

A BULLY GOOD STORY!

THE INCORRIGIBLE DUKANE

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\$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.37

If Jimmy Dukane hadn't been a "good fellow," he wouldn't have got into so much trouble and if he *hadn't* been a good fellow he wouldn't have—but that's the story!

He had been easily acquiring the record as Perpetual Holiday-Maker for Broadway, when—well, "James A. Dukane, Sr., had, so to speak, brought down his fist on the table with a bang. James A. Dukane, Jr., had been under the fist and his eyes popped open very wide indeed." Dukane and Company were in the concrete construction business and they were erecting a big dam clear out in Nevada. The elder Dukane decided that the way to solve the problem of what to do with Jimmy was to set him to work, so he sent him out to "make a report" on the dam. He—Dukane, Sr.,—then vamoosed for Europe and left young Jimmy to work out his own salvation.

"The green tail-lights of the train flickered, faded, then with a sudden mischievous wink altogether disappeared; the last puffing of the engine was like a hoarse chuckle.

"'Dumped in a puddle at eleven o'clock at night,' Jimmy Dukane vociferated resentfully.

"In the caravan just departed there was everything to comfort the soul, to cheer the mind and moisten the palate—bright lights, snug chairs, jolly companions, a well-stocked buffet. Here?—what the deuce was here anyway except water? He faced about. A few miserable beams of light escaped through the dingy depot window out upon the wet platform and gleamed glassily along the rails; some distance away in front of him glowed half a dozen misty, luminous balls like swamp-lanterns, which he surmised to be windows.

"'The governor stung his son and heir this time,' he remarked in immense disgust."

That was only the beginning of it. Things started to happen at once and when Jimmy woke up in the morning in this little sagebrush town of Meldon and found his clothes and money gone and a tramp's raiment in their place—with no money—he was naturally indignant. But his indignation fell on deaf ears. Nobody knew him; he knew nobody. He began to get hungry. What should he do?

What would *you* do?

The story of what he *did*—and incidentally of how he met a charming girl by the name of Enid—is one of the most delightful that have fallen to the lot of the novel-reader in many a day. Youth—exuberant, unconquerable, "incorrigible" Youth—is in, around and over it all.

You will enjoy "The Incorrigible Dukane."

S M A L L, M A Y N A R D & C O M P A N Y
P u b l i s h e r s, B o s t o n