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

Fleda Druse, daughter of Gabriel Druse, shoots, in a canoe, the wild Carillon Rapids on the Sagalac river, where it flows between the towns of Manitou 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 Ingolby, 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 Manitou. Ingolby attacks Marchand, who vows revenge. Then arrives Jethro Fawe, who claims that he and Fleda were married when children, according to the gipsy custom. Fleda rejects him and he is assaulted by her father. Marchand, who lives in Manitou, begins to stir up trouble between the two towns in order to foil Ingolby's plans.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

SUDDENLY he turned at the doorway. A look of passion burned in his eyes. His voice became soft and persuasive. "I would put the past behind me, and be true to you, my girl," he said. "I shall be chief over all the Romany people when Duke Gabriel dies. We are sib; give me what is mine. I am yours—and I hold to my troth. Come, beloved, let us go together."

A sigh broke from her lips, for she saw that, bad as he was, there was a moment's truth in his words. "Go while you can," she said. "You are nothing to me."

For an instant he hesitated, then, with a muttered oath, sprang out into the bracken, and was presently lost among the trees.

For a long time she sat in the doorway, and again and again her eyes filled with tears. She felt a cloud of trouble closing in upon her. At last there was the sound of footsteps, and a moment later Gabriel Druse came through the trees toward her. His eyes were sullen and brooding.

"You have set him free?" he asked.

She nodded. "It was madness keeping him here," she said.

"It is madness letting him go," he answered morosely. "He will do harm. Ay bor, he will! I might have known—women are chicken-hearted. I ought to have put him out of the way, but I have no heart any more—no heart, I have the soul of a rabbit."

At last there was the sound of footsteps and a moment later Gabriel Druse came through the trees toward her

The Sultan

INGOLBY'S square head jerked forward in stern inquiry and his eyes fastened those of Jowett, the horse-dealer. "Take care what you're saying, Jowett," he said. "It's a penitentiary job, if it can be proved. Are you sure you got it right?"

Jowett had unusual shrewdness, some vanity and a humorous tongue. He was a favorite in both towns, and had the better of both in horse-dealing a score of times.

That did not make him less popular. However, it was said he liked low company, and it was true that though he had "money in the bank," and owned a corner lot or so, he seemed to care little what his company was. His most constant companion was Fabian Osterhaut, who was the common property of both towns, doing a little of everything for a living, from bill-posting to the solicitation of an insurance agent.

For any casual work connected with public functions Osterhaut was indispensable, and he would serve as a doctor's assistant and help cut off a leg, be the majordomo for a Sunday-school picnic, or arrange a soiree at a meeting-house with equal impartiality. He had been known to attend a temperance meeting and a wake in the same evening. Yet no one ever questioned his bona fides, and if he had attended mass at Manitou in the morning, joined a heathen dance in Tekewani's Reserve in the afternoon, and listened to the oleaginous Rev. Reuben Tripple in the evening, it would have been taken as a matter of course.

He was at times profane and impecunious, and he had been shifted from one boarding-house to another till at last, having exhausted credit in Lebanon, he had found a room in the house of old Madame Thibadeau in Manitou. She had taken him in because, in years gone-by, he had nursed her only son through an attack of smallpox on the Siwash River, and somehow Osterhaut had always paid his bills to her. He was curiously exact where she was concerned. If he had not enough for his week's board and lodging, he borrowed it, chiefly of Jowett, who used him profitably at times to pass the word about a horse, or bring news of a possible deal.

"It's a penitentiary job, Jowett," Ingolby repeated. "I don't think Marchand would be so mad as that."

"Say, it's all straight enough, Chief," answered Jowett, sucking his unlighted cigar. "Osterhaut got wind of it—he's staying at old Mother Thibadeau's, as you know. He moves round a lot, and he put me on to it. I took on the job at once. I got in with the French toughs over at Manitou, at Barbazon's Tavern, and I gave them gin—we made it a gin night.

"It struck their fancy—gin, all gin! 'Course there's nothing in gin different from any other spirit; but it fixed their minds, and took away suspicion.

"I got drunk—oh, yes, of course, blind drunk, didn't I? Kissed me, hait a dozen of the Quebec boys did—said I was 'bully boy' and 'hell-fellow'; said I was 'bon enfant'; and I said likewise in my best patois. They liked that. I've got a pretty good stock of monkey-French, and I let it go. They laughed till they cried at some of my mistakes, but they weren't no mistakes, not on your life. It was all done a-purpose. They said I was the only man from Lebanon they wouldn't have cut up and boiled, and they was going to have the blood of the Lebanon lot before they'd done. I pretended to get mad, and I talked wild. I said that Lebanon would get them first, that Lebanon wouldn't wait, but 'd have it out; and I took off my coat and staggered about—blind—fair blind boozy. I tripped over cats, fool's feet purposely, pulled pails of slush against the walls, I come down on that bench hard. They laughed—Lord, how they laughed! They didn't mind my givin' 'em fits—all except one or two. That was what I expected. The one or two was mad. They begun raging toward me, but there I was asleep on the bench—stony blind, and then they only spit fire a bit. Some one threw my coat over me. I hadn't any cash in the pockets, not much—I knew better than that—and I snored like a sow. Then it happened what I thought would happen. They talked. And here it is. They're going to have a strike in the mills, and you're to get a toss into the river. That's to be on Friday. But the other thing—well, they all cleared away but two. They were the two that wanted to have it out with me. They stayed behind. There was I snoring like a locomotive, but my ears open all right.

"Well, they give the thing away. One of 'em had just come from Felix Marchand and he was full of it. What was it? Why, the second night of the strike your new bridge over the river was to be blown up. Marchand was to give these two toughs $300 each for doing it."

"Blown up with what?" Ingolby asked sharply.

"Dynamite."

"Where would they get it?"

"Some left from blasting below the mills."

"All right! Go on."

"There wasn't much more. Old Barbazon, the landlord, come in and they quit talking about it; but they said enough to send 'em to jail for ten years."

Ingolby blinked at Jowett reflectively, and his mouth gave a twist that lent to his face an almost droll look.

"What good would it do if they got ten years—or one year, if the bridge was blown up? If they got skinned alive, and if Marchand was handed over to a barnful of hungry rats to be gnawed to death, it wouldn't help. I've heard and seen a lot of hellish things, but there's nothing to equal that. To blow up the bridge—for what? To spite Lebanon, and to hurt me; to knock the spokes out of my wheel. He's the dregs, is Marchand."

"I guess he's a shyster by nature, that fellow," interposed Jowett. "He was boilin' hot when he was fifteen. He spoiled a girl I knew when he was twenty-two, not fourteen she was—Lil Sarnia; and he got her away before—well, he got her away East; and she's in a dive in Winnipeg now. As nice a girl—as nice a little girl she was, and could ride any broncho that ever bucked. What she saw in him—but there, she was only a child, just the mind of a child she had, and didn't understand. He'd ha' been tarred and feathered if it 'd been known. But old Mick Sarnia said hush, for his wife's sake, and so we hushed, and Sarnia's wife doesn't know even now. I thought a lot of Lil, as much almost as if she'd been my own; and lots o' times, when I think of it, I sit up straight, and the thing freezes me; and I want to get Marchand by the scruff of the neck. I got a horse, the worst that ever was—so bad I haven't had the heart to ride him or sell him. He's so bad he makes me laugh. There's nothing he won't do, from biting to bolting. Well, I'd like to tie Mr. Felix Marchand, Esquire, to his back, and let him loose on the prairie, and pray the Lord to save him if he thought fit. I fancy I know what the Lord would do. And Lil Sarnia's only one. Since he come back from the states, he's the limit, oh, the damnedest limit. He's a pest all around—and now this!"

Ingolby kept blinking reflectively as Jowett talked. He was doing two things at once with a facility quite his own. He was understanding all Jowett was saying, but he was also weighing the whole situation. His mind was gone fishing, figuratively speaking. He was essentially a man of action, but his action was the bullet of his mind; he had to be quiet physically when he was really thinking. Then he was as one in a dream where all physical motion was mechanical, and his body was acting automatically. His concentration, and therefore his abstraction, was phenomenal.

Jowett's reminiscences at a time so critical did not disturb him—did not, indeed, seem to be irrelevant. It was as though Felix Marchand was being passed in review before him in a series of aspects. He nodded encouragement to Jowett to go on.

"It's because Marchand hates you, chief. The bump he got when you dropped him on the ground that day at Carillon hurts still. It's a chronic inflammation. Closing them railway offices at Manitou, and dislodging the officials, give him his first good chance. The feud between the towns is worse now than it's ever been. Make no mistake. There's a whole lot of toughs in Manitou. Then there's religion, and there's race, and there's a want-to-stand-still and leave-me-alone feeling. They don't want to get on. They don't want progress. They want to throw the slops out of the top windows into the street; they want their cesspools at the front door; they think that everybody's got to have smallpox some time or another, and the sooner they have it the better; they want to be bribed; and they think that if a vote's worth having it's worth paying for—and yet there's a bridge between these two towns! A bridge—why, they're as far apart as the Yukon and Patagonia."

"What'd buy Felix Marchand?" Ingolby asked meditatively. "What's his price?"

Jowett shifted withh impatience. "Say, chief, I don't know what you're thinking about. Do you think you could make a deal with Felix Marchand? Not much. You've got the cinch on him. You could send him to quod, and I'd send him there as quick as lightning. I'd hang him, if I could, for what he done to Lil Sarnia. Years ago when he was a boy he offered me a gold watch for a mare I had. The watch looked as right as could be—solid fourteen-carat, he said it was. He got my horse, and I got his watch. It wasn't any more gold than he was. It was filled—just plated with nine-carat gold. It was worth about $10."

"What was the mare worth?" asked Ingolby, his mouth twisting again with quizzical meaning.

"That mare—she was all right."

"Yes, but what was the matter with her?"

"Oh, a spavin—she was all right when she got wound up—go like Dexter or Maud S."

"But if you were buying her what would you have paid for her, Jowett? Come, now, man to man, as they say. How much did you pay for her?"

"About what she was worth, chief, within a dollar or two."

"And what was she worth?"

"What I paid for her—$10."

Then the two men looked at each other full in the eyes, and Jowett threw back his head and laughed outright—laughed loud and hard. "Well, you got me, chief, right under the guard," he observed.

Ingolby did not laugh outright, but there was a bubble of humor in his eyes. "What happened to the watch?" he asked.

"I got rid of it."

"In a horse trade?"

"No, I got a town lot with it."

"In Lebanon?"

"Well, sort of in Lebanon's back yard."

"What's the lot worth now?"

"About two thousand dollars!"

"Was it your first town lot?"

"The first lot of Mother Earth I ever owned."

"Then you got a vote on it?"

"Yes, my first vote."

"And the vote let you be a town councillor?"

"It and my good looks."

"Indirectly, therefore, you are a landowner, a citizen, a public servant and an instrument of progress because of Felix Marchand. If you hadn't had the watch you wouldn't have had that town lot."

"Well, mebbe, not that lot."

Suddenly Ingolby got to his feet and squared himself, and his face became alight with purpose. His mind had come back from fishing, and he was ready now for action. His plans were formed. He was in for a fight, and he had made up his mind, how, with the new information to his hand, he would develop his campaign further.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DAILY NOVELETTE

THE LASHING

By Ada M. Felt

MRS. D—— climbed the stairs leading to the apartment of her daughter and rang the bell. The door was opened to her by a comely young woman with eyes reddened by weeping.

"Well, Maggie," said her mother, "what is the matter?" Is it sick ye are? Your Sadie has come to me three mornings this week to be washed and have her hair combed before she went to school. She said you didn't get up for breakfast any more. Ain't ye well?"

Instead of replying her daughter thrust a crumpled piece of paper into her hand. "Read that!" she exclaimed tragically. "That is the way my husband talks to me—or writes," tears running from her eyes.

Mrs. D—— smoothed the paper and read the short note; then cleared a chair of an accumulation of newspapers, undarned stockings and a child's night dress and seated herself. "Joe says here that he is not much of a cook and less of a housekeeper. Sadie told me that there wasn't hardly anything for breakfast, and that her father didn't have any food to carry for his dinner. Can't you find time to cook for your family? Sadie said that Joe had to buy their supper last night, an' he writes here that he has had to cook it most of the time for the past two weeks. Is that the way you make home pleasant for a man who's just back from them camps in France?"

"He says there," declared Maggie, "that his daughter is the same as a half-orphan, and that he is planning to put her in an asylum. Do you think that is the right way for a man to talk to his wife?"

"That's the way if it's needed. Yer little girl's racing the streets after school; nobody at home till her father comes from his work—comes to a dark house, an' no supper. If ye've no love fer yer husband I sh'd think ye'd take some care of your daughter; when she gets used ter the streets she won't be contented at home. Where do ye keep yourself?"

"Last week I was out getting donations for the Federated Sisters and this week I've been helping 'tend a table at their fair."

"Yes," interrupted her mother, "Yer brother was down ter that fair yesterday. He said that from 5 o'clock to 7—which is when he was there—you was dancin' with all the soldiers an' officers. An' yer own soldier at home tryin' to cook his own supper!" Mrs. D——s eyes flashed scorn. "I just want to ask ye: How does yer Joe behave? Does he work every day at his job? Does he bring all his money home? Does he stay in the house evenings? Does he treat ye with kindness?" She waited for a reply.

"Yes, he works; and he stays home nights studying, and he brings home his money, of course—"

"There's no 'of course' about it at all," the other interjected. "Many a man does not."

"But do you think it is kind to tell me that he'll put Sadie in an orphan asylum, and go to his father's to stay, as he does not care to live here alone?"

"My girl, ye have a good husband. I'll ask ye—do you work at your job faithfully? Ye do not. Ye've been off an' out o' the house leavin' yer work undone, an' gettin' no cookin' ready for yer meals. Do you think anny man would like to sit down in a room that looks like this? What do you be doin' with the dustpan on the parlor table? With dirt an' disorder everywhere, an' his wife gone, what man will long be content to be studyin' how to get on in the world, an' make more money for his family?" She paused to observe her daughter's abashed look as her eyes glanced quickly over the unsightly room.

"It may be necessary for women ter work hard at fairs an' such to raise money for all these causes that need it nowadays. I don't say it's not, but a girl like you ought not be so selfish as to do it all, neglectin' yer own husband an' children. Ye ought ter allow some one else ter have the chance ter work for charity. You can help, but don't ye do so much that ye can't be here when your Sadie comes home from school, an' yer husband ter his supper.

As Joe inserted his latchkey into the lock that night the door flew open, and his pretty young wife grasped both his hands, drawing him into the immaculately clean room. Dropping his hands, she unfastened her waist, turning her back toward him. "Quick! Quick! Look down my back and see if you see any marks!" Joe peered down the white column of her neck to the soft curves of her shoulders.

"Marks?" he questioned, puzzled.

"Yes. Do you see any marks of a lash?" He looked again; then she whisked around and threw her arms about his neck, burying her laughing face in his shoulders. "Mother came over this morning and gave me a mighty tongue-lashing." She drew down his head and kissed him. "I've been very neglectful and unkind, Joe, but I'm not going to be any more. Come out to supper."

The next complete novelette—"When Mother Forgot."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE JEALOUS ELEPHANT"

(Judge Owl, grown in to the biggest bird in the world, joins a circus. Major, a jealous elephant, leads a revolt against him, but Judge Owl appoints the other elephants policemen and sets about arresting Major.)

A New Way of Spanking

WHEN an elephant turns a somersault and lands on his back it naturally jars him a lot. So it wasn't strange that Major was a bit dizzy as he struggled to his feet. In spite of this he heard Judge Owl order the elephant policemen to arrest him.

"Ur-ur-ur-umph! I'm lord of the menagerie," he trumpeted. "I'm the strongest animal in the world. I'll prove it by running amuck and smashing up this whole circus."

"Oh, that will be awful!" gasped Peggy. "Think of all the women and children he may slay."

But she didn't need to worry, for Judge Owl again proved that he was a wise bird. He hopped close to the elephant policemen and gave them an order in a chuckling whisper. "Dance up around the old rascal," he said. "You don't need to fight him nor hurt him. Just crowd in so close that he cannot stir."

Major couldn't hear what Judge Owl said and so he was very curious when the elephant policemen began to dance. They circled around him and drew closer and closer, but it wasn't until he found himself caught tight in a sudden jam that he knew he had been tricked. Then he was mad all over, but he couldn't budge an inch.

"Hoo, hoo! Too, too! I'm ruler of this menagerie, and I sentence Major, the elephant, to be spanked for disturbing the peace," said Judge Owl.

At that Peggy and Billy couldn't help laughing out loud, while even the animals grinned. The idea of spanking an elephant! It seemed very foolish.

But Judge Owl knew what he was about. He ordered the elephant policemen to crowd up close to Major at either side and in front, but not in the back. And Major was so much longer and taller than his fellow elephants that his back stuck out quite a little behind the others.

"Ur-ur-ur-umph! I'm the biggest of all elephants. There isn't anything on earth can spank me!" boasted Major.

"We will see," chuckled Judge Owl. He called two of the elephants and Billy and Peggy to one side of the tent where stood a large circus parade wagon. There he whispered his plan, chuckling loudly, and Peggy and Billy chuckled when they heard it, and so did the elephants.

Acting on the plan two elephants put their heads against the front of the wagon and pushed it backward across the tent. Billy and Peggy steered it by means of the long wagon pole to which the horses were hitched in the parade. Judge Owl, clutching the roof, pulled with all his might.

"Hoo, hoo! Too, too! Everybody sing!" hooted Judge Owl.

"Ur-ur-ur-umph!" trumpeted the elephants. "Ow-ow-ow!" howled the beasts in their cages.

The singing made so much noise the rattle of the circus wagon couldn't be heard. Thus Major didn't have the least idea of what was coming until—wham, blam, bang! the broad end of the circus wagon crashed into him. "Uumph! Oof! Ouch" trumpeted Major. Back came the circus wagon, and then wham, blam, bang, it walloped the big elephant a second time. Then a third time, and a fourth, and a fifth. All the while Major kept trumpeting: "Umph! Ouch! Oh quit! Please don't spank me any more. I'll be good! I'll be good!" He was just like a bad boy getting a sound paddling.

"Hoo, hoo! Hurrah, hurrah! I'm a freak no longer!"

Finally when Major got the sixth big spank—one that caused him to grunt and wail—Judge Owl hooted loudly: "Who is the ruler of this menagerie?" And Major trumpeted at the top of his voice: "You are, most noble Lord Owl! Stop your spanking! I've had enough!"

A Lemonade Bath

"YOW, yow, yow!" laughed the beasts of the menagerie when Major, the elephant, begged Judge Owl to stop spanking him.

"I guess you've learned that it doesn't pay to be jealous," hooted Judge Owl to Major.

"Yes," trumpeted Major. "I'll be a better elephant after this."

"Well, then, as you're going to be a better elephant, you can still be lord of the menagerie," hooted Judge Owl generously. "I make you lord chief policeman, with all the other elephants as your helpers."

"Hail, lord chief policeman," trumpeted the elephants.

"Hail, lord chief policeman," howled the animals—all except the tiger, who was still angry at the ducking Judge Owl had given him.

"Coward, you are afraid of the owl," snarled the Royal Bengal.

Judge Owl's quick ear heard the taunt.

"Lord chief policeman, that tiger needs another bath," he hooted.

"Watch us give it to him," trumpeted Major, leading the elephants to the tank of the hippopotamus. There they filled their trunks with water. Before the tiger knew what they were up to, they were squirting the water into his face like firemen at a fire. As was said before, the tiger didn't like water except to drink and this queer shower bath made him squirm and snarl and beg for mercy.

"Hoo, hoo! Too, too! Now we can all take another snooze," hooted Judge Owl as the menagerie quieted down again.

"You'll not have time," said Billy. "The crowd for the evening show will soon begin to come."

"I'm tired of crowds," answered the Judge. "I long for the quiet woods. I want to go hunting for field mice. I'm hungry again."

"You can't go back to the quiet woods now that you're the biggest bird in the world," declared Peggy. "And it wouldn't do you any good to hunt for field mice, for you'd never find enough to fill you up. You have such a big appetite you'll have to stay a circus freak to get enough to eat."

"I'm tired of being a circus freak. I don't like being the biggest bird in the world. This stuffy tent makes me ill. I'm homesick for Birdland!" And Judge Owl looked very woebegone, indeed. "I'm thirsty, too," he added, as his eyes chanced to rest upon a barrel of ice cold lemonade at the menagerie refreshment stand. Hopping over to the barrel he plunged in his beak.

The elephants, like good policemen, were setting the tent in order, picking up peanuts—and eating them—and putting the spanking wagon back into place. It happened that the spanking wagon hit a hummock as two elephants were pushing it along. The hummock steered it toward Judge Owl, just as he bent over the lemonade. Bump! the wagon smashed into Judge Owl. Splash! Judge Owl's head was driven deep into the lemonade and he was knocked in a somersault clear over the barrel and into a stack of ice cream tubs and cans. The lemonade spilled all over him, the covers were knocked off the ice cream cans and the ice cream flew about like a summer snowstorm.

Then there was an amazing mixup of cold lemonade, chopped ice, frozen cream and Judge Owl. And the more the Judge floundered and kicked the worse he got messed up in the frigid mixture.

"Hoo, hoo! Too, too! Get me out of this, I'm freezing," he hooted. But Peggy and Billy couldn't get him out, he was in too much of a tangle.

Then an astonishing thing happened. Judge Owl began to shrink. Just as the hothouse had made him grow big, the cold lemonade and the frozen ice cream made him grow small. And he shrank just as fast as he had swollen in the first place. In two minutes he was back to his own size.

"Hoo, hoo! Hurrah, hurrah! I'm a freak no longer! Now I can go home to my own dear woods," hooted Judge Owl, and away he flew as fast as he could.

"Here, here! Who has been wrecking my ice cream stand?" yelled an angry voice and a circus man came rushing at Peggy and Billy. Turning they fled—out of the tent, through the streets, and at last, blinkety-blink, there was Peggy back in her hammock safe and sound.

"My, I know Judge Owl is glad to get home," she sighed. She knew because she was glad herself.

In the next installment will be told the story of the mysterious birdman, his beautiful song and his search for a lovely daughter.)

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

(Copyright)

THE PROBLEM OF THE NEW RESTAURANT

Mouth-Watering Advertisements

AFTER much talking and planning, it was finally agreed to offer four special lunches and six special dinners.

One lunch was to consist of soup, fish, two vegetables and coffee, to sell for fifty cents. Another was to consist of soup or fish and meat, with two vegetables and coffee, for thirty-five cents, while the fourth was made up of soup, fish, meat, two vegetables and coffee, for seventy-five cents.

In addition to that two or three special desserts were to be offered as extras. The two ladies seemed quite pleased with the plans, and, I think, were much heartened by having Duke, Betterly and me to help them.

"Talking of dessert," Miss Elam interposed, "will you gentlemen try my pet?" She smiled and showed those two deep, attractive dimples of hers.

"I don't know what it is, but—yes, please," Betterly said heartily. Off she hustled and returned with three ice creams, whereat Miss Howarth said:

"Every day she insists on making her macaroon ice cream—she thinks there's nothing like it!"

"Well, jealous," Miss Elam laughed. "It goes every day—every bit of it."

That ice cream was wonderful. "Best ice cream this side of heaven," was Betterly's comment. It was rich, creamy and well mixed with grated macaroon. On the top of it was placed small pieces of macaroon and over the lot a little whipped cream. It looked as delicious as it was.

"I must tell you," Miss Howarth said, giving a funny little smile to Miss Elam, "that that ice cream is not our only specialty. I have one!"

"Yes, please," broke in the irrepressible Betterly.

"Yes, please, what?" Miss Howarth quizzed.

"I don't know, but whatever it is, yes, please."

"Excuse him, Miss Howarth," Duke said gravely, "he's not used to good food and it's gone to his head."

"Not my head," Betterly said.

"My specialty," began Miss Howarth hurriedly, "is apple pie—English apple pie."

Miss Elam had left us unnoticed and now returned with three pieces of the famous pie.

"I never saw pie like this before," I said, then I ate some. "I never tasted any as good as this, either!"

It was apple pie baked in a very deep dish, without any bottom crust, but a top crust only. That top crust was of shortened pastry and very rich. The apples were cooked (or baked or whatever is done with them) to perfection, and had a wonderful flavor new to me.

"What is there in this pie that gives it such an unusual flavor?"

"Ah, that's telling," Miss Howarth smiled, "but I'll let you into the secret. There are a few cloves and a dash of sherry wine in it which gives it that flavor."

Betterly took out his note book and began to write rapidly. Every now and then he paused and ate some more pie. We all watched him, amused, until at last he said:

"I suggest an advertisement like this:

TWO WONDERFUL DESSERTS

LAFAYETTE ICE CREAM

"'A smooth, velvety cream, rich with real cream and flavored with fresh nutty macaroons covered with foaming white whipped cream. This superlative of ice creams served liberally amid the daintiness of "The Golden Hour." Twenty-five cents.

GOLDEN HOUR APPLE PIE

"'Apples baked in a generous dish and crowned king of pies, with a luscious crust made of shortening. That's not all—a piquant spicing and flavoring gives to this wonderful apple pie a delight peculiarly its own. A healthy, grown-up portion, twenty-five cents.'"

"I never knew my ice cream was as good as that," said Miss Elam, delighted, while Miss Howarth added:

"I really could eat some of my apple pie after hearing that, but we only charge fifteen cents."

"You only used to charge fifteen cents. It is twenty-five cents from now on," Duke said. "Now we'll run that ad tomorrow and also have little cards printed for distribution."

"I think it's wonderful how Mr. Betterly describes things," Miss Elam said, with a glance of admiration at Betterly, who blushed modestly, as he always does when praised.

"That's nothing." Duke grinned. "He once advertised a house for a man who was disgusted with it. When he read Betterly's description of it he so fell in love with his own house that he refused to sell it after all, and still lives happily and proudly in it."

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

What is "Good Will"?
Answer will appear Monday.

ANSWER TO THURSDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

A "Forced Sale" is the sale of commodities under compulsion of foreclosure.

Modern Treatment

"The medical ignorance of some people is staggering," said Dr. Simon Flexner at a dinner. "I know an X-ray specialist who got a letter from a middle western farmer the other day. The farmer wrote:

"'Dear Sir—I have had a nail in my thorax for seventeen years. I am too busy to come to New York, but want you to come down here to Paris Corners with your rays, as my case will be worth your while. If you do not find time to come send down a dozen rays boxed, by express, with instruction card, and I will try to work same myself.'

"The X-ray specialist wrote back to the farmer of Paris Corners:

"'Dear Friend—I regret to say that business engagements prevent a trip to Paris Corners, and I am unfortunately out of rays just now. If you cannot come to New York, send me your thorax by parcel post, and we will see what can be done.'"—Kansas City Star.

Everybody Was Doing It

"Once, while we were in the Argonne," relates a member of the 130th Field Artillery to a Topeka Journal reporter, "the shells were raining down on our position. I dashed to a dugout and stampeded into the door. I saw an officer, but it was too late—I sure spilled him, and hit the ground myself. I jumped up, clicked my heels, saluted and apologized to the officer. I was knocked cold when I saw it was the general—General Berry. "That's all right, boy," he said. "That's the way I came in. There's the man I knocked down."—Kansas City Star.

DOROTHY DARNIT—It Would Have Been a Good Time to Pass the Plate!

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