

—I fear I'm a teeny bit late.

—No indeed Mrs. Handibilt, said Mr. Trundle-Dick pulling out his gold watch, the debate has not even begun. In fact our two antagonists just this moment passed behind the band stand on their way here.

—Then I'm not late!

h.

The Church of the Reconciliation was jammed to the gullet. Every chair was occupied by at least two people. The balcony sagged under its human freightage. A number of spectators had ranged themselves along the steps leading to the altar, several occupied the seat with the organist, and one old man was perching on the lectern.

At either side of the chancel, two pulpits had been erected and tastefully decorated with American flags. From one of the pulpits the Rt. Rev. Samuel X. Fundament was to argue, from the other, the Rt. Rev. R. C. Versie. The congregation divided in two sections by the main aisle, had grouped themselves before the pulpits of their respective pastors.

Suspended from the roof hung a large microphone, ready to broadcast the debate, the bon mots, refutations, rebuttals, weighty paragraphs, epigrams, jibes, chops, rare cuts, and meaty aphorisms of the clergymen to the one hundred million radios scattered over the length and breadth of the country.

As the steeple clock sounded eleven, a hush fell upon the awaiting throng. The hush was broadcast to the one hundred million silent listeners.

PART II

Having now gathered all my facts and marshalled them with almost military precision, I think it would not be amiss to refresh the reader's mind with a neat résumé.

In the first part, as will doubtless be remembered, I defined certain points in space and connected them up with straight lines. I then directed the reader's attention toward the person of a certain Mr. Crawfish who, seated unobtrusively on a park bench, was perusing the Sunday American. I noted that to the right of Mr. Crawfish there was a bag of fruit, and that to