"WILSON, HUGHES AND ROOSEVELT ALL CLAIM THEY STARTED THIS HERE AMERICANISM BUSINESS," DECLARES LOUIS BIRSKY

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

But Zapp Holds That Once a Politician Monkeys With an Ism. It Might Just as Well Be an Itis for All the Good It Does

"Take William J. Bryan; Ain't It Terrible What Creeping Pacifism. Has Done to That Feller?-He Had Ism After Ism, Until Now He's Got One Foot in the Political Grave"

"I see where Wilson, Hughes and Rooseweit all claim they started this here Americanlam business," Louis Birsky, the real estater, said to Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer.

"Well, if I was any one of 'em," Zapp said, "I'd schenck the credit for it to any of the others, Birsky, because if I would be a politician, Birsky, I wouldn't got nothing to do mit no isma. Once a politician oder a statesman starts to monkey with an ism like unionism, socialism, militarism oder Americanism, Birsky, for all the good it's going to do him, it might just so well be an itis like appendicitis, tonsilitis, bronchitis offer peritonitis. Take Willam J. Bryan for Instance, and that feller has had ism after ism till he's already got one foot in a political grave. Speaking from the standpoint of politics, he is now being taken round in a wheel chair, and when a seemingly strong healthy feller like Mr. Wilson meets him on the street and goes home and says to Mrs. Wilson at dinner T seen old Mr. Bryan in front of the drug store this afternoon, Momfront of the drug store this afternoon, Mom-mer. Ain't it terrible what creeping pacifi-cism has done to that feller? Mrs. Wilson nods and says would he have another plate of soup and dismisses it like that, Birsky, because little does she suspect that her own husband has already got the begin-nings of acute Americanism in his system."

"Is Americanism so terrible as all that?"

Birsky asked.

"It ain't quite understood as yet, Birsky,"
Zupp replied. "The only thing they know
about it is that it's very catching. Roosewelt got it first. On June 3 he telegraphed
Senator Jackson at the Republican Convention in Chicago that he had it, and had it
good, and in the early part of June President Wilson corners down with it in Washdent Wilson corners down with it in Washgood, and in the early part of June President Wilson comes down with it in Washington and later describes the symptoms to the West Point gradgwates. He said that when a feller has got Americanism he utterly believes in the principles of America and puts 'em first above everything, y'understand. Now you know as well as I do, Birsky, how it is when you get ahold of a patent medicine advertisement about floating specks and pain in the back, Birsky. So seon as Hughes read about how Americanism affects Mr. Wilson, y'understand, he got scon as Hugnes read about now American-ism affects Mr. Wilson, y'understand, he got white to the roots of his hair, Birsky, which, when Mr. Hughes gets white to the roots of his hair, Birsky, the whiteness covers con-siderable territory already. Therefore, he



"He is now being taken around in a wheel chair."

knew right away that not only did he have knew right away that not only did he have Americanism, but that he had had it for years already, and on June 10 he telegraphs the Republican Convention that he accepted the nomination but couldn't come to Chicago, as he had Americanism mit firm, protective, upbuilding policies and also probably mit shooting pains in the wrists and ankles, loss of appetite and dizziness."

"Aber without knocking socialism, y'understand, it's better that a politician should have Americanism as socialism, because in the whole continent of America, Zapp, there is only one or two climates where the poli-

the whole continent of America, Zapp, there is only one or two climates where the politician wif socialism could get any relief. Unlike some other invalids, a politician wif socialism couldn't go to a high wild locality like the Adirondacks, but has got to find a low, thickly settled neighborhood to take his socialism to, otherwise it's fatal."

"You are all twisted, Birsky," Zapp said. "Socialism ain't a disease. It's a remedy for a disease, and the name of the disease.

like a chest expansion to a soldier; he couldn't be accepted without it. New York State in particular is very strict that way. Before they would let a man be a United States Senator from New York, Zapp, they sound him for capitalism, and if he lets out a hollow sound, they pass him up. The consequence is that for years already every Senator from New York has had a contral.

consequence is that for years already every Senator from New York has had a capitalism of anyhow a million dollars, which if you call such a thing a disease, Zapp, let me know where I could catch it, that's all."
"Never mind, Birsky," Zapp said, "an ism is an ism, and capitalism is like all the others. The politician or statesman which has it may look politically healthy for a while, but sooner or later it will get the most promising career. Birsky, the same as militarism will. Take the Kaiser, and several years ago when he begun to have it, he also felt pretty good. In his case, the first symptoms was that he broke out all over in symptoms was that he broke out all over in uniforms and he got himself appointed honorary colonel of so many regiments, domestic and foreign, that if he wore the uniforms in rotation, Birsky, he didn't get round to the same suit of clothes once in 25 years.

It used to cost him a fortune for moth balls alone, and when he took off a pair of pants he sent it round to the tailor and had a V put in the back against the time when he was going to wear 'em again. However, Birsky, he soon got tired of admiration, and it didn't make no difference that his wife tried to get him to take a fresh interest by saying 'Turn round and let me see the back. I think that peplin effect of the \$42d Regiment Lippe-Schaumburg National Guard which you have on is awful becoming to you, Popper. Why don't you wear it again soon—say, a year from next July 4th? Yunderstand, it didn't do no good, and he quick passed into the second or speech-making stage of his trouble."

"Speech-making always seems to be a symptom that a feller's got an ism the matter with him." Birsky commented. "Although it's usually the first stage of the trouble."

"The first and only stage in some cases."

"The first and only stage in some cases, like old Mr. Bryan, olav hasholom," Zapp said, "aber with the Kaiser, he seems to have got past that part of his ism. There was a time here about three years ago when you couldn't pick up a paper without read-ing how the Kalser addressed the South Prussian, Wurtemburg and Rhein-Pfalz Commercial Travelers' Association or some such organization about the nailed first oder the three K's or something, but nowadays the poor feller don't open his mouth at all. "Why should he?" Birsky asked. "If every politician mit an ism would have his lam tried out on him the way the Katser.

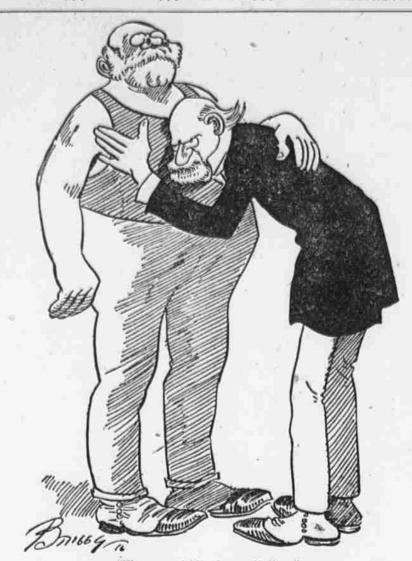
has, Zapp, even fellers mit socialism would keep quiet. Take that speech which the Kalser used to get off a few years ago about women should attend to the three K's— Rirche, Rusche und Rinder- and leave all other jobs to the men folks, and he had a pretty good nerve to pull it even in them days, when thousands of German women was not only attending to the church, the cooking and the children, but was also at-tending to the coal mining, the farming and the street aweeping not to mention a few hundred other jobs which in America we consider such hard work for a native-born citizen. Zapp, that we hand 'em over to big citizen. Zapp, that we nand em over to ble greenhorns from Eungary and Poland. Aber today yet when over in Germany women is running the street cars, the electric light plants and foing the heavier work that the old fellers of 82 and 90 ain't up to exactly in the rolling mills and foundries. Zapp, if a loyal German subject has to write a letter to the Emperor and finds himself using a word beginning mit a K. yunderstand, he tries to think of a substitute word beginning with a Z or a W, so as not to embarrass the poor Nebich."

"He should ought to be embarrassed." Zapp said. "A feller which is working the way the Kaiser worked to get every man from 16 to 50 to become a soldier, Birsky, should ought to figure in advance what is going to happen to other businesses besides the soldier businesse in case his scheme turns out 100 per cent successful. Also, Birsky,

out 100 per cent successful. Also, Birsky, if all the men from 16 to 60 is fighting as soldiers and all the women is busy mit churches, cooking and children. Birsky, who

churches, cooling and children, Birsky, who did he expect is going to run the street cars and the electric light plants anyway?"

"Idsten, Zapp, a feller mit an ism is the last one to expect his scheme is going to turn out 100 per cent successful," Birsky said. "In fact, Zapp, I give the Kalser credit that when the war happened and he begun to realize what he said and did in credit that when the war happened and he begun to realize what he said and did in the way of militarism to bring it about, y'understand, his feelings toward the whole thing was: "For the love of Mars, couldn't sould be John D. Rockefeller you take a Joke". Yes, Zapp, all them ism fellers is the same way. When they talk



"They sound him for capitalism."

of out-and-out 100 per cent Americanism oder militarism, y'understand me, if some-thing happens where they've got to make good their words, y'understand, they all claim an allowance of 50 per cent discount

for enthusiasm." Zapp said, "aber the feller mit militarism and Americanism ain't a marker in that respect to the feller mit marker in that respect to the feller mit socialism. For years already the Mayors of cities in Germany, France, England, Austria and Italy has been getting writers' cramp from signing permits for Socialists to talk on street corners about how the Socialists of the world is going to stand shoulder to shoulder in case of a war. Birsky, and that there would be a general strike and that a Socialist was a brother even if he would be a German or an Englishman as the case may be, Birsky, and when the war breaks out. Birsky, what hap-

to shoulder, Birsky, when Doctor Liebknicht wanted to make good on it, he found that it takes anyhow two Socialists to stand shoulder to shoulder, and the last I hear he

shoulder to shoulder, and the last I hear he is sitting in jall in Germany, waiting for a shoulder to come along."

"Well, them Socialist fellers was up against an out-and-out 100 per cent Germanism, Frenchism and Englishism, Zapp."
Birsky said, "and they couldn't help themselves. The German Socialists probably wanted to say that in the trouble with France there was something to be said in favor of France, too, Zapp, aber when the Kaiser shouts: "Germanism consists in utterly believing in the principles of Germany and putting them principles first above and putting them principles first above everything, y'understand, the Socialists didn't dasst to figure that maybe France

cent bense-boracid common sense, Birsky, a war in Europe might have been avoided, aber because the Kaiser said: When the world finally discovers that Germany is individable, then the world will learn how truly and profoundly great and powerful Germany is, y'understand, the Socialists feit that it wasn't right to disagree with their fellow-Germans about it."

"Who told you the Kaiser says such things about Germany?" Zapp demanded.

"Why, you did, didn't you?" Birsky replied.

"Why, you did, didn't you?" Birsky replied.
"Me? I never said no such thing," Zapp cried indignantly. "What you are saying the Kaiser says about Germany was what President Wilson says about America."
"Well, what is the difference who says it about what?" Birsky continued. "The results would be the same anyhou, Zapp, aber if President Wilson says or the Kaiser says Americanism or Germanism consists in utterly believing in the principles of all nations, Zapp, and putting them principles first above everything, y'understand, then that gives a couple nations a show to argue about their principles before they go to war over 'em, because there is German principles which is just so good as American principles, Zapp, and there is Mexican principles, Zapp, and there is Mexican principles, which ain't so bad neither. Furthermore, Zapp, when Mr. Wilson says v hat he said about America being individable, it's just see easy for a whole nation to be all all-wrong as all all-right."
"Tell me, Birsky," Zapp said, "what are

as all all-right."
"Tell me, Birsky," Zapp said, "what are
you driving into?"
"I am driving into this, Zapp," Birsky
said. "If all that Stuss is Americanism
when Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes says it,

what is it when the Kaiser says it?"
"Germanism," Zapp replied.
"Then that settles it," Birsky concluded,
"It ain't an ism, it's an itis, and the sooner
Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes gets cured of it



"Over in Germany women is running the street cars.'

News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

THE GIANTS THAT RULE

S is for STEAM GIANT who runs the railroads. Treat him fairly and he will play fair. But beware! Do not trespass on the STEAM GIANT'S HOME! The RAILROAD TRACKS are his! In less than seven years 25,000 little people under the ages of ten years trespassed on the Steam Giant's Home. They CROSSED the RAILROAD TRACKS at points where no person was allowed to pass. They were KILLED! Many, many little people CLIMBED UPON and UNDER MOVING TRAINS. "SMART" boys "JUMPED" THEM. They, too, were KILLED!

is for the AUTOMOBILE GIANT. He is our friend if we choose to make A him so. The AUTOMOBILE GIANT does not really want to kill small folks, but he belongs on the street and he cannot run up the side of a house when folk dart quickly into his way. Keep out of his way! NEVER TRY TO SEE HOW NEAR YOU CAN COME TO BEING RUN OVER. Look in BOTH DIRECTIONS before CROSSING a STREET. When the Automobile Giant is not coming cross, walking rapidly and surely!

is for the FIRE GIANT-rare fine old fellow. He keeps us warm in the winter time and all year round he cooks the food that makes us strong and healthy. BUT—misuse the FIRE GIANT and he will destroy that very body that he helped to build. He lives very quietly in his box of matches. Respect his home and he will serve you. Invade his home by using the matches for a toy, and the slumbering FIRE GIANT, awakened in Anger, will leap up

is for the ELECTRICITY GIANT-the servant of mankind. He lights our homes, our schools and our streets. He is the silent force that runs the street car lines and makes it possible for us to cover miles and miles without tiring ourselves. The Electricity Trolley Giant tries to work safely for you. Do your part in working safely for him. Regard the law in crossing the street. Do NOT CROSS at the LITTLE STREETS where the TROLLEYS do NOT STOP. Go to the corner, look carefully both ways before stepping from the pavement. Remember that the TROLLEY GIANT CANNOT DODGE YOU once you are in his path. PLAY SAFE AND KEEP OUT OF HIS PATH.

is for the THINK GIANT-the most powerful Giant of all. The other Giants are helpful to you only when they are directed by the THINK GIANT. He can make you master of their service if you will but listen

Y is for YOU—the home of the wonderful Think Giant, Y is for YOU—the most glorious thing in the world—a HUMAN BEING WITH A MIND!

Branch Club News

The "Rainbow Bouquet," Miss Hannah Potashnick's Woodbine Rainbow branch, has planted its name firmly in your editor's Natalia Behrman, Cecelia and Lilly Potashnick worked their initials carefully and beautifully out on linen and as a result we have a monogrammed "Rainbow Bouquet" mounted over our desk.

The "Rainbow Violet Hearts" are making preparations to give a fair. One of the features of the day will be the selling of candy in heart-shaped violet-colored boxes. Many other pleasant surprises lie in wait | nee it too!

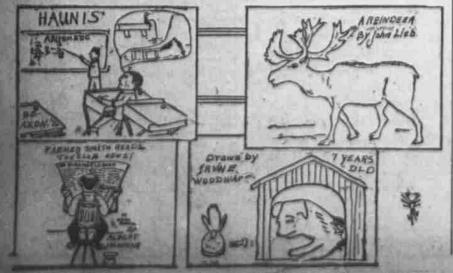
Mary Payne, Margaret Joyce and herself.

to attend this branch club festival.

Eleanor Koons, of Wynnewood, has a small but select membership in her branch club. She does not aim to extend it until she finds little girls who will be quite as enthusiastic and active as are her present members. The latter are Martha Payne,

Out Postoffice Box Herbert Shats has a very kind little brother. The other night Herbert had a sore foot and was very anxious to read the Rainbow Club news. Of course, he could not go out to buy it himself. And brother went all the way in the rain. We have a sneaking suspicion that brother wanted to test it to:

PEN AND INK-LINGS



"HOW'D YA LIKE TO BE US?"



DAVID, CLARA & LARNE WRIGHT. OCEAN CITY, N.J.

STORIES OF CLOUDLAND Little Tulip Heart's Breakfast By Farmer Smith

The Prince were a beautiful suit of blue and gold and had on a pair of little cloud shoes just like Tulip Heart's.

Prince Marmolade ran to Little Tulip Heart and, dropping down on one knee, took her hand and kissed it.

Then they went into the dining room and sat down to breakfast at a great golden table covered with a creamy cloth made of snow spider's web with diamonds sparkling all over it.

From her side of the table Little Tulip Heart could look out of a great open window and see the cloud children playing in a shining garden of stars. The ground was all golden where the stars were growing. all of them set out in little silver flower pots. There were big stars in bigger pots and smaller stars in smaller pots, and then there were teeny-weeny stars in teeny

The cloud children, all white and furry, flew in and out among the stars, playing tag and other games. Just beyond the garden Tulip Heart saw a long pure white road, and she wondered what made it so white "Oh, that is the Milky Way," said Prince Marmolade. "It is a river of milk and cream. Just across the Milky Way is Toyland, where Santa Claus lives. We will go over to visit Santa Claus very soon, after

you have learned the toy languae." Litle Tulip Heart clapped her hands with delight. And the moment she did so Gum Drop flew in the window on a big red but-Gum Drop's brother, Lemon Drop and his little sister, Lolly Pop, were right behind him, riding on yellow butterfles. They were all tiny little people, no longer than Tulip Heart's arm, and they all wore green caps made of clover leaves.

They rode round and round the table laughing, now and then driving their but-terflies right over the fruit and jam dishes and scooping up some of the dainties in their hands. They did it in such a funny way that even Prince Marmolade laughed. Tulip Heart ate ever so much sweet snowflakes and cream. Charlotte Russe's brother, Chocolate Eciair, dressed in a chocolate suit with gold buttons, waited on the table and whispered to Tulip Heart not to miss the stardust jam. He brought her some in a water illy saucer and she ate it with a pearl spoon. She had never caten anything in her life that she liked so much. Then there were cloud steak and biscuits made of sun-shine and snow. Chocolate Eclair showed har how to dip the biscuit in golden honey. they were delicious. Mommmono: h. what a wonderful life had the little noise Tulip Heart! You will hap many





BUDDY DOYLE, OCEAN CITY, N.J.



EUGENE JONES, OCEANCITY, NJ

The Question Box Dear Farmer Smith-Will you please tell me which is the larger, the battleship Pennsylvania or the Queen Mary?

GEORGE H. THOMAS, South 55th street. The Chief Constructor of the United States Navy gives us the following information on

this subject;
"Your attention is invited to the fact that these two vessels, while among the most for nidable vessels of their respective types in the world, cannot themselves be compared as they represent essentially differen as they classes of ships designed for absolutely dif-

Battinship Battie Cruiss Pennsylvania Queen Mary. ength 60 feet 720 fee Seam 67 feet 87 fee Hapingement (normal) 31.400 tons 28.000 tons peed (designed) 21 kts. 27 kts

FARMER SMITH.

Cure of the Eventus Landen. I wish to become a member of you Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Balnbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY, SPREAD A LITTLE

Age descriptions of the Age School I attend



VERA MULLER, NEWTON PORABAUGH & ELIZABETH REIFF, OCEAN CITY, N.J.

THE SAFETY-FIRST CONTEST of the PHILADELPHIA RAPID TRANSIT COMPANY IS OPEN FROM NOW UNTIL AUGUST 12

the best STORIES, DRAW-INGS and IDEAS on HOW TO PREVENT and AVOID ACCI-PREVENT and AVOID ACCI-DENTS the following prizes will be given: For Children Over 9 Years

1st Prize—\$10 in Gold, or Solid Gold Medal with your name en-graved on it, or a Folding Kodak. 2d Prize—Choice of Desk, Genuine Leather Traveling Bag, Ivory Dresser Set or a Talking Machine with Records.

3d and 4th Prizes—Choice of Boy Scout Tent, Erector Set with Motor, Silk Sweater or Sterling Silver Pocketbook. 5th, 6th and 7th Prizes-Choice of \$5 Gold Watch. Gold Piece or Boy's or Girl's 8th, 9th and 10th Prizes-Choice of

Cameras, Boy Scout, Indian or Cowboy Suits or Sewing Case. Fourteen other prizes—Choice of Boxes of Paints, Drawing Boards, Footballs, Basketballs, Boys' and Girls' Books, Music Rolls and

School Cases. For Children of 9 Years and Under —

1st Prize—Choice of Gold Medal, Boy's Watch, Solid Gold Bracelet or a Beautifully Dressed Doll. 2d Prize—Choice of a Tent, Sliding

Board for the Backyard, Doll's
Brass Bed or an Erector Set.
3d and 4th Prizes—Choice of Baby
Doll or Mechanical Boat.
5th, 6th and 7th Prizes—Choice of
Indian Suit, Cowboy's Suit, Red
Cross Nurse's Outfit or Doll's

8th, 9th and 10th Prizes-Choice of Blackboards, Sets of Paints, Games or Dell's Dishes. AND

Fourteen other prizes Choice of Tinker Toys, Quacky Doodle Ducks, School Bags, Books. SEND ALL STORIES, ETC. TO FARMER SMITH, EVE-NING LEDGER, PHILA-DELPAIA.

LEARNING TO SWIM

Dearest Children-Did you ever stop to think how wonderfully Mother Nature takes care of her babies? All the animals we can think of at this minute can swim EXCEPT man.

The reason of this must be that as soon as human beings are old enough

learning to swim is COURAGE or SELF-CONFIDENCE. The only way to swim is to SWIM and you cannot learn on 1ry land. Get in the water, wade out a little way and SWIM towards shore. Never mind if your head goes under; some day it will surprise you by staying ABOVE water.

First of all, you owe it to yourself to know how to swim. Second, it is a great pleasure and about the best exercise in the world, for swimming exercises you ALL OVER your wonderful body at once. Learn to float as soon as you can, because the time may come when you

are tired of swimming and will be glad of a rest. Floating rests you. It is a bad plan to go in swimming alone. It is a bad plan to DIVE where you are not familiar with the bottom.

Come out of the water when your lips begin to look blue or your finger tips begin to "pucker." The water will be there when you come back for another swim.

BE CAREFUL.

FARMER SMITH.

MERCY ANNE PERKINS AT BOARDING SCHOOL TERRY PATTON was up in her room As usual, when her heart was touched Jerry gave in.

counting the days that had to go by till vacation time. Just exactly 141 Jerry frowned. She had not yet invited any one to spend the summer with her. That very morning her mother had written. Again the little girl frowned, walked over to the desk and picked up the letter.
"Dear Jerry" it read, "you must ask some one this week. You simply can't wait

any longer. You say that May Belle Smith is lots of fun, but that you're afraid I won't like her. Well, little girl, mother will try to like her for your sake. Now, about the other one, Mercy Anne Perkins. You say you're afraid the boys will laugh at her clothes and you think mother might worry because she wouldn't look nice-

"Jer-ree," a shrill voice sounded in the hall and a second later May Belle Smith, her light hair much befriased, her white dress crowded with lace, burst into the "Jer-ree, guess what!" she exclaimed, and, before "Jer-ree" was given a chance to

"guess what" out came the glorious secret.
"Sh-h, don't tell. Stonle's bought an automobile and it's down in the barn."
"What!" exclaimed Jerry. Miss Stone had always been severe in har criticism of auto-

'Hurry up and come on?" urged May

Belle.
"Come? Come where?"
"Out for a ride?" was the thrilling retort.
"I just got it started." May Belle did not stop at white lies. In truth, she had just paid a passing chauffeur to start it for her.
"Fou," breathed Jerry. "Why, you couldn't run it." couldn't run it."
"Yes, yes, I can," pleaded May Balle. "I ran my uncle's car all the time and it's like his car. Oh, hurry, please, because the

engine might stop."

Jerry began to believe that her friend was telling the truth. Suddenly a disconcerting thought came into her head, "but what about Miss Stone?" "That's the grand part of it," cried May

Belle. "Stonie and Nettles went to town on the 3:20. Come. Jerry, just us, so there'll be no one who's apt to tell."

no one who's apt to tell."

Of late May Belle was very anxious to be alone with Jerry. In a moment of weakness the latter had told the girls about her mother's invitation te bring a classmate on her vacation camping trip. Since then May Belle had lest no opportunity in showing her liking for Jury at every turn.

"Let's take herey Anne," said Jerry, as she hurriedly s'ipped on her slik sweater.

"Oh Jerry," pleaded May Belle. "You don't like me any more at all." May Belle had form's that playing on Jerry's sympathic was better than saying mean things about her friends.

Children's Editor.

And so it was that 15 minutes later the two little girls stepped hurriedly into a rather rusty-looking 1909-model machine. The engine balked, choked at an overdose of gasoline, then gave one bound forward and off the travelers went.

May Belle had spoken the truth in a cer tain sense when she said she had run het uncle's car. The previous summer, at his country place, she had run it into ditches, fences, barns and, in fact, into anything that was in her way. Then she had been forbidden to touch the car.

"Isn't it grand," she said, excitedly hold-ing on to the wheel as though it were going to run away.
"Yes-s." replied Jerry nervously. She had been used to chauffeurs who did not seem to aim at trees.

On they rode for fully a quarter of a mile. Jerry was beginning to breathe when—she sat bolt upright in the car and listened! Yes, it was a dog! Crying as though in great pain!
"Hear that dog, May Belle?" she spoke

p. "He must be hurt."
"What of it?" answered her companion,
"Let's stop and see what's the matter," pleaded Jerry.
"We didn't hurt him," was the reply.
May Belle was enjoying herself very much by this time.

"That's no reason we shouldn't try to help him." Jerry was angry. The cries sounded again; fainter, of course.

"May Belle," she screamed, "stop this car. If you don't stop, I'll jump out."

"Jerry, if I stop it maybe I can't start.—" Then pride came to May Belle's rescue and the thought that she must stay friends with Jerry.

On went the brakes and—off weat the motor!

May Belle had stalled the engine! Her heart came to a standstill. She knew she could never start it.

"You-you go hunt the dog," she said,
"and I'll turn the car around." She hoped
wildly for a passing stranger to help her Down the road hurried Jerry, directed to the little path by the pitiful cries of the dog. With one bound she cleared the ditch.

And

Not ten feet away, on the grass, sat
Mercy Annel Half on her lap, half on the
ground, lay a small brown dog! Careless
was she of the grass stains, careless of the
hat that lay dustily by, careless of everything in the world save that a little cur was
counting on her to relieve his pitiful suf-