

THE WORLD FOR SALE

(Copyright, 1919, by Harper & Bros.) THIS STARTS THE STORY. Florea Druse, daughter of Gabriel Druse, of gypsy blood, shoots in a canoe the Carillon rapids on the Saginaw river, where it flows between the towns of Manitow and Lebanon, in the Canadian Northwest. She is rescued from the whirlpools by Max Ingobly, a manager of great interests, who has come 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 Manitow. Ingobly attacks Marchand, who vows revenge. Florea is claimed by one Jethro Fawe as his wife, under a gypsy custom which united them in marriage when they were children. Florea rejects him and a jealous quarrel ensues between Fawe and Ingobly. Marchand stirs up a feud between the two towns in order to foil Ingobly's ambitions. His projects are to be wrecked and he, himself, thrown into the river. Ingobly, in disguise, mingles one night with his enemies in Manitow. Fawe reveals his deception and Ingobly is rendered blind by a blow on the head. Florea comes to him.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

SHE held herself very still as he spoke. There was, however, a strange loneliness in her eyes. The man lying asleep in the darkness of body and mind yonder was not really her lover, for he had said no word direct of love to her, and she knew him so little, how could she love him? Yet there was something between them which had its authority over their lives, overriding even that maiden modesty which was in contrast to the bold, physical thing she had done in running the Carillon Rapids those centuries ago when she was young and glad—wistfully glad. So much had come since that day, she had traveled so far on the highway of Fate, that she looked back from peak to peak of happening to an almost invisible horizon. So much had occurred and she felt so old this morning, and yet there was in her heart the undefined feeling that she must keep her radiant spring of life for the blind Gorgio if he needed it—if he needed it. Would he need it, robbed of sight and with his life-work murdered? She shuddered as she thought of what it meant to him. If a man is to work, he must have eyes to see. Yet what had she done to him, after all? She had no right to go to him even as she was going. Yet had she not the right of common humanity? This Gorgio was her friend. Did not the world know that he had saved her life?

As they came to the Lebanon end of the bridge, Florea turned to Jowett and, commenting on his description of the scene at Barbazon's, said: "He is a great man, but he trusts too much and risks too much. That was no place for him." "Big men like him think they can do anything," Jowett replied, a little ironically, subtly trying to force a confession of her preference for Ingobly. He succeeded. Her eyes lighted with indignation. She herself might challenge him, but she would not allow another to do so.

"It is not the truth," she rejoined sharply. "He does not measure himself against the world. He is like—like a child," she added.

"It seems to me all big men are like that," Jowett rejoined, "and he's the biggest man the West has seen. He knows about every man's business as though it was his own. I can get a margin off 'most any man in the West on a horse-trade, but I'd look shy about doing a trade with him."

"You can't do a horse so he won't know," he said to her, "and he'll see it like as if it was in his hand. He knows about everything, and—"

He stopped short. The Master Gorgio could no longer see and his benchman flushed like a girl at his "break"; though, as a horse dealer, he had in his time listened without shame to wilder, angrier reproaches than most men living.

She glanced at him, saw his confusion, forgave and understood him. "It was not the horse, was it?" she asked. "It was the gypsy," she returned. "They did not set it going. It would not have happened but for the gypsy."

"Yes, it's Marchand, right enough," answered Jowett, "but we'll get him yet. We'll get him with the branding iron."

"That will not put things right if—"

she paused, then with a great effort she added: "I had no doctor think he will get it back and that—"

She stopped suddenly in an agitation he did not care to see and he turned away his head.

"Doctor doesn't know," he answered. "There's got to be an expert. It'll take time before we gets here, but he could not help but say it, seeing how great her distress was—but it's going to come back. I've seen cases—"

"I saw one on the border—how easily he lied!"—just like his. It was blasting that done it—the shock. But the slight come back all right, and quick, too—like as I've seen 'em. I'll get up all at once and walk as though he'd never been loosed. Why, God Almighty don't let me like Ingobly be done like that by reptiles same's Marchand."

"You believe in God Almighty?" she said half-wonderingly, yet with gratitude in her tone. "You understand about God?"

"I've seen too many things not to try and deal fair with Him and not try to cheat Him," he answered. "I see things lots of times that wasn't ever born on the prairie or in any house. I've seen 'em. I'll get up all at once and walk as though he'd never been loosed. Why, God Almighty don't let me like Ingobly be done like that by reptiles same's Marchand."

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

back—after I'd prayed till I couldn't see. She came back into my room one night when the cursed 'innant' was prowling round me and as plain as I see you, I saw her. 'Be at peace,' she said, and I spoke to her, and said, 'Sara—why, Sara?' and she smiled and went away into nothing—like a bit of cloud in the sun."

He stopped, and was looking straight before him as though he saw a vision. "It went?" she asked breathlessly. "It went like that—"

"It never came back, and she didn't either—not ever. My idea is, he added, "that there's shapes of living men that want to do us harm; though, maybe, too, they're the ghost-shapes of men that's dead, but that can't get on over there. So they try to get back to us here; and they can make life hell while they're waiting."

"I am sure on my right," she said. "I was thinking of the loathsome thing which haunted her room last night. Was it the embodied soul of self of Jethro Fawe, doing the evil that Jethro Fawe, the visible corporeal man, wished to do?"

"I wish to do," she answered, "but I don't know if it's the same thing, whose house was not far away. She felt strangely miserably about this morning. She was in that throbbing state which follows a girl's discovery that she is a woman, and the feeling which she has when she realizes that she is not her own life with the life of another."

She showed no agitation, but her expression gave an almost statuesque character to her face and figure. The adventurous nature of her early life had given her a power to meet shock and danger with coolness, and though she was not a girl, she had the look of one who seemed to freeze the vital forces in her, and all the world became blank for a moment, she had controlled herself and had set forth to do to him, come what might."

As she entered the street where Jowett lived, she suddenly realized that she was young and glad—wistfully glad. So much had come since that day, she had traveled so far on the highway of Fate, that she looked back from peak to peak of happening to an almost invisible horizon. So much had occurred and she felt so old this morning, and yet there was in her heart the undefined feeling that she must keep her radiant spring of life for the blind Gorgio if he needed it—if he needed it. Would he need it, robbed of sight and with his life-work murdered?

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DAILY NOVELETTE JOSHUA FINDS A WAY

THE little clock on the mantel struck seven. Martha, with her hands idly folded in her lap, sat by the kitchen window and watched the wonderful sunset. She was startled from her reverie by a knock at the door and the lifting of the latch.

"Oh, come right in, Joshua," she exclaimed as she recognized her neighbor, who lived in the white farmhouse on the hill.

"I'm in a peck of trouble, Martha," laughed the man, "and I've come to see if you'd help me out." He seated his long figure in one of Martha's slight wooden chairs and tilted it to a dangerous angle. She watched him rather nervously, expecting a sudden collapse of her furniture under such a strain.

"You see, it's like this," he continued. "I've just been to the post-office and found a letter from my sister Nell. Probably you remember her, although she has been out West a good many years. Well, she and her husband are coming on here and want to make a visit."

"Of course, I'll be glad to help and I'll be right up in the morning and after a few words about crops and the weather the big farmer said good-night."

Early the next morning Martha, true to her word, reached the farmhouse. Everything about the grounds and the buildings looked immaculate. But oh, woe! when she entered the kitchen, she looked upon a scene that made her heart sick.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked. "You're looking as if you've been through a mill." "I'm all right, but I'm a little out of sorts," she replied. "I've been thinking about the old days, and I'm a little out of sorts."

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES—By Daddy "CLOUD LAND"

THE Bubbles Burst (Peggy and Billy sail to Cloud Land in soap bubble balloons. Peggy and Princess Rainbow are captured by Storm King. In a battle between Storm King and King Sun, Billy helps the Sun to win.)

PEGGY and Princess Rainbow, held prisoners in the courtyard of Storm King's castle, eagerly watched the battle between Storm King and King Sun. When the fighting turned in favor of King Sun, thanks to Billy's attack on Storm King with tightly packed cloud balls, Peggy saw a chance to escape.

She whispered her plan to the princess and the two made many hard cloud balls. Then they crept toward the guards, and when the latter turned about, they slipped through the gate.

"If you love him, why don't you marry him?" asked Peggy. "Why, then I'd have to wear dark glasses all the time and he couldn't enjoy my beauty."

"As it is now, you can't look at him, and can't enjoy his beauty," argued Peggy. "And I tell you, if you have a chance to marry him now, you'd better take it for he is so handsome that any other lady would wear dark glasses to look at him, and you may lose him."

"My stars! I never thought of that," exclaimed Princess Rainbow. "I'll get a pair of dark glasses this very minute."

When King Sun conquered Storm King he was very successful, for he did not find Princess Rainbow in Storm King's castle as he had expected. With Billy he was returning sadly to the rainbow arch, when the song of the rainbow dancers came to them.

"Rainbow fairies, one and all, come and dance at King Sun's call."

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

THE PROBLEM OF THE NEW RESTAURANT Here Endeth

TWO weeks after we began our theatre ticket service at "The Golden Hour" restaurant, Bruno Duke paid a surprise visit to the restaurant.

Miss Elam and Miss Howarth, of course, never expected him, and were a little puzzled at his sudden appearance, although they welcomed him cordially.

Duke surprised them further when he said: "I've done all I can for you now. It's merely a waste of money for you to have me continue as your business counselor. The restaurant is on its feet and making good money. It has taken longer than we planned to solve the problem of filling the restaurant, but we've succeeded, and so—my work is finished."

"But," gasped Miss Howarth, "we can't let you go; we are quite willing to pay you if you'll only continue helping us. Won't we, Judith?" she turned to Miss Elam.

"Yes, indeed," that lady answered. "In fact, we were going to suggest a kind of—partnership plan just to keep you here."

Duke smiled kindly and a wee bit sadly, for he always feels sad when he closes out a case.

"It cannot be, dear ladies. I'm not in business to make money, but to help people like yourselves, who need some advice in getting started on the road to success and happiness. If I stayed with you, just that much of my time would be taken from people who need me more than you do. There are scores of people even now asking for my help."

"I can do more good in the world by saving business, and saving the hope and ambition and self-confidence of people who are beginning to lose faith in themselves, than by merely running one or two profitable enterprises."

Both ladies looked mighty sad—they had unconsciously got into the habit of relying on the quiet power of that wonderful man, and the thought of losing the strength and the remarkable personality of Bruno Duke was as upsetting as it was sudden.

They finally arranged to have Bruno handle their advertising matter to profit by the good ideas that clever young advertising man so abundantly conceived.

MONDAY! The Problem of the Smuggled Jewels

A Bruno Duke adventure of thrilling interest and excitement, mixed with horse-sense business ideas.

Don't fail to get Monday's EXCITING PUBLIC LEADER and begin this remarkable business mystery story by

HAROLD WHITEHEAD Creator of "Peter Flint," "Dawson Black," "Bruno Duke."

Three characters that are making a name for themselves all over the country.

Copyright, 1919, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

By Chas. McManus



Peggy and the princess darted through the gate

"If you love him, why don't you marry him?" asked Peggy. "Why, then I'd have to wear dark glasses all the time and he couldn't enjoy my beauty."

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He's good, of course," grumbled Miss Elam, "but he isn't you, Mr. Duke."

"I insisted that he stay and have just one more meal with them, and busy man though he is, he stayed there while those two charming ladies prepared something 'extra special' for him."

And then he left them with mutual expressions of good will, and with his leave taking ended the problem of the new restaurant.

I was working on some special recipe for a large export house when Bruno Duke returned from his last visit to "The Golden Hour" restaurant.

He entered his apartment in Seventy-seventh street, threw his coat, bag and walking stick on a chair and then removed his boots and put on the old moccasins.

Then, on went his flowered velvet dressing gown. With a slight, half weariness and half content, he sank into his big, easy chair, his right hand automatically feeling for his look-alike pipe. With the little spirit lamp he lit his

look-alike, leaned back in his chair and, with eyes closed, puffed long and deep at his look-alike.

He looked tired, worn and frail, and as I gazed at him with mingled admiration and affection, I couldn't help wondering how a man of such apparent lack of strength and vigor could have stood the strain he had recently gone through in connection with "the problem of the stolen jewels."

Little did he or I think, that day he saved Mamie O'Leary's life, that she was to be the cause of such an astonishing adventure.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What is an "open account"? Answer will appear Monday.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION The "metric system" is a decimal system of weights and measures, first established in France, now in general use in Europe and to a minor extent in English-speaking countries.

When the Better Half Profiteers I shall have to give up cricket. I am sorry, but no other course seems possible.

It is kind of you to remind me that the luck will turn; that not even under intensive culture do the ducks lay their eggs all the year round. But that is not my trouble. I am a martyr to success. What is that you say? Quite the pleasantest form of martyrdom! That shows you have not heard my experience.

On Saturday, when I returned home, I was able to tell Mary that I had made fifty. I tried to give the news the correct tone of nonchalance, but I was unable to tell Mary that I had made fifty. I tried to give the news the correct tone of nonchalance, but I was unable to tell Mary that I had made fifty.

Mary, as befits a tactful wife, found the right thing to say at once. "Oh, I wish I had been there to see you," was her remark, and I sat down with that pleasant feeling of being at that peace with all the world which getting more runs than usual brings. Alas! that one's purest feelings should be shamelessly exploited!

Exactly how Mary introduced the subject I cannot recall, but almost before I knew it I was finding punctures in both the wheels of her bicycle. No trouble, of course. A pleasure, especially when I reflected that she might have ridden a bicycle, and had three wheels to puncture. It was not until much later that I sat down with that bounding punctures until I was in what she called a sweet temper (as if I were ever in anything else) and that time I was in the middle of the cleaning of the sewing machine.

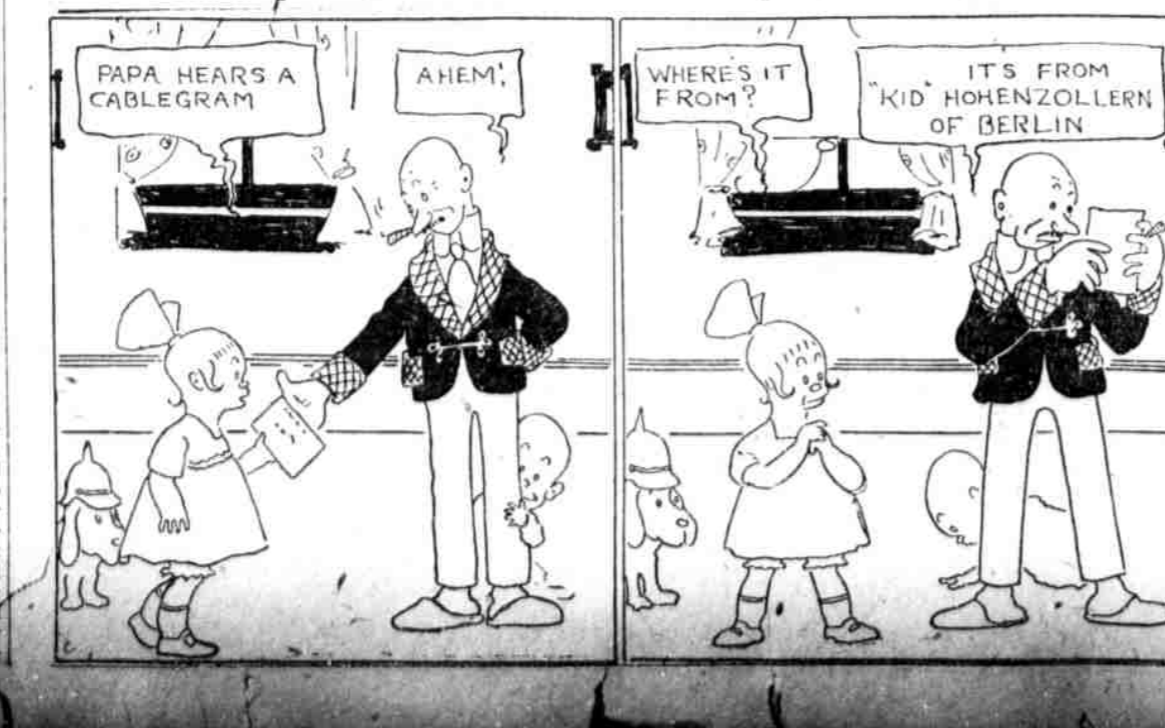
The number of oddments left over when I put this machine together again was a remarkable one. I had a pair of Lewis gunnery, and I live in hoarse dread of Mary discovering the hole in the garden where I hid them. Some day, too, she might even want to sew with this handsome piece of furniture, which

Then Charlie got it off his chest. "I was sitting in the Cozy Nook Tea Rooms last night," he explained, "and I perfectly topped myself. I came in and sat down at my table. She placed her gloves on the cloth in front of her, and studied the menu. I did the only thing possible. I shoved the gloves on to the floor, and then picked them up for her. You know the stunt. Well, to cut a long story short, I flicked, during her first cup of tea she was smiling. By the time she had finished her third meringue she fairly ripped. Such stunning eyes! I found out that she was down at Havre when I was there. Her people are top-liners on the social scale."

"Well, I suppose you've fixed another glad meeting?" "Charlie gave a horrible groan. "That's just the beastly trouble. I asked her if she would ring me up and fix a theatre together."

And she refused?" "Not likely!" "Then," I queried, "what in the name of Jerry are you peevish about?" "Fees! I should think so. She asked me for my phone number, and I gave her my confounded regimental number."—H. E. Chant in London Opinion.

DOROTHY DARNIT—The Kaiser's Ambitious Again, But Still a Poor Matchmaker



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