OFFICIAL PROGRAM OF SUMMER SCHOOL

To Be Conducted by the Friends Very Interesting Announced Today.

The official program of the Friends' summer school, which will be held at the North A street Friends' Meeting house grounds during the week of August 11-18, was announced on Wednesday. The object of the school is indicated in the foreword which is as follows:

"The summer school has for its purpose to study our individual and society needs and possibilities, to strengthen the spirit of fellowship, and to equip Friends for larger and more efficient service."

The program which was outlined in the Palladium last Monday is exceedingly strong. The course tickets including board, lodging and lectures, will be $6, while lecture tickets alone will be $1. Single admission tickets will be 25 cents. The program follows:

Friday

Evening, 7:30—Song service and social.

Saturday

Morning, 9 to 9:20—Devotional meeting.

9:30-10:15—Lecture, Charles Swain Thomas, "Our Reach and Our Grasp."

10:30-11:15—Elbert Russell, first lecture on "The Social Teachings of Jesus."

11:30-12:15—Seminar for Young People. George Walton, What Think Ye of Christ.'

Evening, 8—Lecture, Charles Swain Thomas, "The Message of Literature and Life."

Sunday

Morning—Meetings for Worship at Richmond, Milton and Westfield.

Evening—Song service and Young People's Meeting for Worship.

Monday

Morning, 9:00-9:20—Devotional meeting.

9:00-10:15—Elbert Russell, second lecture on "The Social Teachings of Jesus."

10:30-11:15—R. Barclay Spicer, Studies in Acts.

11:30-12:15—Seminar for Young People, George Walton, "The Friendly Form of Worship."

Afternoon, 5:00—Elbert Russell, third lecture on "The Social Teachings of Jesus."

Evening, 8:00—Lecture, Dr. Thomas A. Jenkins, "Quakerism and Scholarship."

Tuesday

Morning, 9:00-9:20—Devotional meeting.

9:30-10:15—Lecture, Henry W. Wilbur, "The Quaker Message."

10:30-11:15—R. Barclay Spicer, continuing "The Studies in Acts."

1:30-12:15—George Walton, "Beginnings of Jesus' Ministry."

Evening, 8:00—Susannah M. Gregg, Reader, Music.

Wednesday

Morning, 9:00-9:45—R. Barclay Spicer, continuing the "Studies in Acts."

10:00-11:00—Regular meeting for worship.

11:15-12:00—Lecture, Jane P. Rushmore, "Fundamental Principles of Philanthropy."

Afternoon, 5:00—Seminar for Young People, George Walton, "The Power Within."

Evening, 8:00—Henry W. Wilbur, illustrated lecture, "Some Experiences in England.

Thursday

Morning, 9:00-9:20—Devotional meeting.

9:30-10:15—George Walton, continuing "Beginning of Jesus' Ministry."

10:30-11:15—Mary H. Whitson, "Adult Classes in First Day Schools."

11:30-12:15—R. Barclay Spicer, "The Social Basis of Religion."

Evening, 8:00 —Jane Rushmore, "Fundamental Principles in Philanthropy."

Friday

Morning, 9:00-9:45—Henry W. Wilbur, "The Quaker Massage."

10:00-11:00—Closing services.

Susie Prepares for a Caller

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HAD A NOTED CARGO

Olympic Brings Many Distinguished Passengers.

(National News Association)

New York, July 19.—The White Star liner Olympic, the giantess of the seas, arrived this morning on her second voyage from South Hampton and Cherbourg, via Queenstown after a fine trip of five days 13 hours and six minutes at an average speed of 21.72 knots per hour.

No attempt was made to speed the giant liner. If necessary she could have reached port on Tuesday afternoon. The days runs were 525, 560, 534, 526, 518 and 228 to the Ambrose Channel light vessel.

The Olympic brought 514 saloon, 245 second cabin and 326 third class passengers. Many of the saloon passengers were homeward bound tourists and visitors to the coronation.

Among the saloon passengers were: Charles W. Schwab, Lord Pierre, chairman of Harland & Wolf Shipbuilding company at Belifast; Mr. and Mrs. August Belmost; Rear Admiral Watts and Cone of the United States Navy, who attended the congress of naval architects, held at London; John Hays Hammond, Jr.; Harlow Higginbotham and Mrs. Oelrichs.

A BAG OF GOLF CLUBS.

They Picture In a Way the Various Phases of Human Society.

Devotees of the links will be interested to learn that, in the opinion of a Philosophical student of their ancient game, a bag of golf clubs is a symbolical epitome of human society.

In the front rank you have the driver, smooth, polished, elegant, the aristocrat of the circle, to whose lot falls the showy role in the day's performance, who disdains to play his part on the level of his fellows, and must have his sphere of operations artificially raised above the plane of the common earth. The brassy is your rich commoner, substituting a barrier of metal for the tee that confers rank on his social superior. After these come the humbler cleeks, lofters and mashies, the common herd, who, like the butchers, shoemakers, and tillers of the ground among human beings, have the bulk of the work to do, and can afford no polish save what comes from keeping themselves clean, which at times is no easy task. Apart from them all stands the niblick, the good Samaritan of golf, resorted to only when the player is in a serious difficulty. The function of the niblick is to aid the golfer in the day of trouble, and his destiny, after having done his duty in that state of life, is to be relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness.—Argonaut.

AGED VETERAN IN; TOLD WAR STORIES

Mike Higgins, born at Ballavaughan, Ireland, once a resident of Wales, a veteran of the Civil war, who was for two years at the terrible Andersonville prison, after he had been shot through the shoulder at Lookout mountain, was in police court this morning. He had been "shot" again but it was with rum instead of with a Rebel bullet. Higgins was bent with age, his hair was white and straight and he wore a beard and mustache of the style of '58. He told how the prisoners would pull a flea from their clothes and lining them up race the bugs across a plate to see who would get ratins. With flashing eyes he told how his comrades had been shot down at the notorious "dead" line, beyond whic hwas good water. The Confederate sharp shooters never missed their aim. He went to jail after his hearing before the mayor.

AN ALGERIAN HOTEL.

The Attempt to Describe Its Attractions In English.

Things are not always as they seem, even in an advertisement. This truth dawned upon Robert Crawford when he was in Algiers, and he tells of the reason for his conclusion in "Reminiscences of Foreign Travel." Mr. Crawford, not being satisfied with his lodgings, procured a copy of the Journal des Etrangers and proceeded to look up a hotel.

After a patient investigation the choice seemed to lie between two. One, according to the notice, possessed "every Anglish confort" and had "larg" as well as small apartments. The other—and I was strongly drawn to it—advertised as follows:

Fir Glass House.
O.
Full South.
Mis of larg Parc.
Tramways to and from towen every 10 minutes.

I found the place. To my surprise there was no conservatory or glass house of any kind and no fir trees. As I pondered over the fact the solution suddenly came to me—it was a "first class house," of course. What of the rest of the advertisement? The hotel had a southern aspect and was situated in a park. As for the tramway, that was pure fiction.

GLAD HEARTS.

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere and of leaving it behind them when they go. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of God's own gift had passed upon them. They give light without meaning to shine. These bright hearts have a great work to do for God.—Faber.

SHE TAKES EFFECTS OF GREAT HUMORIST

COUNTESS OF GRANARD.

Mrs. Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch, daughter of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), the deceased humorist, who has removed from Stormfield, the Connecticut farm home of the famous author, the household effects and articles of furniture that were almost intimately associated with the home life of Mark Twain.

Mrs. Gabrilowitsch is the wife of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist. She is now living in Germany. To her foreign home she took recently the desk at which her father wrote many of his best known books, and the bed table on which he often wrote when he did not care to get up or was too ill to do so. The autograph books of his library, the curios given to him by famous friends, and all the costly articles that would have been dear to American hearts because they were dear to the best known American humorist, have been taken to Germany. Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, their owner, has gone there with them. Mrs. Gabrilowitsch inherited her father's entire estate, appraised at $471,135.

BRENNER WOMAN IS OUT ON $50 BOND

Anna Brenner, who is alleged to be the affinity of Cadda Howard, now confined in the county jail, was released from the Home for the Friendless on Tuesday night. Will Starr, a farmer living on Greenwood avenue, supplied $50 bail. Howard's bond has been reduced to this figure, but though his relatives in Darke county, Ohio, are regarded as wealthy they have taken no steps to release him. It was on the instigation of the man's brother that he and the woman were arrested on the charge of fornication.

LEAGUE MAKES GOOD

Other Towns Seek Admittance in 1912.

New Castle, July 19.—Speaking of baseball success, the Eastern Indiana Sunday league seems the biggest winner in the state. All of the clubs are drawing well and all are making some money. Connersville, the tailenders, had more than 800 paid admissions last Sunday.

There is no doubt but that the schedule will be extended through August and September. The fans are interested in the race and desire a continuation of the same class of sport. Next season will be the early organization of the league, with the probable addition of a couple of other clubs.

Others Now Want In.

Muncie fans have heard of the good sport and are clamoring for admission. The same is true at Anderson, where Sunday ball is a big winner with the proper men at the head of the game.

One of the big attractions at the game Sunday at Connersville was young Harold Ross, the sturdy offspring of Harry Ross, the Maxwell outfielder. The youngster was called to catch in the preliminary practice, when Ernestberger warmed up the pitchers and he handled the stinging throws from the bases like a veteran. He will make a great played if he continues to shine as at present.

Russia.

Russia did not break into European history until compartively recent times. Ruric, a Varengian chief, seems to have been the first to establish a government about 862. Ruric's descendants ruled amid many ups and downs till 1598, at which time the real history of the country may be said to begin. With the solitary exception of the United States of America, the progress of Russia under Peter the Great and Catherine II. is unequaled for rapidity in the history of the world.

Bringing Down the Average.

"It is said that there are 120,000 hairs on the average human head," said the baldheaded man.

"Too bad that you've pulled the average down so low, my dear," said his wife.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Bad Beginning.

"I have known better days, lady," began Faded James.

"Yes, it's a wretched morning," replied the farmer's wife, "but I've got no time to discuss the weather with you, bad as it is." And she shut the door and left him.

Palladium Want Ads Pay.

FORMER SHAH FLEES

And Has Started a Revolt in Persia.

(National News Association)

St. Petersburg, July 19.—The army officers responsible for the escape of the exiled Shah of Persia, Mohammed Ali Mirza, who was held in Odessa supposedly under strict surveillance will, according to an official announcement today be courtmartialed and sent to Siberia for allowing him to flee to Persia and there start a revolt.

The Russian government will use every means in its power to prevent the revolution in Persia from becoming more serious, as, by agreement with the other powers, it undertook to prevent Mohammed Ali, after his dethronement in July, 1909, from returning to Persia and reascending the throne.

Five thousand troops were ordered in readiness today to proceed to the Persian frontier.

WILL BE NO COMPS FOR STATE FAIR

(National News Association)

Indianapolis, July 19.—The State board of agriculture has announced no tickets will be printed for the state fair which opens on September 4th. Slot machines at the gates will be provided and each patron must deposit half a dollar or a quarter coin. The entire free list has been suspended.

TWO CONVICTS ARE HUNTED BY POSSE

(National News Association)

Augusta, Me., July 19.—Frederick Reynolds, a wife murderer, and Clarence A. Conant, a burglar, inmates of the criminal insane hospital here, are at large and a posse of several hundred citizens is beating the woods north of the city in an effort to capture them. The men gained their liberty by removing bars from the third story window and sliding down a rope of bed clothing.

Easy Stairs.

The very acme of ease is reached in stairs that have treads twelve to fifteen inches broad and risers five to seven inches high. The run or distance in most houses is too short to allow of this, but they should come as near it as the architect of the house will permit. It is so easy to climb such stairs that one hardly is aware of any effort.

Polo.

Polo or hockey on horseback is a game of Asiatic origin and was introduced into England in 1872.

230 VIOLENT DEATHS

In State in May Health Board Reports.

According to the bulletin for May, issued by the state board of health, there were 230 deaths due to violence during that month. They were: murders 7, suicides 45, accidents 178. Of the murders, four were by gunshot, one by cutting, two by explosion; of the suicides, nine were by gunshot, eight by hanging, seven by drowning, three by cutting throat, five by carbolic acid, two by morphine, seven by poisons of different kinds, one by burning, one by stepping in front of car, one by jumping from a height, one not named. Of the accidental deaths, steam railroads caused thirty-two, interurbans three, street cars one, automobiles seven, crushing injuries seventeen, mining two, machinery one, burns and scalds thirteen, drawning thirty, falls nineteen, gunshots three, animals and vehicles fourteen, electricity two, lightning four, an dthe remaineds by various means.

There were 207 cases of smallpox, with no deaths; 350 deaths were due to tuberculosis in its many forms. Pneumonia caused 167 deaths. There were 134 cases o ftyphoid fever reported, with twenty-nine deaths. There were 145 cases of diphtheria with nine deaths; 519 cases of scarlet fever with sixteen deaths. There was one death due to pellagra and seven from infantile paralysis.

HORSE THIEVES FOES

Are Holding Convention at Arkansas City, Kan.

(National News Association)

Arkansas City, Kan., July 19.—Arkansas City today began the entertainment of the annual convention of the Anti-Horse Thief Association of Kansas and Oklahoma, which is one of the most unique and influential organizations in this section of the country. Though horse thieves are not so plentiful in the two States as they were once upon a time, the association has continued to maintain its organization largely for social purposes and now has a membership estimated at 50,000.

MORMON COLONY

(National News Association)

Santa Barbara, Cal., July 19.—Announcement was made today that the Cuyama ranch will be purchased by a colony of Mormons, consisting of about 1,000 families from Salt Lake. The ranch contains more than 60,000 acres. The Mormons will establish a church and build a city in the tract.

MISTOOK WIFE FOR BURGLAR; SHOT HER

(National News Association)

Kittanning, Penn., July 19.—Thinking she was a burglar, George Golden 27, a shoe dealer, shot and killed his wife while she was closing a window to keep out the cool air at two o'colck this morning.

SMOOT'S WOOL BILL INTRODUCED TODAY

(National News Association)

Washington, July 19.—Senator Smoot today introduced his wool bill as a substitute for the Underwood house measure.

MRS. BELMONT HAS HER JEWELS SEIZED

(National News Association)

New York, July 19.—Customs officers discovered $15,000 worth of jewels in a trunk of Mrs. August Belmont which they declared had not been declared when she returned from Europe today. They were seized without objection from the former actress.

A MATTER FOR INQUIRY---BY HERBERT JAMIESON.

MRS. WILLETT lifted her eyebrows.

"And you mean to say, Tom, that you didn't put that all-important question to this Mr. Vallance?"

"I'm sorry, my dear, but it entirely escaped my memory."

"But it must have been hovering on your lips all the time."

"I can honestly say, Milly, that it never occurred to me once. Really, I'm afraid I'm very unpractical."

"To be equally honest, Tom, you certainly are. Here a certain Mr. Vallance has asked for our only child's hand in marriage, and you did not put the usual preliminary question as to his position and prospects."

"Is it—er—so very usual?"

"Certainly, and more than ever necessary in this case. I let you and Enid—both rather 'rundown'—go away to Atlantic City for a change of air, while I superintended the Spring cleaning at home. You meet at the boarding house—you know how I begged you to go to a hotel, where people are never so familiar—a Mr. Robert Vallance. He falls in love with Enid, and Enid, you say, with him. You listen sympathetically to what the young man has to say, and promise paternal co-operation in tackling me."

"My dear, you put things so very queerly!"

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"So very truthfully, you mean! To proceed, you take a day-ticket from Atlantic City and come up to New York to consult me. Of the young man's money matters you know nothing, except that he is in some business, undefined, in Rochester."

Here the tide of Mrs. Willett's eloquence, spent by its own force, ceased to flow. Her husband was looking thoughtfully out of the window; his brow was knit in perpelxity.

"Have you any business connections in Rochester?" suddenly asked Mrs. Willett.

"Not one."

"Then I should suggest your going at once into town to your club and interviewing everybody about Rochester until you find some one who knows Mr. Vallance. Now, if you start at once, you'll be at the club at the lunch hour, when the rooms will be more or less full, and the chance of obtaining information better. There's your hat behind you."

* * * * * *

Willett sat in his club; but not in the dining room of the club—merely in the library. A Rochester directory, in which he was thoroughly absorbed, lay on the table before him. He had "funked" the society of his brother men and chosen another and an easier way.

The first facts he had gleaned were recorded on a slip of paper at his side. Robert Vallance—the only Vallance given in the directory—was an insurance agent living at The Nook, London Road, Rochester.

Mr. Willett's face lengthened. Insurance agent! Alas, it was not a very remunerative business! He knew several insurance agents, and they were usually broken-down men who had failed at other occupations, and had come down to canvassing for insurance orders. Their ranks, Willett knew, were crowded and competition furious.

And worse, Vallance apparently had no office; he performed what business he had at his private house, The Nook. The Nook—you saw it, a tiny suburban villa, trying to look important with its name in big gilt letters over the door.

Mr. Willett closed the book in despair. Then he opened it again, for another idea had come from the fertile field that was his brain on this particular morning. After all, there must be some fairly well-to-do insurance agents; perhaps young Bob was one of them. Willett turned up another section in the directory. It was the brief section that recorded the names of private inquiry agents in Rochester.

He chose the name that came first—Abner & Co. On imposing club paper, and under a staring heading "Private," he wrote Messrs. Abner & Co., detailing the full circumstances (which was characteristic of Tom Willett), and requesting information as to the financial standing of Mr. Robert Vallance. If they would kindly wire him to his private house in the morning (mentioning no name, of course), he would be very grateful and at once send them a remittance for their fee, plus the cost of the message.

Mr. Willett returned home feeling, for the first time in his life, a thoroughly practical man.

But "Humph!" was Milly's only comment.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Willett looked for the telegram by ten o'clock next morning. Of course, it had not come by that hour. Private inquiry agents are only human in the extent of their ready information, as Tom reminded his wife. When the telegraph boy came up their steps at 10:55 a. m., Tom declared it a most surprising feat.

He let Milly open the message, because in that short space of time at Atlantic City he had grown to love young Bob. Most considerately she held it so that both could read it together.

The message ran:

"Information re person named quite satisfactory. Respectable and generally esteemed young man; income about three thousand per annum—Abner."

Mrs. Willett's eyes glowed.

"Candidly, Tom, I never expected so much!"

"Well, you could see at once that the fellow was thoroughly respectable."

"I was referring to the figure. He will be able to keep Enid in the social position that she has been accustomed to. The income is near——but not unpleasantly near——our own. There's an A B C on the shelf behind you, Tom; look out the next train to Atlantic City. Give Bob every blessing from me, express my regrets for not being able to come to-day, and say that I hope to see my future son-in-law soon. You had better explain that some important business in town unexpectedly cropped up yesterday, and prevented your returning until to-day."

* * * 6 6 *

In a corner of the pavilion as remote from their fellow creatures, but within hearing of the dulcet strains of Dan Godfrey's band, sat the affianced pair. For Mr. Willett had returned, bearing the maternal consent and blessing, and the horizon towards which the young lovers looked was wholly blue.

Now, in one particular Enid took after her mother. She had not the same commercial spirit, but she was thoroughly practical. She would have married a man (if she loved him) on ten dollars a week, but she would have required it precisely stated beforehand (preferably in black and white) how that ten would be expended. Love that builds nothing more substantial than fairy palaces made no appeal to her. A few hours after she knew that she was to be Bob's for life, she was asking herself where that love of theirs was to be domiciled.

All unwittingly the band, too, pressed home the matter. It started playing a very popular song about a bungalow and the dear little girl that someone or other invited to be the queen there.

"I wonder, Bob, where our bungalow will be when we are married?"

"I don't know about a bungalow, but Rochester has some rather nice suburbs."

"Oh, I'm sure we shall find the very thing, but we mustn't be too extravagant at first. How much do you think we ought to give for a house?"

"I really haven't thought much about it, dear!"

"We should not spend too much to begin with. I would rather start in a small way, and launch out afterwards. I don't think we ought to assign more than three hundred dollars a year for house rent."

Bob looked rather agast.

"I'm afraid—er—that would be rather too large a proportion of our income."

"Oh, do you think so?"

"Yes; it works out at one-fifth, and statistics—"

"Why, dear, you're not calculating rightly! It's just one-tenth, and people say that even one-sixth is a fairly safe proportion. What is the matter?"

Enid, you do not suppose—no one has led you to suppose—that my income is three thousand a year?"

"Yes; isn't it?" She was watching his face. "Oh, please don't think I mind in the least what it is! We are bound to get along all right, and, after all, we have one another. It was father who told me that he had heard you had three thousand a year."

Bob's expression was glum indeed. The glamour in the sky had faded before the clouds of cold reality.

"Who can possibly have told him such a lie? Perhaps I should have told you the truth at first, Enid, and not run the risk of this misconception. I had fifteen hundred last year! I do not expect to have a penny more than that this year."

Had it not been a public place, Enid would have pressed her cheek to Bob's in assurance that money did not matter in the least, and would never be suffered to come between them. Situated as they were, she tried to convey the same thing by warmly clinging to his hand beneath her jacket, and pouring contempt with her voice on that ugly and obnoxious thing—money.

"What does it matter, Bob?" And her tones were high pitched in their disdain. "Six hundred a year or three hundred, it's all the same to me. I don't care a bit if you don't, and you must promise me that you're not going to. As for father, he's about the most unworldly man that ever lived. I don't imagine for a moment that it will make a pin's head difference to him."

"There's your mother, too."

"Yes, she different, I know; but——"

"Enid, I feel in a perfectly horrible position. I'm living now under false pretences. Someone, whether enemy or would-be friend, I don't know, has misinformed your father as to my position in life. I ought to go to him at once and put the whole thing right."

The girl protested. What did a little money more or less matter? Was he not worth his weight in gold to her? Character, reputation—that was the true valuation of every human being.

But Bob was adamant. He would tell the truth to her people, and definitely ascertain if he was valued for himself alone.

"There's just one thing, though, old girl. I go back to Rochester to-morrow, as you know, because my little holiday is up. I will see my employers, and tell them I'm engaged to be married—virtually engaged, perhaps I'd better say. The thing is improbable, but they may suggest a small raise in salary. On Saturday afternoon—you're going back to New York on Thursday, you say—I'll take advantage of the half-holiday to run up to New York to see your father and mother together. I'll know my actual position and prospects for the future then, and be able to tell the square facts. If I see that they're dissatisfied, well, we must wait awhile—that's all, old girl. Meantime, I want you to promise not to say a word to either your father or your mother."

"I promise, Bob; but"——

"What are you thinking of?"

"Of the unpleasant position for you, dear."

But her actual thoughts were of her mother.

How would that good lady look, what would she say, when she learned that Bob was only worth fifteen hundred a year instead of the three thousand that she had imagined?

* * * * * *

It was a diffident and distrustful Robert Vallance who, two days later, resumed office duties. Never had the return to harness been so distasteful, never had the ordinary affairs of life struck him so prosaic. He had left the exhilerating heights for the enervating plains.

A week ago money had been nothing to him—the merest matter of course. Dollars had only troubled him when he was face to face with that complex task—the yearly filling in of his tax paper. Month by month he had pocketed his salary, and thought no more about it. And now, next to love, finance had grown the most stupendous fact in life.

He felt better when he had entered the office. His fellow clerks—subordinate to him, most of them—greeted him warmly; and the active partner of the firm, Mr. Tracy, as he passed into his own private sanctum, stopped to shake hands and speak.

An hour later, when he had to go inside that room to confer with Mr. Tracy on certain matters of business he felt that the time had come for him to speak.

"Ah, Vallance! Just put down that basket of letters; we'll come to business in a few minutes. I want to talk to you of something else first. Please shut the door."

Speculating wildly as to what was coming, Vallance did as he was bid.

"Now come and sit down! No, this chair beside me! Have a cigar or cigarette? Ah, I forgot you don't smoke! Well, I hope you've had a good holiday?"

"I couldn't have had better, sir. I feel completely rested."

"That's good. I can't quite imagine it, for I signalized a holiday in the same way once—by getting engaged."

Bob's mouth opened in sheer surprise.

"Mr. Tracy, you've heard?"

"Merely in the way of business. I haven't been prying into your affairs. You'll allow in a moment that I couldn't help myself. I say, what a nice man your future father-in-law must be? But take my advice—if she's what I fancy she is—beware of your mother-in-law."

"You know the family, sir?"

"No—only professionally. You see, they consulted me—the firm, I mean. There, I won't beat about the bush any longer. Read that letter from Mr. Willett; and that's the copy of my wire in reply, followed subsequently by this letter. He wrote to us—Abner & Co.—for information about you, never dreaming that you were in our employ, and that we could give it first hand. I call it one of the biggest jokes on earth. He simply got our name, he says, out of the directory."

In a minute or two Bob saw the whole thing and was laughing too. Then his face grew serious. The next words came with difficulty:

"Mr. Tracy, it was kind—specially kind—of you to say what you did in this telegram. But I can't allow Mr. Willett to remain under a misapprehension as to my real income."

"Misapprehension, my boy? There is none. This affair—what fun I've had out of it—has just given me the opportunity I've been looking forward to for some time, now. Mr. Abner, I'm sorry to say, is now incurably ill, and will never be back at work again. I don't feel disposed to have the business entirely on my own shoulders. You've been with us now eleven years, and are the best clerk we've ever had. With Abner's consent, I'm having papers prepared making you a junior partner. It will be worth the three thousand a year mentioned to Mr. Willett, so you can see I told him nothing but the truth, after all. That three thousand being secure, perhaps you will be inclined to dispense with that trifling insurance agency business you've been carrying on at home since your father's death."