FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

OF GEORGE M. COHAN OF GEORGE M. COHAN

Secous of his continual glorification of his continual growth and see a processed growth and the second see in the second seed in t

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. "I've explained to Mr. Jones, Josie," said the judge, "that the affairs of the

cement the jurist's firm intention of re- sion maining with them for the balance of this was inconsiderate.

showed a profit of about forty thou- have in bank, right now." sand dollars last year. Is that right?" "Oh, it was more than that."

This distracted Jackson Jones' atten tion even from the color of her eyes. More than forty thousand dollars!

"It was!" he said, with an elongating gesture of the neck and a side head twist which were habitual with him in moments of delighted surprise.

He drew his chair a little nearer even than it had been. Eyes were all right enough; but, after all, forty thou- you're not thinking seriously of going sand dollars! And possibly the eyes over." thrown in! Had he been lucky to escape the bonds of wedlock with the ancient widow? Verily he had!

rightly," said the pretty business wom-

Well, that wasn't so bad, now, was It?" exclaimed Broadway.

"Why, no," his fair informant granted, "considering that we've been fightit was perfectly remarkable."

all things.

head had a pretty, earnest pucker that |ing!" almost unmanned him.

it, judge?" The judge must be brought ed with the thing." into the talk, of course, as long as he was there.

It was the best chewing gum in the

tinkles among angels when something mouths of families?" makes them happy on the golden streets.

penetrated to the depths of the judi- help it. I don't see how I can help it." cial system; it served as light to show the judge what might be going on. Although he had been comfortably setrose abruptly and stood looking down

"Well!" said be, and laughed. "You guess I am a poor hand where figures are concerned." He moved slowly toward the door, and smiled at every step. "I want to ask mom about some ically. thing, anyway."

Jackson Jones was really embar and then her smile returned. rassed for a moment when he found himself alone with this old friend of ter come to the office tomorrow, as kill time he referred back to what the the morning, shall I?" judge had said about the gum.

Bushman's Clever Strategy Saved Him

From Becoming a Meal for Prowi-

ing Lion.

danger and fertile in resource.

"Can you beat that?" he inquired.

The best chewing gum in the world!" | as she picked up a little shopping bag | and telephone wire between here and | gum that the Consolidated puts up

She laughed at his commercial ignorance. "Why, certainly not!"

For an instant his heart sank as he plant are entirely in your hands. You contemplated saying what he felt that can give him a pretty good idea of he must say, sank doubly deep behow things stand without the books cause he felt that the confession he senses. Those cigars! "No, I thank deed, was the matter with him, but and figures in front of you, can't you?" must make might possibly disturb the you. I've got some gum here. But could not, for he had not the least To Broadway's grief he sat down com- good opinion of him which he hoped I wouldn't mind having another glass idea. he had renewed in her peculiarly lucid of lemonade." "Well, hardly, judge," said Josie, mind. But there was something in her smiling at him in a way which pained eyes that gave him confidence. And Broadway, for it seemed certain to there was nothing for it but confes-

"You don't understand," he ventured the evening. It seemed to him that stumblingly. "This is-er-between make it for me, won't you?" us. The fact is-I'm broke! I am in "The old gentleman told me," the debt! I must get some quick moneyludge explained, "that the works and I want to know how much you "Our cash balance?"

> She thought deeply for a moment. Then she looked up with a smile of triumph. "Over eighteen thousand dollars, I should say." He was dismayed. "Only eighteen

thousand dollars! And you did a business of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars last month!" His manner worried her. "I hope

"Going over where?" "To the trust."

"Yes."

"Why? Don't you think the price "It was nearer fifty, if I remember they offer is big enough?"

"It isn't a question of price, Mr. Jones," she said, with flashing eyes, "It's the principle of the thing." "You'll have to explain that to me."

"Why, think of what you're selling!" she exclaimed. "It is the thing your ing the trust all the time. I think grandfather worked for and handed down to your father; the thing that "Do you?" inquired Broadway, with he worked for and handed down to the eyes of faith, as if he were quite you; the thing that you should work willing to accept her judgment upon for and hand down to your children, then to their children, and so on and "Why, yes; don't you?" Her fore on. Why, think of what you're sell-

He was a little dazed, but, still, he "Sure, I think it is," he made haste surely needed money. "I don't see to agree. "What do you think about where there's any sentiment connect-

"You don't!" She gazed at him, astonished, and rose and stood beside The judge settled back into his chair the table, looking down at him. and looked complacent, "I always said "Would you ruin the town in which you were born? Why, your grandfather was the founder of this town. "We are talking about profits, not Mr. Jones! Would you see seven hunabout the gum," said Broadway, and dred men and boys turned out of their Josie burst into a rippling laugh which employment? Would you see the very he felt sure was of the sort which bread and butter taken from the

He felt he must defend himself, explain himself. "Well, that's not my There was that in this speech which fault. I'm awfully sorry, but I can't

Her voice was deep and sorrowful, reproachful, warning, pleading, stirring. "I'd give it very serious thought tled for a long hour's chat about a sub- if I were you, Mr. Jones." Then the ject which intensely interested him, he timbre of enthusiasm crept into her tones and stirred him deeply. "Oh, it talk it over, now, with Josie. I'm-I little town! You've a chance to do something very, very big-a really He shook his head, but not emphat-

"And I believe you will," she added,

"I must run along, now. You'd bet-

"Can I make it a quarter past?" "Very well." She turned away, but,

light of real reproof in her incompar- she came in, she evidently was re- miss my guess, I'm making you richer that my ancestors made famous. able eyes. "I don't think there's any minded of something, for she began to by several hundred thousand dollars, see-

her."

"They ought to be," said Jackson. "Have another cigar," the judge suggested fervently.

brought Broadway to his This

tainly, my boy. I'll go and get it myself. Broadway spoke up hurriedly. "No; don't do that. Ask Mrs. Spotswood to

"Sure," said the genial judge. "And I'll tell her that you asked me to. It'll tickle her to death." At this point Wallace returned. He

went to Broadway with his business air exceedingly in evidence. "Say," he said earnestly, "I've got a



Josle Richards

fellow! Pembroke was waiting at the would be perfectly great of you to office of the hotel. That was his man stand by and protect the people of this he sent here. He knew we were leaving New York before we started. He was telephoned to from the Grand Cenwonderful thing! I hope you'll do it." tral station. That's how skilfully they 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 his youth, this simple little country early as possible. There's a great deal noon today, I, who represented mygirl. But he knew it wouldn't do; he to be done and no many things to be self as Henry Wilson, your secretary, was certain that it was absurd. To explained. I'll expect you at ten in have given them till eleven o'clock tomorrow to dose the deal at fifteen bundred thousand dollars

"He's burning up every telegraph

CHAPTER IX.

On the way to the hotel, after they had left the judge's house, Broadway tried to tell Bob Wallace what, in-

"Do you really mean to keep the The judge was pleased. "Why, cer- 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 not abandon it."

"Where did you get that stuff? Have opened window. 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 an other 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 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 Broad-

way somewhat cacklingly. "I think you're going to be violent!" said Wallace. "He'll probably need both horny hands. But he'll subdue work in these mad days of frenzied 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 within two weeks of the commission a sentinel in the guards was flogged

have aroused?" pilv at well-paid findustry. I'm the paymaster. A great nation, wagging tireless jaws. They're chewing the Jones

She looked at him with the serious with which she had been armed when Cleveland right now, and, unless I against the public as just as good as

"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, isn't she a queen?"

"So that's it?" 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, unadvertised, it had been a dangerous competitor to the trust, then it was worth having-emphaticaly 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. selling 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

After a quarter of an hour of steady with it. It is a sacred duty. I must hammering, some shouting and a little whistling, he was rewarded by a sleepy "Say," said Wallace, in disgust. and ill-tempered voice from a slowly

"Heavens! Was his window closed! And yet that snore got out to us!" "It sawed its way out," Bob suggested.

"Well, what ye want?" the angry voice inquired. "Want to get in."

"At this time the night?" "Sure. It's always night before we ever want to go to bed." "Well, the Grand hotel, it don't think

much of folks that stays out all night long, I'll tell you that!" the clerk exclaimed, as he came down in bright red flannels (and not much of that) to let them in. "All night long!"

"Ain't it a quarter after 'leven?"

After telephoning Rankin (much to the clerk's disgust) to hurry to Connecticut by the first train in the morn ing, with well-packed bags, the two friends crept upstairs, abashed. The clerk scorned such a menial

service as attending them, and, in the excitement left from the rebuke he had received. Wallace stumbled into the wrong room. All doors were partly open, for the night was warm, and no honest workingmen, horny-handed gum there in innocent and simple Jonesone feared the midnight interloper. ville. Fortunately the moonlight fell upon

the bed, and warned him, otherwise there might have been a scandal in Gum Village, in which case the complainant (he felt certain from that hur ried glimpse) would have been a sylph of close upon two hundred and fifty pounds.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Criminals Strenuously Dealt With. There is scarcely any crime in New Zealand, largely because they make a strenuous effort there to arrest, try, convict, hang and bury a criminal of his crime, if this be murder, or, if "A pleasant little city, working hap- not a hanging offense, to get him as quickly as possible into a disagreeable prison, where he will have to work hard and fare upon bread and gum. Jones' gum, mind you; not some water.—Exchange.

WHEN POTATOES WERE NEW | introduced the dalhia into civilization with the intention of making the

Lavender as Topacco Substitute. ket and on the side table and the smell of it is clean, sweet and delicious, says the London Chronicle "office window" man. "But did you ever smoke it? This business of the tobacco trust worries the smoker who may have to launch them by giving a banquet at pay more for his pipeful. Then comes which they were to be served as an the glad news that we are growing toattractive novelty; but the royal cook bacco and even cigar coverings-in unfortunately misunderstood the in- order to beat Sumatra at her own structions given to him. Instead of game. And also comes a Madrid proboiling the tubercles, he cooked the fessor, inquiring what the ancient Roleaves as a kind of cabbage. The mans smoked. Fine pipes have been courtiers, after trying every imagin- dug up in Spain from Roman settlements, but they have no trace of to adventures of some church plate of any employe over twenty-one years ration, pronounced the dish detestable. bacco or opium. Yet they are adorned with bas-reliefs picturing the lavender induce them ever to taste it again. plant. And in 1276-before tobacco came to Europe-a Spanish writer which had been made, and a second said that "whoever smokes lavender feels active, ardent and vigorous.' But why is it that smoking never crept

HOT FIGHTING AT NEW BERNE

Graphic Account of Battle Given by Member of Fifty-First New York -Had One Leg Amputated.

My regiment, the Fifty-first New York, went to the war on October 29, 1861. About ten o'clock a. m. we left our headquarters at the Old Palace gardens, Fourteenth street and Seventh avenue. We marched down Broadway to the Battery to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," ten drummers ahead and a brass band. I felt proud that day, writes Arthur Gale, Fifty-first New York, Second brigade, Second division, Ninth corps, Bedford, N. Y., in the National Tribune. Some one on the sidewalk would sing out: "Here comes the Fifty-first New York." At the Battery we went aboard the boat for New Berne, N. C. During the fight at that place March 14, 1862, my regiment was formed in line of battle. The loud whistling of the bullets came through the woods. Early that morning our orderly told us to shoot off our guns and reload, as it had rained the night before and a number of guns would not go off well. That was my fix. I said to Orderly Smith: "I can't get my gun to go off." He said that he could not help me, and told me to pick one up in the battle.

I began to see men falling. The dirt in front of me was plowed up by rifle bails. Our little Orderly Smith was shot dead. Fear soon left me while I was loading and firing. I saw one of my comrades lying on the ground. He did not move, and I ran to him. I got down on my knees as I was looking for the bullet hole. I felt a tug at my shoulder and, looking up, saw it was our chaplain, Benton. He said to me: Young man, attend to your duty; I will attend to this man.'

I began loading and firing as fast as I could, and heard a loud blast of the bugle. Our captain sang out: "Charge bayonets!" Our chaplain, Benton, was killed in the charge. As we reached the breastworks the rebels broke and ran. I climbed on top of the breastworks and jumped over to the other side. Dead and dying rebels were lying all around. A dying rebel turned his eyes toward me. stopped and saw his lips move, but no sound came from them. I put my ear to his mouth and he whispered: "Water." I gave him a drink out of my canteen, and put a blanket under his head and left him.

My first battle was Roanoke Island, then New Berne, Second Bull Run, Chantilly and South Mountain. At South Mountain I was wounded in the leg, which rendered amputation necessary. When I was shot two of my comrades, neighbors of mine in the old village of Bedford, Westchester county, carried me off and laid me on the grass, where I lay all night. These two comrades' names were Ezra and John Miller. Three days after Ezra was shot at Antietam, and he went home and died of his wound.

Most Ancient Royal Family.

Were all the rulers of the world to meet on neutral ground-say Switzerland-and to be marshaled in precedence, the veteran Emperor Franz Josef of Austria would take rank before all the crowned heads, according to the London Chronicle. Not merely on account of his age or because his reign of sixty-five years is longer than those of other living monarchs, but because he is the head of the oldest reigning house in Christendom. More than half a century before the Norman conquest the counts of Habichtsburg ("Hawks castle") held their fortress, which overhung the Aar, and were a power in what is now Switzerland. Election to the purple and diadem of the holy Roman empire came a century or so later, and in unbroken succession the Emperor Franz Josef traces his descent back to those simple Swiss counts.

Brutality in British Army. It would have needed a very alluring form of advertisement indeed to attract men to the English army a hundred years ago. Writing of that period, a writer says: "Flogging was almost universal. The maximum number of lashes were gradually reduced from 1,500 to 300; but the notion that discipline could not be maintained without summary punishment continued to be believed, and Wellington himself dealt with flagrant cases by hanging the culprits upon trees in the are on the job. public roads. One result was that only men belonging to the lowest classes would join the army." In 1771 in St. James' park so severely that he subsequently died raving mad. His offense consisted in saying that "there was no more encouragement for a good soldier than for a bad one."

Too Much Uplift. "This uplift gets my goat." "How now?"

"The world is getting too uplifted. Went to a party the other night. Instead of playing kissing games they sat around and discussed ethical questions."

Two Meanings. He (in a rage)-That man is the biggest fool in the world. His Wife (comforting)-Henry, Henry, you are forgetting yourself!-Woman's Home Companion. Realism.

"What has become of the emotional actress who wept real tears?" "Out of date," replied the busy producer. "What we are giving the public now is a leading man who swears real swear words."

Lady of the House-Half the things you wash are torn to pieces. Washerwoman - Yes. mum; but when a thing is torn in two or more pleces, mum, I only charge for them as one piece, mum."



for all by Calumet, For daily use in millions of kitchens has proved that Calumet is highest not only in quality but in leavening power as well—un-failing in results—pure to the extreme—and wonderfully economical in use. Ask your grocer. And try Calumet next bake day.

Received Highest Awards



Couldn't Help It.

A little girl had just been dressed in clean clothes, and went out to play. In a short time she came back covered with dirt. Her mother was much put out, and asked her how she came to be so dirty.

"Well, mother," she said, "sn't I made of dirt?" "Yes, dear, but what has that to do with it?"

"Well you know, mother, it will keep working out." Sometimes.

"Do you think it's always necessary to send a girl to college, professor, to give her a proper understanding?" "Well, sometimes nature has obviated the necessity."

Blank, All Right. He-Oh, yes, I have a book y'know that I put down my thoughts in every night. She-I see. Sort of blank book, I виррове.

Towed Home. Redd-Do you use a motor car or a horse-drawn vehicle? Greene-Some days I use both.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the gennine, call for full name, LAXA-TIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of B. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day, 25c. The man who wants the earth is ant to get his share-if the mud throwers



ypewriters sent as appropri

Saskatohewan Improved Farm Borrow, as one drags. Write owner the will your rest

little Buxtman falled to appreciate.

The lion would appear a. a point is

the road, and leap back again into the

jungle, to reappear a little farther on. The Bashman did not lose his pres-

ence of mind, and presently hit upon

a way to outwit his foe. Aware that man dodged into the jungle to the and quietly awaited the next plate, and without the knowledge of risge of clerks receiving under \$1,000 When the lion discovered that their rector, Rev. R. A. Cox, disper annum. right, and quietly awaited the next

from the path, he was perplexed. He ice to London to be meited down. roared. Then he espied the Bushman peering at him over the grass

position, while the lion stood irreso-The little Bushman of South Africa lute in the path, following with his is not only small in size, but to the eye the moving black man. The little Europeon he appears feeble in mind. Yet there is the story of an encounter appeared at another point. between a Bushman and a lion which,

The great brute was first confused, according to a correspondent of Har and then alarmed. It began to dawn per's Weekly, shows a man cool in on him that he was the hunted party. The Bushman did not let the lion col-The Bushman, who was a long way lect his startled wits. He began to from home, met a lion. The animal, steal gradually toward the foe, who sure that he had his victim complete now, in a complete state of doubt and ly in his power, began to sport with fear, turned tail, and ran ignominioushim with a feline playfulness that the ly from the field.

> Travels of Old Church Plate. A remarkable story is told of the

BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME | the man had suddenly disappeared | patched the valuable communion serv-Fortunately, the rector learned of

the affair in time and personally ac-The Bushman at once changed his quired the articles. Subsequently they passed from his widow into the hands of her nephew, Rev. Henry Burnley, and a short time ago were man rustled the reeds, vanished, and purchased and presented to the parish by an anonymous donor. They have Parmentier, whose name is inseparnow been solemnly rededicated in the ably associated with the introduction presence of a large congregation .-From the London Globe.

Bank clerks and matrimony have been the subject of legislation by the Australian parliament. The assembly has approved of a new clause in the criminal code bill, by which any person or corporation, prohibiting, under threat of dismissal, the marrying of the sixteenth and early seventeenth of age, will be liable to a fine of century. It belongs to the parish of \$1,500, or three months' imprisonment. Savington St. Michael, England, but The clause is the outcome of evidence the beast was ahead of him, the Bush- about seventy years ago the parish- in the arbitration court that the Westioners decided they must have new ern Australian banks prohibit the mar-

Ignorance of French Cook Came Very Near Putting Them Out of Commission as an Edible. In France, arrangements are being

of potatoes as a popular comestible. Louis XVI. promised to help him to able sort of condiment with the prepaand declared that no persuasion would

experiment brought the new delicacy into high favor. Do many remember that Mr. Dahl

tubers of which it bears so good s crop substitutes for potatoes? Sweet lavender is now on the mar-

made for the celebration of the one hundredth anniverstry of the death of Inquiry, however, detected the error into Roman literature?