

# OH, MONEY! MONEY!

By Eleanor H. Porter

Author of "Pollyanna."

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**THE STORY THIS FAR.**  
Samuel G. Fulton, masquerading as "John Smith," is studying relatives to whom he has bequeathed money. They are cousins to whom he is unknown—Frank, James and Flora Blaisdell. Posing as a genealogist 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 instating upon him doing the opposite of what she wants him to do. He takes delight in running counter to all her questions.

## CHAPTER VI—(Continued)

With a really genuine interest in the records before him, Mr. Smith fell to work them. The bible had been in the Blaisdell family for generations and it was full of valuable names and dates. He began at once to copy them.

Mr. Duff, on the other side of the table, was arranging into piles the papers before him. He complained of the draft, and Miss Maggie shut the window. He said that he didn't mean to mean to suffocate, and she opened the one on the other side. The clock had hardly struck 3 when he accused her of having forgotten his medicine. Yet when she brought it he refused to take it. She had not brought the right kind of spoon, he said, and she knew perfectly well he never took it out of that narrow-bowl kind. He complained of the light, and she lowered the curtain; but he told her that he didn't mean he didn't want to see at all, so she put it up halfway. He said his coat was too warm, and she lowered it another one. He put it on grudgingly, but he declared that it was as much too thin as the other was too thick.

Mr. Smith, in spite of his efforts to be politely deaf and blind, found himself unable to confine his attention to birth, death and marriage notices. Once he almost uttered an explosive "Good heavens, how do you stand it?" to his hostess. But he stopped himself just in time, and fiercely wrote with a very black mark that Submit Blaisdell was born in 1801. A little later he became aware that Mr. Duff's attention was gravely turned across the table toward himself.

"If you will spend your time over such silly stuff, why don't you use a bigger book?" demanded the old man at last.

"Because it wouldn't fit my pocket," smiled Mr. Smith.

"Just what business of yours is it, anyhow, when these people lived and died?"

"None, perhaps," still smiled Mr. Smith good-humoredly.

"Why don't you let them alone, then? What do you expect to find?"

"Why, I—I—" Mr. Smith was plainly nonplused.

"Well, I can tell you it's a silly business, whatever you find. If you find your grandfather's a bigger man than you are, you'll be proud of it, but you ought to be ashamed of it—'cause you aren't a bigger yourself! On the other hand, if you find he isn't as big as you are, you'll be ashamed of that, when you ought to be proud of it—'cause you've gone him one better. But you won't. I know your kind. I've seen you before. But can't you do any work, real work?"

"He is doing work, real work, now, father," intoned Miss Maggie quickly. "He's having a wonderful time, too. If you'd only help him now and show him those papers."

A real terror came into Mr. Smith's eyes, but Mr. Duff was already on his feet.

"Well, I shan't," he observed tartly. "I'm not a fool, if he is. I'm going out to the porch where I can get some air."

"There, work as long as you like, Mr. Smith. I knew you'd rather work by yourself," nodded Miss Maggie, moving the piles of papers nearer him.

"But, good heavens, how do you stand—" exploded Mr. Smith before he realized that this time he had really said the words aloud. He blushed a painful red.

Miss Maggie, too, colored. Then, abruptly, she laughed.

"After all, it doesn't matter. Why shouldn't I be thankful with you? You couldn't help seeing—how things were, of course, and I forgot, for a moment, that you were a stranger. Everybody in Hillerton understands. You see, father is nervous, and not at all well. We have to humor him."

"But do you mean that you always have to tell him to do what you don't want, in order to—well—that is—"

Mr. Smith finding himself in very deep water, blushed again painfully.

Miss Maggie met his dismayed gaze with cheerful candor.

"Tell him to do what I don't want in order to get him to do what I do want him to? Yes, oh, yes. But I don't mind; really, I don't. I'm used to it now. And when you know how, what does it matter? After all, where is the difference? To most of the world we say, 'Please do,' when we want a thing, while to him we have to say, 'Please don't.' That's all. You see, it's really very simple—when you know how."

"Simple! Great scott!" muttered Mr. Smith. He wanted to say more; but Miss Maggie, with a smiling nod, turned away, so he went back to his work.

Benny, wandering in from the kitchen, with both hands full of cookies, plumped himself down on the cushioned window seat, and drew a sigh of content.

"Say, Aunt Maggie!"

"Yes, Benny?"

"Can I come ter live with you?"

had the fun of eatin' first. But they won't let me drop 'em ter begin with, there, nor take any of the boys inter the house. Honest, Aunt Maggie, there ain't anything a feller can do, 'seems so, if ye live on the West Side," he persisted soberly.

Mr. Smith copying dates at the table, was conscious of a slightly apprehensive glance in his direction from Miss Maggie's eyes, as she murmured:

"But you're forgetting your puzzle, Benny. You've put only five pieces together."

"I can't do puzzles there, either," Benny's voice was still mournful.

"All the more reason, then, why you should like to do them here. See, where does this dog's head go?"

Listlessly Benny took the bit of pictured wood in his fingers and began to fit it into the pattern before him.

"I used ter do 'em an' leave 'em 'round, but ma—says I can't now. Callers might come an' find 'em, an' what would they say—on the West Side! An' that's the way 't is with everything. Ma an' Bess are always doin' things, or not doin' 'em, for those callers. An' I don't see why. They never come—not new ones."

"Yes, yes, dear; but they will, when they get acquainted. You haven't found where the dog's head goes yet."

"Pa says he don't want ter get acquainted. Hed rather have the old friends, what don't mind baked beans, an' shirt sleeves, an' doin' yer own work, an' what thinks more of yer heart than they do of yer pocket-book. But ma wants a hired girl. An' say, we have ter wash our hands every meal now—on the table, I mean—in those little glass washdishes. Ma went down an' bought some, an' she's usin' 'em every day, so's ter get used to 'em. She says everybody that is anybody has 'em nowadays. Bess thinks they're great, but I don't. I don't like 'em a mite."

"Oh, come, come, Benny! It

doesn't matter—it doesn't really matter, does it, if you do have to use the little dishes? Come, you're not half doing the puzzle."

"I know it," Benny shifted his position and picked up a three-cornered bit of wood carrying the picture of a dog's paw. "But I was just thinkin'."

You see, things are so different—on the West Side. Why, even pa—he's different. He isn't there hardly any now. Hed got a new job."

"What?" Miss Maggie turned from the puzzle with a start.

"Oh, just for evenin's. It's keepin' books for a man. It brings in quite a lot extra, ma says; but she wouldn't let me have some 'new roller skates when mine broke. She's savin' up for a chaifn' dish. What's a chaifn' dish? Do you know? You eat out of it, some way—I mean, it cooks things ter eat; an' Bess wants one. Gussie Pennock's got one. All our eatin' 's different, 'seems so, on the West Side. Ma has dinner nights now, instead of noons. She says the Pennocks do, an' everybody does who is anybody. But I don't like it. Pa don't either, an' half the time he can't get home in time for it, anyhow, on account of gettin' back to his new job, ye know, an'—"

"Oh, I've found where the dog's head goes," cried Miss Maggie. There was a hint of desperation in her voice. "I shall have your puzzle all done for you myself, if you don't look out, Benny. I don't believe you can do it, anyhow."

"I can, too. You just see if I can't!" retorted Benny with sudden spirit, falling to work in earnest. "I never saw a puzzle yet I couldn't do!"

Mr. Smith, bending assiduously over his work at the table, heard Miss Maggie's sigh of relief—and echoed it, from sympathy.

## CHAPTER VII.

Poor Maggie and Some Others. It was half an hour later, when Mr. Smith and Benny were walking across the common together, that Benny asked an abrupt question.

"Is Aunt Maggie goin' ter be put in your book, Mr. Smith?"

"Why—yes; her name will be entered as the daughter of the man who married the Widow Blaisdell, probably. Why?"

"Nothin'. I was only thinkin'. I hoped she was. Aunt Maggie don't have nothin' much, yer know, except her father an' housework—housework for him or some of us. An' I guess she's had quite a life of things to bother her, an' make her feel bad, so I hoped she'd be in the book. Though—if she wasn't, she'd just laugh and say it doesn't matter, of course. That's what she always says."

"Always says?" Mr. Smith's voice was mildly puzzled.

"Yes, when things plague, an' something don't go right. She says it helps a lot ter just remember that it doesn't matter. See?"

"Well, no—I don't think I do see," frowned Mr. Smith.

"Oh, yes," plunged in Benny; "cause you see, if yer stop ter think about it—this thing that's plaguin' 'er—you'll see how really small an' no-account it is, an' how, when you put it beside really big things, it doesn't matter at all—it doesn't really matter, you know. Aunt Maggie says she's done it years an' years, ever since she was just a girl, an' something bothered her; an' it's helped a lot."

"But there are lots of things that do matter," persisted Mr. Smith, still frowning.

"Oh, yes!" Benny swelled a bit importantly. "I know what you mean. Aunt Maggie says that, too; an' she says we must be very careful an' not get it wrong. It's only the little things that bother us, an' that we wish were different, that we must say 'it doesn't matter' about. It does matter whether we're good an' kind an' tell the truth an' shame the devil; but it doesn't matter whether we have to live on the West Side an' eat dinner nights instead of noons, an' not eat cookies any of the time in the house—see?"

"Good for you, Benny—and good for Aunt Maggie!" laughed Mr. Smith, suddenly.

"Aunt Maggie? Oh, you don't know Aunt Maggie, yet. She's always tryin' ter make people think things don't matter. You'll see!" crowed Benny.

A moment later he had turned down

his own street, and Mr. Smith was left to go on alone.

Very often in the days that followed, Mr. Smith thought of this speech of Benny's. He had opportunity to verify it, for he was seeing a good deal of Miss Maggie, and it seemed, indeed, to him that half the town was coming to her to learn that something "didn't matter"—though very seldom, except to Benny, did he hear her say the words themselves. It was merely that to her would come men, women and children, each with a sorry tale of discontent and disappointment.

And it was always as if they left with her their burden, for when they turned away, head and shoulders were erect once more, eyes were bright, and the step was alert and eager.

He used to wonder how she did it. For that matter, he wondered how she did—a great many things.

Mr. Smith was, indeed, seeing a good deal of Miss Maggie these days. He told himself that it was the records that attracted him. But he did not always copy records. Sometimes he just sat in one of the comfortable chairs and watched Miss Maggie, content if she gave him a word now and then.

He liked the way she carried her head, and the way her hair waved away from her shapely forehead. He liked the quiet strength of the way her capable hands lay motionless in her lap when their services were not required. He liked to watch for the twinkle in her eye, and for the dimple in her cheek that told a smile was coming. He liked to hear her talk to Benny. He even liked to hear her talk to her father—when he could control his temper sufficiently. Best of all he liked his own comfortable feeling of being quite at home, and at peace with all the world—the feeling that always came to him now whenever he entered the house, in spite of the fact that the welcome accorded him by Mr. Duff was hardly more friendly than at the first.

To Mr. Smith it was a matter of

small moment whether Mr. Duff welcomed him cordially or not. He even indulged now and then in a bout of his own with the gentleman, chuckling inordinately when results showed that he had pitched his remark at just the right note of contrariety to get what he wanted.

For the most part, however, Mr. Smith, at least nominally, spent his time at his legitimate task of studying and copying the Blaisdell family records, of which he was finding a great number. Rufus Blaisdell apparently had done no little "digging" himself in his own day, and Mr. Smith told Miss Maggie that it was all a great "find" for him.

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)

## Omaha Passes Three Cities in Week's Bank Clearings

Omaha gained three notches in the business world last week with the announcement Monday morning of Dun and Bradstreet of New York City that Omaha ranked 11th among the cities of the country in bank clearings for the last seven days. The usual rank of Omaha is 14th.

## Interstate Commerce Freight Rate Hearing Begins at Postoffice

A meeting of the Interstate Commerce commission opened in federal court building Monday morning to discuss the proposition of making one rate classification to cover the entire country.

The Nebraska Potash company was the first company to enter a protest against present classification. President Stevens of the company testified that alkaline salts from western Nebraska containing from 10 to 27 per cent potash were classified as potash. A motion was made to classify it as crude salts.

## Salvation Army Leather is in Omaha for Conference

Brigadier Pebbles, commander of the Salvation Army in this division was in Omaha Monday for a conference with Hugh A. Knowles, who will have charge of the war fund drive for \$60,000.

## Illinois Coal Still on Hand

**ECONOMY (Franklin County)**  
Lump, Egg, Nut - - - - \$9.10 per ton  
**E-Z-LITE (Montgomery County)**  
Lump, Nut - - - - - \$8.70 per ton  
We screen the Coal at our yards.

**Sunderland Brothers Company**  
Keeline Building Phone Tyler 2700

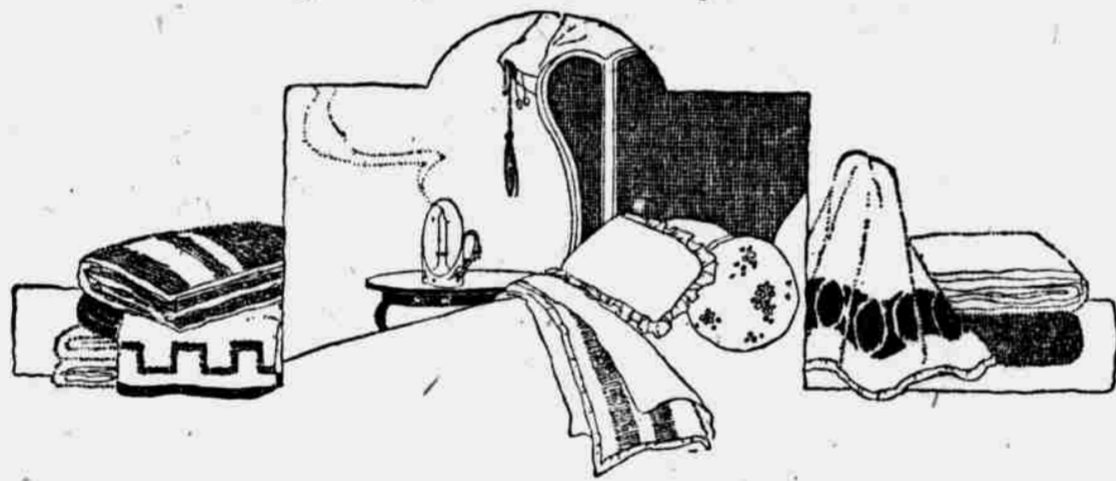
# BURGESS-NASH COMPANY

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Monday, August 19, 1918—STORE NEWS FOR TUESDAY—Phone Douglas 2100

## Those Who Buy During Our Fifth Annual Sale of Blankets

Save Fully 25% Under September Prices



PRACTICALLY every big blanket mill in the country is filling government orders, and all private orders have been greatly reduced—in fact we consider ourselves lucky to have had enough forethought to purchase our blankets while the "getting was good," and at prices that enable us to sell them at such moderate prices.

Just a few specials—

### Wool Blankets, \$12.95

Wool blankets in large assortment of beautiful plaids, also plenty of plain gray with colored borders. Sizes 70x80, at a price far below today's cost. \$12.95 per pair.

### Comfortables at \$8.00

Satine and cambric covered comforts in a large selection of desirable printed coverings, filled with best grade of cotton; weight about 5 lbs., for \$8.00.

### White Cotton Blankets

White blankets, 64x76, at \$3.45 per pair.

### Wool Comforts, \$10.00

These comforts are filled mostly with wool, carded together with a little cotton, producing a fine fluffy effect—light, yet warm; covered with silk mull, at \$10.00 each.

### Sub-Wool Blankets

Assorted colors, shell stitched edge, plaids, 64x76, \$3.98. Sub wool, beautiful assorted light color plaids, 70x80, \$6.95 per pair.

### Sub wool blankets, white with pink or blue border, \$5.95 per pair.

### Cotton Blankets

Gray or tan cotton blankets, 60x76, at \$2.69 per pair. Gray or tan cotton blankets, 64x76, at \$3.45 per pair. Gray or tan cotton blankets, 66x76 at \$3.98 per pair. Large size cotton blankets, 70x80, \$4.95 per pair, either tan or gray.

### Comfortables at \$10.00

Large sized comfort filled from select pure bleached cotton, covered with oriented nainsook, with silk mull border, in rose, pink, blue, yellow, etc., at \$10.00 each.

## Clearance Sale of Sport Skirts

49c

A limited number of sport skirts formerly priced much higher. While they last, 49c.

**Women's Waists**  
4 for \$1.00

Daintily made of lawn and organdie, stripe colors, and all white. Extreme values, at 4 for \$1.00.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Down Stairs Store

## A Clearance of Children's School Dresses

95c

YOU could not buy the material at this price, not considering the cost of making. But we must clear our stock so we have priced them at 95c each. Broken sizes.

**Children's Dresses**  
49c

You will want several of these lawn and gingham dresses; also combination gingham and chambray. Broken sizes, 6 to 12 years. Very special, at 49c.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Down Stairs Store



## Annual August Sale of Fine Household Linens

WITH prices soaring and supplies of linens becoming scarcer each week, these special prices become of great interest to housewives.

Just an idea—

### Bed Spreads, \$1.89

Hemmed crocheted bed spreads of heavy weight and large size, perfectly hemmed ends, at \$1.89 each.

### Bed Spreads, \$3.50

Scalloped edge crocheted bed spreads of heavy weight and fine quality, handsome Mar-seilles designs, suitable for box spring beds; each, \$3.50.

### Bath Towels, 25c

Bleached bath towels of heavy weight, soft and spongy, neatly hemmed ends, size 18x40 inches; special for 25c each.

### Bath Towels, 39c

Fancy bath towels, in handsome plaid designs of blue or yellow, heavy weight; reduced to 39c.

### Table Damask, 98c

70-inch bleached table damask of extra heavy weight and of splendid wearing qualities in several good designs; August sale price, 98c a yard.

### Huck Towels, 75c.

Pure linen huck towels, size 18x36 inches. These have hem-stitched ends and are of Irish manufacture, handsome damask designs; sale price, 75c.

