By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(Copyright) THE STORY THUS FAR

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued)

Half an hour later Philip unshouldered the canoe at the upper end of the rapids. His own toilet articles were back in the cabin with Gregson. but he took a wash in the river and combed his hair with his fingers. When he returned, there was a transformation in Jeanne. Her beautiful hair was done up in shining coils. She had changed her bedraggled skirt for another of soft, yellow buckskin. At her throat she wore a fluffy mass of crimson stuff which seemed to reflect a richer rose-flush in her cheeks. A curious thought came to Philip as he looked at her. Like a flash the memory of a certain night came to -when it had taken Miss Brokaw and her maids two hours to make a tollet for a ball. And Jeanne, in the heart of a wilderness, had made herself more beautiful than Eileen. He imagined, as she stood before him, as little embarrassed by the admiration in his eyes, the sensation Jeanne would create in a ballroom at home.

first time she had spoken his name in them. In the banskians close belief "Your sister! You have a sister;"

birch, spruce, and banskian pine. The night things, and then plunged deep mother was, or who her father was bappened did it occur to him that to moose trail crossed this rough open under water, as though frightened into and so it happened that Pierre, who disclose his heart to Jeanne would be found her, is her brother, and the greatest crime he could commit, man who has loved her and cared for her is her father."

The you mean yes, persisted Mr. Pierre, courage, flowering joyously with him, in the heart and nodded, just as he reached her side her is her father."

The widow dreeped her head a hit man who has loved her and cared for her is her father."

The widow dreeped her head a hit man who has loved her and cared for her is her father."

The widow dreeped her head a hit man who has loved her and cared for her is her father."

The side was alone with him in the heart her is her father."

The widow dreeped her head a hit man who has loved her and cared for her is her father."

The side was alone with him in the heart her is her father. There is always something to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. There is always asomething to her is her father. The shough the mother was on which him the heart of the provided that her is her father. There is always as alway of seedling pines. It was an ideal camping spot, and Jeanne gave a little cry of delight when they found the

cold water of the creek. Philip then returned to the river, concealed the canot, covered up all traces of their landing, and began to carry the camping outfit back to the open. The small silk tent for Jeanne's use he set up in a little grassy corner : the clearing, and built their fire a dozen paces from it. With a sort of thrilling pleasure he began cutting balsam boughs for Jeanne's bed. He cut armful after armful, and it was growing dusk in the forest by the time he was done. In the glow and the heat of the fire Jeanne's cheeks were as pink as an apple. She had turned a big flat rock into a table, and as she busied herself about this she burst suddenly into a sift ripple of song; then, remembering that it was not

Pierre who was near her, she stopped. Philip, with his last armful of bed ing, was directly behind her, and he ughed happily at her over the green of balsam when she turned and

ing deeply. "There is nothing in the again." whole world that could make me give this up, M'sieur Philip. I was born "But there is one thing, at least

her eyes rested upon his. to the rock table.

Philip dropped his load.

eyes flashing. She seemed to grow zation for this. I am glad that I back chokingly.

revelation of his beloved spirit than taller before him, and stood with her wrote to you as I did, for now you will "No. M'sieur. Pierre's real sister is Jeanne the sister of Pierre. But ing upon the wilderness about her, stand. I love this world up here as he found out on the barren." "It is giorious!" she repeated, breath- you love it. I am never going back To the night sounds there was added

in it. I want to die in it. Only--" one-which I cannot understand in Her face clouded for a moment as you," he went on, nerving himself for what might come a moment later.

"You re of this world—you hate civilor to say a word that might have re-

"I know what you mean-I under moved toward the tent, glimmering in ever now, for Jeanne the lost child "It is glorious!" cried Jeanne, her stand. Two years ago I gave up civilidistinctly in the night. Her voice came of the snows was more the earthly

head thrown back, lips parted, gaz- believe me and know that I under at Fort o' God. I am the one whom what was he to Jeanne?

a heart-broken sob, and Jeanne disappeared in the tent.

CHAPTER XIV

to spoil it all," she added, and turned ization-and yet you have brought a called her. Her own grief, quivering



"Philip," sae said-and it was the embers died down. A silence fell upon

Philip." see said—and it was the first time she had spoken his name in this way. It mist upon going ashore timmediately. If you do not land, now—in that opening alead. I shall jump out, and you can go on alone."
"As you say—my Captan Jeanne." surrendered Philip. a little disally.

Jeanne guided the cance to the cance to the wint has paddle. She pointed to the winth his paddle. She pointed to the surgester. "We will want the tent—everything," she said. "Secause we are going to camp here until tomorrow."
"Once on shore, Philip's disziness left him. He puiled the sance high up on the bank, and then Jeanne and he will want the first to spring the camp here until tomorrow."

Once on shore, Prilip's disziness left has the tent—everything," she said. "Secause we are going to camp here until tomorrow."

Once on shore, Prilip's disziness left has the tent—everything, she said. "Secause we are going to camp here until tomorrow."

Once on shore, Prilip's disziness left has the part of the work of the sance high up on the bank, and then Jeanne and he well-worn moose tratal, and two or three hunded and part of the work of the same high up on the bank, and then Jeanne and he seed the context of the well-worn trail, stopped in sudden set off, side by side, to explore the ligh, wooded ground back from the stream came upon a small opening cluttered by great of the context of the context of the context of the context of the well-worn trails, and two or three hunded with the context of the context of the work of

under thick caribou moss and jungles. "Jeanne," he said, softly, fighting to God-Pierre's sister," said Philip.

and his own position. He had saved her from her enemies; and in return she had opened her heart, naked and bleeding, to his eyes. What she had

keep himself from touching her hand. Jeanne rose from the rock and escape, how short a time he had Next complete novelette-The Dream

(CONTINUED TOMORROW) THE DAILY NOVELETTE MR. PEEVER'S SUCCESSFUL ROMANCE

the honor of offering—"That sounded all wrong. Mr. Peever sighed. If he made such a mess of the rehearsals, defiant, bugle-like call: had had ever tackled, he thought dis- Though Imps of Frest still stay here his trumpet: mally. Still, it had to be done.

With thoughtful eye he planced about the cozy sitting room and wondered how Mrs. Rollins, his faithfut nousekeeper, would accept the change. Young women were not as precise about a house as settled folks. Of course, Flossie Jane would bring that hull-pup. And, of course, the bull-pup would tear the lace curtains—And, of course, Mrs. Hollins would have a thousand fits. She might even serve notice. Mr. Peever paled at the thought. He was positive that Flossie Jane could not cook for a cent. But Flossie Jane had yellow ringlets and eyes that one never forgot.

The distance from his house to hers was not great. Mr. Peever had but to traverse a little park, turn down Ellerton avenue and walk one block to her door. His hand trembled as he lifted the knocker.

The trim maid answered his sumwould accept the change. Young women

the knocker.

The trim maid answered his summons, No, Miss Flossie was not at home. They did not know at what hour she would return. Would he step in and wait? All right, they would tell her he had called. The door closed sently.

known her, and how in that brief DREAMLAND ADVENTURES -- By Daddy spell he had given himself up to an almost insane hope. To him Jeanne was not a stranger. She was the embodiment, in flesh and blood, of the spirit which had been his companion for so long. He loved her more than

(Prince Bonnie Blue Bell, Peggy and Billy set out to wake the growing things from their winter sleep, but are attacked by the Frost Imps. Billy saves his friends by lighting a fire with a magnifying glass, the blaze keeping the Frost Imps away.)

CHAPTER IV General Croaker in Danger.

WHILE the Frost Imps danced threat-eningly in a circle far outside the heat that came from Billy Belgium's protecting fire, Peggy and Prince Bon-nie Blue Bell thawed out rapidly. "I thought I was turning into an icicle," exclaimed Peggy as soon as she could speak. "Thank you, Billy, for sav-

how would be carry through the pro-posal itself? This was the worst job Open, open your drowsy peepers,

hooting. Old Sol, the sun, will send them scooting."
And as if in answer there came a chorus from a nearby pond:
"Cro-ak, cro-ak, we hear your call,

"Cro-ak, cro-ak, we hear your call,
Though we have slept since early fall."
The chorus was yawny, drowsy and feeble, but to Peggy it sounded delightfully familiar.

"The Frogs are singing, Spring is here "she cried.

"Hy i, Spring dare not come while "Home we come!"
Two birds flew into view and circled around the fire.

"Mr. and Mrs. Robin, first of the birds of Spring, welcome!" should be stick as Billy had done and ran to the rescue.

"Hi yi, Spring dare not come while "hear the foolish frogs and welcome they think we have safety with the state of the foolish frogs and the rescue.

we are here and we're going to stay robins! Singing because they think we all year long," yelled the Frost Imps. are going away," shrieked the Frost But the frogs, creeping out of their pond, Imps. "Let's freeze 'em up!"



"Waking-Up Time"

The general dodged and the head stuck in the mud

the Frost Imps by waving the blazing stick at them, and then broke the ice around General Croaker. But the water paid no attention to them. With General Croaker, Peggy's old friend, leading the chorus, they chanted their spring song over and over again. And once more Prince Bennie Blue Bell sounded put out the blazing stick, and the Frost Imps, seeing this, darted at Billy. He snatched up General Croaker and fied back toward the fire.

"Springtime, springtime with bugle voice.

Calls to the earth: 'Arise! Rejoice!' shriek of dismay from the Robins. Frost Imps were pelting the birds with their back and as Page book of the straight.

ing answer:
"Home we come! Home we come!

(Tomorrow will be told what Billy does when the protecting fire burns low.)

heads, and as Peggy looked, two straight

shots brought the Robins tumbling to

With that, the tallest Imp of them all, grabbed off his own head and hurled

it at General Croaker. The general dodged, and the head stuck in the mud. Quick as a wink, General Croaker and

Quick as a wink, General Croaker and the other frogs grabbed up the head and threw it into the water; there it disappeared from view. But now others of the Imps, led by the headless tall chap, ran to the edge of the pond and those who had heads breathed an icy blast toward the frogs. The frogs, in fright, dived quickly into the water—all but General Croaker. He wasn't quite fast enough. As the lcy breath of the Frost Imps touched the pond, it

quite fast enough. As the ley breath of the Frost Imps touched the pond, it froze the water in an instant. And in that instant, General Croaker was caught, his head diving under water, and his feet sticking up through the newly formed ice.

Billy seized a blazing stick of wood and leaped to the rescue. He drove off

"He will drown," cried Peggy.

## Business Career of Peter Flint

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

you can have occasional use of the tele-phone and stenographer. I see in your correspondence a letter from that Mr. Kellett who owns the land in which he suggested you could have office space

"Yes," I began quickly. "I remember

## EVERYDAY STIFF

Unwitting Benefactors I rise to say: One sunny day it

May An honest democratic farmer, he Sowed buckwheat in a democratic way And never, never, never thought

I herewith state: September late, one, Kate, Before a busy, steaming boiler,

of me.

of me.

she Boiled maple syrup with a mien sedate And never, never, never thought

The farmer, maid sedate and rhyming bard

A trio near-related here we see I learned today (the learning wasn't The buckwheat and molasses

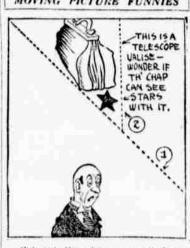
were for me.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

Well expressed truth is stronge than better expressed falsehoods. What does this mean to YOU?

Business Ouestions Answered For over three months now I have been following up the fortunes and misfortunes of our friend "Peter" and the business questions following same. I enjoy the adventures of

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.

Since then I have tried almost everything at canvassing, selling securities and insurance. I am a total fathers but I surely do love merchandise—merchandise that needs dillicent work and brains to sell. But it is a well in the selling of the sell

ure. You've just run to the end of your streak of had luck. A man who has tackled his problems as you have and assumes the burden of your folk isn't made for a failure.

made for a failure.

I would suggest that you advertise in this paper in a column adjoining Peter Flint. Tell therein briefly that you seek an opnortunity as a salesman on the road, covering New York State, let us say, or whatever State you wish. Then run a similar advertisement in such journals as the Dry Goods Economist (2il West Thirty-ninth street) end a toy paper such as Playthings. (This is a New York magazine, also—you will get the address from the telephone book).

Call on the secretary of the Column

Call on the secretary of the Dry Goods Association—it is quite possible that he may be able to refer you to some one who may be glad to use your services. in the ad you run in the trade jour-nals you might ask for the agency of that line in New York, or whatever ter-ritory you are familiar with

while you are waiting for these ads to develop, call personally on the whole-sale dry goods and novelty house in New York. I think you might offer to work for any one for a week, and let them decide at the end of that week what you are worth to them. Make it two weeks if you wish, but I see no peed of your offering to work for an intelline time to learn a line, for at your age and your experience you would learn crough shout the ordinary merchandlise lines to be worth something at the end of the dry.

Go to the public library, go through

Go to the public library, so through all the trade sournals that are there on file and see if there are any positions in them which might fit your needs.

I wish most sincerely that I could give you more definite advice, but I feel that if you will follow along the I ness here suggested, you will find that you are now in the darkest hour which precedes the dawn. I hope and believe that it will be a very bright and happy dawn for you. Good luck to you!

I would like to study salesmanship, but im so situated as to time that I cannot also a resident course in same. I have been receiving literature from a correspondence along

what do you think of such a course? How does it compare with a resident course? They does it compare with a resident course? They desert that from six to cish weeks study of one or two hours a day is sufficient taccording to their system) to enable one to understand it so as to be able to apply the principles of salesmanning.

C. A. H.

The course to which you refer is reputable and you will get good instructions from it. Of course, a resident course of equal merit is preferable, the personal contact with the instructor and the inspiration which comes from fellow students is valuable.

Whether you take a resident or correspondence course, it would help you to do some supplementary reading, so under separate cover, I send you the names of some good books on salesman

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER-She Learns Quickly MISS OFLAGE ILL /



OF A .. THE NERVE! THE IDEA OF THE BOSS HANGING THIS ON ME! T AINT AS THOUGH HE DIDN'T KNOW BETTER: HE'S GOT SOME SEASE -THEIR LITTLE HOLES ? I AINT A PLUMBER!





\*:\*

HELLO MARY STILL THERE? LISTEN I WANT TO



.: Consright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co. By HAYWARD