

behind his back, spurs and sword clanking. "It's getting late," he said, as he passed her. Continuing his promenade, he added as he passed her again: "I've had no luncheon. Have you?"

He poked around the room, examining the fantastic furnishings in all their magnificence of cotton velvet and red cheese cloth.

"If this is Dill's room, it's a horrible place," he thought to himself, sitting down by a table and shuffling a pack of cards.

"Shall I cast your horoscope?" he asked amiably. "Here's a chart."

"No, thank you."

Presently he said:

"It's getting beastly cold in this room."

"Really," she murmured.

He came back and sat down in the gilded chair. It was now so dusky in the room that he couldn't see her very plainly. So he folded his arms and abandoned himself to gloomy patience until the room became very dark. Then he got up, struck a match and lighted the gas.

"By Jupiter!" he muttered, "I'm hungry!"

For nearly five minutes she let the remark go apparently unnoticed. But the complaint he had made is the one general and comprehensive appeal that no woman ever born can altogether ignore. In the depths of her something always responds, however faintly. And in the soul of this young girl it was answering now—the subtle, occult response of woman to the eternal and endless need of man—hunger of one kind or another.

"I'm sorry," she said, so sincerely that the sweetness in her voice startled him. "Why—why, do you know, I believe you really are!" he said, in grateful surprise.

"I am a great many things that you have no idea I am," she said, smiling.

"What is one of them?"

"I'm afraid I'm a—fool."

She came forward and stood looking at him.

"I've been thinking," she said, "that I can do you no kinder service than to let you take those papers and go home."

For a moment he thought she was joking; then something in her expression changed his opinion, and he took a step forward, eyes fixed on her face.

"Yes," he said, "it would be the kindest thing you can do for me. Shall I tell you why? It's because I'm hopelessly near-sighted. I wear glasses when I'm alone in my study where nobody can see me."

"What in the world has that to do with my leaving you?" she asked, coloring.

"Suffragettes would never marry a near-sighted man, would they?"

"They ought not to."

"You wouldn't, would you?"

"Why do you ask—such a thing?"

"I want to know."

"But how does your myopia concern me?" she said faintly.

"Couldn't it—ever?" he asked, reddening.

"No," she said, turning pale.

"Then we'd better not stay here—and I'm going to be as generous as you are," he said, advancing toward her. "I'm going to let you go home."

She backed away, thrusting the papers behind her; his arm slipped around her after them, strove to grasp them, to hold and restrain her, but there was a strength in her tall, firm, young body which matched his own. She resisted, turned, twisted, confronted him with high color and lips compressed, and they came to a deadlock, breathing fast and irregularly. Again coolly, dexterously, he pitted his adroitness, then his sheer strength, against hers; and it came again to a deadlock. Suddenly she crooked one smooth knee inside of his her arms slid around him like lightning; he felt himself rising into the air, descending; there came a crash, a magnificent dis-

play of ocular fireworks and nothing further concerned him until he discovered himself lying flat on the floor and heard somebody sobbing incoherencies beside him. He was mean enough to keep his eyes shut while she, on her knees beside him, stopped water on his forehead and begged him to speak to her, and told him her heart was broken and she desired to die and repose in mortuary simplicity beside him forever.

Certain terms she employed in addressing what she feared were only his battered remains caused him to prick up his ears. He certainly was one of the meanest of men.

"Dear," she sobbed, "I—I have loved you ever since your lithographs were displayed during the election! Only speak to me! Only open those beloved eyes! I don't care whether they are nearsighted Oh, please, please wake up!" she cried brokenly. "I'll give you your papers! What do I care about that old bill! I'm perfectly willing to do all those things! Oh! Oh! Oh! How conscience does make Haus-fraus of us all!"

His meanness now became contemptible; he felt her trembling hands on his brow, the fragrant, tearful face nearer, nearer, until her hot, flushed cheeks and quivering lips touched his. And yet, incredible as it seems, and to the everlasting shame of all his sex, he kept eyes and mouth shut

girl never can be sure what another girl might do to a man. And I wanted you for myself."

"Thank God," he said. "That six-foot Professor Challis will never get me anyway."

She bent her adorable face close to his. "Your Excellency," she murmured, "I am Professor Challis!"

At that instant a pretty and excited suffragette dashed up the stairs and saluted.

"Professor!" she cried. "All over the city desirable young men are being pursued and married by the thousands! We have swept the state, with Brooklyn and West Point yet to hear from!" Her glance fell upon the governor. She laughed gleefully.

"Shall I call a taxi, Professor?" she asked.

An exquisite and modest pride transformed the features of Professor Betty Challis to a beauty almost celestial.

"Let George do it!" she said tenderly.

A few minutes later, amid a hideous scene of riot, where young men were fleeing distractedly in every direction, where excited young girls were dragging them, struggling and screaming, into cabs, where even the police were rushing hither and thither in desperate search for a place to hide in, the Governor of New York and Professor Elizabeth Challis might have been seen whirling down town in a taxi-

Moving Damp Grain

It will be remembered that a special amendment to the Manitoba Grain Act was enacted two months ago to assist in getting damp grain to the dryers as soon as possible. The amendment gave the Warehouse Commissioner power to suspend the car order book and send cars out of turn "to places where grain is damp and liable to become damaged, or for the purpose of distributing seed grain to any point in the Western Division." Under this amendment the Warehouse Commissioner has already ordered 1,700 cars out of turn. Of these, the Warehouse Commissioner states, 700 cars have gone to elevators, mostly for farmers' grain in special bins, 870 have gone to farmers direct and 150 have been used to distribute seed grain. Mr. Castle states that there has been considerable difficulty on account of not having proper affidavits sent in requesting cars out of turn. He has therefore prepared proper affidavit forms and will supply them upon application. These affidavits only allow for cars out of turn in case the grain is (1) "damp, or (2) wet, (3) filled with snow and ice, or (4) heating (as the case may be) and in danger of spoiling, if not immediately shipped to the terminal for treatment." Only one car is being allowed out of turn to any applicant at one time. So that if a farmer has more than one car of damp grain he should only make out one affidavit and apply for one car. When that is loaded, if there is still congestion, he should send in another affidavit at once. The applications are filed in Mr. Castle's office in order of their receipt and the cars are supplied in the same order. Cars are not supplied out of turn unless the grain is in absolute danger as there is a great deal of it in this condition, and the Warehouse Commissioner states that the grain in the greatest danger should be moved first.

until a lively knocking on the door brought him bolt upright.

She uttered a little cry and shrank away from him on her knees, the tears glimmering in her startled and wide-open eyes. "Good Heavens, darling!" he said seriously. "How on earth are we going to explain this?"

They scrambled hastily to their feet and gazed at each other while kicks and blows began to rain on the door.

"I believe it's Dill," he whispered, "and I seem to hear the mayor's voice too." "Help! Help! For Heaven's sake!" screamed the mayor. "Let us in, George! There's a mob of suffragettes coming up the stairs!"

The governor unlocked the door and jerked it open just as several unusually beautiful girls seized Mr. Dill and the military secretary. The mayor, however, rushed blindly into the room. His turban swirl was over one eye, his skirt was missing; his apron hung by one pin. He ran headlong for a sofa and tried to scramble under it, but lovely and vigorous arms seized his shins and drew him triumphantly forth.

"Hurrah!" they cried delightedly. "We have carried the entire ticket!"

"Hurrah!" echoed a sweet but tremulous voice; and a firm young arm was slipped through the governor's.

He turned to meet her beautiful, level gaze.

"Check!" she said.

"Make it checkmate," he said steadily.

"Mate you?"

"Will you?"

She bent her superb head a moment, then lifted her splendid eyes to his.

"Of course I will," she said, as steadily as her quickening heart permitted. "Why do you suppose I ran after you?"

"Why?" whispered that infatuated man.

"Because," she said naively, "I was afraid some other girl would get you. A

cab toward the marriage-license bureau.

Her golden head lay close to his; his mustache rested against her delicately-flushed cheek. A moment later she sat up straight in dire consternation.

"Oh, those papers! The draft of the bill!" she exclaimed. "Where is it?"

"Did you want it, Betty?" he asked surprised.

"Why—why, no. Didn't you want it, George?"

"I? Not at all."

"Then why on earth did you keep me imprisoned in that room so long if you didn't want those papers?"

He said slowly: "Why didn't you give them up to me if you didn't really want them, Betty?"

She shook her pretty head: "I don't know. But I'm afraid it was only partly obstinacy."

"It was only partly that with me," he said.

They smiled.

"I just wanted to detain you, I suppose," he admitted.

"George! You wouldn't expect me to match that horrid confession, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't ask it of you."

He laid his cheek against hers and whispered:

"Darling, do you think our great love justifies our concealing my myopia?"

"George," she murmured, "I think it does. Besides, I'm dreadfully nearsighted myself."

"You!"

"Dear, every one of us has got something the matter with her. Miss Vining who caught the mayor, wears a rat herself. Do you mean to say that men believe there ever was a perfect woman?"

He kissed her slowly.

"I believe it," he said.

Note.—Mr. Chambers is one of the foremost writers in opposition to Women

Suffrage, and this story, which was published in Hampton's Magazine, shows the kind of argument which he uses to attack the cause.—Ed.



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