

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

EVERYBODY HAS MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! by Eleanor H. Porter Author of "Pollyanna"

Checks for \$100,000 apiece have been received by Frank Blaisdell, James Blaisdell and Flora Blaisdell, the owners of the Blaisdell estate...

CHAPTER IX (Continued) Her mother sighed sympathetically. "Poor Maggie! How she is left out—always!"



"Humph! I wouldn't spend them millions—till I got them, Hattie," advised her brother-in-law.

to come back in, I suppose. You know he's gone exploring. And, of course, if he hadn't come back by then, he would be dead. Then we'd get it all. Oh, yes, we shall get it. I'm sure.

"I guess there'll be enough to satisfy your wants, Benny," laughed his Uncle Frank. Benny gave a whoop of delight. "Then we can go back to the East Side and live just as we've a mind to, without caring what other folks do."

"Save! Well, what do we lose?" demanded her husband pompously. "At this moment, the rattling of the front-door knob and an imperative knocking brought Mrs. Jane Blaisdell to the hall."

"I'm sure he would!" Once more the peculiar earnestness vibrated through Mrs. Blaisdell's voice. "But now, he's dead, and he can't fix her up just as good as he could."

"Nonsense!" scouted Frank Blaisdell. "Why, you're crying in the family. It means a cry of Milliecent."

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

"CAP" STUBBS—Sammy Fooled Them. "IT'S YOUR TURN FER GUARD DUTY!" "I DON'T WANNA PLAY NO MORE!"



EDWINA

THE DAILY NOVELETTE GOOD IMPULSE REWARDED By MAISIE BROPHY

"WHAT a change, Edna, in two short years! Life then was one round of pleasure." Oh, cheer up, Alice Clayton! Busy yourself with what's going on today, and you'll find enough to do. Here I am puzzling myself to find a way to pay the rent, and buy lunch, and now a war savings stamp each month, and all on a salary of \$10 a week!

The Claytons at one time had been among the wealthiest families in Seattle. Of late fate had dealt harshly with them; mother and father had been victims of an auto accident, and a sudden change in the stock market had left them with little more than the old homestead.

"I have it, Alice!" exclaimed Edna. "I've really come to see her again, as she had thought he had long since forgotten her. And with still greater anxiety for Thursday evening to come."

"I'm complete!" declared Mrs. Jane Blaisdell. "I'm going to work in the office, and I'm going to work in the office, and I'm going to work in the office..."

"Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!" "Whoop!" howled the dancing Indians. The dance had ended and the braves had settled themselves around the fire.

"Brothers of the wilderness, hark to the voice of Chief Many Cows!" said the speaker. "The hour of freedom is here. Too long have we been the slaves of the Pale Faces..."



ming a song as they paddled up river in his favorite canoe. And Edna, pink-checked and eyes of azure blue, with her fair golden curls blowing in the gentle summer breeze, resting so comfortably on the cushions...

"Well," thought Fred, "my dear old sweetheart, I'll give you the surprise of the year. I'll take you to New York. The persistent ringing of the doorbell roused Edna from her reading."

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ODD FILMS FROM LIFE'S CAMERA

To a Snail. By pouring water on snails they are made ready for food immediately—Daily Desolate. Go, gentle crawler, go! I would not much like to see you.

A Quiet Prayer Needed. "Who's been putting all this dirt on the step?" "If you're going to gumble," said Johnnie, "it's 'Liza; if you ain't got no gumble, it's me!"

Impudent Youth. Old Grumblers had plenty of money, a splendid house, and the best of everything, including diseases. All the latest complaints were his, but no doctor seemed able to help him.

Then He Made a Sale. "I can see at a glance, madam," said the experienced hawker, "that you would not be interested in the preparation I am selling, except possibly as a gift to some of your neighbors."

Preferred Still Life. The painstaking artist, anxious to please, remarked to a prospective customer: "I can paint you a portrait of your wife which will be a speaking likeness."

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Stories From Tit-Bits. Saturday night "pops" were a great feature of village life at Fuzleton, and on one of these occasions the local operatic company essayed to play a musical piece written round the story of "The Mistake Bough."

Bunch of English Yarns. He came down the garden path, a sad, sorrowful figure. She watched him with anxious eyes. "How did father take it?" she asked.

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Compulsory Education. Most things that we learn from experience come under the head of compulsory education.—Chicago Daily News.

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