

THE WORLD FOR SALE

By SIR GILBERT PARKER
Author of "The Seats 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 Saginaw river...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES
RESOLUTELY putting from her mind any sense of the supernatural, she shut her eyes with confidence of coming sleep...

She went to the window and opened it slightly at the top, and then sought her bed again. Her eyes were still sore...

Suddenly she remembered an ancient Sage of her tribe, who, proficient in mysteries and secret rites gathered from nations as old as Phoenicia and Egypt...

fountains of Chaldean, Phoenician and Egyptian mystery.
Solemnly and slowly the exercism came from her lips, and at the end her right hand made the cubistic sign...

"It is gone," she said aloud. "It is gone." A great sigh came from her.
"Obviously she put down the candles, smoothed the pillows of her bed, adjusted the coverings, and prepared to lie down...

"What is he?" she asked in a voice that had a strange quietness.
"Not yet," he answered. "There is time to wish him luck."

"Daughter of the Ry of Rys!" he called.
In agony she started forward to the window, then, realizing that she was in her nightgown, caught up her red dress...

ing-gown and put it on. As she did she understood why the voice sounded so near.
Not thirty feet from her window there was a solitary oak tree...

"Will a wife betray her husband?" he asked in soft dejection.
"Staying by his bedside, I would not think a wife to you, if you were down here," she declared.

"That is a lie," she answered. "If he had tried to kill you he would have done so."
Suddenly she realized the situation as it was: that she was lying in her window in the night, silently, her hand talking to a man in a tree opposite her window...

"That I had brought the Master Giorgio to the ground," said Jethro, who now stood with sudden passion looking at Gabriel Druse.

are ways! Sometimes it is a government, sometimes a prince that wants to know, and Jethro Fawe, the Romany, finds it poor, because last year when I lost all, I said: "It is because my Romany lass is not with me..."

"I have heard of a doctor who has cured a man of his madness, and I have heard of a man who has cured a woman of her madness..."

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DAILY NOVELETTE

THE BUTTERFLY
By Katherine Moulton

DOCTOR Porter walked slowly down the steps of the big house on the avenue. Behind the door that had just closed, Margaret Allen—in a shimmering rose and silver evening gown—stood for a moment in silent wonder...

"I have heard of a man who has cured a woman of her madness, and I have heard of a woman who has cured a man of his madness..."

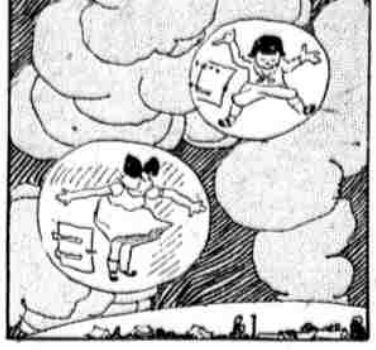
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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES-By Daddy

"CLOUD LAND"

(Peggy and Billy, made small by aging magic words, start in soap bubble balloons on a trip to Cloud Land. They are guided by Sun Beam.)



Peggy and Billy felt many strange thrills as they floated upward in the soap bubble balloons.

thrills as they floated upward in the soap bubble balloons. First they watched the earth drop out of sight below them. Then they turned their eyes anxiously toward misty mountain-like masses that were swiftly approaching...

They came to the top of the hill, and there they stopped to shout with pleasure. Before them stretched a shimmering crystal arch and high up at its very topmost point was a jeweled throne. On this throne was seated a beautiful princess. In front of her danced the rainbow fairies, pretty little creatures dressed in gowns of many colors...

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

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Bettely laughed at the idea and even Duke said that he would not care to preface the result, but it worked out splendidly.

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BLIND DOG, LOST 15 MILES AWAY FROM HOME, RETURNS

Sightless Prize-Winning Canine Finds Way Back to Mistress After Two-Day Trip

Often has it been said that the loss of a sense greatly increases the efficiency of another, and no better example could be used to illustrate the truth of this statement than the following:

Knock, Knock—Enter Dog
Last evening opens with the Downes family at dinner. Time—6:30 p. m. Sunday eve. Every one engaged in the gentle art of eating. Conversation finally runs to the lost bull terrier, "Heavens, I wish that dog'd come back," sighed Miss Downes.

Washington, July 15.—The newly organized Pacific fleet will sail from Hampton Roads July 19, instead of July 22, as previously arranged, it has been decided at a conference between Secretary Daniels and Admiral Hugh Rodman, commander of the fleet.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Mr. Kroop, Ain't That Curious?

