

"Say," he said earnestly, "I've got a real knockout surprise for you, young fellow! Pembroke was waiting at the office of the hotel. That was his man he sent here. He knew we were leaving New York before we started. He was telephoned to from the Grand Central station. That's how skillfully they work in these mad days of frenzied finance."

"He didn't wait to take a train—he came by motor. And just to show you what a smart little fellow you are for wanting to close at their price at noon today, I, who represented myself as Henry Wilson, your secretary, have given them till eleven o'clock tomorrow to close the deal at fifteen hundred thousand dollars."

"He's burning up every telegraph and telephone wire between here and Cleveland right now, and, unless I miss my guess, I'm making you richer by several hundred thousand dollars, just proving to you the value of patience. Fifteen hundred thousand dollars! A million and a half!"

"He had been leaning tensely forward in his chair. Now he cast himself backward in an attitude of satisfied ease."

"What do you think of that?" he asked.  
"Bob," said Broadway slowly, "I can't sell this plant."  
"You can't!" It was an exclamation of amazement.  
"You don't know," said Broadway dreamily. "You haven't heard. Now, just think of what I'd be selling. Here's the thing my grandfather worked for and handed down to my father; and he handed it down to me; and it's the thing that I should work for and hand down to my children, and then to theirs, and so on and so on."

Wallace looked at him with incredulity too great, at first, for words. When they finally came they were explosive. "Say," he cried. "What the—!"

### CHAPTER IX.

On the way to the hotel, after they had left the judge's house, Broadway tried to tell Bob Wallace what, indeed, was the matter with him, but could not, for he had not the least idea.

"Do you really mean to keep the plant?" asked Wallace skeptically.  
"Yes, and pass it to my children," said the dazed young gentleman.  
"You haven't any children, you confounded ass!"

"And they'll pass it to their children," said the coming magnate of the chewing-gum trade.  
"I think you're crazy."

"Bob, it's a cinch. But let me tell you." And he tried to, with but slight success.

Wallace was a shrewd young man. "Is it your conscience or the girl that has driven you insane?" he asked.  
"I'm thinking about Jonesville. My grandfather built this town."

"Well, he made a blamed bad job of it. Why didn't he build a place a man could get a decent drink in while he was about it?"

"And my father kept it going."  
"Well, he didn't keep it going very fast."

"And now I've got to keep my faith with it. It is a sacred duty. I must not abandon it."  
"Say," said Wallace, in disgust. "Where did you get that stuff? Have you gone out and tried to get a decent drink here? This town ought to be abandoned. It ought to be put out of its misery."

"The trust would close the plant and ruin all these people."  
"You'd think they were first cousins, to hear you talk about them."

"Bob," Broadway chided in a soft and earnest voice, "they are far more than that; far, far more than that. They are charges placed by Providence in the care of the Jones family. And, Bob, I'm the last of the Joneses."

"Let us hope there'll never be another like you."  
"There'll never be one more earnest, you can bet on that, Bob!"

They were in a shady stretch of Main street, and, at night, a shady stretch of Main street, Jonesville, is about the darkest spot on earth outside of Africa.

"Let's stop right here, in the dark, till you get over it," said Wallace. "It's late, but there might be some maddened, joyous Jonesville roisterer to see if you went into the light."  
"I mean every word of it. There are no roisterers in Jonesville; they're all honest workmen, horny-handed gum makers, toilers for the fortunes of my family. That's why I'm protecting them."

"The horny hand of some insane asylum guard will be upon your shoulder if you don't watch out."  
"Ha, ha! Ha, ha!" laughed Broadway somewhat cacklingly.

"I think you're going to be violent!" said Wallace. "He'll probably need both horny hands. But he'll subdue you! Now, try to give me some coherent notion of what's the matter with you, will you?"

"I've awakened to my duty."  
"Time you did; you've had a nice long nap. What do you see, now you have aroused?"

"A pleasant little city, working happily at well-paid industry. I'm the paymaster. A great nation, wagging tireless jaws. They're chewing the Jones gum. Jones' gum, mind you; not some gum that the Consolidated puts up against the public as just as good as that my ancestors made famous. I see—"

"For heaven's sake, shut up! You'll see snakes if this keeps on. That lemonade that Mrs. Spotswood gave you has gone to your empty head."

"It was not the lemonade that Mrs. Spotswood gave me, it was the touching line of talk that—er—that Josie Richards gave me." He paused while Wallace waited with his jaw loose on its hinges.

"Say, Bob."

"But he made no further protests. He was a level-headed youth, was this young advertising man. He knew as well as anyone that if the trust feared and wished to purchase the Jones gum it could be but because the trust knew that the Jones gum was a dangerous competitor. If, managed as it had been, advertised, it had been a dangerous competitor to the trust, then it was worth having—emphatically worth keeping."

And some day Broadway must do something. He could not forever play the idler on the Great White Way, even if his millions were unnumbered. It was no life for an actual man, and Bob was sure that hidden somewhere in his friend were the true elements of worthy manhood. Nothing had occurred to bring them out, that was all. He thought they might be coming now.

Reaching the hotel, they found the place in utter darkness. Not a light, even turned down for the night, was visible at any window; not a sound of life came from the building save a rhythmic cadence of some sleeper softly sawing wood with a dull saw.

"The clerk's asleep," said Bob.  
"How do you know that is the clerk?" asked Broadway, listening critically to the snore.  
"I heard him singing when I first got here, and now I recognize the voice. He held the tune a little better, then, that's all."  
"Have we got to wake him up?"  
"Sure! Why, it's after eleven o'clock!"

Nothing but the thought of Josie Richards' eyes could have kept Broadway at that instant from casting all his worthy resolutions to the winds, telling to the trust and searching out a Bible upon which to swear that he never again would set foot in Jonesville. But he did remember Josie's eyes, and so began to hammer on the door.

ing, in the fourth generation, a fine family name which had, for three, stood for probity, humanity, industry and the best chewing gum of all.

He suffered terribly as he imagined these grim things and a dozen times was attacked by reporters who became so incensed as they wrote their stories of his villainy that they strove to stab him with their lead pencils; a hundred times was set upon by famishing villagers who wished to pick his ribs with fang-like teeth, a thousand times

Produced a Small Tin Box.

round himself stark and shivering before the bar of justice in a chilly stretch of space, where the specters of all worthy Joneses of the past confronted him with slim, accusing fingers, pointed straight at his terror-stricken stomach.

The dreams were not true nightmares, though, for at the supreme instant of each period of peril a white angel floated to him, rescuing him from that which threatened him. And this white angel, graceful, large-eyed, smiling and beneficent, was always Josie Richards. As soon as she had rescued him each time, he spoke his speech to her, and she wept on his shoulder.

The result of such a night of agony was, naturally, that they slept later in the morning than was the Jonesville custom. When half past eight arrived and they had not appeared, the wife of the proprietor sent him upstairs to see if they had not decamped without paying for their rooms, or if, perchance, they had not come there suicidally inclined.

She crept up behind her liege lord fearfully, and peeped across his shoulder as he opened each unlocked door in turn. Finding that they were but peacefully asleep, she was both shocked at such unheard-of indolence, and cheated at the lack of tragedy, so she snorted, "Scandalous!" as she crashed down each step.

She was a very solid woman, widely built. Wallace had noticed that the night before when he had peeped in through the door. Had she been aware of that terrific episode, she would have screamed for the village constable and had him locked up in the calaboose.

Broadway had his high triumphant moment when it became apparent that Wallace would of necessity go to the village barber shop. Having come away in flight from Mrs. Gerard without bags or luggage of whatever kind, he had no razor with him.

"My whiskers are so whitish that they will not begin to show until the afternoon!" Broadway exclaimed. "By that time Rankin will be here with bags."

"I'll wait for him. I won't see any—"  
"You'll be sure to see the judge's daughter. All the Jonesville girls that work at the gum factory get up at six o'clock. The idle, aristocratic class, like Clara, stay in bed till seven."

"Well, where is it, then?" said Wallace in an evil temper.  
"What? The village barber shop? Next door." Broadway wrung his hand. "Good-by old chap; good-by, I'll—"

"Just give my love to Broadway," Wallace begged.  
"Jackson Jones grew sober in an instant. 'I don't expect I'll see much of it for a while.'"

"It must be permanent!" said Wallace. "It has lasted through the longest night the world has ever known."

The day already was well under way at the Jones factory. Josie had been at her managerial desk not less than an hour and probably an hour and a half when Wallace started for the barber shop.

It was a very trying morning for the girl. The events of the night before had much upset her, and her sleep had been as much disturbed as Broadway's, although, perhaps, less physically painful.

She had been terribly in earnest in everything which she had said to him about his duty to the village which had made him rich, his duty to the family whose name he bore, his duty to himself; she had been intensely worried, still was intensely worried, lest all which she had said might go for naught, failing to impress him permanently.

He had doubtless meant well when he left her, but would that good intention stand the test of Wallace's ridicule (she felt certain Wallace would oppose her plan) and his own contemplation of the future for a night?

She had a hazy notion of what the life of idle rich youth in New York must be, but imagined that it must attract with vivid power, and she could guess that Jonesville did not. Would he hold firm in the determination which she felt sure he had formed?

When the judge came in he found her wondering and worrying as she looked at some papers she had sent



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When the judge came in he found her wondering and worrying as she looked at some papers she had sent

clerk to get. Already she had almost finished the statement of affairs which she had promised to give Broadway.

"Well, I just came over from the Grand hotel," the judge began.  
"Did you see the young man?"  
"Only for a minute." The judge laughed indulgently. "He was eating breakfast in his room, and his valet had just borrowed some hot flat-irons and was pressing out his clothes." The judge's laughter became very hearty.

Even Josie smiled; but the fact that they had brought a valet with them was a bit of news to her. She expressed surprise.

The judge laughed again. "Oh, he just got here this morning. It seems they both came off without any baggage, so they telephoned the valet, late last night, to bring them on some clothes."

"It must have been very late, for it was almost eleven when they left your house, wasn't it?"  
"Oh, those New York people—they don't think a thing of sitting up till all hours—midnight, sometimes later!"

The judge preened himself a little after this sensational statement, and Josie, though she had heard such wild tales in the past, was much impressed by this one. It seemed so much more possible, more real, now that she had seen Broadway in his maturity. How exciting it must be to stay up, right along, till midnight! But it must strain one's health. She hoped he would not do it often in the future! She was beginning to feel a definite personal interest in the youth's health.

Such a nice young man! For him to dissipate his life away by staying up at night, that way—  
"He promised to be here at ten-fifteen," she ventured.

"Yes; that's what brought me over. He asked me to tell you that he'd be a little late. I guess he didn't sleep very well. He says he had a lot of horrible dreams. What sort of a talk did you have with him last night, anyhow?"  
"Didn't he tell you?"

"No; he left the house soon after you did. You must have said something that upset him. He acted dreadfully worried."

Josie bent above her work. She could not tell even the judge of the intensity of feeling which she had put into that long conversation with Broadway.

She had not slept so very well herself. She had wondered if he thought her bold, officious, to have given him advice so freely, to have told him what she had about what she believed to be his duty. She knew that, now and then, she had been almost impassioned in her plea for Jonesville and its people. She wondered if he thought her silly, over-earnest. But she told the judge none of these things. They were hidden in her heart. That heart had known a lot of turmoil since Broadway had come back.

"I simply told him the true state of affairs and explained to him what the plant meant to the town," she said and bent above her papers on the desk.

"What did he say?" asked the persistent judge.  
"Much as she loved the judge, she wished that he would go away and question her no further. There was a little feeling in her heart that she must file that talk with Broadway among the things which she held sacred. All women have a secret file of memories of that sort. She could not talk about it."

"He said nothing very much."  
Then a detail of his talk which had intensely puzzled her came back to her, and she decided to discuss it with the judge.

"He kept inquiring how much cash we had." She smiled, not critically. "He doesn't seem to be much of a business man."

"He struck me that way, too," the judge said gravely. "Did he say the trust made him an offer?"  
She sighed. "Yes. Ah, if she had failed to move him! He might already have accepted it, and then what would be the fate of Jonesville! This thought made her very nervous."

The judge nodded wisely. "That's what I thought."  
She sighed again. There was a long silence, full of troubled thoughts.

"Did he talk as if he intended to sell?" the judge asked finally.  
She worked at her papers nervously a moment before she framed the words of her reply. "I'm afraid that's what he's thinking of, judge." After a silent moment she straightened out more papers, and then looked up again. "We must do all we can to influence him against it."

The judge nodded, then rose, and after a worried turn about the great, bare room, approached her and stood facing her with eyes intently on her face. "You have influence with him, Josie."

She could not meet his eyes, yet was not certain why. She hoped that what he said was true, yet scarcely dared to think it. "Do you think so?" she asked somewhat weakly.

The judge answered in a hearty voice, full of real confidence. "I know it. You made a great impression on him. He likes you, Josie."

This was entirely unexpected. It confused her, even in the office where she had so trained herself to business that nothing ordinarily could affect her. She felt that she could rightly show rejoicing at the news, for it boded well for Jonesville, but, at the same time, she was inwardly aware that it was not because it boded well for Jonesville that she really was pleased by it.

"Oh, nonsense, judge!"  
But he was very much in earnest. It was plain enough that he attached no significance other than commercial to this liking of which he spoke. It was a fortunate fact, and that was all.

"He thinks you know your business," he solemnly said. "You've done better than to

have the owner of the enterprise of which she virtually was manager think she knew her business? This was certainly good reason for congratulation. She must not be silly. Confidence in her ability at business might even help to influence him toward refusing to sell out. If she could but impress him with the fact that she was able, might it not be possible that his confidence in large future profits would weigh powerfully?

To her surprise she heard a chuckle from the judge and when she looked at him discovered definite amusement on his face.

"And after you had gone last night, he just raved about your eyes!" the old man happily informed her.  
"My eyes!" She felt the blood mounting to her cheeks and tried to hide them with an industry which kept her bent above her papers. If he had raved about her eyes then the impression she had made on him was not entirely commercial!

"That's what he did! He said you had the bluest eyes he'd ever seen!" Now the judge laughed heartily.  
She flushed with sudden wrath. "Why, judge, my eyes are gray!"

The judge himself was now surprised. He had believed them brown. "Are they?" He arose, went to her, and, through his thick-lensed spectacles, peered at her face. "Why, so they are!" He walked away, nonplussed. "Well, what do you think of that!"

"I think—"  
"Perhaps he's color blind," the judge said hopefully. "I guess I have been."  
"Maybe that is it."

They were interrupted by Sam Higgins. The foreman, it appeared, wished to talk to Josie. Sam had a way of almost shutting both his eyes and throwing back his head when he announced things of this kind.

"Yes," said Josie, with the indifference of the business woman who has long been of authority. "I'll see him in just a few minutes."  
Sam whirled slowly, went to the door and loudly delivered her message, as if his voice must reach to the factory's farthest end.

This focused the judge's attention upon something he had been considering. He leaned above the desk and spoke to Josie confidentially. "I thought of something on the way over, Josie. Nobody but us knows that the young fellow is in town. He registered at the Grand, you know, under the name of Jackson. Maybe the people in the plant are getting nervous."

"Yes, they are," she granted. "There have been so many rumors of the sale, I'm worried."  
"Well, then, don't you think it might be a good thing to spread the news around among the men a little?"

Clara Spotswood.

She evidently agreed, for she vigorously nodded and tapped a bell. "Perhaps it would be a good idea."

Noting that she had rung the bell, the judge held up a warning hand. "Don't do it that way. You leave it to me. I won't have to tell more than one or two of them." He chuckled. "I'll step in on my way out and tell you what effect it has."

"Yes, do, judge."  
"Are you ready for Higgins?"  
"Yes; call him to come in."  
Going to the door, the judge beckoned to the man, who was waiting in the shop beyond, and the gangling, plainly heavy-minded and exceedingly intense foreman entered.

"How do you feel today, Joe?" the judge asked kindly.  
"I don't feel very well," Higgins answered gloomily and frowningly.

The judge looked at him, smiling, not entirely with approval. "You never do, do you, Joe?" Higgins made no answer; the judge laughed and disappeared.

"Well, what is it, Higgins?" Josie inquired without delay, looking up at the unpleasantly faced creature as if she had no time to waste.

He came forward lurchingly, nervously twisting his cap in powerful hands; but there was nothing of the supplicant about him; rather he seemed almost to be inclined to threaten. "I want to ask you a question, Miss Richards."

"Go right ahead."  
"I'll expect you to tell me the truth now!"

She flashed an angry look at him. "I'm not in the habit of lying."  
He gazed at her with lowered head and frowning face. His words came

slowly, as if he found it difficult to find them; but he did not speak with hostility; indeed, there was that about him which hinted at the labor union orator.

"I'm talking for every man in the plant," he began, with rising voice, endeavoring to be impressive. "We had a meeting this morning, and we want to know whether this concern is going into the trust or not! We decided that we're entitled to some information, and that's what I'm here for; to find out what you know about it."

This naturally angered her. She was not one to be browbeaten, and he was plainly trying to browbeat her. She flushed vividly. "I don't know anything about it."

His voice reached a tone higher in its pitch. "Well, if you don't, who does?"  
"I'm sure I don't know."

Now, he was definitely bullying. "Well, we must have an answer, one way or the other. It's our work and our living, and we've got to know where we are at."  
She paid no attention to his definitely offensive manner now. "You'll have to get your information from the man who owns the plant."

"Well, where's he?"  
"Right here in town."  
He was amazed. He had not dreamed of this. "Young Jones here in town?"  
"Yes; he's stopping at the Grand hotel."

"When did he get here?"  
"Last evening."  
"Have you seen him?"  
"Yes."

It was plain enough that Higgins' most vivid suspicions were aroused. He looked at her accusingly. His voice was even louder than it had been. "He got here last evening, eh? Then that settles it!" He went to her desk and leaned across it as if indicting her. "He came here with that trust fellow, didn't he?"

Now she, in turn, was really surprised. "What trust fellow?"  
"Pembroke; one of the head men of the Consolidated."

None but a fool could have doubted her amazement and her worry as she rose and walked closer to him. "Is Pembroke here in town?"  
"Oh," he sneered. "You didn't know that, eh?"  
"I certainly did not."  
He did not quite believe her, yet took a certain pleasure in imparting

the distressing news to her, on the chance that she was truthful and had not before heard it. "Well, he's here. Several of the men saw him and recognized him. I suppose he's here with Jones to close us out. Is that it?"

"I don't know any more about it than you do, Higgins."  
This did not impress or interest him. "You say the young fellow's stopping at the Grand?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, nobody here knows anything about it."

"I believe he registered under another name." She could have bitten off her tongue for letting this slip out. Instantly the man assumed that this confirmed his most unfavorable prognostications. "Ah, ha! Well, what did he do that for?"

"How should I know?"  
"Well," he shouted, "I guess I do! It's because he is a sneak! He knows it's a rotten thing he's doing and he's afraid of the consequences." He strode up and down the room in deep and heavy thought. "The men are not in a very good temper, and you mark my words, there'll be the devil to pay around here before this day's over unless we get some satisfaction and find out exactly what he intends to do!"

Josie looked at him with cold and angry eyes. For an instant she had been frightened. She had got the better of her fear now, and in her voice were both contempt and warning. "I wouldn't talk like that, if I were you, Higgins!"

He approached her threateningly. "Oh, you're on their side, are you? I thought so!"

Again he went close to her, almost as if he meant to do her some violence. His face was black with rage, his fists were clenched.

"I never did believe in you. I told the men this morning. For all we know, you've been working for the interests of the trust all the time!"

(To Be Continued)

Any kind of coal you want on hand at our yards. Prices right.

FOREST LUMBER CO



Clara Spotswood.

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