THE WORLD FOR SALE

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Fleda Druse, daughter of Gabriel Druse, of gypsy blood, shoots in a cance the Carillon rapids on the Sagalac river, where it flows between the towns of Manitou and Lebanon, in Canadian Northwest. She is rescued from the whirlpools below by Max Ingolby, a manager of great interests, who has come to Lebanon to unite the two towns and make m the center of commerce in western north. On the shore she is insulted by Felix Marchand, a powerful but disreputable character of Manitou. Ingolby attacks Marchand. who vows 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 and a jealous quarrel ensues between Fawe and Ingolby. Marchand stirs up a fend between the two towns in order to feil Ingolby's ambitions and plans a clash between the two factions during the funeral of an Orangeman be held in Lebanon. disguise, mingles with his enemies in Manitou. Fawe reveals his idea tity and Ingolby is rendered blind by a blow on the head. A parade strikers from Manitou clashes with the funeral of Lebanon under pretext of insulting remarks by the Orangemen against their religion. through the air by Gabriel Druse. who has been appointed head con stable. His followers are cowed and return sullenly to Manitou after one of their priests has made an appeal to them. Ingolby receives word that his work at Lebanon will be taken over by another.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THE darkest mood of all his days was upon him now. When Rockwell came, soon after Jim and the nurse left him. simulated sleep, for he had no mind were the real revelation of the situation distorted, ridiculous and tremendor wall. Never, it might have seemed, had There were dreams that tossed and its intensity, gathering all other thoughts senses, into its wake, reduced them to the con- It was the dream of a great bridge and shattered ambitions. No life-work their hands. left, no schemes to accomplish, no con-

As myriad thoughts drove through his floor. all merged into the one obsession that he cross the room and feel for a cent along and the bell changed out an alarm. could no longer stay. The irresistible the wall—an overcoat which he used as "Dang! Dang! Fire!"

his own heated senses like the spray darkness.

from a cooling stream, and at last it

As they neared the river Ingolby be-

as though she was there in the room bridge under his feet; and now he He thought he heard her alone knew. The pistol slipped from his fingers and he fell back on the pillow with a sigh. The will beyond his will bound his footsteps,

Who can tell? The grim, malign excrience of Fleda in her bedroom with the Thing she thought was from beyoud the bounds of her own life; the voice that spoke to Ingolby and the the Orange funeral. He had heard the breath that swept over his check were, perhaps, as real in a sense as would have been the corporeal presence of Druse in the other. It may be that in very truth Fleda Druse's spirit, with its poignant solicitude, controlled his will as he "rose up to depart." Rut it was only an illusion, it was not land, and stood still, listening. less a miracle. Some power of suggestion bound his fleeing footsteps, drew him back from the brink.

He slept. Once the nurse came and looked at him and returned to the other room, and twice Jim stole in silently own chamber. The stars shone in at doors that opened out from the quiet room into the night, the watch beside the bed ticked on, the fox terrier which always slept on a mat at the foot of the bed sighed in content, while to talk; and the doctor, deceived by his his master breathed heavily in a sleep even breathing, had left, contented. At full of dreams that hurried past like last he was wholly alone with his own phantasmagoria-of a hundred things thoughts, as he desired. From the mo- that had been in his life, and that had ment Jim had read him the wires, which never been; of people he had known, to which he had come, he had been tray. There were dreams of fiddlers and bar eling hard on the road leading to a bers, of crowds writhing in passion in cul-de-sae, from which there was no a room where there was a billiard-table save by breaking through the and a lucky horseshoe on the wall.

his mind been clearer, but it was a mingled in one whirlpool vision, and clearness belonging to the abnormal. It then at last came a dream which was was a straight line of thought which, in so cruel and clear that it froze his

trol of an obsession. It was borne in on over a swift-flowing river; of his own his mind that his day was done, that bridge over the Sagalae—of that bridge nothing could right the disorder which being destroyed by men who erept had strewn his path with broken hopes through the night with dynamite in

struction to achieve, no wealth to gain, nwoke. His eyes opened wide. His no public good to be won, no home to heart was beating like a hammer against burning cottage. Smoke was now pourhis, no woman his very own, to be his side. Only the terrier at his feet ing out of the window in a cloud, "Fire! his counselor and guide in the natural heard the muttered agony. With an Fire!" they shouted again, but no one instinct all its own, it slipped to the answered.

logic of the brain stretched to an abnor- a dressing gown at times. Putting it throes of that intense visualization opening on the veranda. The dog, as it on the fire. Then he ran back to the comes with insomnia, when one though to let him know he was there. Juke for another patiful. Peggy seized mill was reached. is awake yet apart from the waking rubbed against his legs. Ingolby mur-

desert, lonely and barren and strange. was quiet in the next room, she comthem. It seemed that the boys had left raced up the bank and dashed toward want no soap—you want summat else—
the vain idea that she was not sleen.

"O—oh. I see. Yes—es, yes, I take
what is it?"

"O—oh. I see. Yes—es, yes, I take
what is it?"

"O—oh. I see. Yes—es, yes, I take
what is it?"

"O—oh. I see. Yes—es, yes, I take
what is it?"

"O—oh. I see. Yes—es, yes, I take
care of the roses.
Into the house." e, and at ing. And Jim the faithful a ranch he had visited he came upon though under a narcotic of fate, was had set fire to the floor. some verses which had haunted his mind snoring softly beside the vacant room. ever since. They fastened upon his The streets were still. No lights burned They were like a lopesome anywhere so far as eye could see, monotone which at length gave calm to now and then, in the stillness through his torturing reflections. In his dark- which the river flowed on, margaring.

There was Winter in my world and to my heart.

A breath came from the mesa and a message stirred my will.

I heard the desert calling: and I knew that over there. In an olive-sheltered garden where the mesulite grows.

Was a woman of the sunrise, with the starshine in her hair.

And a heauty that the aimond-hlossom blows.

In the night-time when the shoot-trees glimmered in the moon.

The the mesa by the watercourse was garned.

Where the mesa by the watercourse was garned.

Rer loveliness envrapped me like the bless
The mered in the moon.

The the mesa by the watercourse was did they pass any human being, and faster than they could, and so they did they pass any human being, and faster than they could, and so they

er leveliness enwrapped me like the bless-edness of June.

And all my life was thrilling in her hand, There is summer in my world and in my breat and a will breath comes from the mesa, and a will beyond my will more than half askeep, and seeing only part.

This strange half mestics and my life was thrilling in her hand, that was when they came upon a came of road builders, where a red light burned and two men slept in the open by a dying fire. One of them raised his head when Ingolby passed, but being more than half askeep, and seeing only a man and a dog, thought nothing of it and dropped back again mone his Robin Redde Woodbeaker and shorter path than the rough, and funed, but Judge Owl just hooted and funed, but lim: ''Hoo.' Hoo.' Ho This strange, half-mystic song of the mesa and the clive-groves, of the ghost-trees and the mesa and the mesa

from a cooling stream, and at last it quieted him. The dark spirit of self-destruction loosened its hold.

As they neared the rivet Ingolby became deeply agitated. He moved with his hands outstretched. Had it not the normal; almost unconsciously his hands outstretched into the Sagalae, for fingers had fastened on the pistol in the drawer of the table by his held.

Sam's tough hide.

Sall Government Wool Wednesday

A sale of government wool, including the for you and Jim to the seven wool, including the for you and sall the forever and will be nearly to have a seven and victory only a short distance ahead.

Now Balky Sam easily passed to William G, Pisher, who have a seven and victory only a short distance ahead.

Now Balky Sam easily passed to William G, Pisher, who have a seven and victory only a short distance ahead.

Now Balky Sam easily passed to William G, Pisher, who have a seven and victory only a short distance ahead.

Now

DOROTHY DARNIT-The German Generals Never Got Close Enough to Battlefields to Find Out

as it had been when he had carried it when, having swerved from the road down the southern trail. But as his leading on to the bridge, he was within shall not touch my bridge! I built it. fingers tightened on the little engine a foot of the river bank. One step You shall not touch it. Back, you of death, from the words which had further and he would have plunged devils-back!" been ringing in his brain came the flash down thirty feet into the stream, to be loudly. swept to the rapids below.

But for the first time the terrier bark, almost human in its meaning. A will beyond his will! It was as and threw himself at the legs of his though Fleda's fingers were laid upon master, pushing him backward and his own; as though she whispered in the bridge, as a collie guides sheep. his ear and her breath swept his check; Presently Ingolby felt the floor of the outstretched arms.

The roar of the rapids below was a words, and he realized the situation. sonerous accompaniment to Ingolby's wild thoughts. One thing only he felt, he called. "Stendy! Stendy! Gabriel one thing only heard—the men in Bar- Druse is here. It's all right." bazon's Tavern saying that the bridge should be blown up on the Saturday the two wreckers turned and ran, night; and this was Saturday nightthe night of the day following that of to his side, and he staggered forward, the Orange funeral. He had heard the 'Druse-Fleda,' he murmured, then criminal bireling of Felix Marchand swayed, trembled and fell. say that it should be done at midnight joined the Maniton bank of the Sagalac,'

For several minutes he was motionless, intent as an animal waiting for the voices, though so low, became more sanity, and then had fallen into as sud-They were now not fifty feet den unconscidistinct. were as near as death had been when

He took a step forward, and with old. esionate voice and arms outstretched,

"You shall not do it-by God, you The terrier barked

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Seats of the Mighty,"

The two men in the semidarkness in The two men in the semidarkness in SUSAN MAITLAND did not tell her front of him cowered at the sight of Story to Bruno Duke without much made a sound. He gave a whining this weird figure holding the bridge they had come to destroy. His words, uttered in so strange and unnatural a away from the ghostly form with the had explained to Duke how Bannock

In the minute's pause following on beside him, making the darkness light. hastened on, with outstretched arms his words, a giant figure suddenly aptempering the wind of chastisement to and head bent forward, listening in- peared behind the dynamiters. It was his naked soul. In the overstrain of tently, the dog trotting beside, with the temporary chief constable of Lebhis nervous system the illusion was what knowledge working in him Heaven anon, returning from his visit to Tekewani. He had heard Ingolby's wild within thirty days.

At the first sound of Druse's voice

"Ingolby-steady there, Ingolby

With words that stuck in his throat and that the explosive should be laid Gabriel Druse stooped and lifted him Purvis has-lost all my money." under that part of the bridge which up in his arms. At first he turned towards the bridge, as though to cross young lady," Duke said in reassuring As though in very truth he saw with over to Lebanon, but the last word tones. his eyes, he stopped short not far from Ingolby had uttered rang in his ears, and friend, Mr. Peter Flint. He knows

terrier following. They were the to me," "Druse-Fleda!" ears heard footsteps approaching and low voices. The footsteps came nearer,

"Fleda! Fleda!" called Gabriet work. away, but to the delirious Ingolby they Druse outside the door of his house a then laid her hands in her lap and said: were as near as death had been when quarter of an hour later, and her voice his fingers closed on the pistol in his in reply was that of one who knew that the feet of Fate were at her thresh- found out the following:

(TO BE CONTINUED) .

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES By DADDY

RACING FOR A THRONE

(Peggy, Rilly, Balky Sam, General Croaker and the birds race for the throne of Riedland, one third of the race being by air, one-third by water and one-third by land. Peggy and Billy are ahead when they reach the land third, but stop when they see a cottage afire.)

A Surprise at the End

With a hourse, smothered cry he "FIRE! Fire! Fire!" shouted Peggy I and Billy, running toward the

On the roof of the cottage was a brain on this Indian summer night, they It watched its master get out of bed, dinner bell. Peggy grasped the rope,

Billy threw open the cottage door

left." said the boys gratefully. bis torturing reflections. In his dark.

which the river flowed on, marmauring and rhythmic, there rose the distant sounds of disorderly voices. Ingolby was in a state which was neither sleep nor waking, which was neither sleep nor waking all day, were Peggy and Billy.

There was length of the race, though they not been waiting all day, were Peggy and Billy.

There was silence for and then buke asked:

"There was voices for and the birds still tie, so we both be Birdland's president. I will rule one day and she will rule the "No."

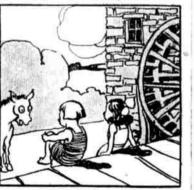
"No." woods that stretched from the beach to next.

Peggy; and then she and Billy told the Hurrah for the Republic of Birdland! boys about the race for the throne of screeched all the birds, flocking up by

stuck right to him. Balky Sam fussed easier and shorter path than the rough.

Sam's tough hide.

the drawer of the table by his bed. It that was extra natural, he swayed and had been there since the day when he had been there since the day when he had traveled down from Alaska—loaded on. There was one dreadful moment the birds got off in a hurry, but when at Old Point Comfort.



"Ah, at last you're here," chuckled

Balky Sam jumped up and dashed tain wealthy women. away, there were the birds again on mal tenuity, and an intolerable bright- on hastily, with outstretched hands and there sound the floor ablaze. Billy his back. Judge Owl was even on his when Mamie happened to call at her forgive me?"

threes of that interse visualization opening on the versands. The doors grabbed up a water pail and emptied head, leaning far forward, so he could shabby room. Mamie called to sell her "O-oh, my jump off, and be the first when the so

world, where nothing normal. He had a call to go in his bare feet, passed out on to the hence, and he must go. Minute after veranda, and from there to the garden and toward the rate at the front of the hence and he must go. Minute after veranda, and from there to the garden and toward the rate at the front of the hence and he must go. Minute after veranda, and from there to the garden and toward the rate at the front of the heat the fire, and in quick more water on the fire with it. Billy poured more water on the fire with it. Billy poured more water on the fire with it. Billy poured more water on the fire with it. Billy poured more water on the fire with it. Billy poured more water on the fire with it. Billy poured water waterfall. Only the water waterfall water waterfall water waterfall. Only the water waterfall water water water waterfall water wa a blanket from a bed and soaked it in Seeing that he couldn't get rid of the Susan explained, half apologetically: minute passed, hours passed, and the fight of the soul to maintain itself the house.

All his past seemed but part of a but she was only half awake, and as all matter?" they should. Billy told washed off his back. Then Balky Sam at me and said. 'Say, kid, you don't leave the soul to maintain itself the house.

All his past seemed but part of a but she was only half awake, and as all matter?" they should. Billy told washed off his back. Then Balky Sam at me and said. 'Say, kid, you don't leave the should and trom there to the garden more water on the fire, and in quick mill dam, over which a stream was flow-know, but—I was hungry and all I had in a pretty waterfall. Quick as was," she gave a little hysterical laugh, was, "she gave a little hysterical laugh, was," when Miss Cleff saw me she just looked washed off his back. Then Balky Sam at me and said. 'Say, kid, you don't leave?' Our neighbor here?'' they shouted. Billy told washed off his back. Then Balky Sam at me and said, 'Say, kid, you don't

ft." said the boys gratefully.

for there, sitting on the mill platform as here with you, Mr. Duke—all through her. God bless her generous, good-native world. It is was worth it," said Billy. He were Peggy and Billy.

"Well. I guess we have lost the race, though they had been waiting all day, it it was worth it," said Billy. He were Peggy and Billy.

"I sincerely hope not. Yet a sprain is slow, you know. See here, I don't suppose your folks would allow a gardener tured heart."

"I sincerely hope not. Yet a sprain is slow, you know, See here, I don't suppose your folks would allow a gardener tured heart."

"Say

world."

But all we wouldn't have had any cottage mill, he got the surprise of his life. -I told her all about it-and now-I'm

We can't catch them now," cried Billy! Hurrah for President Peggy!

the air route. The birds were still on Balky Sam's How had Billy and Peggy managed to land faster than they could, and so they bicycles and shown them a smoother,

Two post cards, one mailed June 28, trees and the moon, kept playing upon his recognizing Ingolby in the semi- along by digging his bill into Balky 1906, and the other July 3, 1914. were delivered through the mails in

Billy.

"Hurrah! Hurrah for President

Card. Mailed in 1914, Delivered

BRUNO DUKE

Solver of Business Problems By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

THE PROBLEM OF THE SMUGGLED JEWELS A Complicated Problem

questioning on his part. So much so that he had to send her to Mamle's voice, shook their nerves. They shrank home, for it was 11 o'clock before Susan Purvis borrowed money from her at 2 per cent interest a month while he got brown.

5 per cent a month from it. The security, as I explained, was accounts payable, all supposed to be due

When Duke had a second interview with Susan Maitland I was there.

She came to his apartment at the time appointed-10 o'clock on a Wednesday morning. She sat wearily on a As they did so, Ingolby's hands fell chair and said with a brave attempt to

> "Here I am on time, Mr. Duke. It's so good of you to see me, although I feel sure it's no use. I'm afraid Mr. "I want you to meet my helper

She gave me a shy and weary glance

"I know, Mr. Flint, of course, because I've read his stories about your She shook hands with me and "Now, sir, what can I say?"

questions and Duke cent a month for six or seven months when suddenly the interest stopped. He explained to her that several clients of his were hard up and many of the ac-

were slow pay. "Of course, you understand," Purvis had said, "that these folks are slow pay, but they are good, and the longer enjoy. It's a shame." I only loan seventy-five dollars on \$100 smoke worth of accounts owing."

Well, things had drifted on for six his name, has arrived. He mustn't see you. few dollars from time to time "to ap-ply against interest." On this trifle The wall was long as she had to struggle along. In fact, she overhanding roses, and they supplied Say, wouldn't it be jolly if he'd pull sold her small collection of jewelry and Lena with flowers for several days. some odds and ends of furniture to help her expenses. Every month Purvis gave of the grouch behind the rose hedge, her new notes with new lists of accounts.

But one day as she steed perched high payable which constituted the security. in the air a stern voice bellowed: These notes were ever increasing in size, for extra collateral to cover accumulated interest was added.

On paper she was still getting her in- grasp a rose twig and fell to the ground. terest but-no cash had been forthcom- where she lay moaning, unheeding him!" ing for two months and to get even the sights or sounds. barest of living Susan Maitland was doing fancy sewing at the homes of cer-

soap-she stayed to comfort the the girl then looking up, she quavered:

loor had come open and falling brands and set fire to the floor.

"If you hadn't come along just then as he rushed around to the front of the me and sat down in my own room and the special properties of the special properties." If no you think I'll be laid up long but somehow—Miss Cleff is so fine and with my ankle. Please say no—do," she will sincerely hope not. Yet a sprain is

There was silence for a few minutes "Have you told Purvis you have seen

"No." "He has no idea you have told any-

"Not the least." "What is his address?"

"Room 1248 Karmel Building, Nassau street.

"Come back this time next week, Miss Then he-helped her on with her cloak and she left us.

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION What is a "Letters Patent"?

Ansicer will appear Monday. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

A "Passport" is a permission from a government to travel, with identiication and certificate of nationality.

"monthly 1919, he'll's He'l Sondoute Inc

THE DAILY NOVELETTE BEHIND THE ROSE HEDGE By J. S. BROOKS

LENA EVERHARD stood there on merry gray eyes seemed to dance becountry home. She looked the picture back to earth, she shrugged her shoulof summer in her thin, fluffy dress of white dashed with color from the pink visions like those enter your brain! hair

bright with humor-eyes that the sunlight now-turned into a golden

She raised herself on tiptoe

"Oh, dear! How can any one cover up a beautiful rose hedge with a high stone wall, ugly and, yes, inhuman. It must be just heavenly behind that hedge and to think that a grouchy old man is to be there-and so romantic a spot.' She gave a little sigh.

"He must get a grouch or he'd take that old stone wall down."

Unsuccessful in obtaining one little peek over the wall, she settled berself brother Ted's letter from overseas, "We'll see about that later, my dear Soon her little white shod feet began tapping the step.

"Ted seems to have found a parathe point where the bridge joined the and he carried him away into the trees all you told me last Friday evening, gon." she half sneered. "I always towards his own house, the faithful and as he will have to help me, I want hated idols on pedestals. This aviator, you to speak frankly to him as well as Jim Burton, must be a wonder. H'm! This hedge interests me more. I wish Ted could get home. He's been gone so long. We are such chums. couldn't he have come with this Jim of his?" She sighed a little, folded the letter and jumped to her feet. She stood gazing at the enormous clusters of red and pink roses that hung over

the top of the wall. "They're hanging over in my yard. Bannock Purvis had paid the 2 per and I'm just going to get a ladder and pick some before that grouchy man

The ladder proved too short to secure many sprays, but finding a hole in the counts which were assigned as collateral wall, she felt repaid at the sight of a glorious riot of rose color in the gar-

"And all for one lone, selfish man to they delay the more we get, and any- as she stood perilously balanced on the we have 25 per cent leeway, for ladder, she caught the smell of cigar

"Why. I do believe the grouch, that's

conths with Purvis giving the girl a me." and down the ladder twinkled you know." The wall was long and well filled with him. Never once could she catch a glimpse hedge?"

> "Stop stealing those roses!" So astonished was the pretty third lively that she lost her footing, vainly tried to sounded from the gateway.

Suddenly a tall form landed beside

"Are you hurt at my beastly words? This was the condition she was in I thought is was boys. Will you ever Lena's pink cheeks that you were old the better term—why call the commit-"O-oh, my ankle-hurts so," wailed

'Are you-the-the grouch's gar-

"Do you think I'll be laid up long "I sincerely hope not. Yet a sprain is

Lena shook her head.
"I-don't suppose so, she drawled At which Burton loo

was the face bent over her. "But I don't care if they don't. Why shouted: "Yours just come, that's all."

"Well, they can't stop me throwing Jim!" roses over the wall every morning, can they?"
"No!" the girl answered decisively.
First Love." So every morning found fresh roses on Lena's table. One day she even found a note tucked inside the cluster.

her eyes glistened at his bravery. Together with the roses a long letter from brother Ted enlivened a little the Continued From Page One slow crawling hours. She even felt a who have served and sacrificed themslight interest in Ted's hero, Jim Bursolves Indea Patterson below billity of loaves and fit
solves Indea Patterson below pastures of fat office. ton, who had won such glorious air victories, and was such a favorite. She wondered if he was as handsome as the date.

gardener. He couldn't be. "I hope Ted won't conjure up matchmaking visions of J. B. and me. Yes, here it is!" And sfie read:

ders and puckered up her pretty mouth. "Absurd!" Lena overheard, "letting of their availability.

ribbon at her waist and sleeves and Yet that same little sly minx selected tekel, upharsin finale. A weighed-intain rose garden, where she nursed her know the rest. The long and the short Her eyes, a soft brown, twinkled sprained ankle-just to catch a glimpse of it is that those who would answer of-the roses, of course.

weighted message right into the garden to the demands of the Republican Aland it was picked up by the man whose liance. name the note bore.

It said: "Where is the grouch-still smoking behind the hedge, while you tend his roses? I'm awful lonesome. I may sit near the wall Wednesday if they'll let me."

Artful little thing, as if she didn't surmise the answer that followed: "I'll be there if you'll reply to my line on June, etc. Grouch still smokes In his nand, that the cry in the denf! So it came about that a girl distract-

on the doorstep and began reading her glistening in the bright June sun, eyes shining with expectation, sat one afternoon beneath the rose wall. 'Oh, what is so rare as a day in

sang a musical voice on the other side of the wall. Back came the answer: "It would be if Lena were all in

tune. A laughing mass of masculine hu- present instance, mor and sunshine landed plump at her-

"Oh, I thank you, Mr .- Mr .- why,

"Lindsay, at your service, fair supplied the man. me, that's all the name I've heard." "Lena Everhard, Listen. brother Ted comes next week. like him. They may let me go to meet

Lindsay's eyes danced at the sight "Say, that's great. Boob that I was to cause that sprain. I'll make it

up to you." "Make it up-how?" "Oh, in roses or-some way. "But the grouch may not like it. By It failed to show up. As Senator Penthe way, he must be pretty easy on

You seem to have so much time. "He's not grouchy when one knows spoient observation under the circum-Stone walls don't make a grouch. stances. down this wall-just grow the rose

Lenn drew in her breath cestatically. she breathed shout of "Hev, little sis!"

boy had vaulted over the gate.

friends." Ted chuckled. There sat Ted's sister, wide-eyed. The fact is that each faction is tipopen-mouthed. with not one sign of toeing around, claw-hammer in hand, welcome for Ted. .

his garden suit. the hedge-you, the owner of the roses on the first unfortunate who receives a and ugly wall-and Ted's-paragon?" factional indorsement. "Unfortunate At that the "paragon" roared, as he is the properly expressive word, as the

plied:
"James Lindsay Burton, at your discover. The Dickensonian descripservice, ma'am, and owner of the roses, tive is and-you. I hope-some day." he added

audaciously.

But all the girl said was: "And you. \$5000 per. Candidates, therefore, on too, in it, Ted? Come here and get both sides, are thick as the leaves of

At which Burton looked so longinglongingly, as he noted how handsome by at them, the irrepressible brother

"Yours won't be long on the way, "Silly," blushed Ted's sister.

The next complete novelette—"The the question of fitness.

and a note tucked Inside the cluster. One's Afraid, Other "How presuming!" she gasped, while

selves, Judge Patterson is urged to There is a multitude of candidates push the crown aside. He leads to among the independents and it is re-

phia, imperial potentate of America of for them. the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nob'es of the Mystic Surine, can man, arter dinner speaker, a man apparently with the dear people?

Little Sir. I'd want no better thing dinner speaker, a man apparently with the dear people?

Really available out enemies, save politically, is dnother dead the club of the Mystic Shrine, club man, after- This backwardness, so unusual, to serve pearl on this string. But there are dread the club of the organization. conditions affecting his candidacy that They shrink from a campaign in which render his selection doubtful politics.

> Comment under the circumstances is a candidate may be less sensitive than the trifle limited up to date. It is more than possible that the rose, whose powers of invective are as

> occupies the center of the stage, with a top-gallery spotlight playing full upon a political campaign.

them. Acker Has Big Following

of his name. "I doubt if he has any consume a matter of \$250,000. thing but distaste for the whang-bang- The regular organization will require ing, anvil-pounding, Roman-candle ac- considerab'y more. It is understood cessories of a fierce and furious cam- that certain large vested interests will paign which this promises to be, 'once contribute liberally, particularly so if the blamed thing gets started,' '' as a they visualize largely the matter of leading reformer remarked.

liance, Mr. Acker is not wholly accept- be voluntary contributions, the law to able to the radical reform element. He the contrary, from members of the has been a machine politician at one organization, which in the aggregate time in his busy life; hence the bar- will run into a considerable sum.

tiously giving an imitation of Ajax defying the lightning. It is sad, but true, that the lightning up to date has refused to be defied. Perhaps it is a case on its part of watchful waiting. Then there are Thomas Raeburn

White, Vivian Frank Gable and George D. Porter who are "mentioned." are all well-known gentlemen, but apparently there is some fly in the ointment when it comes to a consideration

up to the rigid requirements of the And one day she actually threw a radical reformers fail to measure up Business is business, even in a reform campaign

Regarding Hampton Moore

It was fondly hoped by the independents, and the Penrose people particularly, that the veteran leader of the Nineteenth ward and titular head of several other municipal principalities, Senator Dave Martin, held the solution in his hand, that Congressman J.

wilderness. But Uncle Dave choked off the voice ingly pretty, in a pale blue gown, hair chords when he declared that J. Hampby clamping a large hand on its vocal ton as congressman from the Third Philadelphia district was too big a man to sacrifice upon the altar of a mayoralty fight. I pointed out two weeks ago that this would be the probable finale. Senator Martin is a gentleman of great political perspicacity. It was never more clearly shown than in the

And there you are! side and, bowing low, presented her off decided to have a delegate meeting with an immense bunch of the choicest to formulate plans and name candidates. Vivian Frank Gable, one of the cleanisn't it funny, I've never heard your First the Chamber of Commerce sidecut radicals, took the scheme in charge. stepped the invitation to participate. Then the City Club gave it the glad "Excuse hand, but winked the other eye. Sev-My eral other organizations chassezed the project and begged to be excused.

When Senator Vare at a meeting of the Republican city committee took a Greeo-Roman fall out of the delegate convention project it ceased to function further. Its light went out. In its stend rose up the committee of one hundred. For three weeks, this committee has

rose would say: "You can't run politics on a schedule or according to railroad time." A

been in a state of parturition. It was

to have been announced last Tuesday.

Committee Plans Unsettled

Up until today the committee is still non_est. Nobody has pushed the wrong "Why, it would be a rose heaven!" button or thrown a monkey-wrench into the machinery. It is simply bung up the machinery and it is simply bung up until a suitable candidate comes along. Chairman George W. Coles, of the

Town Meeting party, is what the con-"Ted! It's Ted! and I can't go to stituents of Congression Stevenson, of she trembled. But the soldier South Caroline, would identify as "a long-head gem'mum." the turpentine "By all that flies high in the air, definition for a citizen of discretion. Burton-Jim! Where did you come Until a list of available candidates has from, old fellow? I should judge by been compiled-or suggested, would be tee together for organization?

waiting for the other to name a man "Burton, Jim!" she gasped, and sat or do something. Then they'll "do" gazing into the smiling mischievous-eyes of the man at her feet. Then at hesitancy, if not actual fear, to drag a candidate into the limelight. Then-you are the grouch behind Each side is crouched ready to spring

applicable: " 'God help us all,' cried Tiny Tim,' As to the councilmanic situation: Ted threw his cap high in the air, Twenty-one councilmen are to be elected. Ward leaders are clamorous "Say yes, sis. Best fellow in the for recognition as directors of public morals and contracts for four years at

Vallambrosa. But they do not smell as sweet. Other Offices Overlooked

The other elective offices apparently have been overlooked by both sides. Anyhow, the regulars will nominate for party advantage, the independents on

In this situation the Vares have their hands full and then some, I do not think that conditions among their rank and file are as inharmonious as de-Daresn't, Says McCain scribed. The power of the organization dominates. Win or lose, to the "regular" there is always a future possibility of loaves and fishes and the green

garded as a hopeful omen. The more J. Freeland Kendrick, perhaps the the merrier and the larger the indemost widely known citizen of Philadel- pendent vote that will come out to vote But why this coyness of candidates?

Really available independent citizens the very soul of a candidate will be City Solicitor John P. Connelly, skinned, scraped and nailed on the

suave and persuasive, is a newcomer stable door, The Fegular Vare organization is in whose friends have shied his "lid" into the arena during the last few days, a similar condition. It . possible the so-called "high brow." Senator Pen-By Chas. McManus city solicitor may be too much of the remorseless as they are great, is believed c'ever politician to render him wholly available. While there are others, this trio sides, some who desire to shine have a

- Costly Campaign

When one considers the question of Leading the Independent list, and finances on both sides the figures amount ending it, too, up to the present moment, is A. Lincoln Acker, ex-sheriff, will be a costly campaign for each worthy citizen and prominent merchant, side. The Town Meeting party al-He has a large personal following in the ready has something like \$100,000 in northern part of the city. But Mf. pledges tucked away in its jeans. The Acker has privately discouraged the use independent campaign is expected to

A favorite with the Republican Al. Then I rather suspect there will

sinister across his political availability.

Of course, there are other City Club
voting contest names, like John C.
Winston, Thomas G. Armstrong, Powell
Evans, Celonet Sheldon Potter and lots in a mess any way one looks at it.

WELL THE YES THANK SIT COULD HAVE THEY DID NT KNOW WHAT WAS THE GERMAN HOWS WAR IS CVER GOODNESS BEEN ENDED TEN WHERE THE BATTLE THE DELAY? GENERALS THAT MONTHS AGO FIELDS WERE AT LAST GOTLOSI E CANS