

you must take the consequences, and lie on the bed she has made."

"That's all right. I think she'll come out on top just the same. Just one word, for my time is up," with a grin. "If by any lucky chance you should be made a widow, it might be to your advantage to get rid of those cats."

History repeated itself. The closing door cut off the last word so dear to her.

Even the most adamant of decisions are sometimes shattered by circumstances. It came about that Mrs. Beresford found cause to reverse her ultimatum as to a divorce.

A fashionable person, in entire sympathy with her views generally and her large fortune in particular, had tentatively offered his hand and heart when she should be free from interfering ties, as the months passed without news of Beresford.

"I am not in accord with divorce," he murmured, "but the casualties on the fighting front are so frequent that it does not seem Providentially possible that your—ahem—that Mr. Beresford can have escaped. It would, however, be advisable that you make certain by careful inquiry. If, indeed, it should prove that he is still actively engaged in exterminating his fellow creatures, I shall, representing the Church, absolve you from any fault in freeing your sweet, angelic soul from such thralldom by aid of the law."

"I will go to Europe myself," announced Mrs. Beresford, heroically farming out her cats. "I will find him if he is above ground or—"

And in the fulfillment of this decision she investigated most of the hospitals within reach of the war zone. But in vain. It was with the reassuring conviction that she had left no stone unturned that she entered the last of these. A nurse met her on the threshold.

"You seek someone?" was the inquiry.

"My husband. I cannot ascertain any reliable information as to whether he is alive or dead. It seems incredible that he can have escaped.

The nurse gazed at the woman before her in shocked surprise. Those who sought generally did so with the break of a heart in their voice. Before she could answer, a stretcher that had been carried in, and was waiting her attention, was pushed forward, and the occupant took the words out of her mouth.

"Is it really you, dear Jane? And looking for me? Why, where are the beloved cats? Ah, me! Both legs Jane! A damaged headpiece, and a broken shoulder. I fear I shall be a dreadful burden to you!"

Bob Beresford took a loved, seasoned pipe from his pocket with the hand that was uninjured. The nurse uttered an exclamation of sympathy. Mrs. Beresford smiled crookedly.

"You won't be any burden to me, Robert. I am about to obtain a divorce and ally myself with a gentleman!" with a glance of disgust at the pipe.

"Right you are, Jane. I could not expect you to put up with the pres-

ence of a sick man, much less a cripple. I shall make no defense."

As she disappeared, Beresford rose with something of an effort, but displayed two sound legs and a broad grin.

"So, little one," he said, turning to the nurse, "you did not keep your promise to me—you did not stay on the farm. But since you are here"—laying his hand gently on the arm held out for his support—"why, we'll see the fight out together!"

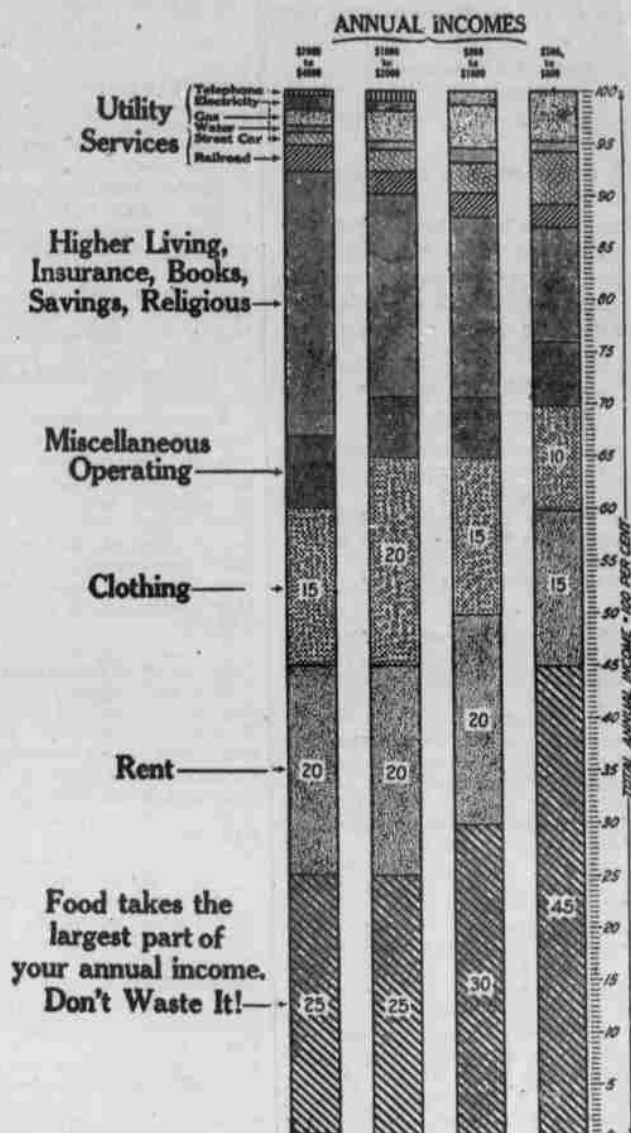
"Where Has My Year's Income Gone"?

In these days of modern conveniences, no one questions the part of the utilities have played in the progress of the nation. Perhaps no other line of endeavor has contributed so much to the elimination of drudgery and the establishment of comforts. Few people, however, realize how little of the income of the average family is expended for utility service. It is strikingly shown in a chart prepared by S. S. Wyer, consulting engineer of Columbus, Ohio, from exhaustive studies made by Dr. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and himself.

For all utility service, including telephone, electricity, gas, water, street car and railroad, the family with an income of \$1,000 to \$2,000 per annum spends about ten per cent of the income. The percentage is reduced in the greater income of \$2,000 to \$4,000 to approximately seven per cent. Food, the first demand of the nation in war, claims the largest part of the income of the average family, taking twenty-five per cent of the incomes cited. Rent comes second on the list with twenty per cent, while clothing claims twenty and fifteen per cent respectively. The other classifications in Mr. Wyer's chart are betterment, expenditures made in the interest of better living, and miscellaneous operating, covering the emergencies which arise in every household.

In times of war, prices increase, with the result that the family pays more for its clothing, its food and its rent. In most cases this advance is met by wage increases, so that a greater volume of income is represented in one hundred per cent. As a result we find that where utilities have not been provided with increased rates or other financial relief, the percentage of income expended for utility service, becomes even smaller than in peace time.

The dollar of 1918 buys less food, less clothing, less rent and less fuel than the dollar of 1914, but in many localities it buys just as much utility service as it ever did. Utilities must endure for the general welfare of the nation, and to do this they must have a just part of the new capital which has been given families in order that they may meet the difficulties of war without suffering and without bankruptcy.



Food takes the largest part of your annual income. Don't Waste It!

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Tom Nolan, the counsellor, for years kept the New York bar laughing at his drolleries. Once he was arguing a case in behalf of some sailors, and in the midst of an exhaustive display of nautical lore he was interrupted by the court. "How comes it, counsellor, that you possess such vast knowledge of the sea?" "Does your Honor think," responded Nolan, "that I came over in a hack?"

Passing through a military hospital,

a distinguished visitor noticed a private in one of the Irish regiments who had been terribly injured.

To the orderly the visitor said: "That's a bad case. What are you going to do with him?"

"He's going back, sir," replied the orderly.

"Going back!" said the visitor in surprised tones.

"Yes," said the orderly. "He thinks he knows who done it."