

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Big-Hearted Ashman By DADDY

CHAPTER V The Ashman's Joie

WHAT shall we do first at my birthday party?" cried the Ashman to Peggy and Billy, and the poor children he had drawn to the island in his train of toy express wagons.

"Play games," said Peggy and Billy, but their voices were drowned out by the shouts of the poor children. "Eat! Eat! Eat!" said the shouts.

"Oh, so you are the tables, go to it," "Well, then can help me serve the ice cream," said the Ashman to Peggy and Billy, and they had a lot of fun filling the dishes over and over again.

"You are giving the party," said the Ashman to Peggy and Billy, and they were looking at each other with big appetites, and so did the children, and the Ashman, but there were no bananas and oranges, a dozen big cakes, lots of lemonade, and a few children were, they had plenty to eat and were, too.

While Peggy and Billy were eating their ice cream they happened to see a man in some shrubbery at one side. They saw fat Tommy Grim, thin Tommie Bean and cross Hiram Hatfield. The three boys were looking at each other at the feast of good things. They turned to Peggy and Billy.

"Hello, Billy! Hello, Peggy!" said the boys, "can't you get us invited to the party?" they whispered.

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man, to whom you sang that unkind song," said Peggy. "My, but the three boys were surprised. They were ashamed, too, and they wanted to sink right through the ground, which would have been a hard job for fat Tommy Grim, as he had eaten so much he was fatter than ever. But the Ashman just smiled kindly and they got back their courage. They got back their courage, too, for they were not really bad boys at heart.

"We are sorry we sang that rude song at you," spoke up thin Henry Bean. "Oh, you will forgive us, we never again will be mean to strangers." "To be sure I forgive you," said the Ashman, "and now let's all play games."

Which they did, until the Ashman was ready to hand out his lead of birthday presents, but we will tell about that tomorrow.

"How is Victor's mother, dear? It didn't seem to me she was looking very well the last time I went to see her." "She couldn't have any one better to do for her than Kate Stephens," replied Mrs. Doane. "As to not looking well, there's nothing whatever the matter with her except that she's always brooding over the loss of her money."

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"Perhaps she misses her home, Ruth. It was very lovely and Kate Stephens' house is anything but homelike, even if she is a tower of strength." Then, seeing that something was wrong, she turned her remarks into another channel. "How wonderfully warm they keep you here!" she exclaimed as she took leave.

"That's a splendid point about the Gates' house," agreed Mrs. Doane. "We've been most comfortable all winter. Only twice the fire was neglected and each time Mother Doane came to call."

The visitor had hardly turned the corner of the street before Mr. Doane returned for the evening meal. In the dining room a light suspended in the garish dome of kaleidoscopic glass tried to lend a festive air to the occasion and to counteract the effect of the smoking-tipped wall paper. There were two long tables and two small ones in the uncupied corners. At one of the latter sat Mr. and Mrs. Doane. Tonight it was impossible for them to exchange a word as the presence of one of the long tables—young men from the mill—were a little more hilarious than usual.

Mrs. Doane wearily pushed back his plate with a sigh and reached the quiet of his room, where he sank into a chair near the table and began to fill his pipe. "Don't smoke tonight," protested his wife. "I've a splitting headache," and she moved her chair near the open window.

He laid down his pipe, however, and began. "Taylor told me today of a great bargain he has in a house. It's new, convenient, and the most attractive place in the town, and he is willing to hold it for us a day or two. Won't it be fine to have our own home, Ruth, with everything just as we want it, and get away from this distracting place?"

Mrs. Doane drew a golden eyelid from her beautiful hair and wound it around her finger for a moment before speaking. Every word came slowly and deliberately from pouted lips.

"Victor, you know very well, after the time I was hurt last winter the doctor said I must be careful, so I couldn't possibly do housework. Now don't interrupt by saying there will be maid. This is a mill town, with its endless procession entering the mill and leaving one for days without any help."

"Then because she hadn't yet learned that too many excuses weaken a cause," she added. "Think how horrid it would be for you if the furnace man should be sick and you might even have to shovel snow, to say nothing of the extra expense."

After much patient arguing Mr. Doane knew that the only thing was to tell his brother, John, who lived in a small apartment and wanted a house, about the bargain.

John's wife, Mildred, came to see Ruth the next day. She was bonning with happiness over the thought of having a real home. Although not as beautiful as Ruth, she was most attractive in her animation.

"And she's asked Mother Doane to come and live with us!" she exclaimed. "She is such a wonderful woman and misses her old home so much."

But Mother Doane died suddenly, before the young people moved. Ruth put into the black gown she had worn to the funeral and went with her husband to the office of Mr. Gray, the lawyer, to hear the will read.

Mr. Gray explained that Mrs. Doane had made her will six months before, after a visit from her physician, who told her she could not live more than a year. Her money had not been lost in a foolish investment as every one but herself had thought. She merely wanted to find out how many people loved her for herself. Then, in his customary dry manner, with a slight rustle of paper and adjusting spectacles, Mr. Gray read in a monotonous voice many things without interest until he came to the following:

"I give and bequeath to my eldest son, John, \$5000; to my younger son, Victor, \$5000; and the residue of my estate I give and bequeath to Mildred, beloved wife of my son, John."

Various minor bequests followed, and the will ended with the bequest of "my heavy cashmere shawl to my daughter-in-law, Ruth."

Next complete novelette—The Strangling Home.

Names Streets for War Heroes Six streets in the eastern section of Gloucester, N. J., have been named after Gloucester service men who died during the war. The City Council there today appropriated \$45,000 for laying gutters, sewers and sidewalks paving over the six streets. The Council also voted to increase from ten to eighteen the voting precincts in Gloucester. The additions were necessary because of women voting.

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THE DAILY NOVELETTE

To Board or Not to Board By JESSIE A. PARSONS

"That proves what I have always said," interrupted Mrs. Doane, "that two generations ought not to live together. If Molly thinks her mother interferes with the children, how much worse it would be if were Tom's mother who was living with them."

This unfortunate comment kindled an idea in the irresponsible head of pretty Mrs. Benton, who tactlessly gave it expression.

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