

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY
A Romance of the Border

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

THE STORY THUS FAR
On the Maine-Canadian border, on the road of smugglers, known as the Red Lane, Fred Billedeau, a young man, has been captured by the law, and is now in a cell. His father, M'aser Billedeau, a smuggler, has been arrested and is now in a cell. The story is a romance of the border, and is a story of love and adventure.

CHAPTER V—(Continued)
In the dusk she went gaily with them to the Cote house. Billedeau, tuning his old fiddle, smiled at her. She tried to tell the youth, who came to her bashfully, when the fiddler nudged him, that she could not dance.

"Ho, every girl can dance," shouted Billedeau. "Every girl can dance when my fiddle sings to 'em. You are the honored guest of the Desapurs clearing tonight. You shall lead the march with that fine boy—and then you shall learn the figures of the dances, for all the hands will be out to help you."

All the hands were out. When the round, June moon rose redly over the spruces in the east and flushed the clearing with ruddy hues, they all left the Cote kitchen and danced on the greensward before the open door.

CHAPTER VI
The Ancient Problem of the Crowded Land

The rising sun quivered hotly behind its gridiron of trees, and the day promised warm. The little horse was put early to the buckboard so that they were journeying to the north might make the best of their way in the cool of the morning.

The good folks waved their farewells behind—the children ran beside the buckboard as far as the turn of the road.

"Good-by, M'aser Billedeau! Come to make us gay again!" was the cry which followed the old fiddler and his passenger until they were deep in the forest.

It was cool there. The beeches shook drops of dew upon those who passed beneath. The fresh fragrance of the morning woods came to their nostrils—most waftings from clumps of witch-hobble where the damp soil was odorless, balmy whiffs from fresh verdure, aromatic savors from lowly patches of pennyroyal where cobwebs spread their dew-spangled fabrics—fairy handkerchiefs dropped in revels overnight.

That was Billedeau's suggestion, that last. Those little folks—those merry elves—they forgot when the fairy fiddles play; they dance very wild and they have lost their lace mouchoirs."

Evangeline smiled at the conceit. It seemed a long way behind her—that desolate yesterday.

The woods, the fields, the companionship of poor people of simple faith and kindly joys, comforted her more surely, more sweetly, than words of sympathy.

poor gifts gave him only one avenue of expression—his fiddle.

"A wise man has written—and I have read it, that the soul is made up by good wishes—that good wishes make the soul what it will be—what it will accomplish in Paradise," she told him. "You are a good man, M'aser Billedeau. I have heard of you many times. And perhaps to good men comes that which they wish for when they wish very much. The wish may be whispered to you as a hint that it will come to you."

The road led them down the hill by winding ways until they were close

more than narrow lanes. These strips ran back a mile—to two miles—to the fringe of woods on the polls of the hills.

At the foot of each narrow wedge of a farm, on the highway, was the little cottage of the owner.

"Once they were the big farms—the broad farms," explained Anaxagoras. "They were the big farms when our grandfathers came up here from Grand Fre, Mam'selle. There was plenty of room up here for the poor refugees. But in these days—no you see!" he said, sadly.

"Perhaps they have not told you at

Yankees who are good. They want the Acadians to live on this border and make the border seem good to those who look across from the Province. But there are other Yankees who are not good. They think of the money first. They do not care if the Acadians go away from the border. They have bought up the lands where the big trees are. They will not sell. I know many good Acadians who go to them with money—plenty of money in their hands—and try to buy the lands for the sons and the daughters. But no, they will not sell. They say, 'Boh! We do not want Canucks near our

your wife and your children and come to work in our woods if you like—but we don't care about homes and farms."

"But, ah, Mam'selle," he cried, with passion, "those poor Acadian peasant people remember when their fathers came up this river, struggling with their rafts, fighting their way past the falls and over the shallows, for to make their home. And they were here before those Yankees ever heard of this valley. The farmers say that they have the right to own land now on which to set their feet and build their little homes. They say the Yankees shall not tell them to go away after their fathers have discovered this for the homes of Acadians. They ask to be allowed to buy; and when the Yankees say no—then, Mam'selle, I am afraid. For the Acadians are talking—here and there they are talking, and they say 'Our money is ready, we will give our money. We will not let you up our homes.'"

She was silent. The landscape had lost its brightness, suddenly, she felt. "This is not the fine talk for a young girl to listen to," said Billedeau, breaking the silence. "I had forgot myself when I talk about the border. I'll talk no more. You know how bad it is. Perhaps you can talk some times to some one wise and strong among the Yankees. For it is very bad. Our poor people are settled on fifty thousand acres of land, where they have no title that the law makes good. Some have been put off. Others have been threatened. I have heard rumors. It is said that the Yankees who own—or who have bought titles from those who say they own—are angry now, and will come to take what they say is theirs. But on some lands Acadians have lived for many years. I do not know how it will all fall out. Mam'selle, but I am frightened by my thoughts. The Yankees are stern and greedy—but the Acadians are dangerous when they are stirred, Mam'selle. You and I can realize it better than the Yankees. I feel the old blood stirring me once in a while, and I am reminded that the patient folks have hot fires that they must keep smothered."

Only once in her placid life till then had unbrired passion overmastered Evangeline. She had not fathomed the depths of her Acadian temperament until her soul had rebelled at the insults of David Rod.

"I understand, M'aser Billedeau," she said, quietly—but she remembered the fury which Rod had evoked and she was frightened by that memory.

They rode along, busy with their own thoughts for a long time.

It is a well-worn saying in New Acadia that tongues distance the telegraph.

Start a bit of news at St. Francis on the north and it is south at the Mellicte portage as though it were really the winged word.

Therefore, the information that Fiddler Billedeau was on the St. John highway distanced the fiddler in his slow progress.

A man who came galloping bareback on a fuzzy horse emerged from a branch road and stopped Billedeau with joyous shouts.

"Saint Xavier has sent you to us, good Fiddler Billedeau! Tonight the son of Supple Jack Hebert is to marry the pretty Joe Hancourt girl."

"We have tried to get word to you. But we have not been worried—we knew that the good saint would send you because Marie Hancourt, she have pray very hard. So come along behind me to the Bois-de-Rancourt clearing."

He whistled his horse, flourishing his hand delightedly. There was no doubt in the mind of that messenger. It was understanding, complete; the word to Billedeau—that was all!

The old man turned hesitatingly on the girl at his side before he lifted the reins.

"It is not midday, Mam'selle, and we have come slow—and the big school is far ahead. They take much for granted on the border, when it is a word to the old fiddler."

"You warned me we should come slowly," she said, with a smile. "And it would make me very sad to think of the wedding without the music."

"He tried to tell the youth that she could not dance

limber lands, chopping down trees, setting fires. There is much money in our trees. We want the money. We do not care about the farmer. Go away to some other place!"

"And so they must go?" asked the girl, wistfully.

"Ah, they do not go away—many of them do not go away," cried the old man. "And I am afraid—I am afraid! I see some very bad things for this border. I see hatred and I see men fighting, and I'm afraid that there will be bitter killing and great sorrow."

She stared at him with frightened eyes.

"Perhaps I should not say such things to you, Mam'selle. But you tell me you hope to teach in the big Yankee school, eh? Then, perhaps you will remember some things I tell you, and you can tell them to others who will be willing to help the poor Acadians. There are Yankees who are good. Perhaps they will help if you talk to them."

She looked up at the peaceful hills swelling against the sky, at the patient men who were bowed over their tasks in the sloping fields, at the trailing flocks and the grazing herds.

"I do not understand," she gasped.

"They do not understand—the others do not understand—they who see only the outside of things," he declared, with much bitterness. "The stingy, the money-loving Yankees who have bought all the woods do not understand—they do not want to understand—they sneer at the 'Canucks,' so they call them. They do not understand what love of home and the river and the soil is—what home means to these poor people who have so little."

"Go away," they say to the poor people, who have worked so hard and have saved the little money and beg to buy the land. 'Go away. We can make more money from the trees. We do not want you for citizens. Leave

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



BRUNO DUKE

Solver of Business Problems
By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

EPISODE I
THE PROBLEM OF THE RETURNED FURNITURE

"I HAD better explain," began Mr. Hazelbrook to Bruno Duke, "that I have a good-sized furniture store in Rowcester and do a substantial credit business in medium and cheap furniture."

"Many happy families owe their start in life to my square-deal, monthly payment plan. I always try—except me, but I'm getting away from the object of my visit. I have been in business in Rowcester for twenty years. I started the business in a small store in a little side street and prospered so that within ten years I was renting four stores adjoining and still could not keep pace with the growing demand for good furniture bought on my square-deal, monthly payment plan."

"Well, now, Mr. Duke," said Hazelbrook, with a shrug of his shoulders, "you'll probably think me a poor business man, but I never sell furniture unless the customer tries deliberately to cheat me. I've given receipts in full for furniture on which a hundred or more dollars was owing from poor folks who were down on their luck. I've carried some accounts ten years rather than deprive them of their home. I think it has paid me, for the people of Rowcester know that they play fair with me. I'll never take their furniture."

"Splendid, Mr. Hazelbrook," said Duke, "that pays well, financially, and is a satisfaction. Are you still on that little side street?"

"No, I moved three years ago to a fine five-story building on Main street. Splendid up-to-date fixtures and all that kind of thing. No furniture dealer in town has better showrooms than I. He spoke with evident pride in his 'business.'"

"Then, what exactly is the nature of your problem, Mr. Hazelbrook?" asked Duke, reclining his hookah and leaning back in his big easy chair with half-closed eyelids.

"It's the returns, Mr. Duke. Not pulled furniture, you understand. Once the people have made a couple of payments everything's all right. I have no trouble with newlyweds—all they buy they keep. But customers, both cash and credit, who have an established home—that's where the trouble is. The goods sent out and returned by the teams has got as high as 20 per cent some months. I have had some of the goods, locate the sore spot so—so I came to you."

"For a while Duke puffed at his hookah in silence; then he said:

"You have some ideas as to where the trouble lies, of course? Tell me what you think about it."

"There's only one thing I'm sure of, Mr. Duke, and that is that the whole trouble lies in the selling. But what is wrong I don't know."

"Do your salesmen understand the furniture?" asked Duke.

"Yes, for I insist that every man shall attend a class once a week to study furniture. Every Thursday evening we get together and take up some angle of the furniture business. I get visiting drummers to tell us how their stuff is made and that kind of thing."

"How long has this 'returned-goods' evil been serious?"

"For about a year. It was noticeable for—oh—about three years back, but the last year it has been disturbing."

"Do you have your own delivery system?"

"Yes."

"How long have your salesmen, as a whole, been with you?"

"There! That's what bothers me. They've been with me anywhere from two to fifteen years. Most of them have been with me for five or six years."

"And yet you think it's a fault of theirs and that kind of thing?"

"I do, indeed. I'm buying as good furniture as ever I did, so I know it

can't that. I sell on the floor frequently, and, strange to say, it's most unusual for any sale of mine to be returned; so it can't be the delivery end of the business. No, I'm willing to do with the selling. Goods I sell stay sold—goods the men sell come back."

"We won't decide yet whether or not the trouble lies with the selling, but I'll tell you what we will do."

I knew by Duke's manner that our Christmas holiday was spoiled.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION
What is net profit?
Answer will appear tomorrow.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION
"Business is the calling or occupation by which we make our living."

Business Questions Answered
I am a musician, play the piano and organ, and what troubles me is applying for a position in a theatre.

I am a musician, play the piano and organ, and what troubles me is applying for a position in a theatre. I have had some experience in playing for parties, but I have had no formal training in playing for pictures.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy
"THE BOY WHO HOWLED"

CHAPTER III
The Strange Howls Again

Peggy and Billy rushed into the dark woods after Lonesome Bear. They found themselves on a path, but the night was so black they couldn't see a foot in front of their faces. Ahead of them they heard Lonesome Bear crashing along in full flight.

"Wait, Lonesome Bear. It is only us," shouted Billy, but Lonesome Bear only hurried on the faster. Soon they began to bump into trees, and Billy paused uncertainly.

"What's the matter?" whispered Peggy. "We are off the path, but maybe I can find it again." Billy tried to speak hopefully, but Peggy knew he was doing it just to cheer her up.

"That will be easy to find. Climb on my back, Princess Peggy, and you grab hold behind Billy, and we will be there in a minute."

"The Boy Who Howls!" exclaimed Peggy.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE
WHEN BLUFF MEETS BLUFF
By Gladys P. Anderson

IVY GRAY sank on a little stool behind the counter at Morey's department store, tired and exhausted. It was with an effort that she dragged her reluctant feet toward the door at the close of the day.

"I'm tired and sick of this life," she confided the next day to her chum, "I'm going to leave this store and live a real life for once, if it's only for a month, even if I have to put up a big bluff to do it. For three years I have held this position, without a vacation and without a complaint, and now I'm going to quit."

"I don't blame you in the least," admitted Carolyn; "and I hope that you will succeed with your plans, whatever they happen to be. I'm going to guess upon when one analyzed her features closely; but she did not overdo and her levelness of features passed by unnoticed. She had a comfortable savings account, and she was going to see Palm Beach and see it right. If it took her last cent."

Before Ivy realized it the week was gone, and she had but one more week to then wake up and go to work. She must and go back to New York. Just as she was about to pack her trunk she was telephoned by her father. He was in the phone room and she was talking to him. He had just returned from a trip to Palm Beach and he was looking at her features and her ambition for a real adventure set who always before had shunned her. If it was only to last forever, she thought, as she stepped just a little closer.

At last the car stopped at a little station. Ivy got out and she saw that she had broken the silence. "Mr. Vandercup, I fear I won't be able to see you again. I've started an expedition and I can't ever tell a white lie. Mr. Vandercup, I've told a few, but I'm not absolutely certain. I've told a few, but I've given you a caution of my own." Ivy's heart gave a joyous bound. "And I," she whispered sweetly, "am not Jeanette De Vere, but just Ivy Gray, a clerk in one of New York's department stores. Before I started for Mr. Vandercup, I had a letter from you, and you see we live in a world of schemers, and this is a case of when the truth is told, it's better to tell the truth. This has been one glorious vacation and now Cinderella must depart in haste."

Placing his arm around her waist and drawing her toward him, Ivy was too happy to resist. During the days she followed Ivy Gray had no cause to complain of a humdrum life. She had had a vacation and now Cinderella must depart in haste.

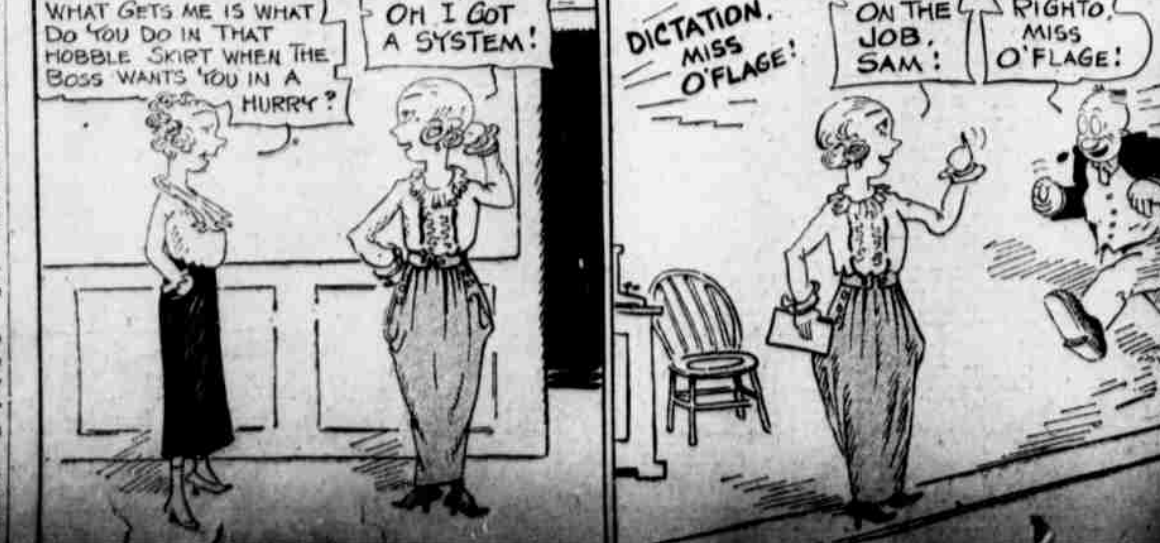
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"SOMEBODY'S STENO" —Some Service!



COMING, MISTER SMITHERS!

