

## FOOL AND HIS MONEY

By Gerald Taylor.

"The reason why some men never succeed," said Anderson at the club, "is that they don't measure up to more than their twenty or twenty-five a week. Take Joe Ransom, for instance."

"What, Joe Ransom who—?"

"Shut up, Mortimer. I'm telling this tale."

"But Joe Ransom has succeeded—at least, he—"

Anderson turned on him so savage-



"So It Seems There Isn't Any Property After All."

ly that Mortimer growled himself into silence. Then Anderson resumed.

"Joe Ransom was a poor clerk, earning \$18 a week. That was four years ago. He used to come round to my bachelor rooms in the evening, and, when I wasn't too busy to kick him out, he would lament the harsh-

ness of fate and the hardness of his boss until I kicked him out anyway. Ransom thought I hadn't much sympathy for him, and I hadn't. But he thought also, that I hadn't any interest in him, and there he was wrong. He was very interesting to me as a psychological subject. I knew that Joe's failure come from an instability of character. He had a yellow streak in him, but it hadn't had the opportunity to show up, that's all.

"He had a girl—all those fellows have. Her name was May Latimer, and they didn't see any prospect of getting married. I met her once. She was a good-hearted, shrewd-headed, rather common type of girl, and just the mate for Joe. He hadn't had the sense to select her, though. She had selected him.

"And then one night Joe came rushing into my rooms, wild with excitement.

"'Get out!' I said. 'I'm busy.'

"'Can't help it,' answered Joe, dancing round the room. 'You've got to listen to me. Fortune's turned. I'm rich.'

"'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Got a raise from your boss?'

"'No,' answered Joe, trying the tango with my best leather chair. 'I've come into a fortune.'

"Then he reminded me about an eccentric old uncle of his in Maine whom he had often spoken about. It seemed that the old boy had died and made him his sole heir to his property, which was worth a little more than \$40,000. Joe showed me the lawyer's letter from Portland, and he was so excited that he forgot to take it away when he went home.

"From that hour Joe Ransom was a changed man. The property was to be sold and he expected the money within six weeks. Every tradesman in our town learned the news. Joe bought \$500 worth of clothes the second day. On the third day he purchased a touring car and a run-about. On the fourth he bought a