

A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY HAS A DREADFUL NIGHTMARE

WHAT SHE SAID

(By Three M Rule)

A Certain Young Lady had been asleep in her nice warm bed for a couple of hours. It was a cold night, and she had covered herself with two pairs of blankets, a pretty white counterpane, and two woollen rugs.

The bed clothing weighed heavily upon her, and, in consequence, she fell into a nightmare.

"Ooh! ooh! ooh! ooh!" she cried, and awoke with a start.

"That was horrible," she said, and shuddered, as her breath came in short gasps. "That was really horrible. My hair must have fallen over my face, and I dreamed I was Karl Marx with bushy whiskers all over my chin."

She brushed her hair back off her fevered brow, and nestled down into her cosy bed. Soon she was fast asleep.

But the weight and warmth of the bed clothing again brought on the nightmare. She began to sob bitterly.

"It's a shame—it's a shame," she murmured. "They say there's no such person as a Certain Young Lady. There is; there is. I'm the person—a very great person and my letters to 'The Miner' are quite genuine, but they keep on saying that they are written by Three M Rule or a man in the office—some wretched man. Bah! No man, not even Karl Marx himself, could have written those letters. So there. They are mine—all my own."

The thought worked so mightily in her brain that she again awoke in a fright.

"I'm too hot," she said. "That's what's the matter." And suiting the action to the words, she stripped off one of the rugs.

For a few moments she lay awake thinking of an advertisement which she had seen, calling a meeting of mothers in the park. Then she fell into deep slumber.

The warm bed clothing still weighed heavily upon her, and caused her active brain to start working furiously again. She began to murmur.

"I'm not a mother, but I must go to that meeting, and save the mothers from themselves. Poor

mothers from themselves. Poor silly creatures, they know not what they do. Of course, I must not go alone. I must take a bodyguard. The mothers will roll up, and so soon as they start I shall take charge. I shall make a speech to them on Karl Marx and Nietzsche, the great revolutionary, who said, 'Warriors for the war and the women for the warriors.' It won't do to tell them Nietzsche said that, but there are plenty of other things he said which will do for them. Oh! I must have some resolutions ready. I shall draft them at once. My bodyguard shall hide them in their handbags until the psychological moment arrives. Psychological: yes, that's a useful word—nearly as useful as Economics."

Having in her nightmare drafted the resolutions which were to be sprung spontaneously on the mothers' meeting, she went on:—

"Now we're on the meeting spot. Ah! where are the misguided mothers? We must parade around and let them see I'm in force. Perhaps then they won't hold their meeting at all. What a triumph that would be! Yes, I have them scared stiff. They are not going to hold a meeting. I shall hold one myself. What fun! I shall be the chairwoman of a mothers' meeting. It is anticipating events, but what's the odds? Same day I shall find a husband. I know I shall. I must. It is impossible that I shall always be merely a Certain Young Lady."

As was only natural, these thoughts carried her mind right away from the meeting and she dreamed a lovely dream of a beautiful wedding. She dreamed that she was being married to a man into whom she had instilled all the great thoughts of Karl Marx, Nietzsche, Thorold Rogers, Ostrogor-ski, Hindenburg, and the ex-Kaiser. She realised with a sigh, however, that notwithstanding all those great thoughts he was a miner.

In her lovely dream she was housed in a comfortable home, and her three bonny, rosy children were playing about her knee. She was indeed happy, and a pretty, dimpling smile settled upon her face.

But the dream quickly turned to a nightmare again. In that nightmare she heard her husband saying, "The strike is on. It's to be a long and bitter struggle."

She saw the strike down on from

bitter struggle."

She saw the strike drag on from day to day, from week to week, from month to month. She used all her intellect in an effort to understand what the strike was about, but failed.

When she spoke to her husband on the subject he merely quoted Karl Marx, and went off to the Trades Hall for his ration of salt and onions.

In her nightmare she saw her rosy children pining away and shivering in the chilly blast. She herself was hungry and cold, but when she argued with her husband that perhaps it would be better to declare the strike off and settle the matters in dispute in the Arbitration Court which had given him his last increase in wages, he only quoted Karl Marx, until in her nightmare she raved and cursed the day she had introduced him to that person's exploded theories.

When, at last, she broke from the nightmare beads of perspiration stood out on her pretty white forehead, and she was crying and shrieking, "Curse Karl Marx: give my children food and clothes."
