The Second Bullet—By Robert Orr Chipperfield

THIS STARTS THE STORY A dinner party is being held at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Led-yard. Among those present are their daughter. Trixy: her friend. Rebe Cowles: Neely Swarthmore. Wendle Braddock and Mrs. Alice Hartshorne.
Mrs. Hartshorne's past history is clothed in mystery. In her presence mention is made of the release from prison of the president of the Riverton Bank after serving four presence of a twenty year sentence for years of a twenty-year sentence nversion of the bank's funds. Mrs. conversion of the bank's funds. Mrs. Hartshorne suddenly leaves under the pretense of a severe freadache. She is accompanied by Swarthmore, who expresses his love for her and obtains her promise of marriage. She sees a face at the window which fills her with terror, the significance of which is not revealed. Swarth-more has jilted Trixy, who says she abbors him. Mrs. Hartshorne is found dead on the floor in the morn ing by her suspiciously acting French maid. Mathilde. A policeman arrives

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

WHEN she greeted her at the door. perhaps in an unguarded instant of trayed the fact that she had been waiting gla- - " for her : yet a few minutes later, when asked why she and not summon the Frenchwoman asseverated that she interrupted him. had herself made the discovery only a for a starter. have known for some time, perhaps least. had she delayed sounding the her eyes? alarm until Rose's arrival would have made discovery certain, or an evasion coroner smiled. have later inevitably directed suspicion

"Chief Burke is coming up with a policeman announced, hanging up the in a little while. Now, Miss' - he ad dressed himself pointedly to Rose- 1'm sorry, but I'll have to ask you to wait, I want to ask the maid, here, a few

Rose obeyed, pausing only to pick up drawing room was dim and cool, and fragrant with the cloying perfume of some huge crimson roses which hung limply from a low glass bowl on the The girl shuddered involuntar-These were the roses which had arrigid fingers above.

Presently she heard Matilde coming downstairs: but without pausing the her breast, covering the wound. Frenchwoman descended to the base ment, whence shrill nounced that she had broken the news outside the room of death.

room, evidently under orders. The Frenchwoman walked to the window, where she stood looking out with hard where she stood looking out with hard. tearless eyes; but the others scated sie?" Paul turned to the chief themselves awkwardly in the nearest dropped jaw and protruding, lack luster Ledyards. eves, dumb with terror.

The raucous cry of strawberry venders and the laughter of children on the papers a lot, of course, in connectheir way home from school came shrilly to Rose's ears from the street outside At last the grinding of brakes before the door and a sharp peal of the bell told her that their vigil was at an end.

Jenny admitted the officials and they it?" trooped upstairs. Shortly afterward

steps approached the stairs and a sep. coroner and remarked: man's shoulder, reached the women blood, doctor,

tache appeared in the deorway.

Where is the phone down here? probably soaked up into the rug. Come and show me the switch, one of

"Hello? Chief Burke talking. I "Don't know, my boy. I've let you "Nothing whatever. "Sant to speak to Paul " "Hello, in on the ground floor, called you up asleep." Matilde paused and added in sudden volubility: "If it is the revolver." want to speak to Paul . . other case right away? Good boy! * * N

Rose scarcely heard when the chief appeared in the doorway at mention of "Tell me exactly what he of police hung up the receiver and start his name. How did you come to get morning. Did you notice anything un ed once mere up the stairs, for at the into this?"
word "murder" Matilda swayed, caught "It's my

vainly at the curtains to save herself. Harvey." upon the floor.

IT WAS within the allotted ten min-utes that a modest green runabout oner's sedan and the chief's impressive twelve-cylinder, before the little house whose discreetly curtained windows welled a tragedy.

The humming of the motor ceased abruptly and a young man sprang from behind the wheel and darted up the steps, through the crowd of excited. curious bystanders which had already

gathered about the door. He was a tall, slender young man with a splendid breadth of shoulder and strong, clean-cut features. One looked before noting the slight halting limp and the shadows of ever-present suffering about the deep brown eyes,

That's the boy's Come up here Paul!" the chief called from the head of the stairs, when Jenny had opened the door. "I've got something to show

Paul bounded lightly up the stairs albeit an involuntary grimace of pain twisted his lips. The chief threw an arm across his shoulder in fatherly fash. ion and drew him into the bedroom be

"Doctor Cravenshaw, this is Paul Harvey, son of Alfred Harvey, the former commissioner, and one of the Paul is attached to the force

fficial capacity as a special in

diamond thief.

"We haven't put him on a murder Hartshorne's maid." ease before; there wasn't big enough for him. haven't ruo into him until now.

"I'm very glad to know you, sir." Unless I'm mistaken, you will find autopsy to this case big enough to tax all your quest for Monday.

stepped aside, revealing the body, and Paul, who had flushed deeply at assured him. the chief's praise, advanced and drophis keen eyes taking in every de-"Mrs. Hartshorne herself." he com-

"I thought it must be when you phoned, chief; you wouldn't have here; there isn't a vine or even a crevcome rushing up in person if it had ice to give him toe-hold." been just one of the servants. She

coroner responded. body. Mr. Harvey, Looks like suirelief at her coming. Matilde had be eide, right enough, doesn't it, at first hole, And vet

"That's one moment before Rose came. She must been fired from several feet away, at too. "Hah! You got that, did you?" The

"I told you be would!" exulted Chief

"Oh well the eyes of a corpse are couple of men from headquarters." the usually staring wide, and when they replied policeman announced, hanging up the are more slits like these, it's a safe. "I a The coroner'll be here, too, but that somebody tried to close them, explained Paul half apologetically. Then he bent still lower over the body The two older men watched him in Will you go down to the parlor, please? silence, forbearing to interrupt his ex-

amination by any advice of their own. At length he sat back on his heels and looked up at them. I can't make it out," he admitted frankly. "This is surely a unique necessary

murderer you have puts the revolver in her hand, to try to sympathetic interest. save himself from suspicion, and then, waiting rived two days before, when she had an almost womanish sentimental pity found Mrs. Hartshorne ill, and had first takes possession of him. Knowing that seen that vicious little weapon which he's likely to be discovered at any monow lay within touch of those nerveless, ment, he stays long enough to close her

Chief Burke looked a trifle disconouteries an ecrted and the coroner laughed.

The chief thought that, in falling, to the other servants. Rose wondered her elbow might have struck the edge why the policeman did not appear, until of that chair there beside her, and she heard a chair scrape the hardwood her arm been flung across her breast, floor of the hall overhead. She con- but I tried to show him how unlikely cluded that he had taken up his post that theory was. In such a case, reflex action would have made the hand slip The minutes seemed very long as she limply off the breast to the floor. No. ent there alone, but at length Matilde the upper arm was resting on the floor and Jenny, followed by the cook and when the forearm was raised and the little kitchen maid, filed into the pressed across the body." Dr. Craven-

"You have examined the revolver, Hartshorne?

"Yes, one shot has been fired from chairs. Jenny wept softly, but the cook it," the latter responded. "She must herself up to voluble lamentations, have been killed immediately after while Sadie, the kitchen maid, sat with return from the Red Cross ball at the to give her interrogator no information

"So that is where she had been "I've seen her name in Paul nodded. tion with society and war work and employ that sort of thing. She had time to take her cloak off and lay it over that chair-by the way, have you examined

as they listened with strained ears to the subdued murmur of voices from above.

No words were distinguishable allowed at both sides of it closely before re-Nevertheless, Paul picked up the lux-No words were distinguishable until, placing it with a slight shrug as of after a prolonged debate, heavy foor acquiescence. He turned again to the

"There doesn't seem to be very much

"No, but the revolver is of small 'If that's the case, doctor, then Paul caliber and the lady may have been Harvey is the lad to handle it for us." anemic." Dr. Cravenshaw replied. The steps descended and a stout, "All that, of course, will be determined gray-haired man with bristling mus- at the autopsy. I thought myself that the effusion was very slight; it has

"What time did Mrs. Hartshorne re I don't want to talk from the turn? That ought to give you approximately the hour in which she met her Matilde did not even turn, but Jenny death." Paul resumed to his superior. complied, and the stern voice, softened "Was she alone? Who let her in? now and almost fatherly, came once Why didn't the sound of the revolver shot alarm the house?"

to the conclusion that it was a case biggest in years. Looked like a plain door, got a statement from the maid tires.

"It's my regular beat now, Mr. wainly at the curtains to save herself. Harvey. Officer King returned the custom to sleep always with her door and fell in a crumpled unconscious heap grin as he saluted. 'I was coming locked. I descended and breakfasted along down the block when the young with the other maids and then mended

vestigator, and he's given us a lot of running out to me and told me there not to disturb her until she rings, but help: rounded up the Reuhl counterfeit was trouble here. Her story was that is ordinarily about 10, unless ing gang, and got Van Vrenken, the straight enough, but I couldn't get Madame is ill." Matilde's volubility straight enough, but I couldn't get Madame is iii. Matilde's volunties much out of that Frenchwoman, Mrs. had slackened and she spoke now almost hattingly. "She has not been well lately, and I became anxious when the hour of 11 came and no sound from

That's why you and, when he had concluded, the coroner prepared to depart.

"I'll have the body removed in an shook hands cordially, hour," the latter observed. "Let me T've heard of your father, of course, see, today is Friday and I have the perform; I'll call the in-

> 'All right, doctor. I'll have all witnesses on hand," the chief inside job at that, but there's no telling knee beside the rigid form, yet. I'll call at your office later.

The coroner nodded and withdrew and Paul strode to a window and looked No chance of any one climbing up

has been dead for some hours, hasn't on the inside," supplemented Chief cient. Eight or ten, perhaps longer. The was, locked the door and carried the weighing each word. "I turned the "I'd like to call key away with him. That's how the handle, but the door was locked so I your attention to the posture of the maid. Matilde, found out something was knew Madame was at home. I did not wrong; she looked through the key. at the moment discover that the key was

"Let's go and have a talk with her when "There aren't any powder marks on now?" suggested Paul. "I'll go over your mistress?" Paul took up the inned aid, the clothing about the wound. Paul the room thoroughly later, but I'd like quiry once more. item to hear what the servants have to say

Leaving Officer King still on duty hours, what awaited them upstairs, nicely about her feet and tried to close they descended and found the servants rival would make it necessary to disturb grouped about Matilde, who lay upon Madame. But Mademoiselle Adare was the couch. Rose Adare was standing late and I became alarmed! Suppose

a little apart. demanded, brusquely, demanded, brusquely, lt was Rose who

"I am better now! it is nothing." Matilde sat up weakly. "You wished to see me. Monsieur?"

This young man, here, would like to you a few questions. What is that

small room across the hall?" The reception room, Monsieur. We'll go in there. The rest of you The chief turned to Rose. wait here. Sorry to detain you, too, but it is

understand," Rose was gazing against, chief. He kills the woman, at the slightly lame young man with

The chief led the way to the reception room and, senting himself precariously in a fragile gilt chair, motioned Matilde and even places one of her hands across the floor, pausing only to shoot ques tion after question at the Frenchwoman.

What is your name? Matilde Benoit, Monsieur." Where did you come from?"

From Peronne in the north of France, Monsieur. The war has perhans destroyed all records-There was a note of mockery in the observation and Paul interrupted her

entorny: "How long since you came to this country

Seven months, Monsieur; one mouth before we came here to Eastopolis. Her tone was demurely respectful cant glauces. now, but it was plain that she meant that was not specifically required. Paul, realizing this, changed his tactics

shorne, and how you came to enter her

"In New York." Matilde hestitated, of his inquiry abruptly. When the old lady died I was worn out from earing for her: I had to go say?—the best people of Eastopolis," to the hospital and when I came out responded Matilde promptly. "The cloak? Yes. No evidence I could get no work. At last I found

"The Belmoude, Monsieur."

"Very good; we'll let that go for eyes. while." night?"

with them to the dance.

"At what time did she return?" "I do not know. Monsieur. Madame | tone. instructed me not to wait up for her.

the door for her?" 'Oh, no, Monsieur! Madame took

"And you heard nothing during the

Paul, feel well enough to take on another minute Dr. Cravenshaw had come sudden volubility: "If it is the revolver you some questions later. other case right away?" * * to the conclusion that it was a case shot that you mean Monsieur, it is shot that you mean. Monsieur, it is

suicide at first, but it's a clear case of and the other young woman.

It was the first observation she had murder * * * in ten minutes! 'Hello, John!' Paul grinned in volunteered, and there was a shade too "Tell me exactly what happened this

> "But, no, Monsieur! It is Madame's girl that does fancy letter-writing rame some of Madame's laces. I have order-

She has not been well ing, at which Ned seemed to have by far the greatest grievance. They had Madame's room. I went to her door just left their English classroom where and knocked softly, but there was no the professor had startled them by an-It occurred to me then that nouncing the fact that they must write perhaps Madame had not returned; that she had stayed at the house of Madame a short story for the next day. Gaylor. It has not happened before. "Thank goodness, he didn't specify it

not quite herself-The woman paused with a quick catchof her breath and Chief Burke leaned

on his face.

story.' "Go on !" he commanded in a voice of "What do you mean? 'Not adventures if you ever had any, but quite herself----

"But she was nervous. Monsieur. lous lies. Fatigued and restless. The whim might have come to remain with her friends "And the windows were all fastened The moment's respite had been suffi-Matilde's tone was bland, al

> gone. "You made no other effort to arouse

thunder.

"Not then, Monsieur, I knew The shot must have for themselves, and the social secretary, mademoiselle Adare, the secretary, said "We will begin by reading Barnes's "Here comes a flock now, several feet away, at too," would come in one half hour and I destory. And to an eagerly interested Billy in great excitement. cided that I would wait until her ar-I went again all different for there is one little pas-Madame were indeed ill! "What's the matter here?" the chief to her door and this time I saw a tiny senger who has never seen Beston, or point of light coming through the key- indeed any other city. Her expression I bent and looked- ! Messieurs, of eager curiosity and childish delight you know what I saw!"

"Why did you not give the alarm immediately?"

"But there was no time, Monsieur, I thought that Madame must be ill, unonscious, and I flew down the stairs next town in order that she might slip to tell the other servants and summon a away to the magic city of Boston for doctor when at the moment Made- few hours. moiselic Adarne rang the bell."

only cloud on her horizon; just a few "I We " Paul walked a few paces short hours, but she dare not stay away and then wheeled. "Did you ever longer. But perhaps that would be long see that revolver before, the one lying beside Mrs. Hartshorne's body? enough, and she clutched her little hand still more closely over something that

"I do not know, Monsieur." 'Look here!" Chief Burke brought his fist down on the trail table. What do you mean, you don't know? Speak

dently very precious, for she is not up and don't beat about the bush! willing to let go for a minute. Fifteen of them." Madame had a revolver, of course minutes later she is standing before a eyes, arrange her skirt about her ankles Paul closed the door and began pacing I have seen hers many times, but how millinery window, wide-eyed and breathcan I be sure that it is the same?" Matilde eyed the chief calmly. Such wonderful creations never existed What was her object in keeping a

revolver? Was she afraid of burglars? he demanded. 'What else, Monsieur?' Matilde "Madame's jewels are of shrugged.

great value and always there is much "Had she a safe?" Paul intervened

"No. Monsieur. The jewels are in my charge and the money Madame bides in odd places. It is-what do you say? a fad of hers. There will be a hundred dollar bill between the pages of a How long have you been with Mrs. book: two, three hundred stuffed in a just to make sure. Finally, after gloatvase, as much as five hundred, perhaps, lipped behind a picture."

Paul and the chief exchanged signifipresented to her in a box so big she "You say you had charge of Mrs. could scarcely carry it, she thanked the Hartshorne's jewels. Have you a list c'erk for her kindness and started to the quiet, forceful, unemotional type.

"Certainly, Monsieur, But the jewels "Tell me where you met Mrs. Hart themselves are in Madame's bedroom." 'Who are Mrs. Hartshorne's closest friends?" Paul switched the subject look of embarrassment and then a deep

his inquiry abruptly.

"All the haut monde—how do you must be in the wrong store." her hand and gave the clerk the crum-

insisted Paul, pled paper she had carried for hours in a position in the linen room of a big 'Have no old friends visited her? Has her hand, she never spoken of them or of her that store "But elsewhere?" her that store is, please?

"Madame has had no visitors." A quickly ashamed of her amusement, read guarded look. like a veil, filmed the their own last Sunday's advertisement. Imoude, Monsieur."

woman's overbright piercing black
ood; we'll let that go for eyes. "Nor has she spoken of old
Paul halted beside her so friends. Madame is not in the habit simple. Darlingly dashing. Delightfully

that in turning to him she was compelled to face the light. "Who accompanied I have understood that her busband is Mrs. Hartshorne to the dance last dead and she has no near relatives."

"Her letters—surely she received tion of the wicked city's exaggerations." "She dined first at the house of letters from other places? Where did but it is doubtful if she understood any such letters come from?" thing except that she had lost her hat "I do not know, Monsieur." There Completely disillusioned, she left the

was a trace of hauteur in Matilde's shop. Two big tears gathered in her "I do not pry into Madame's eyes and blurred everything. She did mail.'' not even see the approaching -

"But the postmarks? Have you Just as the story is reaching the innever noticed a postmark other than teresting part, the professor is called Eastopolis on a letter of hers?"

"Never, Monsieur. I do not even glauce at them!" she added pointedly. "I know nothing whatever of Madame." "That will do." Paul turned away. "You may go; but I shall want to ask "Hower blush unseen, and waste its "Hower blush unseen, and waste its "Hower blush unseen, and waste its "Who." ou some questions later."

Sweetness on the desert air. Who nose, so that he looks suspiciously Chief Burke stirred in his chair and wouldn't tell any lies but insisted on one from over the top. Got him?

Good boy:

Number one of murder. I waited for you to come the rought before questioning the servants, but Of Big thing, all right, the hierest in years Looked like a plain. gone he turned to the younger man. sweet and charming.
"Well, my description didn't do her (CONTINUED TOMORROW) justice, and neither does this." And he drew a spapshot shyly from his pocket.

dance next week."

-:-

A Trace of Independence There's one thing I've got to say for yourself, for if old Aunt Mehitable for the prodigal son," remarked Farmer or Hepzibah, or whatever her name is,

Corntossel "What's that?" "He had the grit to walk back home instead of telegraphing for money. Washington Star.

DAILY NOVELETTE

NED'S IMAGINATION By Alice Knight

NED BARNES and his classmates Billy have betriended the King of the were holding an indignation meetful Blue Goose, The King has promised to prepare a feast Northland and invite the children to THE wild geese were flying south.

but Madame has for some days been had to be a love story." "No, but that's about the easiest, unless you write a thrilling adventure

"Well, it's all right to write about land,

The train from New Hampshire has

thousand times before. But today it is

attracts us at once. To look at her

sweet and innocent face, one would

never suspect that she was deceiving her

poor old aunt in the belie, that she was

spending the day with a friend in the

Just a few short hours, that was the

ever since she left home. We would

love to see what it is, but it is evi-

outside of Fairyland. One in particular

a tighter clasp of her little hand on her

imprisoned secret, she entered the shop.

in waiting on her. First she tried on

tie forget-me-not hat in the window.

t was all that her heart craved for.

miser gloats over his gold, she de-

"Wait a minute, my dear. You

Slowly, almost regretfully, she opened

The clerk, at first amused, and just as

away for a few minutes. A storm of

'but you'll all have a chance to judge

The next complete novelette-

In Berry Time.

"Will you tell me where

"Paid for it! Oh. I thought-

ided on her first choice. When it was

With a little flutter of her heart and

took her fancy

Surely she must be dreaming:

"Then what will you do?"

As Peggy looked at them her thoughts turned back to the glad spring season I'm not going to write a lot of ridicuwhen the wild geese had been headed the other way and when she and Billy Belgium had saved the King of the Wild Geese and his bride, the Beautiful "Write a war story then." "Worse yet."

she had held in the palm of her hand me somehow. I think a salesman should

Her fresh beauty and simplicity sweetheart, aren't you? But you act

aroused the jaded interests of even the differently to them. You adapt your-

just try on every other hat she saw— to be treated with a-well, you know, just to make sure. Finally, after gloat- You can be yourself and still adapt

ing over all the wonders she saw, as yourself to your customer's personality.

s op girls and they vied with each other self to circumstances.

ing past.

Blue Goose, from the Flying Ogre. "Gee-whillikers, Peggy, I just re-"I don't know what I will do, but I membered something," know what I won't do, and that is to running up the hill and looking out story or a sentimental love toward the flying geese. story!" And he strode off with a frown the Wild Geese invited us to go north this summer and we didn't go

(In previous adventures Peggy and

From the Far North

Peggy lay looking out over the sparkling

hurrying from the frosts of the north

to the rich feeding grounds of Dixie

She knew they were flocks

lake she could see three "V's"

The next morning in the English class, instead of seeing a frowning and "Perhaps the King forgot all about us. gloomy Ned Barnes, his friends saw a Just then one of the "V's" beaming countenance which still re- in the lake turned its small end toward that mained beaming when the professor them.

"Here comes a flock now." exclaimed is the King himself. Swiftly the flock skimmed over the

"Honkle-honkle-honkle!" sang just drawn into Boston as it has a water. the speeding geese. As they came near l'eggy gave a cry of disappointment. They are white geese," she exclaimed. They are not our friends.

Yes. Make a Difference

that one should fit his manner to the

be himself and not try to toady to

customers by becoming a mere reflection

Here's the way I answer this sales-

You can be different without being

a spincless reflection of a customer's

ideas and manners. You are your-

self when with your brother, aren't

Of course you do. I did. I dis-

covered that sweethearts-I hope my

ut true to the eternal feminine, she wife doesn't observe the plural-expect devil if you like. There you have ust try on every other hat she saw— to be treated with a-well, you know. Bogle's sentiments."

tomers. First, the nervous, quick, sleet

imaginative type. Then there is the

jolly, happy-go-lucky type, and finally

Of course, there are as many varia-

The manner of approach that would

tions of these types as there are cus

quite please one of these types of cus-

tomers would possibly displease the

other two types. By adopting the

same manner-our so-called natural

consequence hurt business with two-

chap that cozes cheeriness and good pa-

line that comes out instead of going in.

When he laughs, which is frequent, he

That approach just fitted him, didn't

Now imagine a lean, haggard, hun-

ry-looking individual. A man who

of himseif. One of those men with short

nose, so that he looks suspiciously at

actly as you approached the other man

Go and slap him on the back and say,

You 7 Il find they are going-not com-

You get an order from the first man

You get two-get out and stay out.

Exactly the same manner—but what

So, to the young salesman who asks.

Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

'Shall I make a difference in my way

Do you get an order from our animated

different reaction.

"Hello, Bill, how're things coming?

Now suppose you approach him ex-

Imagine, if you please, one of those

The fellow who has a waist

thirds of our trade

Very well.

and say.

VE read in a book," the beginner

I in selling will frequently tell me, the answer is-

THE BUSINESS DOCTOR

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

way?"

Author of "The Business Career of Peter Fint" and "Bruno Duke-Solver of Business Problems"

"FLYING FEATHERS" I From the windswept hilltop where

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES-By Daddy

Settling down in the shallow water.

Straight to the base of the hill flev strangers, settling down in the shallow water at the edge of the lake with a great fluttering and honking. Their leader, a stately gander, paddle to the beach and waddled out. looked up at Peggy and Billy on the

"Hail, young sir and kind miss. Do you understand what I am saying?"

hill and honked a greeting:

"Of course we understand what you are saving. promptly answered Billy. who you are." bonked the gander. "You are Billy and Princess Peggy and I. land. Snow Gander, bring you a message the King of the Wild Geese."

'Does be want us to come to asked Peggy cagerly. "Alas, no." honked Snow Gander.

It is a message of sorrow and fare-

I say, your "own natural way

Stolen Fruit

the Joseph Dixon Crucible Company,

the following, which may or may not

toad, a word about the weather. Be

rond a corroboration of his meterordog

ical statement, you would better no

venture. You are not Bogle's friend;

you are a fed, transient customer and

the blowing of Gabriel's dinner horn.

So take your change and go-to the

Readers' Questions Answered

column questions on marketing, buying,

ness education, and on matters pertain.

questions will be answered in the order

f receipt. No anonymous correspond-

Mr. Whitehead will answer in this

Stolen from "Graphite" published by

"In one of O. Henry's stories we find

"'At the cashier's desk sits Bogle,

Yes, make a difference.

Jerney City, N. J.

apply to any one of us:

"Honkle-honkle-honkle." mournfully murmured the other geese.
"The King of the Wild Geese and

the Beautiful Blue Goose have spent the summer seeking their lost children," continued Snow Gander. Have they children?" "Children?

asked Peggy in surprise. "Six as fine goslings as you'd wish to see," replied Snow Gander. "But slas they have been missing since early summer and the King and Queen have sought them in vain. Now that the focks have turned southward to cape the arctic blizzards the King and the Beautiful Blue Goose stay behind to search and search until buried by the snow or frozen by the icy North Pole blasts. They say to you farewell and ood luck and they are sorry you cannot use the fairy feathers they left

with you last spring."
"Houkle-bonkle-honkle," sadly muroured all the white geese, and with a good-by flirt of his wings Snow Gan-der led them again on their flight toward Dixieland "Poor King! Poor Beautiful Blue

Goose!" murmured Peggy. "I wish we could go north to help them." But Billy was eagerly going through the pockets of his coat and in a moment he fished out two crumbled feath. ers, one black and one blue.

"The feathers given us by the King of the Wild Geese," he cried. "I'd forgotten all about them. said they would bear us to Santa Claus

They look just like ordinary feath. ers," said Peggy doubtfully, but even as she spoke the feathers began to grow and grow and grow before her astonished eyes. In less time than it takes to tell each was as large as a shipto tell each was a ship of the air.

(Tamorrow will be told how Peggy and Billy are blown away.)

dence can be acknowledged. Readens' initials only will be published. It will take from four to fifteen days for a reply to appear. Should an employer pay his employes over-

I cannot tell unless I know the circumstances of your employment. or shall I treat all in my own natural you work for a regular weekly salary in a store or office and the boss gives you is ever varying as I have shown, so national and state holidays, and a week or so in the summer with pay, you should certainly expect to work overtime when necessary. If, however, you work in a productive capacity and if in your overtime you are actually making goods for sale, then, of course, you should receive overtime. This overtime question should be a give-and-take ounce of flesh for every minute's work you do, the boss in return will expect "'At the cashier's desk sits Bogle, to squeeze out of you every ounce of cold, sordid, slow, smoldering, and work he can for what he pays you. takes your money. Behind a mountain The best suggestion I can give you of toothpicks he makes your change and on this overtime problem is-be reafiles your check and ejects at you, like a sonable.

Suppose the rate of turnover in my store too low, how can I increase it? M. P. First, by increasing sales without increasing stock. Second, by getting sales reducing stock. Third, by eliminating slow sellers altogether and putting capi-tal thus released into other goods which will sell quickly.

\$1000 a year (or even less), while many make \$10,000 a year and more. It's all a question of how well be plans his work and how hard he works his ing to the choice of a vocation. All plan.

All he is worth. Some make only

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

War Upsets Royal Romances

self—to all three types we please only reported from Vienna, is seeking a wife one-third of our customers, and in for Crown Prince Charles from among consequence hurt business with twothe European princesses. Charles is Crown Prince Boris. Since then no now twenty-six and old enough to be a royal marriage has been celebrated A quickly ashamed of her amusement, read big. fat, jolly customers, the kind of married; members of royal families as in Europe, not a betrothal announced, a rule wed young, since generous sub-jects relieve them from building homes tween reigning houses being the marand fortunes by voting them palaces riage of the British Prince George of and subsidies.

Battenberg and the Countess Nada

King Ferdinand, it is apparent, is Toby of Russia. laughs all over. Got a picture of him? manner. Give him a slap on the back coming?" He looks round with a grin ciplined and then divorced. "Fine, kid. Here, have a

It is reported that the king favors has been a great leveler and the dis- a drug on the market. tiuction may not be so vital in republican Europe as in its monarchical past. with roses since July, 1914.

blew his war trumpet and rattled his nobility. Among the other reignin saber he broke up a number of very dynasties the houses of the Scanding pretty little arrangements among his vian kingdoms, of Belgium, Hollan royal cousins, nephews and nieces, and Spain, there was not a you Matchmakers were busy at that time princess of marriageable age. Yoland talking of marriage for the Czar's of Italy was the only eligible princess daughters and the Prince of Wales and the only one whose father still had a of acting and talking with customers, his sister Mary. Prince George of throne. It would perhaps have been a

By Chas. McManus

The Rumanian king, Ferdinand, it is Greece and Elizabeth of Rumania had

ery well.

Now you approach him in a hearty did his own choosing last September Tateana and Maria, became merely the The little princesses of Russia, Olga, by taking as a bride the daughter of Misses Romanoff and, it is believed, "Hello, Bill, how're things a Rumanian army officer. He was dis- perished with their parents. Prince George of Greece is no longer an heir cigar." and a pudgy hand dives for a the beautiful Princess Yolanda of Italy. with his eldest sister, Princess Helene. From a diplomatic point of view such in exile with their father, Constana marriage might be ideal, as it would tine, in Switzerland. With them in bring into closer union the two Latin the Swiss republic are a fair sprinkling nations of southern Europe; but will of the scions of the former royal house Italy, which does not recognize di- of Bavaria, Baden, Saxony and Ausoks as if he had an ingrowing hatred vorce, consent to the marriage of a tria and of the mediatized houses of of himself. One of those men with short daughter of the House of Savoy with Germany. They are crownless, throng-fuzzy side whiskers and spectacles that this Rumanian prince? His marriage, less, their palaces the seats of demoits are forever sliding to the end of a long it is true, was morganatic, but the war cratic local government and their titles

In fact, when King Ferdinand started out to look for a princess he had an But why spoil a royal romance at its entirely new condition to meet. Prinvery inception? The pathway of princes cess Mary of England, as well as the and princesses has not been strewn Prince of Wales, it was announced, was not to make an international mar-When Uncle William Hohenzollern riage, but was to wed in the Britis easier task if Ferdinand had wished a husband for his daughter, Prince Elizabeth.

There is a nineteen-year-old prince in Belgium and there are three unmar ried kings. Alexander of Greece, Alexander of Serbia and Boris of Bulgaria Alexander of Greece, it is true, is per haps only a king by sufferance at pres ent. Alexander of Serbia has behave himself so well that there has been considerable change of opinion regard ing the eligibility of a descendant of Black George to marry into the older European domestic houses.

The war played ducks and drake with the fortunes of young princes at princesses of Europe. In casting their accounts they can place the blan upon their "imperial cousin" William who made Europe so democratic as to leave small place for royal romances.--New York Sun.

Sad Realization "I guess I'll have to give up be

cialist," said the gloomy person "Why?"

"I lack the needful natural gift. can't talk entertainingly enough to pe suade the other Socialists to let live without working." - Washing

DOROTHY DARNIT-And Now That Cat's Out of the Bag!

