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The WHISPERING WINDOW

By

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we ought to get in an outside accountant for a complete check-over."

"Why don't you?" I asked. "I've always believed a good diagnosis is more than half the cure."

"Herbert doesn't think we should spend the money," he replied.

"Herbert, indeed!" I snorted. "He's always been penny wise and pound foolish."

"He's been running the business while I shirked my responsibility," Charlie reminded me.

"What are you going to do about it? Just sit there and let the whole thing go to pot?"

"I guess we'll have to borrow money." He said it dolefully. "That is, if I can hypnotize some bank president."

"Which means you will have to give up the store control. It will be a Doane store in name only, is that what's worrying you?" Before he answered, I went on, "You don't want outside interests in there, do you?"

"No, I don't. I've always hated the store. You know that. At the same time I've been proud of it, and, by God, I'm not going to let it get out of my hands! I'm not going to sell out and I'm not going to lose control. It was my job and I ran away from it. Now I've got to go back into harness and patch up, if I can, the mess my neglect has caused."

"Now you're talking like Charlie Doane. Go to it!" I was proud of him then. For a moment I had thought the straightforward go-getting young man I had liked had been jellied by his stay in the South Seas. I'll admit

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