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 Pitbugh 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 takes her to her house, Fort o' God, where he meets her father.

CHAPTER XVII (Continued)

SHE rose to her feet, and Philip stood beside her. There was a mist in here eyes as she held out her hand to him.

"I—I—would like to have you—see that picture," she whispered.

Philip could not speak. He held the hand Jeanne had given him as they passed through the long, dimly lighted halls. At the open door to his room they stopped, and he could feel Jeanne trembling.

"You will tell me—the truth?" she begged, like a child. "You will tell me what you think—of the picture?"

"Yes."

She went in ahead of him and turned the frame so that the face in the picture smiled down upon them in all of its luring loveliness. There was something pathetic in the girl's attitude now.

She stood under the picture, facing Philip, and there was a tense eagerness in her eyes, a light that was almost supplication, a crying out of her soul to him in a breathless moment that seemed hovering between pain and joy. It was Jeanne, an older Jeanne, that looked from out of the picture, smiling, inviting admiration, bewildering in her beauty; it was Jeanne, the child, waiting for him in flesh and blood to speak, her eyes big and dark, her breath coming quickly, her hands buried in the deep lace of her bosom. A low word came to Philip's lips, and then he laughed softly. It was a laugh, almost under his breath, which sweeps up now and then from a soul in a joy—an emotion—which is unutterable in words. But to Jeanne it was different. Her dark eyes grew hurt and wounded, two great tears ran down her pallid cheeks, and suddenly she buried her face in her hands and with a sobbing cry turned from him, with her head bowed under the smiling face above.

"And you—you hate it, too!" she sobbed. "They all hate it—Pierre—father—all—all hate it. It must—it must be bad. They hate her—every one—but me. And—I love her so!"

Her slender form shook with sobs. For a moment Philip stood like one struck dumb. Then he sprang to her and caught her close in his arms.

"Jeanne—Jeanne—listen," he cried. "Tonight I looked at that picture before I went to see your father, and I loved it because it is like you, Jeanne, my darling. I love you—I love you—"

She was panting against his breast. He covered her face with kisses. Her sweet lips were not turned from him, and there filled her eyes a sudden light that made him almost sob in his happiness.

"I love you, I love you," he repeated again and again, and he could find no other words than those.

For an instant her arms clung about his shoulders, and then, suddenly, they strained against him, and she tore herself free, and with a cry so pathetic that it seemed as though her heart had broken in that moment, she fled from him, and out of the room.

CHAPTER XVIII

PHILIP stood where Jeanne had left him, his arms half reaching out to the vacant door through which she had fled, his lips parted as if to call her name, and yet motionless, dumb. A moment before he was intoxicated by a joy that was almost madness. He had held Jeanne in his arms; he had looked into her eyes, filled with surrender under his caresses and his avowal of love. For a moment he had possessed her, and now he was alone. The cry that had wrung itself from her lips, breaking in upon his happiness like a blow, still rang in his ears, and there was something in the exquisite pain of it that left him in torment. Heart and soul, every drop of blood in him, had leaped in the joy of that glorious moment, when Jeanne's eyes and sweet lips had accepted his love, and her arms had clung about his shoulders. Now these things had been struck dead within him. He felt again the fierce pressure of Jeanne's arms as she had thrust him away, he saw the fright and torture that had leaped into her eyes as she sprang from him, as though his touch had suddenly become a sacrilege. He lowered his arms slowly, and went to the hall. It was empty. He heard no sound, and closed the door.

It was so still that he could hear the excited throbbing of his own heart. He locked at the picture again, and a strange fancy impressed him with the idea that it was no longer smiling at him, but that its eyes were turned to the door through which Jeanne had disappeared. He moved his position, and the illusion was gone. It was Jeanne looking down upon him again, an older and happier Jeanne than the one whom he loved. For the first time he examined it closely. In one corner of the canvas he found the artist's name, Bourret, and after it the date, 1888. Could it be the picture of Jeanne's mother? He told himself that it was impossible, for Jeanne's mother had been found dead in the snow, five years later than the date of the canvas, and Pierre, the half-breed, had buried her somewhere out on the barren, so that she was a mystery to all but him. Even the master of Fort o' God, to whom he had brought the child, had never seen the woman upon whose cold breast Pierre had found the little Jeanne.

With nervous hands he replaced the picture with its face to the wall, and began to pace up and down the room, wondering if D'Arcambal would send for him. He had hope of seeing Jeanne again that night. He felt sure that she had gone to her room, and that even D'Arcambal might not know that he was alone.

In that event he had a long night ahead of him, filled with hours of sleeplessness and torment. He waited for three-quarters of an hour, and then he men came to him that he might discover some plausible excuse for seeking out his host. He was about to act upon this mental suggestion when he heard a low rustling in the hall, followed by a distinct and yet timid knock. It was not a man's knock, and filled with the hope that Jeanne had returned, Philip hastened to the door and opened it.

He heard soft footsteps retreating rapidly down the hall, but the lights were out, and he could see nothing. Something had fallen at his feet, and he bent down to pick it up. The object was a small, square envelope, and reentering his room he saw his own name written across it in Jeanne's delicate hand. His heart beat with hope as he opened the note. What he read brought a gray pallor into his face.

Monsieur Philip—If you cannot forget what I have done, please at least try to forgive me. No woman in the world could value your love more than I, for circumstances have proved to me the strength and honor of the man who gives it. And yet it is as impossible for me to accept it as it would be for me to give up Fort o' God, my father, or my life, though I cannot tell you why. And this I know you will not ask. After what has happened tonight it will be impossible for me to see you again, and I must ask you, as one who values your friendship among the highest things in my life, to leave Fort o' God. No one must know what has passed between us. You will go—in the morning. And with you there will always be my prayers.

JEANNE.

The paper dropped from between Philip's fingers and fell to the floor. Three or four times in his life Philip had received blows that had made him sick—physical blows. He felt now as though one of these blows had descended upon him, turning things black before his eyes. He staggered to the big chair and dropped into it, staring at the bit of white paper on the floor. If one had spoken to him he would not have heard. Gregson, in these moments might have laughed a little nervously, smoked innumerable cigarettes, and laid plans for a continuance of the battle tomorrow. But Philip was a master of men and not of women. He had declared his love, he had laid open his soul to Jeanne and in a breath like the cut of a whip in its ferocious boundless in its sincerity—this was all that could be done. Jeanne's refusal of his love was the end—for him. He accepted his fate without argument. In an instant he would have fought ten men—a hundred, unhelmanded, if such a fate would have given him a chance of winning Jeanne; he would have died laughing, happy, if it had been in a struggle for her. But Jeanne herself had dealt him the blow.

For a long time he sat motionless in the chair, facing the picture on the wall. Then he rose to his feet, picked up the note and went to one of the little square windows that looked out into the night. The moon had risen, and the sky was full of stars. He knew that he was looking into the north, for the pale shimmer of the aurora was in his face. He saw the black edge of the spruce forest, the barren stretched out, pale and ghostly, into the night shadows.

He made an effort to open the window, but it was wedged tight in its heavy sill. He crossed the room, opened the door, and went slowly down the hall to the door through which Pierre had led him a few hours before. It was not locked, and he passed out into the night. The fresh air was like a tonic, and he walked swiftly out into the moonlit spaces, until he found himself in the deep shadow of the Sun Rock that towered like a veiled giant above his head. He made his way around its huge base and then stopped, close to where they had landed in the canoe. There was another canoe drawn up beside Pierre's, and two figures stood out clear in the moonlight.

One of these was a man, the other a woman, and as Philip stopped, wondering at the scene, the man advanced to the woman and caught her in his embrace. He heard a voice, low and expostulating, which sounded like Odile's, and in spite of his own misery Philip smiled at this other love which had found its way to Fort o' God. He turned back softly, leaving the lovers as he had found them; but he had scarce taken half a dozen steps when he heard other steps, and saw that the girl had left her companion and was hurrying toward him. He drew back close into the shadow of the rock to avoid possible discovery, and the girl passed through the moonlight almost within arm's reach of him. In that moment his heart ceased to beat. He choked back the exulting cry that rose to his lips. It was not Odile who passed him. It was Jeanne.

In another moment she was gone. The man had shoved his canoe into the narrow stream, and was already lost in the gloom. Then, and not until then, did the cry of torture fall from Philip. And as if in echo to it he heard the sobbing break of another voice, and stepping out into moonlight he stood face to face with Pierre Coudlee.

It was Pierre who spoke first.

"I am sorry, M'sieur," he whispered, hoarsely. "I know that it has broken your heart. And mine, too, is crushed."

Something in the half-breed's face, in the choking utterance of his voice, struck Philip as new and strange. He had seen the eyes of dying animals filled with the wild pain that glowed in Pierre's, and suddenly he reached out and gripped the other's hand, and they stood staring into each other's face.

In that look the cold grip of their hands, the strife in their eyes, the bare truth revealed itself.

"And you, too—you love her, Pierre," said Philip.

"Yes, I love her, M'sieur," replied Pierre softly. "I love her, not as a brother, but as a man whose heart is broken."

"Now—I understand," said Philip.

He grasped Pierre's hand, and his voice was cold and lifeless.

"I received a note from her, asking me to leave Fort o' God in the morning," he went on, looking from Pierre out beyond the rock into the white barren. "I will go tonight."

"It is best," said Pierre.

"I have left nothing in Fort o' God, so there is no need of even returning to my room," continued Philip. "Jeanne will understand, but you must tell her father that a messenger came suddenly from Blind Indian Lake, and that I thought it best to leave without awakening him. Will you guide me for a part of the distance, Pierre?"

"I will go with you the whole way, M'sieur. It is only twenty miles, ten by canoe, ten by land."

They said no more, but both went to the canoe, and were quickly lost in the gloom into which the other canoe had disappeared a few minutes ahead of them. They saw nothing of this canoe, and when they came to the Churchill Pierre headed the birch-bark down-stream. For two hours not a word passed between them. At the end of that time the half-breed turned in to shore.

"We take the trail here, M'sieur," he explained.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

As Philip stopped, wondering at the scene, the man advanced to the woman and caught her in his embrace

The Red Lane

It is neither lane nor route. It is an institution—it is smuggling.

The Red Lane

It is the title of a red-blooded story by Holman Day. It will begin on this page next Monday. Don't miss the first installment.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

BROWN EYES VS. BLUE

By Kathryn M. Haseltine

BOBBY DEAN cautiously poked a small freckled face round the kitchen door. "Bab's in one of her tantrums, and how will I ever do it?" said Bobby, once more looking in the door. Ch'oe Dean, his pretty sister, was vehemently washing dishes, but this was not what alarmed Bobby. She had been cross ever since her last letter from Lieutenant Rogers.

"To think of his writing about her to me!" she stormed at the teapot, and the thought was so maddening that she dropped the dish she was wiping, and in picking it up she caught sight of Bobby, who was uncertain whether to retreat or not. "Well," she said angrily, "what are you standing there staring at me for?"

"Aw," said Bobby. "I'm sorry, Sis, but I got this letter yester——"

"Bobby Dean" indignantly demanded his sister. "Do you mean to say that you've had a letter for me in your pocket? Give it to me!"

Bobby hastily produced a long white envelope, with a red triangle on it, and passed it to her. Ch'oe opened it, and as she scanned the contents a crimson flush stole into her cheeks, and when she read the last sentence her blue eyes flashed.

"We will arrive Friday. Be ready for us, Bab."

She saw it was headed New York and dated two days before. At the word "we" Chloe stamped her foot, and passages from his other letters came to her:

"I have just met the prettiest little French girl. Really, Chloe, she has the most wonderful brown eyes I have ever seen; all the boys are wild over her." Then followed a long and glowing account of the charms of this girl of France.

"Wonderful brown eyes," she stormed, and then wept.

For Chloe was the owner of a pair of most bewitching blue eyes. "Such beautiful black hair," she quoted, and angrily shook her bright locks.

"And now he's going to bring her here! Well, Lieutenant Rogers will find that I don't care!" and then because she did care she wept anew and tore the letter to bits.

If Chloe was pretty when in a good humor, she was doubly so now. Her cheeks, which usually were pale, were as pink as one of the Marchioness roses nodding by the window and her deep blue eyes, shaded by long lashes, were almost black. She wore a dress of dull blue, which enhanced the blue of her eyes and brought out the golden gleams in her hair.

Wiping away the telltale tears, she snatched the broom and began to sweep furiously. Suddenly a dark shadow fell across the kitchen floor and, looking up, Chloe saw a tall khaki-clad form standing in the door with arms outstretched, who said in ardent tones, "Chloe!"

She dropped the broom and ran toward him with a radiant smile—then she suddenly drew back, and, lifting her head high, extended her hand and said stiffly, "Good morning, Lieutenant Rogers!"

"Chloe!" ejaculated that young man, "What's up?"

The red danger signals came again into her cheeks and she stamped a small foot and said emphatically, "I'm not your sweetheart," and turned away. He stood for a moment in surprise and perplexity, then said pleadingly, "What have I done, dear, that you should treat me this way?"

"Done?" angrily questioned Chloe. "Done enough I should say! Go back to your pretty brown-eyed French girl!"

Suddenly enlightenment flashed across the face of Lieutenant Rogers, and his eyes began to twinkle. He stepped to the door and called, "Marie Therese!" and a tiny girl came running to the doorway, her eyes were large and brown, her dusky hair fell in long ringlets, "Oui, Monsieur," she said to Lieutenant Rogers.

He took the little girl by the hand and led her where Chloe stood stiffly gazing out the window.

"Miss Dean," he said in a voice, in which he could not keep the laughter out, "I wish to introduce you to my little French sweetheart, Marie Therese!"

Chloe slowly turned around and saw a pair of melting brown eyes smiling shyly into her stormy blue ones. Then she stooped and gathered the child into her arms, and a certain Lieutenant Rogers, of the U. S. A., was completely ignored.

At last in desperation he pulled one of Marie Therese's curls and said casually, "I see some very pretty roses out in the garden. Why don't you pick some?"

"Les roses?" asked the child, and ran out.

(An hour later)

"We might adopt her ——!" began Chloe, then blushed rosily and stopped.

"Sure thing!" joyfully agreed Lieutenant Rogers.

The next complete novelette—A Box of Sweets.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"The Flying Ogre"

(Peggy and Billy hide the Wild Geese who are chased by the Flying Ogre, and later encounter the Ogre at the edge of the woods.)

CHAPTER IV

The Secret of the Ogre

THE Ogre carried a rifle. That seemed queer to Peggy, who had read about many ogres in her fairy books, but never about one armed with a gun. Nor had she ever read about one who traveled in an airplane. They usually appeared out of clouds or something like that. She concluded that this must be a very modern Ogre, who, possibly, was all the more dangerous on that account.

The Ogre came directly toward the tree behind which Peggy and Billy were hiding. Peggy felt Billy's fists clench as he prepared to fight if the Ogre should find them, and she wondered what a boy, no matter how brave, could do against an Ogre with a gun.

But the Ogre didn't see them. He went on into the grove and they could hear him as he searched around, evidently looking for the Wild Geese. After a time the Ogre came back past the children, and they noticed that in addition to his gun he carried an armful of dried sticks. He walked down the hill and turned into a little valley. After a few minutes, the children saw a red light and heard the crackling of a fire.

"He is going to camp there," whispered Billy. "Let's creep up closer and take a look." Still holding Peggy by the hand, he went cautiously forward until they came to the top of a rock overhanging the valley. Lying on this rock they could look down directly into the camp which the Ogre had pitched. Here they had a surprise, the Ogre was not alone.

The Ogre carried a rifle

"There are two of them, just alike!" whispered Peggy, and her heart sank. It was hard enough to try to save the Wild Geese from one Ogre, but how could they outwit two such monsters?

Then the first Ogre did a funny thing. He stretched in front of the fire, raised his hands, and—took his funny head right off, goggle eyes and all. And at the same time he opened up his furry skin and stepped out of it. Peggy's eyes nearly popped out with amazement, and for a moment she was so stunned she couldn't breathe. A surprised chuckle from Billy caused her to take a quick second look at the Ogre, and what she saw made her sink back with a giggle of relief. The Ogre's head was just a big aviator's helmet, and the furry skin was just a coat. Out of them stepped a shrewd-looking man, whiskered and spectacled.

"I couldn't find the Wild Geese," said the Ogre, "but we will surely pick them up tomorrow, and then I will kill the beautiful Blue Goose for my collection."

The other Ogre was now getting out of his helmet and coat and he proved to be the pilot of the airplane.

"You seem awfully anxious to get that Blue Goose, professor," he remarked.

"It is a perfect specimen," declared the flying Ogre. "And so is that handsome gander leading the flock. Him, too, will I kill after he has led his flock north and we have learned all the secrets of its flight. Ah, ha! I shall be more famous than ever after this trip. No other naturalist before has thought to study the habits of migrating birds by following them with an airplane—no other naturalist has gathered so much knowledge for a thrilling book—no other naturalist has secured many fine specimens as I shall kill for my museum."

Billy looked at Peggy with staring eyes.

"A scientist!" he whispered, "and he wants to kill both the King of the Wild Geese and the beautiful Blue Goose for his museum. It will be a harder job saving them from him than if he were only a common Ogre."

(In tomorrow's chapter, Lonesome Bear takes part in a conspiracy against the Flying Ogre.)

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.

CCCIX

LUCAS KELLETT looked up with surprise when Bruno Duke and I entered his office yesterday.

"Mr. Kellett," I began, "this is my friend Mr. ——"

"Yes," broke in Bruno Duke before I could mention his name. "I'm a friend of Mr. Flint's and want to help him if I can."

"Well?" snapped Kellett suspiciously.

"Flint is a trier, Mr. Kellett," Duke said in a half apologetic way which was not at all like him, "and I wondered if—if you would let him sell for you and collect on the lots he's sold, so that his equity may be preserved."

"I suppose Flint has been whining to his friends now he's made a mess of his prospects," Kellett said, the words snapping out of his mouth. "I believe in helping young fellows, and I gave Flint his chance. He's spoiled it, so now I'm going to help myself."

"Of course, Mr. Kellett, that's quite proper."

I gazed at Bruno Duke in astonishment; his manner was more apologetic than ever.

"Naturally, you must look after yourself."

"Glad you've some sense," snapped Kellett. "Since we are agreed, I'll not detain you."

Turning to me he continued: "My bookkeeper was at your office this morning, but the place was locked. He'll be there in the morning to get the books."

"Well, Flint," said Duke, getting up, "let's go."

I rose mechanically with a feeling of bewilderment and disappointment. Was this the great business counselor, Bruno Duke? As we got to the door, Duke turned and said.

"You don't think, Mr. Kellett, that you would protect your interests by having Flint continue selling your lots and at the same time keep the contracts already made good and paid for? You see, Mr. Kellett, Flint knows these people and they may feel a moral obligation to pay him, whereas they might drop their payments if they felt he had no interest in them."

"Flint won't dare say he's no interest in the contracts," snarled Kellett. "He knows that if the people don't pay, it swallows up his equity."

"But why should you bother with collecting when Flint is willing to do it, and should do it, of course? You are willing to look after collections, aren't you, Flint?" he asked me.

"Sure I am, I want to as I told Mr. Kellett," I replied.

"There, Mr. Kellett," said Duke; his manner didn't seem so apologetic now, "why do you put yourself to all that expense?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Kellett with a sneer on his face, "not my expense, but Flint's. Collection costs will come out of his equity, and Mr. What-ever-your-name-is," here Kellett leaned over his desk and pointed a long thin finger at Duke, "if there's not enough to square up things, I'll just make Flint make up the deficit. Now, what do you think of that?"

Bruno Duke walked quietly to Kellett's desk and with one hand placed on it, said in sharp decided tones—tones so different to his former manner that both Kellett an I started.

"This is what I think, Mr. Kellett: You have no authority to collect those bills except at your expense, unless Flint refuses to collect, and he has not done that. Also, by the terms of your agreement with him, a thirty-day notice on either side is necessary to cancel the existing agreement, unless by mutual consent. Your refusal to accept his contracts, which, of course, deprives him of his business, is a serious matter. How serious we may have to let the courts decide."

Kellett was obviously taken back, but after he recovered himself, he blustered. "Flint broke his agreement several weeks ago when he got me to loan him money on contracts to enable him to carry on his business."

"That additional agreement has no bearing whatever on the original contract."

"I'll stop the additional agreement now and that will automatically close up Flint's business."

"We accept that cancellation, but so far as the original contract is concerned, we have nothing to say at this time. Flint has not refused, nor does he refuse to continue selling Clearvale lots according to the original contract."

Kellett arose white with anger, but palpably rattled. "Look here, Flint, you come and see me in the morning and maybe I'll do something for you but I'd do nothing if you bring busybodies."

There he scowled at Bruno Duke, "like you."

"Do I understand, Mr. Kellett," very coldly did Duke speak, "that if I come with Flint you will refuse to live up to your agreement?"

Then Kellett lost his temper and his head. "Yes I do mean it, d—— you. Is that clear? Yes, yes, get me?"

"That's all, thank you," Duke smiled pleasantly. "Come along, Flint," and out we went.

DOWN ON THE FARM

We build our fires at break of day,
Peggy and I, and think it play.
A lighted match plays wondrous tricks
With little twigs and bits of sticks.
It makes them start a lively game.
There's fun and frolic in each flame.
Which, playful as a puppy dog,
Leaps fiercely at, then licks the log—
Whose bark, when once it knows the bite
Of fire, soon knows its heart alight.
Avaunt, ye winds!—a shivery host!
Our house is soon as warm as toast!

We build our fires at break of day,
Peggy and I, and think it play.
We lighten up the staid menage
With little bits of persiflage
That spark like telegraphic wires,
Then glow with real affection's fires.
And when each heart with laughter sings
I know the soul of deeper things.
So goes the day that has its birth
Where laughter rules, but knows its worth.
For in a home the happy elves
Are those who light their fires themselves.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM

Stand porter at the door of thought.

What does this mean to **YOU?**

Business Questions Answered

I am an assiduous reader of the story of Peter Flint, as related by you in the columns of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, and I certainly enjoy it. I also read the answers you to questions that are put up to you, and believe your advice to be frank and conscientious, the kind of information that will enable your interrogators to step in the right direction and be on the alert for blunders that, without your advice, would no doubt be committed.

Now, taking advantage of your generosity in answering these questions, I take the liberty of presenting my own case to you, with the hope that you will kindly give me your advice regarding the matter.

I am twenty-nine years old, been in a Spanish-speaking country. As a boy I graduated from elementary school which is run on about the same basis as the public schools in this country. I had the chance to go through high school, but my lack of experience and my desire, at that time, to become a business man, prompted me to overlook the opportunity, and I got into a business house where I started as office boy and remained with the same for a period of six years. By the end of that time I was entrusted with collecting, bookkeeping, selling and general office work, which I thus acquired, to entire satisfaction of my employers.

At that time, however, about seven years ago, I began to realize the importance of the English language for commercial and other purposes, and I decided to come to this country to qualify myself in this line. On my arrival here I enrolled at a business school where I studied for nearly two years, following English, also courses in bookkeeping and stenography. At the conclusion of those last two courses I left school and accepted the position I am now holding, that of translator and stenographer with a concern in this city.

I have been giving the best of my ability to this concern, and it would seem that I am filling my job acceptably, but recently I have come to the conclusion that there is not much future in sight in this field, and I have been considering the advisability of a change. Myself ready knowledge of English and Spanish, and my past business experience, I believe I should look to the great field for export business. I am interested in export business with Latin America, and in this direction I would like to connect with some firm in the line of an export department, or perhaps as a traveling representative to Spanish-speaking countries.

I have the conviction that if I am given a chance as stated above, I will, no doubt, make good up to a certain extent, but there are one or two faults of my own that I feel might possibly interfere with my success therefore, in this direction it is that I seek your advice.

First, I lack courage or confidence when called upon to approach people whom I do not know well enough.

Second, I lack speech or power of expression to convey my thoughts quickly and accurately.

In one or two instances that I have been called upon to relate to certain incidents before a number of persons I have failed miserably. I express myself as I would have liked to, due chiefly to my shyness and lack of confidence in my ability to speak in public. I am determined to do all I can to overcome these defects, if possible, and would like to have your advice in regard to what you think is best for me to do under the circumstances. Considering the defects you know from to other readers I am inclined to think that perhaps salesmanship would be a good thing for me to take, but I would rather wait your advice before making a decision, so I am anxious to properly prepare myself before going into new lines.

I hope I have not inconvenienced you too much with my long story, and await with anxiety your favorable commands. Assuring you of my appreciation and esteem, I am, dear sir,

ESPERO ANSIOSO.

You should study English, public speaking, salesmanship and advertising, in addition to that, you should cultivate your personality.

I've mailed you a list of books on the subject of selling, advertising, business English and personal efficiency. A reading of these books will help you very much.

In addition to this I should suggest that you join some debating club, as those formed at the Y. M. C. A., so that you will get into the habit of mixing with people and expressing yourself in groups.

If you will follow this duplex plan of reading and doing, I see no reason why you shouldn't quickly overcome your weakness.

Please define more fully the "trade acceptance plan."

Can you recommend to us a reliable advertising agency that would plan and conduct an advertising campaign for us at a moderate charge?

The story of "Peter" is not only interesting, but is serious enough for every business man to read it for his profit. H. M.

The "trade acceptance" is a plan for simplifying credits and making credit obligations of wholesalers and manufacturers more liquid than heretofore. The "acceptance" itself is virtually a promissory note.

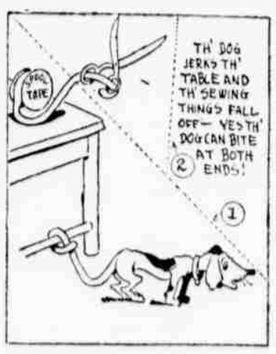
When a bill of goods is sold the seller sends with the invoice an acceptance form, which is an order drawn by the seller upon the buyer in favor of a third party, usually a bank. The buyer accepts the "trade acceptance" by signing his name to it; it then becomes a negotiable paper of greater desirability than book accounts, for the acceptor (the buyer) must pay it when due.

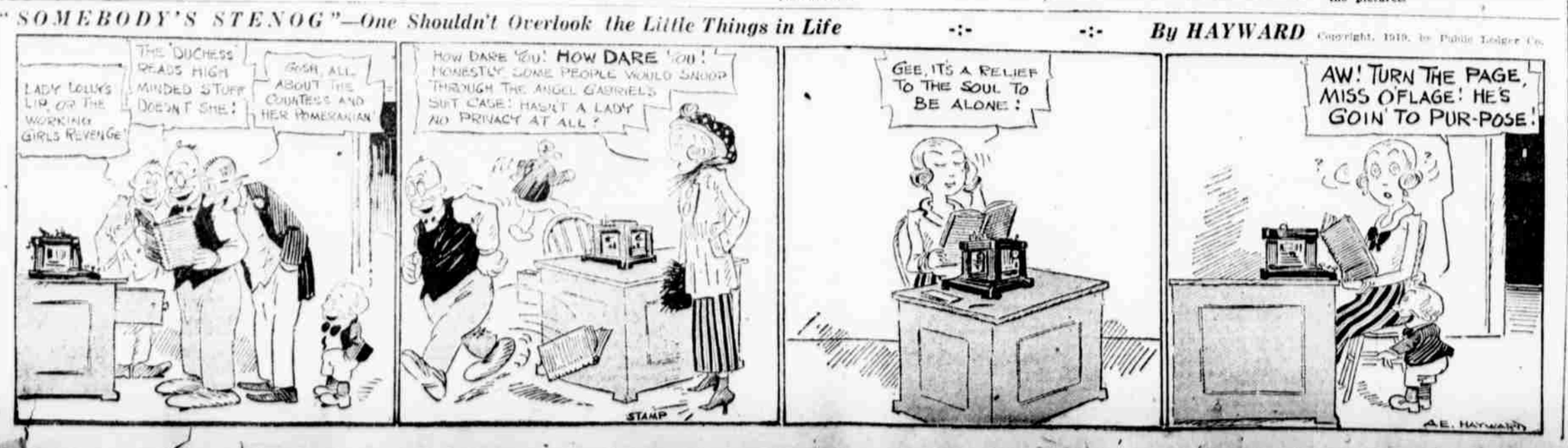
It simplifies bookkeeping and gives the seller a chance to discount the trade acceptance at the bank if he so wishes. My personal opinion is that it is a very desirable thing, and one which will come into general use.

I am sorry that I cannot recommend any one agency to you, for there are many of repute that it would not be fair to single out one. Pick up a single issue of Printer's Ink and you will find advertised therein many agencies of merit.

Thank you for your words of appreciation for Peter.

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.

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