

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

You never can tell when you send a word. Like an arrow shot from a bow...

OF INDEPENDENT MEANS

They had paid him—that very morning, at the pistol point of the law, a n d unconditionally—£25,000. And £25,000 invested as he knew...

passed seemed rather dreary, the village two miles beyond it boasted only an alehouse. But three miles more brought him suddenly round a sharp bend to a village of dreams.

"Quite so," agreed Darrelson, but vaguely something in the voice, so like his own, irritated him; and a little later, as they neared their destination, whose lower windows were the only ones still alight in the village, he said: "But, of course, a fellow's got to worry about his job."

fairly put the lid on it. Because Flossie insisted on our buying that motor car we'd always talked about, and I'd seen a new house I rather fancied; and one way and another, before we knew where we were, the whole five hundred had gone up the spout, and our savings with it.

LOW WAGES AND A MAN'S MORAL SIDE.

"A man can't keep up the moral side of himself at the wages we're getting now," said a friend of mine a day or two ago, whose wages have been cut to the lowest known anywhere for thirty-five years.

around the corner from another friend of mine who has been on and off his job intermittently for the past eighteen months, but who every day of his idleness was looking for some little odd jobs to do. This would be called exercising his moral side, I suppose, by the philosopher shoe worker.