

Top and captured the Supply put in to meet the Drouth.

After they got through with the Layout, it would have received the official O. K. of Billy Sunday.

The Cleaners left nothing behind them in Glass Receptacles except Bluing and Mouth-Wash.

Up the dusty Highway the Motors came spinning, each with a Cargo of Thirsts.

Just as the western Sun was ducking behind the Hills, the amateur Rum-Hounds piled out at the Main Entrance to Liberty Hall with many a loud Quip and merry Gibe.

For the last Seven Miles they had been sustained by the Vision of a tall H. B. with a Cake of Ice floating in it.

They announced to the Welkin that they were ready to be Resuscitated.

Then the Blow fell. Zowie!

When the Master of the House got the first Bulletin from the pale Servitors his Indignation knew no bounds.

He was so wrought up over the brutal Invasion of his Rights as an American Citizen that he forgot all about the dozen or more Sufferers who waited in the Background with their Tongues hanging out.

Finally he had to break it to them.

First they were stunned and then they sat up on their Hind Legs and yowled.

The very Idea!

What were we coming to?