

The Colfax Bookplate

By
AGNES MILLER

WNW Service
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THE STORY

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

Himself as greatly surprised and
shocked at the accident.

"I had not seen Mr. Grosvenor for
some months," said Mr. Ballard. "My
occasional transactions for him ex-
tended over the last ten years, since
his retirement from business. He had
no family but two grandchildren, who
are cousins. One of them, Miss Julia
Grosvenor, so unhappily the discoverer
of this distressing attack on her
grandfather, is a most charming and
attractive young lady, and recently re-
turned from completing her profes-
sional education in Italy. The other
is a young man named Charles Mac-
Ivor, who, I believe, does not live in
New York."

"The dead man was rated as being
worth close to a million dollars. The
address of Charles MacIvor could not
be obtained up to a late hour last
night."

I had no quiet moments in the shop
that morning. No yellow notes were
needed to make the staff punctual, or
even ahead of time, that Tuesday.
Daisy Abbott had been the first to
arrive on the scene, and had found a
group of reporters waiting outside
for Mr. Darrow, and a photographer
from Dally Snapshots, who, with
more acumen than some of his con-
freres the correspondents had dis-
played, was taking a picture of Ulysses
as "faithful black identifier of vic-
tims," to quote next day's caption.

Daisy's importance got on every-
body's nerves somewhat, except the
virtually nonexistent ones of Captain
Ashland, who had come down unac-
countably early to join us in gazing
at the scenery. But a happy diversion
was imminent. Suddenly we were
joined by Nancy, looking like the rose
dawn in an extremely new frock, and
followed closely by Peter.

"Do you think this dress is all right,
Constance?" (Constance!) "Don't you
think dark-brown flat crepe is really
much better than blue serge, after all?
I got it down in Grand street, last
night. Of course the skirt's nowhere
near eight inches off the ground, but
how could I possibly let down a knife-
plaited hem—What in the world is the
matter, Peter darling?"

"For Heaven's sake shut up, Nancy!
And if you ever call me that again
here I'll have you fired!" hissed Peter
giving his affectionate sister a high-
fraternal glare. Nancy shot a glance
of solicitude at his handsome purple
countenance, and addressed the meet-
ing:

"He would drink three cups of coffee
this morning! Peter says my coffee is
so good! But three cups do make him
nervous. Still, this morning—the sur-
prise, you know. He needed some-
thing."

"The surprise?" echoed Daisy Ab-
bott, as quick as lightning, in a sweet-
elder-sisterly tone nicely calculated to
give Nancy the encouragement she did
not at all need.

"Oh, you don't know! Why, what
do you all think? That beautiful girl
who fainted right here yesterday lives
in the floor below us in Normandy
terrace!"

"This time I just managed to over-
haul Daisy."

"I think there's something you don't
know, Nancy. I shot in, after a swift
glance at Peter. 'Have you heard
that the old man who was hurt here
yesterday morning has died?'"

"Mercy!" gasped Nancy, for once
astonished. "When? yesterday after-
noon? No, we loyal and disciplined
specimens of young womanhood—
that's what Miss Wilkes says all the
stenographers must be—didn't get told
anything like that. I expect we are
too young. All we knew was that
there'd been an accident. Why didn't
you tell me about the poor old gentle-
man, and not let me talk so much,
Peter, dear?"

"Elevator's waitin'," announced
Ulysses ingratiatingly, at this crucial
instant. Peter hurried his sister into
it, politely waved Captain Ashland in
ahead of him, slammed the door in the
face of the amazed operator, and let
the car shoot up, as the clock struck
nine.

Thinking he had remained down-
stairs to speak to Mr. Case about some
business, I resolved to get a word in
first. But as I turned to call him, he
was already coming down the aisle.

"Whatever am I going to do with
that confounded kid?" he broke out.

"She's most efficient," I sighed.
"though I cannot always follow her
technique. I've a piece of news I hate
to break to you, but here it is: that
Colfax bookplate is a counterfeit.
You were deceived—I almost was. It's
so clever—but it's not an engraving.
It's a drawing."

For a minute Peter looked as if he
had been hit on the head, hard. Then
finally he gasped:

"In that case why does everybody
want it? I'll bet anything that old
man, too, was after it!"

I nearly hugged him! For, inde-
pendently, he had plainly arrived at
the same conclusion which I had
reached, and abandoned as foolish
and had all the time longed to stick
to: namely, that some irresistible in-
terest was inherent in that bookplate
for . . . "everybody!" One other
piece of information I demanded.

"What makes you think the old man
was after the bookplate, Peter?"

"You heard what she said to me!"

Peter's tone showed no overwhelming
respect for my mental processes.
"Keep it . . . for me." She remem-
bered me from Richmond; the only
thing she associated with me was that
book; the thing she wanted in it was
the bookplate, for I saw her exami-
ning it closely. So, naturally, I think
her grandfather—who, you know, col-
lected Virginia books—was after what
she was after. See?"

But I had no time then to hug my
satisfaction. The dear public was tak-
ing unusual interest in our quaint
bookshop where a local citizen had
met his end. Then in the middle of
the morning, Daisy Abbott was dis-



Daisy Abbott Was Discovered in Hys-
terics at Her Desk at the Rear of
the Shop.

covered in hysterics at her desk at the
rear of the shop, and sobbed out the
sad news that Mr. Roberts had just
given her a week's notice. It seemed
that on his early morning tour of in-
spection of the building Mr. Roberts
had found her letting the "Dally Snap-
shots" man take her picture on the
roof, to illustrate an interview for his
special palladium of illerly. Gail-
canting that particular morning, and
disobeying specific orders not to dis-
cuss the accident, rubbed him the
wrong way, and Daisy was out of a
job.

Rain finally brought us some slight
respite with the multitude, and I
seized the chance to start work again
on the rare-book catalogue. I sought
the shelves of the alcove above
where I had been headed the pre-
vious afternoon when interrupted
and while collecting some books I
needed, I heard Daisy's voice.

"Absolutely, I didn't tell him any-
thing; that is, hardly anything," I
heard her mutter fiercely; "nothing
that was a secret, anyhow. You both
heard what she said, just as well as
me!"

"She says to Burton, 'Keep it for
me! Sure, I heard her. That's what
you told him, is it?' Inquired the sym-
pathetic voice of George Henry Dil-
lin. "And for that you get fired!"

"Right! It was indiscreet
and indecorous and officious!
If it wasn't immoral, too, believe me,
I'd like to know what in time this 'it'
thing was, anyhow!"

At this point a volume noted in the
catalogue as "Franklinham, South-
worth: Orations on the State of Na-
tion during the War with Mexico."

A sticker I had resolved to get
rid of this time, or perish, landed on
the floor with a loud crash for which
I promptly apologized around the
corner of the alcove. The apology
was received in the spirit of trust
courtesy, and the session at Daisy's
desk broke up.

I picked up the gallant Franklinham
man, who had come to the rescue of
a lady in distress at the price of an
exceedingly awkward fall, out flat
back upward. And as he left the
floor, he dropped a note at my feet.

It was yellow. It seemed dimly
familiar. I picked it up. It bore a
list of history books, neatly written
in tiny precise letters. Remembrance
of Professor Harrington's visit the
previous day shot across my mind,
for those books were such as he
would buy, and he had retrieved my
yellow note from the waste-basket.
That was all. I crushed it carefully
preparatory to casting it back into
the basket, when suddenly—maybe
because all my nerves were on edge
with yesterday's accident and its in-
creasingly mysterious complications—it
seemed to me that for flimsy sec-
ond-sheet paper that note crushed
stiffly. Feeling curiosity enough to
unfold it, I flattened it out, and turned

it list side down. Yes, it was nothing
but my yellow note. It had been torn
—ah, that was why the crushed paper
had folded stiffly and scraped my
hand. There were three rows of lit-
tle tears on the note, indeed, each
one a series of slits. I wondered
vaguely why Professor Harrington
had concealed his book-list in Fram-
ingham unless he had thought to give
it permanent burial; why he had
chosen to carve a pattern on it. I
stuffed the yellow note into my sweat-
er pocket, and resolved to look at it
again some time when I had no catu-
logue to write.

When I had flitted from shelf to
shelf long enough to collect notes
for nearly two pages of catalogue, a
tinkling of my desk telephone sum-
moned me to Mr. Roberts' office. I
stepped up, as requested, and there
was Mr. Almy.

"Sit down, please, Miss Fuller,"
said Mr. Roberts. "Mr. Almy would
like some information."

Mr. Almy turned his clear gray eye
on me.

"Miss Fuller," he inquired, "what
do you know about this janitor of
yours, Ulysses Jackson?"

"He is always affable; but he gives
out about as much information as a
department of state. I nearly swooned
when he chose to present me with
that clipping last evening."

"How did he come to have it?"

"He said he had seen old Mr. Gros-
venor in the store, and so, when his
picture appeared in the paper, he cut
it out. He has worked here thirty
years, you know, and Darrow's, to
its smallest detail, is his whole life."

"What time did he give it to you?"

"About half-past four, perhaps five
minutes before I landed it to you."

"Then he knew who Mr. Grosvenor
was, long before he said so. Ulysses
should not have held back this infor-
mation. I wonder what made him
do so."

"Well, I believe he got sulky and
held back the information because his
feelings were hurt."

"How were his feelings hurt?"

"Well, for one thing, he was sent
to watch the shipping office door in
stead of being allowed to see all the
excitement in the shop. For another
he alleges that Mr. Case spoke to him
roughly."

"Mr. Case!" ejaculated Mr. Roberts
decidedly stirred.

"Yes, of all people."

"What did he say?" asked Mr.
Almy.

"Ulysses alleges," said I, "that Mr.
Case called him a superstitious old
fool! How, when and where, were
not forthcoming; possibly Mr. Case
was just as excited as the rest of us.
It is, to be sure, quite true that
Ulysses is superstitious. But any-
way, he did a useful thing in iden-
tifying Mr. Grosvenor, however much
he took his time in doing so."

"You may be interested to know,"
observed Mr. Roberts, "something
about the wound suffered by Mr.
Grosvenor."

"Yes, indeed."
"That slashing of his right wrist
snapped a tendon. The doctors be-
lieve it was the pain of this suddenly
broken tendon which made him faint
though an artery had been cut."

"It must have been a very danger-
ous and peculiar wound."

"Yes," said Mr. Almy; "there were
numerous slashes on his wrist, each
about half an inch long. They were
on the inside of the wrist, all parallel
to the base. It was a very strange
wound. The wrist was badly mangled
the wounds had apparently been
made with a small, sharp, thin blade.
Their number certainly gave the im-
pression that the attack was not only
unusual, but spiteful as well. If the
artery was severed, you see, and the
old man rendered unconscious (as
some little time, death would have
inevitably resulted. The purpose of
all those other slashings is not clear."
"Weren't they dangerous . . . or
painful?"

"Only moderately; they would never
have prevented the victim from strug-
gling, or crying for help."

"In that case," I inquired hesitat-
ingly, "mightn't their presence sug-
gest suicide?"

Mr. Almy shook his head.
"Other facts don't bear that rea-
soning out," he answered. "In the
first place, the blow that cut the
artery was dealt swiftly and forcibly
Now, Mr. Grosvenor, the doctors re-
port, had a weak heart and every ap-
pearance of a man who had lived for
years under a heavy nervous strain.
He was also right-handed. He could
not possibly have dealt such a force-
ful blow against his own right wrist.
Then, as you know, the weapon, what-
ever it was, had been removed. Con-
sequently, some one attacked him. It
is my business to find out who that
was. And as I understand you are
willing to assist me in doing so, will
ask you now to remain here while I
try to get some further information."

(To be Continued)

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GRAND CHAPTER O. E. S.

(Continued from 1st page)

Jennie G. Rinehart and Leonora H.
Kerr and associate grand patron Gil-
bert H. Charters were appointed to
carry greetings to the grand lodge,
A. F. & A. M. and their committee
consisted of Past Grand Master Oliver
P. Coshaw, E. B. Beatty and
L. P. Hewitt. The beloved Dr. J.
R. N. Bell, who has made annual
visits to the grand chapter for many
years, was sadly missed from the
delegation and after their departure
the altar was draped in his memory
and tributes were given by George T.
Cochran and Robert A. Miller.

Flowers in corsages, arm bouquets,
and baskets both small and large
were received all during the sessions
with the climax reached Thursday
evening at the installation cere-
monies, when Leonora H. Kerr was
installing officer. Musical numbers
were interspersed through the three
days and evenings, not the least of
which was the singing of "A Per-
fect Day" by the worthy grand mat-
ron at the request of her grand
family and others.

Committees appointed by the new
worthy grand matron are as follows:
Finance, William O. Roberts, Beaver
No. 106; Student Loan, Pauline
Moore Riley, Esther No. 11; Appeals
and Grievances, Mary A. Burdette,
Knowles No. 12; Monnie Hauser,
Chadwick No. 37; Edith Penning-
ton, Silver Wave No. 18; past grand
matron's jewel, Margaret Barnes.

FARM MARKET REPORT

Grain

Wheat crops generally through-
out the northern hemisphere made
good progress last week according
to trade reports and the markets
inclined to weaken. Unofficial esti-
mates now place the Canadian crop
at 400,000,000 bushels. The Italian
crop is figured at 257,000,000 bushels
or the largest on record. The crop
in Tunis is large. These figures in-
dicate that hard spring wheat and
durum will be quite plentiful. There
is a large crop of hard red winter
being harvested in this country. The
principal shortage appears to be in
soft red winter and similar grades
of wheat. The St. Louis market
closed at \$1.77 on No. 2 soft red
winter which was materially lower
than the previous week. Substan-
tial premiums were continued on
high protein. Rye markets were
firm because of the poor prospect
for that grain. Barley was firmer
on the coast with poorer crop pros-
pects but weakened slightly in the
eastern markets and in Europe be-
cause of favorable new crop pros-
pects for feed grains. Flax was
slightly lower.

Hay, Pasture and Feeds

Although hay crops improved in
condition slightly during May, the
crop of both tame and wild hay is
expected to be small. Conditions are
poorest in the North and South
Central states. The western states,
except Montana may have as much
or more hay than last year. Recent
reports indicate steady hay markets
considering seasonal influences in the
east, but rather too much hay being
offered on the coast. Just what ef-
fect the extremely poor alfalfa and
clover prospects in eastern districts
may have on the demand for west-
ern alfalfa for dairy purposes re-
mains to be seen. Pasture condi-
tions improved rather generally dur-
ing May but remain in very poor
condition in North Central states es-
pecially.

Potatoes

Although the acreage of second
early potatoes was increased about
10 per cent commercial production
is now estimated at 6 per cent less
than last year. Arkansas, Missouri
and southern Nebraska show in-
creases, Kansas and Oklahoma de-
creases, while New Jersey, Maryland
and Kentucky are figured about the
same as 1927. Potato shipments have
been running very heavy recently
and the market is extremely unfa-
vorable for growers of early potatoes
and holders of old stock.

Dairy Products

Storage stocks of butter are about
equal 1927 stocks at this date on the
coast but for the entire country
there was on June 1 about 16,000,000
pounds against more than 25,000,000
last year. Cheese stocks were
slightly higher than a year ago.
Butter prices were firm to slightly
higher on best grades at coast
markets last week. Eastern markets
were steady but nervous in the east,
with production increasing slowly
and running about equal to last year
at this time. The foreign markets
continue firm.

Poultry and Eggs

Stocks of frozen poultry on June
1 were about 44,000,000 pounds
against over 61,000,000 last year and
a five-year average of nearly 54,000-
000 pounds. Of turkeys there were
8,371,000 pounds which is slightly
less than a year ago and nearly
1,000,000 pounds under average. Case
eggs totaled 8,162,000 cases against
8,962,000 last year and an average
of 7,735,000 cases on June 1.
Stocks of frozen eggs totaled 68,000-
000 pounds which is less than last
year but well above average. The
Canadian egg and poultry situation
is reported quite firm.

Fruits and Vegetables

The late strawberry crop is ex-

pected to be much smaller than last
year, or nearly 78,000,000 quarts com-
pared to about 100,000,000 last year.
New York expects a decrease of one-
third and Washington and Oregon
together may have 38,000,000 quarts
compared to 53,000,000 last year. The
total strawberry crop is expected to
be about 376,000,000 quarts or 35-
000,000 in excess of the record crop
of 1927. Shipments are decreasing
rapidly and the market is firmer.
Estimates now place the United
States pear crop at 23,130,000 bushels
against 18,072,000 last year and 20-
150,000 the five-year average. About
two-thirds of the pear production is
expected in western states. The
Washington crop is much larger
than last year but Oregon may fall
slightly below the record of the last
two years. Apple prospects are esti-
mated at 72 per cent of normal
against 57 a year ago, 78 two years
ago, and 68 the ten-year June 1
average. Prospects are poorest in
Missouri, Arkansas, Nebraska, Kan-
sas, Oklahoma and Texas where late
frosts caused extensive damage. The
European fruit season is reported
somewhat backward, while economic
conditions are improved; thus it
appears that export apple markets
may be better than expected earlier
in the year. A large peach crop
totaling 64,000,000 bushels is in pros-
pect of which California is estimated
to produce a bumper crop of 25,000-
000 bushels, Washington more than
an average crop, and Oregon slight-
ly less than average. The California
walnut crop condition was officially
reported on June 1 at 63 against 73
a month earlier, 95 a year earlier and
58 on June 1, 1926.

Ain't life wonderful! Now we know
that all those wonderful after-dinner
speeches we've been listening to were
only propaganda for the power trust.

The Southern Cross wasn't a fiery
cross, even if it did have a couple of
100 per cent Americans in it.

GAS COMPANY

NAME NEW STREETS

When the engineer of the Portland
Gas & Coke Co. made a plat of the
proposed mains for gas he found that
many of the streets and avenues in
Tigard were not named. They had

to supply names so as to be able to
file the plat at Hillsboro. Residents
can look at the map now and find
out where they live. The streets now
named are: Pfaffle road, First
avenue, Heintz avenue, Sturm avenue,
Kulm street, Pine street, Smith Lane,
Cherry avenue, Cedar street, Olga
avenue, Oak street, Elm, Spruce, Cen-
ter, Fir street and Crabtree avenue,
named after our genial postmaster.

DIRECTOR AND CLERK RE-ELECTED AT TIGARD

P. B. Case was re-elected direc-
tor and N. P. Nielsen, clerk at the
grade school election at Tigard Mon-
day evening at 8 p. m.

These two gentlemen have handled
the affairs of the school in such an
efficient manner that patrons were
glad to re-elect them.

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