

# The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

## CHAPTER I

### Darrow's Is Different

Had it not been for those tiny little yellow notes cut thriftily eight to a sheet of copy-paper and distributed free on Saturday to the staff at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop, we should never have begun Monday morning in the state of tension which was so appropriate a commencement for that portentous day, nor should we have ended the whole affair of the Colfax bookplate in such a blaze of glory. But Mr. Roberts, our canny statistical Caledonian manager, had noted that on each morning of the preceding week an average of nine members of the staff had punched the time-clock between five and sixteen minutes past nine, and he had concluded that the reason could not always have been the "Difference in Clocks," the "Subway Block," or the "Alarm That Never Went Off at All"—important features as these are of modern commercial civilization. Consequently, at noon on Saturday he had broadcast a general storm-warning in the language of diplomacy, or, to be more plain-spoken, on yellow notes enclosed in our pay-envelopes. I transcribe my copy:

(Typewritten)  
"Miss Constance Fuller:  
"Nine o'clock Monday please!  
"Thomas Alexander Roberts."

I believe that every morning when I enter the silent shop I must unconsciously breathe a prayer of thanksgiving that, although life is by no means always May, at least I belong in Darrow's. I started selling books before it got to be a "New Career for Women," with courses on how to do it, and then obtained, through the college employment bureau, a position in Darrow's. A bright young woman was wanted, "to assist." And at what, pray, could one assist in a bookshop except at selling books? At least, so I reasoned. The idea of doing so struck me with great force, though it struck me alone. On hearing that Darrow's had hired me, my mother exclaimed: "Dear child, I'm so happy for you! I always wanted to work in a store; but had I known the fact at your age, I'd have been put out in the snow a la "Way Down East." My brother said: "How much are you going to get? Strike for a raise." And my dear father, on learning that I declined to hang around his neck like a beautiful womanly millstone, was noblest of all, for he merely remarked: "Well, Darrow's is different."

It is, indeed. None but that overworked adjective describes it. There are many bookshops, but there is no other quite like Darrow's. It is an oasis in the desert of a rushing, prosaic business neighborhood, unaffectedly picturesque. Sixty years ago, the building was a vast, comfortable corner dwelling, with a stable, doubtless full of fat horses, down the side street. Now that stable is the shipping room, and where the ground-floor dining room used hospitably to receive a dozen guests an evening in addition to the 1800-2200 family, Darrow's bookshop today receives its customers. The shop also extends over the site of the old kitchen, pantry, and store rooms, and the upper reaches of its lofty walls inclose the old-time first-story parlor.

Every new customer coming in, past my desk beside the front door shelves at the noble spread of the book gazettes from floor to ceiling on the long north and south walls, with a gallery running around them at half their height. He will find fiction on the tables, standard works on the walls, classified subject-collections in the alcoves. He may view at leisure the fine collections of old prints and engravings which ornament the gallery railings, and in which we do a considerable business. And he will certainly admire his own reflection in the bright brass case of our little elevator at the rear of the central aisle, which it is the chief job of Ulysses S. G. Jackson, our elderly colored janitor, to polish if necessary, to the neglect of his other duties.

It was with Ulysses, as usual, that I exchanged my first greeting on arriving at the bookshop that famous Monday. For thirty years Darrow's and every individual and circumstance connected with it had constituted Ulysses' life. His chief passion, besides brass polishing, was that thrilling daily magazine entitled "Daily Snapshots," which, as everybody knows, consists of three-quarters pictures and one-quarter 14-point type, and when features with double spreads such important news items as "Right Arm of Statesman's Divorced Wife Found in Well." He now folded up his "last dust-cloth and approached me solemnly, drawing a copy of this journal from beneath his sweater.

"You've been out early for the paper, Ulysses."  
"Yes'm. Does you want to see it?"  
"Yes, what's the news this morning?"  
"For twenty-four hours the country must have been incoherently free from crimes of extraordinary violence; the editors of "Snapshots" had been reduced to using for a front-page sensation scientific observations of latest visiting foreign headliner, which were sunnied up in the caption: "Psychic Expert Deliberate Next World."  
"Can't be no worse'n this one," remarked Ulysses.  
"What's the matter, Ulysses? Have you got rheumatism?"  
"No'm, I ain't got no rheumatism, I

got a message. Somep'n bad's go'd happen."  
"Pshaw, Ulysses! something bad's always going to happen."  
"No'm, you're bidin' from yourself, Miss Fuller; somep'n bad's go'd happen. I knows it."  
"What bad thing do you think's going to happen?"  
Ulysses debated silently, his mouth curved into a crescent, points down. The contemplation of some concrete catastrophe seemed to cheer him. Finally he murmured simply:  
"I dunno. Maybe Mist' Darrow's go'd lose some money."

I was much tickled by the fancy. If Mr. Darrow did lose some money, it would be powerful bad luck for every body in the house, since, to tell the painful truth, Mr. Darrow was not a remarkably good loser of anything, particularly money.  
"Oh, I hope not!" I sighed.  
"Yes'm, that's right; I does, too," agreed Ulysses, neatly.

His poise quite restored, he picked up the "Pictorial" and moved off to polish the alcove bookcases.  
It was a pleasant side of my work that my own special hobby became a knowledge of bookplates. Whenever I could discover and identify a new



"I Dunno. Maybe Mist' Darrow's Go'd Lose Some Money."

one, and sell it to some one who liked it, I was more than happy. But certainly there could never have been an apparently more unlikely morning than that of our famous Monday for bringing to light a real treasure among bookplates. Nothing was in my mind except my very important indexing job as I set about assembling my catalogue cards, just as the van guard of punctual arrivals began to pour in.

Heading the procession came Mr. Roberts, tall, gaunt, keen-eyed. One of the other men, past me with the typical Monday business "Good morning"—smile, grouch, resignation. Then a loud click sounded as one by one they punched the time-clock just in side the shipping-room door in the rear hall, to the right of the elevator shaft.

Miss Wilkes, our "dean of women," her new wistaria velvet fall but perched like an imperial Russian coronet on her stiffly waved gray hair, showed all her teeth and addressed me as "Dear." I noted with interest that contrary to her custom—for in her exalted position she mingled not with the herd, and well-known social ambitions made her quite inaccessible—she was escorting a lanky and silent but astonishingly pretty young stranger, who had the largest head of soft wavy chestnut bobbed hair and the thickest war-paint I had ever beheld in a long and tolerant experience.

While awaiting the elevator, Miss Wilkes abandoned her convoy, to greet Mr. Edward Case, the shop manager. Miss Wilkes highly approved of Mr. Case. He was a bachelor in the late forties, he lived at a club, he always displayed fine elmetment on his tall, well-built person, and was altogether to her taste, being deemed the most "dashing, if not darddevil figure in our select community."

He was a member of the group about whom legends had grown up. He was more or less traveled and had polished manners, so he could be conveniently provided with a past in foreign parts by those determinedly romantic; and there were few to contradict these dreamers, for Mr. Case was the ranking employee, next to Ulysses, in length of service, and nobody really knew a great deal about him. I once had suggested that this was probably because there wasn't a great deal to know, as the poor man was the only conventional person on the staff.

My other colleagues, who arrived briskly in the season, were: Daisy Abbott, outwardly a fair, frail flower, but really pretty hard-shelled; Emily James, plain and thoroughly seaworthy; and George Henry Diddin, a nice lad who when in France had got "so he liked to read, a Red Cross lady in 'a hospital library having unwittingly given him a lead toward a career which he had speedily proceeded to follow when he came back with his helmet."

Our select clerical force entered and betook themselves to regions above. Mr. Riggs, the stout head shipping clerk, dashed in distractedly.  
"Mr. Roberts come yet?" I'm short handed; one of my men's down sick and the other's still off on his wedding trip—drat him!—and then government books laying a mile deep in yonder!"

And then arrived Mr. Darrow himself, for even he came early that morning, as an example. Very short and stout, stiff, bald, and clean-shaven, he moved down the aisle "like an armored tank," to quote Mr. Diddin, bestowing a bow on me, one of the employees he spoke to.

Bookselling was Mr. Darrow's one, his only love. He had not only made his shop different and famous, he had also, years ago, married his sister to an Ashtand. In the trade this achievement recalls a master stroke; the Ashtands have been known in London for generations as rare-book dealers, so that this political marriage gave Mr. Darrow an international business connection. He was little seen in his own shop, however, and I fear truth compels the statement that we managed without him. To his employees he was known chiefly as a Voice on the telephone.

With his arrival, the whole staff was accounted for, with one exception: Peter Burton, our young traveler. He had been expected back from a rather long trip the previous Friday, but had not arrived. It was his first important trip; Mr. Darrow had bithertofore done most of the rare-book buying himself, though he had been training Peter as a future assistant. But a bad cold a fortnight previous had deprived him of his voice for several days, and he had been obliged to dispatch Peter in his stead on an extended tour he had been preparing to take.

Nine o'clock pealed through a silence unmarred by any click from the time-clock, and all of us in the shop settled down to our respective duties. As I always notice whoever passes my desk, coming in or going out, I noticed that our first visitor that morning, who entered at about half-past nine, was a dignified white-bearded old gentleman known to some of us, at least, by sight. He moved slowly down the center aisle, and finally entered the placard "Medical Works."

Not for about a quarter of an hour did the door open again; then a rather distinguished-looking young girl in a black fur cape drifted in, but I was not looking at her.

According to Hoyle  
Even among the elders we see so little of the old-fashioned fastidiousness nowadays that we were attracted by an incident on the street last week. I saw a white-haired gentleman approach two boys who were playing with a kitten and join them. Then we saw him extract from his pocket a pair of gloves, return one of them and pull the other carefully over his right hand. This completed, he employed his gloved hand to pat the kitten and tickle its ribs for a minute or two. He then arose, carefully removed his glove, replaced it in his pocket, bowed to the two boys and strolled on.—New Yorker.

Earnings of a Lifetime  
The average high-school graduate's lifetime earning capacity is computed at \$53,000.

so busy I paid little attention to her. I paid none at all, other than to note his entrance, to the third arrival, a young man. He flashed past me almost before I could look up, and I merely noted his somewhat loud attire and brief-case.

Becoming increasingly busy, I did not look up from my desk again until I gradually became conscious that some one else had not only entered the shop but gone far past me. I raised my eyes, and saw Peter Burton striding toward the elevator, dragging his suitcase with that air of complete detachment from the world and the fullness thereof which belongs only to Nirvana or the lowest depths of desolation.

Without a second glance, I knew Peter's case must belong to the second category. Mr. Darrow, though not given to admiring things about other people, considered Peter's business ability promising. I had made his acquaintance seven years before, when he was a blue-eyed, curly brown-headed cherub of vast proportions, adorned with a bed-ticking apron and attached to the shipping office. There he had contracted, through some oversight with reference to a nail on a packing-case, to tear a barn door in my brand-new skirt one day when I went in with a message. This comparatively mild disaster apparently determined him to run off and enlist in the navy on the spot, and I felt moved to investigate until I discovered the circumstances which caused such extreme grief.

I found them to consist almost entirely of a very refined widowed father with a very medium-sized independent income. There was also a small sister with unconventional manners. As Peter had a vulgar practical taste for making a living, Mr. Roberts was persuaded to find him occupation better suited to an ardent mind than nailing up boxes; and he now promised to become one of Darrow's chief sources of revenue. And it was myself, whom Peter had declared to have been, so far, the greatest influence in his life, whom he completely ignored the frosty October morning!

All that sustained me under the blow was the arrival of our elderly pet college professor, Prof. Royall Harrington, of a history department perched up on Manhattan Heights. I welcomed the companionship of this excellent old-fashioned gentleman, who was much attached to Darrow's, had had an account with us for years, and enjoyed nothing more than spending hours in our society. I had sometimes thought that his rather timid manners had prevented him from making more close friends. Still, he was highly esteemed in learned circles as a leading scholar in American history, and I had heard he had cultivated a public presence in amazing contrast to his diffidence in society. These two assets, combined with a charming voice in which a faint Southern accent occasionally could be heard, had won him some reputation as an orator.

Of course I was the first person he encountered on entering the shop, and he was full of a tale that morning. I had to let the catalogue go, therefore. "I've just had an invitation I like so much," he beamed. "I'm invited to speak in a little town on the Maine coast that's about to celebrate its hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Carroll Bay's the name. Many years ago it was my summer playground."

"So they want you to come back and help celebrate?"  
"Yes, and I'm glad to go now," said the professor, musingly. "I shouldn't have cared to much sooner, perhaps—"  
"No?"  
"You see, my younger brother and I used to spend our vacations there, usually together—"  
"Indeed!"  
"And the poor boy was drowned, over twenty years ago, going to the rescue of some fishermen whose motor got stalled during a storm; he was washed overboard on the return trip. The town put up a cenotaph for him, in the little churchyard. So, after all these years, as they still seem to remember us both, I believe it would be ungracious not to go up and rejoice with them over their anniversary."

"Such historical commemorations appeal to you, I'm sure," I observed.  
"Always. Some call me old-fashioned for sticking, as I do, to the traditions of my ancestors, but I don't care!"  
The professor fell to musing, and then, almost unconsciously, he suddenly dropped a confidence, as a lonely person often will:  
"Perhaps it was kindest—at least to my brother—that he was taken when he was. We're not all well suited to bear the blows of life. He was highly romantic, a dreamer; injustice or cruelty would have killed him..."

Professor Harrington's voice died away, considerably to my relief. He sat brooding a moment longer, then came to himself, with almost startling unexpectedness, bounding off the desk.  
"I must be about my business!" he cried. "I haven't been interrupting yours, have I? Might I have a wee scrap of paper, to make a few notes? No, no, this will be quite adequate, thank you!" And declining a proffered pad, he leaned over and fished Mr. Roberts' yellow note out of the wastebasket, and at last fluttered smilingly off.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## New "Dark Age" Looms for the World Unless Spiritual Needs Are Heeded

By RABBI A. H. SILVER, Cleveland.

MANKIND is beginning to be apprehensive of some of the phases of scientific progress. Again man sees himself propelled by science into a more and more complicated world of invention and machinery for which he is not prepared.

Life is being bewildered, speeded up, and man is becoming more and more confused as to his codes, his standards and his values. Man is aware that he is gaining greater mastery over nature. He is not at all sure that he is gaining greater mastery over himself.

But mankind cannot stop even if it wishes to. The momentum which science has already acquired will carry it along until such time as its creative energies are used up.

Nor is it desirable that it should stop. As long as there are dark continents of knowledge to be explored, as long as there is disease to be conquered, as long as there are forces of nature to be harnessed—why should men halt?

Science has been a blessing to mankind except where man has turned it into a curse. It has increased human comfort and competence. It has given millions what hundreds only possessed in the past. It has given the race greater leisure—a requisite for culture, popular education, greater security, the protection and prolongation of life.

But science has also increased the possibilities of evil and of destruction. Science has not eradicated hate, lust and covetousness, revolution and war. Science is giving the race machine habits, standards and complexities. It may lead us to a new Dark Age.

The solution is to be found not in the destruction of science, but in a new philosophy, which will welcome all scientific truth but which will co-ordinate them with the spiritual needs of human life.

## American Colleges Can Survive Only on Their Educational Merits

By A. LAWRENCE LOWELL, President Harvard University.

On the whole, the American colleges, even those which manage to have a particularly fashionable reputation, will survive or perish now on their educational merits. Fashionable colleges may succeed for a long time in retaining popularity as socially desirable places to send young people, but unless they keep fairly near the scholastic standard set by their rivals they will fall into grave danger.

The aim of the American college now must be educational and of a cultural rather than social type. It must be self-sufficient and not dependent on another institution for completion, and such a field is the cultural one, using the term in a broad sense of what man is, what he has thought and done, and the laws of nature that surround him.

The number of young men seeking an education of this kind will probably never be so large as those who want vocational training by a shorter path, but now that our people have attained material prosperity and comfort there is a growing desire for culture; for life on a more intellectual and spiritual plane.

The charges of materialism hurled at us from other lands are only true in part. There is also a craving for better things which will wax stronger as the nation becomes more mature.

## "Bad Boy" Needs Only Proper Guidance, but Tattletale Is Hopeless

By REV. DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, Chicago.

Don't worry about the boy who shoots a paper wad at the ceiling of the schoolroom. Watch out for the tattletale. The so-called bad boy will either own a bank or steal one before he's through, but the tattletale just goes on making trouble.

There are preachers and preachers, and I am a preacher. I always say that if more preachers would quit wearing rubbers and would ride in the smokers with the men, there would be more men in our churches. The failure of men to attain their goals is due to the failure of the individual to place a proper emphasis on values. This lack of appreciating proper value has even crept into our very homes. There is just as much power in the home today as there ever was, but it has changed hands. The children of today rule the homes.

But never worry about the bad boy. The same thing that makes a man bad will make him good if properly directed. I'm not sure about the fact of a hell, but if there is one you'll find the tattletales and the cowards there.

## Modern Business Lacking in Requisites of Religion and Patriotism

By BISHOP ERNEST M. STIRES, Long Island.

The old patriots made great sacrifices for their country, but I am doubtful about the people nowadays. Business should contain more religion and patriotism, although there are good men in Wall street who are friends of God.

In Washington's day church workers were leaders of their country and unless we do our best by God and religion it will be an insult to God and treason to America. Every one should be on the lookout to see that none of the leaders become slackers through selfishness.

There are other things wrong as well. Society women are wearing too few clothes and using too much cosmetics. No wonder that morals are misunderstood, merely on account of superficial appearances.

It is treason not to keep the Sabbath. Entertainments on Saturday night should not continue after midnight and amateur theatricals on Sunday are improper.

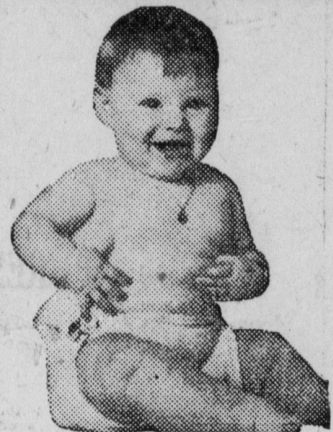
## Sentiment or Emotion Must Not Guide Youth in Its Choice of Life Mate

By DR. ALFRED SCOTT WARTHIN, University of Michigan.

Man needs a new religion and a new philosophy of life if the race is to be saved from degeneration. Sentimental and emotional factors make for race degeneration. I refer to the choice of a life-mate on the basis of love or sex attraction. If the race is to improve such methods of choice must stop. Young men and women must be taught to pick out the best possible sex partners according to eugenic laws.

My observations of youth have led me to believe that the old religions are passing away. Youth is looking for a simple, logical rule of life and the elemental facts of biology will suffice.

## The BABY



Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night?  
If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good.

Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!  
The doctor often tells you to do just that; and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!

## Children Cry for



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ALINIMENT  
for  
Lame Back  
for Soreness  
for Aches  
for Pains  
Use It Today!

## IF MOTHERS ONLY KNEW

During these days when many children are complaining of Headache, Feverishness, Stomach Troubles and Irregular Bowels and take cold easily. If mothers only knew what Mother Gray's Sweet Powders would do for their children, no family would ever be without them for use when needed. These powders are so easy and pleasant to take and so effective in their action that mothers who once use them gladly tell others about them. Save yourself a night of worry, by getting a package at your druggist today. Trial Package sent FREE. Address Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

## ASTHMA

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For the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills  
Purify Vegetable Laxative  
assist nature in its digestive duties. Many times one of these little pills taken after meals or at bedtime will do wonders, especially when you have over-eaten or are troubled with constipation. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be taken by the entire family. All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Packages.

## HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

A Healing Antiseptic  
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not used.

## PISO'S for coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 65c sizes. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

## FINNEY



## The Comedy Strip

A SOOK ON THE FOOT IS WORTH TWO IN THE JAW



## THE FEAT



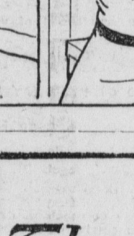
ALSO QUIT HOBBYING ME FELIX—I'M TIRED!



## The Cla



There's Man's Foot



By PERCY

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