

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, of gray blood shoots in a canoe the Carillon rapids on the Saginaw river where it flows between the towns of Manitou and Lebanon in the Canadian Northwest. She is rescued from the whirlpools below by Max Ingolby, a manager of the rapids, who takes her to Lebanon to unite the two towns and make them the center of commerce in the western north. On the shore she is insulted by Felix Marchand, a powerful but disreputable character of Manitou. Ingolby attacks Marchand, who vows revenge. Fleda is claimed by one Jethro Fawe as his wife, under a jerry custom which united them in marriage when they were children. Fleda rejects him. Marchand stirs up a feud between the two towns in order to foil Ingolby's ambitions. A strike is to be called. Ingolby's new bride is to be blown up and he, himself, thrown into the river. Ingolby determines to mingle that night with his enemies in Manitou disguised as a French-Canadian. Ingolby and Fawe meet for the first time and Ingolby invites Fawe to his home.



AND HERE IT CONTINUES.

IT WAS only after he had been playing, virtually without ceasing, for three quarters of an hour, that there came to Ingolby the true interpretation of the Romany mutterings through the man's white, wolflike teeth. He did not shrink, however, but kept his head and watched.

Once as the musician flung his body round a sweep of passion, Ingolby saw the black eyes flash and the weapons on the wall with a lightning look which did not belong to the music alone, and he took a swift estimate of the situation. Why the man should have any intentions against him, he could not guess, except that he might be one of the madmen who have a vendetta against the capitalist. He was a free man of Lebanon, and yet if the man was penniless and an anarchist maybe, there was the possibility. Or—the blood rushed to his face—or it might be that the Gypsy's presence here, this display of devilish antipathy, as though it were all part of the music, was due, somehow, to Fleda Druse.



The music swelled to a swirling storm, crashed and flooded the feelings with a sense of shipwreck and chaos, through which a voice seemed to cry—the quiver and delicate shrillness of one isolated string—and then fell a sudden silence, as though the end of all things had come; and on the silence the trembling and attenuated note which had quivered on the lonely string, rising, rising, piercing the infinite distance and sinking into silence again.

In the pause which followed the Romany stood panting, his eyes fixed on Ingolby with an evil exaltation which made him seem taller and bigger than he was, but gave him, too, a look of debauchery like that on the face of a satyr. Generations of unbridled emotion, of license of the fields and the covert, showed in his unguarded features.

"What did the single cry—the motif—express?" Ingolby asked coolly. "I know there was catastrophe, voice that cried—of avalanches and of voices that tried—of a man's love, was it?"

"The Romany's lip showed an ugly grimace. "It was the soul of one that betrayed a lover, going to eternal tortures."

Ingolby laughed carelessly. "It was a fine bit of work, but a man would have been proud of the fiddle if he could have done it. Anyhow, he couldn't have played that. It is gypsy music?"

"It is the music of a 'gypsy,' as you call it."

"Well, it's worth a year's work to hear," Ingolby replied admiringly. "You are acutely conscious of danger. Are you a musician by trade?"

"I am not a musician by trade," the glowing eyes kept scanning the wall where the weapons hung, and as though without purpose other than to get a pipe from the rack on the wall, Ingolby moved to where he could see the fiddle in the case. He seemed to be looking at it as though he had a special possibility; but the world was full of strange things.

"What brought you to the West?" he asked as he filled a pipe, his back almost against the wall.

"I came to get my wife, belonged to me," Ingolby laughed ironically. "Most of us here for that purpose. We think the world owes us such a lot."

"I know what is my own," Ingolby lit his pipe, his eyes reflectively scanning the other.

everywhere inside his tent. Because his country is ever where and nowhere, his home is more to him than it is to any other. He is alone with his wife and with his own people. Yes, and he long and by last he will make the man who spoils his home. It is all he has, his God or his, it is all he has. It is his own.

Ingolby had a strange, disturbing premonition that he was about to lose what would stirle him, but he persisted. "You said you had come here to get your own. Is your home here?"

For a moment the Romany did not answer. He had worked himself into a great passion. He had hypnotized himself, he had acted for a while as though his voice filled with whistles, but suddenly these passed through his veins the chilling sense of the unreal, that he was only acting a part, as he had ever done in his life, and that the man before him could, with a wave of the hand, raise the curtain on all his disguises and pretenses. It was only for an instant, however, for there swept through him the feeling that Fleda had roused in him—the first real passion, the first true love—if what such as he felt can be love—that he had ever known and he saw her again as she was in the but in the wood defying him, ready to defend herself against him. All his erotic anger and melodramatic fervor were alive in him once more.

He was again a man with a woman, a lover depressed. On the instant his voice filled with whistles, but suddenly these passed through his veins the chilling sense of the unreal, that he was only acting a part, as he had ever done in his life, and that the man before him could, with a wave of the hand, raise the curtain on all his disguises and pretenses. It was only for an instant, however, for there swept through him the feeling that Fleda had roused in him—the first real passion, the first true love—if what such as he felt can be love—that he had ever known and he saw her again as she was in the but in the wood defying him, ready to defend herself against him. All his erotic anger and melodramatic fervor were alive in him once more.

"My home is where my own is, and you have taken my own from me, as I said," he burst out. "There was all the world for you, but I had only my music and my wife, and you have taken my wife from me. Mi Duvel you have taken, but you shall give back again, or there will be only one of us in the world. The music I have played for you—that has told you all; the thing that was music from the beginning of time, the will of the First of All. Fleda Druse, she was mine, she is my wife, and you, the Gorgio, come between, and she will not return to me."

A sudden savage desire came to Ingolby to strike the man in the face—Fleda Druse's husband—the husband of Fleda Druse. It was too monstrous. It was an evil lie, and yet she had said she was a Romany and had said it with apparent shame or anxiety. She had given him no promise, had pledged no faith, had admitted no love, and yet already in his heart of hearts he thought upon her as his own. Ever since that day he had held her in his arms at the Carillon Rapids her voice had sounded in his ears, and a warmth was in his heart which had never been there in all his days. This waif of barbarism even to talk to Fleda Druse, as though he was of the same sphere as herself invited punishment; and to claim her as his wife! It was shameful. An ugly mood came on him; the force that had made him what he was filled all his senses. He straightened himself; contempt of the Ishmael showed at his lips.

"I think you lie, Jethro Fawe," he said quietly, and his eyes were hard and piercing. "Gabriel Druse's daughter is not—never was—any wife of yours. She does not belong to the refuse of the world."

The Romany made a sudden rush toward the wall where the weapons hung, but two arms of iron were flung out and caught him, and he was hurled across the room. He crashed against a table, swayed, missed a chair where he rested the Sarasate violin, then fell to the floor; but he staggered to his feet again, all his senses in chaos.

"You almost fell on the fiddle. If you had hurt it I'd have hurt you, Mr. Fawe," Ingolby said with a grim smile. "That fiddle's got too much in it to waste it."

"Mi Duvel! Mi Duvel!" gasped the Romany in his fury.

"You can say that as much as you like, but if you play any more of your monkey tricks here, my Paganini, I will write your neck," Ingolby returned, his six feet of solid flesh making a movement of menace.

"And look," he added, "since you are here, and I said what I meant, that I'd help you to get your own, I'll keep my word. But don't talk in damned riddles. Talk white men's language. You said that Gabriel Druse's daughter was your wife. Explain what you meant, and no nonsense."

and blow. But the spirit of the musician asserted itself before the vengeful lover could carry out his purpose, as Ingolby felt sure it would. Ingolby had purposely given the warning about the fiddle, in the belief that it might break the unwelcome intensity of the scene. He detested melodrama, and the scene came, precious near to it. Men had been killed before his eyes more than once, but there had been no melodrama even when there had been a woman in the case.

This Romany lover, however, seemed anxious to make a Silegian drama out of his preposterous claim, and it sickened him. Who was the fellow that he should appear in the guise of a rival to himself? It was humiliating and offensive. Ingolby had his own kind of pride and vanity, and they were both hurt now. He would have been less irritable if this rival had been a good man as himself or better. He was so much a gamster that he would have said, "Let the best man win," and have taken his chances.

"You can make a good musician quite often, but a good fiddle is a prize-packet from the skies," Ingolby said.

LOCKDALE foliage never seems to get dusty as foliage elsewhere has a way of doing. Even in August the elms that shade Arbor street are fresh and cool and green. In June—

Under these elms one June morning Phineas Pike took his leisurely way toward the office of the Lockdale News. Although Phineas was editor, manager and proprietor of the News, still his way was leisurely. In Lockdale all ways are.

Phineas was a bachelor, a gentle soul, inclined to stoutness, with round, pleasant features and round, thick spectacles. As he went he philosophized a little, mildly. Curious, mused Phineas, what an accurate index to character side porches were. Take that one. It belonged to the Farnsworths, Minnie and Aggie. Gilded with girls, footprints or furnishing, it seemed in its meagerness, in its immaculate austerity, to typify Minnie and Aggie.

Now that one over there belonged to the Hillsons. Fluffy little Mrs. Hillson had converted it into a sort of a sun-room, screened it in, with plants, chairs, magazines and tea table.

The Ladd porch was given over to business. Silas Ladd was a milkman and on his study, screened in side porch he kept only jars of milk.

This one belonged to plump little Widow Monroe. A pink rose clambered up beside it. Small it was, but clean scrubbed and always sunny. It was significant that although the widow had no dog of her own, there was always a dog on that porch, stretched out in the sun, sometimes one dog, sometimes another, but always with an air of attentiveness that Phineas found very droll. This morning it was a large rather ragged Newfoundland that brought poignant memories of Peter.

Peter belonged to the days when the Widow Monroe had been Janie Starrett and Phineas had treasured hopes of her becoming Janie Pike. With the coming of prosperous John Monroe his slender stock of courage dwindled and his hopes vanished away, so that the Monroe victory had been an easy one. John Monroe had never liked dogs. On one occasion, Phineas remembered with a good deal of pleasure, Peter had bitten him.

As the editor reached the Monroe gate Janie came round the corner of the house, her arms full of roses from the garden.

"Why, Phineas," she called, "you're just the person I want to see."

Phineas swept off his hat in courtly though somewhat unconscious acknowledgment. He could feel the back of his neck getting red in that abominable way it did whenever he met Mrs. Monroe.

"I've lost my sapphire brooch," continued the widow. "The one that was Great-great-grandmother Wefridath's. Perhaps you remember it, Phineas."

Phineas remembered it very clearly. He had stared helplessly at Janie's sapphire pin on occasions when it might have been better if he had looked into Janie's sapphire eyes.

"And I'd like to put an ad for it in the News."

The editor promised to attend to the matter, and with a cordial smile and a "thank you," Mrs. Monroe's plump figure disappeared within the screen door. And immediately there popped into Phineas's head an idea of such daring and initiative that he hardly recognized it as his own.

Two o'clock that afternoon found him in Woodmont consulting with his friend, Lou Davis, the jeweler.

DAILY NOVELETTE UNDER LOCKDALE ELMS

By Christine Hayes

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Two o'clock that afternoon found him in Woodmont consulting with his friend, Lou Davis, the jeweler.

Lou whistled. "Talk about luck," he crowed. "Two years ago when that pin was here for repairs a patron of ours took a fancy to it, and—well, we had it copied for her. Her husband with business reverses this year, and that brooch—the one of the things I'm trying to sell."

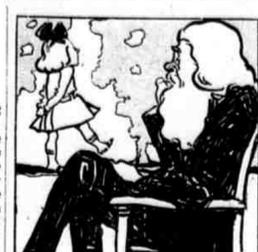
The shadows were long under the elm trees, and Lockdale lamps were twinkling out when Phineas turned in at the Widow Monroe's gate, intoxicated both with pride at his own cleverness and with the unaccustomed wine of spending.

"But Phineas," said the widow, pink lips, when she had received the "lost property" from his hand, and listened to the fanciful tale of its recovery, "went down to tell you this afternoon, but the office was closed. I—you see—her voice shook with suppressed laughter. "I found it!" She pointed to the throat of her gown.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE SINGING STRANGER"

(When Peggy, Billy and the birds follow a strange bird call through the woods they find the singer is a mysterious old man who is seeking a lovely daughter.)



Snippy Miss Golden-Hair
BROWN THRUSH sang a jolly song as he led the second maiden through the woods toward the cottage of the mysterious stranger. And the birds sang, too, when they saw her, for she was a dainty, golden-haired beauty who was pleasant to look upon. She tripped along gaily, following Brown Thrush in his flight from bush to bush until she was right in front of the cottage. The stranger, his arms outstretched, stepped forward.

"Little daughter," he said, smiling at her fairness.

"Goodness, gracious me, who are you?" cried Miss Golden-Hair, for that is what her friends called her.

"I am a lonely stranger," was the reply. "I offer you a father's tender love if you will come into my heart and my home and be my own lovely daughter."

Miss Golden-Hair looked at the stranger long and carefully, taking particular note of his clean and much-worn clothes. Then she glanced at the little green cottage. This done she turned up her pretty nose and sniffed.

"I want a father who wears costly clothes," she said. "I want one who owns a great house in the city, not a shack in the woods."

Peggy's eyes blazed with indignation. It was cruel of snippy Miss Golden-Hair to hurt the gentle stranger with her cutting words. He winced as he had winced when Eleanor had told him she didn't like his big nose and crooked body.

"A father's tender love is worth more than riches," he murmured.

"I don't like your shabby clothes and I wouldn't live away out in the woods. I'll not be your daughter," declared Miss Golden-Hair, turning up her nose as high as it would go.

"No, you will not be my daughter, but as you have answered my call you shall have a reward," said the stranger sadly. "I know a rich man who wants a child. I will send you to him. You will be happy, but not so happy as you might have been with me. Go into the cottage with Peggy and Billy and feast on frosted cookies and lemonade, while I write a note."

When the note was written the stranger gave it to Miss Golden-Hair to take to the rich man. "She has not chosen wisely," he said shaking his head sadly as he watched her go. "But it is better so. My lovely daughter must love me for myself alone."

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The birds were sorry for the stranger. Like Peggy and Billy they had come to like his kindly eyes and his gentle ways. To comfort him they began to sing. And after a little while he joined in with his own, the melody thrilling, throbbing, sobbing in tones so sweet that the birds grew silent as they listened.

In the song was the stranger's lonely call for the daughter he sought. "Come, come, come to me, lovely daughter," it seemed to say.

As he sang the bushes parted and a child stepped into the glade—a sweet-faced child, twice as fair and twice as lovely as the other two. The stranger did not see her, for his eyes were filled with tears, and presently the song broke and stopped.

Peggy moved forward to comfort him, but the sweet-faced child was ahead of her.

"Don't cry, Mr. Bird Man," soothed the child in tender tones. "I love you."

"You love me?" cried the stranger, quickly lifting his head and looking into her eyes. "Why do you love me?"

"Because you are good and tender and loving. I can see that in your eyes. I can hear it in your voice. I can feel it in your touch. I have been watching you from the bushes for a long, long time. I will be your daughter!"

With a glad cry the stranger gathered her into his arms.

(Tomorrow will be told how the stranger gets a great surprise and great happiness together, and how his new daughter gains an unexpected reward.)

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

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THE PROBLEM OF THE NEW RESTAURANT

A New Use for Teapoons
"THE GOLDEN HOUR" restaurant was almost deserted when Bruno Duke and I got there at 11 o'clock that morning.

Miss Elam and Miss Howarth were both busy in the kitchen preparing for the luncheon rush.

Mabel, the Irish cook, was giving orders to her assistants and then, as was her habit, executing them calmly.

"Will you hurry now, wid that colander, ye good for nuttin'?" she was saying to a pale-faced, sickly-looking young girl. "Ah now, I'll get it myself." While she had been giving her order she had started across the kitchen for the needed colander. "Sure, yer so slow that if ye hurried you'd bump into yerself on the way back, so ye would."

Miss Elam finished placing the single blossoms with which every table was supplied and with a cordial smile of welcome said:

"I'm glad you have returned, Mr. Flint, and hope you had a successful trip."

"Very, indeed," I began, then noting Duke's frown I added, "that is, it was—or satisfactory."

Miss Howarth joined us and we all adjourned to the little office and sat down.

"Well, Mr. Duke," queried Miss Howarth, "may good news for us today?"

"Yes, I know how to get patrons to come back until it becomes a habit with them."

Naturally we all sat up and took notice as he proceeded.

"I have here a teaspoon which we can buy for sixty-two cents a dozen in quantities. We can buy neatly printed boxes, each to hold one spoon, at a price that would make the total cost, say, six cents each."

The two ladies were examining the spoon as though it was some curiosity. Finally Miss Howarth said:

"It's a very attractive spoon, but I can't see what the idea is."

"Simple. Just give one to every patron for the next two weeks. Here's the plan in detail," he continued. "We first of all shall use an advertisement which Betty has prepared and which I'll show you." He then produced the following:

A Golden Hour Teaspoon
(An illustration of the spoon here.)
For two weeks, beginning Monday, every patron of "The Golden Hour" restaurant ordering one of our regular lunches or dinners will be given one of these teaspoons.

Make "The Golden Hour" your dining home and collect a set of these charming spoons.

"The Golden Hour" teaspoon is an exclusive design, made of nickel silver, heavily electro-plated. But the most important thing about these teaspoons is that they bring happiness and good luck to their users.

Dining at "The Golden Hour" Restaurant is a Happy, Healthy Habit.

Miss Elam read the advertisement aloud and then remarked:

"I like that it has such a whimsical suggestion that pleases me." She picked up the teaspoon and looked at it long and earnestly. "I believe it will bring happiness and good luck to us."

DOROTHY DARNIT—The Birds May Save Daylight, but Dorothy's Evidently a Sun-Dodger

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COME, COME DAUGHTER, WAKE UP

DOROTHY DARNIT WAKE UP

COME, GET UP, THE BIRDS ARE UP SINGING AND WARBLING

I DON'T CARE! IF THE BIRDS WANT TO MAKE FOOLS OF THEMSELVES, LET 'EM

He Tended to Other Folks' Business
The Germans claim to have "deliberately evacuated the Mibei salient." To the rest of the world it is clear they were Yanked out of it.

Their Hilarity
Layne—The crowd heard the latest. Layne—Yes, his name will be in word in history.—Cartoonist Magazine.