

test, a meeting face to face. If he was not wrong, he had found the freshness of viewpoint, the general knowledge and the business philosophy and judgment he had been looking for over a period of months. He wrote frankly to the new discovery, telling him that he had him in mind—he did not say for what—and asking him to come to see him. Another "big job man" was found and secured, started on a salary of \$25,000 a year, chosen over the heads of experienced men in the same line of business.

Big business today more and more sees the man of the hour in the man who does not know the details of a particular field, but has peculiar force, adaptability and ingenuity, in a cold-blooded way it figures, and with much sound commonsense, that under ordinary circumstances expert knowledge and able routine men are not costly. It pays to spend the money for the man who will direct them.

A RICH man in a big American city made up his mind at the age of fifty-two that life was not worth living if he had personally to slave as he had been doing for a dozen years. He wanted to travel abroad, to take long automobile touring trips through America. All through his business career a little placard had stood on his desk: If You Want A Thing Done Well, Do It Yourself.

The placard went into the waste paper basket. The rich man said: "I'm going to have other fellows do the work. Now I'll see how good a man of affairs I really am, whether I know how to pick good men."

Outside of his real estate interests, the management of which was easy to arrange, this capitalist's largest enterprise was a very successful department store. It had grown with the city, and was an inheritance from his father. It was practically his exclusive property, and bore the family name. The rich man was prouder of it than of anything else on earth. "Clarkson's" meant everything to him.

In the store itself, in the same city, in other cities, were hundreds of expert department store men, men that had worked their way up from the bottom. The rich man might have had an ample choice from among these men of long and large experience. What he did was not to give them a thought. He went late that afternoon to his club, and drew into a corner one of his best friends.

The friend had had practically no business career. He managed a small estate of his own that gave him sufficient income for his needs. A single clerk and a stenographer were all the staff he had. Yet to this man Clarkson offered the management of Clarkson's, calmly remarking that he thought \$30,000 would be about the right figure for the first year.

Charley Merrington looked at his boon companion of long standing in amazement. The only thing he could say was:

"Clark, you're crazy."

"On the contrary," said Clarkson of "Clarkson's," "I'm going to do a very good stroke of business within the next hour. It will probably take that time to make you see it."

"It's nonsense! I simply can't! Why, man, I don't know a thing about department stores."

"There are three hundred people in the store," said Clarkson with some irritation, "who know any amount about department stores, and probably a hundred thousand more of the same kind of men over the country. You can hire any one of them you please. I don't want a department store man, but a man to handle department store people, and more especially the public as it concerns the store."

"I've good men here with me, men who know this branch and that, a few who know nearly all. Confidentially, I've never been able to see

that any one of them was worth over \$5,000 or \$6,000 a year. The best are faithful, reliable, smart so far as they go; but they know too much of the details, too little of the world outside the store. They are not constructive, they can not develop, they have no imagination and inspiration. I have had to supply that. Now, I want a man who can do all this, who can see ahead, can guide men, analyze what experts tell him and plan policies. For this work I have selected you."

Clarkson was right. It took him exactly one hour to persuade his friend, Merrington. Then Merrington began to see. He commenced to enthuse. The two men lunched together, still talking, and afterward spent an hour in a rapidly driven motor car. Late in the afternoon Merrington went into Clarkson's as its general manager. Within a week he was installed as vice-president and treasurer in addition, and a fortnight later Clarkson and his wife sailed on a long European tour.

This happened three years ago. Only the other day one of Clarkson's intimates met him at the Metropolitan Opera House while he was paying a flying visit to New York. He had just completed a motor tour to California and back. "I don't know how it is, Tom, but I am a much richer man since I took my own nose off the grindstone and paid others well for putting theirs there. And that reminds me, Tom. You know a lot of people. I've just bought the control of a new process, and I want a man I can pay \$20,000 a year to market the stuff. Can you suggest some one?"

The capitalist may find his "big man" for his "big job" anywhere. There is a tall, slim banker in Wall Street who has two enthusiasms outside of business—reform politics and philanthropy. In both he is equally skilled. Not long ago he and his associates came across a patented article that responded to every test and seemed certain to sell largely if backed by much advertising, ingenious publicity and a snappy sales force. There was no question of money, hundreds of thousands of dollars could be secured at an instant's notice. The problem was—a man who could plan in detail, oversee and carry out a campaign.

INVESTOR Bartlett dismissed the puzzle from his mind one afternoon, for he had the monthly meeting of the Charities Aid to attend. He figured on the board as first vice-president. The chairman was a youngish man—Harry Teller—who had replaced an old-timer and had been installed in response to a cry for young blood. Bartlett found a fascination in Teller that grew upon him. The chairman handled the meeting with skill and adroitness and his ideas were fresh, practical and able. Teller knew how to make a dollar go to work and do things. An evening or so later at a citizen's political meeting, the same keen Teller made himself head and front in a threatened crisis. He was a natural leader. Bartlett had known him for half a dozen years. He had never realized it before.

"That's my man," he said, as he reached the steps of his house. "That's him."

It remained for Bartlett to find out something about Teller in a business way. He had never known anything about the young man except that Teller had always seemed to be comfortably well off. He was the son of a man of means who had been something of a personality in his time. A little investigation showed that Teller had a record behind him. As the metropolitan agent of a product none too easy to market at best, he had worked up a profitable clientele.

"He doesn't make any \$25,000 a year, I think," said Bartlett to himself. "I'll get him."

He did. Teller, quietly and pleasantly, drove a pretty hard bargain,

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