

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY A Romance of the Border

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

THE STORY TRUS FAR... The little woman's soul was given to another—where she had heard the dearest words a woman's ears can receive—the little woman still gave her its look of dumb horror.

Aldrich held her in his arms. The little woman marked the spot where the woman's soul was given to another—where she had heard the dearest words a woman's ears can receive—the little woman still gave her its look of dumb horror.

"It is there—it is underneath—it is in the Acadian blood," he pondered. "It is in the men when they are backed to the wall. It is not wise, what the rich men plan to do."

warning; a second yelp was meant for greeting to a friend. Father Leclair peered under the broad brim of his flat hat, waved his hand, and trotted gingerly in the garden plot to the turf.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued) OLDBILLEDEAU straightened. His face was grim—his eyes were hard. The ruthlessness of this attack on his humble friends, the families of the border scattered in their little hamlets, had aroused him.

"And what do you think will happen up and down this river, between St. Agathe and the St. Croix, Mister Twentyhundred, when all the folks are driven off these fifty thousand acres?"

"I think they'll have to go, Fiddler Billedeau."

"You were a Vincent before you grew so big as to be Mister Twentyhundred, and so you have Acadian blood. So you ought to know that the very patient people are the very bad ones when homes are taken and their poor wives and children are put out-of-doors."

"If they want the kind of trouble they'll get by starting in to fight the whole United States, all they've got to do is say the word. But they'd better understand that in this world the law has the last say-so."

"I will go now to the school principal; so that I may have some good news to add to my words of consolation when she comes. Sympathy is sweet but good news satisfies the hungry heart more completely, my son."

"You'd better have over mighty little of that talk, Billedeau."

"I am not the one who will make it. It will be made by some other than a poor fiddler."

"Your health, bold scout for Uncle Sam," cried the priest with jovial cheer, raising his mug. He reached forward suddenly and touched the hand of the man.

"I will keep them," she whispered to herself. "One shall be my token of joy. The other shall remind me every day that the poor people of the border must suffer until some one goes to the rich men—some one who is wise and bold."

"I do not like the sound of all this, my son. Matters will grow much worse."

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husband, Father Leclair," he blurted at last. "Not I!" declared the priest with vigor. "He has cursed too many poor girls already with what he calls his love."

"You will not think it strange, then, I hope, if I tell you I have come here as an avant courier for a girl who is in danger. Her father has promised her to that man—a betrothal according to the Acadian custom, and she has been obliged to leave home."

"Her name?" demanded the priest with prompt interest. "Evangeline Beaulieu." He faltered the name—he carelessly it with his tones. The color heightened in his tanned cheeks. "She has been in the convent of St. Basile."

"Ah, I know her—I know her! She has been the ward of the convent school since she was a tot of a child. A rare maid is she! I have seen her there many times!"

"She is coming to you for advice and help, father. I saw her on her way. I offered to speak of her to you so that you might take counsel with yourself before she comes. She hopes that you may recommend her as a teacher at the new training school."

"Certainly I shall help," declared Father Leclair, with enthusiasm. "I have watched the girl through the years. She will make a fine teacher in the new school. I have some influence—ah, yes, though I must whisper it for fear the bishop may hear and blame me. I have some influence with those at the head of the new Yankee school. I shall not wait."

"He trotted away down the dusty road, his caisson bobbing against his hurrying heels. Aldrich looked after him with a smile and was far from resenting this brusqueness of departure. He mounted his horse with lighter heart. He knew the good priest had not required this intercession in her behalf; but the thought that he had done her the small service of preparing for her reception comforted him. His soul longed for opportunities to serve her, and there was so little he could do."

"She could not be far from Attegat now, he reflected. It was the second day since he had seen her at the wedding. On the chance of meeting her where he could drop a comforting word concerning the prospects awaiting her at Attegat, he rode south. He realized that he must not compromise Madeleine Beaulieu, teacher of youth at the training-school, with lover-like attentions. He would need to negative by discreet actions the angry charges of Vetal Beaulieu."

"Just now, however, she was Evangeline, his sweetheart, a homeless girl who needed consolation. So he spurred his horse, and he cantered south at a gait which stirred rumors of desperate trouble somewhere along the border. Good Father Leclair hurried on, his eyes on the great structure which dominated the village of Attegat. Past the huddled houses, the stores, the tavern, he trotted at his best gait, bobbing greetings to those who respectfully saluted him. The frank sunshine showed up the frayed seams of his robe, but the folks of the parish had discovered long before that it was of no use to give Father Leclair a purse to be used for new raiment. After such presentations it would be noticed that children in interesting numbers appeared at church with new boots or new caps. The old caisson would continue to flutter along the streets of Attegat."

"He was through the village, nearly to the school on the hill, and no one had succeeded in detaining him. A woman came running from her door, and cried shrilly to him. "Will you not stop, Pere Leclair? I have something for your ears." "Not now! I am in a great hurry." "I beg you to stop."

"He did not halt. He hastened the faster. "There will be time," he told her over his shoulder, begrudging the breath for the hill was ahead of him. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

An Ideal Case Smith (anxiously)—Am I a very bad case, doctor? Doctor (with enthusiasm)—Bad? Why, my dear sir, you're beautiful—beautiful! The diagnosis points to appendicitis, viscerotipis, duodenal displacements and possible complications.—Passing Show.

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 CHAPTER VI AFTER we had dined on the New York train, Bruno Duke met a friend of his, so I had no opportunity to hear more of his experiences while selling in Hazelbrook's store.

"The next morning, however, over our coffee and rolls, he continued his story: "The majority of the people who go into Hazelbrook's store are of the good, substantial, average working class and a few of the more poorly paid professional class—the class who make excellent risks for a credit business such as Hazelbrook runs. Hazelbrook has such a remarkable name for square dealing that every one has trust in him."

"Hazelbrook ought to succeed because he has such a wonderful sense of justice and sympathy with other people. I really think he forgets all about the dollars and cents side of business in his earnest desire to do his best for every one who comes into the store."

"Several cases of returned goods were referred to the sales department while I was there, but in every instance the investigation fished down to such a commonplace as 'The customer changed her mind.' The customer felt she could not afford it, or 'The customer didn't like it so well when she got it home.'"

"Mr. Hazelbrook asked me if I wasn't sure that those results proved the truth of his contention; namely, that the trouble lay in the selling department. 'Don't you see, Mr. Duke,' he would say at least once a day, 'that if the fellows sold the furniture good and proper it would stay sold? Of course, I can't hang around the men while they are selling to anybody. I've tried it and the salesmen get all flustered up and of course I can't judge a man under those conditions.'"

"If they have any weakness at all, it is that in their enthusiasm they sometimes overestimate the value of their goods. They don't say anything untruthful, but they speak so enthusiastically of white pine, for instance, as to make people believe it must be as good as mahogany."

"Well, I hesitated, 'I did think that, but by the way you put the question, I guess I'm wrong. Am I?'"

"For once you've guessed right—you're wrong."

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What is interest? Answer will appear tomorrow. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION Credit is power to secure commodities or services in the present in return for an equivalent promised at a future time.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—ByDaddy "THE FOUR GOOD DEEDS"

(In last week's story, Reggie, the Boy Who Howled, was kidnapped by the Black Hoof clan. Peggy discovered that the clan was made up of Bally Sam, Billy Goat, Johnny Bull, and Judge Owl. She rescued Reggie but told the clan they must be punished.)



American, for an American can whip harder than any one else on earth. "Are you going to chain me up?" growled Johnny Bull. "If you are I wish you'd do it where no cats can laugh at me."

CHAPTER I Judge Peggy Holds Court "HEE-HAW!" "BOW-WOW!" "Baa-haa!" "Whoo-who!"

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"I'm not cross," said Peggy. "Wait until I come down." Throwing on her kimono, she quickly appeared on the porch. "Now, tell me what you are arguing about." The animals looked uncomfortable and glanced from one to another.

"Well," began Bally Sam, "you see we are worrying ourselves sick over the punishment you are going to give us for kidnapping the Boy Who Howled. We haven't been able to sleep or eat since your wonderful detective genius disclosed our crime. We want to have it over with."

"I'll carry a line to a sinking ship," hooted Judge Owl. And away he flew, uttering each so you go out into the world and perform a good deed."

"We'd better get out of here before she catches us," bleated Billy Goat nervously. "I'm not cross," said Peggy. "Wait until I come down." Throwing on her kimono, she quickly appeared on the porch. "Now, tell me what you are arguing about." The animals looked uncomfortable and glanced from one to another.

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At last the horses were harnessed and the pathetic procession moved

part in search of shelter among the little cottages that were already overcrowded. Billedeau slapped the reins on the flanks of his old horse and turned him north.

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"SOMEBODY'S STENOG"—That's Different!

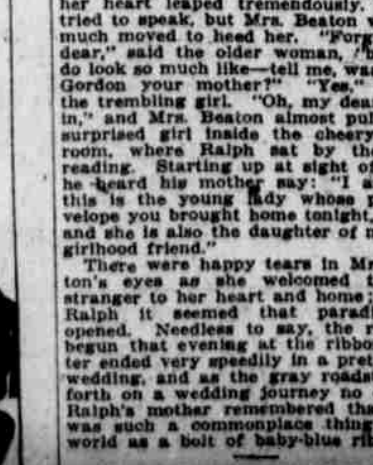
WHERE'S MISS O'FLAGE? DOES THAT GIRL THINK SHE'S BOSS HERE? IT'S TEN O'CLOCK NOW!



WHEN THAT GIRL COMES IN SEND HER TO MY OFFICE! IF SHE THINKS WE CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT HER SHE'S GOT ANOTHER GUESS!

MRS. O'FLAGE TELEPHONED THAT MISS O'FLAGE WON'T BE IN. SHE'S SICK!

GOOD NIGHT! WHAT WILL I DO!



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