

what I say. I've got business to talk to you. And make up your mind that, for once, you have got to take life seriously."

"What right have you to speak to me like this?" demanded the young man with an attempt at dignity.

Vandewaters laughed loudly.

"Right? Great Scott! The right of a man who thinks a damned sight more of your reputation than you do yourself, and of your fortune than you would ever have wits to do. I am the best friend you've got, and not the less your friend because I feel like breaking your ribs. Now, enough of that. This is what I have to say, Pride: to-night you and I are beggars. You understand? Beggars. Out in the cold world, out in the street. Now, what do you think of that?"

The shock to Mr. Pride was great. Mr. Vandewaters had exaggerated the disaster; but he had done it with a purpose. The youth gasped "My God!" and dropped his glass. Vandewaters picked it up, and regarded him a moment in silence. Then he began to explain their financial position. He did not explain the one bold stroke which he was playing to redeem their fortunes: if possible. When he had finished the story, he said, "I guess that's a bit more serious than the little affair in the library half an hour ago?"

He rose to his feet. "Look here, Pride, be a man. You've never tried it yet. Let me teach you how to face the world without a dollar; how to make a fortune. Then, when you've made it, you'll get what you've never had yet—the pleasure of spending money dug out of your own wits."

He carried conviction into a mind not yet all destroyed by effeminacy and indulgence of the emotions. Something of the iron of his own brain got into the brain