

A SELF-MADE MERCHANT'S

funeral of the man who wasn't "a professor"—because it's customary to make a few appropriate remarks on these occasions. From what I saw of Helen Heath, I reckon she's not getting any the best of it. She's what I call a mighty eligihle young woman—pretty, bright, sensihle, and without any fortune to make her foolish and you a fool. In fact, you'd have to sit up nights to make yourself good enough for her, even if you hrought her a million, instead of fifty a week.

I'm a great believer in women in the home, but I don't take much stock in them in the office, though I reckon I'm prejudiced and they've come to stay. I never do husiness with a woman that I don't think of a little incident which happened when I was first married to your Ma. We set up housekeeping in one of those cottages that you read about in the story books, but that you want to shy away from, when it's put up to you to live in one of them. There were nice climh-