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United States **Bulletin** Service

is the new publication for business men which I started after **Congress** discontinued the Official Bulletin.

It gives impartial and fearless reports on what is being done in Washington and elsewhere and how these events should affect your pocketbook. lady, Mrs.

I am now having the same opposition from certain political interests which I had from similar financial interests when Babson's Reports were started 12 years ago; but this is only an evidence of its value to you.

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SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY By NELLIE L. McCLUNG Author of "The Next of Kin," "Three Times and Out," etc.

The Watson family sat dumb with | what kind of a man I am-Jim here "God help us!" Mrs. Watson cried knows it already"-the doctor's eyes

"God help us!" Mrs. Watson cried at last. "He has," Camilla said reverently. Then Pearl threw her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her over and over again. "Ma, dear," she cried, "ye'll git it now, what I always wanted ye to have, a fur-lined cape, and not lined wid rabbit, or squirrel or skunk either, but with real vermin! and it wasn't bad luck to have Mrs. McGuire cross me path when I was going cut. But they can't mane me, Camilla, sure, what did I do?"

"I thought of that, too," the doctor answered, while a slight shadow passed over his face, "but she seems to think noney was for her and her only. Every one knew, Jim said, that if she had not stayed with Arthur that long you."

had not stayed with Arthur that long you. After Camilla and Jim and the doc Arthur would have been dead in the morning. And Arthur had told him a dozen times, Jim said, that Pearl had saved his life. tor had gone that night, and Teddy and Billy and Jimmy had gone to bed, Pearl crept into her father's arms and laid her head on his broad shoulder

"Well, then, 'twas aisy saved," Pearl declared, "if I saved it." Just then Doctor Clay came in with a letter in his hand. "Pa." she said drowsily, "I'm glad softly.

Convincing Camilla

TF you can coavince me, Jim, that

you are more irresponsible and more in need of s guiding hand than Mrs. Francis-Why then I'll-I'll be-'' Jim sprang from his chair. 'You'll be what, Camilla? Tell me

she said de

"My business is with this young

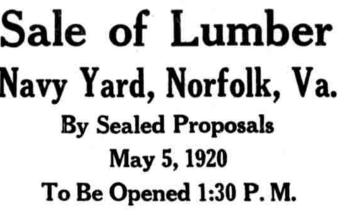
My Dusness is with this young ady," he said, as he sat on the chair Mrs. Watson had wiped for him, and rew Pearl gently toward him. "Pearl, got some money tonight that doesn't belong to me." "So did I," Pearl said. Mrs. Watson laid more wood on the fire, which crackled merrily up the fire, which crackled merrily up the chimbey. "Lay ber down, John, dear," she whispered. "Yer arms 'll ache, msa." On the back of the stove the teaket-tle simmered drowsily. There was no sound in the house but the regular breathing of the sleeping children. The fire burned low, but John Watson still sat holding his little sleeping girl in his arms. Outside the snow was be-ginning to fall. "No, you deserve all yours, but I ion't deserve a cent. If it hadn't been or this little girl of yours, Mr. Wat-on, that young Englishman would

have been a dead man." "Faith, that's what they do be sayin', but I don't see how that wuz. You're the man yerself, Doc," John re-

four re the man yerself. Doc." John re-lied, taking his pipe from his mouth. "No." the doctor went on. "I vould have let him die if Pearl hadn't eld me up to it and made me operate." Pearl sprang up, almost in tears. Doc." she cried indignantly, "haven't towld ye a dozen times not to say hat? Where's yer sense, Doc?" ginning to fall. The doctor laughed. He could laugh about it now, since Doctor Barner had quite exonerated him from blame in the natter, and given it as his professional

he cried eagerly. uick." matter, and given it as his professional opinion that young Cowan would have died any way—the lancing of his throat 1 having perhaps hastened, but did not cause his death. "Pearl," the doctor said smilling, 1 "Arthur's father sent me £50 and a letter that will make me blush every time I think of it. Now I cannot take the mean of the constitue no doubt be-convinced, murely, looking down. Jim sat down again and sighed. "Will you be anything else?" he asked.

"Convince me first." she said firmly, "I think I can do it," he said, "I



our." Jim declared proudly. Camilla shook her head.

"And, Camilla," Jim said, gravely, "I am really very irresponsible, you know Nellie Slater—she is a pretty girl, isn't she?"

"A very pretty girl," Camilla agreed. "About your size—fluffr hair——"" "Wavy, Jim," Camilla corrected.

"Hers is fluffy, yours is wavy," Jim said firmly—"lovely dark eyes—well, she was standing by the window, just before the lamps were lighted, and I really am very absent-minded, you know-I don't know how it happened

"Jim-I am convinced," she sai

Fifteen minutes afterward Camilla

Bricks

Jim," she said sweetly. "I can easily remember that, and will tell you every time." "To 'come back"?" he said. "Thank you, Camilla, and I will do it, too." "She doam't know you come. She sees somebody here, but she thinks it's the groevery boy waiting until I empty his basket." "Having to make a list isn't any-thing. Poor Mrs. Francis makes a list and then loses it, then makes a sond list, and puts on it to find the first list, and then loses that; and Jim, she oace made biscuits and forgot the shorten-ing." "I made biscuits once and forgot the flour," Jim declared proudly. Camilla shook her head.

(THE END)

ing I came in without any very good excuse, and she said 'how does it happen at once. You are engaged, are you not?" "I am-convinced," Camilla said

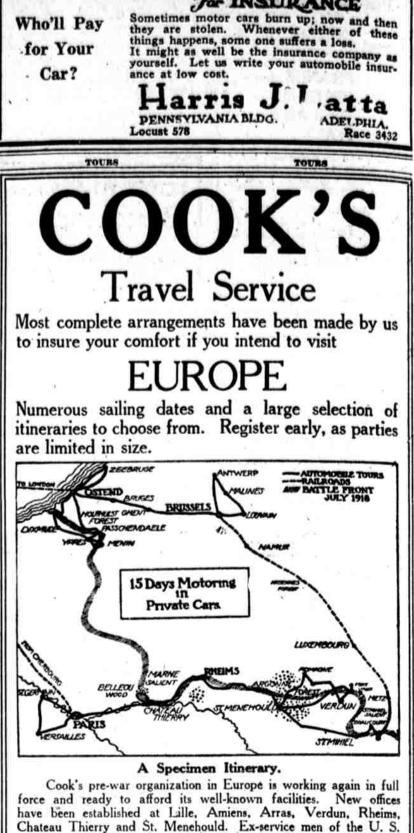
irrelevently. And then it was Mrs. Francis who laughed as she held out a hand to each of them. "I do see-things-sometimes," she

excuse, and she said 'how does it happen that you are not harvesting this beauti-ful day, Mr. Russell?'' ''Yes, and what did you say?'' Camilla asked a trifle severely. Jim looked a little embarrassed. ''I said—I had not felt well lately, and I had come in to see the doctor.'' ''And what was that?'' Camilla was still stern.

"The ingenious device of an ardent lover," he replied quickly.

"Ardened sinner you mean, Jim," she laughed. "But the next time you had a splendid excuse, you had a mes-Child Hurt by Trolley "Ardened sinner you mean, Jim," she laughed. "But the next time you had a splendid excuse, you had a mes-sage from Pearl. Was my new suit done?" "Yes, and then I came to see____" There was a frou-frou of skirts in the hall. Camilla made a quick move. and Jim became busy with the books on the table. Mrs. Francis entered. Child Hurt by Trolley Six-year-old Irwin Short. Montrose svenue, Kirklyn. Delaware county, was struck by a West Chester trolley on the Philadelphia and Western Railway. early last evening, and was brought to the Women's Homeopathic Hospital. He is in a serious condition. The child was dragged nearly half a square before the car was brought to a stop. Both legs were broken and physicians said he has a possible fracture of the skull.





I'm home." Her father patted her little brown said: "I cannot tell her, Jim, I really canhand. "So am I. acushla," he said: after a pause he whispered. "yer a good wee girl, Pearlie." but Pearl's tired little eyes had closed in sleep. "I cannot tell her, Jim, I really can-not. I don't know how to begin to tell her." "Why do you need to tell her?" Jim asked. "Hasn't the lady eyes and un-The state of the second s

still stern. that I mistook her for you." Camilla reached out her hand. He seized it eagerly.