

The Corrector of Destinies

of no ambitions—one struggling titanically for pottage!

“Immeasurably not so! The political Warwick of Pennsylvania is John A. Garnett. The power under him is the Consolidated Fuel Railroads. Wood wished to direct that Warwick, to control that power, therefore he chose wisely the only position in which he could destroy him, that of United States marshal. Garnett, usually clear-headed, usually far-sighted, usually running swiftly before events, saw the thing forty-eight hours too late, and, consequently, he is ruined.”

The attorney's voice went up lingeringly on the word, like that of a singer on a final note, as though to express thereby something of the magnitude of that ruin.

“With Wood standing now between the striker and the judges, the greatest industrial contest in our history is beginning. The mines of Pennsylvania will become smoking holes in the earth; the railroad, two bands of rust, and Garnett, a pauper. All this certainly, swiftly, inevitably, is arriving, unless this man can be removed from office. He cannot be removed. He will neglect no duty, refuse no duty; he will conduct his office exactly within the law; but somehow, always by inexplicable accident, his injunction orders will be ineffective, his writs will be preceded by rumor. One does not fear even the knout when wielded by a brother.

“It is ruin then, on the man's terms, which are a