## EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE TO READ

H. MONEY! MONEY!

By Eleanor H. Porter Author of "Pollyanna"

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APTER VII (Continued) MAGGIE seemed pleased. She d that she was glad if she could and that she was glad if she could
of any help to him, and she told him
come whenever he liked. She arranged
Bible and the big box of papers
a little table in the corner, and
him to make himself quite at home:
a he showed so plainly that she
spreed him as quite one of the famthat Mr. Smith might be pardoned
soon considering himself so.
I was while at work in this corner
the came to learn so much of Miss
use's daily life, and of her visitors.
Although many of these visitors were
angers to him, some of them he

day it was Mrs. Hattle Blaisde'l tenance even more She was breathless

her eyes were worried. wanted Miss Maggie's silver spoons, ber forks, and her hand-painted ar-and-creamer, and Mother Blatss cutslass dish.

lel's cutslass dish.

Ar. Smith, supposing that Miss Magtle herself was to be at the luncheon,
as just rejoicing within him that she
tas to have this pleasant little outing,
when he heard Mrs. Blaisdell telling
ar to be sure to come at 11 to he
n the kitchen, and asking where could
be get a maid to serve in the diningrison, and what should she do with
Benny. He'd have to be put somewhere, or else he'd be sure to upset
werything.

where, or else he'd be sure to upae:
everything.

Mr. Smith did not hear Miss Maggle's
answer to all this, for she hurried her
rigitor to the kitchen at once—to look
so the spoons, she said. But indirectly
he obtained a very conclusive reply; for
he found Miss Maggie gone one day
when he came; and Benny, who was in
her place, told him all about it, even to
the dandy frosted cake Aunt Maggle had
made for the company to eat.

Another day it was Mrs. Jane Blaisdell who came. Mrs. Jane had a tired
frown between her brows and a despuiring droop to her lips. She carried a
large bundle which she dropped unceremonlously into Miss Maggie's lap.

sly into Miss Maggie's lap. "There. I'm dead beat out, and I've rought it to you. You've just got to all me," she finished, sinking into a pair.

Flora's thin little face looked more inched than ever, and her eyes more inched than ever, and her eyes more inclus, Mr. Smith thought. Even ker stilling, was so wan he wished she had at tried to give it.

The sat down then by the window and seem to chat with Miss Maggie, and seem so constitution of the glass?"

It was not easy then (nor many though the subsequently)

ter date as she is. And just her me counts."

"Nonsense! Up to date, indeed!"

(is Maggie laughed merrily, but Mr.

offich, copying dates at the table, de
ded a note in the laugh that was not or time. "You're up to date enough ene. I've got just the job for you.

Come out into the kitchen." She already almost at the door.

"Why, Maggie, you haven't, either!"

a spite of the incredulity of voice and oner. Miss Flora sprang joyfully to feet.) "You never had me make you again the kitchen door slammed up.

and Mr. Smith was left to finish enterties for himself.

But Mr. Smith was not finishing senses. Neither was his face expressing them the sympathy which it might supposed to be showing, after so ry a tale as Miss Flora had been tell
On the contrary. Mr. Smith, with actual elation of countenance, was ribbling on the edge of his notebook ords that certainly he had never found the Blaisdell records before him:

o months more, then—a hundred outside an hour later, as on the pre
Misf an hour later, as on the pre-

Helf an hour later, as on the preus day, Mr. Smith saw a metamorosed woman hurrying down the little
in to the street. But the woman toyeas carrying a bundle—and it was
same bundle that the woman the
year carrying a bundle—and it was
same bundle that the woman the
year had brought.
But not always, as Mr. Smith soon
arned, were Miss Maggle's visitors
omen. Besides Benny, with his grievmes, young Fred Blaisdell came somenes, and poured into Miss Maggle's
mpathetic ears the story of Gussie
mpathetic ears the story of Gussie
mpathetic ears the story of Gussie
mpack's really remarkable personality,
of what he was going to do when he
to college—and afterward.

is, Jim Blaisdell drifted in quite fremily Sunday afternoons, though aprently all he came for was to smoke
yead in one of the big comfortable
m. Mr. Smith himself had fallen
the way of strolling down to Miss
ye's almost every Sunday after dinties Saturday afternoon Mr. Frank

Saturday afternoon Mr. Frank ell rattled up to the door in his y wagon. His face was very red, is mutton-chop whiskers were up straight out at each side. had collapsed, he said, utterly ed. All the week she had been leaning and doing up curtains; we this morning, expressly against shes, to save hiring a man, she to down the parior carpet herself, she was flat on her back, and to be got for the brarder, and turday baking yet to be done and laggie come and help them

THE DAILY NOVELETTE An Engagement for Life By Mildred L. Dovidson

WHERE shall I go tonight?" Bar-bara Lawton asked her mother. Frank for one night."

why he has to come when I have told you could have heard an acid drop. him twice that I would never marry him, is more than I can understand. I life. He was accused of having killed, have avoided him every Sundry night for two months and yet he comes. I won't stand him, and I'll tell him so, water, the stamp collector, also of feloso there!" and Barbara slammed the niously wandering abroad and the emdoor and left the room.

loves Barbara and could make her each had told a different story. very happy if she would only let him. However, he was ably defended by him and nothing will change her."

ready asked her to marry him, but she twiddling his left ear. refused. She told Frank that she did not care for him, but she to'd her mother that he was too slow for her, He did not care for moyes, dances of dinner parties and Barbara told herself that she could never be happy with a man who would not give her plenty of those things. refused. She told Frank that she did

she confided all her troubles with regards to Frank. After a while, Dora exclaimed:

"Oh, I have just the dandlest plan for you to see rid of Frank Paige, Barbara."
Barbara listened eagerly to her plan.

"You must lead him on and let him think that if he proposes again you will marry him. Then when he does propose you must say 'yes.' Take his ring and just imagine the excitement of being engaged. You can have a graind time with parties and announcements and then after a while decide that you made a mistake and break the engagement.

"Yes, my Lord," said the learned counsel. "The prisoner has for years

then after a while decide that you made in listake and break the engagement. Wouldn't that be fun? And you are always looking for excitement."

Barba a was a little doubtful as to be success of this plan, but as she really id not care at all for Frank, she had not care at all for Frank, she had to thought for the harm she would him, and so consented to the plan. For several weeks Barbara stayed at some on Sunday night and entertained frank guilte nicely. Of course, treatment of that kind soon led Frank to sk Barbara to reconsider her answer, byly said "Yes."

"Yes, my Lord," said the learned counsel. "The prisoner has for years shown signs of acute balminess. In the first place he has for a long time eschewed ordinary meat and drink, subsisting entirely instead on sea water, red ink and monkey nuts."

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"For years my Lord," said the learned counsel. "The prisoner has for years when substitute has for years and drink substitute has for a long time first place he has for a long time eschewed ordinary meat and drink, substitute has for a long time first place he has went by Barbara found with a toothpick."

"And I am thankful for them like them, that are metimes it seems as if I'd actually enough."

Iling to go hungry for meat and if for once—just once—I could gods." For no apparent reason what the twe-pound box of candy, and the property of the property is a support of the property in the property is a support of the property in the property in the property is a support of the property in the property in the property is a support of the property in the propert

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Song of Songs

There's a song that falls like the early

And a song that croons to the friendly

There's a song of storm and a song of

And it's each to its tune and meter-

But the song that lives in this heart of

There's a song that comes with the day's

There are songs that fall like the calm

And a song of youthful yearning; There's a song that lilts when the day

And the glad years turn to many;

But the blithest song is a song I know-

There's a song that springs from the

With the wondrous others round it. And I hear it still as it sings and sings,

And I know that I have found it!

When the rest trail silent after, Is the thrill and lift of a welcome home, Of love-and a baby's laughter. -Charles C. Jones, in the People's Home

But the song that's best in the winging

The Perfect Retribution William Henry George Erastus

You who've made this world a Hades, Who've believed in Strafety First, Raised partic'lar ('scuse us, ladies)

Michael Joseph Ezra Clark Alexander Theophrastus Edgar Hohenzollern, hark!

Sheol at its brimstone worst, You who do not give a crumb for

Tably calorific spot.

Mercy, truth and all that rot-

Which we have above referred to. And you're frying on a grid, And your yowls are clearly heard to

When you've passed to that uncomfor-

And I love it more than any.

heart of things

And a song to light its earning;

In the twilight's silver shadow;

Is a better song and sweeter.

Where the white mists shroud the

"I don't see that you have to go any- Guilty But Insane: A Nutshell Novel where," her mother replied. "Why can- Mr. Justice Sneezum's Court was not you stay at home and be nice to crowded to its utmost and a bit over, "I just cannot bear that fellow, and and the excitement was so intense that

bezzling of seven dozen dog kennels "I can't understand Barbara." said
Mrs. Lawton, turning to her husband. with fraudulent intent thereof. The case I think Frank Paige is a very fine fel- was black against him after fifty-two low; he has a good position and I know witnesses had gone into the box and

She has made up her mind not to like Mr. J. C. Hambone, K.C., who, in an im and nothing will change her." impassioned speech to the jury, raised the novel plea in defense of the craven had been calling on Barbara wretch who stood in the dock nervously Lawton for more than a year and had al- tying and untying his bootlaces and

> "Your Lordship," cried the great K. C. hings.
>
> night Barbara went over to that each of the various acts cited chum. Dora Clare. To Dora against him is true, and that the late chum, Dora Clere. To Dora against him is true, and that the late led all her troubles with re-Frank. After a while, Dora but I would plead in extenuation of the

CAN'T fly: I can't fly!" squawked Old King Crow.

NOT TO HIS TASTE



"There's nothing in that!" said the than ever; the young man could not bored the doctor by enlarging on the And while flames eternal flicker

Em

"Come forth at once!" he squawked

but she found herself after a long period who had been in the family for years. May old Nick stay unrepenting! One night, as they sat together-in tack. When the doctor could get a word Every seven minutes snicker,

Penetrate Gehenna's lid, Though your torments be augmenting To the nty-nth degree-May he chuckle thus-"Tee-hee!"

Round you, may his impish crew "IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?"

-Nate Salisbury in the Chicago Evening Post. The Transformation The house was brick or stone or wood-

The rooms were large or small. Its floors were painted, scrubbed or stained: Its spaces cramped or free;

It matters not at all. The furniture was ,bad or good:

But spite of all that it contained. 'Twas as empty as could be Then They arrived; a happy pair,

With laughter in their eves They stocked it up with joy and care In fashion fond and wise A few mistakes; a little skill; Some things in praise or blame; And when with these Love worked his

-Grif Alexander

She Gave Them A' The gowans dinna smell sae sweet,

Sin' Malcolm went away tae meet Thae deevils o' the Rhine It almost brak' my achin' hairt, Tae watch him gang awa', An' yet the lad must do his pairt, An' for his country fa'.

Nor lay'rock sing sae fine.

It gar't my een tae greet ; A' dressed was he in khaki broom Bran-span frae head tae feet A gran' braw, sonsie bairn was he, Soe fu' o' mirth an' fun :

He went tae France tae bleed an' dee-For him the fecht is won,

He louped the top in wild advance, An' for oor country died.

An' noo the only bairn that's left,

(Next week will be told an ex-traordinary adventure which Peggy has with a band of real Indians.)

Owl really such a marvelous magician;
As she wondered a dark figure stepped up and King Crow disappeared. An electric flashight blazed out. Its ray showed that the ogre had been made a prisoner in a tightly covered bird cage. Behind the flashlight was Billy Belgium.

'Oh. Billy, oh Billy on the care of th

"Oh, Billy, oh Billy, you may tell now," hooted Judge Owl.
"Sh-b-h" warned Billy, pointing to the cage. "King Crow and his flock must always think it magic. Then they will not dare break their promise to be good." og." "But the fire?" questioned Peggy in

whisper.

"Red fire."
"And the star?"
"As sparkler!"
"And all the rest?"
"Old fireworks Ben and Bill Dalton laid away and forgot long before they went to war," explained Billy Belgium.
"It was sure some magical exhibition," chuckled Judge Owl. "Billy Beigium was mighty clever to think of it when we heard of Brownie Owl's war. It showed that old faker King Crow for what he really is—a fraud, using pretended magic to lead his people into mischief."

squawked King Crow as the red glare burst out afresh.

Billy Belgium and Judge Owt looked at each other and laughed

"Yes, yes; let's hurry!" urged Peggy
Judge Owl turned and gave her a sly
wink, raising his goggles so she could
see it. What could he mean by it?
"There's no rush particularly for King."
"There's no rush particularly for King."
"There's no rush particularly for King." "There's no rush, particularly for King row," he hooted. his spell.

Caw-ket-y, caw-ket-y, caw,
I free you all from my law,
Caw-ket-y, caw-ket-y, caw,
The captives, released from the
charm, fell over, almost fainting from
weariness. But Brownie Owl was still
game.
"I declare war!" he gasped.
"And I surrender. Let me go quick."

"Let me go, I'li be good," begged King
Crow.

"You bet you'll be good, and so will
your whole flock of Crowa! I sentence
you to spend the remainder of your miserable life in prison under penalty of
instant death if your flock do not become food protectors instead of food
destroyers!"

"There's no rush, particularly town," he hooted.

"Let me go, I'll be good," begged King her own lawn, with the stars blinking her own lawn, with the stars blinking down at her.

"You bet you'll be good, and so will own at her.

"Oh, Willy, oh, Willy, turn the fire low," she laughed to herself as she ran into the house.

Whan Willie cam' frae Dundee toon,

mischief."

"He will lead them right after this, or I'll use a magic ax to cut off his head," declared Billy Belgium.

"But I still don't understand why he couldn't fly when you touched off the touldn't fly when you touched off the couldn't fly when you touched off the focht his best for stricken France, An' for our ain fireside;

We shall not pairt, ava; At the word "home," Peggy felt a great joit, and there she was, back on her own lawn, with the stars blinking Should Jamle gang awa'. Should Jamle gang awa'. An' yet they shall not ask in vain Although my hairt will break, An' tears fa' doon like simmer rain,

Tak him for Scotland's sake, -R. H. Langford in Kansas City Jour-

By EDWINA

TO THAT RIVER AGAIN!

HAVE YOU BROUGHT

AWRIGHT!

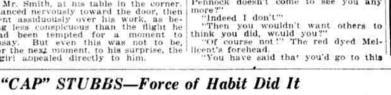












glanced nervously toward the door, then bent assiduously over his work, as being less conspicuous than the flight he had been tempted for a moment to essay. But even this was not to be, for the next moment, to his surprise, the girl appealed directly to him.

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