FLOWER OF THE NORTH

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(Copyright)

THE STORY THUS FAR

Philip Whittemore, working partner of a company controlling the fish supply of numerous lakes under a provisional license given by the Canadian Government, finds himself opposed by an unknown crew, and sends for Gregson, an artist friend, to come and help him out. The only clue they have to the mystery is a letter addressed to Lord Fitzhugh Lee. Gregson begins to rave about a local beauty, and draws a sketch of her. Whittemore recognizes Eileen Brokaw, a former sweetheart, daughter of his partner, and presumably thousands of miles away, but doesn't mention the fact to Gregson. Instead he leaves the cabin and climbs the hill, where he meets a half-breed, a white girl, Jeanne, and a wolf-hound. He falls in love with the girl. Brokaw and his daughter arrive. Jeanne and Pierre are attacked by men who arrive on the ship with them. Pierre is wounded and Jeanne carried off. Philip follows the kidnappers, saves Jeanne and takes her to her house, Fort o' God, where he meets her father. There is a mystery about Jeanne which Philip cannot solve. She loves him, but says she cannot marry him.

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued)

"WHAT else could I do?" demanded MacDougall. "It's down there in black and white, isn't it? It charges me to outfit six prospecting parties of ten men each, arm every man with a rifle and revolver, victual them for two months, and send them to the points named there. That letter came ten days ago, and the last party, under Tom Billinger, has been gone a week.

"You told me to send your very best men, and I have. It has fairly stripped the camp of the men we depended upon, and there are hardly enough guns left to kill meat with."

"I didn't write this letter," said Philip, looking hard at MacDougall. "The signature is a fraud. The letter which I sent to you, revealing my discoveries at Churchill, has been intercepted and replaced by this. Do you know what it means?"

MacDougall was speechless. His square jaw was set like an iron clamp, his heavy hands doubled into knots on his knees.

"It means—fight," continued Philip. "Tonight—tomorrow—at any moment now. I can't guess why the blow hasn't fallen before this."

He quickly related to MacDougall the chief facts he had gathered at Fort Churchill. When he had finished, the young Scotsman reached over to the table, seized his revolver, and held the butt end of it out to Philip.

"Pump me full of lead—for God's sake, do, Phil," he pleaded.

Philip laughed, and gripped his hand.

"Not while I need a few fighters like yourself, Sandy," he objected. "We're on to the game in time. By tomorrow morning we'll be prepared for the war. We haven't an hour—perhaps not a minute to lose. How many men can you get hold of tonight whom we can depend upon to fight?"

"Ten or a dozen, no more. The road gang that we were expecting up from the Grand Trunk Pacific came three days after you started for Churchill—twenty-eight of 'em. They're a tough-looking outfit, but devilish good workers. I believe you could hire that gang to do anything. They won't take a word from me. It's all up to Thorpe; the foreman who brought 'em up, and they won't obey an order unless it comes through him. Thorpe could get them to fight, but they haven't anything to fight with, except a few knives. I've got eight guns left, and I can scrape up eight men who'll handle them for the glory of it. Thorpe's gang would be mighty handy in close quarters, if it came to that."

MacDougall moved restlessly, and ran a hand through his tawny hair.

"I almost wish we hadn't invited that bunch up here," he added. "They look to me like a lot of dollar thugs, but they work like horses. Never saw such men with the shovel and pick. And fight? They've cleaned up on a half of the men in camp. If we can get Thorpe—"

"We'll see him tonight," interrupted Philip. "Or to be correct, this morning. It's one o'clock. How long will it take to round up our best men?"

"Half an hour," said MacDougall, promptly, jumping to his feet. "There are Roberts, Henshaw, Tom Cassidy, Lecault, the Frenchman, and the two St. Pierre brothers. They're all crack gunmen. Give 'em each an automatic and they're worth twenty ordinary men."

A few moments later MacDougall extinguished the light, and the two men left the cabin. Philip drew his companion's attention to the dimly lighted window of the cabin to which he had followed the stranger a short time before.

"That's Thorpe's," said the young engineer. "I haven't seen him since morning. Guess he must be up."

"We'll sound him first," said Philip starting off.

At MacDougall's knock there was a moment's silence inside, then heavy footsteps, and the door was flung open. Sandy entered, followed by Philip. Thorpe stepped back. He was of medium height, yet so athletically built that he gave the impression of being two inches taller than he actually was. He was smooth-shaven, and his hair and eyes were black. His whole appearance was that of a person infinitely superior to what Philip had expected to find in the gang-foreman. His first words, and the manner in which they were spoken, added to this impression.

"Good evening, gentlemen."

"Good morning," replied MacDougall, nodding toward Philip. "This is Mr. Whittemore, Thorpe. We saw your light and thought you wouldn't mind a call."

Philip and Thorpe shook hands.

"Just in time to have a cup of coffee," invited Thorpe, pleasantly, motioning toward a steaming pot on the stove. "I just got in from a long hike out over the new roadbed. Been looking the ground over along the north shore of the Gray Beaver, and was so interested that I didn't start for home until dark. Won't you draw up, gentlemen? There are mighty few who can beat me at making coffee."

MacDougall had noted a sudden change in Philip's face, and as Thorpe hastened to lift the over-boiling pot from the stove he saw his chief make a quick movement toward a small table and pick up an object which looked like a bit of cloth. In an instant Philip had hidden it in the palm of his hand. A flush leaped into his cheeks. A strange fire burned in his eyes when Thorpe turned.

"I'm afraid we can't accept your hospitality," he said. "I'm tired and want to get to bed. In passing, however, I couldn't refrain from dropping in to compliment you on the remarkable work your men are doing out on the plain. It's splendid."

"They're good men," said Thorpe, quietly. "Pretty wild, but good workers."

MacDougal saw his chief make a quick movement toward a small table and pick up an object which looked like a piece of cloth

He followed them to the door. Outside, Philip's voice trembled when he spoke to MacDougall.

"You go for the others, and bring them to the office, Sandy," he said. "I said nothing to Thorpe because I have no confidence in liars, and Thorpe is a liar. He was not out to the Gray Beaver today; for I saw him when he came in—from the opposite direction. He is a liar, and he will bear watching. Mind that, Sandy. Keep your eyes on this man Thorpe. And keep your eyes on his gang. Hustle the others over to the office as soon as you can."

They separated, and Philip returned to the cabin which they had left a few minutes before. He relighted the lamp, and with a sharp gasp in his breath held out before his eyes the object which he had taken from Thorpe's table. He knew now why Thorpe had come from over the mountains that night, why he was exhausted, and why he lied. He clasped his head between his hands, scarcely believing the evidence of his eyes. A deeper breath, almost a moan, fell from his twisted lips. For he had discovered that Thorpe, the gang-foreman, was Jeanne's lover. In his hand he held the dainty handkerchief, embroidered in blue, which he had seen in Jeanne's possession earlier that evening—crumpled and discolored, still damp with her tears!

CHAPTER XX

FOR many minutes Philip did not move, or look from the bit of damp fabric which he held between his fingers. His heart was chilled. He felt sick. Each moment added to the emotion which was growing in him, an emotion which was a composite of disgust and of anguish. Jeanne—Thorpe! An eternity of difference seemed to lie between those two—Jeanne, with her tender beauty, her sweet life, her idyllic dreams, and Thorpe, the gang-driver! In his own soul he had made a shrine for Jeanne, and from his knees he had looked up at her, filled with the knowledge of his own unworthiness. He had worshiped her, as Dante might have worshiped Beatrice. To him she was the culminatiton of all that was sweet and lovable in woman, transcendentally above him. And from this love, this worship of his, she had gone that very night to Thorpe, the gang-man. He shivered. Going to the stove he thrust in a handful of paper, dropped the handkerchief in with it, and set the whole on fire.

A few moment later the door opened and MacDougall came in. He was followed by the two swarthy-faced St. Pierres, the camp huntsmen.

Philip shook hands with them, and they passed after the engineer through a narrow door leading into a room which was known as the camp office. Cassidy, Henshaw, and the others followed within the next ten minutes. There was not a man among them whose eyes faltered when Philip put up his proposition to them. As briefly as possible he told them a part of what he had previously revealed to MacDougall, and frankly conceded that the preservation of property and life in the camp depended almost entirely upon them.

"You're not the sort of men to demand pay in a pinch like this," he finished, "and that's just the reason I've confidence enough in you to ask for your support. There are fifty men in camp whom we could hire to fight, but I don't want hired fighters. I don't want men who will run at the crack of a few rifles, but men who are willing to die with their boots on. I won't offer you money for this, because I know you too well. But from this hour on you're going to be a part of the Great Northern Fish and Development Company, and as soon as the certificates can be signed I'm going to turn over a hundred shares of stock to each of you. Remember that this isn't pay. It's simply a selfish scheme of mine to make you part of the company. There are eight of us. Give us each an automatic and I'll wager that there isn't a combination in this neck of the woods strong enough to do us up."

In the pale light of the two oil-lamps the men's faces glowed with enthusiasm. Cassidy was the first to grip Philip's hand in a pledge of fealty.

"When hell freezes over, we're licked," he said. "Where's me automatic?"

MacDougall brought in the guns and ammunition.

"In the morning we will begin the erection of a new building close to this one," said Philip. "There is no reason for the building, but that will give me an excuse for keeping you men together on one job, within fifty feet of your guns, which can be kept in this room. Only four men need work at a shift, and I'll put Cassidy in charge of operations, if that is satisfactory to the others. We'll have a couple of new bunks put in here so that four men can stay with MacDougall and me every night. The other four, who are not on the working shift, can hunt not far from the camp, and keep their eyes peeled. Does that look good?"

"Can't be beat," said Henshaw, throwing open the breech of his gun. "Shall we load?"

"Yes."

The room became ominous with the metallic click of loaded cartridge clips and the hard snap of released chambers.

Five minutes later Philip stood alone with MacDougall. The loaded rifles, each with a filled cartridge belt hanging over the muzzle, were arrayed in a row along one of the walls.

"I'll stake everything I've got on those men," he exclaimed. "Mac, did it ever strike you that when you want real men you ought to come north for them? Every one of those fellows is a northerner, except Cassidy, and he's a fighter by birth. They'll die before they go back on their word."

MacDougall rubbed his hands and laughed softly.

"What next, Phil?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Humor and Pathos

They are beautifully blended in Holman Day's story, "The Red Lane," which begins in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER on Monday next.

The Red Lane

It is neither road nor by-path. It is an institution. It is smuggling. And the lives of the unusual men and women on the Canadian border make wonderfully interesting reading.

Next Monday

Don't forget the date; and don't miss the first installment.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

DOROTHY'S DANCE

By Hortense Caldwell

EVER since the death of her father, Dorothy Bliss had kept the lighthouse at Breakers Point with the aid of her small brother, Jerry. Probably the government would have looked for a stronger keeper at the time of Mr. Bliss's death has not Dorothy been born and brought up in the old lighthouse. Dorothy loved to clean the big lamps, trim the wicks of the smaller lights and polish the faultless brass in the standards.

Every night she was on time with her duty, and now as the government had placed a training station for the United States Jackies right across from the little island she felt her duty more keenly. She knew that failure to be on time with the lamps might mean death to those brave boys.

One day as she was sitting down on the little balcony outside the lighthouse she saw Jerry rowing as fast as he could toward their home. She flew to the steps which ran up the outside and waited for Jerry to tie the boat.

"Oh, sis," he cried. "Look what I have here."

"What is it" Dorothy asked, holding out her hand.

"I don't know, it's some kind of a letter. Let me see, too."

"Yes, yes, Jerry, but wait until I get it opened, can't you?" She was as eager as the child, as letters were rare objects in the Bliss lighthouse.

She found it to be from the training station, inviting her to a dance which the boys were giving on Friday. She glanced at the small calendar over the table.

"What is it, sis?" queried little Jerry, unable to hear the suspense any longer.

"It's an invitation to dance from the boys over at the station, Jerry."

"Oh, say, are you going?"

"No, Jerry, I would like to, but I can't go and leave the lamps."

"You can leave them to me, sis. You know I'd love to light them."

Dorothy smiled. She knew this was just the chance Jerry had been waiting for. But she did not dare to leave such a responsibility to her little brother.

Friday arrived, and Dorothy did her best to hide her disappointment. She cleaned and oiled the lamps and set to work polishing the well-worn brass. After a long and dragging day the light began to disappear and darkness set in. Jerry came up to the lighthouse and called out to Dorothy to help him with his bundle. Evening was settling so quickly he could scarcely see where to tie his skiff. Dorothy ran down the steps to the water's edge and took Jerry's bundles from him. He had been ashore to do the marketing for the week-end.

"Well, sis, you ought to be glad you aren't going to the dance," he remarked as they closed the big door.

"Why?"

"Why? Don't you see what kind of a night it is? The waves are about a mile high."

"I tell you what we'll do, Jerry. You can put on your best suit, and I'll dress up in my evening dress. We'll pretend we are at the dance."

"At the dance," said Jerry scornfully. "Are we going to dance, too?"

"Why, yes, I'll teach you." You ought to begin to learn anyway. When we go ashore it might come in handy."

Each went to dress up for the dance, and before long the great dance was in full swing. Dorothy was telling Jerry how to address a lady when asking her for a dance, and Jerry was doing his best to do her bidding.

"Ahoy."

"What's that, Jerry?"

"I don't know, go look."

Dorothy pulled open the swinging window and looked out. In a glance, she took in the situation. A boat was foundering in the water, and that boat was very close to the rocks on which the lighthouse stood.

"Jerry, push on every button to brighten those lamps," she flung back to the excited Jerry as she hurried down the stairs.

Once down, she untied the boat and climbed in. She knew exactly where to start from in order to avoid the rocks. Calling loudly, although she knew her voice was drowned out by the roaring of the waves, she kept on until she reached the side of the boat. Willing hands helped her to gain the deck and tie her boat. In a giant's Dorothy saw it was a government boat. Quickly she ordered the sailors to get into her skiff, and silently they obeyed her. She rowed boatload after boatload to a place of safety until only three men remained. This time it was their turn to carry Dorothy away safely, as she had fainted away from her long period of anxiety.

When she awoke she found herself back in her little lighthouse with a strange sailor offering her a drink of water. She sat up and glared at her, trying to remember what had happened.

"It's all right, Sis," put in little Jerry.

"All right," she repeated, "all right."

"Yes," said a stranger voice at her elbow, "it's all right now."

Then suddenly Dorothy remembered. "Oh, I'm so glad."

Ray explained to her all about the accident and how the ship had since gone to pieces on the rocks. "But for you we boys might have gone with it," he added with a shudder.

A few days later Ray was again a visitor at the lighthouse.

"Dorothy," he asked after a few moments, "were you going to the dance that night?"

Dorothy blushed, as she knew he must have noticed the evening dress. "No, I wasn't," she replied. "I wanted to go and couldn't, so I was doing the next best thing by pretending I was there."

Ray laughed. "I'd give up a thousand dances to do what you did that night."

Dorothy put out her hand. "Let's talk about something else," she said with a little sigh.

Ray winked. "Jerry, will you go downstairs and get me that paper that is in my coat pocket?"

Then he turned back to Dorothy, "All right, we will," he said.

Jerry obligingly went.

The next complete novelette—The Adventuress.

HEARTS AND LOGS

The dry log's quick to catch the fire;
The green log holds the heat.
But hearts another rule require,
The dry log's quick to catch the fire;
But dry hearts hold a funeral pyre
And green hearts tinder fleet.
The dry log's quick to catch the fire;
The green log holds the heat.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"The Flying Ogre"

(The Wild Geese on their way north are chased by the Flying Ogre, who seeks to kill the King and the Blue Goose. Peggy and Billy plan to save the Geese.)

CHAPTER VI

The Ogre Up a Tree

THE Flying Ogre looked around the camp to find the rifle. While he was vainly searching, Lonesome Bear raced gaily through the woods dragging the lassoed guard behind him. Lonesome Bear was having so much fun that he wanted to run clear to the other end of the woods, but Billy halted him.

"We've got to go back and scare that other chap," he reminded Lonesome Bear. "Run around a tree and we will tie this fellow up tight."

Lonesome Bear galloped around a tree, drawing the guard close up to the trunk. Then he wound the rope around and around the guard and the tree until the man couldn't wiggle.

The Flying Ogre, not finding the rifle, seized a club and was about to go to his companion's aid when Billy and Lonesome Bear ran back to camp.

"I'll scare this Ogre into fits," boasted Lonesome Bear. "Stand back and give me room."

Just as Lonesome Bear rushed into the light of the campfire, the Ogre put on his aviator's helmet. Lonesome Bear had not seen this outfit before, and he got the scare of his life when he rushed toward the supposed man and found himself facing what looked to be some awful furry animal with a frightful goggle-eyed head.

"Woof!" grunted Lonesome Bear, and he turned right around and came back so fast that it was a good thing Billy had stood aside to give him room.

"It's only a false head," screamed Peggy. "Go back and scare him." Frightened as he was, Lonesome Bear obeyed. With another "Woof!" he rushed at the Ogre as if about to eat him up. The Ogre took just one look at Lonesome Bear, then decided the place wasn't healthy. He dashed into the woods and away, with Lonesome Bear "woofing" at his heels. Finally, in desperation, the Ogre went up a tree—and there Lonesome Bear kept him all night. Of course, Lonesome Bear could have climbed the tree, but he pretended that he was a Grizzly Bear, and that frightened the Ogre all the more.

"The biggest law is to save yourselves," said Peggy

Billy jumped into the airplane to fix it so that it wouldn't fly, while Peggy raced to the cave to start the Wild Geese on their new flight.

"The Ogre intends to kill you as well as the Blue Goose," she told the King. "So you must keep out of his way."

"We will," promised the King. "We will go straight north over our old road."

"No," said Peggy, "the Ogre knows that road; you must try another way."

"It is the law of the Wild Geese to take the old road," began the King, but Peggy interrupted him.

"The biggest law is to save yourselves," she said, "and to save yourselves you'll have to fool the Ogre."

"That's right. You are so wise, Princess Peggy," honked the King.

"Fly over the woods as if on the old road," advised Peggy. "The Ogre will hear you and will plan to follow you that way. When you get a few miles away go far, far to the west before turning north again, and he will never find you."

"You'll be safe by the time he gets that airplane fixed again," said Billy Belgium, running up.

"Good-by, Princess Peggy! Good-by, Billy!" honked the Geese, beginning their flight. "We can't stop to thank you now, but in the glorious summer we will prepare a Wonder Feast for you in the far Arctic land. Will you come?"

"Yes! Yes!" shouted Peggy and Billy eagerly.

The King of the Wild Geese plucked a feather from his own plumage and another from the Blue Goose.

"Save these feathers," he honked. "When the time comes these will serve as fairy boats to bring you to us. Till then, farewell!"

Refreshed by their brief visit, the Wild Geese turned again to the north, their way being lighted by the rising moon. Peggy and Billy, leaving the two Ogres to Lonesome Bear's care, ran home to late supper and to bed.

(In the next story Lonesome Bear has a further adventure with the Flying Ogre.)

Business Career of Peter Flint

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

(Copyright)

Mr. Whitehead will answer your business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment. Ask your questions clearly and give all the facts. Your correct name and full address must be given to all inquiries. Those which are anonymous must be ignored. Answers to technical questions will be sent by mail. Other questions will be answered in this column. The most interesting problems of inquirers will be woven into the story of Peter Flint.

CCXI

WHEN Bruno Duke introduced me to his companion, Mr. Keeney, and then took him with us to my office, I wanted to ask who and what he was, but Duke isn't one to give explanations till he's ready to do so.

"What's to be the next move?" I asked as soon as we were seated.

"We shall probably do nothing for half an hour, then Mr. Kellett will call here."

"Kellett call here! I guess not!" I explained.

"I expect he's telephoned half a dozen times while you were out. Hark!" We heard the elevator door clang open and impatient footsteps approach the office. Duke warned me to silence by placing a finger on his lips.

When the door opened Duke and Keeney were "busy" talking in undertones, while I was "writing" at the desk.

Sure enough, it was Kellett!

"Where you been all day, Flint?" he snapped.

"With your bookkeeper all morning. Of course, I have to be out most of the time—on business."

He glanced sourly at Duke and Keeney and then said, "Put your hat on and come with me," and walked out of the office.

I glanced at Duke, who shook his head, so I sat tight.

In a moment Kellett returned, evidently mad clean through, but trying hard to control himself.

Duke spoke now, to me: "As soon as you have finished your business with Mr. Kellett we'll be all ready to close matters with you, Mr. Flint."

I took the hint and as calmly as I could said:

"What may I do for you, Mr. Kellett?"

"Do for me?" he snapped. "Do for me? First of all, give me that money of mine you've collected—and don't you dare touch my money again, or I'll—I'll——" His voice died away, for Keeney was busy taking shorthand notes of his remarks.

"Please go on, Mr. Kellett," almost cooed Duke.

For a minute I thought Kellett would explode, but by a great effort he mastered himself and said:

"Look here, Flint, I want to help you, and if you'll be sensible and come with me to my office I've got a good proposition for you."

"Is it the offer to continue the original agreement—the one you canceled yesterday?" Duke smiled a bit contemptuously.

That sneer upset Kellett, for he growled. "No, it is not. I'm through with it and you can make your mind up to it!"

"Is that sufficient, Mr. Keeney?" Duke asked his friend.

"Quite, thank you. That substantiates your statements, Mr. Duke."

"Duke?" shouted Kellett. "Duke? Say are you Bruno Duke—the Bruno Duke?"

"Yes, that's my name," he admitted.

"Good heavens! What are you doing on such a piking job as this?"

"Mr. Flint is my friend," was his quiet reply, and I felt prouder than ever before—except when Mary said, "Yes."

Kellett bit his nails in silence. He was evidently doing some quick thinking. Then he said:

"Perhaps I was a bit sharp on Flint, but he needed a jolt, you know. If you'll keep an eye on him, Mr. Duke, I'll let him sell on the plan he wishes."

"Too late, Mr. Kellett; you have twice refused to accept his business. Even after the first refusal Flint wished to do his duty and collected some accounts. You have made verbal threats of what you will do if he doesn't cease.

"Now, you will, of course, collect, but if those contracts go bad it will be on account of your methods, and Mr. Flint's lawyer, Mr. Keeney here, will see that his interests are protected."

"Then," said the now upset Kellett, "if Flint won't sell, what will he do?"

"You refused to allow him to sell Clearvale lots, but he's making other arrangements. Your action compelled him to look for other opportunities."

I wanted to butt in, for as Kellett was willing to do all I had wanted I saw no reason for arguing further. However, I wisely said nothing.

"Look here," said the nervous Kellett, "let's get an understanding on this matter. You folks evidently want something. I'm a man of peace. If Flint don't want to sell, what does he want? Suppose I give him a couple of hundred dollars and take my chances on the lots sold being paid for?"

But that didn't satisfy Bruno Duke.

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM

Silence may not indicate a wise tongue, but it does hide an ignorant one.

What does this mean to YOU?

Business Questions Answered

Your exceedingly clear-sighted advice and suggestions more than once compelled me to think. Now it is my turn to ask. Would you be kind and oblige me?

This company (please keep its name private) originally was a product of several doctors of this city, honest, reliable, for the diffusion of certain compounds made upon formulas obtained from leading Italian professors and manipulated by them. Doctors are not business men, therefore, business was drawing. In order to push it they associated with four successful business men, well known, well famed and in good financial condition. A "manager" with some culture, some refinement, was necessary, as he should be able to speak with competence to doctors. In a word they wanted a college graduate.

I was connected with a business concern of New York when a friend of mine belonging to this company, an old friend dating back to university time, suggested my executive capacities. My appointment followed, but as at that time no capital was on hand I should just temporarily do whatever was necessary, as fill some bottles or wash them, in order just to give time and let the company collect subscribed money, because it was understood that my main occupation was to interview doctors and establish a chain of business to which agents would have been appointed to attend and continue. Collection was poor, as several subscribers discontinued.

Business must be carried on in the most ethical way, therefore no advertisements, no bluff, no circular letters of solicitation, and so on; it is only allowed to agents to interview doctors, submit to their trial some samples, explaining action and reaction of ingredients, source of formula and place of manufacture.

After eighteen months I have succeeded in having one agent, but no help for manual work.

The board of directors is composed of two doctors with large practice, but narrow business experience, and the abovesaid four business men. Meet once a month and talk of everything in the world except this company's business—consider this business a side line and give no consideration to it. Business is dragging and discouraging.

When money is received the amount is divided among themselves, each one promises to send a check, which comes only after several solicitations. An initial capital is necessary. Every one talks about this necessity, but they are unwilling to start with a substantial proposition, and for a tacit agreement no capital stock is to be sold to outsiders. When a conclusion of any kind has to be taken after several meetings of jumping discussions some one is appointed to carry out whatever has to be done; no one cares to see if it is done and all is over.

Among these gentlemen there is an exception, a man of activity and energy, does his best to keep this company together and going; but when he comes to meetings to report, his efforts are drowned by occasional talks about the war or the weather; everything dries off and comes to nothing.

The funny part of this affair is that every member is complaining that we are doing nothing, that we should do something, that we are always planning and not concluding anything.

The president, a prosperous head of a prosperous business, complains about the carelessness of the treasurer (of course, confidentially) and the treasurer (of course, confidentially) complains about the inability of the president to lead a discussion. Both confidentially complain about the preparation manufactured and formulas and doctors are complaining about these business men, who show no ability at all in this business. When they are together they laugh and joke and talk their heads off, because outside of business they have been intimate friends for many years.

Such being the conditions, I am between anvil and hammer.

I am under three years' contract, providing a small wage and a pretty fair commission, 5 per cent on all sales. I accepted on account of this commission, because I thought I would be able in a short time to secure a good living. Unfortunately sales, notwithstanding I multiply myself, never surpassed $400 a month, therefore a ridiculous commission, and salary is 50 per cent below my living expenses, therefore compelled to eat, dollar by dollar, some small savings of mine.

This I do not want, because I have a family. No use to say that I would like to resign. On the other side, I would like to remain for these reasons:

First, I have in this company some good friends to whom my resignation would mean dissolution and total loss of their invested money.

Second, I have some money invested, too, and if I go my money goes, too.

Third, I reside in a country house nearby, bought when I moved from New York to Paterson, and it would be an exertion to commute to New York, having poor connection from where I live to here.

I thought my best to get these gentlemen interested in this company's work, and submitted several plans. I worked them out to a certain degree of success and then I asked some financial help in order to proceed and obtain full success. I proved to the board of directors our enormous percentage of profit (55 per cent). I proved that, notwithstanding I am alone to attend inside and outside business, I can quite sustain the general expenses, which means that if I could spend my activity only looking for business, instead of spending my time inside washing and filling bottles, I could give a dividend at the end of the year. I proved that in a once-a-week visit to New York, in two months I have increased business 100 per cent, and I proved that I had to discontinue my errands because the output was not enough to cover orders. I pointed out that if I could have material enough and adequate help I would make them rich.

All my efforts were useless. Every one agreed with me in private and at meetings I was praised. I was appointed secretary of the board of directors and after one year of service I was rewarded with a certificate of 100 shares. They show their deference and friendship, but when revised accounting, they never asked me how much I had cashed or spent, but when meeting comes they talk and talk and no substantial decision is taken.

Now I am discouraged. I regret the eighteen months I spent with these gentlemen—notwithstanding all I must call them gentlemen—and I would like to secure some other position more remunerative with some concern which recognizes efforts with facts.

What do you suggest me to do, Mr. Whitehead?

Shall I stay? Shall I go?

I am forty-four years old. In excellent health, doctor in law (Turin University, Italy). In business I am a hustler. I do not like salesmanship, though because I do not like to magnify, and what is right is right, even if it is against my own interest.

My brain is still in excellent working conditions as my hands are, and in this country I used them both. I have good references, good documents to show, and I have been connected with Ellis Island (immigration department) about five years, fighting white-slave traffic (1907-11).

I have very few acquaintances, as I spend all my free time at home, busy with flowers and—cauliflowers and these in a too high social position to be bothered with my trifles.

What do you suggest me to do, Mr. Whitehead? E. G. C.

I read your letter through twice before deciding upon what to say about it. It appears to me that you cannot very well afford to resign because resignation involves a future loss and also a loss of future possibilities there. On the other hand, you cannot afford to stay under the present conditions, for you are merely turning yourself from a manager into a bottle washer.

The only thing to do, therefore, is to change the conditions. From the amount of business you do there can't be an enormous lot of money involved.

You have one, at least, man in the company who is really active and energetic. I suggest that you talk over the possibilities of you two buying out the business for yourselves. Could you induce these people to do this? If they are the kind of people I gather from your letter I think you could—and the directors would sell you their stock by accepting your note for it. Let them retain the stock as collateral. It matters not what method or tactics are adopted as long as you are honest, of course, in getting control of the stock and going ahead as you wish.

The concern from whom you buy your supplies is a very powerful one, and doubtless if they knew your position they would give you extended credit for a reasonable length of time to enable you to carry on. Your banker might also be willing to help you out. Perhaps you have two or three personal friends who would be willing to buy some of the directors out as an investment. Perhaps the directors themselves would be willing to retain the stock and give you complete control of the business. That could be done by asking them to have about one meeting a year and leave you perfectly free to do as you wish.

Ask them to try it for just one year, and, if after the year you haven't succeeded in putting it over, your resignation would be in their hands. It seems to me that you have come to the parting of the ways and that you would be justified in saying to them that you must do either one of the two things. You must either be a manager in fact as well as in name, with a perfectly free hand to do as you think best, or you must ask for a speedy release from an uncomfortable position.

Drop me a line and let me know how you come out, won't you?

MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES

Cut out the picture on all four sides. Then carefully fold dotted line 1 its entire length. Then dotted line 2, and so on. Fold each section underneath, accurately. When completed turn over and you'll find a surprising result. Save the pictures.

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