

Married Life of Helen and Warren

Helen Contents With a Covetous Collector for a Rare Junk-Shop Treasure.

Not an antique shop. Only a dingy second-hand store with a few near-antiques in the dusty window.

Three old blue plates—nicked—some modern andirons, an ebony-gilt stand, an over-ornate lamp and a hideous mid-Victorian walnut sofa.

Helen was turning away when she glimpsed an old ruby-glass decanter almost hidden by a pile of books.

The door buzzer set up a clamorous signal as she entered the shop.

Waiting for some one to appear, she tried to get another glimpse of the decanter, but a battered cabinet blocked her view.

The dim room was crowded with second-hand household furniture, office and store fixtures. A decrepit chandelier was propped against an obsolete phonograph and a dressmaker's dummy lay grotesquely on a flat-top desk.

The alarm of a door below shook the floor. Approaching steps and a grimy old man came up from the basement.

"I'd like to see that old decanter in the window."

"Watcha want?" His hand behind his ear proclaimed his deafness.

"That red bottle in the window," she shouted.

Moving the filing cabinet, he reached in and drew out the decanter.

Representing her eagerness, Helen examined it. Exactly like one of a pair she had seen sold at the Anderson Galleries for \$70.

"How much is it?" Then louder, "How much?"

"Four dollars."

Only four dollars! Helen caught her breath.

"Is—is it perfect? It's not cracked?"

"I said four dollars. Won't take a cent less."

"No—no, I just asked if it were cracked," at the top of her voice.

"Cracked? That ain't cracked," clicking the stopper against it.

"Coulda sold it last week when I sold the other, but it was stuck away in a drawer."

"Oh, you had a pair?" tensely, moving closer to him.

"The lady who bought the other was mighty upset 'cuse I couldn't find this one."

"Very well, I think I'll take it," trying to restrain her exultation. "Do you often get really old things like this?"

"Sometimes. Never can tell what I'm going to get."

"Here's my card. If you should get any more good old glass or china or old needlework, you can call me up."

A moment later Helen was leaving the shop clutching a newspaper bundle.

Four dollars for that rare antique decanter! This proved it was worth while to explore the junk shops.

If only she could have had them both! A pair was always more valuable.

An hour later she was jubilantly trying the effect of her purchase on the sideboard, the library mantel and the front room Sheraton table.

It was effective anywhere, but she finally left it on the sideboard.

If only she had the other—one on each side of that old silver bowl.

"Look at my lovely old bottle, Nora," as the girl came in to set the table.

"My, ain't that nice," taking the table pad from the sideboard drawer.

"That's the old ruby glass. It's very rare with those clear oval, I just happened to see it in a junk shop window. Needs washing," holding it up to the light. "No, I'll do it," afraid to trust it to Nora's careless hands.

She was in the pantry, shaking warm suds in the bottle when the bell rang.

"Oh, I hope no one's calling this late. It's almost six."

"Lady to see you, ma'am," Nora returned with a card.

"Mrs. W. R. Durkin," puzzled Helen. "I don't know any Mrs. Durkin. Has she a package?" suspiciously.

"Anything to sell?"

"She's got a package—but she don't look like she's sellin' anything."

"Well, show her into the library."

I'll leave this here to soak. Be careful, don't knock it over."

When Helen entered the library, a stout woman, expensively gowned, sat by the window, coldly responsive to Pussay Purr-Mew's unresponsive overtures.

"Mrs. Curtis!" She rose impressively. "I've come to see you about that old decanter you bought this afternoon."

"Oh!" amazed Helen. "Why, how did you know—?"

"It's one of a pair. I bought one last week, and the old man promised to find the other. This afternoon when I drove by he had just sold it to you. He said you didn't care much about it—he was sure you'd let me have it."

"I don't know why he should say that," suspecting he had not said it. "I was regretting I didn't get them both. I'd like very much to have the pair."

"Well, I collect antique decanters," arrogantly. "I've one of the largest collections in this country. I presume you've heard of it?"

"I can't say that I have," murmured Helen, nettled by her superior air.

"Not possibly you're not interested in antiques?"

"I'm very much interested in antiques," indignantly, with an eloquent glance about at her cherished old English furniture.

"That decanter was promised to me, ignoring Helen's treasures. Any one with any feeling for antiques would know this pair should not be separated."

"Yes, that's what I think," Helen repressed her rising resentment. "And I'll be very glad to buy yours to keep them together."

"I would consider that," haughtily. "I have every right to them both." Then, producing from her tissue paper package the duplicate of Helen's decanter, "I should like to compare them. I presume you have no objection to that?"

"Certainly not, but I do not wish to sell it," as she left the room.

Not waiting to empty out the suds, Helen wiped off the decanter and brought it in.

While Mrs. Durkin was covetously turning it over in her white gloved hands the front door banged and Warren's brisk step came through the hall.

"He promised to keep this for me—he'd no right to sell it! But since he did, I suppose I'll have to pay more to get it. What will you take?"

"I don't care to sell it," with an indignant flush. "I told you that," conscious of Warren standing in the doorway.

"I suppose that means I must pay a good deal more. I'll give you \$20. Five times what you paid—very good I should say for a quick turn."

Ignoring this insolent offer, Helen turned to greet Warren.

"Is this Mr. Curtis?" broke in Mrs. Durkin, assertively. "I shall explain the matter to him. I'm sure he will see that I'm entitled to this decanter."

With mounting indignation, Helen heard Mrs. Durkin's prejudiced, high-colored account, to which Warren listened with an ill-concealed grin.

"Under the circumstances, I'm willing to give a reasonable advance," she finished. "But I don't care to be forced into paying an exorbitant price."

"Mrs. Curtis is not in the habit of selling her purchases," brusqued Warren. "If she lets you have this, it will be as a favor at exactly what she paid."

"But, dear, I want to keep it! If Mrs. Durkin thinks the pair should not be separated I'll be very glad to buy hers."

A vehement protest from Mrs. Durkin.

"Then there's just one way to settle this," Warren thrust his hand into his pocket. "Toss for it. The winner to take the pair—pay cost and no more."

"Toss for it?" Mrs. Durkin's supercilious manner conveyed that she had never resorted to anything so plebeian.

"That's certainly fair," admitted Helen. "Then one of us will have the pair."

Taking a coin from his pocket, Warren shook it between his hands and clamped it down on the table.

"You call it," briskly, to Mrs. Durkin.

She hesitated. Then with a disapproving shrug, called "Heads."

They all leaned forward as Warren raised his hands.

It was an old 50-cent piece, the engraving much worn. A breathless second before Helen made out the spread wings of the eagle.

Tails!

"You've lost, Mrs. Durkin." Drawing out a roll of bills, Warren peeled off a \$5 note. "Your decanter goes to Mrs. Curtis for what you paid."

"I'll not have it decided that way," snatching up her decanter. "They do all kinds of tricks with coins! How do I know if it was fair or not?"

A moment's ominous silence.

As the enraged blood rushed to Warren's face Helen nudged him warningly.

"I'll give \$25 for your decanter," shrilled Mrs. Durkin, plainly perturbed by Warren's menacing glare. "That is more than you'd get from any one else, but I—"

The library door was already open, but Warren, reaching it with long, wrathful strides, flung it wider.

"That'll be about all from you!" he thundered. "If you were a man I'd pitch you out! Now, beat it!"

A gasp from Mrs. Durkin. Then her hasty, spluttering exit.

As the hall door banged, Helen's sense of humor surmounting her resentment, she dropped on the window seat to convalesce.

"Oh, oh! Her face! Did you see her face? It was too funny for words."

"Funny?" he snorted. "That old she-fliver, trying to say I'd fixed that coin! All I could do to keep from smashing her old bottle across her ugly mug."

"She's a collector. They say collectors will do anything to get a piece they want. But her expression when you told her to 'beat it'!" still convulsed.

"Heluva bumpus to make over on empty bottle. Now, if it was full—by George, there is something in it," sniffing as he took out the heavy stopper. "What kind of hooch is this?"

"Soapsuds. I was washing it when she came. But, dear, it proves that I do know antiques. Just think! Only \$4. You're always making fun of me poking around junk shops, but you see I can pick up some wonderful things."

"Well, next time pick something not quite so wonderful for your four berries—something there's not such a rush on. Don't stack me up against any more antique fiends. The nerve of that old cluck lugging her rotten disposition in here! If the 'love of the antique' makes 'em like that you'd better stick to the new stuff."

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Next Week—"A Disconcerting Discovery."

Some famous birthdays that came in September were Jane Addams, Phoebe Cary, Queen Elizabeth, Eugene Field, Henry George, Charles W. Gordon, Felicia D. Hemans, John Ireland, Samuel Johnson, Marquis de Lafayette and John Marshall.

Library Chats

A great deal of interest has been shown in books on astronomy, due no doubt to the recent eclipse of the sun.

Some of the favorite titles among library patrons are "Astronomy," by Flammarion; "Wonders of the Heavens," by Flammarion; "Outlines of Astronomy," by Herschel; "Popular Astronomy," by Newcomb; "Old and New Astronomy," by Proctor; "Pleasures of the Telescope," by Servius; "Manual of Astronomy," by Young; "New Heavens," by Hale; "Sidelights on Astronomy," by Newcomb.

Alfred Ollivant has India in his bones, writes Asa Don Dickinson, librarian of the University of Pennsylvania, after reading Mr. Ollivant's new book, "Old For-Ever." Mr. Dickinson spent some time in India introducing American library methods at the University of Lahore.

"Old For-Ever" is the real thing," he thinks. "Besides being a rattling good story, it is the work of a man who, like Kipling, has India in his bones. He understands the people of India, as far as a white man can hope to do. I was much impressed by his emphasis upon the childishness even of their strong men. This trait is never recognized by the American tourists who spend one cold winter rushing around the country and then come home to prate of India's wrongs."

Giuseppe Prezzolini, Italian author and editor, lectured last summer at Columbia on "American Ideals and the Italian People."

A collection of books on the bee was dedicated to the memory of Dr. C. C. Miller of Marengo, Ill., at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, at Madison, Wis. Beekeepers from every state in the union, from Canada and from a number of foreign countries were present to join in the ceremonies.

Ernest A. Savage, author of "The Story of Libraries and Book Collecting," is librarian of Wallasey public library, England. The books have chapters on such subjects as "The Renaissance and Book Collecting," "Libraries of Ancient Times," "Principal Libraries of the United States," also an appendix listing famous book collectors and librarians.

From Woodrow Wilson's speeches and documents Hamilton Foley has collected the material bearing directly on the league of nations which will be published shortly under the title "The League of Nations." The volume will contain a facsimile of Mr. Wilson's letter approving the publication.

On the second anniversary of the publishing of "If Winter Comes" these dramatic points in its development are of interest: When it was issued on August 12, 1921, there were only 1,100 copies on the advance orders. In two months it has become the best seller and held the place for eight months thereafter, a very remarkable pick-up for a book by an author who had not been on a title page for seven years.

For Monday's Outstanding Attraction in This Great

OPENING WEEK OF SALES

We Have Scheduled This Amazing

SALE OF COATS

Incomparable in Point of Value-Giving--Assortments--and Beauty of Style

Gorgeous Fur Trimmed Coats and Wraps

Made to Retail in Many Instances at Double This Startling Low Price of--

- MATERIALS:**
- Marvella
 - Tarquena
 - Veldyne
 - Gerona
 - Velverette
 - Oriona
 - Ormandale

\$59.50

- TRIMMINGS**
- Natural Squirrel
 - Kolinsky Squirrel
 - Mink Dyed Squirrel
 - Golden Beaver
 - Platinum Wolf
 - Caracul
 - Viaska Squirrel

Feminine Omaha has never experienced such occasions of value-giving as is afforded by our Opening Week of Sales. Monday will see hundreds of anxious shoppers compete for first choice of these wonderful Coats and Wraps. The savings are truly extraordinary, the beauty and style of the garments are simply exquisite.

America's Greatest Fine Coat Manufacturers Have Generously Co-operated to Make This the Most Important Coat Sale Omaha Has Ever Known

And you will instantly agree that to buy such Coats and Wraps at \$59.50 is affording a buying opportunity that is rarely equalled.

The hundreds of Coats assembled for this event have real distinction. You will quickly understand that they are the handiwork of fine designers and the most expert makers. Distinctive sleeves, smartly flared bottoms, truly modish silhouettes, a novel fur decoration or an exquisite fur collar—THESE are the hallmarks of blue-blooded Winter Coats.

Entire Fourth Floor Will Be Devoted to This Sale Monday

Styles and sizes for women and misses. Every new and favored color is generously represented. Again we advise you that early attendance at a Herzberg Sale has its advantages.

"STYLE WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE"
HERZBERGS
1519-1521 DOUGLAS ST.



An Open Letter to Mrs. F. H. Davis

Dear Mrs. Davis:

When you and Mr. Davis first began having your clothes cared for by The Pantorium you had a much larger family than you have today. After Tom and the girls were married it added just that many more families to The Pantorium's list—and that is one reason for our steady growth of the last twenty-six years.

At the time that we started in business twenty-six years ago we had practically every banker in town as members of our Pantorium Club, but there is left of the old guard only Mr. Davis and Mr. Barlow, who, of course, are still with us.

I call to mind these names: Herman Kountze, Frank Murphy, H. W. Yates, A. U. Wyman, J. H. Millard, V. B. Caldwell, Frank Hamilton, J. H. Evans, J. F. Coad, E. B. Wood, E. B. Wood, J. C. Creighton, H. C. Bostwick, J. C. French, L. M. Lord, G. E. Haverstick, Ezra Millard, Geo. F. Gilmore and G. M. Nattinger. All of these men were customers of The Pantorium from the time we started in business until their deaths.

If we had not done good cleaning and dyeing and always played the game on the square, we could not have held the business of you and Mr. Davis, as well as all the other Omaha bankers and their families, all these years.

I want to thank both you and Mr. Davis, and your children, too, for all the business you have sent to us, and the confidence you have shown in my firm for so many years, and I assure you we shall always do everything in our power to merit your future patronage.

Sincerely yours,

Guy Liggett

President for 26 years.