

'Time! O, my dear, I haven't a minute! Brigetta—good Swedish soul!—spends her time in trying to fight the dust. Really, I'm ashamed to touch those mahogany shelves for fear that I shall leave finger-marks. I can almost write my name—'

'A little dust doesn't count,' said Arthur. 'What I mean is this. Cut out the mayonnaise for dinner. You'll gain half an hour in that way. And baby's tucks—you ought to save ten minutes by leaving that amiable child tuckless. He won't care.'

It will take just two hours,' said his wife, seriously. 'And if you don't bother yourself about putting the blue ribbons on the sandwiches, you'll gain at least half an hour; and the napkins—'

'Of course I couldn't think of doing everything in one day. I didn't mean that I was really going to work all the initials on Monday.'

'You see, my dear; you'll have three hours free to do a good act. You can make a hat for Sara Fallon—an Easter hat.'

'Arthur!' cried Mrs. Bowen, amazed.

'I've thought it out,' said Arthur, smiling a little shamefacedly. It did occur to him that he was trespassing on his wife's domain. 'You see, I am going to give up the box of Henry Clays; a half dozen will be enough. Villard smokes cigarettes, and I'll allow myself just one cigar a day during Holy Week. Here's the cash down.' He fished out a note from his waist-coast pocket and handed it to his wife. 'With your time and my money, we can make up for the carelessness of the heartless rich.' He laughed.

Mrs. Bowen was silent in amazement. She could do without the blue ribbons for Tuesday night; she could do without the mayonnaise for Monday night; the tucks, after all, were luxurious, and the initials on the napkins not by any means necessary. But that her husband should discover this in such a cold, logical way! She was inclined to be angry at first. He was invading her kingdom with a vengeance. Then she laughed. After all she was a reasonable woman.

'I can make two hats, I believe, if I can get the time,' she laughed again. 'To think of a stupid man telling me that! But the Fallons would be too proud to take what they hadn't earned.'

'Send over and ask for all their lettuce for your dinner to-night. They like to give. Make a great favor of it—the Villards are coming, and you haven't time for your usual salad, etc., etc. Then you can pay them with the Easter hats: and if Sara should appear at the late Mass in a suitable hat, who knows?'

Mrs. Bowen's eyes sparkled.

'You are ridiculous, Arthur,' she said—'perfectly ridiculous! Nevertheless, your idea about the salad is good. The Fallons do love to give, but they don't know how to take. Do you know, Arthur, I think we poor people could do more, if we made our lives more simple? Men sometimes have good ideas.' She laughed softly to herself.

Brigetta returned at this moment; and, the baby being left in her care, the Bowens went out for a walk.

As he boarded his train the next morning, Arthur, like a good 'commuter,' bore various orders with him (one especially for a little bottle of paprika he had resolved to remember, for he had forgotten it six times); the other was contained in an envelope addressed to a certain department shop, which he had sworn to visit at noon. He brought home various odd-shaped bundles.

The dinner to the Villards went off very well; and the crisp, early salad from the Fallon's garden was a most successful feature.

'Look!' said his wife, gleefully, showing him a blue silk arrangement, twined with pink roses. 'I made that for Clara Fallon from an old hat of my own, and those roses were the ones I intended for the new lamp shade.'

'Roses on lamp shades,' said Arthur, 'are like pillow-shams—nuisances. I have brought the frame for the other hat and all the other stuff besides.'

'Yes, it's all right,' said Mrs. Bowen. 'I shall be able to finish the other hat to-morrow evening, and go to the School Hall to help arrange things for the Sodality supper, too. Sallie shall have a beauty of an Easter hat. But I could have cried when I saw you offering a small handful of cigars.'

Arthur laughed.

'Villard doesn't smoke cigars.'

'I wrote to the Fallons saying that their salad had actually saved my life and the dinner. You ought to have seen Clara Fallon's face when she brought the lettuce! She was so pleased to have something to give! I said: "You must let me give you something I shall make you for Easter!" She was delighted.'

Sara Fallon, at the High Mass on Easter Sunday, looked very well, indeed. Her straw hat was a thing of roses and ribbons and beauty. Her gloves were darned, and her white frock (she had ceased to wear black on that day) was carefully preserved. The experts knew this; but she was quite radiant, and held her head high. Clara sat beside her sister, properly adorned, and at peace with the world. Mrs. Bowen noticed that John Wilson waited at the church door to bow to Miss Fallon as she passed out.

'It has worked!' whispered Arthur.

'What?' asked his wife, seemingly unattentive. 'You are perfectly ridiculous!'

As they walked home from Benediction, the Bowens saw John Wilson descending from his white automobile with a big bunch of Japanese quinces and early lilacs in his hand. This was in front of the Fallon house. In half an hour Mrs. Bowen, for no apparent reason, insisted on passing the house again. The automobile was still there. Arthur smiled.

'John Wilson seems to have all the time there is.'

'How ridiculous!' said Mrs. Bowen, frowning.

'I'll just call for a moment; you can go on—'

But John Wilson came down the garden path, passing Clara's vegetable frames, yet not seeing them.

'Congratulate me,' he said, his rather serious face smiling broadly.

Arthur laughed.

'I don't see what you are laughing about, Arthur. What are you thinking of?' whispered Mrs. Bowen.

'The heartless rich!' he answered.—Maurice Francis Egan, in *Ave Maria*.

## Humors of the U. S. Postal Service

In view of the announcement that Secretary Hitchcock has succeeded in wiping out the postal deficit, the following from the *World's Work*, calling attention to some of the glaring features of the postal 'graft,' should be of interest:

'By mail, you may now send packages weighing more than four pounds to forty-three foreign countries—but not to any part of the United States of the Union.

'If you live in New York, you may send a ten-pound package by mail to Tokio—but not to Brooklyn. If it weigh only four pounds, it may go by mail to Brooklyn for 64 cents—but four pounds to Germany costs only 48 cents.

'These are not little jokes perpetrated on the public by the Post Office Department: they are facts which have grown naturally out of the deep interest that the express companies have taken in the distribution of merchandise by mail. If you insist upon having the same parcel service to Chicago or St. Louis that you have to Berlin or Marseilles, how do you expect the express companies to make a living?'

Another little joke on the dull-witted public has been published in *The Survey*; it is a photograph of a delivery waggon in New York City labelled: 'Parcel Agency for the Imperial German Mail.' The idea is that Germany now offers in New York a service that the United States Government will not render—just as the German Government has set up a post office in Tangier, with German postage stamps, because Morocco is not progressive enough to establish offices itself.

## Portraits Are Our Forte

Sittings a pleasure, not an ordeal at the "Tesla" Studios, opposite Post Office, Wanganui, so the hackneyed phrase no longer required—sooner have a tooth out.

Enlargements made from any photo. in black and white, sepia, or water colours.