EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1919

streamed

Author of "King Spruce," "The Ram-

rodders," "The Skipper and the

Skipped," etc.

and dropped it under the bench. He

But the old man had given up trying divinity. What he felt within him

this ragged chap of the sharp eyes. it was instinct telling his startled

THE RED LANE

READ THIS FIRST

Vetal Beaulieu, keeper of an inn the Maine-Canadian border. o David Roi, leader of border smugtoria Rol, leader of border sinus-ers. The girl refuses to marry toi and becomes a teacher in a shool at Attegat. She loves and is oved .by Norman Aldrich, a Tankee" customs officer. When imber dealers attempt to drive way Acadian squatters there is talk a shell a and the school is burned ion and the school is burned wn. Aldrich helps Representative

peasants to keep their homes, ouis Blais, an attorney, inciting peasants to mutiny, is a traiton hem, for he has sold out to the dealers. Father Le his flock against Blals Leclain This is not against bials and liais, alleging that the priest is reddling in politics, gets the bishop remove him. Blais seeks Clif-rd's seat and Rol brings his rene-ides to town to help Blais win by eping reputable citizens from the lis. Evangeline spoils their plans making a personal appeal to the n, all of them Acadians like hermen, all of them Acadians has been welf. In the meantime Anaxagoras Billedeau, a fiddler, carrying a peti-Billedeau, a fiddler, carrying to the ion, signed by the peasants, to the bishop, asking that Father Leclair be returned to them, is marked as y picking" by a thief in the big where he at last finds himself.

THEN READ THIS

BILLEDEAU had finished his story and was looking at them wistfully. The man of the sharp eyes turned slowly and regarded the new arrival with chilling stare.

"Don't you realize that you are shoving yourself in on a private talk between friends?" he demanded. "Oh. I see." sneered the other. "When you get a real good thing you don't want to split with a pal. Intend to take it all for yourself, ch?" The sharp eyes fixed themselves once more on the old fiddler. "Fiddler, have you got money in

your clothes?" For a moment Billedeau hesitated. But the eyes were not hostile. There was something frank and compelling in them, and the man had listened so carefully!

"I have money." he faltered. "It is not mine. It is much money for a poor man to have. I have worried all the nights."

"Fiddler, you hurry over to your church there and speak to the first priest you see. Tell him you're a stranger and ask him to care for your ney until you call for it. There are thieves in a city like this. Here is a sample of one of them-this man sitting beside me. Go, leave your money. I will watch your bucket until you come back."

The fiddler cast a horrified look at the person who had been pointed out one of those wicked pursuers of other folk's money against whom he had been warned. He trotted away. his palm pressing hard upon the little wad in his trousers pocket.

"When you propose to be a friend to one in need it's well to remove temptation from your path," muttered he of the sharp eyes.

All at once the consciousness came to him that the man at his side was

cursing him horribly. He leaped to his feet and dragged the other up, then he kicked the

deau crushed his hat between his because a bit of a ruin in a landscape Billedeau'stared, as one lifts fearing, knees and gazed on this new friend makes the rest seem more beautiful." fervent, adoring gaze to a revealed hopefully and hungrily, "Let's see-did you ever lay eyes on to understand the strange chatter of was not recognition of a great man; your bishop?"

"Oh no, M'ser," said the fiddler, with They came at last to a bench beside soul that this was he! It was the twe.

a shaded drive and sat upon the cool great bishop! He pulled off his hat "He's a nice, kind-looking old gentle- zinc of the rest-place. man. He and I haven't a speaking "He may drive here today, he may sat like one paralyzed, jaw drooping, acquaintance, you understand. But I not, Fiddler. I only know that I have eyes protruding. see him riding around the streets seen him drive here many times; and The ragged man waited until the every now and then. No style to him, old men stick to their old habits. Now, not at all, Fiddler! He goes poking if you get the chance to speak to him doing, unsuspicious horse was nearly not at all, Fiddler! He goes poking around in a phaeton as broad as a hen's nest, driving an old plug of a white horse all by himself. I reckon those priests haven't told him about telling me about! Forget that he is a

By HOLMAN DAY

A Romance of the Border

you at all-don't propose to let you get bishop. Keep thinking that he is a bishop, but the horse saw and tried to at him. Looks like that! Sometimes kind faced old gentleman who needs a gather all four of his hoofs off the



He dragged the precious packet from his pocket

that's how the men in high places get little talking to Put in your best ground at the same time, snorting of the city he had been in a walking the selling." the reputation of being hard-the licks! Get that packet of papers his fright at sight of this rolling, He arose suddenly and motioned to if you can't talk twice as well to him spinning, leaping thing that came at under the long shadows of the park's here. understrappers are too officious."

sont ware an i to do? I can't frunction of the can't and i to do? I can't an't of the edge of the cushoned seat of the edge of the cushoned seat of the edge of the cushoned seat of the base of the isoby scarriage and restriction of the edge of the cushoned seat of the isoby scarriage and restriction of the edge of the cushoned seat of the isoby scarriage and restriction of the edge of the cushoned seat of the isoby scarriage and restriction of the edge of the cushoned seat of the isoby scarriage and restriction of the edge of the cushoned seat of the isoby scarriage and restriction of the edge of the cushoned seat of the isoby scarriage and restriction of the edge of the cushoned seat of the isoby scarriage and restriction of the edge of the cushoned seat of the isoby scarriage and restriction of the time, but of course. If i were more of a tool i can't ware the edge of the cushoned seat of the isoby scarriage and restriction of the time, but of course. If i were more of a tool i can't and restriction of the time, but of course. If i were more of a tool i course and restriction of the time, but of course. If i were more of a tool i course and restriction of the time, but of course. If i were more of a tool i course and restriction of the time, but of course. If i were more of a tool i course and restriction of the time, but of course. If i were more of a tool i course and restriction of the time, but of course. If i were more of a tool i course and restriction of the time, but of course. If i were more of a tool i course and restriction of the time, but of the

"From Attegat-from far-off Attegat, great Bishop! I have come all the way. I am from the poor people. Oh, on my knees I pray you! These are the names. It is for the good

priest whom we love. They are asking it of the good God on their knees I ask it of you on my knees!" The bishop's alarmed eyes traveled

pocket. Down his upraised face tears

from the stilled horse to the upraised face, to the pathetic man who kneeled in the dust beside his carriage. Speech was bursting from the old

man. The packet wavered in his outstretched hands. His hands were trembling as do the hands of one with ague. "Wait-wait, my son," commanded

the bishop, at last. "Do you mean you have been sent with a message to

me? Then why have you not come to een given to me?"

Again-stammering, sobbing, pleadng-Anaxagoras faltered the poor little story of his quest, his weary waiting, his hopes, his fears, his patience.

Gently the bishop took the packet, eaning from his carriage.

iorse, caressing the white nose.

It is in my heart-all the story of my poor people who look to you-who adore you."

Ah, that pleading of the humble and the sincere! That wondrous human quality of soul behind the spoken word!

bishop. "To what place shall I send for you?"

the trees, waiting. I have no place,' sobbed Anaxagoras Billedeau.

ment only. He looked at the ragged man who held the passive horse; he glanced at the blue bucket beside the

released the bits. He looked at Billethis life. The ragged man plodded after the

Job," he murmured.

The Pictures the Bishop Saw

clop, and the heart of Anaxagoras Billedeau thudded its beats, keeping time to the beats of the hoofs. Anxiety, vigils and privation had wrought their havoc in the simple mind of the old fiddler. His mental hold upon the verities of life had be-come attenuated. He had been thrust into a world of unrealities when he came out from the placid value of the came ou. St. John.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--ByDaddy "THE POISONED SWORD"

(In this adventure King Bird brings forth a champion to combat the Mys-terious Knight in a tourney.)

THE CHALLENGE TO COMBAT HEAR ye! Hear ye! King Bird in behalf of his champion, the Enight of the Poisoned Sword, challenges the Mysterious Knight to combat in a knightly tourney! Hear ye! Hear

Blue Jay, looking very important, bits day, looking very important, perched on a telephone pole and shrieked this herald call so loudly that it brought the birds scurrying from far and near. And close behind them was Peggy, who had been resting for a moment on a had been resting for a moment on a sunny bank after a jolly, springtime run across the fields.

"Hear ye! Hear ye. Mysterious Knight shall instantly anmy residence? A message from the people of Attegat? It should have

had proved his courage too well in all of Birdland." battling for her and for Birdland to

"Then why doesn't he answer?" de-anded Blue Jay. "And if he doesn't come you'll have to fight the Knight of the Poisoned Sword in his place, because he is your

The ragged fellow was holding the manded Blue Jay. "Perhaps it's because he hasn't heard champion," screamed Blue Jay to Peggy

"The story-the great story! 'I have to tell it to you, ph, reverenced Bishop.

"You shall tell me, my son," said the

"I have slept the many nights under

The bishop hesitated for one mo

"Is that yours-that bucket?" "I brought in it bucket?" racks," but that it was to cost Barbara Sarstairs little or nothing, I evidently looked as surprised as I felt. Duke de-

"I brought in it what I eat-I brought it from Attegat." "Get it, my son, and come into my carriage. We shall hear this story from Attegat," said the bishop. "Good-by, Fiddler," said the ragged man, as he patted the horse's nose and released the bits. He locked at Dur lights in puzzling people, and he was enjoying himself, but he didn't keep me in suspense long, for he said: "This is how I plan to do it. We have here a fine big house, fully fur-

deau as he said it and smiled as the carriage rolled on. But the old man ished and equipped in every way. All carriage rolled on. But the old man sat on the edge of the cushioned seat, told, we have twenty-two bedrooms, not stricken, voiceless, trembling; and so he passed on, and he and the ragged n never saw each other again in

carriage, rubbing his dented hat on his elbow. "I wonder whether God is going to remember me at supper-time for this mer-hotel !"

have thought of that. But even then ALUP-CLOP, the white horse of the that doesn't insure selling it." bishop's phaeton plodded on; clupthis place look more attractive to you as it is now, or with a number of happy people giving life to the place? A prospective buyer could be given a good dinner and a comfortable bed in the place. Now he'd be glad to get away out from the placid valley of the from it. sales talk instead of our having to do all

of the city he had been in a walking dream. Plod-plod, the bishop's horse went on under the long shadows of the park's trees. Whe was this sittles

glum in disguise, she knew that there couldn't be any question of his courage. Of course the birds didn't know him to

be Billy, and so they had the same doubts of him that they would have had of a stranger, even though he had so gallantly proved his valor in the ad-venture of the Three Tests.

venture of the Three Tests. "Hear ye! Hear ye! I will give the Mysterious Knight one more chance be-fore I proclaim him a poltroon," screamed Blue Jay. A pounding of hoofs around a bend in the road told of a horseman coming swiftly. Fast, fast, fast he galloped, the noise of his approach drowning out Blue Jay's shrieks. "Hill Will Will Will Stars is call the "HI yl! HI yl! Who dares to call the

Mysterious Knight a poltroon?" And into view dashed the Knight himself, his armor glistening in the sunlight. Seeing the assembled birds with Peggy in their

midst, he reined up sharply. "Fair Princess, I greet you. What is this challenge I hear?"

is this challenge I hear?" "King Bird wants you to meet the Knight of the Poisoned Sword in a tour-ney," answered Peggy quickly, "Who ney," answered Peggy quickly, "Whe is the Knight of the Poisoned Sword?"

that he might not be brave. "For shame, Blue Jay! You know the Mysterious Knight is not a pol-troon," she protested vigorously. "Then why define the formula formu

"We don't know," they chorused. "He must be a terror with a name like that." "You will find out who he is on the jousting field." screamed Blue Jay.

(In the next chapter will be told how the Knight faces an unexpected

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc. (Copyright)

 THE PROBLEM OF THE EMPTY MANSION
 Peter, is a real problem. Read the letter for yourseif."
 suitable for ideal people, and you want to sell to real people, with plenty of money.

 A New Light on an Old Problem
 He passed me a letter which certainly was unusual.
 You may already have a spiendid can-the wrong people. Roughly you may those to which small profiles and abso-lute safety appeal and those who are

lute safety appeal and those who are willing to take chance for a big re-What does "acceptance" meant Answer will appear tomorrow ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S BUSI-NESS QUESTION

willing to take chance to the turn. From your letter it would appear that your proposition would appeal to the latter class of people. If this is so your sales talk should be a combination of facts tending to show the safety of your proposition and roughly tending to show the tremendously big profits in the stock. A "jobber" is one who buys from importers or manufacturers and sells to retailers.

In this space Mr. Whitchead will an-swer readers' business guestions on buy-ing, selling advertising and employment. Business Questions Answered My business is selling stock for a nus-tionally known organization that specialized in independent oil stocks. I have worked out a little canvass of my out have worked ing up results I must admit f aut by check, ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up results I must admit f aut by check ing up an ideal canvass for you. I obviously would consider an idgal canvass for my method. Don't spend time trying to find an ideal canvass. An ideal canvass is only counting servants' quarters. To make that property really look its best and therefore look most salable, we have to have it in running order. Now it will cost a lot of money to put 'The Barracks' in running order, so when it is so fixed I propose running it as a sum-

"Hell !" I gasped. "I sure never would

"Of course not, but if you wanted to buy a beautiful summer home, would

THE DAILY NOVELETTE HOME, SWEET HOME

By Edgar W. Swift

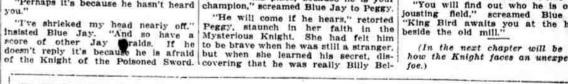
A BRIDE of but a few months, Mrs. I can't L'' ink you ed for carefully patting down her hair and giving numberless peeps in the mir-otel. but I'll be f course, , "you've rchaser.'' BRIDE of but a few months, Mrs. him to stay. But who were the Simp-sons, she wondered. Her husband had become acquainted with the man on the train, two weeks previous, and since evenings. True, he had in-that time had visited them four or five evenings. True, he had always urged husband tounded up the stairs. After husband bounded up the stairs. After ''you've "Dear.'' in a mild tone, "didn't you BRIDE of but a few months, Mrs. him to stay. But who were the Simp-Bons, she wondered. Her husband had



"For shame, Blue Jay! You know the Mysterious Knight is not a poltroon!"

Pergy flared into quick indignation at these words. The Mysterious Knight The challenge has gone forth through

"King Bird awaits you at the hollow beside the old mill."



his head. . "That's one curse of this happy life of a hobo for a man educated for something else," he soliloquized. "There are so many cheap muckers who take to the road! But I suppose I would have found just as many cheap ones in the law if I had stuck on."

Billedeau, returning, found his new friend sitting on the grass pensively kinning seeds from a stalk of robin's plaintain with his thumb-nail. "He took the cash, eh?"

"Yes. M'ser."

pulpit can bless the world."

He was silent for some time, busy at his plantains, plucking one after the other.

"So you want to see the bishop, ch. my friend?" He gianced sideways at Billedeau.

and the old man nodded his head, as

me. Fiddler? For if you can. I undernd why some chap up your way wise enough to put you onto this you've got. I know good jury what kind wins verdicts. I used to be a lawyer."

Billedeau did not reply, for he did understand now.

"It was good talk, Fiddler. It had be good talk to fix me-and it did t that! It's a great thing, is talk! has won kingdoms, it has overin monarchies, when the soul was nd simple sentences. And, on the ar hand, men have yawned and through grand sentences which no soul behind them. I don't ale I would have made a good yer, anyway. There was never h soul in me. You surprised me now when your talk uncovered a spark of soul. But it was good Fiddler, mighty good talk! It to be, I say, to swing me as it

tossed a handful of plantain toward some sperrows.

looks as though you need a help in this thing, doesn't it, ? I wish there was a little horsepower to me-I could boost But I've found that these sd-horsepower fellows are too boosting for themselves. It's left for some poor cuss to help ter poor cuss in this world. But power in me, and a mighty boosting! And a bishop

d for a time, and Bills

to to gamble. Come along. I'll do a did on went the chatter of the ragged fellow, encouragement, adjuration and appeal, and Billedeau ceased with his heart in his mouth the tion and appeal, and Billedeau ceased ceuster ceased billedeau ceased ceuster ceased billedeau ceased ceased ceased billedeau ceased billedeau ceased billed little more thinking on the way." with his heart in his mouth the old man followed. His guide did tion and appeal, and Billedeau ceased him. Horses are such silly beasts, Bishop. Whoa, horse." He had pulled old man followed. His guide did tion and appeal, and the spirit of Acadia not go toward the bishop's house, as to tremble, and the spirit of Acadia not go toward the bishop's house, as to tremble, and the spirit of Acadia began to warm his breast. Time, too. Bishop. Whoa.horse. He had puned the animal to a stop. "Whoa—Fid-dler!" away in another direction. and the went on and on, and the shadows fiddler was astonished, for devious lengthened on the grass, and the methods of going about great affairs children ran away home, and the were not understood by his straight. stately folk who walked and rustled forward nature; he had gone to the and flounced thinned from the ave-

bishop's door, for his business was nues. there-he had gone again and again. Up the shaded visia and down the "Don't be frightened-don't be sur. shaded vista the sharp eyes kept dart-

prised," his companion said. "You ing. "There are some ways in which the understand now that I am not after All at once he cried out so suddenly

your money. But in this life, Fiddler, that Anaxagoras leaped upon the the roundabout way with big men is bench.

haven't learned that yet. You chance if it comes to you! For your haven't had to practice it. I have life, now, when I yell the word. That had to think up those roundabout word will be 'Fiddler.' When I yell ways so as to get my rake-off from 'Fiddler' it will be your move!"

godfather after all."

speech again.
"Do you suppose you can talk to him as well as you just talked to
Past great buildings, zigzagging from street to street, they went on until they came to woods once more,
Shoulder to emphasize his orders. Then he hurried to the edge of the sward that hemmed the white surface greater woods than there were in the of the avenue. little park. There was a small lake Far up the vista, emerging like a

whereon swans floated. Children white cloud from a cavern, came a fat played under the trees. Broad, smooth horse, plodding with sluggish trot. roads led here and there. The dusty Soon the clup-clop of the animal's old man with the blue bucket and the hoofs sounded in Billedeau's ears, but ragged fellow at his side seemed more whether he were hearing the hoofs or unkempt against that background, and his own heartbeats he did not know. smartly attired folk who strolled along In his misty eyes the carriage behind the avenues frowned upon them as the horse took form. Framed between they passed. the canopy's spreaders, outlined "And yet they ought to appreciate against the gloom of the carriage's

"Do not be frightened, Bisnop," shouted the fellow. "I'l hold him until the hands of Billedeau! He had viewed

Dolls! Dolls!

The word moved Billedeau as a derness of bricks and humanity—he had dreamed that the great blshop had spoken kindly to him and had smilled him. He leaped from his bench. He on him.

Sadies, Kates and Polls!

Marys, Mays and Molls!

Dolls that grandma played with

In her youthful days;

Dolls she often strayed with

Dolls that many stories told

When at last she had grown old

Just watch grandma at her ease

Lord! What lots of happy follies

Are retailed by ancient dollies!-

Old dolls, new dolls, bold dolls, true doils;

What a lot of poetry expressed in many vols.!

What a lot of sunshine sweet originally Sol's!

Holding dolly on her knees!-

Into fancy's maze.

ran to the side of the phaeton. He But sure ful dream! kneeled in the dust of the road. He

DOLLS

I've been viewing a collection of some plain and fancy dolls

Rag dolls, bag dolls, frisky dolls and bisque-y dolls;

Dolls in royal raiment and a bunch of rather risky dolls.

Tall dolls, small dolls, solemn dolls and funny dolls; Dolls that mother-made-herself and cost-a-lot-o'-money dolls;

Dolls as-happy-as-a-queen and feeling-rather-blue dolls.

Dolls! Dolls! And what a lot of words they cause!-they run to many cols.!

But surely this was a more wonder

GRIF ALEXANDER

dragged the precious packet from his (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

The place would be its own

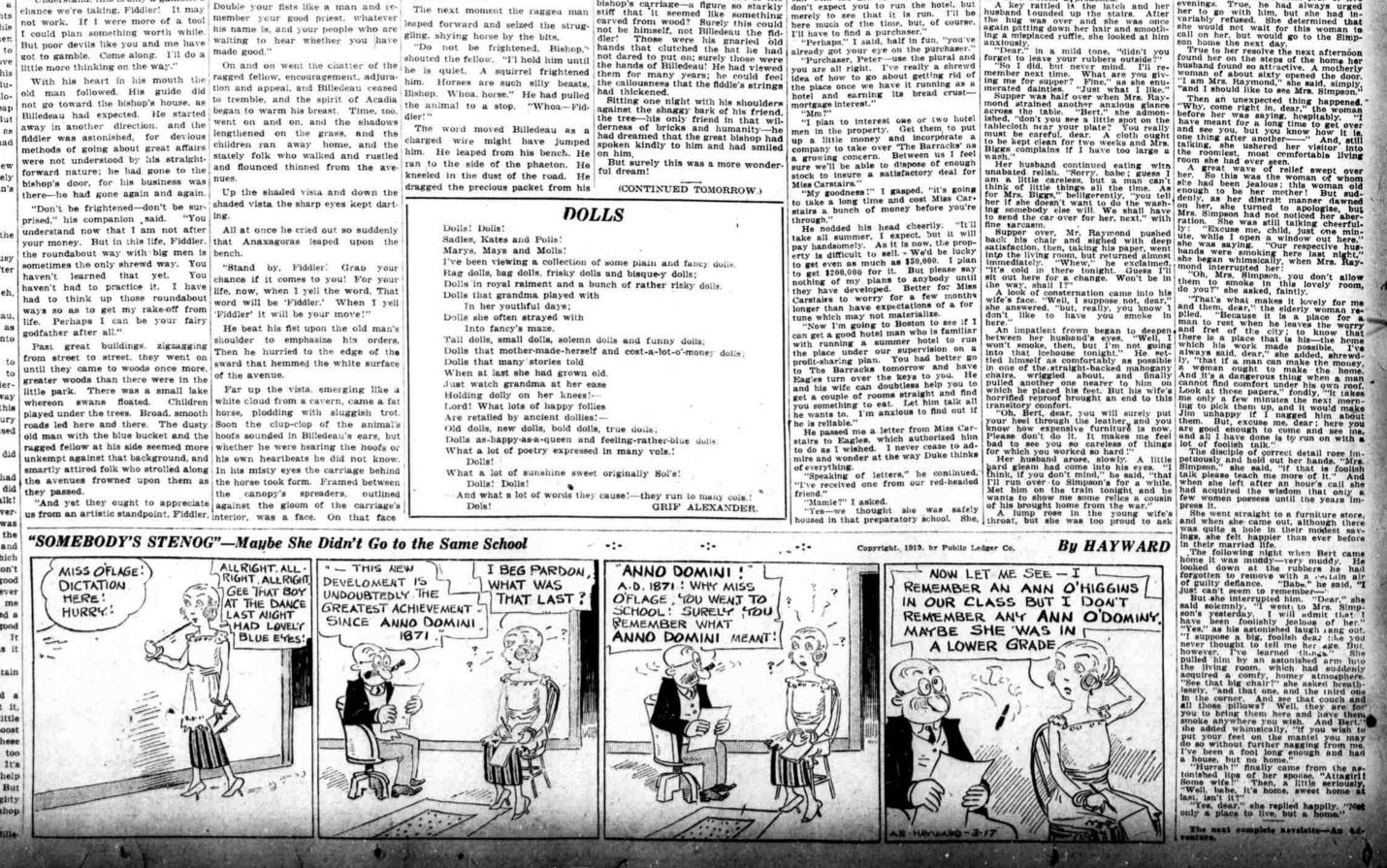
he next complete navel

us from an artistic standpoint, Fiddler, interior, was a face. On that face "SOMEBODY'S STENOG"—Maybe She Didn't Go to the Same School -:-·:-

Dolls!

Dols!

Dolls! Dolls!



sometimes the only shrewd way. You "Stand by, Fiddler: Grab your

life. Perhaps I can be your fairy He beat his fist upon the old man's