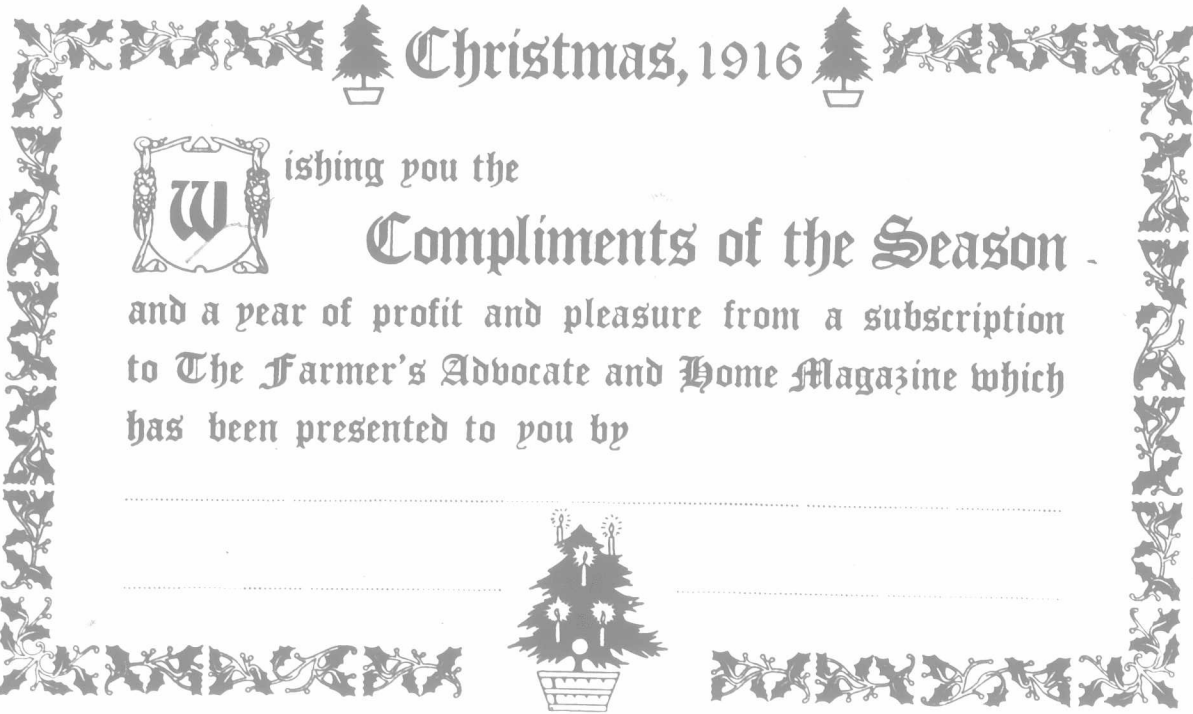




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Name

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Address

R.R. No.

R.R. No.

open spaces in the Milky Way, wondering at their emptiness, and at the fact that no telescope can find stars in them.

They stopped and looked. Jim laid his hard hands on the shoulders of her white fur collarette.

"What's the use of political meetings," said Jim, "when you and I can stand here and think our way out, even beyond the limits of our Universe?"

"A wonderful journey," said she, not quite understanding his mood, but very respectful to it.

"And together," said Jim. "I'd like to go on a long, long journey with you to-night, Jennie, to make up for the years since we went anywhere together."

"And we shouldn't have come together to-night," said Jennie, getting back to earth, "if I hadn't exercised my leap-year privilege."

She slipped her arm in his, and they went on in a rather intimate way.

"I'm not to blame, Jennie," said he. "You know that at any time I'd have given anything—anything—"

"And even now," said Jennie, taking advantage of his depleted stock of words, "while we roam beyond the Milky Way, we aren't getting any votes for me for county superintendent."

Jim said nothing. He was quite, quite re-established on the earth.

Don't you want me to be elected, "Jim?"

Jim seemed to ponder this for some time—a period of taking the matter under advertisement which caused Jennie to drop his arm and busy herself with her skirts.

"Yes," said Jim, at last; of course I do.

Nothing more was said until they reached the schoolhouse door.

"Well," said Jennie rather indignantly, "I'm glad there are plenty of voters who are more enthusiastic about me than you seem to be!"

More interesting to a keen observer than the speeches, were the unusual things in the room itself. To be sure, there were on the blackboards exercises and outlines, of lessons in language, history, mathematics, geography and the like. But these were not the usual things taken from text-books. The problems in arithmetic were calculations as to the feeding value of various rations for live stock, records of laying hens and computation as to the excess of value in eggs produced over the cost of feed. Pinned to the wall were market reports on all sorts of farm products, and especially numerous were the statistics on the prices of cream and butter. There were files of farm papers piled about, and racks of agricultural bulletins. In one corner of the room was a typewriting machine, and in another a sewing machine. Parts of an old telephone were scattered about on the teacher's desk. A model of a piggery stood on a shelf, done in cardboard. Instead of the usual collection of text-books in the desk, there were hectograph copies of exercises, reading lessons, arithmetical tables and essays on various matters relating to agriculture all of which were accounted for by two, or three hand-made hectographs—a very fair sort of printing plant—lying on a table. The members of the school board were there, looking on these evidences of innovation with wonder and more or less disfavor. Things were disorderly. The text-books recently adopted by the board against some popular protest had evidently been pitched, neck and crop, out of the school by the man whom Bonner had termed a dub. It was a sort of contempt for the powers that be.

Colonel Woodruff was in the chair. After the speechifying was over, and the stereotyped, though rather illogical, appeals had been made for voters of the one party to cast the straight ticket, and for those of the other faction to scratch, the colonel rose to adjourn the meeting.

Newton Bronson, safely concealed behind taller people, called out, "Jim Irwin! Speech!"

There was a giggle, a slight sensation, and many voices joined in the call for the new schoolmaster.

Colonel Woodruff felt the unwisdom of ignoring the demand. Probably he relied upon Jim's discretion and expected a declination.

Jim arose, seedy and lank, and the voices ceased, save for another suppressed titter.

"I don't know," said Jim, "whether this call upon me is a joke or not. If it