

FARM RELIEF.

By Arthur Guiterman. Tell me how about this farming, Dirck, said I. "It's quite alarming. You alone among the neighbors seem to profit by your labors; few among them loaf, if any, yet they hardly save a penny while you prosper every season. What's the answer? What's the reason?" Dirck replied, "I tell you true: When it's time to do, I do."

"There's one time, you got to mind it. Not before and not behind it. When a job is ripe and ready; then you do it, hard and steady. When it's what the corn is needing; that's the time to do the weeding; and you have to be as knowing with your sowing and your hoeing and your berry picking too. When you ought to do, you do. "Vegetables vegetating" Never let you keep them waiting; when they're fit for folks to use 'em. You must take 'em or you lose 'em. There's a time for orchard spraying. And another time for haying. And to keep the chickens layin', if your farm is run for paying. That's the way the whole year through: When you got to do, you do!"

GAMBLER'S CHOICE.

At a corner table of the architecturally superb, but grotesquely decorated restaurant of the Hotel de Paris, at Monte Carlo, four very distinguished local notabilities were enjoying a carefully chosen, almost Lucullian midday banquet. They were indeed men of consequence.

Monsieur Robert, the director of the hotel, was host, white-haired but vigorous, with keen dark eyes and a presence immortalized by the leading cartoonists of Europe.

On his right sat Monsieur le General de St. Hilarie, from the barracks at Nice, a rather short, round, but solidly-looking person, with fierce gray mustaches, who wore his imposing row of ribbons with the air of one who has earned them. He was in command of the troops in the district, and with the continual frontier scars and graver outbursts of political discontent, suppressed in the local papers, but known well enough to the world at large, his post was surely no sinecure.

On the left of his host was Monsieur Desroilles, the Chef de Surete of Monaco, a man of mysteries if ever there was one, tall, dark and hatched-faced, severe of deportment, as befitted the custodian of many secrets. The fourth man at the table was Gustave Sordel, the leading spirit in the Societe des Bains de Mer, that vast organization responsible primarily for the gambling rooms, and in a minor degree for such less important institutions as the Baths, the Tir aux Pigeons, the Cafe de Paris and the golf course.

He was the youngest of the party, and he had the air of a man who welcomes responsibility with both hands, deals with it summarily, and if he makes mistakes stands by them. He was clean-shaven, with hard features, a rapid tongue, and he spoke with the tone of authority. A gathering this, indeed, of people of note—the rulers of the place, men with whom it would have been ill-advised, even dangerous, to quarrel.

The conversation was of food and its glorious cordillary, wine. Monsieur Robert was engaged in the pleasing task of making the mouths of his guests water. He spoke of news that morning, over the telephone from Prunier's, of caviar, gray and small-grained, a limited shipment, alas, and at a price unmentionable—but already southward bound.

Fortunately, in Monte Carlo, the visitor's sense of money values is curiously disturbed and extravagance becomes a cult. He spoke of prawns brought in that day from the River Vesubie, large and luscious, the shells of which were soon to lie upon their plates; a consignment of woodcock from Corsica, fat with their feast of insects under the cork trees of Corte; a crate of quails from the rice fields of Menaffi; some Norfolk pheasants, landed that morning at Nice from a fast aeroplane. The General, who more than any of them loved good food, and better still good wine, listened with glancing eyes.

"With the woodcock, my friends," he exclaimed, "some priceless Burgundy! Not warmed, mind, but with the chill off. A Chambertin of 1911 perhaps."

"I could accommodate you, Monsieur Robert boasted. "I have seventeen bottles in the cellar. Ah, it is our friend the General indeed who knows what is good! The Chambertin or a Clos Vougeot, eh? A perfume like violets, wine to stir the blood!"

"The General is a great connoisseur, Monsieur," Monsieur Desroilles declared, "but I claim to be the one who made the discovery that we were drinking the veritable vodka with our caviar."

"Ah, spirits! I have no palate for them," the General acknowledged. "The Fin? Yes, the Fin perhaps, but no others, and of that there is little now that enchants. I looked at your wine list a few days ago, Robert. Your 1812, your 1815, your 1830, they have disappeared, alas!"

Monsieur Robert smiled the smile of a wise man who knows a thing or two.

"From the wine list? Why, yes, from the wine list, perhaps, my friends. But wait!*** Now with the prawns I shall give you a dry Pouilly, a fine and delicate wine. This to prepare your palate for what comes. I have not forgotten your Cluquot either, Gustave. When the champagne arrives, there is a little surprise for you*** What is this?"

He broke off with a frown. His duties with regard to the hotel were things now almost of the past. He had an excellent manager, an ex-

cellent staff of clerks, and his own advice was seldom sought save in cases of extreme necessity. Yet here at his elbow stood Henri of the reception bureau, with a paper in his hand.

"What is this, Henri?" he demanded. Monsieur Grammont is in the office. You see that I lunch with friends? An occasion, this! Why am I disturbed?"

Henri, very correctly dressed, becomingly pale, worthy, of all appearance, of his post of senior reception clerk of the Hotel de Paris, was overweighted with apologies.

"It is Monsieur Grammont who thought you should see this, without delay," he confided. "It is a thing incomprehensible. One does not know whether to allot the room."

Monsieur Robert produced a horn-rimmed eye glass, and adjusted it with irritation. "The allotment of the rooms is no concern of mine," he grumbled.

"You will permit a word of explanation, Monsieur," the young man begged eagerly. "From the Blue Train there arrived, a quarter of an hour ago, this gentleman, Monsieur Andrew Tresholm, an Englishman. He had engaged by correspondence a room looking over the gardens with bath and small salon. Monsieur Grammont suggested Suite 39. I took him to it upon his arrival."

"I was satisfied with the apartments and the price, which was none too small. All goes well, you perceive. I hand him the papers from the Bureau of Police, and invite him to sign them. He fills in his name—you see it there—Tresholm, prenom Andrew. His age, thirty-six. His place of birth, a county in England. He arrives at 'profession.' He leaves that blank. Monsieur Desroilles," the young man added, "will remember his recent injunction."

"Certainly," the Chef de Surete assented. "We wish in all cases to have this profession stated. There has been a certain slackness in this respect."

Henri bowed his grateful acknowledgments across the table.

"I desire to carry out the official request," he continued, "and I press Monsieur Tresholm to fill in the space. He protests mildly. Gently but firmly I insist. He takes up the pen and hesitates. Then he smiles. He is of that type—he smiles to himself. Then he writes. Behold, Monsieur Robert, what he writes."

The great man took the paper into his hand and stared at it for a moment as though bewildered. "Occupation," he read out, "professional gambler."

"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca?" the Chef de Surete gasped. "Professional gambler," Monsieur Robert repeated, reading from the paper.

They all exchanged bewildered glances. "A joke perhaps?" the General suggested.

The young man shook his head. "This Monsieur Tresholm seemed perfectly serious," he declared. "I asked him if he were in earnest, and he replied, 'Certainly'—it is the only profession I have," he assured me, "and it keeps me fully occupied." Those were his words. "Am I to send this into the police?" I asked him. "Certainly," he assented. "If they must know my profession, there it is."

Humor is without doubt a subtle quality. Here were four men of entirely different outlook upon life, who simultaneously recovered from a fit of astonishment and simultaneously realized that the reception clerk's announcement was very funny indeed. In his own way each laughed to the limit of his capacity. Monsieur Sordel, when he had finished, found it necessary to remove the tears from his eyes.

"You find it funny, Gustave?" his host chaffed him, as soon as he had recovered his own breath. "Yet here, perhaps, is the end of the world for us. A professional gambler, mark you. He may know something. A defeating system may have arrived. Soon you may have to close your doors, Gustave, and I my hotel."

There was a second outburst not quite so prolonged.

Henri waited patiently by. "What am I to do about the gentleman's room, Monsieur Robert?" he inquired.

"Give it to him, by all means," was the prompt reply. "See that Madame Grund adorns it with flowers, that the servants, too, show this eccentric every attention. Stop, though! His luggage!"

"He has a great deal of very superior quality," Henri confided. "There is also a motor-car of expensive make which arrived this morning by road."

"Ma foi! He makes it pay! Monsieur Robert grunted. "But that is very good. Excellent!"

Henri took his leave, and they all began to talk at once.

"An imbecile without a doubt," "Perhaps a humorist."

"Stop, stop, my friends!" Gustave Sordel begged. "There have been others who have arrived here with equal confidence. We have heard before—we of the Casino—of the invincible system. Our visitor may be very much in earnest. All I can say is, he is welcome."

The young man from the reception bureau once more approached their table.

"I thought it would interest you, sir," he announced, addressing his chief, "to see this gentleman. He has asked for a corner table for luncheon. He arrives now, in the doorway."

They looked at him with very genuine curiosity. A slim but well-built young man, of a little over medium height, carefully but not foppishly dressed in gray tweeds, with admirably chosen tie, collar and shirt. He was fair, and his hair had a slight tendency towards curliness. His complexion was sunburnt, his eyes blue, his features good, and there was a quizzical drive at the corners of his lips and faint lines by his eyes which might have denoted a humorous outlook.

"Un jeune homme tres chic," was Monsieur Robert's criticism. Gustave Sordel looked at his victim

with the eyes of the shearer who has opened his gates to the sheep. "He is of the type," he decided. "They believe in themselves, these young Englishmen with systems. We shall see."

Monsieur Robert grunted once more. "All very well, Gustave, mon vieux," he declared, "that man is no fool. Discoveries are being made now which startled the world—things that were declared impossible. Why should it not have arrived at last—the perfect system?"

Gustave Sordel watched the champagne poured into his glass with a placid smile. "The gambler with inspiration," he observed, "sometimes gives temporary inconvenience, but it is upon the world with systems that we thrive. I will drink to the health of this brave man."

They raised their glasses. All unconscious of their speculations, the subject of their conversation was ordering his luncheon.

Andrew Tresholm, an hour or so later, quite unaware of the interest which his passing through the lounge had excited, stood upon the steps of the hotel, looking out upon the gay little scene. A small boy, posted there for that purpose, rushed to the telephone to announce to the chefs de partie and officials of the Casino the impending arrival of this menace to their prosperity. There was a little stir in the hall, and everyone neglected his coffee to lean forward and stare. The Senegalese porter approached with a low bow and a smile.

"The Casino, sir," he announced, pointing to the stucco building across the way.

"I see it," was the somewhat surprised reply. "Darned ugly place, too!"

The man, who spoke only French, let it go at that. Tresholm pointed to a quaint little building perched on the side of the mountain overhead.

"What place is that?" he asked in French.

"The Vistaro Restaurant, sir," the man replied. "The Salles Privees have been open since two o'clock. The Sporting Club will be open at four."

Tresholm showed no particular sign of interest in either announcement. A moment later he descended the steps, and the four very prosperous-looking Frenchmen seated in the lounge, enjoying their coffee and cigars, rose to their feet to watch him.

"The battle commences," Gustave Sordel exclaimed, with a chuckle. "But apparently the battle was not going to commence, for to the surprise of the four, of the Senegalese hall porter, of the attendants who had all gathered to see this gold stranger depart upon his mission, Tresholm stepped into a very handsome two-seated car which a chauffeur had just brought round, took his place at the wheel, and, skirting the gardens, mounted the hill."

"Ha, ha!" Monsieur Robert joked. "Your victim escapes, Gustave."

"On the contrary," was the complacent reply, "he mounts to the bank."

In less than half an hour, instead of dealing out his packets of mille notes to the ghouls of the Casino according to plan, Andrew Tresholm was leaning over the crazy balcony of the most picturesquely situated restaurant in Europe looking down at what seemed to be a collection of toy buildings out of a child's play-box. Even the Casino, its crudity effaced by distance, might have been the somewhat fanciful palace of a kingdom of dwarfs and the peaceful little port beyond, with its twin light-houses, fitting harborage for a Lilliputian squadron. His eyes wandered appreciatively but without enthusiasm over the somewhat artificial and too much advertised beauties of the principality to rest upon the sparkling blue of the sea with its fishes of mauve and purple, its thousand scintillations where the sunlight caught the breaking waves.

A waiter at his elbow coughed suggestively, and Tresholm ordered coffee and Grand Marnier. He stretched himself out in a wicker chair, and for a professional gambler removed from the scene of his activities he seemed singularly content. The afternoon was warm, and Tresholm, who had endured the lack of ventilation in his so-called train de luxe the night before, dozed peacefully in his chair. He awoke to the sound of familiar voices—a woman's musical and pleading, a man's dogged and irritable.

"Can't you understand the common sense of the thing, Norah?" the latter was arguing. "The luck must turn. It's got to turn. Take my case. I've lost for four nights. Tonight, therefore, I am all the more likely to win. What's the good of going home with the paltry sum we have left? Much better try to get the whole lot back."

"Five thousand pounds isn't a paltry sum by any means," the girl protested. "If it would make things much more comfortable for us even though you still had to go on at the bank."

"Darn the bank!" was the vicious rejoinder.

Tresholm, who was now quite awake, rose deliberately to his feet and moved across to them.

"Darn the bank by all means," he acquiesced, "so long as it isn't the one in which my poor savings are invested. Do I, by any chance, come across my young friends of Angouleme once more in some slight trouble? Can I be of any assistance?"

The youth, good-looking but morose, glanced across at him and scowled. The girl swung round in her chair, and a little cry of pleasure broke from her lips.

"Mr. Tresholm!" she exclaimed. "Fancy your being here! Aren't we terrible people, squabbling at the top of our voices in such a beautiful place?"

Tresholm sank into the chair which the young man, with an ungracious greeting, had pushed towards him.

"I seem fated to come up against you two in moments of tribulation," he remarked, speaking languidly, almost with a drawl, as though to give them time to recover. "At Angou-

leme, I think I really was of some assistance. You would never have reached the place but for my chauffeur, who fortunately knows more about cars than I do. A little pathetic you looked, Miss Norah—forgive me, but I never heard your other name—leaning against the wall by the side of that exquisite mountain road, wondering whether any good-natured person would stop and ask if you were in trouble."

She smiled at the recollection. "And you did stop," she reminded him gratefully. "You helped us wonderfully."

"It was my good fortune," he said lightly, but with a faint note of sincerity in his tone. "And this time? What about it? May I be told the trouble again? A discussion about gambling apparently. Well, I know more about gambling than I do about motor-cars. Let me be your adviser."

"Much obliged. It's no one else's trouble except our own," the young man intervened.

"Or business, I suppose you would like to add," Tresholm observed equably. "Perhaps your sister will be more communicative."

"I told you that night at the hotel at Angouleme of my reputation. I am a meddler in other people's affairs. I like giving advice, and the advice I give is pretty sound stuff too. You young people have been disputing about something. I can see it in your faces. I felt it in the atmosphere round me when I awoke. Let me settle the matter for you."

"Why not?" the girl agreed with enthusiasm. "Let me tell him, Jack. You can do as you jolly well please," was the surly rejoinder.

The girl leaned across the little round table towards Tresholm.

She would have been very good-looking indeed if she had not been so pale, and if there had not been dark lines under her violet eyes. Nevertheless, even as she was, Tresholm decided that this further glimpse of her was quite worth the abandonment of his motor tour and the uncomfortable train journey.

"We told you a little about ourselves at Angouleme during the evening of the day when you had been so kind to us," she reminded him. "We are orphans and we have been living together at Norwich, just on the salary Jack gets from the bank where he is junior cashier. Our name, by the way, is Bartlett. Our father was a poor clergyman and we hadn't a penny in the world except what Jack earned."

"Then two months ago, quite unexpectedly, a distant relative, whom we had scarcely ever heard of, died and left us five thousand pounds each. We decided to pool the money, have a holiday—Jack's vacation was almost due—and, for once in our lives, have a thoroughly good time."

"A very sound idea," Tresholm murmured.

"The place we both wanted to come to," she went on, "was Monte Carlo. We bought a little motor-car—you know something about that—and we reached here a few days ago. It was lots of fun, but, alas, ever since we arrived Jack and I have disagreed. His point of view—"

"I'll tell him that myself," her brother interrupted. "Ten thousand pounds our legacy was—nine thousand and we reckoned when our holiday's paid for, and the car. Well, supposing I invested it, what would it mean? Four hundred and fifty a year. Neither one thing nor the other. It's just about what I'm getting from the bank. It wouldn't have helped me to escape. I should have had to go on there just the same and I hate the work like poison."

"Four hundred and fifty a year would have made life very much easier for us, even though you had to go on working," she remarked wistfully. "Thinking of yourself as usual," he growled. "Well, anyhow, you agreed at first."

"Agreed to what?" Tresholm inquired.

"To taking our chance of making a bit whilst we were here," he explained. "We decided to risk a couple of thousand pounds and see if we could make enough to chuck the bank and live quietly somewhere in the country where there was golf and a bit of shooting."

"It wasn't my idea," she ventured. "Of course it wasn't," he scoffed. "You're like all women. You're too frightened of losing to make a good sportsman."

"Well, we have lost," she rejoined dryly—"not two thousand but four."

"That seems unfortunate," was Tresholm's grave comment. "What is the present subject of your dispute?"

"Simply this," the young man confided. "We have spent, or shall have spent by the time we get home, a thousand pounds of the legacy. We have lost at the tables four thousand, and sold the little car we bought for half what we gave for it. We have five thousand left. Norah wants me to promise not to go into the Casino again, and to leave for home at once with five thousand pounds in the bank. I want to go neck or nothing—win back at least our five thousand—perhaps a good bit more. The luck must turn."

"Quite so," Tresholm agreed. "There's a certain amount of reason in what your brother says, Miss Norah."

She looked at him in horror. "You don't mean to say that you're going to advise him to risk the whole of the rest of our legacy!" she exclaimed.

Tresholm made no direct reply. He passed around his case and lighted a cigar himself.

"Well," he pronounced, "I have a certain amount of sympathy for your brother's point of view. If I were in his position and had lost as much as you say, I think I should want a shot at getting some of it back, but," he added, checking the young man's exclamation of delight and the girl's little cry of disappointment with the same gesture, "I should want to know that the odds were level."

"Roulette's a fair enough game," the young man protested. "One

chance in thirty-five against you—and zero, of course."

"You may call that fair," Tresholm said calmly; I don't. I am assuming that with your small capital you're backing the numbers. Very well. The bank has the pull on you the whole of the time to the extent of five or six per cent. If you play chemin de fer the cagnotte amounts to about the same thing."

"I am with you in spirit, my young friend, but gambling at Monte Carlo isn't what I call gambling at all. You're fighting a man of equal ability a stone heavier than yourself. It can't be done. It's automatic. You must lose."

"That's what I say," the girl declared triumphantly. "We're simply foolish to dream of throwing away the last of our money."

"But people do win," her brother insisted. "There's that Hungarian who won half a million francs the night before last."

"The Casino takes pretty good care to advertise it when anything of that sort happens," Tresholm pointed out. "He'll probably be in again tonight and lose the lot, and more besides. Now listen to me, Bartlett," he went on. "I'm not against you in spirit. I'm against you in this particular proposal because you want to take on an impossibility."

"The people who win here are just the people who play to amuse themselves, and go away when they've had their fun. People in your position, with a few thousand pounds left over from a legacy and nothing else to fall back upon in the world, are the people who inevitably lose."

The young man thrust his hands into his trousers pockets. His natural good looks were completely spoiled by his sullen expression.

"It's no good trying to be scientific in gambling," he said. "If you want to have a plunge you always must have a bit up against you, of course. What's it matter so long as you win? I never mind backing a horse at odds so long as it's a certainty."

"There is such a thing as fair gambling," Tresholm pointed out. "I'll toss you for your five thousand pounds, if you like. That's a level affair—no cagnotte, no zero. You can choose the coin."

The girl gave a little cry. Her brother gasped.

"You're not serious?" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Tresholm!" she remonstrated. "I'm perfectly serious," he assured them both. "You seem to think that I know nothing about gambling. On the contrary, I am described in the police records of this principality as a professional gambler. I must live up to my reputation. I will toss you for five thousand pounds. I shall probably win as I am usually lucky, and you, I should think, are not. This moment, if you like. Shall I send for a coin?"

"No!" the girl shrieked.

Tresholm shrugged his shoulders. "Very well," he acquiesced. "You would like to prolong the agony. Dine with me, both of you, tonight at the Hotel de Paris at half past eight. We will either toss, or play any game you like where the odds are level, for whatever sum you like up to five thousand pounds."

The girl looked at him reproachfully through a mist of tears. Her brother was exuberant.

"You're a sportsman," he declared. "I wanted to dine at the Paris once more before we left. We'll be there at half past eight."

Gustave Sordel paid a special visit to the hotel just before dinner-time that evening. He encountered Monsieur Robert in the hall.

"But what has arrived?" he exclaimed. "All the afternoon my chefs have been on the qui vive. I have reinforced every table to the extent of a hundred thousand francs. I arranged for a high table at chemin de fer, and if Monsieur Tresholm had wished to take a bank at baccarat tonight it could have been managed. Yet behold the strange thing which has arrived. He has not as yet taken out his ticket."

"In the Sporting Club perhaps?" Monsieur Robert suggested.

"Three times I have sent there. No one of his name has applied for a card."

"This affair gives one to think," Monsieur Robert admitted. "At present he dines with a young Englishman and his sister—a couple bien distingue, but poor. They left here last week for a cheaper hotel. Of what interest can they be to him?"

Sordel shrugged his shoulders. "After all," he pointed out, "even a professional gambler must have his moments. He waits for the night without a doubt."

Meanwhile, in the restaurant, Tresholm, to all appearance, was very much enjoying his dinner. Bartlett was excited, and drank perhaps a little more wine than was good for him. Norah, on the other hand, was very silent. She ate and drank little, and her manner, especially towards her host, was reserved, not to say cold.

"Your sister, Bartlett," the latter confided, when the second bottle of champagne was opened, "is displeased with me. I wonder whether I might ask why."

"Because you have taken his side against me," she said, looking at him with a smoldering anger in her eyes. "You are encouraging him to gamble with that last five thousand pounds. I hoped so much that you would have been on my side, that you would have told him to keep that money, for both our sakes, and not to enter the Casino again."

"And if I had told him that," Tresholm asked calmly, "would it have made any difference?"

She reflected for a moment. "Perhaps it would not," she admitted. "He is very self-willed. He would probably have had his own way, and yet somehow or other I am sorry that it should have been you who encouraged this."

"I don't think that you are quite just to blame me," he complained. "You must realize that nothing I could have said would have made the slightest difference. You know that

you yourself have used all your persuasions. Your brother would have lost every penny in the Casino if I had not offered him a saner chance of gambling with me."

"I can't explain," she sighed. "I am just disappointed."

Dinner drew towards a close, but Tresholm waved aside the waiter's suggestion of coffee.

"I have ordered it in my sitting-room," he explained to his guests. "It shall be the prelude to the duel."

They left the table, crossed the lounge and entered the elevator. In the corridor Bartlett stopped to speak to an acquaintance. The girl suddenly turned to her companion.

"Mr. Tresholm," she begged, "don't do this. Let him lose his money in the Casino if he must. I don't like the idea of you two sitting down to play against one another. I don't like it. There's something horrible about it."

"Don't you think," he asked, "that if your brother must throw his money away, I might as well have it as anybody else?"

"Do you mean—do you really mean that you are what you said?"

"I am afraid there is a certain amount of truth in what I told you," he acknowledged. "If you go to the Chef de Surete here in Monaco, he will show you my papers."

"Then I think it is all very terrible," she pronounced sadly. "Even the nicest people seem poisoned with this gambling. I am very sorry that we ever came to Monte Carlo."

"Now for the terms," Tresholm said, as he and Bartlett seated themselves at a small table. "First of all, here are two tickets for the Blue Train tomorrow. It is understood that whoever you win my money or I win yours you make use of them."

"Right-o!" the young man agreed, pocketing the yellow slips.

"I require more than a casual acceptance of that proposal," Tresholm persisted. "I require your word of honor."

"That's all right," the other acquiesced. "I promise upon my honor."

"And I am your witness," Norah intervened gravely.

"Furthermore, whether you win or lose," Tresholm continued, "you must promise not to return within twelve months."

"Agreed. Come along. Let's start."

"The game I leave entirely to you," Tresholm announced. "There are, as you see, four new packs of cards. I will cut you highest or lowest to win, whichever you like, or I will play you two-handed poker, or piquet, or any other game you prefer."

There was a sudden gleam in the young man's eyes. "Piquet?" he repeated. "You play piquet?"

"Rather well," Tresholm warned him. "I should advise you to choose something else."

Bartlett laughed confidently. "Piquet's good enough for me," he declared. "I used to play it with my old governor every night. Let's go on with it," he added, moistening his dry lips. "A hundred pounds a time, eh?"

"Whatever you like," was the reply. It was midnight before the matter was concluded. Bartlett, white and distraught, with a dangerous, almost lunatic gleam in his eyes, was pacing the room excitedly. Norah, unexpectedly calm, was still seated in the chair from which she had watched the gambling with changeless expression. Tresholm remained at the table. Before him lay a check for five thousand pounds which the young man had just signed.

"Ready, Jack?" she asked at last. "I suppose so," he growled. "Come along."

Tresholm rose to his feet. "You've had a fair deal with level odds for your money, haven't you?" he asked his late opponent.

"I'm not complaining," was the broken reply. "I suppose it's no use asking you to lend me a hundred just to have one shot at the Sporting Club?"

"Not the least use in the world," Tresholm refused. The hundred pounds would go just where the rest of your money has gone. There are some of us who are made to win at games of chance; others to lose. You are one of the predestined losers. If you take my advice, you will never again, so long as you live, indulge in any game of chance for money."

He opened the door. The girl passed out, silent and dignified, without a glance in his direction.

"Good night, Miss Bartlett," he ventured.

"Good night, Mr. Tresholm," she replied. "I congratulate you upon your profitable evening."</