

balanced. Upon it and equilibrated as carefully as the plank itself, was a row of books of many shapes and sizes and in various stages of preservation. This plank was John's library.

Stuck about upon the walls were several large photo-gravures, portraying various stirring scenes in history, mostly Roman. They were unframed and fastened crudely to the wall with pins. Evidently this was the living place of an untidy man.

The tiny table, with its balanced over-load of books, was directly beneath the gas. John dropped heavily into the wooden chair before it and drew to him a number of sheets of paper, upon which, with much labor and many erasings, he began to fashion a sort of motto or legend. Satisfied at length with his work, he printed the finished legend swiftly in rude capital letters in the center of a fresh sheet, snatched down the picture of a Christian martyr which occupied the central space above his library, and with the same four pins affixed his motto in that particular spot, where it would greet him instantly upon opening the door, and where it would be the last thing upon which his eyes fell as he went to sleep and the first when he awakened in the morning.

Once it was in position, he stood off and admired it, reading aloud:

"ETERNAL HAMMERING IS THE PRICE OF SUCCESS!"

"That's the stuff," he croaked enthusiastically. "Eternal hammering!" And then he paused a moment, after which his reverie was continued aloud. "That actor was telling me to-day about technique. He said: 'There's a right way to do everything — to pitch a horse-shoe even.' He's right. The fellow with the best technique will knock the highest persimmon. What