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*The Methods of Mr. Sellyer*

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“Wilfred,” said Mr. Sellyer, turning to his chief assistant, “I am going out to lunch. Keep those two books running as hard as you can. We’ll try them for another day and then cut them right out. And I’ll drop round to Docken and discount the publishers and make a kick about them and see what they’ll do.”

I felt that I had lingered long enough. I drew near with the Epictetus in my hand.

“Yes, sir,” said Mr. Sellyer, professional again in a moment. “Epictetus? A charming thing. Eighteen cents. Thank you.

