

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY

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

READ THIS FIRST

The Acadian peasant squatters who have opened farms on the Maine-Canadian border are stirred to rebellion against the American government when "Yankee" lumber dealers, the titled owners, drive them from their homes.

THEN READ THIS

HE SHOWED the paper on which Representative Clifford had written, and another man was kind. He must wait many hours at the city—most of the night; his rain would leave in the early morning.

little; he would remember the women and the girls, wistful and waiting for news from this wonderful errand; and, most urgent spur of all, he would have before him the kind, generous, humble little priest who had been sent away into the wilderness, away from the stone house and the big barn and all he had worked so long for.



"Keep your eyes on the cross, said the officer

ing to hear what he had accomplished. Yes, he would wait for the day, and he would go forth and perform this duty which had been laid upon him! Had he not had all favors and kindnesses at their hands? Should he be faltering and cowardly now, when he had this grand opportunity for repaying?

seemed to reach out from it and envelop him, that rusty little wanderer from the north country. All the genuflections of devoutness behind him had been for the sake of the good Pere Leclair for the sake of the good Pere Leclair who had signed.

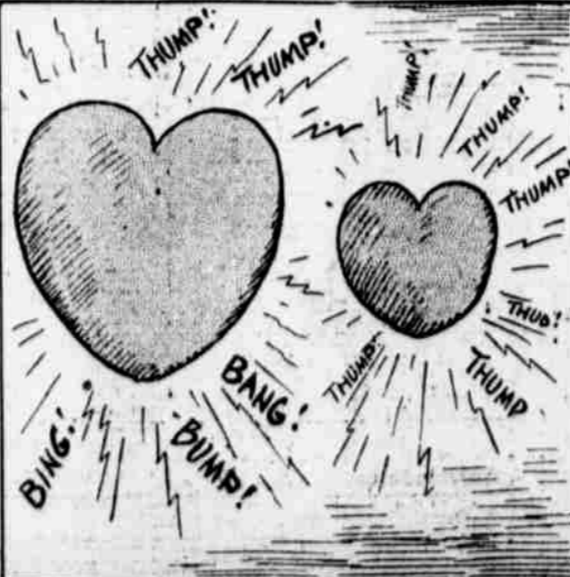
He had come on behalf of the people, because the people had been so good to him. A guileless nature must not be charged with too much toil of dissimulation. So Clifford had reflected when he had pondered upon the pilgrimage of this "psychological instrument."

He walked along, his heavy bucket on his arm. It did not occur to him that this journey, this quest, might have been simplified, that a shrewd escort might have been his shadow as far as the bishop's door. He accepted the task, as it was, as the only natural mode of procedure.

At last came a priest who was burly, broad of face, one whose heels clicked sharply on the cement floor. "Father Callahan—I am to see him," he told the acolyte who opened the door.

Men and women were detaching themselves from the growing throng of the street and were going into the cathedral through the great door; men and women were coming out into the sunshine, their faces showing that they had been for a few moments with God.

"SOMEBODY'S STENOGR"—Looks as Though Spring Is Coming



(TO BE CONTINUED)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE MYSTERIOUS KNIGHT"

"When a revolt breaks out in Birdland a mysterious knight comes to help Peggy settle it."



She quickly opened up this hole

THE REVOLTERS ARE BANISHED The leader of the Hawks held General Swallow in his talons.

"What say you, Jack Sparrow?" asked the knight, mounting his steed. "I go back to the unknown, but if you need me I shall come again. Ki-yi! Aw, my gallant steed!"

BRUNO DUKE

Solver of Business Problems By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

THE PROBLEM OF THE LAVENDER BLOSSOMS

A Deception for a Good Purpose MAMIE at first tried to be defiant, but when Duke asked her who the burglar was and what she had to do with it, she broke down.

who had roomed directly over ours, of course had a lot to say. He's a retired bank examiner and, like many other people who allow themselves to rust out, having no business of his own, he thought it his duty to interfere with other people's affairs.

at present, unfitted for anything other than scrubbing and such like. "Well, see if we can't give her a chance. It will be a hard and long job to break that rebellious spirit to the custom of decent society, but it's worth trying. Do you agree with me?"

"No," said the knight. "They are our comrades. Didn't you hear their cry: 'Everybody for himself?'"

"GOOD afternoon, Aunt Mary," the little white-haired lady thus addressed turned quickly, and at the sight of the pretty girl in the open doorway a quick smile of welcome lighted up her face.

"Why, how do ye do, Phyllis? How are you, child? Come right in."

UPS AND DOWNS

When I'm waiting for my dinner, I find a tired and stupid chap. Think 'twill brighten me a little if I take a little nap.

"The next complete novelette—'All's Well That Ends Well.'"

By HAYWARD

A little work, a little sweating, a few brief tears, a little joy, a little fretting, some smiles, and then some tears; a little resting in the shadow, a struggle to the heights, a futile search for El Dorado, and then say good-night. Some tolling in the strife and clangor, some years of doubt and debt, some words we spoke in foolish anger that we would faintly forget; some cheery words we stopped thinking, that made a sad heart light; the banquet with its feast and drinking, and then we say goodnight—Stray Shots.

The Last Curtain Aged prisoner (who has got a life sentence)—Oh, yer honor, I shall never live to do it. Judge (nothing)—Never mind, do as much of it as you can—Stray Shots.

The Children's Mite The penick, little children, which you so gladly gave. The nickel and the quarters which you have helped to save. They sent our valiant soldiers far, far across the sea— Our gallant, fearless laddies, who fought for liberty. And now the war is over, what will that money do? For our soldier-boys in khaki, and our sailorboys in blue? It will help them to return to us, tall, straight, and dauntless men. You have helped to send them over, and to bring them back again!—Catherine Farmer, in St. Nicholas.