

The Man From the Clouds : By J. STORER CLOUSTON

Author of "The Spy in Black," "The Lunatic at Large," etc.

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

Roger Merton lands from a runway balloon on an island in the north of Scotland. Mistaking it for Germany, he discovers a German spy and sets out to uncover the plot. His efforts result in his own arrest through Mr. Rendall, the owner of the island, who has a daughter named Jean. John Whitecett, an officer, visits the island and, proceeding to be Merton's cousin, drops him of suspicion. His story, however, gets little credence and the British Government now suspects a real spy is on the island. Merton is induced to return to the island to assist in the investigation in the guise of an alcoholic. He assumes the name of Hobhouse and becomes a patient at the sanatorium of Doctor Rendall, a relative of the owner. Among those whom he meets are a former and former partner of Doctor Rendall's, named O'Brien, and an apparently half-witted young farmer named Scollay. A British vessel is seen in the bay under suspicious circumstances and a newly arrived detective, is mysteriously murdered. Jean discovers Hobhouse's identity.

FROM HERE IT CONTINUES

SO HERE was Bolton's secret. Either Merton was actually in the island himself, or he had "confabulated" here, and since that was the case, why was he murdering the man who was his task? And who was this confabulator? Or alternatively, who was O'Brien himself looking? Obviously the six names were people definitely acquainted with Bolton's estimation anyhow, for the "No" and the "Yes" through their names could only mean that.

In this list certain names were not included—I had got so far when I interrupted to glance at the clock and started to my feet. My appointment with Jean was already overdue.

No sign of her when I reached the road, so I set off to walk slowly toward her house, thinking, thinking, thinking. Of course the man must be all to be suspected. It was her own cousin. And if he were in it, I knew that any person of common sense would want to be aware of confiding in his only relative in the island. But I felt sure I knew better than any person of more common sense. Still, I could scarcely ask her to bet me in coveting the doctor. Then I must not show her the note book. And that meant a breach in our confidence at the very start.

I had walked on till I was approaching her house, and still there was no sign of her ahead, nor was there any confusion in my mind. And I saw her hastening after me, and a couple of hundred yards away, I saw her coming and on the instant I turned to one of my typical haphazard decisions. I would typically show her the pocket book and see how she took it.

She had evidently been running and met me half cross and half laughing, and divinely flushed after her stern chase.

"I've been chasing you for miles," she cried. "Why ever didn't you look around?"

"But I thought you were coming straight from home!"

"I never said so, and I wasn't! I've been somewhere else first."

There seemed to be a hint of something significant in these last words, but I was so eagerly in question here that I never could dwell on it. I said, "but I was thinking so hard I never thought of looking round. I have got some news for you."

Her eyes sparkled.



"So here was Bolton's secret"

By this time we were quite near the house.

"Won't you come in and have lunch with us?" she asked.

The temptation was strong, but the secret seemed too warm to lose, and I said I must be back for lunch at home. We stopped, and as she looked at me I noticed in her eyes what first seemed to be doubt and anxiety and a moment later to become resolution.

"Mr. Merton," she said, her voice rather low, "whatever of us is right, I think we must be getting near rather a critical point. Don't you think you had better send off that wire to Captain Whitecett?"

I shook my head.

"Not quite yet," I said. "You see it's a serious matter, dragging my cousin out here unless one is quite certain he will be needed."

"But then he may not be in time?"

"I must risk that. But you may rest assured I'll wire the very instant I know it won't be refusing him out of a wild goose chase."

For an instant she was silent again, and then she suddenly said:

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DAILY NOVELETTE

SPUNK

By Elsie L. Cobb

"DON'T say that, Eleanor! I expect to live at Fairmount with Dad for several years yet. Why pick on me?" she laughed gaily. "You'll probably be the next one to be engaged in the club yourself, because you know Fred Carter has just arrived home from overseas."

The voice was that of a wisp of a girl just leaving a club of girls who had been working for the Red Cross at Eleanor Randolph's home in Springfield.

As she leaped off the piazza she ran around the driveway for her little roadster, with her fluffy tan dog, Spunk, at her heels.

Spunk and Beth Preston were the best of friends, and the two fairly jumped into the car, Spunk taking a seat by himself, barking furiously beside his mistress, as Beth turned out of the driveway into the road.

"By, girls," she called, "we'll see you again two weeks from today at 2." "Hope you make it, Beth," Eleanor called back.

In a second or two nothing but a cloud of dust could be seen down the road.

Elizabeth Preston had left the club a little early, because she had a very important engagement with her father early that evening out of town.

"Well, Spunk, I guess we can make it all right, if we continue at this rate," said Beth, just missing a chicken in the middle of the road.

The distance from Randolph to the Preston home was nine and one-half miles. The machine had covered four miles and a half when bang went the tire, and Beth and Spunk sat and looked at each other as the machine came to a stop.

"Oh, you naughty dog! Stop wagging that tail of yours! What shall we do? Out here on this country road and it's already 5 o'clock," she exclaimed, glancing at the watch on her wrist.

"And I haven't a tire with me or even a tool in the box. Who'd think this would happen, just coming home from El's house?"

"Well, I guess I'll turn in around this curve on to the other road, so no both'll run us down." Which she did.

Spunk jumped out of the car and proceeded to help his mistress by barking, but to no avail.

She sat there for at least twenty minutes, which seemed to her an hour, but she could do nothing but sit.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE NEW BEE QUEEN"

(Peggy and Billy are changed into honey bees through a wish given them by Bumble Bee Buzz. Peggy is captured by lady worker bees. Billy goes to her rescue.)



"Fly away, Peggy," he shouted

The Flight from the Hive

PEGGY'S despair when she found herself locked up by the worker bees who wanted to make her their queen turned to quick joy when she heard Billy Bee cutting a hole through the wall of her prison room. Nibble, nibble went Billy, like a mouse gnawing at a piece of cheese. The wax wall was tough, but he kept at it bravely and soon he came breaking through.

"Oh, Billy, I'm glad to see you! I thought I was a goner this time," buzzed Peggy.

"We're not safe yet," panted Billy. "We will have to be mighty sly getting out of here, or they will catch us."

"My, how hard you've worked," said Peggy, noticing how he was gasping for breath. "And yet these lady bees say that boy bees will not work."

"I guess they are right at that," laughed Billy. "If you hadn't been in danger, I'd never been able to overcome my bee laziness."

Then Billy told her how he had gotten into the hive, creeping past the guards in the excitement over the revolt. And after he had entered the hive he had searched and searched in vain, until he had heard Peggy's bee voice singing the song with which she had kept the bee queen from stinging her.

"The bees are so upset that I think we can get out without being noticed," said Billy. "General Swallow is waiting on the tree above the hive. We will climb on his back and he will carry us away so fast that the bees will never be able to catch us."

As soon as Billy was rested, he led Peggy out through the hole in the wall

and down gloomy passageways. Near the entrance, bees were rushing about in every direction. Busybuzz was rallying bees to swarm out with the old queen, while Honeydew was urging others to stick to the hive and the new queen.

"The uproar became louder and louder, and finally the old-queen's swarm swept out of the hive like a mountain torrent breaking a dam. Thousands and thousands of bees were in it, and every bee was buzzing its loudest. Up into the air they went, surrounding the old queen who was among the last to leave the hive."

"Now is our chance," whispered Billy to Peggy, rushing her into the end of the outgoing stream. There were so many bees and all were so much excited that it seemed certain no one would know them.

But sharp eyes were watching the swirling swarm. Honeydew was at the entrance and as Peggy swept past she saw her at once.

"There goes Queen Peggy! Stop her!" buzzed Honeydew.

As it was given that tinge of exclusiveness, the hall filled up. People hunted for Peggy and Billy, who had a spare one gave it to their friends as a favor.

We laughed at the story, but got Duke's point all right.

"Now to business again," Duke resumed. "I compared the observation report of these eleven people and also the answers they turned in. These all look like worthwhile people, except a man named Seiburg—he seems too, too oily. We'll quiz him about the car and see if he really does understand it."

"Hello, boys, glad you're on time," Duke greeted them cheerily. "Have you got your parts fully relearned?"

"Sure, grinned one, "mine's a cinch. I'll put Jim in a box and nail him down before I've finished with him."

"The heck you will," drawled Jim. "Believe me, kid, it'll take a really bright boy to do that to your humble servant."

Introductions to Doliber and me followed, when Duke said:

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

The Training Period Nears Its End

A salesmanship class was held at the headquarters of the Glider Automobile Company.

Before the fellows got there Duke got Odd, the Detroit branch manager; Doliber, the new sales employment manager and salesmanship instructor, and me. Together we had the room set for coming to the showroom instead of continuing at the classroom at the Y. M. C. A.

There should be but little weeding out to be done now. After the next meeting we should know who we can afford to hire. The number is smaller than when we started, isn't it? How many do you expect, Peter?"

"Nine men and two women," I told him.

"It's time that they were made familiar with the car, so by leaving them here they will be able to look over the car, sit in it, start it, examine the engine and such like. They have all read the literature of the company, so are familiar with the talking points of the car, and they also know something of the company's personality and ways."

"Well, Mr. Feather thought he should have a thousand, but I feel that half that number will be ample, as they have 300 now—which means you have five years in which to build up a permanent force. You will do it sooner, for I feel that the publicity of this method of getting a salesman will attract good people to us. This method also makes it difficult for a man to get in—and once you make it exclusive, people are eager to get in."

"Think so?" Doliber asked, hesitatingly.

"Sure of it," Duke responded promptly.

"I remember some years back—further than you or Peter Flint can go back, I guess—that a revivalist visited Boston. He was a famous exhorter and for a few days crowds filled the big Mechanics Building.

salary all told will be only around \$8000 a year. As it costs \$1000 at present to get one permanent salesman I explained to Feather and Martin Brainard, at that first conference, Doliber will only have to get two men in a year to equal the old record. I hope he'll get forty and maintain that ratio of permanent salesmen and saleswomen until enough have been established."

"How many does the company need?" Doliber asked interestedly.

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"I remember some years back—further than you or Peter Flint can go back, I guess—that a revivalist visited Boston. He was a famous exhorter and for a few days crowds filled the big Mechanics Building.

"The attendance began to fall off, and they all got worried, until the evangelist suggested giving tickets of admission on request. No admittance without a ticket. Well, sir, as soon as it became a little difficult to get in, as you see, Peter, Doliber's expenses and

Preston! Tomorrow evening at 7:30," he called back.

Beth reached the house just in time to get ready for the engagement with her father.

Bob and Beth enjoyed the next evening at the theatre and Beth soon found herself becoming quite fond of Bob. Equally so with Bob, and many good times followed.

One night he was leaving her from a party which the youngest set had given at the Country Club nearby.

soon as it was given that tinge of exclusiveness, the hall filled up. People hunted for Peggy and Billy, who had a spare one gave it to their friends as a favor.

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Introductions to Doliber and me followed, when Duke said:

"These two fellows are going to give a demonstration of selling a car to your class. Jim is to be the salesman and his side partner the buyer. After the demonstration, your class can ask them all the questions they want. Also they can be 'buyers' to either of these fellows."

"That's a bully good idea," Doliber said.

By this time our eleven folks had arrived and the work began. The demonstration and subsequent questions helped us up all I had said in class and made clear the way to apply principles of salesmanship to selling automobiles.

DOROTHY DARNIT—She Knew the Answer



HOW ARE YOU GETTING ALONG AT SCHOOL?

FINE

IM GOING TO ASK YOU A QUESTION AND SEE IF YOU ARE SMART

IM READY ASK ME

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THAT DUCK AND MYSELF?

CANT SAY ZACTLY

BUT I GUESS ABOUT TWO HUNDRED ROUNDS

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By Chas. McManus

Mr. Lane (of the Survey)—Sergeant, I wish to know what vocational advantages a prisoner with ninety-nine years has.

Sergeant—Oh, that's simple; he is either assigned to the band as a harpist or as a fireman at the powerhouse, according to his past record.—Stray Shots.

Advanced Ideas

"I tell you," went on the old lady at the hotel, getting quite angry, "I won't have this room. I ain't going to pay my money for a pigsty, and as for sleeping in one of them beds, I simply won't do it. mmm," said he. "This ain't your room; it's the elevator."—Stray Shots.

The Hyphen

"What is the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom?" asked the teacher.

"Hash!" yelled the class with one voice.—Exchange.

Ace High

"Sure, Meisner the Ace captured King's Hot trump."—The Brooklyn Standard Union.