

After one month in this new position, John found himself seeing the transportation business through new glasses. He had passed from details to principles, and the change stimulated his mind enormously.

One of his new duties now was to sit at the General Freight Agent's elbow in conferences, and later to make summaries of the arguments pro and con. In transcribing Mr. Mitchell's part of these talks, it interested John to elaborate a little. Soon he ventured to make the General Freight Agent's points stronger when he felt it could be done, and then waited, after laying the transcript on the big man's desk, for some word of reproof. Reproof did not come, and yet John thought the changes must be noticed.

But one day H. B. Anderson, Assistant General Freight Agent of the San Francisco and El Paso, a rival line, was in the office.

"Mitchell," Anderson began, "I am compelled to admit your argument reads a blamed sight stronger than it sounded to me the other day."

At this the General Freight Agent laughed complacently.

"The point about the demurrage especially," went on Anderson. "I didn't remember that somehow."

"Um," said the General Freight Agent in a puzzled way and picked up the transcript of the argument. As he scanned it, his face grew more puzzled; then light broke. "Yes," he replied emphatically, "that's the strongest point, in my judgment."

"Well," confessed Anderson, "it knocks me out. I am now agreeable to your construction."

The private secretary listened from his little cubby-hole with mingled exultation and apprehension. When the visitor had gone, the General Freight Agent walked in and tossed the transcript upon the secretary's table. John