

THE WORLD FOR SALE

(Copyright, 1918, by Harper & Bros.) THIS STARTS THE STORY Floda Druse, daughter of Gabriel...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"BEFORE a month was gone I had married him," the low, tired voice went on. "It was a gay wedding...

Two or three times the woman essayed to speak again, but could not find words. She looked at him with an emotion and said: "I was not thinking of my life in Montreal this morning..."

flaway, who was for any man that would come her way. Yes, I think I was mad. The whole in me was hurt—as only a woman can understand.

"Surely we understand," whispered Madame Bulteel. "The woman's courage returned and she continued: 'I could not go to my father for he was riding the river...

A sharp, pained exclamation broke from the lips of Madame Bulteel, but presently she reached out and laid her hand upon the woman's arm.

"She stopped suddenly upon an angry, motherly word from Floda's lips. A big impulse was to break in upon the woman's story, and tell her father what had happened just now outside their own house; but she waited.

"Yes, there was a big house in Montreal," said Floda, her eyes now resting sadly upon the woman.

"He said it should be mine. But that did not count. To be far away from all that had been more than half alive, I was not thinking of the man, or caring for him, I was trying to get out of here."

"I almost thought he wanted me to marry him," Floda added scornfully. "And what did you say?" Druse asked.

"I said: 'I am just,' answered the woman. 'I do not die, but want to save the man that will kill him when they meet.'"

There could only be one thing to say. I told him I had never thought of making a grim smile broke over the old man's face, and he sat down again.

"Because I saw him with you I wanted to warn you," the woman continued. "Yesterday, I came to warn him of his danger, and he laughed at me. From Madame Bulteau I heard he had said he would make you sing his song."

"How do you know we are rich?" asked Druse in a rough tone. "It is what the world says," was the reply.

"I have seen worse women than you," murmured the old man. "What danger did you come to warn M. Marchand about?" asked Floda.

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

DAILY NOVELETTE CONQUERING JONAS

MRS. BROWN was very much perturbed. The jar in the pantry, which only yesterday had contained delicious blackberry jam, was disappointingly empty.

"The cheapness of him! To steal into the pantry at night and gorge himself with almost an entire jar of my best blackberry preserve!" He doesn't turn on the light, either, or I would have caught him at it.

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy "RACING FOR A THRONE"

(The birds decide they want a princess instead of a princess to rule Birdland. All want to be president, so Peggy suggests a contest for the honor.)



"What kind of a contest shall we have?" cried Peggy to the birds when it was decided to choose the new ruler of Birdland in that fashion.

"A flying race," twittered Homer and Carrie Pigeon excitedly. "Make it a flying race, because we are the swiftest fliers in Birdland."

"Then there arose a fresh hubbub, for every creature in Birdland wanted just the kind of a contest he could win and not the kind anybody else could win."

"Everybody had a bright idea. 'Everybody is getting mixed up, so let's make it a mixed-up race,' he suggested.

"No, 'Liberty, you'll just have to make that wait for another day or so—I can't wash with this rain. And Henry, turn your cuffs inside out, if they're showing the dirt.'

"The rain falls on the just and the unjust, so the Scripture says," remarked one washerwoman whose trade had been wretchedly interrupted by the constant rainfall.

"I've got two weeks' washing in my back yard, all washed, but just waiting to be dried out. And Mrs. This and Mrs. That, she needs her linen right away, and please to hurry with it, and my husband is very angry because he has to do this and that."

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COMPLETE TOWN FOR SALE; ONCE HOUSED SHIP WORKERS

Shipping Board Offers for Sale Small Maryland Community, With 296 Residences, Power House, Paved Streets, Lighting Equipment and Cafeteria Building at St. Helena

Anyone want to buy a town? It's a regular town, with houses, sidewalks, a power house, a complete sewer system in "everything."

Sealed bids, in accordance with terms set forth in proposal forms, with separate prices for either or both parcels, will be received at the United States shipping board, Emergency Fleet Corporation, housing division, No. 140 North Broad street, this city, and will be opened on Monday, August 4, at 11 o'clock in the morning.

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A CARPET-SWEEPER WAR

75-Year-Old Husband and 40-Year-Old Wife Have Lively Set-to

A carpet sweeper, a pan of water and an oil lamp were the weapons used during a quarrel between a seventy-five-year-old husband and a forty-year-old wife, according to testimony at a hearing before Magistrate Pennock today.

The hearing followed the arrest of Oddie Stovall, of 41 East Rittenhouse street, on an assault and battery charge brought by his wife, Emma. The two are negroes.

The wife said Stovall struck her with a carpet sweeper when she entered their bedroom Saturday night. She was carrying a pan of water at the time, she said, and admitted that she had intended throwing it on her husband.

Stovall said he only protected himself. "She is a good wife around pay-day," he told the magistrate, "but after that she is bad and abuses me."

The next complete novelette—Spice Blossoms.

HUGUENOTS RECALLED

Berlin Harks Back to Aid in 1685 in Plea for Clemency

Paris, July 22.—(By A. P.)—A letter addressed to President Poincare by the Protestant community of Berlin asking "Democratic France to right its wrongs toward the Huguenots driven from France in 1685 by sparing their benefactors, the Hohenzollerns," is published today by the Temps in a Berlin dispatch.

The signers of the letter ask President Poincare to communicate the request to all the Allies.

MAIDS CAUSE TROUBLE, TOO, IN OLD NIPPON

Y. W. C. A. Secretary Tells of Market Street Ferry Bootblack Labor Difficulties in Japan. Telephones Are Luxuries

Domestic service is a problem in Japan just as in this country, according to Mary C. Baker, Y. W. C. A. secretary in Japan, who has written of her experiences to Miss Caroline Jones, of the East Central Field, which has its headquarters in the Witherspoon Building.

"When we find an old man to be a janitor," Miss Baker writes, "we have to teach him the simplest rudiments of keeping the place clean. A new cook frequently means that the secretary who is serving as matron of a dormitory, teaching classes and doing just a few other things must go into the kitchen, cook the rice and wash the dishes. America certainly isn't the only place with a labor problem.

"One of our greatest struggles has been to get a telephone. A few 'urgent phones' are given out twice a year, but it is necessary to be right on the spot to get one. We have hopes of getting one of the fall allotment. If we do not get it this sort of phone we either wait several years—already we have waited two—or pay a fabulous price. As you see, telephones are still a great luxury in Japan."

One of the needs in Yokohama, according to Miss Baker, is for a foreign boarding home for women who are waiting to sail. There are accommodations for Japanese women waiting to go to America, but many girls of other nationalities are stopping there and depending on the Y. W. C. A. to furnish them comfortable living quarters.

The organization of the Twenty-eighth War Post is being directed by Aldelbert Hoegner, 2624 North Twenty-eighth street, and Edward A. Taunt, 2222 North Colorado street.

Do you know Tony Moreno? Well, if you ever cross the ferries at Market street you've had him at your heels at one time or another with his little shoebuck box, luring you to a shine.

"Shine, sir? Shine?" he asks, and you sit down or stand up to a shine because his appeal is so persuasive. But the best part of the shine is not the shine at all. It's Tony himself.

Less than four feet high, long trousers, a cap, a summer black veskit and a round clean face, gives you a kind of picture of Tony. And when he sinks down to the shoe and begins plying his brushes and cloths he's just greased lightning. He never wastes a movement. His work is like a poem in which every word counts.

TONY'S SHINES LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING

Uses Brushes With Swift Syncopation

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He shines and polishes with a swift syncopation and in a wink of the eye the job is done.

"Ten cents," he says. Then "Thank you!" Then down the salon with his enticing "Shine, sir? Shine?" "Been doing this all my life," says Tony.

"How long is your life, Tony?" "I'm fifteen years old and I shine shoes when I'm ten. Naw, not for myself. I work for a man. Did you see me ring up that ten cents? Well, that is my cash register as well as my shoeshine box."

"I go to school when it is winter-time. And maybe, some time, I hire boys with the shoeshine box myself."

Polk Sails for France New York, July 22.—Frank L. Polk, under secretary of state, sailed yesterday on the steamship Imperator for France to take the place of Secretary Lansing at the Peace Conference.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Dorothy Talks Like an Oil Stock Promoter



HELLO DOROTHY I'M VERY BUSY ARE YOU? THAT'S ODD YES, IM SELLING CHANCES FOR A RAFFLE FOR WHAT? FOR A POOR MAN WILL YOU TAKE A CHANCE? SUPPOSE I WIN I HOPE YOU DO WELL WHAT WILL I DO WITH A POOR MAN?

BRUNO DUKE Solver of Business Problems

THE PROBLEM OF THE SMUGGLED JEWELS Introducing Susan Maitland

IT was before Mamie put in an appearance. I had gone home for the evening, but I found out what happened from Walter (Duke's man) and from Bruno Duke himself.

Duke had disposed of all work and was curled up in his chair reading Latab's Essays and smoking his hookah. It had been one of those blustering days and gusty winds had blown the rain in vicious swirls in all directions. Duke and I had been out most of the day, so his room appeared extremely attractive to him. A log fire was burning in the open hearth and the room was in semidarkness, except for the bright light of a red-shaded lamp by which he read.

"Dear Miss Cleff, please don't disturb me now. I don't want to see you tonight. But my dear young woman, Mr. Duke really cannot see you tonight. Come tomorrow."

NO WHITE HOUSE WEDDING

Miss Wilson Denies She Shopped for Her Trousseau

Baltimore, July 22.—Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of President Woodrow Wilson, motored from Washington yesterday morning to spend the day in Baltimore shopping. When seen in one of the downtown shops she was surrounded with marquisette tulle and nets of various hues suitable for evening or afternoon gowns.

Asked if she was preparing for another White House wedding, she laughingly exclaimed: "Oh, well, it's only a loan, for I know Mr. Duke'll get you slathers of dough back; won't you, Mr. Duke?"

He smiled and said: "Suppose I hear what it's all about?"