

Barnsville was not one of the points of contact. It was settled that they should have at least one celebration a week for a while anyway, and they shook hands on it.

Over their cigars they made inquiries about each other. A day's success, which he attributed to his own selling methods, had just put Ward in the humor for an oration, and now he had the opportunity.

"Boys," he said, "you've got to hand me a real drummer's license now. I've adopted a glue policy that never misses. I used to be an order-taker, but now I'm a commercial traveler."

But they seemed unimpressed. Finally Peel found courage to express his true sentiments.

"Old stuff, boy," he said. "Just a streak of luck."

"Hasn't it failed, kid, just once?" asked Linny, with a smirk.

Ward would not admit that it had, but he mentally reviewed the previous day's operations; and magically his enthusiasm and bragging died down.

"I'll tell you fellows," began Linny in his turn, "there's nothing takes like the good-fellow gag. I spend seven bucks a week buying drinks and cigars for my customers, and I'd double it if necessary and still call myself a salesman. I——"

"Oh, but you've got to slip it over just the same," Peel interrupted, judging it time something was said on his own behalf. "My idea about selling is this: we're smarter than our customers or we wouldn't hold our job. Now I remember getting rid of a carload of rotten peaches——"

"And the customer, too, I'll bet," laughed Linny.

"Just a minute," returned the fruit traveler; "I hadn't quite disposed of those peaches. Well, I