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

OH, MONEY! MONEY! Sty Eleanor H. Porter Author of "Pollygone"

Author of "Pollyanna"

ight, 1918, by Kleanar H. Porter and by the Public Ledger Co. mission of Houghton Mifflin Co. All Rights Reserved. THE STORY THUS FAR

Checks for \$100,000 apiece have been received by Frank Blaisdell. James Blaisdell and Flora Blatsdell from the estate Stanley G. Fulton, multimillionaire

"There, I told you so! I knew some-thing was wrong. And now he'll come back and claim the money. You see if he don't! And if we've gone and apent any of it—" A gesture of despair finished her sentence. "Give yeurself no uneasiness on that sore, madam," the lawyer assured her gravely. "I think I can safely guaran-tee he will not do that."

the shocked protestations of the others, however, and finally consented that her husband should invest a large part of it in the bonds he so wanted, leaving a generous sum in the bank in her own name. She was assured that the bonds were just as good as money, anyway, as they were the kind that were readily convertible into cash.

Mrs. Jane, when she understood the matter, was for investing every cent of theirs where it would draw the largest interest possible. Mrs. Jane had never before known very much about interest, and she was fascinated with its delignated by the proposition only by the unpleasant realization that her husband was not in sympathy with her ideas at all. He said that the money was his, not hers, and that for once in his life he was going to have his way. "His way: in this case proved to be the prompt buying out of the company that is the first page of a big newspaper, that she forthwith barred her doors, and the balling their interest possibilities. Checks for \$100,000 altree are all lates services where the service of the process of the proces

The money, of course, which he writes have been considered that the money of course, while he writes have been his pictures in the paper, stammered the lawyer who was he like? Do tell us, "Yes, what was he like? The lawyer came to a still more uphaning pause. "Of course, we've seen his pictures the lawyer, "Yes, what was he like? The lawyer came to a still more uphaning pause. "Of course, we've weating for father blease, whit? Was he nice and jolly to was he stiff and haughty? What was he like?" Course, we've waiting for father blease, whit? What was like. "Good hand, he will be showed herself engage always to his ways afraid to give it, and she did not sak her opinion; she was always afraid to give it, and she did not sak her opinion; she was always afraid to give it, and she did not sak her opinion; she was always afraid to give it, and she did not sak her opinion; she was always afraid to give it, and she did not sak her opinion; she was always afraid to give it, and she did not sak her opinion; she was always afraid to give it, and she did not sak her opinion; she was always afraid to give it, and she did not sak her opinion; she was always afraid to give it, and she did not sak her opinion; she was always afraid to give it, and she did not sak her opinion; she was always afraid to give it, and she did not sak her opinion; she was always afraid to give it, and she did not sak her opinion; she was always afraid to give it, and she did not sak her opinion; she was always afraid to give it, and she did worry, and to give it, and to give it, and to give it a

being won't exactly say he had bats in being work and the work of the work of

some madam," the lawyer assured her gravely. Then you think he's—dead?

"Then you think he's—dead?

"The her were either things, too, that they have been the head of the bonde at certain times. She has no further power ever that money hat the followed at certain times. She has no further power ever that money had not held to the her her had to the her her her had to the her had to the her her had to the her

on banks, the three legates set clue to his reported South American earning to put it." as Miss Flora breath to put it." as Miss Flora breath termed it.

Hattie said that, for her part, bould like to leave their share all any really soll foundation. Interview points, then she'd have it to spend with the great law firm bank; then she'd have it to spend with the great law firm bank; then she'd have lit to spend with the great law firm banks; the she'd have lit to spend with that the shoved the said that, for her part, bould like to leave their share all sw firm banks; then she'd have lit to spend with the she'd have lit to spend with the she'd have lit to spend with the she'd at Chief Many Cows and plant as sight noise, "You have spoken! So be it:" cried the Indian; and with that he shoved the ploring the shoved the shoved the lind in set." That lusty yout is eager for the chase. That lusty your is eager for the chase. Something in the grow! Seemed fathulo:"Are you with that he shoved the ploring the shoved the lind in set." That lusty your is eager for the chase. The lusty sout is eager for the

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

FOR THE FUND By ALICE ROBERTS

She had just returned from the post-office.

England towns.

HELEN'S cheeks were very rosy and she looked very happy as she came up the steps of the little verands. She gave her aunt the small package of mail without saying a word, and quiet-

away, an' he wants to know if I could give him room an' board for two weeks it's goin' to have his vacation soon. Well, I declare. Just think of him goin an' imaginin' that I was goin to take in any boarders. He ought to know better in the niece smiled a little and for some tire niece smiled a little and for some off—very slowly, and very carefully. And Helen smiled—very demurely.

Prim Miss Leonora received him in

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY

"THE WILD INDIANS"

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

The "Adams feller" smiled at her, not seeming to see Helen at all. Miss Leonora read the first of the letters in her methodical way. Then she suiffed a little primity, as they do in New England towns.

"Just let me throw this bag out of the way, Miss Leonora, and let me take you for a little spin. You'll see that it runs just as nice as it looks; that is, of course, if you'd like me to."

England towns.

"Land sakes," she said, "here's a letter from that young Adams feller from Boston who used to spend his vacations with the Bakers before they moved

"FINE FEATHERS."

The chief leaped high in the air and let out a whoop of pain. At the same moment Billy Belgium gave a shout of defiance and jumped forward. He stooped, grabbed up burning sticks and

deflance and jumped forward. He stooped, grabbed up burning sticks and hurled them among the bare legs of the dancing Indians. There was a startled scramble as the flaming brands hit them. On top of that came a loud whirr, and the air seemed filled with Owls and Night Hawks, which swooped down angrily upon the heads of the Indians and tore furiously at their hair.

In the excitement Billy Belgium leaped toward the ravine which served as entrance to the camp. Several young braves dashed after him, but fell back in alarm as the form of Lonesome Bear rose menacingly before them.

(The next chapter will tell how the

What a Ouestion?

bedroom, "have you shut the dining-room

window?"
"Yes, love."
"Put the plate basket behind the book-

case?"
"Um!"
"Have you put the dog out?"

"George, dear," cried wifey from the

Indians get a surprising scare.)

ODD FILMS FROM IFES CAMERA



Ere Time from the plasm with leisurely hand

molded our bodies or breath in The little pine-walk for our wooing was planned.

we know,

That the wind driven in from the uttermost sea Sald:

her so"? How should we dream of it, how should

-Nina Murdoch in the Sydney Bulletin.

Wine improves with age. The old song tells us that old friends are best. Old songs awaken tender memories. Old shoes give comfort. And our alleged disdain for old jokes is pure affectation. We love 'em. We love 'em so much that we are continually dressing them

as his son Tom was now quite able to do without being observed.' If they conany work which might arise, Mr. Bilks. tinue to meet with success it looks like the well-known plumber, departed for a they would soon take Berlin." three months' motor tour, leaving Tom charge of the shop. With youthful army was a joke." enthusiasm Tom set to work, and it ed his father upon his return.

cheerfully.

use in talking, dad, but I have made say the official German reports belong?" things hum! I've cleaned up everything; there isn't a single unfinished blind school of humor. They are evi-

Mr. Bilks turned pale. "You mean to say you've finished with

sink at Smith's?" he said, slowly. "Sure! Why, those jobs had been hanging on longer than I could remem-

enough to keep me in my old age, but you, poor lad, have thrown away what were to have been your most valuable legacies. Those jobs paid all your heavy school fees, and, taken care of, would have maintained you in comfort for the rest of your life."

romantic title of "C." Also-perhaps it should have been mentioned first-this battery has a C. O. whose temper is to be an engineer.". not exactly angelic, and on that circumstance there hangs a tale.

ways, and "C" battery, having taken a full share of the heat, was just resting when the base telephone rang. That lusty youth is eager for the chase. His father smiles. His mother fears "Hullo!" roared the C. O.

The Opportunist

Blindness Open the casement! From my room Perched high upon this dizzy spire, My blinded eyes behold the bloom Of gardens in their golden fire. Oh, deep mysterious recompense-Time static to my ardent gaze!

No longer mortal veils of sense Conceal the blissful ray of rays! Fantastic forests toss their heads For my immortal youth; on grass

Brighter than jewels do the reds Of riotous summer roses pass.

traffic in abysmal seas, And dive for pearls and colored shells, Where, over seaweeds tall as trees.

The waters boom like tenor bells; Where bearded goblin-fish and sharks With fins as large as eagle wings Throw phosphorescent trails of sparks Which glitter on drowned Spaniards

From star to star I pilgrimage, Undaunted in ethereal space; And laugh because the sun in rage Shoots harmless arrows at my face.

rings.

For ever if the skies should flare In God's last catastrophic blaze, My happy blinded eyes would stare Only upon the ray of rays. -Theodore Maynard in The New Age.

"Deal Off": A Nutshell Novel

On that fatal evening Cornthwaite Spots was seized with a sudden inspiration just as he was picking out "The Beetroots' Parade" on the banjo. "By Jove!" he soliloquized, "this sort of thing ought to go down to posterity.

I have an idea." And so, banjo in hand, he hastily ambled down to the Tincan Talking Machine Company's shop.

"If you please, sir," said Cornthwaite to the shopman, "I would like to buy one of your justly celebrated machines, in order that, I can make records of my own playing."

"Yessir, yessir," said the shopman promptly. "We have several good lines in the sort of thing you want. Now here's a fine example, the Boomograph. The price is ten guineas, and if you the war. I understand that the Ger- like I will set the machine going, and mans think so well of it that they run you can hear for yourself what fine records it makes."

Smiling complacently, Cornthwaite Spots sat down and gave aloud that finished rendering of Twistlepoff's "Feline Seranade."

After he had finished the shopman wiped the perspiration from his brow, loosened his collar, took a sniff at some smelling salts, and put the new record on a machine Glowing with pride Cornthwaite be-

gan to listen. When it was all over he asked anxiously, 'Is that me? Did I play like that?" "Yessir, exactly, sir," said the shop-

keeper hopefully. "Can I sell you the machine, sir?" "Well, no, not exactly," answered

Cornthwaite Spots, "but would you care to buy the banjo?"-Ideas.

Sandy's Trip

Sandy was spending his munitions holiday "doing the Clyde," or, rather, the Clyde was doing Sandy, seeing he had lost at cards, deck quoits, and everything

else he had tried his hand at. For solace he sought the bar, and got it, when he read on the printed tariff-"Beer, first glass, 6d.; second glass,

The prices were more than Sandy paid for his reviver in Glesga', but the reduction for quantities, so to speak, appealed to his canny nature, and he found himself wonderng what a third glass

Accordingly he downed the contents of the first glass in record time, and called for a second for which he tendered fourpence.

"Saxpence, please," said the waiter "But it's ma second glass," explained Sandy. "Aw ken that weel, an' more shame

ta ye, but saxpence is the charge." "Then what's the meanin' o' this?" said Sandy, pointing triumphantly to the printed tariff.

But when it was explained to him that the practical joker had been at work. and had altered "Class' to "Glass," he paid up, stumbled on deck, and thenceforth the Clyde had no attractions for Sandy .- Tit-Bits.

Fully Explained

The learned counsel in the great will case literally beamed with joy. Here was a witness who was everything a witness should be.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said, en thusiastically. "Your memory for detail does you infinite credit. And on behalf of the numerous relatives of the testator who are present in court I should like to thank you for the very flattering. though none the less truthful, descrip tion that you have just given of that esteemed gentleman who is now, alas?

A murmur of applause went round

"I presume," continued the learned counsel, "that you were very intimate with the testator during his lifetime?" The witness hesitated and blushed a crimson red. "N-n-no," he answered. lamely. "In fact, I never saw him in my life."

"But really, sir," cried the barrister. in surprise, "I fail to see how you could give such an accurate and flattering description of him if you never saw him!"

The witness gave a very sickly smile. "Perhaps you will understand better," he said, "when I tell you that I married his widow!"—Tit-Bits.

history an account of the Battle of Banockburn. He read as follows:

army on the hill behind their spirits be-

The Little Pine-Walk

The little pine-walk where we wander was planned For our woolng full many an eon ago.

How should we dream of it, how should

"Here the bright strands of her hair I shall blow. fill the heart of him years to her, seeing

Old Things

Here is an old story dressed in a new ver. But who cares for his clothes? Here's the yarn:

the bathroom at Brown's and the kitchen

"My boy," Mr. Bilks said, sadly, "you don't realize what you have done! I've of the Germans. I have asked them

Wrong Number

why couldn't Judge Owl help?"

anx"it you.

Bear. "I'm looking for Billy Belgium.
Have you seen him?"

"He's been captured by Indians. They are going to burn him at the stake."

"Wel, there's no need to get wild about it. Why can't you try to come to whispered Peggy in reply, and then she quickly explained the situation to Lonesame Bear.

"They'll not harm a hair of his head, if I have to whip the whole band, growled Lonesome Bear. "I'm going down there." And away he slipped into the forest.

Peggy heard a shout from below, and eaned over to see what was happen!

The Good-by Pl
At Millstone whar.

Our

The Good-by Pl
At Millstone whar.

Our the forest.

Peggy heard a shout from below, and leaned over to see what was happening. The Indians had heaped a pile of wood in front of Billy Belgium. Chief Many Cows selzed a flaming pine torch from the camp fire and brandished it before Billy's eyes.

"Paleface boy," he shouted, "if you will join our band and help us scalp the whites we will let you go."

"Never!" answered Billy Belgium. drawing himself up very straight. "Til die before I'll become a murderer and a scalper."

Somnolent oysters from the river bed Hobnob with cabbages and other things. The cattle walk the plank in leading strings.

The cattle walk the plank in leading strings.

The poultry proud are with their products sped.

Sings while he hustles, whistles while he sings.

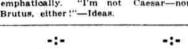
Here as elsewhere the daily commonplace.

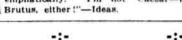
Is but the blind behind which lurks There is a certain battery now in the firing line which is known by the un-

It had been a very hot day, in many

"Are you 'C,' sir?" came a voice along "No!" said the hot-tempered officer.

emphatically. "I'm not Caesar-nor do anything really well. I think she'll GRIF ALEXANDER. | Brutus, either !"-Ideas.































AW GWAN.



will, I declare. How clinks of him going an imaginarith that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to take in a similar that I was going to the third of the contrary, traft backs and the contrary that the c it on the front page. They ought to run it in the humorous column, where it belongs. Whenever I am downhearted I always read the German report, because it is sure to be good for a laugh. I wonder if it couldn't be worked up into a vaudeville sketch? But no-it's too funny."

> ticularly good?" "Well, for example, this statement that in new clothes—even as a child dresses having accomplished our purpose—to bring on a French counter-attack-we sult of clothes by London Tit-Bits. The If that was the purpose of the German generals, you'll have to admit they got results. And, if you will read a little farther, if you are not laughing too Feeling that thirty years of honest hard, you will learn that the Germans industry entitled him to a holiday, and won a thrilling victory by 'getting away

"What about it strikes you as par-

"The Germans thought the American

"It was. It must have been. Anyway, was with complacent pride that he greet- the clown prince fell for it. And at his father upon his return.
"And how is business?" Bilks asked. The Americans aren't taking prisoners they're overtaking them."

"To what school of humor would you

They belong to the deaf, dumb and

dently intended for the inmates of such institutions in Germany who have not yet been sent to the front."

"But would you take a German into embership?" "Why not? Three of our members-Franklin P. Adams, Grantland Rice and F. Gregory Hartswick-are over there now trying to make the acquaintance to try to organize a local chapter in Berlin."

A Hard Fate

Beryl, aged ten, had just returned from her music lesson and was full of enthusiasm for the grand art. "Yes, mummle, I've thought it all out

I'm going to be a musician when I grow

up. (We've all decided what we're going

to do. Gertie's going to be a dancer Mary's going to be a poet, Jack's going "Yes, yes," said mummle, in the tolerant way of mummies, "but what about your little friends next door? What are

liament, and Frances-"Yes?" prompted mother. "Well, Frances is rather a difficulty You see, she's not clever, and she can't

"Oh, Jenny's going to write plays,

Harry's going to be a member of Par-

"CAP" STUBBS-Girls Ain't Got a Bit of Sense

SA CINCH







they going to be?"

have to be just a mother!"-Answers.

By EDWINA

the crowded court.

When John Bull Chortles A little boy was reading in his Scottish

ame damped." The teacher asked the boy what was neant by "damping their spirits." The boy, not comprehending the mean-

ing, simply answered: "Pittin' water in their whusky."-

-:-

