

Tenny of Top Hill Trail

By BELLE K. MANIATES Author of "Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley," "Mildew Manse," etc.

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Jo Gary, a young ranchman, employed at the Top Hill ranch of a Mr. Kingdom in a western state, takes a business trip to Chicago. There he meets at a dance a young girl who calls herself "Marta." They fall in love with each other, but Marta refuses to marry him. She confesses herself to be a thief and suddenly disappears after leaving a note for him that she is going to try to "make good." Jo returns to the ranch where he is met by another employe named Kurt Walters to whom he confides his experiences while away. Kurt advises him against any further thought of the girl, but Jo is confident she will again come to him.



"They used to call me Pen, or Penny—a bad penny, I suppose you think."

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The girl followed him. "I didn't steal that—your mother's name, you know, Kurt," she said in an odd, rattling voice. "They gave it to me, you see, and maybe it will help that I've never been called by it. They used to call me Pen or Penny—a bad penny, I suppose you think." "Your name," he said frigidly, "or at least the one Brender knows you by—was one son went by in Chicago, is Marta Sims." She made an articulate sound suggestive of dismay. "That is one of my names," she admitted. "I had forgotten I gave that one to Brender."

He made no comment. "You said," she continued pleadingly, "that there was no excuse for me and girls like me. Maybe you would find one if you knew what we are up against. Every one knocks instead of boosts, and tells us how low-down we are. Just as if a girl were held up to an ugly, vulgar girl, and she were any one who looked like that could expect to be different. Suppose I should tell you I'd been to reformatories and places where I had learned that I must play the stupid act as I did with Brender so as to be kept from being sent up. There is no money for those who exhibit any glimpses of intelligence, you see. This time I thought I was a goner for life until you pried me loose. All doors seemed closed, but you opened the window. No one was ever really kind to me before, except a Salvation Army woman and some one else."

"What was the name of that some one else?" he interrupted. She hesitated, and for the first time seemed confused. "Was it," he demanded, "Joe Gary?" "Oh," she gasped, then quickly recovering, she continued: "You're quite a detective for an acting one. If you were the real thing, you'd be a regular Sherlock Holmes and make a clean sweep of crooks."

"Answer my question." "It doesn't seem necessary to tell you anything; you know so much. I seem to know that name. Was it at a dance in Chicago? Was it, Harry-cane Hall?" she asked serenely. "Is this his part of the country, and shall I see him?" "It was his part of the country. You cannot see him." "A wistful note crept into her voice as she said: "I should like to see him just once, but I suppose you won't tell me where he is. I don't dare tell to you how grateful I really feel to you, because I might lose my nerve and I've just got to hang on to that. It's my only asset in trade. We have to use lots of bluff."

DAILY NOVELETTE OLD SHOES

"WHAT'S the idea, commodore? New uniform, buttonhole bouquet, and a shoe shine!" "Eugene Hobs Alert straightened up and faced his questioner nonchalantly. "And no place to go, I suppose you intended to add." "I thought about from the listening sailors interrupted him. With a slam of the door the subject of their jests disappeared from sight. "He's a great one," chortled early-headed Dick. "He's a clear, shrewd woman-hater."

"It's a slip-on, I'll have to take off my hat and coat to get into it." When she removed her soft, shabby, battered hat, which she had worn well down over her eyes while she slept, her hair, rippling bronze and golden lights, fell about her face and shoulders in semicircles. He helped her into the sweater. "It's sure snug and warm," she said approvingly, as her head came out of the opening. "I won't need my coat." She put a piece of bread on a forked stick and held it out to the blaze. He did the same with the other half of the sandwich. Then they partook of a meager but welcome breakfast. "Look," he said presently in an awed voice. "The sun was sending a glorious sunlight of gold over the highest hills. 'Swell, isn't it?' she commented cheerily. Her choice of adjectives repelled any further comments on nature by him. "I'm not used to sleeping out," she said, as he quietly raked over the remains of the fire, "and it didn't seem to rest me. Thank you for making me so comfortable, Mr. Walters."

"Perfectly all right. It's grand up here in all these high spots." "Yes, I am feeling fair and warmer every minute." When the car started, she relaxed into silence. The sunshine was flooding the treeless hills and mellowing the cool, clean air. Up and down, as far as the eye could follow, which was very far in this land of great distances, the trail sought the big dominant hills that broke the sky-line before them. The outlook was restful, hopeful, fortifying. "How are you—all right?" he asked presently. "Perfectly all right. It's grand up here in all these high spots." "Yes, I am feeling fair and warmer every minute." When the car started, she relaxed into silence. The sunshine was flooding the treeless hills and mellowing the cool, clean air. Up and down, as far as the eye could follow, which was very far in this land of great distances, the trail sought the big dominant hills that broke the sky-line before them. The outlook was restful, hopeful, fortifying. "How are you—all right?" he asked presently.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy "THE GIRL IN THE TOWER"

(Peggy, Billy and Rollo, the monkey, rescue from a tower Penelope, a girl who has never played nor had any fun, add give her an hour of freedom.) "WHAT a queer beast! Is it a lion or a tiger?" exclaimed Penelope, the girl from the tower, when she saw Bally Sam on the other side of the rippling river. "Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" brayed Bally Sam. "Gracious! Hear its fierce roar! It wants to eat us up," cried Penelope in great fright. She ran to the rope ladder and was halfway up the stone wall when Billy stopped her. "That's only Bally Sam, the monkey," he laughed. "He has come at my call to carry you over the river."



Peggy patted his nose and fed him grass

Billy Sam galloped across the stream and Peggy patted his nose and fed him grass to show Penelope how tame he was. "Climb on his back," said Billy, but Penelope drew away. "Do you think it would be perfectly prim and proper?" she asked. "Up with you," was Billy's only answer, and he gave her a boost that landed her outside of Bally Sam. Peggy, Billy and Rollo, the monkey, climbed up behind her and away went Bally Sam through the water. He didn't stop when he got to the other side, but went on and on toward Birdland. "How do you like riding?" chuckled Peggy to Penelope. "I don't know," gasped Penelope. "It makes me feel shivery and tickly and jiggly. And not a bit prim and proper."

Bally Sam galloped into the playground of Birdland, and there were the birds having an early autumn picnic frolic. With them were Bally Sam's chums, Billy Goat and Johnny Bull, the bulldog. "Welcome, Prince Billy and Princess Peggy," shrieked the birds. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted Peggy and Billy. "Now we'll have a lot of fun." And they started right in to play tag and hide-and-go-seek with the birds and animals because they wanted to give Penelope as much play and fun as they could in her short hour of freedom. But Penelope, as they quickly learned, didn't know how to play. She looked at them with puzzled eyes as if she couldn't understand what they were about. Having been shut up in a tower all her life by her perfectly prim and proper Aunt True she had never had good time herself and had never seen any one else glad and joyous. "It looks very interesting," she said with a sad sigh, "even though Aunt True might not think it perfectly prim and proper."

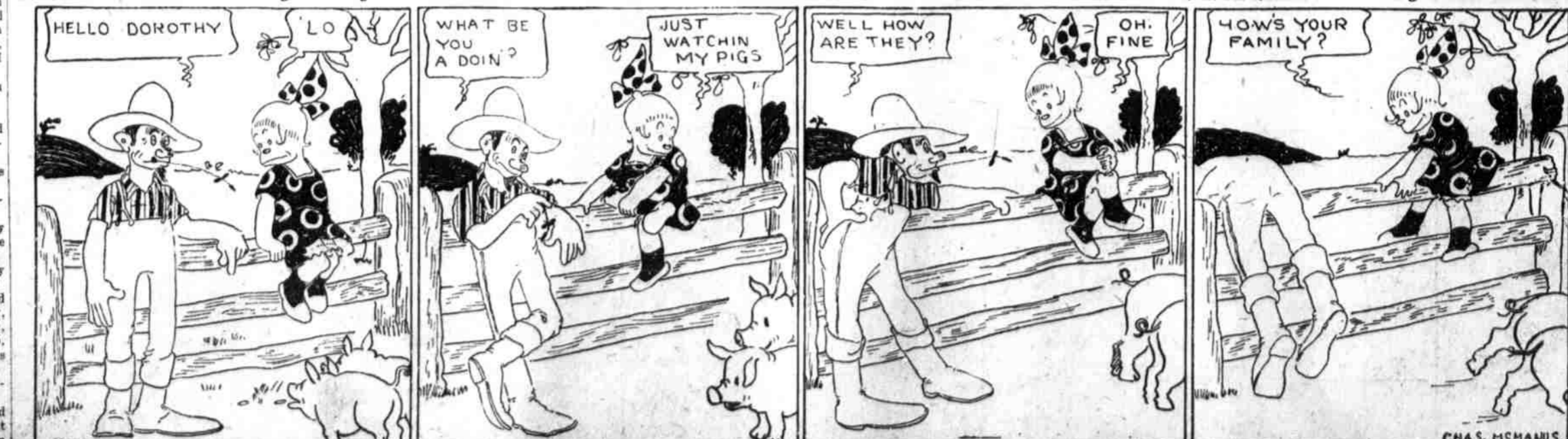
"If we could only make her laugh just once, maybe that would start the funny bubbles dancing inside of her," whispered Peggy to Billy. Billy passed the whisper on to the animals and birds, and in a minute every one was cutting up the most comical antics they could think of to make Penelope laugh. Billy Goat, Johnny Bull, and the monkey walked on their front legs; the birds sang and danced and said pieces; and Billy stood on his head on Bally Sam's back, but Penelope never even smiled. But while Billy was still upledded down on Bally Sam's back, there came a startling happening that changed everything. Rollo, the monkey, still walking on his front legs, got in the path of a busy bee sailing toward his hive. "Bing! The bee stung Rollo. Click! The monkey, thinking the dog had nipped him, pinched Johnny Bull's tail. "Welcome, Prince Billy and Princess Peggy," shrieked the birds. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted Peggy and Billy. "Now we'll have a lot of fun." And they started right in to play tag and hide-and-go-seek with the birds and animals because they wanted to give Penelope as much play and fun as they could in her short hour of freedom.

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THE BUSINESS DOCTOR By HAROLD WHITEHEAD Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint" and "Bruno Duke—Solver of Business Problems"

A Good Job Going Begging SOME people are in the seventh heaven of delight when tinkering with their automobile. Others wonder if autoing is worth while when they, just off the hood. "I belong to the latter class and dodge doing any work on the car whenever and wherever possible. Try as I will I can't get my wife to crawl underneath to fill some weirdly placed grease cups; so, I do it with much grumbling and feeling very much like a martyr. And, there are lots of people like me. Take your car to a garage then," you say. Of course, but how few garage men really know cars and particularly your make. And how they do grease up the seats, smudge the windshield and—oh, you know. Here's the idea I'm leading up to. If I knew of a young man who knew my make of car (and I'd want the agent who sold me the car to verify it) I would gladly pay so much a month to have that young man come to my garage twice a month to look over the car. He would attend to grease cups, look over the engine, clean the car, tighten nuts, look over and fix tires and generally keep the car in running order. I'm sure that car owners using such a service would save money in the end and have a car always in running order. A young man who made a canvass of car owners in his neighborhood would, I feel sure, quickly secure enough business to make \$7.50 a month and supplies to give him a comfortable living. Twenty cars would earn him \$150 a month and the profits from any needed supplies. For a young fellow with a mechanical turn of mind and a liking to do a good job, this would be better than delivering bread at a m. or making a bare existence selling soap specialty from house to house. It offers possibilities for growing, too. When he can train some one to do the work, he can extend his territory. Think it over, some of you young fellows. Stolen from "The Gossard Corsetier and Merchandiser" published by the H. W. Gossard Company, Inc., Chicago, Ill. The advertisement has four fundamental properties: First. It must be true. Second. It must have back of it authority. Third. It must have news value or interest. Fourth. It must influence prospective buyers favorably. Any advertisement checked by these four requirements and found lacking in none cannot fail to succeed. Stolen from "Rexall Ad-Vantages," published by the United Drug Company, Boston: "He never saw Monte Carlo. He doesn't know the difference between roulette and fanfan. For ought we know to the contrary, he is a good church member in whose opinion all gambling is accursed. Nevertheless, the druggist we write of (never mind his name) is as reckless a gambler as ever was gathered up in."

DOROTHY DARNIT—"Pigs Is Pigs!"



By Chas. McManus

should have only so much money—for instance, that the retail salesman should have only \$25 a week. I am a strong believer in some form of profit-sharing. A fixed limit on all earnings automatically puts a limit on the amount of work given to the employer. Now you mind telling us how Bruno Duke began all the readers were already prepared with a following and with a most unbusinesslike reputation. Now it takes years and years of hard work to achieve results of this kind; I suppose any doctor, lawyer or minister, an architect or artist, and not only a business man, but a man of letters, who has any explanation you would be kind enough to furnish. You will be dumb about with me that all these lines of service cannot be advertised in any way, and that the only way to succeed is by word of mouth. Of course, they tell me that a man can get on by word of mouth, and all that. But how about an ordinary mortal, who is equipped only with a certain amount of knowledge, who has no special talents and who is not afraid of hard work or concentration? He may not have the ambition to develop into an unique character as Mr. Duke exactly. He may not have the audacity to a certain extent to become more or less a success. He may not have the audacity to do so. Mr. Duke was "discovered" by a newspaper. Now, you are asking me to let you into secrets. However, I don't mind doing it. Bruno Duke did not become famous overnight. He spent several years in working in different business houses, getting a breadth of experience. He studied hard and extensively. He learned to distinguish between principles and practices; then he saved up a little money on the side, and he advertised and carefully selected a list of names. Business was very, very slow to begin with, but some few small concerns used him, and because he was thoroughly prepared he made good. He never mentions the names of his clients, but he knows other business of any client. Slowly people began to realize that he not only knew his business, but he was absolutely safe. Larger concerns began to use him until he landed where he is today. Nothing wonderful, you see. Just a plain story of steady climbing to success. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

PITY THE MATINEE GIRL! SHE HAS NO PLACE TO GO

Strike of Actors Just Ruins Afternoons—Soda Fountains and Candy Counters Miss Her Trade Pity the matinee girl! Many of her Wednesday and Saturday afternoon creations will remain in the closet for the present. It is all due to the actors' strike. On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons during the theatrical season Chestnut street was a sight for the eye of an artist. Every type of feminine beauty melted into joyous, picturesque throngs. The matinee was the attraction. The fair ones came from the best residential sections, from society's center and the fashionable suburbs. They all had their matinee heroes and heroines, too, whom they worshipped quietly and got a lot of fun out of it. The feminine army will be missed not only by the theatres, but also by the patry dispensers of rainbow-tinted drinks at the soda fountains. The proprietor of the smart gandy shops will also miss the girls until the strike is over. Here's luck to them. Secrets Betrayed in Sleep "It is much more usual for people to swear than to sing hymns in their sleep," says Dr. E. Coplan in a letter to the British Medical Journal. Doctor Coplan has been a patient in a military hospital. "The percentage of talkers is astonishing; 60 per cent of the men in my ward indulged in it. The maximum period is from 12 to 2 a. m. Often a sentence is begun clearly, but trails off in a blur. One patient, a by no means pious Scotsman, started me at 1:20 by singing in a stentorian voice, 'Abide With Me.' The melody and words were perfect. "One speaker will start another going in an adjacent bed. Your sleep talker will answer a question, and there is no doubt that people give away secrets." A Peace Deal "Stinger" The fellow who really got stung in this peace deal was the one who thought that the end of the war would bring lower prices.—Indianapolis News.