JANUARY 14, 1914.

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PLUMES

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In pink, Jack rose cream, and many other winter colors. Roses imported to sell from \$1.00 to \$2.00. Choice,

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tunity like this you will not have again.

All the newest French effects. An oppor-

years or so ago, I was worth two hun-dred and fifty thousand dollars. There was cash, real estate and my small in terest in the chewing gum factory First thing I did was spend the cash, then I sold the real estate, then I of force of habit. sold my interest in the factory

now if I'd had any business ability, with the bank roll I had to start with."

"My Uncle Abner bought me out rode in street cars for three days; I and cheated me. He paid me just a went to an opening night at a theater hundred thousand, a measly hundred thousand, for my share of the property out of which he's since then made a dozen fortunes. I hear the gum trust offered him a million dollars for the plant and the good will last year."

'Jones' Pepsin!' "Yes: Jones' Pepsin, made Jonesville. It's the oldest gum on the market. Ever chew it?"

'No.

"Don't. It's awful. It's terrible stuff!

"Well, go on. What happened, then?"

"I could scarcely wait to get hold of that money and get out of that town. 1 wanted New York; nothing but New York. I had heard about New York; I had read about New York; I'd been down here as a kid on visits. I talked New York, I dreamed New York. Why, from the time I was a kid, in knickerbockers, to the time I left Jonesville. everybody called me 'Broadway.' That's where it began."

"I thought it started here."

"No! when I was a kid in Jones-ville. That was my name-'Broadway' -just because I wore patent-leather shoes and put on a clean collar, now and then. That's the kind of a town it

"I've lived up to the name, I guess. I know every newsboy, policeman, actor, chorus girl, wine agent, gambler and bartender on the street. I've been to bed just one night in five years before six o'clock in the morning and that was when I had a toothache and my face was swollen. It was not the pain that kept me in; it was the looks of the puffed face."

When I came here to New York sign. It sounds funny, but it is a fact, and started to burn up Broadway, five My intentions were the best in all the world. But I got to thinking of some thing else, after I had walked a block or two, and where do you suppose I was when I woke up? In Delmonico's, eating breakfast! Turned in there out

"I started looking for a 'boy-w

lions.

"I made a dozen attempts to do the "I had no use for anything but cash. | right thing. I cut out automobiles and

> went to an opening night at a theater and sat in the gailery; I bought a pain of ready-made shoes; I ate meals at a forty-cent table d-hole and smoked five-cent cigars-practicing, just prac-

ticing, trying to get used to it. "But I couldn't. That, was all-I simply couldn't! All my good resolutions went to smash every time I took a look at Broadway. I knew my credit was good; the things I wanted were there; I could have them; so-well, I took them, that was all!" "And now," said Wallace, who had

sat, at first incredulous, and, later, spelibound, during the recital, "you are fifty thousand dollars in debt!" "I don't know the exact amount, but

that's a fairly good guess." "You've been pretty quiet about it. It hasn't seemed to worry you much!" "Hasn't worried me?" Broadway's voice was bitter. "Well, I don't mind

telling you that I have just come out of the first sound sleep I've had in weeks. I'll bet I walked to Chicago and back every night the first month

I was broke." I don't understand?"

"I mean if you had measured up my carpet by the mile. I thought so much and worried so much that I didn't dare trust myself alone. I had the weird-est ideas; I did the craziest things. Do you know that I belong to the Salvation Army?"

"What!" "On the level. I went to Newar?

and joined one night." "What was the idea?"

"I thought it might help me forget my troubles. I played the bass drum for two nights and couldn't stand it any longer. Er-have you ever been in Newark?"



"I've been through there on the train.'

RICH'S

AST

"That's bad enough. Guess what I suffered! I got off the train! Oh, you can't realize what I've been through, Bob! I've made a bluff and pretended to be happy all the time; but, believe me, old pal, there have been times when I've started for the Brooklyn bridge-and I won't tell you about bottle of poison and a gun full of lead which I considered using. I didn't care about the money I'd spent; what worried me was that running in debt, day after day, with no chance of repay-

ing.' "But you kept on accepting credit." "And it was wrong-dead

But-well, I guess it must be in my blood. I couldn't help it." "How about your uncle?" Broadway laughed, a cackling, scorn-

ful laugh. "He's a rich man. Have you tried him?"

"Yes; tried him and found him I wrote and told him I was guilty. short of ready cash, after I had spent the pittance that he paid me for my interest in the Jones' gum. I asked him if he wouldn't lend me, say, ten thousand dollars." "Did he answer?"

"Sure, he answered. Sent me a pack-age of the gum and the advice: 'Chew this and forget your troubles.' He's in Europe now. He's worth a million, if he's worth a nickel, and he bought me out for practically nothing!

F.

"Stingy?" "Stingy? He's so mean that every time he's asked to have a drink he takes a cigar and then saves up the

cigars, puts them in old boxes, and gives them away for Christmas presents."

"Where have you been getting

enough for tips and pocket money?" "I sold that big French car I said was in dead storage. And do you remember that I said I'd lost a lot jewelry? I hadn't. I had pawned it. How's my work, eh?" "You're a wonder! I've got to hand

it to you. But why didn't you confide

confide in anyone. I could only keep on hoping that some miracle would happen. I've thought of nothing ex-

cept money and how to get it. "And, Bob, last night, at that ban-quet table, I sat looking at Mrs. Ge-rard, thinking of her millions and wondering what she'd say to me if I should tell my story, trying to pluck up nerve enough to take her into my confidence and see if she wouldn't help. That's how it started. I didn't realize what That's I was doing; but I must have been staring at her for ten minutes when she called a waiter who, presently, handed me a note."

"What did it say? Was it from her?" "Yes, and it said: 'Why do you stare at me so?'"

"Did you answer it?" 'Yes.

"Yes." "What did you say?" "Oh, I couldn't help it—I was des-perate. I said 'Because I love you?" "And she answered?"

"Yes; 'I love you, too.'" "And you wrote?"

'Not as much as I love you.' We

quite a correspondence. Seven had

or eight notes each way." "Who sent the last one?" "She did, and it said: 'Will you marry me?"

"She really proposed to you?" "On the level, and I didn't say thing. The letter carrier lost his job right there. For fear she'd change her mind before the next mail arrived I leaned across the table and yelled: 'Yes!'

"I'd gone, you know. Exactly what then happened ?" Wallace asked

"She fainted; general excitement; "She fainted; general excitement; smelling saits; she slowly came back to her senses. Then the usual speech: "Where am I?" That was my cue of course-although it hurt! Embrace. kiss, announcement to the dinner party; wild applause. Then somebody ordered 20 cases of wine. "And the next thing I remember is

old Rankin calling me when you came here today. What do you think of all of it?"

"It's terrible! You can't afford to let it go any further." "I can't afford to do anything, with-

out signing a tab for it," said Broadway ruefully.

way ruefully. "You can do something. Haven't you any 'set up and go?" "That seems to be all that is left for me—to 'get up and go'—as far as pos-sible—unless I marry her." "If work you'd go to work you'd have the "If you'd go to work you'd have the makings of a business man." "If I went to work I wouldn't have the makings of a cigarette.'

"How do you know? You haven't tried. I'll get you a job." "Where?"

(To Be Continued.]



in me long ago?"

"I didn't have enough courage to