

ten or fifteen minutes he had gazed stupidly out of a window, but now his mind was back upon himself again. To trace the electrical currents that traveled through his system on that first business trip—which must culminate in his “landing” a very necessary customer, a sales manager,—would be a difficult and time-wasting task . . .

However Ward may have had him pictured, Steele & Steele’s sales manager was large of body, of a sandy complexion and full of temperament.

It was perhaps lucky for W. Clark Jr. that he first met Mr. Burton Macdonald early in the morning, and not after a day’s strain.

“If you work hard,” said the sales manager with emphasis, “I think you’ll do well. We’ll put you in our stock rooms for a week and then you may make your maiden trip.”

This information was followed by some advice.

The suddenness with which he found himself in the ware-rooms studying the specialties he was to handle amazed Ward, but in the eagerness of his desire for success he went immediately to work, resolved to make an impression by action and do his wondering after hours.

The novelty of the situation in which he found himself, all so unexpectedly, prevented him from being lonesome for Barnsville. His week was almost up before he had his first slight attack of homesickness, then he met a pair of drummers, one of whom—Robert Linny—had gone to school with him as a boy. The other, William Peel, was a friend of Linny’s. Both traveled out of Windsor.

“Funny how we drift around and run into each other, isn’t it?” observed Linny.