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 wolf-hound. 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. Philip follows the kidnappers, saves Jeanne and starts to take her to her home, Fort o' God. On the way their canoe is caught in the rapids.

CHAPTER XIV—(Continued)

AHEAD of them was a boiling sea of white, even more terrible than when they had looked down upon it from above. The rocks were hidden by mist and foam; their roar was deafening. Between Philip and the awful maelstrom of death there was a quieter space of water, black, sullen and swift—the power itself rushing on to whip itself into ribbons among the taunting rocks that barred its way to the sea. In that space Philip looked at Jeanne. Her face was against his breast. Her eyes met his own, and in that last moment, face to face with death, love leaped above all fear.

They were about to die, and Jeanne would die in his arms. She was his now—forever. His hold tightened. Her face came nearer. He wanted to shout to let her know what he had meant to say at Fort o' God. But his voice would have been like a whisper in a hurricane. Could Jeanne understand? The wall of foam was almost in their faces. Suddenly he bent down, crushed his face to hers, and kissed her again and again. Then, as the maelstrom engulfed them, he swung his own body to take the brunt of the shock.

He no longer reasoned beyond one thing. He must keep his body between Jeanne and the rocks. He would be crushed, beaten to pieces, made unrecognizable, but Jeanne would be only drowned. He fought to keep himself half under her, with his head and shoulders in advance. When he felt the floods sucking him under, he thrust her upward. He fought, and did not know what happened. Only there was the crashing of a thousand cannon in his ears, and he seemed to live through an eternity. They thundered about him, against him, ahead of him, and then more and more behind. He felt no pain, no shock. It was the sound that he seemed to be fighting; in the buffeting of his body against the rocks there was the painlessness of a knife-thrust delivered amid the roar of battle. And the sound receded. It was thundering in retreat, and a curious thought came to him. Providence had delivered him through the maelstrom. He had not struck the rocks. He was saved. And in his arms he held Jeanne.

It was day when he began the fight, broad day. And now it was night. He felt earth under his feet, and he knew that he had brought Jeanne ashore. He heard her voice speaking his name, and he was so glad that he laughed and sobbed like a babbling idiot. It was dark, and he was tired. He sank down, and he could feel Jeanne's arms striving to hold him up, and he could still hear her voice. But nothing could keep him from sleeping. And during that sleep he had visions. Now it was day, and he saw Jeanne's face over him; again it was night, and he heard the roaring of the flood. Again he heard voices, Jeanne's voice and a man's, and he wondered who the man would be. It was a strange sleep filled with strange dreams. But at last the dreams seemed to go. He lost himself. He awoke, and the night had turned into day. He was in a tent, and the sun was gleaming on the outside. It had been a curious dream, and he sat up astonished.

There was a man sitting beside him. It was Pierre.

"Thank God, M'sieur!" he heard. "We have been waiting for this. You are saved!"

"Pierre!" he gasped.

Memory returned to him. He was awake. He felt weak, but he knew that what he saw was not a vision of a dream.

"I came the day after you and Jeanne went through the rapids," explained Pierre, seeing his amazement. "You saved Jeanne. She was not hurt. But you were badly bruised, M'sieur, and you have been in a fever."

"Jeanne—was not—hurt?"

"No. She cared for you until I came. She is sleeping now."

"I have not been this way—very long, have I, Pierre?"

"I came yesterday," said Pierre. He bent over Philip, and added: "You must remain quiet for a little longer, M'sieur. I have brought you a letter from M'sieur Gregson, and when you read that I will have some broth made for you."

Philip took the letter and opened it as Pierre went quietly out of the tent. Gregson had written him only a few lines. He wrote:

My dear Phil—I hope you'll forgive me. But I'm tired of this mess. I was never cut out for the woods, and so I'm going to dismiss myself, leaving all best wishes behind for you. Go in and fight. You're a devil for fighting, and will surely win. I'll only be in the way. So I'm going back with the ship, which leaves in three or four days. Was going to tell you this on the night you disappeared. Am sorry I couldn't shake hands with you before I left. Write and let me know how things come out. As ever, TOM.

Stunned, Philip dropped the letter. He lifted his eyes, and a strange cry burst from his lips. Nothing that Gregson had written could have wrung that cry from him. It was Jeanne. She stood in the open door of the tent.

But it was not the Jeanne he had known. A terrible grief was written in her face. Her lips were bloodless, her eyes lusterless; deep suffering seemed to have put hollows in her cheeks. In a moment she had fallen upon her knees beside him and clasped one of his hands in both of her own.

"I am so glad," she whispered, chokingly.

For an instant she pressed his hands to her face.

"I am so glad——"

She rose to her feet, swaying slightly. She turned to the door, and Philip could hear her sobbing as she left him.

CHAPTER XV

NOT until the silken flap of the tent had fallen behind Jeanne did power of movement and speech return to Philip. He called her name and struggled to a sitting posture. Then he staggered to his feet. He could scarcely stand. Shooting pains passed like flashes of electricity through his body. His right arm was numb and stiff, and he found that it was thickly bandaged. His head ached, his legs could hardly support him. He went to raise his left hand to his head, but stopped it in front of him, while a slow smile of understanding crept over his face. It was swollen and covered with livid bruises. He wondered if his body looked that way, and sank down exhausted upon his balsam bed. A minute later Pierre returned with a cup of broth in his hand.

Philip looked at him with less feverish eyes now. There was an unaccountable change in the half-breed's appearance, as there had been in Jeanne's. His face seemed thinner. There was a deep gloom in his eyes, a dejected droop to his shoulders. Philip accepted the broth, and drank it slowly, without speaking. He felt strengthened. Then he looked steadily at Pierre. The old pride had fallen from Pierre like a mask. His eyes dropped under Philip's gaze.

Philip held up a hand.

"Pierre!"

The half-breed gasped it and waited. His lips tightened.

"What is the matter?" demanded Philip. "What has happened to Jeanne? You say she was yours——"

"By the rocks, M'sieur!" interrupted Pierre quickly, kneeling beside Philip. "Listen. It is best that I tell you. You are a man, you will understand, without being told all. From Churchill I brought news which it was necessary for me to tell Jeanne. It was terrible news, and she is distressed under its weight. Your honor will not allow you to inquire further, M'sieur. I can tell you no more than this—that it is a grief which belongs to but one person on earth—herself. I ask you to help me. Be blind to her unhappiness. Make her forget. Make her happy, M'sieur. Believe that it is the distress of the peril through which she has passed. A little later I will tell you all, and you will understand. But it is impossible now. I confide this much in you—I ask you this—because——"

Pierre's eyes were half closed, and he looked as though unseeing over Philip's head.

"I ask you this," he repeated, softly, "because I have guessed—that you love her."

A cry of joy burst from Philip's lips.

"I do, Pierre—I do—I do——"

"I have guessed it," said Pierre. "You will help me—to save her?"

"Until death!"

"Then you will go with us to Fort o' God, and from there you will go at once to your camp on Blind Indian Lake."

Philip felt the sweat breaking out over his face. He was still weak. His voice was unnatural, and trembled.

"You know—" he gasped.

"Yes, I know, M'sieur," replied Pierre. "I know that you are in charge there, and Jeanne knows. We knew who you were before we appointed to meet you on the cliff. You must return to your men."

Philip was silent. For the moment every hope was crushed within him.

He looked at Pierre. The half-breed's eyes were glowing, his haggard cheeks were flushed.

"And this is necessary?"

"It is absolutely necessary, M'sieur."

"Then I will go. But first, Pierre, I must know a little more. I cannot go entirely blind. Do they fear no men at Fort o' God?"

"No, M'sieur."

"One more question, Pierre. Who is Lord Fitzhugh Lee?"

For an instant Pierre's eyes wolfered. They grew black and burned with a strange, threatening fire. He rose slowly to his feet, and placed both hands upon Philip's shoulders. For a full minute the two men stared into each other's face. Then Pierre spoke. His voice was soft and low, scarcely above a murmur, but it was filled with something that struck a chill to Philip's heart.

"I would kill you before I would answer that question, M'sieur," he said. "No other person has ever done for Jeanne and me what you have done. We owe you more than we can ever repay. Yet if you insist upon an answer to that question you make of me an enemy; if you breathe that name to Jeanne you take her away from you forever."

Without another word he left the tent.

For many minutes Philip sat motionless where Pierre had left him. The earth seemed suddenly to have dropped from under his feet, leaving him in an illimitable chaos of mind. Gregson had deserted him, with almost no word of explanation, and he would have staked his life upon Gregson's loyalty. Under other circumstances his unaccountable action would have been a serious blow. But now it was overshadowed by the mysterious change that had come over Jeanne. A few hours before she had been happy, laughing and singing as they drew nearer to Fort o' God; each hour had added to the brightness of her eyes, the gladness in her voice.

The change had come with Pierre, and at the bottom of it all was Lord Fitzhugh Lee. Pierre had warned him not to mention Lord Fitzhugh's name to Jeanne, and yet only a short time before he had spoken the name boldly before Jeanne, and she had betrayed no sign of recognition or of fear. More than that, she had assured him that she had never heard the name before, that it was not known at Fort o' God.

Philip bowed his head in his hands, and his fingers clutched in his hair. What did it all mean? He went back to the scene on the cliff, when Pierre had roused himself at the sound of the name he thought [illegible] had happened since [illegible] I come to Churchill, and the [illegible] it was a delirium of thought that made his temples throb. He was sure—now—of but few things. He loved Jeanne—loved her more than he had ever dreamed that he could love a woman, and he believed that it would be impossible for her to tell him a falsehood. He was confident that she had never heard of Lord Fitzhugh until Pierre overtook them in their flight from Churchill. He could see but one thing to do, and that was to follow Pierre's advice, accepting his promise that in the end everything would come out right. He had faith in Pierre.

He rose to his feet and went to the tent door. An embarrassing thought came to him, and he stopped, a flush of feverish color suddenly mounting into his pale cheeks. He had kissed Jeanne in the chasm, when death threatened in their faces. He had kissed her again and again, and in those kisses he had declared his love. He was glad, and yet sorry; the knowledge that she must know of his love filled him with happiness, and yet with it there was the feeling that it would place a distance between him and Jeanne.

Jeanne was the first to see him when he came out of the tent. She was sitting beside a small balsam shelter, and Pierre was busy over a fire, with his back turned to them. For a moment the two looked at each other in silence, and then Jeanne came toward him, holding out one of her hands. He saw that she was making a strong effort to appear natural, but there was something in his own face that made her attempt a poor one. The hand that she gave him trembled. Her lips quivered. For the first time her eyes failed to meet his own in their limpid frankness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

He no longer reasoned beyond one thing. He must keep his body between Jeanne and the rocks

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

BEHIND THE CLOUDS

By Charlotte Long

"BE STILL, sad heart, and cease repining;
"Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;"

quoth a voice rather severely in Margaret's ear. "Really," it continued, "you ought to be ashamed! You haven't taken one bit of interest in anything since John Stevens went away ten years ago. Then you were the belle of the town, Margaret, and now at thirty-two look at you! Supposing he should come back suddenly; do you think he would be pleased with the present appearance of the girl he used to know?"

"Mary, you're my sister; I suppose you have a right to say such things," returned Margaret wearily, although the bright color flamed in the usually pale cheeks. "John and I loved each other, and if only I knew what sent him away without a word——Don't say any more about it," broke in Mary. "I know it's been hard, but you haven't done a thing to make it easier. You must begin now to put the past behind you. Come down to the church tonight—there's a fair, you know—and help me in the apron booth. Wear something besides black or gray—and a smile, too; and now I warn you, if you fail to come I shan't trouble you again for a long time."

Mary bustled out rather noisily leaving Margaret alone with her thoughts. Her sister's words had stung, and resentment burned in her breast. Entering her bedroom she stood before the mirror and began loosening her hair. The afternoon sun streaming through the window lit it into a mass of shimmering gold. John had once thought it the most beautiful hair in the world, she reflected bitterly as she brushed the shining strands. The rose color had not yet left her cheeks, and just for effect she tried a smile. What a transformation! A dimple twinkled in each pretty cheek; white teeth gleamed between red lips. A little thrill ran through her at her own prettiness. Carefully she dressed her hair in the becoming fashion of other days. Just for tonight she would be the Margaret of old—she would go to the church fair and forget!

Choosing a simple white dress of soft clinging material, she looked very lovely as she adjusted the last fold; but the pink in her cheeks cried aloud for a touch of blue. Opening a bureau, she deftly fashioned a girdle for her slim waist, and with a pink rose plucked fresh from the vine outside her window she made her way to the church. Divested of her wraps, Mary came rushing toward her. "Margaret, is it you?" she exclaimed. "You look like a dream." Soon they were stationed behind a mass of aprons of all sizes and descriptions, and Margaret was soon busy, and interested, too. Presently a stranger entered the church vestry. Almost as soon as Margaret had caught a sight of him Mary nudged her and said: "Look! Margaret, there is Mark Andrews. He's been away for years. Poor fellow! he looks sick. How determined he once was to marry you——" Here a customer claimed Mary's attention, much to Margaret's relief.

Sure enough it was Mark—he was coming toward her now. After a handshake and a brief conversation with the two sisters, he disappeared; but when the evening was over and Mary and Margaret were ready to go home they were surprised to find him waiting outside the door.

"I have something to say to you, Margaret," he said in a low tone. "I have no objection to Mary's hearing it. I will tell you as we walk back over the old road where years ago we all romped and played together on our way to school. You would always let me carry your books, Margaret, when John wasn't there," he said, as they started forth, "and the idea got stuck in my boyish brain that if he wasn't around at all I might always have the pleasure of serving the little girl of my choice. That idea grew with the years, and while outwardly John and I seemed friends, no one knows how I longed for a clear field in which to press my suit with you.

"It was the winter that John's uncle in the West came home for a visit that I lost all hope and began to get jealous. I could see the love growing steadily between you two, and my heart was as toy in those days as the frozen millpond where we used to skate. I was thinking home one evening when John overtook me. 'Hello! Mark,' he cried. 'How would you like to go West on short notice with Uncle Bill?' His uncle had received a telegram calling him back at once, and he wanted some young man to go along with him. John had refused to consider going—you can guess why. He was on his way then to you, Margaret. Then and there I played my last card. 'No,' I told him, 'I don't care to go West at present. Margaret has promised to marry me and our plans for the future are still unsettled.' John was too honest to suspect deceit in an old friend. With white lips he asked, 'Is that true, Mark?' and when I assured him that it was he simply said, 'Good-by, old chap, and the best of luck to you both. I go West tonight with my Uncle Bill.' I tried hard enough to win you after that, Margaret, but I am gun now that I failed, and at this late hour I am trying to make what reparation I can. Before John sailed for France I told him all, and when he comes back he'll come straight to you. He has never ceased to love you; nor have I—it has been my punishment." He turned abruptly and was gone.

Margaret was weeping softly in her own little home when her sister finally bade her good-night, but they were tears of joy. In her heart she felt sure; womanlike, she was already planning a wonderful new wardrobe in which black and gray had no part. Throwing open her shutters the next morning she looked out upon a world which seemed to her to be all blue sky, golden sunshine and pink roses. "Behind the clouds' at last," she thought happily to herself as she rested two plump arms on the window sill and watched for a moment the summing birds flitting in and out among the blossoms below.

The next complete novelette—Over the Wire.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"Waking-Up Time"

(Prince Bonnie Blue Bell, Peggy and Billy, while waking the growing things in the spring, are attacked by the Frost Imps, who rebel against going to the North Pole, where they belong.)

CHAPTER VI

Making It Hot for the Imps

THE Frost Imps, after their first moment of surprise, took after the flying chariot.

"Ki yi! What fun, we'll freeze you as you run," they shouted.

The Frost Imps certainly were swift. The White Rabbits skimmed over the ground at an amazing pace, pulling the chariot along so fast that it leaped from one high spot to another, but as fast as they went the Frost Imps were faster.

"Go away, or we will have the sun melt you," threatened Billy. But the Frost Imps only laughed.

"Ki yi, the sun is in the sky, away up high," they shouted tauntingly. One of the Frost Imps caught hold of the chariot. "I've got them," he shouted.

Then suddenly his tune changed. "Ki yi! Ki yi! Ki yi!" he yelped, just like a dog that had suddenly been kicked. And he had good reason to yelp, for Billy had held the sun glass so that its burning ray shone directly on his head. The ray was like a red-hot iron, and it melted a hole right through the Imp's forehead. The Frost Imp seemed to go crazy, for he let go of the chariot, clasped his head in his hands, and spun around like a top, all the time yelping, "Ki yi! Ki yi!"

The other Imps did not know what to make of this, but a second one seized the chariot and he, likewise, felt the sting of the hot ray. He let go in a hurry. Then a third and a fourth got burned and by that time the Imps saw that Billy's glass was really dangerous.

The ray was like a red-hot iron, and it melted a hole right through the Imp's forehead

"The sun is sending his rays down," shouted some of the more timid Imps. "But he has to send them through that glass," shouted bolder ones. "Keep away from that glass and freeze the Rabbits."

The bold Imps darted to the front of the Rabbit team, and began to blow their icy breaths upon the rabbits.

And now Peggy jumped into action. She brought out her little looking glass and flashed a spot of light into the eyes of the bold Imps. The Imps were dazzled by this light and alarmed when they saw it jumping around among them.

"The sun's rays are chasing us," they shrieked. "Oh, how it burns! How it burns!" Of course the spot thrown by the mirror didn't burn, but the Imps knew that the ray from Billy's sun glass burned, so their imaginations made them feel a hot scorching, wherever Peggy's mirror spot touched. And as they danced about trying to dodge the mirror spot, the chariot caught up with them, and Billy put the real hot spot on them with his glass. Then they did yell!

"Burn, burn, burn, rays, of Father Sun!" shouted Billy.

"Ki yi!" yelped the Frost Imps. "Flee for your lives. Father Sun is burning us up. To the North Pole! To the North Pole!"

And away they went to the North, hickety-skelter, forgetting their rebellion, and anxious only to get to the Arctic regions where the warm rays of the sun could not melt them.

"Hurrah!" shouted Prince Bonnie Blue Bell. And once more he placed his trumpet to his lips:

"Springtime, springtime with bugle voice,
Calls to the earth: 'Arise! Rejoice!'"

Again there came the murmuring trickle of Snow Elves turning into Water Drops, again came a happy rustling of wheat and grassy growing things, again came the drowsy whispering of awakening trees. The whole world was arousing from its winter nap. From the ponds came a joyful frog chant; from the air came the gay singing of homeward bound birds coming from the South.

"Hail, gentle Spring! Oh, how glad I am that everything is waking up," cried Peggy. And then, strange to say, she went unexpectedly to sleep herself, not to awaken until a long time later when she found herself in her own bed at home.

(In the next story, Peggy receives a visit from the King of the Wild Geese and his bride, the beautiful Blue Goose.)

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 given 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.

CCCV

AFTER lunch last Monday Bruno Duke returned to the office with me and finished his "plan of action" for my real estate business.

"There's only one of two things to be considered, friend Peter, and that is make it smaller or give it up."

"Forget the giving-up part," I said hastily, "how can I make it smaller?"

"As I suggested the other day—give up the office, get desk room with some one, for preference Kellett, who owns the land. Give up the idea of having salesmen and just plug ahead by yourself and sell the lots. You could, I believe, make a success that way and if you were careful with your money would eventually be able to save enough to get into business for yourself—properly, I mean.

"Instead of wrestling time over collecting, you could collect most of the payments by mail. But you want to consider the cost of collecting, which might easily run to ten per cent.

"Don't think for a moment that you can build a business and make a profit out of lapses. I know some novices in this business believe that it pays them to have lapses, but the little money gained does not pay for the cost of selling and trying to collect, for it costs as much to sell a lot of land on which one payment only is made as if the whole payment is made."

"By jimminy," I exclaimed, "that is so, but I never thought of it before."

"One big benefit to you of starting over again, as it were, in a small way is that you can learn the economics of management."

"Gosh, what's that?"

He laughed. "That is knowing the true relation between profit and expenses, income and outgo, not the everyday expenses, but the future expenses and receipts. 'That' is the ability to see ahead to know what you probably will do and to plan so that your finances will keep pace with the demands on them that a growing business makes. 'That' is the dollars and cents of business—that's what 'economics' is. A very clever college professor says that 'Economics is the science of making a living.'

"There are plenty of people who are splendid salesmen who cannot manage a selling organization. There are excellent plumbers who fail when they try to conduct a plumbing business. Men who are experts on judging tea or groceries fail as grocers and so on down the line.

"They know the technical side of their business, but they don't know the economics of business. They don't know the rules of business. To succeed it is necessary to know the technical side of business and business administration.

"That is the reason you haven't succeeded, friend Peter. You know salesmanship and you know your land, but you don't know how to manage. You need to study business administration."

It was a long speech for Bruno Duke to make, but it certainly taught me a few things and convinced me that business success depends on following definite business rules and not upon hard work and luck.

We finally decided that I should see Lucas Kellett and fix with him—if I could—to sell Clearvale lots from his office and get him to take over the collection end of the business and just pay me my share. That would leave me nothing to do but sell.

Of course, I felt mighty blue over the whole affair, for I would really be a salesman for Kellet, getting straight commission.

I went around to his office, but he's out of town till Monday, so I've been plugging hard for prospects all the week.

Abercrombie is always on the job and has three persons to take to Clearvale on Sunday.

I told Abie that I'd have to give him a week's notice. He seemed real upset and said:

"Chee, boss, yer need me, yer know; yer don't wanter give me der mitt."

But I insisted and promised to try to find him a good place. As fortune would have it, Francis Graham needed an office boy, so I fixed for him to go there next Monday.

Francis was telling Bruno Duke about his old auto "True Love" a few days ago. "You've helped Peter in his troubles. Now, help me to get rid of the miserable wreck of a car."

"That's easy," he laughed, and he sold her today. Tomorrow I'll tell how he did it.

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM

Dame rumor is a liar.

What does this mean to **YOU?**

Business Questions Answered

I have invented what I believe to be the best measuring machine, as well as the most simple, ever invented, that is in use at the present time. This machine will be correct to 100,000th part of one inch. I believe it to be so accurate that it will easily pick out a flaw in a Swedish standard block, which is accurate to 10,000th part of one inch.

On account of funds it has been impossible for me to get a model or to apply for a patent. I have gone just as far as I can with this invention, and it is impossible for me to go further without money.

Now, what I would like to know is how to get the money with which to finance this invention—get a patent and place it to a profitable way on the market without security, for I have none, only my word. Also, if it is necessary for me to have a model? If it is, how can I get a model without disclosing the secret of the invention?

J. A. B.

There is a legal question involved in this, and I would advise you first of all to see a lawyer to learn how you can protect your idea.

Next, I would write to the editors of some of the technical trade journals, dealing in such things under which heading your invention would come.

Your city is a big machinery center, so why not advertise in this paper? Then I would make a list of the leading machinery houses and write or call on them personally. In going to people of repute you need have little fear of their attempting to steal your idea.

I am afraid that this is the best I can do, but if some reader knows of some better ideas I will be glad to hear from him and will publish them for you.

I respectfully request that you honor the following questions with your kind consideration:

Although but nineteen years of age, I am at present a receiving teller in a large bank downtown. While this position may be "eminently respectable," as a depositor said, the prospect of eventually becoming independent is rather discouraging. Would you advise me to "throw out my lines" for a better position, by which I mean one where my personality and energy will determine my remuneration?

Do you think a selling proposition would fill the bill? If so, what line?

As I am determined to enter business for myself in a few years, what particular staple would you recommend for study and exploitation? N. F.

If you feel that your forte is selling, by all means get right into it. I could not advise you on this, of course, unless I knew you personally.

Selling goods depends on your own personality. If you like meeting people, instead of the freedom and hours which come with bank work, I should suggest that you go into selling. For preference go into that kind of selling which you have a knowledge of; that is, why not sell bank supplies, accounting systems, loose-leaf ledgers, calculating machines and office equipment generally.

These kinds of goods have, I believe, a much higher future than many manufacturers conceive. The increase in business and the general increased efficiency that would come with it (at the termination of the war) will stimulate very much the demand for such goods as I mention.

If you determine to get into some staple article get into that line in which you have a natural interest. Don't go into a line because you merely hear there is good money in it, for you can never make money in any line unless you have interest and enthusiasm for it.

I hope that this will help you.

R. S. D.—I have forwarded your letter to "R. V. S." and if he is interested he will get in touch with you. Thank you very much for your interest in this matter.

R. V. S.—If you will call at this office you will receive an interesting communication.

Sir—I am a young women stenographer, twenty-four years old and, although my work is considered satisfactory and my salary is fair, I do not like clerical work and would like to make a change. For several years I have been interested in salesmanship, also automobiles, and I would greatly appreciate your candid opinion of what measure of success or failure I would be likely to have as an automobile saleswoman.

I understand that several automobile companies in Philadelphia decided to train a number of young women in salesmanship some time ago, but I do not know what the results were.

Of course, I know quite well that salesmanship requires different qualifications from those of stenography, but I am assuming that I possess these qualifications.

As I left high school at the end of the second year I cannot submit a diploma as a recommendation to any companies to which I might apply. However, I studied shorthand and typewriting myself at home, and I have been employed in the same office as several girls who were my schoolmates and who graduated. In each case I could easily see that my work was superior and, in addition, my position was higher. I have been connected with various offices for the last eight years, beginning as office girl. I am a student of two foreign languages, but it will require about six months' more study to enable me to compose, speak and understand these languages satisfactorily.

In appearance I regret that I am immature-looking, really "skittish." Most people think I am the office girl or a recent high school graduate in my first position. I am not a dwarf, but I am just naturally small, being five feet tall. I hardly think this is a barrier, as I have known many men who were small, who were managers and first class salesmen. I always endeavor to be dressed becomingly and up to date, and I am frequently complimented on my good taste in dressing. I am considered by others as pretty and winsome.

I am naturally studious and I read the newspapers carefully and form my own opinions about virtually every individual, event and movement of importance in the public eye. My tastes are really more like those of a young man than of a girl, but by this I do not mean that I am mannish or want to be a mannish man. I think it is perfectly wonderful to be an American girl.

To sum up my ideas, I know that clerical help are not producers of business, but are a necessary expense, as are elevator operators and window cleaners. Stenography is a very useful thing to know and to be a stenographer helps any one to learn the details of a business, but as an end in itself I think it is a very unattractive proposition. Quite frequently a girl's first position in an office is the highest position she will ever be able to attain, that is, stenographer to the manager. I would rather sink or swim in my business career than float, and "floating" seems to describe very well what a clerk must do. I want to be able to work out my own ideas about my work and, incidentally, I want to receive the larger income which any one receives who has good ideas which produce business.

AMERICAN GIRL.

There are certain automobiles which are naturally driven by women more than men. You could undoubtedly make a success selling them if you have the necessary qualifications. What are they?

First, Knowledge of the mechanism and structure of the car.

Second, Ability to drive easily and well.

Third, Ability to tell interestingly what the car will do.

Fourth, Smart confidence-creating appearance.

Fifth, An absence of "know it all" (quite common in short folks).

Sixth, Tact.

Seventh, Common sense.

Eighth, A knowledge of the principles of salesmanship and their application to the automobile business.

Now you can answer your question for yourself. You might go to the Y. M. C. A. I believe they have a course on automobile engines. I have mailed you names of good books on salesmanship.

By the way, advertising is a growing business for women—ever thought of it?

Thank you for your refreshing

EVERYDAY STUFF

Royalty

Democracy is safe and sound,
According to report;
But near a place where Freedom's found
Still Royalty holds court.

Ay, many kings and queens we see
Without a shade of doubt;
And courtiers still bend the knee
Where Liberty rang out.

And so it is (save when it rains!)
In Independence Square,
Dame Nature sings her royal strains
When Baby takes the air.

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—That's a Fair Enough Question

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