

Ruaway Julietta

By Arthur Henry Gooden

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

"Dear Uncle Paul," her fingers pressed his for a brief instant—"I know there will be hard days ahead, and I am content to learn. Life is long to live."

Morrow felt a dull pain at those words. Life so long to live, indeed! He knew better.

"Tell me, then," he said again. She drew back, eying him meditatively.

"You're the manager of the Truitt Shoe Company. Then get me a job. There is money in shoes. I know it, because I've spent a lot of yours on them. People often get their start through influence, and I want to use yours to get mine. Will you?"

His eyes twinkled for the first time in long moments.

"You are mistaken, Julietta. I am not the manager. I've broken that connection."

"What?" Her startled eyes gleamed across the table at him. "After all these years you've broken that connection?"

"The firm broke it, rather. There is no sentiment in business. You see how your plan has failed at its very inception."

She leaned toward him, losing her rare, vivid smile; her dark-lashed eyes melted into luminous turquoise as she patted his hand softly.

"Oh, good! No, my plan hasn't failed at all; it's grown better. Splendid! Why, don't you understand, Uncle Paul? We'll go into business together, you and I. We'll make a fresh start."

She paused suddenly before his chuckling laughter.

"Oh, it was a mean trick, but I told the truth!" He leaned back and held his sides. "I'm not the manager any more—two days ago they made me president. It's my company. And 'pon my soul, you shall have your wish!"

CHAPTER III.

She Begins to Carry Out Her Ideas.

The affairs of the Truitt Shoe Company were conducted in a large, dingy brick building in San Pedro Street. That portion of the public that chanced the cobblestones of the congested wholesale district had knowledge thrust upon it by a gigantic legend on the walls of the aforesaid brick building proclaiming that Truitt Shoes Fit. The third word stood out in fifteen-foot letters. The company had always sworn that Truitt shoes fitted, but it had remained for Julietta Dare to suggest that one additional word painted on the wall of the building would herald the fact to the world at large.

To the utter bewilderment and the untold pride of Paul Morrow it was just such ideas as this which had placed Julietta as assistant in charge of the sales department, eighteen months after that fateful dinner at the Alexandria.

In fact, she dated her whole scheme of things from two evenings—dinner and a certain dinner years previously; both included Paul Morrow across the table.

They lived quietly, happily. Julietta's best friend was Mrs. Drake, and many a troublous hour was calmed in the haven of the old academy in Pasadena, and many an evening Mrs. Drake spent in the city with them. But still Julietta clung to her ambition.

"We're not selling enough shoes," she declared one morning to Morrow. "Eh? 'Pon my soul! We're making our competitors know where we are."

She settled back comfortably in her chair and tapped a pencil against her white teeth.

"Our factories can double the present output—if we can sell it."

"Sure," agreed Morrow resignedly.

"What's the idea now?"

Julietta leaned forward.

"Have you read the papers?" she queried breathlessly.

"Of course I have—all of 'em."

"Then you must have seen that Japan has sent some men over here to place contracts for shoes—she is supplying the Russian armies and can't fill all the orders, so contracts are being subleased. I want one of those contracts, for a million pairs of Truitts!"

Morrow exploded in a roar of laughter.

"My dear girl, there's absolutely no use in wasting time with those Japs. Those fellows will turn over their contracts to the shoe combine and they'll get a fat graft. I can't afford to give 'em a load of dollars for a one-million-pair contract! We can't buck the trust when it comes to graft, Julietta. His fist came down on the desk with a loud smack."

"Certainly not," agreed Julietta. Paul leaned back with a gesture of finality.

"Well, then, that's all there is to it."

"No, it isn't."

"Eh?" He gazed at her, startled.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to Japan and go over the heads of these fellows. If I land that contract there'd be a half-million profit in it, or more. I'm going to see the Japanese minister of war, or whoever takes care of these contracts over there."

"You are not going to Japan on any such errand!" said Paul shortly.

"Don't you approve of getting that contract?"

"No. You can't land it. Nobody can. And I don't want you to go."

"But, Uncle Paul!"

"You see, my dear girl, you're preposterous. You're an uncommonly clever girl, but, after all, a girl. Impossible!"

She met his defiant look with unwavering eyes.

"And, after all," she said slowly, "you are not really my guardian. You have no legal authority over my actions. You cannot dictate whether I shall go or stay. I'm determined on going, so we may as well be amicably over it."

Morrow stared at her for a long moment.

The lines about his mouth deepened, and as she met his eyes Julietta's hands clenched until the nails bit into her palms.

"Yes," said Morrow thickly. "Yes. I'm not your guardian—nor your uncle."

"Oh, forgive me, Uncle Paul!" She leaned forward and caught his hand; the pain in his eyes was too much for her. "I was cruel. I tried to be cruel and—and it was horrid of me. Please forgive me! I couldn't bear the thought of giving up my idea."

He patted her hand gently, and the smile crept back to his face.

"You can't go," he returned inflexibly but kindly, "with my sanction as the head of this concern, Julietta. That's all."

"Oh, Uncle Paul! You'll not let my big idea drop?"

"We'll send Benson."

"Benson! Have him steal my thunder?" she flashed out rebelliously.

"No, I won't have him make a mess of the thing. I want the commission—the idea is mine, and I've a right to reap the reward. Be fair to me, Uncle Paul—haven't I the right?"

"Pon my soul!" muttered the harassed Morrow. "If you put it that way, you have."

"If you put it that way, you have," he said simply unjust, Julietta dear, but you simply cannot go to Japan. See here, if Benson won't do, isn't there some other way out of it that would satisfy you?"

A radiant smile touched her lips at this sign of weakening.

"Certainly there is," she asserted lightly. "I have it all planned out."

"Mrs. Drake!" Again Morrow stared blankly at her.

"Yes. She'll go with me. You know she has been planning to leave the school soon, and we can go to Japan together. Then when we get there she can look after me, and I'll look after that contract—and we'll both have our way."

"I see," murmured Morrow absently. "I wonder if the time will ever come

when I shall have my way with you, Julietta?"

"You're having it now," she ran on with eager words. "And just think what an advertisement, to say that the Russian army marched in Truitt shoes!"

Her silver laugh pealed through the shabby office.

"I'll call up Mrs. Drake," said Morrow, and reached for his telephone.

"If she says that she'll go, I'll find out about the steamer right away."

"Oh, good!" Julietta sprang up and impulsively flung her arms about his neck; her lips pressed against his grizzled cheek. "You're such a dear uncle! And I don't deserve it."

"Pon my soul!" stammered Morrow. Julietta fled, throwing him a radiant smile as she passed into her own office. "Pon my soul!" repeated the president of the Truitt Shoe Company. His hand trembled perceptibly as he lifted the telephone receiver.

A curious smile, half tender and half triumphant, curved Julietta's lips as she stood thoughtfully at her desk. It pained her to go against Paul Morrow's wishes; and yet that blissful exultation of setting her will against the world, of doing the impossible, she recalled her childish boast to Clay Thorpe, those dim and misty years ago—years that seemed now but a vague, shadowy unreality.

Again she smiled, softly, reminiscently, as the scene flashed upon memory's screen, and she saw herself, slim, bare legs, sunbonnet swinging in her hand, telling the awed, wide-eyed, freckled-faced boy, "Some day, when I'm big, I'm going to do big things—the way men do big things." A far-away expression crept into Julietta's eyes. She wistfully wondered about Clay Thorpe, her childhood's playmate, her best friend—and gallant knight. She wondered what he looked like now. And then, womanlike, she wondered if he still remembered her, if he remembered his earnest, half-defiant answer to her proud little boast: "When you're big I'll be big too, and then I'll marry you, and we'll have the finest ranch in the valley." Julietta half sighed as she sat down at her businesslike desk. Somehow she had never forgotten Clay Thorpe's plans for his future—and for her future—when they were both "big."



THE CONSCRIPTION OF IDLERS.

If there is one piece of recent legislation more than another that should be welcomed by the women of Canada it is the measure for the conscription of idlers.

Where the army missed a man, the land is going to get him. "Every male person residing in the Dominion of Canada shall be regularly engaged in some useful occupation."

This means that all the slackers, the wasters, the professional paupers, the tramps and the gilded youths, rich or poor, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, will be rounded up and made to work as they never worked before.

It means that they will be turned out on the land that is calling for them; that they will cease to be puppets and will be forced to do men's work.

The out-and-out idlers and the camouflage workers come under the measure equally.

Yet another class will be lined up—the aliens—alien enemies who make high wages for short periods of employment and then idle away their time in dissipation until their money is all gone.

The measure applies to tall, rich, the poor and the moderately well-off alike. It is impartial. "Every male person shall be regularly engaged in some useful occupation."

What did Lloyd George say recently?

"Everything points to the definite determination of Germany to put the whole of her resources into seeking a military decision this year, and this means a prolonged battle from the North Sea to the Adriatic, with Germany and Austria throwing in the whole of their strength. There are still seven or eight months within which the fighting can continue, and everything depends upon keeping our strength right to the end, whatever the strain upon our resources may be."

"Keeping our strength right to the end." That is the point. And we do not guard our strength by frittering it away on things which are not worth while. We keep our strength by spending it wisely in productive labor, and making "two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before."

The object of the new measure is to get men out on the farms, to rid the cities of their hundreds of young "idlers." They may be employed, but the question is—are they usefully employed? Every woman must ask

herself—could I do that man's work? If she could—well, he has no business to be there.

The problem of the hour now is to get men for the farms, to induce them to give up their aimless city existence, where they feel that they are not truly serving their country, and render the greatest service they can, next to getting into khaki, that is to say, on the land.

Household Helps.

Preserving Linoleum.—To preserve the linoleum on the kitchen and toilet floors apply to it a good floor varnish. This will be found a fine preservative of the pattern.

Emergency Yeast.—If you are far from neighbors and the store and your yeast runs out, simply make a thin batter of water and flour, let it stand in a warm place till it ferments and is full of bubbles. One pint of this ferment will equal one cup of old yeast in starting the new.

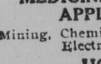
To Remove Stains.—Alcohol will draw out grass stains from cotton or wool fabric and from white kid boots. So will cream of tartar applied wet. Chloroform is one of the best cleansers. Applied to colored suede shoes or gloves and rubbed with a clean cloth until dry, then brushed with a clothes brush, it leaves the article like new.

A Delicious Brown Bread.—Pour a cup of boiling water on one-half cup of mashed potatoes and cooked oatmeal, teaspoonful of salt, one cup of sour milk, scant teaspoonful of soda dissolved in warm water, one-quarter cup of syrup, one-quarter cup of warm water. Mix well together and pour into a greased mould with fitted lid. Leave space for it to rise. When light place mould in kettle of boiling water and cook two hours, then place in hot oven for half an hour.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

KINGSTON ONTARIO

ARTS



MEDICINE EDUCATION

APPLIED SCIENCE

HOME STUDY

Arts Course by correspondence. Degree with one year's attendance of four summer sessions.

Summer School July and August

Navigation School December to April

19 GEO. Y. CHOWN, Registrar

PIANOS! PIANOS!

In order to get our justly high grade piano in each town, village or township throughout Ontario, we shall offer one instrument, and only one, in each place, at factory price, as far as it can be done consistently. These pianos are made in Canada and have been before the Canadian public for over twenty-five years, and are sold on a straight guarantee.

For further information apply to BOX 427 TORONTO, ONT.

Cream Wanted

SWEET OR CHURNING CREAM

We supply cans, pay express charges and remit daily.

Our price next week fifty-two cents

Mutual Dairy and Creamery Co. Toronto

743-5 King St. West

The door swung open to admit Mr. Parkie, an out-of-town customer, a young man, rather too stout, whose breezy air carried all before it.

He dropped into a chair opposite Julietta, crossed his legs and took out a cigarette.

"I never smoke in my office, Mr. Parkie," said the girl, watching him gravely.

"Oh, beg pardon, Miss Dare—just a habit, you understand. Always light up when I sit down. Always."

His unsmiling eyes seemed to perplex him.

(To be continued.)

Nothing better is made



Nothing better can be made

Shopping in a Big City

Scarcely anything pleases a woman more than to come to the city to shop. There are so many big stores with such endless variety and choice of everything.

Still there is just that little drawback about where to stay. The Walker House solves that problem.

It is a home for you while in the city, and you can have all your purchases sent direct there, where there are special facilities for looking after your parcels.

Come to the city to shop and stay at

The Walker House

The House of Plenty

TORONTO, ONT.

P.S.—Special attention given to ladies and children travelling without gentlemen escorts.

Did You Ever Hear the Fairies?

When the earth no longer bare is,

In the blossom days of spring,

Did you ever hear the fairies sing?

Ever hear the fairies sing?

Did you ever follow after

Their elusive silver laughter

Till the good folk thought ye "safter

Than maist ony feckless thing"?

When the gentle dusk is falling

And my garden fades away,

There are fairy voices calling

And the fairy children play,

And so sweet their song and laughter

That I follow, follow after,

And forget that I am "safter

Than the fule o' Innisfey!"

In considering the breed of chickens best suited for the home flock, pay little or no attention to those which are not of local importance, that is, not being raised successfully in the community, except on the advice of experts.



RAMSAY'S

THE RIGHT PAINT TO PAINT RIGHT

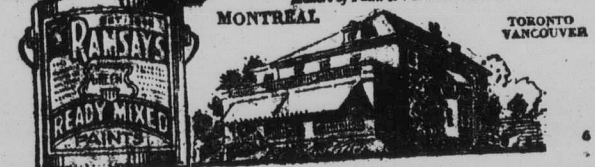
BEST for WEAR and WEATHER

This is the Paint you need for indoors and out. The guaranteed Ramsay Quality, that makes the house bright and cheerful. There's a Ramsay dealer waiting to serve you.

INTERESTING LITERATURE ON REQUEST

A. RAMSAY & SON COMPANY

Montreal and Vancouver



For Sale by all Dealers.

Leave It to Parker

THE postman and expressman will bring Parker service right to your home. We pay carriage one way. Whatever you send—whether it be household draperies or the most delicate fabrics—will be speedily returned to their original freshness. When you think of

Cleaning or Dyeing

think of PARKER'S.

A most helpful booklet of suggestions will be mailed on request.

Parker's Dye Works, Limited

Cleaners and Dyers

791 YONGE ST.

TORONTO



The Best Insurance You Can Put on Your Buildings

is the protection that good paint guarantees. Fire Insurance does not prevent fire—it only partly reimburses you for loss sustained, should fire destroy your property.

Fire may never happen.

On the other hand, the use of good paint actually prevents a loss from decay which is not just a possibility, but an absolute certainty.

The destructive effects of weather, upon buildings that lack proper paint protection, go on every second of the day and night.

MARTIN-SENOUR "100% PURE" PAINT

is the greatest known protector of all building material against time and weather, because it is made only of pure White Lead, Pure Zinc Oxide, and Pure Linseed Oil.

You would not think of letting your Fire Insurance Policies lapse in order to save the yearly premiums. It would be even poorer economy to let your Paint Protection Policy lapse by neglecting to repaint your increasingly valuable buildings this season.

When you do paint use Martin Senour "100% Pure" Paint. It spreads easier, covers more surface, and protects longer than most other makes.

Write for "Farmer's Color Set" and "Town and Country Homes".

Just what you'll need in planning your painting. Mailed free.

The MARTIN-SENOUR Co. LIMITED

GREENSHIELDS AVENUE,

MONTREAL