

THE WORLD FOR SALE

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

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

Fleda Druse, daughter of Gabriel Druse, of gypsy blood, shoots in a canoe the Carillon rapids on the Saginac river, where it flows between the towns of Manitow and Lebanon, in the Canadian Northwest. She is rescued from the whirlpools below by Max Ingobly, a man 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. Fleda is claimed by one Jethro Fawcett as his wife under a gypsy custom which united them in marriage when they were children. Fleda rejects him and a jealous quarrel ensues between Fawcett and Ingobly. Marchand stirs up a feud between the two towns and plans a clash between the two factions during the funeral of an Orangeman to be held in Lebanon. Ingobly, in disguise, mingles with his enemies in Manitow. Fawcett reveals his identity and Ingobly is rendered blind by a blow on the head. A parade of strikers from Manitow clashes with the funeral in Lebanon under the pretext of insulting remarks by the Orangeman against their religion. Marchand, the leader, is hurled through the air by Gabriel Druse, who has been appointed head constable. His followers are cowd and return sullenly to Manitow after one of their priests has made an appeal to them.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

The Beacons

THERE were few lights showing in Lebanon or Manitow; but here and there along the Saginac was the fading glimmer of a camp fire, and in Tekewani's reservation one light glowed softly like a star. It came from a finely made and chased safety-lamp given to Tekewani by the government, as a symbol of honor for having kept the braves quiet when an Indian and half-breed rising was threatened; and to the powerless chief it had become a token of his authority, the sign of the Great White Mother's approval. By day a spray of eagle's feathers waved over his tepee, but the gleam of the brass lantern every night was like a sentry at the doorway of a monarch.

It was a solace to his wounded spirit; it allayed the smart of subjection; made him feel himself a ruler in retirement, even as Gabriel Druse was a self-ordained exile.

These two men, representing the primitive nomad life, had been drawn together in friendship. So much so, that to Tekewani alone of all the West Druse gave his confidence and told his story.

It was one of the virginal days, when there was a restless stirring among the young bucks, who smelled the wide waters, the pines and the wild shrubs; who heard the cry of the loon on the lonely lake and the whir of the wild duck's wings, who answered to the phantom cry of ancient war; it was on such a day that the two chiefs opened their hearts to each other. Near the horizon of a little hill overlooking the great river, Gabriel Druse had come upon Tekewani seated in the pine dust, rocking to and fro, and chanting a low, sorrowful refrain, with eyes fixed on the setting sun. Aghast the Ry of Ry understood, with the understanding of the earth, and also near to the heavens of their own gods. He sat down beside the forlorn chief and in the silence their souls spoke to each other. There swept into the veins of the Romanay ruler something of the immortal courage of the Indian chief, with a sudden premonition that he also was come to the sunset of his life, his big nomad eyes sought the western rim of the heavens and his breast heaved.

In that hour the two men declared themselves to each other, and Druse, because he had heard that he had hidden from the people of the Saginac, and was answered in kind. It seemed to them that they were as brothers who were one and who had parted in ages long gone; and having met were to part and disappear once more, he, gleaning reincarnation.

"Brother," said Tekewani, "it was while there was a bridge of land between the continents of the North that we met. Again I see it. I forgot it, but again I see it. There was war, and you went upon a path and I upon another, and we met no more under all the moons till now."

"Dorri," said he and at such a time," answered the Ry of Ry. "And once more we will follow after the battles which give us light, and show us safe places, but only lead farther into the night."

"Tekewani rooked to and fro again, muttering to himself, but presently he said:

"We eat from the hands of those who have driven away the buffalo, the deer and the beaver; and the young bucks do us might to earn the life of women. There are but as lusting sheep, not as the wild goat that chases its mate over the places of death till it comes upon her at last, and calls in triumph over her as she kneels at his feet. So it is. Like tame beasts we eat from the hand of the white man, and the white man leaves his own camp where his own women are and prowls in our camps so that not even our own women are left to us."

It was then that Gabriel Druse learned of the hatred of Tekewani, the Felix Marchand, because of what he had done in the reservation, prowling at night like a fox or a coyote in the folds.

They parted that hour, believing that the epoch of life in which they were and the fortunes of time which had been or were to come were but turns of a wheel that still went on turning; and that whatever chance of good or bad fortune in the one span of being might be repaired in the next span, or the next, or the next; so, through their creed of reincarnation, taking courage to face the falsification of life they now lived. Not by logic or the teaching of any school had they reached this rev-



Ingobly did not reply. He held out his hand and black fingers shot over and took it

elation, but through an inner sense. They were not hopeful and wondering and timid. They were only sure. Their philosophy, their religion, whether heathen or human, was inherent. They had comfort in it and in each other.

After that day Gabriel Druse always set a light in his window which burned all night, answering to the lantern-light at the door of Tekewani's home; the lights of exile and of an alliance which had behind it the secret influences of past ages and vanished peoples.

There came a night, however, when the light at the door of Tekewani's tepee did not burn. At sunset it was lighted, but long before midnight it was extinguished. Looking out from the doorway of his home it was the night after the Orange funeral, Gabriel Druse, returned from his new duties at Lebanon, saw no light in the lantern reservation. With anxiety, he set forth in the shine of the moon to visit it.

Arrived at the chief's tepee, he saw that the lantern of honor was gone, and waking Tekewani he brought him out to see. When the old Indian knew his loss, he gave a harsh cry and stopped, and, gathering a handful of dust on that ground, sprinkled it on his head. Then with arms outstretched he cursed the thief who had robbed him of what had been to him like a never-fading mirage, an illusion blinding his eyes to the bitter facts of his condition.

To his mind all the troubles come to Lebanon and Manitow had had one source; and now the malign spirit had stretched its hand to spoil those already dispossessed of all but the right to live. One name was upon the lips of both men, as they stood in the moonlight by Tekewani's tepee.

"There shall be an end to this," growled the Romanay.

"I will have my own," said Tekewani, with malice upon the thief who had so shamed him.

Black anger was in the heart of Gabriel Druse as he turned again toward his own home, and he was glad of what he had done to Felix Marchand at the Orange funeral.

Although Jim moved, presumably, toward the place where the telegrams lay, Ingobly realized that his own authority was being crossed by that of the doctor and the nurse.

"You will leave the room for a moment, nurse," he said with a brassy vibration in the voice—a sign of nervous strain. With a smothered protest the nurse left, and Jim stood beside the bed with the telegrams.

"Read them to me, Jim," Ingobly repeated irritably. "Be quick."

They were not wires which Ingobly should have heard at the time, when his wound was still inflamed, when he was still on the outer circle of that artificial sleep which the opiates had secured. They were from Montreal

and New York, and, resolved from their half-hidden suggestion into bare elements, they meant that henceforth they would do the work he had done. They meant, in effect, that save for the few scores of thousand dollars he had made, he was now where he was when he came West.

When Jim had finished reading them, Ingobly sank back on the pillows and said quietly:

"All right, Jim. Put them in the drawer of the table and I'll answer them tomorrow. I want to get a little more sleep, so give me a drink, and then leave me alone—both nurse and you—till I ring the bell. There's a bell on the table, isn't there?"

He stretched out a hand toward the table beside the bed, and Jim softly pushed the bell under his fingers.

"That's right," he added. "Now, I'm not to be disturbed unless the doctor comes. I'm all right, and I want to be alone and quiet. No one at all in the room is what I want. You understand, Jim?"

"My head's just as good as got at what you want as ever it was, and you goin' have what you want, I guess, while I'm on deck," was Jim's reply.

Jim put a glass of water into his hand. He drank very slowly, was insipid, and he felt mechanically conscious that he was drinking, for his mind was far away.

After he had put the glass down, Jim still stood beside the bed, looking at him.

"Why don't you go, as I tell you, Jim?" Ingobly asked wearily.

"I'm goin'—Jim tucked the bed-clothes in, carefully—"I'm goin', but, boss, I jes' want to say dat dis thing goin' to come out all right time-by. There ain't no doubt 'bout dat. You goin' see everything, come jes' like what you want—suh!"

Ingobly did not reply. He held out his hand, and black fingers shot over and took it.

A moment later the blind man was alone in the room.

He was Learning

An Indianapolis physician has a new office boy, who himself has ambitions to become a doctor. The other day a letter came into the office—and asked to see the doctor. "He isn't in just now," informed the boy, and in the conversation that followed asked her what she was sick.

"My papa," answered the little girl. "And I just wanted some medicine for him. He isn't sick enough for the doctor to come to see him."

The office boy thought a minute. Then, "Is he insured?" he asked.

The little girl nodded that he was. The look of hesitation left the office boy's face. "All right," he said, "I'll fix him some medicine."—Indianapolis Times.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DAILY NOVELETTE

RAG DOLLS AND TEDDY BEARS

By Annette C. Symmes

"LINCOLN STREET!"

called the conductor, and Harvey Wilson, immersed in a Post directory, had barely time to make a frantic gesture at the automatic of the trolley car, to snatch up his bundle of laundry from the seat beside him, and to make a hasty exit, thus avoiding being carried by his corner. On Lincoln street was Hop Sing's laundry, and Hop Sing was the best and cheapest laundryman Harvey knew. Stepping into the laundry he delivered the bundle to the bland Hop Sing, received his short of the ticket, and hurried by a halt cut to the main street where his office was situated.

The girls in the office were vastly interested in Harvey, but he did not return the compliment. Someway he didn't seem to care for girls. A pity, since his income was as attractive as his looks, which is saying a good deal.

A few days later he again beat his steps in the direction of Hop Sing's establishment, this time homeward bound after the day's work, to get the clean shirts and collars which should now be ready for him.

The clerk smiled as he produced Harvey's bundle. The smile broadened as he untied the bundle and unrolled to Harvey's astonished gaze, a black "Dinah" rag doll, a "Kewpie" in a most insufficient sash, two teddy bears in indifferent repair, a train of cars, and a miscellaneous assortment of what he would have termed "doll duds."

"Why," exploded Harvey, "I never brought that junk here. Where'd I get a bundle of rag dolls and teddy bears? What've you done with my shirts and collars?"

"That's your bundle," returned the clerk. "Look at the ticket."

Harvey looked. Apparently the facts were as stated. But where and how had he annexed that bundle? And where were his shirts?

Harvey left the laundry in a state of perspiration which seriously threatened to add another collar to his laundry.

Plainly, he must have exchanged his laundry bundle with somebody on the car, when he made his hasty exit. He vaguely recalled a young woman taking a seat next him, as the car filled, and putting down a bundle between them. He wished she had her old number Hop Sing couldn't keep it, and he meant to check it into the first dump-barrel he passed!

In the trolley, homeward bound, he opened his paper, glanced over the ads, to see how the one he had just inserted for an office boy looked, and stumbled upon this item, under "Information":

"WILL THE GENTLEMAN who accidentally exchanged a bundle of laundry for a package of toys, last Tuesday a. m. on the 8:30 Forest avenue car call at No. 12 Bronson street, city, to make exchanges."

Would he? He quickly secured a transfer which landed him at the end of Bronson street and presently was confronting the prettiest girl he had ever seen, who had answered his ring at No. 12.

"I called," he began awkwardly, "about those rag dolls—"

"Oh, yes!" cried the girl. "Come right in. I know you'll be glad to get your laundry as my little nephews and nieces will get the toys their parents sent them, and which you now have."

She was bringing out the other bundle as she spoke, and Harvey was noting how womanly and sweet she was, as well as pretty, and what a nice honey place No. 12 was.

"I'm glad you've found them something like disappointing them so," he said. "Couldn't I bring them over some—some candy next Sunday, to make up?"

"Oh, that would be lovely!" cried the girl. "They live at No. 44 Hope street."

"Well—you see—I—I thought—I might—bring it here—" he stammered. "My name is Harvey Wilson, and—"

"I've known you by sight for some time, Mr. Wilson," said the girl, "but not your name. My cousin has just gone to work in your office. The children—sometimes visit her Sunday."

"I'll bring the candy, then," vowed Harvey.

The next complete novelette—Behind the Rose Hedge.

Always First

At a recent convention of editors a delegate told about the first editor he worked under. "Right or wrong, he was always right. I recall on one occasion where the paper announced the death of William R. Jones, who, it turned out, was not dead. Accordingly next day the paper printed the following note: 'Yesterday we were the first newspaper to publish the death of William R. Jones. Today we are the first to deny the report. The Morning is always in the lead.'—London Opinion.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"RACING FOR A THRONE"

(Peggy, Billy, Bally Sam, General Croaker and the birds race for the throne of Birdland, one-third of the race being by air, one-third by water and one-third by land. After the race Bally Sam lands in a sink hole and Peggy and Billy turn back to aid him.)



"The cottage is on fire. We must try to save it," she cried.

They See a Fire

BALKY SAM was stuck fast in the mud. All four feet had sunk deep in the mire, and the more he tried to pull them out the further he went down.

Peggy and Billy swam quickly back to shore and ran to see what they could do.

"Hee-haw! I'm a goner now!" brayed Bally Sam. "First I was flying like a bird, now I am sinking like a stone, and soon I'll be underground with the snakes and worms. That's what a mule gets for trying to be an eagle."

Billy took a quick look at Bally Sam, then he ran to an old rail fence nearby and grabbed a rail. Peggy picked up the other end of the rail and they carried it to the sink hole and showed it under Bally Sam's stomach.

Another and another rail followed until they had built a platform under Bally Sam so he couldn't sink any further. Billy followed this by sticking rails down into the mire beneath Bally Sam's feet.

"Now everybody lift together!" he shouted. The birds straddled at the strings, Bally Sam pawed desperately and up he came out of the mud. Another minute and he was on solid land and Peggy had freed the birds from the strings in which they were tangled.

"Hee-haw! Now we can go on with the race," brayed Bally Sam, dashing Peggy and Billy stopped only long

enough to put the kite string loops under their arms, and untie the strings from the stakes. Swish! the kites dragged them through the water so fast that spray flew from their breasts like waves from the bow of a speed boat. Swish! they rushed past Bally Sam, splashing water over the astonished birds. Swish! they caught up with General Croaker the frog, who was beginning to get tired of towing General Swallow across the lake. Swish! they even passed Wild Ducks, who were paddling along at a good rate. The beach was near when the wind, which had become more and more puffy, died away entirely. The kites no longer pulled them and dropped toward earth.

"Swim!" shouted Billy, and down they did, letting go the kite strings. They had a good lead and reached the beach well ahead of the others.

"Now we'll have to run our swiftest," said Billy. "Bally Sam can gallop faster than we can, and it will be a hard race to the old mill when we reach shore."

But Peggy was looking at a cottage which stood close to the beach. From a window a little whiff of smoke had puffed out.

"The cottage is on fire. We must try to save it," she cried.

"Quack! Quack! You'll lose the race," cried Wild Duck, who was just swimming to shore.

"Cree! Cree! You'll lose the race," shrilled General Swallow from his little pad raft.

"Loses or win," quoth Bill, "we're going to fight that fire."

(Tomorrow will be told how Bally Sam almost wins, then gets a surprise.)

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

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

THE PROBLEM OF THE SMUGGLED JEWELS

Susan Finds "a Fine" Investment

SUSAN MAITLAND told Bruno Duke that when Bannock Purvis assured her she could get more than \$3000 a year out of her \$35,000 "without lifting a finger," she begged him to help her.

"I told him," she explained, "that I wanted him to help me, as a friend of father's, but I insisted that he must recompense himself for his time and trouble."

Purvis waived the suggestion aside and then explained to her bewildered mind that he was a broker who dealt in commercial paper.

"It's like this, Miss Maitland," he had told her. "There are lots and lots of business men who have more business than they can take care of—I mean so far as having the dollars go. Now, I make a specialty of helping them to do a big business, whereas without me they could only do a little one. Of course, they pay me well for helping them, that's understood. . . ."

"Always make people pay well for help, Miss Maitland. They value it proper-like, then—that's my motto, y'know."

When Susan asked him how he did it, he explained:

"Suppose a man wants a few hundred dollars in a hurry. His bank won't accommodate him, say because he's only a little fellow. He comes to me and I loan him money on his bills receivable, and have the accounts assigned to me. Them bills is pretty well gilt edge, for they represent cash that the owner has due him for goods actually had. Of course, I look up what kind of people they are who owe the money, and only loan on bills owned by people with a good Dun or Bradstreet rating."

"Now, as the people pay them bills I get the money. Suppose a man wants a thousand dollars—my business is made up of small accounts, Miss Maitland—he brings me in a batch of bills receivable which I appraise. Suppose the total amount is \$1200 (that may represent twenty to fifty different accounts). I lend him 75 per cent of the full value of the bills, so for \$1200 worth of bills, I'll loan \$900.

"When \$900 worth of bills are paid, I release the balance. I only hold them as extra security in case any of the firms don't pay their account."

"See how safe it is! I get the business note with collateral worth a third more than the note. Now I deduct the first month's interest, which is 5 per cent. On that \$900 debt I just told you of, Miss Maitland, I charge \$45 for a month's accommodation. Now, half that \$1200 may be paid in a week, so I got it to use again somewhere else."

"Isn't 5 per cent a month a lot of money?" Susan had asked him. "I heard father say he never paid more than 6 per cent for a whole year."

"That's different. I have a lot of

investigating and bookkeeping to do and the 5 per cent is not interest, but interest and expense—see?"

She said "yes," but really didn't understand the matter.

"Now it's like this, Miss Maitland. I could loan much more money than I have, for business men are hungry to discount their bills with me. If you like I'll use your \$35,000 as soon as I can and pay you 2 per cent a month. The 3 per cent I get will pay me a profit besides carrying all the expenses."

"How much is 2 per cent a month for \$35,000?" she inquired.

"After figuring for a brief spell he answered that it amounted to \$8400 a year—about \$140 a week."

"Of course," he said, "I can't guarantee to use every penny all the time, but I'll do my best for you. You'll get your 2 per cent every month on the cash I use, of course."

Susan trusted him, so without knowing the method of doing such business loaned him all her cash, and received in exchange detailed particulars of loans made with her money, and every month a substantial check. Each month new particulars of loans were sent, and he collected for her the data relating to expired collateral.

For six months this went on to Susan's relief and delight—then came a sudden and disturbing change.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

What is a "Passport"?

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

"Letter of Advice" is one which gives notice of a shipment made, bill drawn or other business transaction.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO PROPOSE

Among the last rights of women to be fought is the right to propose.

It is the inevitable consequence of the vote and of the war. The position of woman with regard to marriage has entirely changed, and the sooner it is recognized the better. Up till now nice women have properly not proposed, because it meant virtually "Will you keep me?"

Now that a woman can be as independent as a man she need have no scruples on that score.

In every other direction the position of men and women, with regard to marriage, is equal. It is quite ridiculous that it should be an honorable thing in a man to love a woman who does not return his affection, and yet be a disgrace to a woman to love unasked. A proposal from the man clears the air, and it would be the same with one from the woman.

In the present condition of things a woman often wastes the best years of her life on a hope. It would be much better if she could say in the beginning, "I like you, and if you like me as much as I like you, let us spend our lives together." It would be quite simple for the man to reply, if he were of a different mind: "I am sorry. Of course, I like you, but I do not feel like going into partnership."

The woman would then put him out of her mind and go about her business. Broken hearts heal in time, and it is possible that hearts would never get beyond the wounded stage if this plan were adopted.

There is a serious reason why it should be adopted. Some badly wounded men are feeling much as if they had changed places with the women. They do not have to say "Will you keep me?" when they propose, but what to them is almost as bad. "Will you keep yourself?"

It would be a great relief to many a

crippled man in love if proposals were taken out of men's hands.

In the present circumstances no nice girl could bring herself to propose, how ever willing she is to love herself, how ever much she loves the man.

There is no need to fear that the new right would give added license to the other kind of girl. She proposes now, although not in so many words, "A Girl From the War" in the London Mail.

FRIENDLY COLD IN ARCTIC

Explorers Find Traveling Safest When Mercury Is Lowest

One of the curious errors about the North that are prevalent among those few who have any ideas about the North at all is that cold is the chief enemy we have to fight beyond the Arctic Circle. I am sure that all those who have traveled extensively on the moving polar ice would agree with me that the cold is our best friend.

For that reason February is a better month than March for sledge travel, and January would be as good as February were it not for the fact that it is then too dark for safe working among broken ice, where water holes are a danger everywhere. In April, when the temperature seldom goes lower than 80 degrees below zero for a night, if a gale breaks up the ice, as often happens forming open leads that crisscross each other in all directions, it takes several days for the frost to cement the broken places and to form ice over the lanes which are impassable months while the ice remains unbroken, but which become smooth boulevards when covered by six inches of young ice.

In February, when the temperature seldom above 30 degrees, and frequently goes down to 50 degrees, the same lanes would freeze over in a night, saving many a tedious delay.—Vilhjalm Stefansson in Harper's Magazine.

Trying Her Patience

"Patience" was the subject of the teacher's discourse, and to illustrate her point she drew on the blackboard a picture of a small boy sitting on the bank of a stream, fishing.

"You see this lad, children," she said, beaming on her pupils; "he's fishing. Well, even the pleasure of fishing requires patience. He must be prepared to sit and wait."

For a little while longer she dilated on the beauties of being patient. Then came the time for her to test her work. "Now, then, can any of you boys tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" she invited.

Like one voice came a chorus from the class, "Hait!"—London Opinion.

The Day and the Girl

"The worship of girl beauty is unprecedented," said David Belasco. "Look at the magazines—a pretty girl on every cover. Look at the advertisements—nothing but pretty girls. Go to the theatre—it's a girl show. Yes, the pretty girl is worshipped, but she's naive, unspoiled. I heard the other day about an elderly millionaire banker who proposed to a millionnaire. 'Think,' said the oldascal, 'think of the motorcars and pearls and saddle-horses a rich husband could give you.'"

"The girl looked at him critically. 'Oh, a rich father would do just as well,' she said. 'Marry mamma.'—London Opinion.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Mr. Kroop Is Evidently a Couple of Buttons Shy Himself



By Chas. McManus

