

tooth and claw—famous the town over for it; and here was Robert, a spender and doing business in Wall Street. Queer things have happened there since the beginning of the war.”

He grinned sheepishly.

“Some have happened to yours truly, but I know when I’ve had enough. I found out from my brokers that Robert didn’t. He was in pretty deep, but nobody knew how deep until I got his firm to go over the books on the quiet. He needed more than a quarter of a million, and he needed it in a hurry. It sat waiting for him at Woodford’s which was a dead loss as a theatre; and, mind you, half of the value of that property was honestly his, but he couldn’t realize on it without Josiah’s signature to the deed. You know. Josiah would sooner have his hair cut and take a box at the opera than sell his land. The old bird’s owned up to me that Robert had found a purchaser and he’d given in finally and agreed to sign when along I came and handed Woodford’s another lease of life as a theatre. You bet he changed his mind, because that was one of his hobbies, and refused Robert point-blank. Said he wouldn’t sign anything until he found out if I could bring Woodford’s back. But waiting, for Robert, was ruin. If he chased me out, on the other hand, and gave the place a final black eye, Josiah would sell, and, by gad, he had to get me out in a hurry. The only way must have hit him square between the eyes, and it ought to have been a sure way with a lot of