

OH, MONEY! MONEY!

By Eleanor H. Porter

Author of Pollyanna and Just David

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THE STORY THIS FAR.

Stanley G. Fulton, multimillionaire, tells his lawyer, Edward D. Norton, that he is going to give three of his heirs, unknown to him, \$100,000 apiece and intends to be in their home town, Hillerton, when they get the money. Whether they get the balance of his estate will depend upon how they use the first legacy.

The fact is then advertised that Fulton is going to South America. Just at that time "Mr. John Smith" appears in Hillerton. He says he is a remote connection of the Blaisdell family (the Fulton heirs) and he is there to get material for a book on their history. He meets the estate agent, James Blaisdell, a real estate agent; Frank Blaisdell, a grocer, and Flora Blaisdell, a dressmaker. Mrs. James Blaisdell is a social climber. Mrs. Frank Blaisdell believes a penny saved is a penny gained. Evergreen John Smith goes to hear of "Poor Maggie." Maggie Duff is the daughter of the Blaisdell family. She has sacrificed herself to her invalid and grouchy father and is imposed on by the woman of the Blaisdell family. Mr. Smith goes to room with Mrs. Frank Blaisdell. He likes the daughter of the house, Mellicent, who has her mother's saving graces because of her mother's saving disposition.

Mr. Smith visiting Mrs. James Blaisdell, meets poor Maggie. She is 45 years old, but she is slight as a girl and good to look at.

CHAPTER V.

In Miss Flora's Album.

It was the next afternoon that Mr. Smith inquired his way to the home of Miss Flora Blaisdell. He found it to be a shabby little cottage on a side street. Miss Flora herself answered his knock, peering at him anxiously with her near-sighted eyes.

Mr. Smith lifted his hat. "Good afternoon, Miss Blaisdell," he began with a deferential bow. "I am wondering if you could tell me something of your father's family."

Miss Flora, plainly pleased, but flustered, stepped back for him to enter.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, come in, come in! I'm sure I'm glad to tell you anything I know," she beamed, ushering him into the unmistakably little-used "front room." "But you really ought to go to Maggie. I can tell you some things, but Maggie's got the Bible. Mother had it, you know, and it's all among her things. And, of course, we had to let it stay, as long as Father Duff lives. He doesn't want anything touched. Poor Maggie—she tried to get 'em for us; but mercy! she never tried but once. But I've got some things. I've got pictures of a lot of them, and most of them I know quite a lot about."

As she spoke she picked up from the table a big red plush photograph album. Seating herself at his side she opened it, and began to tell him of the pictures, one by one.

She did, indeed, know "quite a lot" of most of them. Tintypes, portraying stiffly held hands and staring eyes, ghostly reproductions of daguerotypes of stern-lipped men and women, in old-time stock and kerchief; photographs of stilted family groups after the "he-is-mine-and-I-am-his" variety; snapshots of adorable babies with blurred thumbs and noses—never had Mr. Smith seen their like before.

Politely he listened. Busily, from time to time, he jotted down a name or date. Then, suddenly, as she turned a page, he gave an involuntary start. He was looking at a pictured face, evidently cut from a magazine.

"Why, what—who—" he stammered.

"That? Oh, that's Mr. Fulton, the millionaire, you know." Miss Flora's hands fluttered over the page a little importantly, adjusting a corner of the print. "You must have seen his picture. It's been everywhere. He's our cousin, too."

"Oh, is he?"

"Yes, 'way back somewhere. I can't tell you just how, only I know he is. His mother was a Blaisdell. That's why I've always been so interested in him, and read everything I could—in the papers and magazines, you know."

"Oh, I see," Mr. John Smith's voice had become a little uncertain.

"Yes, he ain't very handsome, is he?" Miss Flora's eyes were musingly fixed on the picture before her—which was well, perhaps; Mr. John Smith's face was a study just then.

"Er-n-no, he isn't."

"But he's turbly rich, I s'pose. I wonder how it feels to have so much money."

There being no reply to this, Miss Flora went on, after a moment.

"It must be awfully nice—to buy what you want; I mean, without fretting about how much it costs. I never did. But I'd like to."

"What would you do—if you could—if you had the money, I mean?" queried Mr. Smith, almost eagerly.

Miss Flora laughed.

"Well, there's three things I know I'd do. They're silly, of course, but they're what I want. It's a phony-ograph, and to see Niagara Falls, and to go into Noell's restaurant and order what I want without even looking at the prices after 'em. Now you're laughing at me?"

"Laughing? Not a bit of it!" There was a curious elation in Mr. Smith's voice. "What's more, I hope you'll get them—some time."

Miss Flora sighed. Her face looked suddenly pinched and old.

"I shan't. I couldn't, you know. Why, if I had the money, I shouldn't spend it—not for them things. I'd be needing shoes or a new dress. And I couldn't be so rich I wouldn't notice what the prices was of what I ate. But then, I don't believe anybody's that, not even 'em." She pointed to the picture still open before them.

"No?" Mr. Smith, his eyes bent upon the picture, was looking thoughtful. He had the air of a man to whom has come a brand new, somewhat disconcerting idea.

Miss Flora, glancing from the man to the picture and back again, gave a sudden exclamation.

"There, now I know who it is that you remind me of, Mr. Smith. It's him—Mr. Fulton there."

"Eh! What?" Mr. Smith looked not a little startled.

"Something about the eyes and nose," Miss Flora was still interestedly comparing the man and the picture. "But, then, that ain't so strange. You're a Blaisdell yourself. Didn't you say you was a Blaisdell?"

"Er—yes, oh, yes. I'm a Blaisdell," nodded Mr. Smith hastily. "Very likely I've got the—er—Blaisdell nose. Eh?" Then he turned a leaf of the album abruptly, decidedly.

"And who may this be?" he demanded, pointing to a tintype of a bright-faced young girl.

"That? Oh, that's my cousin, Grace, when she was 16. She died;

but she was a wonderful girl. I'll tell you about her."

"Yes, do," urged Mr. Smith, and even the closest observer, watching his face, could not have said that he was not absolutely interested in Miss Flora's story of "my cousin Grace."

It was not until the last leaf of the album was reached that they came upon the picture of a small girl, with big, hungry eyes looking out from beneath long lashes.

"That's Mellicent—where you're boarding, you know—when she was little," Miss Flora frowned disapprovingly. "But it's horrid, poor child!"

"But she looks so—so sad," murmured Mr. Smith.

"Yes, I know. She always did," Miss Flora sighed and frowned again. She hesitated, then burst out, as if irresistibly impelled from within. "It's only just another case of never having what you want when you want it, Mr. Smith. And it isn't 'cause they're poor, either. They ain't poor—not like me, I mean. Frank's always done well, and he's been a good provider; but it's my sister-in-law—her way, I mean. Not that I'm saying anything against Jane. I ain't. She's a good woman and she's very kind to me. She's always saying what she'd do for me if she only had the money. She's a good house-keeper, too, and her house is as neat as wax. But it's just that she never thinks she can use anything she's got till it's so out of date she don't want it. I dressmake for her, you see, so I know—about her sleeves and skirts, you know. And if she ever does wear a decent thing she's so afraid it will rain she never takes any comfort in it!"

"Well, that is—unfortunate."

"Yes, ain't it? And she's brought up that poor child the same way. Why, from babyhood Mellicent never had her rattles till she wanted blocks, nor her blocks till she wanted dolls, nor her dolls till she was big enough for beans! And that's what made the poor child always look so wall-eyed and hungry. She was hungry—even if she did get enough to eat."

"Mrs. Blaisdell probably believed in—er—economy," hazarded Mr. Smith.

"Economy! My stars, I should think she did! But there, I ought not to have said anything, of course. It's a good trait. I only wish some other folks I could mention had more of it. There's Jim's wife, for instance. Now, if she's got ten cents, she'll spend 15—and 5 more to show how she spent it. She and Jane ought to be shaken up in a bag together. Why, Mr. Smith, Jane doesn't let herself enjoy anything. She's always keeping it for a better time. Though sometimes I think she does enjoy just seeing how far she can make a dollar go. But Mellicent don't, nor Frank; and it's hard on them."

"I should say it might be," Mr. Smith was looking at the wistful eyes under the long lashes.

"Tis; and 't ain't right, I believe. There is such a thing as being too economical. I tell Jane she'll be like a story I read once about a man who pinched and saved all his life, not even buying peanuts, though he just doted on 'em. And when he did get rich, so he could buy the peanuts, he bought a big bag the first thing. But he didn't eat 'em. He hadn't got any teeth left to chew 'em with."

"Well, that was a catastrophe!" laughed Mr. Smith, as he pocketed his notebook and rose to his feet.

"And now I thank you very much, Miss Blaisdell, for the help you've been to me."

"Oh, you're quite welcome, indeed

you are, Mr. Smith," beamed Miss Blaisdell. "It's done me good, just to talk to you about all these folks and pictures. I've enjoyed it. I do get lonesome sometimes, all alone, so! and I ain't so busy as I wish I was, always. But I'm afraid I haven't helped you much—just this."

"Oh, yes, you have—perhaps more than you think," smiled the man, with an odd look in his eyes.

"Have I? Well, I'm glad, I'm sure. And don't forget to go to Maggie's now. She'll have a lot to tell you. Poor Maggie! And she'll be so glad to show you!"

"All right, thank you; I'll surely interview—Miss Maggie," smiled the man in goodby.

He had almost said "poor" Maggie himself, though why she should be poor Maggie had come to be an all-absorbing question with him. He had been tempted once to ask Miss Flora,



She smiled brightly. "Oh, you're Mr. Smith," she said.

but something had held him back. That evening at the supper table, however, in talking with Mrs. Jane Blaisdell, the question came again to his lips; and this time it found utterance.

Mrs. Jane herself had introduced Miss Maggie's name, and had said an inconsequential something about her when Mr. Smith asked:

"Mrs. Blaisdell, please—may I ask? I must confess to a great curiosity as to why Miss Duff is always 'poor Maggie.'"

Mrs. Blaisdell laughed pleasantly.

"Why, really, I don't know," she answered, "only it just comes natural, that's all. Poor Maggie's been so unfortunate. There! I did it again, didn't I? That only goes to show how we all do it, unconsciously."

Frank Blaisdell, across the table, gave a sudden emphatic sniff.

"Humph! Well, I guess if you had to live with Father Duff, Jane, it

would be 'poor Jane' with you, all right!"

"Yes, I know," His wife sighed complacently.

"Father Duff's a trial and no mistake. But Maggie doesn't seem to mind."

"Mind! Aunt Maggie's a saint—that's what she is!" It was Mellicent who spoke, her young voice vibrant with suppressed feeling. "She's the dearest thing ever! There couldn't be anybody better than Aunt Maggie!"

Nothing more was said just then, but in the evening, later, after Mellicent had gone to walk with young Pennock, and her father has gone back down to the store, Mrs. Blaisdell took up the matter of "poor Maggie" again.

"I've been thinking what you said," she began, "about our calling her 'poor Maggie,' and I've made up my mind it's because we're all so sorry for her. You see, she's been so unfortunate, as I said. Poor Maggie! I've so often wished there was something I could do for her. Of course, if we only had money—but we haven't, so I can't. And even money wouldn't take away her father, either. Oh, mercy! I didn't mean that really himself, though why she should be poor Maggie had come to be an all-absorbing question with him. He had been tempted once to ask Miss Flora,

their father, anyway. Frank was wanting to marry me, and Jim and Flora were in school and wanted to stay there, of course. So Maggie came. Poor girl! It was real hard for her. She was so ambitious, and so fond of books. But she came, and went right into the home and kept it so Frank and Jim and Flora could live there just the same as when their mother was alive. And she had to do all the work, too. They were too poor to keep a girl. Kind of hard, wasn't it?—and Maggie only 18?"

"It was, indeed!" Mr. Smith's lips came together a bit grimly.

"Well, after a time Frank and Jim married, and there was only Flora and Father Duff at home. Poor Maggie tried then to go to college again. She was over 21, and supposed to be her own mistress, of course. She found a place where she could work and pay her way through college, and Flora said she'd keep the house and take care of Father Duff. But, dear me, it wasn't a month before that ended, and Maggie had to come home again. Flora wasn't strong, and the work fretted her. Besides, she never could get along with Father Duff, and she was trying to learn dressmaking, too."

"She stuck it out till she got sick, though, then, of course, Maggie had to come back."

"Well, by Jove!" ejaculated Mr. Smith.

"Yes, wasn't it too bad? Poor Maggie, she tried it twice again. She persuaded her father to get a girl. But that didn't work, either. The first girl and her father fought like cats and dogs, and the last time she got one her father was taken sick, and again she had to come home. Some way, it's always been that way with poor Maggie. No sooner does she reach out to take something than it's snatched away, just as she thinks she's got it. Why, there was her father's cousin George—he was going to help her once. But a streak of bad luck hit him at just that minute, and he gave out."

"And he never tried—again?"

"No. He went back to Alaska then. Hasn't ever been back since. He's done well, too, they say, and I always thought he'd send back something; but he never has. There was some trouble, I believe, between him and Father Duff at the time he went to Alaska, so that explains it, probably. Anyway, he's never done anything for them. Well, when he gave out, Maggie just gave up college then, and settled down to take care of her father, though I guess she's lawyers studied some at home; and I know that for years she didn't give up hope but that she could go some time. But I guess she has now. Poor Maggie!"

"How old is she?"

"Well, let me see—43, 44—yes, she's 45. She had her 43d birthday here—I remember I gave her a handkerchief for a birthday present—when she was helping me take care of Mellicent through the pneumonia; and that was two years ago. She used to come here and to Jim's and Flora's days at a time; but she isn't quite so free as she was—Father Duff's worse now, and she don't like to leave him nights, much, so she can't come to us and, of course, nobody would think of so often, see?"

"Yes, I see." There was a queer something in Mr. Smith's voice. "And just what is the matter with Mr. Duff?"

"Matter!" Miss Jane Blaisdell gave a short laugh and shrugged her shoulders. "Everything's the matter—with Father Duff! Oh, it's nerves, mostly, the doctor says, and there are some other things—long names that I can't remember. But, as I said, everything's the matter with Father Duff. He's one of those men where there isn't anything quite right, Frank says he's got so he just objects to everything—on general principles. If it's blue, he says it ought to be black,

you know. And, really, I don't know but Frank's right. How Maggie stands him I don't see. Why, she even gave up her lover years ago, for him. She wouldn't leave her father, and of course, nobody would think of taking him into the family, when he wasn't born into it, so the affair was broken off. I don't know, really, as Maggie cared much. Still, you can't tell. She never was one to carry her heart on her sleeve. Poor Maggie! I've always so wished I could do something for her!"

"There, how I have run on! But then, you asked, and you're interested, I know, and that's what you're here for—to find out about the Blaisdells."

"To—t—find out—" stammered Mr. Smith, grown suddenly very red.

"Yes, for your book, I mean."

"Oh, yes—of course; for my book," agreed Mr. Smith, a bit hastily. He had the guilty air of a small boy who has almost been caught in a raid on the cookie jar.

"And although poor Maggie isn't really a Blaisdell herself, she's nearly one, and they've got lots of Blaisdell records down there—among Mother Blaisdell's things, you know. You'll want to see those."

"Yes; yes, indeed, I'll want to see those, of course," declared Mr. Smith.

(Continued Tomorrow)

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

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

The Five Hundred Committee, representing the dry forces of Omaha, filed my name for County Attorney at the republican primary. I pledge a vigorous enforcement of the laws, especially those directed against bootlegging, war profiteers and slackers, and others who hinder the winning of the war.
Have been a practicing lawyer in Omaha for 27 years.
J. J. BOUCHER
FOR
County Attorney

Mabel C. Johnson
Nonpartisan Candidate for
County Superintendent of Public Instruction
Fourteen Years a Teacher in Douglas County.
Seventy-five per cent of the Superintendents in Nebraska now are Women.
—THIS IS WOMAN'S SPHERE—
Subject to Primaries, August 20, 1918.

MARGARET S. FOX
CANDIDATE FOR
NOMINATION
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT
SARPY COUNTY

"WORK OR FIGHT!"

Former Mayor of Lincoln



Charles W. Bryan
Calls
Governor Neville

To the Voters of Nebraska:

As governor I would prevent the state employees from taking part in politics, who now, to the number of upwards of fifty men, are going up and down the state of Nebraska on the state's time and at the state's expense urging the re-election of their chief.

A candidate cannot have the support of the profiteer during the campaign and be in a position to protect the people after election.

Governor Neville co-operated with the state senate in the special session of the Nebraska legislature in defying the will of the people as expressed by 30,000 majority, and because he was opposed to a ratification resolution at the recent Hastings convention, and is still opposed to ratification.

The people of the state are warned to be on their guard against attempted deception in the closing days of the campaign by the unscrupulous special interest press.

The grain elevator combine is robbing the farmers of millions of dollars each year by buying their corn and wheat at one grade and selling it as a higher grade. Governor Neville is doing nothing to protect the Nebraska farmers, and promises nothing. Why? A state bonded grain commissioner could protect them.

The packing house combine is robbing the farmer of millions of dollars, according to the federal government reports, and the federal government suggested that the farmer should have a representative at each live stock market. Governor Neville has done nothing to protect them and promises nothing. Why? A state bonded live stock commissioner could protect them.

Secretary of Interior Lane has been urging the development of the water power of our rivers and streams so as to reduce the price of light, power and heat to the people and release the large quantities of coal that are so badly needed in war industries. Our governor has made no move to develop the water power and promises nothing. Why?

The federal government last summer investigated some wholesale produce dealers of Nebraska, and found that by cornering the market on foodstuffs, they made enormous profits amounting to more than 100 per cent on the companies' capital stock. The federal government recommended to the STATE government that it start criminal prosecution under the state anti-monopoly act known as the Junkin law, but no effort has been made by the STATE government to protect the people in Nebraska against organized plunder by the food dealers, and the governor promises nothing. Why? A state trade commission is the remedy.

Secretary of Agriculture Houston has recommended the establishment of public markets to bring the producer and consumer closer together so as to reduce the cost of living; municipal markets to handle vegetables, produce, fish and meat the same as our allies are providing to protect their home folks. Our governor has taken no action to protect the consumers against the high cost of living, and promises nothing. Why?

Secretary Lane has been trying to interest the public in making provision for the care and employment of our soldiers when they return home. The STATE government should make provision for vocational training schools for maimed and crippled soldiers and provision for finding employment for all returning Nebraska soldiers. Our governor has taken no interest in this humane, patriotic and urgently needed work. Why?

The legislative program outlined by me is not experimental. It is all being used in some states or in some countries to protect the people against grafters. Will Governor Neville tell the people what part, if any, of my legislative program the people of Nebraska are not entitled to or what part of the program, if any, would not be good for them to have?

Will he dare tell them that President Wilson does not want the state of Nebraska to help him protect the people against the profiteer?

Will Governor Neville tell President Wilson why the STATE government has given him no help against the profiteer during the past two years or why he was opposed at the recent Hastings convention to promising the president any help during the next two years?

As governor I would not permit the "work or fight act" to be used by the profiteers to "work" the public, or by the special interests to "fight" the people who ask the STATE government for relief.

The question is, is the Nebraska STATE government to be used to support President Wilson in protecting Nebraska people, or is it not?

Is your candidate under obligation to or supported by the special interests, or is he not?

Has the administration of Governor Neville tried to curb the profiteer? If not, why not?

Has Governor Neville any specific remedies to protect the people so as to keep up the morale of our soldiers at the front and to keep up the morale of the second line of defense—the people back home? If so, what?

I challenge my opponents to publish any act, word or communication of mine in this campaign showing any misrepresentation, deception, dishonesty or lack of patriotism.

A hundred per cent American in war times is one who practices the patriotism which he preaches.

If nominated and elected governor of Nebraska, I will use the entire resources of the state in loyally supporting every plan and suggestion of the commander-in-chief of the army to win the war. I will enforce every law of this great commonwealth.

I believe Nebraska people are loyal to the core. I would promptly and adequately punish any disloyalty that might be found. I would faithfully carry out the earnest appeal of President Wilson under date of July 26, to all governors, to take the initiative in preventing mob rule.

Waving the flag and oratorically pulling the tail feathers of the American eagle are not complete evidence of one's patriotism. I would enforce the state laws against monopoly in restraint of trade and urge the enactment of new legislation necessary to prevent profiteering.

I refer the people of Nebraska to my record as mayor of Lincoln in destroying monopoly control and in reducing the cost of living as a guarantee that I will carry out my platform pledges if nominated and elected governor of Nebraska.

I am a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor because the present governor is clearly out of harmony with President Wilson and with public opinion in Nebraska on the moral and economic legislation necessary to win the war.

People who believe alike should vote together.

I will appreciate the vote of every loyal Nebraskan who desires to help me help President Wilson protect the producers and consumers of the state from the unscrupulous profiteer, so as to reduce the cost of living, and who will help me help President Wilson unite the people of this state in a harmonious and concerted effort to win the war.

Every voter should vote primary day, August 20, or not complain thereafter of the kind of government or the kind of protection the state gives him.

CHARLES W. BRYAN