

The muscles, almost coextensive with the skin;
The viscera containing all the vital organs;
The skeleton on which it was all built;—
"Yah!" gum-chewed Poundem. "And the other's
the nervous system. After that the aura or some
darned thing, eh?"

"The nervous system containing also the brain,"
went on Hoag calmly. "And the puzzle about it
is that the part which is supposed to be connected



"I want Hoag eliminated from my sphere of
influence."

with thought, feeling, will, moral ideas, imagination,
all the mysteries that link a man up with the
unseen is a thing that science can weigh in ounces
and compute in number of brain cells."

"Why don't you go into a college, Hoag? You'd
shine in a lab."

"No college in Canada would take any stock in
my ideas. But the day may come —"

"Tell me," he broke off, "why everything the
doctor books tell you about anatomy can be found
in a man asleep when the man himself is off in a
dream, heaven knows where?"

"Search me. I'm no theosophical society."

"When a man gets a blow on the head that
makes him unconscious, where does the man's
soul go to for the time being—if a soul has any-
thing to do with individual consciousness?"

"Damnino," said the editor.

"When a hypnotist gets a man to a certain
stage, the patient can't feel even hot pins jabbed
into him. Why?"

Poundem began to wriggle.

"At another stage the patient becomes a clair-
voyant—"

Hoag saw the editor's lips bulge like a pouch.

"What I'm trying to get at," he went on, "is
that in many cases the soul—whatever it is—
seems to act independent of the body."

"Oh, call it the fourth dimension," grinned
Poundem.

"Compare that with the moving picture," per-
sisted Hoag in his determination to hitch Pound-
em up, even though he failed to convince him.
"Don't you ever feel yourself startled by the fact
that a moving picture of a man is more like him
than he is like himself?"

"Impossible!" exploded Poundem.

"No such thing," retorted Hoag. "And yet
there may be a hundred phantoms of one man
on a hundred different screens at the same
time—"

Poundem snapped his watch and asked why
in blazes the press hadn't started to run.

"Yes," continued Hoag, "and if you'll look on
page ten of the paper you are waiting for you'll
find a despatch saying that it has already been
demonstrated that under certain conditions of
electrification a bar of lead, for instance, has so
little weight that it can be suspended by a silk
thread—"

Poundem got up waving his arms.

"But if it's so, why should a human body that

is the home of thought, of nervous vibration, of
desire, of dreams, of phantoms innumerable—why
shouldn't the human body come to a state some
time if the soul so wishes it that it has no sense
of weight just as in a dream? Why shouldn't
the soul, if it wants to, detach itself from the
body when the man isn't asleep?"

The little office began to throb; the music of
the press that had so often sent Hoag into a
fever of excitement when Poundem little sus-
pected it. Newsboys screamed below:

"Special—all about the disaster at the Munro
Mine."

Hoag darted out and got a paper.

Nine men it seemed had been crushed by the
snapping of a cable hauling up ore.

He slammed shut his doctor books.

"I wonder," he thought, now that he was alone,
"how it would feel to be crushed to death?"

NINE crushed miners made no disturbance in
the head office. Markham wrote out nine
cheques to as many widows, had an appro-
priate item telephoned to the newspapers, and
turned to a ponderous thick-jawed man in the
office.

"Warman," he said after a pause. "I want a
general manager. You are the kind of man I
want. If you don't take it, somebody else will be
got. I want you—because you stick at nothing
and because you are a mogul to move when some-
body puts you on a track. You are not an initia-
tor. You are a genius of administration, but
you need direction. Am I—right?"

Warman blew his lips and nodded.

"All depends on the price, Mr. Markham."

"Which is no object," snapped the other. "You
are, I believe, to be chairman at the Board of
Trade banquet?"

"Honor is all mine, Mr. Markham."

"Well—I have no advice to give you. But I
want to give you a clear idea of the precise strate-
gic character of all the Markham industries. See
here—"

The telephone buzzed.

Markham turned his face from the other man
as he listened.

"Go to—the men's funeral?" he repeated. "Look
here, do you—?"

He listened again. The voice at the other end
talked rapidly, almost hysterically.

"Miss Munro," he said stiffly, "when I want a
lecture on my duty to my employees, I'll let you
know. Thanks."

He banged up the receiver, rolled his cigar and
walked to the window as Warman scanned over
the maps and the reports.

"Warman," he said, quietly, "have you ever
heard of—Hoag?"

He blew the ash end of his cigar.

"Very good. You know the Socialist, psychic
rot he writes in the Clarion? Damnably dan-
gerous. I could get out an injunction to sup-
press the Clarion, but the rag would only start
up again. And Hoag would be on it. He's the
labor reporter. Oh, a very capable man too.

"Yes, my father had him as a bookkeeper. I
tried to hire him for other purposes. He refused.
Went on the Clarion. Well—"

Markham blew a huge funnel of smoke.

"I want Mr. Hoag to be eliminated from my
sphere of influence. He is the worst enemy
Markham's has got. I want him put somewhere
—so that he can't harm us. And—"

"No, no," he said half to himself. "I don't
think you're just the man for the job. But I
thought you'd be all the better to know about
Hoag. Hoag."

He repeated the name in a hoarse whisper to
the window.

NEXT day there was a banquet at the biggest
hotel, hundreds of Board-of-Traders. Henry
Markham sat next the chairman, a diamond
on his bosom making a long triangle with his
lustrous, pin-wheel eyes.

In the lounge above the rotunda two women
listened to the applause. One, half-concealed in
a niche between the pillars, gazed over the crowd-
ed rotunda.

"Gretchen, I think it's a beastly lack of courtesy,
not to allow ladies in the gallery. Don't you?"

The woman spoken to was a handsome feminine
edition of Henry Markham—the address on her
stationery, Cragtop, Rosemount Road.

"Henry hadn't the arranging of it, Helen, or
we should have been there," she answered. "I
think this town is deadly stupid anyway. It's
only men like Henry who keep it on the main line
of any go-ahead railway."

The two exchanged glances helplessly.

"What a pair of useless gargoyles we are!" said
Helen.

"Sh!" said Madam Markham-Malone indignant-
ly. "You're the luckiest woman in Canada. You
ought to sing the Te Deum every minute of your
life. You—"

"Please don't talk that way, Gretchen. I'm as
proud of Henry as you are. But he's not a god;
No man is."

Madam M. M. levelled her lorgnette at some ob-
ject in the rear part of the rotunda leading to
the bar.

"What do you see?"

"You tell me—what it is," handing Helen the
glass. Immediately the woman darted back and
glared at her companion like a prowling cat.
She saw a pink flush come to Helen's cheek.

"Well," she coughed, rather hoarsely, as she
took the glass again. "Did you see a ghost?"

"I guess it was a ghost," she went on. "Mar-
tin Hoag has always been one, the poor creature!"
she purred along, as though not noticing Helen's
agitation. "He's on the road of the down-and-
outers, talking to that stooped-over, drunken
wreck—I'll wager he's taken the wretch to his
lodgings. Oh, you will read all about it in the
psychic column of the Clarion. Pish!"

Helen masked herself with her fan.

Suddenly a wild outbreak of claps and cheers.
More cheers. Like fireworks it broke into "For
he's a jolly good fellow!"

Helen and her prospective sister-in-law rose
together as though it had been God Save the
King.

Martin Hoag on the street with the derelict he
had dragged away from more whisky, paused to
listen as the sound of the banquet bedlam came
through the window.

MORNING papers made a front page display
of the Markham Consolidated banquet,
quoting from two speeches, one by the
chairman, who asked the diners to put under a
mental microscope the little blacksmith shop and
subsequent hardware store, started by Henry
Markham's father, forty years before, and behold—
Cyclops, Vulcan & Co. in the 20th century, be-
ginning at the Munro Mine, out to the ore docks,
down to the strategic point of No. 1 ore going
(Continued on page 26.)



Henry Markham tells the Board of Trade that he
is only the obscure agent of other people by co-
operation.