THE JUDITH GAP JOURNAL

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Judith Gap, Meagher county, Montana, located in the center of the largest and most prolific winter wheat region in the world, is on the Great Northern and Milwaukee railroads, 1193 miles west of St. Paul, 175 miles east of Helena, the state capital, and 248 northeast of Butte, the greatest mining camp on earth; 120 miles east of Great Falls, the Pittsburg of the west; 114 miles west of Billings, the sugar beet city; and 1095 miles east of Seattle, the key to the Orient.

THE HONEST MAN.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbor and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin or wrench from giving all their due;

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy that a ruffling wind
Can blow away or glittering look it blind;
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.
—George Herbert.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

It Enables Man "to Draw Contentment From a Cup of Tears."

Wordsworth in one of his poems speaks of "a man too happy for mortality." We sometimes forget the spiritual significance of joy. The stoics believed that happiness was not essential to man and not to be expected. Happiness of a specific kind, based upon good fortunate to the individual, is indeed not always to be expected nor always to be desired. But the deeper happiness and joy that come from the sure triumph of the good and the true are essential to the individual well being and the progress of society.

There have been those who learned through a beautiful consecration "to draw contentment from a cup of tears" and who came, through life's higher discipline, to know that there is a deep and abiding joy in the midst of pain and disapointment, a joy built upon the knowledge of life's greatness and the ability of the soul to rise above the temporary thing.

Such a joy as this is needed to make a man capable of inheriting eternity here and hereafter, for it raises man above the merely mortal and invests him with energy to pursue the tasks that are without end and fills him with a desire to ally himself with the powers that build the beauty of a continuing world.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

SILENCED BY A LOOK.

Gladstone's Burning Eyes Rendered Blackie Speechless.

Gladstone had peculiar, eagle-like eyes. At a dinner at which he and Professor Blackie were present the two men were opposite, and when Gladstone gave in a forcible way his idea that Homer was no longer recited, but chanted, the professor cried out, "Mr. Gladstone, I don't believe a word of it!" Then he rose to argue the matter and said one sentence, but got no further. He had met Gladstone's gaze and seen his outer eyelids widened to their fullness in a steady glare, and his tongue stumbled, and he sank back into his chair in confusion. The writer concludes:

"Go to the zoo for it. Take your umbrella. Make your way to the place where eagles, vultures, falcons and such like creatures blink on their perches. Select a bird. Stare at him with insult and you will see the outer lids expand as Mr. Gladstone's did. Poke at him with your umbrella. The filmy vertical lids through which he looks at the sun and opens to paralyze his prey will part, and then you will see what Blackie saw and understand his feelings."

Wrong End First.

"Willie," said the infant's mother, agitated by the sudden appearance of a rich relative, "Willie, dear, kiss your Uncle John and then go and wash your face at once."—London Telegraph.

Shut Your Mouth.

"One should always breathe through the nose when asleep," says a physician. If you awake and find your mouth open, get up and shut it.—Exchange.

HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A.

Novelized From James Bernard Fagan's Great Play of the Same Name by Albert Payson Terhune

By Courtesy of COHAN & HARRIS

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SYNOPSIS

Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne with $100,000 won at Monte Carlo visits Borrovina, a little Balkan kingdom, where he falls in love with the king's daughter, Princess Irma. Against her will she is engaged to Prince Validimir.

Hawthorne seizes a man who fires at the king and princess. The princess is taken to a hotel uninjured and cared for by Senator Ballard and his daughter Kate.

Later Hawthorne tells the king the prince is conspiring to dethrone him, but is ordered from the palace.

More evidence of the plot is found when Hawthorne catches the prince and confederates planning a movement to seize the throne. Hawthorne is caught listening.

The prince attempts to kill Hawthorne and his friend Blake. The ceiling caves in, burying the prince and his equerry, Radulski. Hawthorne and Blake, escaping, go with a newspaper reporter to a drinking place. The prince bursts in on them and orders them to jail.

The king becomes convinced that the American's story of the prince's treachery is true. Hawthorne bursts into the room, having bribed a guard to release him. The mob is heard outside. Hawthorne pleads with the king not to abdicate.

The mob, led by the prince, appears. The king, the princess and her friends have been sent into a side room. Hawthorne greets the mob alone. The king appears. The mob realizes it is in the presence of Mr. Hawthorne, "an American millionaire."

Hawthorne offers to pay the country's debts. The prince declares his money spurious. He bribes two guards to pose as Americans and decide in his favor.

The mob returns to the palace and is quickly pacified when Hawthorne passes out real gold. The prince admits his defeat and leaves.

Borrovina prospers. A year later Hawthorne announces his intention to return home. The king declares Borrovina a republic and asks Hawthorne to become his candidate for president.

Hawthorne is elected president, defeating the prince, and wins Princess Irma for his wife.

CHAPTER IX.

The Melting Pot.

THIS action on the part of the prince completely disarmed Hawthorne and Blake for the moment. Under orders of the prince the guards seized the two Englishmen and hurried them off to jail again. Once more the populace was in a turmoil. The prince knew that he had gained a temporary advantage, and he proposed to make the best of it. From his seat near the committee table he urged:

"People, how long are you to be made the fools of these foreigners? Let's to the palace and this time force the surrender of the king."

Hawthorne tried to gain their attention, but they wouldn't listen to him now. Led by the prince, they started for the palace. Hawthorne and Blake took a short cut and were there fully ten minutes in the lead of the mob.

"You wait here," Hawthorne told Blake when they reached the front of the palace, "and let me know the moment they come in sight."

Hawthorne brushed by the guards and went immediately to the king in

"Well, we won't surrender while we have this."

the same room that he had given audience to the mob in the morning.

"What news? What news?" pleaded the king, who was beginning to show the effects of the attempt to dethrone him.

Hawthorne quickly told him of the prince's scheme to have the guards pose as Americans and then when he was foiled to expose them

"Here's the crisis," announced Hawthorne, who had completely regained his fighting prowess. "Here's where we make our last stand."

"No. We'll surrender. It isn't worth the fight."

"You've placed yourself in my hands, haven't you?"

"Yes. But we're completely outnumbered, and we can never win that crowd now."

"Well, we won't surrender while we have this," announced Hawthorne, fondling his revolver.

"Do as you will," meekly obeyed the king.

Just then Blake rushed into the room.

"They're here!" he announced.

No sooner had he spoken than in rushed the prince, followed by the committee that had been appointed to oversee the testing of the gold.

"We demand your abdication immediately!" shouted the prince.

"Now, just a minute," urged Hawthorne, again taking the center of the stage. "How much longer are you people going to be made the tools of this man? You've listened to him long enough. Let me tell you a few things. Do you know that it was this man, your prince, who took those guards out of the jail and made them pose as newly arrived Americans?" demanded Hawthorne.

"Impossible!" shouted Radulski.

"Is it? Well, you'll find out."

Then, turning to the king, he said:

"Your majesty, order those men brought here immediately. Let us hear their stories."

"What! Would you take the word of two guards who had betrayed their commander?" exclaimed the prince.

"Do you want to hear these men?" Hawthorne appealed to the crowd.

There were a few faint voices in the affirmative, while Radulski tried to drown them out with a resounding "No!"

"We'll hear them," announced Hawthorne.

By this time the guards, under orders of the prince, were on their way to the jail.

The prince was doing his best to be heard, but Hawthorne held their attention and, strange to say, for the time being had quelled their revolutionary spirit.

"Men, stop this nonsense. Cool off! Do what is best for Borrovina?"

"You cannot pass judgment on that, sir," declared the prince. "What can you know of Borrovina's conditions and needs?"

"I know more than you think," was Hawthorne's reply. "That's why I'm

"Gee, but I could make a pot of money for all you chaps."

here. Do you know what my business is? Making money."

"Yes. He makes it himself out of any old stuff he may pick up along the wayside," said the prince, in a vain attempt to make Hawthorne look ridiculous in the eyes of the crowd.

"Is that so?" was the American's reply. "Blake, bring in that pot."

Blake immediately appeared with a big melting pot on a large iron tray. Beneath the pot was an oil fire.

"Now we'll see what my money is made of," said Hawthorne.

"Give me a Borrovina gold coin?" he asked of the crowd.

The senator, who had come in but a few moments before, offered one, but Hawthorne said:

"No, senator. We want a native of Borrovina to produce the coin."

"Here," said one of the merchants.

Hawthorne placed it in the pot.

"Now watch this melt, and while it is melting I'm going to tell you something, people," said Hawthorne.

"Do you know why I came here and have been keeping under cover till now? Simply because I saw a corking good chance to put this country on its feet and at the same time rake in a few more millions for myself. You've got one grand little chance here to clear up a lot of fortunes. And you're making toad pie of that chance with your silly six for a quarter revolution. I warn you, right here and now, boys, if you carry this thing any further I'm going to pack up, leave you flat broke and go home.

"Gee, but I could make a pot of money for all you chaps if you weren't so busy with this revolution. And I guess you could all stand having a little cash."

Great wealth can usually command a hearing. So can brazen assurance. And the blend of the two was enough to hold the conspirators spellbound. The mob, by giving ear to common sense, suddenly ceased to be a mob. Hawthorne knew this, and he went on more pleasantly:

"Sure you could use cash. You've gotten out of the habit, but you could soon get the hang of it again. The only reason you haven't got money is because you've spent more time on revolutions than on business. That's what I'm here for—to start you chaps on the road to fortune. Anybody who doesn't care to have a plump wad needn't bother to listen to me.

"General," he went on, singling out Hohenloe as the keystone of the revolution, "how'd you like to have a palace of your own, a benzine buggy and a bank account? All that'd be kind of bad, hey? You, Mr. Hotelkeeper, how'd you like to have people flocking from all over the world to your hotel, so you'd have nothing to do but wear clothes and count your winnings? How'd all you others like to have steady jobs at good pay and to have this town connected by railway with all the big centers, railroads with fat stock and you fellows learning the coupon cutting habit? Break your hearts, wouldn't it? You soldiers, how'd you like all your back pay handed to you and an assurance that there'll be no more arrears?"

By this time the Borrovina coin had been melted and was removed from the smelter and one of Hawthorne's coins replaced it. Then Hawthorne continued:

"Well, I tell you all those things are possible. In fact, they're all dead easy. They're the things I came here to do. But they can't be done while you're running around in a circle making a noise like throne wreckers. Cut out the revolutioning and get sense. What's the use of shooting up a lot of perfectly good people and changing one ruler for another? Make Borrovina a real country, not a comic opera land.

"Now, then," he resumed, beckoning to Blake, who obediently came forward with the suit case, "gentlemen, here's my secretary, Mr. Rodney Blake. Here, Rod, put the suit case on the desk. I realize what you people are thinking. You're thinking: 'All this American's talk listens fine. But how are we going to make money without some capital to start on?' Well, I happened to anticipate that question. Here's the answer."

He opened the suit case as he spoke and displayed to the goggling eyes of the revolutionists for the first time the closely wedged mass of gold and banknotes. Carelessly he rippled a thick sheaf of notes. He jingled a thick bag of gold and poured a glittering yellow stream of its contents from one hand to the other.

"People," shouted the prince, making his last appeal, "I beg of you not to be fooled. It isn't real money."

"Isn't it?" said Hawthorne, turning toward the prince. Then he showed them the melted American coin. "Doesn't that look real? Just a little bit more realistic than the genuine Borrovina coin, isn't it? Pretty bad, eh?" he observed, as the onlookers stared with the eyes of famished dogs who behold a juicy steak. "Real money. And enough of it to buy a dozen senators. I understand the army is in arrears of pay. Here's enough cash to settle the back salary of every officer in Borrovina. And I'll make that cash settlement right here and now."

A buzz of wondering joy from the uniformed contingent of the crowd broke in upon him. But he raised his voice and continued:

"Work will be started at once on the development of your roads, the building of a casino, the world wide advertising of your great mineral springs and resources. There will be good work for the unemployed, money for the destitute. In short, I'm going to put Borrovina on the map. In the meantime, let's clear up this matter of back pay. General Hohenloe, how much salary is due you?"

"Seven thousand francs," answered the general, speaking like a man in a dream.

Hawthorne with nimble fingers counted out the sum and handed it to the bewildered Hohenloe, talking rapidly to the rest as he did so.

"Yes, gentlemen," said he, "all I've told you can be realized. Borrovina can be made a thriving, prosperous nation. But there's one stumbling block we must remove at the very outset. And that stumbling block is Prince Vladimir. You've got to take Vladimir out for a walk and lose him. Borrovina will be no good while he's mixing in its affairs, and you may as well know it now."

"It is an outrage!" spluttered Radulski, who had noted with dazed horror the sudden shifting of his adored master's hopes of kingship and who now found his voice for the first time. "I tell you it is an outrage! I"

"It is," assented Hawthorne. "But it isn't going to be any longer. For we're going to send him packing. Step up, gentlemen! You came here for a settlement of your difficulties. I'm the man to settle them all, as I've just explained to you. What shall it be? Revolution and ruin or prosperity and loyal allegiance to his majesty? Speak up! Do I pay you your money or do you stay dead broke? Now's the time to answer. Last call for the dining car, gentlemen! Which shall it be?"

"Long live the king!" yelled one money loving patriot.

And the cry was taken up.

"Revolution's over!" curtly announced Hawthorne. "Come along now, everybody, and get yours!"

Continued next week.

The Sneezing Prayer.

The custom of following a sneeze with a prayer goes so far back into the past it is next to impossible to say when it actually began. According to Strada the custom originated among the Assyrians, who, through an opinion of the danger that attended it, after the act of sneezing made a short prayer to the gods. The Romans after sneezing cried out, "Jupiter, help me!" The custom is mentioned by Homer, the early Jewish writers and others, and is found among many savage tribes.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT FOR THE DICTATOR.

—Webster in New York Globe.

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