LONELY, NEBER-MORE.

Written for the Watchman, in 1902, by Will Truckenmiller. De great red sun am settin' De day am almos' gone I hears de hoot owl's callin' De night am comin' on An' in de house der's silence Der's silence ebermore, No friendly voice am callin' No footsteps on de floor Lonely, lonely, lonely, neber-more, When I jine de loved ones waitin' For me on Canaan's shore. Go, red sun in your glory Go down de golden west Some even' with your settin' I, too, shall go to rest. I'll go across de rib'er Ol' Jordan, deep and wide, An' jine de loved one's waitin' Dere on de odder side.

PRE-WAR.

When I jine de loved ones waitin'

Lonely, lonely, lonely neber-more

For me on Canaan's shore.

Freud is really quite passe; contract bridge and mental agility tests now provide the table-talk that psycho-analysis and the stuff dreams are made of once did. Yet humans do continue to dream, as Bettina was to dream of Peter Leicester after their first encounter, although when she sat on the edge of her bed at two o'clock of a March morning she had no such expectations.

The frock she still wore, revealing her sweetly modeled young shouldtoo, suggested what her evening's activities had been, as did the dancing ing yawn, she was removing. She was not thinking of Peter; she was thinking only that the second her "Get in touch with London office,"

Sleep she certainly did. It was almost eleven when her eyes blinked open and she yawned again. She felt luxuriously revitalized. So much she realized before she remembered her dreams. For them she might discovered how very bad the news have blushed. Instead she grimaced. was. "Of all men, him!" she thought

with amused disdain. And that is the twist that what once might have proved a perfectly good example of love at first sight is apt to take-in 1927.

For nowadays love at first sight has become almost as passe as Freud. pers which were ready for him. The hapless young male who challenge feminine interest at first glance is very likely to be subjected to a prefer merely to say-good-by." second glance that suggests not the rose-tinted glance of romance but a risen and passed out of the board microscope. Those who say men are room where a Leicester had always slow to marry because girls demand had the last word. so much are quite right. Girls do.

"Gracious!" Bettina had comment-

ed. "Is that a crime?" "Your interest in all his affairs," he had gone on, ignoring her frivolity, "your effort to strengthen pure-

"And I thought it was really so commendable of me to study stenography so I might do just that," she had mourned. And had asked with misleading meekness, "Well, what would you do if you were me?"

The remedy he had suggested had left her unimpressed. She had told

"Lest I seem too personal," she added, "I'll confess that men don't interest me particularly. Young men that is. They seem—well, all so wet mean."

"I do," he had admitted bitterly. ness ability he typifies."

The young psychologist was quite right. As Peter was to dicover. at the ball which formally opened Boston's newest hotel. Bettina, who in Boston was a stranger in a strange land, had gone only because the owner was a friend of her father's. "I don't know anybody and I'll be

bored stiff," she had prophesied. Nevertheless, being Bettina and, after all, only tewnty-three she had worn the frock that revealed both shoulders and back and did not at all suggest the competent young secretary she had made of herself for her father's benefit. Rather was it precisely the sort of frock that would give any young man the impression that there was in it a girl he'd like

to meet. Even before Peter arrived several, obeying that impluse one need not ly.
a psychologist to understand, had ly.
Which was where what might have impulse, had crossed the floor to demand that her partner surrender her when this was accomplished.

manded coolly.

This was not at all true. The ic. name he bore was well-known in Bos-He was the third of the department around Boston for a time." store dynasty that had been founded

Or "I bought it at Leicester's-

they're having a sale there."
In 1927 shoppers of another generation said: "You can leave your car you must take afternoon tea with me

In brief, the first Leicester had been a penny-scrimping merchant all and the his days. The second, Peter's father, hours. had gone to Harvard and rowed on the crew. After graduation, though had "started at the bottom," he had played excellent tennis, essayed golf and owned fast boats.

gone to St. Paul's, then to Harvard, a villa on the Riviera. where he had achieved an H in foot-

ball and at hockey. "I suppose," his father had said to him after his graduation, "that I her father. That is why you never end of the act he turned to her. ought to set you rustling packingsee her. She prefers to tear around "I imagine you missed my cases. But I've got a hunch, Pete, the country with him, living in a nouncement in tonight's paper," that the less you see of this particuture." lar business during the next couple of years the better you'll be equipped to step into my shoes some day. I hope you're in no hurry."
"None at all," Pete had assured

him with a grin.
"My idea is to have you travel,"
his father had added. "See America first- particularly our big department stores. They'll all teach you doing just that. Then another year or so should be spent seeing the she came to a lead world—and the world markets. You eyes to widen. can only sell what you buy, you know, and I'd like to have you get an idea of where all this stuff comes from-

And that had been Pete's pleasant program up to the moment when a cablegram had summoned him back. fore I put my signature to it." ers and most of her straight line back | That, cabled and recabled, telegraphed, had reached him in India where a native runner had found him taking slipper that, with a frank yet charm- tiffin-in long glasses-with the Brit-

head touched the pillow she would the message he so casually opened drop off into sound and dreamless had read. "Prepare for bad news." They had tried to soften the shock -the men who, later, were to put every obstacle in his path. They had had no thought of the wild ride that lay before him or the hours of mental torment he was to endure before he

> Less than a month later he had sat down with the minority stockholders in Leicester's for the first time. Today he had sat down with

them for the last. "An awkward moment, accommented after signing certain pa-"An awkward moment," he had realize I am supposed to say something, preferably gracious. And, with cool insouciance, he had

Yet if, when he danced with Betknown as the father complex. Bettina had it. Badly. A young and, at the loveliness she turned up totat that moment, very much ruffled psychologist had only recently assurately Especially when they have what is tina, he felt bitterness, there was

"Your love image," he had informed her, "is the product of your association with your father. You adore him" was the daughter of the william West who, representing a Western syndicate which was really William West, had finally achieved its purad added Leicester's to its pose and added Leicester's to its Nor did she have any reason to con-

nect him with that shadowy Peter Leicester to whom her father had "Are we to see more of him?" he ly blood ties by becoming his private made casual and not particularly secretary as well as his daughter—" complimentary reference. complimentary reference.
"I suppose," had been her comment

on Peter's evasion, "that stuff goes well with butterflies. But I'm a business woman-and business women prefer facts to flattery, you know." "You don't suggest a business woman," he had assured her. And had added with an engaging grin, then—would you ever guess that I was a retired business man?"

Bettina had glanced up at him. "Never," she assured him. And added deliberately, "You look much too behind the ears if you know what I young to have retired from anything -save, perhaps, college."

"I'm old enough to have retired from "Although I'll admit that my experience was brief and that I only retired at four o'clock this afternoon. They-Peter and Bettina-had met You see, I sold my inheritance for a mess of pottage and-"

Leicester by any chance?"

confessed. And, surprised himself, had asked, "But how did you know—" tina being a great believer in the ever." truth-"my name is West-Bettina

that. Then: "Oh, I see," was all he had said.

succeeded in securing dances with her. She was dancing when Peter been the beginning of a perfectly morously. "You can question him has not heard of them? Some on the saw her first. And he, also obeying good love story took an unmistakable deftly—and report back on his activibate to indepth a latter. The little shops of Europe! Who morously. "You can question him has not heard of them? Some on the deftly—and report back on his activibate to indepth a latter. flop. For to Bettina, business was ties-if any." the modern field of cloth of gold from

routed. "And who are you?" she had de-anded coolly.
"I have," he had retorted as coolly, she had suggested, no more than at when she greeted Peter in the lob-

"I had almost two years of travel," the Peter Leicester Shops are to be ton and throughout New England. he had replied. "So-I think I'll stick and why-and where."

As he spoke his eyes had met hers. own," he replied. "They are to be—" edly?" demanded Bettina "Oh, wait a minute," interrupted that point. Let's see it." his grandfather, a hard-headed He was still smiling, yet she glimpsed old Yankee who, starting with a small in them something—well, perhaps it store which he even swept out himself, had lived to see his lengthened self, had lived to see his lengthened shadow grow into that institution lengths and had of him. Dreams the was still smiling, yet she glimpsed in them something—well, perhaps it was that something which had been responsible for the perfectly idiotic against you. I am—my father's prichair and let her eyes run ahead of his.

The was still smiling, yet she glimpsed in them something—well, perhaps it was that something which had been responsible for the perfectly idiotic against you. I am—my father's prichair and let her eyes run ahead of his.

with no diminution of serenity.

in her room. in the store garage and take the bus to Leicester's." Or "Have you seen is not the hour that most private the new dancers at Leicester's? Well, secretaries breakfast. But Bettina would have denied that she was specially privileged. She handled her to talk to and, she suspected, would father's more intimate correspondence and this was dictated to her at all

> "Anywhere from nine o'clock one morning till two the next," was the way she put it.

They might be in Boston a week or gave me the idea you were just go-month. She didn't know. Her ing to enjoy life."

other was in Europe, domiciled in "I expect to—immensely. I——" a month. She didn't know. Her The third Leicester-Peter-had mother was in Europe, domiciled in

"I have one daughter," her mother sometimes told inquirers, "but she spends her life trying to be a son to

Bettina did. She adored it. Today her father would be at Leicopen April first, but if you'd care for idea," she told him. "Do you think it's cester's, laying the lines for reorganization. She would be lucky if she "April first?" echoed Bettina. "So ful?" iaztion. She would be lucky if she "A saw him at dinner. In the meantime, soon finished with breakfast, she began to go through the mail that awaited him. spite of his humorous references to her activities, he did admit that she had a flair for determining what something. You can spend a year he should see and what he needn't. So, winnowing wheat from chaff, she came to a letter which caused her

"Good gracious!" she gasped, and read it through a second time. The meat of it was in the last parahow it's made and where. Then if I decide to set you rustling cases you "will be known as the Peter Leicestwill at least have vision to help you on and up."

The idea seemed to be that if I had to be seen around the place—and even that didn't seem tactful of me—I you turn the agreement I signed over might at least refrain from making lant as he bade her good night. And to your lawyer as I did to mine be-

And this was signed by Peter Lei-"But he said he was going to enjoy himself—have a lot of fun," Bettina

waited her father's attention. He was late and he came in frowning. But being his daughter as well as his private secretary she felt privileged

to kiss him none the less. This was achieved by standing on tiptoe, presenting a picture that made it understandable how the young psychologist could attribute a father compley and a love image to Bettina. For William West stood a full six feet, and, at fifty, preserved much of

the trimness of youth.
"What's wrong?" she demanded as soon as she had kissed him. 'Somebody's chosen this moment to snipe at the organization," he replied. 'A dozen department heads handed in their resignations today."

"What on earth for?" "Ask them," he retorted with grim whimsicality. "I questioned some of them, but they preferred to be mysterious as the devil. Of course they can be replaced—what I'd like to know is what's back of it all?" "I'll bet I know," announced Bet-

tina abruptly. She turned and produced Peter's letter. "Read it—and duced Peter's letter. "Read it—and to buy control."

The trunch and it—and to get! Fix yourself up down when you're ready.'

Retting clansed at him. He did not need to get! Fix yourself up down when you're ready.' Instead, having read it, he smiled. seem bitter. But was he? Beir "So that's what's become of my dettina she promptly asked him."

"Last night?" he echoed, puzzled. Particularly just now." "Why just now?" de "I danced with him," explained Bet-

suggested ligthly. Bettina dismissed that with a shrug

of a pretty shoulder. "What are you going to do about his shops?" she asked.

"Do?" he smiled again. "Nothing. We'll let nature take its course." And that, Bettina realized, was the reaction she might have expected. He was no more interested in Peter's activities than a Great Dane would have been in the yapping of a terrier pup at his heels.

Later, after dinner, he dictated a ed, with a swift smile. "But the brief note which no more than exfacts are there. The handwriting was pressed cordial interest in Peter's project.

"The truth is," he explained, "that "Your love image, built around your father, demands the outstanding busibusiness on his own. Any action I end Peter, draping her cloak over her might take would simply call atten- shoulders, asked if she cared to go tion to the fact that Leicester's is no somewhere and eat. longer New England controlled, and I prefer to avoid that. Besides, it perhaps," she replied unguardedly. "At four—this afternoon?" she had echoed. Her widened eyes had met his. "Is—is your name Peter would give him too much free advertising. Perhaps he hoped for that." He took up the next letter but before reading it added: "It takes time later, she planted a kiss on the tip of "By the chance of birth," he had and planning to start even a peanut his nose. "How came young Lochinstand. I suspect he has no idea what var-in peace or in war-" he's up against. It will be months "Because," she had answered-Bet- before we hear from him again-if

In, he meant, a business way. But er idly. West, daughter of William West." Bettina heard from Peter within the It had taken him a minute to get next forty-eight hours. He called talked mostly of Leicester's—but he hat. Then: "Oh, I see," was all he her up to suggest a show that she did say something about an announcemight care to see-with him, natur- ment in the paper."

"And what are you going to do ally.

now that you've retired?" she had "Why—I don't know," she began, asked.

"Enjoy myself—have a lot of fun, I hope," Peter had assured her coolly.

"Why—I don't know," she began, her intriguing shoulders she found taken by surprise. And, placing her the newspaper, turned the pages, then paused, to read.

tation to her father.

She made a little face at him andto him. Bettina had glanced up at him which he had been ignominiously accepted. And, for all her father complexes and disbelief in dreams, la Paix."—how many smart, always

"They represent an idea of my

works me day and night." "I hope the position pays well," he commented. "It ought to." "I get no more than my board and clothes," she mourned. He was easy be as easy to play around with. "But if you are determined to talk about your affairs in spite of my warning, yet read on.

don't let me interrupt you, please."
"Really interested?" he asked.
"Terribly!" she assured him. "You

The taxi stopped and they were engulfed in the flow of theater-goers, swept into an auditorium already darkened for the first curtain. At the "I imagine you missed my an-nouncement in tonight's paper," he he said abruptly. "The shops will be in himself." the Park Square section. They will

Father said that—" "But I have had all the time in the world these last few months." 'You mean-while you still owned

Leicester's ?

"While I still owned what was referred to, erroneously, as control in chassis for an eight-cylin Leicester's," he corrected. "Are you if you get what I mean." sugesting that I did something unethical? Because if you are I must myself heard."

'But if you owned-" "And I thought," he commented, had been his father's—and his grand-"I was talking to a business woman. father's. Can't you understand how successfully I could be flattered out?'

remembered dazedly.

Bettina could. But before she father.

The letter went into the pile that could reply the lights glimmered out "How and the curtain rose again, imposing silence on them.

of life presented for their interest, of life presented for their interest, "He isn't my young man," protest-yet less interesting, as often happens, ed Bettina indignantly. than the slice of life some of its spectators find themelves acting out. Especially those who are engaged, unconsciously or otherwise, in the ancient tilt of sex.

timated to me in many ways," he told moment. It looks as if I'd have to her, "that I was very young and that stick around a while." what litle knowledge I had was the "He—Mr. Leicester, I mean—said

"Well, it was, wasn't it?" "Absolutely. I had no false ideas at the helm." about that. But I did crave a chance to learn-instead of going out in the it?" asked her father quickly. back yard and playing with my toys, as it were.' "I still think you might have man-

commented. "I think I might have," he agreed cooly, "if, just then, your father had

Bettina glanced at him. He did not mental reservations. seem bitter. But was he? Being Bet-

have chosen a better time. Leicester's is a mighty big proposition and

tina quickly. "Everyone," he went on as if he had not heard her, "who knows anything about retail merchandising knows your father. To the minority stockholders he seemed a commercial Moses, ready to lead them to a promised land. I don't blame them. I imagine I would have felt the same way-a darned sight rather have Wil-

liam West own the controlling interest, than have that in Peter Leicester's hands.' "Are you really as modest as you sound?" "Probably not-who is?" he retort-

on the wall and—" He checked himself abruptly. "That curtain," he remarked, "certainly seems to be cut-

The third act was the last. At its "Not tonight-some other time,

"I am so glad that there is to be some other time," he replied. "Well?" her father demanded as,

"Oh, he's nice-an engaging child," retorted Bettina.

"What's he up to?" asked her fath-"I just don't know exactly. He Letting her wrap slip swiftly from

In the Rue De La Paix The little shops of Europe! Who hers.

ening the memory of the seasoned traveler. "There's a litle shop in the rue de

"no claim to distinction save what this moment gives me."

Steel and suggested, no mote that by. The inimitable intimacy of the or acquaintance about to make her taxi enclosed them.

The inimitable intimacy of the or acquaintance about to make her taxi enclosed them. "Tell me," suggested Bettina, "what ishing things, my dear-everything from the skin out. And the values! That trotteur of mine only cost. . "What are you reading so absorbedly?" demanded Bettina's father at

"You can probably match it at Leicester's," women had assured each other as long ago as the eighties.

"How which, she remembered as she still be the size of the taxi failed to hide the cool amusement in his eyes. "Don't you ever take time off to hide the cool amusement in his eyes. "Don't you ever take time off to hide the cool amusement in his eyes. "Don't you ever take time off to hide the size of the size o

London can and will tell you about— clams." enthusiastically.

point." commented William West-

cester Shops, Inc., proposed to trans- some time. But the port the atmosphere, the charm, the his wife are there and-know-how and the values of a dozen "Lovely!" murmured of the best-known little shops in Europe to Boston, where, exact replicas of their originals, they would all be housed under one roof. "What do you think of it?"

manded Bettina.

"I don't mean the ad-I mean the

"April first?" echoed Bettina. "So ful?"
"Now you're asking two questions ed for days, appeared to greet wno"I thought it would take longer. at once," he replied. "No idea is betever it might be.
"Why, Pete!" he exclaimed, and as
ter than the man—or men— behind ter than the man—or men— behind it. A man who starts off with a good idea can smash up just as quicklysometimes even sooner than a man who starts off with a bad one. It'swell, like using a baby-carriage as a chassis for an eight-cylinder engine,

You-think he has't a chance?" "Read Bradstreet's monthly report protest that at Leicester's I was on failures." he suggested dryly. plainly regarded as an interloper. Somehow Bettina did not like the sound of that. Why, she could not have said. Perhaps it was because Peter had looked so young and galsurrender control of the business that

"You haven't said yet what you think of the idea," she reminded her

though—the better an idea seems, the more I prefer to study it. I doubt if The play was-just a play. A slice your young man has done that."

"Glad to hear it," he replied. "Got a kiss for your old man?' Betina had. Then, "How long are we to be in Boston?" she asked. "Lord knows," he replied. "The The moment the act ended his eyes truth is, kitten, that Leicester's is not sought-and found-hers. "It was in- a smooth-running organization at the

> there was something wrong with the business. That it needed a firm hand "What did he say was wrong with

"He didn't say-something interrupted." "I still think you might have man-aged to have your own way," she doesn't sound as if he were a hopeless one," commented her father thought-know him very long to see that he's fully. "Clip his ads for me, and—you salt of the earth," said Ma. stanchly. fully. "Clip his ads for me, and-you

At one o'clock on Wednesday, however, her father departed for a flying it does need a firm hand at the helm. trip to New York. At four o'clock place into the March calendar-it oc- ing around smoking a corn-cob. cured to Bettina that she was bored and that there was no reason why she tion, leaned back and let her eyes shouldn't drop around and have a look meet Peter's.

see at Peter's shops. He greeted her with just a hint of ed. disciplined eagerness in both eyes and "Father suggested that I might," eyes disputed her. she replied coolly. I'm really a spy-do

by the way, is the little shop."

"I should think you'd want to come often," said Bettina, drinking it all supplemented. "I guessed as much— in. "If I owned all this—" although you don't suggest the at-

mosphere your advertisements prom- ed. He grinned. "I suspect not-I belong in the pipe shop."
"Have you got a pipe shop too?"

she asked, surprised.
"Absolutely! The twin of the one in London where they try a pipe on to see if it fits your face-just as your will. Why should anything hapif it were a hat—and then send you pen?" down-stairs to have a physician test your heart and prescribe the proper do."

smoking mixture for you."
"Not really!" protested Bettina.
"You'll see it," he promised. "And
the rest, too, I hope." The little shops were all in process neck."

Not exactly. But it's always possible. And I'm in to my as yet, but Bettina could see that they would have distinction, even fascina- you won't go broke, surely. I know was five o'clock by then and the work- remember."

men were leaving.
"I've a car outside—can I drop you somewhere?" asked Peter. Bettina said he might-at her hotel. The car, a long underslung roadster, was at the curb; he opened the confessed. "But this is a beautiful door and after she had seated herself maneuvered himself behind the wheel. Then, swiftly, his eyes sought impulsively. "If you feel you can tell

"Must you go back to the hotel?" Bettina hesitated. "Why-I don't "Let me help-or try to," he beg-

a show, I warn you." this!"

gathered momentum, took its place creates animus toward the name in the stream of traffic.

"You haven't told me yet what the program is," Bettina reminded him. He glanced at her. "This is only

"The moon will not be full until the

Bettina flickered an eyelid at him. little shop in the rue de la Paix is, so eighteenth. But it will be almost full With which, reaching for the "Seldom if ever," she replied. "I soon, a definite, clearly imaged femtonight, anyway. And we'll see it phone, she ordered breakfast served have no regular hours—the man inine Eden.

The definite and the definite an All these famous little shops are be the sound of the surf and a bit of not devoted to women, of course. river and a stretch of marsh that There's a little shop in Piccadily that suggests the Scottish moors. I hope, suggests the Scottish moors. I hope,

"Adore them." she assured him. "He's a long time coming to the "But where is all this to happen?" "I have a place on the South Shore that I used to use as a hunting stand. And so, presently, came to the I haven't been there"—he checked point. Which was that the Peter Lei- himself almost imperceptibly—"for I haven't been there"-he checked some time. But the caretaker and

"Lovely!" murmured Bettina. "You sounded like Aladdin, but I was awfully afraid it was going to be a road house. And today suggests Pan rather than jazz.

The sun sank, the sunset flamed and after that the darkness, soft-"Too long—and amateurish too," he starred overhead, was pierced by the commented. "I imagine he wrote it searchlights that ran ahead of them during the last, sea-savored stretch of road that brought them to their destination.

The caretaker, a tall, weather-

Pete swung out to shake hands, thumped him on the back and bellow-The door he had emerged from, a

golden oblong of light, framed a ma-

tronly silhouette for a second. Then: "Pete!" paeaned Ma, and they moved swiftly toward each other until they merged, with Pete in Ma's embrace. The house, save for the light from the windows and the open door, was but a shadow against the sky. But Bettina could smell and hear the sea, and both sound and scent followed her indoors. An isolated, primitive it must have been hard for him to place, this camp of Peter's yet, there were shaded lights in the living-room and an unstudied charm that suggest-

ed neither Peter nor the caretakers. somehow. "My mother used to come a lot," explained Peter, as if sensing the question in her eyes. "We were great "How can I-yet? I will say this, pals. She was killed with my father in an automobile accident while I was abroad, you know.

Bettina hadn't known that. And. for a second, she felt an impulse to place swift, comforting fingers on his arm. But Ma bustled in. "Jim's going to lay a fire here," she said. "Would you like to go up-

stairs and take off your things, Up-stairs Ma, obviously excited by this visit, became confidential. "We'd begun to think we'd never see Pete again," she said. "Of course we got our check regular, but it's been a sore trial not having him drop down the way he used to before he went to foreign parts and his ma and pa were killed. He's changed a lot-older,

don't you think?" "I haven't known him very long," confessed Bettina.

"Well, I guess you don't have to might accept that invitation to view "Goodness, how I run on with supper to get! Fix yourself up and come

Logs were blazing in the open fireseem bitter. But was he? Being Bettina she promptly asked him.

"It was mighty good business on his part," he replied. "He couldn't have chosen a better time a better time and to see his shops.

Logs were blazing in the open fire-place when Bettina rejoined Peter. She slipped into a chair and smiled up at him.

"Like it?" he asked. "Like it?" he asked.

"Love it," she assured him. "I'm glad," said he. They had dinner on a table set for on Wednesday-which was as perfect two, in front of the open fire, with "Why just now?" demanded Bet- a May day as ever slipped out of its Ma bustling in and out and Jim hang-Presently Bettina, filled to satia-

> "I'll bet I'm a sight," she suggest-One is apt to be after clams and voice. "I hoped you'd come." he said. lobster. But what she saw in his They lingered a little before the

> I get shot?" crackling fire and then went out to "I prefer," he amended, "to treat the beach. The moon, as if it had you as an ambassador from a great courteously awaited their arrival, and—I hope—friendly nation. This, soared up out of the sea.

> > "I don't own all this," he corrected. "Only the cottage—and I don't really own that now. I've made it over to Jim and Ma-they don't know it yet."
> > "You have? Why?"

"I'd want them to have it-if anything happened," he said.
"You sound as if you were making "In business many things can-and

"You don't mean-that you're afraid of failure!" "Afraid? Not exactly. But it's al-

"But even if the shops should fail, ation. She told him so, frankly. It what Father paid you for your stock, "It's all mortgaged-I bought the

building the shops are in, too."
"But—you didn't need that, did "I thought I might-sometime," he night and that's a long story." "I'd like to hear it," she announced

"I seem to want to-awfully," he replied. Which, as Bettina very well knew.

know," she murmured. "Father has was a symptom. But she made no gone to New York, leaving me move to deal with it, administer the amuse myself." proper prophylactic.
"The real reason I sold my control." he began, "was because it "How?" demanded Bettina practic- struck me that Leicester's had reachally. "It's got to be something bet- ed a danger point." He paused for

ter-more original-than dinner and a second, then: "Leicester's employs almost three thousand people "Dinner and a show on a day like who, individually as well as in agis!" he protested. "Perish the gregate, stand for the firm. Put it this way: a single salesperson who The clutch slipped in and the car ignores or high-hats a customer Leicester. And it seemed to me that Leicester's needed a thorough overhauling.

"That," ran Bettina's thought, "must be what Father meant."

"My grandfather," he went on,
"started small. He had personal re-

(Continued on page 7, Col 1.)