Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649637515

Little Mother America by Helen Fitzgerald Sanders

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS



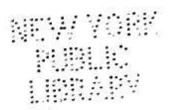
Little Mother America

BY

HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

Author of "The Dream Maker," "The White Quiver," "Trails Through Western Woods," etc.



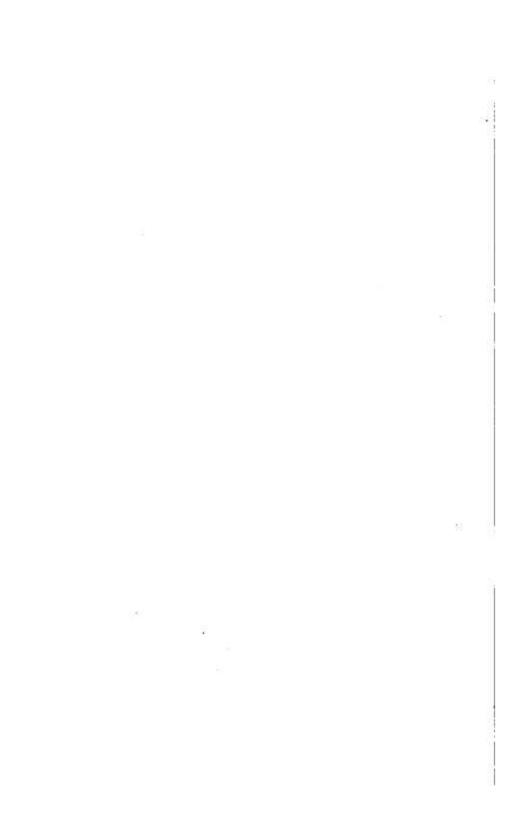


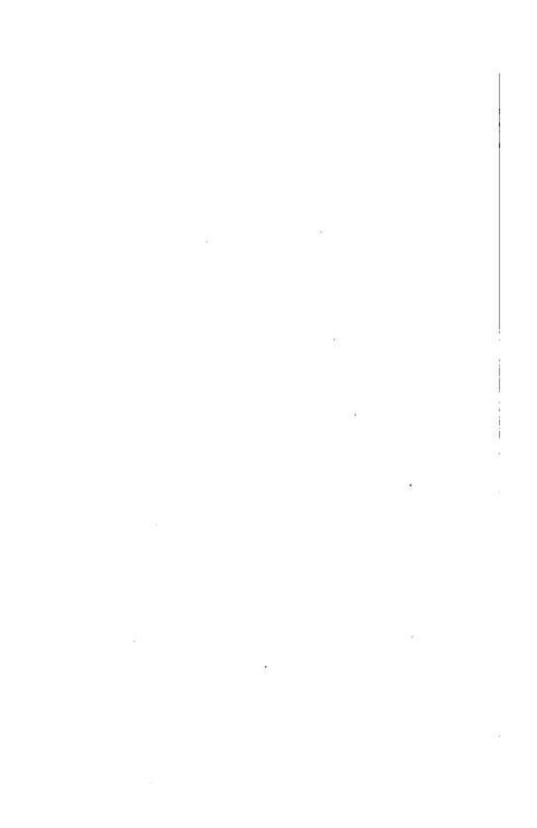
THE CORNHILL COMPANY
BOSTON

TO MAJOR THOMAS RAYMOND PARKER

1 20 30

WHO EMBODIES THE IDEAL OF AMERICANISM
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR





CHAPTER ONE

"America!" an oracular voice boomed out of the void.

The huddled up human form that had lain in a stupor all the way across the Atlantic, was aroused into a feeble manifestation of life by the clamor in her ears and a strong hand on her shoulder which held her tightly and would not permit her to drift off again into the mysterious, unchartered Nowhere of suspended consciousness.

"America! America!" the voice dinned persist-

ently.

It said many other things but they were an unintelligible blur of strange, exotic sounds as meaningless as the hoarse buzz and throb of the engines. America was all that the shapeless, limp creature could grasp, and that concept was vague and detached; laboriously wrested out of chaos. She could not recall where she had heard the word before, nor what it meant, but it had a familiar sound, like the snatch of a half-remembered song, calling into being an impression registered sometime in her sub-conscious mind.

Having tried in vain to solve the riddle which