

OH, MONEY! MONEY!

By Eleanor H. Porter

Author of "Pollyanna."

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CHAPTER X.

She comes and tells me his every last move (and he's making quite a number of them just now), so I think she does see—a little.
"The young rascal! But she doesn't care."
"I think not—really. She's just excited now, as any young girl would be; and I'm afraid she's taking a little wicked pleasure in—not seeing him."
"Humph! I can imagine it," chuckled Mr. Smith.
"But it's all bad—this delay," chafed Miss Maggie again. "Don't you see? It's neither one thing nor another. That's why I do wish that lawyer would come if he's coming."
"I reckon he'll be here before long," murmured Mr. Smith, with an elaborately casual air. "But—I wish you were coming in on the deal." His kindly eyes were gazing straight into her face now.

She shook her head.
"You are a Duff, not a Blaisdell—except when they want," she bit her lip. A confused red suffused her face. "I mean, I'm not a Blaisdell at all," she finished hastily.
"Humph! That's exactly it!" Mr. Smith was sitting energetically erect. "You're not a Blaisdell—except when they want something of you!"
"Oh, please, I didn't mean to say—I didn't say—that," cried Miss Maggie, in very genuine distress.

"No, I know you didn't, but I did," flared the man. "Miss Maggie, it's a downright shame—the way they impose on you sometimes."
"Nonsense! I like to have them—I mean, I like to do what I can for them," she corrected hastily, laughing in spite of herself.
"You like to get all tired out, I suppose."
"I get rested afterward."
"And it doesn't matter, anyway, of course," he gibed.

"Not a bit," she smiled.
"Yes, I suspected that," Mr. Smith was still sitting erect, still speaking with grim terseness. "But let me tell you right here and now that I don't approve of that doctrine of yours."
"Doctrine?"
"That 'It-doesn't-matter' doctrine of yours. I tell you it's very pernicious—very! I don't approve of it at all."
There was a moment's silence.

"No?" Miss Maggie said then, demurely. "Oh, well—it doesn't matter if you don't."
He caught the twinkle in her eyes and threw up his hands despairingly. "You are incorrigible!"
With a sudden businesslike air of determination Miss Maggie faced him.

"Just what is the matter with that doctrine, please, and what do you mean?" she smiled.
"I mean that things do matter and that we merely shut our eyes to the real facts in the case when we say that they don't. War, death, sin, evil—the world is full of them, and they do matter."
"They do matter, indeed," Miss Maggie was speaking very gravely now. "They matter—woefully. I never say 'It doesn't matter' to war, or death, or sin, or evil. But there are other things—"

"But the other things matter, too," interrupted the man irritably. "Right here and now it matters that you don't share in the money; it matters that you slave half your time for a father who doesn't anywhere near appreciate you; it matters that you slave the rest of your time for every Tom and Dick and Harry and Jane and Mehitabel in Hillerton that has run a sliver under a thumb, either literally or metaphorically. It matters that—"

But Miss Maggie was laughing merrily. "Oh, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith, you don't know what you are saying!"
"I do, too. It's you who don't know what you are saying!"
"But, pray, what would you have me say?" she smiled.

"I'd have you say it does matter, and I'd have you insist on having your rights, every time."
"And what if I had?" she retorted sharply. "My rights, indeed!"
The man fell back, so sudden and so astounding was the change that had come to the woman opposite him.

In a marked decrease in automobile thefts in the last two weeks.
After the committee of 50 has been formed an executive committee will be chosen from among the members.

Elec. Fans, \$8. Burgess-Grandes Co. Have Root Print It—New Beacon Press.
Fine fireplace goods at Sunderland's.
Room in Hotel Looted—H. E. Rigert reported to the police that a sneak thief picked the lock of his room at the Carbon hotel Saturday night and stole \$28.25 from his trousers pocket.

Find Big Liquor Plant In Chicago Street House
Sergeant Allen and Detectives Schwager and Meldon raided the rooming house of Ike Grossman, 1817 Chicago street, Sunday afternoon and confiscated more than 100 bottles of beer, liquors, wines and cordials. Grossman was arrested on the charge of illegally having liquor in his possession.

Paris Council to Present Sword of Honor to Foch
Paris, Aug. 25.—The municipal council of Paris has unanimously agreed to present to Marshal Foch a sword of honor in recognition of his service.

Paris Council to Present Sword of Honor to Foch
The fine victories of the last week have definitely decided the fortunes of war," says M. Clemenceau, the French premier, in a message today thanking the departmental councils which voted congratulations to the government on the trend of the war.

Obituaries
WILLIAM H. COVEY, prominent mine operator at Leadville, Colo., died yesterday at the home of his sister, Mrs. Daniel L. Johnston, 4916 California street. At one time in the early 90s Mr. Covey owned several grain elevators in Nebraska.

CIVIC LEADERS FORM COMMITTEE OF VIGILANTES
Ten Business Organizations Meet to Plan Ways and Means to Thwart Auto Bandits.

The way of the automobile thief in Omaha is to be made very hard. First steps to form an organization to apprehend and prosecute this gentry in Omaha was formed at a meeting at the Chamber of Commerce at which a committee to be known as the Committee on Public Safety was formed.

The members have not yet been appointed but it will consist of about 50 men drawn from the following organizations: Omaha Chamber of Commerce, Automobile club, Associated Retailers, Rotary club, Automobile Dealers' association, Business Men's association, Manufacturers' association, Live Stock exchange, Grain exchange and Real Estate board.

This committee will co-operate with the police, county attorney and other established agencies for enforcement of law. It will recommend means of stopping the traffic in automobiles and devise and work for the passage of more drastic laws for the punishment of automobile thieves. A penalty of 20 years has been suggested to be written into the state laws for automobile stealing. It has also been suggested that an abstract be required in the sale of every second-hand automobile.

Quiet operations have been going on for two weeks in dealing with automobile thieves and some of Omaha's leading lawyers have been appearing in police court to push cases against thieves. In the past these thieves have regarded arrest as rather a joke but the effect of vigorous prosecution has already been seen

She was leaning forward in her chair, her lips trembling, her eyes smoldering flame.
"What if I had insisted on my rights, all the way up?" she quivered. "Would I have come home that first time from college? Would I have stepped into Mother Blaisdell's shoes and kept the house? Would I have swept and baked and washed and ironed, day in and day out, to make a home for father and for Jim and Frank and Flora? Would I have seen other girls love and marry and go to homes of their own, while I—Oh, what am I saying, what am I saying?" she choked, covering her eyes with the back of her hand, and turning her face away. "Please, if you can, forget what I said. Indeed, I never—broke out like that—before. I am so—ashamed!"
"Ashamed! Well, you needn't be," Mr. Smith, on his feet, was trying to work off his agitation by tramping up and down the small room.

"But I am ashamed," moaned Miss Maggie, her face still averted. "And I can't think why I should have been so—winded. It was just something that you said—about my rights, I think. You see—all my life I've just had to learn to say 'It doesn't matter,' when there were so many things that I wanted to do and couldn't. And—don't you see?—I found out, after a while, that it didn't really matter half so much—college and my own little wants and wishes—as that I should do—what I had to do, willingly and pleasantly at home."
"But, good heavens, how could you keep from tearing 'round and throwing things?"

"I couldn't—all the time. I—I smashed a bowl once, and two cups." She laughed shamefacedly, and met his eyes now. "But I soon found—that it didn't make me or anybody else—any happier, and that it didn't help things at all. So I tried—to do the other way. And now, please, please say you'll forget all this—what I've been saying. Indeed, Mr. Smith, I am very much ashamed!"
"Forget it?" Mr. Smith turned on his heel and marched up and down the room again. "Confound that man!"

"What man?"
"Mr. Stanley G. Fulton, if you must know, for not giving you any of that money."
"Money, money, money!" Miss Maggie threw out both her hands with gesture of repulsion. "If I've heard that word once I've heard it a hundred times in the last week. Sometimes I wish I might never hear it again."
"You don't want to be deaf, do you? Well, you'd have to be to escape hearing that word."
"I suppose so. But—" again she threw out her hands.

"You don't mean—" Mr. Smith was regarding her with curious interest. "Don't you want—money, really?"
She hesitated; then she sighed.
"Oh, yes, of course. We all want money. We have to have money, too; but I don't think it's—everything in the world, by any means."
"You don't think it brings happiness, then?"
"Sometimes. Sometimes not."
"Most of—of—us would be willing to take the risk."
"Most of us would."

"Now, in the case of the Blaisdells here—don't you think this money is going to bring happiness to them?"
There was no answer. Miss Maggie seemed to think.

"Miss Maggie," exclaimed Mr. Smith, with a concern all out of proportion to his supposed interest in the matter, "you don't mean to say you don't think this money is going to bring them happiness?"
"Miss Maggie laughed a little.
"Oh, no! This money'll bring them happiness all right, of course—particularly to some of them. But I was just wondering; if you don't know how to spend five dollars so as to get the most out of it, how will you spend 500, or 5,000—and get the most out of that you mean?"
But Miss Maggie shook her head. "Nothing. I was just thinking," she said.
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

What will be the biggest "birthday party" ever given in Omaha will be given by M. E. Smith & Co. to its employes Saturday afternoon, August 31. It is expected that 1,200 to 1,400 will be present.

The party is in celebration of the company's fiftieth anniversary as a business house. A similar event will be held yearly hereafter, on the last Saturday in August.

The big wholesale house will be closed all day Saturday, the employes gathering in front of the main building at 1 o'clock for the parade which will march to the Auditorium with appropriate banners and floats.

The entertainment committee is secretive about the program at the Auditorium, wishing it to come as a surprise; but "stunts" of a hilarious nature will be held from 2 to 4 o'clock, when dancing will begin. About 6 o'clock the merry-makers will go to the Rome hotel for dinner, after which they will be taken to the Orpheum for the evening performance.

The committees in charge of the affair are: C. W. Russell, Guy C. Kidwell, L. B. Clough, T. J. McShane, J. R. Scobie, E. W. Cornell, W. F. Crosby, J. W. Welch, T. J. Hefton, M. J. Coakley, L. R. Sabine, G. D. Adams, C. E. Buffington, John Cogan, Peter Croopie, Joe Kelley, and C. E. Duffie.

Norden Singing Society Holds Its Annual Outing
The Norden Singing society held its annual outing yesterday at Manawa park. A large chorus of singers took part in concerts at 4 and 7 o'clock.

Finn's Greater Omaha band included in its afternoon and evening programs these popular Swedish numbers: "Swedish Wedding March," by Soderman, and a medley of Scandinavian folk-song, entitled, "In the Viking's Domain."

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YOUTHFUL DAYS OF ZEIGLER TOLD IN WASHINGTON

Omaha's First Experience on Platform in National Capital Recounted as Moral Gem.

Omaha men have a habit of coming prominently before the public in many sections of the country. They can't help it—it's a habit.
For instance, Isidor Zeigler, recent candidate for lieutenant governor of Nebraska and an Omahan, recently "busted" into print in one of the big papers of the nation's capital, the Washington Herald. The following is the story that paper printed on Mr. Zeigler:
"The name Isidor Zeigles doesn't mean anything perhaps to many readers of this column. For their information, however, we will state that it belongs to a man and not a breakfast food or a lately developed explosive.
Starts on "Sure" Ground.
"Isidor Zeigler was a Harvard college student once, and toward the close of his student career became obsessed with the notion that he could tell his fellow-countrymen many things from the platform. He was sure of it. He admitted it to McKinley committee-men and they sent him to remote portions of the Windy City to begin expounding the doctrine of sound money and a safe tariff.

The opportunity was all he was looking for. He knew if he got that it would be only a while until he was voted the grandest little orator who ever expounded the cause of republicanism.
Was Good Experience.
"It was a good thing for me. I had committed to memory a good general speech, but it didn't go to

quent introduction wished upon him by a local barbarian Demosthenes whose figures were quite as uncouth as Isidor's were precise. And when he began to speak, how he did climb Aeolus's working for Mr. Burlington had nothing on him when it came to going on high flights with messages for the people.
"Flying on High."
"Finally he reached a point where he said in tones that were meant to thrill his audience: 'And the great American eagle, soaring upward and upward from its aerial'—when he was interrupted by a voice which said:
"Tell us what's wrong with 16 to 1—if anything."
"I'll reach that in a moment," he said, somewhat flustered, but not at all dismayed.

"And he led off manfully again with: 'And the great American eagle soaring upward and upward from its aerial'—when a voice from another part of the hall shouted:
"Take up that money question." There was impatience in this voice, as if its owner thought the end of the speech might follow the eagle's journey into space.
"I'll come to that directly," said Zeigler. "I have still several points to cover and I'll reach them all in time."
And then with renewed energy, typical of the orator who is not yet convinced that his crowd is heckling him, the young Harvard man made ready to start his third journey with the eagle. He was just assuming the attitude of the flying bird, and beginning to tilt his head toward the sky, when a voice from still a different part of the hall cried out good naturedly and yet rather too commandingly to be disregarded:
"Aw—let that one go and send up another."
The crowd roared at that—and promptly lost all of that intentness which is so necessary if the orator is to make the desired impression with his audience. Isidor finished his speech without further interruption either in the way of questions or applause, but he years afterward, in speaking of the occurrence, said:
"Was Good Experience.
"It was a good thing for me. I had committed to memory a good general speech, but it didn't go to

The root of the big questions. I shot over the crowd. I had meant to win on my spellbinding. But I found they wanted facts and figures. All the figures I had were figures of speech, and they didn't assimilate those and were not convinced by them. I resolved then and there to make less effort in the future to have a high-sounding oratorically-perfect speech and to make more effort to have a sound, logically-arranged speech."
And Isidor's experience has been the experience of hundreds of other statesmen of the nation. And the conclusions reached by him have been reached by all those who have come out of the fire successfully. Those who didn't reach that conclusion are listed with the "also rans." And it will always be thus as long as the people continue to have an interest in our government."

Police Nab Pair in Act Of Robbing Warehouse
R. Smith, teamster, Twentieth and Burr streets, and Allen Metcalf, negro, 2619 Hamilton street, were arrested Sunday night by Policemen Aboud while alleged to be in the act of robbing the warehouse of the Fred Busch Transfer company, 1110 Douglas street. They had "lifted" a case of shoes and a case containing several cartons of tobacco, it is said, and had attempted to sell the shoes to a Syrian for \$12. Smith has been employed by the company as night watchman for several months. A charge of burglary was booked against both men.

Two Persons Slightly Injured in Auto Crash At Thirtieth and Dodge
In an automobile crash at the intersection of Dodge and Thirtieth streets at 6 p. m., Sunday, Mrs. J. Hykin, 2701 Howard street, suffered a badly lacerated finger and a few minor bruises, and C. Mozer, 432 South Eleventh street, Lincoln, suffered an abrasion of the forehead. The Mozer car was going west on Thirtieth street, and the Hykin car north on Dodge street. Both cars were moving at a normal rate of speed, the operators claim, but seeing that a collision was imminent they became "rattled." The force of the collision carried the Mozer car halfway across the street and jammed it against a fireplug.
Hykin and his son, Harry, who was operating the auto, escaped injury. No arrests were made.

Police Get First Auto Theft "Squeal" in a Week
The first automobile "squeal" in six days was made to the police Sunday night by W. C. Grenier, 142 Lincoln boulevard. He told the police that his car had been taken from the St. George garage, Thirty-first and Dodge streets, sometime between Friday and Sunday nights. Thinking that a friend had "borrowed" the car as a joke he delayed reporting the theft.

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cent of the German population would be unable to make a living. They would be forced to emigrate and would be exposed to exploitation by the English and Americans. For many generations to come the fatherland would be reduced to poverty.
Firemen to Abandon Strike.
Pittsburgh, Aug. 25.—Eight hundred city firemen who went out on strike today returned to their stations tonight after the city had a thrilling few hours with a general alarm fire.

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