you good for?"

building our new plant?"

"I can find out."

running things."

turned on his heel.

HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

Author of "THE MAN HIGHER UP," "HIS RISE TO POWER," Etc.

oped, was not a race horse, but one of

naces.) "Yes, sir! More'n forty thou-

gest steel year yet. -No-o, I don't

just exactly know him, but I know

people that do.-And Tom Henley's

the business-gets his fifty thousand

Quinby? Oh, they're the richest. They

let the others make the steel while

they make the money. See? Ha! ha!

Quinby crowd. And he's the d-d-

million, they say, and ain't over thirty-

And this was the city from another

The name had a familiar ring. Mark

drew from his pocket a letter Richard

Upon it was inscribed, "To Thomas

"He may be willing to help you

Mark regarded the letter thought-

fully. He wondered what was in it.

After a moment's hesitation he opened

"My Dear Henley," the letter ran,

I am sending you one who is the

work of my hands. He is a young

man of parts, 'good friends,' as we

say up here in Bethel, 'with work.'

Also he 'has a nose for money.' They

are qualities for which you, perhaps,

say he is my handiwork; but he is

an unfinished product. What, I won-

der, will the new life that succeeds

me as his mentor make of him? Per-

haps I should let him strike out for

himself and learn at once the ugly

cruelty of the struggle that now seems

to him so glorious. But we oldsters

have the habit of helping youth to the

night. He rose from his dinner.

live? I must see him tonight."

cilious clerk, "does Thomas Henley

The directions brought Mark at

ength into the heart of a small com-

munity from which the city still kept

at a humble distance. Not so the fog.

which was no respecter even of gilded

colonies. From a tall iron fence sloped

windows shooting broad luminous bars

nto the fog. It was the castle of the

He proceeded with a boldness proper

to adventurers in Eldorado, past the

waiting carriages that lined the grav-

eled driveway, to the wide veranda.

There he halted. From within came

he strains of music and a gay clamor

of voices. He could not know that

on this night the tamer gave a feast,

he felt the hour to be ill-suited to his

Curiosity to look within carried him

And amid this lavish display of beau

"Unity," he said, "will like that."

And then he, son of the blacksmith

of Bethel, became a spectator at the

birth of a project that for a brief

but brilliant period was to move the

"Henley," said the first voice, deep,

yet softly flowing as honey, "I have

come to the time of life when a man

of sense puts away the lusts of the

"Is your digestion out of order?" in-

terrupted the second, sharper, less

musical and with a sardonic quality

that delighted the listener. "I noticed

"Ah! It is more than stomach. It

s soul!" the mellow voice flowed on.

"My labors and investments have been

blessed with good fortune. So I am

now able to turn my energies to the

higher duties, to doing large things for

humanity. And lately my thoughts

have dwelt much on-philanthropy and

The speaker, like Brutus, paused for

"Mmm! Two 'p's," it came. "Quite

"Henley, you are the first to whom

have spoken of my purpose. It is

fixed. In what nobler work, what

you didn't eat much tonight."

stepped out of "Arabian Nights."

o a window. To his wondering gaze

it was unsealed—and read it.

can help him find a market.

the after-taste. .

amer.

purpose.

Yet it was effected.

and silken rugs.

wing of the veranda.

world to hosannas!

paleontology."

alliterative. Go on.

a reply.

find work," Courtney had said, "if he

angle. Tom Henley, evidently, had the

Tom Henley's the brains of the

a year already. .

est speculator. .

monster well in hand.

Henley, Esquire."

remembers me."

. MacGregor and

Worth his half-

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SYNOPSIS.

Mark Truitt decides to leave his native town of Bethel to seek his fortune. His sweetheart, Unity Martin, encourages him in his project.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

He went again to the cupboard and took down a battered tin candlestick. He lighted its candle and started toward the inward door. Half-way, he stopped abruptly and turned, his mouth working strangely.

"If ye ever git rich," he dragged the words, out slowly, even painfully, "come back here an' build a steel plant. There's a heap of fine coal an' fron in these hills, an' the river an' railroad'll give ye good transportation. This valley's meant fur it. I was jest a little too early-an' a little too ignorant, I reckon. But ye're smarter an' better schooled than me, an' the time's comin'. I'd like to see a Truitt build

Never before had Simon Truitt spoken of his dream and failure to his

"Why, yes," Mark answered, on a sudden pitying impulse, "I'll think about it."

"Yes. Keep thinkin' about it. It'sit's a big idea."

Mark started. The phrase again! Simon went to the window and peered out into the silvery night-toward the south. Then he moved heavily toward the door. He turned again; the flickering light from the candle threw the lined, patient face into sharp relief.

"Good night, Mark." "Good night, father."

The door closed. For many minutes Mark, left alone, absently fingered the pocketbook and thought of the man who had given it to him. Then he blew out the lamp and rose from the

He, too, paused at the window and looked out into the night, toward the south. He tried to see the sleeping valley as his father had dreamed it alight with the fires of many furnaces. palpitant with the rumble of many engines. He thought he saw it.

The picture faded. He saw only a vague shadowy mass in a moonlit meadow, the dismantled forge, silent witness that for those who march upon the battlefield that is called industry is no third choice. They must conquer-or be conquered!

CHAPTER III.

The Masters.

He found himself, a lonely foreign figure knowing not whither he would go, somehow in the city's heart.

Chance led him to the principal thor oughfare. The city had begun to quit its toll, and the released tollers were pouring into the street, an endless unordered horde, heedless of him as they were of one another. Never before had he seen so many people.

He had a confused sense of being sucked into a narrow, gloomy canyon through which poured a flood of hu manity, a treacherous, dangerous tor rent, with many cross-currents. Count less faces, wan in the unnatural twilight, streamed by him; a stranger type to him, fox-featured, restless of

Full darkness fell. He paused under a flery sign, The Seneca. Through a great plate-glass window he saw : gaudy red-and-gold interior broken by many columns that to the inexpert eye somewhat resembled marble. Unlformed pages scurried to and fro. Welldressed men lounged in easy chairs or sauntered leisurely about. Many lights burned brilliantly. He looked within

While he debated whether or not to enter this expensive-looking hostelry. a porter swooped upon him and snatched from his hands the ancient carpetbag that held his slender ward-

"This way, suh!"

He followed the porter to the deak painfully conscious of the figure he cut, uncouth, out of place. A clerk of lofty mien placed an open register before him.

"Write your name here."

Mark wrote it. "And your town."

Mark hesitated-and then, with sogged lowering of his head, firmly

wrote the name of that city, In the dining room that night many smiles were cast at the raw country youth. He did not regard himself as a subject for mirth. As he attacked the strange viands the waiter set before him, a little of his self-confidence returned. The vivid sense of a cruel. everpowering entity faded. Homesickness for Bethel, the refuge, sub-

He began to take in details of the

movel scene around him. His ears strained to catch the re marks that floated to him from the neighboring tables. It was a strange tongue he heard, lightly dismissing topics that would have busied the gossips of Bethel for a moon. There was a young man who wore diamonds and talked in a loud and impressive

fashion. Elizabeth, I see, broke the secord again." (Elizabeth, it devel of wealth engage than in the develop-

ment of the science of paleontology? through windows, I suppose you want Think, Henley-to add to humanity's knowledge of the extinct life that They all want that." came before our own! It is a labor to fire the imagination. And that is ger, at this arrogant young man, not my purpose. I shall build and endow so many years his senior, who baited ontological institute in the world, and before I lay aside the project, a branch inetitution in each of the largest cities of the nation." The voice trembled with emotion

There was a sound as of two hands sharply meeting. "Good! I see! Let the Scotchman look to his laurels! MacGregor may build his libraries, but Quinby shall have his paleontological institutes!"

Mark wondered at the patience of the Quinby Steel company's blast furthe answer. "Ah! You are pleased to But the project is new to you. sand tons. Henley says-I think so And," sighingly, "the young think only myself-we're going to have the bigof wealth and power."

"My dear Mr. Quinby," the other purred, "no man in his senses could jest at paleontology, - What the going to be the biggest steel man in devil!"

The speakers had turned the corner of the veranda and come upon the eavesdropper. Thus for the first time Mark Truitt looked upon the two men in whose legions he was to conquer.

Who has not in fancy's gallery a portrait of Jeremiah Quinby, taken from the prints of the day when his star swept so brilliant through the sky? The lofty brow seems to shelter a very ferment of noble projects. The grave eyes and mouth speak to us of great soul anguished by the sight of suffering humanity's needs, which he le bravely, self-effacingly seeking to Courtney had given him that morning. relieve.

Photography has been less kind to Thomas Henley. No philanthropy has claimed him as its apostle. And then he was a less promising subject for the art. His body was squat and heavy; his face was bony and ugly and arrogant, often still further marred by a cold, cynical sneer. A lesser man, thus presented, would have been repulsive. Yet from Henley radiated a tremendous vitality that made him magnetic or compelling as he chose-the dynamic quality that could galvanize a man or a regiment to the mad effort he demanded. After the first glance Mark looked no more upon Quinby; he understood why the philanthropist had so meekly swallowed the insolence

"This," he thought, "is a man." Henley charged upon him, gripping his arm. "What the devil," he repeated, "are

you doing here?" 'Looking into the window."

"What are you doing that for?" "Because," Mark answered simply,

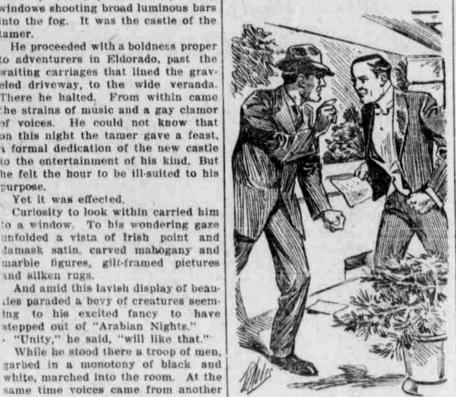
sugar-plums of which we have learned And this in-'I never saw anything like it before.' troduction is the last thing I can do "Probably," the philanthropist-to-be for a young man who means much to suggested nervously, backing away, 'he is some sneak thief. Perhaps you'd better hold him while I get After many minutes' study Mark came to his decision. He would prehelp.

"Oh, don't be frightened," Henley sent himself and the letter to Thomas Henley. He would do it that very replied protectively. "I won't let him bite you." "Where," he inquired of the super-

The sardonic note was again uppermost. Mark, looking down at Henley -he had the advantage of his captor by half a head-grinned involuntarily, and was himself led into impudence.

'No, I won't bite you, Mr. Quinby. Quinby took another step backward, his nervousness becoming more manifest. "He knows my name! He may be some crank who-'

wide sweeping lawn dotted at exact "My dear sir!" This time there was intervals with trees and shrubbery. a touch of impatience in the words. And in its center loomed a great 'Gentlemen of your importance must shadowy mass, punctured by many



'If That's All You Want, What Are You Good For?"

expect their names to become house hold words. If you'll feel easier, step inside while I attend to this Peeping

The philanthropist, still insensibleit seemed-to the thinly veiled incolence, accepted the suggestion

"Now then," Henley demanded sharply, "what do you want here? You don't look like a sneak thief."

"I brought a letter to you." "Who from?"

"Dr. Richard Courtney." 'Who's he?"

"He'e our preacher in Bethel." "Bethel? Elucidate Bethel." Mark defined the village geograph

"Humph! Let me see the letter." Mark gave the missive to him, and Henley, opening it, began the perusal. "How many letters like this do you suppose I get every day?"

"A good many, I expect." "Dozens!" Henley snapped. "Dozens! Enough, if I gave 'em all jobs. to cover the Quinby mills three deep with incompetents in a year." He completed the perusal of the let-

more fertile philanthropy, can a man ter. "Well," he sneered, "you who peep

a nice, fat job you're not fit to fill?

Suddenly Mark felt anger, hot anin this city the most complete pale- philanthropists with as faint scrupling tell the boss so." as he rough-handled the seeker of

skoll kill Mister Houlahan," came his work. Henley saw him stiffen. "No, I don't," Mark cried hotly. slow growl, "mebbe so." only want a chance to work. A chance

to show what I'm good for." "If that's all you want-what are

one mus' work. Eh?"

"You 'ear, Jo'ann?" Marcel added "Humph! We can use fellows who earnestly. "I 'ave respec' for w'at my

shovel. Do you know where we're "Go to the labor boss and tell him endlessly in the effort to get more o give you a job with the construction work out of his men. The gang, irritable and sullen, worked erratically, gang. If you're good for anything, you with feverish spurts that brought incan work up the way I-no, not the way I did, but the way you'll have to evitable reaction; the men became de-

if you want to get along where I'm ing him a special target for the fusil-"All right," Mark said shortly and

CHAPTER IV.

"I'm a blacksmith, but I can do any

The Service of the Strong. To the nation had come a rare pas sion for building. It was tearing down its old barns, to build anew, bigger and stronger. There were cities to be raised in the deserts: and they must be made stanch and lasting. The pioneer and his harvest must be carried. not by crawling conestoga and mule train, but by the power of steam. Men would go down to the sea no longer in ships of wood, but in floating palaces that mocked the storm. Those who made war were to be sheltered behind impenetrable ramparts and, again, equipped with engines and missiles before which stoutest defenses crumbled. Toilers on land and sea must find in their hands new weapons, hard and keen and sure, to bring nature, her forces and treasures, into bondage and service.

Therefore, steel! And, therefore, the army of steel workers.

A strong west wind had sprung up during the night and the sun shone clear on the line of that day's recruits. One by one they passed before a keeneyed youth-only the young officered this army-who, after one glance, accepted or rejected. The enlisted were turned over to the timekeeper, who gave them numbered cards and assigned them to various waiting squads.

A big Swede, a wiry little French-Canadian and a slow-moving Pole were

He nodded curtly to the next appli-

cant. "All right! Get your card." And this recruit was he who had accepted Thomas Henley's challenge.

The latter had already forgotten the incident, but Mark was still hot with the determination to prove his mettle to the tamer. He gave his name to the time-clerk

and received his card, also the command, "Go with Houlahan's gang." Thus, he reflected, he had taken the first step in his campaign of conquest -he was a private in Houlahan's

"Git a move on!" thundered a voice in his ear. "D'ye think yez arre a prathy shtuck in th' grround? Marrch!' It was the voice of Houlahan. Mark

marched. Corporal Houlahan had no romantic conception of his duties, and his tyranny was of a sort to give his under lings the realistic point of view.

"Here, ye Oly-"

"Ay bane Johann." "Ye're Moike, 'f Oi say ut," bellowed Houlahan. He enlarged upon Johann's dishonorable pedigree. "Dig in!"

The Swede, the best worker in the gang, began to shovel in a nervous haste that added nothing to his efficiency. Mark saw the red creep into

the fair skin. "Shtir it up, ye Frinch loafer!" the corporal addressed the next in line, "We're runnin' no barber shop here. F'r two cints Ol'd bate some worruk

into yez." It was a tired and sadly fretted gang the noon whistle relieved. Mark stretched himself out on the ground, closing his eyes on the dinner pails his comrades produced; in his eagerness to be enlisted he had not thought of his midday meal, and he was very hungry.

He felt a hand on his shoulder and opened his eyes. The Frenchman and the Swede sat beside him.

"M'sieu ees 'ongree, eh?" Frenchman carefully broke a loaf of brown bread-all his meal-in the middle and proffered Mark one-half.

"Un' t'irsty?" The Swede held out bottle filled with cold coffee. Mark looked covetously at the gifts, but he shook his head.

"M'sieu 'ate dat dam' 'Oula'an?" the Frenchman inquired. "I do," Mark responded with fervor

"Dat mak' fr'en's out of us, eh? Eat, m'sleu. Hunger overcame scruples. Mark ate the bread and drank the coffee.

"Much obliged, I was hungry, You're

all right-" He paused inquiringly. "Marcel Masquelier," the Frenchman completed the sentence. "Johann Johannsen," rolled from the

region of the Swede's stomach. Mark identified himself. "Dat ver' good name.-Br-r-r!" The exclamation was for the comporal, who, with the labor boss, approached. The

latter glanced over the excavation. "How many loads have you taken "Thirty-nine, sor." "Only thirty-nine?" the boss rejoined

sharply. "It ought to be fifty." "The dom'd loafers won't worruk," Houlahan defended himself angrily. The boss cast his swift appraising

glance over the resting groups

"It's a good gang," he said shortly, new coke oven beds. It's a rush job-And it's your business to make 'em work." He passed on.

"We'll get it now," Mark muttered. "That Irish bully'll never know how to get work out of men. I'd like to

Johann's face began to work. "Ay

"Mebbe so not." Marcel shrugged his shoulders, "One mus' leeve. An'

"Steady, Johann!" counseled Mark. Don't let him rattle you."

can do anything-to swing pick and fr'en, M'sieu Mark Truitt, say." They "got it," indeed, that afternoon. The Irishman, under the sting happily unaware of a new order of of his boss' reproof, raged and cursed

> moralized, interfered with one another. Mark, some whim of the boss mak-



lade of profanity, was hard put to keep his temper in leash; he was harder put to restrain the mutinous Swede, who itched with a desire for assassination. Toward the end of the day even the philosophic Marcel grew illnatured and snarling. Somehow Mark felt their hospitality of the noon hour had put upon him a responsibility for them, though they were his seniors by at least ten years.

"One must live, you know," he re minded Marcel. "And one must work." "One mus' not be treat' like a dog, m'sieu." Marcel ripped out a long French oath. "Jo'ann, you 'ave my consen' to keel dat 'Oula'an," Suddenly the Swede dropped his

shovel. "Ay bane by endt. Ja!" Johann was too slow in his mental processes to be shamed into patience. "Pick up that shovel and get to work," Mark commanded sharply.

The Swede blinked stupidly for a moment, then slowly obeyed. "You our boss, hein?" Marcel

sneered.

"No. Marcel, since friend," Mark responded.

Marcei, too, stared and then, with a gesture of contrition, bent himself doggedly to his task, Mark thought he heard a chuckle.

He looked up to meet the eyes of the tamer. As to the chuckle, he may have been mistaken; in the keen impersonal glance was no sign of recognition. Henley, with the labor boss, departed on his tour of inspection Mark gave himself anew to his work, with a sudden inner expansion. Not Henley, but the submissiveness of his malcontent "friends," was the cause of that expansion.

Mark learned that there are a right method and a wrong of doing even the simple task of plying a shovel; that there is a fashion of handling even so common an animal as the day aborer which brings out his highest efficiency. He found, moreover, that he had the gift-granted as often to the false and the foolish as to the true and the wise-of popularity. Men liked him; they laughed at his jokes; on a day's acquaintance they confided to him their troubles-squalid tragedies they were, alas! only too often Marcel always called him "m'sieu," a distinction he accorded not even to Blair, the labor boss.

One chill, foggy evening, as the whistle blew, he looked about him and realized that the excavation for the new mill was completed.

"Wby, we're through!" he muttered. Johann stared stupidly. "Mebby dat Meestair Blair 'e geev

us anudder job, you t'ink so, eh?" ventured Marcel hopefully. "No. We're the rottenest gang on the work. It's Houlahan's fault. And

I haven't had my chance. D-"D-n!" The impending calamity was becoming clear to Johann. "M'sieu 'as los' 'ees chance. Dat

ver' bad. Jo'ann an' me, we 'ave los' a job," Marcel eighed, But the fear was not justified. At the tool-shed they were ordered to

report next morning a half hour ear-Her than usual. And: "Truitt," said the time clerk, "the boss wants to see you. Mark made his way to the rude

shanty that was Blair's office. "Truitt," the latter demanded, what's the matter with Houlahan's

gang?" "Too much bullying." Mark answered directly.

"I thought so. Report tomorrow morning." "Yes, sir. Of course."

give you three weeks for it." "Give me?" "Yes. I'm putting you in charge of

the gang." For an instant Mark stared foolishs

Then he grinned. "Would you mind saying that again?" Blair complied. "Look here," he

added boyishly, "I'm taking a chance on you, because you look and talk intelligent. Are you?" Mark admitted it. "Then prove it. I want to make a

record on this job and so you've got to. Houlahan," Blair added, "didn'tand he loses his job. See?" Mark saw. In the morning Houlahan reported.

things "Houlahan," Blair announced casually, "Truitt will take your gang to-

day. Houlahan glared malevolently at, Mark.

"And where'll Oi go?"

"You can take Truitt's old place-or quit," said Blair curtly.

"My God!" There was no resistance. As if dazed, the Irishman shouldered his, pick and shovel and with the gang fol-

lowed Mark to the new job. You have seen a sensitive horse become doclle and eager when a master takes the reins. So it was with Houlahan's, now Truitt's, gang. They were, since they had survived the weeks of, bullying, no mean type; and they responded gratefully to the changed leadership. Where they had been sullen and resentful, they now became willing and promptly obedient. As the day advanced, the pace, instead of, slackening as under Houlahan's command, grew faster; the last hour's

record was the best of all. Often Mark went home to his lodging by way of the mills. Then he began to spend his evenings studying them, sometimes in company with Blair, who when the day's work was done sunk his rank in a frank liking for his new lieutenant.

At first Mark saw only a vast specacular chaos; a Brobdingnagian ferment of unordered and unrelated enginery and consuming fires. No guiding hand appeared, no purpose was felt. Some awful mischance that must bring the whole fabric crashing to earth seemed always to impend. It was unbelievable that this creation had been brought forth from the mind

and by the hand of man, Gradually to his accustomed eye the chaos resolved itself into a system -rather, a marvelous system of systems that worked with a single purpose, each unit fitting precisely into

the ordered whole. "God!" he exclaimed one night, overcome by the splendor of it all. He and Blair were standing on the bridge over the blooming mill, watching the half-naked troop that with hook and tongs worked a two-ton ingot over the

rolls. "What is it? What's happened?" Blair looked around for an accident to explain the ejaculation.

"Nothing. I was just thinking how -how big it is." Mark laughed at the "What would feebleness of his words. you give to be down there?"

There is such a thing as luck. A man-himself an artist who had not yet become exploiter-who had just come unnoticed on the bridge, heard, and with a half smile, saw the eager face.

Blair shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, it's big. But it's hard work. Good pay, though." "I suppose so," Mark answered care-

lessly. "I wasn't thinking of that." The man spoke. "Good evening, "Oh! Good evening, Mr. Henley." Blair struck a respectful attitude. "A

bad night, sir." Henley looked at Mark. "I don't just place you. Where have I seen

ou before?" Mark flushed at the recollection. "I took a letter I had for you and you caught me-

"So you're Peeping Tom, eh? Did you get a job?" "Y a, sir. With a pick-and-shovel gang. I'm boss now."

Henley seemed not unduly im-

pressed. "He's the man that dug the new oven beds," Blair interposed generously. "He did it in two weeks and

three days." "Two weeks and two days," Mark corrected eagerly.

"So long?" Henley continued indif-"I had a spoiled gang. It took week for me to shape 'em up."

"Humph! That's what we pay bosses for. We gave you credit for that job, Blair." "I took him out of the gang and put

him on the job. But he did the work. He knows how to get work out of men. And that was high praise-the very

highest, Henley thought. He turned again to Mark. "Are you satisfied with your job?"

"No," cried Mark. "I don't want to be just a Hunky-driver. I want to learn how to make steel."

"It's easier to learn how to make steel than to be a Hunky-driver," Henley said dryly. "However, I think we can find you another job."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Roundsman Emulates Naturalist. There is a policeman in the Middlesex Falls who carries a book, a pair of opera glasses and a bundle of note paper with him on his rounds.

"I've been here a number of years." he said to a visitor, "and I got ashamed when everybody asked me about birds and flowers and I could not tell them about anything. One day I saw Mr. Packard, the naturalist, at work, and I've been imitating him "I'm going to put your gang on the since then."-Boston Traveler.

