

HER CHAUFFEUR.

How a Girl Worried Her Family by Loving an Auto Driver.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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"Cab!" called a young girl standing on a curb on F street, Washington. A chauffeur sitting in an auto on the other side of the street caught her eye. She was very stylishly dressed, very pretty, and, although attractive, the chauffeur looked at her for a moment without replying to her summons, then, as if obeying an impulse, drove his auto to the curb on which the young lady was standing.

"Are you engaged?" she asked.

"No'm."

"I thought you were from your not answering my call at once." She stepped into the auto. "Take me to — Massachusetts avenue."

"Yes'm."

Formerly all the unfortunate love affairs and misalliances with manservants occurred between the pretty daughter of the house and the family coachman. In these days of motors the coachman has given place to the chauffeur. From the moment Miss Flo-



HE WAS SITTING IN HIS SEAT, UNCONSCIOUS.

ra Denton, the daughter of a rich congressman who had recently been elected from the middle west, set eyes on the chauffeur there was trouble in store for her.

"I presume you know all about Washington," she said, leaning forward on her seat. "I don't know my way anywhere. We came only yesterday."

"I'm pretty familiar with the streets. I have to be to drive an auto."

"What a rich, deep voice!" said Miss Denton to herself, then aloud: "I want some one I can trust to take me about. If you will tell me where I can call on you I'll have you regularly."

The chauffeur did not reply at once. When he did he said:

"Call up telephone No. 6842."

Miss Denton took a pocketbook from a little bag hanging to her wrist, from which she drew a card and on the card wrote the telephone number.

"Who shall I ask for?" she said. "I suppose there are other autos there."

"Say you would like to speak to Drake."

"Very well; here we are—the dark stone house over there. What's the fare?" she asked as she alighted.

"If I'm to drive you regularly you might pay at the end of the month," replied the obliging chauffeur.

"That'll do very well, if you're satisfied. Perhaps you'd better come tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock to take me for a ride."

"All right, ma'am."

When 3 o'clock the next afternoon came Miss Denton was at a front window in auto costume, drawing on her gloves while waiting for the chauffeur. He drove up punctually and, not knowing that the lady was looking at him, stepped out of his machine and, walking up to the door, rang.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Denton. "He walks like a ramrod. I believe he was a soldier before he became a cab driver. Just look at those shoulders! It's a wonder they don't pull him over backward."

She met him at the door with a smile, but suddenly repressed it, remembering his station. She asked him to take her across the Potomac. He did so, and once away from the city they spun along merrily. Reaching an old bridge over a shallow creek, he said:

"If I could trust that bridge I would take you back by way of Arlington."

"Cross it. I'll take the risk."

"I doubt if it will hold under the weight of this machine. It's off the main road and not intended for general use."

"Try it."

"I think I'd better not."

Miss Denton sniffed the air. "I had an idea that you were a soldier before you became a chauffeur. I'm surprised at your timidity."

He made a dash at the bridge, hoping for safety in speed. They had got nearly over when it broke under them and down they went.

Fortunately the distance to fall was not great, and the machine remained right side up. But a falling beam struck the chauffeur on the head, and when Miss Denton, who had scrambled out on to dry land, turned to look at him he was sitting in his seat unconscious, with blood streaming down over his face.

At the moment there came the honk of an auto horn, and Miss Denton ran to the main road and signaled for the driver to stop, and two men who were in the machine came to her assistance. They got the chauffeur out, brought him back to consciousness and kindly offered to take both back to the city. As for the auto, it was not to be moved at once.

When they reached the city the chauffeur was about to tell them where to take him when he was forestalled by Miss Denton, who insisted that the accident having been her own fault, he should go to her own home. He demurred at this, saying any would go there first; then he wished to be left at his room. When they reached

THE SUFFRAGETTE.

An Event That Took Away Her Interest in the Cause.

By KATHLEEN J. M'CURDY.

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She was standing on the curb selling pamphlets, while beside her a boy would call just as soon as he had secured any information concerning the child and would keep her advised of his efforts to find his mother.

"I suppose," he said, "I shall see you every day at your accustomed place selling pamphlets."

"Certainly," she replied. "I shall not neglect my work."

But when Thompson passed her stand again and again the next day he saw nothing of her. He reported the present home of the child to the mother and left a check for a substantial amount with her as earnest of his honest intentions. Then he went to call on the suffragette to tell her that he had learned nothing as to the identity of the mother since the desertion of the child, which was perfectly true.

Miss Edith Coleman, the suffragette, did not seem to worry much over his ill success. She told Thompson that the boy was the dearest little fellow in the world, and she was in no hurry to part with him. Thompson remarked that it was unfortunate that he should be kept away from her legitimate work, to which she replied that administering to a child whose inhuman mother had left him was just as important as the cause of votes for women. Thompson looked surprised, but said nothing.

The next day, however, he called and said that his sister had offered to take charge of the deserted boy in order that Miss Coleman might pursue her greater work.

"Please tell your sister to mind her own business—I mean that the precious darling has fallen to me, and I shall keep him till he is claimed by his own kin."

Then Thompson went to the headquarters of the suffragettes and by diplomacy secured the sending of a note to Miss Coleman assigning her a very important duty that would take up all her time for a week. He called at the headquarters the next day and learned that Miss Coleman had peremptorily declined to serve.

Thompson continued reporting no progress, meanwhile keeping the founding's mother content by an occasional check. Miss Coleman appeared more and more pleased at his coming and always had the child beautifully dressed and his hair curled when he came. One day Thompson announced that he had found a clew to the identity of the child's mother.

Miss Coleman turned pale.

"You will now be able to return to your valuable work in securing votes for women."

"I don't wish to return to that work, and I don't know if I shall give my precious up any way."

"But supposing that his mother claims him. You wouldn't refuse to restore him to his natural parent, would you?"

"You mean his unnatural parent."

"The law would compel you."

"I would contest the case."

"And you really feel that to give him up would be a privation?"

"I couldn't endure it."

"Well, then, I suppose for your sake I'd better not try to find his mother."

"Don't!"

"I'm sorry I wasn't aware before how attached you have become to the child. I know who his mother is, and I suppose it is my duty to inform her that you have her boy."

Miss Coleman looked aghast. "Is there any way," she asked, "by which I can keep him in spite of her?"

"Would that be justice?"

"Justice! Humbug! What do I care about justice if it takes my darling from me?"

Thompson burst into a laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked, irritated.

"You remember that I demonstrated that there were faculties you did not possess which I consider important for citizenship."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?"

"And now you have confessed a third. You care nothing for justice."

"To tell the truth, I don't think that you are fitted for a reformer. There is another field in which you can confer more benefit on mankind."

"What's that?"

"You would make a splendid wife and mother."

He was looking straight into her eyes when he said this, and she knew what he meant. She waited for what was to come.

Then he told her the whole story. When he had finished it was agreed that the child's mother should come for him. The ex-suffragette was still loath to part with her boy, but his place was partly supplied by another. She was engaged to marry Thompson.

Thompson and her sister, while she wheeled the child. On arriving at her home he found that she belonged to an eminently respectable family, everything about the house bespeaking refinement of the occupants. She told him that she worked with the suffragettes simply because her heart was in their cause, and, she added, "it gives me something to interest myself in so that I'm not dependant upon balls, parties and dress to occupy my mind."

She asked Thompson to come in. He said he hadn't time just then, but would call just as soon as he had secured any information concerning the child and would keep her advised of his efforts to find his mother.

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French Disasters

By LULU JOHNSON

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Strang, sitting in his big touring car, watched with lazy interest the tiny figure of the child toiling up the hill. He was fond of children, all sorts and varieties, but there was an elfin faintness about this independent young wayfarer that appealed most particularly to him.

She could not be more than five, yet she carried herself with a knowing little air that belied her timid eyes and her rosy, quivering mouth, while her smart frock and fetching hat indicated comfortable circumstances.

He forgot that Danvers was half an hour late for their appointment. He had even neglected to think about a certain girl whose image for the past week had filled his thoughts almost constantly.

To his dismay, as the child was opposite him she sat down upon the steps of a high stooped house and began to cry, not loudly and with a wild display of grief, but quietly, as if she sought to keep back the tears that trickled down her cheeks.

In an instant Strang was out of the car and knelt on the stoop beside her, seeking to learn the cause of her grief.

"I guess I'm lost," was the plaintive reply, "and there isn't any policeman to find me."

"Perhaps I'm as good as a policeman," he suggested as, with a shudder, he thought of this dainty child's spending the day in some dingy police station. "How were you lost, and where do you live?"

"I was w'l' muvver," was the halting explanation. "She comed in on the trolley, an' when we changed I was lost, an' then I tried to find Aunt Mollie's, an' I guess she's losted too. I can't find her either."

"Where do you live? In the country?" he asked hopefully. If they used any particular trolley it might be easy to trace her people.

"On the green trolley," assented the child. "We live way out, most to where they stop."

"I guess we can find you then," declared Sidney cheerfully. "You jump into my car and I'll take you out of the city in the darkness."

In the outskirts and in the inundated regions above and below the city the greatest distress still prevails, despite the efforts toward relief and the prodigious distribution of food supplies. Hundreds of persons are found on the verge of starvation, and thousands who lost everything must be aided for months. It is estimated that more than 250,000 persons have been affected by the floods. Freezing temperatures adds to the misery of the unfortunate.

Every civilized country in the world has offered aid for the victims, and France has appropriated large sums for the sufferers. The relief fund raised in this country, which amounts to a large sum, comes from every section of America, the French colonies

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