

An Old Friend From the West

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

Not suspecting that adventure, in the form of a small white card, was awaiting him just over his own threshold, young Doctor Gavin stepped within his apartment.

The small white pasteboard attracted his eye even before he entered. He picked it up and read:

"Grace Darling: Will be expecting you and Bobby on Friday at six. Sorry you are not in."

This was scratched in pencil across the face of the card which further informed the young doctor that Helen Moore was the caller and her telephone number was Plaza 2119.

Now Doctor Gavin felt that at a stretch he might be the "darling" but he most certainly could not be Grace. Deductions then assured him that Helen Moore had made a mistake and pushed her card under the wrong door.

"But who is Grace? And must I make a round of all the apartments in this building in order that Helen's message reach its rightful darling, or?"

The doctor knew his second inspiration was going to be the one carried out. "I will call up the young lady and ask who 'darling' is so that I may deliver the message and take more—should Helen's voice strike a vibrant cord in my manly breast." The doctor lifted his prized telephone and called Plaza 2119.

It wasn't every one nowadays who could boast a telephone.

The voice that traveled over the wire was delightful. Upon making his reasons for calling her up known she seemed most grateful.

"It is Mrs. Berkley," Helen Moore said, "and I must have thought the front was the back. They have just moved in and have no telephone. It

is so awkward. Yes, if you would be so very kind. Yes, I will hold the wire."

Doctor Gavin beat a hasty exit to the other apartment on his landing and Tom Berkley answered his knock. His excuses for intrusion being made, he asked if Mrs. Berkley would like to talk with Miss Moore.

Mrs. Berkley, the Grace Darling of the card, appeared flushed and lovely from the kitchenette.

That was only the beginning of numerous messages that Dr. Gavin bore to the other apartment. It seemed as if Helen and Grace had endless things to say to one another after six in the evening, the hour that the doctor reached home.

Three weeks later he was, as he vulgarly expressed it, "thick" with the Berkleys. They liked him and he liked them. In the back of her married heart Grace already had her best chum and the very delightful doctor happily in the matrimonial noose. She did not, however, confide in any one.

Helen Moore was naturally curious as to the general aspect of the man who so kindly acted as messenger and Grace always willingly expounded his charms, but that charm was totally the reverse type of Dr. Gavin. Helen had confessed to a thrilly feeling over the affair and had an unexpressed desire to meet the bearer of messages.

The day was fast approaching when Doctor Gavin realized that a meeting was inevitable. He wanted it, yet was curiously panicky at the very mention of a foursome dinner, often casually suggested by Tom Berkley.

"Doctor Gavin," said Grace after mature thought, "will you come in and have dinner with us tomorrow night? Helen is coming and I know you feel a bit squirmy about actually meeting her, so I have quite a nice little idea. I will tell Helen that you are Jack Deane, an old friend of mine from the West whom I particularly want her to meet." She smiled her crinkly, alluring smile and Doctor Gavin fell for it without hesitation.

"I'm sorry I wasn't about at the time Tom was courting you," he laughed. "He wouldn't have stood a chance."

Grace blushed. "Wait until you see Helen," she laughed.

So he did wait and with fear and

travelling made his entrance as Jack Deane. Fortunately, he had a bit of a cold and his voice was sufficiently unlike Doctor Gavin's to deceive Helen completely.

Helen most certainly was all any man could expect from the feminine world. Her hair was softly brown, here eyes wide and intelligent and her gown exquisite. Also her laugh was contagious. Doctor Gavin found himself hurriedly and precipitately falling in love.

And Helen liked the friend from the West even though her ear was keyed to each footstep in the hall. She somehow felt disappointed that the doctor made no real attempt to know her.

She turned suddenly toward the doctor.

"What part of the West do you come from?" she asked.

Not being prepared he took a random shot.

"Cedar Rapids, Iowa," he lied beautifully, never having even passed through the charming mid-West city.

"No! Really? Grace didn't tell me that. I was born there."

And then the doctor was in for it properly. Such a volley of questions and inquiries and so flat and disappointing were the answers that little Helen was more than a little suspicious that he had never seen the word Cedar Rapids printed even.

"She turned from him a trifle annoyed. The doctor was in a fine position for a man who has just decided that he has met the only girl and looked around desperately for relief.

Suddenly a telephone bell rang and rang.

Helen heard it and her heart fluttered. Tom looked worried, Grace startled and only Doctor Gavin seemed pleased.

"If you'll excuse me—I must answer my phone—might be an important call—like some others of recent date."

He slipped out before a word was spoken.

"Grace! How could you?" Helen burst forth. "You said he was dark and short and had a mustache and he's sandy and wonderfully built and and—" but Helen stopped and blushed.

"Anyway, I like him—so there."

"I knew you would," laughed Grace and Tom wore a disgusted look. He knew that the women folks were up to matchmaking and couldn't let a poor, harmless doctor alone to be happy.

And on the way home in the doctor's cozy coupe Helen said with an unsteady laugh, "I have given you a good deal of trouble, doctor, by having made that mistake."

"Yes, and you will have to give me more than trouble before our accounts are straightened out. I—I—"

"We have only met tonight," warned Helen, but her voice held more of enticement to continue than she was quite aware of.

MORE LIKE CURIOSITY SHOP

Library in Chief Town of the Fiji Islands That Was Remarkable in Many Ways.

Perched up on the sixth floor of a Manhattan apartment house I cast my mind back over my wanderings of the past few years and recall various libraries that I have known.

For sheer grotesquerie, the palm belongs to a library in Suva, chief town of the Fiji islands. It was a little, low, wooden building and was open only three evenings a week. You walked to it by way of Victoria parade, a broad acacia-shaded boulevard which skirted the waterfront, passing Fijians with their elaborate hair coiffure and spindlelegged Hindus toting the inevitable umbrella.

In the reading room sundry of the European or Australasian inhabitants, arrayed in white duck, sat about reading by the flickering light of oil lamps ancient copies of Punch and the Illustrated London News. The books were as old as the magazines. I once asked the librarian what he had in the way of late literature, and he suggested Darwin's "Origin of Species."

Such books as were available, moreover, had suffered considerably from the attacks of the white ant, which had industriously bored through the pages.

The librarian himself was so old that if he had claimed Homer as a contemporary it would have been quite credible. A dignified dowager would occasionally arrive with a Fijian "boy" in tow. The native hung respectfully outside until the dowager emerged with a few books, which she handed to him.—New York Times.

Flameproof Motors. Experiments have been under way in England with a view to finding a means of protecting motors and other electrical equipment with a form of enclosure which, although affording a vent to relieve the force of an internal explosion, would not communicate a flame to the outside. Results have been obtained by flange, gauze and plate projection, but it appears that further research is necessary before there is conclusive evidence that any particular design can be relied upon to produce complete protection. There is a genuine demand for a flameproof motor in modern coal mining operations, in chemical works and in motion-picture laboratories where vast masses of highly inflammable film are imperilled by the proximity of unprotected motors.—Scientific American.

As to Poverty.

"Yes, I have read his poetry, but I can't get any sense out of it."

"And why should you expect to get sense out of a poet? You have queer ideas about poetry, I must say."

Division Engineer's Office is to Remain Over at the Bluffs

Judging from the following story, which appeared in the Scottsbluff Republican of last Tuesday, someone has been making efforts to steal the state highway division office from that city. The Republican mentions Bridgeport and Alliance as among the towns that will be disgruntled when they find the office is to remain in the sugar city, although this is the first intimation Alliance has had that this city was being considered as a possible location. The Republican said:

"Definite word was received in Scottsbluff Tuesday, it was announced by Secretary H. S. Stark of the Chamber of Commerce, that the Division Engineer's office will be retained in Scottsbluff."

"This statement puts at rest the impression which had prevailed that it was the intention of the state office at Lincoln to remove the local office to Bridgeport, or Alliance."

"It is quite gratifying to the people of this section that the officials of the public roads department at Lincoln recognize in this way the fact that Scottsbluff is the logical point for such headquarters in western Nebraska, and back up this belief, by the above decision to maintain the office here."

"The word came from Secretary Johnson, of the state offices in Lincoln and thus brings assurance that Division Engineer A. E. Gaddis, and his three assistants will remain on the job at this place. Their offices are on the second floor of the chamber of commerce building."

House Dresses and Bungalow Aprons—assorted models, sizes and patterns—85c to \$4.75. 47 Highland-Holloway Co.

THE CASH BIRD

The bluebird brings happiness, but the stork brings a \$200 tax-exemption.—Buffalo News.



"What Part of the West Do You Come From?"

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The Ford Sedan is the favorite family car, seats five comfortably. While an enclosed car with permanent top, it has large windows, and may in a minute be changed to a most delightful open car with always a top protecting against the sun. In inclement weather it is a closed car, dust-proof, water-proof, cold-proof. Finely upholstered. Equipped with electric starting and lighting system and demountable rims with 3 1/4-inch tires all around. A real family car. Anybody can safely drive it. It has all the conveniences of an electric car with the economy which goes with Ford cars, low cost of purchase price, small cost of operation and maintenance. Won't you come in and look at it?

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How you can measure tire value in 1921

OFTEN it's surprising the number of different tire views that come out in a chance talk at the curb or in the leisure of a friend's garage.

Almost every day you come across the man human enough to believe he can outguess the cut-price tag on "job-lots," "discontinued lines" and "surplus stocks."

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Many will remember the scarcity of U. S. Tires last year.

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