

than yours. It is for you to decide." When Mr. Levine reached home that night he found Abe Harris and Sophie laughing merrily. For a moment he faltered—they looked so happy. But then came the thought of the prestige he had won through securing the trade of Katzenstein and Cohen, and the dread of losing it hardened his heart.

"Sophie," he said—and you too, Abe, listen to me. If you marry each other I lose Katzenstein and Cohen's business. Mr. Cohen wants to marry you, Sophie. If he doesn't he will buy from Blumberg and Miller. Then the whole trade will laugh at me. So be a good girl, break off with Abe Harris, and marry Cohen. You know you always said you would do what I wanted."

Sophie put her handkerchief to her eyes. "It is terrible," she said.

"How about the partnership?" asked Abe.

Mr. Levine jumped at the opportunity. "Be a good boy, Abe, and give her up and you can stay in the firm. Though, of course, you can't expect a percentage of Katzenstein and Cohen's orders because I'm getting the business myself."

Abe scratched his head thoughtfully and looked at the floor. "It's a big business," he said slowly, "and I'd hate to see our firm lose it."

Mr. Levine seized his hand. "That's the right way to look at it, Abe. I'm glad you put the firm before everything else. What do you say, Sophie?"

"Oh, if Abe is willing, I'm willing. If he gives me up so easily I would just as lief get engaged to Mr. Cohen."

"Business before pleasure," Sophie said Abe. "We can't afford to lose Katzenstein and Cohen."

The next day Cohen called and proposed to Sophie, and Sophie smiled upon him.

"Why, certainly I will marry you, Mr. Cohen," she said. "You write me a letter and ask me to marry you, and I'll write to you and say yes." Cohen in the seventh heaven of delight, insisted upon writing the letter immediately, and then, advancing boldly, attempted to kiss her. But Sophie held him back.

"Not yet," she said. "Not for two months. I didn't let Abe kiss me until we were engaged two months."

Which was a lie, but did not worry Cohen half so much as the thought that Abe had kissed her at all.

"All right, Sophie," he said. "Whatever you say goes. But I want to warn you that I have a terribly jealous nature, and the very thought that another man ever kissed you makes me feel terrible."

"You mustn't be jealous," Sophie said. "Lots of men have kissed me."

Cohen winced, but said nothing. He had won her, and he must be content. That very night he wrote to his partner announcing his engagement and informing him that he had doubled his order for tea-gowns for that month. So Sophie and Cohen were engaged.

Abe took his defeat quite good-naturedly. "You see," he explained to Mr. Levine, "I am so much interested in the business that I would not let anything interfere with our success. Some day, when you pay off the people who are in the company with you, I will be so valuable that you will make me an equal partner and change the name of the firm from Levine and Co. to Levine and Harris. Don't you see?"

Mr. Levine nodded. "I am beginning to think a great deal of you, Abe," he said. "If you will always keep the business first in your mind and bring in a whole lot of orders, who knows but what it will all come out just as you say!"

Cohen, in the meantime, was doing his utmost to entertain his fiancée, taking her out to dinner every night or to the theatre or for an automobile ride, and Sophie seemed to be enjoying herself hugely. To be sure, she would not permit him to hold her hand or to become at all demonstrative in his affection, but upon the whole she seemed to be happy in his company, and he was satisfied until—until the cancer-worm of jealousy began to gnaw into her heart.

It began about the end of the first week of their engagement. They were dining in a restaurant on Broadway when a rather good-looking young man approached their table and stopped in surprise.

"Well, if it isn't Sophie Levine!" he exclaimed. "How are you, Sophie? I'm awfully glad to see you!"

Sophie uttered an exclamation of delight. "If it isn't Sammy Levy!" she cried. "I'm awfully glad to see you, Sammy!"

For a while they clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes. Then Sophie, still holding the young man's hand, introduced him to Cohen, omitting to mention the fact that she was engaged to Cohen.

"Sit down, Sammy," she said. "Have you had your dinner? I'm sure Mr. Cohen will be glad to have you dine with us."

Mr. Cohen was not glad, but he could do nothing else than murmur an unintelligible assent.

"Say, Sophie," said Sammy Levy, "do you remember that day you and I went to the picnic and—"

"Sh-h-h!" said Sophie, placing her finger on his lips "you mustn't tell tales!" Then they both laughed, and Cohen had to bite his lips to keep from screaming out aloud. On the way home that night he upbraided Sophie for her conduct.

"You seemed to like him better than you do me," he said reproachfully. "You never even put your finger on my lips."

"I'm sorry I hurt your feelings, dear," Sophie said lightly, "but I can't help Sammy being so good looking, can I? He's an old friend of mine. Don't you think he has the loveliest eyes?"

Cohen hardly slept a wink that night. Jealousy, you know, is a very terrible—alas! I must be short.

The next night Cohen was sitting with Sophie in the parlour when the bell rang and the maid announced Tony Seligman. Sophie became quite excited.

"I'm just crazy to have you meet Tony," she said to Cohen. "He was my first beau when I was a little girl."

Tony entered clad cap-a-pie in automobile armour. "Hello, girlie!" he exclaimed cheerily. "I came to take you for a spin in the car. Come along."

Sophie took Tony's hand and led him to where Cohen sat. "This is Mr. Cohen, my fiancé," she said, holding fast to Tony's hand. "You won't mind if I go out for a little ride with Tony, will you, dear?"

Cohen was bursting with jealous rage. "Suppose I go along?" he said. "Would I be in the way?"

"It's a racing-car," said Tony, "and there are only two seats. I'll be glad to take you out some other time. Hurry up, girlie, and get your things on."

"Do you mind if I go?" Sophie asked.

"Of course he doesn't," vouchsafed Tony. "He doesn't look like the jealous kind."

What could Cohen do but assent? Sophie went for the ride after promising to be back in an hour. She returned in exactly three hours.

"I was awfully hungry," she explained, "and we had supper in Central Park. Tony is a perfect dear. Don't you think he looks terribly strong and handsome?"

For two weeks Cohen's life was a perfect agony of jealousy. Wherever he went with Sophie he met Sammy Levy or Tony Seligman, who, apparently oblivious of his frowns and his surliness, would insist upon joining them and would bask in the sunshine of Sophie's smiles. Not that Sophie, for a single instant, ever overstepped the bounds of strictest propriety; but the sparkle in her eyes and her rapt attention to every word of these young men and her complete ignoring of Cohen's suffering kept her fiancé upon the rack day after day.

"Promise me, Sophie," he said one day, "never to speak to Sammy Levy or Tony Seligman again and I will be the happiest man in the world."

"Oh, very well," answered Sophie airily. "If you are jealous of them I will not speak to them." And Cohen never saw Tony Seligman or Sammy Levy again. But when, the next evening, he called to see Sophie he found her dancing in the parlour with a young man whom she introduced as Charley Samuels.

"Charley is teaching me the new two-step," she explained. "Can't you play something for us while we dance?"

Cohen could not play, but he watched them dance, and he cursed Charley and his new two-step from Dan to Bersheba. Never had he seen a two-step that involved so much hugging of a girl's waist. When he could stand it no longer Cohen proposed to Sophie that they go out for a walk.

"Sure," said Sophie. "You're not too tired for a little walk, are you, Charley?"

While they were walking Sophie told Charley that his new suit was very becoming. And she made Cohen feel the name of Charley's right arm.

"It's like iron, isn't it?" she asked innocently.

The incidents that led to the final lapse of Cohen would fill a book. I would dearly love to recount them, step by step. But I will indulge in the luxury of one philosophical remark.

If you pile burden upon burden on a dromedary's back you will eventually reach the limit of the dromedary's endurance, and then, by adding just a single straw, you can break the dromedary's back!

Cohen and Sophie were alone. Sophie was gazing at her folded hands in silent reverie. She had not spoken for ten minutes.

"What are you thinking about?" Cohen finally asked.

Sophie looked at him with a bright smile. "I was wondering how Charley is feeling to-day. You know he said he had such a headache last night."

Cohen sprang to his feet, shook his fist in her face, and danced with rage before her. "I'm done with you!" he cried. "Marry your Charley! Marry your Tony! Marry your Sammy! Do you think I'd marry a girl who's always thinking about other men? You're crazy about men! I never want to see you again!" And seizing his hat he rushed out of the house, banging the street door behind him.

An hour later, while he was packing his trunk, Abe Harris, accompanied by a man whom he introduced as Mr. Einstein, called to see him. Abe's face was very long and solemn.

"Mr. Cohen," he said, "I'm surprised to hear what I have just heard. Miss Levine is broken-hearted. So am I. So is Mr. Einstein, who is Miss Levine's lawyer. Do you mean to tell me that it is possible for a gentleman like you to break your promise to marry a lady?"

"I wouldn't marry her," cried Cohen, "if she was the only woman on earth."

Abe Harris sighed. "Then it has come to the worst," he exclaimed. "Go ahead, Mr. Einstein."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Einstein in a lugubrious voice, "but I am instructed to bring a suit against you for breach of promise. You have broken a noble lady's heart, and she will get heavy damages."

Cohen turned pale. This was an aspect of the matter that had not presented itself to him before. He remembered his written declaration to Sophie, and he groaned. What would his friends in Milwaukee say? How could he face the ridicule, the newspaper notoriety, and the scandal that was bound to ensue? The perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"Isn't it possible to compromise?" asked Abe Harris of the lawyer. "It will look terrible in the newspapers. Supposing Mr. Cohen pays the lady fifty thousand dollars in cash or agrees to buy regularly from Levine & Co.?"

The lawyer shook his head. "It is impossible," he said. "Miss Levine is heart-broken, and she has told me to put it in all the newspapers."

Abe Harris pleaded with him, begged him to relent, implored him to compromise the matter for the sake of the firm, and in the end the lawyer's stony heart relented.

"Are you willing," he thundered at Cohen, "to sign an agreement to buy all your New York goods of Levine and Co. if my client is merciful enough to withdraw her suit and release you from your contract?"

Cohen, pale and wilted, nodded eagerly.

"I don't know if she will do it," said the lawyer, "but for the sake of my friend Abe Harris I will argue with her. If she does, you can thank your lucky star for a very narrow escape."

Did Sophie Levine relent? Yes, Sophie Levine relented. And to this day Katzenstein and Cohen buy all their tea-gowns of the firm of Levine and Harris (formerly Levine and Co.).

When Sophie and Abe Harris were married, Sammy Levy, and Tony Seligman and Charley Samuels "functionalized" (according to the newspapers) as ushers.

A Murder a Day.

New York maintains its reputation for doing everything better than any other city in the world. Noted in Madrid and Parisian Apache fads into insignificant fads. The Lapomortella band of New York. The London band is a plaster saint by comparison. These rascals do a murder a day, and the Secret Police know all about them, but keep the secret because to take proceedings would involve the exposure and probable extinction of their informants. The Lapomortella have their private jury-ground, with—it is likely enough—their chaplain, that all things only be done decently and in order. Why did Sir William Schewck Gilbert quit this planet a year too soon!

Avarice and Generosity.

MR. DOOLEY'S OPINION.

"I never blame a man for being avaricious in his old age. When a fellow gets so he has nawthin' else to injure, when ivvybody calls him 'sir' or 'mister,' an' young people dodge him an' he sleeps after dinner, an' folks say he's an ol' fool if he wears a buttonhole bokay, an' his teeth is only tinants at will an' not permanent fixtures, 'tis no more thin nuch'al that he shud begin to look around for a way iv keepin' a grip on human society. It don't take him long to see that the on'y thing that's v'urable in age is money, an' he proceeds to acquire anything that happens to be in sight, takin' it where he can find it, not where he wants it, which is th' way to accumulate a fortune."

"Money won't prolong life, but a few millions judiciously placed in good banks an' occasionally worn on the person will rayjooce age. Poor ol' men are always older thin poor rich men. In th' al'mhouse a man is decrepit an' mournful-lookin' at 60, but a millionaire at 80 is lookin' in th' prime iv life to a friendly eye, an' there are no others."

"It's easier to th' ol' to grow rich thin it is to th' young. At making money a man iv 60 is miles ahead iv a lad iv 25. Pollytics and bankin' is th' on'y two games where age has the best iv it. Youth has better things to attin to, an' more iv thim. I don't blame a man for bein' stingy anny more thin I blame him for havin' a bad leg. We know th' doctors say that if ye don't use wan iv yer limbs for a year or so ye can never use it again. So it is with gin'rosity. A man starts arly in life not bein' gin'rous. He says to himself, 'I warroked for th' thing, an' if I give it away I lose it.' He ties up his gin'rosity in handages so that th' blood can't circulate in it. It gets to be a superstition with him that he'll have bad luck if he ever does annything for annybody. An' so he rakes in an' puts his private mark with his teeth on all th' movable money in th' wuruld. But th' day comes when he sees people around him gettin' a good dale iv injunment out iv gin'rosity, an' somevan says: 'Why don't ye, too, be gin'rous? Come, ol' green goods, unbelt, loosen up, be gin'rous.' Gin'rous? says he. 'What's that?' 'It's th' best spooft in th' wuruld. It's givin' things to people.' But I can't, he says. 'I haven't annything to do it with,' he says. 'I don't know th' game. I haven't anny gin'rosity,' he says. 'But ye have,' says they. 'Ye have as much gin'rosity as anny man iv ye'll only use it,' says they. 'Take it out iv th' plaster cast ye put it in an' it'll look as good as new,' says they. An' he does it. He thries to use his gin'rosity, but all th' life is out iv it. It gives way under him, an' he falls down. He can't raise it from th' ground. It's ossified an' useless. I've seen many a fellow that suffered from ossified gin'rosity."

"When a man begins makin' money in his youth at annything but games iv chance he never can become gin'rous late in life. He may make a bluff at it. Some men are gin'rous with a crutch. Some men get the use of their gin'rosity back suddenly when they ar in danger. When Clancy, the miser, was caught in a fire in th' Halsted Street Palace Hotel he bowled from a window: 'I'll give twenty dollars to anny man that'll take me down.' Cap'n Minahan put up a ladder, an' climbed to him an' carried him to th' street. Half-way down th' ladder th' brave ragscener was seen to be chokin' his helpless burden. We discovered afterwards that Clancy had thried to begin negotiations to rayjooce th' reward to five dollars. His gin'rosity had become suddenly paralyzed again."

"So if ye'd stay gin'rous to th' end, never have ye'd gin'rosity idle too long. Don't run at ivy hour at th' top of its spind, but from day to day give it a little gentle exercise to keep it supple an' hearty, an' in due time ye may injure it."

A Good Idea.

For some time in Vienna street savings banks have been in vogue with considerable success. These savings banks are an adaptation of the penny in the slot machine. Anyone passing wishing to deposit a small sum drops his money into the slot. Instead of receiving bonbons or chocolate in return, he gets a ticket for the coin deposited. The tickets are later honoured on presentation at a Government department. Encouraged by the success of the Vienna experiment the people of Paris are to introduce the same system into their streets.