The Lady of the Night Wind

By VARICK VANARDY

Author of "The Two-Faced Man," "Alias the Night Wind," etc

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

A house party is being given at the country home of Katherine and Bingham Harvard. Among the guests is one Conrad Belknap. Katherine discovers him cheating at cards. Convinced that he is concealing his real identity and that he is there for some ulterior purpose, Katherine determines to ferret out the mystery. She intercepts a telephone call of Belknap's to a woman confederate named Roberta. Realizing that he is suspected by Katherine, Belknap threatens to accuse of a crime her brother, Roderick Maxwilton, who is believed to be dead, if Katherine makes any move against him. Harvard becomes suspicious of Belknap and Katherine's attitude toward him. Roberta arrives on the scene under the name of Senorita Cervantez. Belknap accuses Roberta of deceiving him. She admits the secret presence of Roderick and her love for Roderick is revealed. Belknap is suspected of being in reality one Cranshaw Belding, son of a father who murdered his mother. A stranger, whose face is marked with a large scar, has come to the house under the name of Carruthers. He is thought to be Brainard, of the Secret Service. Belknap is hidden by Katherine in a secluded lodge called the Nest, from which he is unable to escape.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

KATHERINE, when she got to her room that night, was quite content. She was smiling while she undressed and went to bed.

She knew—none better—that she had "put one over" on Belknap, and she had already decided that she would give him a continuous forty-eight hours for solitary meditation before she would visit him.

More than that, she had determined to keep him exactly where he was until he was ready and willing to reveal to her the whole plot that he had in mind when he came to Myquest—exactly what his real reasons were for visiting Myquest at all—and until he told her all that he knew about Roderick.

She dropped asleep, still smiling.

The following morning, at midforenoon, Harvard, who had been seeking Senorita Cervantez, came upon her unexpectedly where she was seated with some embroidery in the rose bower—for Harvard had one little incident up his sleeve which he had not talked about at last night's conference.

"Senorita," he said, "I have here something that I want to ask you to explain; a matter of eighteen written words which I believe you can explain. I saw you drop this message to Mr. Belknap from your balcony the other night. It reads: 'When every arm resists entirely, we are then concerned how effort, done before endeavor, will award rebellion's end.' It read like a poor quotation, or like utter nonsense, until it occurred to me that it might be an acrostic. When I thought of that I read the first letter of each word, and put them together. I found: 'We are watched. Beware.' Will you, senorita, be good enough to explain?"

The senorita started to her feet when Harvard began to speak to her.

It was plain in his manner of address that he was gravely serious—and then she saw and recognized the slip of paper that he held in his hand.

Instantly she realized two things: that it had been the Night Wind who had attacked Belknap under the tree, and that he had succeeded in deciphering the message that she had dropped which he had taken from the man for whom it had been intended.

But Roberta was, nevertheless, not at all afraid.

She had prepared herself for just such an emergency, because she had more than half believed that it would happen; and if the truth be known, she was, deep down inside of her, glad that it had happened.

Before she could reply to him—if, indeed, she intended to make reply, for she hesitated while she asked herself if she should resort to her tablet, or should admit by word or mouth that she was not without a voice—he added:

"I should say, perhaps, that I doubt your inability to use your voice. I heard you, before you dropped this message, call out to the person for whom it was intended—although you did make use of a sibilant whisper. But it was sufficiently penetrating. I heard you call two letters. I will pronounce them, and when I have done that, and while you are explaining things, I wish you also to inform me what other name the two letters stand for besides Conrad Belknap. They were 'S-e-e B-e-e!'"

"Yes, Mr. Harvard," she answered at once, but in a tone so low that it was almost a whisper, "I have a voice, and I can use it. I have deceived everybody. I want to explain. I had brought myself nearly to the point of doing so before you spoke just now."

"What wild and vicious plot is being concocted here in my house under my nose?" he demanded sharply.

"Wait, please," she answered, still in that nearly inaudible tone.

"Why wait, senorita?"

"Because the things that I have to tell you cannot be told in a moment. Because there is much that I should say in order to make you thoroughly understand; and I do not think that this is just the right place to say it."

"Perhaps not," he admitted.

"Can we not seek a place where we will be undisturbed—where we can talk without fear of interruption?"

"Yes," he replied, "there is the lake. Come with me. I will row you out to the middle of it. You can talk there."

"No," she said, and shook her shapely head. "We would be seen, and an observer would know that I was talking. I ride well, and I have not been in the saddle since I came here. Can we not ride? We would be alone in that way."

Harvard made still another suggestion, however.

"If you will walk slowly to the gate at the lodge," he said, "I will pass there soon in one of the roadsters. I will invite you to go with me. Then we can talk."

She nodded, murmured a "Very good, Mr. Harvard," and started away.

Ten minutes later he picked her up at the lodge gate, and they drove away side by side.

Two small incidents happened as they did so: one was that Roberta, believing that nobody was near, spoke to Harvard in her natural voice as she climbed into the seat beside him; the other one was that Katherine, who had entered the unused lodge for some reason a few moments earlier, heard the car and her husband's voice, and went quickly toward the door to inquire where he was bound. She stepped into the open doorway just as Roberta was in the act of getting into the car, and at the very instant when she used her sweetly melodious voice in addressing Bing.

Katherine stepped swiftly back again out of sight.

Utter amazement is the only adequate manner in which to describe her sensations; not because Roberta happened to be at the lodge gate when Harvard was driving out, and that he should ask her to ride with him, but that Roberta should speak to him in a perfectly natural manner, inducing no surprise on his part that she used her voice (she who was supposed to be without voice), but precisely as if he had known from the beginning of things that she could talk.

Katherine walked very slowly on her return to the house. She had much to think about.

What Roberta Had to Tell

HARVARD did not speak again for some time after Roberta was seated beside him. He drove the car in silence, guiding it, at the first opportunity, out of the main highway into less frequented thoroughfares. After a time he slowed down until they made less than ten miles an hour.

"Mr. Harvard," Roberta began, "there is so much that I must tell to you, and so much also that I should leave unsaid for others to inform you about, that I shall ask you to hear me through to the end of what I have to say, with as little interruption as is possible."

"I will interrupt you, senorita," he replied, "only when a question that I regard as important seems necessary."

"In that case," she said, "I will begin by making a statement that will amaze you, perhaps, more than anything else I will have to say."

"The entire situation is sufficiently amazing," he replied. "But what is the statement you refer to?"

"This: the man whom you know as Conrad Belknap is my husband. I have been his wife ten years. I was married to him when I was seventeen. When I was nineteen—somewhat less than two years after our marriage—I left him, and hid myself away where I hoped he would never find me. It was not until nearly five years after that when he did find me. I was in the far West—in Idaho—teaching school; and I had secured a divorce from him three years before he discovered me."

"Then you are not his wife—unless you remarried. Did you?"

"No. I used the present tense in referring to the subject for the sake of directness and to be explicit. I have never been his wife since I left him more than eight years ago, but I have been more or less closely associated with him and his evil ways ever since he discovered me in Idaho between three and four years ago. He has compelled that—has forced me to do what I have done; to seem to condone his criminalities; to associate with crooks and criminals; to sometimes go the length of actual participation in his crookedness (or of seeming to do so)—he has compelled that much of complacence on my part by holding over me a threat which, until now, I have not had the courage to defy."

"One moment, please. Why 'until now'?"

"I will reply to that question ambiguously, and explain more fully when I get to it. Something happened Saturday night which was established to my satisfaction on Sunday, and which I became positively assured of only last night, that has made it both possible and logical for me to defy the man you know as Conrad Belknap."

"I see. You will explain that point later, you say. But you have twice used the expression, 'the man I know as Belknap.' Am I to understand that the person's right name is not Conrad Belknap?"

"Yes. His name is——"

"Wait! It is Cranshaw Belding?"

"What? You know?" Roberta exclaimed.

"Yes. I know," Harvard returned quietly.

"While I was in Idaho," Roberta continued slowly after a moment's contemplation of Harvard's face, "I met, and learned to love, and was loved, by another man. I had already secured my divorce, so there was no obstacle of that character to our marriage. But, there were two obstacles—serious ones, both—nevertheless. One of them was occasioned by his point of view; the other one was by my own. He was living under a cloud, in disguise, and was known by a name that was not his own; and there were many reasons beside the actual cloud to which I have referred why he should not resume his own name and seek to prove—as he believed he could do—his innocence of the act which had been charged to him. He would not ask me to be his wife until he could stand clear before the world, clothed in his right name. But, Mr. Harvard, even so, I would have prevailed upon him, and we would have fought out our battles side by side but for the one great and insurmountable objection that I had.

"It was this: I knew that if Cranshaw Belding should find me, and know that I had married another man, he would kill that other man, or have him murdered without compunction. I knew Cranshaw Belding better than he knew himself. I knew that my marriage to another would be the death warrant of that other. And now, Mr. Harvard, I have another surprise for you. The man whom I would have married in Idaho bore the name (not his family name, remember) of Bruce Brainard."

"Bruce Brainard? Carruthers? The Se——" He stopped.

"Yes," Roberta calmly replied. "The secret service operative who is called Bruce Brainard, whom you have received in your home at the solicitation of your friend, Morton Saulsbury, under the name of Daniel Carruthers, and whose real identity I know as well as I know yours, is the man I love, and who loves me; is the man who has been wrongly charged, in the past, with a crime with which he had nothing to do; is the man whose battles I have helped to fight, and who has helped me fight mine; is the man of all others whom I have ever known who is the soul of honor and upright manhood."

Harvard drove on in silence for a time. Presently:

"Have I permission to mention you to him?" Bing asked.

"Yes. I want you to do so, please."

"Did you know that he was coming to Myquest before he actually appeared?"

"He told me Saturday night that Mr. Saulsbury would bring him to call Sunday to ask you to receive him the following day, under another name, as a guest. He also told me that his chief was to arrive at Mr. Saulsbury's home Sunday night at 12 o'clock, and that he had decided to tell the entire story of his life to his chief, in the presence of Mr. Saulsbury. Last night I met him again by appointment after midnight. He told me then that his chief had merely chuckled when he heard Mr. Brainard's story, and had replied: "Why, Brainy"—that is what he is called by his intimates in the service—'I have known the truth about those matters two years; ever since six months after you became one of us, in fact. It is part of my duty to know, thoroughly, the men who work for me. The man who was guilty of the things you were accused of has been in federal prison at Atlanta more than a year. You are like some doctors that I have heard about—entirely efficient when another is ill, but absolutely inefficient when they get sick themselves.

"'You aren't worth your salt when it comes to doctoring yourself.' Then he added: 'I have not mentioned this to you because I preferred to let you tell me about it yourself in your own good time after you had screwed up the necessary moral courage to do it.'"

"Senorita—I will continue to address you so—are you willing to tell me who Bruce Brainard really is?"

"No, please. That is one of the subjects that I referred to in the beginning when I told you that there are things which I must leave unsaid for others to inform you about."

"Brainard himself, or others?"

"Brainard himself and others."

"Why did you pretend to be voiceless when you came to Myquest?"

"Because I had spoken with Mrs. Harvard over the telephone and did not know until she greeted me that day that she was the person with whom I had talked."

"Wait. Was your talk with her that you refer to in the middle of the night?"

"Yes. Before I was summoned to come to you as a pianiste."

"Well, well," Harvard said under his breath, recalling the disturbance he had felt because of his knowledge that Katherine had used the telephone one midnight and another night. "You talked with her more than once, didn't you?"

"Twice—both times after twelve at night."

"Correct. I'm glad you told me that."

"C. B. planned my coming to Myquest," she said. "I did not want to come—I had my own reason for not wanting to do so—but he made me do it."

"He has made a catspaw of you."

"Literally that, Mr. Harvard."

"Tell me—for you must know—why Belknap elected to visit Myquest at all."

"I can't tell you that because I do not know."

"Is that statement literally true, senorita?"

"It is literally true, Mr. Harvard. I thought I knew at the beginning, but I was mistaken. I have conjectured about it since, only to find myself again mistaken. His ways are past finding out. He is an accomplished scoundrel who compels others to do his bidding. Beyond cheating at cards he considers himself above actual outlawry; he forces others to commit his crimes for him. If he should determine to rob your bank in New York, he would himself be a thousand miles away when it was done. If he should attempt to blackmail you, his own hand would not be visible in the consummation of it. If he sought Mme. Savage's jewels, he might locate them, but he would take no part in securing them. If he desired the death of Bruce Brainard, the murder would be committed, but there would be nothing to connect him with the crime. I can conjecture a score of reasons why he is at Myquest and yet not hit upon the right one."

"That reminds me," Harvard said quickly. "Did you know that he is no longer at Myquest?"

"No," she replied calmly, "but I suspected that he was making ready to disappear because of his defiance of Mr. Brainard at the boathouse last evening. Doubtless you have been told about that."

"Yes; Carruthers—that is, Brainard told me."

"I ought to warn you, Mr. Brainard, that C. B. is more dangerous when absent than when present. If he has gone, as you say, he has not gone far. Rest assured that he is making preparations for the final coup that brought him here."

"H-m! Perhaps there is something in what you say. It is in line with Brainard's assertions. Will you tell me now why you dropped that acrostic warning to him from your balcony?"

"Certainly. I did it wholly on my own account, to put an obstacle in the way of his seeking conversations with me. I neither knew that we were watched nor cared if we were, but I did wish to startle him into leaving me alone."

"I see. Can you tell me anything about that attempted burglary the other night?"

"I can only guess as to that, but I think it will be a good guess."

"Let me hear what it is, then."

"I have told you that he has underlings who do his dirty work for him. My guess is this: that he has promised them some pickings from the plate and jewels and other valuables to be obtained in your home, and that one of their number, who is also a leader, and jealous of C. B., has worked upon their impatience of restraint, and prevailed upon them not to await his pleasure. It is unimportant. Nothing happened. What did happen could have had no connection with the actual reason for C. B.'s presence."

"Here is another point," Harvard said, after a moment of thought. "Cranshaw Belding is the name of the man whom Brainard is actually seeking. The department he serves has been held at bay because there was no proof of connection between Belknap and Belding. Yet for more than ten years you have known that the two were identical; and for half that time, at least, Brainard has known it. Why, then——"

"Please wait. I know what you would ask. Mr. Brainard's unsupported testimony would not be proof of the fact; my additional testimony would be regarded as biased and insufficient. C. B. would have slipped out of the law's grasp. More; Mr. Brainard has not been willing that my association with C. B. should be disclosed. He has insisted that other means could and would be found to establish the identities."

There was silence after that which endured for many minutes. Then Harvard, with a measure of restraint in his voice, said:

"I must ask you something more in regard to Belknap's possible motive, or motives, for coming to Myquest."

"Please don't, Mr. Harvard. Ask Mr. Brainard, if you will. His opinion—and it would be merely an opinion—is vastly better than mine."

"Very well, then. But I shall ask one certain thing of you, nevertheless."

"Yes?"

"It is that when we return, or as soon thereafter as possible, you will relate to Mrs. Harvard precisely what you have told to me; and that you will tell her that you have told me. Will you promise me to do that?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. I wish to discuss the subject with her, but I prefer that you should tell your story to her first.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

ORIGIN OF "GONE WEST"

The war gave us many new words and phrases. It is none too early to fix definitely their origin so that disputes of the future may be unnecessary. Perhaps none is more pathetically expressive than "gone West," the soldier term that came to be almost universally adopted to designate death. From whence came this phrase, and why?

In a book review appearing in the New York Times recently a very interesting exposition is given. It is explained that more than 3000 years ago the ancient Egyptians spoke of the dead as "the Westerners," or those who had "gone West." For the abode of the dead was believed to be in the realm of the setting sun, in that Amenti where Osiris reigned. This belief by the ancients in the soul going West has at least a reflection in the customs of some of our own North American Indians, who cherished the belief that their "happy hunting grounds" lay in the West, and who practiced the custom of laying their dead away in well-provisioned scaffolds facing the West.

The belief of the ancients died long, long ago with the religion of that far distant time — died only to return to earth again many generations later, reincarnate in another language, called into being by a war such as the nations of old could not have conceived.

So quickly did the phrase become a part of the vocabulary of the soldier in the trenches that today it would be difficult to find a reading person in all the earth that does not instantly perceive its affectionate pathos.

DAILY NOVELETTE

THE LUCK OF MISFORTUNE

By Blanche D. Stickney

ELEANOR HANSON was joyfully looking forward to putting aside school duties for two months of "do-as-you-like" at one of New England's beaches.

Before going, she was to chaperon during the last week of June a group of girls from her "math" class at a camp at Pride's Brook. At 9 o'clock on the Saturday morning after school closed, the merry group was at the station, each laden with a suitcase and a box of home-made goodies. She received the exhortations of anxious mothers to be watchful that Mary didn't catch cold and that Francena rubbed her arm three times a day with that green liniment which was in her suitcase.

As Miss Hanson got on the train she began to wonder whether she had taken more on her shoulders than she had calculated. But this thought stayed only a moment, for the admiration of After the suitcases were adjusted and everybody settled, Miss Hanson heard a most detailed account of the previous night's prom, together with schoolgirls' impressions of the faculty. It seemed such a short trip when the conductor called out, "Next station Pride's Brook, Pr-r-r-ride's Brook." As they alighted from the train a gentle breeze came their way, bringing the odors of wild flowers and country air. They found an old democrat wagon at the station waiting to take them to Camp Breeze. For one of the girls it was her first visit to the country, and she looked with great wonderment at everything about her. When old Dobbin began to slow up the girls noticed the little groups of cottages. They were greeted by a most cordial host and hostess, who had run the place for many summers.

The cottage more than exceeded their expectations with a big living room and a fine large fireplace. There was a woodbox heaped high with wood. The girls investigated every nook and corner, picked out their rooms and unpacked suitcases. Then they sat down in the living room and planned the meals, some of which would have brought about an epidemic of acute indigestion if Miss Hanson had not had a practical knowledge of dietetics. Such a good time they had that first night—spent around the fire telling stories and riddles.

One afternoon, Miss Hanson decided to rest on the veranda and read while the girls went to the village. They didn't return at the time they said they would, but she knew girls and so did not worry. Soon, however, she was attracted by calls of: "Oh, Miss Hanson, come quick!" She rushed to the girls and found Ethel Stanton being carried by two young men.

"Oh, what has happened?" she cried. Before giving Ethel herself a chance to explain, Marjorie Thorne said: "Oh, we were all running home, one trying to beat the other, and Ethel turned her ank'e and fell. We didn't know what we were going to do, no autos or nothing came until finally Mr. Cross, who has a camp of young men up the road a little ways, came by and offered to help."

"I really don't think, Miss Hanson," he volunteered, "that you need have cause for worry. There are no bones broken, but as it was somewhat painful, it seemed advisable for her not to walk on it. If you do not object, I will be over after supper with something I have in my first-aid kit which I know will benefit her."

"May we not invite the young men, too, Miss Hanson, they have been so good to us?" asked the girls.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, "we should be glad to have you all come. I am more than grateful for your valuable help this afternoon. We will look for you all tonight."

There was such great excitement in preparation for the evening that sunner and the lame ankle were but trivial matters. In an hour or so, a group of five splendid young men came tramping up the piazza.

The ankle had first attention, and Mr. Cross, who was decidedly opposite to the idea his name conveyed, assured Ethel that her ankle would probably be all right to walk on the next day, and it really wasn't so bad as it seemed at first.

When Mr. Cross asked Miss Hanson if they were enjoying their stay, she replied: "We like it so much that already we had planned to come next year."

The night before they were to leave the girls gave a farewell party. During the last dance, Mr. Cross gradually directed Miss Hanson's steps to a remote corner of the piazza and said: "Miss Hanson, our friendship has meant so much to me these few days. Must I wait until a year from now before I hear from you or see you again?"

What she said was not heard, but a few days before the camping party started off the next year, her fellow teachers discovered a beautiful solitaire on Miss Hanson's hand.

Almost simultaneously Mabel Winsted came rushing down the corridor to a group of girls and said excitedly, "Say, whom do you suppose I saw out autoing yesterday? Mr. Cross and Miss Hanson."

The next complete novelette—Jeanne's Prince Charming.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE WANDERING MONKEY"

(Peggy and Billy, seeking Mrs. Holt's stolen diamonds, find a monkey in the woods. He leads them to the roost of a black robber, who escapes after attacking the monkey. The diamonds are then seen in the monkey's nest, but disappear when he tries to seize them.)

The Black Robber Trapped

PEGGY and Billy felt very queer when they saw that the diamonds had vanished, and heard the strange voice crying "Thief! Thief!" and then giving its mocking laugh "Haw! Haw! Haw!" As for Rollo, the monkey, he piled out of his nest as though it were on fire and leaped behind Peggy and Billy, where he crouched trembling and muttering to himself. "Mystery! Mystery! Mystery!"

It certainly was a mystery where the diamonds had gone to, and it was a mystery, too, how that voice floated about seemingly in the air. Now the voice was low down and now it was high up among the trees, and all the time it was laughing out loud with its gruff "Haw! Haw! Haw!" or else it was chuckling with evil glee. If it had been a bird voice talking bird talk the children could have understood how it floated about, but it was a man's voice talking man talk and they couldn't understand that at all.

Billy was so much puzzled by the voice that finally he began to get vexed. He summoned up his courage and shouted a challenge to it: "If you are good and not evil, come and show yourself," he cried. "We will help you find the thief."

He picked up a stone and hurled it

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" came the sneering laugh in answer and Billy lost his patience. He picked up a stone and hurled it in the direction whence the voice came. "Haw! Haw! Haw! Pretty glass! Pretty glass!" croaked the voice, and it sailed away among the trees as though it were a ghost.

"Pretty glass! What does it mean by that?" puzzled Billy.

"Why it means the diamonds. They look like pretty glass," answered Peggy.

"That's it, and that voice is the voice of the black robber," shouted Billy. "After him. He mustn't escape."

Back through the woods they ran, chasing the voice, which grew fainter and fainter until it stopped entirely. In its place sounded the harsh warning cry of the sentinel crow: "Caw! Caw! Caw!"

"Listen," cried Peggy. "Don't you notice how much the crow's 'Caw! Caw!' is like the voice's 'Haw! Haw!'?"

Billy stared at her with bulging eyes. "Gee-willikers, do you think the black robber has turned himself into a crow?" Just then Billy glanced upward. "There's the black robber's roost now." As Peggy looked quickly toward the big nest high up in the tree, a twig fell from it. "And the black robber is in it," added Billy, noticing the falling twig.

Billy leaped toward the tree, and before Peggy knew what he was up to, he had given a sharp, strong pull on the fish line which he had left hanging from the nest. And when he pulled the string he seemed to start a lot of trouble, for in an instant there was a wild commotion up in the black robber's roost. "Wawk! Wawk! Help! Murder! Thieves!" screamed the hysterious voice. Then there followed a jerk on the fish line that almost snatched Billy off his feet.

"Help!" shouted Billy, just as loudly as the mysterious voice, and Peggy and the monkey jumped quickly to his aid. They all hung tightly to the line, and soon the prisoner in the trap above quit struggling and lay quiet. Billy tied the line securely to the trunk of the tree and then faced Peggy.

"We've caught the black robber," he said. "I'm going up to get the stolen diamonds." And he began to climb the tree, with Rollo, the monkey, following close after him.

(Tomorrow will be told how they make the black robber reveal his secret.)

THE BUSINESS DOCTOR

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint" and "Bruno Duke—Solver of Business Problems"

Do You "Go Out to Get Your Dinner"?

IT IS more than twenty years since I first heard the joke about the restaurant proprietor. You remember it, of course. A diner in a restaurant had a steak that was so tough that a Bowery gunman was as a sucking dove compared to it. Exasperated, he demanded to see the proprietor, but was told by the waiter: "Ye can't see 'im; he's jest stepped out to get his dinner."

Many a laugh has been had out of this story (and many more will follow), and yet some of those who laugh at it commit the same business indiscretion.

Two "Exhibit A's" in the same class happened to me only recently.

The first one: I was visiting a friend who was a salesman for a concern who manufactured a splendid dentifrice. The line was well advertised and scores of times had my teeth given evidence of its merit.

Well, while waiting for our hostess to announce dinner, my friend showed me around his home—and on a glass shelf in the bathroom I noticed two tubes of dentifrice. The proper place for them? Surely, but they were not the kind that he sold.

"What's the matter with your own line?" I asked.

"Er—what? Oh, yes! Nothing at all, old man. Best line in the country. The wife likes the other make better, though, and it seems to suit my teeth, so I use it."

That's all. But somehow, I've never had quite so much confidence in my friend's line of dentifrice as I did before.

Now the second incident.

Some time ago I was in the market for a new car. I had reduced the choice to three cars and so far as I could see there was little to chose between them.

I eliminated one make when the salesman (?) tried to rush me into buying by offering a demonstration car for $100 less than regular price. "If you buy now. Let's see if you can snap up a bargain. Now or never, well what do you say?" That's almost word for word what he said.

I liked his car, but I was scared to look at it any more, for I knew I'd be held up to scorn for not being "alive" enough to snap up a bargain. So that left two cars to choose from.

The salesman for one of the other makes was telling me of a pleasant ride he had taken over the week-end. Casually I asked what make he drove. It was not the kind he sold!

I never said a word about it, but as his own car was as high priced as the make he was selling, I decided to pass it up. Honestly wouldn't you have done the same?

What does your concern make or do? Are you using it in any form or do you "go out to get your dinner"?

Do you work for an insurance company, and, if so, what sized policy do you carry? Never mind if you are not an agent. Bookkkeepers and stenographers need insurance. Buy some from your own concern and tell your friend about it.

Work for a newspaper? Very well, buy your paper (don't graft it) from a newsboy or a stand. If it's worth working for it's worth boosting for.

I knew a fountain pen salesman who never used a fountain pen because he preferred a pencil instead of pen and ink!

Every worker for a business house is an advertisement for that house. He advertises confidence or distrust. If he buys his firm's goods he creates confidence and business. If he uses some competitive make he breeds distrust, for we naturally assume that he knows what he's doing.

How about it? Do you "go out to get your dinner?"

Readers' Questions Answered

Mr. Whitehead will answer in this column questions on marketing, buying, selling, advertising, letter-writing, business education, and on matters pertaining to the choice of a vocation. All questions will be answered in the order of receipt. No anonymous correspondence can be acknowledged. Readers' initials only will be published. It will take from four to fifteen days for a reply to appear.

Do you believe the jobber should be eliminated? M. I. D.

No, he is an economic need. Without him the small store would have to buy direct from the manufacturers in large enough quantities to pay for sending. Hence the small store would have its capital tied up in a large stock with but little variety. Whereas buying through a jobber the small store can buy a small quantity of a particular thing and a sufficient number of different articles to make up a shipment worth sending.

How many times should a furniture store turn over its stock? L. D. P.

The average dealer turns it three times a year, but, of course, you want to excel the average, don't you?

We have a lot of [illegible] accounts on our books and have diffi[illegible] collecting them. We have recently [illegible] enclosed letter, but it doesn't seem to get results.

Dear Sir—Your account is now considerably overdue, so we must ask you to remit per return. It is so small as not to merit repeated application. You have received the goods—we have fulfilled our part of the bargain—it is now up to you to do the same. "Do it now" is a good motto.

Yours very truly,

E. A. B.

I cannot "doctor" your letter because it is wrong in its principle. The way to collect small accounts is to coax the money out of your creditors' pockets. Your letter is too peremptory. Why not try something like the following:

Dear Sir—The check you intended to send us a few days ago has not arrived—probably forgotten. Not a serious oversight of course, but for the sake of uniformity in handling thousands of these small accounts promptness in remitting is greatly appreciated. Don't trouble to write a letter—we understand perfectly how such an oversight occurred—just pin your check to this letter and mail it back to us. An addressed envelope is inclosed for your convenience.

Thank you.

Yours very truly,

Net amount overdue—

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"SHOE MOOCH LAK TWINS, ONE BAD, OTHRA IS SAME"

Cobbler Comments on Worn Footwear—"Leather Price Up, Price Mend Go Up; Same Lak' Twins, Too"

"Shoe vera mooch lak twins. One twin vera bad pain in neck, othra twin same pain. Wassa use? Same lak, shoe."

And Pallazo, the Italian cobbler on Berks street near Third, held up the pair of shoes just handed to him to prove his point. Pallazo is remarkable for one other thing besides serviceable cobbling. He cobbles to the melody of Verdi, Leoncavallo and Donizetti. The neighborhood says that in his prosperous days he led a band all his own.

"Look thees shoe!" And he held up a right shoe and indicated a tear in the seam close to the sole. "Leetla steech come out. See? Wal, bayfore I looka I say justa same leetla steech come out from othra."

He held up the left shoe, and without looking at it pressed back the leather at the seam in approximately the same location as the rip on the right shoe. Sure enough, "the leetla steech" was out!

"Thas all right! See! Justa same lak twins. Pain in stom', pain in head, pain in neck; justa same all same kind. One twin got, othra twin sure get. Shoe no diffra!

"Evra breeng in only one shoe weeth vera bad heel? You bet your life, no! Two heels both vera bad. One shoe lace bad, othra good? Bat your life, no! One vera weak, othra soon be there. Same lak twins!

"Thees shoe? Vera bad heel, vera bad sole. Two dollar fift' cent! Too mooch? No can help. Price leather go up; price mend go up, too. Leathra an' mend justa same lak twins, too."

WAR HEROES GO JOBLESS

Some of World's Finest Would Welcome Any Kind of Work

New York, Aug. 29.—(By A. P.)—American war heroes have gone out of style and are apparently a drug on the market, according to Major Warren Bigelow, director of the New York reemployment bureau for soldiers, sailors and marines, which is seeking jobs for discharged veterans.

Some of the greatest heroes of the war are listed on the bureau's books as applicants for almost any kind of a position that will pay a living wage, Major Bigelow declared.

MORRIS GETS D. S. C.

Major Given Honor for His Heroism Under Fire

Distinguished Service Crosses have been awarded to Major William H. Morris, of 314 West Duval street, Germantown, and Lieutenant Colonel Edward Martin, of Waynesboro, Pa., who commanded the 110th Infantry, a Philadelphia regiment.

Major Morris, who was attached to the 360th Infantry, is cited "for extraordinary heroism in action near Villers-devant-Dun, France, November 1, 1918. During darkness he led his battalion in an attack under heavy artillery and machine gune fire. Upon reaching a hill he exposed himself to heavy fire to reconnoiter personally the enemy position, and then, although wounded by a machine-gun bullet, heroically led his battalion in their advance, refusing to be evacuated, inspiring his men by his personal courage."

The award to Colonel Edward Martin is given for extraordinary heroism in action near Courmont, France, July 29, 1918.

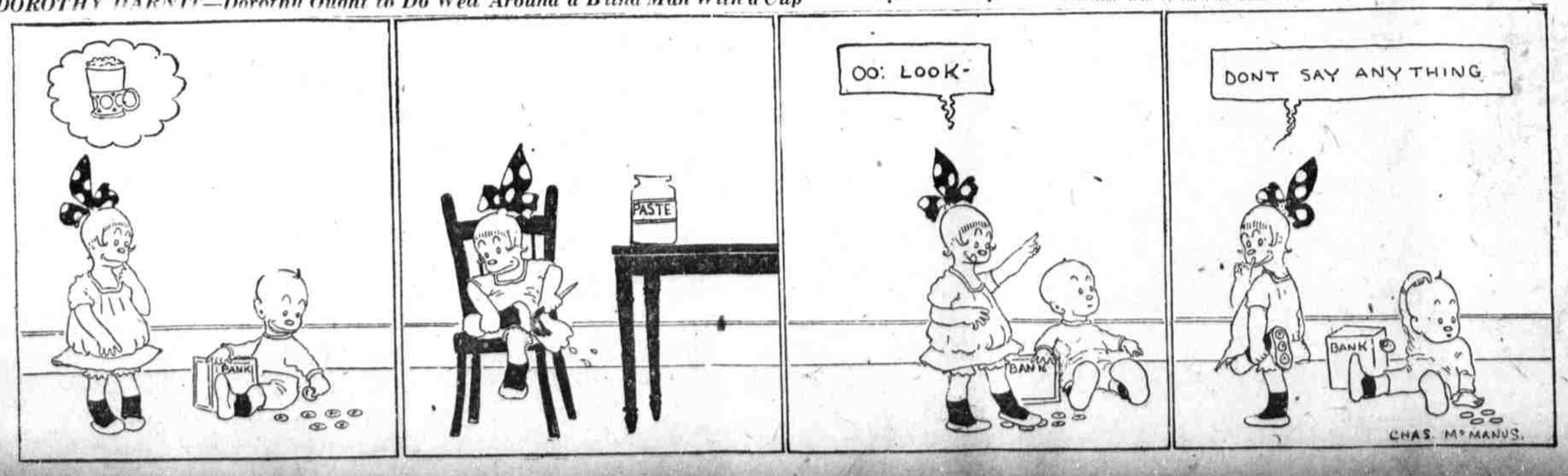
New Archdiocesan Offices

The four-story house, 1708 Vine street, has been bought by P. F. Kernan, representing Archbishop Dougherty, and will be occupied by the Rev. William J. Lallou, in charge of archdiocesan charities, as an administrative office and headquarters. Father Lallou and his staff are now housed in a rented building on Vine street, below Nineteenth.

Richmond Indictment Dropped

An indictment against the Rev. Dr. George Chalmers Richmond, charging him with attempting to extort money from a former member of his parish, has been dismissed by the United States district attorney's office. The indictment against Mr. Richmond has been in the hands of United States District Attorney Kane since May, 1916.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Dorothy Ought to Do Well Around a Blind Man With a Cup

By Chas. McManus

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