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*The Methods of Mr. Sellyer*

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body's way, and finally buy a cheap reprint of the "Dialogues of Plato," or the "Prose Works of John Milton," or "Locke on the Human Understanding," or some trash of that sort.

As for real taste in literature,—the ability to appreciate at its worth a dollar-fifty novel of last month, in a spring jacket with a tango frontispiece,—I hadn't got it and he knew it.

He despised me, of course. But it is a maxim of the book business that a professor standing up in a corner buried

