

OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMAN

Why, he has offered me the position of head of the bond department of the trust company at a salary of ten thousand a year, and I go to work to-morrow! Here's his letter. Let me read you the last clause: "

"No, let me," cried Madeleine, reaching for the envelope.

"No—I'll read it," begged Phil.

"No you won't! I'll read it myself!" burst out Madeleine, catching the letter from Phil's hand and whirling around the room in her glee. "Listen: 'The Trust Company needs men like you, Mr. Colton, and so does the Street!' Isn't that lovely?"

"And that's not all, Old Gentleman!" shouted Phil. "We are going to be married in a month. What do you think of that!"