

Her Weight in Gold

that the old man would hurry up and die.

“Now, Eddie, don’t talk like that! I have about made up my mind to do something handsome for you and Martha. I have practically decided to make her an allowance for clothing and so forth——”

“Clothing!” groaned Eddie. “She doesn’t want clothes. What could she do with ’em? I am the one who needs clothes. Look at me. Look at the frayed edges and see how I shine in the back. There is a patch or two that you can’t see. I put those patches on myself, too. Martha is so darned fat she can’t hold a pair of trousers in her lap. Moreover, she can’t sew with anything smaller than a crochet needle. Look at me! I am growing a beard so that people can’t see my