

The YELLOW STUB

by Ernest Lynn

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CHAPTER I.

Henry Rand glanced up from the neat little array of papers on the desk in front of him, and coughed. It was a gentle sort of cough, quiet, almost orderly. Little cough quite in keeping with Henry Rand and his immediate surroundings.

At its sound the stenographer half-way across the room halted in her typing and picked up her notebook. Whenever Henry Rand coughed, Miss Fry knew she was to take more dictation.

"Miss Fry, bring your pencil, please."

"Yes, Mr. Rand."

Miss Fry seated beside him, Henry Rand leaned back in his swivel chair, took off his spectacles and polished them carefully with his handkerchief. Then he carefully replaced them, clasped his hands with the tips of his thumbs and forefingers together and reflectively, studied the ceiling.

"Take a letter, Miss Fry, to Mrs. Philip A. Ward—the address is on this report."

Dear Madam:

Henry Rand paused and cleared his throat. "Ahem." Like the cough, it was delivered quietly and without ostentation. Miss Fry, recognizing it as part of the ritual of dictation to which she was a party a dozen or more times a day, smothered a yawn and poised her pencil over her notepad.

"Dear Madam. We are pleased to inform you that we are extending you the convenience of a charge account."

"Form A," murmured Miss Fry, almost inaudibly.

"Did you say something, Miss Fry?"

Miss Fry blushed. "I was just repeating, Mr. Rand."

"Oh, all right, Ahem. Please consider it a privilege to receive the favor of your patronage. We hope you will find the occasion to make frequent use of our account."

Henry Rand cleared his throat again. "Ahem. Let me see, Miss Fry. Read that last sentence again."

Miss Fry, without glancing at her notes, smilingly recited: "We hope you will find the occasion to make frequent use of your account."

"That's right, Miss Fry. Just close it respectfully yours. That's all! By the way, does something amuse you?"

"Oh no, sir. I was just wondering if you had any more dictation for me to do."

"Certainly not. Glad to have you. What is it?"

Miss Fry's smile had vanished. She blushed and studied the floor.

"Well, it's in regard to dictation. I believe there's a way for you to save a lot of your time—and mine, too."

"Ah, indeed. And what is this plan?"

Henry Rand smiled benignly on his stenographer and again clasped his hands with the thumb and forefinger tips together.

"Well, a good bit of your dictation could be done away with if you'd adopt form letters. For instance, I regard the letter you just dictated as Form A. You use Form A whenever you tell somebody their application for credit has been O. K'd. When you turn them down it's Form B. When somebody is overdue you send them Form C, and so on."

"I see." Henry Rand unclasped his fingers and picked up a pencil with which he drummed on his chair arm. "And when Form C falls of results the follow-up letter is Form D. And when we notify them of our intention to turn the matter over to our attorneys unless we receive payment within ten days—that I take it, is Form E. Is that right?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And you would have these form letters mimeographed, with spaces left for names?"

"Oh no, sir. I would type each one, but instead of dictating, you could just tell me you wanted me to write Form A or Form B."

With his left hand Henry Rand smoothed the gray hair around the little bald spot on his crown. The pencil stopped drumming.

"How long have you been here, Miss Fry?"

"About two years, Mr. Rand."

"Two years. Well, Miss Fry, I have been with this department store for thirty years and ten of them I have spent as manager of the credit department. I have been dictating letters just like that for ten years and I see no good reason for stopping now."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rand."

"No need to be. He waved his hand magnanimously. "Your plan is perhaps more efficient, but I prefer to keep the personal touch in my correspondence."

Miss Fry departed. After finishing the letter already in her typewriter she inserted fresh paper and, without glancing at her notes other than to verify name and address, she very swiftly and accurately finished Henry Rand's most recent letter.

This done she laid her letters in a neat little pile on Rand's desk for his signature. The office clock told her it was ten minutes to five. She opened a drawer in her desk, drew a vanity case out of her desk, and left the room.

In the washroom, between feet and hands with the lipstick, she addressed her neighbor:

"Edna, I think Mr. Rand is

the same, I think he's an old peach," called back. "The table's all set. My dear, you'd do well to have a little more confidence in the members of your family."

He walked through the doorway between dining and living rooms. The girl at the piano looked up to receive his paternal kiss. "Hello, Dad."

"Evening, Janet, what's this you're playing? MacDowell's Woodland Sketches? Something like that?"

Henry Rand spoke with the heavy suits my old-fashioned notions. I air of a judge.

"You let James be," snapped his wife. She lowered her head to stare down at her napkin. "James will be getting married soon enough without any encouragement from you."

There were tears in her eyes. They came so easily to her.

Jimmy rose. He walked over to his mother and patted her shoulder. "Not a chance, mother. Not a chance of a judge."

The doorbell rang. Jimmy walked to the hall and flung open the door. "Attorney Colvin himself," laughed Jimmy as he ushered in the visitor.

"Good evening, James," retorted Barry Colvin. He entered the living room. "Good evening, Mr. Rand."

He stood erect without his overcoat, a stocky, well-knit figure with curly black hair parted in the middle. His nose was of the pug variety. His lips were parted in a broad grin that showed flashing white teeth.

Henry Rand and his son found comfortable chairs in the living room. The elder Rand was enjoying the third of his three cigars a day, lingering over it like an epicure.

"How's business, Jimmy?"

Jimmy extinguished his cigar. "I sold a car today. 'I'm flush.'"

"Good. Did you bank the money?"

"Absolutely. Kept out enough for board and spending change. The rest is salted in the old sock."

"Thrifty," observed his father, "is a great virtue."

"Like punctuality, eh?" laughed Jimmy. "Quit talking platitudes, dad. Do you know what I wish you'd let me do with some of my heavy roll?"

"No. What?"

"I wish you'd let me rip out that old board walk in front and put in a cement walk. I caught my shoe in it this evening coming in. Some day I'll break a leg. Besides, it looks like the devil."

"If you can make him do that, James," called Martha Rand from the dining room, "you'll be doing more than I've been able to do."

"The board walk stays," Henry Rand spoke positively. "It may not be scrupulously to look at but it



MARY LOWELL

detected him from the brick wind; a new Sounds like good stuff."

His daughter rose from the piano bench to take off the apron that covered her dress. When she stood inside, he glanced at his left leg, his dark brown hair was bobbed and curly, her face quite devoid of color except for the redness of her lips. Her straight nose enhanced the seriousness of her face, which she smiled. "Yes, it is well thought of, and quite difficult to play, if you ask me."

Henry Rand patted her shoulder. "Nothing's too difficult for my honey, Schubert, Liz, Rachmaninoff—even this guy, what's his name?"

"I hope you're not referring to Brahms, Dad."

"That's the bird."

She made a mock courtesy "Thank you, kind sir. Suppose you study MacDowell while I help mother."

"Jimmy home yet?" he called after her.

"Nope."

The front door banged shut. "I am, too," came a loud voice from the hall. "Dinner ready?"

"You'll wash your face and hands before you sit down to the table, James Rand." It was Martha calling from the kitchen.

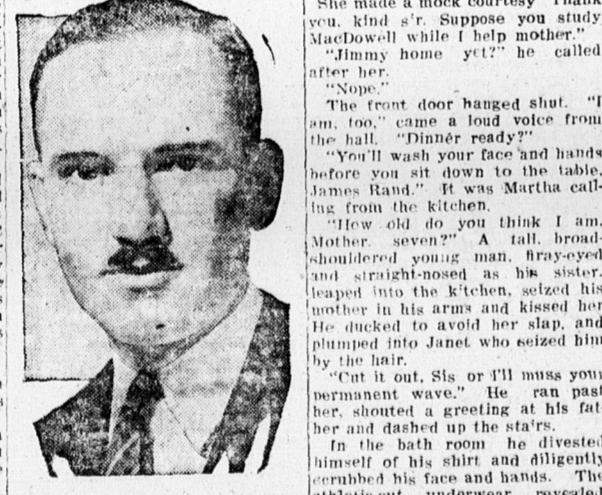
"How old do you think I am, Mother, seven?" A tall, broad-shouldered young man, gray-eyed and straight-nosed as his sister, leaped into the kitchen, seized his mother in his arms and kissed her. He ducked to avoid her slap, and plumped into Janet who seized him by the hair.

"Get it out, Sis, or I'll muss your permanent wave." He ran past her, shouted a greeting at his father and dashed up the stairs.

In the bath room he divested himself of his shirt and diligently scrubbed his face and hands. The athletic-cut, underwear-revealed, slim but powerfully muscled arms, his face dried, he rubbed his fingers experimentally over his lean jaw, and fingered a close-cropped brown mustache.

"Good enough," he remarked, treating to his bed room he carefully combed and brushed his hair, parting it on the side. Like his sister's his hair was brown, but it was quite straight and came down on the forehead in a "widow's peak."

"If I were as sure Jimmy would pick as nice a girl to marry as Janet has a man, I'd be satisfied."



JIMMY RAND

turned off the sidewalk in front of a little white house of "Dutch Colonial" design. A walk made of planks some two feet in width marked the appearance of an otherwise perfect lawn and contrasted sharply with the neat cement walks of his next door neighbors. As he opened the front door he pulled out his watch.

"Right on time, Martha," he announced as he hung hat and coat in the closet off the vestibule. He slipped into the kitchen. "Quarter to six," he proclaimed. "Old Reliable himself."

"Just chase yourself out of the kitchen, Henry Rand. You're in the way." Martha Rand was stooping before the gas oven, basting a roast. She kept right on, without once turning her head.

Henry Rand bent over and kissed her on the ear. It disarranged her neatly arranged hair, sandy colored but streaked here and there with gray.

"Where's Janet?" he asked.

"She's in the dining-room setting the table, or was a few minutes ago. Don't bother me."

The sound of a piano, well played, came from the living-room.

"She's probably forgotten to set the table," grumbled Henry Rand's wife.

"I suppose I'll have to do it myself."

Henry Rand had walked into the kitchen to get the coffee when the

street cars were tied up. Eight-thirty finds me at my desk. And like dinner served at six, and who ever's late should go hungry."

"Twenty-nine years of it," observed Mrs. Rand. A fleeting smile lighted up her sharp features. She turned her pale blue eyes toward Jimmy. "I sometimes wonder what form of murder your father would commit on me if I happened to be late with his dinner."

"Twenty-nine years, eh?" mused Jimmy. "And I hope you haven't forgotten a piece of bread. 'Your birthday, to be sure. My, how time does fly! Twenty-seven years ago tomorrow, my son, you came into the world a squalling, red-faced—"

Jimmy threw up his hands in mock horror. "Spare the horrible details, dad. I've heard all this for the last 15 years that I know of."

"And 30 years ago tomorrow," resumed Henry Rand, "I first went to work for Royal Brothers. I'm getting old." He smoothed his bald spot. His gray eyes—they were Jimmy's and Janet's eyes—twinkled merrily behind his spectacles. "I started in men's furnishings."

Henry Rand laid down his knife. "They still remember around the store how I used to linger lovingly over the socks and shirts that they sold. They tell me that I almost hated to turn them over to a customer."

"They would call that sales psychology today," cut in Jimmy. "In the automobile game, for instance, that sort of stuff would come under the chapter heading that describes the creating in the mind of the customer of the desire to buy."

"There was no such thing as psychology then," went on Henry Rand. "The word was unknown. But they tell me I was a pretty good salesman. I used to put in as much effort on the sale of a 15-cent handkerchief as I did in selling a suit of clothes."

"That's where you were wrong, dad. That shows you didn't have the proper sense of values. Do you suppose I'd work as hard to sell one of our four-cylinder jobs as I would to put over a Manchester eight-line?"

"You should, absolutely."

"Not on your life, dad. When I sell a big one I clean up several hundred dollars. The commission on the other is only about a fourth. Tell me, you work as hard for three thousand a year as you would for ten?"

"Stop your eternal arguing," cut in Mrs. Rand. She turned to Jimmy. "You and your father are at it from morning till night and neither one ever admits the other is right."

She sighed. "I suppose you inherit your father's obstinacy."

"The discussion has gone far enough anyway," chimed in Janet. "What kind of a party do you intend to celebrate with, Jimmy?"

"Oh, I almost forgot," her brother answered. "I've got tickets for a show. We'll have dinner here and go down town in a gang."

"You old sport," laughed Janet. "What theater?"

"None of your business, and I've got a ticket for Barry, too. I suppose you'll have no trouble dragging the young man along."

Janet blushed.

"Barry Colvin," observed the elder Rand with emphasis, "is a mighty fine young man." He lit a cigar.

"Who said he wasn't?" retorted Jimmy.

"I think he's very ambitious. He will make a name for himself as a lawyer. You mark my words," Mrs. Rand's mouth set in a firm straight line as she spoke.

"If I were as sure Jimmy would pick as nice a girl to marry as Janet has a man, I'd be satisfied."



OLGA MAYNARD

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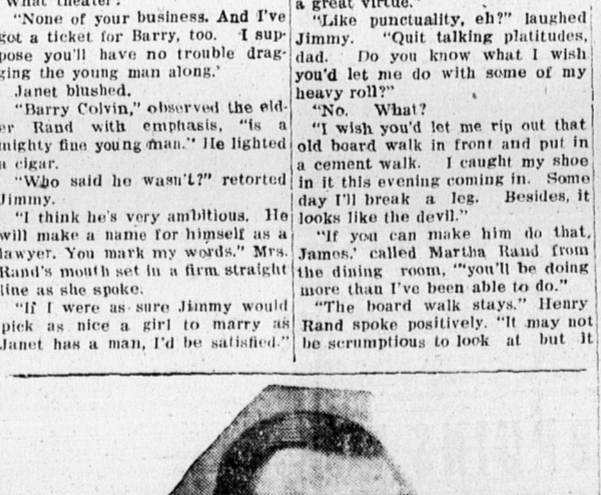
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LIEUT. O'DAY

put in his father. "I've certainly had plenty of it."

It was exactly five o'clock on Jimmy Rand looked at his watch, walked into the manager's office of the Manchester Auto Sales Company and decided to call it a day.

"See you in the morning, Mr. Train. I'm celebrating my birthday by being punctual for dinner tonight."

The manager turned his head away from his work. "Admirable of you, Rand. I hope the folks won't get heart failure."

"They're apt to, at that," laughed Jimmy. "There's no telling how some people will react to violent shocks. It's nice of you to let me use the demonstrator tonight, too, Mr. Train."

"Not at all, Rand. It would be pretty hard to squeeze five into your roadster."

Jimmy climbed into the "demonstrator," a handsome sedan. The starter whirled. He shifted gears expertly and was off.

It was precisely five-forty when he entered the Rand home to find his mother and Janet busy in the kitchen.

"For once," he announced triumphantly after greeting his mother and pinching Janet's cheek. "I've beaten dad home for dinner."

"I suppose that's what brought this miserable rain," observed Janet sarcastically.

Jimmy strode to the front window. Outside it was almost completely dark. A cold November rain was falling, whipped by a strong wind that stung to the very bones.

"Not exactly cheerful weather to celebrate the twenty-seventh anniversary of the advent of the well-known Mr. James Rand," he remarked. "Quarter to six, and after the kitchen."

"Quarter to six, and after the kitchen," the punctual Mr. Rand thumped. "You remember he said those who were late should go hungry."

Footsteps were heard outside the front door. "That's your father now maybe," hazarded Mrs. Rand. The doorbell rang. "No, it must be Barry."

It was Barry Colvin. Jimmy took his hat and coat. "Just in time for dinner, Barry, but dad's late. Can you beat it?"

"There must have been at least four street cars derailed, then," laughed Barry. "Either that or an earthquake."

Mrs. Rand called from the kitchen. "James, will you come here a moment."

"Sure, what is it?" He was here on the run.

"Do you suppose anything could have happened to your father? Traffic is real heavy now and he might have been knocked down by an automobile."

"Not a chance, mother. He most likely is caught in a street car tie-up. This weather is enough to cause a lot of them."



Mrs. Rand went to the kitchen window and peered out. It was quite dark. From the living room came the strains of Rachmaninoff's Prelude, Jimmy's and Barry's favorite. Barry and Janet were there together. The window panes rattled with the sudden gust of wind.

"What time is it, James?" Mrs. Rand's manner was agitated as she kept opening the oven door to look at the roast chicken, which was long since cooked and which she was keeping warm.

Jimmy glanced at his watch. "Six-thirty. Gosh, that's not late, mother. He'll be here any minute now."

"I wish you'd call the store, James."

"All right, I will, but I hardly think he's there." He went to the hall. Before he could pick up the receiver the phone bell rang.

"Hello," he said, sharply.

"Hello," came the voice over the phone, a man's brusque voice. "Is this the home of Henry Rand?"

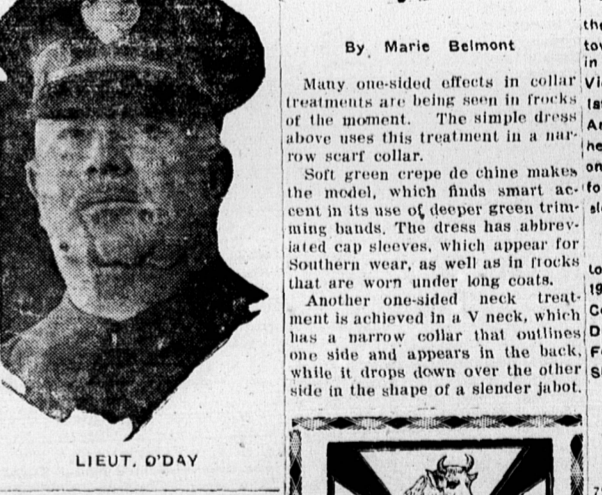
"Yes."

"Who is this speaking?"

"James Rand, his son."

"Well, this is a police officer speaking from the Carillon Hotel. Get here quick. Your father has just been found dead in a room."

(To Be Continued)



By Marie Belmont

Many one-sided effects in collar treatments are being seen in frocks of the moment. The simple dress above uses this treatment in a narrow scarf collar.

Soft green crepe de chine makes the model, which finds smart accent in its use of deeper green trimming bands. The dress has abbreviated cap sleeves, which appear for Southern wear, as well as in frocks that are worn under long coats.

Another one-sided neck treatment is achieved in a V neck, which has a narrow collar that outlines one side and appears in the back, while it drops down over the other side in the shape of a slender jabot.

By Marie Belmont

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I have been instructed to sell on Wednesday, February 3rd at 1:30 p. m., at Upton Park Farm, West Hants, the entire herd of prize winning registered and fully accredited Shorthorns, consisting of seven bulls, ages 4 months to 2 years and eleven young cows and heifers.

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NOTICE
ANNUAL DINNER.

The Annual Dinner of the Shareholders of the Charlottetown Hotel Co., Ltd., will be held in the Dining Room of the Hotel Victoria on Monday evening, Feb. 1st, at 8 p. m. All Shareholders are asked to please be present, and if they can not attend to kindly notify the Secretary or Mr. H. C. Brown two days before the meeting.

ANNUAL MEETING
The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Charlottetown Hotel Co., Ltd., will be held in the Dining Room of the Hotel Victoria on Monday evening, Feb. 1st, at 9 o'clock p. m. (After the Annual Dinner) for the purpose of hearing the reports of the Directors on the business of the Company for 1925, and for the purpose of selecting Directors for 1926.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND
A Dividend of 6 per cent, payable to Shareholders on record Jan 15th, 1926, of the Charlottetown Hotel Co., Ltd., has been declared by the Directors and will be payable on Feb 1st, at the meeting of the Shareholders of the Company.

W. K. ROGERS, President.
D. A. MacKINNON, Lt.-Col. Sec'y-Treasurer
Charlottetown Hotel Co. Ltd.
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