

I called you in. I've got a proposition to make myself. I've seen your thing work, and I've got some faith in it, myself, even though the corporation hasn't. I'm willing to make you an offer, and a liberal one—and in making it, I'm going in just as strong and hard as my little pile can stand. I'll give you five thousand dollars for an assignment of your patent free and clear—and I can't say fairer than that."

Haggerty vigorously shook his head. "I'm not selling," he said; "the thing's worth hundreds of thousands to me as it is. I won't sell for any such sum as that."

McDonald looked him in the eye. "I don't care so much about it," he returned, "and I've got other uses for my five thousand, but I'm interested in safety devices in general, and in yours in particular—see here Haggerty, how much do you reckon it'll take to put this thing on its feet—to start up manufacturing, to get it on the market?"

Haggerty took a piece of paper and started to figure. "About three thousand dollars, I calculate," he answered.

"Haggerty," said McDonald, "I'll do this with you. I'll put my five thousand in the thing, and you work her up in your own way, and we'll make some reasonable division of the profits. What do you say to that? That's fair?"

Haggerty regarded the manager suspiciously. "Yes," he said, "and assign my patent to you for security—not much."

"No," returned McDonald; "we'll form a corporation; you put your patent in, I put my little pile in—and there you are. You attend to the factory, and I'll work up the business end as much as I can, considering my duties here. What do you say to that?"

Haggerty snorted. "Yes," he replied, with gathering suspicion, "and your idea is to have you control the majority of the stock—I've heard of these things before. And when you've got control what'll become of me, eh?"

McDonald rose from his chair in assumed wrath. "Haggerty," he exclaimed, "you're a confounded fool—that's what you are. Here you've been hawking this patent around for five years, waiting for just such a chance as you're getting, and now you won't take it. You think you're so blamed smart, and you don't know who you're talking to, what you're talking about. I tell you now that I don't want to control the corporation—I don't care anything about that. A want a fair proportion of the stock—say thirty-three per cent; and you and some friend of yours can hold the other sixty-seven. All I want to do is to make some fair reasonable profit out of the thing, and I'm willing to put you on your feet to try and do it, that's all. By George, I don't know for sure whether I'm justified in trusting to your honesty and fairness, but I'm going to do it just the same. You go on and control the corporation all you want—it won't need much control, I'll warrant—all you've got to do is to treat me fair, and give me my one third share of the profits, if there are any, and you bag the rest. That's all there is to it. Understand?"

Haggerty in turn rose to his feet. "Mr. McDonald," he said, contritely, holding out his hand, "I apologize most humbly. I thank you, and—I'll go you," he concluded.

After Haggerty had gone, McDonald sauntered into the president's office.

"Haggerty was just here," he said. "He's gone."

The president looked at him anxiously over the top of his spectacles.

"Well," he inquired.

"I've got him nailed," said the manager sententiously.

The Haggerty-Elevator-Safety-Check concern started up in short order. Haggerty was the president and superintendent; McDonald was the secretary and treasurer. The concern hired a small factory down a side street, and started in to work. Haggerty, being an inventor, had the usual instincts of one. He went his own gait. The secretary and treasurer did not interfere. His business was to draw checks and keep mum. He understood his business. He let Haggerty control the corporation.

When the concern started in on its manufacturing enterprise there was five thousand dollars in the treasury—McDonald's five thousand. At the end of six months that was gone, and the safety appliance was not yet upon the market. There were no debts—save one. That was a large one, and the creditor insisted on having his money.

He called upon Haggerty for the money. Haggerty naturally referred him to the secretary and treasurer, McDonald.

He found McDonald in his office in the Empire Company's factory.

"I want this bill paid," he said to McDonald. McDonald smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"The Haggerty concern is without funds at present," he replied. "I don't see how it can pay your bill. I don't propose to pay it out of my pocket. You'll have to wait, that's all."

The creditor, a choleric man (F. J. Burns it was, the wholesale hardware merchant) didn't relish the complacent tone of the secretary and treasurer.

"By thunder, then, I'll sue you," he returned. "You got some stock down there. I'll sue and levy on it, understand?"

McDonald smiled. "My dear Mr. Burns," he remarked suavely, "why under heaven do you take up my time about an insignificant matter like this? Sue if you want to, and the sooner the better, for all I care. Good-day, sir." He held out his hand. Burns brushed it aside, and strode storming from the office. McDonald laughed to himself, and moved to the window to see Burns walk muttering down the street.

Burns determined to strike while the iron, and he, were hot, instituted a suit that afternoon. There was no defense. The debt was an honest one. The concern had no funds with which to meet it. Burns obtained judgment and issued execution.

The Sheriff made a levy and found Haggerty in charge. "You'll have to let my men shut up the place, I guess," he explained to Haggerty.

"What for?" demanded Haggerty. The Sheriff told him. "Oh, if that's all," returned Haggerty. "I guess I can fix that up in a day or two. McDonald, the manager of the Empire works is standing back of me, and I'll go down and see him."

"That's the best way," said the sheriff. Haggerty went down and saw McDonald. McDonald was sorry, but he could do nothing further. He was already out five thousand dollars—good hard-earned dollars—had been money thrown into the gutter, for the matter of that. He reminded Haggerty, that Haggerty couldn't well complain—he had had exceptionally fair treatment from McDonald. Haggerty had to admit as much himself.

"Oh, well," he assured McDonald, "I'll hustle round and see what I can do."

Up to the day and hour set for the sale under the sheriff's levy, he had been able to do nothing. The sale went on.

There were perhaps half a dozen persons present. One of them was Haggerty. One was Burns, who was there to bid the property up to the amount of his judgment and protect himself. McDonald was absent—he was too busy to attend.

The stock went for a song, as it always does. Burns bought it in. Haggerty was helpless, for he had no money.

But the stock did not fetch enough to pay up Burns, the hardware man. "And now, gentlemen," announced the deputy, "I offer here for sale letters patent of the United States of America, for elevator safety-check attachments—"

"Hold on, hold on there," exclaimed Haggerty, "you mustn't sell that patent—that belongs to me—that's my property."

The sheriff looked at Haggerty, and then at the papers in his hand. "Your name is Haggerty?" he asked. Haggerty nodded.

"You assigned these letters all right to the Haggerty concern, didn't you?" He held up in the air the assignment, with Haggerty's signature attached.

"Yes," admitted Haggerty. "Yes, I— I did."

"And," continued the sheriff, "they constitute part of the assets of the company, do they not?"

"Yes, that's right," admitted Haggerty, they do."

"Well then," said the sheriff, "I'm afraid I've got to sell 'em out, that's all."

And he did. Burns bid up to the amount of his claims. As already indicated, Haggerty was powerless to compete. But they were not knocked down to Burns. A young man in the corner, who up to this point had remained unnoticed, now came forth and topped Burns's bid by the offer of one hundred dollars more. The letters patent were knocked down to him.

He paid his bid in cash. The sheriff asked his name, and he gave it in a clear loud voice. It was Floyd W. Thompson.

A name that Haggerty had never heard.

The president of the Empire Hoist & Elevator Company had a private secretary of the name of Floyd W. Thompson. That private secretary was a man whom Haggerty had never seen.

Floyd W. Thompson, thereupon, became the owner and holder of the Haggerty letters patent. The sale was over.

A few days later, without any fuss and furor, the Empire Hoist & Elevator Company began the manufacture of the Haggerty safety-check device.

A few weeks later, by a judicious distribution of capital, of which only the president of that concern, and McDonald, and a few officials of the city government were cognizant, the Common Council passed an ordinance providing that every elevator in the metropolis must be equipped with the Haggerty device—the only safety appliance, as the special com-

mitter said in its report, that was entirely safe.

A few months later every building in the city hastened to comply with that very healthful ordinance. The Empire Hoist & Elevator Company began the extensive sale of the Haggerty appliance—at its own price. There was no competition.

One day about this time, a shabby looking individual stepped into the Anglo-American building, one of the tallest of sky-scrapers, and tried to interview an elevator man about the new device.

The starter on the ground floor told him to clear out and go away. He took him for a tramp.

He was a tramp, and more besides. He was P. T. Haggerty—the inventor of the elevator safety-check appliance.

He had been frozen out—that's all.

Comment on Elevator Situation.

Criticism, favorable and adverse, by the Newspapers of Western Canada

"This is indeed the farmer's year, in more than one respect, as witness the fact that the Manitoba Government has followed Premier Scott's lead and declared in favor of Government ownership of elevators. Persistent efforts as the farmers have now learned, will overcome any difficulty, including even 'constitutional' ones."—Battleford Press, Sask.

"The announcement is a great victory for the Grain Growers. By a single stroke they have gained the main object for which their organization stands today. It also illustrates the power of intelligent organization."—The Dauphin Press, Man.

"Is it not rather amusing to observe the very respectful attitude of both the liberal and the conservative parties in the west towards the demands of the Grain Growers' Association, once that the real strength of the movement of that body is shown. This was shown the other day by the adoption without debate by the Saskatchewan legislature of the resolution in favor of Government-owned terminal elevator. It was an easy shifting of responsibility to Ottawa, but even more significant was the appointment, also without debate, of a commission to enquire into the feasibility of Government-owned interior elevators."—Saskatoon Saturday Press, Sask.

"The Government has given a distinct pledge that they are prepared to take the matter up and grant the Grain Growers' request. . . . The announcement will be received with gratification by the farmers at large throughout the province. It will not solve all the difficulties in the matter of marketing and shipping grain, but it will be an advance step in the right direction."—The Dufferin Leader, Carman, Man.

"How this will be done is not defined, but there is no question but that the Grain Growers' delegates will be a unit for some means to prevent it being made a party football and jumping plot for political heelers and good-for-nothings. If they succeed in this the elevator system will be one of the greatest boons and assurances our farmers can have of freedom from work of combines in shipping and marketing, and it will act as an object lesson to the live stock and other trusts enriching themselves at the farmers' expense."—Birtle (Man.) Eye Witness.

"To undertake control of such an industry would require a very large capital, even for the acquisition of the existing facilities. But what of the future? With thousands of miles of new railway lines being built and new towns springing up every day the Government would have to continue building or abandon that control of the grain traffic which the project is designed to give. The enormous development which this country is bound to have would involve an expenditure of which the present figures are but a small portion. No thoughtful Government will rashly venture on so vast an obligation."—Calgary Herald.

"In the general jubilation over the concession to the Grain Growers, let the fact not be overlooked that the credit belongs primarily and mainly to the persistence of the united farmers and their executive officers. The politicians on both sides surrendered only when they felt they had to do so. . . . The Grain Growers have to see to it that they elect to the legislature, men in whom they can trust."—Neepawa (Man.) Press.

"The announcement was hailed with delight by the delegates at that meeting. This action on the part of the Government in only another evidence of its progressiveness and public spirit. It is a proof that as soon as the Government has been convinced that it will have behind it the support of the people it is prepared to enter upon untried paths of Governmental activity in the interests and for the benefit of the people of the province."—Dauphin (Man.) Herald.

"There is no such thing as politics when the members of the Saskatchewan legislature get discussing Government elevators and Hudson's Bay Railway. Even if these questions were to be brought up in the Alberta House by the Government there would likely not be more than a couple of votes against the motion, if any."—Calgary Herald.

"After careful study of both the constitutional and commercial aspects of the question, the Scott Government has seen its way clear to take a step forward. The people know that there will be no turning back. . . ."

"What the Grain Growers want is a system of Government control which will provide storage and cut down the middlemen's profits and sharp practice and which will return to the grain growers the full value of their crops, without danger of loss."—Saskatoon Phoenix.

"There seems to be no question now but that the present system of elevators will be relegated and that the farmers will have what they have been wanting for some time. The time is coming when farmers' grain will be delivered into Government owned or controlled elevators and will be under Government control until delivered at British markets."—Heward (Sask.) Chronicle.

"A man would be a rank hypocrite who would pretend to believe that politicians of any party carefully sit down and frame their policies without first ascertaining which way the wind blows. As a matter of fact, everyone knows that politicians do not make their policies at all. The successful ones merely size up public sentiment as accurately as possible and then say publicly: 'That's what we think, too.' This is inevitably the case in a democratic country where every man has as much to say concerning whom he shall elect to represent him as anyone else has."

"Personally I am far from being convinced at the present time that Government ownership of elevators in Manitoba is either desirable or practicable. It may yet prove to be both—but I