

"As you direct," replied Black. "But it's sure to go up five and I'd advise hanging on for that."

"All right — hang."

Meantime the rumors of the boom and its cause sped over the gossiping wires. Black had just put on his hat preparatory to going out to lunch when the spry young man handed him the first message. It was from headquarters, and ran: "Notice your orders for L. & P. What is cause of the boom?" He pushed his hat back on his head, sat at his desk and wrote a reply. As he handed the reply to the operator he received two more messages: "What has happened to L. & P.? Give us a tip"; and, "Notice your L. & P. boom. What is up your sleeve?" Before he had replies written there were other inquiries that soon formed quite a little pile. He sent the same reply to all: "Evening Trumpet will publish report President Make has control and will absorb in his system."

The report reached even to the office in the metropolis where President Make made his headquarters while there, and the famous president brought his fist down on the table with a sounding whack. He was beyond the point where he felt flattered by the compliment implied, and with the whack declared that the source of the rumor must be located.

The call bells in the outer offices tinkled and buzzed, secretaries gave orders, stenographers grabbed notebooks, office boys rushed back and forth and telegraph operators tore off their coats and pounded the speaking brass because the president wanted things to move, and half across the continent division and department offices were informed that President Make wanted to know, and wanted to know quick. Quick, quick, quick! ticked the sounders, and general officers, district officers, superintendents, and traveling representatives quickly replied they didn't know. "I want to know, I want to know," ticked the sounders, and "I don't know, I don't know," came back from all directions.

Paine, seated at his desk with his head in his hands, for work until the affair on hand was disposed of was out of the question, received a message as follows: "Reported here we have secured control of L. & P. This is false, but stocks affected. Indications rumor originated your town. Can you advise source? Answer quick. Make."

The assistant read the message twice over and a flood of thoughts rushed wildly through his brain.

The telephone bell again sounded. It was Black. "Hello, old man. Gone up five points. It's up to you; what shall I do?"

"Wait just a minute," said Paine, nervously, then sent his stenographer into the next office. As the door closed behind the amanuensis he grasped the telephone instrument with a shaking hand. "Hello, Black. Better close out at once. I have a message from the president trying to locate the rumor. It's reached New York, and it's raising Old Ned. His message is plain English, and says it's false. There's bound to be a leak in the telegraph department, and there'll be a crash. We'd better get from under before it's too late."

"Just what I was going to propose," replied Black. "I'll close you out at once. Plenty of takers. Allow me to congratulate you. You're a made man and positions can go to smash. Invite me to ride in your private car once in a while, won't you?" There was mirth in the broker's voice, but there was none in the assistant's as he replied, "Sure thing," and hung up the receiver, and there was none in the expression of his face as he turned from the desk.

The Evening Trumpet, coming out at five o'clock, had a column and a half headed in bold type, "BOOM IN L. & P. STOCK," and giving a complete account, purporting to come from a semi-official source of President Make's mission to New York and its successful issue. The papers were sold as rapidly as hot cakes disappear on cold mornings, and were read eagerly by those who had been fortunate enough to hear the rumor in time to invest in the coveted stock before the jump.

Almost before the ink was dry on the last sheets out, and long before the fortunate investors had finished congratulating themselves upon the judgment they had exercised in buying that particular stock just before it turned, another rumor was breathed from mouth to ear upon the street that the first rumor was false and that L. & P. would drop back as soon as the market opened. Pen heard it and immediately called up President Make's office by telephone. No one was there, and he began to trace for the origin of the new rumor. After a great deal of inquiry he learned that Jones had it from Brown. Post haste to Brown's house, where that worthy was entertaining a few friends at dinner. Yes, Brown had told Jones and he had it from Johnson. Johnson could not vouch for it, but White had told him that President Make sent a message from New York to the effect that the first rumor was groundless. White was interviewed. Was the report true? Why, really, he couldn't say, but that was the way he heard it on the Board of Trade. Whom had he heard it from? Why, really couldn't say, positively — some of the boys on the Board."

By morning the small speculators were about equally divided — some anxious to buy, as the stock, having gone so high, was bound to go a certain number of points

higher; others equally anxious to sell, contending that the stock had reached its highest point. Consequently Black did a brisk business. Soon after his office opened Paine called and was handed a slip of paper, small in dimensions, but redeemable at the First National Bank for a larger amount than the assistant had ever hoped to possess; it was the proceeds of his manipulation, and Black congratulated him as he received it. The lucky investor looked pale and careworn, and even the broker's congratulations failed to bring a smile to his lips.

Within three hours after the stock market opened L. & P. had dropped to where it had been when Paine invested in it. Many were the long faces, empty pockets, and muttered curses. An angry delegation called upon Black to demand what he meant by circulating such false rumors as the one that had induced them to invest. The broker elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders. They had asked him about the rumor; he had simply given it for what it was worth, and he would let them into his confidence, there must have been some ground for it, as the first purchaser of L. & P. had been President Make's assistant, and who should be in a better position to know a thing or two about stocks than a man as near the manipulating power as he was? Who, indeed?

The delegation immediately proceeded to the president's office to demand an explanation. There they found a scene of wild confusion. The office force was disordered. The president had asked by wire for his assistant's resignation. Some of the clerks had seen the telegram personally. The office boy had copied the reply message by which the assistant had resigned. The stenographer had been at the depot when the ex-assistant had boarded a northbound train, but as he traveled on an annual exchange pass none knew his proposed destination and there was no ticket sale to tell the secret.

Well, the early bird had flown with the fat worm, and the boom in L. & P. was an event in history.

A Lost Masterpiece

(Continued from page 6)

Perhaps it was the premonition of the cost — the penalty attending his unreckoned hazard, that had made the sketch seem to him the mandate of a great master.

Banished!

He went to his room, collected his few belongings, gave a farewell glance to the four walls where he had been for a brief time happy, then went to the adobe stable and saddled his horse.

These incidents had taken scarcely more time than to tell of them, but in that brief time, every attendant of Ramon, and every Indian in the village had vanished from sight, as though Beauclaire were a leper.

He threw his sack of clothing across his horse's back, and rode slowly around the house, once, twice — the third time as he passed the entrance, there in the doorway, enveloped by her black hair, with her glorious eyes fixed upon him, stood Mona.

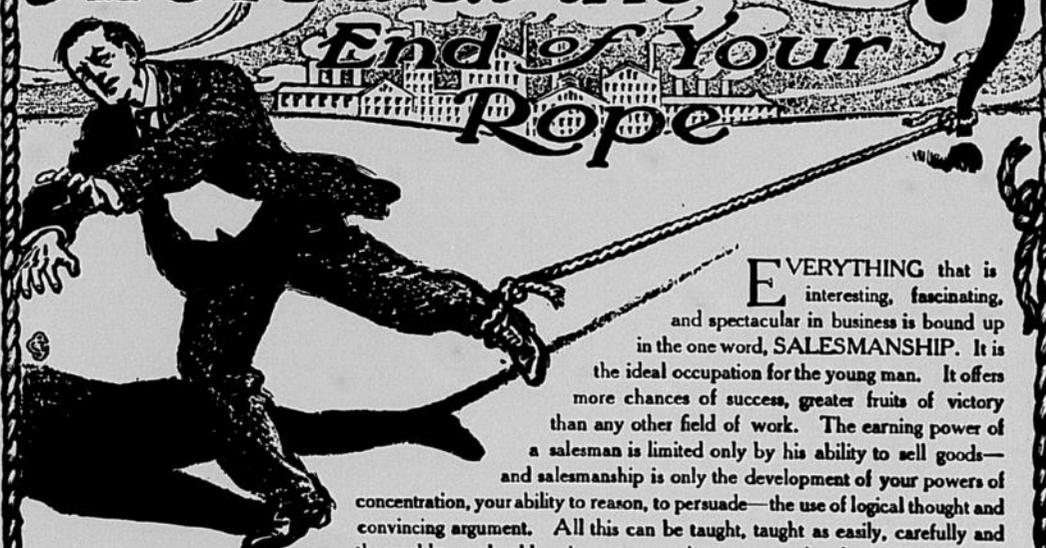
He stopped his horse, and their eyes met. Her gaze no longer shrank from his, but he knew that look was for all eternity. She made as if to speak — her lips trembled, tears gathered in her eyes, and turning, she vanished from his life.

"Everything in this country has a sting," he muttered, and turning his horse's head to the south, he rode alone into the great, white silence.

Don't You "Lily" Me

Mrs. Langtry objects to being billed as Mrs. Lily Langtry, and when she arrived in New York recently and found herself so styled on the billboards, she waxed highly indignant, with the result that within a few hours billposters were busily engaged obliterating the "Lily" with strips of white paper?

Are You at the End of Your Rope?



EVERYTHING that is interesting, fascinating, and spectacular in business is bound up in the one word, **SALESMANSHIP**. It is the ideal occupation for the young man. It offers more chances of success, greater fruits of victory than any other field of work. The earning power of a salesman is limited only by his ability to sell goods — and salesmanship is only the development of your powers of concentration, your ability to reason, to persuade — the use of logical thought and convincing argument. All this can be taught, taught as easily, carefully and thoroughly as bookkeeping, stenography or any other business profession.

SCIENCE vs. LUCK There may be a few "born" salesman, in the sense that some men have more natural adaptability than others, but it is the carefully trained man, the deep thinking man, the man who has studied the "whys, hows and wherefores" of his calling that continues to bring in business and makes his selling ability the ground work of a permanently successful career. The "natural" salesman may forge to the front spasmodically, just as the spectacular soldier may carry the isolated fort by his brilliancy of dash and courage. It takes more than mere dash and "go" to keep on winning forts and orders. It takes the brilliancy of a Sheridan and the dogged persistence of a Grant to win permanent victory. It is the determined, deep thinking, far-seeing General who cuts the notches on the winning stick, no matter whether the notches mean victory on a battle-field or profits in the cash drawer.

No matter how little natural ability you have, you can develop your persuasive powers, your will power, your ability to convince others. Take a moment to look over your future in perspective. What does it offer you? Are you engaged in work now that suits your tastes and ability? Have you free play for your ambitions? Are you held back by lack of opportunity from making a name for yourself? Don't you want to break the cords that are binding you and **be somebody**?

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No matter what your present position is you can spare a short time every day to acquire the latest and most approved methods of getting and holding trade — increasing sales and profits. The instruction is carried on entirely by mail. Without losing one moment from your present work, or interfering with your regular duties you have an opportunity NOW to acquire the information and experience which every veteran in the selling business has taken years of the hardest kind of effort to acquire.

Do not take our word for these statements, but write for the names of students in your own neighborhood. We are willing to let them talk for us.

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