

head; made him realize that he was a man—maybe even an attractive one. They impressed him with the thought that there were some very attractive women in the world, and really increased his regard for the girl—back home—who could lure him away from them all. She had to be on a par with Bertha.

Boosting his home-town girl like this made Ward feel good.

Feeling good, he left his room for the purpose of taking a walk; but on passing the post-office he discovered that a mail was just about to be opened, so he went inside and waited: not for mail, but for the arrival of the village maidens, who, as every drummer knows, never fail to attend this romantic meeting-place.

However, he was disappointed, and instead of going for a walk as he had planned, turned his steps toward the hotel and bed.

The following day brought him two good orders. He was so busy he forgot to fill his fountain-pen or buy a pencil. Anyway, he was in a town of picture-show size. Just as he was putting a finishing-touch on his hair a knock came to the door of his room.

"Come in," he invited; and Bob Linny entered.

"What are you doing here?" cried Ward, pleased.

"Bill and myself are on the same ground now. Working our way along together. They've increased our territory and it works out so that we can hitch."

"Gee!" said Ward, "I wish I could couple, myself."

"Why can't you fix it with us? Let's see if we can't—but wait till I call Peel."

With Bill's assistance they mapped out an itinerary that coincided every week-end for several weeks.