Penny of Top Hill Trail :

By BELLE K. MANIATES

Author of "Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley," "Mildew Manse," etc.

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

Jo Gary, a young ranchman, employed at Top Hill Tavern, a ranch belonging to a Mr. Kingdon 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 that she is 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. Kurt, who is acting sheriff of the county, learns from Bender, the jailer, that a young woman from Chicago has been arrested for stealing and is in the jail. Her name is Marta Sills. Kurt obtains Marta's release from Bender and takes her in an automobile up the trail to the Kingdon ranch. After being forced to pass the night on the road because of a shortage of gasoline, he tells her he is taking her to the best woman in the world, where she may learn to be honest. Marta tells Kurt that her real name is Penelope Lamont and that she is called Penny for short. She meets Mrs. Kingdon, who receives her with tenderness despite her admission that she is a thief.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"KURT WALTERS was only acting sheriff."

"That's so. We seem to be mostly getingers or actorines," he allowed. "Say!" turning ferociously to Francis, "what business has a boy looking like an owl? Loosen up and have some pep!"

The boy's fair face flushed.

"It's none of your business how I look, Jo Gary!"

"Wow! Now you're talking. We can't fight before a lady, though."

"Cook says you look like a wishbone, Jo," taunted Billy, coming to his brother's defense.

"She did, did she? Well, the cook can hang me over her door, and then—I'll kiss her."

"I'll tell her, and she won't dance with you tonight."

"If you do," threatened Jo, "I won't tell you where there are four little, new kittens what haven't got their peepers opened yet."

"Oh, where, Jo? We'll not tell her. Please, Jo!" pleaded Betty.

"I choose to name them," said Francis. "Tell, Jo."

"I'll not tell unless you get your little new playmate here to promise me a dance tonight."

"Are you really going to have a dance tonight?" asked the girl eagerly.

"Sure thing we are. Right here in this mess hall, and——" looking at her fixedly, he added slowly, "you can dance, too—with me."

"Oh!" she cried, her eyes shining. "It will seem so beautiful—to dance again. What do they dance up here—fox trot?"

"We dance any old thing the music tells us to."

"Same as they do in—Chicago?" she asked demurely.

"Now, tell us where the kittens are," demanded Betty.

"Follow me, little Black and Tan."

In her excitement Betty forgot to resent Jo's pet appellation for her.

He led the way to a corner of the toolhouse.

Reposing in a nest made of pieces of carpet lined with soft flannel were four puffballs of maltese which were quickly gathered and garnered by Pen and the children, while the mother-cat looked on with proud but apprehensive eyes.

"Who fixed them such a nice bed?" asked Francis.

"Your Uncle Kurt. But they tell me he rode away at first crack of daybreak, so he didn't see them."

"And they'll have their eyes open before he gets back, maybe!" lamented Francis.

"Perhaps," put in Jo, "he'll get his eyes opened wide while he's gone. Then he and the kits can meet on equal terms.

"He'll miss the dance, too," said Betty sorrowfully.

"Whom do you men dance with?" asked Pen.

"Well, there's Betty here stays up for three dances anyway, and there's Mrs. Kingdon, and Ag, and the cook, and the other girl—and everything else failing, we make Gene Dossey play gal."

"What music do you have?"

"We've got two of the finest fiddlers that ever drew a bow. Sleepy Sandy and Jakey Fourr. Say, Billy Kingdon, if you squeeze that kitten so hard, its eyes'll bust open before the nine-day limit. Put them all down now, or their ma'll have a kitnip fit."

"I choose to name them," said Francis. "Uncle Sam is this biggest one; the one with white on is General Joffre, and the little one is King George and——"

"Hold on there!" cried Jo. "Uncle Sam and General J. goes all right, all right; but there ain't room for another gent's name. You'll have to change King George to Georgette."

"I won't have her named Georgette!" said Betty. "Her name is Fairy Queen, and that other one is—"

"It's my turn!" said Billy. "Mine's going to be named Mewtral."

"You mean Neutral," corrected Francis scathingly.

"No; he's said it," declared Jo. "She's mewtraled all the morning. She don't seem to like her boarding house. Now, all you kiddets run to the kitchen and ask cook for a cup of milk and a clean rag. I'll force-feed Mewtral, 'cause she's a little suffragette. Don't hurry back too fast."

The children went with alacrity and returned in the same way; but Pen and Jo improved the opportunity for conversation without the three interested listeners.

"Here, Jo," said Billy, handing over the milk when they had returned. "Let's see you feed Mewtral. She must be hungry."

"If she were me," said Jo, whose eyes were shining, "she'd be too happy to eat."

He fed the kitten and then tried in vain to obtain further converse with Pen alone, but the children outmaneuvered all his efforts and finally Pen took them back to the house.

"When?" half whispered Jo, as they were leaving.

"When Mrs. Kingdon says," she murmured in reply.

She turned back for another glance. He was standing, cap in hand, with the air of a conqueror.

"What's the verdict on Jo?" asked Kingdon.

"Jo's inimitable," she replied lightly.

"Wait until you dance with him," he said. "Jo dances his way into every girl's heart."

"I can believe that."

"He's one of those sunny-hearted fellows that people take to be shallow, but under the surface brightness there's a tolerably deep current.

"And he never nurses a grudge. If any one should stick a knife in Jo, he'd only make a question mark of his eyebrow and give a wondering smile."

"What I can't understand," said Pen, "is why the children don't like him."

"He plagues us all the time," complained Betty.

"It's very odd, though," commented Kingdon, meditatively, and with a twinkle in his eye, "how you do like to be plagued. You are always tagging at his heels. I think you must be so pretting with Jo."

"He's so different with them from Kurt," said Mrs. Kingdon. "Kurt is so patient and so sweet with children. He understands them."

"Kurt," said Pen, "seems to be like some things that are too good for everyday use. He should be laid away on a shelf for Sundays." Then, meeting Mrs. Kingdon's wondering eyes, she added with a little flush: "That isn't true—and it's unkind! I don't really mean it."

"We are all ready for our sewing bee," observed Mrs. Kingdon, smiling. "What shall we begin on?"

"I'm wondering," said Pen meditatively, "if I hadn't better rig up something evening-like for the dance tonight. If you could let me borrow a white muslin curtain I could easily rig it up into an impromptu dance frock."

"Jo said he knew a man who turned an automobile into a lamp post," said Betty.

"Oh, Betty!" laughed Pen. "maybe there is hope for a sinner to be turned into a saint."

"We won't have to resort to curtains," said Mrs. Kingdon. "I have a white satin skirt that is too short for me, and you can fashion a waist from a piece of white muslin."

"And Doris left her white slippers that were too short for her," reminded Betty.

"To think," meditated Pen presently as she deftly cut out a waist, "that the thief should be making evening clothes when it was only but yesterday she was booked for bars instead of balls."

THE two fiddlers were tuning their instruments when the party from the house entered the rosy-lighted mess hall. Jo started forward with an air of assurance to claim Pen. When he beheld her he stopped abruptly, lost in admiration of the daintily clad young person whose Castle-cut locks had been lured to a coiffure from which little tendrils escaped in babyish rings.

Jakey Fourr, second violin, glimpsed her at the same time and noticed Jo's hesitating halt.

"Ladies' Choice!" he shouted with a grin.

Jo looked at her expectantly but calmly, for she gladdened the pride of Francis by choosing him as her partner. Betty and Billy mutually chose each other. Mrs. Kingdon selected a newcomer. Agatha and the "other girl" asked their particular friends, and the cook spitefully "sat it out."

Pen had to follow the prim little steps learned by Francis at a city dancing school the winter before, and Sleepy Sandy thoughtfully timed his tune thereto and shortened the number. Then Jo started for the belle of the ball, but a youth in combination attire of hunter, cowboy and soldier was ahead of him.

"Would you honor me, ma'am?" he asked.

She would and did, but she never learned the name of the wonderful dance with which she "honored" him. It had been a case of "whither thou goest I will go."

Again Sleepy Sandy was considerate and cut this number short also.

Then Betty came running breathlessly up to Pen.

"Jo says if you don't dance with him this next time like you promised he'll drown the kittens. Please, Aunt Pen!"

Jo was promptly on hand this time.

"This is mine," he asserted, "unless you're danced out by that gink."

"My dancing blood isn't up yet," she said, slipping into his arms. She didn't care to know the name of the dance. All she knew was the ecstasy of the moment in the flowing, melting rhythm. Jo had the easy assurance of the dancer born, and she went where he willed, as if she were floating on silver wires. Finally, Sleepy Sandy, watching them in envious admiration, was aware that he had played as long as the law of limit allowed.

"Isn't this better than Reilly's?" she asked demurely.

"There will never in the world be to me a night like the one at Reilly's," he replied.

"Jo, why don't you go into vaudeville? Your dancing would bring you twice what your work here must."

"Mine is a man's job," he retorted. "I'd rather dance horseback than on any stage. I have to go over to Farley with a lot of cattle tomorrow. It will take me three days. You will arrange to see me again when I come back?"

"I surely will, Jo," she promised.

"Don't let Jo monopolize you," said Kingdon, coming up to them at the close of the dance. "We try to give the boys plenty of recreation, and they don't get many girls to dance with. None like you."

Pen dutifully promised to do penance with the rank and file.

"I'll go and ask the cook," said Jo, mournfully, "else I won't get half rations. Then I'll come back for you."

Reluctantly he gave way to Gene and approached the cook.

"Say!" he asked with a quirk to his mouth, "want to hook on to the wishbone?"

"Those darned brats fetch and carry everything they hear," she exclaimed. "Forget it. A wishbone's the best one to pick anyway."

Thereafter he waited patiently for Pen to do her duty dances and slip one in with him.

Pen went to sleep that night with blissful recollections of her wonderful dances with Jo, and a vague curiosity as to whether Kurt Walters could dance.

For the greater part of three days she sewed assiduously, surrounded the while by three admiring children who listened entranced to a new kind of Scheherazade tales. Between times, she gathered flowers for the many jugs and jars, learned to make salads and to perform little household duties hitherto unknown. Then suddenly there came a swift change of mood. The sense of uneasiness, the need of freedom, the desire that pervades the wistful notes of the imprisoned bird was in her blood.

"My life is too full of workdays," she declared. "Three days of domesticity! I can no more. I will see if Jo hasn't returned."

Seeking new fields that night, she slipped surreptitiously down to the mess hall.

"Hallon!" greeted Jo rapturously. "I've been watching for you, Lil Penny Ante. Just got back. What you been doing since the dance?"

"Behaving. And I must get even some way or go stark mad. What have you been doing?"

"Me? Jakey here and I've been entertaining ourselves with a game of craps."

"Play it with me instead. It's the only game I've never learned."

"Sure, I'll show you. Sit down here on the floor."

Later Kingdon, in search of the missing guest, strolled down to the mess hall, guided thither by a rippling laugh chorused with responsive guffaws.

Curious, he looked in. Seated on the floor were Jo and Pen excitedly playing an evenly matched game, while an adoring circle of men applauded, encouraged and scoffed in turn.

There were two patches of crimson in Pen's cream-white cheeks, a bright sparkle of excitement in her eyes, which changed to the apprehensive look of a child expecting reproof as she looked up and saw Kingdon.

"I'm having such a good time!" she told him deprecatingly.

He smiled.

"You look it. The children and the rest of us are lamenting your absence. We want a good time, too."

"I'll come again," she promised, with a backward look at the men, as she doubtfully walked on with Kingdon.

Jo hurried after them.

"Tomorrow's field day," he reminded her. "You'll be there?"

"I'm living on the thought of it. You're the manager, aren't you?"

He grinned.

"Acting manager—for Kurt Walters."

"Mayn't I do a stunt, too?" she asked eagerly.

"Sure thing, you may. We'll be glad to have a novelty in the way of a lady performer. What'll it be?"

"I'll see you in the morning and tell you what I can do."

Mrs. Kingdon smiled understandingly when she heard of the game of craps.

"Just a few days up here have done wonders for you," she observed, looking at her young charge approvingly.

"Yes; I feel physically fit—like a real soldier."

WITH a little sigh of relief and pleasure, Pen laid aside some garments, on which she had been steadily and surreptitiously working, and sought Jo.

"Come down under cover of one of the hills," she urged, "and I will show you what my part in the day's work will be. Special exhibition. Admittance free, but no other spectators allowed."

Half an hour later Jo was gazing at her as one gazes at some marvelous performer, but his awe and admiration were expressed in a simple but effective phrase:

"Oh, baby, but you can put it over them all!"

That afternoon when the Kingdon household came down to occupy the row of raised seats erected in the "field," Pen was missing.

Her absence was a mystery until the following typed programs for the day were handed out:

OUTLAW HORSE SHOW
TOP HILL PARK

JO GARY, Champion Rider of Top Hill, will ride Turn Turtle and Pinch Hitter.
SLEEPY SANDY will ride Batleship Gray and Baby Doll.
JAKEY FOURR will ride Pickled Pete and Piker.
GENE DOSSEY will ride Hiawatha and Whizz.

MISS PENNY ANTE
(Miss Penelope Lamont)
Will ride anything brought into the ring!

GREAT EXHIBITION OF ROUGH RIDING by the most notorious riders of the West. Only the most unmanageable animals will be ridden.

Kingdon's eyeglasses came off with a sense of shock.

"This will never do, Margaret!" he exclaimed. "Those crazy boys have no sense. They'll bring out some of those wild horses, and that meek-looking little daredevil friend of Kurt's will call any bluff. She mustn't be allowed to ride."

His wife restrained him as he started away.

"I feel confident that she can do—anything. She told me she could ride."

"Well," he replied resignedly, "I always have left everything regarding girls to your judgment, so I suppose I must now, but I am surprised at you."

The children were thrown into a state of excitement on deciphering Pen's part in the coming feats.

A bugle sounded.

Into the ring rode the four slim, young top riders of the ranch force, chaparajos and sombreros being much in evidence.

They gave the usual stunts in the typical western way on a track tramped as hard as asphalt, the tattoo of hoof-making the hard earth ring in the soundless atmosphere. Their feats, singly and together, were marvelous, but there was lacking to the onlookers the charm of novelty, as they had long been accustomed to these and similar exhibitions of horsemanship.

Every one's heart beat a little faster with expectancy, therefore, when there came another blare of the trumpet. Into the ring came "Miss Penny Ante," slim and straight as a boy scout, clad in puttees, dark blue breeches and an olive-drab blouse.

A sleek, shy colt was suddenly inducted into the scene of action. Then there began a frisky game of maneuvers. The little, would-be rider proved as wary and nimble as the colt on which she finally succeeded in shooting a bridle. Another round of come and go, and one leg went over the slender neck, and then down the glossy back slid the lithe figure. With a wondering, protesting neigh, the colt tried all the tactics known to his species, but they were of no avail, and after circling and recircling the ring, Pen calmly relinquished him and awaited the next offer.

A wild-eyed mustang was the victim. As soon as she was mounted, he rose high on his hind feet, but came down like a lamb and ended in spinning like a top around the ring.

A general protest went up when a demoniacal-looking buckskin was produced.

"They are horse-mad!" exclaimed Kingdon. "Margaret, this is going to stop right here."

"Louis," she replied earnestly, "this is only horse-play to Pen. No, I am not punning. I didn't know she was going to make this exhibition, but some way I feel that she can easily live up to the promises in the program."

With a plunge the buckskin went straight into midair and came down hard. Then at full speed amid a whirling of dust, he tried all his tricks, but always the little figure held her position, easily triumphant, and finally the hitherto unmountable animal again came trembling to earth and obediently followed his rider's will.

"You've won!" cried the cowboys.

"Now, bring me a horse, a real saddle horse—the kind you give a kingdom for!" she demanded. "I'd like to ride a bit, if you don't mind."

They brought here a beautiful thoroughbred. She rode around the ring a few times, and then, leaping the fence to the inclosure, was away and over the hills, her blood throbbing, her heart pounding as she felt the soft, southwest wind in her face, the siren song of freedom ringing in her ears. The divine sweetness of the mountain air was in her nostrils. She was recalled from her state of rhapsody by the sound of pounding hoofs behind her. She half turned in her saddle, expecting to see Jo. She didn't need the commanding-toned "Wait!" to rein in her horse.

There was an inscrutable look in the blazing eyes of the approaching horseman, a compelling force in his broad shoulders as he rode up to her.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Nowhere. Just riding," she replied.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DAILY NOVELETTE

FAIRY CORNERS

By Jean Hawthorne

IT WAS almost a wee bit of old Paris, the Paris of boulevard cafes, and yet it really stood in the business district of conventional, puritanical Boston. Sergeant Evans rubbed his eyes and looked again and, wonder of wonders, it was still there; a shallow court, filled with small, round tables, huge gay-colored umbrellas and the whole facing a street lined with specialty shops.

Every day, after that discovery, at 12:30, Sergeant Evans took his hat and cane and hurried, as fast as his limp would allow him, to the little restaurant, there to spend his lunch hour living again the wonderful year and a half he had spent in France. It had been a glorious break in his career as a very small clerk in very large insurance companies. It had not been one of those "oo-la-la" sort of things, that one learns of from popular songs, but a good fun, Yankee vacation, with a little dirty work to pay expenses. And after he had been wounded the whole country had seemed to open up to him, and even Paris, the forbidden, had been his for a couple of days. That was where he had learned to enjoy boulevard cafes.

One day, as he sat and dreamed of the past and planned future trips to the old country, a girl came in and took a seat at the table next to him; a tall, straight, capable-looking girl. Sergeant Evans puzzled for a long time before he placed her. Then he crossed to her table, with his most military walk, and saluted.

"Pardon me, but were you ever a nurse at the Bordeaux reconstruction hospital?" with a most winning smile.

"Yes, indeed," she said. "Were you a patient there?"

"I think you were the sister who put some life into this ankle," he answered.

But there had been many patients and few nurses and it was only later on that she remembered him. Nevertheless, she asked him to sit down and they spent the rest of the lunch hour talking over together the queer old days when there had been a war.

The next day they met again, and this time the conversation became more personal. Miss Butler wanted to know if Boston was his home town.

"For the present, yes," he answered. "I am really from the West, but good jobs don't grow on trees, so when I was offered this I said 'Boston is home.' How about yourself?"

Miss Butler laughed.

"Oh, I just grew, like Topsy; no father, no mother, no home and no ties, except that I have found a doctor who wants a secretary with some medical knowledge, and I am it. But some day I will go back to Paris and really see the country."

"Of course," said Sergeant Evans.

So the summer passed rapidly and by the time the little boulevard restaurant closed for the winter the two war veterans had found other meeting places.

One evening he came to see her, his face all aglow.

"Edith," he said, for she was no longer Miss Butler to him, "it has come, at last, sooner than we expected; a chance to live in Paris for the next five years; good job and a dandy salary. We sail in June."

"We?" queried Miss Butler, in a very small voice.

"Why, of course, you and me."

"And how do I go, as secretary or as reconstruction aide?" asked Miss Butler, and the small voice was almost a whisper.

But Sergeant Evans had seen her eyes and did not waste words. He just took her in his arms.

"You will know before we apply for passports," was all he said.

The next complete novelette—Samuel's Conversion.

The Business Doctor

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

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

American Supremacy Depends on Education

WHENEVER a business enterprise has needed expert technical management it has generally looked around for a man with the necessary equipment to take hold of the job.

Sometimes, very seldom unfortunately, the concern has found the man who has the required ability already working in its service. More frequently, the concern looks among its competitors for the man it wants.

Perhaps equally frequently the concern will go to Europe and hire a skilled man there and bring him here to perform some particular technical stunt.

The result is that we can travel all over this country and find Englishmen, Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Italians, Norwegians, etc., at the head of manufacturing and commercial enterprises.

That's all right, for these people make good Americans, but suppose these experts went back to where they came?

"Poof!" the light-brained optimist may say, "I guess we can easily get onto the curves of the game. We should worry."

Of course we could get onto the curves of the game, but why go to that trouble when by a very simple and practical plan of education we can train all the men we need in any branch of business to "carry on" without calling for outside expert help?

If you go to Paterson, N. J., right now, you'll find the silk mills not altogether happy over the shortage of skilled labor. Many skilled Italians have migrated back to the land of sunshine and noble history—and their skill becomes at once a competition.

A uniform system of education and training by those silk manufacturers would have made them independent of any group of workers so far as labor was concerned.

I was talking to a man who is not only interested in the development of American shipping. Yet he, who has a firm faith in the future of Uncle Sam on the seas, said, "We'll not be able to compete with England or Germany for years because we don't know enough about handling a big shipping business. Now if we hired a few of the big managers from England to get us started right, we could go ahead very quickly."

But, I protested, "There's no secret about shipping. Anybody can find out how England or any other country does its shipping business. And we've plenty of people here who can control a business any old size you like to make it. Take Schwab——"

"All true, or nearly so, but we need not only the knowledge but the experience. Of course, we'll get both—we've had it before. But when we get it again we mustn't forget it. We must see that our shipping companies educate their people so that the 'secrets' or the experiences and the thousand or so of little twists and turns of the business are familiar to them.

"Look how business continues for generation after generation. Workmen pass their skill and experience on to their sons and so perpetuate the ability of the workman.

"Europe has done this for generations. We want to do the same thing in a bigger and better way.

"The need for insuring the skill and ability of technical labor is evident. Education and training point the way."

What my friend said is quite true. Now turn it around and apply it to yourself and your business. Are you insuring the continuance of skilled workers by training the youngsters who are working there?

If you happen to be a skilled workman, are you helping to uphold the commercial supremacy of your country by passing on your skill and experience to others?

If you are, you have a good sense of citizenship. And you are a good citizen—aren't you?

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE GIRL IN THE TOWER"

(In the first chapter was told how the birds appeal to Billy and Peggy to turn a sad violin player into a glad player. Billy is just coming under the spell of the sad music, when Penelope, the girl in the tower, sends a message begging them to aid her to escape.)

Billy Under the Spell

"BILLY is under the spell of the sad, sad violin. Hoo! Hoo! Now we are lost," hooted Judge Owl as Billy galloped away on the back of Balky Sam to the rescue of Penelope, the maid in the tower.

Peggy feared that what Judge Owl said was true. Billy had gone to the aid of Penelope, it is true, but he had gone slowly and reluctantly, and not at all with his usual zest to help any one who was in trouble. And while he galloped away he kept looking mournfully back, as if the lure of the violin was still strongly drawing him.

There was some odd charm about the playing. Peggy felt it herself. It made her feel blue and lonely, and before she knew it tears were streaming down her face and she was sobbing as if her heart would break.

Seeing this, Johnny Bull began to howl, Lonesome Bear growled and groaned, Billy Goat bleated, Rollo, the monkey, chattered and screamed, Judge Owl screeched, King Fisher rattled, Bittern creaked like an old pump, and all the other birds shrieked their loudest. It was all very weird and depressing.

Peggy quickly noticed that when this racket drowned out the wail of the violin, her spirits rose and the ache went out of her heart. Then, as the birds and animals got out of breath and their noise grew faint enough for the violin to be heard again, her spirits went down like the mercury in the thermometer on a chilly day.

"How awful for any person to make

He began to play

other persons feel so sad for no cause at all," she sobbed and soon was crying harder than ever. And at once the animals and the birds began their racket again.

While the din was at its loudest, Balky Sam came galloping back. Astride him, clinging on tightly behind Billy Belgium, was Penelope, the maid from the tower. Her face was all smiles and she waved her hand gayly at Peggy and the animals and the birds. Billy, too, apparently had forgotten the sad call of the violin and was shouting with glee as he urged Balky Sam to a faster and faster pace.

The din hid the noise of the sad violin, so Peggy smiled back at Penelope, being glad when she heard the gay laugh of the prisoner of the tower.

"What a fine welcome," cried Penelope, who thought that all the racket was in her honor. "It makes me forget that I do not love the perfectly prim and proper rich old man Aunt Prue is forcing me to marry, and gives me hopes that I may be happy after all. Come, let's play and make the most of this joyous hour of freedom."

The animals and birds, hearing this, stopped their noise, put on glad looks, and began to play in the moonlight in the same glad way they had done the day when Penelope first learned to laugh and have fun.

But just as their fun was getting started, the wail of the violin sounded clear through the woods. Penelope listened in surprise and slowly the glad light died out of her face, and the old mournful look of her perfectly prim and proper days took its place.

"Oh, I'm so unhappy," she sobbed. "I've got to marry that ugly rich old man, and I know he will make me miserable all my life, and I'll never have a real love story of my own, and I'll never, never be happy. Oh! Oh! Oh!" She threw herself on the ground, buried her head in her arms and gave way to her grief. Peggy grew indignant at the maker of the sad, sad music.

"Shame on him! Shame! Shame!" she cried. "Billy, you go stop him this instant. Teach him to play glad music."

But Billy was already on his way toward the strange musician. He had his own violin at his shoulder, and as he went he began to play. And the tune he played, instead of being glad and gay as Peggy had expected, was the same sorrowful air that was coming from the sad, sad violin.

"Hoo! Hoo! What did I tell you?" hooted Judge Owl. "Billy is bewitched by the sad, sad music. Now we'll have two sad, sad violins instead of one. Good night! I'm going to move! Who knows where there is a nice hollow tree for rent far, far away?"

But Peggy wasn't paying any attention to Judge Owl. She was too busy trying to comfort poor Penelope.

(Tomorrow will be told how Billy is brought out of the spell.)

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS

GRAIN AND FLOUR

WHEAT—Receipts, 237,727 bushels. The market ruled firm but quiet. Quotations: Car lots, in export elevator, government standard inspection, standard prices—No. 1 red winter, $2.39; No. 1 northern spring, $2.39; No. 1 hard winter, $2.39; No. 1 red winter, garlicky, $2.37; No. 1 red, smutty, $2.36; No. 1 red, garlicky and smutty, $2.34. United States Grain Corporation's purchases of wheat are based on the following schedule of discounts: No. 2 wheat, 3c under No. 1; No. 3 wheat, 6c under No. 1; No. 4 wheat, 10c under No. 1; No. 5 wheat, 14c under No. 1. For all wheat otherwise conforming to the specifications of No. 5, or better, but deficient in test weight, the discount from the No. 5 price will be 3c per bushel for each one pound deficiency in test weight. Wheat grading below No. 5 for reasons other than efficiency in test weights will be bought on its merits. Smutty wheat will be discounted according to the degree of smutt, but in no case less than 2c per bushel under the corresponding regular grade. Garlicky wheat will be discounted just as heretofore, 2c per bushel from the regular grade. Mixed wheat will be discounted from 2c to 5c, according to quality and condition of mixture, but unless otherwise instructed, the trade may count on our taking No. 2 mixed wheat at Philadelphia just as heretofore, i. e., 2c under the corresponding regular grade.

CORN—Receipts, 3253 bushels. Demand was light and the market was weak and lower. We quote, to arrive, yellow in car lots for local trade, as to quality and location, at $1.85@1.90 per bushel.

OATS—Receipts, 22,352 bushels. Demand was light and there was no change in prices. We quote: Car lots, as to location—No. 1 white, 81@82c; No. 2 white, 80@81c; No. 3 white, 79@80c; No. 4 white, 77@78c. Oil oats command about 2c premium over these prices.

FLOUR—Receipts, 4,284,311 pounds in sacks. Demand continued light, but prices ruled steady. Quotations: To arrive, per 100 lbs. in 140-lb. jute sacks: Winter straight, western new, $10.10@10.40; nearby new, $10@10.25; Kansas straight, new, $11@11.25; Kansas, short patent, new, $11.25@11.60; spring, short patent, old, $13@13.50; do, short patent, new, $11.75@12; do, patent, old, $12.50@13; do, do, new, $11.25@11.75; do first clear, old, $9.25@10; do, do, new, $9.15@9.35.

RYE FLOUR was dull at quoted rates. We quote at $7.60@7.90 per barrel in sacks as to quality.

PROVISIONS

The market was quiet and barely steady. Following are the quotations: Beef, in sets, smoked and air-dried, 54c; beef knuckles and tongues, smoked and air-dried, 55c; pork, family, 38c; hams, S. P. cured, loose, 36c; do, skinned, loose, 34@35c; do, do, smoked, 36c; hams, boiled, boneless, 56c; picnic shoulders, S. P. cured, loose, 25c; do, smoked, 26@26½c; bellies, in pickle, loose, 33c; breakfast bacon, 42c; lard, 33c.

REFINED SUGARS

Light offerings restricted business. Prices were unchanged on a basis of 9c for fine granulated.

DAIRY PRODUCTS

BUTTER—Fine goods were in small supply and ½c higher while medium and undergrades were quiet and unchanged. The quotations: Solid-packed creamery, extras, 58½; high-scoring goods, 59½@61½c; extra firsts, 57½c; firsts, 53@56; seconds, 50@52c; sweet creamery, choice and fancy, 60½@62½c; do, fair to good, 53½@56½c; fancy brands of prints jobbing at 63@65c; fair to choice, 53@62c.

EGGS—Supplies of desirable fresh eggs were small and prices ruled firm under a good demand. The quotations follow: Free cases, nearby, $16.20 per crate; current receipts that will grade, $15.60; fair to good, $14.40@15; western, extra firsts, $16.20 per case; firsts, $15@15.60; nearby and western, seconds, $13.20@14.10; inferior lots lower; fancy selected eggs jobbing at 61@63c per dozen.

CHEESE—The market ruled firm, with demand absorbing the limited offerings. The quotations: New York and Wisconsin, whole-milk flats, current make, fancy, 32¾@32½c; specials higher; New York and Wisconsin, whole-milk flats, current make, fair to good, 31@32c; jobbing sales of fancy goods, 33@34c.

POULTRY

LIVE—There was little trading except in fancy desirable-sized stock, which comprised but a small proportion of the arrivals and met with a good outlet. Fine fowls were higher. The quotations ranged as follows: Fowls, net Leghorns, fancy, fat, weighing 5@7 lbs. apiece and over, via express, 37@38c; fowls, not Leghorns, smaller sizes, via express, 32@33c; fowls, White Leghorns, via express, 30@31c; spring chickens, broilers, not Leghorns, yellow-skinned, weighing 1¾@2 lbs. apiece, 34@35c; exceptional lots higher; spring chickens, broilers, not Leghorns, yellow-skinned, weighing 1@1¼ lbs. apiece, 31@33c; White Leghorns, yellow-skinned, weighing 1¾@2 lbs. apiece, 30c; White Leghorns, yellow-skinned, smaller sizes, 28@29c; roosters, 23@24c; ducks, spring, 28c; do, Pekin, old, 27@28c; do, Indian Runner, old, 25@27c; pigeons, old, per pair, 40c; do, young, per pair, 35@40c.

DRESSED—Demand was fairly active and prices were well maintained. Quotations follow: Fowls, fresh-killed, dry-picked, in boxes, weighing 4½ lbs. and over apiece, 41½c; do, weighing 4 lbs. apiece, 40½c; weighing 3½ lbs., 38@39c; weighing 3 lbs., 35@36c; smaller sizes, 32@34c; fresh-killed, in bbls., fancy, dry-picked, weighing 4½ lbs. and over apiece, 41c; weighing 4 lbs. apiece, 40c; weighing 3½ lbs. apiece, 37@38c; weighing 3 lbs. apiece, 34@35c; smaller sizes, 31@33c; old roosters, dry-picked, 27c; broilers, Jersey, choice, 45@50c; other nearby, 38@40c; western, extra, equal to small sizes higher; do, western, weighing 1½@2 lbs. apiece, 35@36c; chickens, western, weighing 2¼@2¾ lbs. apiece, 32@33c; spring ducklings, nearby, weighing 5 lbs. apiece, 32@35c; squabs, white, weighing 11@12 lbs. per dozen, $8.50@9.25; do, do, weighing 9@10 lbs. per dozen, $7.50@8.25; do, do, weighing 8 lbs. per dozen, $6@6.75; do, do, weighing 7 lbs. per dozen, $4.50@5.25; do, do, weighing 6@6½ lbs. per dozen, $2.50@3.50; dark, $1.50@2.25; small and No. 2, 60c@$2.

FRESH FRUITS

Choice apples steady. Ordinary stock weak. Peaches in good demand and firm. We quote: Apples, per basket, 50c@$1.75; do, per bushel hamper, 50c@$2; do, per bbl., $3.50@8; cantaloupes, New Jersey, per basket, 25@90c; do, western, per flat crate, $1.25@1.75; watermelons, Jersey, per 100, $8@15; peaches, New Jersey, per crate, $2@3.50; do, New Jersey, per basket, $1@2.50; pears, Bartlett, per basket, $2@2.25; grapes, Concord, per pony basket, 18@22c; do, Delaware, per 8-basket crate, $1.75@2; lemons, per box, $2.70@6.35; oranges, California, per box, $2.90@6.25.

VEGETABLES

Potatoes were in good request and steady. Cabbage again lower under free offerings. We quote: White potatoes, Eastern Shore, Virginia, per bbl—No. 1, $3.75@5.25; No. 2, $2.50@3.25. White potatoes, Jersey, per basket—No. 1, $1@1.25; lower grades, 50@75c. White potatoes, per 150-lb. sack, $3.75@4.50. Sweet potatoes, southern, per bbl—No. 1, $3.75@4.25; No. 2, $2.50@3. Sweet potatoes, Jersey, per basket, $1@1.25. Cabbage, New Jersey, per basket, 35@75c; do, New York, domestic, per ton, $30@40. Onions, New Jersey, per basket, $1.25@1.50; do, New Jersey, per bushel hamper, $1.50@2.25; do, per 100-lb. sack, $2.50@3.75.

BUSINESS NOTES

Declines of from 5 to 10 per cent in the prices jobbers ask for woolens and worsteds suitable for the women's wear this fall and winter are noted. The softening of the market is said to be the direct result of the slackening in buying operations by garment manufacturers during the last two weeks. Some jobbers believe that a revival of garment buying on the part of retailers will send the manufacturers into the market after piece goods again and restore prices to their former levels.

The surplus property division of the office of the quartermaster general of the army is offering for sale under sealed proposals, 4000 pounds of powdered boric acid and 5000 ounces of chloral hydrate stored at St. Louis, Mo. Bids will be opened at 10 a. m., September 20.

Switzerland intends to Americanize its entire industrial system. American machinery for the making of watches, textiles, chocolates and other Swiss products will be installed there as rapidly as it can be sent abroad.

More activity is noted in the wholesale women's outer apparel market than at any time in the last three weeks, according to manufacturers and jobbers, who confidently expect a revival of buying before the week is over that will rival the July rush.

According to a telegram received at the Tanners' Council of America, collectors of customs have been instructed by the government of India not to permit the shipment of skins and hides from India to places outside the British empire without securing the authority of the Indian Government. This action prevents further shipments to the United States for the present. No reason is given for this sudden and unexpected action.

Despite high prices and hot weather, trade in fur garments, in both the retail and wholesale ends of the industry, is brisk. Retailers, because of the large volume of business they have done on their early showings of fur garments, are forced to call for additional supplies from the manufacturers. Buyers for retail stores, who formerly depended on reorders for filling in their stocks, are visiting the market in person now and placing orders for new models.

Leather dealers assert that active buying may be expected within the next two weeks. The decline in purchases, they state, is due principally to the decrease in the production of finished leather goods brought about by shorter working hours. Manufacturers of leather bags, gloves, suitcases and novelties have on hand more leather than can be converted into finished articles for some time to come, although this leather is not sufficient to cover orders standing on the books.

LONDON METAL MARKET

New York, Sept. 9.—Cable advices received at the New York Metal Exchange this morning quoted prices in London today as follows: Tin—Spot, £262 10s, unchanged; futures, £70, an advance of 15s; straits, £283, a decline of £1. Sales—Spot, 50 tons; futures 280 tons. Standard copper—Spot, £100 10s, an advance of 5s; futures, £101 5s, unchanged. Sales—Spot, 50 tons; futures, 450 tons. Electrolytic—Spot, £109, a decline of £1; futures, £120, unchanged. Lead—Spot, £25 2s 6d; futures, £25 17s 6d, both unchanged. Spelter—Spot, £40; futures, £41, both down 5s.

CHICAGO BUTTER AND EGGS

Chicago, Sept. 9.—BUTTER—Receipts, 11,516 tubs. Market firm. Extras, 55c; firsts, 50@54c; seconds, 48@49½c.

EGGS—Receipts, 13,493 cases. Market steady. Firsts, 43@44c; ordinary firsts, 38@39c; miscellaneous, 37@43c.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Here's Hoping It's Soft Cider

By Chas. McManus

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