

of the corpse and with a faded and none too clean handkerchief from his own pocket the little old man covered the face of the unknown. Then "Here boy," he called to an urchin hovering on the opposite corner, his awe stronger than his curiosity and his arm hugging a bundle of late "Wuxtrees." Gingerly the boy approached the gruesome spot and donated his entire stock of papers. With these the old man covered the body from head to foot and then went his way. Again the silent dead man was left alone amid the roar of swirling Broadway.

An still no one in authority came, no surgeon, no police, no coroner. For nearly an hour the body lay alone. The traffic policeman on post notified his station, but he could not desert his work, for the taxicabs were still racing madly and to protect the living was more important than to guard the dead. All the time a crowd fringed either curb, gazing morbidly at the shape under the newspapers, but venturing no nearer after they knew death sat on the base of that dazzling light.

Forgotten was the play, the picture show and the cabaret to those people. They were held spellbound. Finally, a Flower Hospital surgeon came and officially pronounced the man dead. Then a police ambulance carted the corpse to a station. In a moment Broadway moved on in its accustomed way, the incident forgotten.

Who says New York is not honest? That dead man had \$430 in his pockets, and it lay unguarded for more than an hour, but nobody attempted to take it. To spoil the story, the dead man was not buried, unknown in the Potter's Field. He was identified as Abbe Napoleon Leclerc, a priest of Woonsocket, in New York on his way to Havana.

—o—o—  
"How's everything in your house?" asked Smith. "Oh," replied Brown, "she's all right."—N. Y. World.

## FILM MAN FLIM-FLAMS WOMAN INTO MARRYING HIM



Mrs  
Rilla Kohler

New York.—A handsome young woman in olive green, carrying a suitcase, greeted Charles J. Kohler when he opened the door of his apartment.

Kohler, who is a moving picture actor, gasped a few times, then bade his caller come in, and introduced her to his wife as his cousin from out-of-town. Mrs. Kohler and the charming cousin get along beautifully and peace reigned in the Kohler flat until one evening "cousin" brought three detectives to the house and they arrested Kohler.

Of course, Mrs. Kohler was much perturbed. "Don't get excited, my dear," said the cousin, "I'm not Mr. Kohler's cousin. I'm his real wife. I thought this would be a good way to get evidence against him."

Kohler was locked up. He says Rilla (who is Mrs. Kohler No. 1) played a mean trick on him, and it was only to save the feelings of Doris (wife No. 2) that he introduced Rilla as his cousin.