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

H. MONEY! MONEY! Soft Eleanor H. Porter Author of "Pollyanna"

THE STORY THUS FAR

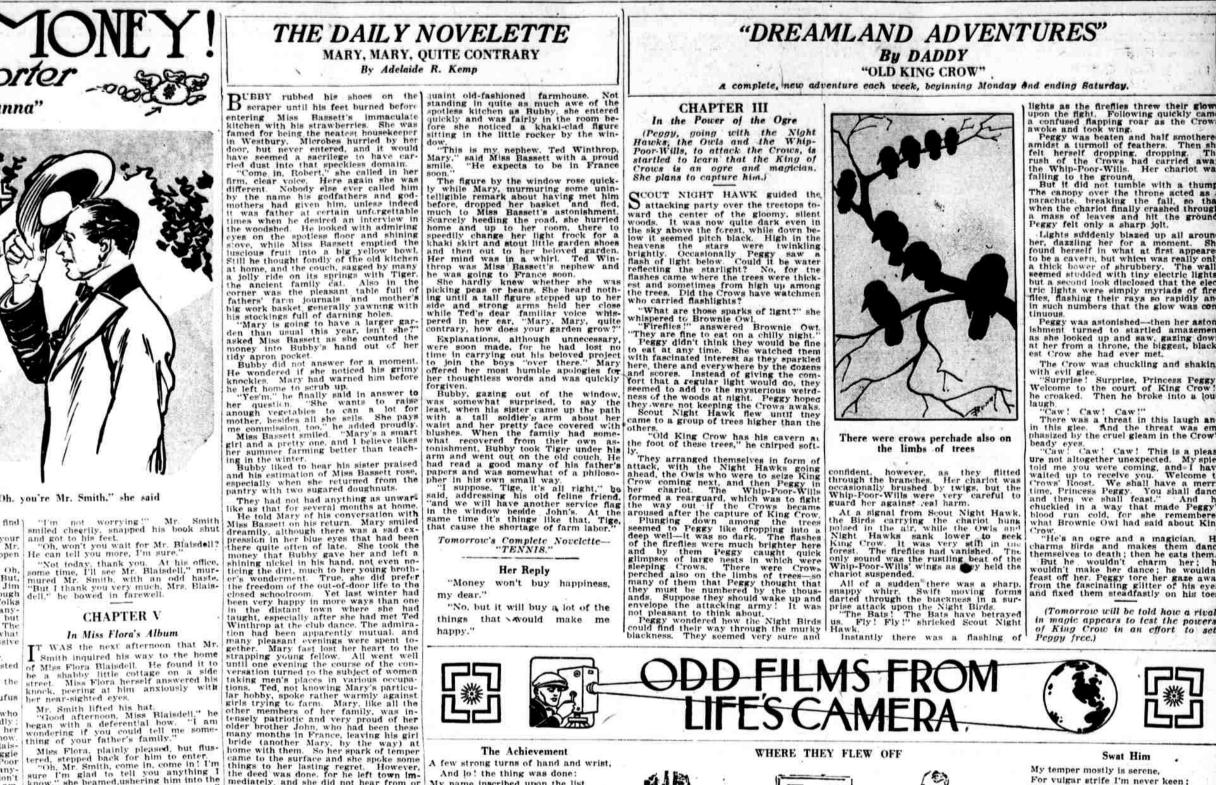
LEY G. FULTON, multimillionsire,
lawyer, EDWARD D. NORTON,
logoing to give three of his heirs,
on to him 1100,000 aplece and into be in their home town, Hillerton,
they get the money. Whether they
he balance of his seatate will depend
you they use the first legacy.
Lact is then advertised that Fulton
ing to South America. Just at that
"Ar. John Smith" appears in HillerHe says he is a remote connection
in the landself family (the Fulton heirs)
is is there to get material for a book
six history. He meets the Fulton
AMIS HLAISDELL, a real estate
THANK HLAISDELL, a real estate
THANK HLAISDELL, a grocer, and
HLAISDELL, a dressmaker. MRN.
HAISDELL, is a social climber;
THANK BLAISDELL, believes a
reaved is a penny gained.
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ir things because of her mother's disposition, with visiting Mrs. James Blaisdell, her Maggie. She is forty-five years she is slight as a girl and good

CHAPTER IV (Continued) WAS that afternoon that Mr. Smith in systematically to gather mar his Blaisdell book. He would t byturns all the Hillerton Blais-decided: then, when he had ex-their resources, he would, of

out the Blaisdell family—yes.
orhaps another day, when you are
better, Mrs. Blaisdell."
no." She smiled a little more
lity. "I can answer today as well
time—though I'm not sure I can
u very much, ever.
think it's fine you are making
ook, though. Some way it gives
lity such a standing, to be written
inat. Don't you think so? And
laisdells are really a very nice
one of the oldest in Hillerton,
of course they haven't much

THE DAILY NOVELETTE



set a standard of the set of the street of t

-:-

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

There were crows perchade also on the limbs of trees

Confident, however, as they flitted through the branches. Her charlot was occasionally brushed by twigs, but the Whip-Poor-Wills were very careful to guard her against ceal harm.

At a signal from Scout Night Hawk, the Birds carrying the charlot hung polsed in the air, while the Owis and Night Hawks sank lower to seek king Crow. It was very still in the forest. The firefles had vanished. The only sound was the rustling beat of the Whip-Poor-Wills' wings as ey held the charlot suspended.

All of a sudden there was a sharp, snappy whirr. Swift moving forms.

All of a sudden there was a sharp, snappy whirr. Swift moving forms and the fascinating glitter of his eyes, and fixed them seedfastly on his year.

lights as the firefles threw their glows upon the fight. Following quickly came a confused flapping roar as the Crows awoke and took wing.

Peggy was beaten and half smothered amidst a turnoil of feathers. Then she felt herself dropping, dropping. The rush of the Crows had carried away the Whip-Poor-Wills. Her charlot was falling to the ground.

But it did not tumble with a thump The canopy over the throne acted as a parachute, breaking the fall, so that when the charlot finally crashed through a mass of leaves and hit the ground, Peggy felt only a sharp jolt.

Lights suddenly blazed up all around

Lights suddenly blazed up all around her, dazzling her for a moment. She found herself in what at first appeared to be a cavern, but which was really only a thick bower of shrubbery. The walls seemed studded with tiny electric lights, but a second look disclosed that the electric lights were simply myriads of fireflies, flashing their rays so rapidly and in such numbers that the glow was continuous. Peggy was astonished-then her aston-

ishment turned to startled amazement as she looked up and saw, gazing down at her from a throne, the biggest, black-

what Brownle Owl had said about King Crow.

"He's an ogre and a magician. He charms birds and makes them dance themselves to death; then he eats them."

But he wouldn't charm her; he wouldn't make her dance; he wouldn't feast off her. Peggy tore her gaze away from the fascinating glitter of his eyes, and fixed them steadfastly on his toes.

(Tomorrow will be told how a rival in magic appears to test the powers of King Crow in an effort to set Peggy free.)







the modern school. He believed in the gospel of speeding-up. Over every desk in his office he placed An old gypsy woman boarded a Mara large printed notice reading. "Do It ket street car and seated herself beside sitting room looked almost cozy and at-

and exhausted air, he tore them all away.

up! Doesn't hustling pay? Going back your pocket." "Yes, I am." snorted Grindstone. "Hustling doesn't pay. I gave sixpence grinned. It may have been kindness of cold eyes. spur my staff on to hard work."

"Well, the net result is that they've has bolted with the contents of the safe; "Twenty dollars and eleven cents," my typist has eloped with my youngest said the gypsy without hesitation. son; four juniors came in yesterday to

door the young man looked down doubtfully into the pretty eyes of the blushing tell us when the war will end?" said one

"Do you think you can squeeze in here?" he asked, dubiously, Whereupon she put her lips to his car and whispered very softly:

wait until we get to the hotel?"-Pear- am willing to confess that it sounds too

. . .

WHERE THEY FLEW OFF



The Colonel (noted for his healthy appetite)-I've lost a couple of buttons off my tunic, Bodger.

But a week later, with tired fingers ability shifted its skirts and edged

"Hallo!" said a friend, dashing in on "Don't put on airs," said the gypsy companion in the room, and, clasping elberg, and spent several years in the ceremony of destruction. "What's woman. "You have only 15 cents in her hands fondly, murmured:
"Will you be my wife?"

Her victim flushed and the crowd maidenly coyness shone from her clear, our best magazines, and has numbered diversion. "Maybe you can tell how much money I've got in my pockets," he and are much too good a boarder to be cently."

ask for a raise; and the office boy has "I have a twenty-dollar bill; but I the canny one, emerging from the post fessor, yawning. "You see, I shaved myfound a better job and gone off to it."— haven't the eleven cents."

Answers. "Oh yes., you have," persisted the gypsy. "Feel in your right hand yest "it is good to see a prosperous farmer pocket."

The tram-car was very crowded when the rural couple got aboard. At the Everybody was "sitting up and taking notice" by this time. "Perhaps you can

-:- .

"In six months," said the gypsy; "and the Kaiser will commit suicide."

"Well," said the traveler as a last "You'll make my picture pretty, won't A true story? I don't know. I only resort, "I suppose that you have bought you?" she said, after a string of ingeniknow it was told by a reliable man who a postal order to send to some poor ous and useless remarks. "Don't you think, dearle, we'd better "heard it" from somebody else. And I acquaintance?"

"good" to be true.

a fashionably dressed matron. Respect- tractive. The warmth and comfort thaw- fessor, "I was shaved this morning by a ed the heart of the oldest lodger.

Just as She Wanted Him

In the soft firelight the boarding house

put on the free list."-Pearson's Weekly.

Thrift

The commercial traveler met Sandy,

So the man felt there and pulled out try! You have been in the postoffice dime and a penny he had forgotten. to purchase war bonds?" "Nay," said Sandy easily.
"Oh! Then, perhaps you have put a

pen?"—Ideab.

Swat Him

My temper mostly is serene. For vulgar strife I'm never keen; And yet I yearn to swat the man Who's always saying "different than." -Kee Maxwell, in Akron Times.

I think he is the selfsame guy Who makes me grit my teeth and cry And doubt the spread of education-He always calls it "Avv-lation." -Ted Robinson, in Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

The two descriptions make us think You've landed on the selfsame gink Who our angora always gets Because he speaks of "cabarets." -Charley Leedy, in Youngstown 'Tele-

We've met him on the dining car When on vacations speeding far; Our capricornis this duck gets

By ordering "egg omelettes." -Houston Post This doubtless is the selfsame dub You meet in office and in club Who merits Fate's severe By gabbing of "these kind of things."

A Poor Barber

"It is a strange thing," said the proman who really is, I suppose, a little In an expansive moment he turned to- above being a barber. I know of my ward the landlady, who was his only own knowledge that he studied at Heidother foreign educational centers. know, also of my own knowledge, that The woman did not start or blush. No he has contributed scientific articles to "Yes, I am," snorted Grindstone.
"Hustling doesn't pay. I gave sixpence grinned. It may have been kindness of cold eyes.

"Hustling doesn't pay. I gave sixpence grinned. It may have been kindness of cold eyes.

"No. sir," she replied with calm dehighest social and scientific standing in
liberation. "I'm sorry, but I cannot marEurope. And yet," soliloquized the ry you. You've been here four years, professor, "he can't shave a man de-

"By Jove!" exclaimed young Rounder in astonishment. "What is he a barber for, with all those accomplishments?" "Oh, he isn't a barber," said the pro-

Although he was a photographer he was one of those marble-hearted, coldas-ice blokes who freeze you with a word or a glance. There came to him one day a chatty

"Certainly," said the bloke of bromide, "Nay, I've been in to fill my fountain "but that will be seven-and-six extra."— London Ideas.

"CAP" STUBBS—'Twas Ever Thus



AN' WE'RE GOIN' FISHIN' AN'SWIMMIN', AN'-SUMMER, AN' ONCE-





