TODAY and BED TOMORROW BL

EIGHTH STORY

"TRUBBEL trouble, Mr Payne." Pat Grady solemnly spelled his pre-diction. "I kin smell it in the air plain Shack that's causing it all. And I'm weapon daugled uselessly in his hand. telling you now that there's no saying where it'll lead any more than I can tell where it'll end. Trouble and bad grun-they been twins from the begin-

Lee Payne tapped the table thoughtfully with his pencil. A young man, he was not inclined to take the matter so seriously as the old foreman of Ira Monroe's oil fields; still there was no dodging the fact that the men were lately become sullen and apathetic in their work, and a few of them openly insolent.

"And you think the food at the bottom of the men's actions?"
"Their stomachs is at the bottom of

it-stomachs and lack of food," Pat corrected.

But it can easily be remedied." "Then why ain't it?" Grady did not wait for an answer, but pointed out of the window silently, toward a group of laborers loafing boldly beside the nearest big tank. In the center of the a broad-shouldered, swarthy, beetle-browed fellow was frantically gesticulating to emphasize his remarks, remarks which the two men in the office could not hear but which caused their brows to furrow anxtously.

"Brown Joe's at it agin," muttered the foreman, as though to himself, "and he's got the right of it this time. I tell you, Mr. Payne, I'd rather have a rattler sleeping with me than a mouthy workman. Get rid of that fellow and do it quick. Look at him." Payne slowly nodded and turned

back to his desk.

He glanced at his watch and felt a little tremor of anticipatory fear as he noted the noon hour was upon him. There had been open mutterings this morning. If the food had not improved for dinner, what would those mutterings become? For a half day's labor in the oil wells is not conducive to making one's appetite dainty or birdlike. The situation must be improved and that immediately. If only be could gain a little time.

As the whistle summoned the men from their work he waited for them in 'he shack, watching them being scated at the long table, noting the furrowed brows, the somber eyes, the significance of their steady scrutiny of Brown Joe, seated next himself. That there was something afoot he could not doubt.

The cook entered, heavily laden with a couple of steaming platters. There was something savory looking about that steam, but the look was dispelled almost instantly by the ranaid odor that percolated through it.

As the cook placed a steaming plate before Brown Joe, the young superintendent strained forward, every mus cle flexed to anticipate the trouble he knew instinctively had reached a crisis. But even as his fists balled, even as a hoarse cry of rage broke from Pat Grady's throat, the swarthy, evil-eyed fellow looked at the unsavory mess before him, lifted the plate as though to sniff its contents, then hurled it squarely in the cook's face

As the fellow staggered back, digging wildly at eyes and ears and nose to wipe the stuff away, Brown Joe lunged forward. But not so quickly that he escaped the heavy right-hand swing of the foreman. Grady, quick to take advantage of the man's stagger back was instantly upon him.

For a second Payne felt himself glued to the spot, unable to grasp the full significance of what had hap pened. As he threw himself beside his foreman, swinging with both fists. the men lunged forward en masse. In a second the mess hall was a sham-Chairs, dishes, tables hurled aside like straws before the brutal ferocity of the enraged crew Wild with the delight of combat. Grady fearful punishment upon Brown Joe regardless of the fact that he was get ting into the open, where the fellow's supporters would make easy work of

Slipping upon the messes of food stumbling over the wreck of the hall they threw themselves upon him swallowing him up as in a whirlpool Payne tried to fight his way through that jam, only finding each effort sent him farther away. There was a mur

the men. The original idea of mutiny against the food had now grown into hatred for those above them. For just a second Payne healtated. The arms of Grady still swung like flails, now and then a heavy body crashing to th floor under the force of those pile driver blows. Then the fists were pinned and waved uselessly in the air

His hard kissed the cold butt of the in their present humor.

know how it happened, how it came in his hand, was unconscious of the mus-cular action that pulled the trigger. He only saw the orange spurt of flame that leaped over the heads of the squirming mass, heard the splatter of splinters from the roof, then the

A cold silence fell instantly upon the pandemonium. He was conscious of a long, sighing shudder and knew seconds would tell whether the vic tory was won. Brown Joe staggered to his feet, pushing the hair from his eyes and staring about him glassily still dazed from the blow that had felled him. Payne waved the revolver threatening and the men quailed away from him, the expression of cowed beasts in their eyes, then as the gun steadied in his hand, dived fearfully out of the place.

Grady gripped the ring-leader by the arm as he would have sne ked out, throwing him heavily before the young superintendent.

"You're fired," Payne snapped. out and don't walt for your either. If I catch you about the again I'll not shoot at the rafte: me?

The fellow slunk backwards toward the door, darting fearful glances at the foreman.

Payne started to look about him at the wreckage, when a heavy step from he doorway made him turn abruptly to see his employer entering the room. Framed in the doorway he stood, staring about him with knitted brows. Behind, the men had gathered about his touring car, the sound of their threatening murmurs a low buzz -the buzz of a mob just barely held in check. "Well?" he snapped,

"Mutiny against the food," Payne explained. "I phoned you yesterday again for orders as to what was to be done. The men really can't be



Grady Conquers Brown Joe.

blamed, Mr. Monroe. They haven't had stuff fit for a dog to eat."

The old man picked up a remnant of crockery upon the floor upon which some of the food still clung. He regarded it disgustedly a second, then allowed it to drop quickly from his hand as a sniff of it caught his nos-

"Phew! Can't blame anybody kicking at such stuff." he muttered, then followed up his advantage, inflicting a frown of annoyance grew into heavy anger upon his countenance.

"You've written me three times about this situation, haven't you" he demanded, abruptly; then, without waiting for an answer, as Payne flushed and started to stammer: don't want to hear anything about that. It's my own fault; trust Julia ever do anything. Every morning the same thing; every night-wait till tomorrow. The girl seems absolutely to have no sense of responsibility, o derous note in the hourse gutturals of the rights of others, anything save her own right to put off-put off-put off."

Payne hung his head, avoiding the glowing eye of the old man. There was no denying what had just been said.

It was characteristic of the man that the moment he saw a situation and grasped its full significance be took hold of it and battled for the mastery. Payne stepped quickly up Came another lungs and he knew his beside him, fearful of the result of such an attempt while the men were sible that Payne, knowing the serious said softly. "The devil's in those men revolver at his waist. He did not brushed him aside, lifting his hand.

"I understand there's been some emplaint about the food," he began, twinkle in his eye that melted some of the threatening glances fastened upon him "I have understood it was bad for some time, but I didn't realize how bad food could be until I took a He wrinkled his face wryly and the ice was broken.

From the back of the crowd a man laughed. In a second he was joined by others and soon Monroe held them in the palm of his hand.

Well, it's going to get better and get better right away," he declared, emphatically. "I'll go you one better than that, men, and tell you its going to get good. Tonight you can look forward to a real supper—a real support, understand."
He turned upon Payne, even as the

men were wildly cheering, knowing that now was the psychological moment to make his strongest play.

"Get in my car, Lee," he con manded, "and don't waste any time cetting back here with a load of grub -have it here for supper.

For once Julia Munroe was ready. impatiently waiting the arrival of her sweetheart. He had told her nothing of the reason for his coming to own in the middle of the week, told her nothing of the row. But he had spoken of something which had made er jump from the mass of cushions against which she spent a goodly portion of her days and hustle into her most becoming afternoon gown. Just a week remained before the date of heir wedding and she had delayed in characteristic fashion procuring any of the clothes she had spent so many hours planning and dreaming out upon the divan.

She plunged immediately to the subect, even before Payne's arms had relaxed about the waist of her, looking up into his face in the tantalizingly irresistible fashion which he, as well as her father, always found so irre-

"Now, there's no use telling me why you came to town; there's no sense trying to talk to me about food for the men. There'll be plenty of time after you look over a few little things in the shops with me."

"But I must have it there for supper-1 tell you, Julia, the situation became so serious there was nearly a murderons row at the fields-

"Bother the fields," she exclaimed petulantly. "You're just like father -oil, oil, oil morning, noon and night, until I've even ordered the cook to leave any of the hateful stuff out of the cooking."

Payne laughed, despite himself laughed and catching her about the waist, drew her to him, trying to coax the pretty, pouting face towards his own.

'All right," he laughingly capitulat ed. "But on just one condition-that we go to the grocery together."

The irresistible music of her laughter intoxicated him and, as they swung into the car he wendered how in the world he had ever for a moment dreamed of resisting her lure. in fact, as they wandered from shop to shop that afternoon, he felt more and more the hero for the manful fight he had put up against her tempestuous assaults.

And once as he looked at his watch, to his strained, guilty ear came a sharp report, the report of a revolver. He started and moved swiftly toward Julia, placing his arm commandingly upon her wrist. She turned the witchery of her glance upon him and, for just an instant, the suspicion of a frown puckered her brow. It cleared instantly then, with an exquisite, little whimper she came very close to him, looking up into his face with the perplexed and worried expression of a child.

I'm simply famished," she exclaimed. "Surely, you won't permit me to starve, Lee. Just a mouthful and then we can—"

He started as she "Hungry! voiced his thought of the unappeased hunger of those men he had visualized throughout the afternoon. "No really,

She had his arm in her two tiny hands. Ineffectual hands they seemed, dainty and blue-veined and almondtipped at the fingers. And yet, like bands of steel, they drew him, despite himself, despite everything within himself that cried out aloud against their pressure.

111.

Ira Monroe settled back in his ofice chair, idly staring at the hands of the big clock. He had gone over the books for the first time in a week, had listened to Pat Grady's story of the fracas that had come so near ending fatally. And, as the old man's eyes closed, slowly, very slowly his mind traveled from the fields to his home in Los Angeles.

A faint smile hovered about his lips as he thought of his petted daughter. That's all." of the fearful consequences that might have occurred from her remissness in writing concerning the food supply out here. It seemed incredible that such a slight, fragile little thing could be powerful finger gripping and unthe storm center about which such | gripping over the little bit of iron that things revolved.

Two-three-four o'clock and still the hands traveled along their way. At five o'clock, the old man rose and his shoulders. stared anxiously out upon the road that led past the great derricks of his oil fields. Here and there he could back in place, catch a glimpse of the men, great. powerful fellows, cheerfully exerting a moment the two men stared at one their muscles to the utmost, their another. Then Grady quietly put his ninds centered wholly on the mes hall and the elaborate supper that had been prepared for them.

He frowned heavily. Was it pos ness of the matter, could permit any-

the men slacking in their labors.

She Turned the Witchery of Her

Glance Upon Him.

"Hell t' pay and then some," mut-

horse as the shrill scream of the whis-

might mean. There was no way of tell-

little compared to the broken promise

to his men. Already they were rush-

ing toward this very place. And he had promised that they would find the

food there which they were entitled

situation over, to reach any conclu-

sion, a burly form hurtled in the door-

way, followed by another, another,

and then another. Monroe met the

startled, incredulous eyes of the work-

men. Then he lowered his own.

He lifted his head quickly at the

threat in the angry voice. If the men

were in this mood already then, under

full headway, there was no telling to

what extent their rage would take them. He lifted his hand, his power-

"Men, I'm sorry," he said, simply,

You know I sent the superintendent

going to the phone now and see what

The growl that went up showed that

"It's the first time I've ever had to

apologize to you men," he snapped.

you now. I said I'm sorry and I'll

you can take it or get your time

his way through and stamped angrily

into the office, snatching the receiver

from the book. Swiftly he clicked, his

Without a side glance he shouldered

pelled so much to him. A step sound-

ed from the door. He turned to meet

the eyes of his foreman, then shrugged

"The phone won't work," he an

Pat Grady did not answer. For just

shoulder against a big cupboard at

fore the window, so that just a mere

one side the room and hauled it be

"Bolt the door double, boss,"

at the best. But he's got so much

slant of light showed through.

nounced, slowly putting the receiver

'I'm going to do my best

phone the city immediately,

his declaration had far from mollified.

He flushed darkly, his iron jaw creep

to town to remedy this condition. I'm

ful shoulders lunged forward.

"Well, I'm damn-

can be done.

to, instead of which-this mess, Before he had time to even talk the

ing that. Of consequences he cared

intendent had failed.

tered the foreman.

tle pierced his ears.

would tell.

it would be

hands to his ears that he hight shift out the sound of the clock.

Five-forty-five,

He shrugged his giant shoulders and moved out along the road for some sign of the motor. Not even a dust cloud rose above the shimmering heat waves that danced along the way to menace as even he had never heard term at Grady's hear the city in the distance. He felt an irresistible desire to look at his watch, although he knew what tele it. Came the crack of a revolver. He brown Joe recovered

shuddered at the sound. Never be and started again in go Nervously looking about him he saw fore had he heard the sound of a gun halted. in fields within his dominion. He looked around to see Pat Grads. long sliver of flame was He hustled toward the mess shack. Something must be done but for the chuckling silently to himself, as he beautiful little trickland silent life of him he could not imagine what quinted through the aperture beside low light over which the cupboard which concealed the win- black plane of smoke Supper was what the dow, his right hand firmly gripping eagerly, devouringly and the revolver he had found in Payne's leaped back, staying achast men wanted and supper was what they

> Prown Joe laughed aloud as he stuck the pliers in the waistband of his trousers and clambered laboriouswires along which the message of He had seen his opportunity for re-

IV.

was no chance for the promised sup- sheriff and, loading his car with depa- chardist

about the office door he caught the were now but signs of what devasta-laugh that greeted Monroe's antion can be caused by the thing which councement of his inability to get Los man had harnessed. Angeles on the wire. He knew that laugh might be turned in either direction. He took it up instantly, a wild yell of hatred and defiance bursting from his throat. He grinned to to his daughter and his eyes fell upon himself as the workmen caught that Payne, who hung his head, unable to yell up and lunged toward the man meet again those eyes. who seemed mocking them. Then he whirled back, staggering

slightly, but quickly righting himself from the blow that had tossed him round lightly. He pressed his hands to the place where the blow had fallen. staring at them in astonishment as they came away, a red sticky smear And then the rage that he had so

cunningly controlled leaped up and intended having. He had sent his overwhelmed him. He had been shot. superintendent, the man he trusted sufficiently not only to put his busihad been shot by the same man who had knocked him down and then disness in his hands, but also the happicharged him from the place without ness of his daughter. And his supereven giving him opportunity to get his pay check. And for what? Because He joined Pat Grady in the mess he refused longer to tolerate the vile food that was served him. Silently the two men looked about them. Tables, chairs, crockery. food remained as it had been after the

With little whimpers of anger shrilmutiny at the dinner table. Even the stench of the mess still hovered over ling from his brawny throat, more like an animal of the African jungle than human being was he as he gathered the hall. He threw out his hands in a the men together behind the mess wide gesture of rage and helplessness. hall, planning with them how to capture the office and take revenge upon Monroe started a nod but checked it, the pair within. throwing up his head like a runaway

"Two men-and a gun, boys," he declaimed shrilly. "Let 'em use up that bunch of cartridges and they Loud, shricking, flendish was the won't amount to two whoops. Draw their fire while ound. He did not know what it

He did not finish, turning and ducking the leaden messenger which was sent from the office toward him. In a few moments he reappeared with a rifle waving it triumphantly above his head, exultantly shrilling a defiance toward the two in command.

In command no longer. men and a gun had been offset by this crowd and a rifle. Quickly Brown Joe made out from

where the fire came, carefully plugging away at the aperture, disturbing and at the same time drawing the fire of Grady. And always did his lips move in careful count, a slow smile distorting his face evilly as he realized the supply of bullets must be getting low.

"There's a big timber round the other side of the shack," he suggested. 'His fire is getting weak now. Get that timber and make a rush at the door. I'll keep his aim wild with the

Without a hint of disobedience the fell into the suggestion. Moblike they had been led into this affair and nov all the wild, unthinking, ungovernabl impulse of mob spirit was upon them

Swiftly Grady discharged his revoler in their midst. One man fell and stared at him wonderingly. brutishly pained that such a thing should happen. Brown Joe saw the hesitancy and let out a wild whoop of exultation

"I got him-winged him-"You're a dirty, brown liar," thun-dered back Grady*from the cabin.

But his retort was drowned by the theer from the mob, as they in the log again and lunged toward the office door.

"Short jabs, boys," yelled the leader, punctuating his howl by a rifle shot. Manfully they stood to their work, ramming, ramming against the door. It was sagging at the upper corner

now, sagging heavily. And then, even as they exulted, it slapped back into place, re-enforced

Easily as a mob is encouraged, it ecomes discouraged quite as readily. they dropped the log and stared at ne another, then fell back to Brown og for advice. He started to speak, the office, a howl of execuation and triumph coming from his lips.

Shatching a lantern and followed thing to delay him. Failure was a room to locate in their stomachs this by a few of his fellows, he darted out monwealth.")

tolerated it in others. Results—that had always been the foundation stone upon which he builded.

Tick—tock—tock—tick—
The strokes were pounding at his very brain now. Like blows from a sledge they were. He clamped his hands to his ears that he might shut cut the sound of the clock.

Five-forty-five.

He shrugged his giant shoulders and mored.

A hoarse laugh that had nothing of the clock and seed that had nothing of the clock and seed the shrugged his giant shoulders and mored.

Total and surface and then irresolutely a shadowy outlines of a mon who had binged through that wind we had binged through that wind with a she dere closer to the desing main to was Grady. Fat Grady, the man who had been able to make out the safe of the was Grady. Fat Grady, the man who had been shadowy outlines of a mon who had been shadowy outlines for the object of the other who had been shadowy outlines for the object of t

the revolver he had found in Payne's leaped back, started to the recome Payne, whose delinquence was monster creeping, insidently yet rewaterish, sticky liquid, called a morselessly toward the tank from the waterish, sticky liquid, called a morselessly toward the tank from the waterish, sticky liquid, called a morselessly toward the tank from the waterish, sticky liquid, called a morselessly toward the tank from the waterish. which the treacherous oil had lease! Ing the latter part of May or en

After the theater Payne left Julia Truits. This liquid later become and spent a restless night. Next mornly down the telegraph pole. Above ing he was at the grocery store early the trees a him dangled the wires to the city, the to make the selections of food, and ance, Cert was on his way back when he met the messenger with the news that the oil attracted by it in numbers to me retnery was besteged and burning and trees. The presence of these in venge when, peering furtively through that the old hers was fighting off the upon a near tree should around the mess half window he saw there hordes alone. Payne aroused the suspicious of a careful observe. er.

Quick thinking had it been that led | Ira Monroe was rescued, its true, but | The adult psylla is an active wing d insect, measuring about him to the phone wires, thinking in-spired within his cunning brain by the destroyed by fire.

naster of evil himself. And now he Yesterday he had been rich; today, would go back and complete the work now, he was a poor man. His life bark. The eggs hatch in a fee.

As he rushed toward the group had been devoted to these fields that and the little larvae or nymbol.

Triumphing in its freedom, exulting, wild clamored the fire. And still be stood and stared at the ruin of everything he had held dear. He turned "Well," he laughed, harshly, "I

trusted you, Lee Payne. I always trusted you. And my reward is this..." He waved his hand in a wide gesture toward the terribly beautiful "You may go now. I suppose you

will wish to go now, you have done your worst-Julia sprang forward, her arms af-

fectionately about man's neck. But he made no re-



"You May Go Now, You Have Done Your Worst!"

ponse. As well might he have been "Oh. dad, I did it—it was my per sulphate) before filling. dead for all sign of response he gave.

"I trusted you." Ira Monroe repeat ed as Payne would have opened his lips to spare her. Gently but firmly the old man

reached up and disentangied her arms rom about him, slowly moving toward the waiting motor car, wherein he deputies were already piling, after does not attack the cames cattering the rioters. Julia turned toward her sweet-

peal, the agony of worlds upon her "And I did it-I did it, Lee. And I only wanted to be with you because

heart, her hands outstretched in ap-

I loved you so much. But I did it all-and now-He trusted me-for this-" the s perintendent answered slowly, the

words falling dully from his lips. "Lee-Lee," she clung to him descrately. "Say you forgive me that you understand why-

"He-trusted-me-for-this-" Slowly, heavily he turned She eached out her arms toward him, but he did not turn, did not even turn hen the black smoke swallowed up his form from her sight,

Blinded she looked upon the hatoc the could never see again for the memory of this mass of fire and smoke. But always could she hearalways would she hear that merciless ound-the tick tock, tick tock of a watch to which she gave heed, too WHO PAYS?

End of Eighth Story. (The next story is "For the Com-

n anxious to learn office would tell

Norticultur

INJURY BY THE PEAR PSY

Little Larvae or Nymphs Suck J From Young Leaves and Two -Crop is Lessened.

The presence of the psylla p unibers upon a tree is a ly understed by an abundance a binekish unsightly at in ants and flies are oney dew, and are o

The adult psylla is an active commence to suck the from the young leaves and twigs favorite place for the young my



is in the axils of the leaves a the base of the fruit stems. V two or three days after hatching cover themselves with honey which finally becomes so abund to disfigure leaves and fruits. whole tree assumes a stunted, healthy appearance. As a result fruit crop is greatly lessened at some cases trees have been kille

The young nymphs are most ereached when the leaves are under in the spring. As soon as founds the trees thoroughly with keep emulsion, diluted with about to provide the control of the co of water or with a solution of v oil soap, one pound to four or si lons of water, or with a nicotine aration easily made. The soft success in fighting this insecurity and thorough spraying. It be necessary to make two or to applications at intervals of the four days to successfully cont

USING CONCRETE FOR FILL

If Properly Mixed and Put Extreme Care It Will Be Fou Most Satisfactory.

For filling cavities in trees on is commonly used. If properly a and put in with extreme care very satisfactory, but it is unyi and if cracked by any means it is easily removed. A more plant ing is made of one part asphalm

three to four parts sawdust.
Moisten the tools in crude oil. the sawdust into the hol aspit until the desired consistent reached. Distribute the sawda added, evenly over the surface vessel to avoid boiling over. to the cavities while still hot should be cleaned of all decayed and disinfected with blue vitric

CARE FOR THE BLACKE

Crop Is Profitable if Rust Des Attack Canes—They Must B Well Cultivated.

Blackberries are profitable ! seems to be no cure for rust. plants 4 by 6 and give deep of Blackberries do best on a la and rather sandy soil. They 50 planted in rows and kept well

The pruning of the blackbern ferent from that of most other fruits. If you cut back the large portion of the season's d you can thin out the shoots when are numerous, and cut out the

CONTROL SMALL BROWNS

Insect Defoliates Pear, Plus Cherry Trees-Second Spray Sometimes Necessary.

The little brown slug that de the pear, plum and cherry to ing the summer season is one No one need allow this in any serious harm to his trea will thereuphry use the reme

given. Steep two cances 6 and the as a spray when the Currants.

above the cost of ple

irland in his search for tool lece of lemon; then er over them, and telling effect for good on the

In That it Was So Clearly Unpremeditated

stump speaker. But that some of tors were then spellbound by it

PAID TRIBUTE TO SPEAKER, the voice and manner in delivering the | stood throughout the services in one and before the audience had time to | hope the Americans will stay home. - not suffered Drover's Approbation Most Valuable of the preaching of Rev. Doctor Guthrie

of Scotland Guthrie possessed to an eminent de gree the power of apt, impressive if-The magic power of eloquence to justration. Joined to the witchery of hold an audience bound as by a spell his voice, it sometimes amounted to is commonly credited to the political a power of enchantment. His audi-

this gift of fascination is to be found | An amusing instance is presented in

now and then evincing his satisfaction. | ment the place and the occasion, applied to his horn mull. Arrested, however, he stood motion-

less, his hand raised with the snuff in the pulpit, Rev. Doctor Currier made the conduct of a Highland cattle between his fingers, his head thrown Paris hotel managers are hope up to ling, for the acceler in nis book. "Nine Great Preach drover one day in Guthrie's congre-back, his eyes and mouth wide open. some American travel this sun let. or fifty guests. To show the importance of gation in Free St. John's. The man | The instant the passage was finished, | Hope is the proper sentiment.

message, he tells the following story of the crowded sisles within a few recover their breath, the drover ap-Toward the end of the sermon and turned his head to the crowd behind, ion.

Business in Paris.

The only thing that has stood be- the fortune t yards of the pulpit. From the first piled the snuff with gusto to his tween the hotels of Paris and banks increased to he was riveted, a pinch of snuff every mostrils, and, forgetting 'a bis excite- ruptcy has been the moratorium in has been w he Prance. The annual report of one leading hotel issued recently shows them of the just as the preacher was commencing and exclaimed, "Na, sirs, In ver heard profits for 1914 of 12,315 france, as a prolonged illustration, the stranger the like of that!"-Youth's Companiagainst 1,126,624 france for the preagainst 1,126,624 francs for the pre- the fortuvious year. Many of the leading ho tels shut down at the beginning of

> ing, for the accommodation of forty | rub them The only class in Paris which has finally pol

The horse

g Brass. the war, and are gradually reopen. To clea

a soft, dry cloth. | croy.

he war is that of

Their profits have