

it had to do with the ancient, respectable, and lamented bar-of-judgment theory.

Gabriel had played his trump; and those of us who could not follow suit were assigned for examination. I noticed at one side a gathering of professional bondsmen in solemn black and collars that buttoned behind; but it seemed there was some trouble about their real estate titles; and they did not appear to be getting any of us out.

A fly-cop—an angel policeman—flew over to me and took me by the left wing. Near at hand was a group of very prosperous-looking spirits arraigned for judgment.

"Do you belong with that bunch?" the policeman asked.

"Why," said he, "they are—"

But this irrelevant stuff is taking up space that the story should occupy.

Dulcie worked in a department store. She sold Hamburg edging, or stuffed peppers, or automobiles, or other little trinkets such as they keep in department stores. Of what she earned, Dulcie received \$6 per week. The remainder was credited to her and debited to somebody else's account in the ledger kept by G——. Oh, primal energy, you say, Reverend Doctor—well then, in the Ledger of Primal Energy.

During her first year in the store, Dulcie was paid \$5 per week. It would be instructive to know how she lived on that amount. Don't care? Very well probably you are interested in larger amounts. Six dollars is a larger amount. I will tell you how she lived on \$6 per week.

One afternoon at 6, when Dulcie was sticking her hat-pin within an eighth of an inch of her medulla oblongata, she said to her chum, Sadie—the girl that waits on you with her left side:

"Say Sadie, I made a date for dinner this evening with Piggy."

"You never did!" exclaimed Sadie admiringly. "Well, ain't you the lucky

one? Piggy's an awful swell; and he always takes a girl to swell places. He took Blanche up to the Hoffman House one evening, where they have swell music, and you see a lot of swells. You'll have a swell time, Dulcie."

Dulcie hurried homeward. Her eyes were shining, and her cheeks showed the delicate pink of life's—real life's—approaching dawn. It was Friday; and she had 50 cents left of her last week's wages.

Dulcie stopped in a store where goods were cheap and bought an imitation lace collar with her 50 cents. That money was to have been spent otherwise—15 cents for supper, 10 cents for breakfast, 10 cents for lunch. Another dime was to be added to her small store of savings; and 5 cents was to be squandered for licorice drops—the kind that made your cheek look like the toothache, and last as long. The licorice was an extravagance—almost a carouse—but what is life without pleasures?

Dulcie lived in a furnished room. There is this difference between a furnished room and a boarding house. In a furnished room, other people do not know it when you go hungry.

So Dulcie lit the gas. In its one-fourth-candle-power glow we will observe the room.

Against the wrinkly mirror stood pictures of Gen. Kitchener, William Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Benvenuto Cellini. Against one wall was a plaster of Paris plaque of an O'Callahan in a Roman helmet. Near it was a violent oleograph of a lemon-colored child assailing an inflammatory butterfly. This was Dulcie's final judgment in art; but it had never been upset. Her rest had never been disturbed by whispers of stolen copes; no critic had elevated his eyebrows at her infantile entomologist.

Piggy was to call for her at 7. While she swiftly makes ready, let us discreetly face the other way and gossip.