

PAID IN FULL

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play JOHN W. HARDING

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CHAPTER X.

TULLY is credited with being the first to remark what essayists have pointed out ever since—that friendship improves happiness and abates misery by the doubling of our joys and dividing of our griefs.

When Mrs. Brooks and he re-entered the apartment and she turned to him and told him that it was good to see him back she meant it.

"It is good to me to be back again," he admitted, "if only for a few hours."

"Why a few hours, Jimsy?" "Williams expects me to take the midnight train for Boston. There is some legal tangle about our dock lease there."

"Oh, I see. Did Joe tell you about our good fortune? Of course you can see the change," she made a gesture that took in the whole room.

"You mean the raise in salary and back pay?" "Yes. Wasn't it splendid of Captain Williams?"

"It certainly has agreed with you," he responded evasively. "Never saw you look so well."

"Did the captain tell you about it?" "No; he never mentioned it."

"Why not?" "Captain Williams has a habit of keeping a whole lot to himself."

"It came as a complete surprise—at least to me."

"Seems to have done your mother a whole lot of good. She never did shine up to that Harlem fat."

He paused, then concluded, with a wan smile: "You see, Emma, I am some shy."

"I'm awfully sorry, Jimsy, but it doesn't make a lot of difference, does it?" she said consolingly.

"No, only that's why I came east. The west ain't conducive to pleasant recollections."

"It's nothing you could help."

"No. I figure you can't always blame people for what they can't help. If a fellow comes into the world shy, he's shy, and the chances are he's doing the best he can the very time he goes to the bad."

"How? In what way?" "You seem puzzled," he said, moving his chair so that it brought him squarely facing her.

"I don't know what to think," she mused. "I've always loathed a thief and a liar. I know there's an awful lot of dishonesty—in business. Father always declared that a man to drink or gamble or dissipate might be weak, but that a man who stole or lied to injure people was vicious. Somehow I think that too."

"Perhaps you're right, but I wondered if you'd been in his wife's place you'd sort of forgiven the man and helped him get right."

"Her thoughts were diverted from the subject by the ringing of the telephone bell. She answered it."

"Captain Williams calling," she said to Smith, then through the phone: "Ask the gentleman to come up, please."

Jimsy, anxious and much troubled, regarded her thoughtfully.

She turned from the telephone and advanced to him, holding out her hand. He took it hesitatingly and wonderingly.

"Jimsy," she said earnestly, "I've never quite understood you before."

"No?" he interrogated. "But after what you told me to-night," she went on, "I've had a little peck behind the curtains. You are a good man, Jimsy—a good man. That means everything."

For the second time in his entire life—the first having been when he proposed to her—Smith displayed trepidation.

"Now, Emma, be careful," he reproved. "There ain't no celestial medals pinned on my coat signifying an angelic career, and don't you start tossing bouquets in my direction."

The doorkill rang as he settled himself in his chair again.

"Ah! There's the old sea dog," said Mrs. Brooks, hastening to let the captain in.

best things the captain does," said Smith. "What?"

"Waiting. When it comes to patience and persistency he's got most Indians beat a dozen city blocks."

"Don't you mind what Smith says, Mrs. Brooks," grinned the captain. "The years he's been working for me he never showed any special signs of hurry or nervousness. How's your husband?"

"Fairly well. I think he seems a little worried over business."

"That so! What's the matter?" "You see, in his new position he feels his responsibility."

"Has he any special new responsibility?" he asked, his eyes wandering inquiringly to Smith, who did some more warning signaling unobserved by their hosts.

"Well, since you raised his salary, captain, and gave him his extra work naturally he's anxious to make good," again prompted the superintendent.

"Anxious to make good? Well, he'll have a chance, and soon at that."

Mrs. Brooks rose, hand outstretched, and went to him, with a happy, grateful smile.

"Now that it's out I want to thank you ever so much," she said. "Thank me?"

"Yes, for Joe's raise and that six months' back pay."

"He told you that?" "Sure he did," put in Smith. "He has forbidden me to speak of it to either you or Jimsy. Emma told him, but since you have mentioned it first I can thank you, can't I?"

He did not return a direct answer, but rubbed his chin dubiously as he said: "So I raised his pay, eh? And dated it back six months?"

"Of course you did," asseverated Smith with emphasis. "Don't let him fool you, Emma."

"You don't know how happy it's made us all," went on Mrs. Brooks gratefully. "I feel like a new woman, and mother appreciates it."

"Well, seems that I done all these things—"

He stopped abruptly as the door opened and his eyes rested on Brooks.

The latter's underjaw dropped, and he turned livid with fear at the unexpected presence of the captain. He was, in fact, so startled that he nearly collapsed.

"Ca-captain Williams!" he stammered, advancing tremblingly toward him.

"W-what you shake hands, captain?" "Sure," replied Williams in a firm voice. "How are you, Brooks?"

"I—I'm all right, I guess."

Brooks," he observed, pausing and looking about him again.

"Thank you," said she. "I never did know before what a little money meant to a woman."

"Perhaps that's because you don't know women."

"Oh, I know women—one kind, anyway. But Brooks is lucky in having a girl like you for a wife."

"Emma, he's giving you a little south Pacific blarney," put in Jimsy.

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," said the captain. "But," he continued emphatically, "it's a sure thing that if I had a girl like you I'd knuckle down and earn enough money to make you happy—eh, Brooks?"

"I suppose that's what you'd do," assented that individual.

"Yes, I'd work pretty hard without kicking to please you, Mrs. Brooks, if you looked to me to make good for you."

"Emma," declared Smith, with his quiet smile, "if you were single I'd suspect captain of getting a little soft."

"But I'd earn the money," went on the captain, pursuing his train of thought. "That's the only way to get along. Well, I'll say good-night, Mrs. Brooks."

"Good night, captain. Thank you again."

"I may drop over later," remarked the superintendent by way of reply.

"Wish you would," the captain assured him with some eagerness.

"I'd like to smoke a pipe and talk awhile. Good night, Brooks."

"Good night, sir."

Brooks went forward and opened the door.

"Try to get down to the office by 8 in the morning," recommended the captain, gazing at him with sinister contempt.

"Yes, sir."

"There'll be some gentlemen there who may be anxious to meet you."

"I'll be there."

"Didn't know but what you might oversleep now that you're so prosperous. Good night."

Of Interest to Women

Cuban Woman Poses For a New Statue of Liberty For Cuba—Work of Italian Sculptor Unveiled at Matanzas—Has Been at Work on Statue For More Than Two Years.

Cuba is to have a statue of Liberty at Matanzas, for which a Cuban woman posed.

Salvatore Buemi of Rome, an Italian sculptor, who executed the figure, which will stand in a public park facing the harbor, left this city recently for Matanzas to arrange for the dedication of the monument.

Slg. Buemi has been at work on the statue for more than two years and will take an important part in the dedication ceremonies.

In addition to the bronze figure representing Liberty, which will rest on a granite pedestal, the bronze image of Jose Marti will form a part of the same monument, which is being erected by a popular subscription.

The liberty statue will stand 12 feet high and will be at the foot of the Marti monument, which will rest on a higher pedestal.

Slg. Buemi was born in Messina, but has not visited his native city since the earthquake. He said that he designed and executed the work for a public statue in the public gardens of Messina erected to the memory of Sicilian soldiers who perished in battle.

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The Art of Life. It was remarked in a recent article upon woman's dress in our columns that when a Frenchwoman plans a costume she plans it as a whole, and that every part has to bear its proper relation to the whole; whereas an Englishwoman at the dressmaker's is apt to say: "That will do," and to choose each particular item of her dress just because she takes a fancy to it and without considering its relation to other items.

Getting Along with People. Getting along with people is a valuable trait to cultivate. First of all, be amiable and forgiving; do not hear all that is said, never repeat anything and be willing to be pleased while doing your part.

Nip and Tuck. Self-confidence is half the battle, but the other half generally makes you lose it.—Puck.

Immense Rosebush. A rosebush in a garden at Freiburg, Germany, covers 99 square yards and bears 10,000 buds.



Cuba Libre.

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Table with columns: Stations, Time Card In Effect Oct. 31st, 1909. SCRANTON DIVISION. Includes train schedules for various routes.



Anxious to make good? Well, he'll have a chance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Different. When money talks it matters not what it may have to say. It never acts like foolish men and gives itself away.—Detroit Tribune.

As to Marrying Blindly. It's all right to marry blindly if only you can be sure of staying blind.—Puck.

Bifurcated. When first she donned her riding garb She deemed "it" just a gem. She has another habit now And says she's proud of "them."—Boston Post.

Comparison. Young Mr. McNagg Is a terrible jagger. He goes to a stag And comes back with a stagger.—Cleveland Leader.

Shrewd Inference. Mr. Volgarheim (after the ball)—See, Josephine, a spoon. One of the guests must have had a hole in his pocket.—Mansfielder Blatter.