

At the end of several weeks his uncle, who had watched from afar, repeated (A)his offer. This time Jeffrey accepted. He had to accept. (B)He was down to his last ten dollars.

The thing was too bad all around. Jeffrey now firmly believed that nobody but a relative would employ him. And Peter Lambert was now convinced that this pet nephew of his would have gone to work for almost anyone rather than for him. So neither was content.

His salary to start was forty dollars a week. At the end of six months it was forty dollars a week. At the end of a year it still was. He was doing well, he (C)deserved more, and his uncle was aware that he did. But Peter Lambert had got everything he had by asking for it, not by keeping quiet and waiting for it. He believed in demand — provided, of course, (D)there was justice to back it up. Jeffrey had not approached him on the subject of a raise.

”And,” vowed Jeffrey’s uncle to himself, “he won’t get (E)one till he does.”

This was a matter of discipline, a lesson. Lambert did not guess that to Jeffrey it was simply another proof of his hopeless inefficiency. A whole year — and he was worth no more than when he started! Not even worth (F)that, probably. Had you encountered him about this time, you would have seen a serious, unsmiling big fellow, young except for the slight, beaten droop of his splendid shoulders. Had you met him, shaken his hand, you would have found him polite, but unresponsive; either preoccupied, or — or what?

Then he fell in love. It happened without preamble, without warning; and that was the (G) of it. Afterward Jeffrey told himself that if he had only seen it coming, he could have (H)headed it off — and would have. But he didn’t see it.
