(1 dollar), and a coat for the medium-sized girl (5 dollars), and shoes for the big girl (2 dollars 50 cents), and rubbers for two of them (1 dollar), and with what is left of the ten dollars madame can buy a gown and shoes and hat and veil and gloves for herself.

Can't you see how she will do it And there is that husband of hers sitting at his desk with that generous, complacent I've just given my wife ten dollars expression on his face!

There was a one-pocketbook man I heard of. He was a breezy, alert, hearty sort of man. Other women envied his wife when they heard his expansive way of talking about sharing alike.

I knew his wife. If she wanted 75 cents with which to buy three yards of material for a shirt waist, she would have to go to One Pocketbook and explain how much she needed the shirt waist, how long it was since she had bought one, how long she hoped it would be before she needed another. And she received 75 cents, not a nickel extra for thread or buttons.

She could not entertain or take part in the little junketings of other women, for One Pocketbook was impatient of such demands as these. He dressed well, and spent money on his friends, and that was enough. She really didn't enjoy wearing her long-way-from-broadcloth coat, her never-was-seal muff, and her year-before-last hat among the pretty, modish things of her acquaintances, so she withdrew from all the little affairs she might have been in; and the women who didn't know accounted her a poor-spirited creature, who failed woefully to live up to her good-looking, popular and generous husband.

His wife meanwhile was clinging hard to such fragments of the holy estate of matrimony as survived. She had learned that love would stand most anything but meanness, that she could not honour where she was not trusted, and about all she could do was to cherish the memory of what she had thought her husband was when she married him—and what was still hoped desperately he might be.

Then his cousin Ellen came to visit them. She was a middle-aged woman who possessed common-sense and bifocal spectacles. She sized up the situation. When she left, much regretted by the wife, she gave her newfound cousin ten ten-dollar bills. She said: "Now, I want you to spend this money for yourself. You need a lot of things, and I'll trust you to make it go twice as far as some other woman would. Mind, it's all for you!"

Of course the husband knew of the gift. He urged his wife to let him put the money in the bank at once. But she had not forgotten the time when an aunt had sent her twenty-five dollars, and he had persuaded her to let him bank the money. Then he wouldn't hear of her drawing it out. "You don't want to spend that money," he said, "it's drawing interest." After a while she found that he had drawn it out, and much more besides, for some of his own uses. That was the time when love and honour for the man forever left her.

So she was quite firm in refusing to let him put the money in the bank, but kept it in the scallopy box in the right-hand corner of the upper left-hand drawer of the bureau. She planned at least seven different ways of spending every dollar of it. It was not long till Christmas. For the first time in her married life she was going to have real joy in selecting Christmas gifts. After that she'd buy the things she needed, and take advantage of the January sales.

Then came he of the one pocketbook. Someone had a carriage to sell, good as new and scarcely used. It was just what he wanted, but he hadn't quite enough ready money on hand to buy it. It was against his principles, as she well knew, to run in debt. Would she lend him her hundred dollars for just a few days? He had some money coming in, and he'd pay her back.

She hesitated for a time. Love and honour were gone, and she couldn't help it. Then she went to the right-hand corner of the upper left-hand bureau drawer, took the money out of the scallop-box under the pile of handkerchiefs, and gave it to him.

The carriage came home, and he was proud of it. The wife wore her old clothes, and he was not proud of her. Christmas drew nearer, and still her hundred dollars didn't come back to her. Once, after great effort, she asked him for a little of the money; the few gifts she had contrived out of little or nothing seemed so pitifully small.

But he put her off. In just a few days she should have her money. They had a family Christmas tree at his sister's. When the gifts were distributed she had a little flat parcel from her husband.

"Open it, my dear, and show them what you have," he commanded.

She did so. It was a bank book, in which he had entered a hundred dollars—the money she'd lent him returned as a Christmas gift!

And all his people said how generous he was, and how fortunate she was to have such a husband!

But when I think of that man straightway an old hymn comes into my head. It begins:

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead.

And for the life of me I can't seem to get beyond the first word of the second line. There I stick.

Ah! you don't know what stories come to the ears of the minister's wife! And there are more unhappy marriages—even divorces—which arise from an unfair division of the family income than you have any idea of.

Maybe we can't do much with the men who think their wives unfit to be trusted with money, but before you, my dear boy, promise to endow her with all your worldly goods, just have a plain, straightforward talk of income and household expenses, and the allowance for personal expenses you mean to make the dear girl. Have it now. Have it understood, and save years of tears, or years of unhappiness, hereafter.

IF BRITAIN WERE TO DO AWAY WITH DRINK.

In the "Souvifarle Tribune," Mr Harold Cox, a great financial authority, points out that Britain's debt at the end of the war may amount to 10,000,000,000dol., which at four and a half per cent., the rate of the "great" loan, would mean an interest charge of 450,000,000dol. a year. But a commentator on this statement points out that, even adding 100,000,000dol. for pensions, the whole vast sum would be still much less than the annual drink bill, which amounts to 650,000,000dol. a year. Thus, if Britain were to do away with drink, as Russia has done away with vodka, the British people might pay for the war and still have everything except drink that they have now, and still have 100,000,000dol. for social betterment.