

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

Vetal Beaulieu, keeper of an inn on the Maine-Canadian border, promises his daughter Evangeline to David Rol, leader of border smugglers. The girl refuses to marry Rol and becomes a teacher in a school at Attegat. She loves and is loved by Norman Aldrich, a "Yankee" customs officer. When lumber dealers attempt to drive away Acadian squatters there is talk of rebellion and the school is burned down. Aldrich helps Representative Clifford to frame a bill which, if passed by the Legislature, will enable the peasants to keep their homes. Louis Blais, an attorney, inciting the peasants to mutiny, is a traitor to them, for he has sold out to the lumber dealers. Father Leclair, who is a priest, is meddling in politics, gets the bishop to remove him. Blais seeks Clifford's seat and Rol brings his renegades to town to help Blais win by keeping reputable citizens from the polls. Evangeline spoils their plans by appearing at the polls and making a personal appeal to the men, all of them Acadians like herself. In the meantime Anaxagoras Billedeau, a fiddler, carrying a petition signed by the peasants asking that Father Leclair be returned to them, goes to the "big city" and finds difficulty in reaching the bishop, but meets him at last.

THEN READ THIS

CLICK-CLACK! The hoofs were now on the stones of the street, and the phaeton was passing in the shadows of great buildings. There were many clattering wagons, and cars rushed past, and the bishop was intent upon his reins. He did not speak. Yes, it was a dream. It was only more of that unspeakable jostle and hurry and tumult of the city he had been hating and fearing—its dreadfulness put into more hideous contrast by that serene figure at his side—and all for his wife and his undoing—for he must waken.

Click-clack, click-clack—on and on. Through canyons of roaring streets, across squares where humanity flowed and eddied. What a devil were those fends who sent such dreams as this to torture the soul of a poor fiddler who had tried so hard and had failed!

The white horse had drawn them under the archway of the bishop's gate.

Billedeau could hear his heart beat now, beating like the sound of galloping hoofs.

Under the sunset gloom of the porte cochere! The oak door was flung wide. No longer the jealous crack of an opening that had greeted the poor petitioner from Attegat. Obsequious attendants came trailing their robes to the carriage's side. They gave hands to the bishop.

"Follow me, my son," directed the reverend man. "Leave your bucket, it will be cared for."

Anaxagoras Billedeau had no side glances for the astonished faces of those who received the bishop. His eyes, as round and as hard as marbles, were on the venerable, bowed figure ahead of him.

Through the bare and echoing hall, up broad stairs, past double portals, into a lofty room where he stood, not daring to raise his eyes!

When he did lift them, at last, at sound of the bishop's voice his startled vision took in the broad band of purple that incased the great man's waist, the purple fringe of the little cape, and he saw the great purple stone of the bishop's ring. He sank to his knees. No, this could not be a dream!

"Rise—rise, my son! Sit there. We are to have a talk, you and I. It seems that I should know some things concerning your parish that I have not understood."

He began to question gently. He patted the packet of papers. He asked about the names.

And, after a time, the great lump in the throat of the fiddler was pressed down by his trembling fingers. At first he quavered answers to questions. But he dared to raise his eyes above the purple band. The face he saw was benignant, placid, reassuring. The eyes were brown and tender. The mouth that could set itself so straightly on occasions, the brows that could knit, as the wrinkles so plainly indicated, now expressed toleration, kindness, expectancy. The bishop of the diocese knew men; and he had been touched to his depths by this appealing emigrant from the north—this poor man who expressed humility and reverence and awe so profoundly.

A "psychological instrument!" Sagacious old patriarch—Clifford! A man who had studied men! You would have revelled in that scene in the great chamber of the bishop of the diocese.

For Billedeau, heartened, sympathy drawing language from him as naturally as the sun gave rays moisture from the sea, gave up his story from the full reservoir of his being.

The bishop leaned his head back against the dark leather of his chair, interlaced his long, white fingers, and gazed at the ceiling.

As Billedeau talked, the simple eloquence of his full heart rushing from his lips, the bishop saw strange pictures take form in the shadows of the ceiling's moldings.

He could look into the homes, the plain little homes which dotted the green hills of the valley of the far St. John. He could hear the plaintive whirr of the spinning wheels, the chatter of the children, the croon of the old Acadian chansons. He could see the quiver of the blue blaze above the hillside farms, the sheen of the lights on the ripples of the river. He could hear the tinkle of hoe against the stones of the narrow farms.

He heard the thrill of the music when the poor folks lightened their toil with a dance on the grass.

He heard the mellow bell of the parish church of Attegat peal its summons across the meadow where the Sunday calm breathed above the alders and hushed the brooks. He saw the long lines of buckboards winding down toward the village square under the banners of white dust. He saw little Father Leclair walking from the stone

house, his rusty cassock dragging on his heels. He saw him ministering to his people, understanding them, loving them, as simple as they in faith and honest endeavor to make the most out of what they found in Attegat.

The little door of the big barn—how that picture did glow in the shadows of the ceiling! The big barn of the parish of Attegat, where thrift and need found a clearing house that struck its true balance for the good of the people!

The bishop caught the excitement of that night of couriers. He fondled the packet on his knee as the old man related how the Pelletiers, the Cyrs, the Archambeaults, and the Heberts

He revolved his chair slowly until it faced his desk. He drew paper to him, dipped his pen, and made the cross at the head of the sheet with firm strokes. He wrote, and there was no sound in the room except the scratch-scratch of the pen. He signed and folded the paper.

"For you, Father Callahan," he said, extending the document to the priest. "It is an order. Notify the vicar general I have restored Father Leclair to his parish—to the people who need him."

Billedeau went silently, not knowing that he wept. The tears fell upon the hands that crushed his old hat. The bishop wrote again. He turned

the people—for the word has gone on in advance of the little priest, and the wheels of the flocking buckboards have been rattling along right vigorously as the Norman horses pattered their way to town!

The massing throngs, faces alight and tongues chattering! Swirl and sway of elbowing groups! Trailing evergreen and women hurrying feverishly to finish the rude arch of welcome under which the priest must ride.

Notary Pierre Gendreau, on the steps of his office, peering toward the brow of the long hill and wiping the moisture from his spectacles as often as he peers, for fear that his eyesight

elbows on their knees and were sad. There had been plenty of room when the summer invited out-of-doors. But the houses in the river-valley were too full when all were forced to seek refuge from the weather.

There had not been time to build other houses—there was no land where other houses could be built. The tyrants of the timber-lands were unrelenting. And hopes grew dull under the dull skies.

Through the clouds their sun of joy had shone in one glorious burst of radiance. Not soon would they forget the return of the good Father Leclair! But Father Leclair was now waiting and hoping like the rest of his people. To be sure, he could see farther than they. The plans of Representative Clifford and the glowing expectations of Norman Aldrich, more rosate after he had come back from a conference with his lawyer friend, heartened the little priest; Father Callahan's visit and interest and the determination of the bishop to take action in behalf of his people far Attegat seemed a promise that had a touch of divine intercession in it. But the poor people were suffering. Winter was heralded by the sigh of the leafless branches and the roar of the autumn rains; and many men had been obliged to leave their little crops to wither and mold in the forest's clearings.

Father Leclair walked on the brown grass beside his garden-plot, his old hound at his heels, and heard the wind whistle through the stumps of stalks and dead herbage, gazed at the little door of the big barn, and wondered whether the resources of his clearing-house would endure through the dark days which were pressing upon them.

Lonesome indeed was the aspect of the gaunt, stark chimneys which marked where the big school once loomed so grandly.

It was good to know that the school had stood for in Attegat and what it proposed to stand for. The word which had come to Pere Leclair from the bishop was comforting.

But the plight of the school when the rains came and the trees were stripped was sad when one loved the children and understood what they needed.

The little town-house was crowded by those who toiled with the tools and were learning the trades. A room here and there in a home was loaned, and dusty garrets were swept and furnished for the use of Master Donham's pupils. But the school missed that happy and impelling spirit of fraternity and cooperation which had marked the days in the great new building on the hill. Representative Clifford wondered whether he would be able to convince another legislature that Attegat was still deserving. He shared Master Donham's convictions as to the origin of that fire, but the incendiaries had covered their trail and veiled their secret well. It would make the begging for more money a harder task while those who had destroyed remained unpunished, the town was left worried over the situation and vainly delved for conclusive evidence.

But there was another mystery of the border that was more ominous, more puzzling.

Where was Vetal Beaulieu, of Monarda?

On that grim day of the legislative convention men had whispered a sinister question in the ear of Norman Aldrich.

In those latter days of bleak autumn the question, "Where is Vetal Beaulieu?" was not whispered on the border. The query ran from mouth to mouth. Men asked it of each other in tavern, at church, in store, and when they met on the highway.

All up and down the border little hoards of money were tucked away in clock-cases or in cupboard's crannies, waiting for the call of Vetal Beaulieu, who was wont to dun his debtors and would not accept excuses or delay.

But the door of Beaulieu's place was not opened to Aldrich's knock when he went an envoy for Evangeline and pleaded for his own cause.

And on the brow of the long hill, Norman Aldrich and Evangeline, daughter of her people, waiting hand in hand, outposts of the affection of devoted Attegat!

A puff of white dust above the trees on the brow of the hill! Father Leclair has come home! Off with the hats!

Pere Leclair is with his people once more.

And Fiddler Billedeau played for the flying feet that evening, "under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows."

Vetal Beaulieu's Hiding Place

Autumn came to Attegat and lashed the trees with the thongs of the driving rains. The limbs were stripped bare and the domed hills showed their desolate rocks.

The summer has consolations for the poor. When the skies were blue and the air was balmy and the birds sang, the lively temperaments of Acadia rose above their troubles. They who had been driven from their homes in the clearings to the crowded houses of the river-valley had a bit of hope and all of outdoors to cheer them.

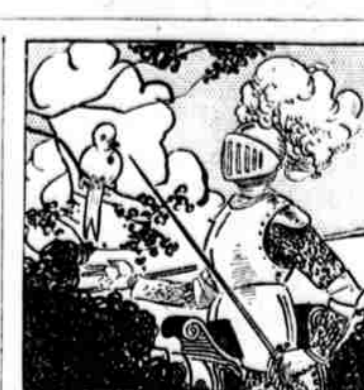
How did the good Pere Leclair come back to Attegat—back to his people and his stone house and his garden?

There were scenes that day such as Attegat will not soon forget—gay scenes, pathetic scenes!

The long street of the village with the haze of dust above the heads of

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE POISONED SWORD"



"Trot out your champion," cried the Mysterious Knight

right, but it's a shame I can't get a good meal out of managing it."

"Trot out your champion," cried the Mysterious Knight. "I want to see this knight of the Poisoned Sword."

"You'll see him soon enough," answered King Bird. "And then you'll be sorry."

There was a loud crashing in the woods, then a volley of grunts, followed by an ear-shattering squeal. Something was coming swiftly toward the arena.

"Here he is—the Knight of the Poisoned Sword," shrieked the Birds. They clustered closer together and prepared to take to their wings if danger came too near.

The Mysterious Knight turned his gallant steed toward the woods and waited, sword in hand. The crashing

drew closer, and then out from the forest dashed a gigantic pig—a great boar, 40, 50, on guard. Knight of the Poisoned Sword, for I'm going to cut a slice of ham!" shouted the Mysterious Knight. Forward bound his faithful steed, and then the faithful steed stopped short, for the boar showed his gleaming tusks and charged straight at the steed's legs.

But the knight didn't stop. He went right on over the steed's head and landed on the back of the boar, his sword flying out of his hand.

"My! but there was a mix-up then. The boar let out a terrible squeal and whirled around and around, trying to reach the knight with his tusks. The knight grabbed the boar's tale and hung on tight, twisting and twisting it. The boar ordinarily was brave enough, but he wasn't expecting anything like this. His squeal rose to a shriek, and he galloped so fast Peggy grew dizzy watching him. Then as the knight jerked and pulled on the boar's stubby tail, trying to keep from falling off, Peggy's dizziness turned into wild laughter.

Finally the knight pitched off the boar, landing on his head, but still he hung on to the boar's tail. Then the boar dashed back into the woods, throwing the knight into a big bush as he did so. The knight picked himself up, while the tail of the pig died away in the distance.

"There goes your Knight of the Poisoned Sword," cried the knight to King Bird.

"Why, that's not the Knight of the Poisoned Sword," answered King Bird. "When you meet my knight you will be the one to squeal."

(In the next chapter the Knight meets a foe of another kind.)

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

THE PROBLEM OF THE EMPTY MANSION

Mamie Again Intrudes

"WHILE you read Mamie's letter," said Bruno Duke, "I'll pack my grip for I want to catch the next train to Boston."

I began to read Mamie's letter eagerly, for anything that Mamie said or did was unusual—her exciting introduction to us, as she ran screaming from her drunken father—thank heavens he died—the midnight episode with Sly Able, her husband's companion—such things prepared one for the unexpected. This is what I read:

Mr. Bruno Duke, Dear Sir—I come back from the state before they get me and leave as I feel anyhow. Book lending is fine and I ain't had none to speak of.

That there missus Horton is a cat she's got to be named and need to be named and I go with lots of beds with woolen and the other things I put me bag on bed and slip me do in my kick and after time we all go to a little room.

Them girls is all little than me but I see nothing to them a wener that hooten cater me question such don't so I search me. She say was a room and I see a woman wot shut up in a house alone can't get no sleep. She say I see I make a file of her in I say it worst me she was that way afore I cum on the kite and I see she sez I orto be ashamed an I ain't got no sense an a lot like that. I tel her to clear her face and she don't so I kiss her side so ugly.

She sez she back an I'm washing dishes for missus rockwood sles all night and sez play with her but I gettin' writt on so I do. I'm sorry to be like this for I want do the level to you but wasn't I alright.

MAMIE CLEFF

I ought to explain that as Mamie knew no other name than Mamie, Duke had laughingly said:

"Well, I'll have to give you a name so I'll name you 'Mamie,' after the house, and Mamie Cleff she's been ever since."

Duke had decided that the restless, fiery and original nature would scrub boards and wash dishes in the laundry labor of an apartment house scrub woman, so had sent her to a boarding school in the hope that she would get the fundamentals of an education and some of the refinements of social life. Her letter spelt failure for that effort.

By this time Duke had his grip packed.

"Walk to the station with me, Peter. I want to give you a suggestion regarding Sam Eagles, the caretaker of 'The Barracks.'"

"All right," said "My opinion of Eagles is poor, and if he gets balky or refuses to toe the mark, I'll—"

I never finished that remark, for Duke snapped:

"Don't talk foolishly, Peter. Your opinion of Eagles is of no value. Only real knowledge of him is worth while. Do, please, remember that a man's value must not be measured by his personality, but by what he knows and does. If I refused to work with people whom I did not like, I would be a poor kind of business man. Just because I don't happen to like a fellow does not say that he is no good—he may be a much more valuable man than I am. Don't let your

personal likes and whims influence your judgment. The true executive is he who can read below the surface appearance of people and use their ability to the best advantage."

"I see nothing I could say except that I saw my mistake."

"One more thing," admonished Duke. "Don't let your knowledge intrude itself on Eagles. Let him think what he wishes. Ask his advice and suggestions on what to do with 'The Barracks,' but tell him nothing of our plans."

As he heard the Boston train chug and chug, Bruno Duke turned and returned to the hotel.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

What is an acceptor? Answer: you appear tomorrow.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

"Acceptance" is an agreement by the drawer of negotiable paper to pay the same. Agreement to terms offered.

In this space Mr. Whitehead will answer the business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment.

Business Questions Answered

Just a word of thanks for the interesting and additional reading matter furnished by you to date. I would appreciate your comments.

My manufacturing concern sent out circulars to jobbers throughout the United States, in an effort to increase its business, and in return for the expense should be charged to advertising.

My advertising expense should be charged to sales expense, and supports his claim to the statement that by charging it to sales expense, and not advertising, it permits the use of the advertising appropriation for other advertising.

A contenda that, regardless of whether or not, the advertising appropriation is large or small, it should be charged to advertising.

This is a very interesting matter and one I am glad to comment on.

The size of the appropriation has nothing whatever to do with its classification. The idea of helping sales is done with or without it. My belief is that the advertising department should really be the assistant to the sales manager.

I can imagine a decided objection to this on the part of advertising managers, but, after all, advertising is useless unless it is backed up by a good sales plan—the building of the sales plan is the work of the sales manager.

We are agreed, I'm sure, that advertising is a sales stimulus. The question is to whether or not the advertising was to help business is beside the question. I suggest the following distinction: Any impersonal communication with consumers should be charged as an advertising expense—any personal communication with a dealer should be charged as selling expense. Thus, if I write a personal letter to a dealer asking him to buy goods, or explaining a matter, that would be sales expense. I sent out a circular letter to dealers, that would be advertising expense. I hope that this is perfectly clear to you.

I would like to get some advice in regard to the mail-order business. I have a half-inch long, that shoots a metal ring a considerable distance and gives it a rebound to the shooter. Is a good mail-order article?

I can sell the gun for ten or fifteen cents, and I'm thinking of advertising it as the "Fanny Gun" because it will make a noise when you shoot it. I'm thinking of advertising it as a small ad, inserted under "Help Wanted" and "Lost and Found" and a copy of the ad.

That gun of yours looks like a good little seller, but I question whether you would be able to sell it at fifteen cents. You make a profit on it. You know, of course, that these novelties offered at ten cents, etc., are not offered to make a profit, but merely to get names of people to send a catalog.

If they were to get the money back on the advertising they would feel perfectly satisfied. If you were to advertise in the papers, particularly the daily papers of a tremendous big circulation, I think you would have little difficulty in getting agents to sell your article as an agency proposition, than as a proposition.

Don't use the cut in your advertising. Your description of it looks much more interesting than the one I've seen. Don't think much of the name "Fanny Gun"; you would probably do better to call it "Boomerang Gun" or "Boomerang Gun." The Boomerang Gun is Lots of Fun.

I think it would pay you to talk this over with some good advertising expert. For you would spend in getting your advertisement better than you would in the increased business you would doubtless get.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

An Adventure By Marion C. Leeman

THE bell sounding "Lights Out" at the little Holden Seminary had rung about an hour ago, but if any one had peeped into one of the rooms on the third floor they would have wondered if the reserved matron, Miss Benton, hadn't made a mistake in the time for retirement.

A bevy of whispering girls, their faces lighted up by the ray of one lone candle on the dresser, were huddled on Jo Wentworth's bed. Jo, short for Josephine, was the life of the sedate little college. Situated in the outskirts of New York, wherever there was a disturbance of any kind, Jo was sure to be at the head of it, and many times Miss Benton had thought Jo would have to pack up and leave for home, but then Jo would plead, in her lovable, winsome way, and she was always given one more chance. "It would just be heaps of fun," said Jo excitedly.

"If we could only do it without being caught," said Beth Stewart, "but some one will be sure to see us."

"Now listen," said Jo, "I've got it all planned. The dance is Wednesday night. We'll leave right after supper, and one of the men to take us to Crompton is the machine, and bring him not to tell. Then surely some one at the dance will have a car and bring us back."

"I hope we'll have a good time," said one of the other girls. "We've had nothing but books, books, books till I'm sick and tired of them."

"I'm so glad the college is open again, now that the war is over, and the boys are back. The real men is open again. It was a very happy party that drove over the country roads to the dance."

"Wonder if Kenneth Boyd will be there, Jo," whispered Beth. "Remember the quarrel you two had last year?"

"Let me drive you back," said Kenneth. "I can just make it and get the boys on my return."

It was a happy crowd that rode back in Kenneth's big gray car. It was rather quiet in the front side beside Kenneth, but the crowd in back made up for it with their laughing and song. Kenneth took one hand off the wheel and closed it over Jo's soft little hand. He then whispered "Can't we forget everything, Jo, and start again. I've loved you all the time I've been away, and many times when I was lonely my heart ached for you."

Jo did not reply, but gently squeezed Kenneth's hand.

"And," continued Kenneth, "while you're finishing school, dear, I'll work hard, and then some day we can be married and happy."

They reached the summary only to see a crowd of boys waiting. Kenneth bent over and said to Miss Benton catch you," said Kenneth tenderly. "I'll write you and see you next week—end."

The hum of the gray car soon sounded in the distance. Jo crept in softly. "Oh, girls, as she reached her room, it's too wonderful to be true. Ken and I are engaged. If I get punished for this escapade it will be well worth it."

The most complete novelette—Corson Jim's Lady.



Pere Leclair is with his people once more

had awakened and wept and signed and prayed.

And the bishop could feel the eager wistfulness of that waiting people who listened now for the news which was to come from that lofty chamber of his far down by the sea, where he leaned back and watched the pictures in the shadows on the ceiling. An entirely new sense of responsibility came to the bishop; it was a thrill of authority, almost. That isolated country of the border! He had almost forgotten how great was his power to make or to mar.

"Go on, my son," he murmured when Anaxagoras paused. "I have much to learn."

And then he heard the story of the disputed lands, the tale of the crowded farms, as narrow in those days as lanes. There were sad pictures in the shadows—creaking wagons loaded with poor treasures of despoiled homes, and women and children following, weeping, behind the wagons like mourners plodding after the hearse that held their hopes.

Ab, then the bishop murmured as he listened, and the wrinkles deepened in his forehead.

"Wait one moment, my good son," he commanded, and he rang a bell.

Along the hush of the corridor without came heels striding sturdily. It was Father Callahan who entered.

"Listen to this man—what he says of the land of Attegat. Go on, my son."

The fiddler obeyed.

There was an end at last.

The bishop lowered his eyes from the ceiling and came forward to the edge of his great chair.

"I have not understood all of this affair till now," he said. "There is a solemn duty ahead of us. Out of the mouths of children cometh wisdom—but the listener must be wise to understand."

His face was stern.

and held the paper toward the old fiddler.

"For you, my faithful son. You shall carry it home in place of the packet you have brought. It tells your people that you have done your errand as, I believe, no other man could have done it, for simple faith can move mountains. At least, it can make a bishop see his duty."

The old man stumbled toward the outstretched hand, and the bishop gave him his blessing as he knelt and received the precious paper.

"I place this man in your hands, Father Callahan. I detail you to perform the duty which is plain and pressing. Go with this man into the north. He will lead you to Father Leclair. I wish him to receive the news of this restoration from your lips with my blessing. Father Leclair and this man know the people. Go with them from end to end of the district where all these troubles are pressing so heavily. Learn about these lands and these evictions, and find out the names of the parties who are responsible. Get information that can be used for evidence, and arrange for witnesses. For I shall go down before the next Legislature and take up the cause of my people in the north with all the power that God may grant to me in my old age."

He walked to the door with Anaxagoras Billedeau, his hand on the fiddler's shoulder.

"Good-night, and safe home to you, my son," he said gently. "Be troubled no longer. Father Callahan will smooth all the way for you after this."

How did the good Pere Leclair come back to Attegat—back to his people and his stone house and his garden?

There were scenes that day such as Attegat will not soon forget—gay scenes, pathetic scenes!

The long street of the village with the haze of dust above the heads of

may miss the first hint of that for which he is looking.

Representative Clifford, by the notary's side, meditating on the news of the bishop's interest in the matter of the lands, and acknowledging again that God knows the details of His own business best.

And, on the brow of the long hill, Norman Aldrich and Evangeline, daughter of her people, waiting hand in hand, outposts of the affection of devoted Attegat!

A puff of white dust above the trees on the brow of the hill! Father Leclair has come home! Off with the hats!

Pere Leclair is with his people once more.

And Fiddler Billedeau played for the flying feet that evening, "under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows."

Vetal Beaulieu's Hiding Place

Autumn came to Attegat and lashed the trees with the thongs of the driving rains. The limbs were stripped bare and the domed hills showed their desolate rocks.

The summer has consolations for the poor. When the skies were blue and the air was balmy and the birds sang, the lively temperaments of Acadia rose above their troubles. They who had been driven from their homes in the clearings to the crowded houses of the river-valley had a bit of hope and all of outdoors to cheer them.

How did the good Pere Leclair come back to Attegat—back to his people and his stone house and his garden?

There were scenes that day such as Attegat will not soon forget—