

A Twentieth Century Romance.

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN.

(Copyright, 1914, by American Press Association.) (Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER V.

In all her life Letty had not heard such language as this from the lips of a young man. She was inexplicably shocked, yet withal she was interested. It was quite delightful, she told herself, to meet one so very unconventional, but she did not care to be seen in his company by other men whose good opinion she might one day wish to win. Although she had longed all her life to meet a man different from the men of her acquaintance, now that she stood face to face with him she wished him to be properly conventional.

Harold had not finished speaking when he suddenly realized that this was the twentieth century, and that the world had changed while he slept. "Do you mean to say," he demanded, with a sudden change of tone that was almost ludicrous, "that it is the custom in this unenlightened community for ladies to call upon gentlemen?"

"I most certainly do," replied Letty. "Well," returned Harold after a little period of silence, "I think if we are to be friends"—

"As we should for grandma's sake," eagerly interposed Letty, who was so anxious to continue the acquaintance that she did not think how her remark might be taken until it had escaped her lips.

"Oh, my dear fellow," she added quickly, "I beg your pardon, I'm sure!" Letty was consumed with mortification. She had always been careful not to remind any man that he was growing older every year and consequently less attractive, and it was exasperating that she should now have been so thoughtless as to remind this beautiful young fellow that he had been the recipient of her grandmother's loverlike attentions.

As will be seen, Letty did not quite understand the courtships of the nineteenth century—perhaps because a number of the books which her grandmother had left her had been written by Howells. Harold was far from being pleased. It is never pleasant to be reminded, more especially by a handsome young woman, that one belongs to a past century. Letty could not but perceive that he was hurt.

"What can I say?" she asked, distressed beyond measure at his silence. As she spoke she went to his side and tenderly took his hand in hers. Her touch thrilled him, while it angered him, and he pulled his hand away, quite as a grieved young girl might have done in his day. The action reminded Letty of previous flirtations, and she began to feel more at home with him. She quickly decided that, after all, young men were all very much alike, and that there was none of them who could not be won by the lucky young woman who knew how to work upon their susceptibilities. She was congratulating herself on the pleasure she would have in a flirtation with this "quaintish young fellow when her dream was rudely shattered by the look of determination on Harold's face as he arose and stood before her.

"Miss Everett," he said frankly, "I should like to become better acquainted with you, but I cannot sacrifice all my ideas of the fitness of things to the absurd customs of this generation."

"Are our customs more absurd than yours were?" asked Letty. "They seem so to me."

"May that not be because you are not used to them?"

"Perhaps so. However, I do not mean to conform to them in any way that seems to me to reflect on my manhood."

"But they are established."

"I cannot help that. I assure you I would if I could. As I said just now, I should like to know you better. Can we not strike a compromise that shall enable us to become friends?"

"We might try. I should feel flattered, I'm sure."

The bullet passed above you as you fell. "You knocked me down!" "I did. I could have saved you in no other way."

"I think," replied Harold, with a smile, "that I might as well have been shot."

As he spoke he started to raise himself from his recumbent position, but in a moment Letty had lifted him to his feet and placed him in a chair.

"Why did you do that?" he asked angrily. "I have not yet become so helpless that I must be lifted by a woman."

Before Letty could explain that she had only done what custom demanded of a woman Harold's attention was drawn to Mary, who was struggling to free herself from the hold of several stalwart women, who were endeavoring to secure her by means of cords.

"I have had her arrested," said Letty, following his glance.

"What are you going to do with her?" asked Harold of the women.

"We are waiting for the ambulance," they replied. "She will soon be placed where she can make no more disturbance."

"It was she who fired at you," explained Letty. "Poor Mary! She has a good heart, but a violent temper."

"Let Mary go free," interrupted Harold. "You need not arrest her on my account. I can take care of myself."

"Ah, my dear sir," they replied, "you do not know the world as we do."

"And I don't want to," retorted Harold. "Release Mary, I say, or you'll be sorry!"

"We might as well do as he requests," said Letty to the women, much as if he had been a persistent child, too attractive to be denied that which he desired.

Mary was released, and Harold turned abruptly away, wishing that he had never awakened. He hated to live in a world ruled by women, and he wondered

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to be dependent on a man?" retorted Letty. "But," argued Harold, "it is according to nature that woman should raise children and man should work for her and them."

"Nature!" repeated Letty scornfully. "One can illustrate any text from nature. Watch the beasts and the birds. Does the female bird sit idly by while the male builds the nest?"

"The male certainly is not idle," replied Harold. "In my mind idleness and inferiority are synonymous, and I refuse to accept such a position."

"Yet you would force woman to accept it," Letty was discovering that things which in romances were quite delightful were often not even endurable in real life to one not brought up in the belief that they must be endured.

"It is different with women," replied Harold. "They are most charming in a subordinate position."

"That is precisely what we think of men," returned Letty calmly.

"Well," said Harold angrily, "you may as well understand once for all that I shall never place myself in a position of dependence. I wouldn't do it for the best woman living."

"Nor I for the best man," replied Letty, with equal spirit.

Letty and Harold had reached a point in their walk where the road crossed the park in opposite directions. Without a word of explanation each took a separate path.

Harold had gone but a few steps when he was met by Mary.

"Yes," she said, replying to his look of inquiry, "I overheard every word. I thought it would come to this."

"Harold," said she softly, "should you prefer to have me like my grandmother?"

"Letty," he retorted, "should you prefer to have me like my kinsman, Mr. James Winthrop?"

Then the lovers looked into each other's eyes and smiled. They realized that each was dependent on the other—made so by a love which was stronger than the prejudices of either—and simultaneously they agreed to strike a compromise.

"We will spend our lives," said Harold, "in trying to teach that what one thinks is right because it seems to be in the natural order of things is more often right only because custom has taught us so to regard it."

"We will," added Letty, "look forward to a day when we shall have taught people to consider a condition right because based upon principles of exact and impartial justice."

They threw their arms around each other, and their lips met in a rapturous salute.

THE END.

Political Hash.

The business men of this country are "pretty sleek" on trade deals—buying and selling and charging "all the traffic will bear."

Yes, sir, we are in favor of every patriot owning a good repeating rifle. The constituent on guarantees him this right and the indications demand it.

Mudge—I wonder why a girl always shuts her eyes when a fellow kisses her? Yabsley—I never noticed anything of the sort, but I suppose it depends upon the kind of face the fellow has.

tax I am in favor of the repeal of all the taxes upon consumption that bear upon the great masses of the people. I do not believe there is any such complaint about the income tax. If I had my own way I would retain the income tax at 5 per cent making such modifications as would afford the proper exemptions. I would maintain the income tax at 5 per cent on all incomes above \$1,000, and then throw off these taxes upon consumption that do oppress the poor and do take dollars out of the coffers of the people who earn them by their daily work.

Just the other day he made a speech against the income tax. He said it was a war tax and there was no necessity for it. It was a tax on classes. The idea of taxing a comparatively few because you can reach them and because they live in large cities was an act of agrarianism and injustice. If they legislated for classes in this country then the system would break down. All men were alike under the law and the same rule should apply to all. The old republic ought to be belted over the head with a dead cat.

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PERSONAL NOTES.

Lulu B. George, a wall paper designer of New York, drew a Chinese pattern so popular that 300,000 rolls of the paper have been sold.

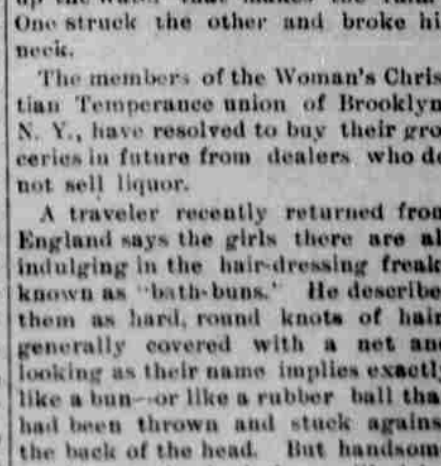
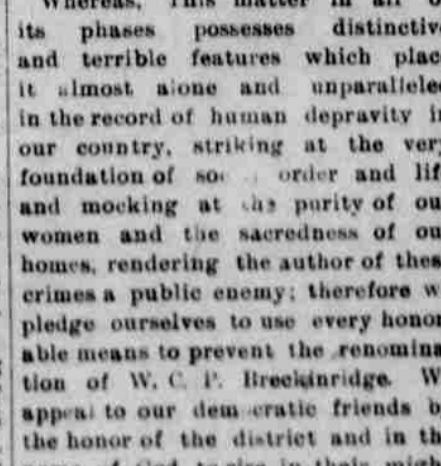
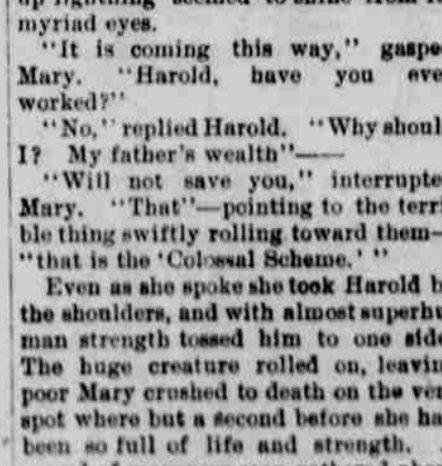
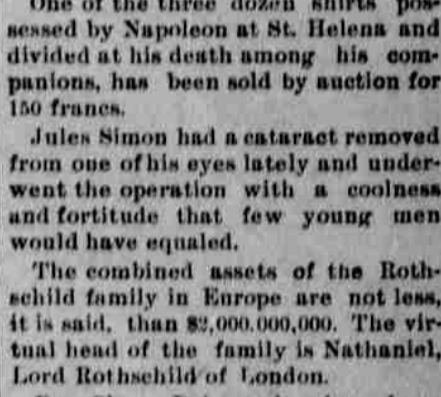
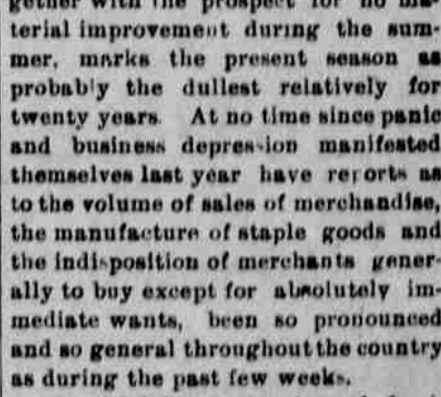
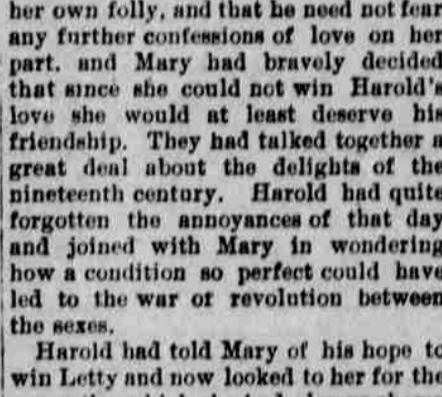
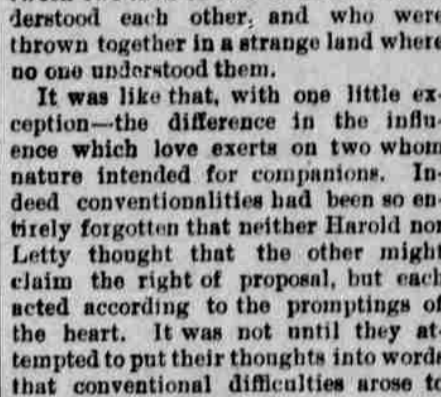
One of the three dozen shirts possessed by Napoleon at St. Helena and divided at his death among his companions, has been sold by auction for 150 francs.

Jules Simon had a cataract removed from one of his eyes lately and underwent the operation with a coolness and fortitude that few young men would have equaled.

The combined assets of the Rothschild family in Europe are not less, it is said, than \$2,000,000,000. The virtual head of the family is Nathaniel, Lord Rothschild of London.

Dr. Claus Dal, who has been elected to a professorship in the university of Chicago, has been for some years at the head of the department of Scandinavian language and literature at Yale.

The widow of General Phil Sheridan, with her three children, lives in Washington. Phil, her only son, attends school in that city, while her two daughters attend Eden hall, a Catholic seminary, near Philadelphia.



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tied between us, and we might as well discuss them now. We have been willfully blind since we first became acquainted.

"I am afraid custom has more to do with life than we had imagined," admitted Letty.

"We will assume that we are to be married," continued Harold. "Who is to pay the expenses of the family?"

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