

332 JACK SPURLOCK—PRODIGAL

"Yo' father and I, Jack," began the Major, as he settled us on board, "are plannin' to make a little inspection tour of his new system next month, and we shall stop off fo' a visit in Canon City. If, suh, the amazin' account of the resou'ces of Colorado which I find in this pamphlet is accurate," and he tapped a railroad folder in his hand, "I think I shall look around preliminary to settlin' down there."

Just then the brakeman shouted the warning "All aboard," and our good-byes began.

"Major," I said, as he dropped to the platform after a last "God bless you!" "I've discovered the Big Idea!"

The Major's face lit up with the fine old enthusiasm. "What is it, Jack?" he shouted excitedly.

"Get a job and work like the devil," I yelled back, and the old fellow shook his stick at me.

Inside Anita was waiting for me. "Well, dear," I said, sitting down beside her, "between the Governor's cheque and this private car they've rather managed to turn our little problem play into a comic opera."

"But you won't let them, Jack, will you?" she asked earnestly, taking my hand.

"Not if you can be happy out there," I answered.

"Happiness does n't depend on longitude, but on ourselves, dear."