

questions she answered: "Oh, noth-

Mr. Partridge was a little old law-

yer, bald and a bachelor. He re-

ceived us with ceremony, bowed us

into his inner office, where he raised

suggestion about drafts on his poor

glasses abstractedly as if making up

picious. I could see it in the way she

Then it came! The mine-our mine

-was up to its neck in water with

a year. Jo didn't wince when the

blow fell. She's like a wonderful piece

little while fully to comprehend, so I

didn't faint or do anything foolish.

After all, Jo and I had the same

father and mother; it's the only van-

Mr. Partridge threatened to cry,

instead of ourselves, as he patiently

explained the details. There was no

hope-he didn't tell us until there was

no hope-the mine was now aban-

"We have the stock?" Jo asked

"It's not worth the paper it's print-

"Lock it up just as if it were," di-

"Have you thought"-Mr. Partridge

blew his nose rather inelegantly to

thousand a year? Two young, attrac-

think what we're going to do," re-

I began to examine some Japanese

ing about, just to get command of my-

"I don't mind for myself-"

angle. I turned around.

Jo paused and raised her eyebrows

toward my back. I saw it quite plain-

ly in a mirror set at just the proper

"I've been studying Practical Econo-

Jo swept me into her arms as if

my, too, Jo." I said bravely. "Don't

you think I'm going to be game-too?"

some one were trying to steal me-

which, of course, nobody was-and

sister, but it isn't only Practical Econ-

omy we've got to look out for now-

it's bringing in something to econo-

the world and earn her living. We

And Set to Work to Make Her Own

Clothes and Mine.

have to decide the best way she can

"And yourself? What are you go-

He rubbed his eyelglasses so hard

do," Jo smiled.

"There are a thousand things I can

"Don't try to be too brave, my

dear," Mr. Partridge replied, "The

could see right through anybody just

as if they were a newly-scrubbed pane

want you always to look upon me as

'You're game enough, my dear little

"I'm going home, sit down and

tive women left to make a living?"

ed on," Mr. Partridge replied with a

rected Jo, and rose to go.

quietly.

plied Jo.

sat quite, quite still and held in

CHAPTER I.

Two Ladies Bereft.

Jo slipped off her gloves and tossed them on the table where they lay, long, handsome and rather distin- his eyebrows to his stenographer and guished—there's always something so she disappeared. Then he fussed an personal in a woman's glove!-then unusual time over the papers on his she sat down and we stared at each desk, cleared his throat until I began other. The props had been knocked to feel like coming forward with a from under us, and we had landed astonished, astounded, dumfounded! But not despairing as yet. The blow his mind how to say whatever it was hadn't had time to benumb us, conse- he had to say. Jo began to get susquently we hadn't arrived at the despairing stage.

Jo has gorgeous eyes with long lashes that sweep her cheeks when she looks down, and she has a trick every prospect of staying that way, of doing that when she's thinking, and we no longer had three thousand But she was not looking down now; she was looking at me plainly perplexed-hunted, I'd say if I were in- of steel, anyway. It took me some clined to be romantic-staring directly at my nose, which I'm rather sensitive about, with a slight pucker between her gorgeous eyes. The blow was beginning to sink in. I could tell ity I allow myself. by the droop settling at each corner of her beautiful mouth.

Two years ago when Jo was just bursting out of Radcliffe with all sorts of honors, and I was specializing in French, voice, expression, art, tennis, baseball and automobile with no hope of college and no wish to have and pump out the Atlantic ocean. hope, my father died suddenly. It had been coming on a long time-for five years, to be exact-ever since my mother died. Jo was sixteen then; I was twelve. Jo mothered him and groan. myself, as well as the infinite wisdom of her sixteen years would permit; read the books he liked, played the music he wished to hear, followed advice for motherless girls so that we give vent to his feelings-"what you would never do the wrong thing and are going to do to replace that three give him cause to worry. But we never could fill that aching heart, and we knew it.

The copper muddle had done something to his income. It was necessary to cut down expenses, so we did away with the footman and six maids, sold prints on the wall which I knew noththe horses, which gave us no use for the groom, fired the chef, put Wilkins, self. I was shaking as you do when the housekeeper, to cooking, and kept you go to your window in the middle only one car. It also put an end to of the night to see the fire-engines any social ambitions Jo might have pass had, and didn't; and placed us on a lower plane in everything except our self-respect.

Jo set herself to studying Practical Economy, and housekeepingand pounded it into me-did the marketing where we paid nothing for style, and began to cut out those pages in the Sunday newspapers that tell how to use the left-overs. Then came a time when something happened that we could fully understand. patted my cheek. A customer, old, reliable, absolutely safe, ordered stock and failed to pay for it when it slumped, and poor old Dad went down in the ruins. He saved his reputation, but it was the end. He was too old and heart-broken to ridge. "Here's a girl,"-her voice recover; even his faith in friendship broke a little--- young, attractive, was gone. He came home, went to his room and died.

After we laid him beside our mother Jo took an inventory. We found we had a home, elegant and imposing in the most exclusive section of Boston, packed to the garret with mahogany, most of which had come down to us from the wonderful supply on the Mayflower, and all of it mortgaged up to the hilt. Everything else was swept away. It had been going gradually for five years while poor old Dad simply drifted. Also we had some stock in a western mine that gave us three thousand a year. Our personal assets consisted of our name, some family portraits and jewelry, oldfashioned and elegant enough, but worth little to any one but ourselves; Jo had a good education, I had a smattering of everything, and both of us bad the advantage of two years abroad, and good, sound, robust, healthy bodies. I am not counting Jo's beauty or those gorgeous eyes of hers, because Jo never would use those eyes except to see with.

I don't know how she managed, except that she was a born manager, to pull out so much from the wreck. She exchanged our equity in the house for the mortgagee's equity in the furniture, rented a modest apartment in do that to reflect credit upon herself the best neighborhood we could afford, and her family." put in as much of the mahogany as we could crowd into it, and sent the remainder to a storage warehouse guaranteed fire-proof, and locked it in one snapped and the broken piece fell with care and affection. She wouldn't to the floor where it lay unnoticed. part with a stick of it. Then she began to fray the edges of Practical Economy, bought a pair of shears, some tissue paper patterns, and set to work to make her own clothes and reaction will only come harder." He mine. She allowed us one luxury-

we kept the car. Now the final blow had fallen. Mr. of glass, "Now, I'm not rich, but I Partridge telephoned us to come to ual. We always had to go down to will help, heart, head and moneylook over the report and sign a re- bag." ceipt when a dividend was declared. But Jo ran her forefinger down the the handclasp was like that of two calendar, consulted a little red note- pals. book, then shook her head. To my

when she's battling with the world, er way 'round. It you were learning the harder it is for her to keep her footing. Remember!" This very solemnly. "Now let me kiss you each on the forehead just as if I were your father, and don't fail to send for me morning, noon or night if you need

He jokingly climbed upon a hassock to deliver the kiss and even then Jo had to stoop, but it left us feeling that after all we were not so terribly alone in the world. I've often wondered why he never married.

So, Jo and I sat staring at each other across the room and tried to pretend that losing three thousand a year income wasn't anything at all; only so much as a broken vase, to be mended when we could get our breath. Jo's eyelashes swept her cheeks and I knew she was beginning to think.

"It's like so many keys on the piano," I said finally, breaking a silence that threatened to be tragle. 'You try to pick out the ones that will give you the prettiest melody. And it's awfully hard," I ended, suddenly aware of it.

"I suppose I'll teach," Jo said, and then she gave way just a little. "I with a good, sound bump, surprised, little bald head, and fell to rubbing his never wanted to think I'd have to

I went down on my knees, took her

hands and made her look at me, "You're not going to do anything you don't want to do," I said firmly. 'You're not going to do all the sacrificing in this family. You're good, and firm, and strong, Jo, and I want to obey you, but away back in my get-up there's a good, strong will of my own, and I'm going to have some say about this. Wait! There are many more keys on the plano; that tune jangled a bit, didn't it, dear?"

"Let's play a game," she suggested. 'Let's prospect. We will begin with the things we would like to do and see how practical they are, then-

"Or," I interrupted, breathlessly, write a lot of things on a piece of paper and stick pins in to see how they come out."

doned. An effort had been made to "Perhaps that's as good a way as pump it dry, but it was like trying to any," she answered much to my amazement. Jo has a dear sense of humor.

She got up and put aside her hat, then she picked up the gloves and pulled them through her fingers while the long lashes swept her cheeks again.

"The car will have to go," she said firmly. That Practical Economy cer tainly had seeped into Jo.

"It's not so much the money the car will bring, but the saving of its keep," I said, just to prove that I knew something of Practical Economy myself.

Jo nodded like a teacher does when you've answered the question propery; then a smile parted her beautiful

"Loulie, you're a dear," she said. "I was afraid to say so for fear-you'd be terribly disappointed."

I don't know why she paused unless le wasn't quite sure just what she was afraid of, although she's always so sure of everything. But, goodness! There are street cars to the Country club.

"Perhaps I am," I replied, "but Jo, I'm not one, two, three beside you."

CHAPTER II.

The Utility or Uselessness. Before the morning was over Jo was sure on what she'd economize, although she wasn't sure what she'd economize on. There's a difference there if you'll just notice it. We had no way of fixing cur prospective inmize on." She turned to Mr. Partcome. We tried to aim high and didn't know if we could afford the apartment or not. We might be able well-bred girl, who has to get out into to afford a better one-even the car! Again: here we were practically penniless, for we had no income and no profession; yet we stood the chance of landing something in our ambitious mood that would make the three thousand a year look foolish. We had never worked; we didn't know what we could do. It was a problem that had the Servant Question tied in a

double knot. Jo, for all her cheerfulness, had a hard time to put into words even the things she wanted to do. I knew what she wanted to do. She was just about to do it when the blow fell. She wanted to take a course in botany at the Harvard gardens and specialize in orchids, for she had hope of one day owning a country place where she could experiment, though how she was going to get the country place the Lord knows, unless she married it, and she hadn't counted that far. She finally swung back and around to teaching. It seemed the only thing.

"You might," I suggested, "demon strate automobiles. It's outdoors and the hours are not long. No new man just learning to drive can stand the strain on his back-bone very long. Sometimes the place is in the country where the roads are beautiful. I don't think it would be wearing. Jo, because you always know without half thinking when a person is going to ing to do?" he asked after a minute. change gear without throwing out the clutch. You could make him fix

punctures as a lesson." "Perhaps, instead of a man," Jo smiled, "it would be a woman, a frail tration, wants young, good-looking, little creature whom the Lord never intended to drive a car; and she couldn't let off the emergency, much less jam it on if necessary I'd whack her and lose my job."

"You may be cut out for teaching, after all," I mused.

"Or." she went on, "he might be a the office. In itself it was not unus- your protector and come to me. I fat man with short pudgy fingers, wearing diamond rings, and on one of those beautiful country roads we put that in the paper." Jo put out her hand suddenly, and might reach a secluded spot and he might-try to kiss me."

"Whack him!" I suggested. She how. From her expression I thought of water, thus permitting them to take

that the better looking a woman is "Anyhow it's the same thing the othto drive, and he were teaching you? The position is just the same.'

Jo shook her head.

"A man with diamond rings wouldn't be teaching me to drive," she reminded me. "I won't argue it. I'd be exposing myself, for I never heard of a female demonstrator in the automobile business. I wouldn't be posed teaching."

"You certainly wouldn't," I remarked, thinking of the frumpy professors who-"But then they sometimes do. at the paper helplessly-the only Jo-the professors kiss, I mean. I've time I ever saw Jo helpless about anyseen it in the papers." She had to thing. agree with me, too. "I'd back you in any capacity," I told her admiringly, looks are a matter of opinion," I re-"and the novelty of a female demonstrator might get you the job."

"A female chauffeur!" she laughed. 'How does it sound?"

knew she never had considered the idea for a single minute. I'm sure I went red, for I'd been in earnest, and got to speak 'em." the whole idea seemed so novel and the attitude that she was resignedfor something.

"The trouble is," she mused, "it's the wrong time of year to begin to at that minute. teach. Another month and all the schools will be over."

"Good!" I said heartily. "So that's out.

I just wouldn't think of Jo as a teacher! She'd grow old and gray, and have to put spectacles over the gorgeous eyes, and fall into the habit a musician, and if she would think of talking theorems and such stuff. I you could sing? You've slapped at hate theorems!

"But then I may need time for prepme, I guess-at least not paying the



"I Shall Do Something!" I Burst Out.

slightest attention if she did, "You then, too, I'll have to get the posi- yet, and anyhow it may not be at all tion.'

"Well, where do I come in in this like." scheme of things?" I asked. wnat am I to be doing all this time?"

something hurt, then put out her hands as if I had tried to strike her.

"I shall do something!" I burst out. 'Surely, Jo, you don't think I'm a little ninny and can't?" "You're too young," she began.

"Young! Bosh!" I wouldn't let her go on with that. "Why, I'm nineteen!" I said it as if I'd been a thousand. Then I looked at Jo. "My mother was married when she was nineteen. Why, Jo, when she was as old as you, you were three years old." I was getting rather mixed, I was so anxious to impress her.

"Poor old me," Jo sighed, then she laughed so heartfly I know I grew all this time that I was just getting a thought of getting married."

And, sure enough, she never had. She never had had as close as a villa a few days ago. Inflammation fourth cousin connection with a ro- began on the next day, and despite mance. I looked at her suddenly and local treatment increased so rapidly wondered how in the world she had that one day later a surgical incision managed to escape; how she had was made. This had to be repeated kept some one from running off with on the next day under chloroform. her bodily.

went on. "I know I have thrown away finally decided that the only chance of chances. I might have married long saving the lady's life was to amputate ago and settled the future for both of the leg above the knee. The opera

introspection, dear, won't take the able danger. It is supposed that the place of our three thousand a year." gnat must have been infected with Which argument must have made some putrid matter. Practical Something or other sit up and take notice. "Now just don't you speak to me for ten minutes, and I'll tell you at the end of that time what

I am going to do," I put out my hand toward the newsthere are to be done in this world. After consideration I selected a heldover Transcript as I wanted the very best advice going. The first thing that met my eye was: "The dancer who is supposed to have caused the Pavlova. downfall-" I turned over hastily. After all I was looking for the want column. Two minutes had not passed before I landed on the very thing: Wanted-Companion. Wealthy woman recovering from nervous pros-

well-bred, well-educated, well-read, tactful girl for companion. Must speak French, bridge, foot-ball, baseball automobile and golf. Prefer a musician who sings. Name your own

"Well, I'm it!" I exclaimed with

"And remember, too, my dear girls, is quite capable of doing it, too. she thought it was the very thing.

"How much salary shall I name?" I asked excitedly.

"She doesn't want much!" Jo said with hauteur-just that, truly-not hearing my question, anyhow not answering it. "Well, I should say she would let any one name the salary. Where does she expect to get-?"

I was jabbing my chest with my two forefingers and distorting my face to make Jo see I was it, because she didn't seem to listen to what I said

"My goodness!" she exclaimed. "Do you qualify for all that?" She looked

"You've always told me that good niled "so berring looks and skimming in on golf '-I know my A-B-abs of golf; I drive fairly, but I'm too wiggly to putt-"why I think I might And from the way she looked at me venture to say I do qualify for the rest. You see she doesn't say I've got to do all those thing; I've just

"Don't bite off your words, Loulle," possible. She leaned forward finally she said in that calm, cool way of and clasped her hands. I knew from hers that's lots more effective than a slap. "Breath is cheap."

"I'll remember, dear," I promised. I'd have promised her anything right "You're not tactful," she contra-

dicted flatly, although she always tells me never to contradict anything flat-

"I could be if I tried," I returned. "I know the rules."

"I wonder if she would consider you everything generally, but-"

"I'm sure I could squeeze in," I told aration," she went on, not hearing her. "She only prefers a musician who can sing."

Now Jo knows my throat is a regular Trilby throat. The bridge of my nose is good and my diaphragmfrom tennis and swimming-is almost as good as Tetrazzini's.

"Nervous prostration!" she mused finally, gazing at the lines she didn't see. "A vampire who'll take the best of you and will leave you high and dry in the same condition as herself. I guess not."

"Why I have the constitution of an ox," I argued. "I haven't a nerve in my body. I-

"Not now," she interrupted. "Please, may I try? May I at least answer it?" I pleaded.

"It won't do any harm to answer it," she agreed, and I pounced upon her so suddenly with a kiss that it landed on her nose, "but-!" She held up a forefinger. Oh! "Why not write an advertisement yourself, dictate 9-15. As we have seen Joseph's puryour own terms, and let somebody come to you?"

"Oh, I say, Jo, but that's two birds in the bush." I was thinking of the salary part

"No harm trying," she smiled, "and I would call it another iron in the see I don't know a thing about it, and fire. You haven't the bird in the hand the kind of bird that I am going to

You will notice that she said "I" instead of "you." I suppose she knew from whom he could not be separat-Jo drew in her breath sharply as if the salary part made me blind as to

which kind of a bird it was. "True," I said, trying to look as

wise as she did. I went to the desk to write one advertisement and answer the other. Of course I answered first. I chewed the end of the pen-staff reflectively, which I know is awfully bad form.

"Do you think?" I asked, "I dare name three thousand a year?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gnat's Bite Causes Loss of Leg. How dangerous the bite of an ordinary gnat may be under special cirred again. "And I've been thinking cumstances even when the best medical assistance is at hand is shown by a look-in on life. Why, I'm an old the case of the wife of one of the leadmaid! And here I've never even had ing surgeons of Vienna. This lady was bitten on the ankle while taking tea on the terrace of her suburban General blood poisoning had, however, "I suppose I've wasted my time," Jo set in, and a consultation of doctors tion was performed six days after the "You might have," I agreed, "but bite, but the lady is still in consider-

> Difference Between Them. An actor at the Players' club in New York said the other day:

"I heard in London a good one on Joe Coyne, the American idol of the papers just to brush up on the things British stage. Coyne, you know, cap't sing a note.

"It seems that Mme. Pavlova, the Russian dancer, wrote in the visitors' book at the Peacock inn in Rowsley: "I dance because I must -Anna

"Coyne, on a week-end trip to Haddon hall, put up at the Peacock inn himself. In looking over the visitors' book he saw Pavlova's pretty autograph, and took up a pen and wrote: 'I sing because I can't .- J. Coyne'." Washington Star.

New Life-Saving Jacket. A public test was recently carried

out in the Thames, at London, England, of a new life-saving jacket. During the demonstration this apparatus was used by a woman and three men. conviction, and passed the paper on to The garment consists of a loose sack, Jo. "You would think that woman about the length of an ordinary lounge had known my qualifications when she jacket, having a ribbing fitted with a substance of greater buoyancy than Jo read it, and I do believe she cork. It is so constructed that the would have whistled if she had known heads of the users are completely out food while in the water.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR MAY 4

JOSEPH INTERPRETS DREAMS.

LESSON TEXT-Gen. 40:9-23. GOLDEN TEXT—"The breath of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Job. 22:8, R. V.

In teaching this lesson we must not overlook the intervening events which are other illustrations of the truthfulness of the biblical narrative in that the sinful failures as well as the successes of families and of chosen individuals are presented.

Joseph began life in Egypt as a serf. Potiphar, who bought him, was the chief marshal of the empire, the lord high executioner. What Joseph's feelings must have been we are left to infer, but we believe he accepted his humiliating position with resignation and resolved to adjust himself to his new environment. Thus it was that Potiphar found in Joseph an honest servant. Joseph served ten years, years of constant promotion, when he encountered the ordeal related in

Crime and Sin.

The breaking point had to come when he exclaimed: "How can I do this wickedness and sin against God?" Gen. 39:9. A crime is committed against a man or against society; the same act against God is a sin. Joseph's only safety was in flight (v. 12), to parley would have meant defeat. Between the ages of seventeen and thirty, Joseph lived a life of slavery and imprisonment. But God was with him and his faithfulness was rewarded by being promoted to the position of warden. "Our religion should recommend us, therefore itself, to those who have to do with us." (Maclaren). Joseph has been referred to as "the optimist," not as one who believes that all will come right, but that all is right now.

So much by way of introduction. The lesson proper divides itself nat-

urally into two divisions: I. The Chief Butler's Dream. vvity of life and loyalty to God had brought upon him the bitter hatred of an unprincipled woman (cf. 2 Tim. 3:12), but as we shall see, the sequel was his exaltation. (See Matt. 5:11, 12.) By inference we are led to believe that Potiphar had not altogether believed the story of his wife, else he would have exercised his right as an official, also as a slaveowner, and summarily executed Joseph. But Joseph had one friend

ed. (Jehovah, 39:21.) In the providence of God two men who stood nearer the King in the discharge of their duties than did Potiphar are brought into close contact with Joseph. It was through one of these men Jacob was afterwards given his opportunity which led to the salvation of many, including those of his own families. (Esther

6:1, Rom. 8:28, Ps. 76:10.) An Enlightened Age.

We cannot of course lay the same emphasis upon dreams today as at the time of Joseph, nor is there need of such revelations from God, for we live in the enlightened age of the Holy Spirit and ever have easy access to the word. But trivial as these dreams may have seemed. God was using them to change the course of history. Verse seven gives us an intimation of this, also a hint of Joseph's heart of compassion and sympathy. Had Joseph been a selfish man, slow to notice the sorrows of others and still slower to make any endeavor to relieve their suffering, he would have missed the very opportunity God intended to use in the effecting of his escape from prison.

II. The Chief Baker's Dream, vv.

16-23. This dream also was connected with the dreamer's avocation in life and hence along the most natural lines. Again Joseph's cherished conviction produced by his own dreams induces him to offer an interpretation of the baker's dream. Had he lost this conviction due to the circumstances of the hour or questioned the validity of God's revelation or that he was a called man in God's plan, he would not have attempted any interpretation. Again we emphasize the fact that dreams are of a negligible value in this present age. They usually come from poor digestion or else a sinful tendency to worry. They have nothing of the divine about them. (See Eccl. 5:3, Jer. 23:28.) We have a better revelation from God, his word; are we familiar with it? It is foolish for us to put any dependence upon dreams today. Joseph's interpretations which came from God were fulfilled, yet the butler forgets-The Lessons of the Lesson.

For the younger pupils the story tells itself and will hold enthralled attention. For old and young there is the lesson of Joseph's serviceableness, he was a "helpful man." Joseph bought up his opportunities and later reaped his reward. Here is the lesson of the forgetfulness of the chief butler. Must we censure him entirely for his ingratitude? Joseph's gift of leadership, 'twas not the occasion that made the man, but the man made the occasion. The lesson of Joseph's faithfulness in the obscur-