Bellefonte, Pa., June 21, 1929.

TRUE WORTH.

True worth is in being, not seeming, In doing each day that goes by Some little good-not in the dreaming Of great things to do by-and-by.

For whatever men may say in blindness And in spite of the fancies of youth, There's nothing so kingly as kindness, And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure We cannot do wrong and feel right, Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure. For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow The bush for the robin and wren But always the path that is narrow And straight for the children of men. -ALICE CARY.

THE BIG WINNER

Installed in an easy chair in a dark corner of that somberly lighted barquaint contrast to the brilliantly illuminated, somewhat ,garish restaurant, adjoining—Tresholm became suddenly tense, assailed by a wave of tantalizing, almost torturing memories. He bent forward, his lean face strained, his eyes fixed upon the approaching figure.

A strange flood of memories this, to haunt the brain so suddenly—the pungent perfume of the Campagna herbs, the April sunlight flooding the plain, even to the out-skirts of the city, the dark and splendid outline of St. Peter's itself, the music of those hasty words, the longing of her dark eyes, then the thundering of hoofs, the crack of the huntsman's whipoff again into the mild distraction of the hunt! But oh, that perfume, how it clung!

It was Lena who recognized hima child when he had left Rome. She caught at the arm of her companion. "Margherita, see, it is Signor Tresholm !

He came forward then. The world of sweet fancies and memories had slipped back where it belonged. He smiled into her surprised beautiful eyes and raised her fingers to his lips

in approved fashion. "Princess," he murmured. "You, Andrew!" she replied.

The seconds possessed their full measure of bitter sweetness. Lena claimed her few words, and the princess turned towards their companion—a somewhat weary-looking elderly man.

"Duke," she said, "let me present one of my dear English friends—Mr. Andrew Tresholm—the Duca di Michani. Signor Tresholm was at his Embassy in Rome when my husband interested himself in politics-five. six, alas, seven years ago."

The two men shook hands

Tresholm.

"You are not by any fortunate chance alone?" she asked "Yes? said. "It was arranged, I thought, Then do join us. Indeed, if you will that we should come here.' you will relieve me of some anxiety. Here, it is difficult to explain. This little enterprise of ours is undertaken she reminded him. "At one o'clock much against my will. You would you were still playing. We persuadbe of great assistance if you would ed the duke to be our escort, and I our hostess and the Signorina,"

"I will do so with pleasure," Tresholm accepted. "I must warn you, though, that I seldom dance."

"Yet I seem to remember," the woman murmured, "when the music was to your fancy there were few

who danced like you." "It may be for that reason," he rejoined, "that today I dance but sel-

She flashed a little glance at him, and the people who saw it turned their heads to look at her, for she "But surely you have been here banker to the extent of, say, a mil-was indeed beautiful. Arrived at for some time?" the princess asked. lion francs." their table, to which they were es-conted by the manager and the head ed. waiter, Lena floated away almost at

she acknowledged. "Always she un- the Sporting Club?" anything else, dear friend, before I fore I go. I find many other amuse- est." Tresholm assured him. "If I ments have." bring myself to realize how happy ments here." it has made me-even this brief meeting-let me tell you of this embar- were always an original!" rassment in which we find ourselves. I came here tonight, because of it, tered. in fear and trembling. With you, Monte Carlo?"

however, I feel safe." and glanced at her.

ever in her silver gown, her famous hill villages, perhaps dine in some when she had been kind to the young book and go to bed." English attache, she had been acknowledged one of the most beautiful women in Europe. It seemed to Tresholm that the years which had anywhere." passed had not even disturbed the

old appealing gesture.
"Dear friend," she continued, "last month we announced Lena's engagement to Bartoldi."

I nearly sent you a line." "The affair seemed well enough. Bartoldi is poor, but Lena is overrich than in the gaming-rooms." already. I knew little of the young man. Like most others, he was supposed to be gay. What would you have? He is only twenty-four. It was thought that marriage would be good disparingly. He muttered something for him. I begin to doubt it. Indeed, in Italian and poured himself out

I am frightened." "Tell me exactly why," Tresholm

suggested. "We discovered one unsuspected thing—he is a gambler." Tresholm smaled slightly. The

thought of his own reputation flickand would have hurried her partner kit," Tresholm enjoined. ered into his mind.

have become a settled vice. He is ment. playing here?'

"Night and day-and disastrously but, I am afraid, for his character. it is not the custom—" Lena is in great distress. I dare not ! has hated the Bartoldis all his life away. and can find no good word to say distress.

"Just how do things stand at present?" Tresholm asked.

comes here as our guest. He brought any dear friend of mine.
with him a hundred thousand lire "You may make yourself at ease
for gambling. He has lost that. He concerning Signor Tresholm," the lire from home, he has borrowed borrowed from Lena.

"It is not only his money losses which are so distressing, but he himself is changing. Lena and I refuse to play at all, hoping that may have some effect. We came here last night with Michani and two other friends, and all the money they would lend Gastone arrived just as we were me at the bar. Never was anyone leaving. He behaved disgracefully, plagued with such accursed luck." He quarreled with the man with whom Lena was dancing and declared that until she was married she must dance with no one but him. He made a scene. I am afraid he was not quite sober. I was much ashamed, and a little frightened.

"Today he has obtained money somehow, and he is playing. As soon the suave rejoinder... as he has lost it all, I fear that he will follow us here. He will perhaps make himself disagreeable. man. He wanted to fight a perfectly in search of an acquaintance. harmless youth with whom she was dancing.'

She broke off, to hand the menu to Tresholm, who ordered supper and wine. Almost immediately Lena and her escort returned to the table. reminiscenes-became gay. The duke, approving alike of the caviar and the champagne unbent. He danced again with Lena. The princess looked at her companion, and a little smile parted her wonderful lips.

"The dances are not the same, but will dance with me?"

They danced, and he was back again in the flood of memories. There were a few whispered words, but the silence had its tumultuous charm. More than once he felt her cling to him—her slim, exquisite body yielding itself to his arms. When at last "In that case," Tresh they sat down, Tresholm was a little breathless. It seemed to him that she was avoiding his eyes. Then suddenly she touched his sleeve. "Bartoldi!" she exclaimed.

In the doorway." the full gaze of the young man who what I think of him." "I knew your chief very well, of had just entered. Bartoldi was very course, Signore," the duke acknowledged.

decorative, but he was not altogether "You are just as sweet to me as ever, sober. He stood there gloomy, are dear Andrew," she whispered. "If were hovering in the background, cess waved her hand. He approach- days!" anxious to welcome such distinguish- ed with deliberate footseps. He bow-

> and ignored Tresholm. "I looked for you in the club," he

"At twelve o'clock, dear Gastone," was fortunate enough to find here one of my dearest friends Andrew Tresholm-Prince Bartoldi.

Bartoldi looked across at Tresholm with heavy eyes. The greeting between the two men was of the slightest. There was a smile, however, upon Tresholm's lips.

"The prince occupies himself a great deal with the game" he re

marked. "I do. And you?" "As yet, I have not played."

"Three weeks," Tresholm confess-The young man was staring at

"Lena is the sister of my heart," have not yet entered the Casmo or

The princess laughed softly.

"Original indeed," Bartoldi mut- like my terms." "What other amusements has

"Well, for example. I play tennis "Tell me, by all means," he begged for two or three hours in the morning Club?" he suggested. "We could ing," Tresholm confided. "After that have a drink anyway, and there Indeed, she was as beautiful as I motor out to some of the smaller might be a chemie table going." pearls, her shining dark hair, her bohemian place in Nice or Cannes

> "Why come to Monte Carlo?" the young man queried, almost insolently. "You could lead that sort of life

bloom of youth. Her brown eyes the other hand, Monte Carlo is a very these: that between now and then were as eloquent as ever. Her fing- amusing place, unless one is by evil you do not attempt to gamble; you ers rested upon his coat sleeve in the chance a gambler. The climate is do whatever I choose.' excellent, the scenery attractive, and one meets friends."

"I agree with Signor Tresholm," "None at all," Tresholm assured Michani declared. "I have not his him. "At midnight on Friday, the "I read it," Tresholm murmured, energy, perhaps, but when I have money will be at your disposal. You had increased his stock by a few "In spite of our vow not to write, lost five hundred francs in the after can gamble with it, pay your debts plaques. The newcomer was cashing I seek to amuse myself elsewhere you can return it to me when it is

The music was once more alluring. Lena smiled at Bartoldi.

"We dance, Gastone, yes?" The young man surveyed the room ed. some wine.

Tresholm rose. "Perhaps you will honor me," he begged. She rose without hesitation. Bartoldi set down his glass.

"Lena!" She affected not to hear him and

"He must be too young for that to off, but Tresholm lingered for a mo-

"Signor Tresholm," Bartoldi said, "I do not know who you are. The Disastrously, not only for his purse. Signorina is my fiancee, and in Italy "Pity we're in Monaco," Tresholm

tell my husband, and the duke here interrupted pleasantly, as he moved The princess leaned forward. "Gasabout them. We have no one in stone," she said, "it seems to me that

whom to confide, and we are in great we, who may be your new relatives, will have a little more to put up with than we expected. There is one thing, however, which I warn you I "Gastone, as I told you, is not should never forgive, and that is your rich," the princess explained. "He making yourself ridiculous before

has drawn another hundred thousand princess continued. "He is an Englishman of distinguished family who some from me, and tonight he has was in the Diplomatic Service of his your supper, please. You have lost again, I fear."

"I have lost," the young man acknowledged sullenly. "I have lost all the money I could scrape together, "It is a little message from fate,"

the princess told him. "You are not meant to win. The man who plays against fate, plays hopelessly.' "Women know nothing about gambling," Bartoldi declared savage-

"That may be why we win," was

Tresholm and his partner returned in due course, and the supper-party, He is never a brilliant success nevertheless very violent, and I feel sure that he drifted on without disaster. Tois drinking too much brandy. Lena wards its close, Tresholm found himis in despair. I know that she is self once more alone with his hosfond of him but what can one do? tess. Lena and Michani were danc-Last night he behaved like a mad- ing, and Bartoldi had gone to the bar

"What am I to do?" the princess asked Tresholm suddenly. "I believe that Gastone is not so bad. It is just this gambling. And Lena alas adores Already he has borrowed all him. our spare money, and my hands now Conversation—a pleasant farrago of are tied. I have promised my husband I will lend him no more. What can one do with him? Advise me, dear friend. I want so much their happiness."

Tresholm smoked thoughtfully for a moment. "My first impressions of the young man," he confessed, "led the music—it remains. Andrew, you me to believe that your sister would probably be the better for his loss. One must not judge hastily, though.

You have known him longer than I. You find in him good qualities?" "Indeed yes, Andrew," she assured him. "Gastone has good in him. I

"In that case," Tresholm decided, "I will do what I can to help him. You have your car here, of course? Very well. When you leave, the duke can escort you and your sister. I will propose to Prince Bartoldi that he and I walk to the hotel. If I fail with the young man, I can at least Tresholm turned his head and met let you know at the end of four days

Her fingers deliberately sought his. A waiter and the manager himself most ferocious looking. The prin- only I had had the courage in those

He shook his head. "Your place, ed clients. The princess turned to ed to the women, nodded to the duke dear Margherita," he sighed, "was always in the great world." They left soon afterwards. On the

pavement outside, Tresholm offered The princess toyed with her fan. his cigaret-case to the young man "Shall we walk?" he suggested "It is only a few yards to the Paris, not playing." and Michani is sufficient escort for The young man assented without

.Mr. graciousness. "Had bad luck at the tables, haven't you?" Tresholm asked. "Infernal," was the disgusted as-

sent. "It's all a matter of capital. I could have got it back, but I can't raise any more money. The old prince is a miser, my lawyer is away in England, and not one of my friends is out here."

"Upon certain conditions," Tresholm proposed gently, "I will be your he murmurued. "Let's watch some

"You will what?" Bartoldi exclaim-"I will lend you a million francs,"

once with her escort. The princess him solemnly. "You have been here Tresholm repeated, "but on my own notes. smiled." "I will pay any interest," the

young man declared eagerly. lend you this money, you will give "You me an I. O. U. for it, and pay me back the exact sum but-you won't

Bartoldi glanced at the clock, still visible in front of the Casino. "Could we step round to the Sport-

"Certainly not," Tresholm refused. "These are my terms. You may rely flawless complexion and her exquis- on my way home, and often I am so upon me to keep my word—the prinitely shaped mouth. In the old days, sleepy that I read my papers or a cess will tell you, I think, that I am not likely to break it."

"The terms then, if you please." "It is now," Tresholm reflected, Drink up quickly and we'll get back "Tuesday morning. The sum I mentioned will be at your disposal on Fri-"Quite so," Tresholm assented. "On day at midnight. The terms are

"Any restrictions after that?" the young man asked.

noon, and five hundred in the evening, with it, or do whatever you like, and mille notes. convenient."

"You are not going to ask that I never seem to keep it. Let's go over do anything impossible during the four days?" the young man venture Bartoldi frankly yawned. "Why do

"Nothing whatever. Most of the time I shall spend with you." They turned into the Hotel de Paris. "I thank you very much sir," Bar-

Tomorrow morning, I am at your service." "Turn up at half past ten in tennis

tennis on the following morning, but Sordel himself. improved considerably towards the close of the seance. Tresholm, who at last, Mr. Tresholm," he greeted had won the first three sets, was him, with a welcoming smile. obliged to fight hard for the fourth and lost the fifth. They wandered off to the Royalty for cocktails with the princess and Lena, who had been in-

"Dear friend," she remonstraced. "I hear that you have offered to lend Gastone money, without any restrictions as to gambling."

Trasholm nodded. "He doesn't get it till midnight on Friday though,' he reminded her, "and until then he's on his honor not to play at all." "It is not very long until Friday

midnight," she sighed. "Miracles have been wrought in less time," Tresholm replied. "Mine country when I knew him. Continue is just a little gamble. If I losewell, I can afford it."

They drank their cocktails in the sunshine, and on a sudden inspiration motored out to Beaulieu for luncheon. Afterwards, the princess suggested a visit to Cannes, but Tresholm shook his head.

"If you don't mind," he begged, "Bartoldi and I want to go to the we watch any more," Bartoldi pro-Sporting Club.' The young man's eyes glittered. my nerves." The princess and Lena were aston-

"to the Sporting Club!" the latter exclaimed. I thought Gastone was bar again. not to play till Friday."

fessed. "Surely," Lena pleaded.

"I'm not so sure," Tresholm replied. "Anyhow we'll look in there cleck. for a short time."

At a few minutes past four, the event for which Monte Carlo had been waiting took place. Tresholm mounted the steps of the Sporting Club accompanied by Bartoldi and turned into the Bureau.

"Got to get my ticket," plained. The young Italian stared at him incredulously.

"Do you mean to say that you haven't even taken a ticket out?" he demanded. "Haven't been in the place since I

arrived," Tresholm confessed. "Come and sign for me.' Tresholm's appearance caused a sensation. His ticket was made out in breathless speed by the senior clerk, while the junior one rushed to the telephone. The news spread in all directions. When they entered the rooms, the croupiers stood up and craned their necks with curiosity. The chief of the plaque roulette table covertly counted over his capital. The chef at the trente-et-quarante board sent at once for a supply of five-mille plaques. The man whose appearance had created such a sen-

bling rooms modestly. He made no attempt to change any money. His companion stood with hands in his pockets his eyes on the

board. "Quatorze,' he groaned, as the spin was concluded. "Signor Tresholm, for heaven's sake, let me have a mille. must back seven and twenty-nine after fourteen."

"What on earth for?" Tresholm demanded. "In any case, you know that under our conditions you are "And you? You will not play either?" Bartoldi asked, a little be-

wildered. "No, not at present." The next number was thirty four,

the next thirty--five the following "You'd have lost your money, wouldn't you?" Tresholm remarked

casually "Look at that Dutchman," Bartoldi whispered. 'He must have eighty mille there." Tresholm nodded. "Clever fellow!"

of the other tables." They wandered down to the far end of the room. When they came back, the Dutchman at the plaque table was changing a bundle of mille

holm observed. "Jolly interesting, ly. isn't it? Let's look at the chemie.' The chemie game was dragging wearily along. At each table, the croupier glanced round almost wistfully at their approach. Tresholm remained blandly indifferent.

"Time for our first cocktail." suggested to his companion. "Thank heaven!" the other replied. They sat down and smoked ciga-

rets in a corner of the bar. just broken up" Tresholm remarked could back the seven and the fouras he sipped his cocktail. "Eight people went to cash in their chips, and there wasn't a winner among them. Cagnotte had the lot. Jolly interesting to watch all the same

to the roulette.' man rose unwillingly. Things at the here," Bartoldi murmured feverishtable had changed. The Dutchman ly. was nervously fingering the last of his packet of mille notes. A newcomer had collected a pile of plaques. gested. They watched for a time and then

"Must play badly, these fellows, I think," Tresholm observed. "They sponse. you not play?" he reiterated. "Any- you a chance to keep your winnings." thing is better than doing nothing."

They wandered down the passage, toldi said. "It is so arranged then. crossed the lounge of the hotel, pass- asked. ed through the swing doors and strolled towards the Casino. A small crowd of people collected to watch them. They were met in the vesti- holm stipulated.

Bartoldi was a slow starter at bule of the "Kitchen" by Gustave

"So you have found your way here

"A very brief visit, I am afraid." Tresholm confided. "If you will tell me which table you're going to play at, I will see

terested spectators. The princess they have plenty of money," Sordel took Tresholm's arm. suggested.

'I'm not sure that I'll do more than look on today," Tresholm replied.
Sordel hurried off with an incredulous shrug of the shoulders. They passed through the "Kitchen," stopping to watch the play at some of the

"Always gives me the hump, this place," Tresholm remarked. think that some of these brokendown, miserable-looking men and women were once decent folk. Came here, lots of them, with plenty of morning-what about a foursome a money, good homes and all the rest Mont Agel?" of it, and then set themselves down to play against a certainty. Imbeciles, of course, but one can't help ed," the princess sighed. feeling sorry for them!"

They wandered on to the Salles Privees "Let's have another cocktail before

posed. "These people are getting on Tresholm assented readily enough, but as soon as the cocktails were consumed, he led the way out of the

"There are a couple of plaque "We aren't going to play; we're tables in the Schmit Room," he said. going to look on," Tresholm con-"Quite high play, I believe."

"Quite high play, I believe." Bartoldi followed his companion without enthusiasm. At first the would be better be away from the sight of one of his numbers appearplace altogether-or rather Gastone ing produced in him a fit of restlessness. After about an hour, however, he scarcely made an observation. Every now and then he glanced at the

> "We are all dining with you. are No one else in the world knew we not?" he asked Tresholm. "Is well how to caress with a touch. it not time we thought about dress ing?

"Ten minutes more." They stayed for a quarter of an to him." heur. It was Bartoldi who led the way out of the rooms As they mounted the steps of the Hotel de Paris, the Senegalese porter came forward with his broad grin.

"Monsieur a fail sauter la banque?" he demanded eagerly.
"I haven't played," Tresholm answered. The man stared at him without

comprehension. In the lounge, Monsieur Robert, the manager of the hotel. came hurrying forward. "At last, Monsieur Tresholm, they

tell me that you have entered the lists!" he exclaimed. "What fortune? The Casino is perhaps mortgaged to you?" Tresholm smiled. "I nave just been

looking on," he confided. "I haven't played. "You could watch and not play?" the other gasped.

sation, however, entered the gam-"All these people seem very interested in you," Bartoldi remarked cur- standing patiently looking down a iously, as they mounted in the lift. tation," he explained, "which as yet I have not attempted to justify."

Dinner was distinctly a cheerful meal. Bartoldi was a little tired and formidable-looking packet from h nervous, but he improved in humor coat. and appearance as the evening went on. The princess was puzzled. "I do not understand," she told

Tresholm frankly. "Gastone tells me that instead of keeping him away from the gaming-rooms, you have pressed him to accompany you there, and on Friday you are lending him all that money.

Tresholm nodded. "I am gambling," he confessed. She made a little grimace. "You have the right to, without a doubt, but Gastone-he will only lose your money.'

"The luck may change." It was eleven o'clock before they left the dining-room, and everyone was in excellent humor. Lena turned towards Tresholm.

"Why shouldn't we all go straight to that little Russian place and dance?" she suggested. "Gastone doesn't mind." "Just one hour at the Sporting

Club first, please," Tresholm begged. "And I thought you didn't play, "Soon lost his eighty mille." Tres- the princess intervened reproachful-

"It's a wonderful game to watch," Tresholm rejoined. They made their way through the passage silently. The princess drifted into the chemie room. Tresholm, with his hand resting lightly upon Bartoldi's shoulder, took up his old position at the roulette table. There were more people playing and the

gambling was heavier. ets in a corner of the bar.

"Twenty-nine!" the young man exhis patron said. "Sixty mille,
"Queer thing at that table that's claimed irritably. "Oh, if only I think."

teen." Tresholm remained deaf. Twentyfive turned up, then nineteen, followed by twenty-seven. An English nobleman collected a great pile of ten-mille plaques.

"Over two hundred thousand francs When the time came, the young he's won while we've been standing Tresholm nodded. "Let's watch

the other table for a time," he sug-They strolled around. In half an When they came back, the Dutchman was cashing a check. He looked up had increased his stock by a few and nodded as Tresholm page 200. "What's become of all those

plaques?" the latter asked. "All gone," was the frowning re-"They spin too quickly." "Yes, I suppose that's it," Tres- an hour or two at the Carlton," h holm agreed, half to himself. "They chani proposed. Bartoldi frankly yawned. "Why do spin too quickly. They don't give Lena leaned forward and passed night I think we ought to stay f "I never possessed the bump of her arm through his. "Margherita a little time to see Prince Barto philanthropy," Tresholm answered wants to go," she pleaded. "Every- play." one feels like dancing tonight."

"What about Bartoldi? "Tresholm

"I'd like to go if you're ready," the young man assented, almost eagerly.
"Just half an hour more," Tres-

The princess' eyebrows were slight ly upraised; Lena looked puzzled. "So long as Gastone doesn't mind leaving," she whispered, "why don't

we get away?' Tresholm smiled. "That next twelve numbers," he begged her. "Just twelve spins."

"But you don't play," she evpos-tulated. "Why do you like watching the numubers that turn up?" "Because I don't play," he answered cryptically. Even Bartoldi sighed with relies

when they left the Sporting Club & short time later. There were stil signs of strain about him, but he danced with spirit, and of his owi accord inquired about the morrow's "To plans. "Tennis at ten-thirty," Tresholn

told him. "Two decent fellows wan to make a foursome. And Thursday "I should love it," Lena declared

"Alas, it is so long since I play "Nevertheless, we will give then game," Tresholm promised. "I wish I knew just what you idea is, Andrew," she said to him a

little later, when they were alone a the table. "Of course I know tha you have promised to lend Gastone some money, and that is what make him agree to do everything you sug gest, but why don't you keep hin away from the tables altogether Surely that would be best. This af ternoon, and part of this evening, the poor boy was standing there is agony."

Tresholm nodded with satisfaction "You noticed that too, did you?" h observed. "Good!" The young man is to have this money I promised to lend him at midnight on Friday. Af ter that, I shall try to explain." She laid her fingers upon his hand No one else in the world knew s

"Dear Andrew," she begged, "Len is so worried. She is afraid you don' realize what this gambling may mea: "You know what they call m

here?" he asked abruptity.
"I know," she admitted - " 'th
professional gambler.' It was blague of yours when you arrived. "Nevertheless," he went on, "ther is perhaps a little truth in it. As professional gambler I must know something of the psychology of thi -shall we call it habit or vice? am the physician. Bartoldi is my pa tient. You are the amateur who ir tervenes. Dear lady, shall we dance?

She came willingly enough into th

clasp of his arms, and again h thought of those great bunches (Roman violets, their purple glint an their April fragrance. Tresholm glanced at his thin gol watch and passed his hand throug the young man's arm. "Come alon into the bar, Bartoldi," he invited "It is midnight on Friday, and you "Why not? I find it amusing period of probation is up. Time for us to arrange our little business.' The young man, who had bee

> the roulette table, turned arour with alacrity. Tresholm led the way into the in ner portion of the bar, ordered tw whisky-and-sodas, and drew out.

"Here you are," he announce "There's a hundred mille in each these-ten of them. Get as muc fun as you can out of it. It oug to last you a few nights, at ar rate."

The young man smiled. "You dor seem to believe in anyone's winnin Mr. Tresholm." "Oh, I dare say they do som times," was the casual replythey have to leave in a hurry something of that sort, just after

run of luck. We've been watchin

for four afternoons and four eve ings, haven't we?" Watching till I am blamed sick the sight of the ball," the young ma declared vigorously. "Well, we haven't seen anyone w who kept his winnings, have we

Tresholm observed.

lips.

Bartoldi stopped a young man wi was passing. "Here's the sixty mille I owe yo Francis," he said. "That is excellent," the other e claimed, in some surprise, as he poc eted the money. "You have be

winning, yes?" "I haven't played for the last fe Bartoldi excused himself and ma his way to the bar, summoning J seph to a conference. Joseph a proached, glum, and with regrets : ready framing themselves upon 1

"I will take my I. O. U.'s, Joser his The sun broke through the cloud Joseph's famous smile illumined 1 face. "The I. O. U.'s are here, Monsie

le Prince," he said, producing the

Bartoldi tore them up. Treshol was talking to the princess and Ler who were just leaving the room wi the Luca di Michani. "Margherita," Bartoldi announce "I owe you fifty thousand. Voi And you, Lena, thirty thousand. Y have room in your bag, I hope. No

I have only one creditor.' "My dear Gastone!" the prince 'You are sure you wouldn't li to keep this a little longer?" Le

asked wistfully. "Not for a second," he assured he "I was suggesting to the prince

"Well, we've gone there for seve al nights," Tresholm observed. "T

Michani indulged in a significa grimace. There was distress in t princess' face. Nevertheless, they trooped out to the roulette table. though instinctively, Tresholm a Tres- his young companion stood whe

(Continued on page 7, Col. 3.)