

in believing that the girl he loved was in his arms. He was blind and deaf with ecstasy. The awakening was a shock. His senses reeled for an instant, and then Ruth Clinton went out of his thoughts entirely!

"Damn you!" he cried again, and drew her close. "She hates me—she will always hate me," he was mumbling. "Why should I care? Why should I refuse to take—" Her lips were on his again, warm, firm, voluptuous, drawing his heart's blood with the irresistible power of a magnet.

They did not hear the rapid approach of footsteps—heavy, swift, as of one running. A dark, panting figure raced past them, and then another but a few paces behind.

Percival's senses were released. They cast off the bewitching bonds. His head went up again. In a flash his brain was clear. His

arms were still about her, she was still lying close against him, but the current of passion that consumed both of them was checked.

"What was that?" she gasped, as if coming out of a dream.

He released her, and sprang out into the path to peer fruitlessly after the unseen runners. The sound of footsteps was rapidly diminishing.

They were suddenly aware of women's voices far away to the right. They were indistinct, but there was a sinister significance in the ever-increasing volume.

"There's trouble out there," said Percival. "Something wrong. Come—come along! You must get indoors at once." He grasped her arm, and started rapidly off in the direction of her cabin. She stumbled at first, but

quickly fell into stride with him. Men's shouts were now added to the clamor.

"I know—I know," she cried in his ear. "It has happened, just as I said it would. Some of these men are beasts."

"Then there's hell to pay," he grated.

They reached her cabin just as the door was thrown open. The three startled coryphees filled the entrance. Recognition was followed by a clatter of agitated voices. Olga was fairly dragged into the cabin.

"Bolt your door," was Percival's command as he turned away.

She stood in the door for a moment, looking after him. He passed out of the radius of light. The chorus of voices grew louder down the way, like the make-believe mob in the theater.

Then she closed the door slowly, reluctant-

ly. The three girls watched her in a way as she stood for many seconds with her hands on the knob, her eyes tightly shut.

She turned and faced them. There was a wry smile on her lips as she shrugged her shoulders, and spread out her hands in a gesture of resignation.

"Yes, bolt the door," she said. As she hesitated, her eyes grew hard, her voice imperative. "Do you know of any reason why you should not do as both Mr. Percival and I have commanded?"

"No—no, Madame," cried Alma hastily.

As the heavy wooden bolt fell into place, Olga again shrugged her shoulders and threw herself into a chair in front of the door.

[To be continued.]

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## RESULTS ARE WHAT COUNT *by* Oney Fred Sweet

AS the train pulled out of Faulkner there came down the aisle of the smoker a portly old gentleman carrying two heavy pieces of baggage. With the air of a man who is accustomed to riding on just such a train every day, he peered out over his spectacles for an available place to flop, and finally chose one of the red plush seats on the shady side of the car. It was noon of a very hot day and the red plush seemed to radiate the heat.

First disposing of his well worn grips, the gentleman dusted the cinders from the red plush with the aid of his newspaper. Next he removed his coat. Then he took off his straw hat and necktie and collar, and stuck them in the rack above his head. He relit his half burned cigar, and, with a frown, removed a letter from the pocket of his coat. It was noticeably a letter that he had read before:

"Dear Mr. Martin: At Benton Siding you will meet Mr. Mutter, who will give you details on how to handle your new territory. You will place yourself absolutely in his hands and carefully follow his instructions."

The veteran of the road pursed his lips as he reread the lines. He was afraid that he was not going to care for Mr. Mutter and that the instructions waiting were going to get on his nerves. He felt that he knew the part of the country as well as did the vice president who had written the letter, and much better than the party who was being sent to instruct him.

When the train slowed into Benton Siding Martin recognized Mr. Mutter on the depot platform before the engine had ceased hissing. The new man was a snappy individual. He was wearing a silk shirt of stick candy design, and his hair was cut in Chinese style.

"This is Mr. Martin, is it not?" asked the young man, elbowing through the crowd that was getting off and getting on.

"Plenty of time," grunted Martin. "I can't get out of here until tomorrow morning. This is the last train today."

"But I want you to get busy right away," hastened Mutter. "Directly after dinner is the proper time to call on a prospective customer. I might take one of your grips."

"No, thanks. I've carried 'em a long time. The two of 'em balance me."

They walked in the sizzling sun to the Oxford house, the veteran Martin proving a poor conversationalist. Mr. Mutter was getting on his nerves even more than he had feared he would.

"I've looked over the field here," Mutter finally began, as the two were seated at the writing desk in the hotel office, "and I can therefore tell you exactly how to proceed. There are two firms to be called on here. Ed Morgan is next to the postoffice, and Harry Cochran is in the middle of the block." He leaned forward in his chair. "Morgan is a man who likes to have a fellow visit for awhile before he talks business, likes a funny story, likes to talk baseball. Know any funny stories? Are you posted on Babe Ruth's batting record? All right."

"Now, Henry Cochran, on the contrary, wants a salesman to be crisp and business-like and come right to the point. Do you get me? Better write the names down and the tips opposite. That's the best way."

Martin fingered in the pocket of his coat and brought forth a frayed envelope. Mutter peered over his shoulder as he penciled the names and details.

"Now go to it," finished Mutter, setting his lips. "Remember this, that no matter what your line of goods, you've got to be a salesman to sell 'em. There's a right way and a wrong way to call on a man, and there's a right time and a wrong time. Report back to me at 4 o'clock. I'm going upstairs and lay down."

Martin, panting for breath, picked up his samples and started down the street. He was entering Ed Morgan's establishment about the time Mutter was dropping into his daily "relaxation nap." Martin saw Morgan seated at the rear of the long room filled with counters and shelves. Morgan's boy, acting as clerk, was waiting on a woman from the country.

Martin reached the side of the sour visaged old man and, while it took considerable effort, he gave the old fellow a whack on the back.

"How's the boy?" he began, after the fashion of one college freshman greeting another.

Morgan started, straightened, rubbed his eyes.

"Great day, ain't it?" continued Martin, following up his opening. "It would be a great day to go fishing. Reminds me of the

story of the kids that went fishing on Sunday. Minister came along and says, 'Boys, you ought not to catch fish on Sunday.' And they said, 'We haven't had a bite all day. Who's catchin' any fish on Sunday?'"

Morgan's thin lips parted in a half smile. "Well," he returned, "I guess that's the way it would be if they went fishin' in the creek here. Yet I used to catch 'em down there when I was a boy—big ones, too, they seemed then."

Martin racked his memory for a vaudeville joke, and finally pulled a rather musty one he had heard. It was not apropos of anything, and he found that he didn't remember the point very well, but at the end of it Morgan laughed heartily.

"Did you say you was handling gingham?" he asked. "I hadn't intended to stock up just yet, but let's look at 'em."

"No hurry," stalled Martin.

But he spread out his samples, being reminded of many stories as he did so. Morgan ordered quantities of this and of that, and when Martin began packing up the old fellow said with a quaver in his voice:

"Do you know, that's the first time in twenty years that I've had any one treat me human. Business, business, business—a fellow gets tired of just that."

On his way up the street Martin said to himself: "Well, the kid's a wonder, after all. I misjudged him, I guess."

Yet his day in town had only been half successful as yet. There was Henry Cochran still to see.

He found Cochran much as he had found Morgan. But Cochran was occupied with figures, and, remembering young Mutter's instructions, he held aloof until the man should be more at leisure.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Cochran," he said finally and apologetically. "I'm not going to take more than five minutes of your time. You can look at what I've got. I can give you the price, and you can pick out what you want, and I'll be gone."

He snapped out the samples for inspection. Cochran came over to the samples, examined the goods silently, inquired about the price. Martin answered in crisp monosyllables.

"I'll take some of this. And put me down for some of that. You can see how much I've got on the shelves. Just use your judgment.

I know it's a pretty big order for a fellow of this size, but—"

Martin was snapping his case together.

"But you're the first man, Martin, who has come in here in twenty years who got right down to business." He signed. "I was afraid you were going to tell that story about the slow train or the fellow with a harelip. It gets harder every day for me to listen to that and laugh at it. It's refreshing to be taken seriously for once."

Martin went back to the hotel. At 4 o'clock Mutter came down from his room, peering a bit of flippantry with the clerk at the quiet sight of Martin, motioned him to a quiet seat in the corner, and began talking with rising inflection, "Well?"

Martin started to fish for his order book. "No, no," Mutter interrupted. "Not at the beginning. You called first on Morgan."

"Yes, Morgan. Jolly old scout. Did you as you told me—slapped him on the back and called him by first name, but—"

"You did what? Man alive, I told you to listen more carefully. I told you explicitly that you had to approach Mutter with dignity. After all my trouble in telling you off properly—"

"I beg your pardon, Mutter, that's the way I wrote it down."

Mutter grabbed the envelope, turned from purple to pale. Mutter referred to his notes in an index book of his own. "I had them mixed," he confessed, "twisted those names when I gave them to you. Well, we'll have to try my method next town. You don't need to worry about your afternoon's showing. My man is human, you know. By jove, mix those two names."

"But here's my order book," said Martin. "Look these pages over."

Mutter's face, as he glanced the order over, underwent many changes of color. Finally his lips parted in a self-satisfied smile. "Good work, old man," he enthused. "Good work."

And that night Mutter wrote this to the "house":

"Inclosed is a facsimile of Martin's orders received here today. With a little more coaching I think he will develop into a good man. His results today were achieved by carrying out my instructions to the letter."

## IRONICS

got that much new capital two months ago. But if I hadn't failed, I wouldn't have succeeded. It makes you rather dizzy to figure that out, doesn't it?"

His joy was becoming blunted by the urgent necessity of returning to New York. There was no especial summons for him.

He had obtained a thirty day option from his former creditors, his new clothes had been delivered, and Southwick was in no hurry. It was purely a matter of immediate finance, and if he hadn't been compelled to buy those extra clothes, he could have remained for two additional and doubly glorious weeks. But if he hadn't bought the clothes he couldn't have appeared in public except after 6 o'clock, and couldn't have gone home, anyway.

Regretfully, he made his plans; and held them. The fatal day arrived, and he spent it out of doors with Helen, saying good-by at every momentary opportunity. He said good-by to her before dinner, and he said good-by to her after dinner. And train time was approaching.

Robinson buttonholed him in a corner. "Ned, I want you to let me do something. Don't refuse; please don't. It's something that'll make me feel a lot better and a lot happier. Call it your wedding present in

advance, or any old thing. If events had worked out differently you'd have had it, anyway. It's yours, by rights. And—let me give you a tip—the only way to get any fun out of money is to give it to other people, or use it to buy 'em things with. If I'm going to be your daddy-in-law, you've got to let me have my own way about this. Just take it, and let me be glad—won't you?"

Burgess was gazing in bewilderment at a check for \$40,000.

"Why, Mr. Robinson, I can't take this!"

"Now, don't argue. Take it; it's yours. It's fair and right. You said yourself your father paid me twenty thousand too much. I admit it. I always did. But he didn't. You and I see this thing alike. There it is, with interest. Don't forget I'm to have the privilege of smoothing the road. Reciprocation. Wouldn't he have left it to you anyway?"

Burgess thought twice around the circle, and nodded. "If it would really please you so much, I can see the justice of it. Yes, I can. I'll take it—and thank you."

"That's the way to talk. And there's nothing to thank me for. It's yours by rights. Just make good use of it. . . . Well, here's the bus."

Burgess was standing transfixed. Helen was waiting, Mr. Robinson was waiting, the

bus was waiting. He had accepted the check because he believed that Mr. Robinson's statement was sound. He deserved the particular item, anyway. It should properly have been his father's, and he was the only heir. His last remaining shade of uncertainty about Mr. Robinson had been because Mr. Robinson hadn't, when he became rich, made this return of gratitude long ago. But now he could stay in Pinehurst.

Could he? He had his railway ticket, \$27 in cash, and a check. Neither the hotel nor the local bank could cash the check. In New York his credit was excellent; he had intended to borrow lightly from those who trusted him. But no one in Pinehurst, not even Helen or her father, knew how closely he had sailed to the reefs. He didn't want them to know. He was acutely sensitive about it. Poverty, as a broad generality was quite bad enough; but poverty in a cold statement, poverty defined as \$27—(regardless of Southwick already in New York and the new partnership formed of Southwick's capital and Burgess' experience)—that was ludicrous. The episode of the ruined clothing had made it so. And Burgess was too newly in love to risk being ludicrous. He shook himself and went out toward the portière.

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"Good-by, darling," he whispered.

"Good-by, Ned, dear. You'll write to me every day, won't you?"

"Of course. And you will, too?"

"How can you ask? I'll write tonight."

"It won't be long to wait. I can do anything now."

"I know you can. Good-by, dearest."

They watched him out of sight, and then they went back and sat together in the lobby, thinking. What Helen thought was of Burgess, and nothing else. What her father thought had reference to Burgess, and to the distant past. Without the slightest atom of self-pity, for the thorn of repentance was still deep in his side, he was wondering why Burgess' father had never told his son the whole story. Why Burgess' father had related only the evil facts, and none of the others. As, for example, the fact that Mr. Robinson had long since paid back that excess \$20,000—voluntarily, and because he thought he owed it—and in two equal installments, fourteen and thirteen years ago.

"Isn't he sweet, daddy? Isn't he worth having for a son?"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Robinson, with utter sincerity. "I only hope he'll think I'm worth having for a father."

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