VERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE TO READ

H. MONEY! MONEY! Soy Eleanor H. Porter One of "Pollygong" Author of "Pollyanna"

"Gee! Carl Pennock!" whispered the pennock's wheel's She thinks Carl Pennock's the cutest thing go'ng. All the girls 40."

With a warning "Sh-h!" and an expressive lance toward the hall, Mr. Smith tred to stop further revelations, but Benny was not to be silenced.

"They're rich—awful rich—the Pennocks are," he confided still more husking. "An' there's a girl—Gussic She's gone on Fred. He's my brother. Yet know. He's seventeen; an' Bess is mad 'cause she isn't seventeen, too, so she can go an' play tennis same as Fred does. She'll be madder 'n ever now, if

nere," she smiled pleasantly. "I'm on to talk business, Mr. Smith." And she talked business, Mr. Smith."
And she talked business. She stated inly what she expected to do for her refer, and what she expected her arder, would do for her. She enged upon the advantages and minised the discomforts, with the aid of word now and then from the eager interested Benny.

If Smith, on his part, had little to say, that little was most satisfactory, was very, was very evident; for Mrs. sincell was soon quite glowing with and pleasure. Mr. Smith was not where, the was plainly ill at ease, and at

and pleasure. Mr. Smith was not ing. He was plainly ill at ease, and at slightly abstracted. His eyes freshy sought the door which Mrs. sell had closed so firmly a short before. They were still turned in direction when suddenly the door and a young girl appeared.

was a slim little girl, with longistarlike eyes and a wild-rose in her checks. Heneath her trim her light brown hair waved softly her cars, ginting into gold where ight struck it. She looked exested hersed, yet not quite happy. She a blue dress, plainly made.

""' stay late. Be in hefore 10, cautioned Mrs. Blaisdell "And ent, just a minute, dear. This is imith. You might as well meet low. He's coming here to live—to you know. My daughter, Mr. Smith already on his feet, howed.

th already on his feet, bowed ured a conventional something, starlike eyes he received a ance that made him suddenly his fifty years and the the top of his head. Then gone, and her mother was THE DAILY NOVELETTE

THE HOLIDAY By Helen M. Patterson

"You girls all talk as if Mary Morgan was to be blamed for being the proud mother of the five nicest children that I know of, said Ruth, rising to go. "I'm sorry if I've disappointed you, but please remember, girls. Mary is my friend also, and it was I who asked her to let me take the children into the country. I hope you will have us nice a time as I expect to," and with a "Goodby, all." Ruth wangene.

The astonished strips watched Ruth disappear through the open door, and then, when the door was closed, voiced this rentiments.

disappear through the open door, and their, when the door was closed, voiced their sentiments.

That is just like Buth, "said Minnie.

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—
"She would give up a good time at our "MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY."

"Yes, dear. We're quite safe. Listen. was a good officer, but the fact, though

had money to buy new all the time, it would be different. But we haven't. And that's what I tell Mellicent when she complains of so many things to dust and brush. Now make yourself right at home, Mr. Smith. Dinner's at 12 o'clock, and supper is at 6-except in

-:-



"Marishka! It has been too much—"
The blood flowed from a slight cut upon her check where she had been struck by a piece of flying stone, but he saw that it was not deep. He laid her gently upon the flagging, and ran to the hull for water. There he found Ens, crouched in a conner, more dead than alive. But he commanded her to come and bring water and brandy, and she obeyed.

Marishka had only fainted and the

(Chapter XXVII (Continued)
The Austrian officer saluted, and the same and seed of the space of the seed of the space of the seed of the space of the

Author of "Pollyama"

May the provided and the provided a

already sought. The story of the be-ginnings of the great war has shown how she found it. In the light of the ascertained facts concerning the production of anti-Ser-bian forgeries employed by Austria durbian forgeries employed by Austria during the annexation crises of 1908-09, and
exposed during the Friediung trial of
December, 1909, it certainly would not
be beyond the power of Austro-Hungarian secret service agents to cook up
a plot at Beigrade or Sarajevo, were it
considered desirable, for reasons of imperial policy, either to "remove" obnoxious personages or to provide a pretext for war.

The dream of an empire from Hamburg to Salonica is as yet a dream, but
that it was dreamed in Potsdam no*one
doubts.

(THE END)

(THE END)

His Revenge A busy housewife came into the sitting room with a determined look in her eyes.

"I really shall have to punish those children," she began. "What have the little beggars

been up to now?" asked father, looking up from his newspaper. "Why, they've made a mess of my sewing room," explained his

wife. "Needles, reels of cotton, scissors-everything has been hidden away in the most unexpected places. It is really exasperating." Her husband laid down his paper, and smiled benignly. "I did that," he said calmly,

Then, in answer to a questioning look, he went on: "You tidled upmy desk so beautifully the other day, that I thought it only fair to return the compliment. So I tidied up your sewing room."-

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A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.



"CAP" STUBBS-It's an Awful Question to Settle







-WITH A BUNCH OF OLD GOSSIPS SITTING ON THE PORCH - YES -

-:-

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DRAG ME OFF TO LA MIRTY OLD CAMP TO WASH DISHES, AND FIGHT MOSQUITOES! WE'RE GOING TO SOME NICE HOTEL

-:-

Pearson's Weekly. By EDWINA •:•