

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY
A Romance of the Border

Author of "King Spruce," "The Ram
rodder," "The Skipper and the
Skipped," etc.

THE STORY THIS FAR
On the Maine-Canadian border, on the
... (text continues)

reason outside of the desire to humili-
ate her. It had suddenly occurred to
him that a penniless girl would not
be able to go far in the world. The
suggestion of Roi was bearing fruit.

It was very still. The sun was hot
and high. Sleepy drone of insects had
replaced the songs of the birds. The
stupor of somnolence descended on
Vetal.

For a supper and a bottle of that white
... (text continues)

CHAPTER IV--(Continued)

VETAL stepped back, his face hard-
ening.
"Tell that to a fool--not to me,"
... (text continues)



She answered him in the patois of the border

He should have taken warning from
her face. It was not the face of one
who would deign to appeal or deny.

the wicked money of your poor old
father," he sneered.

CHAPTER V
Down the World With Billedeau

ANAXAGORAS BILLEDEAU came
fiddling through the drowsy noon.
His pudgy little horse slouched along
... (text continues)

But the horse had seen a girl who
rose from beneath a roadside tree and
came so close to the side of the high-
way that even a sleepy horse could
... (text continues)

The coward in him recognized some-
thing that thrust him back. He might
have fought more brute strength;
... (text continues)

"I want to remember that I said
good-by to you in sorrow, not anger,"
she replied. "It is right I should not
... (text continues)

The reins were loose on the dash-
board. The horse plodded with wag-
ging ears, needing no driver. It was
the fond belief of old "Rosum-the-
... (text continues)

"Bob in on his way home from camp
and was to meet me at the station
... (text continues)

"You have made this trouble your-
self," insisted Vetal. "If you have
acted better toward him he would have
... (text continues)

"It's not much of a wife she make
for you the way she feel now--not
much of a daughter she make for me,"
... (text continues)

There is a song of many stanzas ex-
tant along the border, and it cele-
brates the fame of Fiddler Billedeau.
... (text continues)

"Hello, wife!"
Anita jumped. "Oh, Bob! I've just
been finding out what you thought of
... (text continues)

"I will take no other cent of this
sort of money," she flung a gesture
which embraced the loaded truck. "I
... (text continues)

"I'm taking no chance across that
line just yet--awhile--not even to fol-
low Evangeline Beaulieu," snapped the
... (text continues)

"I am going away, father,"
He scowled at her.
"I shall go away and earn my own
... (text continues)

"I am an Evangeline Beaulieu, M'ser
Billedeau. I have seen you in the
north country at St. Basil."
... (text continues)

"You say, then, like you say last
night, that I must break my bottles,
throw away my good business, and give
... (text continues)

"I shall go away and earn my own
living--and wait until you become
what a good Acadian ought to be."
... (text continues)

"I am going away, father,"
He scowled at her.
"I shall go away and earn my own
... (text continues)

"I am an Evangeline Beaulieu, M'ser
Billedeau. I have seen you in the
north country at St. Basil."
... (text continues)

confessed, bravely, though her lips
quivered. "Vetal Beaulieu of the bor-
der store."
He opened round eyes. He clucked
... (text continues)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE
SHAMS
By Louise Hoffman

"WHAT in the world do you want
with those pillow shams?" laughed
Anita.

"I thought as long as the house was
undergoing such a radical change for
Millicent's coming, I'd get these out
... (text continues)

"Perhaps you are right," unwillingly
admitted Anita. "Anything else?"
Mrs. Brown promptly replied Mrs.
... (text continues)

It was hard for Anita to relinquish
her cherished plans to create a new
atmosphere of style and easy hospitality
... (text continues)

"Bob in on his way home from camp
and was to meet me at the station
... (text continues)

"What a lovely home!" she breathed
into Anita's surprised and delighted
ears. It just invites you to feel at
... (text continues)

"I am an Evangeline Beaulieu, M'ser
Billedeau. I have seen you in the
north country at St. Basil."
... (text continues)

"Hello, wife!"
Anita jumped. "Oh, Bob! I've just
been finding out what you thought of
... (text continues)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE BOY WHO HOWLED"

(In this story Peggy and Billy solve a
kidnapping mystery in which they
and old friends involved.)



CHAPTER I
The Kidnapping

SHRILL cries, coming from the house
next door, halted Peggy and Billy in
their evening play.

"He does, but he is lost," answered
Peggy.

Just then a servant rushed from the
house, nearly knocking over a police-
man who was running up to see what
... (text continues)

howled when the other children would
not play with him and he howled when
they did; he howled if his father smiled
... (text continues)

"That news startled Peggy and Billy.
Reginald Jones-Brown was the right
name of the Boy Who Howls. But only
... (text continues)

"But think how badly his mother will
feel," replied Peggy. "And how awful
for the poor Howler to be held by those
... (text continues)

Business Career of Peter Flint
A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

WHEN Bruno Duke said those words,
"Friend Peter, here's my sugges-
tion for you," I put down my cup of
... (text continues)

work with me on Monday week? You
will, of course, be busy next week help-
ing your friend Francis to get married,
... (text continues)

"I'll make it clear. I act as sales or
business counselor to any servant
or corporation desiring my services.
The only stipulation I make is that they
... (text continues)

"I'll put your mind at rest, friend
Peter. Business is governed by definite
principles. It matters not what the partic-
ular business may be--it may be any
... (text continues)

After years of grieving, praying,
Babe of mine,
Babe around my knees were play-
ing.

"I'll make Mary proud of me and give
her, besides all my love, the satisfaction
of having a husband who is an honor-
able, successful business man."
... (text continues)

So while in my chair I'm rocking,
Babe of mine,
Loving memories come flocking.

"I mean to do my best; all my ener-
gies must be given to measuring up to
the responsibilities of my opportunity."
... (text continues)

For I loved them, oh, so dearly;
Love like that for you--or nearly,
Babe of mine.

"I mean to do my best; all my ener-
gies must be given to measuring up to
the responsibilities of my opportunity."
... (text continues)

GRIF ALEXANDER.

(THE END)

"SOMEBODY'S STENOG"--Quite Right--Ten Minutes Is Ten Minutes!



By HAYWARD

