

turous spirits. Evan noticed their colors and gave them a public welcome. He said he was proud of their support, and hoped they would win in their fight against Man as satisfactorily as the bankclerks were winning against Money.

After a few general remarks the chairman exhibited a record book in which he said there were written and pasted about one thousand two hundred names of applicants for membership in the association. Not more than two hundred of those present, of whom there were one thousand, were enrolled; so that, to start with, the A.B.C.'s would have a membership of two thousand. He held up an armful of mail which had been forwarded from Hometown, to illustrate the enthusiasm with which bankclerks everywhere were responding to the call.

"Now let us proceed with permanent organization," he said, using a bank ruler for a gavel; "we must first have a resolution to form an association; after that decide on a name; then elect officers and appoint committees."

A man arose in the audience. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "might I speak a word?"

Evan recognized the speaker. "Come on up to the platform," he invited; "I was forgetting about you, Mr. Doro."

The audience shouted "Platform!" and Doro reluctantly obeyed.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "and you boys in the banking business, I hope you will understand that I am not looking for notoriety here to-night.