

Barnabetta

time. Most people can't see a truth until it's universal property. An unfamiliar truth is resented as heresy—merely because of its unfamiliarity. Big movements, in their incipiency, are always looked upon as ridiculous; as were Woman Suffrage, Socialism, Christianity itself! Do you *know* what you are to me, little woman? I realized what, last night as I sat among those Philistines, longing for you as a thirsty man longs for a spring! You are my safety-valve, my comrade! What troubles me, though, is—”

He paused, and she looked up inquiringly. “Don't stop—I'm so interested,” she remarked.

“I've been thinking of a name for you—*my* name for you. I can't call you by that ponderous name with which your baptism afflicted you. And I refuse to address you longer as 'Miss Dreary,' since you are the only acquaintance I have who *isn't* dreary. To me you are to be—Betty. It's a quaint, winsome name—it's just *you!* May I?”

“If you like to. But it is n't my 'ponderous' name that you were going to say 'troubled' you?”

“No. Look here, Betty! There *must* be something of reciprocity in a real comradeship. Now I know what you are to me—but what troubles me is, am I anything at all to you?”

Her reply was unhesitating and from her heart. “You are to me the truest man I have ever known—the only true one.”