

them in the game of life. Ward was keen to get into the arena to play the game of life with all its odds and handicaps, and never a whimper for one of them!

The long lines kept moving up to the pay wickets. The men kept shuffling out as they exchanged their checks for cash envelopes; and Ward knew exactly where many of those fattest pay envelopes would disgorge themselves before Monday morning. The chasm between the man behind the wicket and the man in front of it was wider than the chasm between Lazarus in Heaven and Dives in Hell. Why the boy asked himself; and again the realization came Given Strength Will Purpose: the result blazed in letters of fire There could be only one result Success

Then, the singsong of the pay clerk calling out Tom Ward six-six-eight—eight He was only a number yet, only one of an infinite number of moiling millions; and the earth was limed with the bones of the dead of such as he. As Ward signed his initials to the pay list he felt his employer eyeing him. It caused a tingle of hope that was ridiculous; for the great man may not have noticed him; still less, suspected that he was planting a seed in the mind of a smudgy hobble-de-hoy in blue overalls, destined to overshadow nations in its growth. The stillest hours may be the greatest hours; for the birth of a new thought dated from that moment.