and strange things today. I sighed involuntarily; and the captain said with very pleasant warmth:

(To be Continued)

## Eliminating Duplication in U. O. and O. A. C. is Step in Right Direction

University of Oregon, Eugene—(Special)—Prospective students planning to attend one of the higher institutions of learning maintained by the state of Oregon can now see at a glance just what work is offered at both the University of Oregon and Oregon Agricultural College by the catalogs issued by the two for this year. According to a recent ruling of the board of higher curricula this information is printed in the front of the catalog for each institution, and it appears in the University of Oregon catalog just issued.

Announcements of both schools indicate plainly what schools and departments grant degrees, and which of the departments are "service departments" with courses offered only as supplementary to other departments.

At the University of Oregon degrees are granted in the college of literature science and the arts, in the graduate school, and in the following professional schools: architecture and allied arts, business administration, education, journalism, law, medicine physical education, sociology, and Portland school of social work. Degree granting departments of the college of liberal arts include biology and its divisions, chemistry, economics, English geology, Germanic languages, Greek, history, Latin, mathematics, military science, philosophy physics, political science, psychology Romance languages.

The university has one service department, plainly specified as such. This is household arts, of which the catalog says, "No major work and no professional training is given in this department and no degrees are granted."

The agricultural college, according to its statement, grants degrees in the school of agriculture, department of chemical engineering, school of commerce, school of engineering and mechanical arts, school of forestry, school of home economics, department of military science and tactics, school of mines, school of pharmacy a school of vocational education.

The agricultural college announcements lists the "school of basic arts and sciences and other departments" and says of this classification, "In these departments no major work is offered and no degrees are granted." Departments are art and rural architecture, bacteriology, botany and plant pathology, chemistry, English language and literature, entomology, history, mathematics, modern languages, physics, public speaking and dramatics, zoology, industrial journalism, library practice, music and physical education for men and women. Education and psychology are listed as service departments under the school of vocational education.

According to the announcements the agricultural college awards the degrees of bachelor of science to undergraduates and master of science to graduate students. The university awards degrees of bachelor of arts, bachelor of science, bachelor of business administration, bachelor of architecture, bachelor of science in journalism to undergraduates; and master of science, master of arts, master of business administration, master of architecture, master of fine arts, and doctor of philosophy in the graduate school.

The work of the research and extension divisions of each institution is also clearly defined. Under "research" the university lists the bureau of research, the bureau of educational research, departments of graduate school, surveys and investigations by the extension division. The agricultural college lists the agricultural experiment station, engineering experiment station and graduate work in degree granting divisions of the college. In commerce, graduate work is only allowed in agricultural economics and rural sociology, since according to the ruling, the University of Oregon offers the only advanced work in business administration given in the state.

The work of the extension services of both institutions is also outlined. Work leading to degrees of bachelor of arts, bachelor of science, master of arts and master of science may be taken through the university extension service, and through correspondence. Extension work at the agricultural college is limited to lectures, demonstrations and conferences, for which no college credit is given.

The publishing of the comparative statements has long been sought by Governor Patterson, as a step in the program of eliminating duplication in the two institutions. The publication also serves to assist students in deciding in which institution to enter.

J. T. Turner and family enjoyed a chicken dinner Sunday at the home of his mother in Beaverton.

Wilma Mason is now employed at the Aloha Mercantile store.

J. H. Buck and family spent the week-end at Cannon beach.

## JEWELS WILL BE PRESENTED SATURDAY

The next meeting of the Tigard I. O. O. F. lodge promises to be of unusual interest, when jewels will be given those who have been members of this lodge for over 25 years.

The lodge will open and close in regular form after which there will be an open meeting and the Rebekahs will join to witness the presentation of jewels.

Beavertonians are hoping that the change of management in our local baseball team will have the desired results of producing a winning club!

## VERBOORT DEFEATS

TIGARD A. C.  
By A. J. Ellison

The Verboort team defeated Tigard in the fastest and most exciting game played on the local field all season.

Wonderful fielding by the Verboort infield robbed the Tigers of many hits, while Meewusen pitched extraordinary ball, allowing only four hits, and striking out 16 batters.

Many times during the game Tigard had chances to score but could not hit in the pinch, or any other time for that matter.

Verboort scored first in the first inning on Van Pomelien double and Darcy's single, another in the second when J. Sohler dented the plate while W. Kemper brought in one in the third. Reisbeck settled down then and pitched good ball, setting them down one, two, three until the eighth when R. Kemper was called safe on a close decision on first base and scored on Darcy's three-base hit to right field. Darcy scored on W. Sohler's hit, making a total of five runs, just too many for the local players to overcome. Newman and Young scored in the fourth and local players to overcome. Newman fifth respectively.

It was a good fast game with many wonderful stops and catches. Both teams played bang up ball throughout.

The Tigard fans had the chance to watch several new plays perform, namely Wohlgemuth, our new catcher, Newman, who is one of the fastest players in the league, at second, and Saur in right field.

Next Sunday Tigard plays Beaverton on the local grounds, the game starting at 2:30 sharp.

The score:

|                 | R  | H | E |
|-----------------|----|---|---|
| Verboort        | 5  | 6 | 2 |
| Tigard A. C.    | 2  | 4 | 2 |
|                 | AB | R | H |
| Newman, 2b      | 5  | 1 | 0 |
| Schwister, 1b   | 4  | 0 | 0 |
| Young, ss       | 4  | 1 | 1 |
| Wohlgemuth, c   | 4  | 0 | 0 |
| Saur, rf        | 4  | 0 | 0 |
| Atterbury, 3b   | 3  | 0 | 0 |
| Butler, cf      | 3  | 0 | 0 |
| Christensen, lf | 4  | 0 | 1 |
| Reisbeck, p     | 4  | 0 | 1 |
| Rucker          | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Cole            | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Total           | 36 | 2 | 4 |

Rucker hit for Butler in ninth. Cole hit for Atterbury in ninth.

|                      | AB | R | H | E |
|----------------------|----|---|---|---|
| Leo Van Pomelien, 3b | 4  | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| W. Kemper, ss        | 4  | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| R. Kemper, 1b        | 4  | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Darcy, c             | 4  | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| W. Sohler, cf        | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| J. Sohler, 2b        | 4  | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Meewusen, p          | 4  | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Van Dyke, lf         | 3  | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Van Pomelien, rf     | 3  | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Bander, if           | 1  | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Vander Sander, rf    | 1  | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Total                | 36 | 5 | 6 | 2 |

## FAIRVALE LOSES, 11 TO 3

Fairvale, Ore., June 4.—Duniway Park defeated Fairvale here Sunday by an 11 to 3 score in a Tualatin Valley league game. Wollert of Duniway starred, striking out 10 Fairvale batsmen.

The score:

|          | R  | H  | E |
|----------|----|----|---|
| Duniway  | 11 | 14 | 1 |
| Fairvale | 3  | 5  | 3 |

## ST. PHILLIPS WINS AGAIN

Sherwood, Ore., June 4.—St. Phillips entered the second half of the Tualatin Valley league season with another win here Sunday, defeating the Brickyard nine, 10 to 0. It was the eighth straight victory for the Saints. Tony Peccia and Ben Sherman were the hitting stars.

The score:

|              | R  | H | E |
|--------------|----|---|---|
| St. Phillips | 10 | 8 | 2 |
| Sherwood     | 0  | 6 | 4 |

Batteries—J. Rogers and Sherman; J. Luthé, Oswald and Spah.

## RECEPTION GIVEN BY MR. AND MRS. H. A. WEST

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. West gave a reception to all the employees of Red Rock dairy Wednesday evening, June 6, at their home at Tigard. About 100 employees and their wives were present, spending the evening in games, etc. They presented Mr. and Mrs. West with gifts which will be very useful on their coming trip and wished them a very pleasant and successful voyage. They are leaving soon on a trip to Europe. They sail June 16 to be present at the national dairymen's convention at London, England, this being a business as well as pleasure trip.

## TUALATIN STUDENT GRADUATES FROM O.A.C.

OVER 500 IN CLASS

Max Walliser Completes Work for Bachelor of Science Degree in Agriculture

Oregon State Agricultural College, Corvallis, June 7.—Tualatin is represented by Max Walliser in the graduating class of 1928 which totals more than 500. The graduation class is composed of those who have "survived" four years of rigorous work during which their scholarship has been kept high to meet the stiff requirements here. The college does not grant a degree to one whose average is less than a C, even though he may have accumulated sufficient credits.

Walliser has completed work for



MAX WALLISER

a bachelor of science degree in agriculture. The school has won a wide reputation throughout the country, and even the world for the quality of work done, and while it is not the largest in point of numbers of students it annually attracts men and even women—from distant points, some of whom come for graduate work. For the first two years Walliser and the other 48 graduates in the school took a rather general course, and then chose a specialty in one of the departments of animal husbandry, farm crops, horticulture, dairy husbandry, agricultural engineering, poultry husbandry, farm management, and agricultural chemistry, zoology, entomology, botany and plant pathology, economics and education. Women and men both major in landscape gardening under the school of agriculture or in the section of horticultural products.

Aside from completing his regular work, Walliser has taken an active part in campus affairs. He is a member of the Delta Kappa, social fraternity; Kappa Kappa Alpha, honor society in art, vice-president in his third year and president in his fourth; Alpha Zeta, honorary fraternity in agriculture; Ag club; Ag club, vice-president in third and president in his senior year.

## SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR MRS. LENZ

A delightful birthday party was given for Mrs. J. Lenz Tuesday night by her daughter, Mrs. W. Upshaw, and friends.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Upshaw, Helen, Mary, Jane and Estelle Upshaw, Herbert Lenz and wife, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Rummelin, Frances Rummelin, Mrs. H. P. Fister and granddaughter, Rosalie.

Delicious refreshments were served.

## PATRONS SHOULD PAINT NAMES ON MAIL BOXES

Tigard, Route 1, will have a new carrier on the job about the first of July, and some one is likely to misplace their mail if their name is not on the box.

Edward O. Payton of La Grande will have the new route and L. A. Kennedy will go to La Grande where he will be clerk in that post office. Mr. Kennedy has carried mail for nine years, the past year and one-half at Tigard.

## DURHAM COMMERCIAL CLUB ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

The Durham Commercial club met at the school house Friday evening and elected the following officers: Paul Regling, president; A. Williams, secretary and L. Bilyeu, treasurer.

Plans were discussed for a picnic to be held June 15 near the Durham road. Everybody invited to come and bring a well filled basket.

The rabbitry club met May 31 at the Bilyeu home. Mrs. Walker, the club leader, gave a lecture on feeding. Most of the children had been feeding too much grain.

Mrs. George Wise, who had her tonsils removed last week, is recovering slowly.

O. Owrey and family will leave next week for Walla Walla, Wash., where they will make their home.