The Second Bullet—By Robert Orr Chipperfield

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"You became one of her closest friends, did you not?" asked Paul cooly.

THIS STARTS THE STORY

A dinner party is being held at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Ledyard. Among those present are their daughter, Trixy; her friend, Bebe 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 years of a twenty-year sentence for conversion of the bank's funds. Mrs. Hartshorne suddenly leaves under the pretense of a severe headache. 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. Swarthmore has jilted Trixy, who says she abhors him. Mrs. Hartshorne is found dead on the floor in the morning by her suspiciously acting French maid, Matilde. Detective Paul Harvey and the officers arrive on the scene. Matilde is questioned after recovering from a fainting spell. The officers believe she is concealing information from them. Harvey brings out various facts by the questioning of servants and other witnesses: Mrs. Hartshorne's peculiarity in keeping large sums of money loose about the house; her carelessness with her jewels; the fact that she received a string of pearls as a gift the night before the murder; her intimacy with Swarthmore and a newly arisen enmity between him and Braddock. Harvey learns from a jeweler who the purchaser of the pearls is. Harvey questions Bebe Cowles and her mother.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

A Bribe That Failed

AS THE elevator bore Paul swiftly to the street level his thoughts were fixed upon the problem with which the volatile witness upstairs had presented him. What scene had occurred at the Ledyards' which she must conceal because of the part that she herself had played in it?

He had made no mistake in reading her character. Vain, selfish, indolently pleasure loving as she was, Mrs. Cowles possessed a highly developed shrewdness where her own interests were at stake; careless as to the result of her revelations concerning her friends, she yet instinctively guarded against placing herself in an equivocal position.

Her statement that she had not been near Mrs. Hartshorne at any time during Thursday evening had been contradicted by her admission that she had passed the other woman in the conservatory, and her denial that she recognized Mrs. Hartshorne's companion was a palpable falsehood as her final statement. He had no doubt that in her own mind there lurked at least a suspicion of the possible motive for the crime.

Why, too, had she herself mentioned Mr. Swarthmore's obviously angry mood as he forced his way through the crowd toward the cloakroom and then sought to belittle that anger by the suggestion that it was a mere irritation at the crush which hemmed him in? Was she seeking to discount anything Freddie Gaylor might have revealed to him?

Had she also witnessed that meeting in the doorway between Swarthmore and President Braddock?

So preoccupied was he when he reached the sidewalk that Paul took no heed of a small, slender, vivacious figure which all but collided with him. He would have passed on obliviously had not she hailed him shyly.

"Good morning, Mr. Harvey."

"Miss Adare!" He clasped her frankly extended hand. "This is fortunate, for I had meant to look you up later. Where are you going?"

She nodded laughingly toward the entrance of the apartment house he had just left.

"To write some notes for Mrs. Cowles," she replied. "I'm early today, though, and I can turn and walk on a bit with you if you like. There's something I think I ought to tell you; it's just a little thing that Matilde said to me when we found Mrs. Hartshorne's body, but I can't make head or tail of it."

"Thanks. I'd like to hear." He glanced quickly, appraisingly at her as she fell into step beside him. "Anything bearing on this affair, no matter how trivial, may be of inestimable help to me."

"Well, when I realized that Matilde must have known what had happened long before I came, and just left Mrs. Hartshorne lying there without calling for help or giving the alarm or anything, I thought it was the most heartless thing I ever heard of; and when we stood together looking down at the poor thing's body and she with never a tear in her eye I had to speak! I asked her how she could be so unfeeling after Mrs. Hartshorne thinking she was so devoted to her. I told her she seemed almost glad of the terrible thing that had happened."

"What reply did she make?" asked Paul.

"That's what I can't understand. 'I would have followed Madame to the ends of the earth!' she said, and her eyes seemed to burn right through me, she was so earnest. 'I would have guarded her from all harm with my own life!' She meant it, too, Mr. Harvey, and that's the strangest part of it, for she added with a sudden change to the coldest sort of indifference: 'But if she has killed herself, what would you?'"

"Matilde seems to be somewhat of a fatalist," Paul commented. "You are quite certain, Miss Adare, that she meant that rather extravagant assertion of her willingness to sacrifice her own life for her mistress?"

"She meant it as much as she meant anything in this world!" responded Rose solemnly. "She's a queer woman, that Matilde! I am a pretty good judge of human nature, but I've never been able to size her up. She was respectful enough and did what she was told without a word and looked after Mrs. Hartshorne's comfort as though she took a personal interest in it, but she was always glum and repressed. It seemed to me sometimes as if she were holding herself in, watching herself, for fear she'd make a slip. Maybe I'm exaggerating, but I can't think of poor Mrs. Hartshorne without seeing Matilde standing there, looking down at her with that strange gleam in her eyes."

"But her mistress' death probably affected her more than she was willing to have you know," Paul observed. "She fainted later, didn't she?"

"Yes," Rose responded with emphasis. "She fainted when she learned through Chief Burke's talk with you over the phone that he and the coroner had discovered it wasn't suicide after all, but murder! Goodness knows I don't want to suspect any one myself in such a terrible thing as this, much less cast suspicion on them, but I can't help feeling that Matilde knows, or thinks she knows, more about Mrs. Hartshorne's death than she'll ever tell.

"If she does, wild horses wouldn't be able to drag it from her!"

"Miss Adare," Paul seemed scarcely to have heard the latter part of her speech, "You refuse to gossip, I know, but you are in a better position than any one else whom I have encountered on this investigation to hear the comments of Mrs. Hartshorne's friends upon her death and the manner of it. If I could have an assistant on this case I should like to put her in your shoes. I wonder if you would be willing to really help me?"

Rose's eyes sparkled.

"I'd give anything to!" she cried. "Mrs. Hartshorne was always kind to me, and it is disgusting to see the way all those people who called themselves her friends are tumbling over each other now to get out of the way of a scandal. They couldn't praise her and flatter her enough when she was writing checks for their pet charities, but I haven't heard one good word spoken for her now that she's dead. I don't believe their remarks would help you, Mr. Harvey! But was it something in particular that you wanted me to try to find out for you?"

"Yes. I'm going to be absolutely frank with you. Of course, I've only begun my investigation, but so far I can't find any one who is willing to admit that he or she recalls seeing Mrs. Hartshorne later than half-past eleven or so on Thursday night at the Ledyards' dance; no one seems to know when she left for home or who accompanied her. It seems inconceivable that she should have slipped away without a word to any one. Now, don't you think," he lowered his voice persuasively, "that you might be able to lead the conversation around to that point when your clients mention the murder to you? They are bound to do so, for all the papers mentioned you as the first to discover Mrs. Hartshorne's body and summon aid, and they will all be bursting with morbid curiosity. See if among them you cannot find one who saw her leave the Ledyard house and at what hour."

"I'll try," promised Rose, somewhat dubiously. "I would be doing no one any harm with that kind of gossip, but suppose those who do know what time she left and who went with her have a reason for not talking about it? Perhaps some one in the neighborhood saw her when she came home; if she wasn't in somebody's private car she must have had a taxi, dressed as she was, and the sound of it in that quiet street late at night may have disturbed someone who was wakeful. Did you think to make inquiries across the street, Mr. Harvey?"

"I've canvassed the neighborhood pretty thoroughly," he replied with an inward smile at her naivete. "No one appears to have seen or heard her, but as they even failed to hear the pistol shot later, that isn't to be wondered at. No, Miss Adare, I think you have a far better opportunity than I to get at the truth about this by starting from the other end; the time Mrs. Hartshorne was last seen at the Ledyards' house."

"I'll do the best I can," Rose repeated as she paused and held out her hand. There was an absent-minded quality in her tone and she blinked as though a new idea had presented itself to her. "I must go back now or I shall be late. If I find out anything where can I let you know?"

Paul drew out a cardcase and scribbled upon an oblong of cardboard.

"There is my telephone number," he said. "I am grateful to you, Miss Adare, and I shall look forward to hearing from you."

He watched her buoyant little figure as she retraced her steps until she was lost to view in the mazes of traffic at the corner. He could not explain even to himself what unprecedented impulse had moved him to take her into his confidence and enlist her aid. Instinct rather than reason had assured him that she was to be trusted. Even at their first interview he had acquired a lively respect for her powers of discernment. He had spoken in all sincerity when he told her of his belief that she could help him, for only in learning at what hour and under what auspices the woman now dead had returned to her home could he advance a step forward in his investigation. And Rose Adare in her confidential capacity would have more real information thrust upon her than he could hope to glean.

Paul stopped for a chop and a cup of coffee at a nearby restaurant and then entered the telephone booth. The doors of the Eastopolis Trust Company had closed at 12, it being Saturday, and Paul surmised that President Braddock would be in no state of mind to brave any of his clubs, where the sole topic of conversation and conjecture would be the murder which had shaken the social structure of the city to its foundations.

He rang up the Braddock house and a quavering, ancient voice replied: "Mr. Braddock cannot be disturbed, sir."

"Kindly tell Mr. Braddock that I shall only detain him for a few moments. I have a message on a private matter from the chief of police."

There ensued evidently a hurried colloquy at the other end of the wire, for Paul caught the echo of an indistinguishable mutter which broke in upon the butler's high-pitched tones. Then the latter spoke again.

"Mr. Braddock will see you, sir, if you can come at once."

The old mansion which had sheltered three generations of Braddocks was a venerable pile of brown stone situated on the corner of what had once been the most fashionable square in the city. It was still exclusive, for the property of the deserters who had followed the upward trend of a more modern day had been bought in by the old guard which still remained faithful to earlier traditions, and no bustling shop or towering office building had invaded its sacred precincts.

Everything about it spoke of permanence, of a solid aristocracy as old as the nation and as secure, and to Paul as he mounted the steps and lifted the antique bronze knocker, there came an incongruous thought of that other house a mile or two uptown, impudent in its modernity but dainty and charming and exquisitely appointed; the house where a woman of mystery had sought sanctuary and found the end of all things.

The butler was white-haired and tremulous with palsy, but he bowed with a consummate blend of deference and patronage to the representative of law and order, and led him up the wide staircase to a library or den on the second floor.

A figure clad in a purple silk houserobe rose from the depths of an armchair beside the empty hearth. Paul was constrained to look twice before he recognized the president of the Eastopolis Trust Company. The white side-whiskers straggled forlornly from the flabby, pendulous cheeks, which had assumed a pasty gray hue, and the sleek, portly body seemed oddly limp and shrunken, like a deflated balloon. Braddock had aged in appearance ten years at least. As he peered at his visitor and waved him toward a chair he looked full seventy years instead of the sixty he had borne so jauntily.

"You have come, of course, about the property of that unfortunate young woman." It was obvious that he had carefully rehearsed his opening remark. "I have been expecting some such call from—ah, headquarters, and I have here a certified list of such stocks, bonds, securities and cash as she had placed on deposit with the Trust Company of Eastopolis. Our auditor will go over it with you at any time and make whatever disposition of it the authorities require under these distressing circumstances."

He produced a long envelope which Paul pocketed gravely, without a second glance.

"Thank you, Mr. Braddock. The chief will need this, of course. But I have come to discuss a more intimate, personal phase of this case than the property left by Mrs. Hartshorne."

The other shrank perceptibly into the depths of his armchair.

"There I am afraid I cannot help you, Mr. Harvey. I know nothing whatever of the lady or her antecedents. She came to me and made a large deposit in cash and negotiable securities and bonds. Later I met her socially in the best houses. That is really all that I can tell you."

"But when she deposited these funds with the trust company did not you ask or she offer any credentials or references?" There was courteous incredulity in Paul's tone. The older man winced.

"No. It—it was an error in judgment, perhaps, but I was deeply impressed by her keen business sense and grasp of the intricacies of finance. She was an experienced speculator on the stock market. I could see that at once; keen, cool and yet at times a daring plunger. Successful women operators are rare. For these reasons it did not occur to me to ask for credentials as ordinarily I would have."

"You met Mrs. Hartshorne frequently in society thereafter, Mr. Braddock? Did you not think it strange that no one knew anything about her?"

"I did not think of it one way or another!" Mr. Braddock retorted testily. "She was a charming young woman, with poise, intellect, obvious breeding and independent wealth. She needed no other passport than those assets."

"You became one of her closest friends, did you not?" asked Paul coolly.

"I should scarcely go so far as to claim that honor. I was interested in the young woman in a paternal sense. I frequently advised her in her financial transactions and she relied upon my judgment. Naturally, I paid her the little perfunctory attentions which a man of the world extends to a charming woman whose hospitality he occasionally enjoys; flowers and that sort of thing. That marked the limit of our acquaintanceship."

"You knew of Mrs. Hartshorne's habit of keeping comparatively large sums in cash in her house?"

Mr. Braddock nodded.

"Yes. I have more than once remonstrated with her about it. It was a foolish, indeed dangerous, proceeding. But it was an idiosyncrasy—one of the little inconsistencies of her sex which it is impossible to combat. I thought of it at once when the horrible news of the tragedy came, but I understand that the motive is not believed to have been robbery——?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Don't Believe It!

That barber makes his
Patrons sob
Who will not talk while
On the job!
—Cartoons Magazine

Heard at a Concert

The Girl—I admire that pianist's finish. Don't you?

The Man—Yes, but I always dread his beginning.

DAILY NOVELETTE

NEIGHBORS

By Maria M. Callahan

THE sky was a leaden gray and the rain came down with the quiet persistency of a hopelessly wet day. Warwick Chambers had its gay red and white awnings tightly furled, presenting orderly rows of windows for the heavens to wash. Against one of these windows a childish face was pressed, gazing disapprovingly out on the sodden landscape.

About a month before, May Dutton had been offered a position in one of the city's commercial schools. As the mortgage on the old homestead was to be foreclosed, the little teacher gladly accepted and, with her small sister, had faced the ordeal of city life. Today for the first time the little girl was left alone, for a feverish cold had kept her from school.

An ornamental iron balcony was outside the windows and Gladys was delighted when a fat robin alighted on the rail and cocked a wary eye at her. She cautiously opened the window for a clearer view, thrusting out her head to watch him flit his wings at her from the furtherest edge. Then her eyes fell on the next window, also looking out on the balcony.

The next suite was occupied by a mysterious creature called a "bookworm," and Gladys had the liveliest curiosity concerning him. There were two long hours yet to wait for Mazie.

In a twinkle she was out one window and gazing in at the next.

The walls were lined with rows and rows of books.

Among all those books there must be some fairy stories. The raindrops began to drip off her curls, into her eyes and down her neck. The window was unlocked and Gladys stepped into the room.

Shelf after shelf of celebrated titles were passed over, but finally, in a low corner, she discovered a row of shabby volumes. "Swiss Family Robinson," "Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Crusoe" and another not quite so worn, "Treasures from Fairyland." Holding it tightly, she tiptoed over to an armchair for just a peep. And the peep in the book resulted in an ecstatic wriggling and nestling down into the tobacco-scented cushions, while the tall clock in the corner ticked off the minutes.

A rainy day in the city always strained John Grayson's patience. It seemed to draw out all the latent cussedness in his pupils as well as to befog their wits. The slime and mud of the crowded streets filled with bobbing umbrellas made him loathe his fellowman, as did the packed cars with their pushing, elbowing throngs. Just then a gust of wind took his umbrella and fairly blew him around the corner.

An hour later Mazie came along with much the same thoughts in her mind, when the wind took her umbrella, blew her up the steps and in through the door, which it obligingly slammed after her. She walked softly from the elevator to her door to surprise Gladys and found herself confronted by a card which read: "Call Next Door." The sinking of her heart stopped before she knocked, for she heard Gladys laugh. Then the door opened and above John Grayson's bass rose an excited treble.

"Oh, Mazie, I was so lonesome and I found the loveliest book and the worm is aw-fly nice!"

There was no formality after that, although an embarrassing moment followed when Mazie suggested going home.

"Suppose we have tea here and toast the kiddie by the fire till bedtime and then I'll carry her home," suggested John. "She surely can't catch cold then," he added artfully. Some way a quiet pipe did not seem so alluring as it had earlier in the afternoon. So the table was rolled up by the fire and John produced crockery and various utensils from some most unexpected places. Mazie came back after a short absence in her pretty house gown, bringing with her the plummy cake she had brought home for tea. It was a hilarious evening and John carried home a very happy little girl.

When he came back the room seemed very empty. Reaching for his pipe he sat before the fire a long time, picturing Mazie opposite him again in her soft blue gown with the firelight playing on her hair.

It was, of course, necessary to inquire after the invalid's health next day. From that it was easy to slip into intimate, neighborly relations, especially as Gladys appropriated him as her own particular property. Then John's evenings at home began to be given more to reverie than to study and he developed also a curious inability to pass a florist shop.

One late afternoon he stopped at Mazie's door with a tall sheaf of roses and found her alone, playing softly in the twilight. Such propitious circumstances were immediately improved by John and the "blessed little word" was his answer. When Gladys came romping in later John's roses were blooming sedately on the piano, but sweeter roses bloomed in Mazie's cheeks.

The next complete novelette—"I'll Say So!"

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"FLYING FEATHERS"

(Peggy and Billy fly to the north in airboats to rescue the children of the King of the Wild Geese and the Blue Goose from the prison pens of the red trappers. Peggy is trimming the wings of the wild geese so they can fly away, when the red trappers discover their escape.)

Saved by a Sneeze

PEGGY worked fast and furiously trimming the wings of the young wild geese so they could fly. She was spurred on by the shouts from the village which told that the red trappers had found the prison pen empty.

Two, three, four of the geese were trimmed, but Billy kept them from trying to fly, for fear the noise would tell the trappers where they were. At first the trappers, still half asleep, ran around, wildly seeking the persons who had opened the gate of the pen. Then they found the tracks of Peggy and Billy in a patch of soft snow. A roar of rage arose, and in a minute the trappers came rushing out of the village hot on the trail.

It happened that there were only a few patches of snow, and the rest of the ground was bare. When the trappers came to one of these bare spots they lost the trail and called their dogs to find it.

Peggy, still snipping away, finished up the fifth goose, and then had only the sixth left. Snip, snip went her shears, but she was only half way through when Billy whispered a warning. The dogs had found the trail.

Snip, snip! Peggy finished her job.

"Fly! Fly," whispered Billy to the young geese. With a whirr, a flutter, a splash, the six young geese went rushing across the pond, their trimmed wings beating the air fast as they tried to rise. And rise they did, little by little, but securely and safely. With them went the King of the Wild Geese and the Beautiful Blue Goose.

He made a big leap at Billy

"Ho, for the South!" honked the young geese, forgetting to keep quiet. "Ho, for the South!" honked the King and the Blue Goose.

The red trappers heard the rush of the geese and the loud honking. They no longer needed the dogs to guide them, but rushed toward the pond.

"Come," whispered Billy to Peggy, and, seizing her by the hand, he ran swiftly toward the fir trees where the feather airboats were anchored.

Behind them came the red trappers and with the red trappers were the dogs.

"Hi! Hi!" yelled the red trappers, as they caught sight of the children.

Peggy and Billy rushed into the grove. Billy gave Peggy a big boost up the tree in which her airboat was resting, and then started to climb his own tree.

"Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r-rugh!" growled the leading dog, and he mad a big leap at Billy, fastening his teeth in Billy's coat. Billy never stopped, but went right on climbing. The dog set his jaws together hard and clung tight as Billy went on and on.

The red trappers reached the trees a moment later, and one big chap climbed after Peggy. She raced upward as fast as she could, and threw herself into the waiting airboat. It started to rise, but stopped with a jerk as the big chap grabbed it. The airboat tugged and squirmed as if trying hard to get away, but the trapper, clinging tight to the tree with one hand, held fast to the feather with the other.

Peggy didn't know what to do. She had no weapon with which to fight the trapper, and she heard other trappers climbing to his assistance.

Then she had a bright idea. Noticing how the trapper was trying to keep his face away from the tickling feather, she plucked off a bit of soft down and tickled his nose with it. The trapper tried to dodge and jerk away, but Peggy kept on tickling until suddenly "Achoo!" sneezed the trapper so violently that he let go the airboat and the tree at the same time, and went plunging to the ground, carrying the other climbing trappers with him.

Billy was trying to climb into his airboat, but the weight of the dog held him back. Peggy leaned toward him and tickled the nose of the dog. "Achoo!" went the dog. His jaws jerked open, and down he dropped as the two airboats soared into the air and away to the South.

Quickly they caught up with the wild geese.

"Thank you, Princess Peggy. Thank you, Billy Belgium," honked the geese. "Next summer we will have that feast."

Now, strange to say, the airboats were traveling faster than the geese, much faster—and faster even than the scurrying clouds, for presently they dashed into a great foggy mass, and it grew dark, dark, dark—and the feather was very soft, soft, soft—and very warm, warm, warm, and there was Peggy in her own snug bed at home.

(Next week will be told the story of "The Laughing Man.")

THE BUSINESS DOCTOR

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

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

Join Your Association

"WILL you write a story on the importance of belonging to our trade association," writes the harassed secretary of a retail association.

The wisdom of belonging to the association or organization that is dedicated to the interests of one's business seems to me so obvious as to make argument unnecessary. However, as the advantages are not evident to all, let me enumerate them without any enthusiasm-arousing appeals.

First of all are the legislative advantages. An individual merchant is powerless so far as boosting or blocking legislation that affects his business, but when all merchants get together, what a power they have! Their voice at once becomes authoritative right to Washington.

Drug trade associations have prevented legislation that would hurt the retail druggist. One retail drug association became so powerful that the jobbers and manufacturers actually did as the association bade them. It got too powerful, and misused its strength, so the inevitable happened. It was told by the authorities to mend its ways, or it would have no ways left to mend.

Another retail association secretary told me that had his association been stronger, it could have prevented certain luxury taxes that inflict a hardship on it, which could have been removed and still insure revenue to the government.

What a tremendous safeguard on the interest of business generally is the National Chamber of Commerce! What we should lose without it!

All these things need money—your money. Its helpfulness to you is limited by the amount of funds it has. If you and your neighbor do not join, your own interests are just as much less guarded.

Join your trade association for legislative protection.

Many associations have insurance arrangements whereby members get protection, fire and life, at special rates. Not only that, but claims are invariably adjusted quickly and generously.

Join your trade association for insurance protection.

Have you any old stock you'd like to get rid of? There is some member of your association who sells that stuff all the time and who would buy your odd lots at a fair price. Other merchants have odd lots that you would be glad to get hold of. Your trade secretary can do the trick for you.

Join your trade association for business profit.

Are you ever doubtful as to the market price of a commodity or where to get it? Your trade secretary has all the latest prices and lists of manufacturers and jobbers at your disposal. Do you ever need trained help? Phone your trade secretary. He is in touch with the help situation and may know of just the fellow you need.

Join your trade association for business information.

Just a minute. Don't rush off to join yet. I've not told you of the most important reason for joining—the social element. By joining your trade association you will meet your competitors outside business and find that they are not ogres or graspers of every dollar in and out of sight but bully good fellows, trying to live a decent life and make an honest living. When you know them and they know you, all will have more admiration and respect for each other.

You will then rob business of one of its terrors—a nightmare, truly, for it is seldom one finds a vicious competitor these days—and perhaps remove a distrust that your competitor has of you.

Instead of having competitors you will have co-operators working with you for the advancement and prosperity of the trade and all connected with it.

The social intercourse will broaden you (especially if you are a retail merchant do you need broadening, and if you do not think so you are really in greater need). You will get new ideas from business men in your line from other communities. You will be better for the little trips and conventions which take you away from business so that you may return refreshed and invigorated.

Your whole life will become sweeter and happier from the new friendships you make. You must do your share, however. What do you get out of it? Just as much as you put into it.

Join your trade association for friendship's sake.

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 order of receipt. No anonymous correspondence will be acknowledged. Readers' initials only will be published. It will take from four to fifteen days for a reply to appear.

I am twenty-nine years old, married and have spent fourteen years at printing as a compositor.

I believe my ability is in advertising. I might say that advertising seems a pleasure to me instead of drudgery, as a good many people find after a few years.

I am at present working for a magazine as ad setter. There is layout work for me and I have been praised many times for my layouts. In the printing business a man's opportunity is limited. I have written a few small advertisements, and about a year ago sent them to a printing house for criticism.

I am very ambitious, but fixed wages have kept me in a position where I dare not make a move. L. W.

It would appear that you have a good equipment to be a successful copy man.

The best way to obtain a position with an advertising concern is, of course, to advertise your services. Watch the advertisements and advertise in such journals as Printers' Ink and Advertising and Selling. I am sure that this may help you.

I cannot agree with you when you say that man's opportunity in the printing business is limited. If you merely place yourself in the class of job printers, yes, the opportunity is limited, but the most progressive business houses now offer a printing and advertising service.

For instance, I know one very large business establishment who never make layouts, but leave it to the printing man's service department to arrange and lay out. This printing concern also prints and writes booklets and such like for their customers. Couldn't you undertake to do such work for a printer?

I mention this to you as a possibility and perhaps something which has not occurred to you. If, however, you want to get into another line, the only way to do it is to advertise. If you can write such excellent copy as you say you should have no difficulty in getting the kind of a job you seek.

We often read that salesmen must possess personality. Just what do people mean by personality? OLIVE.

Personality is the outward expression of our positive traits of character. If we have such positive traits as cheerfulness, truthfulness, courtesy, good nature, the expression of these traits will give us a pleasing personality. If, however, we possess the negative traits of pessimism, distrust, laziness and apathy we will have disagreeable, irritable personalities. Incidentally, you can make your own personality what you will by developing in yourself those traits the sum and substance of which make up the personality you desire.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MERCIER RELATES STORY OF 1914 PASTORAL LETTER

Tells How Germans Demanded Retraction of Christmas Note to People and How He Defied Soldiers of Kaiser

Cardinal Mercier's own story of his pastoral letter of Christmas, 1914, follows:

"The pastoral letter is written in Latin and priests were read the first part of this annual letter on New Year's Day, and the second part on the Sunday following. In 1914, New Year's Day fell on a Friday.

"The first part of the letter was read on Friday. Before Saturday many priests were imprisoned for reading it. On Saturday morning at 6 I was in my chapel preparing for mass, when I heard a motorcar outside. Three German officers entered and demanded, in the name of the German governor, why I put in the letter a statement so displeasing to the German authorities." He was referring to the passage: "We owe to the public invader no esteem, no obedience, no affection at all."

"'Will you retract that phrase?' asked the German.

"'Before writing that letter,' I replied, 'I reflected carefully. I can't change it.'

"'You must come to Brussels with us then.'

"'Today I might go. I might go Monday. But tomorrow—Sunday—I say mass in Antwerp. I cannot go with you.

"'Is this letter spread in the diocese?' asked the German.

"'In all the parishes.'

"And there issued a cry from the depths of his heart: 'Too late!' and he beat his forehead in disgust.

"'We must arrest you,' repeated the German.

"'But, sir,' I said, 'If the crown prince offended your government you'd send him to the kaiser. If I have offended my government, send me to the pope.'

"Later they let me answer a letter from the governor instead of taking me to him. It took the governor two days to prepare the letter, and they wanted me to sign it immediately I read it. They detained me in my house until I had answered the letter. An officer stayed in my house until the answer was written.

"The second part of the letter was read in the parishes on Sunday. Many more priests were arrested.

"The Germans saw that we would not yield to them. And, once they realized that, our cause was won. Afterward I was not the accused, but the accuser."

DOROTHY DARNIT—It Doesn't Look as if He Opposed Sunday Ball

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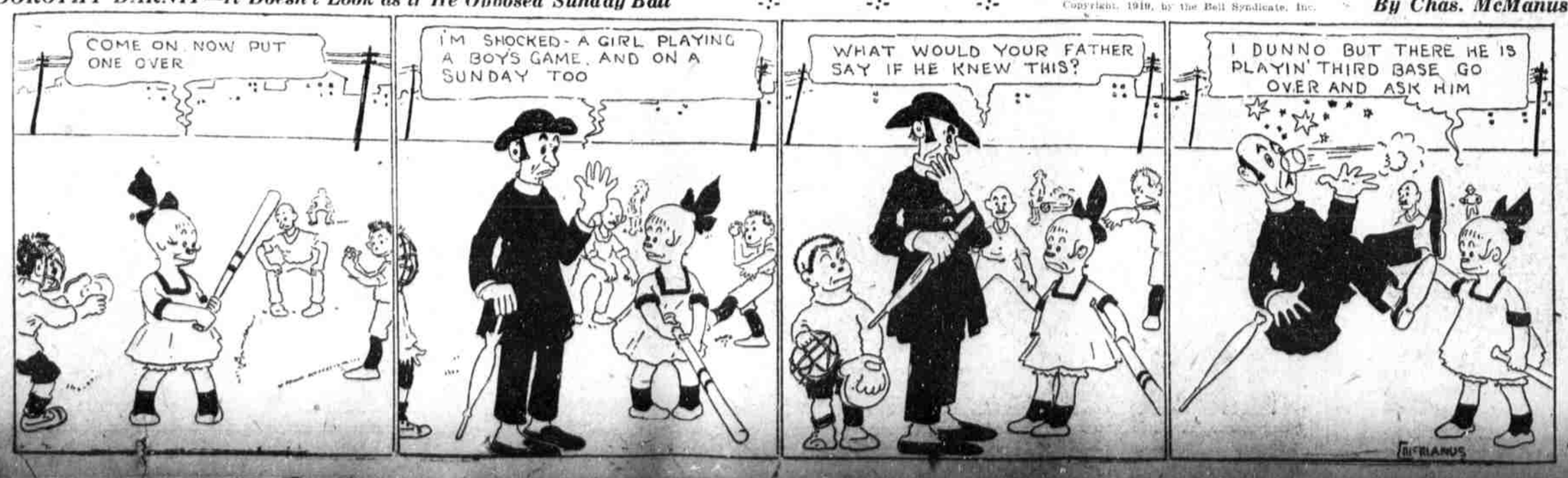
By Chas. McManus