

#### IV

### GIVING UP CONTROL

#### A BIRTHRIGHT FOR POTTAGE

ONCE upon a time, — and it was n't so long ago, either, — down in Boothbay, Maine, there were two brothers, John and James. Their last name was Doe. John, the elder, was quiet-eyed, slow-moving, and comfortable, temperamentally. James was more jumpy, nimble-witted, ambitious to get on. One stayed on the farm; the other naturally gravitated to the city. In due season John's boy prepared to enter the academy at Damariscotta. Said his father: "Son, you're getting grown up. Suppose I die — you ought to have something all your own. I'm going to give you that best Jersey heifer. But you must remember to keep her well fed and healthy so that the milk will be pure. And keep her horns cut, in case she gets pernickety. Remember also that the fence in the northeast corner of the pasture is getting shaky. She might wander out on the highroad and upset somebody in a Ford. Because she's all yours, it's up to you to see that she behaves herself."

About the same time James, in the library of his city house, thus delivered himself to his son: "Now, Junior, before you go to college I want to give you my investment in the Boothbay Harbor Electric Light Company. This concern serves our old neighbors and friends, and I want you to feel a continuing interest in, and a responsibility for, our share in this local enterprise. If properly