

from a beast, notes that a near-by tree will give him access to his exalted cave-habitation, and it is probable that the first ladder, away back in the early dawning of intelligence, was nothing more than the tangled, interlacing limbs of some spreading tree. Behold in this kindly tree, then, the front-door steps that led up to your primitive cave-dwelling forefather's rocky home, and ushered him in to security and—shall we say—comfort.

What are brains for but to use, and what are ideas for but to suggest? And so it quickly came—how quickly I do not know; probably in the course of a few thousand years—it quickly came, I say, that these cave-dwellers made ladders for themselves and their convenience where no obliging tree rendered its friendly aid. This is a mark of man's progress, a great forward step taken, when man adapted the tree principle without the actual presence of the tree, taking advantage of the numberless cases when trees were not available, and for ever making himself independent of trees. Henceforward his ideas become man's main asset, a far greater asset than his physical strength; and he can match the might of the mastodon with the cunning of a man. He is a thinker, a planner, a dreamer—in very truth a child of God.

So now we see ladders used everywhere. There are the rope ladders that lead up the rigging of a ship, and the iron ladders that reach down into her hold. There are the wooden ladders that lead to your loft, and the steep barn ladders that lead to your haymow. There are the step ladders that help you hang your pictures, and the porter's ladders in the sleeping car