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Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Little Tragedies.

The man struck a match to see if the gasoline tank on his automobile was empty.

"It wasn't."

No Joke.

"The man who lends coin has his sorrows. For man acts so queer," said Bill Nettles.

"He's as meek as a lamb when he borrows. And as cross as a bear when he settles."

Mean Brutal.

Which do you consider the unluckiest day of the week on which to get married? ventured Miss Oldgirl.

"All of them," replied Mr. Oldbitch.

Dry.

A student rare is Ignatz High. He ought to be in college; He reads dry books to satisfy His awful thirst for knowledge.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is a brilliant conversationalist?

Paw—A man who can say nothing and make it sound interesting, my son.

Same Old Story.

Before he got her, I am told; He thought her hair was waving gold. But later on, when they were wed, He found her hair was flaming red.

C'mon In, Bill!

We suppose Luke McLuke has no room in his Names is Names club for old Bill Panckake of Lexington, N. C.—Houston Post.

Mercy!

"I can't understand," I heard her sigh. "For every time I pass This dresser I am ogled by The nasty looking glass."

Setback!

Dear Luke—Can Lamie Lamb, our lunch wagon operator, get into the club?—T. C. Richmond, Ind.

A Fruitful Topic.

He brags about his ancestry. Does pompous Mr. Deemont; It's plain to me his family tree Produced at least one lemon.

But when his daughter Maude I saw

Parading on the beach, 'Twas plain to me that same old tree Produced at least one peach.

Should Say Not!

Dear Luke—Can Dr. I. Will Killam of Norfolk, Va., get in as the club's physician?—W. R. R., Norfolk.

Wise Davie.

Do you know Uncle Davie Harp? He may be old, but he is sharp. On Sunday he sits in a nook And all day long reads Luke McLuke.

Any Other Volunteers?

Hey, Luke, the Chicago Feds are claiming the world's championship. Why doesn't the Names is Names club do a little claiming? To start a club and claim the pennant the following Cincinnati men will offer their services, and you can find their addresses in the city directory: Byron Pitcher, Clarence Ketcher, Daniel Batter and Ernest Fielder—Trebmal.

Things to Worry About.

There are 273 warts on an average sized pickle.

Names Is Names.

Tom Sawyer Legge lives at Beaumont, Tex.

Our Daily Special.

Hard luck loves the man who whines.

Luke McLuke Says:

Some people waste a lot of time telling other people not to waste theirs. Many are called, but few get up until they are good and ready.

Some of the June brides are now so certain that they copied out fourflushers that it wouldn't surprise them a bit if the wedding rings began to leave green marks on their fingers.

The boob doesn't know it. But about the second time he goes out with a girl she is stung up the houses they pass and figuring which one she will make him rent for her as soon as they are married.

The trouble with being easy going and good natured is that other people want to use you for a doormat.

The fellow who likes to believe that we shall know each other in heaven is often the same man who never recognizes his next door neighbor because he believes that he is better than his neighbor.

Cheer up. If there were no bills on the road the journey would be mighty monotonous.

A stingy man surely likes to work the word economy to death.

There are a whole lot of us who are covered with callouses from not having enough money who would like to take a chance on the troubles supposed to come from having too much money.

The Chinese make New Year's day the day when they pay all of their debts. If we were to select a day on which to pay all of our debts in this country we would probably make the date Feb. 20.

Oh, well, things might be worse. The politicians so far have not accused the other side of starting the war in Europe.

Before he gets her she is one girl in a million. After he gets her he would like to take a chance with any one of the other 999,999.

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

Voters of Klamath Falls will vote at the primary election on the construction of a municipal highway to Shippington with branch roads to connect with Pelican city and the boat landing on Upper Klamath lake. The estimated cost of the project is \$20,000.

The prune crop of Douglas county will be so heavy, according to the present prospects, that it will need thinning. It has been years since such a stand occurred. If the crop receives no setback it is estimated that over 200 carloads should be shipped from Douglas county.

Portland is to have another ship-building plant at which wooden vessels with capacity for carrying from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 feet of lumber will be constructed. It is to be established by F. C. Knapp, president of the Peninsula Lumber company, and eastern capitalists.

The annual communication, Order of Eastern Star, will be held in Portland this year apart from the meeting of the grand lodge, A. F. and A. M., which is to be held in Albany. Usually the two gatherings are held together. The dates for the Eastern Star meeting are June 6, 7 and 8.

Just a few hours before the time for the sale of \$2,759,510 in bonds for the construction of the Paradise irrigation project, near Echo, several men holding land under the project filed an injunction suit, which temporarily at least, blocks proceedings and threatens to set aside the project.

To gather and disseminate road information, place sign boards and other markings of general information concerning cities and distances on the highways of the state for the guidance of motorists and pedestrians, the Auto Touring Bureau of Oregon, with headquarters in Portland, has been formed.

After obtaining from the state land board another extension on the lease of Jason Moore, of New York, on Summer and Albert lakes, C. A. Shepard, his attorney, announced that within the next few months construction work would begin on the \$50,000 demonstration plant at the two lakes.

In decisions in the cases of the city of Portland against the Portland Railway, Light & Power Co. and against the Portland Gas & Coke Co., involving the validity of two ordinances requiring a tax of 3 per cent of the gross earnings of the companies, the supreme court found that both ordinances are void.

Word has been received from the Carnegie Hero Fund commission at Pittsburgh that William A. Salisbury of Albany and Clair B. Baker of Portland are among those to whom medals for heroism have been awarded. Both men took part in the rescue of Archie O. Ramsden from drowning at Albany, July 16, 1911.

Considerable interest is being shown in the discovery of gas 10 miles south of McMinnville on the Sam Neuman place while a concern was sinking a well to obtain water. At a depth of 208 feet a flow of gas was encountered and for more than two weeks it has been burning whenever the cap on the casing was removed.

Social questions of imminent interest to the citizens of Oregon are to be discussed by the leading authorities from the educational, governmental, industrial and religious institutions of the northwest at the Oregon State Conference of Social Agencies, which will be held at Reed College, in Portland, May 12, 13 and 14.

According to the forest service, 35,000 pounds of cascara bark were cut on the Shuslaw national forest in Oregon during the latter half of last year. A steady demand for this bark for medicinal purposes, both in the United States and in Europe, exists. Before the war most of the exported product went to England and Germany.

The publication of the record of all proceedings of a county court in Oregon is not required by statute, according to a decision handed down by Judge Skipworth in the circuit court at Eugene, in which he interprets the law to require only the publication of proceedings which have to do with claims presented against the county.

In a letter to J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of public instruction, Secretary Redfield, of the department of commerce, has requested the department of education to urge students in all schools of the state to save waste paper and rags, as there now exists a serious shortage in the raw materials for the manufacture of paper in the United States.

Complete registration figures for Oregon, with the exception of Curry county, as indicated by the reports filed in the office of Secretary of State Olcott show 241,137 voters listed for the primary election to be held May 19. This is a gain of 5.02 per cent throughout the state over the registration before the primaries two years ago, when the total was 229,561.

A statistical comparison of Portland for the month of April with the corresponding month of last year shows that bank clearings have recorded a decided gain in favor of this year, that more building permits were issued for April of this year, although calling for a smaller expenditure of money, and that postal receipts just about held their own during this year.

Venezuela. Venezuela received its name from the early Spanish residents, who saw in it a resemblance to Venice.

A Student of Languages

For the Purpose of a Sojourn Abroad

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

"Lizette," said Mrs. Carrington to her maid, who was dressing her hair, "I expect to go abroad in the autumn. I shall go first to Italy, then to Switzerland, then to France. I shall get on very well in France, because I have learned to speak the language in talking with you. I have been studying Italian, but in order to converse in that language I need practice in it such as I have had with you in French. I am thinking of getting another maid for that purpose. Not to interfere with you, she will have the care of my wardrobe and wait upon me when you are otherwise engaged."

"Will you give her the care of your jewels, madame?"

"Not at all. You will remain in charge of them. I have perfect confidence in you and would not think of intrusting them to the care of any one else."

This announcement was to prepare Lizette for the coming of one she might otherwise think was intended to take her place. Mrs. Carrington applied to her Italian teacher to furnish her with a woman who would accept a maid's place, but who could speak Italian more correctly than one usually occupying a menial position. He promised Mrs. Carrington to interest himself in the matter.

In due time a young woman appeared with a note from Signor Speretti, the Italian teacher, introducing her and vouching for the correctness with which she spoke the Italian language. Her name was Bianca Morelli. She seemed rather younger than the age she gave, which was twenty-two, not appearing to be more than eighteen. Instead of having the black hair and eyes usual to Italians, she was a blond. Since Mrs. Carrington needed her to converse with and Signor Speretti vouched for her pronunciation and general knowledge of the Italian language she was engaged.

Indeed, Bianca was found not to be of much use for any purpose except that for which she was especially needed. She had nothing to do with her mistress's toilet; that was attended to by Lizette, but when called upon to bring some article of clothing she manifested a singular clumsiness. On one occasion when told to bring a tea gown she brought a bath robe. On another, when the Italian was called upon for a brassiere, she handed in a brush and comb.

Lizette laughed at the girl for her stupidity, but her mistress believed that Bianca had not been brought up with well-to-do women. She had doubtless associated with those who were only the plainest clothing. But Mrs. Carrington could not understand, if this had been her condition, how she could speak the language of a well-to-do person. Bianca explained by saying that she had never had a sister; that her parents, though they had been well-to-do persons, during their childhood and youth could not give her the variety of dress enjoyed by other girls of her class.

Bianca had not been long in the house before her mistress began to notice that the relations between her two maids had changed. Lizette had at first rather patronized Bianca, sympathizing with her stupidity as to her duties and instructing her in them. All of a sudden her manner toward her fellow servant changed. The freedom with which she had treated her disappeared and was replaced by a reserve. Then, too, she was at times inclined to speak harshly to the Italian. While at other times she would seem singularly complacent.

Mrs. Carrington one day spoke to Lizette about this change.

"Lizette," she said, "I know the difficulties of servants constantly under the same roof getting on with each other, but I do hope that you and Bianca will not disagree. I am rapidly becoming able to give her orders and understand what she says to me in Italian. Now, if you and Bianca quarrel I shall have to send her away, and that will be the end of my peace in Italy. Try to get on with her for the few months that remain before we go abroad."

This brought no explanation of the status between the two maids. Lizette did not admit that there was any ill feeling on her part for Bianca, and she did not deny that there was. She was "doing" her mistress's hair when the subject was broached and went on brushing the glossy locks without a word. But Mrs. Carrington saw by a reflection in a mirror before her that her maid was perturbed by what she had said and was evidently concealing something.

Mrs. Carrington was more interested in keeping her two maids on amicable terms than in ferreting out the cause of this singular change that had come between them. Nevertheless she noticed that Bianca seemed to have an influence over Lizette. On one occasion, when the mistress had called Lizette without getting a reply, she opened the door, thus leaving the combination. He had taken the jewels during the night before the loss was discovered and was watching for an opportunity to get away with them. They were concealed where they would not be easily found, and Mrs. Carrington decided not to prosecute him if he would give them up. This he did, and so far as she was concerned, he was not troubled.

When Mrs. Carrington went abroad she took Lizette with her, having given her for having been captivated by the Italian, which was her only sin, for she was not suspected of any complicity with his dishonesty. Her mistress was enabled to call for what she wanted in Italy and understand, in a measure, what was said to her. She prized the little Italian she had learned from "Bianca," inasmuch as it had clearly cost her her jewels.

Charity. She—I'm glad we went. It was an excellent performance—and for such a charitable purpose! Her Husband—Yes, indeed! We all feel a thrill of satisfaction when we do something for charity and get the word of our money at the same time.

Italian, I will send her away at once if she is interfering in any way with my domestic arrangements.

"She does not interfere, madame," was the almost inaudible reply.

Mrs. Carrington was puzzled. She said no more, but kept up a good deal of thinking about this strange status between the two maids. Had it been between Lizette and the butler she would not have been surprised, for a concealed love is a common mystery. But the lady could not understand any relationship between two girls that needed to be kept secret.

One evening when Mrs. Carrington was dressing for a function calling for her most resplendent adornments she sent Lizette for her jewels. They were kept in a safe set into the wall. Mrs. Carrington and Lizette were the only two persons who knew this combination. Lizette went to the safe, opened it, but when she looked in the box containing the jewels they were not there.

Mrs. Carrington, bearing something fall and Lizette not returning with the jewels, went into the hallway and saw the girl lying in a heap before the safe. Running to her, she picked up Lizette, who at the same time came to herself and looked with terrible distress at the empty jewel box lying on the floor beside her. Mrs. Carrington took in the situation at once.

The lady on this occasion exhibited great presence of mind. She closed the safe door and turned the combination. Lizette went to the safe, raised Lizette and supported her, taking the jewel box with her, to her own room and, locking the door, placed her on a lounge. No suspicion of Lizette was entertained, for she had evidently met with a surprise. She said that she had never given the combination of the safe to any one.

Mrs. Carrington went to a telephone booth and rang up a detective agency, giving the chief a brief statement of the case. He advised that the loss of the jewels be kept a secret, and it was arranged that Mrs. Carrington should add to her staff of language instructors a German, who should really be a detective.

Mrs. Carrington gave out to the household that she had become suddenly indisposed and kept her room. Lizette remaining with her. The next morning the mistress was relieved to learn that none of her servants had disappeared. After breakfast Professor Speretti appeared, and it was announced that he would remain a short time in the house to ground Mrs. Carrington in the rudiments of the German language.

He had a private conversation with Lizette, and after it was finished told her mistress that she knew who had taken the jewels, but would not peach. The next item of news he gave his employer was that Bianca was a man.

Mrs. Carrington, as soon as she had recovered from her astonishment, saw through the strange status between her two maids. The man had doubtless revealed himself to Lizette and had very likely made love to her. Both she and the detective felt sure that the so-called Bianca had stolen the jewels, and the question was how to prevent his knowing that the theft had been discovered and his slipping away before he could be secured. He showed apprehension at the introduction of Professor Speretti into the household, but no sign of intended flight.

The practiced eye of the detective was not deceived in the Italian's makeup, though it had deceived every one in the house. Of course, this fact being known, no other evidence was required that he was the thief. The professor not only kept his knowledge from the household, but disarmed any suspicion the racial might have that his sex was suspected. This he did because he wished to recover the stolen jewels as well as the criminal.

However, no time was lost. Calling for a couple of assistants the detective arrested Bianca. Of course the Italian knew that his game was discovered, and it was all up with him. Without putting his accusers to the trouble of making an examination he confessed that he was a man; that he had learned of Mrs. Carrington's desire for an Italian maid and had disguised himself for the purpose of securing the situation and plunder. He had got Lizette under his influence and concealed himself behind her when she opened the safe, thus leaving the combination. He had taken the jewels during the night before the loss was discovered and was watching for an opportunity to get away with them. They were concealed where they would not be easily found, and Mrs. Carrington decided not to prosecute him if he would give them up. This he did, and so far as she was concerned, he was not troubled.

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When we have plenty of money, when we are making money, its value seems negligible. But when it is like the quicksilver—it is mighty hard to pick it up again.

At twenty-five Julian Stafford was, to speak figuratively, in a bed of roses. He had inherited \$10,000 from an aunt. For several years the country had been under the depressing influence of a commercial panic, and all sorts of property could be bought for a song. At the time Julian received his inheritance a change had begun to come over monetary affairs, and he was advised, instead of investing his money at a safe and simple interest, to buy something with it. It didn't make much difference what he bought. Everything would for some years to come be increasing in value, and he would be able to sell his property for more than he had given for it.

Securities seemed to Julian to be the simplest form for such speculation, and he bought \$10,000 worth of railroad shares. The stock market soon boomed, and he sold out, making, as he considered it, 50 per cent profit in six months. That was at the rate of doubling his money in a year. At 5 per cent interest it would require twenty years to do that.

Julian sold out just before the wave of speculation broke, and after it broke what he had sold could be bought again for what he had paid for it before. This time, instead of confining himself to what securities his money would buy, he bought on a margin. Instead of buying \$20,000 worth of securities—he bought \$100,000 worth. Again the market boomed. Every day for several days Julian was making twice as much as his aunt had left him.

At this time life to Stafford was all bed of delight. In addition to making a fortune every day he was engaged to the dearest girl in the world. They had expected to live on a thousand a year in an apartment of four rooms, none of which was much bigger than a large closet. Julian figured up one night and found that he could sell out his stocks and have an income of \$10,000, derived from gilt edge property. They could live in a stone front house.

One day when the market was jumping half a point or so on the ticker with every recorded sale Julian, who was standing over it and making a thousand dollars with every point, felt a tap on his shoulder. Turning, there he saw Erskine, a former schoolmate.

"Hello, Jim!"

"Hello, Julian! How are you making out?"

Prince Albert will show you the real road to smoke-joy!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

comes right to your taste fair and square! And it will do for you what it has done for thousands of men—make pipe or cigarette smoking the cheerful-est of your pleasures!

Prince Albert is to be had everywhere tobacco is sold in tins and boxes. See that red line, 100% hand-made pipe and half-pound tin humidor—and in that classy pound crystal-glass humidor with spoon-mat (tens of thousands of the tobacco in stock fine shape—always!)

What we tell you about Prince Albert is a fact that will prove out to your satisfaction just as quickly as you lay in a stock and fire-up!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N.C.



PRINCE ALBERT was made to create tobacco content where it never existed before! It permits men to smoke all they want without getting a sore tongue, without any comeback but real tobacco enjoyment! The patented process by which Prince Albert is made (and controlled exclusively by us) fixes that—and cuts out bite and parch!

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On the reverse side of this tin you will find "Prince Albert" July 20th, 1907, which has made three new smoke pipes where one smoked before!

The Jimdandy Auto Company

It Made Good In the Nick of Time

By F. A. MITCHEL

Julian Stafford was an example of the ups and downs of life. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he never knew during his childhood and youth what it was to want for anything. Instead of having to go to work when he was a boy, like many other children, he was associating with companions of his own age, both boys and girls, whose parents were well to do, and the kind of cravat he wore or the cut of his coat was of infinitely more importance to him than the money required to pay for such articles. Indeed, he had only to order them. When the bills came in to his father they were paid, and Julian did not even know of the fact.

However, this happy period ended. About the time Julian came of age his father lost a good deal of money. Julian went to work and earned enough for his necessities, which were not great. But a better period was in store for him.

Money is like quicksilver. So long as quicksilver is in a tight receptacle, with the top screwed down, it won't get away from you. But the moment the volatile metal finds a place to break through, no matter how small, there is no holding on to it.

When we have plenty of money, when we are making money, its value seems negligible. But when it is like the quicksilver—it is mighty hard to pick it up again.

At twenty-five Julian Stafford was, to speak figuratively, in a bed of roses. He had inherited \$10,000 from an aunt. For several years the country had been under the depressing influence of a commercial panic, and all sorts of property could be bought for a song. At the time Julian received his inheritance a change had begun to come over monetary affairs, and he was advised, instead of investing his money at a safe and simple interest, to buy something with it. It didn't make much difference what he bought. Everything would for some years to come be increasing in value, and he would be able to sell his property for more than he had given for it.

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One day when the market was jumping half a point or so on the ticker with every recorded sale Julian, who was standing over it and making a thousand dollars with every point, felt a tap on his shoulder. Turning, there he saw Erskine, a former schoolmate.

"Hello, Jim!"

"Hello, Julian! How are you making out?"

Julian very excitedly confided in his friend that he was getting rich so fast that he couldn't keep track of his funds.

"Let me have \$500, won't you, Julian? I've got a chance to go into a deal that I think there's millions in. There's just one share on the ground floor left, and I can get it dirt cheap. I'll take you in for half of it."

Julian was making money so fast that he didn't want any more profits for himself. He was well disposed toward Erskine, and what was \$500 to him since he had made ten times that within an hour? He gave Jim an order on his broker for \$500, and Jim received the amount before leaving the office.

That was a very exciting day for Julian—in fact, the most exciting day of his life. He made more money in that one day than in all the time of his speculations. Just before the closing of the market there was a peculiar shakiness. It was the trembling of the wave before it breaks. The "bears," who were watching their opportunity, the next morning put out a report that one of the biggest banking concerns in Wall street was in trouble. Then commenced the tremble.

It was the old story with Julian. He saw his fortune melt away before him. Down it went like a stack of card houses. Just before the closing hour his broker closed out his account, leaving him in debt for something like \$10,000.

This time when the market reached low tide it remained there for a long while. But this did not make any difference to Julian, for even if it had gone up again he had no money to buy with. At the beginning of the next month his broker sent him an account current showing his indebtedness and asked him to pay up. There were numerous credits and numerous charges. Julian didn't try to decipher it. He knew that his fortune had died as suddenly as it had been born, and he was too sick at heart to dissect the corpse. Julian's girl turned out to be a tramp—that is, she was a tramp for Jim if not for herself. She had not shared her lover's wild enthusiasm while he was building an inverted pyramid of air, but now that he had gone under she did not desert him.

"It's lucky it came to you early in life, Julian," she said. "I think you are naturally visionary and that it was sure to come in time. Besides, even if you had for the present kept a fortune made in this way it would have taken wings later on. Now you can begin life on a more solid though a much slower basis."

Julian secured a position at \$25 a week, and on this he married Rose Meriwether. She proved an excellent manager, though the hardest thing she had to manage was her husband. It is not to be expected that a man who has made money at the rate of \$1,000 an hour and for the time being considered it as easy to produce as pumping water from a well will at once look out for small change. When Julian went home in the evening and reported that he had spent 30 cents for luncheon, 10 cents for car fare and 25 cents for two cigars, Rose figured that this totaled 65 cents, or about \$200 a year. Other expenses in proportion would bring ruin.

After many backslidings Julian got himself down to hard pan and many an evening when dead tired permitted a trolley car to go by him while he walked the two miles between his business and his home. But a baby came, and everybody knows that a baby brings added expense, which increases and multiplies till the child has grown and left the parental abode. Notwithstanding Rose's management and that she got Julian pretty well trained as to expenditures, they had a hard time of it. Doctor's bills, which are hard to take into consideration in laying out funds, came in, and every cent went for ordinary essential expenditures.

But the hardest blow came when Mrs. Stafford, struggling against insurmountable obstacles, broke down. Julian was provider so far as he was able, and Rose was dispenser. Neither could supply the other's place. When under such circumstances the woman has to throw up the sponge the bottom drops out of the household. The couple could not afford a servant, and when Mrs. Stafford was unable to be up to cook the meals her husband was obliged to handle the skillet, which he did unsuccessfully, spilling many a meal. This was hard both on his wife and himself.

Julian was too poor to buy a newspaper, but during the noon hour, while eating a lunch brought from home, he looked over the paper in the office. During his wife's illness he was one day reading the financial news—from force of habit, when he saw it stated there had been a sudden rise in Jimdandy Automobile. The company had succeeded in purchasing valuable patents and for a year past had been earning large profits. Julian finished browsing over news that he had no reason to suppose concerned him and his luncheon at the same time and went back to work.

A few days later when Julian had prepared the breakfast and was taking some toast and tea up to his sick wife he stopped at the front door to answer the postman's whistle. He was handed a letter, which he carried on up with the breakfast. Having put the breakfast down beside his wife, he looked at the letter. On the left hand corner was printed, "Jimdandy Automobile Company, James C. Erskine Secretary." He opened the letter and read aloud:

"Dear Julian—Our venture after a long period of distress has at last made good. Under a reorganization our interest is 1,000 shares. As soon as the new certificates are issued I will send you your 500 shares. Since the recent advance the market price is \$10. This makes your lot worth \$5,000. The reason I haven't given you any information before is because there was no good news to report. Yours, with congratulations, J. M."

"What does it all mean?" asked Rose. "I don't know. Some one has made a blunder."

Rose suggested that he go next door, where the inmates had a telephone, and call up Erskine. He did so, and Jim undertook to remind him of the check for \$500 that Julian had given him when he was making money on the ticker at a thousand dollars an hour. But Julian had no remembrance of the incident and could not recall it. However, Erskine assured him that the money had been invested in what led up to the Jimdandy Auto company, indirectly through the holder of valuable patents, and that Julian was holder of 500 shares of stock worth \$80