BROADWAY JONES

By EDWARD MARSHALL

FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

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SYNOPSIS.

Jackson Jones, nicknamed "Broadway" because of his continual glorification of New York's great thoroughfare, is anxious to get away from his home town of Jonesville. Abner Jones, his uncle, is very angry because Broadway refuses to settle down and take a place in the gum factory in which he succeeded to his father's interest. Judge Spotswood informs Broadway that $250,000 left him by his father is at his disposal. Broadway makes record time in heading for his favorite street in New York. With his New York friend, Robert Wallace, Broadway creates a sensation by his extravagance on the White Way. Four years pass and Broadway suddenly discovers that he is not only broke, but heavily in debt. He applies to his uncle for a loan and receives a package of chewing gum with the advice to chew it and forget his troubles. He quietly seeks work without success. Broadway gives what is intended to be a farewell supper to his New York friends, and before it is over becomes engaged to Mrs. Gerard, and ancient widow, wealthy and very giddy. Wallace expostulates with the aged flirt and her youthful fiance, but fails to better the situation. He learns that Broadway is broke and offers him a position with his father's advertising firm, but it is declined. Wallace takes charge of Broadway's affairs. Broadway receives a telegram announcing the death of his Uncle Abner in Europe. Broadway is his sole heir. Peter Pembroke of the Consolidated Chewing Gum company offers Broadway $1,200,000 for his gum plant and Broadway agrees to sell.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Jackson was in a fever of excitement. "Well, come on then. Let's get them! What are you waiting for? Let's get this all over with as quickly as we can."

"Do you mean business?"

"Certainly I mean business." Jackson gazed at him with definite reproach. "Don't I look like a business man?" He displayed the sack coat Rankin had laid out for him that morning. "Look at this business suit!" He felt in his pocket, found what he sought and was extremely satisfied. "And I've got a lead pencil and everything. Certainly I mean business."

"You'll sign the articles today?"

"For twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars I'd sign a murderer's confession!"

Pembroke, who never smiled, looked at his watch. "It's twelve o'clock."

"Is it?"

"We'll meet here at two."

"I'll be right here, waiting."

"Will you shake hands with me?"

"Sure! I'll kiss you if you want me to."

Even this would not divert Pembroke to frivolity. "Mr. Jones, you're doing business with a great company."

Jackson nodded. "You're the greatest company I've ever met."

"Two, then. Don't forget—two!"

"Twelve! Don't forget—twelve!"

"Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

Jackson went with him to the elevator, watching his every movement with something which approached in its brooding care an anxious mother's. "Be careful when you cross the street! Good-by!"

Returning to the table, he once more read the magic telegram. "That's the first time I knew that they could telegraph from heaven," he said fervently, just as Rankin entered.

"I told the chef, sir," said the butler, "and he says—"

"Never mind what he says. You tell him he must stay. I wouldn't have him go for all the world. Go out and raise his salary and give him my regards. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say, come here. Where do you live when you're not here?"

"In Harlem, sir."

"Got a flat?"

"Yes, sir."

"Like this furniture?" He waved

"We've Got to Make a Train."

his hand at the extremely ornate contents of the room.

"Beautiful, sir."

"It's yours."

"Oh, thank you, sir! Anything else?"

"No; what else do you want? Get out! Don't bother me. I'm a business man."

He hurried to the telephone, laughing very earnestly, as if he really liked to laugh.

"Give me long-distance, please. Hello, long-distance; hello, long-distance. I want to talk to Jonesville, Conn. Jonesville. J—o—there, you've got it right. Judge Spotswood, attorney at law, Jonesville, Conn. Yes; this is 2468 Huyler. Rush it, won't you? Thanks!"

As he sat and contemplated with a smile of great intensity the tips of his slim patent-leather shoes, Wallace, having done his task, returned to him with a grave face.

"Well," said he, almost discouraged, "I've figured it all up, and the best that I can do makes the grand total sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-two dollars."

"How much?"

"Sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-two dollars."

"Spending money, my boy," said Broadway grandly. "Spending money."

With that he sprang out of his chair and rushed about the room with joy upon his face and showed his deep contempt for little things by breaking several costly vases, throwing six American Beauty roses in the waste basket and tossing cushions here and there. One of an especial elegance he threw out on Broadway, never looking to see whose head it sotily lighted upon.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Wallace. "Going crazy all over again?"

Broadway paused in his extraordinary movements. "Do you know what I'm going to do from now on? I'm going to make the loudest noise Broadway has heard since Dewey came home from the war."

"What are you talking about?"

Jackson looked him kindly in the eye.

"Know what happened after you had left the room? A messenger boy with golden wings and a jeweled harp blew through that window, handed me this telegram and flew right back to the Golden Gates." He thrust the telegram at Wallace. "Read, read, read!"

The dazed Wallace read aloud. The reader paused. "God!" he exclaimed.

"Did he sign it?" Broadway begged, without the slightest incredulity.

"It's signed Judge Spotswood. Who's he?"

"My uncle's lawyer."

"Is this a joke?"

"If it is I'll make a reputation as a gun man!"

"Why, this is the most wonderful thing that ever happened!"

"It is all of that, and more. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to buy Brooklyn—and close it up."

But Wallace was not swept away by his extravagance. He really was a business man. "Pembroke," he reflected. "Why, he phoned. I took his message."

"He was here. Say, did you ever hear of the Consolidated Chewing Gum company?"

"Why, certainly. They're the biggest advertisers in America."

"Well, he's second vice-president. He's coming back at two o'clock."

"What for?"

"To bring me a check for twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars! I'm going to sell him Jones' Pepsin."

Instantly the business man was uppermost in Wallace. He became alert, suspicious. "He made that offer?"

"Yes."

"And you accepted?"

"Yes."

"Sign an agreement?"

"Not yet."

Wallace spoke now, with the firmness of a heavy hammer striking on an anvil. "And you're not going to."

Broadway gazed at him aghast. "Why?"

"Now, don't give me any argument. You've been a damn fool all your life and here's a chance to get even with yourself."

"Turn down a million two hundred thousand dollars!"

"Yes."

Broadway shook his head. "Not on your biography!"

Wallace was not impressed. "What you need is a keeper, and I'm going to take the job."

The telephone rang, and, as Broadway would have answered it, Wallace pushed him ruthlessly away. It was plain that he had definitely assumed command.

The message was from Judge Spotswood. As soon as Broadway learned this he explained that he had called the judge and wished him to come at once to New York city. Wallace gave him one sad glance of pure disgust. Then he told the judge exactly otherwise.

"No," he called into the phone. "No, no; don't you come here. We'll come there."

Broadway was instantly rebellious. "I'll do nothing of the kind."

Wallace waved him off with a condemnatory hand, and continued talking to the telephone. "We'll be there at six o'clock. . . . In time for dinner. . . . Yes; good-by!" He hung up the receiver, and turned to Broadway with the hard but happy smile of the real business man who has succeeded in accomplishing a coup.

"Say, what are you trying to do?" said Broadway, not without resentment. "Run my affairs for me?"

"Yes," said Wallace readily, and then called loudly for the butler. When he came he told him to pack, without delay, a grip for Mr. Jones, who, he gravely announced, was going traveling.

"To—er—Japan?" inquired the hopeful Rankin.

"Same thing, Connecticut."

"Look here," said Broadway wrathfully, "I don't intend—"

The bell rang.

"Go see who that is," said Wallace in a most peremptory tone.

"Say, I'm not working for you, am I?" asked Broadway peevishly.

"Go on; do as you are told."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Broadway, but started toward the door.

Wallace, though, was thinking. "Wait! Hold on. It may be Mrs. Gerard. Didn't she say she would be back in half an hour?"

Broadway paused, dismayed. "That's so!" He hurried to the window, and looked out; he turned back with a worried face. "Surest thing you know. It's her car, all right."

"Get your hat," said Wallace. "Is there another way out of this house?"

"The servants' elevator at the back."

"Rankin! Oh, Rankin!"

Rankin, breathless, hurried in. "I'll have the grip packed in five minutes, sir."

"Never mind the grip. We can't wait for it. We've got to make a train. See who's at the door. We're going out the other way." He seized Broadway's wrist. "Come on!"

Jackson, departing in a somewhat sideways fashion, owing to the steady

"It Doesn't Seem Possible It's You."

pull of Wallace's strong arm, called back to Rankin: "Oh, there'll be a party of gentlemen here at two o'clock to see me, and—"

"What shall I tell them, sir?"

Wallace answered: "Tell them to go to hell," said he.

CHAPTER VII.

Jonesville was in mourning. Broadway's departed uncle had inspired not much affection; he had not been one to care to; but for many years, to the workers in the factory, he had been a sort of business deity—the semi-providential head of the great enterprise through which they gained their livelihood.

The folk of Jonesville had neither loved him nor revered him; he had been a sort of elemental necessity to their peace of mind; they had, so to speak, leaned with a feeling of security upon his stubbornness, knowing he would never sell out to the gum trust; if he did not sell out to the gum trust the factory would operate; if the factory kept running Jonesville would continue to eat, drink, and, in its crude, undevolped way, be merry. Now that he was dead, a feeling of uncertainty spread a mild panic through the little town.

The judge was waiting for the two men in the hotel corridor. His worry over what the new owner of the factory might decide to do about the perfectly well known trust plans was quite as keen as anyone's, but his dignity forbade that he should make display of it.

It was something of a relief to him when Broadway hurried to him from the hotel office and held out his hand, although the boy's appearance was a shock to him. He remembered him as Higgins' mother had described him and as the dapper, boyish youth who had aroused the wonder of the town with patent-leather shoes and new dance steps. This pale, extremely urban man, young still, naturally, with a face which told untoward tales of night experiences such as were not written upon any face in Jonesville, no matter what its age, nonplussed and confused him. He had expected normal changes; he saw metamorphosis.

"Judge," said Wallace, who, although a stranger, was first to grasp his hand, "I'm glad to see you." There was a harassed look upon his face as if he might have had a difficult time with Broadway on the train.

The judge took Broadway's hand. "And this is little Jackson! Broadway, we used to call you. Well, I'm glad to see you!"

"Thanks, judge." Broadway really was glad, and shook hands heartily, although the sybarite in him already was in strong revolt against the old hotel.

"I'll go in and register, Broadway," said Wallace. "And I'll put you down as Mr. Jackson. No use in—"

"Yes," said the judge approvingly, "the town is all upset. There might be—er—"

"I understand."

"If it should get around that the old mill would be sold to the trust."

The desk was near the door which led into the fly-specked corridor and the judge was listening as Wallace made terms with the clerk.

"What'll you take now, Mr. Wallace?" said the clerk, after careful study of the signature upon the register. "Or are you Mr. Jackson?"

"No; Wallace. I'm Mr. Jackson's—secretary. And we'd like two rooms with—"

"Two!" said the clerk, astonished. That was such extravagance as never had before occurred in that hotel.

"Yes; two connecting rooms, with a bath between, if possible."

The clerk gazed, open-mouthed. "Well, now," he explained, "I don't guess I can do that. We got a bathroom. Years ago a barber leased the shop and had it put in next to it. Thought he'd rent it out to strangers. But he didn't. It's still there, but lord, he's dead, and I guess th' lead pipe has been used som'ers else. Know it has, in fact."

"Well—"

"Lead pipe, ye know, is val'able."

"Is it? Well, do the best you can for us. Telephones in the rooms, are there?"

"In the rooms? No. They's one acrost the street at th' liv'ry stable."

"Well, we'll have to make that do, then. Can we get some dinner?"

"Dinner's over't two o'clock. Supper's over now. Might fix up somethin', I suppose."

"All right, do the best you can for us and send it to the rooms."

"What? Send it to the rooms! Want I should come along to feed ye?" The clerk was definitely angry. These city folks!

The judge stepped in. "I want you and Mr.—er—er—Mr. Jackson should come to my house for your supper," he suggested.

"We'd better not, tonight, judge. Tomorrow, possibly."

Broadway cast at Wallace a pathetic glance. Could it be possible that he meant to stay in Jonesville till tomorrow night? Wallace sent him a look of warning.

"Well, if we can't have supper in our rooms, I suppose we'll take it where we can," he granted, determined that if Broadway really came back to Jonesville, as he intended to compel him to, some changes should be made in the hotel.

"Minnie!" shouted the clerk, in a reverberating voice, calculated to express itself, though miles might intervene. "Two sup-p-er-r-s!"

"All right," he said to Wallace. "Want to wash? Wash basins—"

"We'll do that, anyway, up in our rooms."

"What with?" exclaimed the clerk triumphantly. "They ain't no water there."

"But couldn't—"

"Ain't no water," said the clerk indifferently, grandly, "ner no soap, ner towels, ner pitchers, ner no bowls, ner nothin'." He turned away.

"But where's the key?"

"Ain't no key. We're honest folks in Jonesville. I'm goin' out."

"But where are the rooms?"

"Head th' stairs. One and two. They ain't no others." With no further words he went his way.

"My God, Bob," said Broadway, approaching him appealingly, "you're not going to make me live here, are you?"

"Yes; but I'm going to build a new hotel here," Wallace answered.

The judge hovered close to Broadway. "I wish you'd come up to the house to supper."

"Not tonight, judge, thanks."

"No," he granted sympathetically. "I suppose you want a rest. Tired after four hours on the train, of course. Gad, it's quite a journey! How've you been, Broadway?" The judge pronounced it "bean," as if it came in pods.

"Oh, so, so, judge."

"Busy, I suppose, down to New York—"

"Yes; busy every minute—night and day."

"Uh-huh, I s'pose so. What did you say the business was you've been followin'?"

Wallace answered before Broadway had a chance. "Liquor business, principally," he said tersely.

"Broadway's eyes flashed toward him a lightning glance of sheer malevolence, which his caught without a sign of anything but high amusement. "Yes—er—judge," said Broadway, "I have invested quite a lot of money in the liquor business."

"Well," said the cautious judge, anxious not to hurt his feelings, and, in his heart, not shocked, "somebody's got to sell it. And I suppose it was the wholesale business you were in. That's always thought respectable."

"You bet it was the wholesale business," Wallace broke in cheerily.

Broadway began to feel intense distaste for the alertness of successful business men. They took a fellow up and make a monkey of him before he had a chance to think. This whole trip to Jonesville—

"Judge," said the energetic advertising agent, "maybe you would like a little nip."

"My boy," the judge replied in mournful tones, "you can't get it here at this hotel. It ain't been to be had here since the Episcopalian that once owned it was bought out by a Methodist."

"I've—" Broadway began.

"I've got some in my pocket," said Wallace, interrupting.

"Now, Bob—" Broadway began to protest, but the judge himself did not permit him to complete his sentence.

"I could show you to your room," he said, "being as the clerk's gone out."

"By all means. We—"

"Er no," the judge said sadly. "'Twouldn't really do. My wife—"

Jackson was looking round him for his bag. Rankin always— Suddenly he remembered that he did not have his bag. They had fled without it as they dodged Mrs. Gerard. He gnashed his teeth at Wallace.

But, even though the liquor question was in no way settled at the session, the judge stayed a little while to gossip, principally making inquiries about the story which had been prominently printed in the local papers that Broadway was to marry a rich widow.

Wallace took command here, too, with lightning-like celerity. "Judge," said he with gravity, "if every widow in New York who has confided to the newspapers that she would like to marry Mr. Jones had married him he'd be a modern Mormon."

"Yes, I suppose so—with the prospects of this business here in Jonesville and a big wholesale liquor business of his own there in the city. I bet they have been after him. But I must go. You'll be up after supper?"

"Very soon, if supper's what I think it will be," Broadway answered.

Mrs. Spotswood was consumed with curiosity when her husband arrived at home.

"Why didn't you bring him here to supper?" she inquired.

"Well, mother, you know they've been on a railroad train four hours. I guess they're pretty tired. They'll get supper at the hotel." He laughed. "Mr. Wallace, he's with Broadway, asked to have it served up in their rooms, and Gilroy, the hotel clerk, asked him if they wanted he should feed it to them." His laughter became violent. "You know Gilroy's very witty."

"How does Broadway look?"

"Ten years older. My, how that boy has changed!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOO HIGH-FLOWN FOR KING

Frederick VII. of Denmark Unable to Appreciate Sentiment That Was Part of Violinist's Being.

In writing of her experiences in America, Madame de Hagermann-Lindencrone tells of the arrival at Cambridge of Ole Bull, the famous violinist:

"Ole Bull (the great violinist) has taken James Russell Lowel's house in Cambridge. He is remarried and lives here with his wife and daughter. He has a magnificent head, and that broad, expansive smile which seems to belong to geniuses. Liszt had one like it.

"He and Mrs. Bull come here often on Sunday evenings, and sometimes he brings his violin. Mrs. B. accompanies him, and he plays divinely. There is no violinist on earth that can compare with him. There may be many who have as brilliant a technique, but none who has his feu sacre and the tremendous magnetism which creates such enthusiasm that you are carried away. The sterner sex pretend that they can resist him, but certainly no woman can.

"He is very proud of showing the diamond in his bow, which was given him by the king of Sweden.

"He loves to tell the story of King Frederick VII. of Denmark, who said to him: 'Where did you learn to play the violin? Who was your teacher?'

"Ole Bull answered, 'Your majesty, the pine forests of Norway and the beautiful fjords taught me!'

"The king, who had no feeling for such high-flown sentiments, turned to one of his aides-de-camp and said, 'Sikken vrovl!'—the Danish for 'What rubbish!'"—Harper's Magazine.

Tell College by Her Kiss.

"You can tell by the way a young American girl receives or gives a kiss what college she has attended," says Emile Deschamps, the French author, in a chapter of his new book, entitled "Uncle Sam's Women." He writes:

"The best kisses come from Smith college, although the Harvard Annex girls prefer kisses to bon bons.

"The kiss of Vassar girls is like a blow.

"The graduates of Bryn Mawr kiss without batting an eye.

"The ravishing kiss of Mount Holyoke girls can only be likened to a volcano."

DRESSING YOUNG GIRL

HER CLOTHES ALWAYS SOMETHING OF A PROBLEM.

Wise Mother, at This Stage of Her Daughter's Life, Will Provide Pretty Things and Teach Her to Take Care of Them.

There is no period in a girl's life when it is so difficult to dress her successfully as between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, and though the problem of finding suitable clothes is one that faces all mothers of growing daughters, one seldom finds any very wide selection of ready-made garments suited to this purpose.

In choosing frocks, a great deal depends on the girl herself, for it is no good buying dainty attire for the young person who considers the care of gowns and hats a perfectly unnecessary waste of time. Miss Sixteen, with opinions of this kind, needs a certain amount of training before any respect for her garments can be instilled effectively, and though the majority of girls today are as anxious to be as well turned out as their grown-up sisters, the tomboy maiden still remains, and the difficulties of clothing her accordingly.

"I have often heard," said a mother recently, "that rough and serviceable materials, serge and holland in dark colors, and such like, are all that should be used in a schoolgirl's outfit, but this is, I think, a great mistake. No girl will ever learn to value her things and take a pride in her appearance if only supplied with garments of a workmanlike but ugly type. An occasional pretty gown, a becoming hat, soft solors, and light materials will, by their very charm, teach her better than a hundred wordy sermons the necessity for care where her possessions are concerned."

This being the case, it is wisest to exercise great care in choosing a girl's clothes, and what is more, she should be allowed to make her own suggestions and have her individual ideas carried out as far as they are compatible with good taste and common sense. Mothers who do this are laying the foundations of a practical knowledge in the details of dress and expenditure that will prove invaluable in after years.

LARGE TRAY ALWAYS BEST

Of Much More Importance Than the Table When One Is Serving the Afternoon Tea.

The woman who lives in a small apartment finds the large tray and small table the best solution of her afternoon tea problem. When every inch of space counts in the appearance of a room, a daintily equipped tea table constantly in view rather "clutters" up things—as the New England housekeeper would put it. But a generously roomy tea tray, accommodating teapot and cozy jugs for cream, sugar and hot water, several cups and saucers and plates of cake and sandwiches or the thin bread and butter which is so delicious at tea hour, may be carried in and set down on a tabouret, small folding table, or even the piano stool at a pinch.

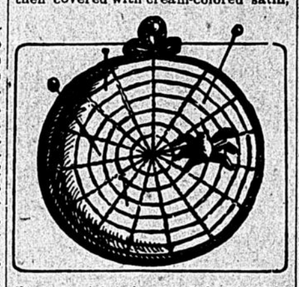
If one does not possess a handsome hammered brass tea tray or one of the inlaid mahogany, a bamboo Japanese tray will answer very well. It should be furnished with a large teacloth and small napkins to match, of drawn-work or hand embroidered linen.

It is the daintiness of the tea service and the delicious character of tea and cakes that makes most impression on a guest; the table really counts for little. Admirable for the small room are nested tables of mahogany. The table reserved for the tea tray, when not in use can be tucked under another table holding a vase and a photograph or other bit of bric-a-brac.

WITH DESIGN OF SPIDER WEB

Pretty Little Pincushion That Is Something Just a Little Out of the Ordinary.

Novel ideas for making pretty pincushions are difficult to obtain, but in our sketch we show something quite new in the shape of a quaint little cushion made to represent a spider's web. It can be carried out in any size to suit different requirements; and in making it, in the first place a circular piece of stiff cardboard must be cut out. This card is well padded with cotton wool on that side which is to be the front, and the wool should be arranged so that it is much thicker in the center than at the sides. It is then covered with cream-colored satin,



the material being stretched tightly over the wool and fastened on at the back of the card with a strong adhesive. The spider's web is worked upon the material with gold thread, and this should of course be done prior to covering the card. The cushion is finished off all round the edge with a gold silk cord carried into three loops at the top, and by the center loop it can be suspended from a nail in the wall. To complete this very novel cushion one of those little paper Japanese spiders can be procured and tacked upon one side as suggested in the sketch.

Quaint little novelties always attract attention at a bazar, and a number of these cushions made in different sizes will look very pretty on a stall and should command a ready sale.

This cushion could, of course, be used equally well laid flat upon the dressing-table if preferred.—Young Ladies' Journal.

BEAUTIFYING NECK AND ARMS

Method of Treatment That Will Keep Them White and Cool During the Entire Evening.

To make neck and arms look white and plump in evening dress under a strong light, first bathe them with a soothing lotion, wipe with cotton and powder freely, putting on a thick layer of powder. Do this as long before dressing as possible, and leave the powder on for as long as you can. Then the last thing wipe off the powder entirely with cotton, or leave just the merest trace on if such is your habit.

So treated, the skin will keep white and cool through the evening. Do not use water or cream, as they are inclined at times to cause a greasy look. Either of these for mere cleansing purposes should be used some hours before going out. A layer of cream chiffon worn as a guimpe is good to wear to prevent a ghastly look which results under a strong light and which is the effect produced unless one's neck is very plump. Chiffon gives the appearance of plumpness.

Bodices Are Tight.

Bodices that are tight and buttoned in front are a feature of some of the new frocks. They are a sudden change from the shapeless, bagging bodice of the present, and perhaps for that very reason are likely to win certain interest and liking.

SLEEVES FOR VARIOUS GOWNS

Not Much Latitude Is Allowed, But Designers Have In Instances Varied Their Offerings.

Though the sleeves in modish gowns are so alike that they grow monotonous, the designers do depart occasion-

ally from the stereotyped and vary their offerings. A group of sleeves for several different styles of frocks is shown here. On the upper right is a sleeve designed for cotton blouse or morning dress; the one on the upper left for a coat suit of cloth or silk. The center sleeve is suitable for an informal evening or dinner gown, while the two lower sleeves are intended for dancing frocks of silk and lace. The one on the left is particularly suitable for a young girl's frock.

CORSET IS OF IMPORTANCE

Fashionable Outline Makes It Imperative That a Good Deal of Attention Be Accorded It.

Although waists are things of the past, let no one imagine that the corset is no longer a necessity or is in any way a negligible quantity. Far from it. It is a modern paradox that in order to attain the natural figure greater attention than ever must be paid to the corset. These wonderful nearly straight lines from the arm to the hips, or rather to the knees, for the new corsets reach to just above the knees, are due more to the art of the corsetiere than to any dietary or exercise. The latest thing in corsets is very lightly boned, and has no bones at all over the hips. It is made in most instances of tricot, either in a cotton or silk mesh, and is extremely supple and comfortable to wear, fitting without a wrinkle. Their variety is infinite. There are special models for athletic wear, for riding and dancing, very thin graceful ones for evening wear under draperies, and a more sturdy kind for general wear under tailor-mades. With the coming fashions the choice of the corset will be an affair of the greatest importance, for on it much of their gracefulness will depend.

RENT OF FIRST IMPORTANCE

Decision of Massachusetts Judge May Have Created a Decision That Will Be Far-Reaching.

When a landlord lets an apartment with heat, how many degrees of Fahrenheit is he supposed to furnish? May the tenant leave the windows open to admit fresh air, and then complain because the apartment is not warm enough? If neither the janitor nor the landlady heeds his complaints may the tenant justly refuse to pay rent? Or is he liable for the full amount until the expiration of the lease?

A judge in the Massachusetts superior court threw some light on these seasonable questions the other day, by ruling against the tenant, remarks the Boston Globe. The landlord in the case appears to have agreed orally to put in new and larger radiators and keep the apartment nice and warm, but the promise was not in writing, and so was not valid. The tenant sat at his desk in his study, wearing a fur coat and with a hot-water bottle at his feet. When he remonstrated the landlord said something to the effect that if the tenant would shut the windows the apartment would be warm enough.

It appears from this case that while a man may elect either to freeze or to breathe impure air, he must pay his rent.

Sexton Is Shrewd.

Among the tourists who travel through France, a considerable number visit the cathedral at Rheims, a magnificent example of Gothic architecture. In the tower there is an enormous clock, and it is the sexton's business to wind it every day—a very tiring job, as the weights are naturally extremely heavy.

The sexton, however, is a very shrewd fellow. Whenever he shows the trippers this wonderful piece of mechanism he remarks: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you do not believe me regarding the heaviness of the clock weights, try for yourselves."

Each of the trippers immediately gives a turn or two to the wheel, and as there are some 200 visitors a day the trippers unconsciously and eagerly wind the clock for him, and, in addition, give him an extra tip for being allowed to do his work.

Home-Made Silver Polish.

Some of the bought silver polishes are very destructive. A harmless and effective home-made preparation consists of half a pound of whiting sifted into a bowl, to which are added two ounces of spirits of turpentine, one ounce of spirits of wine, half an ounce of spirits of camphor, with one tablespoonful of household ammonia. Mix the ingredients thoroughly and bottle. In polishing apply liberally to the silver with a soft cloth or brush and then allow it to dry, after which rub off with a soft cloth and polish with chamois.

One Advantage.

"There's one consolation about the present drama."

"And what's that?"

"When I get old and am a grandmother I don't believe my grandchildren will be able to take me to a play that will shock me."—Detroit Free Press.

DEVICE THAT FOILS FORGER

Authenticity of Paintings Now Can Be Fixed by New Methods of Photography.

Important indeed is the news that one Dr. Laurie, a London professor of chemistry, has discovered a method of photographing pictures that will enable him—and other people—to decide with the certainty hitherto lacking whether they are or are not the works of the men to whom they have been ascribed, the New York Times states.

Every true art lover knows the grinding apprehension he is constantly in lest by some sad chance he imagine merit in a picture that only pretends to have been painted by a great artist. Hardly one critic of any eminence or authority has failed to make this cruelly humiliating mistake at least once, and one of them is quite enough to embitter a lifetime. Given a single unquestionable authentic masterpiece, Dr. Laurie declares that he can decide infallibly that another is or is not by the same hand.

This will raise are criticism to a new and high level—that of the receiving teller in a bank in judging money—and enable us all to know, not guess, what pictures to admire and what to scorn.

Automatic Professor.

The automatic professor is a mechanical means of teaching language which has just been introduced and which promises to become a favorite because of the ease and convenience with which it enables one to acquire a language. The device consists of a combination of the phonograph with a piece of mechanism which operates a reel on which are printed words and sentences so that the student is enabled to see the word at the same time that he hears it. The phonograph alone has already been utilized for the teaching of language with some success, but the efficacy of the new combination is much greater and the student acquires a greater familiarity with the language, both written and spoken, in less time. It is also applicable to elementary instruction in music.

WOMEN AS PUBLIC SPEAKERS

Toastmaster of Experience Marvels at the Ease Shown When They Address Public Gatherings.

A toastmaster recently declared that, after many years' experience, he never remembered an instance of a speaker admitting that he was a fluent orator, most men, as a matter of fact, apologizing for their lack of ability in this direction.

Women, who are comparatively fresh to the "platform," do not seem to be overtaken by the nervousness or to display the false modesty of men. Nowadays women have many opportunities of public speaking. People regard it as a matter of course when a woman rises to speak at any kind of gathering, and it is very rare indeed that one who does speaks haltingly or makes any preliminary excuse for herself.

Perhaps only those who are sure of themselves do speak, but it is quite remarkable that one rarely hears a really dull or positively poor speech from feminine lips.

New Hat Bow.

A novel bow for the tailored spring hat—which nowadays blooms in midwinter—is the sole trimming needed since it practically covers any of the small new shapes. It is made of three-inch broad and very heavy ribbon, fashioned into four seven-inch-long loops that start under a common knot. This knot is placed exactly at the center of the crown, and from it the loops are drawn respectively toward the edge of the brim at back, front and sides. They do not lie flatly, but stand partly on edge in the perky little manner which is difficult to achieve unless one possesses the milliner's touch. This sort of bow will prove a real boon to the woman who must refurnish a last year's straw hat—if she can bend it into reasonable resemblance to one of the recent shapes—for, having refaced the brim with new velvet, she may conceal the faded crown with the loops and broad ribbon loops.

TWO WOMEN AVOID OPERATIONS

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Chicago, Ill.—"I must thank you with all my heart for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I used to go to my doctor for pills and remedies and they did not help me. I had headaches and could not eat, and the doctor claimed I had female trouble and must have an operation. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have taken it and feel fine. A lady said one day, 'Oh, I feel so tired all the time and have headache.' I said, 'Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,' and she did and feels fine now."—Mrs. M. R. KARSCHNICK, 1438 N. Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

The Other Case.

Dayton, Ohio.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieved me of pains in my side that I had for years and which doctors' medicines failed to relieve. It has certainly saved me from an operation. I will be glad to assist you by a personal letter to any woman in the same condition."—Mrs. J. W. SHERER, 126 Cass St., Dayton, Ohio.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Gentleman or Churl?

Be a gentleman, young man, for it will pay you a golden rate of interest. You will never get anywhere by returning surly answers. You might be surprised to know that if you should meet the president of a railroad and ask him a civil question that you would get a most courteous reply. Walk into the biggest concern in any city and ask for the manager. He will meet you with a smile and return the blandest answer to your query. It is the ignorant cub in the country depot or the window washer in a big office who hand back the discourteous answers. That's why they always remain cubs and window washers. The fellows who reach the presidency of railroads and the management of large concerns do so because they are gentlemen and always return the soft reply. It costs nothing to be a gentleman and besides you will find that such a route leads down beside still waters and up through green valleys. The churl plows through the mud of serfdom and breathes the dust of slavery. You choose the path—gentleman or churl.—Kansas City Star.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules. Adv.

Mixed Language.

"What's Henry's walk in life?"

"He runs a news stand."—Baltimore American.

It costs some people a lot to live because their neighbors are afflicted with the borrowing habit.

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Whenever you use your back, does a sharp pain hit you? Does your back ache constantly, feel sore and lame?

It's a sign of sick kidneys, especially if the kidney action is disordered too, passages scanty or too frequent or off color.

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An Indiana Case

Mrs. John D. Whitaker, 405 N. East St., Madison, Ind., says: "Dark circles appeared under my eyes and my ankles were inflamed and swollen. I was all crippled up with rheumatism. My back ached constantly and I was a physical wreck. Doctors and expensive treatment of specialists failed. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first and before long restored me to good health."

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"I suffered with quite a severe neuralgic headache for 4 months without any relief. I used your Liniment for two or three nights and I haven't suffered with my head since."—*Mr. F. E. Swinger, Louisville, Ky.*

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