

THE WORLD FOR SALE

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

THIS STARTS THE STORY
Fleda Druse, daughter of Gabriel Druse, of gypsy blood, shoots in a canoe the Carillon rapids on the Sagalar river where it flows between the towns of Manitou and Lebanon in the Canadian Northwest.



AND HERE IT CONTINUES.

The Romano hesitated, then shook his head and muttered eloquently. "Very well," was the decisive reply. Ingobly pressed a bell, and in an instant, Jim Bourde was in the room. He had evidently been at the kitchen.

"Suppose they took it into their heads to wreck the place?"

But suddenly he caught up a box of cigars from the table and thrust it into the Romano's hands. "They're the best to get this side of Havana," he said cheerily.

For a little time the room was packed, then some of the more restless spirits, their thirst assuaged, sallied forth to taste the light and old rye elsewhere, and "raise 'ain" in the streets.

For Luck
FELIX MARCHAND was in the highest spirits. His clean-shaven face was wrinkled with smiles and lines of triumph over his heavily lined forehead.

Some of them were loud in denunciation of Ingobly and "the Lebanon gang"; they joked coarsely over the dead Orangeman, but their cheerful violence had not yet the appearance of reality.

He was alone in the bar of Barbazon's Hotel except for one person—the youngest of the officials who had been retired from the offices of the railways when Ingobly had merged them.

He opened and shut his fingers with spasmodic malice, and glared round the room. "He's going to look us out if we strike," he added. "He's going to take the bread out of our mouths; he's going to put his heel on Manitou, and grind her down till he makes her kneel to Lebanon—to a lot of infidels, Protestants, and thieves."

He looked reflectively at the leaden pot and said in reply: "I'd never believe in anything where that Ingobly is concerned till I had it in the palm of my hand. He's as deep as a well, and when he's quiet it's good to look out. He takes a lot of skinning, that badger."

All converged upon the bar. Two assistants rushed the drinks along the counter with flourish, while Barbazon took in the cash and sharply checked the rougher element, who were inclined to treat the bar as a place for looting.

"There'll be what?" whispered the other; but Marchand made no reply, save to make a warning gesture for Barbazon, the landlord, had entered behind the bar.

"Sacre barthe!" That's part of his game," roared the big river-driver in reply. "I'll take the word of Felix Marchand about that. Look at him! That Felix Marchand doesn't try to take the bread out of people's mouths. He gives money here, he gives it there. He wants the old town to stay as it is and not be swallowed up."

DAILY NOVELETTE THE BABY SHOW

By Anna L. Finn

JAMES MERRITT was pleased beyond expression. For the first time in his business career he had been given a day off, and the prospects of it filled him with pleasurable anticipation. "For once in my life I'll have a nice, quiet day tomorrow," he soliloquized.

He joined the long line of contestants and after what seemed to him an eternity it finally came James, Jr.'s turn for enrollment. Jimmy looked a sight of relief. Never before had he witnessed such chaos and confusion, and determined right then and there that he never would again, at least so far as a baby show was concerned.

He was congratulating himself for getting out of the show when he was half way home, he happened to think that he had an errand to do for Helen, but in the excitement forgot all about it, so there was nothing to do but go back.

Placing the carriage among a long line of others he stepped into the store, and although he was gone but a few minutes, yet in that short time a number of other carriages had been added to the line, and as Jimmy returned in search of his admitted that he was somewhat confused.

He was right on hand to greet Helen. "Oh, the darling, is he asleep?" she fondly inquired. "I don't know; I guess so," her husband replied, when to Jimmy's astounded ears Helen exclaimed, "James Merritt, what have you done? Oh, where is the baby?"

Meanwhile James, Jr. slept peacefully right where his father had left him outside of the store. Helen was so delighted to have the baby safely back again that she forgot to inquire whether he had won a prize or not, although he was fortunate enough to claim one of the smaller ones.

"The next complete novelette—The Amateur Waitress."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy "THE SINGING STRANGER"

(A strange bird song draws Peggy and Billy into the woods, where they find that the singer is a mysterious old man who is seeking a daughter. A young girl comes in answer to his call.)



For the next thing she knew there she was back in her own home and all alone

THE stranger clasped the fair maiden to his breast, then, as if doubting his good fortune, held her away at arm's length while he gazed down into her eyes. "I am ugly. My nose is big, my back is bent, and whiskers cover my face," he said. "Can you care for a father like me?"

take me, you must take mother, too. We are all alone in the world. Father died when I was a baby. "With all my heart I'll take her, too," cried the stranger. "I have searched the whole world for her. How are you bent with years?"

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

THE PROBLEM OF THE NEW RESTAURANT
Beginning to Build Up a Habit
I CAN best tell the remainder of Bruno Duke's plan by relating what happened.

"We give no guarantee with them, for they are free to our patrons, but we can assure you that they are excellent quality and will give splendid satisfaction."

By his order, I went over the Newark city directory, and put a pencil mark against every name of a man or woman who lived in Newark, and whose business or occupation was such as would indicate that he or she was in a comfortable position—you know what I mean—able to live comfortably and enjoy some of the good things of life.

"What is 'Tare'?"
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION
A "Time Bargain" is a contract for the future sale of stock.

After that I went over my marked list with the telephone book and checked in the telephone book the names that were also in the city directory. By this means we secured in the telephone book a quite select list of names.

Former President William Howard Taft is far from being a rich man, and yet his financial circumstances are such that it must have been a surprise to many to learn that he arrived in Detroit some time ago "dead broke" and was compelled to walk a mile and a half to the city hall to get a check cashed.

To each of these names we sent a letter telling them about our "Golden Hour Teaspoon" and offering to send them one with our compliments if they would return to us the card which we enclosed, so that we would be sure that it would reach them and that it would be acceptable.

The Ex-Soldier's Guide
In view of the large number of men now being demobilized, a few hints as to the present prospects of employment will be useful.

After the advertisements began to appear people began to come into the restaurant at all hours of the day asking for their "free" spoon. Some people were obvious gruffers, for they got quite "huffy" when we told them that distribution did not begin until the next Monday.

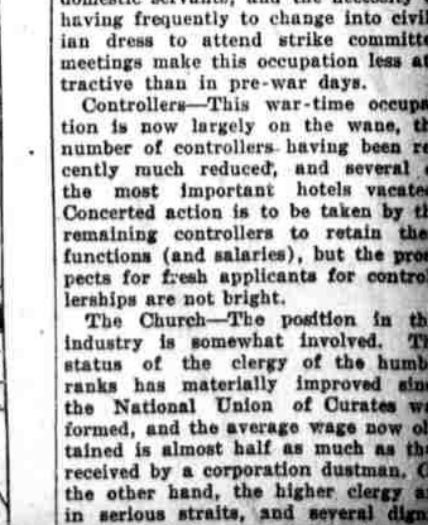
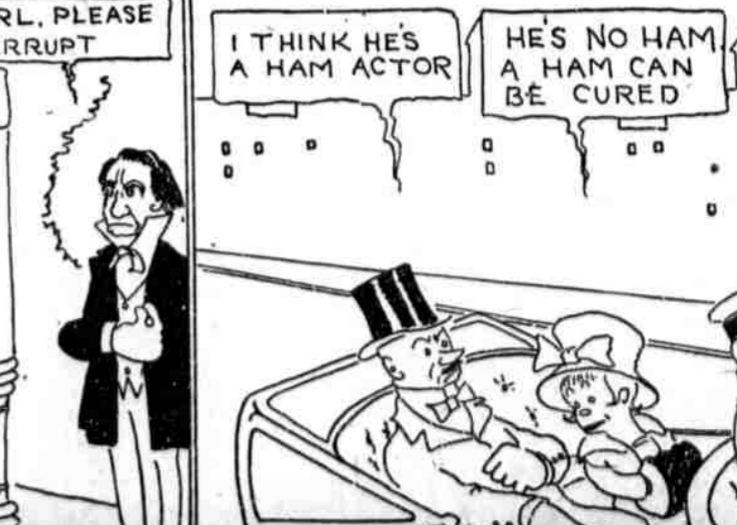
Coal Mining—This important occupation will probably offer in the near future great opportunities of accumulating wealth. Returning soldiers with experience of trenches and underground passages will find it a congenial employment, with frequent leisure at a maximum rate of strike pay.

Miss Elam handed him all right, for she marched up to his table with another spoon which she placed in the empty glass-top box. Then, turning to him she said with an innocent smile but with a straight, cold look:

Government Unemployment—This occupation was formerly known as munition making. It is a calling requiring little skill, consisting chiefly of signing one's name every day at a labor exchange—and drawing one's pay. The wages are not high, but as a spare time occupation it affords a welcome addition towards meeting one's super tax.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Dorothy Took the Ham's Part

Copyright, 1919, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.



By Chas. McManus