

The Intriguer

voting control of the Consolidated Fuel Railroads, the position of first vice-president, a political dictatorship above and behind Garnett. Then he will resign. With Wood stepping down from the position of United States marshal, the strike will crash through like a rotten bridge, Garnett's commercial plans will go smoothly on to the piling up of millions; but Garnett will have a master, and Pennsylvania a senator with a life tenure in office."

The attorney leaned forward in his chair, his eyes rested steadily on Mason, the index finger of his right hand arose in a direct and a significant gesture.

"The problem, then," he said, "is to remove Wood without the payment of his price—a thing no man can do."

"A thing any man can do," replied Randolph Mason.

"How?" said the attorney, his finger still lifted, his voice still impressively deliberate.

"Leave that to me," said Mason.

The attorney drew in a deep breath, as though for a moment he had forgotten to supply his lungs, and leaned back in his chair. He put up his open hand and lingeringly stroked his face, running the tips of his fingers from the forehead downward over the cheek-bones to the chin. This situation, in which he took directions from another, was staggering and unfamiliar.

"Very well," he said. "What am I to do?"

"What have you intended to do?" replied Mason.