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 obtains the release from jail of a young woman from Chicago named Marta Sills, who has been arrested for stealing, and takes her in an automobile up the trail to the Kingdon ranch. 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. Penny and Jo meet, but it is revealed that they have not known each other before. Kurt falls in love with Penny. Penny meets a man named Larry in the town. She tells Kurt as to her son for Jo.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THEN she recovered.

"Ask Jo," she said, defiantly, and sped from the room.

"Jo didn't tell me how much he had confided in Kurt," she thought. "What a wee world it is! I can't see how, with all the shuffling millions of people, the same two, once parted, should ever meet. I believe I was wrong about Kurt. For a moment I was almost afraid of him."

Kurt gazed into the fire, his gray eyes alert and a soft smile on his lips. He had not been misled. He had clearly read an answer in the young girl looking into his own.

"She doesn't love Jo," he thought, and the knowledge was quickly darkened by the remembrance of what it would mean to the boy lover.

"Jo!" called Pen, running down the road as she spied him driving away in a lightweight mountain wagon.

Quickly he reined in the pair of prancing horses.

"What 'tis, Miss Penny Ante? Isn't it great that I am back to stay?"

"Indeed it is. Where are you going, and may I go, too?"

"Over to Westcott's, and I'd love to have you go with me."

"I'll have to get a furlough and a hat. Just wait a moment."

She found Kurt and asked his permission with all the pretty pleading of a child in her voice. Her face was singularly young; her eyes like a mirror.

"I've never ridden in a wagon," she said breathlessly, seeing that his expression wasn't as forbidding as usual. "And I'll come back. Can't you see I want to come back?"

Something sweet dawned in his eyes.

"Yes," he said, a note of exultation sounding in his voice with the knowledge that his last stand of resistance to long-held theories was giving away before some new force, powerful and overwhelming. "You may go. I wish I were driving instead of Jo, but——"

He stood watching her as she sped back to where Jo was waiting, and his gaze still followed as the horses tore over the road to Westcott's. There was a faraway look in his eye and a faint smile about the curves of his mouth. Subconsciously, as though he were the one beside her, he followed in fancy after the wagon was lost to sight around the hills. He could see the point where the road would disappear into a plain, covered with soft grass over which the sleek horses would bound. He knew Jo's irresistible bubbling gayety, and the sparkle she would add to it. He wondered why he had never thought to take her for a drive.

There had been no chance to talk to her in their rides. She always put spurs to her horse when he tried to talk to her.

All sense of time left him. The symphony of the hill winds from the south was in his ears; the beauty of the day in all his being. Vividly he recalled their ride in the early dawn and the brief moment she had lain unconscious in his arms. Ever since that moment he had barricaded himself against her appeal and charm. He felt himself yielding and knew that the yielding was bringing him happiness.

"I am in a fool's paradise," he thought, "but still a paradise. She doesn't care for me any more than she cares for Jo. I wonder does he know it, or is she deceiving him? I fear so, for he seems absurdly happy."

He was still lost in the dreams of the lotus-eater when he heard something that resembled the rattling of his own noisy car. Looking down the hill road from town he saw a vehicle approaching which he recognized as the "town taxi." It turned into the ranch grounds and he quickly went to the front of the house, supposing that Kingdon or his wife must have returned.

A strange young girl was alighting. As he went wonderingly to meet her he saw that she was city-bred. She seemed to be dazed by the illimitable spaces and was blinking from the sunshine. His observant eye noted the smart suitcase and the wardrobe trunk the man was depositing on the porch. There was city shrewdness in having had the amount of the fare fixed before leaving town.

She was a little slip of a girl with a small-featured face and a certain pale prettiness. There was an appealing tinge of melancholy in her eyes notwithstanding they were eager and alert. Her dress was plain, but natty and citified.

"Is this Top Hill—where Mrs. Kingdon lives?" she asked in a low, softly pitched voice.

"Yes;" he replied, "but Mrs. Kingdon is away——"

"I know—but she wrote me to come here; that she would be home very soon."

"I am glad to hear that. Come in," he urged hospitably, as he picked up her suitcase. "The housekeeper will make you comfortable."

She hesitated.

"Is Miss Lamont in?"

"Miss Lemont—Miss Pen Lamont?" he asked in surprise. "She is a friend of yours?"

"Yes," she replied composedly.

"She has gone for a drive, but she will be back soon."

She followed him within and stood gazing at the pleasant interior—books, pictures, piano and fireplace, while he went to summon the housekeeper.

"Mrs. Merlin, this is a friend of Mrs. Kingdon's," he said on his return. "Will you show her to one of the guest rooms?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl in expostulatory tone, "I am not a guest. My name is—Bobbie Burr. Mrs. Kingdon hired me to do plain sewing for the children and to care for the linen."

There was no trace of a seamstress in the plain but elegant garb and appointments of the young girl, and Mrs. Merlin was at a loss as to the proper establishment of the newcomer.

"Maybe," she said to Kurt hesitatingly, "the room the last nursery governess had——"

"Any room will do," said the girl hurriedly, as she followed Mrs. Merlin.

Kurt went down the road which Jo and Pen had taken. He felt the need of a vista and solitude to help him figure out this puzzling problem, and soon he was sending a jet of smoke up to the branches of the tree which he had selected for a resting place.

Who was this girl whose belongings betokened means, and yet who said she did come to do plain sewing?

Entanglement came with the recollection that she had been sent by Mrs. Kingdon and was doubtless one of her protégés. The name she had given sounded decorous enough, and she was a friend of Pen's. His thought made him smile. She was secure in that one way, sealed from her kind, with naught in common with them save her possession. To find it was mistaken brought him an unpleasant shock.

A sound of wheels around the corner, the clatter of hoofs. In a moment they came into his view, the prancing team, the merry driver and the thief. Delicate as a drop of dew, as lovely as a forest blossom, her voice, lyrical and rippling, wafted to him from the clear, aromatic air, she inserted again all his theories and resolutions.

He walked toward them, his hand raised.

Joe reined in.

"Will you get out and walk up to the house with me?" Kurt asked, the question given in the form and tone of a command.

"A friend of yours is at the house," he said abruptly, when Jo had driven on and was outside of hearing.

"A friend of mine?" she repeated, losing a little of the wild rose tint in her tear that Hebber might have arrived.

"So she says. Mrs. Kingdon sent her here to sew for the children."

"Does you believe me? I was fearing it might be a man."

"Her name," he said, "is Bobbie Burr."

"What!" Her voice had a startled note. "Bobbie Burr! Oh, yes; I remember her."

"Is she a particular friend of yours?"

"I am more attracted by her than by any girl I ever knew. Let's sit down in the shade of one of the few and far between trees you have up here. You were interested in my welfare when you took me from Bender, but you will be doubly interested in Bobbie when you hear her story. She is a convert far more worthy of your efforts and those of Mrs. Kingdon than I have proved to be.

"She is the type you thought I was before you snatched me from the burning—I mean from Bender. Let me see if I can quote you correctly: 'One of the many young city girls who go wrong because they have no chance; bred in slums, ill-treated, ill-fed.' Poor Bobbie had no chance until—you'll be skeptical when I tell you, how she first received her moral uplift—she had some nice clothes. Stealing was her only vice! At that, she only took enough to meet her needs; but one day she found some money, quite a lot, it seemed to her. Down in her little fluttering fancy she had always had longings for a white dress—a nice white dress. She had the inherent instinct for judging rightly 'what she should wear.' So, for the first time in her life she was able to be correctly and elegantly clad. The white dress she bought was simple, one of the plain but effective and expensive kind. With the wearing of this new gown there naturally came the feminine desire to be seen and admired. She didn't know where to go. She had never been a frequenter of dance halls. She knew, of course, there were few open sesames for her. She went to one where no questions are asked before admittance. Things didn't look good to her at this Hurricane Hall, and she thought her doll was filled with sawdust until the inevitable man appeared and changed her angle of vision. He was that most unusual apparition, a nice, honest man. He saw her; she saw him; after that there were no others visible in their little world.

"Within twenty-four hours he had told her of his love and asked her to marry him. Then—I tried to convince you thieves could be honest—she was brave enough to tell him what she was. He was a true knight and lover. Her confession didn't alter his feelings or his intentions, in fact, his determination to marry her was strengthened. Because she loved him very much, she ran away from him, leaving him in a strange city without even her name for a clue. But now she had a hope, a real incentive—the biggest one there is.

"She pawned all the coveted clothes she had bought and went to a place far away where she could begin a new life—the life of an honest working girl.

"In her little game with destiny she lost out and was apprehended for a theft of which she was entirely innocent, but her past record barred acquittal. A man was instrumental in gaining a reprieve for her, however, and she was sent away to new environment where she found friends, health and, best of all, a job.

"So the desire was born in her to turn the proverbial new leaf, not for the sake of winning her 'man,' but from the simple wish to be 'good.' I interested Mrs. Kingdon in her and told her where she was, but did not dream of such good luck for—Bobbie as to be sent up here. I know she will find happiness up here in these hills. You'd be kind to the little girl, won't you?" she pleaded. "You know you haven't much mercy for sinners, but you will so—she is serious about reforming—you threaten like me. She will never sin to temptation again."

"How do you know?" he asked, looking at her keenly.

"Because," she answered softly, "She loves, and she has shown she loves is worthy of her."

"And you think love is powerful enough to cure?"

"I think so."

"Would it cure—you?"

"I don't know," she said ingenuously. "You see, I have never loved."

A fervid light smoldered in his eyes.

"Aunty Pen!"

Francis came running around the corner.

"There is a nice girl at the house. Mother sent her. She's got a boy's name—Bobbie. I like her. She does anything I tell her to."

"That's the masculine measure," she said, taking his hand and running on with him.

"Come back!" was the strident summons from Kurt.

"Say, here a moment," Pen hurriedly had Francis.

"I want to ask you how this girl is able to have such expensive looking things—if she has only a job?"

"They were given to her."

"Is the man who was instrumental in getting her removed? You said she was curious."

"Don't do the man an injustice, even if you doubt poor little Bobbie. He acted from charitable motives. He has never cared for, or tried to see her."

"Look at me, Pen!"

"I am looking. You have the true western eye—the eye of a sharpshooter and a—sheriff."

"The story you just told me is the story of Marta Sills. Is that her name or yours?"

"It belongs to us both. Being 'partificial pals,' we shared alike. Interchange of names often comes handy with us."

"Was it you or Bobbie Burr—the girl who just came—whom Jo met in a dance hall, and took to St.—some place on Lake Michigan?"

"Dear me! You gentlemen are such gay birds when you come to a city! How can I tell how many girls Jo Gary took to a dance hall? If that St. Something was St. Joe, he must have gone there to get married. It's what most people go there for, and probably he's no more saintly than the place is. Maybe it was named after him."

"Tell me! Was it Bobbie Burr?"

"She never mentioned Jo Gary's name to me—so how do I know. Yes, Francis; coming."

She ran flectly on to join the lad who was impatiently calling to her.

"Marta! How the plot does thicken!" she thought as she ran a race with Francis to the house. "Now we're all here but Hebby. What next? Curtain soon, I expect. No need longer for understudies. I must start things before Kurt succumbs to her charms. That little subdued, clinging vine air she has is most appealing to his type. He'll come to forgive her anything."

"Marta," she said quickly, as she met the young girl, "come upstairs with me."

She locked the door as soon as they were in her room.

"Now tell me all about yourself and everything that has happened since I last saw you."

Beaming with the excitement that comes from narrative of self, the newcomer talked animatedly for some time.

"And," she concluded, "Mrs. Kingdon said you told her all about me, and she sent me a ticket to come here. And it's lovely up here, isn't it? She told me I'd better keep to the name of Bobbie Burr for the present, until she came anyway."

"I should say," agreed Pen. "Marta Sills might land you in most unpleasant places. But, Marta, that man you told me about, whose name you didn't mention?"

"Yes, Miss Lamont. I try not to think of him."

"Marta, why did you tell him that you stole. You could have married him. He'd never have known. And you and he could both have been happy."

In the girl's wondering eyes, Pen read a mute rebuke.

"I'd rather lose him forever than deceive him!"

"Marta," said Pen impressively, "Diogenes should have known you."

"Who is he, Miss Lamont?"

"Never mind, Marta. I thought I knew what love meant, but I see I didn't until now. If I loved a man as you do yours, I would stop stealing if I had to cut off my hands to do it."

"I have stopped. I know now that I could have stopped long ago, if any one had given me the right boost, or made me want to stop."

Just then Pen's eyes caught sight of a trunk in the corner of her room.

"What's that here for?" she asked.

"Oh, please, Miss Lamont, I brought it to you. I never touched anything in it. I earned enough to buy what I am wearing and a few things in my suitcase, besides what I had on that day——"

"Marta, that's sweet in you. I am beginning to feel I'd like to tog once more. I shall reward you. But first, will you do something for me?"

"You know I will be glad to do anything."

"I want a note delivered. I'll write it now."

Hastily she wrote a few lines at her desk.

"Come with me, Marta. We'll have to go to a certain one-clad pergola by devious routes to avoid three wise children and one suspicious and formidable foreman."

By much circumnavigation the two girls reached the pergola unseen.

"You sit here for a few moments, Marta, and the person to whom you are to give the note will come to you."

Pen walked on to the barracks where she met Jo.

"Will you do something for me, Jo? Right away, quick?"

"Sure thing, Miss Penny Ante. What did his nibs want?"

"Never mind, now. Go to the pergola and receive a note from me. Now don't be stuned. Do as you are told—like a good soldier does."

With a magic Jo started in swinging gait for the place indicated, but he was hailed several times by some of the men who wanted directions for their work.

After waiting patiently, Marta concluded Pen's plans had miscarried, so she started for the house, but becoming confused as to turns, she went toward the barracks.

To a little girl whose life had been spent in slums and reformatories, the big spaces and silences were more appalling than the wildest hours of traffic on misguided State street. She had a strange inclination to walk down hill backward that she might not see what other ascension must be made.

"If I'd only been born as high up as this, maybe I'd never have got down so low," she philosophized.

She came around a bend in the road. A man was approaching. He looked up.

"Marta, oh Marta!"

"Jo!" she cried wildly, looking about for retreat.

Another second, in his arms, she thought no longer of flight.

"Marta, how did you ever get here?" Wild astonishment was visible in Jo's eyes.

"Mrs. Kingdon sent for me. I've been killed with kindness ever since that night I saw you, Jo. I didn't know you were here. Miss Lamont told me to stay in that place where the vines are until a man came, and to give him this note; but that was long ago. I came out and lost my way. Are you the man she meant?"

"I must be."

"Does she know that you—that we——"

"Sure she knows. Give me the note."

He removed the little folded paper from the envelope and read it aloud:

"Dear Jo—Here is your heart-ease. Don't let doubt kill your love. Just take Marta. A woman loves an audacious lover.

"Yours,

"PENNY ANTE."

"I feel sort of crazy. Gee, Marta, but it's great to be crazy! Let's sit down here and talk about it. You don't need to tell me much. She told me. Why didn't you let me hear from you?"

"I wanted to be sure, Jo. I'm not going to make excuses for myself, but I had it handed to me hard. Whenever I thought I'd like to be like other folks, some one would give me a shove-back, and then I felt cornered and that it was no use. Sometimes—most always—I was down and out. Then I'd hit a little lucky wave and go up. It was one of those times I saw you in that dance hall."

"That was my lucky wave. I can see you now as you sat away from the rest—so little and so different-looking from those tough ones."

"And I can see you—alone, by yourself; you looked different from any one I'd ever seen, so healthy and jolly and kind. I saw you looking at me and knew right off what you thought—that I was straight and had got in the wrong place by mistake. And I let you think so and let you get to know me. And we danced and talked till near sunrise. That lovely day over at St. Joe! I thought I was in heaven until we were in that little park and you asked me to marry you. First time a real man ever asked me that. I wasn't low enough to fool you then. When you said it made no difference, I knew you were too good for me, and it made me love you so much that I had to run away."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DAILY NOVELETTE

BETTY'S VACATION

By Marion C. Leesam

BETTY Saunders listened enviously while two of the other stenographers of the little firm of Brown & Co. talked eagerly about vacations. One of the girls was going up on the cool Maine shore, while the other was anticipating spending her two weeks on the edge of a beautiful lake at the foot of the New Hampshire hills.

Her mother was an invalid. It had been a hard pinch for Mrs. Saunders to let Betty go through school, but she was now reaping the benefit, as Betty, having studied hard, now held the position of private secretary to the president. She earned a fairly good salary and she and her mother got along quite comfortably so far as everyday living was concerned, but a vacation meant money, if only away for a week, and Betty dared not suggest it.

Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of a buzzer summoning her to the president's office. She hastily wiped away all trace of tears, and, taking her notebook, walked across the hall into the private office. Seated beside Mr. Brown was a tall, fair-haired chap in khaki. He arose as Betty entered and Mr. Brown introduced him.

"Miss Saunders, this is my son, who has just returned, having spent eighteen months in France. Instead of going back for his last year at college he is going to start in here and learn the business. You will take his dictation now and any inside lines on the work that you know about I will trust you to make clear to him."

As the days passed on Betty spent much more of her time in the office of the young Mr. Brown and realized more and more how Mr. Brown, Sr., was relying on his son and by degrees relieving himself of some of the burdens he had been bearing alone. The time passed very quickly to Betty, and before she knew it the time came when she was to close up her typewriter and leave for two long weeks. Usually Betty had a half-holiday on Saturday, but today she worked overtime in order to get things ready for the girl who was to substitute for her. Jack Brown, although he didn't show it, was quite annoyed at the thought of her being away, from a business standpoint, and then he couldn't quite picture any one else sitting in her place.

It was a very warm, sultry afternoon, and as Betty worked she felt happy at the thought of a vacation. Even though she couldn't go away, she could at least rest in the shady hammock at home away from the rush and turmoil of the city.

While she was getting ready to go home Mr. Brown, Jr., came over and wished her a pleasant vacation.

"Where are you going, Miss Saunders, seashore or country?"

Betty flushed and quietly told him of her mother's illness and how she was unable to go away. She was too proud to let him know she couldn't afford to take her mother away.

"That's a shame," said Jack, inwardly kicking himself for being the cause of her embarrassment. "You work so hard here in the office you deserve a little recreation."

After Betty had gone he thought over the situation and his face lightened as he thought of a plan. At 7:30 that evening the telephone at Betty's house tinkled and Mr. Jack Brown was on the line.

"I thought you might like to take a little motor ride, it's such a warm night; that is, if you have no other engagement."

Betty's heart jumped. "I would just love to, but——"

"And, of course, your mother will accompany us. I think a ride along the seashore would do her good."

That settled it for Betty, and Mrs. Saunders was just as pleased, for a change for her away from the house was a rare treat.

Many happy times followed during the two weeks. There were picnic parties and drives through the cool green country or another time along the shore, and when Betty returned to the office she was a very happy girl.

The following spring came with all its brightness and soon vacation time was again being discussed at Brown & Co. Betty listened to the chatter of the girls and thought of all the changes that happened in one year.

That night she and Jack took a long ride. When he stopped his car at Betty's house, on their return, he tenderly took her hand.

"Well, little girl, where are you going on your vacation this year?"

"I don't know," said Betty, her thoughts far away.

"I do," said Jack. "You're going to marry me and we're going on a month's honeymoon." He slipped a sparkling ring on Betty's finger and then kissed it reverently.

"How is that for a vacation?"

Betty was too happy to answer, but Mr. Brown, Sr., did a good deal of fidgeting while his son was away that month, and quietly mourned the loss of his secretary forever.

The next complete novelette—The Country Cousin.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE MAGIC VIOLIN"

(A sad young musician playing a sad violin has filled all Birdland with woe. Billy plays a glad tune on the violin bringing joy to the birds and animals and to Penelope and the young musician.)

Penelope Says, "I'll Not"

AS THE young musician played on, his magic violin poured out to Penelope, Peggy, Billy, the birds and the animals all that was in his heart. There was a new-found joy in living, a dawning love, freshly awakened hopes.

"I shall be a great artist," the musician seemed to say through his playing. "I shall play for great crowds. I shall delight kings and emperors. I shall win vast riches, riches, riches!"

Here the music stopped short, but the young musician dropped on one knee before Penelope and, stretching out his hands toward her, one holding the violin and the other holding the bow, he cried: "And when I have gained fame and fortune I shall come and lay both at your feet."

"Alas and alack! I am this week to wed an ugly old rich man," cried Penelope.

"It cannot be. You shall be my bride," declared the young musician.

"Alas and alack, my perfectly prim and proper Aunt Prue has made all the arrangements, and it would not be perfectly prim and proper to change them. My hour of happiness is over. Farewell! Farewell!"

Penelope ran to Balky Sam and mounted to his back. Before he could gallop away, however, there came from the violin a wail so doleful that it struck black sadness into every heart. Tears gushed forth, and Balky Sam was so

Tears gushed forth

blinded by those that poured from his eyes that he could not see which way to go. Sad as the violin of the young musician had been before, it was a hundred times more sad now. It seemed as if everything in the world had gone to smash for every one.

Peggy wept with the others, but even as she showered tears she knew that they were silly and would do no good. So she grasped the arm of the sad young musician and stopped the woeful music.

"Playing sadness will not help matters," she sobbed. "But may be if you play courage and hope you can make things come out right."

This idea seemed to astonish every one, and it astonished Penelope and the sad musician most of all. But at the same time it sounded like good sense, and the young musician was quick to act upon it.

He drew the bow across the strings of his violin, and now the sadness was all gone. In its place was a strong, brave note that made every one feel better at once. It seemed to say: "Cheer up! We are young and of good heart. All things will turn out well if we fight despair and work with hope."

As Penelope listened her face grew bright again.

"I will not wed the ugly old rich man," she cried. "I will wait for you, my musician. Be of good cheer until we meet again."

"Farewell! The love of my heart goes with you," replied the musician. "When you hear great things of Hal, the violinist, you will know that I am working for you."

And he played again a message of hope and strength. Balky Sam galloped away briskly and Penelope waved and smiled until she was out of sight. Louder and louder sounded the violin. It told that Hal was sure of success—sure that he would win Penelope as his bride.

And then suddenly the tune changed again—this time into a gentle lullaby, and the birds and animals who had been kept awake so long by the sad, sad music dropped quickly off to sleep. Even Judge Owl began to snore, although it was his hunting time. Peggy was laughing at him when she felt her own eyelids growing heavier and heavier, and soon she was as sound asleep as the others. And she slept and slept until she woke up in her own bed the next morning.

(In the next story will be told how Penelope elopes with the aid of Billy, Peggy and the magic violin.)

THE BUSINESS DOCTOR

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

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

Jim Gets a Lesson

JIM was a little bit of a chap. He had more freckles than were ever contained on any other human face. He had the most impudent tip-tilted nose and pair of blue eyes that forever sought mischief.

He got a job at a real estate and insurance concern. It did a business of many, many millions a year, and was controlled by a clever man, blunt, sharp, brutally frank, but absolutely square and just with every one.

Jim, in his sublime ignorance, walked right into the big boss's office and said: "Will yer g-g-gimme a job?" Jim stuttered a bit.

"Who let you in?"

"N-n-nobody—I j-just come in. How ab-bout the j-j-job?"

He got one.

He began as office boy, but being full of energy, which fortunately was guided in the right direction, he soon had "a desk" and a small raise in pay.

Then for a year he stuck at his desk and held down the job. But no raise happened his way, and he began to get worried.

"S-s-say," he stuttered to the head of the office, with whom he was on good terms, "I ought to g-g-get some more d-d-d-dough. How ab-bout it?"

"Can't say, Jim. The big chief has to O. K. all salary raises. He goes over the list every year. Guess you'd better wait a while. You'll get one when he thinks you're due for it."

Now, Jim had cultivated a wholesome respect for the big chief. He hesitated to ask for an interview from a man whose time was worth about a dollar a minute.

He scratched his sandy hair and said, "I think I'll s-s-see the b-b-b-boss ab-b-bout it. What d'ye think?"

"That's your funeral, Jim."

"W-w-well, d'ye think he'd s-s-see me?"

The manager looked at that freckled face for a moment and then replied, "I guess he's see you for a minute or two."

So Jim went to the big chief's office—not nearly so light-hearted as he did when he first got the job—and asked for "five minutes."

The boss looked up sharply. "You, Jim? What do you want?"

"I've g-g-got a c-c-criticism to make, sir."

"Complaint? Criticism! Always want to hear criticisms. I'll give you three minutes. What is it?"

"W-w-well, sir, I've b-b-been at the d-d-desk for a year and g-g-get no raise."

"Work at the insurance desk?"

"Y-y-y-yes, sir."

"Doing the work?"

"Y-y-y-yes, sir."

"What else are you doing?"

Jim gulped and stuttered. "N-nnothin' else."

"Just what you did a year ago?"

Jim just nodded.

"Being paid for it the same?"

Again a nod.

"No reason for a raise. You're doing no more. Come back when you are holding down three desks and I'll give you three times as much money as you are getting now. Now get out."

Jim "got out" and reported his interview to his friend, the office manager.

"Just about what I expected, Jim. Now, you get busy and instead of seeing how soon you can 'clean up' your desk, see how much you can do."

Never a word said Jim, but he did some hard thinking. He realized that there was no reason for paying him more until he showed he could do more.

That was some ten years ago. Today Jim is virtually managing the place. He takes charge when the office manager is away, and he frequently is, and is often sent to handle a "delicate" job by the big chief.

Lots of people in Wall street know "Jim," for he's very much a real man.

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. Reader's initials only will be published. It will take from four to fifteen days for a reply to appear.

Does it help the traveling salesman to agree with the buyer generally in what he says in order to keep on the right side of him? L. O. M.

I thought this yarn had died the painful death it deserves. The buyer must have confidence in the salesman and the goods he is selling or he won't buy from him. Does the buyer, have confidence in the salesman who makes himself an echo of all the buyer says? You cannot afford, however, to be combative to your customer. But he will respect you and have confidence in you if you show you have the courage of your convictions.

I am a salesman in a retail hardware store and I got into a row with a customer last week. He came into the store in a temper and said, "I bought this flashlight here three weeks ago and the battery is all run out." I told him that he probably left it lighted in his pocket, and he accused me of trying to palm off damaged goods on him. We finally gave him a new battery, but he still seemed dissatisfied. What ought I to have done? M. P.

Your first remark was tactless. You should first have told the customer that you were sorry to hear it, but that you would make anything right that was not satisfactory. Then you could ask the customer how much he had used the light, etc. If you attempt to ask questions without first assuring the customer of your intention to do the right thing he naturally feels that you are trying to evade the responsibility. The fact that the customer was angry indicated that he expected an argument, so the assurance that you will make everything right is doubly necessary in this case.

How much rent ought we to pay for our grocery store? Last year our sales were around $12,000. O. V. R.

The rent should be about 3 or 4 per cent of your sales, so that you should be paying from $360 to $420 a year.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TANNER BELIEVED INSANE IN JOINING WIFE IN DEATH

Reader's Only Other Explanation Is That Man Was Ignorant of God's Law—Admits Act Proved Love Was Great

A LETTER pronouncing William Tanner, who died with his wife when he could not save her from an approaching train, insane has been received from H. A. Scanlan, 2426 Clifford street. Mr. Scanlan's definition of a hero is one who offers to make the supreme sacrifice as long as there is any chance of accomplishing the result sought.

His letter follows:

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir: It is without a doubt the most undecided topic of the day, that is, concerning the William Tanner tragedy at Hubbards Woods, Ill.

The critics are pro and con and, I think, the most intelligent and conscience-stricken man will take the same view as I do of the matter.

I say that no sane individual would do such an act, and will say that Mr. Tanner was either driven into an insane mental attitude on seeing that his wife's liwe was about to be crushed out or was ignorant of the moral laws laid down by our Creator, Almighty God. And if he was ignorant of them and of a sane mind, he could not be held any more responsible than a cow or a horse that would step in front of a fast-moving train, as his mind was undeveloped.

Other views are taken by some to the extent that if all husbands thought and loved their wives as did Mr. Tanner there would be fewer divorces, and I agree with this expression, as it bears weight. But, nevertheless, that love for one's wife, mother or other relative would not warrant a man to commit suicide (as did Mr. Tanner). "Thou shalt not kill." This man was morally obliged to save his own life when he saw that he could not save his wife's life.

Say, for instance, that a man and wife got bewildered in the jungles and in the meantime were attacked by a drove of wolves and he climbed a tree to safety and let his wife perish. I say that he was a coward. But now say that he put up a fight with the wolves and finally exhausted his strength and died with his wife. He would be classed as an heroic man and a man who honorably showed his love and his all for his wife. H. A. S.

Other letters follow:

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—There was no intent or purpose behind the destructive power that killed Mr. Tanner and his wife. It was his duty, under the circumstances, to exercise all his skillful purpose and power to release his wife—no other thought should predominate. To act the hero was not in order, nor was there time to consider the children. To release his wife from the awful danger was his first and only duty. If he failed he died in her behalf, in spite of all he could do. With the above motive he died a hero. Proclaiming his intentions was energy in the wrong direction. W. I. H.

I have deferred answering the vital question as to the rightness of Mr. Tanner's sacrifice until I had given it careful thought. I cannot help admire William Tanner for his heroic act, and it is my belief that this display of love proves he was a pattern and an example to humanity. He stood by the woman he pledged to love and cherish until death would part them, to cross the Great Beyond with his pal, the mother of his children. He could not bear to have his Mary crushed to death alone, unable to rescue here; he did what he thought best—to stay with her for all eternity.

Could any man with love as great as William Tanner's stand by and see his wife crushed before him?

My opinion is just as your editor voiced it in the article on the editorial page of Wednesday's EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER. If the world had more men like this brave man it would be needless to have divorce courts.

They, of course, were destitute of children; but William Tanner left his little orphans a legacy that will never become exhausted. This will help them to live noble lives and mankind will be helped by this act.

We know there are some willing to sacrifice, and while there is much sin in the world, love is not absolutely on the decline.

Some one who has been touched by the tragic affair will come forward to help the little orphans. God will take care of them.

MARGARET S. GAMBLE.

DOROTHY DARNIT—An Accident Is Worth Something!

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By Chas. McManus