

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY A Romance of the Border

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

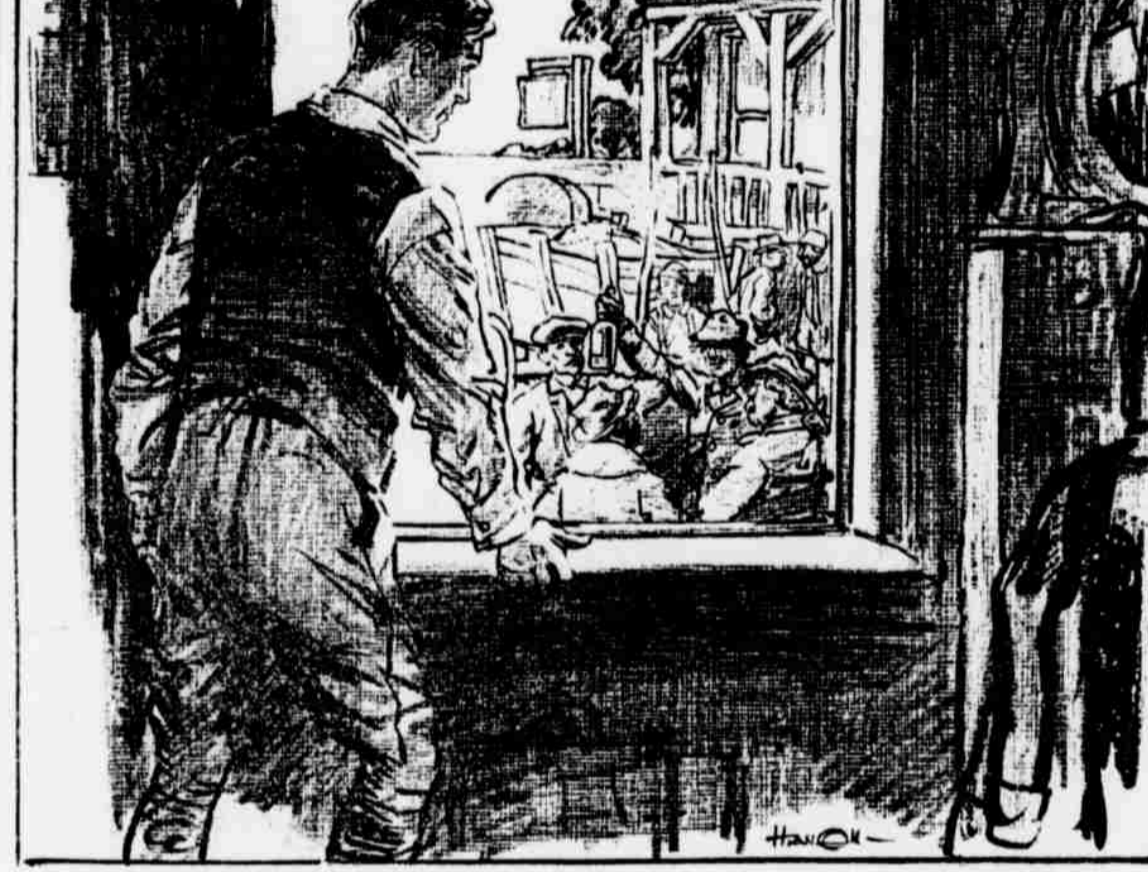
READ THIS FIRST

In the old days rough men inhabited the Maine-Canadian border country, smuggling sheep and liquor into the states. Vetal Beaulieu, a border innkeeper, promised his beautiful daughter, Evangeline, to marry a young lawyer, who, educated in a law school, was a leader among the smugglers. Acadian peasants came and settled on the timbered lands belonging to wealthy "Yankees," who in time began ejecting them from their homes to prevent them from cutting down the trees. The peasants, rebuffed by the lawyer, sought to become their leader by stirring up race hatred. His object was to become representative in the state Legislature in place of Ambrose Clifford, a "Yankee." Father Leclair, the parish priest, warned his people against Blas, who had ported the matter to the bishop. The bishop removed the old priest, and sent him away to a distant lumber camp as punishment. Norman Aldrich, a "Yankee" customs officer, was hated by all smugglers, especially by David Roi, who loved Evangeline Beaulieu, to whom Aldrich was engaged. Clifford and Aldrich got the people of the parish to sign petitions asking the return of Father Leclair, and sent them to the bishop of an old fiddler, Anaxas, the Belle-dou, Belle-dou arrives in a distant city, the home of the bishop, where he has difficulty in getting a hearing.

Let the boys, and I'll be reasonable with you, for at the same time I'm going to do a little something for myself. My old father used to know how to handle a border caucus in the days when politics was hot up this way. I've had some good lessons, Louis. So when I say cash in advance you will understand that I'm not

reckon you can depend on them to do the polls and vote against a white-bearded old Yankee who has sold out to the timber-land owners and has let this trouble come upon them! That last is quoted. It's an extract from one of Blas's speeches. You and I know Acadians! The rest of the crowd will be made up of those men who have been hawking and lally-lousing about Pere Leclair's transfer. You will never see that bunch together and rushing a gang of my boys for the sake of having the chance to drop a ballot for a Yankee they suspect—thanks to what you've been telling them. Therefore, Louis, if you really want to make good with

ed his finger into his palm. "It has been rubbed into my hide in good shape—I'll proceed to rub back. Evangeline is going along with the man she belongs to, and if any one gets underfoot he'll get stepped on." "Will old Vetal show up?" "Probably not." The smuggler had hesitated a moment before he answered. "It will take considerable of the curse off if he is on hand," insisted the attorney. "You can do a lot of dirt on the border, Dave, if you've got the man behind you, but there's no use in piling on agony just for the sake of making roughness."



He heard the votes of men

THEN READ THIS YOU and I don't seem to be very solid with the priests," commented Roi, when he had understood the cause of this explosion. "It must be that you are pretty wicked Louis. If we hit a priest we get hit back; if we help a priest we get hit harder. But I'm not here to talk of priests or politics."

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"SOMEBODY'S STENOC"—This Girl Must Be in a Lawyer's Office



the price of the betrayal of his kin and neighbors. The Threat of the Sinister Hundred EVEN the birds who sang matins in the trees which bordered the highways and lanes of the broad parish of Attegat knew that this day was not like other days. The rumble of wheels, the patter of hoofs, the creak of harness, and the rattle of whiffletrees had sounded early in the gray dawn in the remote sections of the district. The birds had been awakened. Swaying backboards, heavily loaded with men, passed under the boughs. Voices chattered or numbed. Nearer to Attegat village, where roads crossed and the lanes made union with the main highway, the rising sun lighted the way for many wagons loaded with many men. One after the other the conveyances swung into line as they met here and there, and when the main street of the village was reached the backboards were strung along in steady procession. Men came trudging into the hamlet, dusty men from far farms, who joined others on the way and formed groups of plodders. The backboards stretched long tails into the street where the horses were hitched to the gnarled posts, and men sifted among the vehicles, talking earnestly. It was no gay convocation, this flocking to the legislative convention of Attegat. The faces were serious, the tones were low. Norman Aldrich, in his room under the rafters of the old tavern, was awakened early by the stir in the streets. He had arrived late at Attegat the evening before, after a tour of duty along the border—a fortnight of intense activity that had produced comforting results, viewed officially, for he had turned over to the United States deputy marshals a half dozen sullen smugglers. He felt that he had earned the privilege of attending the Attegat convention. His window looked out upon the inn's courtyard. He heard the voices of men. One voice was loud, insistent—the voice of a braggart, a hateful voice. His timber stirred vague resentment in the officer. When he peered down through the dingy glass of his window he understood why that tingle of anger had thrilled him; the lawless son of old Blaze Condon was passing a bottle, insisting profanely that no man could afford to slight his hospitality. Aldrich's first indignant impulse was to rush down and collar the rogue who had ambushed him and who now was impudently venturing on United States territory. But, after he had scrutinized Condon's companions, prudence suggested more wily measures. Those companions were not men of Attegat; Aldrich was sure of that. They were of another type; they were plainly men from the Province. The officer knew the men of the border well enough to discern their character as well as their habitat. He had seen such men before—reckless, swaggering men from the woods and hidden clearings, men from the high hills east of the St. John. They were of the sort that David Roi explained when he needed help for his exploits. Aldrich hurried by his toilet, wondering, apprehensive. Those swashbuckling aliens did not promise a comfortable element for the sidelines of a political meeting. He found more of the same ilk in the big room of the tavern when he went downstairs—men who bawled coarse remarks and laughter after him when he passed through on his way to his breakfast. While he was eating he saw several backboards halt in the yard; and more of those outsiders alighted and were hailed boisterously by their friends. Under the coattails of all of them bottles bulged prominently. It was plain that intimidation and interference were to play their part at the Attegat convention!

THE PROBLEM OF THE EMPTY MANSION Getting Down to Facts WELL do I remember our ride to Bangor, Maine! It was early in April, and although the weather was cold, there were evidences aplenty that spring was on the way. Bruno Duke and I were seated comfortably in the Pullman after having had lunch in the dining room; the spruce waiter was going to have. Bruno Duke and I were seated comfortably in the Pullman after having had lunch in the dining room; the spruce waiter was going to have. Bruno Duke and I were seated comfortably in the Pullman after having had lunch in the dining room; the spruce waiter was going to have.

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PURE LAZINESS



DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

THE THREE TESTS (King Bird wants to become ruler of the island in place of Peggy. The Mysterious Knight tells him he must prove his worthiness in three tests.) THE FIRST TEST STARTLED by Mrs. Blue Bird's shrieks of alarm, the birds quickly took to their wings. They felt safer in the air. Not one of them, not even King Bird, thought of going to the rescue of the Blue Bird babies, who were threatened by the Blacksnake. "Ho, King Bird, a ruler must protect his subjects," shouted the knight to King Bird. "But not against a Blacksnake," replied King Bird, alighting on the tip of a tall bush. He shuddered at the very thought of encountering the serpent. "Quick, let's see what can be done," urged Peggy, seizing a stick from the ground and preparing to run to the rescue of the Blue Birds. "I'll go ahead," shouted the knight, sending his steel galloping toward the tree where the Blue Birds had their nest. Peggy had to run fast to keep in sight of him. "True enough, there was a Blacksnake around a limb. The daughter knows no which the Blue Birds had their nest, and as they came in sight of him, he was glancing to himself over the delicious supper he was going to have. His mouth was open wide, his forked tongue was darting in and out, and his eyes were glistening with eager joy. As for the Blue Bird babies they were shrieking in fright. Their distracted



"The first test, King Bird," said the Knight

mother circled around in a frenzy of anxiety. She was so desperate that she swooped toward the snake as if about to attack it, but each time she was frightened away by the menace of its poisoned head. "At it! Kill it, King Bird," shouted the knight. But King Bird, after making one bluffing dash toward the snake, veered off quickly, and perched safely out of reach. "If I go near, the snake will grab me," he screamed. The Blacksnake seemed to laugh at the birds. It hissed and darted its head toward them, and then prepared to seize the little Blue Birds.

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Filnt," etc.

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THE DAILY NOVELETTE CUPID—CLAIRVOYANT

By Eva Goldberg THE routine of Betty Hamilton's daily program brought her outside the door precisely at 8 each morning. She delighted in the brisk, stimulating exercise, an appetizing prelude to the day's labors. And she enjoyed watching the 8 o'clock procession of workers whose faces had become familiar through such regular meetings. Howard Morse, a newly established lawyer and a stranger in the city, was another fresh-air enthusiast, who preferred walking to street cars. For several mornings he had observed Betty as she crossed Galloway. There was something in her manner that invited acquaintance. It must have been the slight smile that prompted him to single her out of the many as one whom he cared to know. And he craved an introduction. "Strangely, too, with the natural curiosity that besets a newcomer in the neighborhood, Betty wondered as they exchanged glances, who he might be and was anxious to meet him. Sort of mutual telepathy! "The Young Ladies' Aid, of which Miss Hamilton was social director, was running a novelty at 8 each morning. The entertainment consisted of returning soldiers and sailors. Betty had often amused the men with her pet hobby of telling fortunes. Thus on the festive occasion she occupied a little booth and charged admission for her advice on affairs of the heart. "Ornately decorated, the corner looked attractive and enchanting. Her costume and thick veil lent necessary mystic air and aided in giving a perfect disguise. Of course, her playing this role was a sworn secret, known to members only. "In leisure moments she pecked through the hangings to satisfy herself that the large, enthusiastic crowd meant positive success. "Whatever possessed Howard Morse to stroll into the bazaar, he himself did not know. Maybe, surrounded by gaiety and excitement, he could shake off that lonesome feeling. Yet, as usual, the real truth, maybe he would encounter that captivating blue-eyed little lady. He sauntered into the dance hall—if she were here surely it would be proper to ask her to dance, an oppor-