

So when they had picked out a Night to call on Fred or Nora or possibly McIntyre and Heath or Joe Cawthorne or Frank Tinney or some Artist worth while, they would find themselves in a Box at the Opera waiting for Galli-Curci to come on and yip for a couple of Hours.

The Plain Enjoyments of the Middle Class were always dangling ahead of them but always out of Reach, no matter how rapidly they followed in Pursuit.

Take the item of Travel.

Before the recent War was forced upon a timid and unsuspecting Kaiser, it was supposed that anyone with a Bank Account could go to Foreign Parts and linger indefinitely.

How about the Stockholders to be protected?

How about a man's Duties to the Directors who had put him at the Helm?

How about the possibility of some Flurry that might disturb normal Conditions and disarrange Values?

Chester and Luella looked at all the Maps and Folders showing Honolulu and Singapore and Port Said and Gibraltar, and then they compromised every Summer by going back to their country home, "Neurasthenia," where Chester could sleep with a Telephone tied to his Ear.

When Chester was about 58 years of Age, with a Trained Nurse sitting alongside of his Bed, he would look up at the Ceiling and figure that he had broken

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