

THE RED LANE

By HOLMAN DAY Author of "King Spruce," "The Ramrodders," "The Skipper and the Shipper," etc.

READ THIS FIRST Vetal Beaulieu, keeper of an inn on the Maine-Canadian border, promises his daughter, Evangeline, educated in a convent, to Dave Rol, leader of the border smugglers.

full heart and from the depths of my soul." She stretched out her arms to them, her beautiful face glowing with the earnestness of appeal, her voice trembling with the passion that was in her.

insulting them by word and prodding fist, inciting them to do his bidding. At last he drove his hand with wicked venom between the shoulders of a sturdy riverman and spat a vicious taunt at him.



"I, an Acadian girl, appeal to you from the depths of my soul"

BUT it was plain that the opponents who were advancing across the square were not deterred by this bluster; patriotism has its clarion appeal—and these Frenchmen who had taken the vows of citizenship were patriots; they were the men of the valley who remembered the benefits Representative Clifford had brought north from the hands of their Yankee neighbors.

Between the factions she came so suddenly—unseen until the last minute—that she seemed like an invoked spirit of intercession. She was an apparition; her gown of pure white seemed whiter by contrast with those dusty ranks.

They eyes, upraised to hers, shone; their hats came off. Their potatoes had hardened them for battle with men. But these same potatoes melted when a woman's tongue besought, when a woman's dark eyes met theirs, when a woman's cause was so unhesitatingly put into their hands.

him like the vast respiration of a monster, and he leaned against the tree's shaggy bark and stared into the gloom and was afraid. There were crickets in the bucket; there were water in the fountain. He ate sparingly, and he drank thirstily.

"Messieurs, I know your hearts for you are of my race. I know you will listen to a woman." She spoke to them in French. It had hush her low, vibrant, thrilling tones carried to every ear.

Some of the men began to thrust with elbows and shoulders. They growled at laggards. They threatened spilled reels. The way to the door was open! She passed up the narrow lane of her converts, who stood with bared heads. She walked between the two old men, the candidate and the chairman, holding their wrinkled hands.

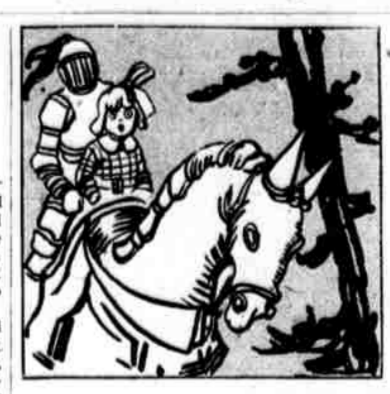
Behind the door there had been much talk regarding him among the diocesan subordinates. He brought papers from Attegat, he had told them. Very well, but why did he not leave the papers? Why did he not do

As Father Callahan had requested? This insistence upon an interview with the bishop himself had a flavor of suspicious determination. There was disaffection in Attegat. Rumors had come from that far parish. There were grudges. This man might prove to be a dangerous person if he were admitted to the presence of the diocesan head.

Oh, night, though the hideous jargon of humanity was still, sounds more mystic, more portentous, heaved on the air from all about him—sounds his ears could not translate. But he had the instinct that belongs to the man of the open country; and he sensed something quivering about

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy THE THREE TESTS

(King Bird would usurp Peggy's place as Princess of Birdland, but fails in tests imposed by the Mysterious Knight. When he flies from off a wild dog, the knight meets the beast.)



THE MYSTERY REVEALED THE Mysterious Knight, trying to subdue the supposed mad dog, clasped him in a desperate hug. The frenzied beast struggled fiercely, clawing at the knight's supposed armor. Had that armor been an ordinary suit of clothes it would have been torn to shreds in the first minute.

home, but the knight kept urging his gallant steed to greater and greater speed. "Hi hi! Hi hi! Hi! Hurry, hurry, hurry, my gallant steed!" he shouted. Then Peggy got another surprise, for the gallant steed replied in heated language: "How-how! Hee-haw! I'm galloping my head off now. If you want to go faster hire an airplane."

"Goodby, every one! Away, away, my gallant steed!"

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

THE PROBLEM OF THE EMPTY MANSION CLEANING UP IT was a "bang-up" dinner that little Bangor Hotel served. As soon as it was over (and not until then) Duke answered my question as to why the Karaby Bay Bank first wanted to fore-close and then wanted to renew the mortgage on "The Barracks."

gave himself up to the enjoyment of his cigar for a minute or so and then continued: "That's one error all the real estate men have. They confine themselves to the somewhat stupid plan of merely advertising the property and sending or bringing prospects to view it."

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What is a jobbert? Answer will appear Monday. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION A "sale on joint account" is a transaction or some particular understanding by which two or more parties combine in contributing the necessary capital and services to buy and sell real estate, sharing the profits or losses resulting therefrom.

"You're in the dumps, old fellow. You haven't been talking and playing lately. I've had my eye on you. Now out with it! You need to talk to some one. I'll listen. Maybe I'm your fairy godfather in disguise. Perhaps you have got a worse tale of woe than mine is; if that is so it will make me cheer up to hear it. Go ahead!"

"Still," I objected, "you could hardly expect all these real estate people to clean up the place. If one did it another might rent it."

Business Questions Answered I am spending my leisure hours studying advertising with one of the foremost correspondence schools, and feel as though I ought to be able to handle a certain amount of work, but earning a small salary would not be an improvement on the present situation. I would like to know how I can get into advertising.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE A SPEEDY CONVERSION By Florence E. Armstrong

IT was precisely 8:35 on Friday morning when Hollis Winslow made his resolution. The local from Turtle River Junction, five miles north, was wheezing its way down the tracks, leaving Winslow on the platform at Cherrisdale, glowering helplessly after its steadily retreating, wavering outline.

"That settles it," he exclaimed as he turned with savage stride toward the only garage in the village. "I'll advertise in tomorrow morning's paper. Whoever heard of a backwoods place where the same kind of a car was sold twice in a week? I've missed it, and the other three times it was half an hour late!"

a violence calculated to sweep a lighter person off his precarious foothold. Winslow turned up his collar to meet the arctic blast that whistled and whined down into his huge pockets, and strode on toward the white-pillared house at the end of the row of cottages.

"I've just arranged to have six gardeners here tomorrow. The first thing we must do is to spend some money in making the place presentable." He

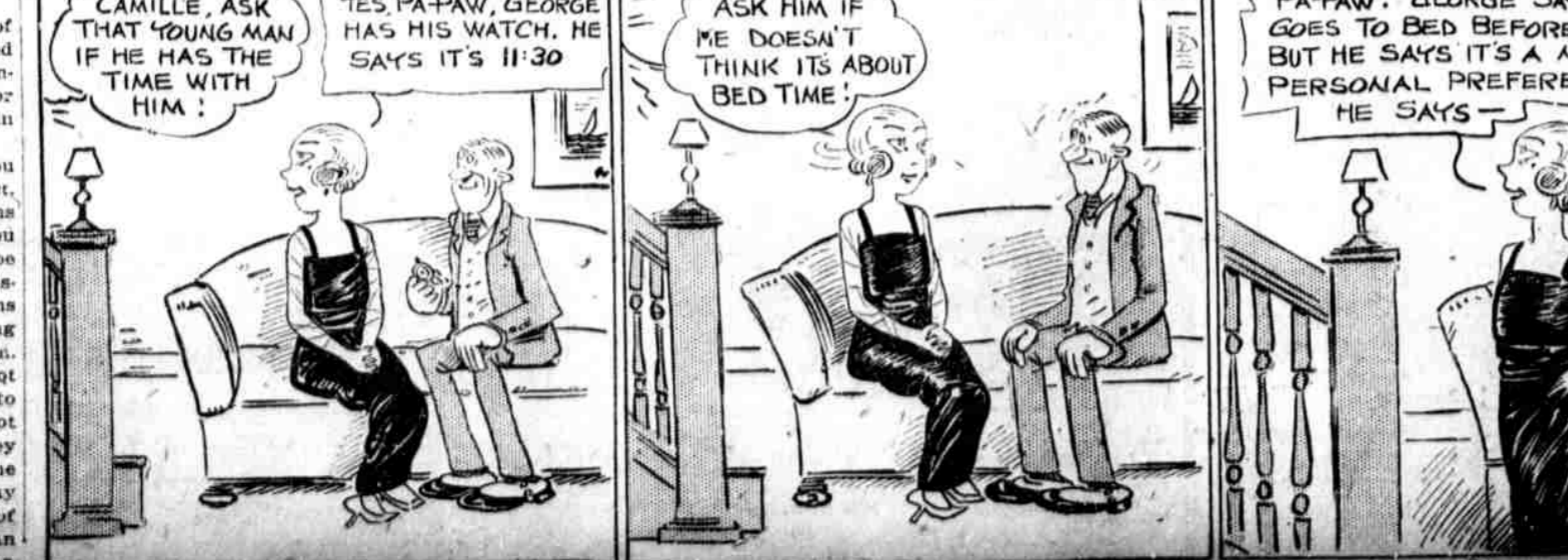
It was under protest that Winslow complied with this provision of the request. This morning, however, his dislike of the arrangement had blossomed into the full flower of rebellion, and he threats as often made and retracted, to forgo the possession of the property.

Half an hour later, when the doctor had departed, she remained anxiously as he bent over her. He had reached her side in two reckless jumps. "We'll have the doctor here in a jiffy," Winslow said, as she unconsciously lifted her in his arms and carried her into the library of the big house. For once she showed some interest in the life of town in bachelor apartments.

BE KIND TO YOUR AUTO

Be kind to your auto, for when it was new What gave you a time half so good? What caused your invention to jump into view Over things only half understood? Be kind to your auto! You ought to be kind To one that's by gasoline fed. Its appetite always will call to your mind What the cockney philosopher said: 'If it 'ad 'ad a hauto you'd hnt' Ho, no, no! 'Do ye think 'if 'ould vouldn't git? 'If it'd give 'it gas an' say, 'Gee-vo! Gee-vo! flivver-o!' Be nice to your auto if only because It enriched your vocabular-ee By showing contempt for all natural laws. Which you had to explain, d'ye see? Be nice to your auto! You ought to be nice Since you know what you've spent in repairs. What you pay for is doubtless well worthy the price. So add this wee note to your prayers: 'If e'er I had a flivver upon which I could ride I never would ill-treat it, whatever would betide. With gas I'd let it play Throughout the livelong day. So short, short, snort, my snorter, snort, so snort, snort, snort away! GRIF ALEXANDER.

"SOMEBODY'S STENOG"—A Matter of Personal Preference With George CAMILLE, ASK THAT YOUNG MAN IF HE HAS THE TIME WITH HIM! YES, PA-PAW, GEORGE HAS HIS WATCH. HE SAYS IT'S 11:30 ASK HIM IF HE DOESN'T THINK IT'S ABOUT BED TIME! PA-PAW! GEORGE SAYS HE RARELY GOES TO BED BEFORE ONE O'CLOCK BUT HE SAYS IT'S A MATTER OF PERSONAL PREFERENCE, SO HE SAYS— IF HE WAS IN YOUR PLACE HE'D GO TO BED NOW IF YOU FELT SLEEPY!



"SOMEBODY'S STENOG"—A Matter of Personal Preference With George