

I shook my head. "No; but I do wish I could find some one to run my house in such a way that I might sometimes spend a five-dollar bill just as I like."

The man turned sober.

"You're not the only one. Most of us married folks feel like that at times."

I looked at him wonderingly. He could talk of self-denial, on a salary of ten thousand a year!

"You remember when I wanted to run down to Panama with Mr. Cramp and his friends? Well, that boy of mine went to a specialist instead. In six months he would have been stone-deaf. Only yesterday I heard Brooks wishing he could spare the price of a fountain-pen. It isn't a question of what we earn, but the demand made on our earnings by the purchasing member of our firm, eh?"

This story was born in that sentence.

"But," he continued, "we wouldn't give them up — wives, babies, bills, and all — for an ocean voyage or a fountain-pen studded with diamonds."

I glanced around the office. I was the only married woman on the staff. There were only a few single men. These and the girls stood out in startling contrast. What a shabby lot those dear married chaps were! A lump came into my throat as I looked them over. Burton was slyly inking a frayed button-hole in his coat; yet his wife bought her hats at a smarter shop than I could patronize. Brooks was making notes with the old fountain-pen at which he was forever tinkering; but I suddenly recalled that Mrs. Brooks had displayed silk

stockings and a silk petticoat the last time we had met at a muddy crossing.

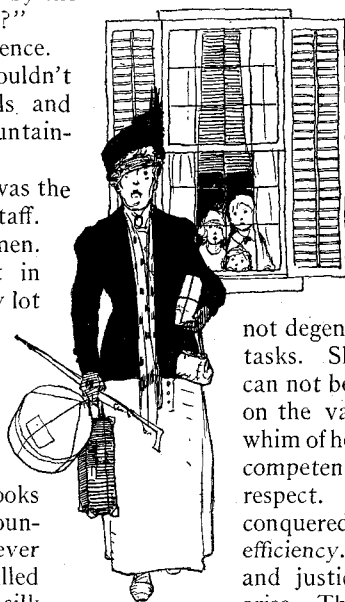
Proud of their wives? And loyal? Always! Yet I could not help wondering whether Fred Harvey's ties would smell so strongly of benzine if his wife knew how to shop intelligently and keep household accounts.

You have to work among men to measure their domestic problems fairly. You have to produce a dollar to appreciate its true value. When you have done this, you begin to understand why one of the real national problems in America to-day is the training of the girl for the responsible profession into which, ninety times out of a hundred, she will drift — matrimony. And why should she *drift* into it? Why

should she not enter it proudly, eagerly, her eyes open to the fact that here is a profession which demands efficiency that rises above a superficial knowledge of cookery and sewing and an inborn capacity for baby-cuddling?

When she is prepared for her responsible post as the purchasing member of the matrimonial firm, she can

not degenerate into a slave to household tasks. She will rise above them. She can not be the trembling dependent upon the varying generosity or the mere whim of her husband, because, as his very competent partner, she will command his respect. She will conquer, as men have conquered the world over, through sheer efficiency. Then the question of rights and justice for her sex will no longer arise. They will have been won!



VITA NUOVA

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

OUT of this eager April,
Out of this throbbing spring,
Is come a wondrous, gentle,
Strange, unbelievable thing.

Close my eyes with your fingers
And hush the world away,
Till only the wonder lingers
Of life made new to-day!



"RAISING HER IN HIS ARMS, BARNABAS BORE HER AWAY THROUGH THE WOOD";

The Amateur Gentleman by *Jellery Farnol* author of *"The Broad Highway"*



Illustrations by Herman Pfeiler

CHAPTER I

*In Which Barnabas Knocks Down His Father, though
as Dutifully as May Be*

JOHN BARTY, ex-champion of England and landlord of the Coursing Hound, sat screwed round in his chair, with his eyes yet turned to the door that had closed after the departing lawyer fully five minutes ago, and his eyes were wide and blank, and his mouth (prim and close-lipped as a rule) gaped, becoming aware of which, he closed it with a snap, and passed a great knotted fist across his brow.

"Barnabas," said he slowly, "I beant asleep an' dreaming, be I, Barnabas?"

"No, father!"

"But — seven — 'undred — thousand — pound! It were seven — 'undred — thousand — pound, weren't it, Barnabas?"

"Yes, father!"

"Seven 'undred — thou — No! I can't believe it, Barnabas, me bye."

"Neither can I, father," said Barnabas, still staring down at the papers which littered the table before him.

"Nor I aren't a-going to try to believe it, Barnabas."

"It's a great fortune!" said Barnabas in

the same repressed tone and with eyes still intent.

"Fortun'," repeated the father, "fortun'— it's fetched me one in the ribs — low, Barnabas, low! It's took my wind an' I'm hanging on to the ropes, lad. Why, Lord love me! I never thought as your uncle Tom 'ad it in him to keep hisself from starving, let alone make a fortun'! My scapegrace brother Tom! Poor Thomas sailed away in an emigrant ship. An' now, to think as he went an' made all that fortun', away off in Jamaiky!"

Here John Bartly paused and sat with his chin 'twixt finger and thumb; after a moment of silence he continued:

"Now, what astonishes an' fetches me a leveler as fair doubles me up is — why should my brother Tom leave all this money to a young hop-o'-me-thumb like you, Barnabas? You, as he never see but once, and you then a infant (and large for your age) in your blessed mother's arms, Barnabas, a-kicking an' a-squaring away wi' your little pink fists as proper as ever I seen, inside the ring or out. Ah, Barnabas!" sighed his father, shaking his head at him, "you was a promising infant, likewise a promising bye. Me an' Natty Bell had great hopes of ye, Barnabas; if you'd been governed by me and Natty Bell you might ha' done us all proud in the prize ring. You was cut out for