

OH, MONEY! MONEY!

by Eleanor H. Porter

Author of "Pollyanna."
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THE STORY THUS FAR.

Stanley G. Fulton, masquerading as "John Smith," is studying a list of names to whom he has bequeathed money. They are cousins to whom he is unknown—Frank, James and Flora Blaisdell. Fearing a generalist anxious to procure data of the Blaisdell family, he is referred to Miss Maggie Duff, whose father married the mother of the Blaisdells. Duff, now a widower, is cranky, and his daughter rules him by insisting upon his doing the opposite of what she wants him to do. He takes delight in running counter to all her questions.

CHAPTER VI.

Poor Maggie.

It was some days later that Mr. Smith asked Benny one afternoon to show him the way to Miss Maggie Duff's home.

"Sure I will," agreed Benny with alacrity. "You don't ever have to do any teasin' ter get ter go ter Aunt Maggie's."

You're fond of Aunt Maggie, then, I take it?

Benny's eyes widened a little. "Why, of course! Everybody's fond of Aunt Maggie. Why, I don't know anybody that don't like Aunt Maggie."

"I'm sure that speaks well for Aunt Maggie," smiled Mr. Smith.

"Yep! A feller can take some comfort at Aunt Maggie's," continued Benny, trudging along at Mr. Smith's side. "She don't have anythin' just for show, that you can't touch, like it is at my house, and there ain't anythin' but what you can use without gettin' snarled up in a mess of covers an' tidies, like it is at Aunt Jane's. But Aunt Maggie don't save anythin'. Aunt Jane says, an' she'll die some day in the poorhouse, bein' so extravagant. But I don't believe she will. Do you, Mr. Smith?"

"Well, really, Benny, I—er—" hesitated the man.

"Well, I don't believe she will," repeated Benny.

"I hope she won't anyhow. Poor-

houses ain't very nice, are they?"

"I—I don't think I know very much about them, Benny."

"Well, I don't believe they are, from what Aunt Jane says. And if they ain't, I don't want Aunt Maggie ter go. She hadn't ought ter have anythin'—but heaven—after Grandpa Duff. Do you know Grandpa Duff?"

"No, my b-boy." Mr. Smith was choking over a cough.

"He's sick. He's got a chronic grouch, ma say. Do you know what that is?"

"I—I have heard of them."

"What are they? Anything like chronic rheumatism? I know what chronic means. It means it keeps goin' without stoppin'—the rheumatism. I mean, not the folks that got it. They don't go at all, sometimes. Old Dr. Cole don't, and that's what he's got. But when I asked ma what a grouch was she said little boys should be seen and not heard. Ma always says that when she don't want to answer any questions. Do you? Have you got any little boys, Mr. Smith?"

"No, Benny. I'm a poor old bachelor."

"Oh, are you poor, too? That's too bad."

"Well, that is, I—I—"

"Ma was wonderin' yesterday what you lived on. Haven't you got any money, Mr. Smith?"

"Oh, yes, Benny. I've got money enough—to live on." Mr. Smith spoke promptly, and with confidence this time.

"Oh, that's nice. You're glad, then, ain't you? Ma says we haven't got enough ter live on, I mean; but pa says we have, if we didn't try ter live like everybody else lives what's got more."

Mr. Smith bit his lip, and looked down a little apprehensively at the small boy at his side.

"I—I'm not sure, Benny, but I shall have to say little boys should be seen and not—"

Benny with a stentorian shout, had run ahead to a gate before a small white cottage. On the cozy, vine-shaded porch sat a white-haired old man leaning forward on his cane.

"Hi, there, Grandpa Duff. I've brought somebody ter see ye!"

The gate was open now and Benny was halfway up the short walk. "It's Mr. Smith. Come in Mr. Smith. Here's grandpa right here."

With a pleasant smile Mr. Smith doffed his hat and came forward.

"Thank you, Benny. How do you do, Mr. Duff?"

The man on the porch looked up sharply from beneath heavy brows.

"Humph! Your name's Smith is it?"

"That what they call me." The corners of Mr. Smith's mouth twitched a little.

"Humph! Yes, I've heard of you."

"You flatter me!" Mr. Smith on the topmost step, hesitated. "Is your—er—daughter in Mr. Duff's?" He was still smiling cheerfully.

Mr. Duff was not smiling. His somewhat unfriendly gaze was still bent upon the newcomer.

"Just what do you want of my daughter?"

"Why I—I—" Plainly nonplussed, the man paused uncertainly. Then, with a resumption of his jaunty cheerfulness, he smiled straight into the unfriendly eyes. "I'm after some records, Mr. Duff—records of the Blaisdell family. I'm compiling a book on—"

"Humph! I thought as much," interrupted Mr. Duff curtly, settling back in his chair. "As I said, I've heard of you. But you needn't come here asking your silly question, I shan't tell you a thing, anyway, if you do. It's none of your business who he is, and died and what they did before you were born. If the Lord had wanted you to know he'd 'a' put you here then instead of now!"

Looking very much as if he had received a blow in the face, Mr. Smith fell back.

"Aw, grandpa"—began Benny, in grievous expostulation. But a cheery voice interrupted, and Mr. Smith turned to see Miss Maggie Duff emerging from the doorway.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, how do you do?" she greeted him, extending a cordial hand. "Come up and sit down."

For only the briefest of minutes he

hesitated. Had she heard? Could she have heard, and yet speak so unconcernedly? It seemed impossible. And yet—He took the chair she offered—but with a furtive glance toward the old man. He had only a moment to wait.

Sharply Mr. Duff turned to his daughter.

"This Mr. Smith tells me he has come to see those records. Now, Miece—"

"Oh, father, dear, you couldn't!" interrupted his daughter with admonishing earnestness, "you mustn't go and get all those down!" (Mr. Smith almost gasped aloud in his amazement, but Miss Maggie did not seem to notice him at all.) "Why, father, you couldn't—they're too heavy for you! There are the bible and all those papers. They're too heavy, father, I couldn't let you. Besides, I shouldn't think you'd want to get them!"

If Mr. Smith, hearing this, almost gasped aloud in his amazement, he quite did so at what happened next. His mouth actually fell open as he saw the old man rise to his feet with stern dignity.

"That will do, Maggie. I'm not quite in my dotage yet. I guess I'm still able to fetch downstairs a book and a bundle of papers." With his thumping cane a resolute emphasis to every other step, the old man hobbled into the house.

"There, grandpa, that's the talk!" crowed Benny. "But you said—"

"Er—Benny, dear," interposed Miss Maggie, in a haste so precipitate that it looked almost like alarm, "run into the pantry and see what you can find in the cookie jar." The last of her sentence was addressed to Benny's flying heels as they disappeared through the doorway.

Left together, Mr. Smith searched the woman's face for some hint, some sign that this extraordinary shift about was recognized and understood; but Miss Maggie, with a countenance serenely expressing only cheerful interest, was over by the little stand, rearranging the pile of books and newspapers on it.

"I think, after all," she began thoughtfully, pausing in her work, "that it will be better indoors."

"It blows so out here that you'll be bothered in your copying, I am afraid."

She was still standing at the table, chatting about the papers, however, when at the door, a few minutes later, appeared her father, in his arms a big Bible and a sizable pasteboard box.

"Right here, father, please," she said then, to Mr. Smith's dumfounded amazement. "Just set them down right here."

The old man frowned and cast disapproving eyes on his daughter and the table.

"There isn't room. I don't want them there," he observed coldly. "I shall put them in here." With the words he turned back into the house.

Once again Mr. Smith's bewildered eyes searched Miss Maggie's face, and once again they found nothing but serene unconcern. She was already at the door.

"This way, please," she directed cheerily. And still marveling, he followed her into the house.

Mr. Smith thought he had never seen so charming a living room. A comfortable chair invited him, and he sat down. He felt suddenly rested and at home, and at peace with the world. Realizing that, in some way, the roof had produced this effect, he looked curiously about him, trying to solve the secret of it.

Reluctantly to himself he confessed that it was a very ordinary room. The carpet was poor, and was badly worn. The chairs, while comfortable looking, were manifestly not expensive, and had seen long service. Simple curtains were at the windows and a few fair prints were on the walls. Two or three vases, of good lines but cheap materials, held flowers, and there was a plain but roomy set of shelves filled with books—not immaculate, leather-backed, gilt-lettered "sets," but rows of dingy, worn volumes, whose very shabbiness was at once an invitation and a promise.

Nowhere, however, could Mr. Smith see protecting cover, mat or tidy. He decided then that this must be why he felt suddenly so rested and at peace with all mankind. Even as the conviction came to him, however, he was suddenly aware that everything was not, after all, peaceful or harmonious.

At the table Mr. Duff and his daughter were arranging the bible and the papers. Miss Maggie suggested piles in a certain order; her father promptly objected, and arranged them otherwise. Miss Maggie placed the papers first for perusal; her father said "Absurd!" and substituted the bible. Miss Maggie started to draw up a chair to the table; her father derisively asked her if she expected a man to sit in that—and drew up a different one. Yet Mr. Smith, when he was finally invited to take a seat at the table, found everything quite the most convenient and comfortable possible.

Once more into Miss Maggie's face he sent a sharply inquiring glance, and once more he encountered nothing but untroubled cheerfulness. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

ALBERT W. JEFFERIS
FOR CONGRESS
REPUBLICAN
PRIMARY, AUG. 20

HARRY ASHER
—for—
STATE REPRESENTATIVE

GEO. S. COLLINS
Democratic Candidate for
Justice of the Peace
Five Years Justice of the Peace

Kierstead Indorsed
We, the undersigned, recommend William I. Kierstead for State Senator. We have known Mr. Kierstead for a number of years and believe he will be a conservative and just official, and we ask our friends to vote for him:
LUTHER DRAKE,
I. W. MINER,
DUNCAN M. VINSONHALER,
JOE HAYDEN,
CHARLES A. GOSS,
W. W. SLABAUGH,
JOHN T. YATES,
CHARLES W. MARTIN,
JOHN A. WAKEFIELD,
RUBEN KULAKOFFSKY,
JOHN C. WHARTON,
A. L. REED,
C. M. WILHELM,
RALPH C. SUNDERLAND,
S. H. BUFFETT,
GOULD LINDQUIST,
GOULD DIETZ.
Also indorsed by the Loyal Republican Club.

Perry Wheeler
Candidate for
Judge of the
MUNICIPAL COURT
Subject to Primary
Born, raised and educated in Nebraska.
Graduate of Bellevue College and Law Department of Creighton University.
A lawyer, qualified by education and experience for this position.
Nonpartisan Ballot

VOTE FOR
WILLIAM L. DOWLING
Norfolk, Nebraska,
Republican
Candidate
for
Attorney General
An experienced and successful lawyer, whose qualifications are recognized and who has the confidence of the people of all classes. Thirty-eight years of age, of mature judgment and fearless in the discharge of his duty. In appearance and ability a man whom you will be glad to support.
Primary Election
Aug. 20, 1918.



MABEL C. JOHNSON,
Superintendent Schools.

The action of the last legislature of Nebraska making the office of County Superintendent of Public Instruction a Non-partisan office was a long step in the right direction. Partisan politics should not play any part in the management of our public schools. In counties like Douglas, a Superintendent of Schools has very little to do with the schools of the city; their duties are almost entirely that of looking after the schools outside of the city limits of Omaha, whose schools are under separate management.

One of the candidates for the Non-partisan nomination for Superintendent in Douglas county at the coming primaries is Mabel C. Johnson of Waterloo, who is particularly adapted for this position. She was born and raised in this county, and is a real Douglas county product. She has been a teacher in the schools of this county for fourteen years, having taught both in town and rural schools. She is thoroughly conversant with every phase and requirement of the schools of the county. She is highly spoken of as an organizer and a woman of strong executive ability.

All down through the ages woman's influence has done much to mold the character of the child. Public opinion has come to consider that the office of Superintendent of Schools is largely in woman's sphere. As an evidence of this fact, it is only necessary to know that over seventy-five per cent of the County Superintendents in Nebraska are women. It will be well to bear this in mind and when you come to cast your ballot on Primary Day, no mistake will be made in placing your cross after the name of Mabel C. Johnson.

HARRY L. COOK
LINCOLN, NEB.
Republican Candidate for
**Railway
Commissioner**
I am for the one-term policy, six years and out.
Making the Blue Sky Department of more use to the people.
Just and quick action on all matters before the Commission.

VOTE FOR
C. G. CARLBERG
at the Primaries for
Republican Member Omaha
Water Board.



Willis E. Reed

For U. S. Senator

Firmly Believes in Wilson's Administration and is for Women's Suffrage and Prohibition

Dear Sir:—

There never has been a time when big-thinking, straightforward and hard-hitting Americans were so absolutely essential in our public offices as right now.

The Hon. Willis E. Reed, now serving his second term as Attorney General of the State of Nebraska, is just such a man.

Mr. Reed is THE candidate for the nomination for United States Senator from Nebraska, and he is a man well worth keeping in mind on August 20th, when you mark your preference for United States Senator on your ballot.

Mr. Reed is a man who, regardless of political affiliations, is an American first, last and all the time; and not only will he co-operate with our President in winning this war, but he is amply capable of meeting and efficiently handling the big problems which will face America when the war is over.

Our problems of both today and tomorrow require men of honesty, men of vision, men of practical capacity, and Mr. Reed meets all of these requirements.

Confident that you are back of President Wilson, we urge you to go to the polls on Primary Day and ask for a Democratic Primary Ballot and urge others to do the same.

Let us all work together for a man we can, regardless of our political party affiliations, feel confidence in at any time and at all times.

Vote for Willis E. Reed for United States Senator at the Primaries August 20th.

Yours very truly,

Frank J. Jamieson
First V.-P. Nebraska Farmers' Congress, Norfolk, Neb.

Edwin
Pres. First National Bank, Genoa, Neb.

R. M. Swanson
Cashier American State Bank, Omaha, Neb.

Ho. Johnson
Cashier Security State Bank, Omaha, Neb.