

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

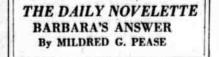
OH, MONEY! MONEY! So by Eleanor H. Porter Author of "Pollyanna"

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poor fellow. I shall use The reminds me take it should be the most constrained to cause. The works harder. but he obtained to cause the spends most thrifty of the bunch—at least for ourse, the Prank Blaisdelis are them most conservative them most conservative the most conservative the would be the most conservative them easy to the spends most of this stander to conservative them easy to the spends most of the strong of t

"As for her husband—I'm not sure "As for her husband—I'm not sure how he will take it. It isn't corn or peas or flour or sugar, you see, and I'm not posted as to his opinion of much of anything else. He'll spend some of it, though—I'm sure of that. I don't it, though—I'm sure of that.

IT WAS very early in November that Mr. Smith, coming home one after-(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW) instantly aware



"WHICH do you think would be prettler, mother," queried Barbara Stone, "green volle, with white As I sat on the porch and smoked I heard the nice old lady tell this story:

I'll never forget the first time I put up quinces.' I didn't know a thing about it, but Mrs. Brown, the neighbor next door, was going to put some up, and I

thought I might just as well follow her example, as quinces were cheap that year. So I pared them and put them with pears in the pan and boiled them and sugared them and waited. And

Mrs. Brown called to me and then asked me how they were getting on, and I told her, and she said, "You didn't mix hem with pears right away, did you?" "Yes." said I. "And sugar them?" she "Yes," said I. "Well," she said, sald. "you've ruined 'em. Quinces should have been first bolled in clear water

till you can stick a straw in 'em." . Well, I was beat, but I didn't let on : but I called in Mrs. Green, the neighbor on the other side, and we held a con sultation, and I took the guinces from the pan-it was an awful job, separating 'em from the pears, I mean-and I washed 'em off and boiled 'em in clear water till I could stick a straw in 'em. and then returned them to the pears

And in a day or two Mrs. Brown called to me to come and taste her guinces, and I did. "They were very good," I said, "but I don't think they are any better than mine." So she came over and tasted them and she had to admit they were just fine.

"But you never cooked them the way you said you did," she said.

A Matter of Conscience

"I put them with the pears sugared them." I said. "Well, I can't believe it," she said.

"Well, here's Mrs. Green," I said.

Brown, she put them with the pears hotel in Kittanning-or it may have been

notice I didn't tell anything but the Blunt, Mr. John Green, of Philadelphia. And I've never let on to Mrs. told me to introduce myself to you and

so boyish and dreadfully lonesome that she decided to read to him a bit. She picked up a magazine, and was getting him rather interested when she felt a magnetism which seemed to draw her eyes away from the book and look in the direction of her listener. She finally laid down the book, and he thanked her heartily. She then with drew from the room, with a promise to continue later. Each day found her reading or chat-ting, until one afternoon, about four weeks from the date of his arrival, Jack stood, suitcase in hand, bidding farewell to Barbara. Seeing that her eyes were downcast, he bade her look up, but she refused, and upon closer view he discovered that her eyes were full of tears. "Oh, Barbara! Dear lit-ile girl; you are really sorry that I am going? I am sorry, too, dear, that I am going? I am sorry, too, dear, that I we do not know her answer, but suf-fice it to say that next day found Bar-bara and her mother busily adfressing Brown from that day to this that I here I am."

the manager. Tomorrow's Complete Novelette-"No, sir." replied the young hopeful, "A GOOD IMPULSE REWARDED." "but I could find it."-Pearson's Weekly, demanded. "Kiss you?"

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES" **By DADDY**

"One Who Knows the City Well"

"Do you know the city well?"

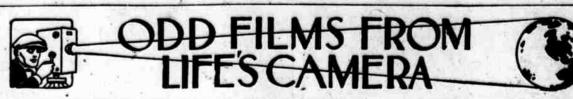
imself for the job.

Presently a bright youth presented

"THE WILD INDIANS"

CHAPTER I

PEGGY tossed restlessly on her camp cot. It was so strange living in a tent high up among the hills that her sleep was fitful and broken. She half



A NEW DECORATION

For Hindsight the Crown Prince receives "The Royal Palm"

"Yes."

Expected Too Much

having business in the western part of

Approaching the manager he said, "Mr.

Blunt, busy with his books, kept on

Blunt never looked up and never said

Smith made another attempt.

John Green, of Philadelphia," he said

the State put up there one night.

told me to look you up."

being busy.

a word.

asked

Abinidab Blunt was manager of a

What the English Laugh At

Pearson's Weekly A kind-hearted lady was along the main thoroughfare whe feelings were roused by the heartr ing sobs, howis and boos of a urchin.

The lady approached a girl, some older than the boy, who was standing ecturing and promising the urchin terrible times that would transpire witen she "got 'im 'ome."

"But surely something must be ing the poor little chap !" remonst the lady; "or he wouldn't go on that."

"Garn," replied the girl, "'s i 'urt! It's 'is rotten temperament, ain't never seed anybody like 'im the looking on the dark side of things; 'er a reg'lar pessimist !"

Delivering an address at a Su school recently, a visitor spoke on the moral development of children. "There is a boy here," he said, " a girl there. What will they be

when they grow up?" In a loud whisper one of the sch turning to his teacher, supplied an an swer-"Sweethearts !"

A well-known Highland drover sold a horse to an Englishman. A few days afterward the buyer turned to him.

"You said that horse had no faults." "Weel, no mair had he." "He's nearly blind !" said the in

ant Englishman. Note—The cartoon is the work of a modest young friend of George M. Newhall, with offices in the Commercial Trust Building. Mr. Newhall, wishing to share the pleasure he got from it with others, submitted it to the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, and it is here cheerfully reproduced. "Why, mon, that's no' his fau't-that his misfortune !"

"What do you want?" demanded : Newlywed, as he confronted the tran

at the door of his little week-end cot tage down in the country. "Breakfag From London Ideas. "Ma wants another h'ox-tail," an nounced the small boy in the butcher Punxsulawney. A Philadelphia man or work?" "Both, sir," replied the tramp. shop.

"H'm !" said Mr. Newlywed, and dis "Oh !" said Brisket. "Did she like the appeared momentarily into the house Presently he returned carrying a large piece of his wife's home-made bread one she 'ad yesterday, then?"

other nice one today." "You'd better," said the small youth ; "in fac', ma said she wanted one off the

same h'ox as yesterday's!" The Philadelphian, thinking he hadn't been heard, said, "My name is William Everything was ready for kit inspec Smith. Mr. John Green, of Philadelphia tion, the recruits stood lined up ready for

Jokes Britishers Chuckle At

the officer, and the officer had his bad temper all complete. He stalked down the line, eying grimly each man's bundle of needles and softsoap, and then he singled out Private "told me if I introduced myself to you Mactootle as the man who was to re-

you would see that I was given good treatment." ceive his welcome attentions. "Toothbrush?" he roared. "Yes, sir.'

"Razor ?" "Yes, sir." "Hold-all?" "Yes, sir."

"H'm! you're all right, apparently,' growled the officer; then he barked: "Oh. very well, thank ye," returned the

"Emmerline," said Miss Caustic, "you

sometimes 'mam,' or for the most part 'mum !" " 4 4

"The realest, wildest Indians I ever saw or heard of," declared Judge Owl. "Come on quickly, Billy Belgium is keep-ing guard over them." was not quite clear about it. Anyway, she rushed to Miss Caustic a few days

"Housewife ?" recruit, amiably, "how's yours?" I know how. Indians are red, aren' they?" Peggy felt a little shivery chill run through her. "Indians!" she whispered. "Do you mean that Indians are on the prowl?" "That's just what I do mean," in-sisted Judge Owl. "Real, wild Indians?"

must learn to address me properly. You must say, 'If you please, madam,' and The backsliding Emmerline duly di-

gested all this, but, unfortunately, she him?"

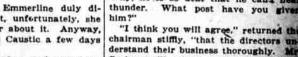
"Well, my little man, I'll give you an "Then eat that," he exclaimed savagely "and you'll have both."

Freddie had been sent to a dan school so as to be ready for any invi-tations to parties that might come his way. He arrived home jubilant after his first lesson, for Freddle had ar eye for beauty, and he found, contrar, expectation, that many pretty li girls also attended the class.

girls also attended the class. "Well, Freddie," said his father, "how did you like your first dancing lesson did you find it difficult to step? "It was jolly fine," declared Freddi "I didn't know there were going to be girls there, too. I enjoyed myself, I can

tell you. Why, all you've got to do i to keep turning round and wiping you feet on the carpet !" Most blind and deaf people are not merely so sensitive about their afflictions

as we think they are. The Deaf Times for instance, tells this story; The rall-way chairman was explaining his reor ganization of the staff, and came Spriggs. The chief shareholder gasped "Spriggs! What on earth can he do Why, he is so deaf that he can't hear thunder. What post have you given



thing."

"Certainly."

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

(In previous adventures Peggy has met Billy Belgium, Lonesome Bear, Judge Owl, and various forest dwellers.)

The Message in the Night

And they were just beautiful.

nk he always thoroughly appreciates wife's thrifty ideas of economy.

of anything time time to of that. I don't fit housand in one grand biast of economy.
"I haven't forgotten the night I came home once, to find Mrs. Jane out calling, and Mr. Frank rampsing around the house with every gas jet at full blast. It seems he was packing his bag to go on a hurried business trip. He laughed house with every gas jet at full blast. It seems he was packing his bag to go on a hurried business trip. He laughed here the seems he was packing his bag to go on a hurried business trip. He laughed at the sheepishiy—I suppose he saw my blinking amazement at the illumination — and said something about being tired of always feeling his way through pitch of the hundred thousand. He's counter, but which he never wore upstairs in his home. He held an open letter in his hand.
It was an ecstatic cry from Mellicent that came first to Mr. Smith, you can't wore what's happened! You couldn't worty—he'll still have Mrs. Jane—to turn some of the gras jets down?
"As for the younger generation—they're fine, every one of them in and just think what this money will mean to them in education and advantages! Jim's son in education and advantages! Jim's son Fred, eighteen, is a fine, manly boy. He's got his mother's ambitions, and he's way (much to his mother's horroit if his father can't find the momey to all right now—in a month.
The daughter, Bessie (atom stream) will be all right now—in a month.
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The daughter, Bessie (atom

The failer can't find the money to be heat secret.
The daughter, Bessie (almost seven teen), is an exceedingly pretty girl She, is an exceedingly pretty girl She, is an exceedingly pretty girl She, is an exceedingly pretty girl. She is an exceedingly pretty girl She, is an exceedingly pretty girl She, is an exceedingly pretty girl She, is an exceedingly pretty girl. She is an exceedingly pretty girl She, is an exceedingly pretty girl She is an exceeding of the solid pretty girl. After next month. Benny, the nine-year-oid, will be all right, after next month. Benny, the nine-year-oid, will be concerned as little as any one over that it 000.000. I imagine. The real value of the gift he will not appreciate, of the gift he will not appreciate, of the least from Benny! Now, Mellicent. Teales this privileges as to be forourse, in fact, I doubt if he even approves of it—least his privileges as the forourse, that it will mean to her the solid advantages of college, music-culture and the advantages of college, music-culture and the advantages of college, music-culture and they where will our hundred thousand dollars be?".
But he was our cousin." Interposed Mellicent, there heaved it may dearest vision, the child is reveling in one grand whilr of pink dresses and chocolate bombons. Bless her dear beart, if we have lost our senses—or if somebody as base heard or the solid at the ratio of two pieces a day. They aren't gone store of two pieces a day. They aren't gone store of the solid at the ratio of two pieces a day. They aren't gone store the solid at the ratio of two pieces a day. They aren't gone store of the solid at the ratio of two pieces a day. They aren't gone store the solid at the ratio of two pieces a day. They aren't gone store the solid at the ratio of two pieces a day. They as hard as bould be avere the box or chocolate bombons. He system to work of the system to box of chocolate for the system to box of chocolate for the system to box of chocolate for the system to box of chocolat

icked the box up yesterday. You should neve heard it ratile? "But there is yet another phase of the morey business in connection with Melli-sent lake pleases me mightly. A cer-ain youta by the name of Carl Pennock ar been beauing her around a good deal. ince I came. The Pennocks have some noney -550.000, or sd. I believe-and it a reported that Mrs. Pennock has put er foot down on the budding romance because the Blaisdells have not got money enough! (Begin to see where my huckles come in?) However true this eport may be, the fact remains that the outh has not been near the house for a month past, nor taken Mellicent any-ther. Of course, it shows him and his amily up-for just what they are; but thas been mortifying for poor Melli-ent. She's showing her pluck like a lits trump, however, and goes serenely m her way with her head just enough a the air-but not ico much. "I don't think Mellicent's real heart is

a the air—but not too much. "I don't think Mellicent's real heart is ffected in the least—she's only eighteen. imember—but her pride is. And her other—! Mrs. Jane is thoroughly mary as well as mortified. She says "ellicent is every whit as good as those annocks, and that the woman who ouid ist a pairty thing like money and in the way of her son's affections a pretty small specimen. For her part, mway, and she is proud and glad that I'm straid Mrs. Jane was when she and that How-

something very extraordinary had hap-

stand the noise."

nurse

"So course not—if it's due. But it isn't true," retorted the woman, with ex-cited emphasis. "No man in his senses would do such a thing." stammered Mr. Smith, looking suddenly a little less

apiece to three distant relations he never saw." "But he was our cousin—you said he "But he was our cousin—you said he was our cousin." interposed Meilicent, "and when he died—" "The letter did not say he had died," of Westminster was presented, he greet-been heard from—and then where will our hundred from—and then where will our hundred thousand dollars be?" "But the lawyer's coming to give it to us," maintained Mr. Frank stoutly. The abuytly he turned to Mr. Smith "Here, read this, please, and tell us if we have lost our senses—or if somebody label to believe he mistakes me for Westminster Abbey!" she said. What

Smith took the letter. A close was more, she was right .-- Tit-Bits.

"CAP" STUBBS—Ma Was Right

PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you miss an installment of this very interesting story. You had better therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department or ask newsdealer this afternoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

Anything She Wants

for the EVENING

Mother, nurse and baby were taking the air in the park. Mother was absorbed in an illustrated paper, and when baby began to cry peevishly she said without

looking up: "Give it her, nurse."

The crying went on, and mother said imperatively: "Oh. give her what she wants. I can't

Suddenly the cries rose into a howl. The mother sat up and glared at the

"Why don't you do as I tell you?" she quired angrily. "Give it her at once." "She's got it, mum," said the nurse

quietly."It's a wasp."—Answers.autetly."It's a wasp." - Answers.autetly."It's a wasp."

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flopping ahead down the side of the mountain. Peggy knew the path, so she ran along rapidly, in spite of the fact that the moon had disappeared behind a cloud, and it was dark under the trees. Soon she had to go slow, for she knew that the path came out on the top of a great rocky cliff. a fail from which would mean death. Pausing a moment to get her bearings, she saw the glow of a fire far below.

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....

Owl," thought Peggy

hance. In this basin was pitched a campcamp of wigwams and tepees. In the center blazed a fire, around which were grouped dozens of shadowy figures sit-ting silent and brooding.

ting silent and brooding. Suddenly there came the throb of tom-toms. Half naked men near the fire leaped to their feet and began an odd dance. They stamped the ground hard with their feet, bent over low, then threw their heads back, and howied mournfully. The sound sent shivers through Feggy. "What are they doing?" she whisper-ed to Billy Belgium. He gripped her hand tight as he whispered back. "It's a scalp dance! They are Indians on the warpath."

When he arrived home she met him with a frigid giance. "John," she said, in a voice importer from the North Pole, "you gave that cake I made to the dog; you ungratefu

(The next chapter will tell of the ndian plot which Peggy and Billy Indian plot which Belgium overhear.)

...

later, saying: Spriggs will attend each day and all complaints from passengers !"

"Patience and perseverance will an complish all things," was the favori saying of an old farmer. He had just made this remark in

ing guard over them." Detains is keep Wondering what it all could mean, peggy crept forward. She had seen plenty of Indians since she had come to the mountains, but they were all tame Indians-farmers, store-keepers, work-ers in factories. They were disappoint-ingly unromantic-looking and Peggy could scarcely picture them as the sons and daughters of the savages who had once roamed the rugged hills. Could this be some tribe that had kept itself hidden all these years? "Hist! Don't make a sound! They might hear us." train one day on the way to marks when a pompous individual in the seat turned to him and said: "Nonsense, sir! I can tell you a gras many things which neither patience n perseverance can accomplish."

"Perhaps you can," said the farmer

might hear us." The whispered warning came from in front of them, as Billy Belgium rose up in their path. He took Peggy by the hand and led her through a part of the hills with which she was unfamiliar. Soon she found herself on the edge of a cliff. Leaning cautiously forward she looked down to where Billy Belgium pointed. Below her was a large basin hollowed out in the hills. High rocky walls shut it in on all sides except one, where a ravine afforded an entrance. It lay in such a way that it was like a hidden pocket and would be very difficult to find unless one stumbled upon it by chance. the flap in the tent and bawled: "Hi! you lot o' blinkin' idiots! Ain't yer heard 'Lights out!" "Well," retorted an indignant private, "Well," retorted an indignant private, "Well," retorted an indignant private, "they are out, ain't they?" Swift and bitter came the answer: "Oh! are they? Then you'd better cover up yer nose!" The reverend gentleman had tried and tried to get his congregation to call at his house for tracts, but always they either hadn't time or were sudden; who was pious decided to distribute his ou to carry water in a sleve?" vater to freeze."

who was plous decided to distribute his leaves of comfort round the town. He called on the busy chief clerk of

At a well-known hotel a lady cana down from upstairs and asked the man ager if she could get a glass of water. large manufacturer. "What is your pursuit in life, my ing up a glass for her.

That Did It

. . .

young man?" he asked. Two minutes later she was back agai

"That depends," said the busy man "In the morning it's the 8:20, but a night it's the 6:20." "I don't like to trouble you," she said, "but could I get another glass of

water?" "No trouble at all, madam," said the manager, handing her another glass. Two minutes later she appeared a "Certainly, madam," said the a nanager; "but may I inquire what w are doing with so much water?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you one.

patience and perseverance ever en

"Simply by waiting patiently for t

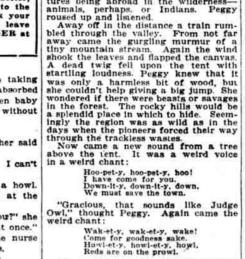
"Why certainly, madam," said he, fill

"I would like to know how."

creature !" But the monster was unperturbed. "I know I did: but, really, I didn't know you were so gone on that dog'" ideas. "I know you'll just scream when I'm you," said the lady; "I'm trying to]

By EDWINA

-----:-AN' OLE BILL HAISER! WELL HE WOULDN'T QUIT RUNNIN' TILL HE GOT BETCHA NO GERMAN'D STOP LONG IFT 5 AND 20 IT: HE SAW ME COMIN OVER TH TOP HE'D KNOW I MEANT BIZNESS' GARDEN





"Gracious, that sounds like Judge