

In passing a bank on the way to his first customer's place of business he recollected having made up his mind to open a savings account sometime; but somehow or other a fellow got very little time to do his banking—the doors opened so late and closed so early.

It happened that he got a good order without much trouble, and of course Ward Clark was given credit for it.

"Well, boys," he boasted, as the three of them set out on the four o'clock train for the same point, "I slipped it over nicely to-day."

"That's the only way," said Peel, not enthusiastically.

"Bought five drinks myself," Linny confessed, "and got a dandy prospect."

Bill snickered.

"How did you do it?" he asked Ward, ignoring Linny entirely.

"Talk," was the reply.

"That's the only game," agreed the grocery traveler; and the Barnsvillian was fast becoming a convert.

He liked this doctrine of Peel's that a drummer must be smarter than his merchant customer. It was more novel and flattering and less plodding than the one he had almost adopted. Undoubtedly it would pay him to use his wits more.

Ward wanted to be a drummer among drummers, a sport among sports, and a man among men. He was decidedly human, says the little bird—the black one. Granted. But did his humanity excuse his foolishness?