

meant a first step in thrusting Watha down to the level of other nations with a quite unsavory reputation in regard to marriage laws.

One day Mrs. Poyntsett met Geoffrey Smithson at a crowded reception at the First Lady's house. Smithson was an old political opponent of her husband, John Poyntsett, but a warm personal friend of the family.

"Is it true," she asked him, "that the divorce court bill is gaining adherents all the time?"

"I am afraid it is. The fellows behind it are subtle and they are working with an energy worthy of a better cause. Its backers in the upper house are at work for it too. What does John think of it all, now?"

"He thinks it would be rejected if its opponents in your house would take up the battle with more vim. Who is 'booked' to speak before the close of the debate?"

"No one of importance, I think. It may close any day now. We are all tired of the endless threshing and re-threshing. After all, there are very few arguments for or against the bill, but each side claims its arguments are irresistible."

"Do you know I have an idea?" Mrs. Poyntsett said, as she reflectively tapped his sleeve with her fan.

"Ah, indeed!" Smithson said with a note of inquiry. He was smiling, but he meant to give her idea serious consideration. Mrs. Poyntsett's intuitions were marvelously correct.

"Listen! Ask—command—beg Aniatariio to speak against it. He will do what you ask."

"But what business," said the member, with his quizzical smile, "has an old bachelor like me to interest himself so actively for or against divorce?"

"Because you should always be about your Father's