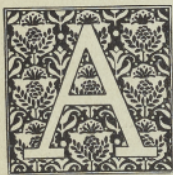


The Message on the Dodger



ANY chance of getting a job, sir?"

The applicant, a young man of twenty-six or thereabouts, did not have the appearance of an ordinary laborer and the manager's reply, "No, our office force is full just at present." seemed in place.

"I am not particular about it's being office work. Anything will suit me, if only I can suit you," responded the young man.

His persistent, yet respectful tone and manner caused Mr. Dabel, the manager and senior member of the S. D. M. Co. to lay down his papers and take a second look at the young man at the window.

"Have you ever done any manual labor by the day?" he inquired.

"No, sir, but I am not too old to begin."

His tone was so convincing that the manager thought it over an instant, then replied;

"Very well. Return at noon."

"Thank you, sir. I will be on time."

As the young man started away the manager turned to one of his clerks standing near and remarked;

"Poor fellow. He has seen better days, but he has the backbone alright and will crowd up again if only given a chance," and being a very busy man, he dismissed the incident from his mind.

Promptly at one o'clock young Osborn appeared at the window clad in overalls and jumper, ready for his first taste of muscular work. Mr. Brown, the foreman, was called and Mr. Dabel turned the new employee over to him.

"Here, Brown, is a young fellow, Jack Osborn, who is looking for a job. Set him to cleaning out the east warehouse. Guess that will keep him going for a few days."

For two days and a half, Osborn tugged, trucked and piled sacks of flour and cases of cereals and swept and dusted floors, ceilings and walls. The dirt and the flour dust were stifling at times