THE WORLD FOR SALE

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Fleda Druse, daughter of Gabriel Druse, of gypsy blood, shoots in a canoe the Carillon rapids on the Sagalac river where it flows between the towns of Maniton and Lebanon in the Canadian Northwest. She is rescued from the whirlpools below by Max Ingoli, a manager of gree, interests, who has come to Lebanon to unite the two towns and make them the center of commerce in the western On the shore she is insulted by Felix Marchand, a powerful but disreputable character of Maniton. Ingolby attacks Marchand, who your revenge. Fleda is claimed by one Jethro Fawe as his wife, under a gypsy custom which united them in marriage when they were children. Fleda rejects him. Marchand stirs up a foud between the two towns in order to foil Ingolby's ambitions. A strike is to be called. Ingolby's new bridge is to be blown up and he, himself, thrown into the river. Ingolby determines to mingle that night with his enemies in Maniton disgnised as French Canadian, Ingolby and Fawe meet for the first time and a quarrel over Fleda ensues between

AND HERE IT CONTINUES.

The Romany besitated, then should his head and muttered chaotically. 'Very well." was the decisive repla Ingolby pressed a bell, and, in an in stant. Jim Beadle was in the room. He had evidently ben at the keyhole. "Jim." he said. "show the gentleman

But suddenly he caught up a box of cigars from the table and thrust it into the Romany's hands. "They're the best to be got this side of Havana," he said "They'll help you put more fancy still into your playing, Good night. You never played better than you've done during the last hour, I'll stake my life on that. Good night. Show Mr. Fawe out, Jim."

The Romany had not time to thrust back the cigars upon his host, and dazed by the strategy of the thing, by the superior force and mind of the man who a moment ago he would have killed. he took the box and turned toward the door, taking his hat dazedly from Jim. At the door, however, catching sight of the sly grin on the mulatto servant's face, his rage and understanding returned to him, and he faced the master ful Gorgio once again.

"By God, I'll have none of it!" he exclaimed roughly and threw the box of cigars on the floor of the room.
Ingolby was not perturbed. 'Don't forget there's an east-bound train every

' he said meaningly, and turned

his back as the door closed. In another minute Jim entered the "Get the clothes and the wig and things, Jim. I must be off," he

"The toughs don't get going till about this time over at Manitou." responded Jim. Then he told his master about the clothes having been exposed in the room when the Romany arrived. "But I don't think he seen them." Jim added disappear almost, as he drew the It was notable, however, that the more 'em out quick as lightning. I grizzled shock of hair down, by wrin- sullen elements stayed. covered 'em like a blanket.'

"All right, Jim; it doesn't matter. That fellow's got other things to think growled. of than that.

smiles and His black hair was flung in waves of triumph over his heavily lined forehead; one hand was on his hip with brave satisfaction, the other with lighted cigarette was tossed upward in exultation.

"I've got him. I've got him-like that" he said, transferring the cigarette to his mouth, and clenching his right hand as though it could not be loosed by an earthquake. "For sure, it's a thing finished as the solder of a panui-

He caught up a tin quart-pet from the bar-counter and showed the solder ed bottom of it.

He was alone in the bar of Barbazon's Hotel except for one personthe youngest of the officials who had en retired from the offices of the railways when Ingolby had merged them. This was a man who had got the door behind him. his position originally by nepotism. and represented the worst elements of a national life where the spoils system is rooted in the popular mind. had, however, a little residue of that discipline which, working in a great industrial organization, begets qualms as to extreme courses.

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

"He's skinned this time all right. was Marchand's reply. "Tomorrow'l be the biggest day Manitou's had since the Indian lifted his wigwam and the white man put down his store. Listen hear them. They're coming!"

He raised a hand for silence, and

rumbling, ragged roar of voices could be heard without.

"The crowd have gone the rounds he continued. "They started at Bar-bazon's and they're winding up at Barbazon's. They're drunk enough to night to want to do anything, and tomorrow when they've got sore heads they'll do anything. They'll make that funeral look like a squeezed orange; they'll show Lebanon and Master Ingolby that we're to be bosses of our own show. The strike'll be on after the funeral, and after the strike's begun there'll be-eh, bien sur!"

He paused sharply, as though he had

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

"They're coming back, Barbazon, Marchand said to the landlord, jerking his head toward the front door. The noise of the crowd was increasing, the rancous shouts were so loud that the three had to raise their voices. "You'll o a land-office business tonight,"

At Marchand's words Barbazon

agged his shoulders. "The more at tonight, the less to spend tomore," he growled.
Sut there's gold to be spending to be spending that there's gold to be spending the spending that there's gold to be spending the spending that there's gold to be spending the spending that the spending the spending that the spending the spending that the spending t

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

movement towards the door, but the

exit of the crowd was stopped by a slow

'Wait a minute, my friends,"

"What've you got to say about

"Well, to ask a few questions first-

"You don't belong here, old man,"

"Oh, that's one of your questions,

"Oh, get out!" cried a rowdy Eng-

-:-

I'M MAD, MAD

"Eh, well, what is he after?"

he asked threateningly.

-man beside the

but clear voice speaking in Frnech.



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

nething else. 'What else?" Barbazon asked, his taste the lager and old rye elsewhere,

all the rest. Barbazon's low forehead seemed to at the end of which was a billiard table.

kling his forehead with a heavy frown. Romany was waiting outside in the the more they spend then, the less they'll darkness not far away—watching and have to spend by and by. It's no good. Constitute watching and constitute to spend by and by the notice of the constitute For Luck

Fighest spirits. His clean-shaven face was wrinkled with real-shaven

their heads to wreck the place?"

Barbazon's muddy face got paler, but his eyes sharpened, and he leaned over the bar-counter, and said with a snarl; 'Go to hell, and say what you like; and then I'll have something to say

about something else, m'sieu' Marchand was about to reply angrily, out he instantly changed his mind, and before Barbazon could stop him, he nto the office behind the bar.

"I'll see to that," Barbazon muttered

tolidly, but with malicious eyes. The front door was flung open now, and the crowd poured into the room,

sense they were the backbone and force stand it!' of the crowd, probably the less intelligent but the more tenucious and consisting storm in an electric atmosphere.

nt. They were black spots of gather- wife and children to support, and how-All converged upon the bar. Two asistants rushed the drinks along the

their thirst assuaged, sallied forth to beady eyes fastened on Marchand's face. and "raise Cain" in the states. When Something worth while-better than they went, it became possible to move about more freely in the big barroom. drawling speech.

Il right, Jim; it doesn't matter.
fellow's got other things to think in that."

was wrong, however. The state of the state that's all." the old man replied. the other said roughly.
"A good many of us don't belong

and give him a dip in the river. He's questioned the old man. the curse of this city. Holy, once Manitou was a place to live in, now is it?" sneered the big river-driver. it's a place to die in! The factories, "Well, if you knew him as we do, the mills, they're full of Protes'ants you'd know that it's at night-time he and atheists and shysters; the railway sits studyin' how he'll cut Manitou's office is gone to Lebanon. Ingolby took throat. He's home, all right. He's it there. the West; it's no good now. Who's him."
the cause? Ingolby's the cause. Name "Well, but wait a minute—be quiet sprang over the counter and disappeared of God, if he was here I'd get him a bit," said the old man, his eyes by the throat as quick as winkin'."

room. we strike," he added. "He's going tell you what his plans were? Did you to take the bread out of our mouths; ever get close to him and try to fig-he's going to put his heel on Manitou, ure what he was driving at? There's he's going to put his heel on Manitou, and grind her down till he makes her no chance of getting at the truth if you the one he had mistaken.

knuckle to Lebanon—to a lot of inboisterous, reckless, though some were knuckle to Lebanon-to a lot of inonly sullen, watchful and angry. These fidels, Protes'ants, and thieves. Who's last were mostly men above middle age, going to stand it? Protes'ants, and is the time to jib, not before." last were mostly men above middle age. going to stand it? I and of a fanatical and racially bitter thieves. Who's going to stand it? I lish roadmaker in the crowd. type. They were not many, but in one say-bagosh, I say, who's going to

"He's a friend of the Monseigness, ventured a factory-hand, who had a eye.
"What's he after? Oof-oof-oof, "What's he after? He's for his ever partisan, was little ready for that that's what he's after. He's for his baby safely back again that she forgot

wished to stand well with him-credit He wants the old town to stay as it is was a good thing, even in a saloon. and not be swallowed up."

and there's going to be a strike the next! For a little time the room was packed, cried. "Wait a minute. Let's ask a day, and after that there's going to be then some of the more restless spirits. few questions first." "Who's he?" asked a dozen voices. What's he going to say?" The mob moved again towards the bar. The big river-driver turned on the counter with bent shoulders and lazy,

"You're a nice Frenchman and patriot.

That crowd'll be glad to hear you think they're fools. Suppose they took it into Ingolby—let's go break his windows "Suppose Ingolby isn't there?" Manitou was the best town in in Lebanon anyhow, and we'll find

> blinking slowly at the big river-driver.
> "I've been 'round a good deal and I've "He's going to lock us out if you ever give that Ingolby a chance to know all right what Ingolby's after."

counter with flourishes, while Barbazon game," roared the big river-driver in took in the cash and sharply checked the reply. "I'll take the word of Felix after getting the cinch on two towns Jimmy, however, did not forget the ougher element, who were inclined to Marchand about that. Look at him! and three railways and doing what he incident quite so quickly. In fact, it is treat the bar as a place for looting. Most That Felix Marchand doesn't try to likes with it all; and we're after not indelibly imprinted on his memory of them, however, had a wholesome fear take the bread out of people's mouths. of Barbazon, and also most of them He gives money here, he gives it there, it is, old hoss." (TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BABY SHOW By Anna L. Finn

DAILY NOVELETTE

JAMES MERRITT was pleased be yond 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. But his visions of rest and harmony soon vanished, when Helen, his charming young wife, heard the news, "Oh, that's perfectly levely. Jimmy dear." she said. "And to think it should happen so luckily! You know they are running a baby's show up at G.'s, and I've tried all week to get up with James, but I simply can't leave my preserving. So you can take him toshe ended very confidently.

'Why, Helen," her husband exclaimed in astonishment, "Who ever heard of a man going to a baby show?" "There, I knew you'd refuse," she replied, "and spoil the darling's chance of winning first prize." "Nonsense," her h

her husband retorted. Every mother feels the same way about her baby. There is nothing unusual about James."

Helen, however, was determined that 'young hopeful" should enter the contest, and try as he would, her husband could not dissuade her. He realized how futile it would be to argue, for "Don-Helen's word was law, and there was no that is the name of my lost sweet-baby show. So this was the way he baby show. So this was the way he baby show at the baby show are spend his day of rest.

The baby show are the name of my lost sweet-beart. Donnabelle, How queer!"

"I am young again now that I have closed her eyes and in closing her eyes found you and Belle, my beloved," he she must have gone to sleep, for the shouled. With that he stripped off his next thing she knew there she was back whiskers. They were false, as Billy in her own home, and all alone. cried some one in the throng. All one of taking his young son to the

against the wall half-way down the room, smoking a corncob pipe. He was looking spic and span in his best bib and tucker, and quite unassuming for Donnabelle. "Now be sure and tell the indees ins

a navvy-he had filled his pipe with the how old he is and all about him. strongest tobacco that one man ever Jimmy." Helen instructed, and making offered to another. As the crowd stood on the piazza and watched her certain that everything was in order cheered for Felix Marchand, he made busband wheel the baby down the ave his way up toward the bar slowly. nue until he was out of sight. Although to all outward appearances

was still something very sinewy about happiness, nevertheless inwardly he was "Who's for Lebanon?" cried the an obligation imposed upon him."
The baby show was being convery much disgruntled for having such "Who's The baby show was being conducted

for giving Lebanon hell, and ducking as a special feature in one of the large golby in the river?" department stores. Arriving at the des-"I am-I am-I am-all of us!" tination, Jimmy took the baby in his arms and proceeded in search of the contest. He had little difficulty in city directory, and put a pencil mark ocating it, however, for as he entered against every name of a man or woman the store a variety of all kinds of noise who lived in Newark, and whose busi- lively, young man." greeted him. It seemed to Jimmy as though every baby in the city were ness or occupation was such as would there, and that each was trying to out- indicate that he or she was in a comdo the other to see who could cry the fortable position-you know what I nose slightly as she examined it susloudest. And to make matters worse, mean-able to live comfortably and en-Jimmy was the only man present, and joy some of the good things of life. naturally attracted a great deal of at-

> and after what seemed to him an were also in the city directory. By this eternity it finally came James, Jr.'s turn means we secured in the telephone book Never before had he witnessed a quite select list of names. for enrollment. Jimmy heaved a sigh of such chaos and confusion, and deter-mined right then and there that he baby show was concerned.

have to spend by and by. It's no good.
The steady trade for me—all the time
That is my idea. And the something
else—what? You think there's some
thing else that'll be good for me? Nom
de Dieu, there's nothing you're doing,
or mean to do, but'll hurt me and every
body."

That's your view, is it. Barbazon?"

The old man replied quietly.

It always is so. This isn't the first ime of others he entered the store, and although he was gone but a few minutes, to be without a match was worse than although he was gone but a few minutes, to be without money.

The old man replied quietly.

It always is so. This isn't the first ime of others he entered the store, and although he was gone but a few minutes, to be without a match was worse than although he was gone but a few minutes, to be without money.

The popular idea is that men of wherever it seemed possible, and we cashed.

The dediction of others he entered the store, and although he was gone but a few minutes, to be without money.

The popular idea is that men of it is some than although he was gone but a few minutes, to be without money.

The popular idea is that men of it is eached.

What 've you got to say about it? I've been coming and going here for bothy.''

Yet others look at it more by having a sufficient number of buty's carriage, he argued, for it was gray and he had nut down the shade he.

The standy trade for me—all the time of others he entered the store, and although he was gone but a few minutes, to be without an match was worse than although the wherever it seemed possible, and wherever it seemed possible, and the carriage among a long that the first wherever it seemed possible, and the carriage among a long that the first it wherever it seemed possible, and the carriage among a long altered that.

The old man of the city hall to get a check wherever it seemed possible, "That's your view, is it, Barbazon?" lips and an overhanging brow made was now almost at the door. on a dark night.

Ilps and an overhanging brow made you want to ask? Hurry up. We've gray and he had put down the shade before entering the store. "Oh, yes, there it is right at the end," he thought, there it is right at the end," he thought, was tremendous. One letter came three there it is right at the end," he thought, weeks later from Dallas, Texas. It

them. "Oh, the darling, is he asleep?" forwarded to them there.

she fondly inquired. "I don't know; I After the advertisements began to ber of the richest men in America out to the present to sea in a yacht and hold them up. will be useful. guess so. to Jimmy's astounded ears Helen ex- restaurant at all hours of the day asking claimed. for as she turned back the hood instead "huffy" when we told them that distriof finding fair-haired James, Jr., a bution did not begin until the next Monbright pink bow at the top of a mass of day. pretty brown curls met her gaze. Jimmy in his excitement had nothing less stolen from the tables, but we calculated than taken the wrong carriage. For the "I won't steal anything, Barbazon," He opened and shut his fingers with be said over his shoulder as he closed spasmodic malice, and glared round the said over his shoulder as he closed spasmodic malice, and glared round the had some experience in the world. Did failed him. "Why—er. I must have that they were "well stolen." One man, however, we did hold up, for he not only had some experience in the world. Did failed him. "Why—er. I must have the space of his own table, but taken the wrong carriage," he stammered, and without further explanation his own as well as to find an owner for for them.

difficulty in convincing her that he was with a straight, cold look: not trying to kidnap her baby.

Meanwhile James, Jr., slept peace-

him outside of the store. Helen was so delighted to have the

which would stop his supplies.

which would stop his supplies.

"Sacre bapteme: That's part of his the woolly west. He's after keeping us or not, although he was fortunate the woolly west. He's after keeping us or not, although he was fortunate the woolly west. The next complete novelette-The

Amateur Waitress.

DREAMLAND AD VENTURES -- By Daddy "THE SINGING STRANGER"

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

Surprises for All 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 'I am ugly. My nose is big, my back

bent, and whiskers cover my face.' "Can you care for a father like me?" "Your outside may not be handsome, but one can see into your heart through

your gentle eyes, and I know it is good beautiful," answered the mniden. "But my clothes are old and cheap. My cottage is humble and far from the

rich things of city life." "Love is more precious than riches. Give me that and I shall be content," declared the maiden.

ing daughter. What is your name, fair

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

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,

of wonder came into the eyes of the He was tall and handsome, and not so Billy after her. Then he climbed to ranger.
"Don—that's my name! And Belle you—are bent with years." himself and away they went licketysplinter through the woods, and down

Bright and early the next morning, the stranger. He looked at it and gave land suspected. And he straightened the stoop out of his back, standing tall and looking spic and span in his best bib and tucker, and quite unassuming for Donnabelle. "I am glad, for if you he took off his ugly, big nose, showing"

his own well-formed face beneath. "I put on a disguise, while looking for a daughter," he laughed. "I wanted her to love me for myself alone. I nore was fooled, and so was Miss Golden-Hair, who wanted a rich man for a father. Behold!"

As quickly as he had snatched off his whiskers, the stranger slipped out of his shabby clothes, and stood before them clad in the garments of a million-

And that wasn't all. He whistled a new bird song, and from a short distance away came the sound of a throbbing engine. The bushes parted like a curtain, and into view rolled the largest and handsomest automobile Peggy and Billy had ever seen, driven by a chauffeur in gorgeous livery.
"This is what Miss Golden-Hair

nissed by being greedy instead of loving," said the stranger. "She will have a wealthy father, but one not half so rich as I am.' "Daddy Don, I'd have loved you

too," cried the stranger. "I have just as much if you hadn't a cent-and clared the maiden.
"You have spoken well," cried the Have you never heard her speak of her belle.
"You have spoken well," cried the Have you never heard her speak of her belle.
"My Belle, Let's hasten to her at

"Often. We prayed for him every once," cried Daddy Don. night," answered Donnabelle, her eyes
"Donnabelle," she answered. A look glistening. "Can you be he? But no! lons of the automobile and Peggy and

(In the next installment Peggy and Billy have a part in a story of a dif-

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

"Yes, madam," I said.

RESTAURANT smile left him. I had a funny experience myself. A Beginning to Build Up a Habit little weasel-faced woman came up to

CAN best tell the remainder of Bruno Duke's plan by relating what hapand said in a snippy manner:

By his order, I went over the Newark After that I went over my marked silver?"

list with the telephone book and checked He joined the long line of contestants in the telephone book the names that silver. To each of these names we sent

never would again, at least so far as a Hour Teaspoon" and offering to send them one with our compliments if they He was congratulating himself for getting along so well when, as he was inclosed, so that we would be sure that Taft is far from being a rich man, and after a little hesitation, confessed to

and without further examination started weeks later from Dallas, Texas. seems the people had recently left Some years ago there was told a very Helen was right on hand to greet Newark for Dallas, so our letter was amusing story of a plot to take a num-

> We had a number of exhibition spoons that they were "well stolen." One man.

stole the spoon off his own table, but deliberately went to two other tables darted down the avenue in search of and appropriated the exhibition spoons Miss Elam handled him all right, for A frantic mother was making wide- she marched up to his table with an-A frantic mother was making wideshe marched up to his collection to help the spread search for her baby when Jimmy other spoon which she placed in the only man in the group with any money vides much healthy excitement with was Charles M. Schwab, and he had chance of promotion to high office is

"We do occasionally sell a few spoons for a dollar each, and, if you wish, I'll habits. the old man, looking the other in the fully right where his father had left be glad to wrap up the three spoons which are in your outside righthand pocket. I fear that they may get scratched without any wrapping. really think, however, that it would be

heaper for you to wait until next week when we give them away." He flushed and said lamely : "I-thought they were free week-I beg your pardon-"

"It is an easy mistake to make, sir, please say no more about it."

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THINK HES

"We give no guarantee with them, for they are free to our patrons, but we can assure you that they are excelme where I was standing near the door lent quality and will give splendic satisfaction."

"Hem, young man, do you works "Hem, it's as I thought," and she planked the spoon on the counter. "It's just a catch, and you can't catch me!" "Hem, now I want to see one of them spoons. I'm in a hurry, so step Then she left me and-sat down at a table and ordered a sixty-five-cent I gave a little bow and passed her one of the spoons. She turned up her

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

Answer will appear Monday.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION "Time Bargain" is a contra for the future sale or stock.

MONEY HABITS OF RICH MEN

half way home, he happened to think that he had an errand to do for Helen, but in the excitement forgot all about it would reach them and that it would yet his financial circumstances are such that it must have been a surprise to but in the excitement forgot all about I ought to explain that we took care many to learn that he arrived in Deit, so there was nothing to do but go to send only one letter to a home. In troit some time ago "dead broke" and shield the match from the wind. It some cases I found three or four names was compelled to walk a mile and a was a success, and as the cigar began Placing the carriage among a long at one address. We took a chance half to the city hall to get a check to draw Prince Edward remarked that

"Hem, it isn't very heavy! Is it real

"No, madam, electroplated on nickel

"Hem, well, how long is it guaranteed

to wear, and do you give new ones for them as don't wear proper?"

her of the richest men in America out to the present prospects of employment

her husband replied, when appear people began to come into the The scheme was said to have been perfect in every detail save that of first of pation will probably offer in the near "James Merritt, what have for their "free" spoon. Some people all providing the victims with cash, future great opportunities of accumuyou done? Oh, where is the baby?" were obvious grafters, for they got quite John D. Rockefeller, Pierpont Morgan, lating wealth. Returning soldiers with Russell Sage, Harriman and other mag- experience of trenches and underground nates were aboard the vessel, but when passages will find it a congenial emthe brigands began to "clean them up" the total cash in the company was maximum rate of strike pay. about sixty cents. Rockefeller had only a few of those pennies which he is said to carry for children and Rus-with experience of overdrawn accounts sell Sage could show nothing better -or to army pay clerks. The banking than a well-worn nickel.

Franciscan tells of going on a trip with be found an excellent substitute for a some very rich men who had difficulty matrimonial agency. in settling for their hotel bill. The is today, and he may have changed his

The late King Edward of England was frequently without a cent-in fact, destination. it was said that he never carried any money. On one occasion he was asked what was the most exciting adventure he ever had, and it was thought that he would tell of some hairbreadth escape from a tiger in India, but no; he said that it was on a moor in Scotland at the end of a day's shooting. The mist was beginning to thicken into a rain and Prince Edward, as he then was, She wanted to light his cigar. There was super tax. picked up the three spoons which he had not a match in the company. At last

HE'S NO HAM.

A HAM CAN

In view of the large number of men

now being demobilized, a few hints as

Coal Mining-This important occu-

ployment, with frequent leisure at a profession, having for some time past But they are not all like that. A San been recruited with female labor, will

Railway Work-This occupation proappeared on the scene, feeling very empty glass-top box. Then, turning to much embarrassed, and he had no little him she said with an innocent smile but nothing less than a roll of \$1000 bills. the government. A knowledge of how He was not then the multimillionaire he to pack 120 passengers into a space normally suited to 30 people is required, as also strong vocal cords and a gift for sending luggage to the wrong

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 labor exchange-and drawing one's pay. The wages are not high, but as a come addition towards meeting one's Constabulary or Police Force-An

arduous occupation, consisting largely of hunting for dogs without muzzles By Chas. McManus and taking notes of street accidents. The grave shortage of beer, the lack of domestic servants, and the necessity of having frequently to change into civilan dress to attend strike committee meetings make this occupation less attractive than in pre-war days.

Controllers-This war-time occupation is now largely on the wane, the number of controllers having been re-cently much reduced, and several of the most important hotels vacated. Concerted action is to be taken by the remaining controllers to retain functions (and salaries), but the pros-pects for fresh applicants for controllerships are not bright.

The Church-The position in this industry is somewhat involved. The status of the clergy of the hu ranks has materially improved since the National Union of Curates was formed, and the average wage now ob tained is almost half as much as that received by a corporation dustman. On in serious straits, and several digni-turies are being compelled by the chills of penury to let their palaces and

DOROTHY DARNIT-Dorothy Took the Ham's Part

LOOK AT THE

LADIES' FAVORITE



LITTLE GIRL, PLEASE DON'T INTERRUPT



