

"So I was," replied Jack, "but they've transferred me to the Detroit branch and I'm to cover the Canadian field. Funny that I should just get mother's letter about you—But how is mother?"

Ward though she was all right, but—"So that's how you ran across *me*, eh?"

"Yes. Say, I want you to come over to town with me and spend Sunday. Can you?"

"Sure; I'm free now—have had my lecture for the week."

"How are you getting along anyway?" Jack asked.

To one of the bank-boys back in Barnsville Ward would have answered: "Rotten!" But to his brother he replied:

"Mr. Macdonald says I have the makings of a cracker salesman."

Jack's personal appearance went a long way toward inspiring this reply. He looked so up-to-date and prosperous his younger brother envied him, then resolved to be like him. He would begin by putting on a brave face, like Jack's, and secretly observe and imitate. But Jack must not know he was used as a model—that would spoil the impression the younger Clark desired to make.

"Certainly you'll succeed," declared Jack. "Look what I've done."

Ward looked and thought he saw. Undoubtedly Jack had the appearance of a thriving young business man. He looked successful and acted that way, therefore he must be a success. A thrill started on a long journey from the younger brother's chief nerve centre as he pictured himself in Jack's shoes. The time would not be long in coming, he hoped. But