FLOWER OF THE NORTH

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(Copyright)

THE STORY THUS FAR

Philip Whittemore, working partner of a company controlling the fish supply of numerous lakes under a provisional license given by the Canadian Government, finds himself opposed by an unknown enemy and sends for Gregson, an artist friend, to come and help him out. The one clue they have to the mystery is a letter addressed to Lord Pitlugh Lee. Gregson begins to rave about a local beauty and draws a sketch of her. Whittemore recognizes Eileen Brokaw, a former sweetheart, daughter of his partner, and presumably thousands of miles away, but doesn't mention the fact to Gregson. Instead he leaves the cabin and climbs the hill, where he meets a half-breed and a white girl. He falls in love with the girl Jeanne. Brokaw and his daughter arrive. Eileen vainly tries her spells on Philip. Jeanne and Pierre are attacked by a group of men, one of whom, at least, arrived on the ship with Brokaw. Philip rushes to the rescue and promises Pierre to save Jeanne. He keeps his word, and starts with the girl to her home at Fort o' God.

CHAPTER X—(Continued)

THERE was pride and strength, the ring of triumph in his voice. It was the voice of a man thrilled by his own strength, by the warmth of a great love, by the knowledge that he was the protector of a creature dearer to him than all else on earth. The truth of it set Jeanne quivering. She reached out until in the darkness her two hands found one of Philip's, and for a moment she held his paddle motionless in midair.

"Thank you, M'sieur," she whispered. "I trust you, as I would trust Pierre."

All the words that women had ever spoken to him were as nothing to those few that fell softly from Jeanne's lips. In the clinging presence of her fingers as she uttered them were the concentrated joys of all that he had dreamed of in the touch of women. He knelt silent, motionless, until her hands left his own.

"I am to take you to Fort o' God," he said, fighting to keep the tremble of joy out of his voice. "And you—you must guide me."

"It is far up the Churchill," she replied, understanding the question he intended. "It is two hundred miles from the bay."

He put his strength into his paddle for ten minutes, and then ran the canoe into shore fully half a mile above the sand-bar. He stepped out into water up to his knees.

"We must risk a little time here to attend to your injured ankle," he explained. "Then you can arrange yourself comfortably among these robes in the bow. Shall I carry you?"

"You can—help," said Jeanne. She gave him her hand and made an effort to rise. Instantly she sank back with a sob of pain.

It was strange that her pain should fill him with a wonderful joy. He knew that she was suffering, that she could not walk or stand alone. And yet, back at the camp, she had risen in her torture and had come to his rescue. She could not bear her own weight now, but then she had run to him and had fought for him. The knowledge that she had done this, and for him, filled him with an exquisite sensation.

"I must carry you," he said, speaking to her with the calm decision that he might have voiced to a little child. His tone reassured her, and she made no remonstrance when he lifted her in his arms. For a brief moment she lay against him again, and when he lowered her upon the bank his hand accidentally touched the soft warmth of her face.

"My specialty is sprains," he said, speaking a little lightly to raise her spirits for the instant's ordeal through which she must pass. "I have doctored half a dozen during the last three months. You must take off your moccasin and your stocking and I will make a bandage."

He drew a big handkerchief from his pocket and dipped it in the water. Then he searched along the shore for a dozen paces, until he found an Indian willow. With his knife he scraped off a handful of bark, soaked it in water, crushed it between his hands and returned to her. Jeanne's little foot lay naked in the starlight.

"It will hurt just a moment," he said, gently. "But it is the only cure. Tomorrow it will be strong enough for you to stand upon. Can you bear a little hurt?"

He knelt before her and looked up, scarce daring to touch her foot before she spoke.

"I may cry," she said.

Her voice fluttered, but it gave him permission. He folded the wet handkerchief in the form of a bandage with the willow bark spread over it. Then, very gently, he seized her foot in one hand and her ankle in the other.

"It will hurt just a little," he soothed. "Only a moment."

His fingers tightened. He put into them the whole strength of his grip, pulling downward on the foot and upward on the ankle until, with a low cry, Jeanne flung her hands over his.

"There, it is done," he laughed, nervously. He wrapped the bandage so tightly that Jeanne could not move her foot, and tied it with strips of cloth. Then he turned to the canoe while she drew on her stocking and moccasin.

He was trembling. A maddening joy pounded in his brain. Jeanne's voice came to him sweetly, with a shyness in it that made him feel like a boy. He was glad that the night concealed his face. He would have given worlds to have seen Jeanne's.

"I am ready," she said.

He carried her to the bow of the canoe and fixed her among the robes, arranging a place for her head so that she might sleep if she wished. For the first time the light was so that he could see her plainly as she nestled back in the place made for her. Their eyes met for a moment.

"You must sleep," he urged. "I shall paddle all night."

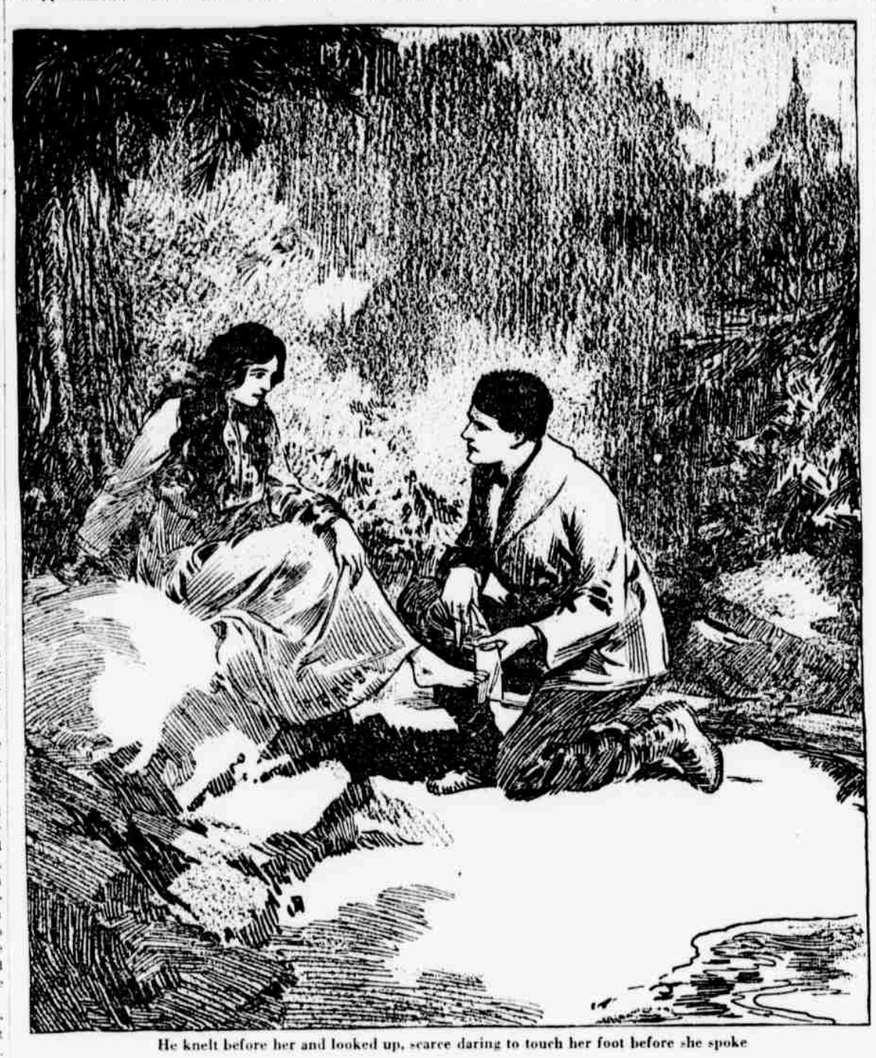
"You are sure that Pierre is not badly hurt?" she asked, tremulously. "You—you would not—keep the truth from me?"

"He was not more than stunned," assured Philip. "It is impossible that his wound should prove serious. Only there was no time to lose and I came without him. He will follow us soon."

He took his position in the stern and Jeanne lay back among the bearskins. For a long time after that Philip paddled in silence. He had hoped that Jeanne would give him an opportunity to continue their conversation, in spite of his advice to her to secure what rest she could.

But there came no promise from the bow of the canoe. After half an hour he guessed that Jeanne had taken him at his word, and was asleep.

It was disappointing, and yet there came a pleasurable throb with his disappointment. Jeanne trusted him.



He knelt before her and looked up, scarce daring to touch her foot before she spoke

She was sleeping under his protection as sweetly as a child. Fear of her enemies no longer kept her awake or filled her with terror. This night, under these stars, with the wilderness all about them, she had given herself into his keeping. His cheeks burned. He dipped his paddle noiselessly, so that he might not interrupt her slumber. Each moment added to the fullness of his joy, and he wished that he might only see her face hidden in the darkness of her hair and her bearrobes.

The silence no longer seemed a silence to him. It was filled with the beating of his heart, the singing of his love, a gentle sigh now and then that came like a deeper breath between Jeanne's sweet lips. It was a silence that pulsated with a voiceless and intoxicating life for him, and he was happy. In these moments, when even their voices were stilled, Jeanne belonged to him, and to him alone. He could feel the warmth of her presence. He felt still the thrill of her breast against his own, the touch of her hair upon his lips, the gentle clinging of her arms. The spirit of her moved, and sat awake, and talked with him, just as the old spirit of his dreams had communed with him a thousand times in his loneliness. Dreams were at an end. Now had come reality.

He looked up into the sky. The moon had dropped below the southwestern forests, and there were only the stars above him, filling a gray-blue vault in which there was not even the lingering mist of a cloud. It was a beautifully clear night, and he wondered how the light fell so that it did not reveal Jeanne in her nest. The thought that came to him then set his heart tingling and made his face radiant. Even the stars were guarding Jeanne, and refused to disclose the mystery of her slumber. He laughed within himself. His being throbbed, and suddenly a voice seemed to cry softly, trembling in its joy:

"Jeanne! Jeanne! My beloved Jeanne!"

With horror Philip caught himself too late. He had spoken the words aloud. For an instant reality had transformed itself into the old dream, and his dream-spirit had called to its mate for the first time in words. Appalled at what he had said, Philip bent over and listened. He heard Jeanne's breathing. It was deeper than before. She was surely asleep!

He straightened himself and resumed his paddling. He was glad now that he had spoken. Jeanne seemed nearer to him after those words.

Before this night he never realized how beautiful the wilderness was, how complete it could be.

It had offered him visions of new life, but these visions had never quite shut out the memories of old pain. He watched and listened. The water rippled behind his canoe; it trickled in a soothing cadence after each dip of his paddle, he heard the gentle murmur of it among the reeds and grasses, and now and then the gurgling laughter of it, like the faintest tinkling of dainty bells. He had never understood it before; he had never joined in its happiness. The night sounds came to him with a different meaning, filled him with different sensations. As he slipped quietly around a bend in the river he heard a splashing ahead of him, and knew that a moose was feeding, belly-deep, in the water. At other times the sound would have set his fingers itching for a rifle, but now it was a part of the music of the night. Later he heard the crashing of a heavy body along the shore and in the distance the lonely howl of a wolf. He listened to the sounds with a quiet pleasure instead of creeping thrills which they once sent through him. Every sound spoke of Jeanne—of Jeanne and her world, into which each stroke of his paddle carried them a little deeper.

And yet the truth could not but come to him that Jeanne was but a stranger. She was a creature of mystery, as she lay there asleep in the bow of the canoe; he loved her, and yet he did not know her. He confessed to himself as the night lengthened, that he would be glad when morning came. Jeanne would clear up a half of his perplexities then, perhaps all of them. He would at least learn more about herself and the reason for the attack at Fort Churchill.

He paddled for another hour, and then looked at his watch by the light of a match. It was three o'clock.

Jeanne had not moved, but as the match burned out between his fingers she startled him by speaking.

"Is it nearly morning, M'sieur?"

"An hour until dawn," said Philip. "You have been sleeping a long time ——" Her name was on his lips, but he found it a little more difficult to speak now. And yet there was a gentleness in Jeanne's "m'sieur" which encouraged him. "Are you getting hungry?" he asked.

"Pierre and my father always ask me that when they are starving," replied Jeanne, sitting erect in her nest so that Philip saw her face and the shimmer of her hair. "There is everything to eat in the pack, M'sieur Philip, even to a bottle of olives."

"Good!" cried Philip delighted. "But won't you please cut out that 'm'sieur" My greatest weakness is a desire to be called by my first name. Will you?"

"If it pleases you," said Jeanne. "There is everything there to eat, and I will make you a cup of coffee, M'sieur——"

"What?"

"Philip."

There was a ripple of laughter in the girl's voice. Philip fairly trembled.

"You were prepared for this journey," he said. "You were going to leave after you saw me on the rock. I have been wondering why—why you took enough interest in me—"

He knew that he was blundering, and in the darkness his face turned red. Jeanne's tact was delightful.

"We were curious about you," she said, with bewitching candor. "Pierre is the most inquisitive creature in the world and I wanted to thank you for returning my handkerchief. I'm sorry you didn't find a bit of lace which I lost at the same time!"

"I did!" exclaimed Philip.

He bit his tongue and cursed himself at this fresh break. Jeanne was silent. After a moment she said:

"Shall I make you some coffee?"

"Will you be able to do it? Your foot——"

"I had forgotten that," she said. "It doesn't hurt any more. But I can show you how."

Her unaffected ingenuousness, the sweetness of her voice, the simplicity and ease of her manner delighted Philip and at the same time filled him with amazement. He had never met a forest girl like Jeanne. Her beauty, her queenlike bearing, when she had stood with Pierre on the rock, had puzzled him and filled him with admiration. But now her voice, the music of her words, her quickness of perception added tenfold to those impressions. It might have been Miss Brokaw who was sitting there in the bow talking to him, only Jeanne's voice was sweeter than Miss Brokaw's; and even in the lightest of the words she had spoken there was a tone of sincerity and truth. It flashed upon Philip that Jeanne might have stepped from a convent school, where gentle voices had taught her and language was formed in the ripe fullness of music. In a moment he believed that something like this had happened.

"We will go ashore," he said, searching for an open space. "This must be tedious to you, if you are not accustomed to it."

"Accustomed to it, M'sieur—Philip!" exclaimed Jeanne, catching herself. "I was born here!"

"In the wilderness?"

"At Fort o' God."

"You have not always lived there?"

"For a brief space Jeanne was silent. "Yes, always, M'sieur. I am eighteen years old and this is the first time that I have ever seen what you people call civilization. It is my first visit to Fort Churchill. It is the first time I have ever been away from Fort o' God."

Jeanne's voice was low and subdued. It rang with truth. In it there was something that was almost tragedy. For a breath or two Philip's heart seemed to stop its beating, and he leaned far over, looking straight and questioningly into the beautiful face that met his own. In that moment the world had opened and engulfed him in a wonder which at first his mind could not comprehend.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

SUNBONNET SUE

By Anstis M. Renear

MISS SUSAN reached up for the frilly, white sunbonnet on the third hook.

"Bother!" said Miss Susan; she paused irresolutely a moment, then pushed open the screen door. No one could see her from the street and there was only the silent, shuttered house next door, vacant for years. Swinging her basket gently, Susan crossed the velvety lawn to the south trellis, where her roses grew. Quietly she moved about among the great, rich blooms, until, spying a perfect rose high on the trellis, she climbed upon the garden bench, to cut the flower. She leaned eagerly forward, slipped, and in clutching at the trellis dropped the rose. It fell, with a soft, little sound, fairly upon the open book of a man in the garden next door! Startled, he looked up, dropped his book and seized a pair of crutches at his side. When he had risen and faced her, Miss Susan saw upon his uniform a major's insignia.

"Hello, Sunbonnet Sue!" he said, twirling the rose. "Is this posy for me? Many thanks!"

"I—I dropped it," she said in pretty embarrassment, "but you are quite welcome to it. Would you care for more? I have so many."

The Major's cap lay on the grass, and the sun turned the gray in his black hair to silver.

"I should like some immensely; my orderly, who keeps house for me, doesn't care much for 'gew-gaws' and the old place needs a bright touch or two."

Susan was snipping busily; she had gotten down from the bench, but the Major was tall and could lean over the fence easily.

"You have come to live here?" she asked.

"For the summer, at least. Arrived last night. The place was left me by a great-aunt whom I'd never seen. I didn't take the trouble to investigate until the surgeons agreed that several weeks' rest was imperative for this leg of mine. So I packed up and brought Thompson along. I regret exceedingly that I haven't been here."

The next morning she stood hesitating by her kitchen door, then with a defiant little toss of her head she reached for the sunbonnet. Roses must be tended, Major or no Major!

The Major was in his garden that day and the next and the next; in fact, even when it rained, the Major found it necessary to get a breath of air in his back garden.

And Susan was continually leaving pillows, books or a garden hat on the wide seat beneath the trellis and such things must be rescued from the rain.

The summer passed and with it the roses. But nasturtiums bloom faithfully and persistently with care until late in the autumn.

The crutches were abandoned and a cane took their place. Over the fence the Major told his war experiences, thrilling, sad or humorous. Miss Susan listened with shining eyes, but she said very little.

One golden morning in September the Major said a brief good-by. Susan clutched wildly at the fence.

"But—are you able? Your leg——" she began. The Major was very pale and stern, his voice was hoarse.

"When a man is on the point of making a fool of himself, dear child, it is time to say good-by. I am forty-two and you are a mere baby. Forget me, little Sue, but don't forbid me to remember you. Some day when you are older think that his love for you once made a man better."

And then fate, masquerading in the fat, unwieldy form of the grocer's wife, came puffing along the quiet street. Her loud voice carried distinctly into the back garden as she declared to her companion:

"Wal, I've known Susan since the day she was born, thirty-four years ago next month and I never see her cut sech a caper! Hair down like a young un, they say, a-handin' flowers over the fence every day to thet soldier-feller. I sh'd think——"

The voice died away as its owner waddled on, leaving tense silence in the back garden.

Susan met the Major's eyes squarely. "If it is any consolation," she said unsteadily, "let me confess that—I—care, too! And I shall—pay—all my life for this silly deceit!"

The Major cast his cane recklessly aside and climbed the fence. He took Miss Susan's hands in a firm grasp.

"Sue, aren't you a bit behind the times? We don't call it deceit nowadays, dear. You've accomplished a bit of successful camouflage!"

* * * * *

"Sue, couldn't you possibly be married in a sunbonnet instead of a bridal veil?"

The next complete novelette — HER CHOICE.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"Waking-Up Time"

(In this story Prince Bonnie Blue Bell calls Peggy and Billy Belgium to a spring-time adventure.)

CHAPTER I

The Call From Winter Slumber

"WAKE up, wake up, you winter sleepers
Open, open your drowsy peepers!
Springtime, springtime with bugle voice,
Calls to the earth, 'Arise! Rejoice!'"

Trumpet in hand, Prince Bonnie Blue Bell sang his merry message so loudly outside Peggy's window that she tumbled out of bed, dressed in a jiffy, and ran down to join him.

"Oh, you have your team of White Rabbits," she cried in delight as she saw dozens of bunnies harnessed to a handsome chariot. "Where are you going?"

"To awaken the growing, living things of earth to their springtime work and play," shouted Prince Bonnie Blue Bell.

"And I'm going, too," chuckled Billy Belgium, bobbing up from the chariot where he had been hiding to surprise Peggy.

"Hop in," shouted Prince Bonnie Blue Bell, for the rabbits were jerking at their harness and wagging their ears as if eager to be off. As Peggy obeyed the rabbits sped away over the ice and snow.

"Wake up, wake up, you winter sleepers;
Open, open your drowsy peepers!"

The bugle call of Prince Bonnie Blue Bell rang out again and again. And, as it sounded over field, meadow and orchard there came a murmuring and a stirring from the sleeping things. The Snow Elves, snugly covering the earth in a feathery blanket, turned into sparkling drops of water, and trickled with soft gurgles into the ground.

"Please go way and let me sleep; Don't disturb my slumbers deep"

"Hurrah, hurrah," they murmured. "Our winter sleeping task is done. Now we can nourish and give life to seeds and growing things, before we go laughing, playing, and singing toward the sea!"

The sugar maple trees stretched their limbs: "Happy sugar days," they sighed. "The sap is running through our veins, our hearts leap with new life. Thank you, Prince Bonnie Blue Bell, for waking us up."

From beneath the melting snow came a joyful whispering. It was the awakening wheat! "Winter is gone, our growing days are here. Joy, Joy! Thank you, Prince Bonnie Blue Bell, for waking us up. Now we can get a fine start toward the summer harvest."

In the orchard, Prince Bonnie Blue Bell sounded his message and rapped smartly on the trunks of the apple, peach, cherry, and plum trees. "Awaken! Awaken!" he shouted, but the trees only groaned a protest, using the words of a song Peggy had often heard her father sing on Sunday morning:

"Please go way and let me sleep,
Don't disturb my slumbers deep."

The Giant of the Woods, who was out planning his spring work, waved them a jolly salute.

"Good work," he shouted. "Get things growing as soon as you can. Spring is so late this year my crops may not have time to ripen unless everything wakes up right away."

But now behind them they heard shouts of distress from waking things. Peggy, looking back, saw dozens of odd creatures following in their trail. They seemed to be undoing the work of Prince Bonnie Blue Bell.

"The Frost Imps," cried the Prince in dismay. "We will have to fight them off or all growing things will go to sleep again and, perhaps die."

(Tomorrow will be told how the Frost Imps astonish Billy Belgium by throwing their heads at him.)

Business Career of Peter Flint

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

(Copyright.)

Mr. Whitehead will answer your business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment. Ask your questions clearly and give all the facts. Your correct name and full address must be given to all inquiries. Those which are anonymous must be ignored. Answers to technical questions will be sent by mail. Other questions will be answered in this column. The most interesting problems of inquirers will be woven into the story of Peter Flint.

CCC

HERE I've been in Farmdale three days and not a word have I said about all that's happened. Francis and I leave for New York tomorrow, so as to be on the job again Monday.

I'm rather anxious to get back, for I want to know what Bruno Duke has to suggest as to the conduct of my poor little shadow of a business.

But to come back to Farmdale.

When we got there we found dad much better. He'd had another slight stroke, but had pulled around.

I saw the doctor and he said, "Your father is not well and never will be really well again, although he'll be well enough to tend to business most days. He may go on all right for another twenty years—or he may have another shock tomorrow. There's no cause for alarm, Peter, but I feel that you, as his only son and the support of his wife if anything were to happen to him, should know that the next stroke will probably be fatal."

"Does dad know?" I asked.

"Yes," gravely he nodded his head. "He knows and you know at his request, but no one—absolutely no one else is to know. You quite understand?"

"Yes, doctor."

And that's the way things are now! When dad asked me to see him right away, you may be sure I was there, and we had a long and serious talk.

I won't repeat all that was said, but dad is anxious to have me at the store if I care to give up my real estate venture.

Of course, I couldn't say anything till I heard what Bruno Duke had to say, for if there was a good chance of making a go of my real estate business I would want to stay at it long enough to be able to sell it at a profit.

I promised dad, however, that if ever he was seriously ill and I was absolutely needed at the store that I would drop everything and come.

He seemed very much relieved at this, and as we left his little office to go home he linked his arm through mine and said: "You know, Peter, I have not been trying to build this business up for myself. I don't need money, but I do need to look after the little mother who has done so much for you youngsters.

"I think I told you once before, Peter, how it was impossible for me to get life insurance."

I nodded, for I remembered him saying so when I suggested that he buy some from me when I was working for the Magnitude Life Insurance Company.

"So, Peter, my boy," he went on, "as I cannot leave any insurance to protect mother, I've built up this business to protect her. It's not the best of protection, unfortunately, for it hasn't been doing so well the last two or three years as previously, but it is making a nice little profit, and I feel sure with a more vigorous and active mind running it things will go better than ever."

We walked in silence for a few minutes, and then dad said: "That business is my insurance, Peter, and if anything happens to me it's your task to see that the annuity from my insurance is kept going. Can I depend on you, Peter?"

"Yes, dad," was all I said.

There are times when you don't say much and mean a lot. Dad understood.

EVERYDAY STUFF
The Colorist

A humble painter I extol
Who makes life richer, fuller,
He cultivates an artist soul
By reveling in color.

Dame Nature's hues he swift restores
With energy terrific.
His yellows comes from Cuba's shores,
And some from the Pacific.

From California comes his chrome;
From the Philippines, burnt umber;
His greens and reds from nearer home—
Of tints a joyous number.

And though his methods may be crude
They still escape our strictures.
His palette is a handcart rude;
A fruit-stand, best of pictures.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM

A great mind and modesty are good partners.

What does this mean to **YOU?**

Business Questions Answered

Won't you have Peter Flint give his many students and readers some instruction in the value of efficient telephone service and regard for business details which are of utmost importance?

I have been conducting a small gift shop in my home for some years and have decided to fit myself for a position outside the home by taking up a business course at night school.

I have always been thoroughly familiar with my stock, gift cards, books, etc., and able to give information over the telephone without keeping inquirer waiting an instant. It has well repaid me for the time given to familiarizing myself with the stock on hand, prices, etc., as evidenced in the appreciative remarks from those who call upon me.

I am not intending to exploit "self" for this achievement, and only mention it because it was the chief asset I possessed that determined me to take a business course. I felt quite sure that my ability to remember details of importance would be of value to some one.

On the other hand I have had occasion to call for books from a very prominent firm over the telephone and had to wait fifteen minutes for information regarding prices and binding, the added toll for phone use being deducted from my profit on the books. Please have Peter and his friend give their many readers some help in this matter.

In closing may I ask you to tell me frankly if my age, thirty-eight years, will be a hindrance in obtaining a position. I am taking a course in filing, typewriting, stenography and accountancy, and expect to finish six weeks, equipped for the best that is offered.

B. L. E.

I am publishing your letter because you so cleverly emphasized the importance of the telephone. Peter will have experiences in that later on.

I really had to smile when you asked if thirty-eight was a hindrance in obtaining a position. Forget what is said; people don't know what they are talking about. People are bothering less and less about what the actual years of a person are, they are asking more and more what they can do. Go to it, your age won't be a bore so long as you act, look and dress smartly.

The business career of Peter Flint is the story of an average American boy, as was explained on several occasions to your interested readers. By creating all kinds of troubles for the poor fellow and then straightening them out for him you show the Peters, Toms, Harrys, Dicks, etc., a way out of the embarrassments into which their mischiefs are bound to bring them from time to time. Yet there are many fellows who are more thoughtful and not so reckless as Peter. They could make good where he failed, but they have another handicap, quite as serious, if not more, I am one of them, at least so far as the handicap—an injured hearing—is concerned.

This handicap did not prevent me from studying chemistry in a European university and graduating with an excellent record and pomp degree. It did not prevent me, or rather it did not succeed in preventing me, from obtaining employment.

For the last eight years I have been working as a chemist—I am not thirty-three years old—and always to the satisfaction of my employers. But upon the advice of my doctor I'll have to give up chemistry. I am now thinking of business as a means of support, yet I am afraid that my physical defect may make it hard for me to obtain a position. Why hire a man with a defective hearing when there are so many with a normal one?

Men show very little kindness and consideration for other people's shortcomings, physical as well as intellectual. Yet there are many lines of business and there must be one where knowledge counts most and a defective hearing least.

I know perfectly four languages—English, French, German, Russian (I am a native from Russia and only a few years in this country), pick up very easily, as Peter Flint would have said, new languages, am quick at figures and can write a good letter. While at college it was my pen which was chiefly responsible for my fairly good relations with the boarding lady and other people with whom young college men are not on cordial terms. But I have a scant knowledge of business, never sold anything besides my old suits, and am shy and rather sensitive, like so many other people with a physical affliction.

You who know so well the business world, with its many opportunities, do you think that there is any chance for me? Do you think that I'll be able to overcome the prejudice against my person, at least in the beginning of my career? Don't you think that there will be a great demand after the war for men with business experience and knowledge of foreign languages? Does America think about exploiting the Russian market after the turbulence has given place to a normal state of things and persons with profound knowledge of both countries will be extremely valuable?

I cannot end my letter without thanking you for the delightful moments which the reading of Peter Flint's story gives me. I have a vague idea of the world into which you are introducing your readers.

DR. A. M.

I fear, my friend, that you are like many other people with a minor defect, and that is that you are too conscious of your own misfortune, for I frankly admit it is a misfortune. If you can hear well enough for ordinary conversation, even if with the aid of an instrument, you will find the deafness of yours an embarrassment certainly, but not such a serious one as you fear.

With your experience many publishers should be glad to use you. Why not call on the publishers of encyclopedias, dictionaries, writers of books and large companies generally, and see if you can't secure a position as editor.

You stated in your letter that it was your pen which was responsible for your good relations with your landlady, when a boy—can't you use your pen now to better advantage?

You could advertise for the kind of a position that you want and frankly state what your handicap is. You might also write to the leading export houses, for after the war the United States is going hotfoot for business all over the world—Russia included, if by that time she looks as if she has a stable government.

I have decided to go into the stationery, book and magazine business. I am well qualified along these lines, having had previous experience.

Would ask the following questions:
What capital do you think I should have?
Would it be best to open in the downtown district?
Should I be written up by Dun's and Bradstreet's before placing initial orders?
What rent should I pay on the capital?

AMBITIOUS.

Some of your questions are a little bit difficult to answer, for you do not give me any idea as to whether you want to start a big business or a small one. Let's assume that you want a good average business.

Remember, these figures I give you are only general and may be enlarged or reduced to meet your general figures. Now we will proceed.

You should have $4500 capital, $3500 for stock and $1000 working capital. Whether you should open in the downtown district will depend upon the kind of trade you want. If you are looking for the average business man's trade, you ought to be in the downtown district; if you want the high-class ladies' trade you should be in the exclusive shopping center.

I would suggest that you get in touch with Dun and Bradstreet and endeavor to give them a statement; it helps your credit very much.

The rent that you should pay depends on the amount of business you do, and the amount of business you do will depend on how much you turn your stock. Let us assume that you turn your stock four times a year. That means that you will sell $14,000 worth of goods at cost every year. The average mark-up on stationery is 50 per cent and (which is 33 1-3 per cent on sales) 50 per cent on $14,000 is $7000, therefore, your total sales would be $21,000.

The gross profit on this is your selling 33 1-3 per cent on $7000. Your total expense should approximate 23 per cent on $4830, leaving you a net profit of $2170.

Now your rent should be, say, 3 to 4 per cent of your sales; if 3 per cent the rent will be $630, if 4 per cent $840. Remember that for every 1 per cent you add on your sale percentage for rent you would increase your rent by $210 and decrease your net profit by that amount.

You should certainly keep your rent within 3½ per cent of your total sales and when you ascertain the rent of a store, find out how much business you must do so that the rent will approximate 3½ per cent, and then see if you have enough capital and can turn it over frequently enough to effect the necessary volume of sales. This may appear a little complicated, but if you will study it over I think it should help you.

Inclosed please find the clipping out of last night's paper in reference to the young man who is seeking a chance in finances.

I am in need of a clean-cut man, and will appreciate very much if this letter will be the means of securing one for me.

J. J. C.

I passed on your letter with many others to the young man interested in finances, and if he is still interested he will communicate with you.

MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES

Cut out the picture on all four sides. Then carefully fold dotted line 1 its entire length. Then dotted line 2, and so on. Fold each section underneath, accurately. When completed turn over and you'll find a surprising result. Save the pictures.

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—The "Second Hand Calico" Proved All Silk.

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By Hayward