

THE MOON: "Well-speak out, Mr. Ross. I'm waiting to hear what you have to say about this sort of thing."

The Money or the Other Thing.

THAT DIFFERENT KIND OF UNFINISHED STORY OF AN EMBARRASSING DILEMMA.

HE Business Manager of the Pure Quill had just got through booking a new subscriber, who had warmly congratulated him on the establishment, at last, of a newspaper entitled to rank as sans peur et sans réproche, whose Heaven-born mission was to prove that there was room in this country for an Unsullied Press, absolutely above the influence of commercial considerations, and pandering not to the morbid, the sensational, the partisan or the vulgarly humorous.

The Advertising Manager entered. "I've got a new ad!" he said. "Good!"

"There's a hundred spot plunks in it."

"That's business!"

"We need the money, don't we?"
"Need'it? Why, man, it'll save lives!"
"That's just what I was thinking. Well, now, another

question: We're conducting a religio-secular journal, am Î to understând?

Precisely!'

"We are pretty stiffly bound by our salutatory to preserve as well the chaste sobriety as the virgin purity of its pages." "The exact words, my boy!"

"And the thing applies to the advertising columns, I

venture to surmise? "Guess it does."

" Well, here's where we stand. This hundred dollar "Well, here's where we stand. In a find the donar ad. I hold in my hand has a somewhat original and striking head-line. That may not exactly suit the policy of the paper and jibe with the salutatory. See? But the head-line stands, or the ad. is cancelled. Understand? Now, I merely want to know what you're going to do about it?"

"What is the head-line?"

"The ad. is a bicycle firm's announcement, and the head-line is: 'A New SERMON ON THE MOUNT!'"

-TALBOT WARREN TORRANCE.