

The Man From the Clouds :

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

DAILY NOVELETTE

PAULINE'S FIRST POSITION By JOSEPHINE MURPHY

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy "BUMBLE BEE BUZZ"

(Copyright, 1919, by George H. Doran Co.) THIS STARTS THE STORY

Roger Merton, descending in a parachute from a runaway balloon, lands on an island in the north of Scotland. Supposing he is in Germany he speaks German to the first man he meets and thus causes a German spy to reveal himself momentarily. His efforts to uncover a German plot bring about his own arrest through Rendall, the owner of the island. Luckily the visiting officer proves to be his cousin and he has no difficulty in clearing himself. His story, however, gets little credence and independent investigation seems to disprove it. Later the British government begins to suspect that there is really a spy on the island and Merton is induced to return to the island in the guise of an alcoholic named Hobhouse, who becomes a patient of Doctor Rendall, a relative of the owner. Among those whom he meets are O'Brien, a toper and a patient of Doctor Rendall's, and a half-witted lad named Scollay.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"I SEE you've still got your knife," "O'Brien" laughed. "But I think my notion is the likeliest." He broke off suddenly and went instinctively toward a pace further apart. A figure had appeared round a turn of the road just ahead of us, a trim, dainty figure, delightful to see in such a place, but a little disconcerting to see so suddenly and so close to us. It was Jean Rendall, looking her best, but not, it seemed to me, quite in the right place.



And then all at once she exclaimed, "Do you hear anything?"

Jack explained in a very natural off-handed manner how he came to be in Mr. Hobhouse's company, and Mr. Hobhouse corroborated his statement in his own effusive way. And then we parted, she threw her smile full on that gentleman, and asked:

"Why haven't you been to see us again, Mr. Hobhouse? Do come to tea one day!" Mr. Hobhouse gabbled a polite but slightly evasive reply, and we walked on.

"Do you mean to say," demanded my cousin, "that you have only been to see that detestable lady once?" "That's all," I admitted.

"What's the reason for it? Isn't very like your method of Roger?" "If it isn't," I admitted again. "But then you see what with pestilential weather and all these antiquarian visits to pay, my available time has been pretty well occupied."

"But that house is one to keep a particular eye on." "That house has got a pair of particularly bright eyes on it. On my one visit there I felt a little too like walking on the edge of a precipice to wish to repeat the experience often. If that right suspect me, Jack, and if she isn't the girl's sort, we are ditched."

"Oh, dash it, I can't believe she's mixed up in this business!" he declared. "Of course you mustn't trust anybody; still, that doesn't prevent your going to tea with her. In fact, what you really ought to be doing is making love to her—so long as you keep your head."

"I am handicapped," I pointed out. "By drunken habits, a beard, and Mother Beagle's Beautiful Black Dye. No, Jack, I do not see orange blossoms this trip."

"Apart from these romantic dreams," persisted my cousin, "she is far more likely to be inquisitive about you if you never go near the house. In fact, I could see it in her eye today."

"Well," I said, "I'll call tomorrow and dispel her interest in me."

"Since my talk with the doctor, his theory about Jean Rendall had crossed my mind occasionally, and improbable as it was, I thought I might as well test it."

"By the way," I asked, "did you by any chance ever speak to Miss Rendall about my last visit to the island?" His look of surprise was a sufficient answer in itself.

"Speak to her of your adventure? Not a word at any time! Why?" "The doctor has an idea that she knows more than she says, and that you may have told her something."

"Hubbub!" "I knew it was," I assured him. "And so that possibility was finally eliminated."

We thought it wiser that our ways should part some little distance from the pier.

braver, and stepped out briskly, resolved to do his bit. As he approached the house the front door opened and the very lady herself appeared. She carried a stick and was evidently setting forth on a walk.

"This is very nice of you to come so soon, Mr. Hobhouse," she said. "I am glad I hadn't gone further before you appeared."

"Oh, but don't let me stop you, Miss Rendall," said Mr. Hobhouse anxiously. "Really, I can't allow it; no, no, really not. You mustn't turn back, indeed you mustn't! Perhaps I shall find Mr. Rendall at home."

"I was only going for a walk to nowhere in particular." She looked at him with an irresistible mixture of coyness and frankness and suggested, "Would you care to come for a little walk, too? It's far too early for tea."

"What could the poor gentleman do? He gushed over the suggestion, of course, and accepted it."

"I was going to walk down to the shore," she said. "Will that suit you?" Mr. Hobhouse assured her that anywhere would do him, he had no choice at all; anywhere, everywhere, nowhere would be all the same to him.

As they walked side by side down toward the sea, he was suddenly struck with the sense of being in a familiar situation, of a repetition of something that had happened before. And then he realized that this was actually the walk that the same girl and a young man Merton had taken on a memorable August night. He noted through his glasses the very wall behind which he had hid his pipe when the flare of his match revealed the butt end of a pistol and presently he was following the same winding way above the beach.

This did not serve to make the playing of his part any the easier. It filled him, in fact, with a continual fear of giving himself away by doing something he had done before. It was really a most irrational fear; but there it was. Under the circumstances his sustained babble and blink were distinctly credible.

But what gave him a more excusable cause for apprehension was Miss Rendall's own attitude. That there was something on her mind, something behind her words, he felt morosely certain. She spoke in the most natural way and on the most commonplace topics, but there were frequent silences and it was during those he felt that without looking directly at him, she was watching him.

And once or twice he got it into his head that she was a little puzzled and uncertain, though whether it was about what to think or what to do, he had no conception. He told himself that all this was only his own morbid imagination. Still, it made that walk an uncomfortable ordeal and seldom did actor have to work harder to keep his act up.

Luckily, however, the man had the virtue of impudence and not only did he manage to entertain the lady with a garrulous account of his antiquarian

researches (reasoning acutely that women are seldom experts in such matters), but he even ventured to broach a delicate subject for his own ends.

"The gentleman who—er—reided with Doctor Rendall last summer was not, I believe, very interested in antiquities," he observed. "Did you know him, Miss Rendall? Mr. O'Brien was his name, I believe."

"Yes," she said, "I knew Mr. O'Brien."

There was certainly no trace of any feeling, whether of like or dislike, in her voice.

"Not a very pleasant fellow, I believe," Mr. Hobhouse went on. "At least I should judge not; I should gather not. But I trust he wasn't a friend of yours, Miss Rendall?"

"Not a particular friend. But why do you think he was unpleasant?" "Oh, only from Doctor Rendall's references to him—only from that, I assure you," said Mr. Hobhouse with pronounced eagerness.

"Really?" said she, her eyes opening. There was no doubt that this information genuinely surprised her.

"I thought they seemed great friends," she added.

"Oh, they may have been—they may have been. I may be doing Mr. O'Brien an injustice. Possibly I misunderstood your relative—quite possibly."

She was silent for a little while after this, and Mr. Hobhouse, too, ceased chatting. He was eyeing the shore line very curiously and trying to piece together his recollections of it.

"I think perhaps we have gone far enough now," said she, and for a minute or two they stood still; and a very distinct sense of being in a familiar situation was borne in upon her companion.

And then all at once she exclaimed: "Do you hear anything?" "Do you hear anything?" "I started and stared at her. For the moment I had ceased to be Mr. Hobhouse, so straight had I been carried back to that night six months ago. Those were her very words, and if I were not much mistaken this was the very place. I nearly answered as I had answered before, but was just able to check myself. And then she broke the spell by laughing.

"It's only the sea! But it sounded so funny and hollow!" "There was indeed a low gurgle just audible, as if the waves were breaking into some cave. It struck me that she must have singularly sharp ears to have noticed it. We stood there for a minute or two longer, and then she asked:

"Do you see any ancient remains, Mr. Hobhouse?" "It was not, in fact, ancient remains that the eye glasses were looking at, but I jumped at the chance of making sure of my bearings, and with an appearance of great eagerness told her that there seemed to be something decidedly interesting in the appearance of the rocks at that place.

"I can wait for a moment if you'd like to look at them nearer," she said. "This is luck!" I said to myself as I scrambled down. "I believe I've found the actual place."

A few minutes' exploration left no doubt in my mind. I found the very cliff face under which I had been deceived, and a tall, erect figure stood forward and took forcible possession of her two hands.

"Arthur!" she faltered dazedly, as if she had been dreaming. He drew her toward the window and looked searchingly into her face.

"You've been crying, Pauline. Tell me why."

"Her eyes dropped and her lips quivered.

"Was it because I discharged you, dear? I needn't have been so harsh; but you were getting so pale and thin I—I—couldn't bear it any longer."

There was a choking in his throat.

"We can't talk here. Get your hat and come with me. My car is at the door. The country is lovely now, we'll make a day of it."

"Oh! No! No!" she cried. "But I say yes, dear. Don't you know that I love you more than ever? I wouldn't have told you so; but I've been watching you all these weeks and I saw that you were learning to care for me—just a little."

"I care more than a little," she said.

And Arthur believed her, as he saw the light in her soft brown eyes; and kissed her lips for the first time in many days, and now Pauline gives the dictation in a little cottage in the suburbs.

A TIRED, drooping, pathetic little figure was Pauline May as she slowly climbed the stairs of Mrs. Moore's boarding house. "It's no use!" she cried. "I must find a position tomorrow if I hope to continue my existence."

After a rather restless night, she arose and once more started out. At the employment office she received a tiny card which bore the name and address of a leading business firm. With a new-born hope she hurried cheerfully along Bush avenue. Ten minutes later found her in Mr. Rendall's office.

Pauline glanced up with a gasp of surprise as the head of the firm entered. It never occurred to her that this stern business man could be the same Arthur Rendall she had known and jilted ten years before in a faraway city of the West.

After glancing at her reference card he said, as if speaking to a stranger: "You may take this morning's dictation."

Pauline flushed resentfully. But the situation had resolved itself into a question of bread and butter. In the old days she had affected to despise him; but now, as her pencil flew to his swift dictation, there was a revulsion of feeling. He had a brisk, alert, business-like way. There surely must be something to a man who could so quickly have achieved success.

"That's all," said Rendall, finally. "Type those off."

That night in her room at the boarding house she pondered the situation. She would have thrown up the position but for a familiar imp leering at her elbow. It drove her back to her post in the morning.

After the morning's dictation was over she was coolly dismissed. Neither look nor tone betrayed the slightest personal interest. Pauline was dismayed to realize that she felt hurt and disappointed. Thus it continued for two weeks. She began to think he had indeed forgotten her. Surely he would want to inquire about old friends and the dear home city.

A month later Mr. Rendall sat in his private office glancing through the morning mail, piled like a pyramid on his desk. Mechanically Pauline entered prepared for the usual dictation, pencil and notebook in hand.

"Come back for a moment after you have typed those off," her employer said as he finished dictating.

Slowly Pauline stumbled through her morning task and just as slowly retraced her steps to his office. She felt something was going to happen.

"You'll never do for this position, Miss May," said Mr. Rendall shortly.

"I've seen this for some time. Your successor will come today. Here's your back pay and a week's salary in lieu of the usual notice."

He pushed the money toward her. Pauline counted out the amount due her, and leaving the surplus on his desk, left the office without a word.

Alone in her stuffy room, she gave way to her feelings. There was no gleam of light in all the big, cold world. A knock upon her door caused her to awake from her reverie. Dashing the tears from her eyes, she opened the door.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss May," said Mrs. Moore.

"Who is it? What does he want?" cried Pauline all the same breath.

"He gave no name, Miss; somebody to see you about a new position."

When Pauline entered the shabby, dull sitting room, a tall, erect figure stood forward and took forcible possession of her two hands.

"Arthur!" she faltered dazedly, as if she had been dreaming. He drew her toward the window and looked searchingly into her face.

"You've been crying, Pauline. Tell me why."

"Her eyes dropped and her lips quivered.

"Was it because I discharged you, dear? I needn't have been so harsh; but you were getting so pale and thin I—I—couldn't bear it any longer."

(Peggy and Billy turn into honey bees when Bumble Bee Buzz gives them a wish. They tease Judge Owl and he sentences them to be eaten by King Bird.)

King Bird's Circus Stunts JUDGE OWL in his wise old way had turned the tables on Peggy and Billy. When he sentenced them to be eaten by King Bird. Of course, he did not know that they were Peggy and Billy; he thought they were only a couple of bothersome wild honey bees. And King Bird didn't know who they were. All he knew was that after a long fast from honey bees he had been told to gobble these two up, and he went at his job very eagerly. He was just like a boy who hadn't eaten any pie all during the war and who suddenly had a hot, juicy pie placed before him and was told to go to it.

Now, Peggy and Billy, who had been dodging around Judge Owl's ears as a joke, dodged for a very different reason. They dodged to save themselves from King Bird's sharp beak. They knew that if he got them it would be the end of them.

Peggy and Billy, being small, could turn quickly, but they found that King Bird was a dodger too. They would jump to one side, and he would come turning around in a short circle. They would dodge downward, and he would turn a somersault in the air to keep on their tails.

It was like a circus performance, or like two little airplanes battling with a big airplane that was chasing them. The birds gathered around and watched it eagerly. It was a regular show for them, and they twittered and twittered in high glee as King Bird almost got 'em and then just missed.

Kingfisher, sitting on the limb of a dead tree, rattled and gurgled in his merriment, opening his mouth wide. Peggy dropped to the ground all tired out. King Bird was over Billy and the birds. Billy was getting tired, too. King Bird noticed it. He made one



As he opened his mouth to say this out flew Billy, safe and sound

final swift dash, and it looked as if Billy would be finished right there and then.

But Billy had a refuge in sight. He dodged King Bird's dash and, quick as the flash of an eye, he popped into the open beak of Kingfisher.

The birds saw him vanish, but they didn't have the slightest idea where he had gone. Neither did Kingfisher. He closed his big beak, but the inside was like a small cavern to a honey bee, and Billy, instead of being crushed, had plenty of room.

Peggy saw that Billy was safe from King Bird, and she crept under a leaf. Bumble Bee Buzz hid himself in the honeysuckle vine.

"Chee, chee, chee! They got away from you!" laughed the birds, in high glee over King Bird's hungry disappointment.

"Hoot! Hoot! Hoot! I'm just as glad," said Judge Owl, who had watched the show. "I guess they were just mischievous bees and not bad after all."

"Buz-z-z-z-z-z-z!" You'd better be 's'd," hummed Bumble Bee Buzz, flying out of the honeysuckle vine, "for the home bees are Princess Peggy and Billy Belgium in disguise."

"Princess Peggy and Billy!" shrieked all the birds. "Where are they now?" "And to think I sentenced them to be gobbled up!" groaned Judge Owl. "King Bird, are you sure you didn't swallow them?"

"I'm sure," said King Bird, beginning to look scared. "But maybe I'd give them a hard nip."

But now Kingfisher began to act very peculiarly. He coughed, he choked, he gagged and all of a sudden he began to laugh violently and tumble about as if some one were tickling him. "Oh, oh, oh, something is wrong with me inside," he rattled. "I'm buzzing like an airplane."

As he opened his mouth to say this out flew Billy, safe and sound. I had hummed in Kingfisher's big beak and this is what made the bird feel queer.

"Buz-z-z-z-z-z! It's Billy Bee," said Bumble Bee Buzz. "Chee! Chee! We're glad to see you, Billy, but where is Princess Peggy?" "Here she is," buzzed Peggy, who was hidden from her hiding place. Then that wags glad rejoicing among the birds and Judge Owl was so relieved because Peggy and Billy hadn't been gobbled up that he danced a jig.

In the midst of the fun Peggy heard a humming call from the edge of the forest:

"Busy, busy, busy bee, Never idle, never free, Busy, busy, busy bee."

Again this call had its peculiar effect upon Peggy. She felt that they must join the worker bees at their toil. She couldn't resist the force that was pulling her. Billy and Bumble Bee Buzz were not there to grab her this time, and before she knew what was happening, she was racing to join the laboring bees, against whom Bumble Bee Buzz had warned her. And Billy and Bumble Bee Buzz were celebrating joyously they did not see her go.

(In the next installment will be told the remarkable adventure Peggy has among the worker bees.)

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 to Size Up Applicants

"HERE," Doliber said excitedly as he heard the boy paging him, "I expect that's the first of the salesmen—we'd better go, hadn't we?"

"In a minute," said Duke, smiling. He told the boy to say that Mr. Doliber would be there in a few minutes and then said:

"Before we go I want to tell you how to have a preliminary interview with applicants."

"First, of course, they fill in the application blank, then when they bring it to you, read it through carefully and add everything that is missing or incorrect. Ask casually the following questions, while scanning his application blank, and note the answers on his blank—anywhere on it will do and as briefly as possible."

"Live in Detroit all your life? Ever driven an automobile? Understand machinery at all? Who is your pastor? Willing to leave Detroit? (If 'yes' is given to the question ask) What part of the country do you like best? Belong to any clubs or secret societies? Ever read any books on salesmanship? Ever read trade papers? What do you think of national prohibition? What's your hobby—seeing the ball game, or playing it? Cards? Golf? Or swimming? (A few suggestions will soon elicit an answer to this.)"

"And when it's all done," I asked, "What does it lead to?"

"We get a better idea of the applicant. Suppose he says he's a Methodist, but doesn't know the name of his pastor—he evidently is not an active church member. Not that that matters, perhaps, but it is in conjunction with that he is a movie fiend and his hobby is poker and he thinks national prohibition is stupid because he likes his glass of beer or whisky—well, we get a fairly good idea of his worth."

"I see the idea," Doliber said quickly, "we ask questions the answers to which give us a good idea of the kind of person the applicant is. Now, I suppose we had better see who is here, hadn't we?"

"Yes, friend Doliber, but there's still one other thing to do. Read this, and Duke passed us each a slip printed thus:

Table with 5 columns: Number, 1, 2, 3, 4. Rows: Clothes pressed, shoes (Quality), Collar, Shave, Hands and nails, Hair, Articulation, Pleasantness, Mannerism.

We both read this card with interest. Doliber was the first to speak.

"How do you use this, Mr. Duke?" "You notice that every application blank has a number. Put the number on this slip and then put a check mark in the column which represents the

quality of the characteristics there. One, equals excellent; two, means good; three, fair; four, bad. For example, if his clothes are of poor quality but well pressed, put a check mark in column one for being well pressed and in 'four' for quality."

"Notice carefully the kind of English an applicant uses—if his grammar is very crude he is of no use to us. Again, the method of speaking is important. A man who mumbles his words, or who waves his arms around like a 'drunken windmill' is handicapped as a salesman, and unless other characteristics are high he is of little use for consideration."

"What about mannerism?" I asked. "I see it isn't ruled like the rest."

"No, because I want you to note what the mannerism is."

"I don't quite understand what you mean," said Doliber.

"Well, suppose a fellow repeats some phrase time after time. I know a man who interposed, 'See what I mean?' after every remark. Another man rubbed his nose violently every few seconds. Yet another insisted on pointing his finger at me all the time he was speaking. Another kept stretching his mouth while being spoken to. Another would bite on his finger-knuckle, while yet another kept picking real or imaginary specks off his clothes. Do you see what I mean now?"

"Of course Doliber and I did, and said so."

"Very good. The reason for this

A NUMBER OF THINGS

Owls have a peculiar method of eating. They eat everything they want, wherever they find it, and swallow the "whole works"—whole. The idea would be the same if you sat down to dinner and consumed the beefsteak, plates, napkins, tablecloth, knives, forks and spoons. After the owl has had this conglomeration in his department of the interior for some time, and it has been digested for all the nutrition there is in it, his organisms inside permit him to drop the refuse out through his mouth in the form of a hard, round pellet—Owls World-Herald.

The Boy Scouts organization was founded in England in 1910 and introduced in the United States the same year. The object is to develop patriotism, discipline, courage and self-control in boys, as well as to put the Golden Rule into daily practice. The first unit of the organization is the "patrol" of from six to eight boys; a "troop" comprises two or more "patrols" and the scoutmaster is the officer in charge of a troop. Lieutenant General Sir Robert Baden-Powell was the father of the Boy Scout movement in England and Ernest Thompson Seton in the United States.

What is the most out-of-the-way place in the United States? A Utah man nominates Hanksville, in that state, for the distinction. Hanksville, he says, is the last postoffice for sev-

er hundred miles to the south and hundred miles to the east. The man that reaches there goes through much hardship that the wrappings are usually worn out, for it must pass through the hands of three star route contractors before reaching its destination. A letter from Hanksville, Utah, says, had just reached him at Green River, sixty miles away, which had been sixteen days on the way.

The geophone, a listening instrument developed by the French during the war to detect enemy underground mine operations, is to be used by our bureau of mines as a possible aid in locating miners who have been entombed after disaster. A miner pounding on a coal seam can be heard with this instrument.

EMERSON says, "Recently a pit bull dog who happened to catch a mouse while the phone was being tested in a mine, started so distinctly that he yelled out a startled tone: 'Mack is tapping in charge. We had better move away.'"

A coal seam 300 feet thick separated Mac from the startled boss at the time.

An observer attached to the First Army had been up for several hours making notes on enemy infantry operations when he was suddenly attacked by a single-seat combat plane, says the Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The balloon crew on the ground immediately began to haul the big gas bag down, but the observer was running no chance and took to his parachute. This drifted well back of the lines and deposited him in the midst of a number of graminions and right beside a machine gun.

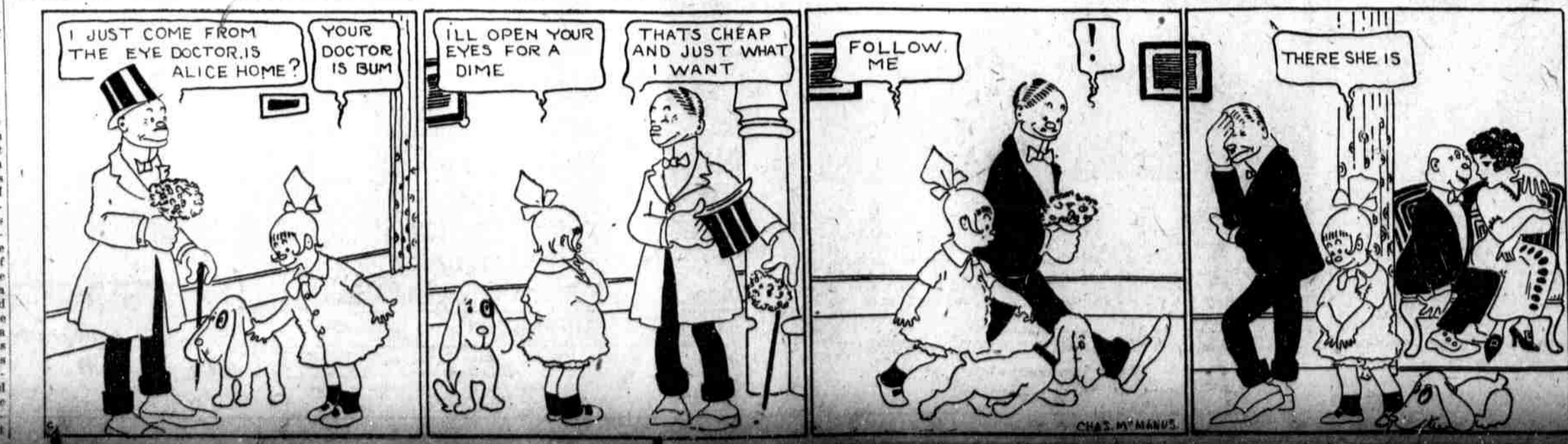
The mule, not taking kindly to the sudden lurch forced on him, began a rear and plunge, starting quite a commotion among the herd, and the observer was rescued with difficulty from his precarious position.

Praying by electricity is now practiced by the Buddhists in India. The prayers, written on long bands of paper are wrapped round a wheel, and as the wheel is revolved the prayers are repeated.

The plow is the greater number of revolutions of his prayer-wheel the better his prayers will be answered, or he either turns it by hand or lets the wind or water turn it. To overcome the difficulty when the water-course runs dry and to safeguard the religious customs and traditions of the nation, the government now compels the plow companies to equip the prayer-wheels with motors and supply the necessary current to turn them during the season free of all charge to the plowmen.

In the forty-eight states of the Union there are 2850 counties.

DOROTHY DARNIT—It's a Good Thing She Got the Dime in Advance



A Reminiscence NEXT day I set out in the early afternoon to pay my call. The fine weather still held, bright sunshine with a slip in the air and the road under foot firm with frost, and I strode along in a wonderfully confident mood, all things considered. For, to tell the truth, I had been funking this visit. Instinctively I did not trust myself with Miss Jean Rendall. If she had any suspicions and if she turned on to me the devil of her sex and the charms of her particular self, I was well aware that Thomas Sylvester would have a bad time of it. In fact, I really dared not answer for the fellow's nerve. He being both critical and susceptible, a girl with Jean's distinctive aroma was dangerous company with a job of this kind on hand at night playing the whiskey-splashed fool in a dirty black beard crossed entirely to amuse me when the other party was Miss Rendall. However, this morning Mr. Hobhouse felt