

# THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY  
A Romance of the Border

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

A training school to turn children into Yankees who can be used by the rich men," shouted Blais.

"That man lies," stated Father Leclair. He turned to his people. "Beware—beware—this is a time when a mistake that may ruin all of us can so easily be made. There is a dangerous man up in that window. He is shouting the word 'Yankee' at you to make trouble so that he may profit by the trouble. He wants you to believe that all Yankees are in league with those men who have bought the timber lands, so that this present trouble you rebels to the laws of the country in which you live. Listen to me, my people. Rebels must suffer in the end. That man wants you to be angry—to bluster—to fight! I have been watching him since he has come to our parish. This is not the time for hot young blood—for rash counsels. It is a time for care and patient thought, so that the great men may understand and pity us. We do not want them to fear and hate us."

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"You silly boy, you are only provoking good men to hurt their best interest," stormed the priest. Standing there among them in the highway, in his worn, dusty cassock, he did not seem the leader they fancied demanded. That flushed, swaggering youth in the window, promising might to cope with might, filled their eyes. In moments of stress of emotion the demagogue succeeds best with his arrant bombast. "The men in the road were ready to grasp at straws. They did not trouble to wonder how this young man proposed to conquer when he went singlehanded into the halls of law to force privileges for his section."

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# 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 FIREFIRE

CHAPTER VII  
An Eventful Day

I WILL never forget that Tuesday morning when the red-headed girl first "entered on the scene." It was one of those days that give you a feeling that something is going to happen.

I remember that Tuesday because at breakfast time Bruno Duke passed me two letters from the pile. One was from Hazelbrook, saying that he would be with us next Thursday, and the other was from a Philadelphia druggist. It read thus:

Mr. Bruno Duke,  
Dear Sir—I have a problem which I would like to get your help on. That is, if it won't cost too much. It's like this: Some two years ago I attended a bankrupt sale of a small lot of lavender and bought a lot of lavender water but the lavender blossoms.

There were about five great sacks of it when it was delivered. I bought the lot at a price and never dreamed there would be so much. I had to borrow money to pay for it.

That didn't worry me a great lot because I guessed I could sell it quick to other druggists. But I guessed wrong. I've been sitting with it and have not sold a quart of a sack in the two years since I got it.

Now I'm getting sick and tired of seeing it around. I have one sack hung from the ceiling in the office and nearly every time I go in it bangs me on the head and I get mad at it.

I advertised it dirt cheap but nothing doing. I gave packages with a dollar's worth of toilet goods, but often as not they didn't bother about taking it, so I cut out the price.

I had some of it put up in little silk bags, but it didn't sell any. I'm up against it. I want to turn it into money quick, so what shall I do?

Thanking you in anticipation of your advice, which I will gladly pay for if it is not too stiff. Yours truly, JOHN FRANCIS, JOHN FRANCIS.

"What do you want me to do about this?" I asked Duke.

"Acknowledge it, then keep it for a few days till we've finished with our friend Hazelbrook. And Peter Flint,"

Duke carefully placed another slice of bread on the electric toaster, "in the meantime think over that lavender problem and see if you can find the solution!"

"That's what Bruno Duke is all the time spending on me. Some letter like this comes and he'll calmly pass it over to me—to solve. Of course, I've never hit the right answer yet, but several times I've been on the right track. I remember one time when we — but that's nothing to do with this case."

Those two letters are not what made this Tuesday memorable, for we had hardly finished breakfast when Walter, Duke's man, announced that "a young lady wished to see Mr. Flint."

Duke raised his eyebrows and with an expression of mingled amusement and fun said, "Shall I be in the way?"

I was frankly puzzled as to whom it could be and said so. Then to Walter I asked, "Who is she—what's her name?"

"The young lady said, 'Never mind the name.' She's a very pretty young lady, if I may so say, sir."

"Show her up, Walter," broke in Duke. "Don't keep us in suspense any longer."

"Very good, sir," he responded, and in another moment in came—Mary Gillespie, my dear little sweetheart from Farmdale.

"Mary, my dear!" I jumped up and forgetting that Duke was there, I did what any enthusiastically engaged young man should do.

"Tell me," she inquired excitedly, "how did the christening go off at Lucy's, and what did they finally call the baby?"

"How is Lucy—who does the baby look like?"

"Help," I cried, laughing. "Call off the question barkers. The boy was christened John Francis. John after Francis's grandfather, 'Francis' after his daddy. Lucy is very well and Francis also."

"Yes, Miss Gillespie," broke in Duke. "The christening was a huge success, but they missed you. I wish you could have been there. The air of proprietorship you displayed over that son of his, he's worried already as to whether he will send him to Columbia or to Boston University. To hear him talk you would think the boy was already grown up."

"I don't know, but I do hope he marries some one and Lucy will like, and in all seriousness that crazy daddy said, 'I hope so, but his business must be a first consideration.'"

"Now, I'll leave you two men to work," said Mary, as she gathered up her gloves and bag and two little parcels. "I'm

going to stay with Lucy for a few days. I suppose I'll see you there this evening, Peter?"

"I'll be there for dinner this evening; that is, if nothing interferes."

Then I saw her through the door and returned to find Duke slipping off his dressing jacket and preparing for the day. "I left the house together a few minutes later. I felt as contented as it is possible for a human being to be. 'Don't look so perfectly self-satisfied,' laughed Duke. 'You'll be purring in a minute.'"

By how we were on Broadway and walking downtown, Duke always walks a few blocks every morning for exercise. We were hearing Columbia Circle when we heard a frightful scream of terror, and from a side street came running the girl with the red hair.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION  
What is economist's answer will appear tomorrow.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION  
Interest is an amount paid for the use of capital.

In this space Mr. Whitehead will answer readers' business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment.

Business Questions Answered  
I am working for a concern that manufactures rubber tires, and the factory is situated in a rural district. I have been working for them for some time, and I would like to know if I can get a loan from the bank to start my own business. I have a good idea of what I want to do, and I have a few customers every day. I have a good idea of what I want to do, and I have a few customers every day. I have a good idea of what I want to do, and I have a few customers every day.

Of course, it isn't so easy now as it used to be to get a position as a traveling salesman, for so many concerns have so much difficulty in getting orders. Their only trouble is getting supplies to fill their orders. Go frankly to your manager and tell him that you want to get on the road because you like meeting people. You like selling and getting business; you have the necessary health to keep up the work; you are sufficiently well educated to have a thorough knowledge of your customers every day; you have a good idea of what you want to do, and you have a few customers every day. I have a good idea of what I want to do, and I have a few customers every day.

There is no mysterious plan about getting a job. Go frankly to your manager and tell him that you want to get on the road because you like meeting people. You like selling and getting business; you have the necessary health to keep up the work; you are sufficiently well educated to have a thorough knowledge of your customers every day; you have a good idea of what you want to do, and you have a few customers every day. I have a good idea of what I want to do, and I have a few customers every day.

You have studied or are studying salesmanship; you have a thorough knowledge of their goods and a strong determination to make good.

I am sending you by mail a list of books on salesmanship. I hope that they will help you. Good luck to you!

of those who had come to market dozed at the hitching-posts. He came back into a village which was upheaved by emotion, noisy with excitement. Here and there, in the middle of the dusty road, groups of men clamored comment and argument, beating their fists into their palms. Women stood at their doors, their shrill voices carrying far. "It was the word which came yesterday, Father Leclair," shouted a man who thrust himself out of a chattering group at sight of the priest. "But no one believed. We thought it was only some of the threats. But it has been done—it has been done!"

An elderly man, thin, with stooped shoulders under a shiny frock-coat, came to the priest. He was Notary Pierre Gendreau, the old and cherished friend of Father Leclair, willing to sit long hours over a chessboard, smoking his pipe and proving by comforting silence the best attributes of friendship. "They have begun to put the people off the lands," he explained. "The first eviction was at Rancourt's clearing yesterday. I have known it must come, it is the law."

"Oh, but it's not justice, good notary," cried the priest, his face working with emotion. "You and I understand—and it's not justice." "I had been hoping it might be

postponed. Something could have been done if the wise men had reached in time. There has been too much delay. But I believe that there are good men and powerful men in this State who do not want to have these honest citizens driven out. A State needs such citizens. I hoped the poor folks would be let alone until some words could be spoken to the next legislative assembly."

"There has been too much hope and too little action," complained the priest. "The Acadians reason every day, but they do not act. I don't know how our poor people would get along without it. But hope is a crumbly rock as a foundation for business. Perhaps I must bear my share of responsibility for this misfortune. But a parish priest could only make poor shift in politics or the law."

"I hoped that in the end they would allow the settlers to buy," confessed the old notary. "A few of the older tracts of cleared land have been allowed to buy. I have been making the deeds. I did not think the threats would be carried out."

While they talked men had been crowding about them, mouths open, necks craned. They got no consolation from the words or the faces of the priest and the notary. There were men from outside the

village, men whose homes were on land to which they held no title. "I am a poor man. I do not know books or writing. Father Leclair," cried one, brokenly. "You know; you have read all the wise things. What shall I do to save my home when they come to turn my wife and children out-of-doors?"

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