SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY By NELLIE L. McCLUNG

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

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Mrs. J. Burton Francis, a woman with high ideals, and more than the ordinary measure of the milk of human kindness coursing through her Auman kindness coursing through her ceins, notices that her washwoman, Urs. Watson, is performing her labors in a sluggish manner, inquires about her health and about her numerous children, subjects her to some uplificially on motherhood, saugests ing talk on motherhood, saugests books for her husband to read, and interests herself in the welfare of the family.

You are learning as well as any You are learning as well as any person could learn. Jim said-kindly. I think you are doing famously. No person is particularly bright at work no person is particularly bright at work outirely new. Don't be a nit discourse, old man; you'll be a rich landware some day, proprietor of the A. J. Wenyss Stock Farm, writing letters to the agricultural papers, judge of horses at the fairs, giving lectures at dairy at the fairs, giving lectures at dairy institutes—oh, I think I see you, Ar-

"You are chaffing me," Arthur said

"You are channed amilias."
Indeed I am not. I am very much indeed I am not. I am very much in earnest. I have seen more unlikely looking young fellows than you do wonderful things in a short time, and just to help along the good work I am-going to show you a few things about using off harness that may be useful to you when you are president of the Agicultural Society of South Cypress, arthur's face brightened.

"Oh, thauk you, Mr. Russell," he

That night Arthur wrote home a leter that would have made an appropartment to send to prospective set-

CHAPTER XIV The Faith That Moveth Mountains

HIHEN supper was over and Pearl washed the heavy white dishes Mrs. Motherwell told her, not unkindly, that the could go to bed. 'She would sleep in the little room over the kitchen in

licken loft, and found herself in a low, long room, close and stifling; one little window should light against the western sky, and on it innumerable flies buzzed unceasingly. Old boxes, old bags, old hasket looked strange and shadowy in the gathering gloom. The Motherwells fid not believe in giving away anything. The Indians who went through the light may be a long ago learned to pass'by long ago learned to long ago learned long neighborhood each fall looking for "old clo" had long ago learned to pass' by the big stone house. Indians do not appreciate a strong talk on shiftlessness the way they should, with a vision of a long, cold winter ahead of them. Pearl gazed around with a troubled look on her face. A large basket of old carpet rags stood near the little bed. Ele dragged it into the farthest corner. She tried to open the window, but it

"It's what?" Mrs. Motherwell almost scremed. She was in the pantry mak-It has old air in it," Pearl said, and it will give me the fever."

Mrs. Motherwell glared at the little fri. She forgot all about the frying-

"Good gracious!" she said. "It's a quer thing if hired help are going to distate where they are going to sleep. Maybe you'd like a bed set up for you in the parlor!"
"Not if the windies ain't open," Prarl declared stoutly.
"Well, they ain't; there hasn't been window open in this house since it

then ma'am." she said with honest con-viction. "Mrs. Francis told me never to sleep in a room with the windies all own, and I as good as promised I wouldn't Can't we open that wee vidy, ma'am?"

Mrs. Motherwell was tired, unutter-

aby fired, not with that day's work above, but with the days and years that bid passed away in gray dreariness; the past barren and bleak, the future bringing only visions of heavier burdens.

Copyright, 1920; by Public Ledger Co. | She was fired and perhaps that is why she became angry.

"You go straight to your bed," she said, with her mouth hard and her eyes glinting like cold flint, "and none of your nonsense, or you can go straight

back to town." When Pearl again reached the little. stifling room, she fell on her knees and

prayed.

"Dear God," she said, "there's gurms here as thick as hair on a dog's back, and You and me know it, even if she don't. I don't know what to do, dear Lord—the windy is nelt down. Keep the gurms from gittin, into me, dear Lord. Do ye mind how poor Jeremiah was let down into the mire and ye tuk care o' him, didn't ye? Take care o' me, dear Lord. Poor ma has enough to do widgut me comin' home clutterin' up the 'house wid sickness. Keep yer eye on Danny if ye can at all, at all. He's awful stirrin'. I'll try to git the windy riz tomorrow by hook or crook, so mebbe it's only tonight ye'll have to watch the gurms. Amen."

Pearl braided her hair into two little pigtails, with her little dilapidated comb. When she brought out the contents of the birdcage and opened it in search of her nightdress, the orange rolled out, almost frightening her. The purse, too, rattled on the bare floor as it fell.

She picked it up, and by going close

She picked it up, and by going close to the fly-specked window she counted the ten ten-cent pieces, a whole dollar. Never was a little girl more happy.

'It was Camilla,' she whispered herself. 'Oh, I love Camilla! and flever said 'God bless Camilla,' 'with a sudden pang of remorse.

the was on her knees in a moment and added a postscript. 'I can send the orange home to ma. and she can put the skins in the chist

and she can put the skins in the chist to make the things smell nice, and I'll git that windy open tomorrow."

Clasping her little purse in her hand, and with the orange close beside her head, she lay down to sleep. The smell of the orange made her forget the heavy air in the room.

"Anyway." she murmured contentedly, "the Lord is attending to all that."

Pearl slept the heavy sleep of healthy

the little room over the Ritchen of the leader of the ladder of the little room over the Ritchen of the leader of the little room over the Ritchen of the ladder of the little wash over the little room over the Ritchen of the little room over the Ritchen of the ladder of the little room over the Ritchen of the ladder of the little room over the Ritchen of the ladder of the little room over the Ritchen of the ladder of the little room over the Ritchen of the ladder of the little room over the Ritchen of the little room over the little room over the ladder of the ladder into the kitchen. She started the fire, secured the basin full of water and a piece of yellow soap and came back to her room over the ladder into the kitchen. She started the fire, secured the basin full of water and a piece of yellow soap and came back to her room over the little room over the ladder into the kitchen. She started the fire, secured the basin full of water and a piece of yellow soap and came back to her room over the ladder into the kitchen. She started the fire, secured the basin full of water and a piece of yellow soap and came back to her room over the ladder into the kitchen. She started the fire, secured the basin full of water and a piece of yellow soap and came back to her room over the ladder into the kitchen. She started the fire, secured the basin full of water and a piece of yellow soap and came back to her room over the

ing.
Pearl looked at him with her friendly Irish smile, which he returned awk-wardly.

He was a fall, stoop-shouldered, rather good-looking lad of twenty. He had heavy gray eyes, and a drooping

ken her face. A large basket of old mouth.

Tom had gone to school a few winters when there was not much doing, but his father thought it was a great deal better

Tather thought it was a great deal better was nailed fast.

Then a determined look shone in her "sample wheat." and run a binder, than learn the "pack of nonsense they got in school newadays." and when the pretty little teacher from the eastern township came, to Southfield school, Mrs. Motherwell knew at one glance that mother will knew at one glance that mother well knew at one glance t Tom would learn no good from her. She was such a flighty looking thing! Flowers on the under side of her hat!
So poor Tom grew up a clod of the valley. Yet Mrs. Motherwell would tell you, "Our Tom'll be the richest

man in these parts. He'll get every cent we have and all the land, too; and I guess there won't be many that can aford to turn up their noses at our Tom. And, mind ye, Tom can tell a horse as well as the next one, and he's a boy that won't waste nothin', not like some we know. Look at them Slaters now! Fred and George have been off to college two years, big over-"Not if the windies ain't open,"
Pearl declared stoutly.

"Well, they ain't; there hasn't been a window open in this house since it was built, and there isn't going to be, letting in dust and flies."

Pearl gasped. What would Mrs.

Pearl gasped. What would Mrs.

Francis say to that?

"It's in yer graves ye ought to be then, ma'am." she said with honest conviction. "Mrs. Francis told me never to sleep in a room with the windies all."

The old lady wears an ostrich feather in her bounet, and they're a terrible The old lady wears he ostrich feather in her bonnet, and they're a terrible costly thing, I hear. Mind you they dnly keep six cows, and they send every drop they don't use to the creamery. Everybody can do as they like, I suppose, but I know they'll go to the wall and they deserve it, too!"

And yet.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE GUMPS-WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN

WELL - OLD CARP CAVIAR IS GOING

GREAT TO DAY - SHE'S UP AGAIN ANOTHER POINT - THIS THING ISN'T GOING TO DO A THING BUT MAKE MERICH-THAT'S ALL- I NEVER MADE DOUGH SO PAST IN MY LIFE- SHE'S BEEN GOING RIGHT ALONG WHEN THE



WHEN I GET RICH -I PROMISE YOU THERE ISN'T ANY BODY IN THIS WORLD THAT'S GOING TO MAKE IT TOUGH FOR ME LILL JUST BEONE OF THOSE FREE AND EASY GUYS JUST DO AS I PLEASE LET NOTHING WORRY



ILLGET SOME

INVITATIONS AND

SEND OUT TO THE

IF I CAN'T GETA GOOD FLATOR GOOD SERVANTS
I'LL GO TO A HOTEL- IF ONE HOTEL DOESN'S UIT
ME - I'LL GET ANOTHER ONE - I'LL GO WHERE IT'S
COOL IN THE SUMMER AND WARM WITHE WINTER
IF I WALK IN A BUILDING AND THE ELEVATOR
DON'T START SOON ENOUGH I'LL WALK OUT -HAND ENGRAVED THE THE TROUBLE WITH ANAUTOMOBILE ONE - I'LL JUST HAVE THREE GWS WORKING FOR ME- ONE GUY I DON'T LIKE



ANDY WAS SOLILOQUIZING

By Sidney Smith

A PACE APPEARED WOONIN BUT HE DID NOY SEE

SO HE WAS DISTURBED www

By C. A. Voightas

PETEY-Ain't Some People Got Nerve?

HEY- IT'S RAIHING



-WELL, THE JOHNSONS TOOK THEIRS HOME YESTERDAY, AND, MRS. GOOZICK CALLED LAST WEEK AND TOOK HERS -THE BROWN'S LITTLE BOY CAME OVER AFTER THEIRS -

...



.:-

rsations THAT GUY Ceuton BOOBSON OUGHTER. BE SHOT - WHYN'T HE RETURN WHAT JNKNOWN HE BORROWS - ?! Frankfort. Revolt

•:•

•:•

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that there never was such a time for wildcat investments and she supposes any kind of fur is valuable now.





DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

THE GIRL IN THE ATTIC By DADDY

(Peggy, made small by blowing into the car of Hoppty-Hop, rides the rabbit in a race with Johnny Bull, who is ridden by Billy. Johnny Bull, who is usually slow, beats the rabbit, and Peggy learns that he is able to do so because Billy has made sirplane wings for him.)

CHAPTER II

Judge Owl Gets a Tumble JOPPITY HOP was a tickled rabbit when Billy brought out the liplane wings he had made for him.

"My, I've often wanted to fly."

Squeaked Hoppity-Hop. "Particularly when I've been chased by a dog." And Hoppity-Hop gave Johnny Bull a timid state.

when I've been chased by a dog." And glance.

Woof! Woof! Here's one dog who could fly faster than you could." boasted Johnny Bull hat no dog shings on Hoppity Hop, the rabbit wings on Hoppity Hop, the rabbit to his big ears he set off with the speed of an express train. His leaps became Pegsy discovered that he had left the flow air.

"I'm flying! I'm a bird! I can go by to the moon!" squealed Hoppity-hop, the quickly found, however, that the couldn't go up to the moon!" squealed Hoppity-hop the couldn't go up to the moon!" squealed Hoppity-hop the couldn't go up to the moon!" Squealed Hoppity-he couldn't go up to the moon the squealed Hoppity-he couldn't go up to the moon the squealed Hoppity-he couldn't go up to the moon!" Squealed Hoppity-he couldn't go up t

boots.

Hoppity-Hop might have left Johnny Bull far behind if it hadn't been for a sudden accident. This accident was a collision with something in the air just as Hoppity-Hop was at the top of a less fight. Wham! He hit the something, much to his surprise, for he shought there was so much room in the air that there was no danger of rouning into any one. Right after that wham! Came a bump, as Hoppity-Hop peggy and the something they are laid to the something into any one in the something they are sufficiently as a sit landed in a heap on the ground. The something jumped up first and glard down at them, then it let out a stream like an engine:

Whee! Whee! Whee! Rabbit stew! I get

The something was Judge Owl. Peggy umped in front of Hoppity-Hop, and just in time, for Judge Owl was out looking for his supper, and he liked nice tender rabbit.

"We are sorry we bumped you, Judge Owl," said Peggy. "Hoity-toity, what is this?" hooted Judge Owl, glaring down at her. "This meal looks more tender than the other one." Judge Owl made believe he was going to gobble Peggy, but he was only fooling, for with his big eyes, which could see very well at right, he knew her at once.

the air.

"I'm flying! I'm a bird! I can go up to the moon!" squealed Hoppity-Hop. He quickly found, however, that he couldn't go up to the moon, for as soon as his speed slowed up he swooped down to earth again. Another swift run and once more he soared into the air and so he went on in great leaps, boots.

Hoppity-Hop might have left Johnny sudden accident. This accident was a Hoppity-Hop was at the top of a

stretching.
And so, with Judge Owl leading the way, they set out for the city. Peggy rode Hoppity-Hop and Billy rode Johnny Bull, and the animals, with their airplane wings, went just as fast us the birds.

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Toot, Toot, All Aboard!

DESK OVER THERE.

YOUNG LADY, MAY IT'S NOT MINE BUT
I USE YOUR THERE IT IS ON TO
P TELEPHONE?



•:••:•

BITTER



NO: - NOW LISTEN -

•:•



"CAP" STUBBS—"That's Jest Like.a Teacher!"

TEACHER



