

ANDY BLAKE

BY LEO EDWARDS

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Title: Andy Blake in Advertising

Date of first publication: 1922

Author: Edward Edson Lee (as Leo Edwards)

Date first posted: July 14, 2020

Date last updated: July 14, 2020

Faded Page eBook #20200720

This eBook was produced by: Stephen Hutcheson & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <https://www.pgdpCanada.net>



**THE KETTLE GAVE OUT AN AROMA THAT
CAUSED THEM TO SNIFF HUNGRILY. ([*Page 102*](#))**

ANDY BLAKE

BY
LEO EDWARDS

AUTHOR OF
THE JERRY TODD BOOKS
THE POPPY OTT BOOKS



GROSSET & DUNLAP
PUBLISHERS : : NEW YORK

Made in the United States of America

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INTRODUCING ANDY BLAKE

Were this a story about Poppy Ott, no introduction of the “hero” would be required, for hundreds of thousands of boys, big and small, here, there and everywhere, have laughed until their sides ached over Leo Edwards’ rollicking tales of Poppy and his skylarking chum, Jerry Todd.

But Andy Blake is a different type of boy. Full of fun, of course, as all spirited boys should be, but older than Poppy, and, possibly, more practical in his visions of business.

Andy has his wits about him, as the saying is. Living in a small town, where he is employed as delivery boy, he studies up on advertising, encouraged by his widowed mother. The Blakes, mother and son, are poor, so there is need of the money that Andy earns.

Then comes an opportunity, in the store, to put his advertising theories into practical use. His first advertised sale is a big success. But, inexperienced, he later makes blunders. He fights on, though, working hard, learning things every day. His two chums, Chuck and Bud, help him with his advertising campaigns. And what fun the three boys have with their ouija board sale, their “Taffy Tarts,” and their “Fresh-Roasted” coffee and peanuts!

Andy is attracted to Chicago, feeling that the city, an advertising center, offers bigger opportunities. And here, in the big advertising agency of Rollins and Hatch, he is taught by experienced advertising men to do practical work. His progress is marked by victories and defeats. But he fights on. That is his nature. And in the end he wins out.

As Andy makes friends wherever he goes, so, too, we would like to feel that he is *your* friend. Just imagine that he is standing before you, his hand outstretched. There! We knew you'd grasp it. Now you and Andy are friends—firm, fast friends. And in the years to come, as you read about him in the succeeding volumes of this series, we trust that he will do only those manly, creative things that will justify your friendship.

THE PUBLISHERS

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ANDY BLAKE

CHAPTER I ANDY, THE DELIVERY BOY

Summer came down the peaceful valley and with kindly warmth gladdened the fields and gardens made green and hardy by the magic touch of spring. It entered the hearts of men and women, and the hearts of youth, bringing laughter and contentment. It built up thoughts of *things worth struggling for* and simultaneously fanned the fires of optimism and determination.

Andy Blake was conscious of the lure of summer; and to release the joy that swelled in his heart he merrily whistled the final measures of “How you going to keep them down on the farm?” as the motor delivery wagon that he was driving rattled along Cressfield’s main street. Having completed his last delivery trip for the day he was in high feather. Soon he would be headed for home. At the thought

of supper he became keenly alive to an emptiness in the region of his stomach and opened the throttle another notch.

“Good night! From the way this old bus rattles and squeaks any one would think she was all ready to kick in,” he grinned, slowing up for the alley crossing back of the Landers general store. As he clattered across the sidewalk a boy of the same age raced up from behind and swung on.

“Hello, Chuck,” greeted Andy, making room on the seat for the newcomer.

“Hello, yourself,” puffed Chuck Wilson. “Say, who do you think you are?—Barney Oldfield?”

“I was only going twenty,” grinned Andy.

“You mean forty,” sputtered Chuck.

“Guess you don’t know this old bus very well,” returned Andy. “She *sounds* a whole lot faster than she really is.”

The car seemed to groan in every one of its rather wobbly joints as Andy applied the brakes. He was about to jump down and open the garage door, with a view of putting the car away for the night, when Denny Landers, the good-natured Irish proprietor, poked his red-thatched head out of the back door of the store and called:

“Hey, Andy! Don’t put the old bus away yet. Sure, Mrs. Charley Corey—the divil take her!—has just ’phoned in another hurry-up order. She says it’s things she’s got to have to-night. Here’s a slip with the items marked down. Better

come in and git the stuff ready. I'd have Miss Cummins do it but she's busy in the dry goods."

Andy's face was stormy as he accepted the slip. When Landers was out of sight he turned to Chuck and growled:

"Darn the Coreys, anyhow! Just because they're the richest people in town and live on the hill they think they can snap their fingers whenever they please and make other people jump around like a lot of trained monkeys."

A grin spread over Chuck's face, setting off the freckles that spotted his red nose. His eyes twinkled mischievously.

"Why don't you quit your job if you don't like it?"

"I like my job all right; but I don't like the idea of making a special trip to the hill every afternoon just about quitting time. Guess it wouldn't hurt Mrs. Corey to get her orders in on time like other people. Take it from me I'm glad all rich people aren't as bossy as the Coreys."

"Well, when you get rich, you can show us how to act," teased Chuck.

"Aw, shut up, you turkey egg," retorted Andy, disappearing into the store.

Chuck followed him to the door.

"Hey, Andy, I'll wait and go with you if you want me to."

"All right," Andy called back, somewhat mollified.

While he was putting up Mrs. Corey's order, a salesman hustled into the store and attempted to attract the attention of the busy proprietor.

"Sure, it's a divil of a fine salesman you are to come bobbin' in here the busiest hour of the day," grinned Denny Landers. "Shall we talk business and let the people wait on themselves? Or would you mind makin' yourself to home on that box over there till the rush is over?"

The salesman laughed and set his cases to one side.

"I tell you what I'll do," said he, his eyes sparkling boyishly. "Say the word and I'll jump right in and help you out. Selling groceries is 'pie' for me. Oh, boy, this is just like old times," as he yanked off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. In a moment he was behind the counter offering his services to one of the customers. For possibly an instant Denny Landers looked surprised; then returned to his work with a broad grin.

"He's a real fellow," Andy decided. "Say, boy, he's got a lot of snap! And he isn't afraid of getting his hands dirty. The boss is tickled over what he's doing and that ought to make it easier for him to get an order." It came to Andy then that salesmanship, after all, is largely a matter of service. He could plainly see that the self-appointed grocery clerk was rendering his prospective customer a service that was bound to create a friendly interest in his goods.

Andy sidled along back of the counter until he was beside the fellow.

“I hope you make a sale,” he encouraged, his eyes expressing frank admiration.

The man flashed him an answering smile as he dived into the sugar barrel.

“Thanks, kid.” Then, after a moment: “Do you have much of a call for ribbon goods?”

“Guess so. I don’t know a great deal about the dry goods, though. That’s Miss Cummins’ job. I’m on the delivery wagon mostly. Are you selling ribbons?”

“Yep. That’s my line. I see you handle pretty nearly everything in this store,” glancing around at the crowded shelves. Denny Landers was not the most orderly storekeeper in the world.

Andy grinned.

“We handle everything from peanuts to washing machines,” he said. “This is the biggest store in Cressfield.”

“So I noticed. Been working here long?”

“Started about four years ago, when I was thirteen. During school I only work mornings and evenings.”

By the time Andy had Mrs. Corey’s order ready it was nearly six o’clock.

“We’ll make it snappy,” he said to Chuck, as he positioned the spark lever and cranked the motor.

The delivery wagon clattered down Main Street, passing a group of barefooted boys who were kicking along in the dust on their way back to town after a hilarious afternoon at the swimming hole.

“Hi, Andy,” one of the boys shouted, waving his tattered straw hat.

“Give us a ride, Andy. Aw, come on.”

“Toss us something good to eat, Andy.”

The leader of the gang, a grimy-faced boy with mischief sparkling in his black eyes, jumped onto a horse block and yelled:

“Advertising Andy! The billboard king!”

“You loafers! Take it from me you have it pretty soft,” was Andy’s friendly rejoinder as he and Chuck rattled past.

Chuck grinned.

“Guess they’ve got your measure all right on this advertising stuff. You and Bud York ought to go into partnership and write ads for people.”

“Maybe we will one of these fine days,” returned Andy thoughtfully. “Bud’s pretty handy at drawing pictures. We ought to make a good team.”

“Yes, you and Bud make a good pair,” declared Chuck. “He’s forever daubing around with paints at his father’s

printing office and you stay home nights and study advertising books. Miss Dick, at the public library, says you can smell a new book on advertising or salesmanship before she gets it unpacked. What are you going to do when you've read all her books?"

"By that time I ought to know enough about advertising to get a job in the advertising department of some company. Oh, boy, I'll be happy when that time comes! It must be *great* to be able to get up ads like you see in the magazines. A fellow's got to know how to go about doing it, too. It isn't easy. The books I've been reading tell about advertising and selling campaigns, and how to write 'copy' and plan 'display,' and how to make people want to buy what you've got to sell, and everything."

"It sounds like a grind," yawned Chuck, cocking his feet on the dash. "Guess I'd rather read a 'Poppy Ott' story."

Andy turned in at the most imposing house on the hill. A boy was knocking a tennis ball about in the court between the house and the drive. He stopped to look sullenly and contemptuously at the boys on the rattling delivery car.

"Hello, sugar-monkey!" he sneered as Andy drove past. "How much are prunes to-day?"

"We're out of prunes, but we've got a few dog biscuits," retorted Andy. "How many can you gobble down at a meal?"

"Hurrah!" cheered Chuck. "You sure handed him a hot one that time, Andy, old kid."

Clarence Corey reddened.

“You fat-head! You better learn to keep a civil tongue in your head or I’ll teach you something about manners.”

“You can’t teach what you don’t know,” flared Andy.

Burning with indignation he delivered his groceries at the kitchen door. As he hopped down the steps of the back porch he saw Clarence rounding the corner, gripping the tennis racket menacingly.

“Keep an eye on him, Andy,” cautioned Chuck. “He’d swat you in a minute if he dared. Just because his Dad is an old geezer of a bank president and a church deacon, that stuck-up kid thinks he can get away with murder.”

“If I were Mother I’d quit trading at Landers’ store till he saw fit to hire decent people,” snapped Clarence darkly. He watched his chance and threw the tennis racket, striking Andy on the head as he turned to climb into the delivery wagon. “I guess that’ll teach you to be more polite to your superiors,” he jeered.

For a moment Andy was dazed by the blow; then he started forward with a cry of rage.

“You—you—” he stammered, beside himself with fury.

“Go on, get out of here, you common truck peddler! When we want your kind on the hill we’ll invite you. And take your trashy gang with you.”

“Say, who are you calling ‘trash’?” yelled Chuck, scrambling out of the delivery wagon with clenched fists.

“Leave him to me, Chuck,” gritted Andy. His quick eye lighted on the lawn hose. Like a flash he grabbed the hose and, turning the nozzle wide open, permitted a stream of cold water to play on the surprised and infuriated Clarence.

“Hey! Stop that!” yelled Clarence, trying to shield himself by holding his hands, palms outward, in front of him. “You—you lowborn puppy. If you don’t drop that hose I’ll have my father put you in jail.”

“Soak it to him good, Andy,” yelled Chuck, wild with delight.

“This isn’t half what you deserve,” gritted Andy, directing the stream so that Clarence in his white duck trousers and sport shirt was given a thorough drenching. “I ought to take you down and pound the daylights out of you. Call me sugar-monkey, will you?”

“Help! Mother! Help!” screamed Clarence. There was an answering cry from the direction of the house and Andy turned to see an angry woman flying down the steps.

“How dare you play such a wretched trick on my son?” demanded Mrs. Corey.

“He’s always picking on me, Ma,” whined Clarence, his teeth chattering.

“He started it,” declared Andy stoutly, dropping the hose.
“He called me sugar-monkey just because I work in a grocery store, and he hit me—”

“He’s lying, Ma, I didn’t do a thing. He just up and turned the hose on me.”

“When Mr. Corey returns I shall have him report you to Mr. Landers,” threatened Mrs. Corey. Andy tried again to explain, but Mrs. Corey turned indignantly away and listened sympathetically to a highly colored version of the incident from Clarence.

Andy jumped into the delivery wagon and hurriedly drove out of the yard and down the hill.

“Some mess,” he said gloomily, wondering how far Mrs. Corey could go in making trouble for him.

Chuck regarded him anxiously.

“Think she’ll get you canned?” he inquired.

“Like as not. I guess if she threatened to trade somewhere else if Landers didn’t fire me he’d do it. Darn it! I wish I had held my temper.”

On arriving at the store Andy found it empty except for Denny Landers and the ribbon salesman. It was evident that the latter had just signed up the proprietor for an order of ribbons for early delivery.

“I’m a thousand times obliged to you, Mr. Landers,” thanked the salesman, pocketing the order and gathering his samples together. He shot a smile at Andy. “That’s a pretty fine boy you’ve got there.”

A grin spread over the face of the good-natured proprietor and he nodded his head.

“Sure, you’ve said a mouthful. Andy’s a humdinger—the best boy I ever had in the store. A divil of a time I’d have runnin’ the store if it wasn’t for Andy. Eh, lad?”

Something seemed to bob up in Andy’s throat, choking him. Kind-hearted by nature and responsive to kindness, he had the miserable feeling that he had betrayed the confidence of his employer by permitting his temper to get the better of his judgment.

Denny Landers placed his rough hand in a kindly way on Andy’s shoulder.

“What the divil’s eatin’ you, lad? Sure, you look as though you’ve lost your best friend.”

Andy was utterly miserable but managed to tell his story. Contrary to his expectations Denny Landers did not appear particularly concerned.

“There, there, lad! Forget it! Sure, it’s believin’ you I am that the young ape of a Clarence Corey—bad luck to his tribe!—is deservin’ of the very excellent duckin’ you gave him. And if his old man comes beefin’ around here I’ll give him an earful. But on the other hand, Andy, sure, you

better be danged careful in the future. It's a devil of a lot of trouble you can cause me if you go around duckin' me best customers. I'd suggest that you do your scrappin' outside of business."

Chuck was waiting outside. Andy told him what had happened in the store and the two boys hurried down the street. At the corner they overtook the ribbon salesman, who grinned at Andy in a friendly way.

"If you ever get tired of living in a little town and want to come to the city I'll get you a job on the fire department—seeing as you're such a good hand at managing the hose," he joked.

"Some time I'm coming to the city, but when I do I'm not going to be a fireman," returned Andy.

"No?"

"He's going to be a billboard king," put in Chuck with a grin.

"What?"

"A billboard king. One of these advertising ginks."

The salesman laughed heartily.

"An advertising man, eh? That's fine!" He turned to Andy.
"Are you studying advertising?"

Andy explained about the books.

“I don’t know much about advertising but I just want to be an advertising man the worst way,” he said.

“Advertising is a fine business,” encouraged the salesman. “You can’t make a mistake by learning all you can about it. Pretty nearly every business has its advertising problems. I imagine you can get a lot of good dope from books; but, of course, it’s practical experience that counts. What you want to do is to stick to your books and when you’ve covered the subject in that way get a job in the advertising department of some good company. You’ll probably have to start in a small way, but if you’ve got the right kind of stuff in you—and I believe you have—you’ll make good.”

Andy’s eyes sparkled.

“Some day I want to be the advertising manager of a big company,” he confided.

“That’s the way to talk. But to do that you’ve got to *dig*. Things don’t come easy in this world—the worthwhile things, I mean. You’ll need a good practical education, too, so don’t get any foolish ideas in your head about quitting school. And even when you go to the city and take up real work, you better scout around and see if you can locate a night school. Go to the Y.M.C.A. secretary; he’ll get you started in the right direction.

“By the way, I have a little book in my bag that may interest you. It’s mostly about selling ribbons—how to put on special sales, and so on. It’s got a lot of good dope in it.” Opening his grip he produced the book and handed it to Andy, who

thanked him. “Oh, you needn’t spread yourself on the ‘thanks’ business. I’m glad to let you have the book. And I hope that one of these days you’ll be advertising manager of one of the biggest corporations in the world. Here’s where I turn for the depot. Well, good-by, boys.”

CHAPTER II

THE SUCCESSFUL RIBBON SALE

Andy Blake had lived in Cressfield all his life; and always, as far back as he could remember, he had shared with his mother the little vine-covered cottage that now came into view as he turned from Main Street into Channery Court.

One of Andy's earliest recollections was the whirl of his mother's sewing machine. The flashing nicked parts, the thump! thump! of the treadle, the flopping of the belt spelt action to his receptive mind and fascinated him. He liked to be near to watch. As he grew older he came to know the vital part this sewing machine played in the simple life of the little family, and with the knowledge a determination grew up within him to get a job, not beyond the strength of a small boy, so that he would be earning some money and thereby shorten the hours of his mother's daily toil.

Andy had no recollection of his father. Mrs. Blake rarely spoke of her husband, and the boy sensed, as he grew older, that his mother's life had not been wholly happy. His father, it seems, had been by nature a rover, always uneasily conscious of the greener grass on the more distant hill. It was his life insurance that had paid for the little cottage a few months before Andy was born.

Mrs. Blake was in the front yard gathering a bouquet when Andy reached home. She smiled happily when he dashed through the gate and up the walk.

“I’ll bet you’re as hungry as a bear,” she said, running her fingers through his curly hair.

“I’ll say I’m hungry,” returned Andy. With an arm about his mother’s waist he kept step with her until they reached the kitchen door. “Something smells awfully good,” he sniffed.

“Pshaw! You brag of my cooking so often it’s getting to be a habit,” joked his mother.

“As though you aren’t the best cook and the bulliest mother in the whole town,” returned Andy proudly.

Two days later Andy hauled a couple of big boxes from the freight house to the store and when he opened the boxes he was astonished to find that they were both filled with rolls of ribbon. There seemed to be hundreds of the rolls, of many colors and widths. He could not understand why his employer had purchased such an enormous quantity of the material.

“What the devil—” exclaimed Denny Landers when Andy called his attention to the contents of the boxes. “Sure, am I dreamin’ or is it ribbons I see by the millions of yards? Devil take the man who says I ordered all these ribbons. Wait a minute, Andy, while I take a peek at the order.” A moment later he returned with a copy of the order the salesman had left with him. His face was the picture of dismay. “Sure,

Andy, it's a big mistake I've made. The order calls for *rolls* and it ought to be *yards*. There's more stuff here than we can sell in two years. Sure, we'll send the whole shootin'-match back to the wholesale house and have them send on another shipment. That'll be easier than tryin' to pick out what we need and checkin' up everything."

Andy knew very little about ribbons but he was impressed by the beauty of the material in the two boxes. He unrolled a few feet from several of the spools and let the ribbons dangle over his coat sleeves.

"Jingo! Aren't they pretty, though? And wouldn't the girls go crazy over the stuff? I wonder—" The thought that flashed into his mind caused him to catch his breath.

"Gee-miny! Why can't *we* have a ribbon sale? That would be better than sending the stuff back. I could fix up an ad for the *Gazette*; and we could have a ribbon display in the window just like it tells about in the little book the salesman gave me."

When Denny Landers heard Andy's proposition he scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Sure, Andy, do you think we can do it?"

"I'm *sure* we can, Mr. Landers," assured Andy enthusiastically. "You know how everybody reads the *Gazette*; and if we fix up an ad telling about the ribbons, and have some on display in the window, we'll have every woman and girl in town wanting to buy them."

“It’s a devil of a lot I don’t know about advertising, Andy.”

“Oh, I’ll do that, Mr. Landers. I *want* to do it. I’m just tickled to death to get the chance. And I’ll get Chuck Wilson to help me on the window and Bud York and I’ll work out a blinger of an ad for the newspaper.”

Denny Landers smiled whimsically.

“Sure, it’s a bug you are on this advertising stuff, I see. Advertising Andy! Well, lad, pitch in. I’m willin’ to take a whirl at it if you fix up the advertising. And what we don’t sell we’ll send back.”

It was plain that Landers had no great measure of confidence in the possible success of Andy’s proposed sale. He had built up his business by dint of hard work and long hours. No one had tried to show him how he could use advertising to increase sales or give prestige to his business. In fact he knew very little about advertising, except as it came to his attention in a casual way.

That night after supper Andy pocketed his ribbon book and hurried down to the *Gazette* office to tell his friend Bud York about the scheme. Bud’s father was editor and manager of Cressfield’s weekly newspaper, and as Bud frequently helped his father set type for the advertisements that appeared in the newspaper, Andy figured that he would be able to offer some good suggestions regarding the proposed ribbon advertisement. As he turned in at the printing office he encountered Chuck Wilson.

“Why all the rush?” inquired Chuck.

“Fall in behind and you’ll find out,” returned Andy.

Bud had a little studio fixed up back of the pressroom, and it was here that Andy and Chuck found him, bent over his drawing board.

“What’s this?—a delegation?” he grinned, when the two boys tumbled into his room and made seats for themselves by brushing a pile of his drawings from a dry-goods box to the floor.

“I’ve got a regular old bell-ringer of a scheme, Bud,” Andy began; and then told in detail about the ribbons. Bud was interested immediately, because he, too, was making a study of advertising, though from a different angle. It was his ambition to become a commercial illustrator.

“Why, it ought to be a cinch to sell the ribbons,” he enthused. “You bet I’ll help you fix up the ad.”

“I’d like to help, but I don’t know anything about writing ads,” put in Chuck.

“Oh, I’ve got a dandy job for you,” returned Andy, and explained about the window display.

“Say, this is going to be *great!*” exclaimed Chuck, his eyes sparkling. “I guess we’ll show up some of the old fogies in town who are trying to do business to-day the same as they did twenty years ago. We’ll show ’em how to put jazz into a sale.”

“What I’d like to do, fellows, is to put on a sale that will cause everybody in town to sit up and take notice. A lot of people think that boys can’t do such things, but I believe *we* can do it,” said Andy with conviction.

“We sure can,” said Bud confidently.

“The first thing to do is to plan the newspaper ad,” said Andy. “This afternoon I talked with Miss Cummins about the ribbons and she gave me a lot of good stuff. She showed me the difference between silk messaline and silk taffeta and helped me write down a list of things that ribbons are used for. And I fixed it up with Mr. Landers to engage Miss Brown, the seamstress, to make a lot of fancy bags and knick-knacks out of ribbon to exhibit with the ribbons. She’s got women’s magazines that tell all about how to make that kind of truck. When we exhibit the things made of ribbon, the women’ll all want to buy some ribbon to make some, too. I’ve got a list of the things she’s made and the kind of ribbon they’re made of, so we can put it in the ad.”

“Maybe if we put on a few ribbon sales we can all hire out as dressmakers,” put in Bud. A moment later he disappeared in the direction of the office and returned with three scratch pads and a large sheet of white paper which he tacked on his drawing board. “We’ll use this for a layout,” he explained.

Andy produced his notes.

“In the first place, fellows, I figure we’ve got to get a thought into the copy that will make the people feel that the ribbons

have been secured as a service to them rather than have them feel that the ribbons were unloaded on Landers and he in turn plans to unload them on the people.”

“That’s clear enough,” said Bud, making a note of the suggestion. “The first fellow who suggests a title for the ad on the order of ‘We are overstocked and must unload at a sacrifice’ will have to buy a round of root beer.”

“Then, too,” continued Andy, “the ribbons are quality goods, and we want to make the people feel that. Otherwise they might think that Landers secured a lot of seconds or something, seeing as a sale is something entirely new in his business.”

“Correct,” from Bud.

“Also, we want to make the people feel that the ribbons are worth the price—and that we have lots of different kinds and colors—ribbons for all kinds of purposes. Women like to read detailed descriptions; so we’ll spread ourselves when it comes to writing about quality, colors and so on. That’s where the dope from Miss Cummins and Miss Brown comes in; and we want to make a display line of the date of the sale.”

“When did you say it’s going to come off?” asked Bud.

“Friday and Saturday. I figure that we will attract the town people Friday and the country people Saturday. The *Gazette* comes out Thursday—day after to-morrow—so we’ll have to get busy on the ad to-night.”

Chuck scrambled to his feet, waving his pad. "I've got a peach of a title, fellows. Just listen to this:

'A RIOT OF RIBBONS.'"

"Oh, oh!" groaned Bud, holding his head as though it pained him. "Quick! Some one call a doctor!"

"Rotten," said Andy. "You poor fish, don't you realize we've got to put 'class' into this sale? We're playing up the quality of the goods. Our appeal will be 'desire to possess' rather than 'money saving.' 'A riot of ribbons' sounds snappy, but it suggests a disorderly mass of stuff."

"I've got it," cried Bud. "Look, fellows!" With Andy and Chuck at his elbows he lettered on the layout sheet:

THE FIRST RIBBON SHOW IN CRESSFIELD

"Now, we're getting down to business," encouraged Andy. "You've got the right idea, Bud. What we want to do is to make the women want to *see* the ribbons. Once they see them they'll want to buy. I like the sound of a 'ribbon show.' When you want to interest people in a proposition you want to make it interesting from their standpoint and keep the 'we' out of it."

"This is getting awfully deep," put in Chuck, scratching his head, a wry smile on his freckled face.

The boys worked on the advertisement for more than two hours, using the notes about the various ribbons and their uses that Andy had obtained from Miss Cummins

and Miss Brown. They were careful in selecting words and shaping their sentences so as to make the advertisement tell exactly what they wanted it to tell. Also they kept away from using big words, realizing that while an unusual word might draw attention it was better by far to use simple words and typographical effects in order to keep the attention of the reader centered on the ribbons.

In making the layout Bud explained its purpose to Chuck, pointing out that, if some sort of a rough sketch, or layout, of the proposed advertisement were not provided, the printer would be unable to set the type properly and otherwise get the advertisement ready for production.

“The layout,” explained Bud, “is intended to give the size of the ad, the kinds and sizes of type desired, the width and general structure of the type lines, the location of illustrations and things like that.”

As the boys were about to break up for the night Andy suggested that they give the copy a final careful reading.

“All right, here she is,” returned Bud.

THE FIRST RIBBON SHOW IN CRESSFIELD

is to be staged at our store Friday and Saturday. The ladies of Cressfield are invited to view the most unusual exhibit of ribbon loveliness ever displayed in this town.

There are bolts and bolts of lustrous ribbons that are a joy to touch—soft, clinging messalines, crisp taffetas, thick-piled velvets, rich satins. They come in every conceivable shade; it seems as if every flower, every rainbow tinge, every sunset glow were pictured in these billowing yards of pink, light blue, navy, Alice blue, cardinal, emerald, brown, purple, old rose, gray, turquoise, violet, cerise, burnt orange, lavender, maize, tan.

BRING OUT THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES WITH A BIT OF RIBBON

Every woman in Cressfield is invited to make this interesting experiment. Pick out from this wonderful collection of colors a shade slightly deeper than the shade of your eyes—copenhagen, sky, turquoise, royal or violet for Miss Blue Eyes and one of the rich browns for her dark-eyed sister—hold it near your eyes and look in the mirror. You may be surprised at the added beauty the color of the ribbon brings to your eyes.

When you have found the color that brings out the color of your eyes most effectually, plan touches of that color in your costumes from this fascinating array of ribbons.

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED THIS WITH A BIT OF RIBBON?

An interesting feature of this unique exhibit is a number of fancy-work models of beautiful novelties made of

these ribbons. You can examine the models and copy them in ribbon from those on sale.

For an exquisite foundation for your sheer georgette blouse, shir the edges of wide fancy silk messaline or taffeta and sew on shoulder straps. See the models on display and ask for nine and three-quarter inch flowered messaline or taffeta from the assortment of

Fancy ribbons in floral and conventional designs in widths of $5\frac{3}{4}$, $6\frac{1}{4}$, $8\frac{3}{4}$ and $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches, at 45c. to 98c. per yard.

For shoulder straps for the above ask for one-inch satin in a harmonizing color from the assortment of

Heavy satin-faced, taffeta-backed ribbons in widths ranging from 7-16 inch to $5\frac{1}{4}$; inches, at 5c. to 49c. per yard.

Make a dainty boudoir cap of shirred four-inch messaline. See the model on display and ask for a piece of your favorite color from the assortment of

All-silk messaline ribbon, in widths ranging from 4 to $5\frac{7}{8}$ inches, at 25c. to 39c. per yard.

For a very novel and dainty effect for your little girl's hair bow embroider the ends in silk floss. Button-holing and French knots are very effective. See the model on display and delight your little girl by letting her choose a pretty shade from the assortment of

Heavy all-silk taffeta special hair-bow ribbon with fancy satin edge, $5\frac{1}{8}$ inches wide, at 35c. per yard.

For the newest and prettiest of girdles to beautify a new or old dress, try the fascinating new double-faced ribbon which comes in one color on one side and a contrasting color on the other. The girdle can be twisted loosely to give the double color effect and the ends knotted or decorated with colored beads. See the model on display and ask to see the assortment of

Double-faced, two-color satin ribbon in widths from $\frac{5}{8}$ inch to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, at 19c. to 48c. per yard.

Trim your new hat or freshen your old one by putting on the ribbon streamers that are so popular in the smartest millinery shops in the large cities. Ask for the assortment of

Silk grosgrain picot-edged ribbon in widths from $\frac{5}{8}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, at 20c. to 35c. per yard.

For other suggestions, see other ribbon-made articles on display. These include party bags, sewing bags, lingerie holders, handkerchief and glove cases, bedroom slippers and other fascinating bits of daintiness and beauty.

NOW IS THE TIME TO MAKE YOUR RIBBON PURCHASES

A survey of the ribbon market indicates a trend toward higher prices. We suggest, therefore, that you plan your ribbon requirements for the next six months and make your selection while we have on sale the largest and most varied stock of ribbons ever shown in Cressfield.

ALL DAY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

The ribbons will be on sale Friday and Saturday. Should you desire to inspect the entire display, be sure to come as early as possible Friday morning.

THE LANDERS GENERAL STORE

“It’s a pretty fine ad, I’ll say,” declared Andy. “I’ll tell you, though, I never could have gotten in all that feminine dope if it hadn’t been for Miss Brown. She spied it off to me by the yard, and all I had to do was to write it down.”

“I’ll say it’s a fine ad,” said Bud. “It would be better if we had some classy illustrations, but we haven’t time to work up anything special. We’ll have to make it an ‘all-type’ ad. I’ll turn the copy and layout over to Dad the first

thing in the morning. To-morrow noon the proofs will be ready, so be sure and stop in to see if they are O.K.”

“And to-morrow night, right after supper, we’ll get busy on the window,” planned Andy.

The windows of Denny Landers’ store were ill-fitted for display purposes and the boys had a time arranging the ribbons to their satisfaction. Landers had never looked upon his windows as a factor in creating business. Rather, he had formed the shiftless habit of making them a catchall for miscellaneous cut-outs sent to him by jobbing houses. About a dozen of these cut-outs were discarded by the boys in preparing their window. The window lacked a background; so they made one of wall-board pieces, about three feet high. The front of the wall-board was covered with white cheesecloth, plaited and paneled with ribbons. A representative assortment of the ribbons was arranged in the foreground. Bud’s window card stated:

THESE RIBBONS WILL BE PLACED ON SALE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

A number of women came into the store Thursday morning and indicated a desire to purchase some of the ribbons, but Miss Cummins tactfully explained that the sale did not begin until the following morning. News travels fast in small towns, and soon the ribbons were receiving some very effective word-of-mouth advertising. Late that afternoon the *Cressfield Gazette* came off the press, and the full-page advertisement that the boys had prepared intensified the

interest. Andy, Chuck and Bud made it a point to stroll by the store that night, and they were all in high feather when they noticed the many groups that paused to see the ribbon display. The boys were confident that the sale was going to be a success.

And it was. Women and girls flocked into the store, attracted by the ribbons, and when they left they carried away the particular ribbon that pleased them most. Miss Cummins was swamped and glad beyond words when Chuck and Bud got behind the counter and helped out. Andy was so excited he could hardly work. His delivery trips that day were made in record-breaking time and about every fifteen minutes he would dash into the store to see how things were coming along.

When the store was closed Friday night hardly a dozen yards of ribbon were left. This was unfortunate, in a way, because the country people, who did not get their newspaper until Friday morning, would come to town Saturday to make their ribbon purchases. Andy estimated that twice as many ribbons could have been sold as had been received in the two boxes. When he pointed this out to Landers, the latter grinned.

“Sure, it’s playin’ in tough luck we are not to have received *four* boxes. Eh, lad?”

“Jingo! I wish we had received four boxes,” returned Andy.

When he received his pay Saturday night he found he had been given an extra three dollars.

“It’s a raise in pay,” grinned the proprietor. “Sure, I got to thinkin’ you ought to be gettin’ more money, seein’ as how you’re my advertising manager. And here’s a five-dollar bill, Andy. I want you to split it with your two cronies—meanin’ the freckled Wilson kid and Abe York’s boy.”

There was a mist in Andy’s eyes.

“I just guess, Mr. Landers,” he burst out, “I’m the happiest kid in seventeen states. I’ve had the feeling right along that I could make a success of advertising if I had half a chance, and now I know it.”

“This has been such a divil of a fine sale I’m thinkin’ we’ll be havin’ more of them,” decided the proprietor. “Sure, and if we do it’s going to be your job to fix up the advertising. I’m beginnin’ to see that there’s something to this advertising stuff, Andy. And I guess it’s better for the business to have a display of goods in the window than a lot of trash. Sure, we live and learn.”

Bud was busy at his drawing board when Andy burst in upon him with a wildly enthusiastic account of his good fortune. For a moment Bud was startled.

“Isn’t it great, Bud? Oh, isn’t it *great*? And he called me his *advertising manager*! And he’s going to let me put on special sales right along.”

“Say, where do you get that ‘me’ stuff?” demanded Bud, with a grin. “Fork over that five bones, you poor nut, and we’ll hunt up Chuck and have an ice-cream party. If

you're going to try and hog all the glory, I guess I'll hold out for my share of the money."

Andy's happiness carried through until Monday morning and he showed up at the store in high spirits. But his heart sank as he met an angry-looking man coming out of the store. It was Mr. Corey. Clarence Corey was waiting for his father in a car at the curb. His face darkened when he saw Andy.

"Ya! Ya!" making a face. "You're going to catch it."

In Andy's enthusiasm over the sale he had forgotten about the trouble he had had with the Coreys. He found Denny Landers standing just inside the door, arms akimbo. The usually good-natured face was stormy. His tousled hair and flashing eyes gave him the appearance of a tantalized setting hen. Miss Cummins, from her station back of the dry-goods counter, was plainly excited. Evidently Mr. Corey's mission to the store had caused an exciting moment.

The proprietor's eyes lighted on the faltering Andy.

"Sure, it's a fine lot of trouble you've got me into," he railed noisily.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Landers. Did—did Mr. Corey ask you to fire me?"

The proprietor sniffed.

"Did he *ask* me? Sure, he did *not* ask me. He just *ordered* me to tie a can on you."

Andy gulped and turned to leave. Tears stung his eyes and his lips trembled.

“Where the divil are you goin’?” demanded the irate Irishman. “Sure, you ain’t leavin’ me, I hope?”

Miss Cummins fluttered forward.

“Don’t you think of leaving, Andy. Oh, how I wish you could have been here and heard all the perfectly wonderful things Mr. Landers told Mr. Corey about you. He said he would rather lose *all* the hill trade than lose you, and—”

“Git to work, both of you,” ordered Denny Landers with assumed roughness. “Sure, this ain’t no danged soldiers’ home. This is an honest-to-goodness, free American store and we don’t bob up and down on a stick for even his excellency, Mr. Money-Bags Corey. Git to work, I say—both of you!”

CHAPTER III

MR. HAZZEL DECIDES TO ACT

Andy's ribbon sale, an innovation in Cressfield's merchandising circles, did two definite things:

It gave Denny Landers a new viewpoint on advertising, as a potent factor in the building up of his business; and it set the other merchants in the little town to talking and speculating.

Hitherto Landers and his fellow merchants had advertised in the *Gazette* in a spasmodic, half-hearted way, as though they were of the opinion that it was a duty, necessary to the life scheme of the struggling weekly newspaper, rather than an opportunity.

So Andy's full-page ribbon advertisement, and the success that accompanied the sale, created something of a furor up and down Main Street. It set the minds of Landers' competitors agog, and started other merchants to thinking in terms of creative advertising. A few were antagonistic to the new order of things, principal among them Mr. J. P. Hazzel, the pompous and portly proprietor of Cressfield's oldest and most conservative retail store.

On Thursday evening, in the week following the appearance of Andy's ribbon advertisement, Mr. Hazzel settled into his

chair at the supper table and unfolded his newspaper. Following the habit of years, he turned to page three where his two-inch, double-column “announcement” usually appeared in the lower right-hand corner. What was his amazement to find another Landers’ advertisement staring him in the face. This “broom sale” advertisement was the biggest thing in the newspaper. Anger and resentment gripped the man as he read it.

“Andy Blake wrote that advertisement,” informed Mrs. Hazzel from the head of the table as she poured the tea. “I hear tell as how Landers is going to let him put on Friday and Saturday sales each week.”

“Landers’ll find himself in the poorhouse if he goes lettin’ a seventeen-year-old boy with crazy advertising ideas run his business,” sputtered Hazzel. “It’s plumb foolishness.”

“Maybe it’s foolishness, and maybe it isn’t,” put in Mrs. Hazzel pointedly.

Hazzel permitted his scowl to travel across the table.

“What do you mean?” he demanded sharply.

“Well, wasn’t Andy’s ribbon sale a success?” his wife countered. “It was *bound* to be a success—I knew it as soon as I picked up the *Gazette* last week and read his advertisement. There was something about the advertising that just made me *want* to go down town to Landers’ store and see those ribbons. And this broom sale is going to be a success, too. Look at the big saving: a sixty-cent broom for

forty-six cents. I feel like going down to-morrow and buying some of the brooms myself.”

Hazzel stared at his wife in angry amazement.

“You’re talkin’ foolishness,” he growled. “I tell you this thing can’t keep up. Every one of those page ads costs Landers fourteen dollars. What if he does sell more stuff than he would if he didn’t advertise? It takes the profit on a good many dollars to pay for a fourteen-dollar ad. Besides, his sales will fall off later on, due to his customers buyin’ ahead.”

“And so will *your* sales fall off if his do,” pointed out Mrs. Hazzel quickly. “Certainly if the people stock up on brooms to-morrow and Saturday you won’t sell one-tenth as many during the next six months as you ordinarily would.”

When aroused to a point of indignation Hazzel had a habit of puffing out his red cheeks. Just now he appeared to be very much inflated.

“If you’re tryin’ to argue me into advertising you might just as well save your breath,” he sputtered. “I built up my business without advertising and I ain’t goin’ to spend my money for something I don’t need. If I handle good merchandise and deal honestly and courteously with my customers, printed advertising is unnecessary.”

Mrs. Hazzel sighed. She had much of that progressive spirit that her husband seemingly lacked, and this was not the first

time she had tried to argue him from his conservative stronghold.

“I’ve heard you say that a thousand times. But with Landers advertising these special sales, conditions are going to be different. I think you ought to advertise, too.”

“Well, I won’t,” snapped Hazzel stubbornly.

“No; you’d rather have a chit of a boy get the start of you and take the business right from under your nose,” was his wife’s parting shot as she disappeared into the kitchen.

When darkness settled in and the elm trees along upper Main Street seemed to harbor goblinlike shadows, Hazzel strolled down town. His attention was attracted by several people grouped about the display window of the Landers store. Sensing that the attraction had something to do with the broom sale he crossed over. The window, he found, was cleverly decorated with a “Mother Goose” cut-out, astride a broom. A window card read:

MOTHER GOOSE KNOWS A GOOD BROOM WHEN SHE SEES IT. THAT IS WHY SHE USES ONE OF OUR BARGAIN BROOMS TO SWEEP THE COBWEBS OFF THE SKY. WHY NOT DO *YOUR* “BRUSHING” WITH ONE OF OUR BROOMS AND SAVE MONEY? REGULAR 60C. BROOMS ON SALE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AT 46C. EACH.

“Huh! Some more of Andy Blake’s work, I suppose,” grunted Hazzel as he stomped along toward home. Even after he was in bed his thoughts centered on the coming broom sale. He had the feeling that if Landers persisted in advertising he, too, would be compelled to advertise. At length a happy thought came to him and he dropped to sleep with a chuckle.

CHAPTER IV

FROM BROOMS TO OUIJA BOARDS

The following morning Mr. Hazzel bustled into his store bright and early. Under his directions one of the clerks knocked the heads from four barrels and placed the barrels in front of the store. Then Hazzel and the clerk carried brooms by the armful until the four barrels were crammed. The following sign was attached to the awning:

BROOMS
44c.

THESE ARE BETTER BROOMS THAN YOU WILL PAY 46c. FOR AT SO-CALLED SALES

“There, I guess that’ll fix Landers,” chuckled Hazzel, arranging the sign so that any one passing into the Landers’ store across the street could easily read it. “If the people want to buy bargain brooms, I guess they’ll buy where they’re the cheapest. I’ll get the business and Landers’ll have the fun of payin’ for the advertising. He won’t be so quick to advertise special sales after this.”

Chuck Wilson was around that morning an hour before his usual time. Having helped Andy arrange the “Mother Goose” window display in Landers’ window, he was much interested in the broom sale. When he saw Hazzel’s sign his eyes grew big and round and he scooted across the street. As he tumbled pell-mell into the Landers store Andy grabbed him by the collar.

“Chuck, you’re the very fellow I want to see. I’ve arranged with Mr. Landers for you to do my ‘trick’ on the delivery wagon while I stay here in the store and help sell the brooms. Oh, boy! This is going to be a busy place in an hour or so. That little old ad that you and Bud helped me work out for yesterday’s *Gazette* is attracting all kinds of attention.”

“The sale’s going to be a fizzle,” cut in Chuck excitedly.

Andy regarded his companion narrowly.

“Say, how do you get that way? A fizzle? Not so you notice it, you poor fish. Why, the *Gazette* was hardly off the press yesterday afternoon before we had a dozen or more telephone calls from women asking us to save them brooms. That’s a pretty fair indication that the sale is going to be a success, I’ll say. Of course we may not sell all the thousand brooms we have in stock; but if we sell seven hundred or eight hundred the sale will be a money-maker. And still you come kicking in here like a buffalo on a stampede and yell ‘fizzle’! You’re crazy!”

“Well, you just squint across the street at the sign on old Hazzel’s awning and I guess you’ll say the same thing,”

sputtered Chuck.

When Andy saw the barrels of brooms and the sign he was nonplused.

“The old cheat!” he exclaimed impetuously.

Denny Landers scratched his tousled head when he learned of the scheme of his competitor to cut in on the broom sale.

“Sure, we can get back at him and undersell him by markin’ our brooms down to forty-two cents,” he suggested.

Andy shook his head doubtfully.

“I don’t believe that would be good business. We’ve advertised the brooms at forty-six cents, and it would seem to me that if we made another cut, just to compete with Hazzel, the people will lose confidence in us. They’ll wonder why we didn’t price the brooms at forty-two cents in the first place.”

“I believe you’re right, lad,” said the Irishman slowly. “Sure, we’ll stand by our price of forty-six cents. And it’s thinkin’ I am that maybe the brooms’ll move, regardless of the exceptional inducements of the magnanimous gentleman across the street. Maybe the people will not be so kindly disposed toward his little scheme to spoil our sale as he figures. I’m a bit dense on this advertising stuff, Andy; but I’ve learned from experience that the public appreciates fair dealing and resents one merchant ‘knocking’ another. It strikes me that Hazzel’s scheme is more of a ‘knock’ on our

brooms than a ‘boost’ for his own. I may be wrong. We’ll just stand our ground and see how the thing pans out.”

Andy was hopeful that the sale would be a success, as Landers was inclined to predict, but at the same time he was oppressed with anxiety. He was soon to learn that the human mind can be influenced as readily by sentiment as by logic. Certainly Hazzel’s efforts to induce the people to purchase his brooms was not entirely satisfactory. Women who frequently traded at his store stiffened indignantly when they read the sign, entirely ignoring its logical, money-saving appeal.

“Huh!” one lady exclaimed with flashing eyes. “I’d rather pay Landers two cents more than I would to buy my broom from *him*. He cut the price on his brooms because he had to; Landers did it voluntarily, to help us save money.”

Chuck Wilson and Bud York dropped into the store when Landers and Andy were about to close and call it a week. Upon learning that eight hundred and sixty brooms had been sold, Bud gave a joyful shout and pegged his cap at a June bug circling around the brilliant electric light.

“Oh, boy! *Some* sale!”

“I just met old Hazzel on his way home,” put in Chuck gleefully, “and he was stomping along as sourlike as you please. I said: ‘Good evening, Mr. Hazzel! Hope you had good luck with your broom sale,’ and he glared at me.”

Denny Landers overheard this and grinned. As he passed to the rear of the store he stumbled over a stepladder and knocked an article from the shelves.

Ka-bump! Ka-bump! Bump! Bump! Bump!

“Divil take the fellow who left that ladder there,” sputtered Landers, recovering his balance.

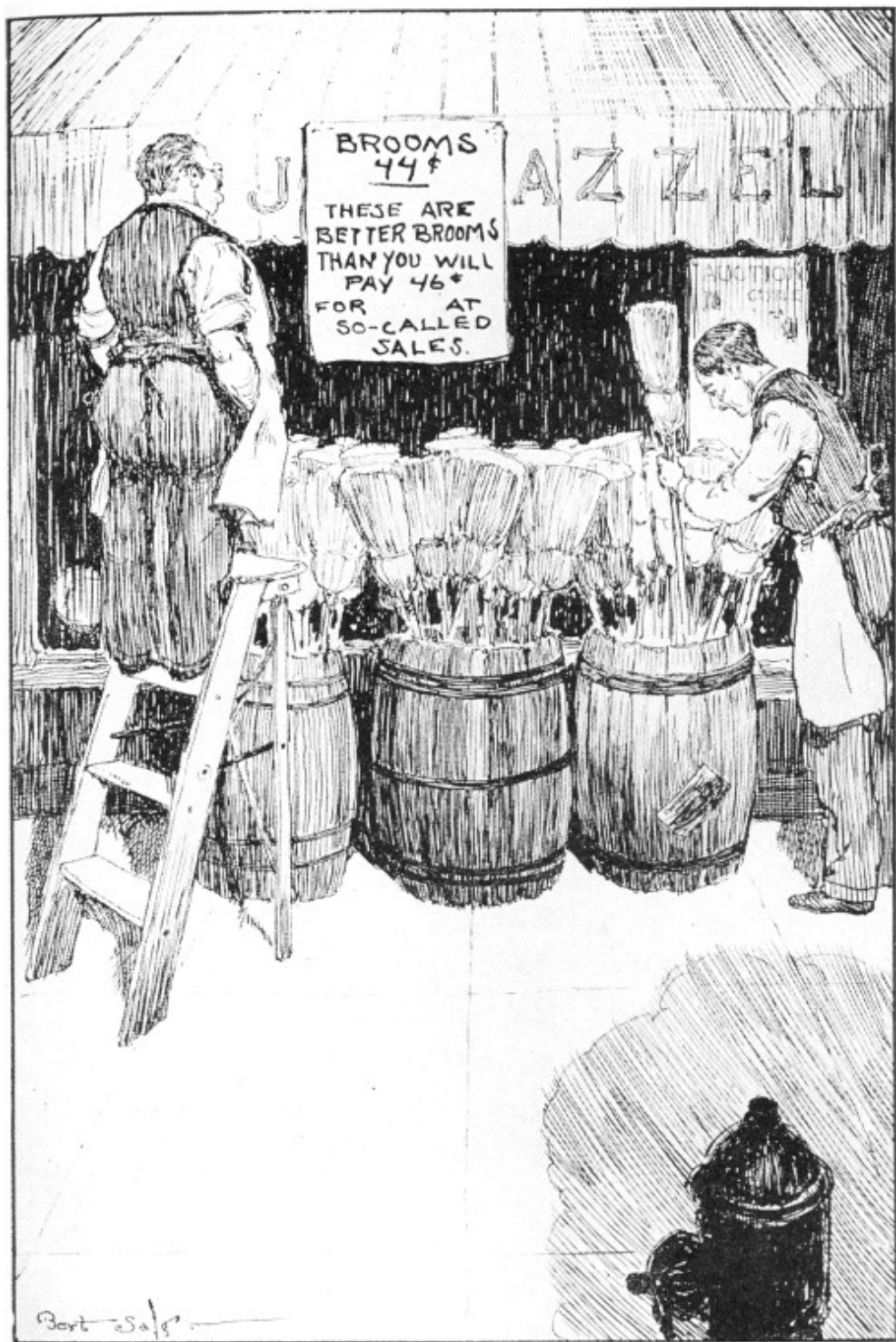
“Did you hurt yourself, Mr. Landers?” inquired Andy, pausing in his task of covering counters in the front part of the store to make sure that the clatter and exclamation indicated no real damage.

“Sure, and I damaged my dignity considerable,” retorted Landers, turning to pick up the article that had been knocked down.

“One of the danged ouija boards,” he growled. A scowl clouded his face as his thoughts turned back to the previous autumn when a glib-tongued salesman had persuaded him to put in a stock of ouija boards, pointing out that the country was ouija board crazy and that the boards, being a novelty, would move rapidly during the holidays. Of the hundred boards that he had purchased, ninety-seven were still collecting dust on the shelves.

As he stood there, with the ouija board in his hand, a thought flashed into his mind that changed his scowl to a whimsical smile. Here was a chance for Andy! His pride in his promising young assistant did not prevent him from enjoying

a joke at Andy's expense. His eyes twinkled as he crooked a beckoning finger.



Bert S. 1/8

“It’s a real job that I’ve got for you now, Mr. Advertising Andy. Sure, we’re goin’ to have a ouija board sale.”

Andy stared at Landers for a moment and then burst into a hearty laugh.

“You really mean it?” he questioned, his eyes sparkling.

Landers hadn’t; but Andy’s spontaneous enthusiasm fired his own. After all, why not? Let the boy see what he could do.

“Sure,” he affirmed, with a grin. “The danged things cost me seventy-six dollars, and it’s a happy man I’d be to git rid of them at a dollar each. Hazzel said when I bought them that he’d never fill up *his* store with a lot of junk like them, and he’s been givin’ me the laugh ever since. Let’s show him once more what a little advertising can do, Andy boy.”

Andy chuckled. He shared Landers’ dislike for the pompous owner of Cressfield’s other general store.

“All right, Mr. Landers, we’ll do it,” said he emphatically. Still chuckling, he called to Chuck and Bud, who were in the front part of the store swatting flies. “Hey, fellows, come here.”

He climbed up the stepladder and handed down several of the ouija boards, blowing the dust in Chuck’s face.

“What are they?” coughed Chuck. “Wooden valentines?”

“They’re ouija boards. They tell you all about who you’re going to marry and how many grandchildren you’re going to have and things like that,” grinned Andy as he hopped down. “Here, let me show you how to do it. See, you place the tips of your fingers on the little heart-shaped thing and ask a question. Pretty soon it begins moving and answers your question.”

“Some one ask a question,” suggested Chuck.

“All right,” returned Andy, winking at Bud. “Here’s a good one: ‘Ouija, will Chuck Wilson ever have any brains?’” Almost instantly the board pointed to “no.”

“Aw, shucks, you moved it,” said Chuck disgustedly.

Bud scratched his head.

“Are you giving the straight dope about wanting us to sell this junk?” he asked, turning to Landers.

“I’ll be grateful to the man who helps me git rid of the danged things,” returned Landers earnestly. “Sure, I’ve tried to sell them time and again but they seem to be about as popular as a small boy with the measles.”

“You’ve handed us a real job,” said Bud. “I can think of things to say to interest people in ribbons and brooms, but I’ll be hanged if I know anything favorable to say about a ouija board.”

“We’ll think about it overnight and get together to-morrow,” suggested Andy. “If there’s a way to sell ouija boards without

getting into jail or the insane asylum, we'll find it."

CHAPTER V

OUIJA LIFTS THE VEIL

Andy was too tired to give much thought that night to how he was going to sell the ouija boards. Two minutes after he crawled into bed he was sound asleep. But the next morning as soon as he was awake he began revolving the proposition in his mind.

On the way to church he told his mother about the ouija boards, and she was amused at his perplexity.

“Maybe Mr. Landers is having a joke at your expense,” she suggested.

“No-o,” said Andy slowly. “He isn’t joking. You see, Mother, he has a lot of money tied up in the ouija boards. Unless he can sell the ouija boards and get his money back, it’s just like throwing that much money in a deep well where it does nobody any good. He’s sincere in wanting us to sell the ouija boards. Gee! I suppose there *is* a way to do it, but I can’t figure it out.”

“Well, you better put the ouija boards out of your mind till after Sunday school,” Mrs. Blake suggested, as they came to the church and quietly entered and took seats.

Andy struggled to carry out this suggestion, but many times during the course of the morning sermon his thoughts trailed away. He reviewed the ribbon and broom sales. The fundamental appeal of the ribbon advertising was a “desire to possess.” In the broom advertising the basic appeal was “money saving.” Certainly these appeals would not apply to the ouija boards.

“Did you enjoy the sermon, Andy?” his mother inquired gently, when the service was over and Andy was about to head for the Sunday-school room.

He flushed.

“Why, I—I—” he stammered.

“Aren’t you ashamed?” his mother reproved. “I knew you weren’t listening to the sermon. Why, Andy! All the time you were thinking of those old ouija boards.”

“I guess you’d keep thinking of them, too, if you had the job of selling them,” returned Andy, a humorous expression lighting up his face.

“It looks pretty much like an impossibility,” said Bud that afternoon when the three boys met by appointment in his little studio in the *Gazette* building. “How can we hope to interest people in ouija boards when we can’t truthfully say they’ll do what they’re supposed to do?”

“I guess the ouija board is a fake, all right,” agreed Andy. “Certainly, I wouldn’t want to go on record as claiming that it will actually do mysterious things. Maybe a spirit juggles

the little heart-shaped jigger around, but I don't believe it. If the thing would move without some one touching it, then I'd say its answers amounted to something."

"You say there are people who actually believe in it?" asked Bud.

"Mrs. Clarke does. Landers sold her one of the ouija boards last fall, and I understand she sits with her fingers on the blamed thing for hours at a time."

"And it moves for her of its own accord?"

"She says it does."

"Any one else in town got one?"

"Landers sold three. The other two were bought by kids, just to have fun with at parties, I guess."

Bud shook his head with a wry smile, then appeared to be lost in thought.

"One thing," said Andy, "we've got to stick to the truth. If we make even the suggestion of a claim that there is something spooky about the ouija board, we've got to do it in a joking way. My idea would be to get out a handbill about twelve by sixteen inches with a picture of a magician at the top and then follow with humorous copy outlining the interesting features of the ouija board. For instance, we could have a subhead, 'If you want to make the girls love you, consult Ouija,' or, 'If Ouija says it's going to rain, carry an

umbrella and save your Sunday hat.’ I believe we could work up a lot of stuff that would be real funny.”

“But would it *sell* the blamed things?” questioned Bud thoughtfully. “I can see where it would make people laugh; but wouldn’t they laugh *at* us instead of *with* us? You know that’s one thing you *don’t* want to do in advertising—get the other fellow laughing *at* you.”

“What’s your suggestion?” inquired Andy.

“Haven’t any. It looks to me like a hopeless proposition to try and create a demand for an article so absolutely useless as a ouija board. No one needs it. As an ornament it’s nil. You can’t use it without faking, because it doesn’t do the things of its own accord.”

“That’s true,” said Andy. “But the fact remains that we’ve got the ouija boards to sell and we might as well get busy. Make a rough layout of the handbill, Bud, with a real spooky-looking gink at the top gazing at a crystal or something. Then we’ll decide on a heading and work up the copy.”

Bud busied himself with the sketch, plainly enjoying the work.

“How’s that?” he asked after a while, tilting back in his chair.

“Fine,” complimented Andy. “Looks like a real Hindoo magician.”

“What’s he squinting in the manhole for?” inquired Chuck, bending over the drawing board.

“What manhole?” scowled Bud.

“Why, ain’t that round thing a manhole?”

“You poor nut! That’s a crystal. Haven’t you got any imagination?”

Chuck grinned. He was in his glory when he had Bud angry.

“Sure I’ve got imagination,” he returned easily. “And my imagination tells me that as an artist you’d make a second-class plumber. You’d ought to get a job painting railroad bridges.” Then he ducked as Bud made a swat at his nose with a paint brush.

“I’ve got a crackerjack of a title, fellows,” said Andy.

OUIJA LIFTS THE VEIL

“What does ‘Ouija lifts the veil’ mean?” Chuck asked.

“Well, it doesn’t mean a great deal of anything, except that it sounds mysterious and suggests the disclosing of secrets and things like that. It sort of has ‘atmosphere.’”

“I’ve got a better title than that,” grinned Chuck.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A OUIJA BOARD?

“Go bury yourself in a deserted graveyard,” put in Bud.
“Andy’s heading is the best.” And he lettered it on the layout
beneath the illustration. “Now, how about the copy?”

Andy scribbled the length of several scratchpad sheets, then
cried:

“Here’s a good start, fellows.”

OUIJA LIFTS THE VEIL

The secrets of the ages are unfolded before you. Ouija
lifts the veil and permits you to explore the borderland of
the unknown, the dim mysterious region that lies
between mind and matter.

Whatever problem confronts you—social, industrial,
religious—consult Ouija.

If you want to know when you are going to be married,
ask Ouija.

Ouija will tell you what horse is destined to win the race,
what baseball team will carry home the pennant, what
makes your apples fall off the trees before they get ripe,
and why your neighbor lets his chickens scratch up your
garden.

All this Ouija will tell you, and more. If your automobile
has a knock in one of the cylinders, Ouija will tell you

just where to look for the trouble and thus enable you to save on your garage bills.

Consult Ouija if your jelly won't "jell." If your husband has the "lodge" habit, a little advice from Ouija will enable you to keep him at home evenings.

Ouija has an answer for any question that you may care to ask. The truthfulness of the answers is a matter that you can easily determine for yourself. Ask us about Ouija the next time you are in our store.

THE LANDERS GENERAL STORE

"Holy cow!" yelled Chuck when Andy finished reading. "Are you talking all that highbrow stuff about the little heart-shaped jigger?"

Andy grinned and nodded.

"It sounds interesting," commented Bud.

"Of course," continued Andy, "a story like this won't induce a large number of people to come into the store to inquire about 'Ouija'; but it will arouse interest, and if we display the ouija boards prominently in the middle of the store and try to sell them to the different people who come in, I believe we can get rid of them."

As Andy had anticipated, the handbill caused a great deal of amusement, but the attitude of the people who

came into the store was a keen disappointment to him. No one seemed to take a serious interest in the ouija boards; instead, the people appeared to look upon the proposition as a splendid opportunity to poke fun at the management. Andy's cheeks burned more than once when he overheard a choice piece of raillery directed at his employer. Customers ordering groceries over the telephone would suggest that he "consult Ouija" to learn if the goods would be delivered in time for dinner. Everywhere he turned he heard "Ouija." On one occasion he chased Clarence Corey half a block because Clarence had spitefully yelled "Ouija" at him while passing the store.

"I wish the darned ouija boards were at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean," he growled to Bud, when he dropped into the latter's studio Thursday evening.

"How many have you sold?" inquired Bud, tilting back in his chair.

"Not a one. And I've been kidded about the blamed things until I'm just ready to soak the next fellow who gets funny. This afternoon I met old Hazzel on the street and he just stood and laughed at me. You can imagine how he looked, with his fat cheeks flopping. He's so tickled over the fizzle I've made of this ouija board sale that he's shouting it all over town. Denny Landers is getting the laugh from one end of Main Street to the other."

"Well, we've learned something, anyway," said Bud. "We know now how useless it is to try and sell something for

which there isn't a demand or for which a demand can't be created."

CHAPTER VI

MR. HAZZEL MAKES AN OFFER

Andy was both discouraged and humiliated. After his marked success in handling the ribbon and broom sales the thought was rapidly taking root in his mind that with very little effort he could mold advertising to fit any purpose. In a way, he was getting overconfident. He was just a little bit “puffed up” over his success, which was excusable, because he had shown unusual courage and ability in planning the ribbon and broom sales. He was keenly alive to the high position that he occupied in Denny Landers’ estimation, and was downhearted at the thought that in failing to sell the ouija boards he was losing prestige in the eyes of his employer.

But though apparently “licked,” Andy managed to keep his grit. Friday morning he headed for the store with grim determination to do everything in his power to sell at least a few of the ouija boards. He would argue the people into buying them; he simply wouldn’t take “no” for their final answer.

As he passed the town hall his attention was attracted by a knot of people and he paused to inquire what had happened.

“They’ve got old Joe Corbett locked up,” one of the bystanders explained. “He stole a ham out of Mrs. Clarke’s cellar. They arrested him on suspicion and found the ham in his shack, under a loose board in the floor. It’s funny how they came to arrest him.”

“How’s that?” inquired Andy quickly.

“Why, Mrs. Clarke has one of these ouija boards and when she missed her ham, she asked the ouija board if old Joe stole the ham and the blamed thing said ‘yes.’ What do you know about that?”

For a moment Andy flushed angrily, thinking that the man was joking. Then he sensed that the fellow was sincere, and a big light began to break about him. Excitedly, he questioned others, who verified the story.

With the facts in his possession he scooted down the street. As he tumbled pell-mell into the *Gazette* office he all but collided with Bud.

“For the love of Pete, what’s up?” inquired Bud.

“The greatest streak of luck in the world,” cried Andy excitedly. “At last we’ve got an appeal that will sell the ouija boards.” Quickly he told about Mrs. Clarke’s ham and the arrest of old Joe.

Bud’s eyes sparkled.

“This *is* luck,” he agreed. “Now we can do something—we can talk *facts*.”

“I’ll say we can,” returned Andy. “We’ll get out a handbill right away; and we’ll make it a news story. Your father’s newspaper, with an account of the affair, won’t come out till next week and the people will be glad to get our story. We’ll spread ourselves on the copy, Bud. We’ll make it real dramatic, with a lot of ‘punch,’ and we’ll see that ‘Ouija’ gets plenty of credit for bringing about the arrest of the thief.

“Then, Bud, you and I and Chuck will start out with the ouija boards and canvass the town. After making fun of us the people won’t want to come to the store; so we’ll make it easy for them to buy the boards by delivering them at their front doors. I’m going over to the store to tell Landers about our plan and while I’m away you see if you can get hold of Chuck. I’ll be back in a jiffy and we’ll get the copy ready so that the handbills can be printed right away. The sooner the better. Oh, boy! Here’s where we get a lick at ‘timely’ advertising—and believe me, old kid, we’re going to advertise the ouija boards *this* time while the people are thinking about them and wondering just how far the blamed things do go in giving out secret information.”

As Andy raced across the street he encountered Mr. Hazzel, who was stomping along in his usual pompous style. He chuckled as Andy came even with him.

“Sellin’ lots of ouija boards, Andy?”

“Wait and see,” returned Andy, cutting across the street to the Landers store. Hazzel looked after him with an expression of uncertainty on his fat face.

“Huh! I wonder what the kid is up to now?”

Denny Landers was quick to see the possibilities in Andy’s plan and readily released him for a couple of hours. As a matter of fact he was fully as anxious as Andy to get rid of the ouija boards. The “joshing” that he was getting on all sides was beginning to bore him, and he was hopeful that Andy’s plan would prove successful and that the ouija boards would disappear from his sight forever.

News travels fast in small towns, and very quickly the people of Cressfield learned about the arrest of old Joe and the part that the ouija board played in the affair. But the stories in circulation were disjointed and incomplete and there was a definite thirst for real news. When Andy’s handbill appeared, it was given an enthusiastic reception. Not a word that the boys had written was overlooked. And, as Andy had anticipated, the people who had joked the loudest about “Ouija” began to wonder in their own minds just how much truth there was to the claims made for the ouija board.

OUIJA BOARD FIGURES IN ARREST OF HAM THIEF

DEMONSTRATES ITS MAGICAL POWERS IN THRILLING STYLE

COMMUNITY STANDS AMAZED

Early this morning Constable William Starr was called to the home of Mrs. Nancy Clarke, 619 Walnut Street, from the cellar of which a ham was stolen last night, the thief gaining admittance by forcing the lock on the outside cellar door.

Constable Starr was unsuccessful in unearthing any clues that would point to the party or parties engaged in the robbery, but Mrs. Clarke, much concerned over the affair, stated that she possessed a means of learning who had stolen her ham and to the astonishment of the constable produced her ouija board.

Having noticed old Joe Corbett hanging around the house the previous evening, she asked Ouija if he were guilty of the robbery and to the amazement of Constable Starr the board pointed to “yes.” When asked if any other persons were connected with the robbery the board said “no.”

Constable Starr was reluctant to act on this information, having little belief in the magical or supernatural properties of the ouija board, but inasmuch as old Joe had been seen in that vicinity the previous evening he proceeded to Corbett’s shack, near the stone quarry, and arrested the man on suspicion.

Corbett strongly denied any knowledge of the robbery, but a search of the shack revealed the ham concealed beneath a loose board in the floor. After that Corbett admitted his guilt and was straightway locked up in the

local jail. He will be given a hearing and probably sent to the workhouse for forty days.

While the community stands amazed at the part that Mrs. Clarke's ouija board played in the affair, she herself insists that there is no cause for excitement. She states that this is only one of many marvelous disclosures that her ouija board has made, and has consented to demonstrate her ouija board to any one interested.

J. P. Hazzel read the handbill from beginning to end. At first he was absorbed in the news it contained. Then he recognized a definite merchandising appeal.

“Huh! Another attempt of Andy Blake's to sell the ouija boards,” he growled, wadding the handbill and tossing it away. “Folderol! All the advertising in Kingdom Come wouldn't sell such contraptions.”

But the old gentleman was destined to receive a shock. When he stepped into his home that day for dinner he was attracted to the parlor by an excited hum of voices. He found his wife and two neighbor ladies with their heads together. When he saw what they were doing he froze to the spot.

“Did you buy that?” he demanded, pointing to a brand-new ouija board.

“Why, yes,” his wife admitted, somewhat flustered. “Andy Blake brought it to the house this morning and—”

“Do you mean to say you let that confounded Blake kid *sell* you one of these nonsensical things?” thundered Hazzel.

“Yes, I did,” returned Mrs. Hazzel spiritedly. “And if you don’t like it you can go and do your shouting in the kitchen.”

Instead of going to the kitchen Hazzel grabbed his hat and stomped down the street. His mind was a riot, but gradually, as he strode along, his brain began to function normally. At length he appeared to come to a decision and turned his steps toward the Landers store, grim determination showing on his sweat-streaked face. Seeing Andy on the back platform moving some boxes around he turned up the alley. There was a reason why he wished to avoid Denny Landers.

“Ahem,” he began, wiping his face with his handkerchief. “Warm day, Andy. Warm day. Awful hot for June. How are you comin’ along with your ouija boards?”

“All sold,” grinned Andy, puzzling his brain for an explanation of the man’s visit.

“I—er—rather expected you to say that,” said Hazzel. “I see you sold one to my wife. You seem to be quite a salesman, Andy. Your advertising is interesting, too.”

Andy was amazed.

“I didn’t know you were interested in my advertising work,” he stammered.

“I—er—have changed my viewpoint somewhat in regard to advertising. In fact I expect to do considerable advertising

myself this summer and can make you a good offer if you'll come and work for me. I'll let you handle all the advertising. I can afford to pay you more than Landers does. How soon can you go to work for me, Andy?"

For a moment Andy was at a loss for words. Hazzel's generous offer was a surprise to him, yet it gave him a thrill of satisfaction. It gave him the feeling that he was doing some worthwhile work and that his efforts were gaining recognition.

"I'm grateful for your offer, Mr. Hazzel," he said at length. "I guess, though, I'd better stick with Mr. Landers. He gave me my chance in the first place, and he's giving me plenty of opportunities to put my advertising theories into practical form and that's what I need the most right now."

Hazzel was more than disappointed—he was surprised. He had fancied, in his superior way, that Andy would jump at the chance of working for him.

"Then you refuse to come and work for me?" he demanded stiffly, his red cheeks puffed out.

"I just can't work for you and for Mr. Landers, too; and I wouldn't think of leaving here," returned Andy frankly.

"But I'll pay you more money," said Hazzel.

"I guess Mr. Landers'll always pay me what I'm worth," returned Andy, turning to his work.

Unknown to the man and the boy Denny Landers overheard the conversation. He stood just within the store door and chuckled as Hazzel turned about and disappeared down the alley.

“I’ll be danged if Andy isn’t a revelation to me,” he murmured with a mist in his eyes. “The little devil is true blue all the way through!”

CHAPTER VII

AUNT TILLY TAYLOR

Andy had many loyal friends in Cressfield who lived happy moments in the knowledge that he was making definite progress in advertising. These friends, having watched him develop from a boy into a promising young man, were anxious to see him succeed in the profession he had elected to follow, and offered gentle and sincere words of encouragement. At times Andy was a bit abashed to learn that so many people were aware of his ambitions and knew so much about him. Yet always he was grateful for this kindly interest. It stiffened his upper lip and gave him courage to reach out for still greater victories.

Miss Tillie Taylor was one of the many people who followed Andy's new work with more than ordinary interest. This sprightly little old lady, with her iron-gray hair and merry blue eyes, was one of Cressfield's most quaint and lovable characters. She was "Aunt Tilly" to all the boys and girls; and always, in the depths of her warm eyes, there twinkled a welcome when Andy and his companions came on Sunday afternoon to laze in the friendly shade of the big elm tree that spread its giant branches over her flower-bordered lawn.

Of late Aunt Tilly had seen less and less of her favorite, and she missed him. Through Chuck Wilson she learned of the books that were holding Andy's attention in his spare moments. Chuck was loyally voluminous in his word pictures of the great advertising man that Andy was to be "when he went to the city."

As Andy seemed to grow out of her life, Aunt Tilly, in her great love for boys, took to showering more and more of her attention on Chuck Wilson. True, she scolded him on occasion when he raided her strawberry patch or imperiled the usefulness of her aged cherry trees by dangling monkey-fashion from branches that creaked under his weight, but she loved the freckle-faced, adventuresome boy for these very qualities. Now, on hearing him clatter up to the front door in the Landers store delivery wagon, she hastily wiped away the mist that clouded her eyes and with a nervous movement thrust her well-worn bank book out of sight in the dresser drawer.

Probably Chuck would have been dismayed had he detected Aunt Tilly in tears. So effectually did the old lady conceal from her neighbors the financial troubles that confronted her that every one in the town regarded her as the embodiment of sunshine and optimism. But there were moments when Aunt Tilly's heart was filled with distress. She faced the fact that the meager savings inherited from her mother were fast dwindling and the time was near when she would have to arrive at a means of earning money or else be compelled to give up her little home with its quaint green-shuttered windows and scroll-decorated veranda.

Unaware that he had interrupted Aunt Tilly in one of her “blue” moments, Chuck hopped up the steps of the back porch, one arm encircling a basketful of groceries.

“Hello, Aunt Tilly!” he grinned.

Aunt Tilly beamed on him as she unlatched the screen door that protected her spotless kitchen from an invasion of flies.

“Charley Wilson, you young scamp, what are you doing on the delivery wagon?” she inquired. “I do hope Andy Blake isn’t having a sick spell.”

“Sick? Huh! Andy’s too busy writing ads and planning special sales for Denny Landers to get sick.”

“Is he getting ready for another sale, Charley?”

“Sure. We’re going to have lots of ’em. Andy’s going to work in the store and I’ve got his old job on the delivery wagon. Ten dollars a week for me, Aunt Tilly. Guess that ain’t so poor, huh?”—and Chuck permitted his chest to swell up as he strutted about the kitchen.

“Now, isn’t that just too grand for anything,” exclaimed Aunt Tilly, her blue eyes sparkling. “And I’m glad, too, that Andy has been promoted. He’s a good boy.” She adjusted her steel-rimmed spectacles and inspected the basketful of groceries on the kitchen table.

“Charley, haven’t you forgotten my sugar?” she pointed out.

“No, Aunt Tilly. It’s in that little sack under your hand.”

“But I ordered more than this, Charley. I’m sure I told Andy over the telephone I wanted twenty pounds.”

“We’re awfully short on granulated sugar right now,” explained Chuck. “Two pounds is all we’re letting a customer have to-day.”

“Just like war times,” said Aunt Tilly a bit impatiently. “What in the world is the matter? The other stores have plenty of sugar.”

“This spring Denny Landers held off buying, feeling that the price would likely take a drop. He’s got his orders in now, but shipments have been delayed for some reason or other. We’re on our last barrel.”

“Dear me!” complained the old lady, regarding the small allotment of sugar with great disapproval. “How in the world am I going to can my strawberries if I can’t get sugar? I’ll have to go to one of the other stores, Charley.”

“Don’t do that, Aunt Tilly. Just wait till Friday and Saturday and we can sell you all the sugar you want; and cheap, too. We’re going to have a big sugar sale. The Glossburg wholesale man was in the store yesterday telling about some bargain sugar his company has on hand, and Denny Landers gave him an order for ten thousand pounds. Andy urged Denny to buy the sugar. They’re bringing it to-day on trucks.”

“Charley, are you telling me the truth?”

“Honest, Aunt Tilly. The price is going to be marked down, because it’s unbleached sugar.”

“Unbleached sugar? I never did hear tell of such a thing,” declared the old lady.

“Mother says she never did, either. But that’s what it is. Andy talked Denny Landers into buying it and he says it’s just the same as the regular granulated sugar except it isn’t so white. Of course he got that from the salesman. I don’t know exactly what the price will be, Aunt Tilly, but Thursday night you watch for our ad in the *Gazette* and that will tell you all about the sale.”

Aunt Tilly was still regarding the small sack of sugar with disfavor.

“Charley, it’s all well enough for you to tell me about what’s *going* to happen next Friday and Saturday, and how I can get a-plenty of sugar *then*, but that doesn’t help a body right now. I’ve got to have another two pounds of sugar *to-day*. This is Luella Bittle’s seventh birthday and she always expects me to give her a box of taffy candy. It will take all the sugar you’ve brought me to make the candy and then I won’t have a speck left.”

Chuck scratched his tousled head.

“I suppose I *can* bring you another two pounds, Aunt Tilly—”

The old lady smiled and patted him on the shoulder.

“You’re a good-hearted boy, Charley, even if you did put fly paper all over my cat last summer. Now run along and get the other two pounds and when you come back maybe I’ll have a surprise for you.”

Chuck’s eyes got big and round.

“Cake?” he guessed, mindful of past “surprises.”

“Pshaw! Do you think I’ve got time to bake cake for hungry boys? No, it won’t be cake. It’s more likely to be some of my taffy candy.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE UNBLEACHED SUGAR

At the store Chuck encountered Andy, who was too deeply engrossed in planning the details of the coming sugar sale to pay much attention to an account of Aunt Tilly's immediate sugar requirements. As Chuck had explained to the old lady, Andy was largely responsible for the sugar sale idea. When Denny Landers had hesitated to contract for the sugar in the amount of ten thousand pounds, at a cost of four hundred dollars, Andy had enthusiastically urged him to go ahead, pointing out that the canning season, now at hand, would assure a ready market for the unbleached product, which, according to the glib story of the salesman, was as suitable for canning as the bleached sugar. So Landers placed the order, having confidence in Andy's judgment, and the latter enlisted the cooperation of Bud in the preparation of a full page advertisement for the *Gazette*, announcing the sale.

*NOW YOU CAN FILL MORE OF THOSE EMPTY
FRUIT JARS*

With home-grown strawberries coming into the market and early cherries ripening on the trees, there has been much concern among housewives over the sugar

situation. It is a fact that canning does require a heavy investment in sugar; and sometimes fruit jars are left unfilled for that reason.

We Can Sell You All the Sugar Needed at a Bargain Price

Having purchased in one lot, 10,000 pounds of unbleached granulated sugar, we will place this on sale Friday and Saturday in twenty-five-pound, fifty-pound and one-hundred-pound sacks at

5c. Per Pound

Though not as white as the bleached sugar, now priced at 6c. and 7c. per pound, you will find the unbleached product as well adapted to canning purposes as the kind you have been in the habit of using. Its sweetening properties are the same, it has the same bulk per pound, and is identical in every respect except that it is unbleached.

We Guarantee This Sugar

We will stand back of every pound of the unbleached sugar that we sell. This sugar, of course, would hardly prove satisfactory for table use, and we do not recommend it for that; but for cooking and canning it is the equivalent of any sugar, bleached or unbleached, that you can buy anywhere.

ON SALE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

If you cannot visit our store Friday and Saturday telephone your order and the sugar will be delivered the day your order is booked.

THE LANDERS GENERAL STORE

The advertisement appeared late Thursday afternoon and that night Andy showed up at the *Gazette* office with a copy of the newspaper in his hand. He found Bud in the latter's studio.

"Oh, boy, some ad!" he cried, flourishing the newspaper. "It's the biggest thing in the *Gazette*. Take it from me, Bud, old kid, we're going to have one grand stampede in the store to-morrow morning."

Denny Landers' store was indeed a busy scene Friday morning. As soon as the doors were open customers began to flock in. They came early so as to make sure of getting all the sugar they needed at the low price. Most of the customers were women, and at times they were so thick in the store, and the confusion was so great, that Andy was almost distracted. Occasionally a customer expressed doubts as to the quality of the unbleached sugar and had to be "sold"; but the big majority simply placed their orders, demonstrating thereby that the sugar advertisement, backed up by Denny Landers' reputation, had brought about exactly the frame of mind that Andy had intended. Money rolled across the counter in a steady stream. At noon Landers banked two hundred dollars, with every prospect of taking in an equal amount during the afternoon.

Chuck Wilson kept the old delivery wagon humming every minute of the day and long before supper time his back was lame from lifting heavy sugar sacks. It was after five o'clock when he limped up the steps of Aunt Tilly's back porch to deliver the fifty-pound sack that she had ordered.

"Gee-miny, Aunt Tilly, I'm just about all in," he groaned, dropping into a kitchen chair.

"Why, you poor dear," sympathized the old lady, fluttering around him.

Chuck reveled in this attention.

"Say, Aunt Tilly," he asked, "you don't happen to have any more of that taffy candy left over that you made the other day, do you?"

Aunt Tilly's eyes twinkled.

"Suppose I see what I can find," she suggested, disappearing into the pantry.

Chuck was fortunate inasmuch as she "found" several pieces and he drove away with both cheeks puffed out, a contented grin illuminating his freckled face.

"Golly, Ned! Aunt Tilly sure does know how to make taffy candy," he murmured to himself, forgetting for the moment that he was "just about all in."

In checking up Friday's sales, Andy estimated that fully six thousand pounds of the unbleached sugar had been sold and the majority of this had been delivered.

"I won't argue *that*," said Chuck with a tired grin, rubbing his back.

"Fagged out, Chuck?" laughed Andy.

"Oh, no!" flared Chuck. "How could a big fellow like me get tired lifting little bits of fifty-pound sacks of sugar around? Huh!"

"Well, don't lose your grit," advised Andy. "To-morrow's going to be a heavy day, too."

His prediction held true. The country people crowded the store Saturday and early in the afternoon the last sack of unbleached sugar passed over the counter. When Andy closed the store that night it was with a high heart and a tired body. He was even too tired to accept Chuck's invitation to stop at Miller's drug-store for a dish of ice cream. Fatigue might destroy Chuck's piece of mind, but it left his appetite unaffected!

Mrs. Blake let Andy sleep late Sunday morning, and when he jumped into his trousers it was to learn that his mother had been up for some time. She had gathered a big pan of strawberries from the garden and a heaping dish of the berries awaited him at the breakfast table.

"Why didn't you call me, Mother?" he said. "You know I would have gathered the berries for you."

“But I enjoyed doing it, Andy. I love to be in the garden in the early morning hours, when the air seems so fresh and clean. Besides, I knew how tired you were. Come, now, sit up to your breakfast and tell me about the sugar sale.”

“There isn’t much to tell, Mother, except that the sale was the biggest kind of a success. Denny Landers was lucky to get the sugar at such a low price. He cleared a hundred dollars on the sale. And the people appreciated the saving, I tell you.”

The berries not being sweet enough to suit his taste he reached for the sugar.

“What’s the matter, Mother?—out of sugar?” rattling the spoon in the empty bowl.

“Dear me, I forgot it was empty,” said Mrs. Blake. “Suppose we try the canning sugar,” she suggested, filling the bowl from a sack that she had purchased during the sale.

“Well, that won’t make me sore,” grinned Andy.

“Guess it tastes just as sweet as any other kind of sugar, even if it isn’t so white.” But a moment later he made a wry face. “Say, Mother, I don’t like the flavor of this sugar.” Mrs. Blake tasted her berries sweetened with the canning sugar and admitted that the sugar did have a peculiar molasseslike flavor.

On the instant Andy’s face was serious.

“Do you suppose other people will notice the funny taste and object to it?”

His mother sensed the alarm that was taking root in his heart and sought to relieve him.

“You know, Andy, you didn’t recommend the sugar for table use.”

“Yes, but that was mostly on account of its *looks*. I thought it would *taste* all right. Why, it would be awful if we had to make good on all the sugar we’ve sold. It would mean a big loss to Landers.”

“No doubt the sugar is all right for canning, Andy, just as the salesman told you. Suppose I can a few quarts of strawberries and see.”

“And miss church, Mother?”

“Yes; though ordinarily I wouldn’t do such a thing.”

Andy was plainly ill at ease while the berries were cooking. Now, when it was too late, he began to see where he had made a serious mistake by encouraging Denny Landers to buy the unbleached sugar without first *proving* its qualities. In his zeal to serve his employer he had overlooked the most vital point in business building—*protecting the interests of the customer*. Good advertising will sell an inferior article or service once, but permanency is secured only through repeat business. No establishment can afford to experiment with a product of inferior quality at the expense of the customer. Andy knew this, but in his eagerness to make the sale a success from his employer’s standpoint he had overlooked the customer entirely.

At intervals Andy and his mother tasted the cooking berries. The peculiar molasseslike flavor was noticeable to both. This was true even when the berries had cooled.

Poor Andy! He was now convinced that a great deal of the unbleached sugar would be returned and he put in many wretched hours trying to figure a way out of the predicament. At length he decided that the first thing Monday morning he would go to Denny Landers and tell him what he had learned regarding the sugar.

“I feel like a—a simpleton—a great big simpleton,” he groaned. “Oh, why didn’t I think to have the sugar tested before encouraging Landers to go ahead and buy it? That’s what I should have done. But I guess I had this coming to me. I can look back now and see that I was overconfident. Things were coming my way too easily and I got careless.”

CHAPTER IX

AUNT TILLY'S TAFFY TARTS

Before Andy could get to Denny Landers Monday morning a woman came into the store with a sack of unbleached sugar and demanded her money.

Denny Landers regarded the woman with knit eyebrows.

“Sure, Mrs. King, I’m glad to refund your money if you say the word. But it’s surprised I am, ma’am, to learn of your dissatisfaction. I thought the sugar was O.K. in every respect.”

“Well, it isn’t,” snapped Mrs. King. “My husband refuses to eat it and I don’t blame him. It’s got a funny taste.”

“If the sugar isn’t right, ma’am, I don’t want you to have it,” said Denny Landers. “Sure, I’ll exchange your unbleached sugar for the bleached kind, pound for pound, at the same price, if that will be satisfactory to you. This store stands for square dealing, first, last and always; and if the time ever comes when I can’t give my customers a square deal I’ll close the business.”

The woman was impressed with his earnestness and her antagonism melted away.

“I’ll be glad to get the other sugar, Mr. Landers, if you can arrange to let me have it. Really, though, I don’t want you to think I’m unreasonable; that unbleached sugar isn’t good. I’d be afraid to use it for canning.”

Before Mrs. King was out of the store two other women came in to return the sugar they had purchased. Andy was sick at heart. A thousand miserable thoughts flashed through his troubled mind and he groaned as he pictured himself being discharged in disgrace. This was needless concern on his part and was occasioned because he overlooked the bigness of the man for whom he was working. Denny Landers may have noticed the boy’s dejection, because at the first opportunity he crossed the store and patted him on the shoulder.

A mist stung Andy’s eyes.

“I’m sorry I urged you to buy the unbleached sugar, Mr. Landers,” he said impulsively.

“Tut! Tut! Forget it, lad. Sure, no one’s to blame in a case like this but myself.”

“Do you suppose very much of the sugar will come back?” inquired Andy anxiously.

“It’ll all come back, lad. I’ll make it my business to see that it does come back. Sure, Andy, it’s a high regard I have for your advertising; but in planning your advertising don’t lose sight of the customer. It has taken me years to build up this business, and in all these years I have tried to do

the things that benefited the customer first and the business second. I don't figure my reputation is hangin' by a thread, Andy, and look forward to weatherin' this storm in good shape. But we've learned our lesson. And now the thing to do is to get out a handbill asking the people to return the sugar they purchased if they are in any way dissatisfied with it. With our delayed sugar shipment coming in to-day, we'll be able to make an even exchange, pound for pound."

"But you'll lose a lot of money," gasped Andy.

"Sure, I'd rather lose the whole danged store than have a single one of my customers feel he didn't get a square deal," returned Landers grimly.

Andy promised he would lose no time getting out the handbill and hurried over to the *Gazette* office to confer with Bud York.

Bud was startled when he heard about Landers' plan to call in the sugar.

"What in the name of Sam Hill will he do with it?" he inquired. "Can he send it back?"

Andy shook his head despairingly.

"I don't think so, Bud. Maybe he can sell it to a candy manufacturer or some one like that, but if he does he'll have to let it go at a loss."

In a short time the boys had the copy ready for the handbill that Denny Landers had suggested and this was turned over

to Bud's father, together with a layout. It was Andy's plan to have Chuck distribute the handbills throughout the town as soon as possible after they were printed. To reach the country people who had been attracted to the sale by the advertisement in the *Gazette*, he had Bud run off on the printing office addressing machine the names of all out-of-town subscribers and then mailed copies of the handbill to all names on the local rural routes. In this way the handbill came to the attention of every housewife in the community.

THE UNBLEACHED SUGAR

that we placed on sale last Friday and Saturday has been pronounced by some of our customers to be inferior to the bleached product, and, as we guaranteed this sugar to be in every way suitable for canning purposes, please feel free to return the sugar you purchased if it is not entirely satisfactory to you.

We were sincere in making our claims for the sugar, and in planning the sale really experienced a sense of gratification at being able to provide our customers with canning sugar at a saving in price. Our disappointment in having been denied an opportunity to be of service to you is keen indeed. And, to adjust the matter as best we can, we will place our entire stock of granulated sugar at your disposal and make an even exchange with you, pound for pound. Or, if you prefer, your money will be refunded.

That we will face a loss is immaterial and only mentioned in order that you will more clearly understand that we value your good will above everything else.

THE LANDERS GENERAL STORE

As the week drew to a close Andy figured that more than eight thousand pounds of sugar had been returned. Landers as yet had made no mention of whatever plans he had for disposing of the sugar and Andy was on the point of asking him about the matter when Chuck tumbled into the store one day with a message that put such thoughts out of his mind.

“What do you know about it, Andy?” cried Chuck. “Aunt Tilly wants another fifty-pound sack of the dirty-looking sugar.”

Andy could hardly believe his ears.

“Honest, Chuck?”

“She says it’s the finest flavored sugar she ever had for making taffy candy. And I’ll say she’s right. Oh, boy! She let me have a sample and it’s *great*.”

Andy’s brain was working like wildfire.

“Chuck, if what you’re saying is true—”

“Of course it’s true,” flared Chuck.

Andy grabbed his cap.

“Come on,” he cried, taking Chuck by the arm. “Drive me over to Aunt Tilly’s as quick as you know how.”

“What’s the idea?” demanded Chuck.

“The idea is that we’re going into the candy-making business and get rid of the unbleached sugar at a profit,” returned Andy happily.

At the *Gazette* office they picked up Bud who was hurried into the delivery wagon so fast that he forgot to remove a daub of printer’s ink that spotted the end of his nose.

As the delivery wagon clattered up to Aunt Tilly’s front door the three boys hopped down and a moment later tumbled pell-mell into the old lady’s kitchen.

“Dear me, what noisy boys!” cried Aunt Tilly, regarding them severely over the top of her spectacles.

Chuck grinned.

“Andy and Bud want to sample your candy, Aunt Tilly. I’ve been telling them how good it is.”

“Laws-a-me, is *that* what you want?” said the old lady in tones of relief. “I thought there was a fire or a runaway. Well, I guess I can find a few pieces.” She disappeared into another room and came back a moment later with some of the candy on a plate.

“Say, this is the bulliest candy I ever tasted,” cried Andy with sparkling eyes.

“It’s great,” said Bud, smacking his sticky lips.

Aunt Tilly flushed happily.

“I *do* love to make taffy candy,” she confessed.

“How would you like to make it by the ton?” asked Andy. Then he told her about the eight thousand pounds of sugar that had been returned. Enthusiastically he outlined his scheme for disposing of the sugar by having her make it into candy.

“But I could never make that much candy,” she gasped.

“We don’t expect you to do it all at once, Aunt Tilly. Maybe it will take months. But if you will help us out I believe we can create a demand for the candy and sell it at thirty-five cents a pound. That will give Landers a profit of something like ten cents and allow you twenty cents, Aunt Tilly, for your work. I’m getting all excited over the scheme. It’s going to be fun creating a demand for a *brand-new* product. We’ll give the candy a special name, too; Taffy Tips or something like that.”

“Make it Taffy Tarts,” put in Bud.

“I’ve got it, fellows,” yelled Chuck.

““*AUNT TILLY’S TAFFY TARTS*””

Andy gave a joyful shout and jumped up, dragging the other two boys to their feet.

“Three cheers for ‘Aunt Tilly’s Taffy Tarts,’ the world’s most famous confection,” he cried.

“Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!” joined in Chuck and Bud lustily. The old lady held her fingers in her ears as the three boys joined hands and danced about her like wild Indians.

“Stop it!” she cried, boxing their ears. When quiet had been restored she turned to Andy.

“What if I say ‘no’ to your scheme?” she demanded.

Andy grinned.

“You’ve just got to do it, Aunt Tilly, and that’s all there is to it. You say you *like* to make candy. And you ought to like it all the more when you can earn money for doing it. We’ll furnish the sugar and other materials and pay you twenty cents for every pound you make for us. You can hire a couple of girls to help you and make forty or fifty pounds a day. Why, Aunt Tilly, you’ll make all kinds of money!”

The old lady turned aside her face, because she felt that there were tears in her eyes and she did not want the boys to see them. Andy, of course, did not know about her straitened circumstances and therefore did not realize the hope that filled her heart.

“I believe I can do it, boys,” she said after a moment.

“Suppose you see Mr. Landers about it and let me

know what he thinks.”

“I guess he’ll say to go ahead when he learns that we can dispose of the unbleached sugar at a profit,” grinned Andy, happy beyond words. “But I’ll go right back to the store and ask him, Aunt Tilly. In about an hour you can expect Chuck back here with a whole wagonload of sugar.”

“I’ll need other things, too,” pointed out the old lady. “Corn syrup and cornstarch and butter and salt and powdered sugar. I’ll need a lot of flavoring, too.”

Andy scribbled the items on a card.

“You’ll get everything, Aunt Tilly, and you’ll get it in a jiffy,” he promised.

Denny Landers was thoughtful when he heard about “Aunt Tilly’s Taffy Tarts.”

“Sure, Andy, I hardly know what to say. The candy tastes fine and we probably can sell a lot of it, but I hate to dabble along with the sugar that way. It’s tyin’ up a lot of money, lad.”

“But if you sell the sugar in one lot you’ll likely lose money,” argued Andy. “Suppose, Mr. Landers, we try out the scheme for a week or two. Then if we fall down—and I don’t believe we will—you can go ahead and sell the sugar.”

“We’ll try it, Andy,” agreed Landers, though with some reluctance. “It looks like a fairly good scheme; and of course

I'd rather sell the sugar at a profit than at a loss. Besides, it would do my heart good to sell the danged stuff right here in town, as I intended to do. I understand the other storekeepers are havin' a lot of fun over the way our sugar sale turned out—particularly our fat friend Hazzel across the street—and it would do me good to dispose of the sugar at a profit right under their noses."

"That's the way I feel, too, Mr. Landers," returned Andy spiritedly.

It was agreed that the boys were to meet that night at Aunt Tilly's to help her with the first batch of Taffy Tarts, so that they would know how much work was involved in making the candy and thereby learn how much they could figure on daily.

When they stepped into the kitchen they found the old lady bending over a copper kettle on the stove, the contents of which steamed and bubbled, giving out an aroma that caused them to sniff hungrily.

"It's almost done," announced Aunt Tilly, dipping her spoon into the mixture. "See; it's beginning to 'thread.' Now, boys, you'll find three aprons over there on the table and I want you to put them on. And go right to the sink, all three of you, and wash your hands. If we're going to make taffy candy it's going to be clean, because I'm letting you use my name and therefore, if for no other reason, the candy has got to be clean."

“Gee, we look like a lot of girls,” grinned Chuck, fastening the apron under his arms. He held up the corners and began pirouetting about the kitchen. His clumsy performance was brought to a halt, however, when the old lady took him by the ear and led him over to the wash sink.

“Now, get busy,” she ordered severely. “And don’t be afraid to use a little soap.”

When the candy was cooked Aunt Tilly poured it into a long shallow pan to cool. Half an hour later she announced that it was ready to pull.

“Yum! Yum! It’s bully, I’ll say,” smacked Andy.

“We’ll make four different flavors,” said the old lady. “Andy, put this cinnamon on yours—just a few drops. Here’s some vanilla for yours, Charley. Now don’t spill it. I’ll take the wintergreen. William, you take this lemon.” Then she showed the boys how to drop the flavoring on the candy as they pulled it.

“It’s one of the tricks I learned in making candy,” explained Aunt Tilly. “A lot of people put the flavoring into the candy when it is cooking and the result is that it cooks away. None of the flavoring is lost when it is put on this way.”

The boys worked industriously and soon the candy began to get firm and white. Just before it “hardened” they formed it into rolls, powdered it with sugar, and snipped it into small pieces with a heavy pair of shears. Then the pieces were well mixed in a pan and powdered freely with sugar to prevent the

pieces sticking to one another; also to prevent the paper in which each piece was afterwards wrapped from sticking to the candy. When weighed the candy tipped the scales at better than ten pounds.

“I think we ought to make it an even figure,” grinned Chuck, swiping a piece.

“Cut it out,” ordered Andy. “You’ll eat up all the profits.”

Bud regarded the candy enthusiastically.

“Three-dollars-and-fifty-cents worth,” he cried. “And we did the whole thing in less than two hours.”

“Two dollars for Aunt Tilly and one dollar profit for Landers,” said Andy.

“Say, what do I get out of it?” demanded Chuck.

“You’ll get the colly wobbles if you don’t quit eating candy,” grinned Andy.

Bud removed his apron and laid it across the back of a kitchen chair.

“What do you say, fellows, to going to my studio and getting started on a plan for selling the candy? You know if we’re going to make a success of the thing, and identify this particular candy in the minds of the people so that they will *want* to buy it and *keep on* buying it, we’ve got to find some striking way of doing it. Giving the candy a name helps, but there’s other things to take into consideration.”

“You’re right,” returned Andy.

The boys said good night to Aunt Tilly and instructed her to keep the candy till they called for it and to go ahead and make just as much as she could. Then they hurried down the street, now heavy with the gloom of night.

“We’ll get out an ad for the *Gazette*,” planned Andy, when they were in Bud’s studio. “It will be something in the way of an announcement, but the copy will be written in a friendly, free-and-easy style, just the kind of copy to tie up with a nice little old lady like Aunt Tilly.” After a moment he added: “Fellows, how do you like the sound of this?”

AUNT TILLY’S TAFFY TARTS

Everybody in Cressfield knows Aunt Tilly Taylor.

But only a few know about her wonderful Taffy Tarts.

You may have your own ideas regarding taffy candy, but just withhold judgment until you have had a chance to sample one of Aunt Tilly’s Taffy Tarts, in the flavor most pleasing to you.

However indifferent you may be at the start, you will bubble over with enthusiasm as the Taffy Tart melts in your mouth.

You will be willing to go on record, then, as affirming that there never was another such confection. And you will smack your lips and cry for more.

The Kiddies Will Like Aunt Tilly's Taffy Tarts

These delicious Taffy Tarts are the ideal confection for the little folks. They contain no harmful ingredients. In fact, nothing enters into the composition of the Taffy Tarts except pure granulated sugar, crystal corn syrup, Jersey butter, cornstarch, salt, water and flavoring.

In making her Taffy Tarts Aunt Tilly follows a recipe that was popular in her mother's day. But she doesn't proceed *exactly* as her recipe specifies. She has learned that aside from set formulas there is a "knack" to candy making and it is this added *something* that makes Aunt Tilly's Taffy Tarts supreme.

Aunt Tilly's Taffy Tarts come in a variety of pleasing flavors—cinnamon, vanilla, lemon, wintergreen, peppermint, cloves—each piece wrapped separately, in one-pound and two-pound boxes, at 35c. per pound.

And to take care of the little folks, who have only a few pennies to spend, we will sell Aunt Tilly's Taffy Tarts, assorted flavors, in bulk.

It is due directly to our influence that Aunt Tilly has been prevailed upon to manufacture her delicious Taffy Tarts for the general trade, and the entire product of her tidy, immaculate kitchen will be placed at our disposal.

The first assortment of Taffy Tarts will be placed on sale to-morrow morning.

THE LANDERS GENERAL STORE

Aunt Tilly's Taffy Tarts made a big hit. At first the people were inclined to joke about the matter and made their initial purchases hoping that the candy would measure up to the claims made for it in the advertising. Then they bought more of the Taffy Tarts because they liked them. About one hundred and fifty pounds were available for distribution when the announcement appeared in the *Gazette* and these disappeared in short order. By Saturday night Andy had orders booked ahead for two hundred and fifty pounds.

The following week Aunt Tilly's kitchen was the busiest place in Cressfield. Realizing the importance of meeting the demand for the Taffy Tarts while the demand existed, Andy hired a girl to assist the old lady. The second week she delivered four hundred pounds of the Taffy Tarts and still the demand exceeded the supply.

"Danged if the little divil of an Andy Blake isn't buildin' up a new industry," declared Denny Landers, as he surveyed the pile of candy boxes on the counter, each box carrying a faithful reproduction of the little old lady who was making the Taffy Tarts possible.

Chuck had a plan of his own for boosting the Taffy Tart sales. On delivering his groceries he would say to the lady of the house:

"We're going to have some of the delicious cinnamon Taffy Tarts to-morrow, Mrs. Smith. Shall I include a box with your

order?” Or, “To-morrow is our ‘vanilla’ day, Mrs. Arnold. Shall I bring you a box of fresh vanilla Taffy Tarts?”

In the same way Andy brought the Taffy Tarts to the attention of the women ordering groceries over the telephone. He prepared a big sign that announced from the front of the store the particular flavors that were on sale that day. Once each week he had a “mixed” day at which time only assorted flavors were sold. This always pleased the children.

In a few weeks the pile of unbleached sugar was noticeably smaller; and, as it was being disposed of at a profit, Denny Landers gave up all thought of selling the sugar in any other way than through the sale of Aunt Tilly’s Taffy Tarts. The very evident chagrin of his competitors over the way in which matters were adjusting themselves afforded him keen satisfaction.

From one girl Aunt Tilly’s force increased to four. Gradually she took to giving more time to superintending affairs, training the girls to do the work. The boys rigged up a machine for pulling the candy, driven by an electric motor. At a small cost the local tinner provided a cooling pan through which water circulated, thereby enabling the candy to be cooled quickly. This all helped to boost production. Never in all her life had the old lady been so busy and so happy. Instead of drawing from her small bank account she was adding more and more to it each week.

It never occurred to Andy that he was helping the old lady establish a permanent business until one afternoon Landers

received a letter from a merchant in the neighboring town of Glossburg.

While in Cressfield a few days ago, I purchased a box of your Taffy Tarts because the name struck me as being rather unique and the picture of the old lady on the box attracted me.

Permit me to congratulate you on being able to secure such excellent candy. It beats anything in the way of taffy candy I have ever tasted.

I could readily dispose of five hundred pounds of this candy in my store every week and would appreciate your letting me know where this can be secured.

When Landers showed the letter to Andy, the latter lost no time hurrying over to Aunt Tilly's.

“Gee, Aunt Tilly, you're getting famous,” he joked, after he had told her the good news. “First thing you know the storekeepers all over the country will be coaxing you to sell them your Taffy Tarts. You're going to make a barrel of money, Aunt Tilly.”

There was a lump in the old lady's throat and she turned aside to conceal the tears in her eyes. Then Chuck tumbled in pell-mell with a telegram. It was from the same merchant who had sent the letter, and read:

Supplementing letter mailed yesterday. Will contract for six hundred pounds weekly at twenty-two cents a pound if you can assure me sole selling rights in this town. Wire reply.

“Gee whillikers!” exclaimed Andy, scribbling with his pencil. “Why, that means a weekly profit of more than seventy dollars, Aunt Tilly.”

Poor Aunt Tilly could restrain the flood no longer. The tears gushed from her eyes and streamed down her furrowed cheeks.

“I—I’m an old silly to-o cry like this, boys, but I—jus-st can’t help it. You’ve been so-o kind to me and everybody else has be-e-en so kind to me that I—I—”

Chuck was visibly uncomfortable.

“This is getting awful sentimental,” he blurted. “Suppose we cut it out and go to the kitchen and get a hunk of fresh taffy. I don’t know how *you* people are, but *I’m* hungry.”

CHAPTER X

ANDY MAKES A PURCHASE

It is not always easy to gauge the effectiveness of a certain individual advertising effort or investment. On first thought it might appear to some that in spending twenty dollars on a hundred-dollar sale Denny Landers was actually losing money, to say nothing of the extra work in handling the sale. Certainly the profits were offset by the expense of the advertising.

As a matter of fact it was the *new business* created that enabled Denny Landers to capitalize on the advertising. The man was broad enough to recognize this fact. As his cash register totals mounted daily, he gave Andy full credit for the new business and took to placing more and more confidence in his bright young assistant, even to the point of giving Andy authority to help with the buying.

Andy was a bit sober in the face of this added responsibility. It was noticeable that he now became more cautious and conservative, acting less frequently on impulse. Also he developed judgment.

It was in the very latter part of June that Andy took advantage of another opportunity to add prestige to the

business.

One sultry afternoon when there was a lull in the busy life of the store, he came up behind Chuck and thumped the latter across the back with a rolled-up copy of the *Grocers' Bulletin*. Chuck was breezily engaged in operating Landers' new electric coffee grinder, packaging the ground coffee in one-pound paper bags for delivery the following day.

"Chuck, I've got a humdinger of an idea," declared Andy, his eyes sparkling enthusiastically.

"Huh! Next time you get an idea—you strong-armed simp!—spring it on Denny Landers and don't go banging me around," growled Chuck, gingerly wriggling his shoulder blades to make certain that there was no disarrangement.

"What the divil's this I hear about an idea?" put in Landers from behind.

Andy quickly thumbed over the pages of the magazine in his hand and pointed out an advertisement featuring the Regal Coffee Roasting System. The advertisement stated that the electrically operated Regal coffee roaster was designed for use in retail grocery stores, providing grocers with a means of roasting their coffee daily instead of buying it roasted from jobbers and manufacturers.

"Wouldn't it be slick if *we* had one of these roasters?" cried Andy enthusiastically. "We could put on a *Fresh-roasted* coffee campaign in the *Gazette* and corner the entire coffee trade of the town."

Denny Landers was thoughtful as he read the advertisement.

“Sure, Andy, two hundred and seventy-five dollars is more money than I care to spend for additional equipment right now,” said he slowly, recalling certain notes coming due in a few weeks.

“But the roaster will enable us to make a lot more money, Mr. Landers,” argued Andy. “I’m confident we can more than double our coffee trade. It will pay for itself in a short time.”

“Suppose we send for a catalogue,” suggested Landers, as a tactful means of disposing of the subject without dampening Andy’s enthusiasm.

“I’ll write for it to-day,” declared Andy.

Three days later Andy was up in front arranging a fruit display when a clean-cut young man bustled into the store.

“Good morning,” said the man cheerfully. “Is the proprietor in?”

“He’s out of town to-day,” returned Andy, recognizing the man as a salesman. “Possibly I can take care of you. I handle a great deal of the buying.”

“Your father’s store?”

“No. I just work here.”

The salesman rested his portfolio on a convenient counter and regarded Andy quizzically.

“You’re pretty young to be intrusted with the buying, aren’t you?”

Andy’s eyes sparkled at the implied compliment. But he realized that it was unnecessary to give the salesman an account of how he had earned the confidence of his employer.

“What line do you handle?” he inquired.

“A specialty—the greatest trade-booster and money-maker that the retail trade has ever known,” said the salesman spiritedly. “I represent the Regal Coffee Roaster Company and have called in response to an inquiry that we received from your firm a few days ago.”

From his portfolio he produced a catalogue illustrating and describing the Regal coffee roaster. He handed the catalogue to Andy, advancing a well-organized selling appeal in favor of the Regal system. If there was any doubt in Andy’s mind regarding the practicability of buying green coffee from the Importing Division of the Regal Company and roasting it daily in the Regal roaster, this was speedily dispelled when the salesman showed him dozens of letters from enthusiastic merchants in that section.

“If you’ll permit me to do so,” said the salesman persuasively, “I’ll have one of our roasters expressed to you on thirty-day free trial, and if it doesn’t work out exactly as I

say, ship it back to the factory collect and you won't be out a penny. And another thing: If you accept my proposition today, I'll agree not to solicit any of the other local merchants inside of two months. That will enable you to get the system to working; and if you once get a grip on the coffee trade of the town you ought to be able to hold it. Here is a little memorandum of agreement that you will want to sign so that you will know you are protected on the thirty-day free trial. As you see, it is not an order form—simply an agreement on our part to ship you the roaster and on your part to give it a thorough trial.”

Andy was “sold”—there was little question of that. He fairly itched to accept the fountain pen that the salesman was holding out to him. But he hesitated. He wasn't quite certain that Denny Landers would want him to sign the agreement. He had been given authority to purchase stable merchandise; but this was different. Certainly, he didn't want his employer to feel that he was overstepping the authority invested in him.

The salesman, reading the hesitation in Andy's face, explained that the roaster could be paid for in small monthly payments. This decided the matter for Andy and he took the outstretched pen and signed the agreement. According to the terms of the agreement the roaster was to be delivered within five days, together with one thousand pounds of Type 3 Santos green coffee.

CHAPTER XI

FRESH-ROASTED

The following morning Andy took the signed agreement to Landers. When the proprietor saw what it was his rugged face was a study.

“I hesitated about closing the deal in your absence, Mr. Landers, because I didn’t want to overstep my authority,” explained Andy, regarding Landers a trifle anxiously. “But the chances are if I had asked the salesman to wait until to-day to see you he would have sold the roaster to one of the other merchants. I knew you wouldn’t want any one to get ahead of you. Besides, it’s a free trial; you won’t have to pay out a cent on the roaster until it has proved up.”

The signed agreement held Landers’ complete attention for several minutes. He knew the Regal system was practical, but he had never seriously considered installing one of the roasters in his store. He was doubtful, in a way, if it would be good business to urge his customers to adopt *new* methods of buying coffee when they were very well satisfied with existing methods. He had in mind that old saying: “It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks.” Things might not work out as Andy pictured. Still, he had a world of confidence in Andy’s judgment in such matters. And to get

the “jump” on his competitors was a most pleasing thought. At length he looked up with the corners of his mouth wrinkled into a whimsical smile.

“Sure, Andy,” said he slowly, “you’re the kind of a lad that was cut out for big business. You’re a self-starter in every sense of the word. And danged if I ain’t glad to back you up! It’s all right, lad. Go ahead with your advertising. We’ll put the thing across.”

Andy was to meet Bud and Chuck that night in the former’s studio, and, bolting his supper, he hurried down town to keep the appointment.

“I’m glad to see you looking so happy,” grinned Bud, glancing up from his drawing board as Andy tumbled into the untidy room. “It’s a pretty good sign that Landers hasn’t tied a can on you for spending two hundred and seventy-five dollars of his hard-earned money.”

“Shucks!” snorted Andy with exaggerated unconcern. “I knew he’d approve of me buying the roaster.”

“Huh! You don’t hate yourself or nothin’,” grunted Chuck, glancing up from the magazine that he was reading.

“When do you expect the roaster to get here?” inquired Bud.

“Within a week. And that means we’ve got to get busy and let the people around here know about the superior quality of our *Fresh-roasted* coffee. I’ve got a dandy scheme in mind. We’ll call on a number of Cressfield ladies and gather a

dozen or more good recipes for making coffee. It may seem to you that there are just a few ways of making coffee, but mother tells me there are several ways. Nearly every woman has her own pet method. These recipes can be printed in booklet form, with an appropriate title—”

“I’ve got it!” cried Bud.

A BETTER CUP OF COFFEE

“Bully boy!” complimented Andy, slapping Bud on the shoulders. Then he went on: “We’ll give away the booklets at the store. You can bet your Sunday shirt that each woman in town will want one when she learns that the recipes featured in the booklet were provided by other local women. And the women who furnished the recipes will be tickled to see their names in print. While it won’t appear as though these ladies are directly indorsing the new *Fresh-roasted* coffee, still the reader will get that inference. On each page of the booklet we’ll work in a few paragraphs about our *Fresh-roasted* coffee. For instance:

“Keep your *Fresh-roasted* coffee fresh—preserve the aroma to the last. Fruit jars are ideal for this purpose.

“When serving hot coffee made from *Fresh-roasted* stock, serve it *hot*. Never recook it.”

Bud suggested:

“Why not make the title of the booklet—*A Better Cup of Coffee*—the title of an ad for this week’s *Gazette*? As I see it, ‘better coffee’ is the big idea of the whole campaign.”

“You’re right,” agreed Andy.

The boys carried their work through as planned, and when the advertisement appeared in the *Gazette* the following afternoon it attracted a great deal of favorable attention.

A BETTER CUP OF COFFEE

If you enjoy a good cup of coffee—coffee that brings the sparkle of industry to your eyes and fills your heart with the spirit of contentment—then, as a customer of ours, you are scheduled for a rare treat indeed.

By special arrangement we have installed in our store the Regal Coffee System and will hereafter supply our customers, at no advance in price, with coffee that is *Fresh-roasted*.

This is a new merchandising practice, being adopted by leading retail grocery and provision stores in the more progressive centers, and we are glad to be able to extend to our customers this up-to-the-minute service.

FRESH-ROASTED

You will find that there is all the difference in the world between our *Fresh-roasted* coffee and coffee handled in

the ordinary way—that may have been roasted several months or a year before being delivered at your home.

It is a fact that, while green coffee improves with age, roasted coffee rapidly deteriorates. This was proved during the recent war. A series of government tests brought out that the coffee being delivered at the cantonments lost thirty per cent. of its drinking qualities after it had been roasted thirty days. So the government installed roasting plants in all the cantonments and camps throughout the country and also in Europe in order that the men in service could be furnished with coffee *Fresh-roasted*.

If you wish to prove the extent to which roasted coffee deteriorates, place a small quantity of ground coffee in a paper bag and let it stand over night. The next morning the bag will be thoroughly saturated with coffee oil, which is the goodness of the coffee. That is why coffee dealers urge that ground coffee be kept in air-tight receptacles.

Small wonder that housewives complain that there is a “difference” in the quality of the coffee delivered to them, and find it difficult at times to prepare coffee of uniform quality for the table.

FRESH-ROASTED COFFEE GOES FURTHER

In our *Fresh-roasted* coffee you get the full strength of the coffee berry. Therefore a pound of the coffee that you will buy from us will go further you really save money

on top of getting the best coffee that the market affords. The bulk coffee we will handle, purchasing the green product in large quantities direct from the Importing Division of the Regal Company at New York City, will be Type 3 Santos, grown in the principal coffee-producing section of Brazil and shipped from the Port of Santos. From this port is shipped annually two thirds of all the coffee consumed in the world.

AFTER-DINNER COFFEE

Many people prefer to drink black coffee, or what is commonly known as *After-dinner* coffee without cream.

Coffee for this purpose will be roasted a little heavier than our regular *Breakfast* coffee. It will be about the color of dark chocolate. *Breakfast* coffee, in which you will use cream and sugar, will be roasted to a cinnamon color.

If you relish a cup of *After-dinner* coffee you will be delighted at the difference in taste between the “black” coffee that you have been in the habit of getting and the coffee that we will supply.

OLD COFFEE STOCK TO BE CLOSED OUT

Naturally, in changing over to the Regal System, we have on hand a limited supply of roasted coffee in the bulk, the same as you have been getting right along. Because we believe this to be inferior to our *Fresh-roasted* coffee we will close out this entire stock at a

discount of twenty per cent. As a convenience to our customers we will continue to handle the trade-marked packaged coffees.

Beginning next Monday all bulk coffee handled in our store will be *Fresh-roasted*—roasted daily in the special electrically operated roaster that we have installed and which we will be pleased to demonstrate to those of our customers who are interested.

FREE BOOKLET

Be sure and get one of the “Better-coffee” booklets that we are giving away.

Even those housewives who have long enjoyed the reputation of being first-class coffee-makers will be glad to have this booklet on hand, because it contains coffee-making recipes gathered from a number of homes right here in Cressfield.

You may have a copy by calling at our store; or your copy will be delivered with your initial order of *Fresh-roasted* coffee.

THE LANDERS GENERAL STORE

Throughout, it was a sound piece of advertising and many customers complimented Denny Landers and Andy on their progressiveness. On Friday and Saturday a number of orders were placed for coffee *Fresh-roasted* for

delivery the following week. Eight hundred booklets were given out at the store. The following week coffee sales were trebled, and the thing that pleased Andy was the fact that Landers was selling coffee to people whom he recognized as customers of other local stores.

CHAPTER XII

AN UNHAPPY SITUATION

As can be imagined Landers' new success did not please all of his fellow merchants. J. P. Hazzel in particular resented the innovation of the coffee roaster. He voiced his feelings to Charley Corey, the arrogant president of the Cressfield Savings Bank. Hazzel knew that the banker cherished a grievance against Landers and cunningly set about to make capital of this fact.

"Why don't you threaten to take up his notes if he doesn't cut out his crazy advertising stunts?" the merchant suggested. "I bet if *you* got after him he'd set up and take notice."

Mr. Corey swelled visibly.

"I—er—hardly have an opportunity to go about matters in that way," returned the banker. "You see, Landers hasn't been doing business with us since the—er—time his impudent clerk turned the hose on my son. I understand Colonel Klugston has been backing him. Possibly if I had a little talk with the Colonel—"

A few days later the banker made it a point to be on the sidewalk just without the door of the bank when Colonel Klugston, an impulsive, eccentric old gentleman,

came stomping down the street, punctuating each stiff step with a thump of his dog-headed walking stick.

“Just the man I wanted to see,” greeted the banker with exaggerated friendliness. “I have a business matter to discuss with you, Colonel. Suppose we step into my private office.”

When they were seated in deep, upholstered leather chairs, Corey began cunningly: “I—er—just learned about your business dealings with this man Landers. As your banker, sir, I feel called upon to caution you. I would greatly regret to see you involved in a matter of Landers’ insolvency. As a conservative banking institution we do not consider Landers a good risk.”

Following the dictates of his kindly heart, the old Colonel stiffened perceptibly.

“I consider Mr. Landers a very honest man, suh,” said he gravely.

“I am not questioning Landers’ honesty—rather, I would say he is indiscreet,” put in Corey quickly, watching the Colonel with cat-like eyes. “I—er—refer to the manner in which he is letting a boy run his business. I predict that Landers will shortly go under, and would suggest that you reconsider very seriously making him any further loans until he agrees to run his own business and not let a mere chit of a boy with crazy advertising ideas run it for him. Why, this last move—this expensive coffee roaster—is the acme of extravagance! And I understand that the Blake boy actually

signed the order in the absence of Landers. Think of that! And with *your* money at stake, sir!”

The Colonel was impressed. He had no reason to question the banker’s motive in the matter and thanked Corey courteously. The foxy banker was highly elated when he saw the impetuous old gentleman start away rather stiffly in the direction of the Landers store.

The store presented a busy scene when the Colonel stomped in through the door. In the dry-goods section Miss Cummins was dividing her time between several customers. Andy was bobbing around, trying to operate the coffee roaster and wait on people at the same time. The coffee roaster filled the atmosphere with a pleasing aroma. Under ordinary circumstances this would have brought an expression of delight from the Colonel because he was a connoisseur of good coffee. Just now, however, he scowled at the offending roaster and stomped across to where Denny Landers was busy at work.

“Mornin’, Colonel,” greeted the storekeeper, glancing up with an inquiring grin on his good-natured face.

“Sure, you’re steppin’ it off like a sixteen-year-old. “What can I do for you this mornin’, Colonel?”

“I called to see you about your notes, suh,” replied the Colonel stiffly. Landers recognized a very definite unfriendliness in the attitude of the impetuous old gentleman and a troubled expression flashed across his face.

“Let’s go into the back room, Colonel,” he suggested, lowering his voice. He brought a chair for the Colonel and seated himself on a cracker-box directly in front of the old gentleman. “What’s your pleasure, Colonel?” he inquired, leaning forward earnestly.

“I see by the newspaper that you have been investing heavily in an expensive coffee roaster, suh.”

Landers’ face was grim, yet puzzled in its expression. He was well acquainted with the impulsive and oftentimes unreasonable characteristics of the old gentleman and felt pretty certain that it was a matter of impulse that had brought him fuming into the store.

“Sure, Colonel, I need the coffee roaster in order to carry on my business,” he said earnestly.

“Nonsense!” sputtered the Colonel, banging the floor with his walking stick. “You are investing your money foolishly. As one of your creditors, I protest. If you persist in buying such nonsensical things I shall demand that you take up your notes coming due next week. I understand that at the bank you are considered a very poor risk, suh.”

A light dawned on Denny Landers. With a cry he sprang to his feet, his fists clenched, the fighting blood of his highstrung ancestors surging hotly through his veins.

“Colonel,” he gritted, “has that skunk of a Charley Corey—the divil take his dirty soul!—been talkin’ to you about my business affairs?”

“Tut! Tut!” sputtered the Colonel evasively. “That is aside from the issue, suh. I am acting on my own judgment.”

“Suppose you tell me exactly what you want me to do,” said Landers slowly.

With the matter put up to him in this direct, common-sense way, the impulsive old gentleman was momentarily nonplused. Indeed, what *did* he want? He hardly knew. He had permitted himself to be carried along on the high tide of impulse without any definite sense of direction. Even momentary reflection convinced him that Landers was not the exceedingly doubtful risk that the banker had pictured. Of a sudden it dawned on him that Corey had been guided by ulterior motives in recommending that he break off business relations with the storekeeper. It was characteristic of the old gentleman that he experienced a tinge of vexation at the thought of how he had played into Corey’s hands. But to drop the matter now would be embarrassing. It would be better, the Colonel figured, to back out of the situation with as much grace as he could muster.

“Er—this coffee roaster,” he began lamely.

“The coffee roaster is on trial,” said Landers grimly.

“Just so! Just so!” sputtered the Colonel. “It may be your intention to return it. That will be quite satisfactory, suh.”

Landers slowly shook his tousled head.

“No, Colonel; I intend to keep it,” he stated. “Sure, I would be foolish to return it. It’s a big money-maker.”

“Tut! Tut!” said the Colonel, again thumping the floor with his walking stick. “It is something you can get along without. I suggest that you send it back. If you will do that my confidence in your business judgment will be revived, suh. I will then arrange to renew your notes.”

“Doesn’t that strike you as bein’ just a little bit unfair, Colonel?” asked Landers gravely, looking the old gentleman squarely in the eye and measuring his words slowly. “I can give you figures showing that the roaster is makin’ money for me——”

“I have named my conditions,” sputtered the Colonel, getting up with a fine display of dignity and stomping out of the store.



**“I HAVE NAMED MY CONDITIONS,” SPUTTERED
THE COLONEL.**

That the old gentleman was unreasonable never once escaped Denny Landers. And at the thought that his old enemy, Charley Corey, was at the bottom of the matter a wild fury gripped him. With a gloomy face he broke the news to Andy.

For a brief instant Andy was so stunned with disappointment that he could not say a word. Rebellious tears welled in his eyes. Then his voice came to him and he cried passionately:

“Oh! How unreasonable! How unfair! Why, the roaster is making all kinds of money for us. And after our advertising campaign it would be a terrible mistake to go back to the old method. We will be the laughing stock of the town! Can’t you borrow money at the bank, sir?”

Landers slowly shook his tousled head. He preferred not to tell Andy that Corey had declined to accept his notes at the bank following the quarrel that Andy had had with Clarence Corey. Landers had won the banker’s enmity by refusing to discharge Andy.

“I realize the Colonel is in the wrong, lad,” said Landers slowly. “But, on the other hand, I can’t afford to antagonize him right now. I have notes coming due that I want him to renew. It’s my suggestion that we forget about keepin’ the roaster in order to preserve my credit.”

Andy’s eyes filled with angry tears as he went in search of Bud. Into Bud’s sympathetic ears he poured

the whole miserable story of how an unkind Fate had invested in an unreasonable old gentleman the power to wreck the advertising structure that had been erected after days of conscientious planning and hard work. Bud, in turn, was scarcely less dismayed than his companion.

CHAPTER XIII

ANDY SAVES THE DAY

It is always difficult to withhold anything in the way of “news” in a small town, and in the course of a day or two J. P. Hazzel learned, with keen satisfaction, that Landers was planning to return the much-advertised coffee roaster after the expiration of the thirty-day trial period. Immediately, he telegraphed the Regal company, stating his willingness to take over the roaster at the price quoted to his competitor. It pleased him to contemplate that Landers had created a market for *Fresh-roasted* coffee that he—Hazzel—would be able to control by the simple process of installing the roaster and putting an occasional inexpensive advertisement in the local newspaper.

Hazzel’s telegram, relayed to the salesman in the field, caused the latter a measure of genuine surprise. On arriving in Cressfield he came directly to Denny Landers’ store. Andy told him what had happened, in a voice that sagged with discouragement.

“By George! This is too bad,” said the salesman gravely, regarding Andy’s troubled face with sincere sympathy. He had taken a great liking to Andy. “I’m mighty sorry things have turned out this way. It may seem to you

that it doesn't mean much to me one way or another, because in either event I'm bound to make a sale. But I'll say in all sincerity that I'd rather have the roaster remain right here than to see it installed in the store across the street. This old Colonel must be a hard-boiled bird to take such an unreasonable stand."

"He's a pretty fine old gentleman in some ways," Andy conceded dismally, "but he's stubborn as a balky mule about certain things. He doesn't very often back down after once committing himself."

"But he couldn't very well object to your keeping the roaster if you could arrive at some spectacular way of making it pay for itself. For instance, you might put on a big peanut sale. The roaster, you know, can be used for peanuts as well as coffee. And there's big profit in peanuts—at least one hundred per cent."

Andy's enthusiasm was resurrected on the instant. Like a flash he pictured a peanut stand in front of the store—sacked peanuts piled high on the counter—a wildly happy throng crowding the sidewalk. In imagination he could hear the click! click! of the cash register as the peanut sales were rung up—sales running into the hundreds and thousands.

"By cracky, we *can* do it!" he cried excitedly, his eyes snapping with rekindled energy. "Next week the Legion boys are going to put on a big home-coming, with a merry-go-round in the square and side-show tents set up in the streets and a fortune teller and doll racks and everything. It's going

to be the biggest celebration Cressfield has ever known. Why, with a peanut stand in front of the store we can take in all kinds of money! It'll be fun, too. Gee-miny!"

The salesman grinned like the big boy that he was.

"By George! You've got me all excited," he enthused. "I tell you what I'll do. I'll keep away from old fatty across the street for a few days, and next week I'll be on hand to help you run the stand. It's going to be a circus! I can work the near-by towns in the forenoons and come back to Cressfield in the afternoons and evenings. Oh, boy! I feel just like a kid again! And maybe you think I don't shine when it comes to handing out a classy line of chatter. How's this?"

Here you are, ladies and gents—a grea-at big sack of meaty, *Fresh-roasted* peanuts for only a dime—ten cents. Gather 'round, folks, and if you don't feel that you've got your money's worth after you've invested a silver dime in a sack of our *Fresh-roasted*, hand-culled, jumbo peanuts, say the word and I'll sing you a little song I composed myself. Right this way, to get a grea-at big sack of *Fresh-roasted* peanuts for only a dime—ten cents."

"I'll see you next week," he grinned boyishly, and grabbed his portfolio.

The home-coming was to be a five-day affair, starting Tuesday. The merry-go-round and other attractions put in an appearance early Monday morning, and in a short time the

usually quiet streets were roped off and the entire downtown district took on a decidedly holiday aspect. Temporary lunch stands sprang up and the greasy odor of frying hamburger tainted the sultry atmosphere.

True to his promise, the salesman hustled into the store late Tuesday afternoon and straightway donned a big white apron, rolled up his sleeves and proceeded to take an active part in operating the peanut stand. His “spiel,” as he called it, never failed to draw laughing attention from the good-natured revelers, and the dimes rolled across the counter in a steady stream. The roaster was kept continuously in operation throughout the afternoon and evening, but in the busiest periods it failed to turn out *Fresh-roasted* peanuts as fast as the boys could sell them. After the first day they took turns roasting and sacking peanuts in the morning, so that they would be able to take care of the afternoon and evening rush.

That week the boys put in long, toilsome hours, and, as Denny Landers daily observed their intense industry, there grew up in his honest, manly heart a feeling that was vastly bigger than gratitude. Yet there were moments when he was gripped with anxiety. He was fearful that when the boys, in their hour of supreme triumph, approached Colonel Klugston with the news that they had earned sufficient money to pay for the roaster, they would get a stubborn rebuff from the eccentric old gentleman. Landers realized how this would dishearten them. It came to him at length that the situation was purely one for tactful procedure, and with a certain plan in mind he headed toward the Colonel’s old-fashioned home Friday evening.

“I’m indeed delighted to see you this evening, suh,” welcomed the hospitable old gentleman, leading the way to his library. With a fine display of courtesy, he drew up one of the most comfortable chairs in the room for his guest.

Landers was pleurably conscious of the quiet refinement of his surroundings. From the bookcases that lined the walls the literary companions of the old Colonel blinked at him in a whole-hearted spirit of friendship. The shaded light of the table lamp sent shadowy elves dancing into the far corners. At one side a curtain ruffled gently as a breath of air was wafted in from the garden. Through this open window came faintly the even-measured tones of the merry-go-round organ and the laughter of the carnival crowd.

“I called to get your advice on a little matter that’s been worryin’ me lately, Colonel,” began Landers thoughtfully.

The Colonel arched his hands in his lap and nodded his head gravely.

“You will always find me willing to give advice where I am prepared to do so, suh,” he returned earnestly.

“It’s about the coffee roaster, Colonel. Sure, I’m in a divil of a predicament. I was intendin’ to return it, and now I can’t do it. Those danged boys—that high-strung Andy Blake and the freckle-faced Wilson kid and Abe York’s boy—conceived the idea of clearin’ enough money through the sale of peanuts this week to pay for the roaster, and I understand they’re within fifty dollars of their goal. To-morrow, most likely, they’ll be around to see you and explain how the

roaster can continue in the store without costing me a cent. Sure, the big-hearted little divils have worked like nailers all week. They've been at it early and late. I ain't got it in me to tell 'em that in spite of what they've done the roaster has got to go back. I was wonderin', Colonel, if I could get you to tell 'em for me."

"Why—er—to return the roaster under such conditions would be most unreasonable and unbusinesslike, suh," returned the impulsive old gentleman spiritedly. "I am surprised that you would even countenance such an idea, suh!"

"Then you feel I ought to keep it?" questioned Landers gently, the suspicion of a twinkle in his kindly eyes.

"Most assuredly, suh."

Landers sighed deeply, as though a load had been lifted from his mind.

"Sure, Colonel, it's a wonderful help to me to get your opinion on such matters," he said gently.

This weighty matter disposed of, the Colonel engaged his guest in a spirited game of checkers which terminated in a complete victory for the host. It was two hours later when Landers started for home. The carnival revelers were still thronging the streets. In the distance he could hear the merry-go-round organ and harangue of the side-show barkers. In the lull caused by the organ shifting to a new tune he plainly heard Andy call out:

“Right this way, ladies and gents. A grea-at big sack of *Fresh-roasted* peanuts for only a dime—ten cents.”

“Sure, I’m glad for Andy’s sake that the old gentleman talked me into keepin’ the roaster,” mused Landers whimsically. Then he chuckled merrily as he turned in at his gate and observed a trail of peanut shells on the sidewalk. Plainly his wife had fallen before the lure of the carnival. Denny was hopeful that she had brought home an extra sack of *Fresh-roasted* peanuts for him.

CHAPTER XIV

HOT CROSS BUNS

Andy was ambitious to put on a sale that would carry a definite appeal to Cressfield's little folks. The idea came to him when he was working on the Taffy Tart advertising, and even the busy program of paying for the coffee roaster did not obscure the thought in his active mind. When he talked the matter over with Denny Landers, the big-hearted Irishman became enthusiastic.

Landers loved children in no small measure. It pleased him mightily to cuddle them into his strong arms and carry them off into fairyland with his wonderful stories of enchanted princesses and blustering giants. He was "Uncle Denny" to a great number of little folks.

While Andy shared Landers' love for children, his motive in staging the special sale was in no way sentimental. He rightly looked upon Cressfield's boys and girls as the town's men and women of a coming day, and saw where it would benefit the business in its span of life to firmly establish the store in youth's receptive mind.

"The children are so crazy over your fairy stories, I'm inclined to make giants and princesses the basic part of our

advertising appeal,” he mentioned to Denny Landers, when a Hot Cross Bun sale had been scheduled for the coming Saturday, and the buns ordered from John Balkman, the local baker. “We’ll give our giant a funny name like Rig-a-Jig or Fiddle Fig. It would be my idea to come out with a full page ad in next Thursday’s *Gazette*. There will be copy telling how good the buns are; and in the ad we’ll feature the beginning of our giant story. We’ll print enough of the story to flag the interest of the kids and make them want to know how the story turns out. At the point where it breaks off we’ll insert a paragraph explaining that the balance of the story has been printed in booklet form and a copy will be given to each customer purchasing an order of Hot Cross Buns. I’ll get Bud to work up a clever drawing of the giant and his castle, and when the children *see* this in the *Gazette* they’ll want to know what it’s all about and will *ask* to have the story read to them—this in the event that they are too young to read it for themselves.”

“Fine!” encouraged Landers. “Sure, if you need any help with your giant story, just call on me. It’s a devil of a poor hand I’d be at writin’ your kind of advertising; but when it comes to spielin’ bunk about fairies and giants I’m there with bells on. You know, Andy, back in Ireland we had *real* fairies.”

“I believe you,” laughed Andy.

That evening Andy wrote his giant story—picturing the wicked giant, Fiddle-Fig, living in a marvelous castle situated on a great rock, with a giantess for a housekeeper, and Doodle Birds in the courtyard. To arrive at the castle one

had to pass through seven massive iron gates. The oppressed Valley people lived in sod houses on the land surrounding the giant's home. Little Jibs, the story hero, was a Valley boy; and the manner in which he disposed of the wicked giant was very thrilling indeed.

As Andy labored faithfully in the shaded light of the reading lamp, guiding manly little Jibs through his maze of adventures, the thought came to Mrs. Blake that this was an unusual idea to employ in advertising. Yet she could see where the giant story would appeal to the little folks and get them to talking of Landers and his store. No doubt things would work out as Andy wanted them to.

The amazing advertisement caused an exciting moment in Cressfield's juvenile life. No youthful "giant killer" ever sprang into more sudden popularity than Little Jibs. Children coming into the store Friday begged Denny Landers to tell them how the story ended. As can be imagined this delighted Landers immensely. On the following day, when the Hot-Cross-Bun sale was in progress, he gave personal attention to distributing the booklets. Practically every child in town received a copy, and more than two thousand buns were disposed of.

There was one man in Cressfield, who had had a part in the success of the bun sale, yet who was not at all pleased over the way things were working out. This was Balkman, the baker.

In his grasping, narrow-minded way, Balkman kept repeating to himself that it was from his toil that

Landers was reaping a rich harvest. Why should he be called upon to sell the buns to Landers at wholesale when he could retail them over his own counter and thereby obtain a longer profit? In view of the increased profit to be gained, he would even be justified in putting a small advertisement in the *Gazette*, to the effect that the much-desired Hot Cross Buns could be secured at his bakery at a slightly lower price than Landers was charging. After much mental effort he produced the following copy, which he turned over to Mr. York the following Wednesday.

BUY YOUR HOT CROSS BUNS AT OUR BAKERY AND SAVE
MONEY

On sale all day Saturday at
14c. per dozen.

We do not give away fairy stories to help sell our goods.
Quality is what we depend on.

Be wise! Buy your Hot Cross Buns where you can get
them the cheapest.

BALKMAN'S BAKERY

After he had carefully reviewed the copy, Mr. York regarded the baker with an expression of uncertainty.

"I don't quite get the purpose of your advertising,"
said he slowly. "Do I understand you're going to

supply Landers with Hot Cross Buns, and also sell them at your bakery in competition to him?”

A dogged light came into Balkman’s eyes.

“I haven’t agreed to furnish him with buns *every* week,” he returned. “Guess I’ve got a right to bake Hot Cross Buns for my own trade, if I want to, instead of selling ’em to him.”

Bud overheard the conversation. Rather grimly he put in:

“Do you call that giving Landers a square deal?”

“What I do or don’t do is my business. It doesn’t concern you as long as I pay my advertising bills,” retorted Balkman angrily.

Bud was dismayed. Plainly, he thought, there could be no Hot Cross Bun sale at the Landers store if Balkman, the town’s only baker, refused to provide the necessary buns.

“Say, Andy, have you placed your order with Balkman for this week’s buns?” he cried breathlessly, when he tumbled into the Landers store a few moments later.

“Not yet,” returned Andy, regarding his excited chum quizzically. “What’s on your mind?”

“He’s planning to double-cross you,” declared Bud. Then he gave Andy a hurried account of what had taken place in the printing office. Andy shared his companion’s dismay.

“The old crook!” cried Andy. “Why, he doesn’t know when he’s well off. He’s trying to play hog, that’s what. Evidently he thinks the people are ‘Hot Cross Bun’ crazy, and doesn’t realize that the thing that turned the trick was our advertising. I just hope he bakes up a big batch of buns and gets stung. That would serve him right. I knew he counted the pennies, but I never imagined he’d pull a crooked deal like this.”

“Your Saturday sale will be knocked sky-high if he refuses to supply you with buns,” put in Bud gloomily.

“No, sir-ee, Bob!” declared Andy grimly. “We’ll get the buns in Glossburg. I guess Balkman isn’t the only baker in the country who can bake Hot Cross Buns. I’ll go over to Glossburg on the electric car this afternoon and see about getting them.”

“Maybe you ought to call on Balkman first,” suggested Bud.

Mrs. Balkman, short, fat and talkative, was braiding the flaxen hair of Mary Ellen, her five-year-old daughter, when the two boys hurriedly entered the store.

“Is Mr. Balkman in?” Andy inquired shortly.

“He’s out back in the bakery. Wait a minute and I’ll call him. John! *John!*”

“How about our Hot Cross Buns for this week, Mr. Balkman?” Andy inquired, when the baker lifted aside the chenille curtain in the doorway leading to Mrs. Balkman’s sitting-room and kitchen in the back part of the store building.

Balkman scowled.

“I can’t bake ’em for you no more,” he returned.

“But you know we are depending on you,” reminded Andy grimly. He was burning with angry indignation, but struggled to keep the heat out of his voice.

“Well, I can’t, and that’s all there is to it,” said Balkman.

“You’re going to lose out in the end if you stick to that decision, Mr. Balkman. It simply means that we’ll get the buns at Glossburg, and handle the other baker’s line instead of yours.”

“You can’t threaten me in my own store,” stormed Balkman. “Guess I know how to run my own business. If you want to buy your bakery goods from Glossburg, go buy ’em there for all I care.”

“That’s what we’ll do all right,” declared Andy grimly, turning and leaving the store.

Suiting his action to his words he made a hurried trip to Glossburg that afternoon, where he succeeded in placing an order for the necessary buns, to be delivered on the first electric car into Cressfield Saturday morning. He explained the situation to the Glossburg baker, pointing out that Landers would probably quit handling Balkman’s bakery goods, in which event the Glossburg baker promised to supply the necessary goods, making two deliveries daily, one early in the morning and the second at two-thirty in the afternoon.

Denny Landers, of course, knew what was going on, but he was strangely noncommittal. While Andy was inclined to see only the unreasonable side of John Balkman's character, Landers knew from his years of association with the man that he had many commendable qualities. He regretted that the trouble had come up, preferring to associate with Balkman in a spirit of friendship. When he learned through Chuck Saturday afternoon that Balkman was going to be left with more than a thousand Hot Cross Buns on his hands, genuine regret gripped his warm heart. At length he cornered Andy.

"Sure, lad, it's wonderin' I am how our bun sale is comin' along," he said craftily.

"It's all over, Mr. Landers," replied Andy happily. "I sold the last dozen buns nearly an hour ago. Gee! I never imagined there'd be such a call for them."

"Fine!" congratulated Landers. Then he added slowly, "Maybe we could sell another thousand if we had 'em. Eh, lad?"

"I should say we could. But we can't get them, if that's what you're thinking about, Mr. Landers. I just got through telephoning the Rudy Bakery at Glossburg, and they say it's impossible for them to supply any more of the buns to-day."

"Suppose we try some other baker," suggested Landers. He scratched his head thoughtfully. "Sure, now, who can we call up? The devil! I wonder if old Balkman won't help us out."

Andy stiffened. His face pictured astonishment and indignation.

“Why, you wouldn’t go to Balkman, would you, Mr. Landers?—after the raw deal he pulled on us? He’s got the buns, all right, but if it were left up to *me* the old buns would stay on his counter and mold before I’d take them off his hands.”

Landers rested a quieting hand on Andy’s shoulder.

“Faith, lad, is it your idea to kick a man when you’ve got him down?” said he gently.

“No-o,” returned Andy uncomfortably. He hadn’t looked at the matter in that light.

“You’ve licked Balkman fair and square,” went on Landers slowly. “You’ve got him flat on his back, lad. And I’m of the opinion, and I believe you are, too, that it’ll be decent of us to give him a helpin’ hand. It’s better to be friends than enemies, Andy, and it pays us sometimes to swallow our resentment in order to make people our friends.

“Sure, now, Balkman isn’t such a divil of an ornery cuss. He’s a good craftsman, a good citizen, a good husband and a good father. When you’re sayin’ that about a man you’re sayin’ a lot. True, he hasn’t given us a square deal, but we all skid at times. He’s learned his lesson, and I don’t think he’ll make the same mistake twice. Besides, I’d rather buy my bakery goods here in Cressfield than from out

of town. Patronize home industry first is my motto. What's your opinion, Andy?"

"I guess you're right, sir," was Andy's thoughtful rejoinder.

CHAPTER XV

JIBS AND THE GIANT

The scowl on Balkman's face deepened when the screen door of his store opened and admitted Denny Landers. He was bitter indeed over the failure of his scheme to make a Saturday "special" of the Hot Cross Buns. Hundreds of the tempting sugar-cruled buns were piled in trays on the counter. A consuming rage surged in the man's heart at the thought that the Irishman had dropped into the bakery to taunt him of his failure.

Landers was too good a student of human nature not to notice this. And he spoke up quickly:

"Good afternoon, John. It's a divil of a hot day we're havin'. Sure, I'm wonderin' if you'll do an old friend a favor?"

Balkman regarded his visitor with suspicion.

"What do you mean?" he growled.

Landers bared his tousled hair and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Faith, I don't want you to make it public, John, but it's dissatisfied I am with the buns that came over to-

day from Glossburg. They can't hold a candle to the stuff I've been gettin' from you. And if you can spare me about a thousand buns to finish out the day's business—"

At this point there was a noisy interruption. With a joyful shriek flaxen-haired Mary Ellen came dashing through the sitting room door into the store and threw herself into Denny Landers' welcoming arms. Her mother had been rocking her to sleep when the sound of Landers' voice carried to the sitting room back of the store. Quick as a cat Mary Ellen had slipped down from her mother's lap.

"Oh, Untle Denny. I's got sumfin' for you," she cried happily, clapping her chubby hands against Landers' weathered cheeks.

Denny's face beamed.

"Sure, now, it's a divil of a lucky man your old Uncle Denny is to be gettin' something from a grand little lady like you. What's this fine thing you've got for me, Pussy Cat?"

"Dess!"

"I bet it's a bear-hug," guessed Denny with exaggerated thoughtfulness.

"It's a tiss," shrieked Mary Ellen; and she implanted her rare gift on the Irishman's rugged cheek. Then she wriggled about in his arms, clamoring for a story. "Please, Untle Denny," she coaxed, hugging him tight. "Tell Ma'y Ellen 'bout naughty Fiddle-Fig giant."

“What the devil!—didn’t you get one of my Fiddle-Fig story books last week?”

Mrs. Balkman had followed Mary Ellen into the store and now waddled forward.

“I was intending to get her one, but I neglected it till they were all gone. Let me have her, Mr. Landers, and I’ll put her to sleep. Come, pet; it’s time for your nap. Say good-by to Uncle Denny.”

“No! no!” cried Mary Ellen rebelliously. “Untle Denny’s goin’ to tell Ma’y Ellen ’bout Fiddle-Fig.”

Landers gave Mrs. Balkman a broad wink.

“Sure, no regular little lady wants to go to sleep without hearin’ about the naughty old giant,” said he, regarding Mary Ellen tenderly. With his rough hand he brushed the flaxen hair back from her forehead, now flushed with the heat of the sultry afternoon. Then he carried her into the sitting room and seated himself in the rocking chair that Mrs. Balkman had vacated. Through the open window came the muffled sound of Main Street’s traffic. A gorgeous, yellow-black bumblebee came buzzing by and tarried momentarily on the window sill. Somewhere in the leafiness outside a song bird caroled lazily.

All these things tended to bring Mary Ellen very close to the borders of dreamland. Huddled in Denny Landers’ strong arms she listened contentedly to the Irishman’s version of Little Jib’s marvelous adventures. Slowly the little eyes

closed. She yawned; then caught herself and resolutely pried her eyes open. But in spite of a fine determination the heavy eyelids came down again—slowly—slowly! She gave a sigh and her chubby arm rested at Landers' hairy neck.

“And old Fiddle-Fig, the danged reprobate, roared to the lady giant, ‘Did you open the seven iron gates?’ And the lady giant trembled till her false teeth rattled, and says, ‘Yes, master.’ ‘’Tis well,’ says old Fiddle-Fig. And just then that old divil of a King Doodle Bird came a-hoppin’ up from behind, and all the other Doodle Birds came a-hoppin’, and they skidded into the old giant purposely, intent on scratching his eyes out. He rushed for the protection of his elegant marble castle, but, being unable to see, he came to the top of the windin’ stairs by mistake and what did the old sinner do but skedaddle down the stairs, head over heels, bumpin’ against the seven iron gates.

“And down at the foot of the stairs was Little Jibs, with all the Valley people, and, Mither o’ Moses, in the wink of an eye they had the undertaker measurin’ old Fiddle-Fig for a wooden overcoat.

“And the happy people made Little Jibs—Little Jibs—made Little Jibs their King—made Little Jibs—”

As Denny Landers' voice trailed off into space Balkman came up falteringly from behind. The sullen look was gone from his face and in its place was an expression of chagrin and humility.

“Denny, I—I—” he began. Landers seemed not to hear.

“Denny, I’ve acted like a plumb durn fool, and if you’ll—”

The man paused abruptly. Then with a grin he tiptoed out of the room. Denny’s eyes were closed no less tightly than were Mary Ellen’s.

Hand in hand, the man and the child were romping in the dream kingdom of manly Little Jibs.

CHAPTER XVI

ANDY FINDS A LETTER

When John Balkman delivered the buns that Denny Landers had ordered, Andy Blake, following a custom of the business, went to Landers' desk to make an entry of the transaction in the accounts payable ledger.

Failing to find the ledger in its accustomed place, he hurriedly looked through a pile of old magazines that littered the top of the merchant's untidy desk. The ledger was not misplaced among the magazines; nor could Andy find it in any of the desk drawers. At length he glanced up at the baker and said:

"You needn't bother to wait till I make the entry, Mr. Balkman. I'll make a memorandum of the transaction and Mr. Landers'll post it in the ledger when he returns. No doubt he'll know where to look for it."

"I suppose you'll be wantin' more buns next week," said the baker.

"Sure thing," was Andy's hearty reply. Then he added impulsively, "I guess I was pretty sassy when I was in your store the other day, Mr. Balkman. I'm sorry. If I could

see things like Denny Landers does, I probably wouldn't fly off the handle that way."

"Maybe I needed some sass," the man admitted quietly, turning abruptly and leaving the store.

Just before supper Andy again tried to locate the missing ledger. In moving some papers on the desk a letter dropped into his hands from one of the many badly cluttered pigeon-holes. The word "advertising" caught his eye.

Conscious of a temptation to read the letter, Andy stiffened on the moment and reached forward to thrust the piece of paper into the pigeon-hole from whence it had fallen. But his arm became motionless as though turned to stone, when his quick eye detected the name "Andrew Blake" in the opening paragraph. A thrill ran down his spine. What could it mean? Why should he be mentioned in a letter to Landers from the Rollins & Hatch Company, one of Chicago's foremost advertising agencies?

In the minutes that followed Andy did a very natural thing—he read the letter, though fully conscious of his wrongdoing. As the words hurtled through his brain his heart became gripped with anger and distrust toward the man he had come to respect and admire above all other men.

Andy first read the letter hurriedly, as though fearful of detection. Then he reread it slowly, almost doggedly, word for word:

MR. DENNIS LANDERS,

Cressfield, Ill.

DEAR MR. LANDERS:

A very interesting story has reached us regarding the advertising work of your young clerk, Andrew Blake.

As you may know, a great many country newspapers come to us for checking purposes; and that is how we came to observe the Taffy Tart campaign in your local weekly. Always we are on the lookout for men who seemingly have original advertising ideas, and, recognizing a fine merchandising appeal in the Taffy Tart campaign, we wrote to the proprietor of your newspaper to learn who created the unique advertising.

Mr. York informed us that your clerk is wholly responsible for the campaign, and suggested that we get in touch with you.

It would interest us to have your personal opinion of Mr. Blake's ability. If your report is encouraging, and the young man is conscious of the advantages to be derived by a connection with our company, we will be pleased to offer him a beginner's position here.

Sincerely,
MILO ROLLINS, *General Manager*,
Rollins & Hatch Company.

Five minutes later Andy burst in upon his mother, white lines showing about his sensitive mouth, anger

burning in his eyes. The woman was dismayed at his emotion. At the sound of his running footsteps on the wooden sidewalk she had hastened to dry the tears that clouded her eyes. She had reasons for not wanting Andy to know that she had been crying. Now, as she looked into his stormy face and recognized the terrific unhappiness that gripped him, she quite forgot about her own troubles.

“Why—Andy! What is wrong?” she cried, taking him by the shoulders.

“Mother, Landers has cheated me. After all I’ve done for him, he’s cheated me—robbed me. Oh, and I believed in him! I thought he was manly and on the square. But he isn’t, Mother——”

“Stop!” commanded Mrs. Blake with an intensity that bordered on roughness. “Andy, you surely do not know what you are saying. There isn’t a dishonest hair in Denny Landers’ head. How can you think such a thing? Oh, Andy!—I’m ashamed of you! Indeed, Mr. Landers is a true friend——”

“But he isn’t, Mother,” cried Andy. Quickly he drew the now crumpled letter from his coat pocket. His hands trembled as he smoothed the letter and handed it to his mother. “I tell you he has cheated me. He has stolen from me an opportunity I have been dreaming of and longing for for months. See, Mother! I found this letter in his desk. It is two weeks old. The Rollins & Hatch Company of Chicago saw my Taffy Tart campaign in the *Gazette*. The general manager of the company wrote to Mr. Landers for a recommendation as to

my ability. He offered to hire me. Just think!—a position in one of the biggest advertising agencies in the country! And Landers never told me a word about it. The opportunity is gone! He cheated me, Mother. He doesn't want me to quit him because I'm making money for him. He wants to hold me down—keep me in this jerk-water town. Oh, Mother! I feel just like—like—”

A wail came from Mrs. Blake that stabbed Andy's tender heart and drove away the tirade that flamed to his lips.

“Why, Mother—you're white as—chalk—” he gasped, his strong young arms instantly going about her waist. “Are you ill, Mother?”

“It isn't—the kind of an illness—you think, Andy,” the woman faltered. She struggled to regain control of herself. The color slowly returned to her face. “I'm all right now,” she added simply.

“You scared me, Mother,” cried Andy, concern showing in his anxious eyes.

“I'm a silly woman, Andy. I can see it now. But I suppose God intended that all mothers should be that way. You are all I have, Andy. Oh, I love you so much! I couldn't bear to give you up.

“Andy, Mr. Landers told me of the—letter the day he received it. You say he cheated you. No, Andy! If any one tried to cheat you it was I. My heart failed me at the thought

of your going to the city. I told Mr. Landers I wanted time to think it over—to decide what was best. But it wasn't wholly that—I was selfish—I didn't want you to go away and leave me——”

“Mother!” gasped Andy, his voice vibrating with amazed emotion.

“It's over now, Andy. I can see where I was wrong. I mustn't stand in the way of your advancement. It is right that you should go to the city, and, now that the battle is over, I want you to go. It isn't too late to get the position for you. I'll see Mr. Landers and have him write to-morrow. I, too, will write and explain the delay to Mr. Rollins.”

“Mother—I'm dazed,” cried Andy, his hand pressing against his throbbing forehead.

Mrs. Blake laughed softly as she playfully tweaked the boy's nose.

“What you need is a good roll on the grass,” she advised. “Don't you remember, Andy? When you were a little fellow and a great happiness came into your life you would roll on the lawn and kick up your heels and shout. Dear me, don't look so surprised and so—so superior! You're awfully big, I know, and *almost* a man; but to-night, Andy, we'll *pretend* you're a boy. Run into the yard. Do as I tell you this very minute or I'll—I'll spank you! When supper is ready I'll call you.”

A great love shone in Andy's face.

“Mother, you’re—you’re just *wonderful!*” he cried.
Then he dashed from the kitchen, the screen door
closing after him with a bang. There were tears—big, happy
tears—in his eyes, and he sought to hide them.

CHAPTER XVII

IN THE CITY

To Andy, unaccustomed to the intense activity of a large city, it was overwhelming—the grinding roar and nerve-wracking clang of the surface cars, the thunderous rumble of the “elevated,” the penetrating screech of the traffic officer’s whistle and the shrill cries of the hardened newsboys. Bewildered by these distracting surroundings, the boy permitted himself to be carried along by the stream of humanity that twice daily reaches flood height in the hours that mark the opening and the closing of the industrial door in Chicago’s great “loop” district.

Still a part of the seemingly endless, restless and wholly indifferent throng, Andy presently found himself in the lobby of a giant office building. Here he consulted the directory and learned that the advertising corporation of Rollins & Hatch was located on the ninth floor. His feeling of uncertainty was intensified by the knowledge that he had elected himself to become a part of this dynamic world without knowing a great deal about it.

Passing into one of the elevators, he was carried to the ninth floor. When he stepped into the spacious waiting

room of the Rollins & Hatch suite, a black-haired girl at the switchboard gave him a friendly inquiring glance.

“My name is Andrew Blake,” he stated with some uncertainty. “I am here to see Mr. Rollins by appointment.”

“Mr. Rollins isn’t down yet,” the girl informed him.

“Suppose you take a seat, Mr. Blake. I will let you know when Mr. Rollins comes in.”

Andy thanked her. Gingerly seating himself, he struggled to collect his scattered thoughts. There was something in the atmosphere of the busy place that suggested power, latitude, dominance. It seemed to him as though he were standing on the threshold of Opportunity. Through glass partitions he could see rows of small, private offices with the names of the occupants lettered on the gray glass doors. Keen-eyed, neat-appearing young men were bending over desks; some, with shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows, were operating typewriters. Every one seemed busy—and happy. Truly, thought Andy, here was the birthplace of Big Business. Here, on the anvil of concentrated brain-power, was forged the merchandising vehicle that enabled men to capitalize on invention. He thrilled with happiness in the knowledge that he was about to become a part of this dynamic organization.

Then his optimism faded. The feeling of uncertainty and uneasiness that had gripped him while in the street returned with added force. Probably this was caused more than anything else by the framed advertisements that looked down upon him from the tinted walls of the waiting room. These selling appeals, subtly bespeaking the substance of

Rollins & Hatch's clientèle, were examples of the very best in magazine advertising. Andy silently compared this work with the advertising he had created for Denny Landers, and suddenly his own efforts, hitherto a source of pride, seemed small and lowly. The fear gripped him that possibly, after all, there would be no place for him in this organization of professionals.

A fat boy lumbered into the room with a handful of engravings. He favored the telephone girl with a wink and inquired about certain order copies. Following him into an adjoining room, she helped him locate the necessary papers in a metal filing cabinet. Outside the door of the waiting room the elevator disgorged more passengers. Two men, talking earnestly, passed through the room. The telephone girl came to the door and inquired:

"Wasn't that Mr. Rollins who just came in?"

"I don't know him by sight," Andy confessed. The girl said, "O-o-o," and crossing to the switchboard was about to plug in under a certain number when a trim, neatly dressed and exceedingly businesslike woman came into the room and extended her hand to Andy.

"I believe you are Mr. Andrew Blake," she said with a kindly smile. "I am Mr. Rollins' secretary—Miss Manning. He would like to have you come into his office."

Andy followed her into a large sunlit room through the open windows of which came dully the rumble of the surface cars in the cañonlike streets below. Gorgeous red

geraniums and fuchsias nodded in green flower boxes on the window ledges; and on the big desk in the center of the room a single red rose stood proudly erect in a cut-glass vase. These flowers seemed to blend pleasantly with the rose-tinted walls, the soft rug and the rich mahogany office furniture. At one side a bank of ferns softened the yawning mouth of a fireplace.

A tall, wiry, gray-haired man in a light office jacket came forward slowly with outstretched hand. He appeared at first glance to be very reserved and thoughtful; yet there was a friendliness, a humanness, about him that appealed to Andy on the instant. The man's dark eyes, from beneath heavy, overhanging eyebrows, never wavered in their glance and seemed to pierce the young visitor through and through.

"I am glad to welcome you into our organization, Mr. Blake," he said in a low, musical, penetrating voice.

"I'm glad to be here, sir," Andy returned, putting warmth into his handclasp.

"When did you arrive in the city?"

"Last night."

"Get located?"

"I'm staying at the LaSalle Hotel."

"I will have Mr. Dingley assist you in getting a room in some good lodging house on the north side. It will be much cheaper—and better. You are to work with Mr.

Dingley. He is a young man like yourself. You will like him, I am sure. Now, suppose you have a seat and tell me something, in your own way, about your advertising work and about your ambitions.”

At this kindly invitation, Andy proceeded to give an account of the newspaper campaigns he had prepared for Denny Landers; also he mentioned the advertising books he was studying, and struggled to put into words the great longing that filled his heart to make for himself a mark of importance in the advertising world. Throughout the recital Mr. Rollins nodded encouragingly.

“This is all very interesting, especially the Taffy Tart story,” the man commented when Andy had finished. “As you know, you first came to our attention through your Taffy Tart campaign. That was rather cleverly worked out. In fact, one of our clients, the Imperial Candy Company, is planning to do something along similar lines.

“I believe you are at a point in your career where you need the professional training you will get here; and we, of course, need you. I may say, as a matter of information, that we are one of the oldest and soundest advertising service corporations in the middle west. Naturally we are rather jealous of this reputation, and we all work together to maintain in full the prestige we have built up.

“In joining forces with us, I want you to feel that we are interested in your development and want to help you in every way we can. It is obvious that you have many things to learn

about our business before you will become a creative part of the organization. We expect that.

“At the start you will be paid thirty dollars a week. Your salary will be advanced as rapidly as you develop. Frankly, I hope you will not be a thirty-dollar-a-week man very long. We need fifty-dollar and one-hundred-dollar-a-week men. Now I will have Mr. Dingley come in, so that you may become acquainted with him.”

Miss Manning seemingly had anticipated this moment, because almost on the instant that Mr. Rollins finished speaking she was followed into the room by a fair, pleasant-faced, wide-awake young man who regarded Andy with interested blue eyes.

“Mr. Dingley, this is the young man I told you about yesterday—Mr. Andrew Blake. He will work with you on the Ayer and Imperial accounts. I have every reason to believe that he will prove of great assistance to you when he becomes familiar with our ways of doing things. He is from out of the city, and has not a permanent rooming place. You may want to help him get located.”

An hour later Andy proudly found himself stationed at a neat desk in a small office with Dingley. The latter had seen to it that the new desk was fully equipped with paper, pencils and clips.

“Some time this morning we’ll step around a bit so that you can become acquainted with the boys,” Dingley said in a friendly way that was characteristic with him. “We’re a

decent gang, as a whole. I imagine you feel a little bit lost right now. I did when I came here two years ago. But after a few days that'll wear off and you'll be one of the family. Here comes Evans, our art director. He's a card. On first acquaintance you'll think he's a crab; but, take it from me, if he likes you he'll pry a city block loose to help you. Hey, Evans, put on the brakes! Meet Mr. Blake. New man. Going to help me on the Ayer account."

The artist gave Andy but scant attention. His small bright eyes carried a preoccupied look. A fringe of wiry red hair accentuated his baldness.

"You have my sympathy," he said indifferently. "I always feel it's my unlucky day when I have to do anything for that man Ayer. He has no idea of the value or latitude of art. All he thinks of is details. If I leave a bolt or screw off one of his machines—good night!"

Dingley shifted about uneasily.

"Aw, Evans, don't throw a scare into Blake the first thing," he joked.

"Glad to meet you," said the artist, limply shaking hands with Andy as an afterthought and passing on, still visibly buried in gloomy meditation.

"Huh!" growled Dingley. "He's nice and friendly this morning—just like a hungry bear with a sore head. Well, don't let him get your goat, Blake. Ayer's a queer old codger—lives awfully close to his precious machines and all that—"

but one can get along with him well enough by making allowances.”

“In what way will I come in contact with him?” inquired Andy a trifle uncertainly.

“In an advertising agency such as this, where advertising is placed for a number of clients, each account is handled by a certain man or team. You will be my junior and help me plan and prepare the Ayer Planing Machine Company and the Imperial Candy Company advertising. At the start I’m going to have you give all your time to the Ayer proposition. Frankly, it’s been a little bit neglected of late. The Imperial concern is going in for national advertising this fall, using a number of big national magazines, with a lot of newspaper tie-up stuff. It will be up to you to study the Ayer line and the channels of distribution—in fact, work with Ayer in every way you can in order that he may get the feeling that his account is being given preferred attention. We handle his trade paper copy—full page ads monthly in all the leading furniture and planing-mill papers. He handles the direct-by-mail work himself—what little he does. All your copy will have to bear his O.K., so the better you stand in with him the easier it will be for you.

“The account has never been a paying one, but we have had hopes that Ayer would eventually see the light and let us do some real advertising for him. He’s a personal friend of Mr. Rollins, and that may be one reason why we never have pushed the matter. Here is a portfolio of the advertising we have placed for Ayer during the past three years. Better spend a few hours studying it. Not that you’ll

want to duplicate the stuff, but it'll give you an idea of his line."

"Don't you think it would be a good plan for me to see the real machinery?" said Andy after a moment, slowly turning the pages of the portfolio. The pictured machines seemed very vague and strange to him.

"Sure," agreed Dingley. "We'll take a run out to the factory to-morrow. But it's a dirty place and you won't want to stay there any longer than you can help. Take it from me you won't."

Andy followed Dingley's suggestion and spent the balance of the morning reading and digesting—rather, trying to digest—the advertisements featuring Ayer fast-feed matchers, molders, surfacers and glue jointers. At times his thoughts wandered, so new and distracting were his surroundings. With fine determination to concentrate on the task at hand, he would start in reading an interesting account of the production capacity of a double surfacer and end by following with his eye and thoughts the movements of people near him.

And there were moments when something seemed to prick him inside and cause his thoughts to return longingly to Cressfield. Did Bud and Chuck miss him? And Denny Landers? He thought of his mother. A clock on the wall without the door of the little office pointed to eleven-thirty. He could picture his mother in her calico apron fussing over the kitchen stove, browning the potatoes as he liked them

browned. He would miss those good potatoes—those good meals. He would miss—

“Get your lid, Blake,” Dingley called from the door. “We’ll skip out to some cafeteria ahead of the jam and grab a bite to eat.”

After lunch, Andy followed Dingley on board a northbound surface car.

“We’ll take a run out to Forest Street,” Dingley said.

“I know one grand little old lady out there who runs a rooming house. If you can get a room with her you’ll be in luck. She doesn’t jaw about a little noise and muss like some old hens I’ve roomed with. She’s a good scout.”

At Forest Street they left the car and walked half a block. Running up the wide stone steps of a large and rather shabby-appearing house, Dingley pressed the call bell button.

“Hello, Mother West,” he said noisily, when a kind-faced little old lady opened the door and glanced out inquiringly. It seemed to Andy that she could not weigh more than one hundred pounds. The flush of youth had departed from her cheeks, but in her eyes was the deep, warm glow that bespoke a friendly, kindly heart.

“Well, if it isn’t Mr. Ding!” she said in somewhat of a flurry. “Dear me! I haven’t seen you for months. I’d just about made up my mind that you had a new girl and had forgotten me,” this last with a playful, accusing gesture of her small, wrinkled hand.

“Not so you’d notice it,” assured Dingley quickly. “This is Mr. Blake, Mother West.”

The little old lady held out her hand to Andy in a friendly way.

“You look like a nice boy,” she said simply, smiling into his face. “But then, all Mr. Ding’s friends are nice.”

“Tut, tut, Mother! How do you get that way? Mr. Blake’s from out of town—connected with the agency. I want you to fix him up with a room. Now don’t say you can’t. The Boss wants to get him located in a nice place where there’ll be some one to look after him and see that he doesn’t get to romping around with chorus girls and things like that.”

“You silly boy,” said Mrs. West, shaking with laughter. Then she composed herself and turned to Andy. “I have one room, Mr. Blake, that you may see, if you wish. It’s rather small, but it’s close to the bath and in a quiet part of the house.”

“I’m not very big,” grinned Andy.

“I imagine it’s just the kind of a room for a boy,” she said, leading the way up two flights of stairs to a room on the third floor. It was indeed small, but there was a coziness and homeliness about it that appealed to Andy and he came to terms on the spot. He explained that he would be back that night with his luggage and she gave him a key to the front door. Then he paid his first week’s rent in advance and followed Dingley back to the car line.

As the afternoon carried through and drew to a close, Andy was happy in the knowledge that he had less of that feeling of uneasiness that had distracted him before lunch. He became conscious of an atmosphere of friendliness throughout the organization.

He saw nothing more of Mr. Rollins that day. Dingley was in and out of the little office, occasionally bringing some member of the organization in for Andy to meet. In that way Andy became acquainted with a number of young men in the office. One of them, a studious-appearing boy, wearing big shell-rimmed glasses, invited him to the Y.M.C.A. the coming Saturday evening to witness a basket-ball game.

“Sure you can find Mother West’s all right?” Dingley inquired as he prepared to leave the office shortly after five o’clock.

“Yes, indeed,” Andy assured him.

“Well, I’ll trot along then. Be good, and don’t do anything to-night I wouldn’t. See you in the morning.”

“Good night,” responded Andy feelingly. He liked Dingley!

It was natural for Andy to get his supper at the same restaurant where Dingley and he had lunched that noon. And he managed quite well alone, though he felt out of place in the hungry, indifferent throng. He checked out at the hotel, and boarding a northbound car got off at Forest Street. Mrs. West was not in sight when he rather clumsily let himself in. As he passed up the stairs he heard some one

whistling merrily in one of the rooms; from another room came the sound of voices, followed by a burst of laughter. Plainly, thought Andy, these people, roomers like himself, had found happiness and contentment in the city. He then and there determined that he, too, would make the city pay him a dividend in companionship and happiness. He would make himself a part of the city, as much a part of it as these other roomers.

That night he wrote to his mother a letter that radiated supreme optimism. He pictured Mr. Rollins, reserved and deep, yet withal kindly and human. He drew a word picture of the likable, talkative Dingley, of the moody, talented Evans and the efficient Miss Manning. Even Mother West—as Andy had determined to call her—came in for lengthy mention. He described his little room—dwelling on the quaint picture near the foot of the bed. This showed a sleepy village street with grimy-faced urchins in the foreground playing with a shepherd dog. Andy was not to know that the kind-hearted Mrs. West had hunted up this picture that very afternoon, thinking that it would please him, provide a touch of “home” to his little room, and possibly tide him over those unhappy moments when homesickness touched at his heart.

It was indeed a long letter that Andy wrote. When it was completed he undressed, snapped out the light, and crawled into bed. For a long time he lay there thinking of his new work and of the possible outcome of his associations with Mr. Ayer. He recalled vividly the remark of the artist. And again he experienced a feeling of uneasiness. He stifled this by saying with determination:

“I’ve simply got to make the man like me. And I guess I can do it, if I take a sincere interest in his planers and try to help him in every way I can.” This determination brought a quieting influence and he shortly dropped off to sleep.

CHAPTER XVIII

AYER-PLANED

Andy was uncertain as to the length of time it would take him to get down on the street car, and as a result of his desire to be on time, was one of the first ones at the office the following morning. He observed the fat office boy in the general office sorting the mail, and proceeded to make himself acquainted.

“My name’s Andy Blake,” he said, holding out his hand.

“I’m Tub,” grinned the boy. “When I’m old enough to vote I’ll be George Henderson. Goin’ to work here?”

“Yep. Can I help you sort the mail? I’d like to know how to do it.”

“Sure—jump in,” invited Tub, indicating a chair with a nod of his round head.

In the busy minutes that followed Tub waxed friendly and confidential. Andy learned the method employed in distributing the mail—also learned that Tub was a member of a boys’ club. Tub also admitted that he was an amateur editor. It seemed that he guided the uncertain destinies of an

amateur paper, the mouthpiece of his “tribe,” getting it out on the office duplicating machine.

“I do it nights,” he explained.

“I’ll stay and help you the next time you get it out,” Andy offered.

“I wish you’d help me write it,” said Tub, his mind seemingly gripped with troublesome thoughts. “Gee! It’s hard to think up news and write about it. The fellows don’t help much except to make fun of my spelling.” Then he seemed possessed of a new and happier thought. “How’d you like to meet the gang some night?”

“I’d be tickled silly,” said Andy earnestly.

“I’ll let you know when we have our next meeting,” said Tub happily.

The other members of the organization were now pouring into the office. Dingley signaled to Andy.

“Say, Blake, I think we better run out to the Ayer plant this morning. You’ve got to meet Ayer sooner or later, so we might as well have it over with. I can spare the time this morning better than later in the week. How does the idea strike you?”

“I’m ready whenever you say,” returned Andy.

Dingley informed the telephone girl of his intended destination, then made a run for the elevator. That was one of

the things about Dingley that fascinated Andy; he appeared always to be on the jump, always “on his toes.” Nothing was ever done in a leisurely way.

“I’m going to pattern after him,” was Andy’s determination.

On the way to the Ayer plant Andy was watchful of the car changes, realizing that he wouldn’t always have Dingley for a guide. The factory, rather low and gloomy in outward appearances, yet possessing a pleasing hum of industry, was located on the extreme south side. As they passed into the dingy office, Andy unconsciously contrasted it with the cheerful, sunny offices of Rollins & Hatch. He knew little about such things, but the thought came to him on the instant that people would be likely to do better work under surroundings that were cheerful and inspirational. And there came to him a vague uneasiness. Were these gloomy, dingy surroundings characteristic of the man he was to serve in an advertising way?

A girl in charge of the switchboard was sorting time cards between calls. When she saw Dingley her face brightened until her black eyes fairly snapped.

“Hello, Rosie!” he greeted in his friendly, talkative way. “I suppose the Boss is in his office?”

“He’s in Detroit,” replied Rosie.

“This is my assistant, Mr. Andrew Blake,” Dingley introduced. “I understand, Rosie, he has a wife and six small children back in his home burg; so don’t try to vamp him and

break up a happy home. If you do that, I'll be jealous. We came out to see Mr. Ayer and size up the line. I suppose it will be all right for me to show Mr. Blake around."

"Sure, make yourself homely," giggled Rosie. She pressed a button, causing a gate in the corral to unlatch, admitting Dingley and Andy to the general office room. Dingley nodded in a friendly way to several typists and passed into a small room which proved to be the advertising department.

On their entrance into the room, a tall, yellow-haired girl came forward inquiringly.

"Miss Hanson, this is Mr. Blake, the man who will be in direct charge of your magazine advertising. Suppose you show him what you are doing in connection with your direct-by-mail stuff. He may have some suggestions to offer later, though of course his work will be largely on the trade-paper end."

The girl showed Andy the kind of circulars that were being mailed intermittently into the field and explained the plan of distribution by classes of business. She pointed out the machine for addressing the advertising, showing how the address stencils were divided into groups, thereby enabling the company to send a certain circular to a certain branch of the woodworking industry.

"You understand, I believe, that we build all kinds of planing machinery—surfacers, molders, matchers and glue jointers. Where we have a folder describing a surfacer used only on fine work in the furniture field, naturally we will want to

send this only to prospects in that particular field. Our fast-feed matchers, on the other hand, are used principally in planing mills, so a matcher circular would not go to furniture factory prospects. You can see from this why it is desirable for us to have our mailing list divided vocationally.”

“Is it the idea of the advertising to produce inquiries for the salesmen to work on?” Andy inquired, after a brief study of the pieces placed before him.

“Yes, but we don’t get very many. The salesmen are always complaining because we don’t send them more live leads. Here is one of the return cards we inclose with each folder.”

“Who gets up your folders?” was Andy’s next question.

“Mr. Ayer, mostly. Isn’t that right, Mr. Dingley?”

“Yes; Ayer’s the whole shebang around here—helps design the machines—superintends the factory—goes on the road selling—and insists that he above all others is best qualified to write a description of his planers. Occasionally we get a crack at a purely descriptive piece—like these folders—but he doesn’t seem enthusiastic about our idea of things. He says we’re superficial—that we don’t know enough about machinery to write about it intelligently.”

“But if I studied the line, and learned how the machines are built and what they will do, don’t you suppose he’d let me handle this work?” inquired Andy eagerly.

Dingley laughed.

“You’re too ambitious. Take my advice and keep your hands off this stuff. Technically, our connection with the Ayer Company is to place the trade-paper advertising. We can save ourselves a lot of grief by letting Ayer handle the direct mail in the way he wants to.”

“But couldn’t we help him get out better direct-by-mail advertising—something that will carry to the prospect an interest-compelling appeal and be more than a mere review of the merits or a description of the parts of his machines? I should think we would want to do that.”

Dingley withheld his reply until they were in the court between the office and factory. Half-way across the court he paused beside a pile of foundry flasks and regarded Andy rather wryly.

“I guess you don’t know a great deal about the advertising agency game,” he said bluntly.

“I’ve got everything to learn,” Andy confessed uncomfortably.

“Then you might as well learn now, as later, that there’s a limit to the amount of time that an agency can afford to give an account like this—and Rollins & Hatch are no exception. The publishers of the different magazines in which we place the advertising of our clients allow an agency discount, usually fifteen per cent of the regular page or column rates. The advertiser himself cannot obtain the discount—only accredited advertising agencies placing the advertising can secure it. In the event that the advertiser

places his own advertising he pays the full rates. If we place it for him he pays us the full rates and we become entitled to the agency discount. That is the way an agency derives its resources. It pays Mr. Advertiser to have an agency place his advertising, as he gets a definite creative service without it seemingly costing him anything.

“When an advertiser uses space in the big national publications the agency discount on that account runs into thousands of dollars yearly, because some magazines charge five and six thousand dollars for a single one-page insertion. That is what we term a ‘fat’ account. On such accounts the agency is justified in putting in a lot of time. In Ayer’s case, the total magazine investment is less than fifteen thousand dollars. You can see that fifteen per cent of this is no fortune. Therefore we cannot afford to put in any more time on the account than is necessary.

“Now, don’t misunderstand me, Blake. We don’t side-step an opportunity to help a client whose account isn’t profitable; but if we must favor one of two clients with our time, and one is a ‘fat’ account and the other the reverse, you can see what happens.”

“If I could have my wish, do you know what it would be?” cried Andy impulsively, when Dingley finished.

“Unburden yourself,” his companion encouraged.

“I would wish that I could make this account so profitable that we would be justified in giving it a lot of time and attention, thereby enabling us to make the name *Ayer* the

biggest thing in the woodworking field. I would wish, too, that—”

“Well, I wish I didn’t have to mope around in this dirty old factory,” cut in Dingley, seemingly impatient with Andy’s view of things.

The latter, as he followed his guide into the factory, was momentarily depressed. But this feeling was soon lost in the face of a great interest in his surroundings. The rumble of a heavy crane and the grinding noise of huge metal planers on the “cut” stroke smote his ears. The life of the factory—its industry and purpose—thrilled him. He was fascinated by the rows of lathes and screw machines, turning out the multitude of parts necessary in the construction of Ayer planers. Dingley guided him to the test floor, where low, compact, powerful-looking planers—blue-bloods in the woodworking world—were turning out finely finished flooring and molding of intricate design at rates of speed so great that the lumber seemed literally to shoot through the machine. Andy would have tarried here for hours, but Dingley had no such intention. His progress through the factory had been marked by a desire to have the unpleasant task over with as soon as possible. When he and Andy were again in the open air the latter’s mind was a hodgepodge.

“Well, I’m thankful that’s over with,” was Dingley’s relieved remark, as he dusted from his clothing the fine chips that had filled the air in the testing department. “My idea of nothing would be to work in a place like that.”

“I believe I’d like it,” Andy confessed.

Dingley stared at him; then growled, “Good night!” as he started across the court to the office.

“Would it be all right if I remained here a little longer, so as to make some detailed notes?” Andy inquired anxiously. “What I saw was rather confusing. I could learn a lot of valuable things if I could take my own time going through the factory.”

“That’s up to you,” returned Dingley indifferently. “Stick around here for several days if you wish. I imagine that would please Mr. Rollins; he told me one time I ought to get closer to Ayer’s proposition. Shucks! It isn’t necessary to feel a piece of machinery all over and be able to recite the names of all its cogs and joints in order to advertise it intelligently.”

Left alone, Andy went back into the factory—and there was a vague, undefinable happiness in his heart. He became acquainted with the foremen, and showed such a keen interest in the work and such an evident desire to learn that shortly the department heads were explaining intricate manufacturing processes to him in detail. It was his boyish eagerness that appealed to these seasoned men. He even found himself gripping the hands of grimy-faced apprentices, as he progressed in his great adventure of making friends. And as he passed on, these boys said things to one another that were highly in his favor, and there was in their hearts the earnest hope that he would come their way again.



Betty
Sally.

ANDY SHOWED A KEEN INTEREST IN THE WORK.

But it was in the assembling and testing departments that Andy spent the most of his time. He learned that some of the assemblers, grizzled veterans that they were, and proud of their period of service, had been employed by the company for more than twenty years. They took a jealous interest in their work, and no machined part passed through their hands and entered into the construction of the planers that did not measure up to their stringent ideas of accuracy. Here, thought Andy, was copy material a-plenty.

When the day drew to a close he had a notebook full of data and a head chock full of ideas. Also he had a pair of very dirty hands. It never occurred to him to seek a place in the office to remove this grime. Somehow he was happy in feeling himself a part of this crowd of sweating, hard-working, conscientious mechanics. He followed them into the factory washroom where they crowded each other good-naturedly. Then he went with them from the factory and boarded a down-town car. One of the workmen saved a seat for him and all the way to the transfer point Andy and the man talked of the factory, of its people, and of Ayer planers. When Andy said good night to the man one would have fancied, from the feeling in his voice, that he was parting with a lifelong friend.

That night Andy sat until after midnight, thinking, planning, reviewing his notes. Again he read the portfolio of Ayer advertisements that Dingley had permitted him to take home. Somehow the advertising, though carefully worded and attractive, failed to please him. It lacked that “human”

quality that one so intensely human as Andy would expect and long for. He selected one of the most forceful advertisements, illustrated at the top with a cut of an Ayer fast-feed matcher, and read it carefully:

LARGE PRODUCTION

Ayer Matchers set the present standard of production at 250 feet per minute and upwards; and the New 99 with Automatic Feeder made that standard easy to attain and maintain. Not only is production at the maximum in actual running time; but in removing causes for delays and shutdowns more time is given to actual production than with matchers less carefully designed and built.

HIGH QUALITY OF PRODUCT

The New 99 will save your natural grades. High-grade stock run through this matcher remains high grade. Lower grades are not degraded. Round cutterheads equipped with thin, high-speed-steel knives, ground keen *in the head*, and “jointed” to a perfect cutting circle, operate with the scraping cut that assures perfect work.

LOW UPKEEP COST

Every feature of the New 99 is designed and built not only to assist in producing high quality lumber, but to endure the heavy strain of hard work for a long period of years.

Our Engineers are at your service—to help you to practical ways of raising the quality of your product and reducing your operating expenses. We invite your investigation of the Ayer line—quality planers for every purpose.

THE AYER PLANING MACHINE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

When Andy finished reading the advertisement he sat motionless for several moments, buried in deep thought. An idea was shaping itself in his mind and he struggled to give it practical dress. Of a sudden he reached for his pencil, and on a sheet of paper roughly sketched a man, with a planing mill in the background. The man held a piece of flooring in his hands and appeared to be saying:

“NO, IT ISN’T SANDED—JUST AYER-PLANED”

“It sure looks like sanded work, doesn’t it? A smooth, almost polished, surface, no sign of knife-marks, no ‘fuzz’ or chipped-out knots.

“To an old planing-mill man like me, used to comparatively slow feeds and work of average and sometimes doubtful quality, it was something of a shock to learn, from the Ayer representative, that finely

finished flooring like this could be produced consistently, hour after hour, at 200 feet and upwards per minute.

“But I learned on investigation that this was indeed true—that the Ayer New 99 was establishing records in other mills, building up the quality of the manufactured product and cutting down the production costs. So we put one of the matchers to work in our mill. Now we have four.

“Of course it is the round cutterheads, equipped with thin, high-speed-steel knives, ground keen *in the head*, and ‘jointed’ in a few moments to a perfect cutting circle, that enables the Ayer New 99 to perform so perfectly at fast feeds. We like the round cutterhead idea. Our natural grades are saved, as the heads operate with a scraping cut. Our operators say the round cutterheads are easy to work with.”

Practical planing-mill men, like Superintendent Heddron, have found that fast feed plus quality production is easily possible on Ayer Planers, because, from the ground up, these machines are designed and built for that very purpose. May we send you the new Ayer booklet—*Planer Facts*?

THE AYER PLANING MACHINE
COMPANY,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

“That’s a better ad than the original,” cried Andy happily. “It’s more ‘human’—more convincing. Instead of having the Ayer Company tell how good Ayer planers are, we’ll let the user tell the story—featuring real planing-mill men, high up in the industry, whose indorsement of the machines will carry weight. And following along the same line we can get out a series of direct-by-mail folders built around representative businesses in different branches of the woodworking industry. By jinks! I believe I have my hand on something *big!*”

CHAPTER XIX

ANDY MEETS MR. AYER

The following morning Andy appeared in the factory wearing a pair of overalls. The workmen joked him good-naturedly about his attire. One rough fellow stepped across to where Andy was watching two benchmen scrape in the bearings of a cutterhead and extended his hand in the palm of which he had concealed a dab of grease. Andy, contrary to the man's expectations, was in no sense embarrassed. He gripped the outstretched hand with true friendliness, and the mechanic went back to his work with a sheepish air. When Andy passed beyond hearing the man looked after him with a wry smile; then spat violently and gave as his opinion to his neighbor: "Mike, there's a fine kid!"

That morning Andy wandered into the knife-grinding department and became absorbed in watching a grim-faced, gray-haired old man who appeared to be experimenting with the back bevel of a special high-speed-steel planer knife. The old gentleman gave Andy scant attention, answering the boy's eager questions in monosyllables. When he learned that Andy was connected with the Rollins & Hatch agency he appeared to take a deeper interest in the visitor, even to the point of neglecting

his work while he regarded Andy with a whimsical, appraising expression.

“So you’re from the agency? With overalls? That’s a new one! The other agency fellows were seemingly a danged lot more interested in their white collars and manicured finger nails than in these machines. They made the workmen want to throw ’em out. If they hadn’t been such pinheads about the machines they’d have got next to the men and learned a few things about planers. To a man who understands a machine, that machine is like a human being; you’ve got to study it and associate with it to know what’s going on inside. After a few hours mincing around here trying to keep their clothes clean, I’ve seen these cocky young advertising theorists hurry back to their nice clean desks and proceed to pound out ‘inspirational’ copy—at least that’s what one young chap called it. Bah! Maybe you think it’s odd for an old man like me to take an interest in the advertising end of the business. Well, sonny, I’ve been here a long time. Reckon I’ll die in the harness. I’ve watched the business grow from practically nothing, and I *know* these machines. I’d like to see them advertised right. They never will be until the man who writes the advertising understands them as one friend understands another. Maybe you’re the fellow to do it. Suppose you tell me something of your plans.”

Andy was thrilled by the passion in the old man’s voice. Recalling the campaign that he had sketched roughly the previous night, he told the old gentleman about it. When he had finished the man said:

“I take it that you like being here in the factory.”

“*Gee-miny!* I should say I do.”

“Ever work in a machine shop?”

“The only place I ever worked was in a general store. But I guess one of my ancestors must have been a machinist, because there’s something about the work that fascinates me.”

“Would you be interested in seeing one of our new planers?” the man inquired, regarding Andy with eyes suddenly gone warm and friendly.

“You bet I would. While I’m here I want to get all the information I can.”

“We are building a flooring machine of new design. It is in the experimental department. Ordinarily a stranger coming into the plant as you have would not be given an opportunity to see it. But I guess I can fix it so you can see it.”

He led the way to a locked door on the far side of the room. Producing a key he opened the door, motioning to Andy to precede him. On passing through the doorway, Andy found himself in a small workshop. Two mechanics were busy fitting parts to a low, compact machine. These men glanced up, nodded briefly to the old knife-grinder, and went on with their work.

“It’s a new idea in flooring machines,” the old man explained to Andy. “Ordinarily the best planed flooring has to be sanded to provide a first-class job. This machine, it is hoped, will do such accurate work, both in matching and surfacing,

that no sanding will be necessary. It will revolutionize the planing of hardwood flooring—this, of course, in the event that the machine proves up.”

He pointed out the improved cutterheads with staggered knives, twelve to the cutting circle, and explained how these operated with a shearing cut, thereby making knife-marks impossible.

“We’re going to try out the new machine to-morrow,” he said. “If you’re around here, drop in—that is, if you’re interested.”

“You can count on me being here,” Andy returned spiritedly. “I wouldn’t miss it for a farm.”

They passed on out of the experimental department, and the old gentleman said:

“I wonder if you’ll do something for me?”

“Try me and see,” said Andy feelingly.

“Suppose you put that advertising plan of yours on paper and let me see it. While I know little about the science of advertising, I know a lot about Ayer planers, and I may be able to help you.”

“I’ll work it out to-night and show it to you to-morrow,” Andy promised.

That night he found it easier to arrange his thoughts. He was busy at work when there came a clatter in the hall and

Dingley tumbled into the room.

“Thought I’d drop in to call on you,” he greeted noisily, sailing his hat onto the bed. “Well, I suppose, Mr. Monkey Wrench, you’re a full-fledged mechanic now.”

“It takes a long time to become a real mechanic,” returned Andy, dragging a chair forward for his guest. Instead of seating himself, Dingley walked to the table where Andy had been working.

“What’s this?” he inquired, turning and regarding Andy searchingly.

“It’s an advertising plan I’m working out for the Ayer company.”

“But it looks like direct-by-mail stuff.”

“That’s what it is,” Andy admitted a trifle uneasily.

“Rats! You’re wasting your time, Blake. I wouldn’t monkey with the direct-by-mail stuff if I were you. At least not now. You’ll get in above your neck. What’s this?—*Ayer-Planed*! Gee! Are you going to coin that word and use it as a slogan?”

“That’s part of the campaign,” Andy explained enthusiastically. “It’s my idea to advertise *what the machines are doing* instead of *what they will do*. We’ll make the word *Ayer-Planed* mean well-planed and quality-planed lumber. It’s an easy name to remember—and it ties up with the name of the company. We can have a printing attachment put on the planers and on every yard of planed lumber will

appear this mark of quality—*Ayer-Planed*. We'll carry the advertising into the national magazines, letting the buyers of lumber know that *Ayer-Planed* products—lumber planed on Ayer planers—are distinctly quality products. And we'll revamp the direct-by-mail stuff. Instead of the Ayer company telling from their standpoint how good Ayer planers are, we'll get the cooperation of leading concerns in different lines who are using the machines and let the heads of these concerns tell in detail what the machines are doing for them. That is what I mean when I say we'll advertise what the machines are doing. And we'll tie up the advertising distribution with the routing of the salesmen, sending the advertising in campaigns, one piece a week, ahead of the men in the field. That will enable the salesmen to follow up and cash in on the educational work the advertising performs, even if no sent-in inquiry results. We'll publish a monthly sales department bulletin, as a means of keeping the salesmen posted on what we are doing in a sales promotion way, thereby enabling them to use the advertising to the greatest possible benefit. And we'll—"

"For the love of Mike, *shut up!*" cried Dingley, pretending he was on the point of fainting. "You're crazier than a loon!"

Andy cooled on the instant. He regretted, now, that in his enthusiasm he had told Dingley so much about his roughly formed plans.

"Does the idea as a whole sound so—foolish?" he inquired soberly.

“You’ve been reading *Gulliver’s Travels*,” accused Dingley. “Holy smoke! You spill that mess of stuff to Old Man Ayer and he’ll send in a hurry-up call for the dingy-wagon—or else drop dead. Why, to follow a plan like that would require an advertising investment of twenty times what he is spending right now.”

“But if we could induce him to adopt the plan, wouldn’t it create a wider interest in Ayer planers and thereby widen the market? Wouldn’t the kind of advertising I have outlined be more of a help to the salesmen?”

“Offhand I’ll say that in spots the plan listens good. But all get-rich-quick schemes do. This afternoon a salesman was in the office trying to interest us in stock in a new rubberless tire company—maybe it was an airless tire, I don’t remember. He had the same convincing lingo.”

“Gee! You’re an encouraging cuss,” said Andy gloomily.

Dingley laughed and patted Andy on the shoulder.

“Let’s forget about the planers and run around the corner to a movie,” he suggested.

“I can’t,” returned Andy regretfully. “I’ve promised to have my scheme worked out on paper to show to-morrow morning to an old gentleman in the knife-grinding department.”

“Who?” inquired Dingley.

“I didn’t inquire his name or hear it mentioned. But he’s a fine old gentleman—at least he proved so after I got

acquainted with him. He says he's been with the company for years and years. He knows a lot about Ayer planers. I figure he can give me some helpful suggestions."

"Well, see that he doesn't pass the plan along to Ayer. You never can tell what a mistaken sense of 'loyalty' will prompt some of those old codgers to do. By the way—have you seen Ayer yet?"

"I've been so busy to-day I forgot to inquire of Rosie if he has returned from Detroit," Andy confessed.

"You're a fine little diplomat—from the agency standpoint. Yes, you are *nit!*"

"I'll see him to-morrow, if he's returned," Andy promised faithfully.

"Remember; don't let this half-baked idea of yours float around the factory and get into Ayer's hands. There may be some merit to your plan; but in any event Mr. Rollins will want to study it and have a part in presenting it to the client. It's time for the second show. Well, good night, Mr. Advertising Andy."

"Where did you get hold of that?" grinned Andy.

Dingley laughed. Drawing a letter from his pocket he tossed it to Andy. It proved to be from Chuck and Bud, and was addressed to Mr. Advertising Andy Blake, in care of the Rollins & Hatch Company.

On arriving at the factory the following morning, Andy immediately inquired of Rosie if Mr. Ayer had returned from Detroit.

“He’s somewhere in the factory,” Rosie informed him.

“Thanks. I’ll be on the lookout for him,” Andy returned.

He went at once to the knife-grinding department, and soon he and the old gentleman were seated on a box, their heads bent over Andy’s plan. The old man brought up numerous objections, and in the spirited discussions that ensued Andy added greatly to his fund of knowledge regarding Ayer planers. When he got up from his seat on the box and stretched his cramped legs he was amazed to see by his watch that it was noon.

“*Gee-miny* crickets!” he cried in dismay. “Here I’ve been talking with you all morning, and I was to have seen Mr. Ayer.”

Just then the factory whistle blew and from all parts of the plant the workmen hurried to ring out in the time office.

“Suppose you come home with me to dinner,” invited the old gentleman. “I’d like to have you meet my wife and son.”

Andy murmured a few words of thanks and happily walked beside the man from the gloom of the factory to the sunshine of the street.

“Maybe I had better leave my plan here in the office,” he suggested.

“No,” said the old gentleman. “I’d like to go over it again at my leisure, if you don’t mind.”

Having traversed several tree-shaded blocks, they turned in at the private walk leading to an old-fashioned house that seemed strangely conspicuous, surrounded as it was by modern dwellings. With its wide, green lawn, its high, steep-pitched roof and narrow, massive-columned porches, it seemed possessed of a grave personality that is frequently the heritage of old age.

The old gentleman let himself in with a latchkey, taking Andy’s hat and hanging it on an ancient walnut hall-tree. A fair-haired boy of sixteen came skidding down the hall and gave the old man an affectionate handclasp.

“This is my son, Dick,” said the old gentleman proudly. “Dick, this is Andy Blake—the boy I mentioned to you last evening.”

Dick gripped Andy’s hand.

“Glad to meet you, Blake,” he said in a companionable way.

“I hope you boys will be good friends,” put in the old gentleman. “I think you will find you have many common interests.”

Then he led the way into a quaint, high-ceilinged sitting-room, where the sunlight streamed through the

French windows, dancing on the polished walnut floor and bathing the lilylike face and silvery hair of a lady who sat pillowed in an invalid chair. She welcomed the party with a smile, and there was, in her expression, a motherliness that won Andy's heart on the instant.

"This is my wife," said the old gentleman with a new note of tenderness in his voice. "Mother, this is Andy Blake, a boy I met at the factory."

"I'm wonderfully pleased to meet you, Andy," said the invalid in a delicate voice that seemed to build up mind pictures of countless hours of patient suffering. Andy took the hand that she held out to him. He observed, with a thrill of chivalry, that it was very frail and very white. Dick was sober as he rested his arm on the back of his mother's chair.

The old gentleman wheeled the invalid into an adjoining room where the table was set for dinner. Andy was given a place beside Dick. Throughout the meal the father and son, as though by tacit agreement, kept up a constant chatter, recalling with exaggerated humor and import a multitude of little things that had happened that morning. The invalid seemed very happy under this loving attention; and, conscious of the fine spirit of the thing, Andy joined in and gave an amusing account of the ouija board campaign that he had worked out for Denny Landers.

"I'd like to see that man Landers, and Chuck and Bud," said Dick when the meal was finished and he guided Andy upstairs to his den.

“Some time when I’m going back to Cressfield on a visit I’ll have you go along,” Andy invited. “You sure will like Chuck and Bud. They’re fine pals.”

“I’m going to be your pal, too,” said Dick feelingly.

“Let’s shake on that,” suggested Andy earnestly, holding out his hand.

When Andy arrived at Mrs. West’s that evening she met him in the hall.

“Mr. Ding wants you to call him up,” she said. “Main 2443.”

A moment later Andy recognized Dingley’s cheery voice on the line.

“I tried to get you at the factory this noon, but Rosie couldn’t locate you. Afterwards she called me up and told me the good news. Congratulations, old man! How did you manage it?”

“Manage what?” inquired Andy uncertainly.

“You’re a deep one,” laughed Dingley. “I thought you were a little green, but I see now it’s all put on. Say, Blake, better come down to the office to-morrow morning. Ayer ’phoned Mr. Rollins he wants to go over your plan in conference—”

“What?” gasped Andy. “Why I—I haven’t met Ayer yet. I tried all this afternoon to locate him but couldn’t.”

“Quit your kidding,” said Dingley. “Rosie told me about your chumming all day with him and about him taking you home to dinner. Pretty soft for you. He never paid for any of my meals! I suppose you’ll be moving your trunk out there next. Why didn’t you tell me your ‘old gentleman’ in the knife-grinding department was Ayer himself? Why all the deep stuff? Well, be sure and be down to-morrow. What’s that?”

“I—I didn’t say anything,” returned Andy, in a daze.

“I thought I heard you groan.”

“Maybe I did—I— Never mind. I’ll see you in the morning,” and Andy hung up.

The kindly old gentleman in the knife-grinding department—the man to whom he had so enthusiastically outlined his advertising plan—who even had the plan in his possession at this moment—was Mr. Ayer! Andy paced the little room, condemning himself for a fool. Why hadn’t he inquired who the old gentleman was before trusting him so implicitly? Plainly, he had made a mess of things. In the miserable hours that passed, Andy came near to losing some of his boundless confidence in human nature.

“I’m out of luck,” he groaned, as he tumbled into bed. “Mr. Rollins will get the impression that I am impulsive—that I cannot be depended upon.” In some strange way he had lost all confidence in his advertising plan, and his face burned with humiliation when he pictured the cynical consideration that his crude work would receive at the hands of Mr. Rollins.

At the office the following morning, he saw Mr. Rollins and Mr. Ayer come in together. They merely glanced his way and recognized him by curt nods. This added to his misery. For an instant he thought how easy it would be to rush to his rooming house, get his belongings and catch a train for home. Cressfield seemed to represent freedom—escape. Denny Landers would give him his old job. His mother would be happy in having him at home with her again. Then he stiffened and cried out in dismay at his cowardice. He was no quitter!

It seemed ages to him before Miss Manning came to the door and asked him to step into his employer's office. Andy complied with a resignation that was almost mechanical.

Mr. Rollins, from behind his massive desk, glanced up at Andy as the latter came slowly into the room. To Andy the man appeared unusually grave, reserved and severe. Mr. Ayer, apparently absorbed in moody thoughts, stood with his back to the door of the room, looking out of the window.

"Sit down, Blake," invited Mr. Rollins, indicating a chair within arm's reach of where he sat. Andy complied dully. Then Mr. Rollins continued: "Mr. Ayer and I have been going over your plan. Hardly necessary for me to state, I am surprised that this came to the attention of our client in such crude form and before I had a chance to study it. But the matter has been explained in a way that would indicate that you were more the victim of circumstances than otherwise.

“There appears to be much of merit to your plan. But it is far too fanciful. For example, to establish the products of Ayer planers in the collective mind of the lumber-buying public would require a tremendous advertising investment; and at best it would be a roundabout way of getting results. Then, too, the Ayer company cannot control the quality of the finished lumber turned out by their planers, other than providing a machine capable of doing quality work. An unscrupulous manufacturer, using one Ayer planer and several of inferior make, could easily mark all his lumber *Ayer-Planed* and our client would have scant redress. So the matter of national advertising is beyond consideration at this time.

“On the other hand, your direct-by-mail scheme is splendid. Such a series of folders as you have outlined will be ideal in creating a buying interest in Ayer planers. And the trade name—*Ayer-Planed*—can be featured in these folders, carrying the suggestion to lumber producers and dealers that Ayer planers are indeed supreme in matters of quality and quantity production.

“Mr. Ayer tells me he has trouble in getting his salesmen to apply themselves, and I understand they contend that the direct-by-mail advertising now in use is of no particular help to them. That would indicate that there is need for a publication, to reach the salesmen at regular intervals and keep them ‘sold’ on the advertising work of the company. I see you have included such a publication in your plan.

“Summed up, Mr. Ayer is anxious to have part of your plan put into immediate effect. And he has asked me to turn the

task over to you. To work out all the details will require unusual effort—unusual thought. But you will always remember that we are here, all of us, to help you. It will be necessary for you to visit the plants of various users of Ayer planers, in order to get the data around which to build your advertising stories. That will take time. The Ayer company will bear all the expense. Would you like to assume complete charge of the work?”

There was a warm mist in Andy’s eyes. The reaction from what he had expected to what had actually taken place left him emotional and weak. He found it difficult to express himself.

“I might add, Andy,” Mr. Ayer put in, “that Dick is planning to go with you on your trip, as his school will not begin for three weeks. That may not be an inducement; but if you disliked the idea of traveling alone—”

At this moment the telephone jingled and Miss Manning appeared in the doorway.

“A call for Mr. Ayer,” she explained.

The manufacturer stepped to the telephone and talked for several minutes; then turned to Andy with a warm smile on his kindly face.

“It is Dick,” he said simply. “He appears to be bubbling over with impatience and wants to know if you can start on your trip this coming Saturday instead of waiting till next week. What shall I tell him, Andy?”

“Tell him—yes!” cried Andy happily.

CHAPTER XX

A BITTER EXPERIENCE

Conscious of an invigorating tang in the clear morning atmosphere, Andy Blake and his traveling companion, Dick Ayer, swung briskly down the principal residence street of Cobart, Indiana, in the general direction of the Forman Washing Machine Company plant. Both boys were in high spirits. The trip that had taken them into the heavily wooded west and south was about completed and shortly they would be back in the city again.

“Yes, this is our last stop,” said Andy in answer to a question that Dick had put to him. “It’ll take me about four hours at the Forman plant to get the data I need; then we’ll have dinner at the hotel and take an afternoon train into Chicago.”

“That must be your factory over there,” said Dick, pointing to where a brick smokestack reared its grimy, soot-mantled head above the aged elm trees that lazily shaded the sleepy street.

Following a well-traveled walk, the boys soon came within sight of the Forman factory.

“It’s a peach of a plant, all right,” said Dick enthusiastically, his eyes resting approvingly on the factory’s attractive

concrete window-walls and carefully tended lawn. “Not much like those big open planing mills we saw down south.”

“This is a vastly different kind of an industry,” returned Andy. He paused abruptly as a familiar sound smote his ears. There was a sparkle in his eyes and a thrill in his heart as he gripped the handle of his black leather portfolio and touched his companion on the arm. “Do you get that?” he cried.

“It’s a wood planer, isn’t it?” returned Dick.

“Not *a* wood planer—an *Ayer* planer, boy! Glory be! Don’t you recognize the music of your father’s planers when you hear one in action? Just listen to it! Say, I bet it’s doing one hundred and fifty feet a minute if it’s doing an inch. Come on! There’s the office over there. Let’s go in.”

A few minutes later the boys were cordially received in the lobby by the superintendent. Small and active to the point of nervousness, Mr. Timmons was plainly a very busy man. Yet he listened with interest while Andy explained his proposed scheme of featuring the Forman company in the advertising of the Ayer company.

“I imagine our advertising manager, Mr. Whitley, will be interested in your scheme,” stated the superintendent when Andy finished. “First, we’ll take a little run through the factory so that you may see for yourself what the machines are doing; then, I’ll introduce you to Mr. Whitley. It is my impression that he has some very good photographs in his files showing our Ayer surfacers in operation. You probably can use these to help illustrate your story.”

On the trip through the splendidly organized factory, Andy made detailed notes, particularly on the work performed by the company's three Ayer surfacers. The operators of these machines responded to his friendly advances and gave him valuable information. It was his intention to familiarize himself with the various manufacturing processes, so that he could picture, in the proposed advertising, the complete manufacturing scheme. Throughout the story he would see that the reader's attention was focused on the three Ayer surfacers—strong links in the efficient Forman production chain.

But the manufacturing scheme, a fascinating thing under Andy's plan of analysis, occupied only a portion of his attention. He found himself gripped with a great interest in the product itself. Timmons guided him to the demonstration room, where Andy was made familiar with the simple yet effective principle of the Forman washer. With one of the machines in operation, Timmons pointed out the "rubbing boards" in the tub. These prepared the soiled materials for the cleansing effect of the cascade of soapy water that was dashed down and through the materials by the pendulumlike action of the tub.

"You certainly have an interesting proposition," was Andy's enthusiastic comment, when they were back in the busy lobby with its background of clicking typewriters and adding machines.

"It is," agreed the superintendent warmly. "In fact, the whole history of the company is interesting, starting from the time Mr. Forman built his first working model in a

little shop back of his kitchen. That was only a few years ago. In a way we have been highly fortunate, for a depleted domestic help market during the World War created a demand for labor-saving household appliances at a time when we were in a position to provide a practical domestic laundry unit. The business came to us in those days, instead of us going after it. But that condition does not endure to-day; and right now the company is planning a nation-wide advertising campaign, with a view of intrenching our position of supremacy in the motor-washer field. Our directors at a recent meeting voted to spend during the coming year a quarter of a million dollars in magazine advertising.”

Andy felt a thrill pass through his body.

“Wough!” he cried, his eyes sparkling. “A quarter of a million dollars! That’s sure some advertising appropriation. May I inquire what agency will handle the account?”

Timmons smiled into Andy’s boyishly eager face.

“That is information you’ll have to get from Mr. Whitley, our advertising manager,” said he. “Suppose we step into his office so that you can meet him. He’ll be glad to tell you something about his plans, I imagine.”

The advertising manager, although a man of not more than twenty-five years of age, had a good deal of poise and a certain air of reserved studiousness that marked him as having unusual analytical and executive ability.

He was interested in Andy's plan and personally attended to getting together the photographs showing the factory, the product, and the various manufacturing operations in which Ayer surfacers had an important part. In the course of the conversation, Andy broached the subject that he had been revolving in his mind since his talk with Mr. Timmons.

"I'm interested in your proposition both from a production angle and a selling angle, Mr. Whitley. I understand that you are planning to do some heavy national advertising during the coming year. Naturally, as a representative of the Rollins & Hatch advertising agency, the thought comes to me, What agency will handle the account? That may be a closed issue; but if it isn't, I would like to have the opportunity of telling you how and why the Rollins & Hatch organization might be of distinct service to you."

There was a warm twinkle in Whitley's eyes as he leaned back in his chair and regarded Andy attentively.

"Ah, ha! I begin to smell a mouse. Instead of giving us some free advertising you're trying to sell us something," he joked. Then, on the instant, he put aside his levity and gravely explained: "We have no agency connection as yet; but it is our intention to settle the matter shortly. A number of the foremost Chicago agencies have been tentatively working with us. I have several drawers full of suggested ideas, some very practical, some highly extravagant. The representatives of these agencies will be granted final interviews to-morrow. We, of course, will ultimately decide in favor of the organization that seems best fitted to work with us on our program of expansion."

Andy experienced a thrill. Imbued with a fine sense of loyalty, and recognizing the masterly ability of the men at the head of the Rollins & Hatch organization, he felt that no agency in the Middle West was so well fitted to handle the Forman account as Rollins & Hatch. He tried to picture this in his conversation with Mr. Whitley; and upon the termination of the interview arranged with the advertising manager to have the Rollins & Hatch Company represented at the next day's conference.

When Andy and Dick were in the open air, Andy almost ran in his excitement.

"Good night! What's the idea of all the speed?" grumbled Dick, who objected to being hurried along the sidewalk in the direction of the hotel.

"We've got to get in touch with Mr. Rollins as soon as possible," cried Andy excitedly. "He'll probably want to come down here and give personal attention to the matter. The sooner we get word to him, the more time he'll have to prepare his campaign. It isn't every day we get a chance to pick off a quarter-million-dollar advertising contract. I'll say not!"

On arriving at the hotel, Andy put in a long distance call for Mr. Rollins, promising the girl a dollar tip if she could get a "through" line inside of ten minutes. He paid the dollar gladly when she directed him into the booth six minutes later.

As quickly and concisely as his excited state of mind would permit, Andy outlined the situation to his attentive employer.

The latter injected a few crisp questions; then advised: “I’ll leave here by motor to-morrow morning. It is less than a four-hour drive to Cobart, and I’ll meet you at the hotel at twelve o’clock. Good work, Blake!”

“I’ll be on the lookout for you,” said Andy, happy under his employer’s words of commendation. “I’ll make an appointment with Mr. Whitley for you to see him at three o’clock. Is there anything further I can do from this end to cinch matters, Mr. Rollins?”

“I can think of nothing, unless it would be to learn what agencies will be represented at the conference.”

Andy was jubilant when he returned to where Dick sat buried in one of the massive lobby lounging chairs.

“Mr. Rollins’ll turn the trick just as sure as shootin’,” he said with conviction, wanting to execute a few hilarious dance steps, but refraining under the thought that such an exhibition would likely attract amazed attention from the other occupants of the lobby.

Directly after lunch Andy telephoned to Mr. Whitley, inquiring the names of the agency representatives who would be present at the next day’s conference. His question seemed to nettle the advertising manager, who gave a curt negative reply and broke off the conversation by hanging up his receiver.

“I sure pulled a boner that time,” said Andy gloomily. “I guess it wasn’t ethical for me to ask that question of Mr.

Whitley. Blast it all! I'm forever getting things balled up that way."

"Maybe the desk clerk can help you," suggested Dick.

"Bully boy!" cried Andy, instantly shedding his mantle of gloom. He lost no time getting the attention of the rather dignified clerk. "I'm connected with the Rollins & Hatch advertising agency of Chicago," he explained. "I understand several agency representatives will be coming in to-night and to-morrow. Would you mind letting me know if you have any reservations on hand, wired in or attended to by the Forman company?"

The clerk saw nothing wrong with this request. From the dozen or more slips that Andy looked over he wrote down the names of five Chicago agency representatives and then sent a telegram to Mr. Rollins.

With the arrival of the evening train from Chicago, several clean-cut business men put in an appearance. Each man carried a bulky portfolio in addition to his traveling bag, and Andy could imagine these portfolios as containing material bearing on the marketing of Forman washing machines. The men seemed more or less acquainted with one another, but in their lobby conversation, as it touched on the Forman company, there was a certain perceptible restraint. Shortly after nine o'clock, a tall, well-groomed, cynical-appearing man came into the hotel and, with little more than a curt nod in the direction of the other agency representatives, registered and passed on to his room. He plainly had just arrived from Chicago by motor.

“It’s Myers, of the Morton-Myers agency,” Andy breathlessly confided to Dick, after a trip of inspection to the register. “I guess from the way he carries himself—so stiff and important—he considers it’s going to be a walk-over for him. Maybe he wouldn’t feel so cocky if he knew that Mr. Rollins is going to be on the job to-morrow.”

At eleven-thirty Andy and Dick went up to their room. Dick, with a huge yawn, dropped onto the edge of the bed and began unlacing his shoes.

“It’s a bit tough not to be home to-night,” said he sleepily. “I’d figured on it. I’m crazy to see Mother and Dad again. This is the first time in my life that I’ve been away from them for three whole weeks.”

“I’m just as anxious as you to get back to the city,” confessed Andy, kicking off his shoes and slipping out of his collar and tie. “Oh, boy, but I’m going to be busy! On this trip I’ve gathered data for advertising stories from no less than fourteen lumber and woodworking concerns. It will take time to work this stuff into finished advertising circulars.”

Dick was shortly in the land of contented dreams. Not so with Andy. He tossed about between the sheets, his eyes seemingly propped open, his thoughts given over to a happy contemplation of the ease with which Mr. Rollins would land the quarter-million-dollar-advertising contract. His confidence and faith in the ability of his employer was supreme.

A nearby tower clock donged the hour of midnight. Andy counted the even-measured, resonant strokes. He was still immersed in his thoughts when the clock sounded the hour of twelve-thirty, then one. By this time Andy was so restless he could no longer contain himself in the bed. Arising, he crossed to the window and sat for some time looking out into the silent, slumbering night. Something from out of the stillness called to him. Dressing, he noiselessly let himself out of the room, having no desire to disturb Dick, who was breathing deep and long.

The streets were shrouded in silence and his footfalls sent strange echoes ahead of him as he walked briskly away from the hotel. From out of the star-studded sky came a faint night breeze, that soothingly touched his face and brought to him a definite sense of contentment. There was a happy thrill in his heart as his thoughts turned to his advertising work and he visualized the success that he had achieved.

It seemed to him a long, long time ago when first he turned his attention to advertising, and secured from the Cressfield library the books that had given him his first insight into the purpose and mechanics of advertising. He drew a mental contrast between the Andy Blake who had hired out to Denny Landers and the young business man now traversing the streets of a strange city, his mind given over to the problems of Industry.

Andy vividly recalled the ribbon sale he had staged for Denny Landers. He had been gripped with uncertainty at the time, not knowing how things would work out. At this

thought he entertained a smile. How different he felt now! How confident! How competent!

In his reverie, Andy recalled the quarrel he had had with Clarence Corey when he was working on the delivery wagon. Chuck Wilson, in a recent letter, had mentioned the Coreys—it seemed they were again trading with Landers.

“Charley Corey, Clarence’s father, is termed a successful man in Cressfield business circles, but I want to be a bigger man than that,” mused Andy dreamily. “I want to be like Mr. Rollins—deep, capable, resourceful, experienced and fair. And I believe I *can* be that kind of a man if I apply myself and put into my work every ounce of energy and ability that I possess. I sure am going to do my level best.”

Andy then permitted his thoughts to return to the Forman contract. In his imagination he pleasantly visualized the amazement of Dingley and the probable envy of certain other members of the Rollins & Hatch organization, when it was generally known how the quarter-million-dollar contract had been made possible. Andy was human; and he did not blind himself to the fact that the closing of negotiations between the Forman company and Rollins & Hatch would give him a certain desirable prestige in the eyes of the management. This was a pleasing thought.

The tower clock signaled in three measured strokes as Andy returned to his room. The brisk walk in the soothing night air had caused his eyelids to droop. Shortly he joined Dick in dreamland.

When the boys came down the following morning, the desk clerk signaled to Andy.

“A telegram,” the man said crisply, handing Andy a yellow envelope.

For a brief instant Andy was gripped with alarm. A telegram is always suggestive of a crisis—of a dramatic or dynamic turn of events. His hand crumpled the message as he stiffened in every muscle. Then he nervously tore open the envelope and unfolded the enclosed yellow sheet. The telegram carried the address of a small town half way between Cobart and Chicago, and read:

A sudden though not serious stomach disorder prevents my coming further. Do your best to secure the contract. Whatever the results may be, Rollins & Hatch will be satisfied you did your best. I am returning to Chicago by rail.

MILO ROLLINS.

The thing came to Andy like a thunderbolt from out a serene blue sky. Into his confused mind flashed a picture of the capable business men he had observed in the hotel lobby the previous evening. In the foreground was Myers—cool, superior, cynical. And a strange Fortune had decreed that he—Andy Blake, a mere boy and new to the ways of business—was to pit his efforts against these seasoned, experienced men! He had depended on Mr. Rollins to arrive on the scene and carry through the deal successfully. And now—

Handing the telegram to Dick, Andy went dully to his room, where with hands clenched till the nails of his tense fingers all but cut into the flesh, he paced the floor, vainly trying to collect his scattered thoughts. "I must win!" he cried despairingly. "I must justify Mr. Rollins' confidence in me!" But the more he struggled to shape a plan of action the greater became his confusion.

Andy never confided in Dick the detail happenings of that memorable afternoon. To have done so would have humiliated him tremendously, and the personal pride that lurked in his heart fought against any such confession. It was this dominating personal pride that cried, "Don't! Don't!" when upon his return to the hotel his companionable lips sought to shape an answer to the eager questions in Dick's anxious eyes.

Mr. Whitley had given him a most cordial reception, introducing him to the company's elderly general manager, Mr. Forman. Both executives seemed to grasp the situation when he explained about Mr. Rollins' sudden illness, and they did everything in their power to put him at his ease.

The thing that unnerved Andy was the presence of the man Myers. True, Myers kept silent in the background while Andy stumbled through a word picture of the personnel, the latitude and stability of the Rollins & Hatch organization; but this very silence seemed to radiate cynicism and tolerance.

In the course of the interview a discussion arose regarding the method employed by the Rollins & Hatch Company of figuring the agency commission. Andy

endeavored to explain, pointing out that instead of billing the client at the total magazine rate less the customary two per cent ten days, a plan followed by most agencies, the Rollins & Hatch Company used, for a basic figure, the billing of the publication to the agency to which was added the fifteen per cent agency commission, the total subject to a provisional two per cent discount. Andy stumbled through this explanation. His face flamed as he noted the tolerant expression in Myers' cold gray eyes. Whitley inquired if the method employed by the Rollins & Hatch Company caused a difference in the total billing to the client, as compared with the regular method. Andy stated that the difference was slight, and attempted to give an example. When he found himself unable to proceed, Myers took a hand.

"I think I understand what the boy means," he stated suavely, with emphasis on the word "boy." "I will figure it for you, Mr. Whitley." And he did—with an ease that brought misery to Andy's heart as he trembled under the burden of complete humiliation. The interview came to a close shortly after that. And as Andy miserably returned to the hotel, the cry, "Defeat! Defeat!" kept crashing in his ears.

It was in those unhappy moments that Andy came to realize how little he knew of business as a whole, notwithstanding the fact that only a few hours previous, in the seclusion of the night, he had walked the streets of Cobart, reflecting contentedly on the progress he had made since turning his attention to advertising. He could see now that his progress had been in *advertising* and not in *business*. There is where he had made his mistake. He should have continued with his regular studies in order to get the proper foundation for a

general business career. He should not have given all his attention to advertising, because advertising, after all, is but a part of business. Had he known more about business he would not have made such a failure in presenting his case to Mr. Whitley and the general manager. In that moment Andy was heart-hungry for the school whose door he had elected to close behind him forever.

CHAPTER XXI

ANDY'S CONFESSION

There was a gray, tired expression on Andy's face and dull misery in the depths of his warm brown eyes when he appeared at the office the following morning. Somehow he experienced a strange aversion toward the surroundings that hitherto had been a source of inspiration to him. His desk seemed strange and cold. The walls of the little room seemed to shut out the sunlight and air—and freedom.

Dingley greeted Andy hilariously.

“Hurrah! The calf's home; let's kill the prodigal,” he joked, pumping Andy's listless arm up and down with true friendliness. The joke, a small thing in itself, and entirely unintentional on Dingley's part as a matter of offense, caused Andy to wince. Dingley noticed this. On the instant his hilarity melted away.

“What's the matter, Blake?” he inquired, looking into Andy's eyes, his own registering friendly concern.

“Nothing,” returned Andy, turning away.

“Sick?” persisted Dingley.

“No; I’m all right,” replied Andy. Almost rudely he turned his back on Dingley, dropping into his desk chair. Mechanically, he unbuckled his portfolio and began spreading its contents upon the desk. He could have shrieked his misery as he felt Dingley’s surprised and pained gaze boring into the back of his head. Then he heard Dingley go quietly out of the room.

For the next hour Andy feverishly employed his time with the contents of the portfolio, getting the data he had gathered on his trip in shape for filing. He was thus employed when a step sounded behind him. He turned to face Miss Manning, who requested him to step into Mr. Rollins’ office.

For an instant Andy’s heart seemed to stand still. He had anticipated this moment—and always at the thought of it there came to him a feeling of dread. Not for one moment did he doubt that he had lost the Forman advertising contract; but to tell *why* he had lost the contract would be humiliating in the extreme. At the bare thought of such a confession the dominant personal pride in his heart seemed to shriek: “Don’t tell him the truth! Don’t let him know how inefficient you really are—how little you know of business as a whole. He credits you with having a knowledge of business; let him keep on thinking so. Don’t tell him that you acted like a schoolboy in knee trousers! That will cause him to lose confidence in you and interfere with your success.”

His mind torn by a desire to do the manly thing, notwithstanding the contrary promptings of the personal pride that flamed in his heart, Andy dully entered his

employer's office. Mr. Rollins greeted him warmly; then gravely handed him a letter. Mechanically, Andy took the letter and read:

THE ROLLINS & HATCH CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

GENTLEMEN:

This letter is to express our appreciation for the interest that your company has taken in our proposition.

We regret to report that your Mr. Blake's presentation of your case at the conference this afternoon did not make us feel that the Rollins & Hatch organization is prepared to give us the service we need.

You probably will be interested in knowing that we have closed negotiations with the Morton-Myers Company.

Respectfully,
FORMAN WASHING MACHINE COMPANY,
H. H. Whitley,
Advertising Manager.

Andy's face burned. His hand trembled as he handed the letter back to Mr. Rollins. A mist blurred his vision.

"They made a monkey out of me," he blurted. "I didn't have a fair chance, Mr. Rollins. I tried—but I didn't have a fair

chance. They were tolerant in their attitude toward me. Just because I am a boy they—”

“Just a moment, Blake,” interrupted Mr. Rollins quietly, as he came closer to Andy and placed a steady hand on his shoulder. “You seem to misunderstand my motive in sending for you. Why, I have no thought of criticism in mind! Your defense is entirely unnecessary. I am thinking of *you*, not of the lost contract. I can see from Mr. Whitley’s letter that your being a boy worked against you. That probably was not pleasant for you. I’m mighty sorry, Blake. I thought better of the Forman company than to do a thing like that. Now, compose yourself and tell me, as best you can, exactly what took place.”

Still flushed, and responding to the dictations of the pride that surged in his heart, Andy pictured the conference: The cynical Myers, the tolerant Whitley, the noncommittal general manager. He made no mention of his own shortcomings, omitting all mention of the discussion that had arisen in regard to the method employed by the Rollins & Hatch Company of billing the client. Throughout the recital, Mr. Rollins listened attentively, his penetrating eyes never once leaving Andy’s face.

When Andy returned to his office he was more miserable than words could express. His conscience smote him. He had acted a lie! For a wild moment he felt an impulse to rush back to his employer and make a clean breast of the whole wretched affair. Then the voice in his heart clamored with renewed force. “Don’t be a fool! Don’t ruin your chances to succeed! Let the matter stand!”

As the morning advanced the tumult within Andy's mind seemed to subside before a dominant determination to go back to his books and acquire the knowledge of things he now realized he should have in order to make a success of his work.

When the noon hour came, he avoided Dingley, though the two of them usually lunched together. Andy did not want his office companion to know what he intended doing. From one of the other men in the office he inquired the location of the central headquarters of the Y.M.C.A. He proceeded there at once, feeling no desire for food. The secretary welcomed him warmly, and listened with great interest while Andy pictured his situation and expressed a desire to take up night schooling. When he concluded the secretary said feelingly:

“Blake, I think I understand your case perfectly. You are one of a thousand boys in business, some in offices, some in factories, many of whom I am sorry to say never awaken to the fact, as you have, that business success can be built with greater certainty and ease on an educational foundation. There are self-made men, men who have forged their way to success with practically no schooling; but whenever I hear of such a man, and review his accomplishments, I have the thought that he would have attained his success sooner, or accomplished vastly more, had he been given the benefit of proper schooling.

“A great many boys on leaving school, as you have done, drift along, content with the thought that they are ‘making money.’ They attain a certain measure of

success, because industry and application bring reward. But always they are handicapped by the lack of schooling.

“You may not have heard these figures, Blake, but statisticians tell us that only one uneducated child in one hundred and fifty thousand is able to accomplish anything that is worthy of mention in the progress of his state; that children of common or grade school education win out four times as often as the uneducated child; that a high school education gives young men and young women eighty-seven times as much chance to succeed; that a college training makes men and women eight hundred times as likely to succeed. These are amazing figures. Yet they are authentic, and may well command the serious reflection of every boy in the country. I can only hope that some day we will have at our command a means of reaching all the boys in business—boys who have had to give up their regular schooling and go to work—with a message or influence that will cause them to recognize the need of carrying on their school work until they have obtained at least the equivalent of a complete high school education.

“To-night I want you to come back and meet our Mr. Finley. He has charge of our educational work and will help you decide on a study program. I imagine he will start you in right away. In our regular high school curriculum our required courses are English, mathematics, embracing algebra and geometry, history, physics and modern language. There are many elective courses, among them bookkeeping and finance, both valuable in your line of work. Mr. Finley will explain about the tuition charges, but I can assure you they will be light.”

When Andy returned to the office, he avoided Dingley's questioning glances. As he took up his work, he struggled to dismiss from his mind the scene in Mr. Rollins' office. And when the picture persisted in dominating his thoughts, he sought to justify his actions by arguing that it did Mr. Rollins no harm not to know the whole story. The contract was lost. That was all there was to the matter.

But the voice of conscience was not to be stifled so easily. As the afternoon carried through and drew near to a close, Andy found himself nervous and sick at heart. On reviewing his day's work, he was dismayed to note how little he had accomplished.

Throughout the day Dingley had observed his office companion closely. Several times he seemed on the point of saying something, but refrained. At length he seemed to arrive at a certain determination and took a stand beside Andy's desk.

"Blake," he blurted out, "there's one thing you seemingly haven't grasped in your association with me, and that is that I'm your friend. I may be a crazy guy, noisy and not very deep, but I know how to be a pal, and I'm thinking that's what you need right now. Something's happened. I can see it in your face and in your actions. I don't know what it is, but I do know it's troubling you. You can't let things run along this way. Suppose you unburden yourself, old man? I know how to keep a fellow's confidence. And I may be able to help you. Two heads, you know, are better than one, even if one is a blockhead."

“It—it isn’t anything—of consequence,” returned Andy, evading Dingley’s direct gaze. “You couldn’t help me. I’m grateful, though, for your—interest in me.”

“All right, old pal,” said Dingley quietly, his voice tinged with disappointment. Without another word he took some proofs from his desk and went noiselessly out of the room.

Andy tried more desperately than ever to concentrate on his work. His efforts were futile. The strain was beginning to tell on his system. A door slammed behind him, and his punished nerves reacted like the recoil of a gun. He was on the very verge of distraction when Tub, the fat office boy, lumbered into the room and hung over the desk in a confidential mood.

“I’m awful glad to see you back, Andy,” said Tub feelingly, his heart showing in his round eyes. “Bet you had a swell trip. Oh, boy! I’d like to travel out west and down south on the company’s kale. Say, Andy, what you goin’ to do to-night?”

“Why, I have no particular plans,” returned Andy, forgetting for the moment his invitation to come to the Y.M.C.A.

“You remember what you promised?”

“What was that?” inquired Andy, regarding Tub uncertainly.

“About comin’ down our way some night to meet the gang. We’re goin’ to have a tribe meetin’ to-night. Some of the fellows ain’t been doin’ right lately. Dinty Moore’s been smokin’ coffin nails ag’in. And Shark Maloney’s been

swipin' money out of milk bottles and tellin' lies. I've talked to 'em and told 'em that'll never get 'em anywhere. They don't pay much attention to me. And to-night, Andy, I'd sort of like to have you say a little somethin' to 'em, if you will. Don't preach—they won't like that. Just talk like a pal, and tell 'em how you've found it pays to be on the square—to be honest and not steal and tell lies and—”

Something inside of Andy's heart seemed to crash.

“Don't, Tub!” he cried miserably. Then, while the boy followed him with amazed eyes, Andy rushed toward Mr. Rollins' office.

With feverish steps he crossed to where Mr. Rollins was seated at his great mahogany desk. The executive glanced up inquiringly; then hurriedly got on to his feet.

“Why, Blake, what is the matter?” he demanded anxiously.

“Mr. Rollins, I didn't tell you the whole story this morning. I acted a lie by keeping from you the things I should have told you. The Forman people didn't make a monkey out of me—I did that myself. They *did* give me a fair chance, but I wasn't man enough to put it over. I failed because I don't know enough about business—I haven't an education. Why, when put to the test, I couldn't even work a simple problem in arithmetic!

“And I've come to tell you, Mr. Rollins, that I'll work till I drop to do the things you want me to do. I've arranged to

take up night school at the Y.M.C.A. It will require time for me to get the training I need. But if you'll bear with me for a few months——”

Mr. Rollins reached for Andy's hand. He gripped it as only one friend can grip the hand of another in a moment such as this. And there was in his kindly face a light that Andy never forgot.

“Blake! I'm proud of you,” he said.

CHAPTER XXII

WINTER

Summer ran its sun-high course and died in a flurry of frost-tinged leaves. The transformation was gradual. Even to Andy, used to the ways of Nature, the definite change from summer green to autumnal gold carried little or no suggestion of the coming winter. Maybe this was because Andy's time was wholly taken up with more dynamic things. His days in mastering the problems of business, more particularly the problems of advertising; his evenings in earnest study at the Y.M.C.A.

Then there came a morning in early December when the city of Chicago awakened to the clamoring shriek of the north wind, as it whipped madly through the cañonlike streets. There was a dull, constant roar from the lake as the waves towered like shivering mountains of icy spray and beat against the breakwaters. "Winter is here!" was the cry on every lip. People dispiritedly went about the task of preparing themselves for the day's work; and when they reluctantly appeared in the snow-covered streets they gripped their coats tightly about their throats and made their progress with heads bent forward, the better to protect their faces from the cutting snow bullets.

As Andy entered the little office that he shared with Dingley, he sensed a definite oppressiveness in the atmosphere. His office companion sat slouched in his desk chair, his face buried in a morning newspaper. Seated on a corner of Dingley's desk was Evans, the temperamental art director. Just now the artist appeared more moody and unsociable than usual.

“Shucks! You fellows oughtn't to let a little snowstorm like this get your goat,” laughed Andy, as he shed his overcoat and kicked off his rubbers. He unfolded a spotless handkerchief and wiped the traces of the snow from his ruddy, tingling face. “I think it's great! It takes me back to the good old days when I was a kid. Oh, how I used to look forward to the first snowfall! Then out would come the old bob and away I'd bike for Colley Hill—”

“Say! Who invited you to recite?” cut in Evans ungraciously, his face darkened by a scowl.

Andy became silent on the instant, sensing that the dejection of his office companion and the artist was caused by a thing more material than the blizzard. He regarded Evans uncertainly through questioning eyes. Andy was constantly at a loss to understand the artist. There were moments when Evans seemed to be the embodiment of kindness, and in those rare moments there was something so intensely human about the man that Andy was strangely attracted to him. Then, for no apparent reason, Evans' mood would change instantaneously and he seemed happy in saying things that cut and stung. He was plainly in such a mood at this particular moment.

“I suppose I’ll be out of a job,” spoke up Dingley unhappily. He nervously threw aside the newspaper and got onto his feet. Never before had Andy seen his office companion so grave and troubled. “Some of Myers’ work,” stated Dingley, reading the question in Andy’s anxious eyes. “He’s cribbed the Imperial account on us, Blake—and just when we had them nicely started on national advertising. Good night! The hours I’ve put in on that account! Read that!” he concluded, handing Andy the morning newspaper and indicating a certain article.

“I—I don’t understand,” faltered Andy, gripping the newspaper mechanically.

“Can’t you read?” spoke up Evans sharply.

This cutting remark brought a flush to Andy’s sensitive face and served to collect his scattered thoughts. He gave his attention to the newspaper article that Dingley pointed out to him. It was a brief notice to the effect that Corliss Amendson, advertising manager of the Imperial Candy Company, had resigned. A man by the name of R. R. Allen had been appointed to take over his duties. Allen’s picture was given in the newspaper, together with brief mention of the fact that for several years he had served as copy chief for the Chicago branch of the Morton-Myers advertising agency.

“This isn’t the first raw deal that Myers has handed us,” said Dingley gloomily. “Last year he got the Agate Shirt Waist account away from us. Now, he’s hooked us for the Imperial account.”

“But the newspaper doesn’t say anything about the Imperial company’s changing agencies,” Andy pointed out, looking into Dingley’s face uncertainly.

At this remark, Evans gave a deep sigh of disgust. He regarded Andy with tolerant disinterest, his lips curled sneeringly, then he slouched out of the room. Andy recognized the uncomplimentary inference in the man’s actions. Again the color mounted to his cheeks.

“He tries to make out I’m hopelessly dumb,” he cried resentfully.

“Well, when you’ve been in the agency game as long as he has, you’ll understand how these things work out,” returned Dingley. “All one has to do is to read between the lines to grasp the fact that the Morton-Myers company has had a part in separating Amendsen from his job. This man Allen is an old Morton-Myers man. No doubt the Morton-Myers Company got the job for him. After a few weeks our contract with the Imperial Company will be canceled and the account taken over by Myers and his gang. Of course at the start Allen won’t concede that he is intending to change agencies. He’ll be very sweet to us and kid us along. But sooner or later he’ll begin a campaign of fault-finding. After that nothing we do is O.K. in his estimation. He won’t have any difficulty in convincing the executives of his company that there should be a change of agencies. Oh, I know! I’ve seen it work out that way before. So has Evans. And he hates Myers like sin, having received a crooked deal at his hands when he worked for the Morton-Myers Company several years ago. That’s why he’s so

worked up over the possibility of our losing the Imperial account. He'd give a leg, I believe, to even scores with Myers."

When Mr. Rollins came in at nine o'clock he immediately sent for Dingley. The two were closeted for more than an hour. Then Dingley disconsolately came back to his desk and said to Andy:

"The Boss is going out to the Imperial plant this morning, to assure Allen that he'll get from our agency everything in the way of service that he can possibly require or desire. He has asked me to be unusually careful in every bit of work I do for the Imperial people. But it's pretty much of a farce. He knows and I know that before the year ends we'll be out in the cold as far as the Imperial account is concerned."

Andy was gripped with concern over the unhappy turn of events. He knew that the loss of the Imperial account would be felt throughout the organization, and a steely anger took root in his heart when he thought of Myers. By no means had he forgotten that memorable afternoon at the Forman Washing Machine Company plant. That he had lost the coveted quarter-million-dollar advertising contract to Myers was secondary in his unhappy recollection of the matter to the cynical, tolerant, superior consideration that he had received at Myers' hands.

"I wish we could even scores with Myers," gritted Andy. "Maybe if we took a few of his best accounts away from him he wouldn't be so cocky."

Dingley laughed nervously.

“Fine! And now that we’ve decided to bell the cat, who’ll do it?”

“I for one am going to think about it,” returned Andy grimly.

“You’d better be thinking about those four-page-advertising circulars that you’re working on for the Ayer Planing Machine Company,” pointedly advised Dingley, going about his work dispiritedly.

His injunction fell on deaf ears. Andy could not dismiss the matter from his thoughts. And shortly a determination grew up within him to give Myers a dose of his own medicine. How was he to do it? Andy hardly knew. But it seemed to him that the quarter-million-dollar Forman contract represented a vulnerable point of attack. Andy’s loyalty to Rollins & Hatch was supreme; and in matters having to do with the creation of effective advertising he had the conviction that the company he worked for was just a little bit ahead of all the other agencies in the field. He was confident that with the facilities of the Rollins & Hatch organization to draw on, he could produce vastly better work than any member of the Morton-Myers agency. Surely the advertising manager of the Forman Washing Machine Company would sit up and take notice if a Rollins & Hatch representative came to him with a superior campaign. Arriving at this point in his analysis, Andy had no difficulty in happily visualizing the Forman company severing business relations with Morton-Myers.

That morning Andy put in all his time rounding out a campaign built around the Forman washing machine. He diagramed the Forman marketing plan, starting with the factory and reaching the consumer through the dealer. He roughly outlined a series of technical advertisements to appear in trade magazines going directly to dealers and jobbers. It was the purpose of this advertising to “sell” the dealer on the integrity of the Forman institution and product and make him want to handle the Forman washer in preference to all other washers. Andy also planned a series of advertisements to reach the public through the pages of national magazines. These were of a nature to create interest in the Forman washer as a household necessity, building up in the mind of the reader the desire to own one and a determination to investigate the Forman washer through the local dealer. Then, too, Andy planned advertisements and folders for the dealer’s use in local newspaper and direct-by-mail campaigns. Carried along on the high tide of inspiration, he even fashioned a window display, with a Forman washer in the foreground in charge of a trim, blue-eyed young matron who appeared very happy in the knowledge that her laundry troubles were a thing of the past. The work was extremely fascinating and the time passed rapidly. Andy could hardly believe his ears when the “dismissal” sounded for lunch.

Upon returning to the office after lunch, he reluctantly laid aside the work and got out his “Ayer” data. For a time he found it difficult to concentrate on the Ayer Company circulars. Then he grimly gave the matter his complete attention and worked feverishly throughout the balance of the day.

CHAPTER XXIII

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

In the days that followed every spare minute of Andy's time was taken up. He was anxious to complete the Forman campaign, and gave it much attention outside of his regular hours. Yet he didn't neglect his school work at the Y.M.C.A. This took four nights a week. It was not always pleasant for Andy to put in his days in the office and his evenings at school, but he realized the need of the school training and grimly carried through week after week without missing a recitation.

One Sunday afternoon Andy went to the office to do some work on the Forman campaign and while he was thus engaged a door slammed behind him. Turning quickly he found himself looking into the stormy face of Evans, the art director. Andy was momentarily dismayed. He happened to be using Evans' bench at the time, attempting to illustrate in colors one of the washing machine folders.

"So it's you who's been messing around in here, is it?" demanded the artist. Angrily, he set to rights the brushes and paints that Andy had been using. There followed an uncomfortable silence. Then Evans demanded, "Don't you get enough work during the week?"

There seemed to Andy nothing to do but to truthfully explain why he was in the art department, which he did falteringly. When he finished Evans regarded him with a peculiar expression and said:

“You must have a pretty good opinion of yourself—thinking that you can go down to Cobart with a half-baked marketing campaign and get the Forman company to cancel with Morton-Myers.”

“Well, I can try,” gritted Andy.

“You can try! Bah! What if you fail? I suppose you never thought of that. And how can you hope to succeed with a drawing like that? It looks as much like a washing machine as some of the pictures my three-year-old kid draws of the cat.”

“I don’t pretend to be an artist,” flared Andy with hot cheeks.

“Of course not! It takes brains to sling paint. Hand over that drawing!”

“What are you going to do with it?”

“*Do* with it? Why, I’m going to make it look like something. Come! Fork it over!”

The afternoon waned and dusk settled in as between Evans and Andy a strange comradeship developed. In the silence of the vacated offices, the two seemed drawn very closely together. Andy found himself telling the artist things he never would have had the courage to mention under ordinary

circumstances. He outlined his campaign in detail. Evans seemed gripped with interest and offered many helpful suggestions. The two seemingly forgot that it was getting late. When Evans laid aside his brushes the clock pointed to eleven-thirty. On the instant the artist lost all interest in the work and became cold and uncompanionable. He gruffly got into his overcoat and left the office. Andy, though, didn't seem to mind the discourtesy. He was happy in having had a glimpse into Evans' heart at a time when it pulsed with warmth and friendliness.

Christmas was almost at hand when Andy's campaign was completed. Each advertisement was laid out neatly, the copy written, and the purpose of each advertising piece given in his marketing chart. Following the Sunday when Evans had surprised Andy in the art department, the two had put in many hours together. Into the illustrations that the artist prepared went some of his most inspirational work. Once Andy thanked the man, but Evans bluntly returned, "Don't kid yourself, Blake. I'm not doing it for *you*. I have a reason." Anger glowed in the depths of the artist's eyes and Andy knew that the man was thinking of Myers.

With the campaign completed, a vague uneasiness settled over Andy. Now that he had the campaign on his hands, what was he going to do with it? Should he ask Mr. Rollins to let him, Andy, go to Cobart and present the campaign to Whitley, the advertising manager of the Forman Washing Machine Company? That was in line with what he had intended doing. What would be Mr. Rollins' reaction and Mr. Whitley's? Andy trembled as with a sudden chill as the thought came to him that things might not turn out as he

wanted them to. His cheeks burned as he remembered how he had failed miserably in his previous attempt to land the Forman contract. He was strongly tempted to protect himself from disaster by destroying the whole campaign. But that would never do! There was Evans to reckon with. One morning when the turmoil in Andy's mind was at flood height, the artist stopped him and grimly demanded, "Well, when are you going to Cobart? Getting cold feet?" Andy felt trapped and sick at heart. Oh, what a treacherous structure he had built around himself! A grayness settled about his mouth as he mumbled a meaningless reply and hid himself from Evans' eyes by entering his office and closing the door.

Finally he plucked up courage and approached Mr. Rollins. The executive was busy and visibly worried. He looked surprised at Andy's request and gave a hasty glance at the sheaf of material in Andy's hand.

"Haven't time just now to go through it, Blake," he said rather brusquely. He may have observed the downcast expression on Andy's face as the boy turned away, because he added, "Whatever your scheme is, it can't do any worse than fail. If you want to tackle it, go to it."

Andy's face brightened. It was a chance, even if Mr. Rollins clearly had no great faith or interest in it. He hurried out of the room.

Then a very dynamic thing happened—a thing that tempted Andy to feel that he was under the special protection of a divine Providence.

“Andy, I believe I have some good news for you,” Mr. Ayer told him over the telephone one morning a few days before Christmas.

“I’m listening with both ears,” Andy returned.

“I was down to Cobart yesterday helping Timmons, the superintendent of the Forman Washing Machine Company, to rig up an attachment for one of his surfacers. Just before leaving the plant I had a talk with Mr. Forman. It seems that advertisement we ran in *The Woodworker*, featuring their company as a user of our surfacers, created a great deal of favorable comment. Several of their dealers wrote in for copies of the ad to place in their display windows. That is how I came to be talking ‘advertising’ with Mr. Forman. He remembers you, Andy. He told me he was having serious trouble with the Morton-Myers agency and intended canceling his contract with them. I took this as a cue to boost your game all I could. I don’t know how well prepared you are to go down there and sell them on connecting with your agency, but I believe if you are in any measure prepared you stand a good chance of getting the contract. Thought I’d tell *you* about it, Andy, because Dick has told me something of the disappointment you had on your other trip to Cobart. If I can help, you know I’ll do what I can. What’s that?”

“I—I’m dazed,” cried Andy, wildly happy under the turn of events. “Am I prepared? Oh, boy! Thanks a thousand times for calling me. I’m going after that contract to-morrow and I’m going to *get* it.”

Andy deliberated as to whether or not he should tell Dingley of his intended trip to Cobart. Mr. Rollins had said, "If you want to tackle it, go to it." He finally decided to keep his own counsel, letting no one know of his plans except Evans. He would work the day through, then take an evening train to Cobart. During the noon hour he wired the Cobart Hotel for a reservation, then rode out to Forest Street and packed his bag, bringing it to the office. His train left at five-fifteen, and at four-forty-five he left the office when Dingley was not in sight.

CHAPTER XXIV

ANDY'S GREATEST VICTORY

As Andy approached the Forman plant the following morning, the familiar sound of an Ayer surfacer smote his ears as on a previous occasion and he tingled with happiness. For a moment he felt prompted first to pay his respects to Timmons, the superintendent; then he requested the information clerk to send in his name to Mr. Whitley, the advertising manager.

Possibly Whitley was surprised when he stepped into the lobby and greeted Andy. Certainly a peculiar expression came into his eyes as they gripped hands. He invited Andy into his office, and when they were seated Andy began gravely:

“I suppose you’re wondering why I’m here, Mr. Whitley. Possibly I can better explain my position by referring to my last visit to this office. I don’t know what you thought of me that day—I know, though, what I thought of myself. I acted like a frightened kid. The thing that distressed me the most was the thought that you might judge the caliber of the Rollins & Hatch organization by my unbusinesslike conduct.

“Maybe you know how a fellow feels when he’s licked. If so, you know just how I felt that day. I was licked good and plenty. And there has hardly been a day since when I haven’t longed for an opportunity to vindicate myself and bring you to realize that I had something to sell you that day that no other agency had. I simply wasn’t man enough to put it over, that’s all. I hope I’ll be more fortunate to-day.”

In the hour that followed, Andy and the advertising manager reviewed the campaign in detail. Then Mr. Forman came in and the campaign was presented to him. There was no mistaking the interest of the two executives. In the course of the morning they left Andy alone in the office while they discussed the matter in an intimate way in Mr. Forman’s office. When they returned Whitley said:

“We’re mightily interested in your campaign and in what you have told us, Mr. Blake. Though you haven’t mentioned it, I imagine you know without me telling you that late yesterday we canceled our contract with the Morton-Myers agency. It might interest you to know why, but I do not feel that it is important that I tell you. We are not interested in what hasn’t been done, but in what *can* be done. I may say we have confidence in you and your company. Even if you had not come to us voluntarily we should have gotten in touch with your Mr. Rollins. Suppose we regard this matter from a highly formal angle and talk terms. Have you one of your contract forms with you?”

Andy spent practically the entire day at the Forman plant. The afternoon had faded into dusk when he and Whitley came out of the office and headed uptown.

When Andy appeared at the Rollins & Hatch office the following morning, he sensed a certain feeling of suppressed excitement in the atmosphere. He proceeded at once to his office to inquire of Dingley the cause of this. Instead of Dingley, he found himself facing Evans. The latter regarded Andy searchingly, his eyes narrowed, his shaggy eyebrows contracted. He seemed stiff and tense in every muscle.

“Well?” he demanded, the words coming from between clenched teeth.

“I’ve got it!” returned Andy with sparkling eyes.

“With you, or got it coming?”

“I’ve got it right here in my pocket.”

“Good boy!” said the artist concisely. Without another word he turned on his heel and left the room. Andy smiled. That was Evans’ way; Andy understood him now. He knew that the word and look of approval from Evans meant much.

Upon the exit of Evans, Dingley tumbled into the office.

“What’s the rip?” he demanded in high spirits. “Lay off yesterday to get married?”

“I was out of the city on business,” returned Andy.

“Well, you missed some excitement. Oh, boy! The news reached us late yesterday afternoon that the Forman Washing Machine Company have canceled with the Morton-Myers agency. Sweet doctor! Won’t it be great if Mr. Rollins lands

that quarter-million-dollar contract? That sure will give Myers a crimp. And Evans? Say, the old boy will just naturally turn a flip-flop!”

Just then Mr. Rollins sent word to Andy through Miss Manning to come into his office. Even the general manager seemed to share a little in the general excitement.

“You’ve been working on some sort of a scheme for landing Forman, haven’t you, Blake? Let’s see what you’ve done about it.”

From his pocket Andy produced the contract. With hands that suddenly trembled he gave it to his employer. There was an intense stillness as Mr. Rollins unfolded the paper. It seemed to hold his attention for a long time. Once he made a sound as though something in his throat distressed him. Then without a word he slowly placed the contract on his desk and walked to the window, seemingly absorbed in watching the snowflakes fluttering earthward from out a leaden December sky. At length he turned to Andy and said simply:

“Blake, you’ve taken my breath away. I—I don’t know what to—say. What you have done is splendid!”

Andy was too happy to make any coherent reply and Mr. Rollins went on:

“I needn’t try to express my appreciation for what you have done on this as on the Ayer account. We shall not forget it. And now there is another matter I must take up with you. Mr. Ayer is a personal friend of mine. Last evening I

had dinner with him. He has asked me to release you, Blake. He wants to take you into his organization and place you in direct charge of his sales and advertising work. It will be an exceptionally responsible position for one so young as you are. And I'm not certain that the older salesmen will accept the new order of things in the right spirit. But Mr. Ayer seems satisfied that you are the man he wants. I assured him I would leave it entirely up to you. He probably will start you in at three thousand a year. I shall be unhappy in losing you, but I do not want to stand in the way of your advancement."

For a moment Andy was dazed. In a vague way he realized that to be sales and advertising manager of the Ayer Planing Machine Company was no mean job. Small wonder that a pleasurable thrill passed over him.

Then his moment of supreme happiness died as the thought came to him that to accept the position would necessitate his severing connections with the Rollins & Hatch organization. In the agency he was in touch with a great many angles of industry. As a member of the Ayer company he would have but one definite problem on his mind. Would he be content to limit his activities to one line? Did he *want* to do it? At length he slowly inquired?

"Is it your wish that I accept this position, Mr. Rollins?"

"I would rather not have you put it that way, Blake."

"Then if it is left entirely to me, I guess I'd rather remain here," Andy decided. "I've so much to learn about business—and I will have a better chance of learning it here. Besides,

I have nearly two years ahead of me at the Y.M.C.A. It would be considerable glory for me to hold such a responsible position. But I'd rather have the glory wait till I'm better prepared."

"That's what I wanted you to say, Blake. Like you, I feel that you have not sufficient experience. You probably could hold down the position in good shape—you might even make a big success of the work—but always, all through your business life, you would be handicapped by your limited knowledge of things. I'm going to see Mr. Ayer to-morrow and I'll tell him of your decision. By the way, Blake, my calendar tells me that to-morrow is Christmas."

"Yes, indeed!" cried Andy happily. "And I'm going to be home with Mother. I suppose it's silly, but on Christmas Eve I always hang up my socks, just as I did my stockings when I was a kid. Mother likes to have me do that. And when I get up in the morning I make an awful fuss over the things I find. I'm going down to Cressfield to-night on a late train. It's going to be a wonderful Christmas, sir!"

"I know just how you feel," said Mr. Rollins, a light of happy reminiscence showing in his kindly eyes. He crossed to the great mahogany desk and took a paper from his filing basket.

"Here is the copy of a note I dictated yesterday to our auditor," said he simply. "As you read it you will see that it is a request from me that you be paid fifty dollars a week beginning with the first of the new year. A sort of Christmas present from the company, Blake. But you've earned it."

That evening on the train to Cressfield, Andy lost himself in happy reflection as he watched the headlight of the locomotive piercing the darkness, the fire from the smokestack shedding a ruddy glow over the mantle of snow that lay on the fields and hillsides. It seemed to him that the wheels were singing: “*Keep it up, Andy Blake! Keep it up, Andy Blake! Keep it up, Andy Blake!*”

He pictured himself standing on the threshold of Opportunity. Everything that a man holds dear in a business way lay ahead of him—success, achievement, wealth, happiness. The future was his to shape as he saw fit.

“Yes, I’ll *keep it up*,” he murmured.

Here we will leave Andy for the present, daily learning things about business, daily working and struggling to fit himself for the “bigger job” ahead of him. A boy in years, with a man’s dreams and a man’s ambition, he feels that always in life his greatest interest will be centered around advertising. It is fascinating work. He has found it so. It is work that he loves. And he seems to be especially well fitted for it.

But in the next volume of this series, we find Andy tackling a proposition that leans more to general sales promotion than strictly advertising. If you have made a friend of Andy in this initial volume, you surely will want to follow him in his further business adventures.

Transcriber's Notes

- This book was later reprinted under the title “Andy Blake in Advertising” to distinguish it from other books in the series.
- Copyright notice provided as in the original—this e-text is public domain in the country of publication.
- In the text versions, delimited italics text in _underscores_ (the HTML version reproduces the font form of the printed book.)
- Silently corrected palpable typos; left non-standard spellings and dialect unchanged.

[The end of *Andy Blake in Advertising* by Edward Edson Lee (as Leo Edwards)]