

PREFACE

IN a certain institution for homeless women there was an old lady who always looked happy. Going up to her one day at the close of a religious service, the writer said, "How is it that you are always smiling?" To this she replied, "I have nothing else to do." It was rather an unusual turn of mind in idleness, but it was certainly the pleasantest. The author of this booklet is not in the easy circumstances of that old lady, but earns a livelihood in the business world of turmoil and care, of bright, eager faces, and of occasional frowns. If this be a disadvantage, the hurt of it must appear in the more delicate craft of literature. But, deeper than style, it is hoped that a drop or two of new red blood may pass into the living stream.

GRANT BALFOUR.