

a small fortune in themselves! A ten-thousand dollar forfeit up!"

"Don't you see," suggested Marcia, eagerly, "they are banking on the good credit of our house. They are not afraid to trust Mr. Dalton."

"But, my dear Miss Blount," exclaimed Jerry, "there is absolutely no demand for the stuff, the quotations are disastrously below the profit point, no one can handle it on our contract price without disastrous loss, and we simply cannot take it!"

"We must!"

Never had Jerry Watson seen so determined a look on the little lady's face. There was power unutterable in the expression.

"Mr. Watson," she said, resolutely, and there was a tremendous thrill in her voice, "I am not willing that an opportunity should be allowed to pass unregarded, after his extreme kindness to us, that may mean the rehabilitation of Mr. Dalton's business."

"But that is impossible!"

"So I thought until, just after receiving the telegram from the broom-corn people, Ned Prossie came into the office."

"That kid," ejaculated Watson, dubiously. "What's he got to do with it?"

"Everything. You remember I got him his position with Vermilye & Co. He is a grateful little fellow. He always boasted he would do great things for us some day. Well, he comes into the office this afternoon, all excitement. 'I've got the straight tip,' he declared. 'Vermilye & Co. are going to run a corner in stock feed and broomcorn. They are going to rush the market up twenty to thirty points delivery day, and hold it there. It's a sure play—any good to you?' Mr. Watson, it is more than good to us—it is the salvation of our business!"

"Allowing we can depend upon the tip, where is the capital coming from to carry the stuff until settling day?"

"I have thought it all out," responded Marcia. "The Dalton credit is

good—isn't the Dalton word a power everywhere? We will go to the bank and borrow sufficient to cover carrying charges. Then—oh! I have blocked it all out. We cannot fail. We will send confidential word to all our clients. We will give them the tip of a corner. We will guarantee ten points profit within thirty days."

"A daring scheme!" fairly gasped Jerry. "And how about the payments to the broomcorn people?"

"Why, that is simple. As we sell to our clients, we will borrow on our bills of lading. That will make us square all the way around. We can certainly place half our consignment for cash. The amount we realize will satisfy our shippers. When the squeeze comes in this market we will release the actual stuff in warehouse to supply the shorts, get the highest price and close out at a big profit."

"It's a dream!" spoke Jerry, musingly—"but it looks tangible. I'm willing. Go ahead with the scheme."

Three weeks later Roland Dalton left his remote solitude, which no gossip or newspaper had invaded. On the train bound for the city he sat spellbound, as his eye scanned the commercial column of the first newspaper he had seen for nearly a month.

It was the graphic story of the broomcorn corner in Chicago. It told of the wonderful coup that had given Dalton & Co. practical control of the market and a profit of a quarter of a million dollars!

Dalton burst into the office two days later. It wore an air of briskness and prosperity. Jerry beamed upon him, Marcia stood flushing, eager, trembling like a child who had assumed a daring initiative and wondered if the result would be punishment or appreciation.

"What have you two been doing here?" challenged Dalton, and then Jerry told, and Dalton added, "Come into my private office until I discipline you."

Out of it Jerry came a few minutes later. His eyes were aglow. He held