

THE WORLD FOR SALE

By SIR GILBERT PARKER
Author of "The Seats of the Mighty,"
"The Money Master," etc.

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THIS STARTS THE STORY
Flora Druse, daughter of Gabriel Druse, shoots in a canoe the wild Carillon Rapids on the Saginaw river, where it flows between the towns of Manitow and Lebanon in the Canadian Northwest. She is on the verge of losing her life in the whirlpools below when she is rescued by Max Ingobly, a financier, contractor and manager of great interests, who has come to Lebanon to amalgamate the railroads, unite the two towns and make them the center of commerce in the western north. On shore she is insulted by Felix Marchand, son of Hector Marchand, capitalist of Manitow. Ingobly attacks Marchand, who vows revenge. Then arrives Jethro Fave, who claims that he and Flora were married when children, according to the gypsy custom. Flora respects him and he is accepted as her father. Marchand, who lives in Manitow, begins to stir up trouble between the two towns in order to foil Ingobly's plans.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"LISTEN to me," she answered with anger tingling in every nerve and fiber. "I come of your race. I was what you are, a child of the hedge and the wood and the road; but that is all done. Home, you say. Home—in a tent by the roadside."

"As your mother lived where you were born—well, well, but here's a Romany lass that's forgot her cradle!"

"I have forgotten nothing. I have only moved on. I have only seen that there is a better road to walk in than that where people always looking behind lest they be followed, and always looking in front to find refuge, drop the patrin in the dust or the grass or the bushes for others to follow after always going on and on because they dare not go back."

Suddenly he threw his cigarette on the ground, and put his heel upon it in fury red or assumed. "Great heaven and hell," he exclaimed, "here's a Romany lass that's forgot her cradle!"

"Then go and tell it, Jethro Fave, to all the world. Tell them I am the renegade daughter of Gabriel Druse, ruler of them that will be as he is, fault in him, and that he will return to his own people in his own time, but that I, Flora Druse, will never return—never! Now, get you gone from here—never! Now, get you gone from here—never!"

After Flora's scornful words of release and dismissal, Jethro stood for a moment confounded and dismayed. He had not reckoned on all this. During their talk it had come to him how simple it would be to overpower any check to his exit, how devilishly easy to put the girl at a disadvantage; but he drove the thought from him. In the first place, he was by no means sure that escape was what he wanted—not yet at any rate. In the second place, Gabriel Druse passed the word along the subterranean wires of the Romany world that Jethro Fave should vanish he would not long cumber the ground.

Yet it was not cowardice or fear of consequences which had held him back. It was a staggering admiration for this girl who had been almost his wife for so many years ago. He had fared far and wide in his adventures and amours when he had got in plenty; and he had swung more than one Gorgio woman in the wild dance of sentiment, dazzling them by the splendor of his position. The first time he had seen her eyes lighted a face which would have made memorable a picture by Guido. He had fared far and wide, but he had never seen a woman who had seized his imagination as this girl was doing; who roused in him, not only a desire, but the hunger will to have a tan of his own, and to go traveling down the world with one who alone could satisfy him for all his days.

As he sat in this improvised woodland prison he had had visions of a hundred glances and valleys through which he had passed in days gone by—in England, in Spain, in Italy, in Rumania, in Austria, in Australia, in India—where his camp fires had burned. In his visions he had seen her—Flora Druse, not Flora Druse—laying her cloth and bringing out the silver cups, stretching the Turkey rugs upon the ground to make a couch for two bright-eyed lovers to whom the night was as the day, radiant and full of joy. He had shut his eyes and beheld hillside where abandoned castles, and towers, and the red and white of the hawk shade and welcome to the dusty pilgrims of the road; or, when the wild winds blew in winter, gave shelter and wood for the fire, and a sense of homeliness among the companionable trees.

He had seen her in all this, and he had seen her in a spirit of adventure, cupidity and desire. He had come like one who betrays, but he acknowledged to a higher force than his own and to superior rights when Gabriel Druse's strong arm brought him low; and, again, he was aware that another force had leveled him to the earth. That there was this woman's spirit which now gave him his freedom so scornfully;



Tell them that I, Flora Druse, will never return—never! Now, get you gone from here!

who bids him begone and tell their people everywhere that she was no longer a Romany, while she would go back unless he prevented it to the doubting Gorgio who had saved her on the Saginaw.

"She stood waiting for him to go, as though he could not refuse his freedom. As a bone is tossed to a dog, she gave it to him.

"You have no right to set me free," he said coolly now. "I am not your prisoner. You tell me to take that word to the Romany people—that you leave them for ever. I will not do it. You are a Romany, and a Romany you must stay. You belong nowhere else. If you married a Gorgio, you would still sigh for the camp beneath the stars, for the tambourine and the dance."

"And the fortune-telling," she interrupted sharply. "And the small-soup, and the dirty blanket under the hedge, and the constable on the road behind, always just behind, watching, waiting and—"

"The hedge is as clean as the dirty houses where the low-class Gorgios sleep. In faith, you are a long way from the River Starzke," he added. "But you are my mad wife, and I must wait till you've got sense again."

"You come fitted out like a Gorgio lass now, and you look like a Gorgio countess, and you have the manners of an archduchess; but that's nothing; it will peel off like a blister when it's pricked. Underneath is the Romany. It's there, and it will show red and angry when we've stripped off the Gorgio. It's the way with a woman, always netting, always imagining herself something else than what she is—if she's a beggar fancying herself a princess; if she's a princess fancying herself a flower-girl. Mi Duvel, but I know you all!"

Every word he said went home. She knew that there was truth in what he said, and that beneath all was the Romany blood; but she meant to conquer it. She had made her vow to one in England that she loved, and she would not change. Whatever happened, she had finished with Romany life, and to go back would only mean black tragedy in the end. A month ago it was a vow and an inner desire which made her determined; today it was the vow and a man—a Gorgio whom she had but now left in the woods, gazing after her with the look which a woman so well interprets.

"You mean you won't go free from here? Because it was a Romany, and I wish you no harm. I have come here today to let you go where you will—to go back to the place where the patrin show where your people travel."

here because my wife was here, and I wanted her. I am a true Romany husband who will not betray his wife to her people; but I will have my way, and no Gorgio shall take her to his home. She belongs to my tent, and I will take her there."

Her gesture of contempt, anger and negotiation infuriated him. "If I do not take you to my tent, it will be because I'm dead," he said, and his white teeth showed fiercely.

"I have set you free. You had better go," she rejoined quietly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DAILY NOVELETTE

MARY'S GARDEN

By Carrie L. P. Curtis

THE farm had looked hopeless to the entire neighborhood for many years. The house was painted an ugly orange, the barn was hardly large enough to shelter a horse and the dilapidated cowshed, covered with red paint, would serve better as fuel supply for the kitchen range. To this forsaken farm came Tom and Mary Austin, with their two children. Mary had lots of courage, but Tom's hopes were few. Tom had been a school teacher. His eyes had always troubled him, but he had been fortunate to secure a position as principal of the Porter Grammar School. Things seemed prosperous to Tom and Mary. Then came the cloud which darkened their hopes. The trouble with Tom's eyes was growing worse and he must give up his position of teaching. So to the country they moved.

They didn't know the condition of this farm, but well meaning friends soon enlightened them. Tom felt sorry for Mary, and Mary pitied Tom, but each looked for the best.

"We've a hard task before us to improve this place," said Tom one evening as they sat on the doorsteps. "With implements and stock to buy and repairs to be made on the buildings, I don't see how we can manage," continued he.

"Nonsense," laughed Mary. "It won't take me as much money as it will common sense and work."

"What are your suggestions?" he asked.

"In the first place I want a cistern. There is an old brick plant on the Allen farm and a neighbor told me today that one could get brick there for hauling it next." Mary told Tom.

"Very well," said Tom, "what comes next?"

"That door in the living room could be taken out. That would make the rooms seem larger and more easily heated. We could paper the living room, thus making it look more attractive. There are dozens of neat designs at ten and twelve cents a roll. Then the next improvement would be a cellar."

"This would mean a lot of expense," said Tom.

"His face was blended with frowns and sighs as he said, 'Dry dressing is very well, but where is the money coming from?'"

"Coming? Why, it's coming from 'Contrary Mary's garden,'" she replied.

"Where's that?" he asked.

"That door in the living room could be taken out. That would make the rooms seem larger and more easily heated. We could paper the living room, thus making it look more attractive. There are dozens of neat designs at ten and twelve cents a roll. Then the next improvement would be a cellar."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE JEALOUS ELEPHANT"

(Judge Owl, grown into the biggest bird in the world, joins the circus. Major, the elephant, is jealous and leads the other elephants against him.)



When he came down he was on the big elephant's back

Judge Owl Wakes Up

MAJOR, the elephant, thought Judge Owl was fast asleep. Peggy and Billy, however, knew he was only pretending and they wondered what sort of a trick he was up to.

"Snore-r-r-r! Snore-r-r-r!" went Judge Owl. The elephants, winking wisely at each other, crept forward step by step. It was funny to see how quiet they tried to be, each one putting down his feet as though he were walking on eggs. Thump, thump, thump! went their big hoofs and they thought they were not making a sound.

When within a few yards of Judge Owl, Major raised his trunk as a signal. He trumpeted loudly and bunched at Judge Owl. Every other elephant followed.

This is what Judge Owl was waiting for. Quick as a flash he sprang into the air and the elephants found themselves charging across an empty platform.

Major was a most astonished elephant when Judge Owl bounded out of his reach. He had thought the judge asleep and had forgotten that he could fly. And Major had more astonishment following swiftly, for Judge Owl came down as quickly as he had gone up, and when he came down he was on the big elephant's back.

One of Judge Owl's powerful claws clutched Major's tail, the other clutched Major's ear. He flew the elephant's trunk and snapp! Judge Owl's back closed upon it.

Then there was excitement—lots of it. Major let out a scared squeal and bumped up his back and bucked like a wild western broncho, trying to throw up Judge Owl off. And the more he squealed and jumped and bucked, the tighter Judge Owl clung to his tail, his ear and his trunk.

Never before had anything like that happened to the giant elephant. He didn't know what to do. When bucking didn't rid him of Judge Owl, he tried running. When running failed he tried walking on his hind legs. When walking on his hind legs brought no relief, he stood on his head.

The other elephants were as much astonished as Major, but when they saw that their leader had been nipped by Judge Owl, they wisely decided to keep out of the row. The animals, roused from their nap by the bellowing of Major, howled and screamed when they saw the battle between the giant owl

and the giant elephant—that is all howled and screamed except the monkeys and hyenas. They laughed and laughed and laughed.

Peggy and Billy would have laughed, too, but they saw a new danger arising. "All the elephants are loose and excited," he whispered Billy to Peggy. "If they should run away through the town they might kill a lot of persons."

Peggy had thought of the same thing. She was afraid, too, that Major, in his efforts to escape from Judge Owl, might go on a mad rampage, as she had heard of elephants doing when angry and alarmed.

But Judge Owl was a wise old bird and he knew what to do at the proper moment. Major, when he stood on his head, swayed a bit too far and over he crashed upon the peanut stand, scattering peanuts in all directions. Judge Owl let go of him quicker than seat, and while Major was picking himself up, Judge Owl was hooting a message to the other elephants.

"I'm the biggest bird in the world and ruler of this menagerie," he hooted. "I appoint all of you good elephants special policemen to keep order here. Get busy and arrest this disturber. Then you can pick up these peanuts he has scattered."

That took the elephants by surprise. They liked the idea. It would be fun to be policemen, and it would be fun to arrest Major, who was somewhat of a bully. And it would be even more fun to pick up the peanuts. Besides Judge Owl spoke like a boss who expected to be obeyed. Instantly the elephant policemen lined up straight, and saluted with their trunks.

(In the next installment will be told how Major gets punished.)

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

THE PROBLEM OF THE NEW RESTAURANT
Advertise—and Cut the Menu
"MY FIRST suggestion," said Bruno Duke, as he continued scanning the advertisement's two proprietors or should I say proprietor, of 'The Golden Hour' restaurant had written, 'is that we get Betterly, an advertising specialist associate, to prepare a series of small advertisements which we will run every day for a few days. Each advertisement shall feature one special lunch and one special dinner.'"

"What about breakfasts?" asked Miss Howarth.

"Let us neglect them for a few days and concentrate on that which will bring us quick returns."

"As you say," Mr. Duke," Miss Howarth agreed. "Here's the telephone if you wish to get Mr. Betterly to come over right away."

Duke and I spent the intervening time in studying the other restaurants in the town. I was very surprised to find so few of any merit. When I suggested that we look up the hotels Duke laughed.

"You wouldn't expect to find many hotels here, would you?"

"Why not? Newark is a whopping big city."

"But, unfortunately for the hotel business, it's too near New York, and people having business here would naturally prefer to go there rather than stay here—but people have to eat here, and from what we've seen there should be a good business future for 'The Golden Hour.'"

"I like that name, 'The Golden Hour,'" I commented. "Those two plucky little ladies have one big asset in that name. Couldn't we work up a slogan about it? Something like 'Spend a golden hour at 'The Golden Hour.'"

"That may come later, but I believe a slogan should be the outcome of a reputation and not the forerunner of it. Still, we can put it up to Betterly."

ORIGINAL VACATION HINTS

WE HAVE received on a printed postcard from the Institute for Public Service, William H. Allen director, suggestions that are at least reasonable, for they relate to vacations. As it is well known that thousands of Americans spend fifty weeks of the year worrying about the manner in which they shall spend the odd fortnight, any helpful program for the annual summer holidays is welcome. Mr. Allen sets down a schedule for morning, afternoon and evening. Let us take them in order:

Morning—No book but nature, people, hand work and rowing, swimming or tennis and the like.

After the idler has risen and waited for somebody else to go to breakfast, has gone to the hotel office or village store for the mail and has pipe-layed his shoes, he should spend the first minutes of the morning remain for the contemplation of nature. As for people, must a vacationer meet them? A man who has just been released from work in the complaint bureau of a railroad station, for instance, might object to having people dragged into his holidays. After luncheon:

Afternoon—A nap, nonshop novel or poetry, conversation about international and national affairs, including art and literature, swimming, etc.

Naps are fattening, destroy the night's sleep and out into the precious hours of the free person. What is a nonshop novel? Perhaps Mr. Allen means that the young foreman of construction when on his vacation should not read "Concrete Carl" or "Fighting the Groust Trust." The young lady whose principal object in life is getting married should by all means read the Chamberlain novels. The resting bartender should avoid "The Demoniac." James K. Vardaman should not read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Chaplain should let Shakespeare's works alone.

"Conversation about international and national affairs, including art and literature, swimming, etc." Of these we think swimming is the safest. We do not remember that Mr. Wells or Mr. Wilson or Herr Nietzsche ever said anything emphatic on the subject. Miss Kellermann is the only quotable author.

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But why do men on stomach holler at top ladder man and say, "Get red flag and cut down support of ambition?" No can do because of policeman who have disease of ambition for good work. When life start ambition becomes at once acute and is very respectable except for person who sickness of sleeping or artistic temperament, like ingredients of village of Greenwich and park of battery.

Also, why is so much talk of girl of beauty face and head of infidel baldness? It is better so, for if she grow brains and hair on face she soon find most men desire to be absent for fear she will say something which requires an answer, and he no can do himself. The man which claim greatest smartness is earliest to meet woman of know nothing quality, so she may not discover how much is missing, and commit matrimony to secure financial controlling.

DOROTHY DARNIT—He May Not Know Oil Wells, but He Is an Authority on Foolishness



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By Chas. McManus