OLD CLINKERS

Clinkers" issue from the office, with his coat on his arm, glance at the clock, flick you one keen look from a cold grey eye as he goes by, and clear his throat to call from the doorway, with all the confidence of unquestioned command, "All right, boys. Let her go!"

THE END

l be vouse nosed. ful liser- \mathbf{ent} at to y's ig-'it *p!* \mathbf{ir} 177 ng

ld

red,

 $\mathbf{277}$