

his hat into the ring, and now was obliged to chastise them drastically. He sighed, thrust his neck out stiffly, and said, trying to be cocky, but, now that the excitement had died down, realizing that it would be easy to be gloomy:

"Funny Pembroke isn't here."

He proposed to scorn that person, he was keyed to a mighty candlepower of hot contempt, but he wanted to get at it, get it over with, before his energy had oozed away.

"He'll be along," said Wallace.

"Is it eleven, yet?"

"Just."

Out came Broadway's neck again. He was even rather nervous. "What are we going to say to him when he gets here?"

"Remember that you promised to let me handle him," said Wallace warningly. "He thinks I'm your secretary."

The judge saw that they were worried. "If you boys want to talk things over I'll skip along."

"No, stay here, judge," Broadway urged. "We may need a lawyer."

The judge's face glowed with his satisfaction.

"We're just waiting for Pembroke," said Wallace.

"Pembroke! Oh, yes; some of the men told me that he is in town. What's he coming here for?"

"To try to give us a whole lot of money," Wallace answered. "But we're not going to take it." He grinned up at Broadway. "We don't need it, do we?"

Jackson looked at him with mournful eyes, recollecting all the bills he had left behind in New York City. "Don't make me laugh. I didn't sleep well."

The judge saw his young friend's increasing discomfort. "You've made the people of this town very happy today, my boy. You ought to sleep well after this. They owe you a great debt."

Jackson passed the compliment, but winced. "Please don't talk about debts! Let's get on a cheerful subject." With a sickly effort to relieve his mind he turned to Wallace. "How's the harbor?"

The judge seized this opportunity to extol a local genius. "Aah'n't he a nice fellow, though?"

"Yes," said Wallace dryly, "he cut Taft's said once."

"I shouldn't be surprised," the judge assented heartily. "He's from Hartford."

His remarkable appreciation of the dignity and glories of the little cities was a continual joy to the two friends, who smiled across his nodding head at one another.

Wallace looked around appreciatively. "The old gentleman had pretty nice offices here."

"Yes," the judge agreed. He nodded toward the desk at which Broadway had carelessly taken his position. "Seems strange not to see him sitting at that desk." He sighed. "First, old Oscar Jones sat there, and he died; then John sat there, and he died; then Andrew sat there, and he died; now—"

Broadway, who had listened to the



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brief but tragical recital with expanding orbs, got up, and, as he edged away from the too fatal piece of office furniture, eyed it with suspicion and distaste. "That's the last time I'll sit there," he declared.

But Judge Spotswood had not seen the byplay and did not hear the youth's resolve. He was launched on reminiscence. "Every man in the plant loved the old gentleman. They all feel mighty bad. Just think—he was alive 72 hours ago, and now the whole town's in mourning!"

It was at this juncture that Higgins, a new and happy Higgins, entered, cap in hand respectfully. He was smiling genially. "Excuse me, Mr. Jones, the men want to know if you have any objection to their celebration tonight."

He bowed respectfully to Josie, who entered at that moment.

"They're thinking of having a torchlight parade and fireworks in honor of your taking up things at the works. Is it all right?"

The judge beamed happily. What

could be more significant of the new day which had dawned on Jonesville than this speech from Higgins, erstwhile the dissatisfied, the complainer? "That's a bully idea!" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

Wallace and Jackson looked at one another in a pleased appreciation. It was Josie who instinctively saw the flaw which had escaped the horde of workmen in the shops and which now escaped the four there in the office. "Why, judge!" said she, shocked and scandalized.