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6 EDWARD MARSHALL FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

For days he stewed above his fig-

ures in a room of which he kept close

guard upon the key. He told Rankin,

"Indeed, sir? Fiction, sir?"

"Fiction? Gad, no! Fact."

who was curious, that he planned to

"A book of travel, sir? I've traveled

"No. Or yes. Of travel up and down

"Splendid, sir, if I may be excused

for taking such a liberty. I'm sure no

gentleman in all New York is more

"Rankin," said Broadway earnestly,

"if I wrote what I really know about

Broadway it would be a revelation."

He grew very serious, for him. "It

they would not be those who now

stand highest. It would put some men

behind the bars, and among them are

and go, with welcomes when they

in every place where people gather in

He burst into a sudden laugh. "Great

stuff, ch, Rankin? When you say

'Broadway' you stir me up. I love it,

hate it; it always fascinates me.

my study. Don't let me be disturbed."

When he left that "study" he avoid-

ed Rankin. His fingers were ink-

stained from calculations, his hair was

quite disheveled, his eyes were wide

and rolling. He could see no hope

He wrote a letter to his uncle ex-

That was the last straw. Without

to find some work by which, at least,

he could earn honestly his board and

Wall street offered nothing, for when

he went down to see his friends there

his courage failed entirely and instead

of asking them to find a place for him

he bought them, one by one, expensive

He went to neighboring cities, hop-

the apartment and more debt.

he decided to sell out the flat, dis-

charge the servants and do menial

labor. Running through the list of

a job of that sort-it would too often

bring him into contact with the folk

One afternoon, while wandering in

an aimless funk upon a side street, he

saw a card in front of an apartment

was wanted. He rushed in with alac-

rity and determination-and at the

very threshold met Mrs. Gerard, who

had been calling on a friend there. In-

stead of asking for the job he took

Professor.

that Queen Alexandra wanted to see

He decided to wash his hands first.

so he went to his room and rang the

bell to ask for hot water. No one

Then there came a knock at the

want anything, professor?" he asked.

boy disappeared, returning in a few

After he had washed the professor

been ringing for some hot water."

"Yes," replied the professor, "I have

that the sordid, vicious tempter defi- negle.

Jones' Pepsin Gum fell out,

you bed, now lie on it."

luncheons

he knew.

a drive with her,

a fine book, Mr. Jones."

"Your study, sir?"

"I'll not, sir."

ahead

"And what is that, sir?"

come and invitations when they leave,

less than nothing left.

quite a bit. Perhaps-"

will be quite a revelation!"

write a book.

Broadway."

this town."

SYNOPSIS.

Jackson Jones, nicknamed "Broadway" cause of his continual giorification 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 avorite street in New York.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

year passed. Broadway carried three bank accounts, two of them not very large and seldom checked upon. The third was in New York's all-night bank. He kept busy. "I feel as if I ought to see the sun rise often," be explained. "Sunrises are so beauti-

He seldom heard from Jonesville in For a time he had endeavored to keep not exhausted, but it'scorrespondence with the girls, but this had languished through his own exceeding occupation at more ng matters and Josie Richards' wful conviction that he did not her, in his brief, infrequent letabout all the girls whom he was meeting in New York.

His first shock came when the All-Night bank wrote him a letter, asking his to call and talk of his account, and this did not occur until four years vanished in the haze of Broadway's lights. It made him sit straight his chair and blink as a cold dash when he had needed it. Rankin, entering, asked him if he had a pain.

I'm afraid it's serious. Shall I call a doctor, sir?" "No. call a banker."

Rankin, puzzled, withdrew carefully. no wish to anger him. No butler in place so utterly ideal. Pickings attiful; work trivial; all life had a congenial for Rankin since he ountered Broadway Jones.

The day of the bank's letter was the first after he had reached New York a Broadway did not go about his and simple routine of up Broadin the afternoon and down Broadthat they made long pauses near Circle and near Forty-second treet seem natural. He went home

When Rankin ventured to express at his return to the apartnt at that hour, he snarled at him. to to the devil, Rankin!" he suggested when he lingered.

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," said Ran-

He reached the kitchen with a face so troubled that the Japanese boy, who d sought domestic service here with (judging from his wages) the com-mendable intention of patriotically sending home, each year, enough American money to build a warship 'W'at iss matturr, Ranekeen?" the

sympathetic Oriental queried. "I know men." said Rankin, "and if a millionaire-made it out of chewing gum, his family, I'm told—I should say The Japanese boy stared politely;

be did not understand at all. "Of course he's not hard up," Rantin continued. "No hard-up man could have sworn at me as he did just now. It can't be money, so it must be

women."
"Limmin," said the Japanese, who had not mastered w's.

"Lemons," Rankin granted. "You're almost right. I never saw a man more popular. He spends his money fike he didn't care for it, and does it when he was joking with me."

The next day, by chance, while visitspiration. "I wonder if he is in love?" he pondered. "That Mr. Henriot that I attended just before he married that grass widow was as absent-minded—oh, quite absent-minded, guite! Now, which one-"

Rankin suddenly came to a stand in horror. Even to the small and very yellow cook it was plain that tragic ative in females is as dangerous as thoughts had flashed into his mind.

"I wonder," he soliloquized if it go there tonight? You roped me into he had spent his patrimony—spent it could possibly be that terrible Gerard that, Broadway. You didn't tell me old woman. She's had her eye on him where you meant to take me. You ever since the first night that she got merely said we'd go to dinner with a glimpse of him."

As he spoke his master, as request- "Well, she's a friend of mine,"

Advice Given Those Who Only Infre quently Have to Leave the

Home Town.

Metropolitan blemishes and drawbacks are not often emphasized by the class of business men who are perhaps the most interested in bringing has yet issued a bulletin of warning, strangers to town—the hotel keepers. However, a New York boniface has had the frank and friendly inspiration to prepare a card of "don'ts" for pre-

station to each of his guests. An early suggestion has to do with satches and money. Don't wear your spiece loose on a tob, and don't eve that a hip pocket is as secure as a bank. Why carry a roll, anyway, when the hotel office has a safe?

at, the affable stranger. Don't ilm persuade you that he is an at life and limb. Don't believe

And don't tote a gun-"it is bet-

hat you are as swift as an autome

ed, was talking with the first vice-pres | Broadway defended rather hotly. An | go in debt to them-he would have far | nitely seized him in his toils. The anident of the bank. The man seemed idea, so terrible that it was fascinatrather serious-minded, although on ing, had occurred to him. that previous occasion when he had marked the beginning of their acto open his account with just two to marry you." hundred thousand dollars, he had been gentality itself.

"I merely wished to have a little talk with you-er-Mr. Jones," said he. You know your balance is er-running rather low." "Is what?" said Broadway, in amaze

ment, "Is running rather low."

"You don't mean that I've-"You've drawn rather heavily

against it." "But it was strong enough to stand terrible strain."

"Not quite strong enough to stand these days. Judge Spotswood some without a protest the strain to which times wrote to him, his uncle never. you have subjected it, Mr. Jones. It's "Getting tired?" Broadway himself

> supplied the words. "About that. You have not been having it written up, you know; I

figures. I've had them all made out Broadway took one swift look at them, then sank back in his chair and

took a longer look at them. "Well, I'll -!" he ventured. "I was afraid you'd feel that way. I only thought you ought to have a hint of just how things are running.

Young men lose track of things some from a seltzer bottle sometimes had times. I've known it to occur before." Jackson scarcely saw Broadway when he went out of the gray build-"You bet I have," said he. "And ing, and it was the first time he had ever trodden Broadway without see-

ing and admiring it. "Hello, Broadway!" cried a merry voice from just beyond the curb. It He had learned to step with catlike was a blonde voice, and issued from a quite a little while." tread when he discovered that his natty little motor car with a sedanmaster was in serious mood. He had chair top. Broadway had bought that motor car and given it to the blonde the history of butling had ever had voice. "Let me put you down somewhere?"

'I'm not feeling very fit. You might take me to the morgue."

"Jump in; we'll make it the Knickerbocker. But the Knickerbocker had

charms for Broadway at that moment. He made his stay as brief as possible in the bright restaurant. "Dollie, darling," he said gloomily, "I don't need a restaurant, today: I

need a hospital. How would you like me, Dollie, honestly, if I was broke?" "You? Broke?" She laughed. "No; seriously. How would you like

"It's nonsense; but you know what Shanley does to broken dishes." "The ash can. Eh?"

"It wouldn't be, for you, of course; but-what's the use of being Mr. Grump? Brace up? Come on up to Churchill's and we'll drinky-drink it outy-out."

But Broadway would have none of such a plan as that. He went to his apartment, and, rummaging in every drawer and pocket, collected every for his nation's navy, showed interest. | bill which he could find. There were a hundred of them, ranging in all sorts of figures and for all sorts of articles, from diamonds to gasoline, I didn't know that Mr. Jones is really from charity to faro. The arrival of the sympathetic Rankin, who believed his master had a headache, with a note from Mrs. Gerard, interrupted the bookkeeping which, for the first time in his life, Broadway had begun. It had not been encouraging, as far as

he had gone. He read the note and found it to be an invitation. Deciding to accept it, he decided, also, that it must be the last one of the sort he must accept. It had become intensely plain to him that now had come the time when he must cease his gaieties and find more money.

He was a gloomy figure at the feast well because that is the fact. He that night, and his gloom grew with doesn't care for it. I never saw a every aged smile which Mrs. Gerard bed, I had a chance to see his arm. cast in his direction. It was plain Quite muscular it is-just as it felt enough to him, to everyone, that this exceedingly rich lady, of uncertain age, regarded him with very friendly eyes. ing the kitchen, Rankin had a sudden She even sometimes called him "Jack son." After the dinner he took Robert Wallace downtown with him in his

sixty horsepower touring car. "Mrs. Gerard," he ventured, "seems a well-preserved old-er-I mean that she seems well preserved."

"Well canned, you mean," said Wallace. "But too much chemical preservsome friends of yours."

simple as the way in.

Yet, on the other hand, don't go to

you meet necessarily a con man.

"She might have gone to school with

your grandmother. It makes me sick quaintance, when Broadway had gone to see her ogle you. I think she wants Broadway burst into a laugh which

he was well aware was quite too loud, too cackly and too hollow; he feared acutely that his friend would recognize its falseness.

"To marry me! Ho, ho!" Instantly his manner changed. "But I don't like the way you speak about her, Bob. Remember—we have just enjoyed her ospitality!"

"Enjoyed it! Speak for yourself, old nan! If I had known where you were going, do you suppose I would have gone with you? I can meet grandmother's schoolmates at the Old Ladies' home. I don't have to go to dinner with them.

"Now, Bob!" Wallace burst into a laugh. "I believe it is pure charity," he guessed. You are trying to make others happy. You smile on her as you would throw thought perhaps you didn't realize the a dollar into a Salvation Army cash pot around Christmas time."

"Bob, I'm thinking about getting married. His friend sat straight and looked at him in dumb amazement for a second. 'Married? And is grandma in some

way related to the bride who may be?" "Bob, I need---He stopped. Almost he had told his friend he needed money; but he had Rankin, spellbound. It's going to be afternoon in his smart runabout, still not the courage. To confess poverty on Broadway is like confessing mur-

der in a church.

"Need what?" cares about." "A rest. I'm going to-er-take some sort of a vacation. Don't know what. Maybe back to the old home. Anyway, you won't see me around for kept locked.

"Never mind, old chap! I'll tell them all that you have had to go away on business. Go somewhere and get straightened out. You need it.



Robert Wallace.

you would never have gone to that dinner where that ancient mariness could ogle you the way she did. "Well, you won't see me for a week or two."

"Drop me a line if you want anything."

Jackson Jones went away early on the following morning. As ignorant of business and of business methods as a baby, yet he tried to scheme some way by means of which he might recoup his staggering finances. Wild ideas, all unpractical, whirled through his brain.

He must have money, that was certain. He had not the least idea of it is in food. How did we happen to just how he had accomplished it, but all and more than all of it. If he had paid up the debts he owed-which all the world seemed glad to have him owe-that was the hard part of it; everyone seemed anxious to have him

> English Prince, Now King, Not Above Doing an Obliging Thing for the When Professor Vambery, the facurred recently, arrived at Sandring-

what will serve the denizen of Scho- for the five pounds, they made me pay harte and Kinderhook in New York 32 cents a pound, a total of \$1.60.will also advantage the visitor from New York Times. Chebanse or Pecatonica in Chicago.-

Chicago Post.

Hint for Parcel Post Users. correspondent in the Jewelers' Circular complains that many jewelry manufacturers are sending by parcel post what are really sealed packages with an outer wrapping which gives them the appearance of being unealed. Where there is no occasion these sealed packages go into unknown places; the way ceiving them are forced to pay full never saw a judge before.

FOR THE BIG CITY VISITOR out is not always so straight and first-class letter postage. "A few days ago," the correspondent relates, "l had a package sent me in this way. the harassing extreme of cautiousness As the sender made a mistage in my and suspicion. The city is not bad name, the post office authorities were just because it is big, nor is every one not sure to whom they should deliver it, and, hoping to get a clue from the Big cities, speaking bromidically, character of the goods, removed the are alike. Though no local hotel man outer wrapper and found the sealed package inside. Instead of nine cents

Exchanged "Blarney." An amusing incident occurred at Eoyle, Ireland, Quarter Sessions, a few days ago. A witness in a case, a Mrs. Rock, was told by Judge Wakely. that she was "a fine looking old woman." "Do you know," she rejoined, what I said to myself when I came into court?" "No," said his honor. "Well," she went on, "I said to myself for the post office department to open you are the finest looking man I ever "You make me blush," exposthrough all right, but if for any rea- tulated his honor, amidst loud laughson such packages are opened and ter, and Mrs. Rock went on to say the seals discovered, the jewelers reshe was seventy-five years of age, and

There's no street like it in the world." brain. It was a tragic inspiration. "If your book is like that, sir, it Without a word to Rankin, stealthily will be a big success," commented and secretly, he went forth into the driven by the taxi-cabman, who now "It won't interest Broadway. There's regarded him with something akin to only one kind of book that Broadway worship, and sought a gunshop and a chemist's. In the former he made purchase of a "Check books, Rankin. Now I'm going into-into-" He did not know just what to call the room which he "Thanks, Rankin. Yes; I'm going to

cient but vivacious dame was very

affable-most agreeable indeed. She

was not motherly; she was flirtatious.

And she accompanied her coquetry by

a shrewd exposition of the magnitude

wealth. It staggered him.

familiar with the subject, sir. I shall of girl who captivated one who knew

be glad to read it, sir. I'm sure it life as he knew it; she was dear, but

some men who now are free to come ments. The rumor had not started

would put some men on pedestals, and from the aged, wealthy widow.

her unquestionably enormous

If he had not at the moment had a

simple little Josie Richards' letter in

his pocket he might have been swept

under. A thousand times he had dis-

covered the necessity of assuring him-

self, as he traveled up and down

Broadway, that he did not care for

Josie Richards. She was not the sort

she was simple, unsophisticated and

what he most admired was wide so-

phistication; he thought as little of

her as he could, but now she popped

into his mind and made him edge away

When he went back to the flat he

found awaiting him new sheafs of

bills, none pressing him-mere state-

that he was not good pay. Broadway

still delighted in him, still endeavored

to induce him to accept its credit. This

gave him new distress; he knew him-

self-he knew he would go out that

Suddenly he knew what to do. It

came to him without an effort of the

night and run more debts.

large, grim, blued-steel automatic pistol of the largest caliber they had in stock, and secured one box of cartridges. It seemed a waste of money, which by rights was definitely the property of creditors, to buy so many cartridges, for he should need but one! However, he feared that to ask for one would pin attention to him and frustrate what he had in mind, so he put the heavy box into his pocket. made it sag outrageously, which very much annoyed him. No man on Broadway was more careful of clothes. But what, after all, did a sagged pocket matter now?

plaining that investments had gone wrong and that he needed a small loan At the chemist's he secured an ounce of fifty thousand dollars for three of bichloride of mercury, which had months. He was sure that if he got been fashionable of late among smart this he would be enabled to find some suicides. He had no difficulty in obway out. By return of mail he had taining it. This eased him and a furan answer in an envelope which ther satisfaction grew out of the fact strangely bulged. He opened it with that though it held potentialities as trembling fingers and a package of deadly as the automatic gun and cart-"Chew this and forget it," said the age, not heavy in the least, and so cheerful note which Uncle Abner had did not sag the other pocket, where he

wrapped round it. It said further: placed it very carefully. "I'm going to Europe for five years. As he whirled uptown in the run-Dou't bother me again. You've made about he frequently felt of the deadly things.

He liked the feel of neither of them. the least idea of what he wished to The revolver was so hard and busido, the frantic Broadway started out ness-like, the pill bottle was so slippery, so cold and heartless! What an end was this for Broadway Jones!

Again seated in the little study, he solemnly reviewed his life. He saw no points at which he had made very great mistakes, save the important one of thinking that a quarter of a million is a lot of money in New York.

"I've been nothing but a piker," he reflected, "and I've acted like the ing there to find some means of get trade-marked article. I ought to get ting food to eat without getting it on it in the neck and I am going to get it credit, and there he had some strange in the neck."

Experiences which lasted several days.

This unpleasantly reminded him and the neck."

But, while he just escaped the uniform he caressed the neck wherein he was of the Salvation Army, he did not find to get it. Never, in the past, when work and wandered back to Broadway. he had used that slang expression had it really suggested his own neck to He had no profession, knew no him or any other actual neck. Now trade. Half crazed with the obsession it made his flesh creep and his blood that he must no longer run in debt. run cold behind his collar.

"Well, here goes!" he whispered, and took out a pill, afterwards arranging the revolver, which was already his abilities he decided, with frank loaded.

self-contempt, that about the best He held the pill between the fingers which he could do was help in a hotel of a tremulous left hand; gripped in as bellboy. He knew too little about his faltering right he held the weapon. mathematics to keep books; he never "Here goes!" he said again-and would succeed as desk-clerk. But he Rankin rapped upon the door. could not bring himself to try to get

Hastily he hid the dreadful evi dences of his dire intention "Come in!" he feebly called. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Praise of Poverty.

It seems a matter of universal desire house announcing that an elevator boy that poverty should be abolished. We should be quite willing to abolish luxury, but to abolish honest, industrious. self-denying poverty would be to destroy the soil upon which mankind produces the virtues which enable our race to reach a still higher civilization It was while this drive progressed than it now possesses.—Andrew Car-

WAS SERVED BY ROYALTY | descended to pay his respects to his royal hostess, but after a few minutes' conversation he was surprised to see his "hot water" boy come up to the

"Ah, professor," Queen Alexandra remarked, introducing the boy, "this mous Orientalist, whose death oc- is my son!" After that the professor nicknamed

ham on a visit he received a message | the boy, who is now King George V.,

"The Royal Jug Bearer." "French humor is a little too broad for us-and, when it isn't broad it is

came, though he rang the bell repeat- apt to be disgusting." The speaker was a playwright who has adapted so many French plays. door and a youth entered. "Do you | She continued:

"A Frenchman told me a joke the

other day. He said two rustic sweethearts were walking out together. The "Walt a moment and I'll get you girl remarked: some," was the obliging reply. The "I like you "I like you very well, Gaston: all except those letters, G. S., tattooed on

minutes with a large jug of hot water your hand." "'But,' said Gaston hotly, 'don't you which he placed on the washstand. The professor thanked him and he know, my dear, that it's the latest style to have your initials on your handkerchief?

Funny Newspaper Article Traps Hungry Vagrant

S AN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Dawn was breaking and the streets were very still as Policeman McCarte proceeded along his beat on Golden Gate avenue, near Fillmore street. At midnight, five hours before, when Policeman McCarte, having just reported for duty stood in

WAIT'LL I FINISH DE MILK .

line with his fellow patrolmen in the assembly room of the Bush street police station, the lieutenant instructed the watch to be particularly on the look out for milk and paper thieves. Policeman McCarte suddenly remembered the warning of his superior officer as he was gazing at the reddening sky over Oakland and he heard a hearty peal of laughter issuing from some point

halfway down the block. Hearty laughter at dawn when the laughter is not of a maudlin character is an extraordinary phenomenon. This laughter had the tone of sobriety, of appreciation and seemed to proceed from a mirth that bubbled up like a mountain

spring in the winter season. McCarte pulled himself together quickly and bastened down the block on tiptoe to investigate.

In the middle of the square he found a remarkably dirty, bewhiskered tatterdemalion seated coolly on the front steps of a residence reading the morning paper which he had picked up from the doorstep and chuckling continually as he read. The vagrant made quite a picture. In his right hand he held a bottle of milk which he had half emptied and which from time to time he would place to his lips and take a luxurious sip of the beverage.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the vagrant arriving at another funny point in the article, then gazing upward, magnetized no doubt by McCarte's scrutiny and seeing no mirth in the eyes of McCarte's, "Come wit you?" said he as if McCarte had spoken when as a matter of fact the latter had so far uttered not a word, "Wy sure. Wait'll I finish dis here milk. De loldy wotent use wot's in de bottle now, anyway. Say, afore we go chust pipe dis here article, will yer?"

Five hours later the newspaper was Exhibit No. 1 in the case before Police Judge Sullivan, wherein the vagrant was charged with petty larceny.

Gift From Budapest Puzzles St. Louis Officials

T. LOUIS, MO .- Some kind friend has sent the secretary of the city council copies of the Budapest Szekes fovaros-Kozigazgatasi Evkoyve and the Adatok Ajarwanyos Belegsegek Es Az Ovintezkedeseki Kerdeshez-Kulonos

Tekenteitel A voshenyre. Secretary David W. Voyles is vehemently demanding explanations from somebody. The package looked innocent enough and purported to come from Washington, D. C. The only thing Voyles is right certain about is that the things are books. They open and shut, have covers, and the pages are numbered. Oth-

Anyway, the council members refuse to become interested in them. No one has discovered a single line that looks as if it might refer to the free bridge or the billboard ordinance. So far as can be told, there is no reference to the high price of butter and eggs. Every man who has tried to pronounce a word

in the volumes has sprained his tongue. Opinions are divided as to just what the language is in which they are written. Magyar, Sanscrit, Turkish and plain Bohemian are

some of the suggestions, with all indications favoring the latter guess. Whatever the books may contain they were written by a Dr. Thirring Gusztav of Budapest, who did not spare words. Here is a sample passage:

Az ekkent megallapított koltsegvetest, valamint a közsegi adopotlek kulusanak folemeleset a belugyminiszter ur 1908. evi aprilis 30-an kelt 54.467 III. sz. a. kelt leirataval hagyta jova, amelyben azonban kiemeli annak szuksegessetget, hogy az eddigele a kolsconpenzekbol fodozott, voltakepen azonban a rendes evi kezeles terhet kepezett osszegek reszletekben visszaterittessenk, valamint hogy az lor nem latott rendkivuli kiadasok fejezete megfelelobben javadalmaztassek

Voyles is considering giving the books to the janitor.

This City Cow Qualifies as a First-Class Militant

D ITTSBURGH, PA.-Special Policeman James Boyd of East Pittsburgh doesn't want a job as a cowboy. There's nothing to it! He couldn't qualify. He tried the other day and failed. Came to the ears of the East Pittsburgh police



the story that a stray cow was in the Brinton district and that foreigners were putting a crimp in the dairyman's receipts by milking bossy by turns. Boyd was sent to investigate.

He found the cow-easily. But taking her back one mile to the police station-well, that's another story. Here 'tis: Boyd hobbled Bossy so that she could not run

away-he though. He then tied a rope to her horns and the other end about his waist. They started well, but in crossing the Pennsylvania railroad at Braddock avenue the cow fell in the middle of the track. Boyd heard a passenger train approaching and the cow lay on the track. He was still tied to the cow. By an almost super-

human effort Boyd dragged the animal from the track just as the flyer whizzed by. Once across the track, the cow was relieved of her hobble. When they had gone down Braddock avenue a short distance, she became dissatisfied with the slow pace. Boyd couldn't keep up. He tripped, fell and was dragged some 50 yards before he could unwind the rope from his waist.

All went well until the Pennsylvania railroad arch bridge was reached. Here the cow refused to move from a spot under the bridge and directly in the middle of the single car track. Traffic was tied up for half an hour. Boyd and the street car men coaxed and cussed. At last by sheer "elbow grease" the animal was lifted across the trolley tracks. It was after noon when Boyd and his "prisoner" arrived at the police sta-

tion. The cow is under the special care of Burgess Shields until such time as the owner of the animal appears.

Indiana Girl Awakes to Find Her Tresses Gone

NDIANAPOLIS, IND.-When she was called the other morning, Theima Long, ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Long, 822 East Georgia street, walked into her mother's bedroom, sleepily rubber her eyes. Her mother held up her hands in horror and

demanded: "Why, Thelma, what have you done with your

The girl hastily put her hands to her head and found instead of the long flowing locks, the pride of the entire household, only short, stubby bristles. She ran to a mirror and burst into tears. Mrs. Long, believing the disappearance of the hair was due to a childish prank, cajoled and threatened, but Thelma declared that she did not know what had become of the pretty goldenbrown tresses, which were 15 inches long and which she had worn when she retired. A hasty investigation was made and a door

leading to the girl's bedroom was found open. "Burglars!" exclaimed Mrs. Long. But nothing except the child's hair was missing from the home. Mr. Long called police headquarters, and Detectives Simon and Dugan vere sent to investigate. They admitted later that the case had them

'stumped." The detectives have something of a reputation as "confessors," but they could not get Miss Long to admit that she knew what had become of her treasured locks. "I loved them too much," she declared when it was suggested that she

had cut them off herself. To add to the mystery, members of the family declare that a dog which is kept in the house at night had been quiet, and that he surely would have caused a disturbance if thieves had entered.

Millions for Defense. A negro had heard of Charles C. Pirkney's famous words, "Millions for among every class in Spain, says a defense but not one cent for tribute." woman who has spent much time in Some time later he was crossing a that land of romance. The very beg-

Spanish Dignity. Dignity is the prevailing instinct held on foot and an angry bull chased gars ask for alms with dignity and if him. He made a tremendous effort you have nothing to give you do not to get to the fence first and this is shout "Go away!" but if you are a what he said: "Millions for de fence, Spaniard—"Go thou with God; I have nothing for thee today." have nothing for thee today."