

The Man From the Clouds : By J. STORER CLOUSTON

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THIS STARTS THE STORY A British submarine goes up in an observation balloon as lookout...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

I HAD seen no one. It is true: I had heard no sound that could be sworn to as made by a human being.

I had addressed Miss Rendall at her own door in a German accent. Then I had abruptly dropped it and through all my deliberate mystification...

Yet somehow or other that I saw all this so clearly. I found myself singularly reluctant to accept the logical conclusion that this gentleman of good lineage and standing and this attractive high-spirited girl were actually traitors of the basest sort...

A Near Thing BEING an optimist has compensations. Indeed, it would need to have for no virtue has ever landed any one in more damnable scrapes than optimism has landed me.

Next morning, after that nasty night, I was singing in my bath and full of wild hopes: the way of looking at things had suggested itself in the very act of shaving.

After a night's sleep the adventure by the shore had grown perhaps a little blurred in some of its details. I wished I could see that curved thing rising against the night sky a trifle more distinctly in my mind's eye: so that I could take my oath in court it was a weapon.

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stretch of wall following the shore line, which could have given shelter for any one to stalk me virtually from the start. At another I noticed a farm close by, and from this an assailant could easily have slipped down to the beach and run back again.

And finally there was a last alternative: that I might have been mistaken in thinking I was actually assailed and instead of that— But what other conceivable explanation could there be? I tried hard but could think of none.

With the flame of optimism burning now somewhat low, I kept on following the shore till I was well past the scene of both my night adventures and had come to the little sandy bay with the bundle of low gray farm buildings just clear of the tide.



I followed his dirty finger and a couple of hundred yards ahead I spied a figure.

It seemed, the more distasteful it grew that there might well have been two people in it; one—who might have followed me, the stone thrower, and the other—who might, for instance, have been patrolling the shore from the opposite direction, the attacker.

Suspicious as I had felt at the moment, I shrank from this alternative, and in justification I asked myself, "Why didn't she use her pistol, and be done with it?"

But, on the other hand, it was a most extraordinary coincidence that her father should have spotted that spot certainly within three or four minutes previously, and that he should have seen no sign of my enemy.

So far as I could remember the length of time I had spent groping among the rocks, it was just possible for Mr. Rendall to pass by and for the other man then to begin his work of decoying me, but certainly it was an unpleasant coincidence.

He gave me a long look and one word. "Ay," said he, and went on painting. It struck me at once that he was even more wary and more reticent than before, but I was determined to extract some information.

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"Who was guarding this part here?" asked. As usual I acted on impulse, and this time I think correctly. Scarcely had the thought struck me than I was up and rushing forward to the shelter of the grass bank where the rocks began.

"I dinna ken." I wondered, but I saw that there was not much more to be learned here. He had denied that any of his household were out, for what that was worth, and at that I bade him good morning and turned back.

I fell to walking more and more slowly and at last I stopped and decided to accompany my thoughts with a little lunch. The boundary wall at this point ran close to the edge of the rocks and was rather higher than usual.

Soon after he moved in I went to inspect his new abode. He was immensely enthusiastic. "My yes," said I, "but where's the bath?"

"Here," said Oswald, proudly, and with the air of a conjuror producing a rabbit from a silk hat, lifted up the kitchen table. Beneath, in a cove and slightly furtive attitude, lay the bath.

"Well, no," he answered. "The cold water's all right, but as a matter of fact, there is no hot water yet. I'm having a geyser put in."

That very night Oswald determined to bathe, and having turned on the water and lit the gas, sat on the edge of the bath to await developments.

On the following day, such is his passion for cleanliness, he tried again, and, curiously enough, all went well until, flushed with success, he sprang, yumping a snatch of song, to the bath.

A week elapsed before Oswald ventured to try his bath again. This time all went well, rather to his surprise, but when on the following day he was foolishly enough to attempt another bath, the internal organs of the geyser, without the slightest hesitation, melted and filled the bath with molten copper.

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy "RAINBOW GOLD"

(Peggy and Billy, accompanied by bird friends, go in search of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. They find the gold, and Judge Owl scorns them of danger.)



They Lose the Gold ALL the birds looked eagerly into the pot of gold, while Peggy and Billy dancy around in joy.

"Is that the stuff that humans make such a fuss about?" exclaimed Mr. Robin disgustfully. "Why, it's just a lot of chips of yellow stone."

"Yes, but think of all the good things it will buy!" cried Billy. "With gold you can get all the food you want."

"I can get food just by working for it," replied Mr. Robin, and he proved what he said by pulling a fat worm from the ground and gobbling it down.

"And you can buy clothes," suggested Peggy. "Huh, we have prettier clothes than you have," chirped Mr. Oriole preening his feathers.

"And you can build a fine home," said Billy. "We all have fine nest homes now," chorused the birds, "and we built them ourselves."

"But you haven't nice, warm houses, with furnaces and all that," argued Peggy. "What do we need warm houses for?" chirped Mr. Robin. "We are sensible and fly south in the winter. It's warm enough there."

"And gold will buy an automobile or an airplane," declared Billy. "He, he, he, ho!" laughed General Swallow. "But it can't buy a pair of wings like mine—and wings beat an airplane or an auto all hollow."

These arguments of the birds gave Peggy a new view on the value of money, but she concluded that birds were birds, and humans were humans.

he was doing and a few other obvious questions. The man's name was Groom. He sold check protectors, but found "everybody in Detroit had one, so I want to get into something bigger."

Odd then gave Groom a most enthusiastic description of the Gilder car. He painted in glowing colors the big money to be made by selling it.

"What yer pay?" Groom asked. "Odd explained to him about the commission of five per cent and \$10 a week advance for a month."

"Huh— that's no good, to me. I get a bigger drawing account than that now!" Odd tried to reason with him, but the man turned on his heel and left.

"That's a sample of what we have to put up with," Odd looked with disgust at the departing Mr. Groom. A few minutes later another young fellow came in, and the following conversation ensued:

"You Mr. Odd?" "Yes." "The job's selling cars, of course?" "Of course."

"I like the Gilder car best; besides, old Martin Brainard—he's the general manager—well, if you know M. B. as we stick to it."

"How long has Feather been with the company?" "As general sales manager, only about a year. He was with the company for years before, manager or something in the factory. They say he was a star there. I wish he'd stayed where his twinkle was useful." Odd commented whimsically.

"Has he ever sold cars?" "No, never—hold hard, yes; he once sold a lot of them at one crack to some lawyer who gave each of their salesmen a car, so that they could get around the country quicker. I think that really got him his job."

"Gold, gold, a pot of gold!" he cried aloud. "And it's mine—all mine, because I've found it."

"No, it is ours! We found it," cried Billy. But the farmer boy, excited over the discovery of the gold, thought Billy was only a bird and paid no attention to him.

"Now I can run away to the city. Now I can become a spender and lead a wild life," excited the farmer boy, his pleasant face taking on an evil look. "I'll not tell the family at home anything about this, but I'll sneak away at night to go on a jolly spree that will last for weeks and weeks until I've spent every cent."

"No, no, he must not do that. He will waste the gold and ruin himself," cried Peggy. "And the gold belongs to us, we found it," insisted Billy.

"Let him have it! There's evil in rainbow gold," hooted Judge Owl. "Indeed, I'll not let him have it. I'll fight for it first," said Billy, forgetting that he was only the size of a small bird. Billy turned the airplane downward, but the farmer boy had already picked up the pot of gold, and with furtive looks around him, was running toward a barn that stood on the outskirts of a group of farm buildings some little distance away.

(Tomorrow will be told how the rainbow gold brings ill fortune to the farmer boy's family.)

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

THE PROBLEM OF GETTING COMMISSION SALESMEN TO STICK

How Not to Interview Salesmen ODD proved to be a live wire. Introductions were barely over before he began to tell his side of the story.

"The Gilder car, Mr. Duke, and you, too, of course, Mr. Flint, is a pippin'— it's the spellest car for the money ever put out. Just come here and—say, come for a ride in one."

"Hold on," Duke cried, "never mind the car. We know that's all right. Tell us how you get men?"

"I don't, I'm afraid. It's hard to get good men with any experience to start for \$10 as a drawing account. Of course I explain to them it's only a care money and that they get five per cent on all cars sold. Even when I get 'em, Mr. Feather queers 'em. Say, one time he cut commissions to three per cent on cars sold on leads—said it encouraged the men to find their own leads."

"How did it work out?" I inquired. "It didn't, but the men did! I had several good men then, but three of them left me cold and went to the A. G. C. Company. The A. G. C. Company offered me an agency soon afterward."

"Why didn't you take it?" asked Duke. "I like the Gilder car best; besides, old Martin Brainard—he's the general manager—well, if you know M. B. as we stick to it."

"How long has Feather been with the company?" "As general sales manager, only about a year. He was with the company for years before, manager or something in the factory. They say he was a star there. I wish he'd stayed where his twinkle was useful." Odd commented whimsically.

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"So he's never given you many selling ideas?" "Given any ideas?" Odd shrugged his shoulders. "He never gave anything in his life. Say, I once put up a little contest among the men. I offered a prize to the first fellow who sold two cars in two consecutive days. Old 'Kill-joy'—that's his pet name with us—called it off when he heard about it. He said it hurt business, for if a man sold a car he'd hold up the sale until he got another." Such rot, for if a man buys a car he wants it at once. Oh, well, what's the use?"

Just then a fellow asked for "the master." Odd told us in an undercurrent that he'd been advertising for men, and this was some one in answer to that advertisement.

"You go right ahead, Mr. Odd, and don't mind us," Duke replied. He and I straggled over to a car on the floor, but I listened to the conversation that took place."

Odd began by asking the fellow what he was doing and a few other obvious questions. The man's name was Groom. He sold check protectors, but found "everybody in Detroit had one, so I want to get into something bigger."

"What yer pay?" Groom asked. "Odd explained to him about the commission of five per cent and \$10 a week advance for a month."

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"Salary?" "No, nothing—"

"No, nothing doing!" and out he walked. "There, Peter," Duke commented, "you have two splendid examples of how, not to interview prospective salesmen. When we get back to the hotel I'll tell you what's wrong and what should be done."

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What is a "Draft"? Answer will appear tomorrow.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION 1. A sum thrown off the amount of a note or bill. 2. A deduction. 3. To "discount" is to lend money on bills after deducting the interest.

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

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

By MRS. C. B. BROOKS

THE GHOST CHASER

AND they say—here the voice lowered to a tragic whisper. "Three pairs of eyes—blue, brown, hazel—widened with fear."

Not so Claire Berkeley's. Had she not longed for excitement, adventure? It had been so lonely and monotonous, especially since Al Trevor had left without one word. Surely there must be some mistake. She had overheard his sister whispering that he had arrived from overseas.

"And they say," whispered Amy Trevor, "that late in the evening it is seen in the upper back room. The light it carries illumines its long, white form. I'd go in if Tom would go, too. It might be great fun."

The girls' eyes flashed their excitement. "Tom go with you," sneered Claire Berkeley. "Why! I'd like nothing better than to go with our own girls. As if we depended on men for everything we undertake." And the pretty chin tilted in the air.

The timid ones, inspired by Claire's brave assertion, promised to accompany the two girls on condition that they be allowed to follow in the rear.

It was decided to investigate one evening and the following night to enter the haunted house.

Thus one dark evening found five weird, creeping forms silently tracing their way along the deserted road. Amy and Claire braved the way ahead, and the three timid ones followed quakingly.

"I—I saw a speck of light," trembled Sadie Deanforth. "O—oh, dear! I—don't dare go on."

"Claire!—I believe Sadie did see something. I do myself. Look!"

"A light! I don't see a thing but a firefly. What little coward you are! Now listen. We'll go back now; but next time we shall enter. How many will promise? Are you afraid?"

"Why, of course I'll not back out, Claire," said Amy.

"And you three timid ones?" withered their leader, mockingly.

"We—we—of course, we'll go," they haltingly agreed.

"Brave girls!" laughed Claire. The next evening the three fearful girls followed their brave leaders to the very door of the haunted house. The long, black hedge seemed to conceal black, spooky shapes.

"I—don't dare go—at least, not into the back room. Would you mind, Claire?" began Amy.

"No, I wouldn't mind going in alone. I'm bound to chase that ghost. I'm not afraid," boasted the girl.

But even as she forged ahead the girl felt herself tremble. She would never give in—oh, no.

She groped her way to the opposite side of the road and began fumbling for the doorknob.

DOROTHY DARNIT—The League of Nations Wouldn't Stand for It



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The next complete novelette—The Blue Georgia Dress.