SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY By NELLIE L. McCLUNG

Author of "The Next of Kin," "Three Times and Out," etc.

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Mrs. J. Burton Francis, a wooman with high ideals and more than the wilk high ideals and more than the wilk indeess coursing through her kindness coursing through her labors Mrs. Watson, is performing her labors Mrs. Watson, is performing her labors her health and about her numerous her health her would have pursued the subject, and that might have safed complications in the days to come.

CHAPTER XII

From Camilla's Diary

T'I is nearly six month. THIS STARTS THE STORY

"Ch, give over, give over!" the Eng-

"Oh. I know, minister's son, isn't "All know, minister's son, isn't mat lovely? I bet you know prayers and prayers. But it isn't fair to pray apd prayers. One night after we had company and the verything had gone off well. Mr. Francis came out into the kitchen, and looked over his glasses at me. He opened his mouth twice to speak, but seemed to change his mind. I knew what was struggling for utterance. Then he laid fifty cents on the window still, pointed at it, nodded to me, and went out hurriedly. My first impulse was to hand it back—then I thought that lovely? I bet you know prayers

the streets of gold.
"Do you know the 'Holy City,"

the asked after a pause.

The Englishman began to hum it in a

rich tenor.

"That's it, you bet," she cried delightedly. "Just think of you coming all the way across the ocean and knowing that just the same as we do. I used to listen at the keyhole when Mrs. Francis had company, and I was there elephing Camilla. Doctor Clay sang that lots of times." The Englishman had not sung since he had left his father's house. He began to sing now, in a sweet, full voice, resonant on the quiet evening air, the cows staring idly at him. The old dog came down to the bars with his bristles up, expecting trouble.

Old Sam and his son Tom coming in from work stopped to listen to these

from work stopped to listen to these from work stopped to listen to these strange sounds.

"Confound them English!" old Sam said. "Ye'd think I was payin' him to do that, and it harvest-time, too!"

When Doctor Clay, with Danny Watson gravely perched beside him, drove along the river road after saying goodby to Pearl, they met Miss Barner, who had been digging ferns for Mrs. Me-Guire down on the river flat.

The doctor drew in his horse.

"Miss Barner." he said, lifting his hat, "if Daniel Mulcahey Watson and I should ask you to come for a drive with us, I wonder what you would

since Doctor Clay had come to Mill-ford. It was no longer necessary for her to compel her father to go when he and then pushes fifty cents at her in-

to the office, if she thought her father Danny Watson, bless his little heart!

swiftly by them, whereupon Danny made his presence known for the first time by the apparently irrelevant

"Oh, give over, give over!" the Englishman said stiffly.

Pearl laughed delightedly.

"It's lots of fun guessing who people are like," she said. "I'm awful smart sat it and so is Mary, four years at it and so is Mary, four years how sweet I look in a cap). I haven't got the fear on my heart all day that I will make a mistake in a figure that will rise up and condemn me at the end of the month as I used to be when I was bookkeeping on a high stool for the Western Hail and Fire Insurance Company (peace to its ashes!) "All work is expression," Fra Elbertus says, so why may I not express myself in blueberry pie and tomato soup?

Mrs, Francis is an appreciative mistress, and she is not so entirely wrapto live with Mrs. Francis, and I like

the guests. She entertains well and is a delightful hostess, but some of the

people whom she entertains do not appreciate her flights of fancy.

I do not like to see them wink at each other, although I know it is funny to hear Mrs. Francis claborate on the I mother's influence in the home and the lars. Froper way to deal with selfishness in children; but she means well, and they am should remember that, no matter how

should remember that, no matter how funny she gets.

April 18—She gave me a surprise today. She called me upstairs and read to me a paper she was preparing to read before some society—she belongs to three or four—on the domestic help problem. Well, it hadn't very much to do with the domestic help problem, but of course I could not tell her that, so when she asked me what I thought of when she asked me what I thought of it I said:

"If all employers were as kind as you and Mr. Francis there would be no domestic help problem."

She looked at me suddenly, and some-

thing seemed to strike her. I believe it came to her that I was a creature of like passions with herself, capable of gratitude, perhaps in need of encour-agement. Hitherto I think she has regarded me as a porridge and coffee She put her arm around me and kissed

me. "Camilla," she said gently—she has

with us, 1 wonder what you would the softest, dreamiest voice I ever heard—"I believe in the aristocracy of heard—"I believe in the aristocracy of hearing and virtue. You have both." Miss Barner considered for a moment and then said, smiling:
"I think I would say, "Thank you true much, Mr. Watson and Doctor Clay, I shall be delighted to come if you have room for me."

Life had been easier for Mary Barner since Doctor Clay had come to Mills for two kindly souls, one of whom the high stool and add figures for you at \$10 a week, is far away making toast for two kindly souls, one of whom the state of the cather one opens his mouth to speak. he other one opens his mouth to speak

Danny Watson, bless his little heart got Doctor Clay to check over the prescriptions.

It had been rather hard for Mary to ask him to do this, for she had a fair over Danny. A few days ago she share of her father's Scotch pride; but she had done too many hard things in her life to hesitate now. The young dector was genuinely glad to serve her, and he made her feel that she was conferring, instead of asking, a favor.

She said for a boy, of course—and she looked at me rather severely. I knew they must be for Danny, and cut the pattern about the size for him. She want lay beneath them. The air was full of the perfume of many flowers and the wrestled with the garment.

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

THE GUMPS-Still on the Way to Fame and Fortune

ANY GUY THAT YES - AND I HAVEN'T GOT STARTED YET - WHEN THE BARRIER GOES UP THEY WON'T LEAVE ME AT THE POST - I'LL BE AWAY THIS IS THE LIFE -WELL SHE I'VE TRIED'EM ALL- IT MAY. SOLDAT 42 #10,000.°° YESTERDAY-BE THE PACE THAT KILLS NO MAKE BUT IT'S THE PACE THAT THRILLS NEITHER UP #/2,000.00 IN WITH THE REST OF 'EM-" LAUGHED HAS BEEN ALSO - NO CHANCE FOR NOR DOWN-I'M NO MORNING GLORY-TWO WEEKS -ATME 8 DAYS A QUARTER HORSE -SHE'S HOLDING HE'S NOER NO FLASH IN THE DAN-YOU'VE GOT TO GO NOW-HER OWN I'M A. THOROUGH BRED ALL THE WAY ALL RIGHT SINCE THE VEILED FACE HAS SHOWN ITSELF AT THE MINDOM.

PETEY-A Slight Slip

By C. A. Voight -:-•:• -:--:-•:• • [• -:--YES, BUT, - THIS IS THE - SEEMS TO ME TODAY PETEY DEAR. HEVER HEARD FLORIST FIRST ANNIVERSARY MEANS SOMETHING IN OF A MAN BRINGING - FOR MY YOUNG LIFE- UM, LET'S I'VE REMEMBERED ME HIS WIFE FLOWERS ON HIS OWN - ILL SURPRISE WHY? SEE - I GOT IT, - HA, HA, THE OLD GIRL IT'S OUR WEDDING I CAUGHT YOU AUDIVERSARY. - DON'T YOU KHOW WHAT JODAY IS!

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she doesn't see why people with insomnia worry so much about it and she'd advise them to try getting a little more sleep and see if that wouldn't help.

And Now Goodness Knows What the Fellers Can Get to Be a Propeller-By Fontaine Fox



By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS Absolutely' I certainly do! Gosh, 16 Great gosh. Harry, that's bad!

You'd ought never to go on to school with that wet foot. You'd be sure may save his life! I dont spoke the teacher'd be with that wet foot. thean enough to imagine we wanted to play hookey an lick us when all to ketch a bad cold an mebbe get the consumption or die or something. me intend to do is help our school-I think we'd better build a fire an dry you out, don't you, I got some matches -Pete? I think that's the thing do. She's soppin met feel kind'o chilly already Loets go cown Anach

Providence.

By Edwina

C.A. Voish

By Sidney Smith

The Reverend Hugh Grantley drove DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

DOCTOR PEGGY By DADDY

(Peggy and Billy find the birds sick, ome because they have starved themselves on advice of Dr. Blue Bird and some because they have stuffed themselves on advice of Dr. Blue Jay. Peggy and Billy get up a picnic to

CHAPTER VI

sure the thin birds wobbled a bit be-

harrying up. They had been having a birds saved their shares until the next lolly time feasting on the pay the birds day, when they expected to be hungry day, when they expected to be hungry again.

The picnic was the jolliest kind of an affair, and before it was over every one of the birds seemed to have recovered his usual good health.

They had all sorts of contests, and they swooped down into the hospital glade and found all the patients as busy as could be having a picnic.

"Hey! You must keep on eating!" streamed Dr. Blue Jay at the fat birds.

"Whee! You must stop eating!" shrilled Dr. Blue Bird at the thin birds.

But the birds only chattered angrily at the two doctors.

"Ger and they sweet they birds a picnic." Away they went. Hoppity-Hop went faster than he had ever gone in his life. He was just like a gray streak of the stream of the stream of the sweet here.

stny. Peggy was struck by a bright

iden.
"What fees did the birds pay you for doctoring them?" she asked. "Why, they gave us all sorts of good things to eat," answered Dr. Blue Jay. "That's the only kind of pay a bird doctor wants." "And did you eat it all?" asked

The Picnic Lunch

T WAS surprising how the thoughts of a picnic cured the birds. To be fore we can eat it all," replied Dr.

Blue Jay.
"It would be a shame to have all that and the fat birds puffed and gasped because they had eaten too much, but all were so eager for the picnic fun that they forgot their ills.

Peggy and Billy quickly got up games to play and a program of races and contests, but all the time Peggy and solutions.

Peggy and believe to a program of races and contests, but all the time Peggy and Billy quickly got up games to play and a program of races and contests, but all the time Peggy and Bird, who were only too anxious to make up with the other birds.

contests, but all the time Peggy was worrying about the picnic lunch. She didn't llave any idea of what food they would get to serve But in the midst of the excitement br. Blue Bird and Dr. Blue Jay came thin birds ate their fill, while the fat





