

and had used his colossal income and at times his principal in putting his dreams into iron and steel.

Upon arriving in New York he was met by his automobile and was rushed away to what he was pleased to call his Little Place in the Country. It was one of his father's old plants which had contributed to the millions which he was now spending.

It was nothing more nor less than a combination machine shop and shipyard, situated on the east bank of the Hudson in the neighbourhood of Spuyten Duyvil.

It was midnight when he arrived. The night force was just leaving as he stepped from his automobile and the morning shift was taking its place. At eight o'clock the next morning this latter would in turn be relieved by a day shift; for night and day, Sundays and holidays, winter and summer, without stopping, his work went on. It got on his nerves, he said, to see anything stop. Speed and efficiency at any cost was his motto, and the result was that he had gathered about him men who were willing to keep running under forced draft, even if it did heat up the bearings.

"Tell Mr. Page to come to me at once," he said, as he entered a little two-story brick structure