

It was a long explanation lasting fully through the meal, and brought from time to time little beads of sweat on the young man's forehead, but somehow he had managed to make clear his conviction that the earth was the right and property of those who worked it, and that its values should accrue to them if to anybody. Incidentally he said something of his newfound appreciation of the need and power of working together. "It's *only* a glimmer I've got," he admitted, "but it's enough to go by. It's as much as most people have, I *imagine*."

"Oh, then this is n't just something you've thought out for yourself? There are others?"

"Thousands," Kenneth told him; "so many that I'm beginning to think I've been a back number."

Rickart dry-smoked for a time in silence.

"I'd begun to suspect something of the kind," he confessed. "This 'Progressive' business, — I suppose that's something in the same line?" Kenneth nodded. "And women wanting the vote . . . I sort of thought that would knock things endwise. Women have a way of showing you that there really is something that gets at you, deeper than business. Your sister Anne —" He broke off, remembering what it was he must n't say of Anne. "Me, too. I think I'm for business purposes only, and then something gets me. . . . Well, was this what you came all the way up here to tell me?"

"Well, I thought it was," — Ken smiled across at him shyly, — "but I guess the fact is I was just homesick to see you."

After that, though they carefully avoided any mention of Kenneth's own business, they drifted into quite a comfortable chat about Palomitas.