

the air. "You, too, Josie."
"Oh, thanks, Mrs. Spotswood."
"Is the judge here?"
She knew perfectly well that he was not; she had seen him through the window of his little one-roomed, peaked office building just across the street as she had turned into the graveled, flower-lined path which led to the works' entrance.
"I thought he might be here. We've been—shopping, and were going by, so I thought I would run in and have a word with him."
Even Mrs. Spotswood did not shop thus early in the morning, save for groceries; moreover, she did not wear her best black silk dress when she went shopping for her groceries, and the shopping district occupied the region farthest from the works upon the other side of her own home—but these things did not matter.
Then, as she saw Broadway's attention wavering, and that Clara was endeavoring to hold it long enough to ask for Wallace, she turned meaningfully to him, although behind the beam there was a genuine anxiety. "Anything new, Broadway?"
Clara's courage had augmented by that time, and she gave him insufficient time to frame an answer, so Mrs. Spotswood went to Josie, and, as Broadway answered questions about Wallace, assuring Clara that he'd be there before long, out of the corner of his eye he could make certain that Josie was explaining things to Mrs. Spotswood. He rather thought and hoped that she was explaining them with real enthusiasm.
Clara was shyly excited over Wallace, and took full advantage of this chance to talk of him with his best friend. The long standing of her friendship for Broadway made her feel at liberty to gossip freely.
"I think Mr. Wallace is an awful nice fellow," she said gravely.
"Do you really?" Broadway smiled at her although he bitterly resented her intrusion on his talk with Josie. "I'll tell him you said that," he gaily threatened.
"He is," she stated positively. "He ordered ice cream twice last night. A reminiscent hunger came into her eyes. "Bought me a box of chocolates, too."
"Oh, he doesn't care what he does with his money." Broadway's manner indicated that asking twice for ice cream and the purchase of a box of chocolates represented to his mind the extreme insanity of spendo-mania.
"Doesn't he?" she asked, her tone indicating that delightful horror which unmarried ladies feel at hearing of the exploits of equally unmarried, possibly eligible young men.
"No," said Broadway, with the air of one revealing something at once horrible and fascinating, "he spent over twenty-five dollars one night."
His audience was as vividly impressed as any speaker could have wished. "He must have just thrown it away!"
"Why?"
"But the mad tale of Wallace's expenditures was never told. The conversation was at this point interrupted by the sound of cheers in the great workrooms at the back.
CHAPTER XI.

It was the judge, at this instant, bustling in, who made the situation clear to them.
"Great Scott!" he said, aglow with genial satisfaction. "Talk about excitement! The whole plant is in an uproar."
"What is it, judge?" the owner of the plant inquired.
"Why, didn't you send a message out there by Higgins?"
"Eh—yes, I did."
"Well, that's what they're cheering about. The men are yelling themselves hoarse and the boys are dancing with joy." The judge was beaming like a full moon with gray tufts of hair above its ears. "You'd think Bedlam had broken loose. They're yelling for you, Broadway. Come out and let them see you."
Broadway was in a state of panic, of blue funk, of sheer, unspeakable fright. He ducked and looked about as if endeavoring to find that avenue through which escape would be easiest. "No; not now, please," he begged pitifully.
They might have let it go at that had not the cheering within the works broken out afresh.
"Listen to that," the judge adjured him, and urged him with a happy hand upon his elbow.
His wife went to his assistance. "Oh, do go out and say something, Broadway!"
"Yes," the judge insisted, "come and make a speech."
"I can't say anything," said the miserable and frightened Broadway. "I never made a speech in my life!"
Josie, smiling gently, turned from them. When again she faced them she held in her hand the paper she had thrust so recently into that sacred secret place. "Read this to them," she suggested.
He took it, but he did not see whence it had been extracted, although Mrs. Spotswood did. The eyes of matrons of her age are sympathetically attuned to signs of this sort, seeing them when others miss them. She smiled at Josie, Josie caught her eye and blushed furiously.
"Oh, come on." The judge now took a firmer hold on him. "It will make them all feel good."
His faithful wife went to his aid. She took the other arm of the acutely miserable youth, and between them they propelled him from the room, through the short length of a wide hallway stacked on either side with boxes full of chewing gum already packed for shipment, through a breathlessly hot engine-room, and into the main room upon the factory's ground floor.
Their appearance was the signal for an uproar of applause. The loudest cheering of the previous outburst was surpassed so notably that, by comparison, it had been whispering. In the enthusiasm of the moment men, women and the younger workers of the force lost all sense of reserve.
Broadway ceased to be that terrible thing, a new and untried boss, who must be looked at carefully, addressed with caution and regarded with respect made up principally of fear. He was young; he had been fair to them; he was their economic savior.
They went mad, and, at first permitting him no opportunity to make the speech which he so feared, seized him as if he had been the winning player at a football game and bore him round the great room of the factory upon their shoulders.
There was affection in the strong arms of the men who lifted him; there were tears in many women's eyes which watched. Not only was this youth the boss; he was the young boss. They knew he had been plucky in his loyalty to them, rumors of the splendid offer which the trust had made had been circulated freely. He was accredited with that intention most admired by real Americans, and these workmen, in this old New England mill, in this old New England village, were principally native sons.
He was not content to be an idler; he insisted upon buckling down to a man's job. And had he not decided to take up the burden of gum-manufacture largely through his feeling of responsibility to them and to the town? Financially the offer of the trust must certainly have been more tempting than the prospect of commercial battle which, even should it win, would inevitably involve a long, expensive and intensely wearing strain!
Would they ride him round and round upon their shoulders? Would they cheer him till the blood rushed to their heads? Would the woman want to kiss him and the youngsters look at him as if he were a species of superior being? Verily, they would. And verily they did.
In the meantime, in the office, Clara was left quite alone. She may have been aware that interesting things were happening in the factory, things which she would very gladly have witnessed, but beyond doubt she felt that something far more interesting—to wit, the arrival of Bob Wallace—was likely to occur at any moment in the office. She preferred the smiles of Wallace to the cheers of working people, and she waited for them.
Wallace was not long delayed. She greeted him with cordial liking. "You didn't expect to find me here, did you?"
"Well, hardly. This is an unexpected pleasure."
"Mr. Jones will be back in a few minutes. He went out in the works to make a speech."
She gave this information with the air of one explaining commonplaces. To her everything, in deed, was commonplace, save Wallace. She held him the most extraordinary thing on earth very freely mingled with the news of his determination to retain and operate the gum plant, could have been accepted as good reason for such a really notable demonstration of the joy of gum makers.

him about it, because she liked to talk to him on any subject. "Well, you should have heard them cheering! They've made more noise than this old town has ever heard before."
"Yes, I dare say it is," he granted, as new cheers burst forth.
But he did not go to see the demonstration, which indicated to him that he must find something most attractive in the village belle's company. What other woman could have held him from the sight of Broadway Jones in his first effort as an orator?
"Funny," he remarked, and smiled at her; "I was thinking of you as I passed the drug store just now."
She laughed, delighted. "That's strange. I've been thinking of you, too!"
"Have you really?"
"Yes. Oh, those chocolates were fine! I ate them all before I went to bed." Then, reproachfully, "but you shouldn't be spending your money the way you do!"
He was unconscious of any mad expenditure of which she could be cognizant and, therefore, was surprised.
"What?"
"Mr. Jones told me that you were a regular spendthrift."
This from Broadway, the most famous spendthrift of New York's recent years! "When did he tell you that?" he asked, endeavoring to hide the meaning of his smiles.
"Just a little while ago. He said you spent over twenty-five dollars one night!"
For a second this extraordinary statement almost choked him. He had been with Broadway when that sum would have been regarded as a modest tip for a head-waiter.
"Oh, did he tell you about that night?" he asked, still carefully endeavoring to conceal the nature of his smiles at least.
And as he smiled it came upon him that for reasons which he did not understand as yet he should be sorry to have this particular girl learn details of some nights which he and Broadway Jones had passed together on the famous street they knew so well.
"Yes," she said, prettily admonishing, "and you mustn't waste it in that way any more."
She shook her finger at him playful, but with a serious light of eyes behind the playfulness which seemed to



"They're Yelling for You, Broadway."

indicate proprietary interest in him. It amused him—but he found it unmissably pleasant, too.
The excited Sam came in. Sam always seemed to come at just those moments which without him would have been more interesting.
"He's—shaking—hands—with—everybody," he volunteered.
"Who? Mr. Jones?" asked Clara.
"Yes—Gosh!—He—was—afraid—to—make—a—speech! I—bet—I—wouldn't—be—afraid! If—ever—I—amount—to—anything—the—first—thing—I'm—going—to—do—is—to—make—a—speech—about—myself!"
Wallace laughed. "You've got the right idea, Sammy."
"You—bet—I've—got—the—right—idea! I've—got—darned—good—ideas—if—I—ever—get—a—chance—to—use—'em!"
Clara was reproving. "Sammy, stop this constant talking about yourself!"
"Stop—your—own—talking! You—don't—understand—me. I've—got—brains—I—have!"
"No one can tell," said Wallace.
"Maybe he has."
"I'll—surprise—you—all—some—day!"
Clara smiled at Wallace. "Ain't it funny. He really thinks he's going to be a big man."
"Well, maybe he will," said Wallace, considering Sammy's bulk reflectively, "and then, again, he's liable to fall away to almost nothing."
She laughed, delighted at his humor. "Oh, I see what you mean! You're always joking, aren't you?"
"Aren't I the cut-up, though?" he gently gayed her.
It was very silly, and he knew how very silly it was, but, none the less, the city man enjoyed the persiflage with this red-cheeked rural maiden. In the extraordinary ebullition of his spirits he reached out his hand for hers, found it, and stood swaying it. She blushed, he laughed. He was really burlesquing a flirtation, but she did not know it, nor was the impulse of his foolery entirely burlesque. He was very much confused when an amused cough from behind them told that Josie had come in.
He whirled. "Oh, good morning, Miss Richards!"
"How do you do, Mr. Wallace?" She smiled with definite satisfaction. "Mr. Jones is causing quite a sensation in the works."
"So I understand."
"Shall I tell him you are here?" asked Clara.
"I wish you would if it isn't too

much trouble, Miss Spotswood."
"Not at all. I'll be only too pleased." She smiled at him. "Nobody ever calls me anything but Clara."
Wallace felt that he was most emphatically in clover. "Oh, you Clara!" He was a large young man, with a large, smooth-shaven face, particularly broad. It was one happy smile.
She was giggling as she hurried toward the factory. "I'll tell him, right away."
Wallace turned to Josie. "Has Mr. Pembroke called?"
"No; Mr. Jones was saying he expected him at eleven o'clock."
"Well, it isn't quite eleven, yet."
"He told me of the advice you gave him. We have a good deal to thank you for. I'm sure of that."
"I don't see why," he protested. "He's only doing what is right. Any man with a conscience would do the same. Of course my influence may have had some bearing on his decision, but, believe me, his mind was made up when you got through with him last night."
She was very earnest. "Oh, it means so much to so many!"
"Any way, I think he'd be a fool to sell."
"You do?"
"Certainly. A proposition which showed the profit this did last year—without any advertising! Why, it's wonderful! I know what I'm talking about. I'm with the biggest advertising firm in New York city."
"But we couldn't afford to advertise, except in a small way," she said in explanation of what he evidently thought their lack of enterprise, "and the big firms wouldn't take a petty contract."
"Why didn't you try the Empire Agency?"
She shook her head. "We did. They refused to handle us at all. They do most of the Consolidated's work, you see. I guess that was the reason."
He was quick to deny this. He did not wish anyone to think that the great Empire Agency would favor one concern to the extent of shutting out another in fair competition.
"Oh, no," he confidently asserted, "we don't make that sort of agreements. No corporation can dictate to us. The Empire's my firm. My Governor's its president."
"Oh, well, then, perhaps, you know all about it." She evidently did not care to be so firmly contradicted.
This daunted him. "You say they refused to handle your work?"
"Absolutely."
For a moment he stood lost in thought, then suddenly reached a resolution of importance. "May I use your phone?" he asked.
"Certainly."
"Give me long distance," he demanded of the operator; then, while he was waiting, he turned back to Josie, saying almost angrily: "That's a pretty rotten trick, if it's so—to squeeze the little fellow out like that. You're absolutely sure it was the Empire?"
"Yes; we tried all the big advertising firms."
"There isn't any other big advertising firm," he valiantly declaimed. His business patriotism was unquestionable. "If there was we'd whip it over to the Empire in pretty quick shape."
The operator, who he held at his ear, showed signs of life. "Hello, I want New York," he told the operator. Then, to Josie: "What's this number?"
"Two-two Main."
"This is two-two Main, the Jones plant," he informed the operator. "All right. Get them for me as quickly as you can."
After hanging up the receiver he turned gravely to Josie. "There must be some mistake about this," he assured her. Evidently he was seriously worried about the charge of favoritism brought against his firm.
"I have all the correspondence, if you'd like to see it."
"I'd like to see it very much."
"I'll have it here in a very few minutes. Excuse me."
Fortunately for his telephonic endeavors there had been a period of quiet in the outer factory. But now, as the crowd approached, came the

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vast workroom adjoining, from a vista to the other portions of the plant, the roar of cheering was renewed. He went to the door and opened it, looking into the workroom. Almost at the door were the Judge and Mrs. Spotswood and, just behind them, Broadway. They were smiling happily and proudly. He was somewhat wilted, but elated. He rushed forward, grasping Wallace's hand, greatly to the latter's surprise.
"I've shaken hands with everybody in the world," said Broadway.
(To be Continued)

Ordinance No. 194
AN ORDINANCE AMENDING SECTION II. OF ORDINANCE NO. 198, OF THE CITY OF ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA, ENTITLED, "AN ORDINANCE PROVIDING AGAINST THE OBSTRUCTION AND INJURY OF STREETS, SIDEWALKS, CURBS, STONES, GUTTERS, CROSSWALKS, ALLEYS AND ALL OTHER PUBLIC WAYS IN THE CITY OF ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA, AND PROVIDING A PENALTY FOR THE VIOLATION THEREOF AND TO REPEAL ORDINANCE NO. 23, AND ALL SECTIONS THEREOF OF THE REVISED ORDINANCES OF THE CITY OF ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA." Providing for and fixing the distance at which any awning or awning support shall be placed, erected or constructed above any side walk, street or alley in said city.
Be it Ordained by the Mayor and Council of the City of Alliance, Nebraska:
I. No person shall place, erect, construct or maintain any sign, signposts, telegraph or other posts or

poles, racks, hand-bills, advertisements, or any other device upon or across any sidewalk, street or alley so as to project across or upon any such sidewalk, street or alley to the annoyance or inconvenience of the public, and no person shall place, construct, erect or maintain any awning or awning support over any sidewalk at a distance of less than 84 inches above such sidewalk, street or alley, or in such manner as to prevent, hinder or interfere with the free use of such sidewalk by the public.

II. Any person violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall, upon conviction, be fined in any sum not less than \$1.00 nor more than \$50.00 and in the discretion of the police court, may be committed to the city jail until such fine and costs are paid or otherwise discharged by law.

III. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force immediately upon its passage, approval and publication.
Passed first reading, March 3, 1914.
Passed second reading, March 3, 1914.
Passed third reading, March 3, 1914.
(SEAL) A. D. RODGERS, Mayor.
Attest: J. D. EMERICK, Clerk.
14-11-391-3295

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