

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Only the same old story in a different strain: Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of pain; Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting rain.

A RICH MAN'S GAME.

Tommy Sherdel was one of the three best polo players in the world. And he was so poor that he had to work in a broker's office in Santa Barbara, during those hours he could spare from the game, for just enough to keep soul and body together.

—they might have won through, for she had a genius for breeding. She produced three great colts. With one of them, she actually won the Kentucky Derby. But every time the book-makers cleaned her out.

out of luck, and at least ninety-nine per cent. of the famous polo players have more than average bank-accounts. Whereas Tommy Sherdel usually paid the fifty cents a month the bank charges you if your balance is regularly under a hundred dollars.

the whole tale of his polo ambitions and his great handicap. "After all," he said hotly, "a chap can't be forever under obligations to somebody else. Besides, there are plenty of other players just as good as I am that could expect the club to mount them if they mount me.

"Probably not," said Sybil cheerfully. "I never have. But it doesn't matter. I look just as bad dressed up."

The boy's face had gone white beneath his tan. Dutch whinnied again, softly, pleadingly. The lilac bushes near the gravel walk gave out a sweet perfume. The sound of things buzzing filling the air.