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THE INVERTED PYRAMID **Bertrand W. Sinclair**

Author of "North of Fifty-three"

(Continued from last issue.)

Page Ten

(Continued from last issue.) It was easy for men like Hall to lubri-cate the wheels of industry, or to set up frictions that produced minor disasters. Men like Andy thought in terms beyond themselves, beyond their personal ends. They rose up out of the low ground of their origirs, looming above the com-mon ruck like tall trees above a thicket. Rod was very glad to have Andy Hall's paid services. But he appreciated even more Andy's instant grasp of a diffi-cult situation met in the only possible fashion.

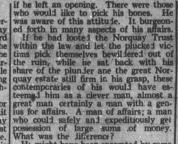
cult situation met in the only possible fashion. A murmur of voices sounded in the living room. Rod was a triffe surprised to see laabel Wall's piquant face turn to him over the back of a Chesterfield. She had been in the south all winter. Almost five years hed left Isabel un-changed in appearance, except that her fair hair was thicker and bobbed in the prevailing mode so that it stood out around her head like a fluffy aureole, making her seen, with her big blue eyes and delicate pink-and-white skin, more like a charming doll than ever. Rod's mind revived that embarrassing scene under a high moon among the great tree shadows on Big Dent. He had not seen Isabel sirce. She put out her hand now with frank friendliness. It was all a little unexpected. Isabel so patently belonged in the camp of the enemy. Yet she seemed very sure of her ground here in his house, very much at home. He introduced Andy to his wife, to home. He introduced Andy to his wife, to

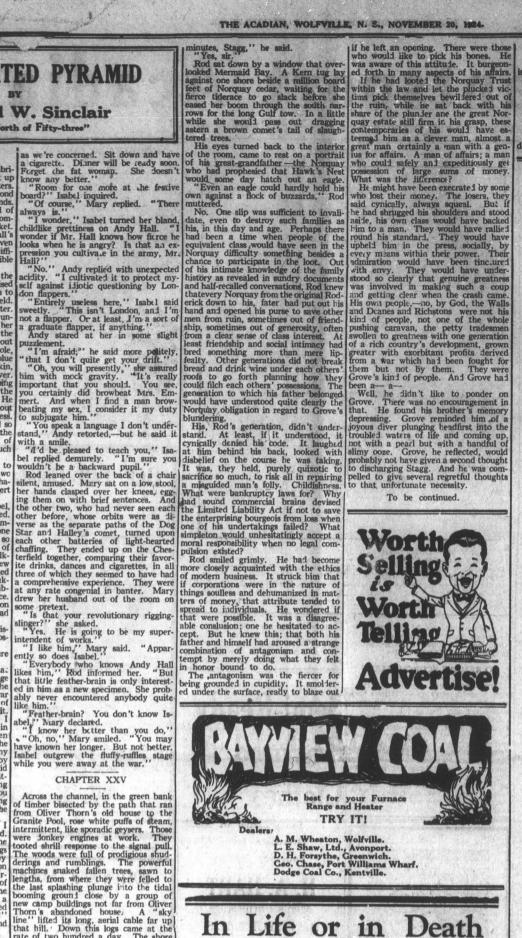
her ground here in his house, very much at home. He introduced Andy to his wife, to Isabel, to a plump matron with two chins and a positive, not to say empha-tic manner of speaking; a Mrs. Emmert whom Rod vaguely remembered. He fell into conversation with Isabel, or rather Isabel talked and he listened. Isabel prattled as of old. Rod lost him-self in speculation as to how any one could possibly talk so much and say so little. It was an art. He came out of this semi-absorption. Isabel ceased talk-ing. Her face turned aside with a new quality of fixed attention. Rod looked and became aware that Andy was speak-ing note in his usually pleasant voice. The whimsical, good-natured expression of his face had vanished. His face had hardened; his eyes-had särrowed. "You may consider it a notable dis-tinction," he was saying." But pos-sibly you son has his doubts." The lady made a sound in the nature of a gap. "You see," Andy continued in tha: frozen tone, "people whose knowledge of war is based on what they read in the papers don't know anything about war at all. The front-line men do. Most of 'em don't care to talk much about it. Being a person of no discrimination, T do talk about it. There is no glory in war-particularly this war-for the men who actually carry on the war. All the benefits, which I doubt) are derived by people who stayed at home and did their patriotic duty by knit-ting socks and buying bonds and selling supplies to the War Department. You can't tell a soldier that it was anything but a dirty., Jangerous job which he inated." "That's the most unpatriotic thing T

CHAPTER XXV

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INSURANCE





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THE IRISHMAN'S DOG "Hullo, Pat, I hear that your dog dead?" "It is." "Was it a lap dog?" "Yes it would lap up anything." "What did it die o??" "It died of a Tuesday."	"No complaint; everyone for miles around seemed satisfied." "I wish to know, how did it occur?" "The dog was no cur; he was a the
	"Tell me, what disease did the dog



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