the party.

desperately.

Goodby, Mollie. I must run home to dress.

"This is not the ring," said his wife. Her

"Of course it is the ring, Mollie," he said

Jessop tried to regain his composure.

have you brought this one home?"

The Oak from the Acorn By Clifford Raymond

ber?" Jessop asked the burglar. "Sure he has," said Little John

Murphy. He has a good memory. He can almost remember how many times he's done

"I'd rather he put it down," said Jessop. "He's to burgle, not to bungle," "If it will make you any easier, I'll write it down for him," said Little John. "Then some

in will lift the paper off him. He's always getmeg his pockets picked." "Murphy, this isn't a joke," said Jessop.

"It won't be a joke if there's any doublecrossing in it." said the burglar.

I hear you're one of those guys who pulls chairs out from under fat men," said Little John to Jessop. "I supposed it was a joke."

"Maybe it was when it started. It's an undertaker's joke now. The flat's at 1498 Fulton parkway. It's the second floor to the right as you go up."

What is Sniffy to do-jimmy the door?" "No; I'll see that the front door is unlocked. The bedroom is in the front. The ring is in a jewel case in the dresser, which is to the left as you go in the room. I'll try to have a dim light I do not want her scared any worse than she has to be, but I do want her to see the burglar just as he gets away."

"I suppose you'd like to take a couple shots at Sniffy," Little John suggested. "In that case the price will be \$1,000 instead of \$300." "If you make any cracks at me I'll croak you," said Sniffy. "I don't like a frameup, any-

Some one always turns crooked." "Not me," said Jessop earnestly. "I want this thing done quietly and quickly. I want him to get away with the ring and stay away with it until he gives it to me the next day. I'll give you each a hundred now and I'll give him another hundred when he gives me the ring. It's like finding money in the street for him, but he's not to take anything else. How do I know he won't take other things?"

"You don't," said Little John, smiling. "That will make it more interesting for you. Remember, you're inviting him into your flat."

"Don't worry, brother," said Sniffy. "I'm a square guy. Treat me square and I'll treat you square. "Remember, you turn to the right at the head

of the stairs." "Maybe you'd better take him home with you," said Little John. "When do you want

this done?" "Tonight, of course. I don't want to stand the strain any longer than I have to."

"I was going to get some sleep tonight," said Sniffy, "but I told you I was a square guy, and if it will accommodate you, I'll do it tonight." "The sooner the better for everybody and everything concerned," said Jessop.

He went home directly from Murphy's office. Jessop was, professionally, a good fellow. He had central territory for Willitt & Moore, makers of Ponce de Leon, Donna Mercedes, El Rey de Santiago, and other brands of cigars, and one of his sales assets was the fact that he was a good fellow, but he did not allow that to cut into his nights. Mrs. Jessop could not complain that he neglected her.

He liked to sit at home after dinner in the Morris chair, with his coat and collar off, and read the paper, or go to the Pantheon to see a picture, or occasionally go, with Mrs. Jessop, to the Half Moon or Primrose, where prohibition

imperfectly prohibited. As a good fellow he knew Little John Murphy, not intimately, but well enough to go to him when he wanted a burglar. Little John was in city politics and in the legislature. His district touched the river, included the gashouse district, the Sicilian quarter, where there were hip pocket shotguns, and ran over to the other extreme, of which the papers occasionally reported that the little Misses Wallace and Utterby and Masters John and Will Terwilliger played yesterday on the Club grounds.

Mrs. Jessop was proof of the astonishing fact that once a woman always a woman. Half of life is perception of this fact and the other half, accommodation to it. If Cleopatra is a woman, then, of course, Joan isn't; and if Mary Pickford is a woman, then Theda Bara is something else again. Men have 20 pigeonholes for their ideas of women, and the same woman is in each

Mrs. Jessop was country bred, timid when exposed to anything she had not encountered before, pretty, amiable, getting plump and worrying about it. She had been delighted by the acquaintances she had made in the city after her marriage. She was eager, sensitive, secretly disturbed about her hats, wanted a baby, and had learned to drink a highball. She also had learned to play bridge, to put garlic in her salad dressing, and to wonder when House Peters would reappear in the movies.

Jessop, when he let himself in by his latchkey, found that the flat was strange with a new significance. It was no longer the comfortable. familiar place, but a stage for something to

He thought he must seem nervous and uneasy to Mrs. Jessop, but she did not comment on it, and he concluded that she did not notice it. After dinner he asked her to go to the movies. He said he wanted te get his mind off a business deal which worried him.

They went, and afterwards, when Mrs. Jessop preferred to go home, he took her to the Half Moon, where they met their friends, the Parkes and the Holcombs. Jessop drank a half dozen dollar highballs and felt better.

When he and Mrs. Jessop returned home she went directly to bed, but he sat up, saying that he was restless and would read until he felt that he could sleep. He sat in the living room listening to the various sounds which occasionally broke the silence of the night and wondering apprehensively when it would be safe for him to fix the catch on the entrance door so

that Sniffy White might enter. He took several drinks from his decanter of bourbon, and at 1:30 o'clock concluded that all the occupants of flats in his entrance must be in and that the lock could be adjusted without probability of its being sprung again.

He thought the stairs creaked alarmingly as he went down. When he returned his heart was thumping as if he had been badly startled, and he took another drink to steady himself. Then, with a book, he went to bed, adjusting a reading lamp so that it would not disturb his wife, who slept soundly, but would give a patch of light to the room. Then he prepared to lie awake.

He listened for sounds which would indicate the approach of White, but the breaks in the night became less frequent. He had been certain that in his restlessness and apprehension he would remain awake, but the whisky he had drunk began to benumb him, and before he perceived the danger of the pleasant lassitude which came to relieve him he had fallen asleen.

He was awakened by pistol shots and shouting. Mrs. Jessop, sitting up in bed, was clutching at him in fright. "Burglars!" she cried.

Instinctively he tried to hold her, but she sprang out of bed and ran to her dresser, turned on the dresser light, and took out her jewel box. "It's here," she said in a tone of relief so profound it was almost one of awe. "I was so

frightened." She took out a diamond ring and slipped it on her finger.

Jessop put on his robe and slippers and hurried to the door. The door across the hall was

the flats of his entrance had been aroused. The men on the third floor were coming down.

"Mollie," Jessop said to his wife, "go into Mrs. Drew's and see if there is anything you can

He went down to the entrance. Drew, in his pajamas, had just been joined by the neighbors living on the ground floor. He was standing outside the door, on the flagstone. He carried "What's the matter?" Jessop said.

"Burglars," said Drew. "At least one. I saw only one. There may have been another. I think I got him. Look, here's a drop of blood. There's another."

"Did he get anythirg?" Jessop asked. He knew that if he revealed one-tenth of what he felt the first policeman who came would take him in. He had not always been in perfect accord with his fellow men all his life, but he never had been ashamed to look one in the face before, and he was ashamed to look at Drew.

"I do not know what they got," said his neighbor. "The man I saw had the silver in a bag, but he did not pick it up when he ran. I'll go back and telephone the police, and then I'll see what's missing. My wife's in hysterics, I

Mrs. Jessop, in her wrapper, came out of the Drew flat just as Jessop and his neighbor joined the group at the door.

"Come, Don," she said. "We can't do anything more, and Mrs. Drew needs Mr. Drew alone to guiet down."

She led him within their own flat and closed the door. Then she turned to him with sympathetic pain in her eyes.

"O. Don," she said, "they got Mrs. Drew's jewelry. They even got her engagement ring. She is crazy with grief. It's terrible. Her engagement ring is even more precious to her than my anniversary ring is to me-maybe-I don't know how anything could be more precious. It might have been my ring, and I should have died. Just think. The burglars may have stood hesitating at the head of the stairs, and they might have turned our way instead of the Drews' way. I'm awfully, awfully sorry for Mrs. Drew, but I'm awfully glad-and that's mean, I know, but I can't help it."

She was too excited to go to sleep again, and Jessop was too conscience-stricken. Later in the morning, as he was about to go downtown, his wife gave him a box.

"The ring's in it," she said. "You'll have to put it in a safe place until I can think of a way to protect it here. I don't know how I am going to do without it, but I couldn't rest with it in the house just now. You'll put it in a safe place, won't you, dear, where it will be perfectly secure?"

Jessop's concern was to get to Little John as rapidly as possible and to force a restitution of the stolen jewelry of the Drews. As the street car crossed the river bridge an inspiration came out of his unhappiness. He got off the car, took the ring out of the box, and, careful not to attract attention, dropped it into the river. Then he threw the box into a waste receptacle at the curb a block farther on and went to Murphy's

"Now, don't blame me," said Little John when he saw Jessop. "I know. He's been here. He's in the next room now. He says he got mixed up. He turned to the left, he says. He says he thought you forgot to leave your door unlocked. He jimmled it. White's brains are not in his head. When he got in the bedroom and got a flash at the man he knew he was the wrong pew. Then he decided to make it his own job. He was in. You can't blame him."

"But I'm responsible!" Jessop cried. "I think you are, too," said Little John, "and so does Sniffy. He thinks you're entirely to blame. It's a sure thing he would not have been in that particular flat if it hadn't been for you. And he got shot in the arm. That's going to keep him from working for several weeks. He's pretty sore and you can't blame him."

"He robbed that other family," Jessop exclaimed, "and I'm responsible, and I'll not stand for it. I'll explain everything."

"Of course you are an innocent bird," said Little John. "A man can invite a burglar to his flat if he wants to, I suppose, unless he's got insurance. Then there might be an objection, if he tried to collect. I didn't ask you what

your purpose was." "I didn't have any purpose at all, nothing

"Never mind your purpose. You've kept

that to yourself. Just keep it." "I want to see this fellow." "He wants to see you."

Little John called White from the adjoining room. The burglar held one arm in a fixed, bent position at his side, and his look at Jessop was unfriendly.

"What did you go in that flat for?" Jessop asked. "Didn't I tell you a dozen times. What did you stay there for when you saw it was the wrong one?"

"Say," said White, "lay off me. Don't try to ride me. Lay off and stay off." Little John was amused.

"It's a bird," he said, "but you can't expect Sniffy to get the joke yet. His union has no accident benefits.'

'We've got to get that woman's jewels back to her somehow," said Jessop. "Where do you get that 'we' stuff?" White

"I might just as well have gone in there and taken it myself. It's got to go back." This idea penetrated Sniffy's gloom as a

"He's a sure nut," he said, jerking his head at Jessop.

"I don't think you get Sniffy's point of view." said Little John with smooth irony. "He made a mistake, but when he found he was on a job for himself he did it. His duty to his folks requires him to make the best use of business opportunities."

"I've simply got to get that diamond engagement ring at least," said Jessop in despair. "The woman is frantic.' "How much will you take for it, Sniffy?"

Little John asked.

"Two hundred," said White, "You are crazy," said Jessop. "It never was

"It's worth it to me and it's worth it to you." "I've a notion to go to headquarters," said Jessop savagely.

"You mentioned something like that before." said Little John. "Don't say it again. We might misunderstand you. I don't blame you for wanting to get this ring back to the woman. Give Sniffy \$200. He's entitled to it. It's only a hundred more than he would have gotten for the right ring. I'll see that the ring gets to a pawnshop and that the police find it there. Your neighbor will have it, at least. If you want her to get everything back-what will you take him what he had done with the ring. for the junk, Sniffy?"

"Five hundred." There's a proposition. I think it is up to you to get the woman's jewelry back to her." "A square guy would," said Sniffy, grinning. "All right," said Jessop. "I'll get the money

and bring it over this afternoon." "Do you still want White to get your rink?" Little John asked as Jessop opened the door. Jessop could not think of anything worth

while saying in reply and merely closed the door never be happy." When he got to his office he found in his

alarm. mail a letter from his firm informing him that "I don't talk any such way. I don't want epen. He could hear Mrs. Drew, his neighbor's a successor had been appointed to take over you so upset by fea

Ribben

Fiction

his territory and asking him to adjust himself to the change, to be made within 30 days. The letter was not critical, and endeavored to be kindly. It said that an investigation had been made of the loss of the business of an important line of hotels, and it had been revealed the cause in the unfriendly relations of Jessop as sales

manager and J. W. Roscoe as purchasing agent. "We are informed," the letter said, "that there is no way of reconciling the personal differences between you and Mr. Roscoe, and Mr. Roscoe's employers inform us that his value to them is greater than the value of our product. If it is still in your power to re-establish the connection with the Transcontinental people, we shall be pleased to have you continue. Otherwise, we shall be obliged to accept your resig-

nation. Roscoe, Jessop reflected, was the cause of all his troubles. Jessop could not concede to himself that he himself was the agent of his own misfortunes. His sense of injury had to find an external cause. He blamed Roscoe for the trouble he was having with the ring. He could blame him for the loss of his position. He was too angry to be rational, and immediately wrote a letter to his firm declining the 30 days of grace and insisting that his successor present himself within three days.

He had not saved money, and his resources were being overtaxed by the demands upon gleam of amusement. He grinned at Little John. them. To cap them with the loss of his salary was serious.

He had an egotistic good nature and liberality. It pleased him to be liked, gratified his sense of importance, and he satisfied himself injudiciously at times. He was careless in loans he made acquaintances and in the money he spent in proving his open-handedness with men. The most graceful aspect of this characteristic was shown toward his wife, to whom occasionally he made splendid presents which she knew he could not afford, but which delighted her

nevertheless. His carelessness had not led him into debt. but it had prevented any accumulation of reserve, except in two Liberty bonds, one \$1,000 and the other \$500. His checking account would not stand the draft he had to make, and to satisfy White he was obliged to sell a bond. He had a twinge of regret. These bonds and \$5,000 life insurance were all the protection Mrs. Jessop

His sense of injury was dominant and it dulled other emotions. He went back to Little John's office with \$500, paid White, and had Little John's word that the jewelry would be found by the police and returned to Mrs. Drew at once. That eased his conscience,

When he returned home Mrs. Jessop asked "I put it in my safety deposit box," he said.

"I worry about it no matter where it is," she said plaintively. "Now I wish it were home. If it were here, I should be frightened to death." "You mustn't allow yourself to get that way." Jessop said uneasily, "It's unhealthy, You mustn't think so much of anything that you couldn't reconcile yourself to its loss. That will

make trouble for you all your life, and it will get worse if you encourage the habit. You'll "You talk as if I might lose it," she said in

"But it never could be replaced!" she exclaimed. "No other ring would be the same." "Well, you're not going to lose it," said Jessop desperately. "Let's have dinner and go out somewhere."

He knew he was temporizing with fate, but he did not know what else he could do.

Drew, in his pajamas, was standing outside

the outer door on the flagstone.

He carried a pistol."

"We're invited to a dinner party by the Tools next Wednesday night," said his wife, "and, of course, I'll have to have my ring then. It's so terribly perplexing to know what to do. but I can't do without it that night, and I shall die of fright all the time I have it. Why can't people be honest!"

Jessop computed. It was Friday night. He had Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Wednesday he had to produce the ring, or face exposure and consequences he was coming to dread in every instinct.

He had an unpleasant evening and a restless night. In the morning he saw what he had to He had to buy a ring. He would have to sell his remaining Liberty bond. Then he would be without resources and without a salary, but that could not be helped.

Saturday he sold the bond and went around looking at rings in jewelry stores. Monday he resumed that occupation, bitterly reproaching himself that he had thrown the ring into the Wednesday he bought one which cost \$1,100, and he was positive he had the exact duplicate of the ring he had thrown away. The purchase strapped him. He went home happier than he had been for weeks, taking the ring with him. He had many troubles to face, but he thought the worst was over.

As he opened the door of his flat he heard woman's voice in the living room saying: "And, as everybody knows it, my dear, I thought it was simply unfair to you not to tell you. A real friend would tell you. That's what I kept saying to myself." Jessop was afraid to go into the room, but

he was afraid not to. He put his wife and her suest on their guard by closing the door with a bang. Then he went in and found with his wife a woman he had never liked.

His entrance obviously destroyed the intimacy and candor of their talk. Jessop saw that the woman's face showed evidences of conscious meanness. His wife's face showed evidences of shock and incredulity

wanted to get away quickly, but Mrs. Jessop had been too dismayed to be discreet. "Did you bring the ring, Don?" she asked. "Yes," he said, brightening. "Here it is." "Let me see it," she said. He noticed a sig-

The woman apparently had done her work and

nificance in her tone and manner, but was unable to interpet it. He gave her the box in which the jeweler had put the ring. "How did you get this box?" his wife asked,

"This is a new one. It was not in this when

you took it downtown." Jessop had forgotten that detail necessary to the deceit of substitution, and felt a touch of cold paralysis. He could not answer for a moment. While he was thinking of a plausible excuse his wife opened the box and took out the

ring. To his astonishment she, having looked at it for an instant, covered her eyes with her hand, gasped, and rested her head, almost dropped it back on her chair. Her friend, startled by this sudden demonstration, reached over for the ring

"It is not. Anyone can see instantly that it door. is not. It is not even like it. Why are you try-

Is the story true that Mrs. Roscoe is telling?" "Mollie," said Jessop in greater desperation, "to tell the truth, I lost the other one, and I of their life to flow from what she must perbought one so nearly like it I thought it was ceive was an insignificant incident. It seemed exactly like it. I did not want to worry you by telling you that I had lost it."

'I do not believe that," she said with a calmness which completely deceived him. "You might as well tell the truth. You could not lose one ring so expensive and pass it over as a trifle to hide it from me. What is the truth?" "I've told you the truth, darling," he said. "I lost your ring, and I felt so sorry about it, and I knew how badly you'd feel, and I tried to

deceive you. I'm so terribly sorry." She heard him without remark, and he, not and that her face was full of hate, reached out his hands in tenderness and appeal.

"Don't touch me!" she cried. The anger stopped him cold.

"Don't come near me!" She got up and went into her bedroom. He stood for a moment, dumb with the shock of this unexpected flare. Then he walked back and forth in the living room in dismay and fear. He looked in the bedroom and saw that his wife was lying on the bed with her face buried in a

He did not disturb her for an hour. Then he looked in again. She had not moved. He called her, but she did not reply. He waited longer, until it came time for them to dress for the party. Then he called her again, but she did not reply. He went to her side and put his hand on her shoulder. She did not move. He suggested that it was time for them to dress. There was no response.

He walked about the living room a while longer and took a drink of whisky. Then he rallied and went determinedly to her bedside. sat down beside her and told her the truth.

"Mollie," he said, "I had been wanting to buy this very ring you have, or one just like it. I had been thinking of it for months, but the price made me hesitate. One night I stopped by a window where they had fabricated jewels,

and I saw the very ring I wanted for you. "I didn't think, Mollie, how terrible everything might be; I only thought of the joke I might play. I thought you'd laugh about it. Mollie, I just went in and bought it. It cost \$20. I just wanted to play a practical joke with I'm a damned fool, Mollie.

"Just after I got out of the place I ran into Roscoc, and he knew where we could get a man life. It is as if you had jabbed a knife couple drinks. So we went and got them. I showed him the ring and we talked about how marvelous it was they could do things like this. Then he said his wife had driven the car down for him and would drive me home.

"When we were in the car he said: 'Don. show Emily the ring you bought your wife." I was trying to tell her that it was a phony ring. but I couldn't. Then she said how happy you'd be because it was our anniversary, and she raved some more and said that her husband never did may have been mocking her all the while. You such things and she wished he did.

"Then Roscoe began to get sore because his wife was bawling him out by praising me. He began looking around as if I ought to explain, and I tried to, but couldn't. When he dropped me at the house he was pretty sore because his away. Take her into entirely different surwife had made me out so much better a hus- roundings, where she will see few people and band than he was and I hadn't come across to

say that I wasn't. "I was afraid then, but you remember what happened. I didn't intend to give you the ring then, but I had forgotten that it was our anniversary until Mrs. Roscoe mentioned it, and I didn't have any present for you. I was going impression of a new start and have her underto eat dinner and then snowk out and try to stand that this condition will continue. The find something in one of the stores around here, wound in the core of her life will heal slowly,

"Then, you remember, Mrs. Roscoe called you

Mrs. Jessop held in her other hand and picked up and congratulated you on the marvelous present I had brought home for you. Don't you remember that talk you had, and the way you "Why," she said, "the ring had 12 small

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stones about the large one. This has only six." turned to me with your eyes beaming? Jessop looked awkwardly at the evidence of "What could I do then? I had to give you the ring. I was so scared and ashamed, but "Of course, I was mistaken," said the wo- Mrs. Roscoe knew I had a present for you, and she had seen it, and it was marvelous-and all man hurriedly. "It could not have been 12. I don't know how I got that idea in my head. I had was this awful ring. So I gave it to you.

"Then you know what happened. All the Goodby, Mr. Jessop. We'll see you both later, at women admiring it, and we began to have parties and get new clothes because of it. And all the time I didn't know whether Roscoe, who was mad, had told his wife the truth or not. voice was so charged with bitterness that he I went to see him and we got mad at each other would not have recognized it. "Why isn't it? because I thought he had told his wife and he What have you done with the other? Why thought I was a four-flusher who had got him in bad with his wife.

"Everybody was admiring the ring, and you were so proud of it, and I was scared to death "Mrs. Chase told me," his wife said, "that all the time. I was awful scared, darling, and Mrs. Roscoe is telling a malicious story that my I am awfully sorry, and I've tried to make ring was not genuine, that you bought it in a things all right. You can understand it, can't novelty shop and told her husband all about the you? I didn't mean to do any harm. It's just joke in a saloon. I knew that was not so, but the way things turned out. Everything's been how can I deny it or face it down without the against me. Please don't you go against me, Mollie. I've been a practical joker, but I never meant any harm. I've had an awful time these

He did not say anything of his most desperate measure, the robbery, but he confessed everything else.

His wife said nothing, and did not so much as move to indicate that she had heard him. Thereupon he became angry, developed his sense of injury afresh, and walked sullenly into the dining room, where he drank more whisky. He sat down and brooded, drinking from time to time. There was no movement from the bedroom, no movement in it. The flat grew dark, and he sat in a sullen, silent mood.

It was 8 o'clock in this dark, slient oppressive atmosphere when the telephone bell rang and he answered it. Their hostess wanted to know if anything was the matter. Jessop said that Mrs. Jessop had been taken ill suddenly and that he had been too busy with her to telephone regrets.

"I'm sorry," said the hostess. "It's not about the ring, is it?" Jessop hung up the receiver without reply. The story was on its way throughout the circle

of people who knew them, and it was proved in the face of it with the new ring, even if it were not like the old one. He went into the bedroom again and turned

on the light. His wife was lying as he had left her. He stood and looked at her without speaking. Once he saw her shoulders move convulsively, as if she were restraining in his presence sobs which shook her when he was not present. He turned out the light and went back to his chair in the dining room, where he passed the night. His wife did not arise, but spent the night where she had thrown herself on the bed.

Early in the morning Jessop made himself a cup of coffee and ate some bread and butter. His wife came out of the bedroom, but she did not speak to him or look at him, and presently she returned to the bedroom and closed the door. When he left the house two hours later

she had not reappeared. He passed a dark and terrific day downtown, aimless and, he felt, isolated in his un-

happiness. In the evening when he returned home, having no occasion for not going there and no occasion for doing so, his wife was moving listring. Why have you brought this one? Where lessly about the flat. She did not look at him when he spoke to her or answer him. She later "But that is yours, Mollie," said Jessop. "You placed some dinner on the table for him, as if have made a mistake. There is no other ring. for some one who was expected but not there, That's the one I took to the safety deposit box." and again went to the bedroom, closing the

Jessop made up a bed for himself on the ing to impose on me? What have you to hide? couch in the living room. In the morning he again endeavored to talk to his wife, appealing to her reason not to permit radical disturbances to him for a hopeful minute that he must have sincerity and earnestness enough to be eloquent in his appeal, but his wife merely stood still, listened to him, said nothing, and continued to keep her face averted from him, except for one instant, as he paused, with the thought that he might be prevailing, when she turned to him with an expression of so much hate and con-

tempt that he realized the complete futility of his effort and desisted, dismayed and frightened. This atmosphere, created in the home, continued. Mrs. Jessop refused to see her friends. seeing that her face was lined and hardening refused to admit them when they came to the door, refused to answer the telephone, to speak to her husband or to recognize his existence by more than getting his meals for him. She did not join him at meals. He continued to sleep on the living room couch. She wore a dressing

sack and never went out of the flat. Jessop thought her appearance grew more listless day by day, her expression harder, wearier, and deeper graven with the lines of fixed misery and despair. He found that he could not preserve a protective sense of injury. That had carried him through the acuter distress, but in the sustained monotony of unhappiness he perceived that even if his wife were so unwise as to raise a disagreeable episode to a tragedy, he, nevertheless, was the author of the situation.

His wife's health was giving way under the poisons of her mental state and he knew that their future was in jeopardy. In his perplexity and distress he was unable to command the vigor needed to obtain employment, and his days were wholly aimless and resultless. His money was spent, he could not pay his bills, and there was nothing in the future.

He and his wife had lived in this fashion for a month and their prospect was to continue doing so. Her health was obviously failing. He decided to go to a doctor for advice.

He apologized to the physician for the apparent triviality of the disorder, but said that the consequences were serious and alarming and he felt he needed advice. He told, as carefully as he could, the story of the ring. The physician said that it would be un-

necessary for him to see Mrs. Jessop, and that it. I was ashamed to pay so much money, but probably she would refuse to see him if he tried. "It is not needed," he said. "You have had the misfortune to touch the very core of a huthrough a membrane into the most sensitive, delicate and important mechanism in the body. This core is the very essence of the amour propre. It is the life sustaining function which controls and balances emotions, habits, ambitions, forces, and impulses. It is the controlling guide of life, as necessary to life as the And I showed it to her, and she started to rave. heart. In your wife, after this experience, it is operating not to sustain her but to destroy her. She has been betrayed by you. She has been shamed before all her friends. She thinks they

> sacrificed her to a saloon joke." "What can I do?" Jessop asked. "Wait until, in a mood which will come, she shows the slightest flicker or flash of interest in you. Then lead her to the idea of going none she ever knew or who ever could have heard of her. Place her where she will not feel complete isolation and yet where contact with human beings will be incidental and casual and where her past will be consciously to her anything she cares to say it was. Give to her the

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