

Down three main aisles six hundred of them rushed to the rotunda, and, converging about a vacant orchestra platform, swung in a swirling, whirling current away to the right. Fluttering ribbons at next to nothing, were no attraction; shoe, shirt, and clothing specials caught but scant attention—it was library sets the main force of the economists were after! Cash boxes banged and whistled, clerks flew hither and thither, customers elbowed and jostled. All the visible calm was with the store's watchful detectives, who stood in plain clothes on the edge of the crowd.

Not till noon, and only at intervals during the rest of the day, could one read the signs, through the crowd, on the front of the counters—

\$5.00 Library Sets, \$1.98, brass rods and curtains free till Friday.

Elevators were too slow—up the stairway he leaped, two steps at a time, and into the ad. branch.

"Bill."

"Dave."

"You got my telegram—and the letter?"

"Yes, here they are."

"So you kept them to clear me if you failed?"

"Sure, but don't say a word about it, old boy," said Bill, and he laughed as he led the way to lunch.

