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 Fitzhugh 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, a white girl, Jeanne, and a wolfhound. He falls in love with the girl. Brokaw and his daughter arrive. Jeanne and Pierre are attacked by men who arrive on the ship with them. Pierre is wounded and Jeanne carried off. Phillip follows the kidnappers, and saves Jeanne.

CHAPTER XII

THE canoe ran among the reeds, with its bow to the shore. Philip's astonishment still held him motionless.

"A little while ago you asked me if I would tell you anything but—but—the truth," he stammered, trying to find words to express himself, "and this——"

"Is the truth," interrupted Jeanne, a little coolly. "Why should I tell you an untruth, M'sieur?"

Philip had asked himself that same question shortly after their first meeting on the cliff. And now in the girl's question there was sounded a warning for him to be more discreet.

"I did not mean that," he cried, quickly. "Please forgive me. Only—it is so wonderful, so almost impossible to believe. Do you know what I thought of for three-quarters of the night after I left you and Pierre on the rock? It was of years—centuries ago. I put you and Pierre back there. It seemed as though you had come to me from out of another world, that you had strayed from the chivalry and beauty of some royal court, that a queen's painter might have known and made a picture of you, as I saw you there, but that to me you were only the vision of a dream, and now you say that you have always lived here!"

He saw Jeanne's eyes glowing. She had lifted herself from among the bearskins and was leaning toward him. Her face was quivering with emotion; her whole being seemed concentrated on his words.

"M'sieur—Philip—did we seem like that?" she asked, tremulously.

"Yes, or I would not have not written the letter," replied Philip. He leaned forward over the pack and his face was close to Jeanne's. "I had just passed over the place where men and women of a century or two ago were buried, and when I saw you and Pierre I thought of them; of Mademoiselle D'Arçon, who left a prince to follow her lover to a grave back there at Churchill, and I wondered if Groseilier——"

"Groseilier!" cried the girl.

She was breathing quickly, excitedly. Suddenly she drew back with a little, nervous laugh.

"I am glad you thought of us like that," she added. "It was Groseilier, ye grand chevalier, who first lived at Fort o' God!"

Philip could no longer restrain himself. He forgot that the canoe was lying motionless among the reeds and that they were to go ashore. In a voice that trembled with his eagerness to be understood, to win her confidence, he told her fully of what had happened that night on the cliff. He repeated Pierre's instructions to him, described his terrible fear for her, and in it all withheld but one thing—the name of Lord Fitzhugh Lee. Jeanne listened to him without a word. She sat as erect as one of the slender reeds among which the canoe was hidden. Her dark eyes never left his face. They seemed to have grown darker when he finished.

"May the great God reward you for what you have done," she said, in a low voice, quivering with a suppressed passion. "You are brave, M'sieur Philip—as brave as I have dreamed of men being."

Philip's heart throbbed with delight, and yet he said quickly:

"It isn't that. I have done nothing—nothing more than Pierre would have done for me. But don't you understand? If there is to be a reward for the little I have given—I could ask for nothing greater than your confidence and Pierre's. There are reasons, and perhaps if I told you those you would understand."

"I do understand, without further explanation," answered Jeanne, in the same low, strained voice. "You fought for Pierre on the cliff, and you have saved—me. We owe you everything, even our lives. I understand, M'sieur Philip," she said, more softly, leaning still nearer to him; "but I can tell you nothing."

"You prefer to leave that to Pierre," he said, a little hurt. "I beg your pardon."

"No, no! I don't mean that!" she cried, quickly. "You misunderstand me. I mean that you know as much of this whole affair as I do, that you know what I know, and perhaps more."

The emotion which she had suppressed burst forth now in a choking sob. She recovered herself in an instant, her eyes still upon Philip.

"It was only a whim of mine that took us to Churchill," she went on, before he could find words to say. "It is Pierre's secret why we lived in our own camp and went down into Churchill but once—when the ship came in. I do not know the reason for the attack. I can only guess——"

"And your guess——"

Jeanne drew back. For a moment she did not speak. Then she said, without a note of harshness in her voice, but with the finality of a queen:

"Father may tell you that when we reach Fort o' God!"

And then she suddenly leaned toward him again and held out both her hands.

"If only you could know how I thank you!" she exclaimed, impulsively.

For a moment Philip held her hands. He felt them trembling. In Jeanne's eyes he saw the glisten of tears.

"Circumstances have come about so strangely," he said, his heart palpitating at the warm pressure of her fingers, "that I half believed you and Pierre could help me in—in an affair of my own. I would give a great deal to find a certain person, and after the attack on the cliff, and what Pierre said, I thought——"

He hesitated and Jeanne gently drew her hands from him.

"I thought that you might know him," he finished. "His name is Lord Fitzhugh Lee."

Jeanne gave no sign that she had heard the name before. The question in her eyes remained unchanged.

"We have never heard of him at Fort o' God," she said.

Philip shoved the canoe more firmly upon the shore and stepped over the side.

"This Fort o' God must be a wonderful place," he said, as he bent over to help her. "You have aroused something in me I never thought I possessed before—a tremendous curiosity."

"It is a wonderful place, M'sieur Philip," replied the girl, holding up her hands to him. "But why should you guess it?"

"Because of you," laughed Philip. "I am half convinced that you take a wicked delight in bewildering me."

He found Jeanne a comfortable spot on the bank, brought her one of the bearskins and began collecting a pile of dry reeds and wood.

"I am sure of it," he went on. He struck a match, and the reeds flared into flame, lighting up his face.

Jeanne gave a startled cry.

"You are hurt!" she exclaimed. "Your face is red with blood."

Philip jumped back.

"I had forgotten that. I'll wash my face."

He waded into the edge of the water and began scrubbing himself. When he returned, Jeanne leaned at him closely. The fire illumined her pale face. She had gathered her beautiful hair in a thick braid, which fell over her shoulder. She appeared lovelier to him now than when he had first seen her in the night glow on the cliff. She was dressed the same. He observed that the flimy bit of lace about her slender throat was torn, and that one side of her short buckskin skirt was covered with half-dried splashes of mud. His blood rose at these signs of the rough treatment of those who had attacked her. It reached fever-heat when, coming nearer, he saw a livid bruise on her forehead close up under her hair.

"They struck you?" he demanded.

He stood with his hands clenched. She smiled up at him.

"It was my fault," she explained. "I'm afraid I gave them a good deal of trouble on the cliff."

She laughed outright at the fierceness in Philip's face, and so sweet was the sound of it to him that his hands relaxed and he laughed with her.

"So help me, you're a brick!" he cried.

"There are pots and kettles and coffee and things to eat in the pack, M'sieur Philip," reminded Jeanne, softly, as he still remained staring down upon her.

Philip turned to the canoe, with a laugh that was like a boy's. He threw the pack at Jeanne's feet and unstrapped it. Together they sorted out the things they wanted, and Philip cut crotched sticks on which he suspended two pots of water over the fire. He found himself whistling as he gathered an armful of wood along the shore. When he came back Jeanne had opened a bottle of olives and was nibbling at one, while she held out another to him on the end of a fork.

"I love olives," she said. "Won't you have one?"

He accepted the thing, and ate it joyously, though he hated olives.

"Where did you acquire the taste?" he asked. "I thought it took a course at college to make one like 'em."

"I've been to college," answered Jeanne, quietly. There was a glow in her cheeks now, a swift flash of tantalizing fun in her eyes, as she fished after another olive. "I have been a student—a teneris annis," she added, and he stood stupefied.

"That's Latin!" he gasped.

"Oui, M'sieur. Wollen Sie noch eine Olive haben?"

Laughter rippled in her throat. She held out another olive to him, her face aglow. Firelight danced in her hair, flooding its darker shadows with lights of red and gold.

"I was sure of it," he exclaimed, convinced. "That's post-graduate Latin and senior German, or I'm as mad as a March hare! Where—where did you go to school?"

"At Fort o' God. Quick, M'sieur Philip, the water is boiling over!"

Philip sprang to the fire. Jeanne handed him coffee, and set out cold meat and bread. For the first time that night he pulled out his pipe and filled it with tobacco.

"You don't mind if I smoke, do you, Miss Jeanne?" he groaned. "Under some circumstances tobacco is the only thing that will hold me up. Do you know that you are shaking my confidence in you?"

"I have told you nothing but the truth," retorted Jeanne, innocently. She was still busying herself over the pact, but Philip caught the slightest gleam of her laughing teeth.

"You are making fun of me," he remonstrated. "Tell me—where is this Fort o' God, and what is it?"

"It is far up the Churchill, M'sieur Philip. It is a log chateau, built hundreds and hundreds of years ago, I guess. My father, Pierre, and I, with one other, live there alone among the savages. I have never been so far away from home before."

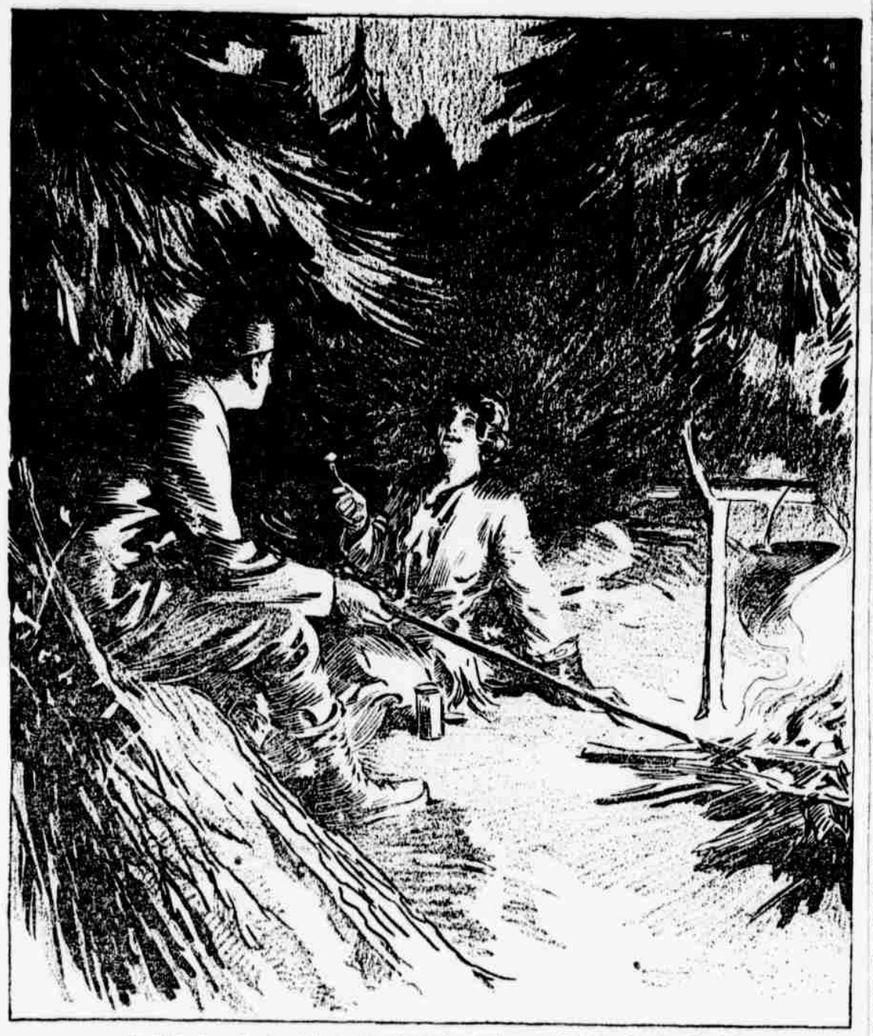
"I suppose," said Philip, "that the savages up your way converse in Latin, Greek and German——"

"Latin, French and German," corrected Jeanne. "We haven't added a Greek course yet."

"I know of a girl," mused Philip, as though speaking to himself, "who spent five years in a girl's college, and she can talk nothing but light English. Her name is Eileen Brokaw."

Jeanne looked up, but only to point to the coffee.

"It is done," she advised, "unless you like it bitter."



Firelight danced in her hair, flooding its darker shadows with lights of red and gold

CHAPTER XIII

PHILIP knew that Jeanne was watching him as he lifted the coffee from the fire and placed the pot on the ground to cool. His mind was in a hopeless tangle—a riot of things he would like to say, throbbing with a hundred questions he would like to ask, one after another. And yet Jeanne seemed bewitchingly unconscious of his uneasiness. Not one of his references to names and events so vital to himself had in any way produced a change in her. Was she, after all, innocent of all knowledge in the things he wished to know? Was it possible that she was entirely ignorant as to the identity of the men who had attacked Pierre and herself on the cliff? Was it true that she did not know Eileen Brokaw, that she had never heard of Lord Fitzhugh Lee, and that she had always lived among the wild people of the north? By what miracle performed here in the heart of a savage world could this girl talk to him in German and Latin? Was she making fun of him?

He turned to look at her and found her dark, clear eyes upon him. She smiled at him in a tired little way, and he saw nothing but sweetness and truth in her face. In an instant every suspicion was swept away. He felt like a criminal for having doubted her; and for a moment he was on the point of confessing to her what had been in his thoughts. He restrained himself, and went to the river to wash the pot-black from his hands. Jeanne was a mystery to him, a mystery that delighted him and filled him each moment with a deeper love. He saw the life and freedom of the forests in her every movement—in the gesture of her hands, the bird-like poise of her pretty head, the lithe grace of her slender body. She breathed the forests. It glowed in her eyes, in the rich red of her lips, and revealed its beauty and strength in the unconfined wealth of her gold-brown hair. In a dozen ways he could see her primitiveness, her kinship to the wilderness. She had told him the truth. Her eyes smiled truth at him as he came up the bank. No other woman's eyes had ever looked at him like hers; none had he seen so beautiful. And yet in them he saw nothing that she would not have expressed in words—companionship, trust, thankfulness that he was there to care for her. Such eyes as those belonged only to the wilderness, brimming with the flawless beauty of an undefiled nature. He had seen them, but not so beautiful, in Cree women. He thought of Eileen Brokaw's eyes as he looked at Jeanne's. They were very beautiful, but they were different. Jeanne's could not lie.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

HER CHOICE

By Eva Symmes

AUDRIE paused as she slipped a pin into her thick, fluffy hair. Her eyes fell upon two pictures on the dressing table before her.

One was a smiling, brown-eyed lad in military attire. For an instant Audrie looked full into the clean, boyish face. She had known him for years. Now he was in the army; had won a commission from the ranks.

"Yes, Jimmie," she told him, "you're a good pal; always have been and I am proud of you."

Then she turned to the other, the face of a student, dark, serious and distinguished. A whimsical smile passed over her face. Ever since she as a retiring little freshman had met Harold, he had been madly in love with her. As all girls do, Audrie gloried in the security of the rich young man's affection, yet dallied with a decision. Sometimes she wondered why he remained at home when so many boys were in the service.

The ringing of the front door bell interrupted her reverie. With a guilty start Audrie sprang up.

"There's Harold now! I'll skip down and let him in." One last reassuring glance in the mirror, and in the fraction of a minute she was greeting the youth right cheerily.

"Good evening, Mr. Harold!" with a playful curtsey. "I'm almost ready, honestly. Just a second till I get my wraps."

"Good for you, Audrie," laughed Harold. Then appreciatively:

"My, but you look bewitching tonight! Do you think it safe to take you to a dance?"

"Oh, silly," scolded Audrie. "Of course it is! Let's hurry. I'm just dying for a waltz."

The music was enticing, the floor was perfect, and Audrie sparkled with exhilaration and pure joy of the dance. Soft lights added to the enchantment. Audrie glided gracefully in Harold's arms. The sweet neatness of the girl, the weird strains of the waltz entangled Harold's senses in a new whirlwind of love.

"Audrie, dear," he whispered, "come out on the veranda and rest a bit."

She nodded assent half reluctantly.

The cool breezes served only to fan Harold's ardor.

"Audrie, I have waited a long time," he said, suddenly, taking one of her hands, "to talk to you as you know I must some day."

He hesitated. Audrie's cheeks burned with the knowledge of the coming declaration.

"You know how much I care for you, dear; you know, too, that I have cared for you ever since I first met you, and that I stayed at school only to be near you. Can you love me just a little in return?"

He was pleading now with all the eloquence of his manly voice and dark eyes. He came closer, took both her hands. For an instant she almost yielded. The thought of prestige, of riches, of Harold's true regard for her, moved her powerfully. It was so easy.

Then, like a shade from another world, the smiling face of a boy in khaki came before her. In a flash Audrie saw him fighting like many more American boys, still smiling, young, yet brave and unafraid!

The magic of Harold's love was gone. With a shudder she drew away from his grasp.

"No, Harold," she said, softly, but firmly, "I am sorry, very sorry, but I do not love you."

The ride home was in sad contrast to the previous journey. Not a word was spoken; just a parting handclasp ended it all.

A weary, little girl crept up the stairs to her room. Slowly she seated herself again before the dressing table. Quietly she turned one picture face downward; then, as hot tears chased down her face, she seized the other picture and pressed it to her lips.

"Thank God," she murmured reverently, "I choose a man!"

Next complete novelette—My Smiling Lady.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE GIANT HUNTS GOLD"

(Peggy and Billy go with Prince Bonnie Blue Bell when he seeks to arouse the sleeping things of earth to springtime work and play.)

CHAPTER II

The Hard-Headed Frost Imps

THE Frost Imps laughed with mischievous glee as they frolicked along the trail of Prince Bonnie Blue Bell. They blew their icy breath on waking trees, flowers, grasses, and blades of wheat, and wherever their breath struck the waking sleepers gave a sighing moan, hung their heads sadly, and unwillingly went back to sleep—some of them not to waken again, for the breath of the Frost Imps is killing to tender growing things.

Prince Bonnie Blue Bell faced the Frost Imps boldly:

"Go back to the North Pole," he ordered sternly. "You have worn out your welcome here. You must give way to the bonnie breezes of springtime."

"Hi yi!" yelled the Frost Imps saucily. "We're not going back to the North Pole this summer. There are a lot more noses and ears to nip here."

"You can't stay here," protested Prince Bonnie Blue Bell. "You keep the growing things from waking up, and if they don't wake up they can't grow into fruits and grains to feed the world."

"Hi yi! Guess we will stay here if we want to," yelled the Frost Imps, breathing on the fruit trees until they creaked with the cold.

"The Sun will melt you if you don't watch out," warned Prince Bonnie Blue Bell.

The blow knocked the head of the Imp off completely

"Not while we keep the icy winds roaring," snapped the Frost Imps, and with that they blew a chilling blast that made Peggy and Billy Belgium shiver until their teeth chattered.

"I'll drive them away," shouted Billy bravely. He picked up a club and gave one of the Imps a sharp crack over the head. Bing! **The blow knocked the head of the Imp completely off.** Billy Belgium gasped in dismay. He hadn't meant to smash the Imp to pieces.

Then a strange thing happened. The body of the Imp picked up the cracked head, pressed it hard, as a boy presses a snow ball, and hurled it straight at Billy. So astonished was Billy that he didn't think to dodge and the head hit him smack in the eye.

Billy saw stars. The head was like ice and the Imp had thrown it with amazing force.

But the blow made Billy so mad he got over his scare in a hurry. Sailing into the Imps with his club he cracked head after head. But each time the Imp struck would pick up his head and hurl it at Billy. Soon the air was filled with flying heads, so many he could not dodge them all.

Peggy jumped forward to help Billy, pounding the Imps with a stick. But even with her help, the battle went against them. The heads hurt when they hit and each blow sent sharp chills through the children. Besides they didn't seem to be able to harm the Imps, for after they threw their heads they picked them up and put them back on their shoulders as good as ever.

Now the Imps began to pinch Peggy. Each pinch made her feel as though she was freezing. And they attacked Prince Bonnie Blue Bell so fiercely that in a minute he fell helpless, frozen like a chunk of ice.

"Help! Help!" he whispered before his lips froze together.

Billy quit fighting as he heard the call. He turned to pick up Prince Bonnie Blue Bell, but at that moment Peggy, chilled to the bone by the pinches of the Frost Imps, tumbled to the ground. Billy grabbed her under the arm, seized Prince Bonnie Blue Bell with his other hand and dragged them both to the chariot.

"Away! Away!" he shouted to the White Rabbits, which were shivering in their harness. The Rabbits gave a great leap, and broke into a gallop that, for the moment, left the Frost Imps far behind.

(Tomorrow will be described the race with the Frost Imps.)

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.

CCCI

BACK again in New York! What an eventful few days I've spent at dear old Farmdale—and what a change the outcome of them are going to make to me.

I've had a long talk with Bruno Duke and he's given me lots to think about, but before going into that I'll finish recording the happenings at Farmdale.

Saturday I spent at the store. Ellis, dad's manager—he's a pharmacist—was off for the day, so I helped out.

It seemed strange to be working behind the counter again, and certainly very different from what it was before I went away.

I noticed things about the old store that I'd never noticed before. You see, Francis has been bullying me of late to read business magazines and books, and I started to do so out of self-defense at first, but lately I've really got interested in them.

Now you can't read books and magazines of that sort without getting a bunch of ideas, but you don't realize it till you see a chance to use them.

Not for the world would I say anything to hurt dad's feelings, but I've got a strong hunch that dad is something of an old timer in running a store.

I dropped around to Dawson Black's place—he runs a hardware store—during the afternoon and had a chat with him. He and I were at school the same time, but he graduated two years before I did.

I was telling him that I thought dad was old-fashioned. "Believe me, Dawson," I said, a bit boastful, I fear, "if ever I have to take charge of the old store I'll make some changes there."

He laughed and replied, "I thought 'old Barley Water,' (that's what we young fellows called Barlow who runs the big hardware store) was pretty much of a back number. 'Member I used to clerk for him? Well, when I came into a little money and bought this business I thought I would show the old chap a few things."

"And did you?" I inquired.

"I did. I showed him how many ways I could make a darned fool of myself. He showed me that some of us young fellows aren't as smart as we think we are, and that whatever we may think of the methods they have of doing business, we've got to judge them for what they are. I found out that 'old Barley Water' was the biggest hardware man in the country because he was a better business man than the rest of us.

"Just because his ways were different than mine didn't make 'em right or wrong. I guess Betty is about right. She says a mixture of Barley Water's business experience and caution mixed with a young fellow's business training and audacity would produce the 'ideal business man.'"

A number of customers demanded his attention and reminded me that we might be busy, so I nodded "Good afternoon" and walked back to the store.

It was 10:30 before we got home and there was a surprise—and yet it wasn't in a way—waiting for dad and me.

Francis and Lucy had decided to get married—in seven weeks' time. They have been engaged for months, of course, but somehow I'd never thought of them as married.

Dad was delighted. "Well, well, well!" he kept on saying, "my little girl married! Well, well, well."

Francis seemed quite stuck on himself. They'll live in New York, of course, for Francis has to be there.

He's been credit manager for the Republic Cutlery Company for quite a little while, but a week ago was told that he would be made general manager.

He never said a word about it to me because he wanted to tell Lucy first. Aren't these engaged fellows funny?

Of course, as general manager of that big jobbing house he'll be quite an important man. In fact, I suppose he is quite a man in hardware circles, for he is the vice president of the New York Hardware and Cutlery Association.

He's a big believer in belonging to trade associations; says it pays to get in touch with folk in your own line. I told him I couldn't see where that could help any one, and he replied:

"Of course, you can't, Peter, but you're young yet. Kittens are blind for nine days, and young fellows are much like kittens, only much more so."

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM

Persistence is of more value than skill.

What does this mean to **YOU?**

Business Questions Answered

Kindly advise me regarding the following: I have a strong desire for composition work, such as writing short stories, poems, etc. I like to do nothing better than to get an item for a newspaper and write it up or work as a news correspondent, but work along this line is not to be considered, as positions of that sort are rare in this town.

I have written many stories, one of which contains about 5000 words. Could you advise me where to submit this story where handwritten manuscript is acceptable and how to go about it? How much should a good story of this many words be worth?

Hoping you will advise me how to secure employment along this line, and thinking you in advance. C. S.

It is quite impossible to advise you where to send this story without some knowledge of its trend. The thing to do is to send your story to the journal or magazine which publishes stories of a similar nature to yours.

You can readily understand that a story which will be accepted by the Century Magazine would be quite useless for let us say, Life. You must carry your story to the kind of magazines that use them.

You wouldn't try to sell it to the Hardware Magazine, would you? Neither must you try to sell fiction to a magazine which deals only in reviews.

The value of your story again depends upon its merit. Some writers get half a cent a word, others get a dollar a word, depending upon the merit of the articles and the publicity of the writer.

There is a little book "A Hundred Ways to Make Money," by Whiting. The reading of this might help you.

I am at present employed as a stenographer, typist and clerk in a position which pays a good salary, but in which there is no future, and I realize that I am only wasting my time where I am.

I have been answering advertisements lately, using the inclosed letter and record of my business and personal qualifications. Would you be so kind as to pass upon any errors that may be contained therein? W. P.

Answering your advertisement in today's ——. I wish to apply for the position in question.

I am nineteen years old, have had a good education and about fifteen months of business experience. While not having had much stenographic experience, I believe that if I were given the opportunity I could make good.

I would be glad to call upon you at any time you care to appoint. When may I call? Very respectfully yours.

Your letter rather lacks punch and does not convey the impression that you have a knowledge of business.

Suppose you alter it to read something like this:

"Do my qualifications as given on the attached sheet fit me for the position you advertise in today's——?

"I am anxious to secure an opening in such a business as I feel yours to be, and if you will give me an opportunity it will be my endeavor to do all in my power to make good.

"I shall be glad to call upon you any time you care to appoint. When will you give me an opportunity to call in person and tell you why I feel that I am the man you need?"

Now for your personal qualification sheet:

After the telephone number, state for whom you have worked and after that mention the names of references. After you mention the names of your references, you might write the line, "Kindly do not call up these people unless my application interests you." Then give particulars of your health and personality complete, with a statement regarding your education, stating therein what special courses in business you have taken.

Notice the change this makes? At present the first thing we notice is that you are nineteen and a public school graduate—both excellent things to be, but not the vital things. Changing it the way I suggest, you tell what your practical business experience is first, so that the reading of your qualification sheet gives a much better first impression.

I hope this will prove helpful to you.

As a constant reader of your column and an interested follower of the "Career of Peter Flint," with all its trials and tribulations, I would like much to know what your hero would do where he placed in my somewhat unique and yet very serious position.

I am a young man, nineteen years of age, employed in the ladies' garment trade at a salary totally inadequate both to my needs and my ability. I desire to make a change, but up to now have not been able to do so. This, in the ordinary, may seem a very foolish question, but the following fact makes that vital distinction in my case which, I think, entitles it to consideration:

A few years after my father's death, I vowed never to transgress the Sabbath. You see, I am of the Jewish faith, and the Sabbath day (Saturday) is observed by all Orthodox Jews, in one way at least, by refraining from all manual labor.

At the time I was very young and could not visualize the truly terrific struggle which must be undergone by one who would faithfully observe the tenets and laws of his religion.

Now I am beginning to realize that business and religion are two opposite and antagonistic elements, the one doing more and more, day by day, to stifle all traces of the other in the hearts of ever so many who must come in contact with the relentless and grinding machine called business.

To return to my own more practical and prosaic case, we have the fact that I would like to observe the Sabbath combined with a serious promise, and also the fact that I am the sole support of my mother, and that loss of even a few days' salary would mean hardships for both her and myself.

The problem remains to be solved, and your solution is eagerly desired both by myself and hundreds of others who are in a like predicament. Here we have a conflict between business and religion. Which is to be the sacrifice? Or, perhaps, you can reconcile them. A. B.

I appreciate your position, but feel that you have a wrong slant on it; you confuse a ritual with a religion. There need be no conflict if one takes a reasonable viewpoint on religious matters, and remembers it is the spirit in which we worship and not the form which counts.

Frankly now, can't you worship and work at the same time? Can't you render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's? I think you need have no scruples about working on the Sabbath and worshiping at the same time.

I, for one, have little use for deathbed promises, and I hope, and I say this kindly, that when I am about to die I will not be so stupid as to bind the ones that I leave behind to do something which, were I mentally alert, I would be ashamed to ask of them.

I do not consider a promise extorted from a boy—on these conditions—a boy who couldn't comprehend what he was saying, as binding.

Safety First

Mrs. —— How dare you come home in such an intoxicated condition?

Mister —— Er—ah—you are so beautiful, my dear, that I love to see you twice.—Cornell Widow.

EVERYDAY STUFF

Skating

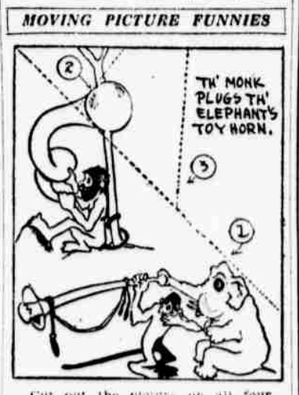
Smooth is the path of the man who knows poise.
Life's just a harmony, speedy or slow.
Follow his track for all commonplace joys.
Glide along!
Slide along!
Easy you go!

Who cuts to make progress is one who cuts ice.
A goal he'll be winning while crowds vainly strive.
He's as bold as an eagle; they're timid as mice.
Spin along!
Win along!
Up! Be alive!

Life is a story that lasts for a day;
A band that's parading with Joys in its train!
A laugh and a blessing; a song and a play.
Whizz along!
Fiz along!
Life is champagne!

GRIF ALEXANDER.

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—She Doesn't Often Slip Up, But—

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By Hayward