

The Man From the Clouds

By J. STORER CLOUSTON
Author of "The Spy in Black," "The Lunatic at Large," etc.

THIS STARTS THE STORY
A British sublieutenant is sent up as lookout in an observation balloon...

good many. Are you anxious for statistics?
Myself (concealing my disappointment under a brave smile): "Oh, no. Please don't mistake me for an intelligent inquirer."

sojourned in foreign parts for reasons of pleasure, health or business. In fact, he was close to a clan on the subject...

self-respecting Scottish parish, I believe, but by the greatest good luck the rival minister was away and the congregations were assembled together...



AND HERE IT CONTINUES
HE SMILED slightly.
"You had better stay here. There is no other lodging."

of lunch when my host offered me a cigar.
"Mathews?" he observed, pushing a box toward me.

"Nothing very suspicious in all that," I thought. "Still, what is this surprising apparition doing in this out-of-the-way island?"

Several business men asked about the boys and a number got good jobs as a result.
And so the reputation of Marlow & Brown spread and their list of business acquaintances grew.

As I foresaw that lunch would be a function demanding considerable tact. Seeing that I had decided, rightly or wrongly (and the Lord knew who was to not to trust these people, they had to be kept in a nice equilibrium between doubt and confidence.

I SAID good-night early that evening and did a heap of thinking in my bedroom. Nothing that seems to me now to be worth recording had been said or done since luncheon.

So I forgave Miss Jean her prejudice and reflected on her attractions. I changed my mind about them later, as will appear, but that first evening she seemed to me a most piquant and dainty young lady.

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The line I selected was a blend of mystery regarding my business, breezy but not noncommittal topics and an occasional oddity of conduct such as might have been caused by a guilty conscience or a harmless strain of eccentricity.

That night my thoughts ran chiefly on my host and hostess. I had learned a few more facts about them and these I now put together to see what picture they suggested.

For two hours the minister prayed, the minister read and the minister preached to us at intervals we were allowed to sing, and abused the privilege shockingly; and all the time I studied that congregation.

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BRUNO DUKE
Solver of Business Problems

THE PROBLEM OF THE FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS

TO THE surprise of all of us, the office of Marlow & Brown had a number of inquiries relative to the course of insurance which Fred Marlow was to give that fall at the Y. M. C. A.

They decided that Marlow was "all to the candy" and even Brown was "all right." Three cheers were boisterously given for Marlow & Brown.

DO YOU NEED A REALLY BRIGHT BOY?
If you need a real good worker, part-time, we can recommend the boys who look out our fire insurance census.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION
What is "Composition"?
Answer will appear Monday.

A New "Bruno Duke" Story
Episode No. 7
The Problem of Getting Commission Salesmen to Stick

It will be of great practical benefit to all who need salesmen to sell anything that comes under that broad classification of commodities—specialties.

HAVE YOU A BUSINESS PROBLEM?
Let Bruno Duke help you. Write direct to the author—Harold Whitehead, in care of this newspaper.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE QUEST OF JOYOUSNESS"



JOYOUSNESS sat at the head of her dining table, with Peggy and Hopful Smiles on one side and Billy and Cheer-Up on the other.

They were really only chasing her shadow. Joyousness herself was right on the train with them through the whole trip, snuggling up close to Peggy and Billy.

quest of Joyousness. They saw the starting of the train through the tunnel, the birth of Joyousness, the chase of Joyousness up the mountain, the beautiful scenery, the drama of the Snow Maiden, the wild ride back down the pass, and the rich dinner at the end.

DIARY OF 79TH'S TRIP HOMEWARD

[This is the record of a series of articles covering the diary of Sergeant Carl Ziesberg, of the Seventy-ninth Division.]

trying to look stern and noble in the eyes of the populace, as the huge lorry rumbled out of Reze, waded at by children who ran, screamed and fell and shouted "gun," "good-by" and "cigarette" all in one breath.

of the last gray box car. Into these roomy cars the voyagers scrambled, all eyes of division headquarters and 816th infantry headquarters, band and first battalion.

Sunday, May 11--Nothing to report (or, in the crisp army lingo, N. T. R.) except that troop trains rolled westward from Nantes and that headquarters was scheduled to go to St. Nazaire Wednesday and to sail Thursday.

The gates were closed, and an American resents delay in anything, especially in his home-going.

"Smell of the Salt" Once More
The long train left the chimney pots of Nantes with a roar that came from about 100 carwheels and 1000 human throats.

Monday, May 12--Headquarters was scheduled to move Thursday and sail Friday.

George Washington on Cursing
"A man can't drive a truck through a French town and hope to get to heaven," observed the driver, steering his charge over the now-liberated crossing.

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Tuesday, May 13--N. T. R. A rumor was: Headquarters will move Friday and sail Saturday.

Wednesday, May 14--Definite orders, in cold black and white, instructed headquarters to move tomorrow to St. Nazaire. The P. C. the last headquarters of the division in France, was officially closed.

"Smell of the Salt" Once More
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Thursday, May 15--For the last lap of the many linked land voyage to the sea we were up before the clock bell in the village church had tolled five. How ever early that might be, the old French woman, living around the corner in the shadow of the church, was up and waiting for the straw to be emptied from bed sacks.

The Last "Fatigue Party"
If this last meal was a solemnity then also the last "polishing" or cleaning of French billets was an unconscious ceremony.

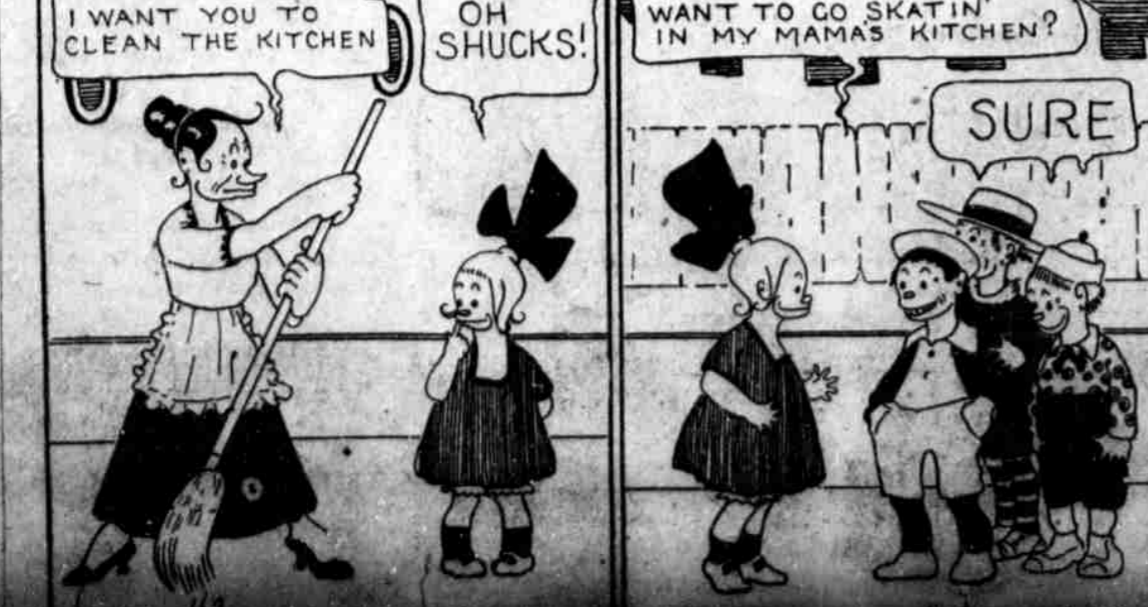
"Smell of the Salt" Once More
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Friday, May 16--The last day of the division in France, was officially closed. Headquarters was scheduled to move Thursday and sail Friday.

An All-American Train
It was wearing along toward noon when the train that was to serve in the rail trip in France pulled into the Nantes trainhead. The train was all-American, from the tip of the cow-catcher to the rear coupling apparatus.

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DOROTHY DARNIT--A Good Suggestion for Any Little Home



By Chas. McManus

