

The regular Patrons of the Free Dispensary had noticed in the Papers that a Dry Wave was engulfing the map, but they scented no Danger.

It never occurred to one of the Smart Set that Freddie's sylvan Retreat with the Landscape Border could be disturbed by Legislation primarily intended to abolish the practice of Wife-Beating.

They did not investigate all of the Provisions in the Measure passed by the tall-grass Solons.

They still believed that every Man's House is his Castle and if he chooses to keep the Electric Lights turned on, the People living ten miles away have no Kick coming.

By strange irony of Circumstance, the horrible Truth was revealed to the unsuspecting Urbanites through the Agency of a Butler who had been discharged for flirting with the Sideboard.

The Ex-Menial framed a cruel Revenge.

He went to the local Authorities and Snitched.

The new Law said that every Home with Bottles on the Shelf is a Blind Pig and he who revives a fainting Comrade is a Bootlegger, whether he owns a Cash Register or not.

On a balmy Saturday P. M., all the jolly Souls accustomed to remove the Throat-Latches from Saturday to Monday were piling into the high-powered Buzz-Wagons for a Spin out to the Home for Polite Souses.

At about the same hour in the Afternoon, a daring Constable and a willing Posse went Over the

Top  
Drou  
Af  
have  
Th  
Rece  
Up  
each  
Ju  
Hills.  
Main  
Quip  
Foi  
by th  
ing in  
Th  
ready  
Th  
Wh  
tin fr  
bounc  
He  
of his  
all ab  
the B  
Fin  
Fir  
their  
Th  
Wh