

Bigfoot Joe; the others would have passed on but the Great Author paused and spoke.

"B'jou," replied the halfbreed, wiping his brow and staring at the stranger.

"Is the work hard?"

"It is my work --- I am strong, me! You little man, wear four eyes." His gaze swept in contempt over the visitor. "Dis tree, she's be my brudder; she's be tall, strong like me. 'Bon!' she's say. 'You good lumberjack, you Joe!'" And his axe bit a deep chord of assent from the heart of the pine.

The Great Author perceived that here was a philosopher, who drew from the woods his one rule: "Work! You are here; so it is evident that you were to be a lumberjack --- but be careful to be a good lumberjack!"

The halfbreed was a poet, for he could read the secret heart of the woods and make response from his own. He was a painter, whose brush was the axe; with that brush he limned grert canvases, whose truth all woodsmen loved instantly.

The Philosopher groped after his soul, the Painter strove to express his soul, and the Poet tried to clothe his soul in words. The halfbreed, caring nothing about soul, struck fire from the spirit of the Great Author, who knew