

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY

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

Their wives and their children would pray. They would vow candles. They would do all things and never forget again to be loyal and loving and obedient to their good priest! Thus ran the babble of the talk in the little houses where the poor folk sat and kept grieving vigil after the courier had gone on into the night! What had all the fuss been about? Yes, the Tankes had been taking away the lands. Their own homes had been threatened. But sending away the good priest would not remedy that sad trouble. There was mystery about it. They must go forth and ask questions of those who would know. The day of the convention was at hand, when they would go with their votes to send some one to the legislative assembly where laws are made for those who are oppressed! They hoped that there would be men at the convention to tell them the right things—yes, there would be good advisers there, men who would understand. They would all go to the convention in Attegat village! Thus the men in the little settlements canvassed the situation, talking together for sleep had been driven away. What had Pere Leclair advised? They wished they could remember more clearly; but the bad men had been talking to them, and the troubles of those who had driven from their homes had distracted all, and they had not listened to their good priest as carefully as they should have done! Ah, he must be brought back to advise them. They would listen and obey if he could come among them again!

READ THIS FIRST
Vetal Beaulieu keeps an inn on the Maine-Canadian border and caters to smugglers. His daughter, Evangeline, educated in a convent, rebels against the nature of her father's business, refuses to marry the man, David Rol, a smuggler, whom her father has chosen for her, leaves home and becomes a teacher in a "Yankee School" at Attegat. Norman Aldrich, a "Yankee" customs officer, meets Evangeline, falls in love with her, and they become engaged. The Acadian peasants, squatters, are aroused to the point of rebellion when driven from their homes and farms by wealthy "Yankee" lumber dealers. Louis Blais, an attorney at Attegat, ambitious to win Representative honors, arranges the peasants with false promises, and asks them to vote for him. Clifford and Aldrich make plans to have the lands returned to the peasants by the Legislature, impart their plans to Father Leclair, a priest of Attegat, who warns the people against Blais. Blais reports the matter to the Bishop, who removes Father Leclair, and sends him away to a distant post as punishment. The bishop sends Father Horrigan to take Father Leclair's place. Clifford and Aldrich send out petitions to all the people of the parish to sign, and send to the bishop to ask the return of Father Leclair.

more for these people at the State Capitol than any other person I know of. As a politician I do say it. I know this Attegat end of the proposition. I also know the State House end. Louis Blais would go down there and week the whole thing. He will sell out his district; he will sell the blood of children if the landowners will pay him, and they will be on hand with the money next winter so as to nail down what they have already done and what they propose to do. I wouldn't be surprised if he has some of their money already. They want here. They want these people to stir trouble so that they'll have a good excuse for beating them down into the dust for keeps. I see a pos-



So through that night rode those couriers in behalf of the good Father Leclair.

THEN READ THIS
HE STOOD up and brandished his arms in his excitement. Tears were in his eyes, and he could not wink them back.
"My God, why is it that only a few of us really understand the heart of this thing—what lies under all the dispute and the politics? The people have been foolish, blind, misled. Wreck and ruin are headed this way. If the spiritual influence of that little father is taken out of this parish at just this time, when the folks need it most, that stone house down there will stand for the gravestone of all the hopes we have ever nursed!"
His emotion communicated itself to Aldrich.
"You shall have the names, sir. I will have my men at the door here before the copies are ready. Notary."
A shout interrupted him. It was a wordless chorus of woe. It was almost utteration.
Aldrich was at the door of the office.
He saw Father Leclair riding slowly through the square, a passenger on a buckboard of which a grizzled habitant was the charioteer.
Men were crowding about him, whipping off their hats; some came running from yards here and there.
"But you are not going away, Pere Leclair?" they cried, over and over. They could not seem to find other words with which to express their incredulous grief.
The thin face of the priest under the broad hat was paler than usual. But he smiled bravely.
"This poor old body must pass on, my children," he told them, when they had become silent and they understood that he wished to speak. The grizzled habitant had stopped his horse, and now gazed straight ahead in dumb woe. "I leave behind my love, and if I have done you service in any way I leave behind the memory of it—so that you may return that kindness to others if I am not here to receive it from you. If you feel you owe me anything I ask you to pay it to the first you meet who may be in need."
Aldrich pressed through the throng. The notary, his wet pen in his hand, and the patriarch, doffing his straw hat, were at the officer's heels.
"I did not understand that you were to leave here so soon," protested the young man. "We are not prepared to see you go, Pere Leclair."
"The command was explicit," returned the priest, gently. "I was ordered to depart forthwith to my new place." He leaned close to Aldrich. "If I seem to hurry away, remember that an old man cannot endure too much anguish. It is a bitter wound that has been dealt me, my son, and while I remain here it seems as though the knife is ranking in it. I must hurry away." These were the only words of complaint he uttered. He raised his head after a moment, and his face was serene once more.
"I have a long way to go. I must hasten on, my children!" He gave his hand to his three loyal friends, one after the other, and spoke to the man who sat beside him on the buckboard.
"Good-by, Father Leclair!" rumbled the men's voices, and across the diapason of the chorus quavered the women's treble, and sobs threaded the sound.
So he passed out of the throng who stood with bare heads and who remained thus until the buckboard topped the hill. They peered after it and caught the last glimpse of the little figure wrapped in its frayed caudoo. The old hound trotted behind in the dust.
Notary Gendreau's voice broke the awed hush. He shook this pen at the people.
"Come to the door of my office and wait, all you folk," he commanded. "There is a paper for you to sign. It is a petition to the great bishop of the diocese. It asks him to send good Pere Leclair back to us."
They cheered excitedly, trooping at his heels.
"No, I do not guarantee that it will bring him back," stated the notary, with legal caution. "But let each tongue say a prayer as the hand writes the name, and then we will add off the paper and hope that God will speak for us to those in the high places."
They thronged at the door and crowded the narrow office and muttered soulfully as they wrote their names with painful efforts of those who use the pen but seldom. Many made their marks and the notary wrote their names off against the screen.

prayed," he told them, rebukingly; "he did not want the children of these fathers and mothers to make their crosses when the time came for them to sign their names."
Representative Clifford walked with Aldrich as far as the tavern door.
"I'll go home now," the patriarch informed the officer. "I want to do some thinking on this proposition. I wish that I could do more, my boy. His lips tightened grimly. "But I shall hunt the good cause by showing myself too plainly in this matter between Pere Leclair and his people. Blais would be sending word of that to the bishop, also."
"It is wicked as it stands, but it may be all for the best," declared the young

Aldrich as he sent away his men. "Tell them to remember those words. Tell them that rebellion against the good is always punished, and that if they can bring Father Leclair to his parish they must always remember the sorrow of the time when he was sent away."
The beautiful prophecy of the patriarch was in his mind. He hoped the memory of those petitions might serve to mitigate the rancor of those unstable temperaments at convention time.
For his own route he chose the river road, the longest journey. But he had a better mount than the Acadian farmers who cantered away astride their Norman chunks.
Attogat did need Father Leclair at this crisis. The emotions of the people were seething. The people would follow the leader who could best command these emotions, who could by force of personality or appeal turn that fiery eagerness to be up and add something into the channels where accomplishment was promised.
The patriarch understood the situation best of all, for he viewed it with sure knowledge and the caution of age. This was the great crisis of that generation. The old was battling with the new—education and progress with prejudice and racial suspicions. The right man, the right word, could make of them good citizens; and then their salvation could be worked out by wisdom, not by war. The wrong man, there was the crux; Representative Clifford sat late that night and mused over the forebodings when he pondered on the mischief the wrong man could compass among those overwrought people.
Though Norman Aldrich had ridden the longest road, he was back at Attogat in the early morning. With him were the couriers. He had found that the folk of the river road knew all of what had happened. He was obliged to tell no long stories.
When he cantered past the stone house he saw Father Horrigan pacing the yard with militant stride, and he stopped his horse and walked him back when the priest signalled for the gesture had been sharp and imperious.
"Mr. Officer, you cannot hide meddling from me by riding about that sort of business in the night."
There was no secret about my errand, Father Horrigan. I have been about in behalf of a good friend, and the matter required haste.
"I understand nothing of the sort—none of your help, sir. I have stopped you to say this; by meddling in these affairs you are inviting some very serious reproof from me, and I'm very straight. His upper lip was set against the lower like a level against a board."
"Take this from me, a piano fellow of interfering in a matter of discipline."
"I will do so, Father Horrigan," returned Aldrich, with cold respectfulness. He rode on. In his own heart he knew that he was not guilty of intent to meddle in church matters. But this was an affair of creed or denomination. He believed that he had a right to take the part of a good friend in a business where misunderstanding and politics had encroached upon justice.
He turned from the highway and rode across the fields to the house of Representative Clifford. He gave his crumpled paper into the hand of the old man, who reached for the document eagerly across the rail beside which Aldrich had halted his horse without dismounting.
(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

able way out of the trouble, my boy. You have already suggested that way. I intend to go back to the next legislature and work. There's one more good fight left in me. But even if I win at that legislative convention it means wicked doings up here. The thing may be so bad, my sound so had outside of here, that the story of it may wreck all our hopes even if I do win," he stated, solemnly.
He put his gaunt hand on Aldrich's shoulder.
"These folk here are not like other people, my boy. They have got to be handled through their feelings. We need Father Leclair. We need him lord-a-foolishly. Aldrich, the people understand better now what he has meant to them. He can come back and away them toward the right. We must bring him back. Get your horses and your men. Ride hard and keep at it. Bring the petitions to me after the names are on. I want to see these poor people saved from their folly and from those who propose to ruin them. By the gods, we will save them! But if that little priest isn't back here to smooth the thing, to steel their emotions, I tell you solemnly that the ransom is likely to be signed and sealed with a bloody fist. So, ride hard, my boy."
He walked across the field, his hands behind him.
Aldrich found plenty of ready volunteers in the village of Attogat. He chose those who owned the best horses and marshaled them—intensely earnest men—at the office of Notary Pierre. The old scribe, his spectacles on the end of his nose, wrote with zealous haste in his best hand, translating the words of Representative Clifford into French, so that all who signed might first hear and know, might understand what they had lost from desolate Attogat, might ponder on what they sought to regain.
"Read it aloud to all," counseled

AN ATTIC CALL.
As a poet Fate is kind to,
Since my garret's high and dry,
I must wait when I've a mind to,
I must loafe when thoughts are shy.
And I mentioned to my neighbor
When my neighbor made a call
That with me a life of labor
Fits like paper on the wall.
He was silent for a minute
And his shrewd old Irish eyes
Viewed the room and all that's in it.
"Right!" he said, with mild surprise.
"Works your slave, and so you kape her.
Where you cannot hear her call;
And there isn't an' paper
On your wall at all at all!"
GRIF ALEXANDER.

"SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER"—Everybody Except the Boss



HEY! HEY! WHAT IS THIS 'SPRING SONG' STUFF?

AW, BOSS, WE WERE JUST HAPPY BECAUSE THE GHOST WALKS TODAY!



HUH! I DON'T LIKE SLANG! WHY DO YOU CALL PAY-DAY 'THE DAY THE GHOST WALKS'?

OH—I GUESS IT'S BECAUSE THAT'S THE DAY OUR SPIRITS RISE!



"Oh, I believe it. He couldn't find one like her over there," persisted Morley.

"He didn't have to try for he got her over here. It's—it's" tantalized the girl.

"Who is it, you tease?" queried her father.

"That's Grace Bourne herself. If you'd only had eyes and why, where's Dad gone to the fire station to find his future daughter, no doubt," laughed Blanche. And that was what Dad was doing.

The next complete novelette—"The Timid Man."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy

"THE MYSTERIOUS KNIGHT"

Jack Sparrow leads a revolt in Birdland. His followers capture Peggy, but she is rescued by a mysterious knight.



IN PURSUIT OF THE MOB
Peggy couldn't believe her eyes. Never before had she seen a knight and she didn't know that one existed outside of story books, yet here this champion had come most unexpectedly to her rescue. And he was such a splendid knight, too—all covered with armor and with a helmet on his head. The visor of the helmet was down and she couldn't see his face, but she was sure that he was handsome and brave. The knight's gallant steed had rich trappings of velvet about its head, and its back was covered with a broad velvet saddle cloth. It was a sprightly beast, too, and charged vigorously among the revolutionists while the knight by about him lustily with a long sword. In quicker time than it takes to tell the revolutionists were put to flight.
"Hi y! You are safe, fair Princess!"
"But my brave defenders, where are they?" cried Peggy, looking anxiously around. Not a sign could she see of General Swallow, Judge Owl, Blue Jay and Reddy Woodpecker. They had been carried off by the retreating Sparrows and Cow Birds.
Quickly Peggy told the knight how the four faithful birds had been captured while trying to protect her. "We will save them," shouted the knight. "Hi y! Hi y! To Birdland, my gallant steed!"
Away went the gallant steed at such a pace that he soon began to overtake the Sparrows. This would not have been so easy to do if the greedy

Down into another poultry yard settled the mob
revolutionists hadn't stopped several times to swoop down on poultry yards to steal the food of startled chickens. Once even, they swept over a field where a farmer was planting his seed, and right before his eyes they grabbed up the seed he had sowed and sped away with taunting cries.
"The rascals! They will make the farmer think all the birds have turned thieves," exclaimed the knight. "Fair Princess, we must drive these scamps into exile."
"But first we must rescue General Swallow, Judge Owl, Blue Jay and Reddy Woodpecker," insisted Peggy.
"From the unknown have I come to do your bidding, fair Princess," answered the knight. "It shall be as you wish."
Down into another poultry yard

BRUNO DUKE Solver of Business Problems By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

THE PROBLEM OF THE LAVENDER BLOSSOMS
A Bunch of Poor Guesses
I can talk with confidence and some authority, for they credit me with more ability, I fear, than I possess.
When outlining a suggested plan of action to Duke himself, my confidence is shaken, for I know his keen analytical mind will use my plan as a finger on any weakness in my plan.
Of course, I do not feel so much hesitancy now as I did during the first few months I worked with him as his assistant.
The "Problem of the Lavender Blossoms" was the first he asked me to try to solve, and well do I remember my errors.
"After I had outlined the facts to him and he said, 'Tell me what you deduce,' I cleared my throat with an air of importance and said, 'There are three windows frequently with it,' Duke commented.
"He had," I agreed. "But a mere display of it with a price card on it isn't interesting enough to attract attention. No, Mr. Duke, he's got to advertise."
"How?"
"He must use the newspapers. He must advertise in a big space the benefits of lavender to perfume linen, etc., and to preserve things from moths and such like."
"How big an ad would you use?"
"A half sheet played around Duke's mouth as he asked this question.
"I should say about—about six inches treble column.
"It requires nothing in all, and what returns would it bring?"
"It would probably sell a thousand packets."
"A thousand packets at ten cents is a hundred dollars. That so?"
"Yes, I went on eagerly. "If he kept it up for two weeks he'd sell, at that rate, \$200 worth—and that would about clear him out."
"And the advertising cost?"
"Oh! I never thought of that," I stammered. "What would it be?"
"Let's say, roughly \$2 an inch, or \$36 a day. An advertising cost of 26 per cent is quite impossible, considering the circumstances. Besides, this man Grant would go to the store and buy ten cents' worth of lavender," I supposed not. I agreed grudgingly.
"Here, though, you'd half price to every one buying a soda or ice cream?"
"Would you buy soda under those circumstances?"
"No, I wouldn't; but married people would, I should think."
"You really mean that?" he quizzed.
"I nodded, but with misgivings.
"Do you really think a married couple would go to the store and pay twenty or thirty cents for a couple of sodas just to get twenty cents' worth of lavender for a dime?"
"I saw how silly my idea was at once, so I said:
"Well, Mr. Duke, what would you do?"
"First of all," he remarked, "let us realize that the druggist won't and can't spend much, if any, money. That precludes advertising in newspapers."
"Do you believe in newspaper advertising?" I broke in.

"Believe in it! There's nothing better. If this man Grant had a consistent day-by-day advertising campaign in the newspapers and had his copy prepared by a live advertising agent, he would have so increased his reputation and his business that he could have advertised his lavender and sold it for people respond readily to advertising of firms they know and respect. But are the money themselves. I suggest an advertisement of the little-known concern."
"We must try something quite different in this case," he went on. "But first of all, let us have some dinner."
TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION
What is a consignee?
Answer: sell appear tomorrow.

Truth Will Out
Teacher (at object-lesson)—So now, children, you know how a knife is made. Now you know how a knife is made. How would you suggest that I go about it to find some one who would be interested?
Why not run an "ad" in this paper? Also call upon your banker: if your banker is good and your reputation for ability and integrity is high, the banker may either lend you the money himself, or may introduce you to some client who would be interested in a reasonably safe investment that would draw a good rate of interest.
Ad in the trade papers interested in the line of goods you handle might also prove profitable.

Business Questions Answered
I have a chance to buy an employer's business. The opportunity is a good one.
In this space Mr. Whitehead will answer readers' business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE CAPTAIN CAREWE'S CAMPAIGN By Ramona Woodbury

JOHN MORLEY threw down his paper. He sat looking moodily through the half-closed door, just catching a glimpse of the knitters within—one making a sweater, another a pair of mittens, the third a helmet, all for the boys.
He took up his paper and reread the paragraph that told what he and the war consisted of—the one who stayed at home caring for the younger children while the mother goes to the Red Cross to work, and the money he gave the girls to aid the sufferers of the stricken soldiers who did not even show an appreciation or praise for a father's gift. He was not supposed to be a child and a man.
"Hm!" grunted Mr. Morley. "doesn't a dad sacrifice his son and feel the loss of a companion? Doesn't he share in the proud possession of a soldier boy?"
The man rose and crossed over to the portrait of the soldier which he had bought and remained musing.
"Just because a man can't soldier and because he is a man he is just set aside."
He began pacing the room again. "What was the matter? Dad? called a cheerful voice from the next room.
"Nothing," growled dad. "Go on with your knitting." And she did.
"You're kidding," vowed Morley as he stalked from the room.
Now, John Morley was quite a frequent visitor at the station where his friend, Jim Bourne, chief was always glad to welcome him. Thus evening after evening he had seen the array of sweaters and socks. To be sure some of the boys did not turn out work like that of professionals, but to John Morley it was an amazing wonder.
"How did you learn?" he asked.
"My daughter, Grace, showed us," proudly proclaimed Bourne. "Looks queer to see men knitting. I've never noticed it so much before—facinating by the looks," yielded Morley.
"It's ironically agreed the chief, struggling with a stitch half escaping from his fingers. "She comes—nearly every evening," he added hesitatingly, so engrossed was he in his struggle with the trunk stitch.
"Coming tonight?" asked Morley, his voice half tremulous from the most astounding idea working in his brain.
"Yes," answered Bourne, triumphantly catching the stitch back on the needle.
"I wonder—you don't suppose—believe," stammered John Morley.
"Don't suppose anything, please—course she'll show us," assured the chief, divining his friend's jumble. "She always brings a lot of yarn for me; for I suppose he added with the superior air of a connoisseur.
"It is not true here, you dear old dad," and Ethel, notwithstanding her yarn unmarred feet, swung in to her father and hugged him tight.
"Morley quietly put a paper into her husband's hand.
"Hurray! Bill's coming home!"
"Hurray, Dad!" exclaimed Blanche.
"No! no! sort of disappointed about sending you to the fire station, that's all. Bless the boy! I can't wait."
"Perhaps he may need a sweater in America," suggested Ethel.
"I hope he won't have about any girl over there, for I want to recommend one like my ideal—Grace Bourne. What are you laughing at?"
He turned to Ethel, who was unmarred her husband's hand. She sat there giggling.
"How Bill's coming I can tell the secret. Bill is engaged to a nice girl as your ideal, Dad."
"Don't believe it. He couldn't find one like her over there," persisted Morley.
"Ethel giggled again.
"He didn't have to try for he got her over here. It's—it's" tantalized the girl.
"Who is it, you tease?" queried her father.
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