

case. To his amazement he found that the case was not in his inside overcoat pocket, where he had placed it. In returning to the office he had carried the coat on his arm and probably lost the pocketbook in this way. He searched through all his pockets, grew slightly excited for several reasons, and was about to start out and look for it when his stenographer told him that a young woman wished to see him.

"Find out who she is," Blub snapped crossly, aggravated by his loss. Presently his stenographer returned with a card. It bore the name "Miss Rose Standish."

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed Blub. "Rosie" has arrived! Show her in."

"Mr. Daye?" the young woman inquired.

Blub answered her politely.

"Did you lose a pocketbook?" the pretty girl asked, somewhat embarrassed.

"Great Scott! Did you find it? I lost a leather folder with seventy dollars in it, together with some cards and a ten-dollar check drawn to my order—"

"Was there anything else in it?"

"Anything else? Why, let's see—there might have been— Oh, I know, a telegram. It was rather a crazy sounding one, about treating Rosie and some ladies with crooked feet—"

Both burst into laughter, and the young woman handed him his lost property.

"Thank you very much. I certainly appreciate your honesty," said the publicity man.

"I thought it best to bring it myself so as to make sure it reached its rightful owner."

"It was very kind of you, I'm sure. Now you take this and go out and buy yourself a motorcar and some gasoline." He offered her a ten-dollar bill.

"Oh, no, thank you! I couldn't."

"Yes, please take it. Most people would have kept the whole business."

"It is very kind of you; but I must decline. I merely came here to do what was right, not for a reward."

"Well, here, wouldn't you like to go to the automobile show tonight? Let me give you a couple of passes. Here, bring down Sister and the babies. It opens this evening." He thrust two passes into her neatly gloved hand and thanked her again, and the blushing, golden haired maiden departed.

"That is luck!" Blub remarked. "Mrs. Diogenes, honest woman, at last!"

THE Grand Central Palace that evening was radiant with myriads of electric lights and dozens of bright colored motorcars. A throng of motor enthusiasts swarmed into the place. Salesmen throughout the house were talking volumes to prospective customers and taking great pains to show the points wherein their make excelled all others.

Blub, at the Ziz car booth, was apparently the busiest man at the show. His attractive occupation was supervising the distribution of Ziz souvenirs, and he was kept on the jump, pinning pink carnations with long streamers of satin ribbon on the fair callers. Each streamer had the word "Ziz" stamped on it in gold—and were not the ladies delighted with them? Well, now! Every woman who was not decorated with one wanted to find the Ziz booth and find it quickly, and the result of Blub's idea was that the Ziz car, decorated with champagne bottles, caused more comment than any other make exhibited.

As for Blub himself, he was nearly pestered to death by the inquiries of his friends, who sought information regarding those club-footed ladies. He was teased and teased. He had sent the message back to the telegraph office with a request that it be corrected; but had not gained any satisfaction, and he made up his mind simply to wait until President Somers arrived.

"Oh, Blub, I have some space to fill. Let me have a story," a newspaper man interrupted, as he was indiscreetly pinning a spiny pink on a cunning little girl.

"Oh, yes, just a second and I'll be with you." A most remarkable characteristic of Blub Daye was that he was never known to fail with a story. He seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of anecdotes and "dope" that made good reading and likewise advertised his car.

"Johnny, old sport, you say that President Somers of the Ziz Car Company has just returned from a hunting trip out to Lake Slimjama and is on his way to the automobile show. Where's the lake? Oh, that's immaterial. He went in one of the latest Ziz models to test it out, and found the ducks at Lake Slimjama more plentiful than ever before. The party spent two weeks shooting, and shot so many ducks that when they all fell into the water they dried it up, and now there isn't any more lake. You can make a column and a quarter of that, John." Then Blub pricked up his ears, and he heard someone say, "Oh, Rosie, look here!"

WELL, wouldn't that jam your clutch?" exclaimed Daye. This Rosie addressed by her companion was the young woman who had so conscientiously returned his pocketbook that afternoon.

"Why, how do you do? Here, Frank, let me have two more flowers— Oh, bigger ones than those! Where are some more of the large streamers?" Blub did more than merely pin a pink on the honest young woman; he pinned a whole bouquet of them to her coat lapel.

"Have a seat, won't you?" He assisted the girl and her friend into the large pink runabout. They were both very pretty girls, and Daye realized that their presence added to the attractiveness of the exhibit.

"I am so glad you came down!" Blub told them.

"How do you like this car? This is an honestly built car, intended for honestly built people."

"Quite a compliment, I'm sure," replied the new acquaintance.

"You must let us give you a demonstration. I know you will like this car. Wait a second, I'll introduce you

to the sales manager. Oh, Mr. Culver, let me introduce Miss—Miss—" He did not want to say "Rosie."

"Miss Standish," she interpolated.

"Yes, Miss Standish. Miss Standish would like a road demonstration some day next week. She likes the looks of the car. I'll arrange the date. There, you're wanted on the 'phone. Now, Miss Standish, today is Saturday—how will Monday afternoon at two o'clock do?"

"Well, Mr.—"

"Daye is my name."

"Really, Mr. Daye, I am not thinking of buying a machine. I—"

"No matter. I want you to see that this car is the goods."

"Yes; but—"

"You come down Monday afternoon. You are under no obligations to buy the car, unless you so desire."

The busy young man was again interrupted by a morning newspaper man.

"What do you know, Blub? Give me about a stick of the gude talk, something flossy for a slush story."

"Certainly, Bill. Say that two young ladies were admiring the Big Ziz Six and one of them asked the other, 'Well, how many cylinders has this car?' and her friend replied, 'Why, only one. Can't you see it?' And she pointed to the acetylene gas tank. How's that, Bill?"

"It's pretty nearly as good as the one about the ladies with the club sandwich feet." Bill walked off.

Miss Standish burst into a laugh at the mention of those remarkable women. Blub smiled with her.

"Really, Mr. Daye, I hate to be inquisitive, but I have been thinking all the afternoon about that funny telegram. I wish, if you don't mind, you would tell me what it means."

"I should be only too glad to; but I don't know the meaning of it myself. That's where the joke comes in. Say, doesn't this champagne decoration effect look O. K? People come and look at the bottles and wish they owned 'em."

"Why don't you take a bottle of it and christen the car? That would make it attractive," she suggested.

"Why, I never thought of that. Good idea. Fine! I'll let you do it."

"Oh, no, thank you. Let the honor go to someone else. I must get home, anyway."

"Yes, Rose, we must. It is getting late," her chum told her.

Miss Standish reluctantly stepped down from the seat.

"I am sorry you won't stay; for I shall certainly follow out your suggestion and have the Pink Ziz christened. It will be a sight too. Now, don't fail to come down Monday," Blub entreated.

"Thank you, I'll come."

"Honest?"

"I thought you were convinced of that this afternoon," the girl replied daintily, and walked away with her companion.

"H'm! She certainly does look good to me!" Blub remarked.

Then Daye got the press agent of a popular Broadway musical comedy company on the telephone, and told him to send his prima donna down to his booth at the auto show as soon as she had finished her performance at the theater.

An hour or so later the great event took place. The christening of the Pink Ziz with a magnum of extra dry certainly drew a crowd to that corner of the building.

The next morning all the papers talked about the Pink Ziz car christened by Miss Trixie St. Regis, the prominent actress, at the automobile show, and printed flashlight photographs of the event. Blub's presswork on this stunt secured phenomenal results, and he received all sorts of congratulations for the snappy work.

THE following Monday, Miss Standish visited the automobile show again.

"We are all ready to take you for a demonstration, Miss Standish. Your christening idea Saturday night was a big hit."

"I was very glad to read that it was. But, Mr. Daye, I did not come down to get that demonstration today. I could not afford to think of—"

"That's all right. The company owes you a ride," he interrupted.

"No; but the point is this: I am really looking for

work. I know that I am well dressed; but I simply must earn some money. Now, I have had no business experience and am not acquainted with any business men; but I thought perhaps you might know of someone who could give me employment. I hate to bother you—"

"Why—why, I can give you a job; a temporary one, at least. I can let you work while the show lasts, and perhaps by that time can arrange to get you something permanent. The duties will be for you simply to sit in that pink car every day and look amiable and do the Fluffy Ruffles act, pin flowers and streamers on visitors, et cetera. You see, in a day you will learn enough about the car to answer people's foolish questions and get them interested in the Ziz. That's what we want to do, get people interested in this new car, so that they will talk about it. It may seem like a strange job; but I will see that you are treated courteously at all times, and I think you will find the work fairly pleasant."

"Oh, it is very, very kind of you—"

"Now you go down and get into our demonstrator's car and get a ride, anyhow. Go over to the florist's and tell him to decorate you with a big four-pound bunch of violets or orchids, and better blow yourself to a smart pair of gloves. The company will pay for these. I'll make out an expense voucher for you now. You may come each day about two-thirty and work till five. Then come back in the evening. I'll see that you are paid enough to make it worth while. You try it, and if there is any kick come to me."

IT took young Miss Standish only a few hours to prove to her employers that she was a jewel. Whenever she noticed a possible customer on the floor looking at another make of car, she would walk up to him, pin a Ziz button on his coat lapel, smile sweetly, and invite him to the Ziz booth. She did this time and again; yet her manner was always ladylike and refined. The exhibitors at the exposition called her "The Pink Ziz Girl."

Her efforts reaped their reward, too, on Thursday afternoon, when she decoyed an aristocratic old man to her booth and, after telling him considerable about the car herself, with the aid of a salesman got him so interested that he placed an order for a six-cylinder Ziz, to be fitted with a limousine body. He did not even ask for a demonstration.

"You'll have the mischief of a time with that hundred dollars, won't you?" Blub asked her.

"What hundred dollars?"

"Your commission on that sale."

"Commission? Why, I did not make the sale. It was Mr.—"

"It was you who lured the old gent from his happy home, wasn't it? He would have bought some other car if it hadn't been for you. The money is yours, and you see that you get it. Sail out and do likewise some more. You're smarter at it than we are. Look, there goes a millionaire—sick him!"

Rose was delighted. So was Blub Daye. It amused him to see his discovery making good.

"Culver," he said, "that 'puller in' child of ours could sell clothing on Chatham Square! And her name is Standish."

DAYE'S really big stunt was to take place the closing Saturday night of the show. He calculated that it would cause comment in every newspaper in the United States and Canada and make the name of the Ziz car known everywhere. One of this company's models was a pretty little landaulet, seating two in the inclosed body and with a driver's seat in front. When they were about to upholster this car at the factory, Daye happened to see it, and suggested:

"Don't upholster that car with leather; finish it up in white satin and silk whipcord, and we'll call it the 'Bridal Car,' the real thing for an eloping couple. It will make a hit."

His idea was carried out, and when the car was put in the Ziz booth, about the middle of the week, it was the delight of all fair visitors.

Further than this, Daye had arranged to have a couple married in it at midnight Saturday. This was the winner he had picked. Would the papers talk about it? He reckoned they would!

"Bet you can't get hold of a couple to get married in it," Culver told him. So did many others.

"I'll bet anybody a hundred I can. I never four-flashed yet."

As a result, Culver and two other people made wagers with him that his brilliant idea would fall through.

"You folks have lost your money," declared Blub. "The bride and groom are a couple of Italians; but they'll look all right dressed up. The wedding will take place without fail, and the show management is going to advertise the fact wide. Why, tonight's newspapers are all announcing it. You fellows have lost your money."

"Say, Blub, I have just received a letter from Somers," Culver told him. "He says, 'I hope Daye has followed my instructions as per telegram.' Have you?"

This made Blub uneasy; for Somers was a man who wanted what he wanted, when he wanted it. Blub wired him at Detroit again; but did not catch him, as Somers left the hotel half an hour before the message arrived.

SATURDAY afternoon Rose Standish was seated in the pink car, when Daye mounted it and sat down beside her.

"Miss Standish, have you anything in view for next week?" he asked.

"No, Sir, I have made no arrangements."

"Well, I've been trying to get you fixed with some



"Mr. Daye, It's Awfully Nervy of Me!"