

A BRILLIANT IDEA.

It Established Mr. Josselyn as a Playwright.

By ELBERT J. BENTLEY.

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"There's no use in further pleading, Mr. Josselyn. You are altogether too humdrum for me."

Mr. Josselyn was a struggling playwright who had never succeeded in getting a play accepted.

"Isn't it enough," he replied lugubriously, "that I am trying all the while to conjure up puppets to do romantic and absurd things without them myself? At any rate, I'm honest, and that's more than can be said of Jameson, whom you will doubtless marry if you don't marry me."

"I would prefer that you should have more snap and less honesty."

"You would like me to rob some one, I suppose."

"It would be infinitely preferable to spending every day in the same uneventful way."

"Then I will turn robber."

"Do so, and I will marry you."

The expressions of the two faces at this moment were a study. The girl's



HE WAS MARCHED TO THE FOOTLIGHTS. eye sparkled with mischief; the man's countenance, which had been a picture of melancholy, showed that he had caught on to a possibility. She would marry him if he would rob some one. But robbing some one would necessitate a residence for awhile behind bars. He must think out a plan by which he might turn robber without submitting to the imprisonment. He was ingenious and had faith in his own ingenuity.

"Very well," he said. "I will rob some one."

"Nonsense!"

"I mean it. You have forced me to take this course, and if I become a felon it will be your fault. Adieu. I will not ask you again until I have committed a robbery."

"Bravo!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands, while he walked away with a theatrical stride.

"Dear me," said Irene to herself, "I hope he isn't going to make a gander of himself. Who would have thought I was so necessary to him? Suppose he robs some one and that some one shoots him! Heavens! I wonder if I hadn't better stop him."

But as she went on thinking over the matter a desire to discover what he would do got the better of her fears, and she concluded to let the matter take its course. Besides, there was something fascinating in his risking a term in prison—indeed, his life—to gain her.

A month passed, and she heard nothing from Mr. Josselyn. Then one day he wrote her that he had at last succeeded in securing the acceptance of a play, and he would be happy to have her go with him to the first night performance.

Miss Sweetland was very much pleased at the invitation, but she had been fretting at having been thus let alone and was now disappointed that her lover had no tender word for her. She feared he had accepted his dismissal.

The first night came, and with it came Mr. Josselyn with a carriage to take Miss Sweetland to see his play. Naturally he was very ill at ease. When one struggles for months, perhaps years, with a play and it is to be tested before an audience he is excusable for being agitated.

"You're all of a tremor," said the girl. "Don't worry. I'm sure it will be a success."

Their seats were in one of the proscenium boxes. Of course the house was crowded—theaters are always crowded on first nights—and there were many of Josselyn's friends among the audience.

The play was light comedy. The audience were captured at the very opening. The second act, which is liable to be dull, was very effective. Just before its close Josselyn asked Miss Sweetland to excuse him and left the box. A few minutes later there was a cry of "Help, help!"

Every eye in the theater was turned to the box opposite the one in which Miss Sweetland sat, where two men were tussling with each other.

"I'm being robbed," he's got my watch!" cried a voice.

These words had scarcely been spo-

ken when one of the two men ran from the box.

The excited audience sat expectant for a few minutes, when another voice cried:

"They've got him!"

Two policemen in uniform were seen marching a man out of the theater.

Meanwhile the curtain had been rung down.

The stage manager appeared from behind a wing and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, one of the most daring robberies in the annals of crime has been committed right here in this very theater. Thinking that before the villain is taken to the station you would like to have a look at him, I have requested the police to bring him for a moment on to the stage."

There was a clapping of hands, the curtain was rung up, and in a few minutes two policemen advanced from the right center with a man handcuffed between them. The robber wore a mask and was in evening dress. He was marched to the footlights.

"Take off his mask!" ordered the stage manager.

A policeman removed the mask.

For one moment there was silence; then a deafening shout filled the theater.

"It's Josselyn!" cried a voice.

"Who's Josselyn?" asked a woman.

"Why, the man who wrote the play, of course."

Meanwhile the shouts continued, while Mr. Josselyn stood between the policemen, each holding him by a handcuff. Miss Sweetland, who was not versed in staccato, not dreaming but

that her lover had really robbed a man for her sake, was in agony. Not only would he be sent to the penitentiary, but this disgrace at being marched on to the stage in the presence of an audience among whom were nearly all the friends he possessed was horrible and would kill any sensitive man. Josselyn gave one look at the girl; but, seeing that she was suffering inexpressible torture, his face broke into a smile.

Many of the audience were deceived, so realistically had the scheme been carried out, and for a moment believed that the man before them had committed the robbery in which he had been caught. But Josselyn's smile made it apparent that the crime was a part of the performance. There was a fresh outburst of shouting, this time accompanied by a thunder of applause.

"By Jove," exclaimed one of the audience, "that's the best stage gag I ever saw! It's enough to make a success of a dead failure."

"Your fortune's made," the stage manager whispered to Josselyn.

"This means a 300 night run," muttered the manager, with a chuckle.

"Speech!" cried the audience with one voice.

The policemen released the arms of the prisoner, and, with the bracelets still on his wrists, he stepped forward and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your sympathy."

"You don't need it; you've made a hit!" interrupted a voice.

"This is a hard world," continued the playwright. "For what we desire we must make great sacrifices. I have made a guy of myself tonight for an

object near to my heart—an object!"

"A hundred thousand in royalties!" interrupted another voice.

"Shut up!" cried one who wished to hear the speech.

Meanwhile Josselyn stood looking at the girl for whose sake he had made a guy of himself with a look of humorous triumph in his eye. She drew a long breath of relief, and gradually an unwilling though radiant smile forced itself over her features. When silence was restored he concluded his speech by stating that the object of his life had been to write a successful play, and this heart's desire had been accomplished. Then, thanking them for their appreciation, he bowed, retired, the curtain was rung down, and when it was raised again it was upon the first scene of the third act.

Josselyn had "killed two birds with one stone." He had kept his contract with Miss Sweetland and had insured the success of his play. Everybody knows that a play depends upon its start. The first night is immensely important. By his robbery the author had put his audience in good humor for the third act, the crucial point of a play. The consequence was that, while he noticed several defects in it, which he corrected the next day, the audience pronounced it perfect.

Josselyn returned to his box. He found Miss Sweetland sitting behind a curtain and took a seat beside her. Notwithstanding the fact that all eyes were upon him, beneath the balcony that concealed him from his chest downward he felt a soft hand stealing into his. His face broke into a charming smile, and the audience, taking it to itself, gave three hearty cheers for the playwright.

When the curtain went down on the third act if there had been any doubts that the play would be a success they had disappeared. The next morning the dreaded critics all gave favorable notices, and from that time for months the box office was crowded.

While Mr. Josselyn and Miss Sweetland were riding to her home she said to him:

"I am very sorry that I should have put you to so much trouble. I'm not worth it."

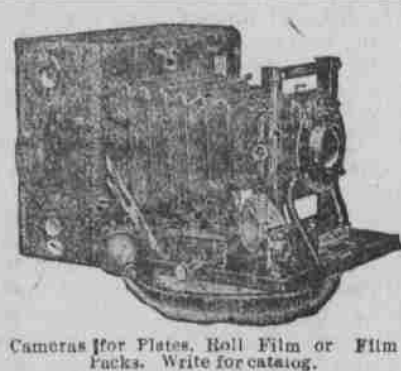
"Indeed you are, sweetheart. But, instead of putting me to trouble you gave me a brilliant idea that will insure the success of my play, establish me as a playwright and make my fortune."

"Which, I suppose, I shall share. It isn't every girl that is so well paid for her folly."

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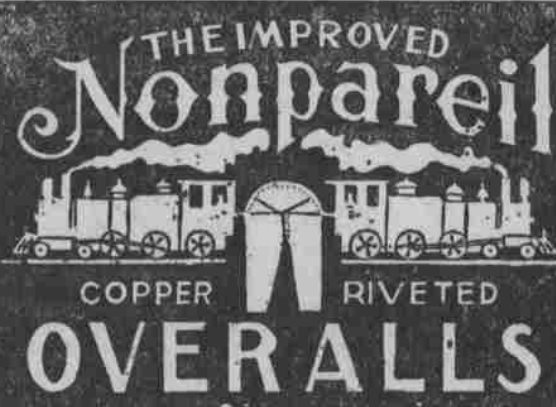
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eligibles for positions in the city's service, and especially those positions which require a technical training of the applicant.

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CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION

One hundred and twelve men took the civil service examination this morning for positions as laborers in the city's service. This is the largest class of laborers which has ever appeared before the commission for work.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Public Land Sale—Isolated Tract. No. 04963.

United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, April 22, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under the provisions of act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, (Public—No. 303), we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10:15 o'clock a. m., on the 3d day of June, 1910, at this office, the following tract of land, to wit: NE 1/4 SE 1/4 NE 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 24 Tp. 2 S. R. 24 E. W. M.

Any persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the day above designated for sale.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

Apr 28-May 28

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, April 21st, 1910.

Notice is hereby that John G. Essex, of Lexington, Oregon, who, on February 8th, 1905, made homestead (serial No. 03471) No. 14181, for lots 1, 2, and E 1/2 NW 1/4, section 19, township 2 north, range 26 East Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office, at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 30th day of May, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: Rolly D. Evert, of Wasco, Oregon; J. E. Eaton, of Stanfield, Oregon; and John McDevitt and Art Finley, both of Lexington, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

Apr 28-May 28

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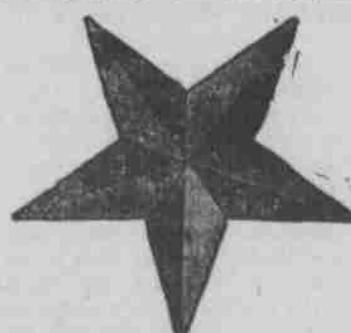
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