



CURTISS VISITS THE SHOP

The first day in the book shop was one of the most exciting experiences of my life. Arriving early in the morning the first thing I did, towards furthering my business career was to order dainty lavender frocks for Thankful and myself, and so arrayed, we spent the rest of the day getting ready to open the shop to the public the following afternoon.

Of course the shop was not entirely mine but I had the feeling that it would be soon and also I felt that it was not an unreasonable desire which burned in my breast, for while the antiques were charming, with an old-world atmosphere there were none of great value except one original etching and a few rare editions which Captain Tchertkov said he would not sell for any price. We soon discovered that he was a connoisseur of the fine arts and these treasures belonged to a small collection he had managed to save from the glory of the past.

I asked him why he had not disposed of them during that time in Paris when he was so seriously in need of funds. "If I had one, I would just as soon think of selling my child," he replied, in the attractive foreign way he had of rearranging his phrases. I rejoiced that here was one whose passionate and sincere love for beauty was beyond price. His was an intuitive appreciation for lovely things. Although his lips were sealed as far as his past life in Russia was concerned, little by little I came to share Thankful's opinion that he and his family had been reared close to the throne.

"Listen, I can't possibly stay in the same small shop with Vladimir Tchertkov and call him by that terrible name," I confided to Thankful later that day when we were discussing him. "From now on, regardless of convention, I shall call him Captain T."

"Oh," she gave a little gasp, "you wouldn't dare?"
"Watch me!"
I called the young officer over to where I was standing by a case which held some interesting hand-tooled editions which he had picked up in Florence, "for the trade."

"Would you mind affixing the prices on the fly-leaf of each of these?" I asked him. "I haven't the faintest idea what they are worth."
"But most certainly," he replied. He stood with military precision whenever I spoke to him, his manner and bearing toward me were exactly as if he were serving a queen. Wishing to do away with such stiff formality, I turned to him abruptly and said, "By the way, Thankful and I have decided to call you Captain T."

Thankful blushed to the roots of her soft, brown hair.

"I, er," she stammered.
"Never mind, now Thankful, we can't stand on so much ceremony working here every day like sardines. Besides," I smiled, "while we expect to make a million dollars for all of us, we also want to have a little fun." And from now on, I turned to the young officer, "this is Thankful, (it's a lovely name) and I'm Sallie. Just plain Sallie. No more Meesis Wright. I tried to imitate his foreign accent. He and Thankful, having been won to a good humour, laughed and fell in with my plans.

"Now," I turned to the telephone, "the husband will be summoned to the scene." I dialed the number on the automatic phone.

His stenographer answered. Then came Curtiss' voice.
"Honey?" I said.

"Yes," his answer was quick as if he had been engaged and disliked being disturbed.

"Everything's all right. I haven't been kidnapped or anything like that, but I want you to come immediately to a certain address I shall give you. I have a surprise for you and one I am sure you will like."

"But sweetheart," he began.
"No buts, dearest, you MUST come."

"Could it wait for an hour or two? I was having a very important con-

ference just then."

"You always are whenever I want you," I pouted, "I HATE conferences!"

But in the end I promised to be satisfied if he would come the moment it was through.

I was keenly disappointed for I wanted him to arrive while Thankful and Captain T. were there. They would lend atmosphere to the scene and besides, I wanted them to share his surprise.

But when five o'clock came I insisted that they leave and I was left with the large brass key, which fitted the antique lock on the door, in my hand. How important I felt to be the custodian of so much beauty and art!

The lights were dim and over the shop clung the faint odor of incense. Finally I saw Curtiss pull up in front of the curb in his car. Then I saw him consult a piece of paper to which he compared the number of the shop. He approached the door and I scurried behind a counter as if I had been there all day.

Tentatively he opened the door, then with a look of astonishment he recognized me, taking me in at a glance.

"What Ho! A bazaar of some kind for the Junior League?" Well how much am I in for? Let me know and I'll write a check. Then let's be getting home. I didn't have time for luncheon today and I'm as hungry as a bear."

"No siree, you're wrong this time," I told him, skipping from behind the show-case. "Come and sit down. No, first of all I want you to come downstairs. Look at everything and I'll tell you about it later on."

After a tour of the lower room with its glittering array of bric-a-brac, bronzes, and enamels from foreign shores, I led him back to the book shop and made him sit down in one of the comfortable wal-

nut chairs. I slid a low footstool for his feet to rest upon, and perched on the arm of his chair.

"Well, what do you think of it?" I wanted to know.

"Why, it's a very unusual sort of place, to say the least." But I could tell that he was looking at it in a thoroughly impersonal light.

"Now I'm going to tell you a secret," I leaned close to his ear, "listen, honey, it's mine, all mine. Every inch of it." I exaggerated my ownership in the shop because I wanted the surprise to be complete. I would explain the details of the business transactions when we got home.

He sprang from his chair. Then he sat down again.

"Oh, I see. It's some joke, what's the big idea? As I told you before I crave food."

"I mean it, sweetheart," I was still enthusiastic. "I took the check father gave me and made the first payment down, and I'm going to pay for the rest of it as we make the sales. My share in them, you see."

He remained silent for a moment

and then frank disapproval made itself manifest in his manner and voice. "You're just a little mad," he said, "that is, of course, if you mean such a thing but I simply won't believe that you've gone ahead and bought a whole store without even so much as asking my advice. Of course you can't go through with the thing, if possible, the check must be returned."

His cold matter-of-fact decision about a thing which I looked upon as entirely my own affair, incensed me. I leaped from the arm of his chair and stood facing him. My voice sounded little and far away.

"I WILL go through with it. And the check will NOT be returned. It was a business transaction and as such the question of the check is closed. And why I ask you, shouldn't I buy the shop?"

"Because the whole thing is ridiculous, preposterous out of the question. Look at you now. In one of those damned artist costumes that I despise." (It was the second

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RULES OF CONTEST

List of Prizes

- First Prize \$100.00
- Second Prize \$ 50.00
- Third Prize \$ 25.00
- Fourth Prize \$ 20.00
- Fifth Prize \$ 15.00
- Sixth Prize \$ 12.50
- Seventh Prize \$ 10.00
- Eighth Prize \$ 7.50
- Ninth Prize \$ 5.00
- Tenth Prize \$ 5.00

1. The cars will start at Woodson Bros. Ford agency in Cottage Grove at 10 a. m., Saturday, December 18th. They will drive north on the Pacific Highway through Eugene and continue on to Junction City or farther.
2. Only standard Ford cars known to the public as the improved Ford or 1926 model are eligible to compete in the contest. Competing cars must be equipped with the standard Ford carburetor and ignition system and must be standard in every other respect.
3. Any standard body type of the 1926 model will be eligible to compete. Cut down cars will not be eligible to compete.
4. Competitors may use any brand of gasoline provided that such gasoline is sold to the public through ordinary pumps at regular filling stations and is not what is commonly known as high-powered gasoline selling at a greater price than the ordinary gasoline.
5. No Ford dealer nor members of Ford dealer's organization will be eligible to compete.
6. Each competing car will be given one gallon of gasoline and must run on the selected course until car stops due to exhaustion of gas. After gas is exhausted each car must remain in place where it has stopped until its mileage has been recorded by the Judges. Failure to do this will result in car being disqualified.
7. Mileage will be recorded by speedometer on Lincoln car which has previously been checked and found to be correct.

The contest judges will be J. O. Holt, Eugene; Elbert Bede, Cottage Grove; Judge G. F. Skipworth, Eugene; Edward Bailey, Junction City; William Bell, Eugene

For Further Information See

- E. C. SIMMONS CO., Eugene
- WOODSON BROS., Cottage Grove
- DANNER MOTOR CO., Springfield
- OREGON MOTOR CO., Creswell
- FLORENCE SERVICE STATION, Florence
- GIBSON MOTOR CO., Junction City