



## THE POET

Fulton was in high spirits. His romance had been accepted and a representative of the publishing house was coming to confer with him about illustrations.

"They say it won't break any best-selling records, but it will give me a start. The scoundrels had the cheek to suggest that I cut out some of my jingles, but I scorned such impioussness in an expensive telegram."

"I should hope so!" cried Marian approvingly. "The story's only an excuse for the poems. Even the noblest prose would n't express the lake, the orchard, and the fields; if you cut out your verses, there would n't be much left but a young gentleman spraying apple trees and looking off occasionally at the girls paddling across the lake."

"You do my orchardist hero a cruel injustice," protested Fulton, "for he saw only one girl — and a very nice girl she was — or is!"

"What on earth are you two talking about?"