

His grandfather caught his meaning.

"I'm glad you feel that way, son," he said, "but 'twasn't just South Harniss I meant then. I meant all of it, the whole United States. It's got its faults, of course, lots of 'em. And if I was an Englishman or a Frenchman I'd probably say it wasn't as good as England or France, whichever it happened to be. That's all right; I ain't findin' any fault with 'em for that—that's the way they'd ought to feel. But you and I, Al, we're Americans. So the rest of the world must excuse us if we say that, tak' it by and large, it's a mighty good country. We've planned for it, and worked for it, and fought for it, and we know. Eh?"

"Yes. We know."

"Yes. And no howlin', wild-eyed bunch from somewhere else that haven't done any of these things are goin' to come here and run it their way if we can help it—we Americans; eh?"

Alberto Miguel Carlos Spcranza, American, drew a long breath.

"No!" he said, with emphasis.

"You bet! Well, unless I'm mistaken, I smell salt fish and potatoes, which, accordin' to Cape Cod notion, is a good American dinner. I don't know how you feel, Al, but I'm hungry."