

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY

Author of "King Spruce," "The Ramrodders," "The Skipper and the Skipped," etc.

THE STORY THUS FAR
Vital Beauieu keeps an inn on the Maine-Canadian border and caters to smugglers.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued)
Such spirited evangeline was the business of homeless Evangeline Beauieu.

"This time I will come in, for I have business with you, Madame Oullette."

"That is good news," she said, but her face had suddenly lost its smile.

"Something else had happened. It was not about the new teacher. He has been smiling for some days. I was to ask you about it, father. But I suppose the good news you have brought is why he has been smiling."

Her disappointment was evident. The priest examined the warped picture with which moisture and sun had played its pranks for so long.

"Ah, I see there has been another suitor, Madame Oullette. It was on that affair you called me, eh?"

"It is Napoleon Lafajouesse, the brave riverman. He thinks he will leave the river and settle in Attegat. He has spoken to me."

Father Leclair gazed up again, judicially, at the features of the departed Monsieur Oullette. He always humored the vagaries of his poor people.

"And, in the past, he found that the picture had helped him in winning the lonely widow—too credulous, too soft-hearted—away from suitors whom he, in his wider knowledge of men, did not approve."

"I think good friend Xavier smiles because he knows that the girl who is coming will be sunshine in your lonely house, Madame Oullette. For is it not settled that I shall bring her? As to Lafajouesse, we shall see. We shall watch the picture. But I think it will soon begin to frown."

"The good God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," said Father Leclair to himself, as he trotted down toward the village.

"On his way to the school he had thought of a village which was a good deal more than a school."

of those who had come to market dozed at the hitching-posts. He came back into a village which was upheaved by emotion, noisy with excitement.

"It was the word which came yesterday, Father Leclair," shouted a man who thrust himself out of a chattering group at sight of the priest.

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a training school to turn children into Yankees who can be used by the rich men," shouted Blais.

"That man lies," stated Father Leclair. He turned to his people. "Beware—beware—this is a time when a mistake that may ruin all of us can so easily be made. There is a dangerous man up in that window. He is shouting the word 'Yankee' at you to make trouble so that he may profit by the trouble. He wants you to believe that all Yankees are in league with those men who have bought the timber lands, so that this present trouble you rebels to the laws of the country in which you live. Listen to me, my people. Rebels must suffer in the end. That man wants you to be angry—to bluster—to fight! I have been watching him since he has come to our parish. This is not the time for hot young blood—for rash counsels. It is a time for care and patient thought, so that the great men may understand and pity us. We do not want them to fear and hate us."

"I have been sending the wrong man to the assembly, my good friends," cried the priest. "You shall have full time to state your plans, but you shall not climb to the favor of these hearers by leaping upon the shoulders of one of my good friends. You say these people have been lied to and fooled, Louis Blais? This concerns me. For I have advised them to vote for Representative Clifford."

"Why has he not brought home some good law to protect the homes that are now taken away?"

"The men cheered him, in their despair and new misery. This arraignment, this bombastic assumption of power, caught their Gallic fancy, spurred their hopes.

"You silly boy, you are only provoking good men to hurt their best interest," stormed the priest. Standing there among them in the highway, in his worn, dusty cassock, he did not seem the leader they fancied demanded.

"The wolves think they have got us on the run," bellowed Blais. "It's their game to divide us and eat us piecemeal. That big school, wearing our children from Acadian language and customs, is one scheme of theirs to divide us."

"A Yankee as our representative is another plan. But we will let them know that we are awake at last. Acadians, stand with me and stand together!"

"He reached to one side and dramatically produced a flag wrapped about a short staff. He shook out the flag. It was a French tricolor.

"We shall rally under this, my people! Our cry shall be, 'For ourselves—for ourselves, at last!'"

"The men in the road leaped and screamed. Their mercurial natures were stirred to the depths. Here at last was the true expression, in the words and act of Blais, of their resentment—their bitter, sullen rage, their hatred toward those whom they now considered their oppressors.

"This flag shall stay here, my people, as our rallying banner. It shall remind you that I am working for your interests. Remember me when it comes time to cast your votes."

Notary Pierre fingered his thin nose and squinted up at the flag. "That may be had in the eyes of the law. A French flag over the door of a postoffice of the United States. I think it will make trouble," he suggested to the priest.

"Your talk is the talk of the reckless demagogue," cried the priest. "It is the curse of politics that good men who cannot believe impossibilities have men barking at their heels, trying to discredit honest effort. I will not allow you to pull the wool over the eyes of these men, sir."

"The priest realized that a friend's cause was imperiled. "Representative Clifford has worked hard for our people," declared Father Leclair, with loyal fervor. "He has brought home money for our roads—more money than has been given to other places, for he has explained that our folks are poor. The State has paid for all the bridges in the district. The State has built that fine new school up there where all the boys and girls of the river-valley may come and be taught free of charge."

"That school has been built so that the Yankees can teach your boys and girls to forget their language, their traditions, even their religion—it's

BRUNO DUKE

Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

EPISODE I THE PROBLEM OF THE RETURNED FIREFIRE CHAPTER VII An Eventful Day

I WILL never forget that Tuesday morning when the red-headed girl first entered on the scene. It was one of those days that give you a feeling that something is going to happen.

I remember that Tuesday because at breakfast time Bruno Duke passed me two letters from the pile. One was from Hazelbrook, saying that he would be with us next Thursday, and the other was from a Philadelphia druggist. It read thus:

Mr. Bruno Duke, Dear Sir—I have a problem which I would like to get your help on. That is, if it won't cost too much. It's like this: Some two years ago I attended a banknote sale of a small lot of lavender and bought a lot of lavender water but the lavender blossoms.

There were about five great sacks of it when it was delivered. I bought the lot at a price and never dreamed there would be so much. I had to borrow money to pay for it.

"That didn't worry me a great lot because I guessed I could sell it quick to other druggists. But I guessed wrong. I've been sitting with it and have not sold a quart of a sack in the two years since I got it."

"Now I'm getting sick and tired of seeing it around. I have one sack hung from the ceiling in the office and nearly every time I go in it bangs me on the head and I get mad at it."

"I advertised it dirt cheap but nothing doing. I gave packages with a dollar's worth of toilet goods, but often as not they didn't bother about taking it, so I cut out the price."

"I had some of it put up in little silk bags, but it didn't sell any. I'm up against it. I want to turn it into money quick, so what shall I do?"

"Thanking you in anticipation of your advice, which I will gladly pay for if it is not too stiff. Yours truly, W. H. GILLESPIE, 1234 N. GILLESPIE ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA."

"What do you want me to do about this?" I asked Duke. "Acknowledge it, then keep it for a few days till we've finished with our friend Hazelbrook. And Peter Flint."

CHAPTER II Judge Owl Is Disappointed AT SUNSET Peggy and Billy were waiting on the back steps for the Black Hoof clan to report the good deeds performed in atonement for the kidnapping of the Boy Who Howled.

They waited and waited, but it was not until half an hour after the appointed time that Billy gave a glad shout: "Here comes Judge Owl. I wonder if he carried a line to a sinking ship as he said he was going to do."

Judge Owl fopped down on the porch wearily and heavily. "Hail, our hero," cried Billy pleasantly. "How many lives did you save?"

"I didn't save any," answered Judge Owl in a tired, grumpy voice, "but I ended forty-two."

"Forty-two what?" asked Peggy. "Forty-two lives, and I'm stuffed like an owl in a museum," sighed Judge Owl. "The worst of it is that I was so busy I didn't have time to do my good deed. I'm terribly disappointed, Princess Peggy."

Duke carefully placed another slice of bread on the electric toaster, "in the meantime think over that lavender problem and see if you can find the solution!"

"That's what Bruno Duke is all the time spending on me. Some letter like this comes and he'll calmly pass it over to me—to solve. Of course, I've never hit the right answer yet, but several times I've been on the right track. I remember one time when we — but that's nothing to do with this case."

Those two letters are not what made this Tuesday memorable, for we had hardly finished breakfast when Walter, Duke's man, announced that "a young lady wished to see Mr. Flint."

Duke raised his eyebrows and with an expression of mingled amusement and fun said, "Shall I be in the way?"

"I was frankly puzzled as to whom it could be and said so. Then to Walter I asked, 'Who is she—what's her name?'"

"The young lady said, 'Never mind the name.' She's a very pretty young lady, if I may so say, sir."

"Show her up, Walter," broke in Duke. "Don't keep us in suspense any longer."

"Very good, sir," he responded, and in another moment in came—Mary Gillespie, my dear little sweetheart from Farmdale.

"Mary, my dear!" I jumped up and forgetting that Duke was there, I did what any enthusiastically engaged young man should do.

"Tell me," she inquired excitedly, "how did the christening go off at Lucy's, and what did they finally call the baby?"

"How is Lucy—who does the baby look like?"

"Help," I cried, laughing. "Call off the question harrag. The boy was christened John Francis. John after Lucy's grandfather, Francis after his daddy. Lucy is very well and Francis also."

"Yes, Miss Gillespie," broke in Duke. "The christening was a huge success, but they missed you. I wish you could have been Francis. The air of proprietorship you displayed as you sat in the high chair was a sight to behold."

"I had some of it put up in little silk bags, but it didn't sell any. I'm up against it. I want to turn it into money quick, so what shall I do?"

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going to stay with Lucy for a few days. I suppose I'll see you there this evening, Peter?"

"Will be there for dinner this evening; that is, if nothing interferes."

Then I saw her through the door and returned to find Duke slipping off his dressing jacket and preparing for the day. "I left the house together a few minutes later. I felt as contented as it is possible for a human being to be."

"Don't look so perfectly self-satisfied," laughed Duke. "You'll be purring in a minute."

By how we were on Broadway and walking downtown, Duke always walks a few blocks every morning for exercise. We were hearing Columbia Circle when we heard a frightful scream of terror, and from a side street came running the girl with the red hair.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What is economist? Answer will appear tomorrow.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION Interest is an amount paid for the use of capital.

In this space Mr. Whitehead will answer readers' business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment.

Business Questions Answered I am working for a concern that manufactures rubber tires, and the factory would like very much to go on the road for managers and salesmen. I have been working for them for some time, but I would like to know if I have a chance I would like to know how I would approach the manager, and what argument I could use in convincing him that I would make good if he gave me the opportunity?

"I would like to know very much if you would enlighten me on this point. Also what look on salesmanship would you advise me to read?"

"Of course, it isn't so easy now as it used to be to get a position as a traveling salesman, for so many concerns have so much difficulty in getting orders. Their only trouble is getting supplies to fill their orders. Go frankly to your manager and tell him that you want to get on the road because you like meeting people. You like selling and getting business; you have the necessary health to keep up the work; you are sufficiently well read so that you can discuss with your customers every day happenings; you have studied or are studying salesmanship; you have a thorough knowledge of their goods and a strong determination to make good."

"I am sending you by mail a list of books on salesmanship. I hope that they will help you. Good luck to you!"

house, and it was so appealing I started to investigate.

"Looking into a room, I saw a little girl lying on the floor, very ill, and a doctor was bending anxiously over her. After a time the doctor called the little girl's father and mother into another room. I followed and heard him say to them: 'Doris is very ill, but if you take her to the hospital and have an operation we can save her life.'"

"How can we take her to a hospital and have an operation? We have no money," sobbed the mother.

"We must save Doris," spoke up the father. "I'll sell our corn. That will give us money."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE FOUR GOOD DEEDS"

When Billy Sam, Billy Goat, Johnny Bull and Judge Owl come to a punt for it means good cats. I was in a howled, Peggy sentences each to do a good deed.

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"What kept you so busy?" asked Peggy, severely. "It is a sad, sad story," began Judge Owl. "When I left here this morning I flew on, and on looking for a sinking ship to which I could carry a line, but no ship could I see—sinking or floating. That didn't bother me, for I had all day, and I thought that before night I would find my chance for heroism."

RINGS The jeweler is busy, and I know the reason why: Our heroes are now singing the sweet chorus, "Buy and buy." Ay, our soldiers and our sailors each exuberantly sings. They've already proved their mettle and they now are buying rings.

On the bloody field of honor they've won crosses, medals, bars; Now a certain young Dan Cupid has cut out that fellow Mars. They are out to make a killing and their cash is taking wings. They've already proved their mettle and they now are buying rings.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

ANNA'S LUCK

By Edna V. Gamster

"OH, DEAR, such a time as I have had today. One thing after another all day long, and the boss seemed by his usual peevish. I wonder if it was because I came in late?"

Thus Anna mused all the way from the subway to her home. As she stepped from the car she quickened her pace, for her thoughts were now centered on the dance that evening. She arrived home in a short time and was met at the door with a motherly greeting.

"Anna, dear," her mother started, "Mrs. Barrows' baby across the street is quite ill; would you mind running over for a short while? It is impossible for me to go, and poor Mrs. Barrows is dreadfully worried. I wonder if you could change her mind she called 'Northington 1380.' Soon a deep masculine voice said 'Hello,' in tones that showed he was busy and didn't want to be disturbed.

"Hello," replied Anna. "Is that you, Robert? Well, I'm awfully sorry, Robert, but I can't possibly go to the dance with you this evening. No—I can't tell you the reason now." Not waiting to

say good-by, she jerked the look on the hope of attending the dance.

"Oh, bother," said Anna, "it is just my luck. I did go and get to that dance, but such a life!"

Anna's face flushed painfully, but she had no time to dwell on it. She was in the middle of the doctor's ring was heard, and the mother, fondly talking her baby, told Anna to answer the bell.

"Anna was certainly in a dilemma. 'But, of course, it can't be,' she said to herself. 'For he was in college when I knew him.' Then her thoughts turned to the dance again, as they had many times before during the evening. By this time she had reached the door and uttered the doctor's name. She looked over her shoulder and saw that during the last few days, just as the many memories floated back to her. The time she had spent going to the doctor, dancing and making up, and the time he had proposed and she had rejected him for no definite reason. Then he had been in the hospital, and she had heard of him since. Surely, it was the same voice now that was asking to be shown into the sick-room and the doctor who wondered if he would recognize her, and felt certain when he took no particular notice of her.

After leaving a prescription for the baby, he left the room. Anna felt it was necessary for Anna to conduct him to the door. As he was putting on his coat, he hesitated a moment, and then turning quickly to Anna said: 'Anna, must we always remain strangers? These last years have been torture to me. Can't you give me just a little hope?' Anna blushed, and drawing closer to the doctor, whispered: 'Yes, Jack. Then with a smile that told Jack he would not be rejected again, Anna bent to herself: 'My luck has certainly changed, and how happy I am that I



"It must be because of this he has been smiling"

postponed. Something could have been done if the wise men had reached in time. There has been too much delay. But I believe that there are good men and powerful men in this State who do not want to have these honest citizens driven out. A State needs such citizens. I hoped the poor folks would be let alone until some words could be spoken to the next legislative assembly."

"There has been too much hope and too little action," complained the priest. "The Acadians season every dry potato with hope. Hope is a comfort, notary; I don't know how our poor people would get along without it. But hope is a crumbly rock as a foundation for business. Perhaps I must bear my share of responsibility for this misfortune. But a parish priest could only make poor shift in politics or the law."

"I hoped that in the end they would allow the settlers to buy," confessed the old notary. "A few on the older tracts of cleared land have been allowed to buy. I have been making the deeds. I did not think the threats would be carried out."

While they talked men had been crowding about them, mouths open, necks craned.

They got no consolation from the words or the faces of the priest and the notary.

There were men from outside the

"SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER"—Here's a Sad Heart

IT'S TOO BAD MISS O'FLAGE IS SICK. BOSS! WE GOT A BUNCH OF WORK TO GET OUT SOMEHOW!

WHAT OF IT? JUST BECAUSE ONE IS SICK DOES THE WHOLE OFFICE HAVE TO GO ON THE BUM?

WHERE IS THAT OFFICE BOY!

BOY!



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By HAYWARD