

"Thank you, no. A glass of water will do very well for me. Order what you like for yourself."

"Thanks, I can be depended on for doing that." He pushed the button, and, when the boy appeared, said: "Bring up an iced cobbler, and charge it to Professor Renmark, No. 518. Bring also a pitcher of ice water for Yates, No. 520. There," he continued gleefully, "I'm going to have all the drinks, except the ice water, charged to you. I'll pay the bill, but I'll keep the account to hold over your head in the future. Professor Stillson Renmark, debtor to Metropolitan Grand—one sherry cobbler, one gin sling, one whisky cocktail, and so on. Now, then, Stilly, let's talk business. You're not married, I take it, or you wouldn't have responded to my invitation so promptly." The professor shook his head. "Neither am I. You never had the courage to propose to a girl; and I never had the time."

"Lack of self-conceit was not your failing in the old days, Richard," said Renmark quietly.

Yates laughed. "Well, it didn't hold me back any, to my knowledge. Now I'll tell you how I've got along since we attended old Scragmore's academy together, fifteen years ago. How time does fly! When I left, I tried teaching for one short month. I had some theories on the education of our youth which did not seem to chime in with the prejudices the school trustees had already formed on the subject."

The professor was at once all attention. Touch a man on his business, and he generally responds by being interested.

"And what were your theories?" he asked.

"Well, I thought a teacher should look after the physical as well as the mental welfare of his pupils. It did not seem to me that his duty