

chel and Laban — and Helen. You made me over between you. I know that now."

They walked home instead of riding in the new car. Captain Zelotes declared he had hung on to that steering wheel all the forenoon and 'e was afraid if he took it again his fingers would grow fast to the rim. As they emerged from the office into the open air, he said:

"Al, regardin' that makin'-over business, I shouldn't be surprised if it was a kind of — er — mutual thing between you and me. We both had some prejudices to get rid of, eh?"

"Perhaps so. I'm sure I did."

"And I'm sartin sure I did. And the war and all that came with it put the finishin' touches to the job. When I think of what the thousands and thousands of men did over there in those hell-holes of trenches, men with names that run all the way from Jones and Kelly to — er —"

"Speranza."

"Yes, and Whiskervitch and the land knows what more. When I think of that I'm ready to take off my hat to 'em and swear I'll never be so narrow again as to look down on a feller because he don't happen to be born in Ostable County. There's only one thing I ask of 'em, and that is that when they come here to live -- to stay — under our laws and takin' advantage of the privileges we offer 'em — they'll stop bein' Portygees or Russians or Polacks or whatever they used to be or their folks were, and just be Americans — like you, Al."

"That's what we must work for now, Grandfather. It's a big job, but it must be done."

They walked on in silence for a time. Then the captain said:

"It's a pretty fine country, after all, ain't it, Albert?"

Albert looked about him over the rolling hills, the roofs of the little town, the sea, the dunes, the pine groves, the scene which had grown so familiar to him and which had become in his eyes so precious.

"It is *my* country," he declared, with emphasis.