## DH, MONEY! MONEY! by Eleanor H. Porter Author of "Pollyanna"

nission of Houghton Mifflin Co. All Rights Reserved.

THE STORY THUS FAR Frank Blaisdell, James Blaisdell and Blaisdell from the estate of Stanley d to be in South America, and his As a matter of fact, he is in their town. Hillerton, masquerading as erning, the Blaisdell family.

### CHAPTER XI (Continued) MR. SMITH, these days, was keeping

rather closely to his work, especially when reporters were in evidence. He had been heard to remark, indeed, that had no use for reporters. Certainly he fought shy of those investigating the on-Blaisdell legacy. He read the ewspaper accounts, though, most aftentively, particularly the ones from Chicago that Mr. Norton kindly sent him sometimes. It was in one of these papers that he found this paragraph:

papers that he found this paragraph:

There seems to be really nothing more that can be learned about the extraordinary Stanley G. Fulton-Blaisdell affair. The bequests have been paid, the Blaisdells are reveiling in their new wealth, and Mr. Fulton is still unheard from. There is nothing now to do but to await the opening of the second mysterious packet two years hence. This, it is understood, is the final disposition of his estate; and if he is really dead, such will doubtless prove to be the case. There are those, however, who, remembering the multimillionaire's well-known eccentricities, are suspecting him of living in quiet retirement somewhere, laughing in his sleeve at the tempest in the teapor that he has created; and that long before the two years are up, he will be back on Chicago's streets, debouair and smiling as ever. The fact that so little can be found in regard to the South American exploring expedition might give color to this suspicion; but where, oh, where, on this terrestrial ball could Mr. Stanley G. Fulton find a place to live in unreported retirement?

Mr. Smith did not show this paragraph to the Blaisdells. He destroyed

ton find a place to the retirement?

Mr. Smith did not show this paragraph to the Blaisdells. He destroyed the paper containing it, indeed, promptly and effectually—with a furtive glance over his shoulder as he did so, it was at about this time, too, that Mr. Smith began to complain of his eves and to wear smoked glasses. He said he found the new snow glaring.

"But you look so funny, Mr. Smith," said Benny, the first time he saw him.

"Why, I didn't hardly know you."

"Didn't you, Benny." asked Mr. Smith, with suddenly a beaming countenance. "Oh, well, that doesn't matter, does it?" And Mr. Smith gave an odd little chuckle as he turned away.

"The Proposition of the Company of t

DIE! I FEEL FIERCE!

### THE DAILY NOVELETTE



For a moment."
For a moment Marilyn forgot her recent perplexity. Mr. Everest was going to see her home! What wauld the
other girls say when they heard, and
when she wore that new waist? Deftly
she tucked the stray curls under her
plain little black hat. It would be extravagant, but she wanted to look pretty
under than ever.

The gossip of Tootleville was trying to more than ever.

She was too excited to see the admiration in Bob Everest's face when he came over to her desk, and all he said as they reached the door was "I guess the moon is waiting for us."

The gossip of Tootleville was trying to scrape an acquaintance with the latest arrival to the town, "I see you have a motor," he said, "Yes."

The gossip of Tootleville was trying to scrape an acquaintance with the latest arrival to the town, "I see you have a motor," he said, "Yes, "It is a beautiful night," she murmured as they gazed up at the moon shimmering on the cold walls of the buildings.

"It will be so much plear when we "Short silence for deep contemplation."

she lived? All the glow faded from her

she lived? All the glow faded from her face.

"I really can't let you come any farther," she began lamely; "it's only a little way," and then she stopped, for they were just crossing into one of those beautiful old streets with stately stone fronts that seem full of that mellow grace of old Foston. She saw the false suggestion in her words, but to her purprise he looked troubled and uncomfortable.

"You seem just to belong here," he

You seem just to belong here," he answered wistfully. For a moment Marilyn thought of running up to one of these aristocratic doors and bidding him good-night, but she blushed hotly at the thought of such sham.

She was so embarrassed and ashamed that she did not see his relief when they turned into a humbler part of the great city. Some of the old houses still followed them but these were given.

"Yes: but I got some ducks, and they Mother replied that God didn't need a gun.

"Yes: but I got some ducks, and they Mother replied that God didn't need a gun.

"I see the flood's away above your windows?"

"That's all right. Bill! Them windows of heaven and push it down to our gunners!"—Tit-down needed washin', anyway!"—

Not That Kind

hey turned and a great city. Some of the old houses still followed them, but these were given over to shops and hoarding houses. With over to shops and hoarding a characteristic of over to shope and hoarding houses. With the swift transition so characteristic of the great city, they were coming into a dismal, crowded, run-down section. A great lump rose in Marilyn's throat as she looked furtively at the handsome face beside her. For the moment she could see the place where with such toil she had made their home of which she was so proud, through his eyes, used to big. handsome houses.

When they turned into the dark, narrow street, at the end of which stood the tiny, weather-beaten little box of a house, she could stand the agony no longer. She had made him think her a cultured, fastidious lady—what would be their so over the could stand the part of the tiny. The could stand the agony no longer. She had made him think her a cultured, fastidious lady—what would be there's others that call me a 'beetle'; there's some that call me a 'sextant, but the parson calls me a 'virgin.''—Tit-Bits.

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette-"Lucille's Cousin."

Learning His Lesson

The gossip of Tootleville was trying to "I see you have a motor," he said.
"Yes."
The gossip, having duly digested this

shimmering on the cold walls of the buildings.

"It will be so much nicer when we get out of this bare business section."

"I hate it here—one can hardly breathe, not but what I like the work."

he added. But she did not hear him.

Whetevold he works where where he had a so cabbahah patch."—

"The series of the barn as a garanaba."

Short silence for deep contemplation in the part of the gossip.

"The man who lived here last," ventured he of the busy mouth at last, "used his back yard as a cabbahah patch."—

London Ideas.

Always Merry and Bright

### Just Who He Was



# ODD FILMS FROM



Hun Interesting Verse Young Otto Wolff, of Germany, Is truly doing fine!

For, lo, he has quite recently Killed Baby Forty-nine! —Life. For Heinie Schmidt, of Saxony,

The Kalser's bosom swells. Tis said that he has really Polsoned forty-seven wells! -Harvard Lampoon. And Hans von Blitzen, Wilhelm's pride

Has won his Iron Cross. A half a hundred women drowned; Twas his sub caused their loss! -Williams Purple Cow.

And Fritz von Bump, of Hunland, Says he, "Am I so worse, When just one week ago today

I shot my nineteenth nurse?" ←Ohio State Sun Dial. Lieutenant Colonel Fritz von Pack

Flags fly to celebrate his act Throughout the Fatherland, -Pennsylvania Punch Bowl,

Cut off a baby's hand.

The Kaiser now is feeling glad And proud of Heiney Glose, Who loudly calling "Kamerad!" Killed unsuspecting foes.

### Getting After the Zeps

Tommy, aged five, lives in "a North-Easter town" (to follow the discreet The name was pretty, and remained in nodel of the official reports), and was much perturbed by the recent visit of a When, in the flush of womanhood's au-Zeppelin, which passed within a short ered the occasion demanded a special petition. After praying as usual for the And fitful moodiness; her graceful soldiers, sailors, Indians, etc., he said: "And please God, if you hear a Zeppe

lin tonight, open the windows of heaven and-and-and-has God got a gun, Mother replied that God didn't need And oh, I loved her-in the way of

Mrs. Bowen has a charming little daughter of four who is terribly indiscreet. The other day, in the midst of a reception, baby cried and writhed on account of the toothache. Her mother tried to console her. "There, my darling, be reasonable

don't cry; your toothache will pass away."

"How will it go away?" replied th child, her voice broken by sobs. "I can't take my teeth out as you can, mamma!"-Pearson's Weekly.

In the Boom



The Artist's Friend-I was reading an article in the paper the other day about the prosperous time day about the prosperous time artists are having just now. I hope you have benefited like the others? The Artist-Rather! I borrowed a strength of it.

Cosy-An Idyll

They'd called her Cosy whilst her hair hung loose;

rora, distance of his home. When he said his She told me that her real name was Cora, prayers next night he evidently consid- Cosy by nature: free-from tantrums, nerves

> curves Suggested cuddle transcendentalized, se

> In short, a pure, plump girl; a gracious queen.

speaking Of fondness that forswears possessionseeking.

Fair visions of slim ankles, silken of the would be soldier. "hosey." Perturbed me not if they belonged to Cosy. Her mother rightly deemed her "safe"

with me took her out and brought her back to

And after tea she sang of birds and things-The sort of songs a modest maiden

singsto glisten, As maidens do who have a boy to listen.

Then was I happy, with the full content Of youth obsessed by new-born sentiment. Anon we sought the sofa, where we spoke In whispers, and cut oft a little joke,

Till Dad went off to bed and Mum grew dozy, And then my arm stole round the waist of Cosy.

Bazaars and lectures were our chief

We raved of flowers and discoursed on fruits: And giving her one night a birthday-

book kissed the hand that clutched the gift

neither smiled ian braves. The omen of the hear is good. But the Spirit of the Hills does not want us to fight boys. It wants us to fight them."

A Methodist she was, and oft at church I shared her dreams of biblical research, The while the parson talked around the text,

Of lines that came before, or followed next;

For, was the shepherd ne'er so dull and possible when I sat by Cosy.

I loved my Bible when I sat by Cosy.

Heigho! She left the town where we were born.

He did not know much but his wife trusted him. along at about sixty read with the part of huge size.

The was reared on his hind legs, his teeth showing in an angry snarl. The glow.

Were born.

He did not know much but his wife trusted him.

I want legs sea, alas!" he said.

And down came the text,

Of lines that came before, or followed next;

For, was the shepherd ne'er so dull and brain him their honeymoon in a more bear hear of the form him the Nor frowned, but called me "Silly child."

For, was the shepherd ne'er so dull and their honeymoon in a motorcar. It was

And Cosy Kent became a deacon's wife A holy deacon's wife, so I was told, And I-I soon skedaddled from the fold. A wayward sheep, forgetful of the Lord. But now, grown old in sin, aweary, bored.

was out he was reduced another sixty-

By EDWINA

An Irish country gentleman, well known for his geniality, happened to visit a court of justice at the moment when the judge was about to pronounce sentence on a peasant youth for his part in some serious riots.

The Whole Truth

The judge seemed really anxious to discover extenuating circumstances, and asked the boy whether there was any one present who could give him a good character. The prisoner replied mournfully that he saw no one in court who he knew, whereupon the visitor, perceiving how matters stood, called from his seat in the gallery, "Well, now, yourself's a queer boy that doesn't know your own friends when you see them!" Quick to take the hint, the boy promptly responded, "Indeed, then, it's proud and happy I am to see your honor

here this day!" The gentleman came forward as a witness and testified as follows: "I can tell you, my lord, that from the very first time that ever I saw the boy to this minute I never knew anything of him that was not very good."

As he had never before set eyes on the defendant, his evidence was certainly the truth and nothing but the truth as far as it went, and the boy was discharged after a caution.-Ideas.

### All-Sufficient Reason

A very pompous army surgeon was sent to a recruiting depot in the Highlands to examine a batch of lads who had taken the King's shilling. The ab rupt, overbearing manner of the doctor so frightened one nervous recruit that he was unable to answer the first question as to his name and place of birth. "Why don't you answer?" roared the

"What's your name, I say?" doctor. Still the panic-stricken lad could only stare open-mouthed at his questioner, who exclaimed:

"Why, I believe the fellow's stone deaf!" And, taking\_his watch from his pocket, he held it to the left ear of

the recruit, saying: "Can you hear that ticking?" The youth shook his head. The watch was applied to the other ear with the same effect, and then the doctor opened

the vials of his indignation on the head "What do you mean by enlisting when you are stone deaf? Why, you can't even hear the ticking of a watch when it's held within an inch of the drum or your ear!"

And then the worm turned. "She's no' gaun," said the recruit, finding his tongue at last.

And when the doctor, holding the watch to his own ear, found that it had indeed stopped, his feelings were And looked at me with eyes that feigned too powerful to be expressed in words, extensive though his vocabulary ordinarily was .- Tit-Bits.

### Saving the Situation

Theodore Thespian leaned on the rail of his sea-going yacht soliloquizing about love, while the blue waves rolled and heaved splendidly, each blue wave being a "super" under a roll of canvas. But the waves were here and there threadbare, and suddenly a wave ripped and a head bobbed up in the midst of the heaving sea and stared around in bewildered fashion.

Theodore Thespian silenced the audience's titters with one stern glance

"Man overboard!" he yelled in stenorian tones. Then the "super," managing to draw

back his head through the hole in the And all the world was bright. She wave, disappeared. Theodore heaved a stormy sigh. "Another vic

And down came the house with roars

Honeymooning "Billson and his wife went off for

a brand-new, large touring car the bride's father lent them for the occasion. Billson drove the car himself. He did not know much about driving, but his wife trusted him. They whizzed along at about sixty miles an hour,

"Yes, but where did they spend their

"And Billson steered the car with one hand and held Mrs. Billson with the other-"

"But what I want to know is, where did they spend their honeymoon?" "In the hospital!"-Pearson's Weekly,

### Real Yankee Language A French soldier who came proudly

up to an American in a certain headquarters town the other day asked: "You spik French?" "Nope," answered the American, "not

The Frenchman smiled complacemly. "Aye spik Eengleesh." he said. The American grinned and the Frenchman ooked about for some means to show his prowess in the foreign tongue. At that moment a French girl, very neat and trim in her peaked hat, long coat, and high laced boots, came along. The Frenchman jerked his head toward her, looked knowingly at the American, and said iriumphantly: "Chicken."

The American roared. "Shake," he said, extending his hand. 'You don't speak English; you speak American."-London Opinion.

### The Man Responsible

On the other side of Submarine avenue they call a cop a peeler. Thus does kindly fame reward Sir Robert Peel for starting a police force. With this helpful Lint the jocund reader will be hep to the pun concealed in the following story from London Tit-Bits:

A big Highland policeman, when going his round in Glasgow, set his foot on a piece of orange-peel, and came down heavily on the footpath. On getting him-

self up. Robert exclaimed: "Awd gi'e something to ken who put that skin there!"

"I'll tell ye, gin ye gi'e me a penny?" "Here ye are, mi mannie!" said the

'It was nae other body but the 'peeler' !" said the youngster. And he disappeared round a corner.

"I hear a great deal of Utopia." "Yes?" "Where and what is it?"









"But you look so funny, Mr. Smith," said Benny

Humph! Pity you can't buy a little do fou'll need it, to swing all that style,"
"Oh, father:" murmured Miss Maggie,
"Oh, I don't mind what Father Duff
ys," laughed Mrs. Hattie. But there But there was a haughty tilt to her chin and an angry sparkle in her eyes as she, too, arose. "I'm just going, anyway, so you

For once I'm going to have new things—all new things. You have to make a show or you won't be recognized by the best people."

"But, Hattie my dear," began Miss Maggie, flushing a little, and carefully avoiding Mr. Smith's eyes, "old masters are—are very valuable, and—""

"I don't care if they are," retorted Mrs. Hattie, with decision. "If they're old, I don't want them, and that settles it. I'm going to have velvet carpets and the handsomest lace curtains that I can find; and I'm going to have some of those gold chairs, like the Pennecks have, only nicer. Theirs are awfully dull, some of them. And I'm going to buy—"

Mrs. Jane fell back in her chair. The anaxious frown came again to her face.

"Oh, yes, of course. We have spent a lot in the bank, and he spends from that every day, I know. And I'm willing to spend some, of course. But we had to pay so much inheritance tax and all that it would be my way not to spend much till the interest liad sort of made that up, you know; but Frank and Mellicent—they won't hear to it a minute. They want to move, foo, and they re teasing me all the time to get new clothes, both for me and for her But Hattie's the worst. I can't do at this bridge of the banks and the sput a lot in the bank, and he sput a lot in the bank and he sput a lot in the bank, and he sput a lot in the bank and he sput a lot in the sput a lot in the

omnion sense somewhere" snarled old man Duff getting stiffly to his feet, you'd like to," answered Miss Maggie

his hands into his pockets as he took a nervous turn about the room before h

-:-

dull, some of them. And I'm going to thing with Hattle, New what shall I

"What do you say, Mr. Smith?" Mr. Smith leaped to his feet and thrust

### "DREAMLAND ADVENTURES" By DADDY "THE WILD INDIANS" A complete, new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday. "I don't believe in spirits, I want scalps!" shrieked Much Hair. A lot of the younger Indians took up the same cry and marched around the fire chant-ing the battle cry: "Scalps! We want Sitting Man arose and solemnly adgressed the council. "Our young men have the fighting fever. It is a good fever. Too long has it slumbered in the veins of our Intian braves. The omen of the hear is good. But the Spirit of the Hills does



"The Spirit of the Hills speaks"

"The Spirit of the Hills speaks"

"The Indians in olden times used to believe that the Spirit of the Hills, apparent in the woods," began Chief Many Cows one of his hands rubbing the earthat Peggy had shot and the other-nursing a burn left by Billy Belgium's firebrand. His remark struck Peggy as very funny and she nearly snickered right cout Chief Many Cows looked around cautiously and went on.

"Queer omens have come to us—the mysterious Pale Face boy, the furies from the air, the hole from an unseen hand, and the bear that walks like a man,"

"The bear! The bear "Remember the legend of the Spirit of the Hills."

Billy Belgium, listening eagerly from above, grasped Peggy's hand.

"The braves were in a hot argu
"To the Indians listened spelibound. All except Much Hair." Idon't believe in the time to devil!"

The Indians in olden times used to believe that the Spirit of the Hills, apparent the legend of the Spirit of the Hills, apparent to the farm to first. The Indians should not the signantic bear. The bear of the Hills."

"The Indians listened spelibound. All except Much Hair." Idon't believe in the lindians begond add the future in my sight was rosy. The Indians should not be early the legist of the Hills, apparent over the mountains, working that shot first.

The Lonesome Bear did a queer the bullet hack. As be did so, the shot from Peggy's rifle hit Much in his paws, like a baseball player catching a ball, and swung his paw as did so, the shot from Peggy's rifle hit Much in his paws, like a baseball player catching a ball, and swung his paw as did so, the shot from Peggy's rifle hit Much in his paws, like a baseball player catching a ball, and swung his paw as did so, the shot from Peggy's rifle hit Much in his paws, like a baseball player catching a ball, and swung his paw as did so, the shot from Peggy's rifle hit Much in his paws, like a baseball player catching a ball man.

"The bear! The bear! The best!" suddenly walled Sitting Man. "Remember the legend of the Spirit of the Hills."

Billy Belgium, interning easerly from above, grasped Peggy's hand.

"I know that legend," he whispered.

-:-

(Tomorrow will be told how the Indians get their chance to fight.) | nine cents.-Detroit Free Press.

tric flashlight, threw an immense shadow on the rocks behind him, and made him appear of huge size.

In the silence that followed the first cries of the Indians, a great voice, seemingly coming from Lonesome Bear, boomed out with echo-waking loudness.

"The Spirit of the Hills speaks! Good to those who do good! Evil to those who do evil!"

CAP" STUBBS—It Was All Pa's Fault

NONSENSE! I'LL
RUB YOUR CHEST
TOWIGHT WITH
TURPENTINE AND
LARD, AND YOU'LL
BE ALLRIGHT
BY MORNING

MY PA'S GONNA DIE! HE









# Utopia

"That is the place where you get elegant summer board for a nominal st —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.