

MR. BRIGGS PLANS FOR CHRISTMAS

sirable could be bought in America or brought to America. He had bought whatever he wanted and whatever his family wanted; not only mines, factories, the money market, mansions, baubles, works of art, but also social position for them, college degrees and public honor for himself. Nothing had been denied him.

With good cause, then, he expanded his chest on this Christmas Eve and felt satisfied that the world was as it should be.

Satisfaction glowed in the bald top of his head, in the generous expanse of his shining white waistcoat, in the forward arch of his well-fed waist-line, in the faultless high polish on his shoes, as Mr. Jonathan Briggs stood regally on his hearth-stone, a substantial man, and listened to the happy voices of his family.