

When he left the office, young Ward did not board the tramcar with the other workers. He wanted to be alone . . . to think! He had a vague consciousness that men, who didn't stand back, alone and aloof, detached from vermin and vampires, from sponges and parasites . . . to think, were sure to become dray horses, oxen yoked to the treadmill of bootless toil—muzzled oxen, too, perhaps, not permitted to snatch at grain trodden from the mill of toil for other men. His thoughts were running he had no idea where, though he knew if he did not succeed in realizing some of them that he would be in a maelstrom of life-long discontent. We think that material things dominate life, how much we earn, how much we spend, what we eat and wear; but here was a grimy youth earning and spending much the same as seven thousand other employees in the ship yards; and what marked him out from the others forever was the new thought born in his soul . . . the resolution to Strength . . . and Will . . . and Power!

Quickly crossing the commons, he struck along the river road through the woods. Neither the flakes of cloud rose-red in the sunset, nor a shimmering haze of spring hanging over the gray-green fields in a veil—caught the eye of young Tom Ward. His thoughts were chaos; and out of chaos are flung new stars. Just above the apple bloom and lilac hedges a star picked through the gray twilight, a diamond point in a veil of mist; but the star rising for Ward unknown to himself shone far down life's