

"Of course I'll tell you, if you care to know," said Austin, trying to assume a grand air. "Dad's getting out the new folders for the year (which was true) and he wants a write-up of the scenic features from here to the Quebec line; so I've come up on the job." The boy felt his face grow very red, because the last statement was not true.

"I thought Ross Murray would get that job. How much are they paying you?"

The quick question took Austin by surprise. "I don't see that you have any right—" he began.

Mr. Marsden gave him a keen glance.

Austin began to think the other not quite so "easy," and wondered if Mr. Marsden could look right through him, could see how empty were his pockets, and how weak he was from lack of enough food.

Mr. Marsden sat quietly beside a little desk, apparently not looking at Austin, or at anything in particular. "Well, well, I thought Ross Murray would land that job," he said at last. "Your father trusts him to the limit."

"Well, you see me here instead,"

Mr. Marsden wrote busily at his desk for a few minutes. Finally he wiped his pen, and looked up. "Say, do you remember those two weeks at Easter you worked for me? You called it a holiday, but we got a lot of good pictures, just the same. I meant to pay you for your work but haven't seen you since."

Instantly the magic word "pay" interested the boy. The man, having torn off a pink slip along a perforation, was actually handing it over to him—his check for fifty dollars.

"Is that enough?" he inquired pleasantly. "It is at the rate of twenty-five dollars a week."

Austin felt like shouting out his thanks, but that would have betrayed his terrible need. So he coolly nodded his approval and pocketed the check as though receiving money was an everyday occurrence with him. Soon after he arose to go.

"Well, good luck to you, Austin," Mr. Marsden called after him from the top of the stairs. "You've got a big job, and I