
The Methods of Mr. Sellyer

nickels. These little adornments can never hide the soul within. I was a professor, and he knew it, or, at least, as part of his business, he could divine it on the instant.

The sales manager of the biggest book store for ten blocks cannot be deceived in a customer. 'And he knew, of course, that, as a professor, I was no good. I had come to the store, as all professors go to book stores, just as a wasp comes to an open jar of marmalade. He knew that I would hang around for two hours, get in every-

