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

CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued)

HE WENT on ahead, walking swiftly, and now and then when Philip caught a glimpse of his face he saw in it a despair as great as his own. The trail led along the backbone of a huge ridge, and then twisted down into a broad plain; and across this they traveled, one after the other, two moving, silent shadows in a desolation that seemed without end. Beyond the plain there rose another ridge, and half an hour after they had struck the top of it Pierre halted, and pointed off into the ghostly world of light and shadow that lay at their feet.

"Your camp is on the other side of this plain, M'sieur," he said. "Do you recognize the country?"

"I have hunted along this ridge," replied Philip. "It is only three miles from here, and I will strike a beaten trail half a mile out yonder. A thousand thanks, Pierre."

He held out his hand.

"Good-by, M'sieur."

"Good-by, Pierre."

Their voices trembled. Their hands gripped hard. A choking lump rose in Philip's throat and Pierre turned away.

He disappeared slowly in the gray gloom, and Philip went down the side of the mountain. From the plain below he looked back. For an instant he saw Pierre drawn like a silhouette against the sky.

"Good-by, Pierre," he shouted.

"Good-by, M'sieur," came back faintly.

Night and silence dropped about them.

CHAPTER XIX

TO BE alone, even after the painful parting with Pierre, was in one way a relief to Philip, for with the disappearance of the lonely half-breed over the mountain there had gone from him the last physical association that bound him to Jeanne and her people. With Pierre at his side, Jeanne was still with him; but now that Pierre was gone there came a change in him—one of those unaccountable transmutations of the mind which make the passing of yesterdays more like a short dream than a long and full reality. He walked slowly over the plain, and when he came to the trail beaten by the hoofs of his own teams he followed it mechanically. In his measurement of things now, it seemed only a few hours since he had traveled over this trail on his way to Fort Churchill; it might have been that morning, or the morning before. The weeks of his absence had passed with marvelous swiftness, now that he looked back upon them. They seemed short and trivial. And yet he knew that in those weeks he had lived more of his life than he had ever lived before, or would ever live again.

For a brief spell life had been filled with joy and hope—a promise of happiness which a single moment in the shadow of the Sun Rock had destroyed forever. He had seen Jeanne in another man's arms; he had read the confirmation of his fears in Pierre's grief-distorted face, in the strange tremble of his voice, in the words that he had spoken. He was sorry for Pierre. He would have been glad if that other man had been the lovable half-breed; if Jeanne, in the poetry of life and love, had given herself to the one who had saved the spark of life in her chilled little body years and years ago. And yet in his own grief he unconsciously rejoiced that it was a man like Pierre who suffered with him.

This thought of Pierre strengthened him, and he walked faster, and breathed more deeply of the clear night air. He had lost in the fight for Jeanne as he had lost in many other fights; but, after all, there was another and bigger fight ahead of him, which he would begin tomorrow. Thoughts of his men, of his camps, and of this struggle through which he must pass to achieve success raised him above his depression, and stirred his blood with a growing exhilaration. And Jeanne — was she hopelessly lost to him? He dared to ask himself the question half an hour after he had separated from Pierre, and his mind flew back to the portrait-room where he had told Jeanne of his love, and where for a moment he had seen in her eyes and face the sweet surrender that had given him a glimpse of his paradise. But what did the sudden change mean? And after that—the scene in the starlight?

A quickening of his pulse was the answer to these questions. Jeanne had told him there were only two men at Fort o' God, Pierre and her father. Then who could be this third? He shivered, and began loading his pipe as he walked. He was certain that the master of Fort o' God did not know of the tryst beyond the rock, and he was equally certain that the girl was unaware of Pierre's knowledge of the meeting. Pierre had remained hidden, like himself, and he had given Philip to understand that it was not the first time he had looked upon the meetings of Jeanne and the man they had seen from the shadow of the rock. And yet, in spite of all evidence, he could not lose faith in Jeanne.

Suddenly he saw something ahead of him which changed for a moment the uncomfortable trend of his thoughts. It was a pale streak, rising above the level of the trail, and stretching diagonally across the plain to the east. With an exclamation of surprise Philip hastened his steps, and a moment later stood among the fresh workings of his men. When he had left for Churchill this streak, which was the last stretch of roadbed between them and the surveyed line of the Hudson Bay Railway, had ended two miles to the south and west.

In a little over a month MacDougall had pushed it on the trail, and well across it in the direction of Gray Beaver Lake. In that time he had accomplished a work which Philip had not thought possible to achieve that autumn. He had figured that the heavy snows of winter would cut them off at the trail. And MacDougall was beyond the trail, with three weeks to spare.

He was confronted by the red face of McDougal and a pair of little eyes that gleamed menacingly

Something rose up in his blood, warming him with an elation which sent him walking swiftly toward the end of the roadbed. A quarter of a mile out on the plain he came to the working end. About him were scattered half a dozen log snoop shovels and piles of working tools. The embers of a large log fire still glowed where dinner had been cooked for the men. Philip stood for a few moments, looking off into the distance. Another mile and a half out there was the Gray Beaver, and from the Gray Beaver there lay the unbroken waterway to the point of their construction with the railway coming up from the south. A sudden idea occurred to Philip. If MacDougall had kept real and a quarter miles of roadbed in the weeks they could surely summon this other mile and a half before winter stopped them. In that event they would have fifteen miles of road finishing seven miles which would give them a splendid winter haul for men, teams and dogs to the Gray Beaver. And from the Gray Beaver they would have smooth ice for teams clear to the new road. He had not thought of to begin floating operations until spring, but he might now. He knew now why they should not commence that winter, setting there in the frozen lake. At Lobstick Creek, where the new road would reach them some time in April or May, they could freeze their fish and keep them in storage. Five hundred tons in stock, and perhaps a thousand, would not be a bad beginning. It would mean from forty to eighty thousand dollars, a half of which could be paid out in dividends.

He turned back, whistling softly. There was new life in him, burning for action. He was eager to see MacDougall, and he hoped that Brokaw would not be long in reaching Blind Indian Lake. Before he reached the trail he was planning the accomodation stations, where men and animals could find shelter. There would be one on the shore of the Gray Beaver, and from there he would build them at regular intervals of five miles on the ice.

He had come to the trail, and was about to turn in the direction of the camp, when he saw a shadowy figure working its way slowly across the plain which he had traversed half an hour before. The manner in which the person was following in his footsteps apparently with extreme caution caused Philip to move quickly behind the embankment of the roadbed. Two or three minutes later a man crossed into view.

Philip could not see his face distinctly, but by the bearing of the stranger's shoulders and his shuffling walk he guessed that what he had taken for exhaustion was in reality the cautious progress of a man bearing a burden. He wondered how he had missed him in his own journey over the trail from the ridge mountains, for he had made before the appearance of the stranger, and must so easily have passed him somewhere within the past half mile or so. The fact that the man had come from the direction of Fort o' God, that he was a stranger, and that he had evidently concealed himself in a little time back to avoid the very, he Philip, special out dog, caused Philip to crouch out that he could see the man without being observed. Twice the man stopped in the next mile the emotional excitement of Philip, but he simply had to be sure. He recognized the first scattered shanties of the camp, then he quickened his steps, darting quickly among the shanties, and then stopped at last before the door of a small log cabin within a crossed his legs, loaded his pipe, and lighted one of Philip's own inexhaustible cigars. The cabin was newly built, and Philip saw in a few minutes of surprise enough, even for a Scotchman, Sandy," he heard the bearing. He had, in fact, learned at Churchill that a certain degree, assisted his own working hard is going to be pulled off mighty soon. It's about time for the fireworks. So I told you to put the subcamps in fighting shape and arm every responsible man in this camp. There's going to be a whole lot of gunwork before you're many days older. Great Scott, man, don't you understand now? What's the matter?"

MacDougall was staring at him as if struck dumb.

"You told me—to arm—the camps?" he gasped.

"Yes, I sent you full instructions two weeks ago."

MacDougall tapped his forehead suspiciously with a stubby forefinger.

"You're mad—or trying to pull off a poor brand of joke!" he exclaimed. "If you're dreaming, come out of it. Look here, Phil," he cried, a little heatedly, "I've been having a hell of a time since you left the camp, and I want to talk seriously."

It was Philip who stared now. He fairly thrust himself upon the engineer.

"Do you mean to say you didn't get my letter telling you to put the camps in fighting shape?"

"No, I didn't get it," said MacDougall. "But I got the other."

"There was no other!"

MacDougall jumped to his feet, darted to his bunk, and came back a moment later with a letter. He thrust it almost fiercely into Philip's hands. A sweat broke out upon his face as he saw its effect upon his companion. Philip's face was deadly pale when he looked up from the letter.

"My God! you haven't done this?" he gasped.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"Who's there?" it demanded.

"None of your business!" retorted Philip, falling into the error of a joke at the welcome sound of MacDougall's voice. "Open up!"

A bar slipped within. The door opened slowly. Philip thrust himself against it and entered. In the pale light of the lamp he was confronted by the red face of MacDougall, and a pair of little eyes that gleamed menacingly. And on a line with MacDougall's fire was an ugly-looking revolver.

Philip stopped with a sudden uncomfortable thrill. MacDougall lowered his gun.

"Lord preserve us, but that's the time you almost drew a perforation!" he exclaimed. "It isn't safe to cut up in these diggings any more—not with Sandy MacDougall!"

He held out a hand with a relieved laugh, and the two men shook in a grip that made their fingers ache.

"Is this the way you welcome all of your friends, Mac?"

MacDougall shrugged his shoulders and laid his gun on a table in the center of the room.

"Can't say that I've got a friend left in camp," he said, with a curious look. "What in thunder do you think I've been doing? I've tried to reason something out of it, but I can't."

Philip was hanging up his cap and coat on one of a number of wooden pegs driven into the log wall. He turned quickly.

"Reason something out of what?" he said.

"Your instructions from Churchill," replied MacDougall, picking up a big, blackened pipe from the table.

Philip sat down with a restful sigh. For the days passed the strain was being tightened, the unoffending Paul was completely eliminated, and, judging by the expression of the doctor's face and the wonderful diamond on Claire's hand Cupid has done some wonderful work.

The next complete novelette—Dorothy's Dance.

The Red Lane

A fascinating story by Holman Day will begin on this page next Monday. Don't fail to read the first installment.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"The Flying Ogre"

(The Wild Geese on their way north are chased by a Flying Ogre who seeks to kill the King and the Beautiful Blue Goose.

CHAPTER V

The Guard Is Captured

BILLY quickly explained to Peggy why a keen scientist was more dangerous to the Wild Geese than a real Ogre.

"You see an Ogre might only want to eat them and if it proved too much trouble to get them he would be satisfied to eat other geese. But when a scientist wants some particularly fine specimen for his museum—a specimen rarer or better than other naturalists have—he will keep after it until he gets it. And this Flying Ogre is evidently bound to kill both the beautiful Blue Goose and the King."

"The only way to save the Geese is to throw the Ogre off the track," suggested Peggy.

"And that will be hard, for you see he is a wise Ogre and evidently he knows so much about their habits already that he can figure just what they are going to do." Billy's eyes glanced over the airplane which had been drawn close to the camp. "I might disable the airplane—not enough to really hurt it, but so that the Ogre couldn't fly for a few days."

"That wouldn't be mischief, would it?" said Peggy, who knew that it was very wrong to meddle with the property of other persons.

"No, because we would be saving life, and besides I would not do any actual harm," Billy assured her. "But how can I get to the airplane? See how closely they guard it."

The two Ogres had finished their supper and put on their coats. Now the naturalist Ogre climbed into the airplane to sleep, while the aviator Ogre, with rifle beside him, sat up to keep guard.

"Hey, what's the matter?" shouted the naturalist

"Snuff! Snuff! Gr-r-r-rh!" said an animal voice behind Billy and he felt his coat grasped in strong jaws, which gave a push that nearly sent him tumbling into the camp.

"Stop, Lonesome Bear!" ordered Peggy, who promptly recognized the animal and saw that he was trying to get revenge on Billy for showing him into the river. "We're trying to save the Wild Geese from the two Ogres."

"I'll scare 'em," offered Lonesome Bear, dragging Billy back to safety.

"And get shot," snapped Billy, who was too busy to enjoy the bear's rough fun. "See that rifle?" Lonesome Bear saw and was silent. But he had given Billy an idea. "If we could capture the guard, and get his gun, we might frighten the Flying Ogre away from camp long enough to let me disable the airplane," he mused.

At Billy's belt was a long, stout rope with which he had been playing cowboy. Billy's hand went to this. "I think I could lasso that chap. I wish I had a horse to pull him into the woods where we could tie him up."

"I'll be a horse," grunted Lonesome Bear, eagerly.

"Come on then," said Billy. So all three crept down to the edge of the camp, hiding behind low bushes. The guard, his rifle resting against his arm, was reading a paper by the light of the fire. Billy put one end of the rope around Lonesome Bear's neck. He made a noose of the other end and coiled the rope.

"Run when I give the word," he said to Lonesome Bear. "And, Peggy, you grab the rifle before the Flying Ogre can see you."

Billy whirled the lasso around his head. "Now," he shouted. Out flew the noose, right over the guard's arms and shoulders. Away raced Lonesome Bear into the woods, and as the rope tightened, the guard was jerked from his seat. "Bang!" went the rifle as it fell over. Quick as a flash, Peggy seized it and jumped back into the woods.

"Hey, what's the matter?" shouted the naturalist Ogre leaping from the airplane. But the guard couldn't answer. He was flying through the air towards the wood. All that the naturalist Ogre saw before his companion vanished was a pair of sprawling legs and arms sticking out of a big furry coat and wildly waving an unexpected farewell.

(Tomorrow will be told how the Ogre hurriedly climbs a tree and misses the Wild Geese.)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A BOX OF SWEETS

By Eleanor C. Kenyon

WHO would ever think when Paul Allen entered a store where a tempting array of sweets were exhibited and after picking out a beautiful box and having it filled with the delicious confections, and then sending it to Claire Nichols, that it would cause her many sleepless nights and him his best girl?

That tiny god of destinies plays some queer pranks sometimes. His arrows are always kept in the pink of condition, and when it pleases the little fellow he unwinds his vapor and slowly winds it around his captives, drawing them nearer and nearer to each other; then by some wicked scheme it becomes elastic, a wedge has been driven and the "two souls with but a single thought" are separated. It was at a musicale given at the home of a mutual friend that Claire and Paul first met.

Claire was a sort of conundrum. Pretty of face and vivacious in manner, she was out for a conquest, and Paul fell a ready victim at her shrine. Flowers, candies and dinners came in rapid succession.

On this particular day a beautiful box was chosen to contain his offering to Claire. A messenger was called into service, and after many instructions to deliver to Miss Nichols in person and a very generous tip to the smiling boy, he left quite elated with himself, and when he reached his office, from the head clerk down, all felt that something especially noteworthy had happened.

Claire, settling herself in her favorite chair with a book of the latest fiction as companion and Paul's offering at her side, gave herself up to a delightful afternoon.

The beauty of the box captivated her and, coquette as she was, she could not help but admire the thoughtfulness and taste displayed in the selection. Roses were her favorite flowers, and as she examined the beautiful workmanship it seemed as though they were real and she was inhaling their wonderful perfume.

"This candy is certainly delicious," she said aloud, as she looked for the name of the maker on their paper wrapping.

An especially delectable piece was next tried, but under its chocolate covering was something quite foreign and unnecessary in the making of delicious sweets.

A crunching of her teeth on a hard substance caused her to reveal and, on examination, she found a coarse nail, and to her dismay a piece of a tooth, which was broken by the contact. Examining the damage done to her teeth, of which she was so proud, she paced back and forth the room, denouncing poor Paul and all candies in general.

That night she was awakened from her slumbers by a sharp little pain, and as the time flew by as she was unable to fall asleep again; each pain lasted a little longer and became more pronounced.

The next morning, tired out with her lone vigil, and unrelenting in her feelings toward Paul, she called up Doctor Clark, the family dentist.

A reply on the phone that he was out of the city and was not expected back for at least two weeks, spurred her to action. Remembering that a new doctor had opened an office some time before, and had quite a practice with the fashionable set, she called up and told him of her trouble.

An immediate appointment was made, and when she arrived at the office, she was greeted by the fascinating doctor. Under his experienced hands the offending molar was temporarily treated and a later appointment made.

On her arrival home, all tooth troubles were forgotten as she thought of the doctor, of the color of his eyes, the soft modulated voice and the tenderness he exhibited in his treatment. Blushing guiltily, she thought of Paul and wondered what he would say.

That one offending member brought many more imaginary troubles, for the doctor extended his services, and Claire was quite eager to help extend them.

As the days passed the string was being tightened, the unoffending Paul was completely eliminated, and, judging by the expression of the doctor's face and the wonderful diamond on Claire's hand Cupid has done some wonderful work.

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.

CCCX

I WAS frankly puzzled at what Bruno Duke was working for while that stormy interview with Kellett was on.

After we left Kellett's office, Duke took my arm and we strolled back to my office.

"Now let's be quite sure that your land contract payments are all properly posted."

For half an hour he worked over the records and then pronounced them to be quite accurate.

"Tomorrow morning you'll have Kellett's bookkeeper here to check up the contracts. Allow him to see everything there is, but do not allow him to take a book away with him nor leave him alone here. Allow nothing to take you away from the office while he's here."

Of course I agreed. Then Duke continued.

"Kellett will probably send you a note by the bookkeeper asking you to come and see him while the bookkeeper is checking up the accounts."

"Yes, Mr. Duke, and what shall I do?"

"Read it, put it in your pocket and make no comment about it. Be careful to say absolutely nothing to the bookkeeper except in explanation of accounts. If he makes any comment about your business or about Kellett just make a noncommittal remark such as 'Is that so?' or 'That's interesting'—remarks that mean absolutely nothing."

I nodded my head slowly. I appreciated the wisdom of this cautiousness and the cleverness of Duke's forecast.

He had not finished the instructions for he said:

"Kellett will telephone you, first pleasantly, then threateningly, urging you to go and see him. In reply, say that you cannot go around just yet."

"As soon as the bookkeeper leaves telephone me at North 77."

"Yes? And what then?" I asked.

"That's all for today, friend Peter. Now try to collect some of those due pay... as and make a call or two trying to sell Clearvale lots. Make it clear to whoever you call on that you are selling Clearvale lots—impress it on their minds and also mention the day of the week and the hour of your visit."

I followed Duke's suggestions and was delighted to get payments on seven lots. Also I made a tentative appointment for a young fellow to visit Clearvale on Sunday.

Abercrombie met me during the afternoon and told me that he'd five prospects for Sunday. He's sure a dandy worker is Abercrombie!

Well, this morning I was at the office just before 9 o'clock (Duke told me to be sure to be there before 9), and hardly was I there before Kellett's bookkeeper turned up.

He looked a bit disappointed to find the office open, but spoke very decently.

It was like seeing a play for the second time. I knew what was going to happen—and it did!

The bookkeeper gave me a note, and after I had read and pocketed it asked if there was any answer.

I told him "No." Then he started quizzing me about what I thought of Kellett. "I think he's a regular Shylock, don't you?" he asked, and I replied:

"Too bad you don't like your boss!"

I really enjoyed it.

Then Kellett rang up just as Duke said he would. After the second call the bookkeeper received a call on the phone, evidently from Kellett, for his answers were servile, "Yes sir," and "No, sir"—not a thing that gave a hint of what was being discussed.

Then the bookkeeper said to me, "I'm all through, Mr. Flint, everything seems right."

Hardly had he left the office than I grabbed the receiver and called North 77.

Duke answered the call, and after hearing my message said, "Meet me at the Mecca in an hour's time, but leave your office right away."

In an hour I was at the Mecca (which is a little bit of a restaurant which does a big trade selling coffee and sandwiches to business men). There was Duke with a sad-faced man about sixty-five—a man clean shaven, dressed in black, even wearing black gloves.

"Meet my friend Keeney—Keeney, this is Flint." We shook hands and then Duke ordered coffee, sandwiches and the dominoes. We drank coffee and played dominoes for an hour. Then Duke took pity on my impatience and said, "Now we'll all three go to your office."

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM

Nothing is so good it cannot be better.

What does this mean to YOU?

Business Questions Answered

"The Business Career of Peter Flint" is mighty interesting reading to me because I have only recently started mine. I am employed by a New York Stock Exchange house, which makes a specialty of catering to the investment needs of small investors. We encourage our customers to buy first-rate bonds and stocks.

Part of my assignment is to discuss investments with and advise our customers. Our boast is that we give the purchaser of one share of stock or one $100 bond, as much care and consideration as though he were a big bond customer or a hundred-share trader, and we make good this boast by being as attentive to and as careful as possible with the ill-informed and those bent upon unwise commitments.

This policy—at least it is my experience—tends to make for waste of time. I mean customers, real and only prospective, take up too much time talking. Should one let them talk or, rather, what are the general principles for shortening interviews tactfully and without giving offense.

We get many letters requesting information which seems whimsical in its intent. For instance, a prospective customer asks for the high, low and last on a series of stocks for certain days over a long period—one specified the first of each month. To supply these details would require hours of uninterrupted work and research. We haven't time to make compilations of this sort. What should we do? Should we refer the correspondent to a statistical bureau? How would it do to call up a statistical bureau, ask them what the charges would be for making the desired compilation and then notify the customer, telling him that while we were not in a position to provide the desired table, we had taken the matter up with the statistical bureau and that they had offered to do the work for such and such a price and that we would be glad to place the order on receipt of the money? H. R. K.

Each of us has to develop his plans of cutting short a wasteful intention.

You might at the first pause in conversation say, "You have expressed yourself well, and as I understand it, etc. (Then outline briefly their wants or ideas) We shall be very glad to act for you in that matter now or at your convenience." Then stand up. The prospect usually either buys or else arranges for a further interview. The act of rising is what helps to close the interview.

Another plan is to arrange a signal which will cause some one to notify you of another appointment.

Another is to ask for another interview in the near future, so that you and your prospect can "think it over further, then when we meet next you will be prepared to give a decision and I will also."

If your customers are good ones, it might be best to get the statistics for them. If very small ones, better tell them what it will cost and ask for instructions to go ahead or advise them to go to the statistical bureau themselves.

Perhaps some other reader can tell us how other people handle these situations.

Your "Career of Peter Flint" and advice to those seeking expert business counsel being a revelation to me, I usually my being a constant reader of the Evening Public Ledger. I will be very grateful to you for your opinion on the following proposition.

A tourist service (automobile) is being started. The object in view is a membership plan. A small membership fee is charged (say owning a pleasure car, etc.) Offering a member to one hour's free service and a set charge for every additional hour of service rendered an automobile tourist. Thus:

Service stations will be established on all main roads through the United States. These stations are established in garages, especially those catering to the auto tourists.

The garage owners are supposed to look over and repair a tourist's car for one hour free of charge. But for every additional hour the garage owner charges not more than, say, or $1, but say, for instance, sixty-five cents.

The garage owner, in return for any loss he may sustain from the cut rate, will sell the tourist some gasoline, oil, spark plugs, etc. And of advantage to the garage owner trade, in view of the fact that he is appointed the sole agent in the town.

What I would appreciate very much from your valued counsel would be this:

First, do you think that a garage owner would think it to his benefit were he to give the hour of service free, and charge a set price for any additional service rendered, in order that he may be able to get a larger trade by doing so?

Second, do you think an auto owner would desire to become a member for a small annual fee entitling him to such service?

Third, do you think it demands a very large investment of money for advertising, circulars, solicitors, etc? S. M. R.

The diagram of your proposition looks very doubtful to me.

First, if I were a garage owner I would not entertain giving an hour's service free and then a cut rate on work for the doubtful chance of selling gas, etc., enough to pay me (especially as the average sale of gas is five gallons and perhaps less, and the profit is around three cents a gallon). I don't think he could get enough extra trade to justify it.

Second, As an automobile owner I wouldn't give it a second consideration. The field has already been pre-empted.

Third, Yes, I think it would mean personal calls at the garages, for I don't think correspondence would sell such a plan.

Sorry to be so disappointing, but you want me to say exactly what I think, don't you? Of course, this merely expresses my idea.

Just What to Do

Commander Capsicum, who looked after the submarine defenses at little Winkleville, had spent the morning instructing the nimesweepers crew in their duties, relates Pearson's Weekly.

"Now, you see," he said, fingering his moustache, "you ram a sub like this. Do you want to ask me any questions?"

"Please, sir," piped some son of a sea cook, "what shall I do if I see a submarine?"

The instructor gazed at the man with sparks coming out of his eyes, and the rest of the class thought out all the horrible stories of the punishments Nero inflicted on those who crossed him.

"Do!" roared Capsicum, when he found his voice, "do, man, do! Why follow the ——— thing home and take its name and address!"

Yank Was Proud

The proudest Yank in the whole advancing army was one who had an empty truck going forward. On his way up he began picking up refugees along the road, old men, women, children, cradles, baskets. But the proudest moment of his trip came when he saw a little girl, not over four years old, sitting by the side of the road with a wee doll in her arms. The Yank stopped the truck, jumped down and gave the pair, baby and doll, the seat of honor at his left. And from that point on he watched his charge as carefully as he did the jammed and crowded road ahead. —Stars and Stripes.

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.

JANUARY

Whisht away!—You'll be leaving us today,
January!
First we shivered at your coming,
Feared your chilly blasts benumbing,
Laid in coal to keep fires humming
While with us you chose to stay;
But instead of being bitter
You're a gentle, humblike critter,
Showing moods that sure were fitter
For a balmy, springlike day.

Bless my heart! One expects the Spring to start,
January!
Are you growing mild and mellow
Just to tantalize a fellow,
When he's squandered banknotes yellow
On a fur-lined outfit smart?
Ah, you wheedling turncoat silly,
You have charmed us willy-nilly,
And we wish we had a lily
For your hands ere you depart!

GRIF ALEXANDER.

"SOMEBODY'S STENOG"—These Novels Do Stir One's Soul So!

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By HAYWARD