

Birdie, whose discovery of her husband's weakness for drink and women had turned her into a cynical, reckless and bitter tongued butterfly, who finds poker and bridge a substitute for home life, declares that she does not propose to make of herself a human incubator. Babies, she asserts, are noisy, dirty and leaky. What is more they would be a nuisance in the apartment and interfere with her darling Pip-pip ---a little dog.

Dickie declares that brats bore him to extinction, and if his loving wife should take it into her little empty head to present him with one of the infernal little music boxes, he would have to drop it in the agreeable Hudson.

However, the \$10,000. is soon dissipated, and the two, alarmed, leave their respective passions, to come together to discuss the threatened cessation of the luxuries to which they are accustomed. The upshot is, that the clause in their uncle's letter in regard to the \$20,000. for each child hypnotizes them and smothers every inch of principle in them. They connive to defraud the uncle, whom they believe to be "an old antique, with oddles of money, buggy enough to live near the North Pole".

A telegram is therefore despatched aporizing Dayton of the birth of a fine boy, named after him, and the uncle, delighted with the news celebrates the occasion in true ranch style on the Bar Bar B. and despatches a check for the \$20,000. promised to the hilarious Dickie and Birdie. The money has come so easily, and is spent so speedily, that they practice the same fraud the following year upon the