

another thing on my mind. Perhaps I shouldn't bring up business matters here, but this is a kind of family party—Mr. Gilbert, it's my duty to inform you that I intend to take my advertising out of the hands of the Grey-Matter Agency."

Aubrey's heart sank. He had feared a catastrophe of this kind from the first. Naturally a hard-headed business man would not care to entrust such vast interests to a firm whose young men went careering about like secret service agents, hunting for spies, eavesdropping in alleys, and accusing people of pro-germanism. Business, Aubrey said to himself, is built upon Confidence, and what confidence could Mr. Chapman have in such vagabond and romantic doings? Still, he felt that he had done nothing to be ashamed of.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "We have tried to give you service. I assure you that I've spent by far the larger part of my time at the office in working up plans for your campaigns."

He could not bear to look at Titania, ashamed that she should be the witness of his humiliation.

"That's exactly it," said Mr. Chapman. "I don't want just the larger part of your time. I want all of it. I want you to accept the position of assistant advertising manager of the Daintybits Corporation."

They all cheered, and for the third time that