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The Woman Hater

He Was Suddenly Cured of His Prejudice

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Jim Hudson laughed uproariously when Ramsey told him about it. "My dear Peter," exclaimed the light hearted youth when he had caught his breath, "you of all men to be appointed guardian pro tem. of a young and lovely girl! She is young and lovely, I suppose? Why didn't they pick out some woman to send her to, eh?"

"They did," said Ramsey, red-denning. "They wrote to my cousin, Mrs. Ferris, whom they knew for years before they went to China, that they were sending the girl to her for a year's visit. It seems she needed a change of air, and Cousin Mary had invited her. Then after the girl sailed my cousin, as you know, died suddenly, and it was only while I was looking into her papers that I learned the girl was coming—in fact, was on the way. There are no other women in my family to send her to, and I have no friends to call upon in such an emergency."

"That comes of being an arrant woman hater," said Hudson heart-lessly. "What are you going to do about the matter?"

"Wait till she comes and send her to the Young Women's Christian association, I guess. I've cabled to her parents telling them of the situation and asking for in-structions."

Mr. Hudson howled joyfully. "Did you tell them you were young and handsome and a rich bachelor to boot?" he chuckled.

"Scarcely room for all that in a cable, you know," returned Ramsey modestly. "Joking aside, Jim, I don't know what to do. You see, the girl was to wire Cousin Mary when she reached San Francisco saying what train she would take for New York. I've got to meet that train."

"Lucky you," murmured Mr. Hudson enviously. "Nobody ever intrusted me with a young and lovely daughter. Heard from them yet?"

"No. Expect a cable any moment. They're missionaries, you know."

"Which accounts for their child-like trust in"—Mr. Hudson never finished the sentence, for at that instant a servant brought a cable-gram to his friend. Ramsey tore it open and read aloud:

Hold Gussie for letter. SIMPSON.

Ramsey never understood why this brief message should send Jim Hudson into another roar of laughter. He stared at his friend with rising indignation. "I say, old man," he protested, "there's no need to make quite a fool of yourself, you know. The young lady is in something of a fix, and she will be all broken up over Cousin Mary's death. Just advise me, Jim; there's a good fellow. It will be all right to send her to the Y. W. C. A. pending her father's letter of instructions, won't it?"

Hudson's face sobered. "Just the place, Peter. Why don't you go and engage a suit for her? Then you can take her there as soon as she arrives."

"I'll do that now," said Ramsey, relieved. "I'm watching out for Miss Simpson's message to my cousin. It will be sent down to me here from the house."

The message came next day. It was addressed to Mrs. Ferris, and, according to Peter's instructions, it had been sent down to his office. It was brief:

Will arrive New York Thursday on limited, due at 6 p. m. GUSSIE.

Peter Ramsey, bereft of all his own womankind and very shy where others were concerned, felt a pleasant little tingle in the intimacy of the signature even if it had not been intended for him.

It was 5 o'clock on Thursday when Peter Ramsey reached the Central station. He had dressed himself with unusual care and had blushed to detect himself hesitating over the choice of a necktie.

Just as the limited came hissing to a standstill Jim Hudson burst into view. His eyes met Ramsey's, and then together they walked silently down the platform toward the crowd that was pouring from the gate.

It was Ramsey who saw her first, stepping like a young goddess, her lovely eyes seeking vainly for a familiar face and finally meeting his in troubled inquiry. She was the most exquisite creature Peter Ramsey had ever seen. He drew a sharp breath and instantly forgot his diffidence. He was guardian of this wonderfully beautiful girl.

"Here she is, Jim," he said, el-bowing his way toward the girl. He

whipped off his hat and took her bag from an unresisting hand. "Miss Simpson, I am sure," he said cordially. "I am Peter Ramsey, a cousin of Mrs. Ferris. As we go downtown I will explain why Cousin Mary could not be here." He said all this rapidly, not wishing to startle the girl with a sudden announcement of Mrs. Ferris' death. She looked at him in some bewilderment for an instant, and then a lovely smile broke over her face.

"I am sure there is some mistake," she was beginning when there was a rushing whirlwind of skirts, and Peter Ramsey was swept aside to make room for half a dozen girls who flung themselves on his divinity with little shrieks of delighted welcome.

"You dear old Polly!" they were saying when Peter awoke to the horror of the situation. He had approached a strange girl and taken her bag.

Jim Hudson's strong grip on his arm dragged him aside. "Oh, I say, Peter," chortled his friend, "you've made a mistake, don't you know. Here is Miss Simpson. I guessed her at once, saw her name on a bag and introduced myself. She read of your cousin's death in an old newspaper en route and wishes to go immediately to a hotel. Come on and meet your ward."

Peter Ramsey turned pale under his bronze as Jim Hudson led him up to a tall, rawboned young woman, unmistakably in her middle thirties, painfully plain as to feature, scanty and colorless as to hair and unfashionable as to gowning.

This was the tender, delicate girl Peter Ramsey had expected to meet. "This is very good of you, Mr. Ramsey," his charge was saying in a deep voice. "I've just been telling your friend Mr. Hudson that I would like to go to a hotel immediately."

"Certainly, Miss Simpson," said Peter faintly. "I had—er—engaged a room for you at the Y. W. C. A., you know. I will countermand that order if you prefer to go to a hotel."

"I'll go to the association tonight since you have been so kind as to make arrangements. Now, if you'll just put me in a cab I shall do very well if you'll direct the man. Oh, no; I'm accustomed to traveling about alone! I was so shocked to hear about dear Mrs. Ferris. I was quite devoted to her, you know. Come and see me tomorrow, do! Good night."

Miss Gussie Simpson was gone, and when the last flicker of the brown wing in her hat had disappeared Peter Ramsey turned and looked Jim Hudson in the eye.

"Jim," he said, with cold and deadly emphasis, "if you ever mention this incident to me or any one else I'll cut you dead—understand?"

"Yes," grinned Jim. "I say, Peter, if I may ask, how did you attach yourself to that bag? Does it—it doesn't belong to the—the first Miss Simpson, does it?" he burst out.

Peter nodded solemnly. "It does," he said.

"What are you going to do about it? I saw her go off with a whole seminary gang of girls."

"I'm going to find her," said Peter slowly, "and after I find her I'm going to marry her—see?" He glared defiantly at his astonished friend.

"Peter!" gasped the other. "That's going some for a woman hater, isn't it? All in one evening too!"

But Peter had left him and was striding toward a taxicab within which he studied the silver tag hanging from the bag he carried and learned that its owner was Mary Dreyton and, wonder of wonders, she lived at the same address as his roommate at college, old Tudor Dreyton!

There were more wonders to follow this, for the lovely Polly was Tudor's sister, and Peter Ramsey found an unexpected welcome when he did return the little bag to its amused owner.

Some time afterward Miss Gussie Simpson returned to China, and her adoring friends, Peter and Polly, were married. The strong minded Gussie never dreamed that her visit to America had made her the instrument of the little god of love and that she was indirectly responsible for Peter Ramsey's conversion from a misogynist to the most ardent woman worshiper.

Age of Languages.

The German is older than the French language. The German language reaches away back to the pre-Roman times, when those who used it lived in the isolation of their great northern forests, while the French language is one of the so called "romance" tongues, made up by a blending of the Frankish and Latin after the collapse of the empire, near the close of the fifth century. There is, of course, some Latin visible in German, but not enough to affect the almost pure Teutonic character of the language.

OUR FIRST NAVAL DUEL.

Dacres Got His Answer Quicker and Fiercer Than He Expected.

It was a novel experience for the Americans to have the pleasure of celebrating a victory at sea after the British navy had been considered its master for so many years. This first ship duel was fought between the Constitution and the Guerriere on Aug. 19, 1812, and came at a time when the country was thoroughly discouraged at its failure to stem British success.

The news of the victory was hailed with delight by every true American, printed as it was side by side in the newspapers with the surrender of Detroit.

The saucy Dacres, commander of the Guerriere, was no doubt very much chagrined at the loss, not only of his vessel, which was sent to the bottom, but also his prestige as a naval officer. But he had invited in the most audacious way his humiliation.

While cruising off the northern coast of our country he halted a merchantman and sent a challenge into New York offering to meet any frigate in the American navy off Sandy Hook. This challenge did not reach New York until some days after the battle was fought and read as follows:

"Captain Dacres, commander of his Britannic majesty's frigate Guerriere, of forty-four guns, presents his compliments to Commodore Rogers of the United States frigate President and will be very happy to meet him or any other American frigate of equal force off Sandy Hook for the purpose of having a few minutes' tete-a-tete."

He had his wishes gratified even before they reached the point to which they were being conveyed, but the haughty Britisher had not the remotest idea the termination would be so discomfiting to him.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Heavy Feeders.

Mirabeau is stated to have been an enormous feeder, eating as much at a meal as would suffice three ordinary men. Talleyrand was also a noted eater. Goethe and Napoleon ate large quantities of food, but cared little for the quality. Bismarck was noted for his appetite, which was insatiable, but his food was of the simplest.

Many stories are told of the gross delight in eating evinced by the two Dumas, father and son, one of which is that the younger, being overtaken by a storm, took refuge in a hotel near Paris. Twenty-four turkeys were hanging upon the spit.

"And all for a single traveler," exclaimed the host. "It is my father!" exclaimed Alexandre. He was right.

Any Direction Would Do.

She had attained some success as an authoress and after her marriage decided to write a novel. Some months later she complained to her husband, "My new novel goes but slowly, dear, but my publisher assures me it would go into the thousands if we'd just get up some sort of a sensation—for instance, get you to enter divorce proceedings."

The husband meditated thoughtfully a few moments.

"Well," he said, "I can't afford that, but I'm willing to run away."—New York Times.

When Soft Metal Cuts Hard.

A bar of hard steel is cut rapidly with a revolving disk of soft iron. This is caused by the intense heat produced by the friction. The heat, being concentrated at one point on the steel bar, melts this, while the revolving disk distributes it over its circumference, which is kept cool by the current of air. A bar thirty-one millimeters thick is cut in two by a disk thirty centimeters in diameter and two millimeters thick revolving at eighty meters a second in from eight to ten seconds.

Nature's Poem.

If it be true, as some poets think, that every spot on earth is full of poetry, then it is certainly also true that each place has its own distinctive measure, an indigenous meter, so to speak, in which its poetry will be truly set and sung. . . . There are woods that are like stately sonnets and others of which the truth would best be told in tender lyrics, brooks which are jocund songs and mountains which are odes.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Birdskin Garments.

Eskimo women wear the most curious kind of underclothing, its peculiarity being that it is made of the skins of birds. These skins before being sewed together are chewed well by the women to make them soft. About a hundred skins are required to make a shirt, and the labor of chewing the skins which form their garments is quite enough to account for the massive, well developed jaws of Eskimo women.

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