# **Two Minutes of Optimism** By HERMAN J. STICH

All Together To-get-there

SETTIE'VE got a real job ahead, and we'll tackle it together." said Warren Harding over the long distance telephone the other day to Calvin Coolidge. With the greatest respect for, and confidence in the abilities of Warren Harding and Calvin Coolidge, the people who are going to tackle the job ahead, and tackle it to a victorious finish, are just-you and me.

The election with its turmoils, its turbulences and petty squabblings is over. Political differences are dead or dying. The United States is settling down, and actiling down determinedly and sanely, to the work at hand.

And this work is not a two-man job, nor a twelve-man job, nor a job that "mby particular party, coterie or faction, no matter how able, can handle to the best advantage or at all.

It is up to U S-U S spelling and meaning every citizen in the U.S. A.

Co-operation will cure any ailment our country is suffering from.

Rational patriotism, native American intelligence and common sense, all und sobriety, an honest day's work for honest pay, these home remedies will ck the spots out of any ill our country may be a victim of.

Absent treatment and jail terms for profiteers will help considerably

The work may be hard and it may last long, and for that reason we must k harder and longer, must contribute each our every atom of energy, and

ought, and strength and faith in the future. This is no period for pessimism, for inertia, for whines, for grouches,

rizing or discouragement. It is a time for supereffort, supereffort in the factory, on the road, behind

counter, in the sanctum, wherever men produce. It is a time for all cars to pull in unison, for every head, hand and heart t

p power into the prosperity metor.

Forward to Port Good-Times !

We've got a real job ahead, a job calling for the best in each and all of us. And we must tackle it all together to-get-there

## Double-Crossing Jim

#### By WILLIAM B. COWLES

"T'm telling you there's something tweer about him?" sai old Peter ve-memently, "His recommendations were ill right enough, but I turned him down in his looks. He's a lot too keen looking

The cashier. "Got next the big boss somehow and alked off with it" The old man lowerad. "The firm'll be lucky if he bossn't walk off with about a hundred housand dollars' worth of bonds some me day." Molly Baker said nothing, but she felt hat for once old Peters was wrong. True, he had hit the mark when he said im Taylor did not look the messenger type, but probably the firm had decided o put a man on the job rather than, with the wave of lawlessness steadily left, to entrust negotiable securities my longer to mere boys. Presumably Molly's heart may have influenced her head in Jim's behalf, for uring the few weeks he had been with

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THE DAILY NOVELETTE Hazard & Gambler, brokers, young Taylor had exhibited a decided interest in Molly, And the girl who, despite her officiency in business, was femining to the core, regarded approvingly this good-looking young chap who, like every eligible man she met, might mean it

own detk.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Florentine Pemintuan, a popular member of Washington's younger set. Her father is a retired attorney from the Philippine Islands, where he practiced under Spanish rule

hows deak estensibly for a blotter and ulled the packet from the crack in hich Jim had thrust it. Slipping the apers among her own, she returned to

An hour later, hare details of that which she hud foreseen were telephoned to the office. Jim Taylor, messenger for Hazard & Gambler, had been set upon, robbed and shot. Although one had managed to hold the other al-or had managed to hold the other al-most until help had arrived and had, at any rate, secured a valuable description

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# of his assailants. At present Jim was in the hospital. Molly listened as in a nightmare and refrained from adding her tribute to Jim's grit. A put-up job from start to finish. Even the shooting was probably staged and went a bit astray. Then, just before closing, Mr. Hasard himself came hurriedly out from his pri-vate office, went directly to Jim's desk, thrust his hand into the exact place where the papers had been, then drew out drawer after drawer and ransacked the whole thing thoroughly with an ex-pression of utterly blank dismay on his elderly face. Giving it up, presently, he turned away with never a glance for the white-faced girl whose horror-stricken eyes had not once left him. Jim must have confersed! Did that -could that mean that he was—was dying? If it did, and she reached him in time, in her hands hay his chance to clear his good name before—before— Molly refuned to dwell on the con-tingency. At five o'clock, Molly reached the hos-ingency. At five o'clock, Molly reached the hos-pital, the bonds safe in the deep pockets of her ragian coat. And, in spite of all she knew, she thrilled at the glad light which leaved into Jim's strained eyes Services of

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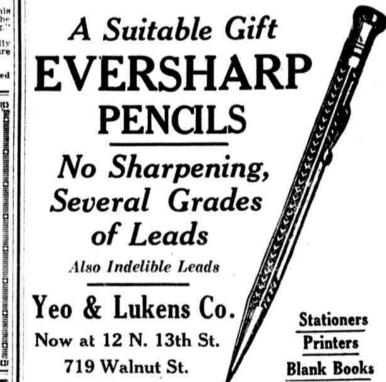
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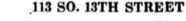
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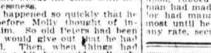
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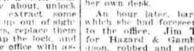
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ually up from her work in time to see Jim, who had been given a desk near or a messenger." "How'd he get the job, then, if you idn't hire him?" asked Billy Hopkins, he cashier.





But—here's where I lost out. Some one got hep to my real little game and got the stuff out of my desk. And I've no way to prove I was double-crossed." "Except. Jim," said Molly meekly, "through me who did the double-cross-ing." She held up the missing bonds. Then she explained. But Jim, even in the midst of his happy relief, did not lose sight of the main fact. "You did it for me, darling."

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which leaped into Jim's strained eyes when he saw her. "So you came, Molly!" he greeted her. "How could you, Jim, how could you!" and Molly broke down completely. "I was double-crossed!" said Jim. who, except for a bundaged shoulder, was looking remarkably able. "I'm a Burns man and was hired by Hasard & Uambler to uncover some of the dirty work that has been going on. I had a hunch it was an inside job, so I took pains to let a lot of the boys see a big bunch of bonds go into my pouch. Later, I took them out and substituted worth-less papers." I took them out and substituted worth-less papers." "Oh." murmured Molly. "Oh."" A great light was beginning to dawn upon her. "Yea," said Jim ruefully. "I had it all doped out, and my dope was right as far na it went—I was held up on my way across town. The shooting I hadn't counted on nor the fact that my assail-ants would prove to be a couple of crooks I got sent up a few years ago. But—here's where I lost out. Some one got her to my real little game and got ria & Ewing MISS PAZ PAMINTUAN

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