

preparation must be made: Coincidentally John suggested a beginning.

"I'll introduce you to a tailor in Detroit," he smiled. "You look a trifle Canucky."

To blush and argue the matter would constitute an admission of ignorance.

"Just what I was going to do," Ward quickly replied.

The fact is he had two good suits already.

"How are you fixed for money?" asked Jack, unexpectedly.

"Oh, I'm all right for that."

But John forced ten dollars upon him, greatly impressing him. And here was a splendid lead for the pupil: never hesitate to lend a pal money. Make him take it whether he wants to or not.

When they arrived at Jack's hotel, a nice one, Ward was informed that they would be joined toward evening by two more drummers.

"Which would you prefer after dinner," asked the elder brother, in the polite capacity of host, "a little game or a burlesque show?"

"Oh, the show," replied the Barnsvillian. A little bird had told him that "a little game" meant poker, and as yet he was ignorant of that game. But he intended to learn it—now.

Mother's boy was doing a very common thing: making up his mind to be a good fellow. The follies would all come to him in time, one by one. That Jack happened to be his coach was perhaps rather unfortunate; but doubtless some one else would have taken the job, anyway. Jack himself was only living up to a religion he had espoused, and if he were taken