



Henry Breed, master of millions, who reduces the price of bread, dominates the railways and corners the cash of the country; Phillip Kelvin, annihilator of the Stock Exchange and breaker of trusts; Elsie White, daughter of the people, who loves Kelvin; Lillian Breed, actress and tigress, who would be an empress; Sumner Rollins, railroad king and champion of liberty; Dr. Zephan, who believes all Americans are crazy; George Blagg, wireless expert and anarchist—these are the leading characters in a remarkable romance that excites the imagination, provokes thought and claims the interest from start to finish.

"Fine," replied White, brightening. "Come inside and look at them," and touched upon the point of his greatest enthusiasm, he showed Phillip about his garden.

Mrs. White and Elsie came across from the Whites' cottage. Elsie had run down for an early morning call and was on her way into the garden. Phillip, who was about to return to the house instead, but her mother dragged her on.

"Good for some eyes to see you, Phillip," hailed Mrs. White. "We owe a mighty lot to you, Mr. Kelvin, and it's fine to get a chance to thank you. Goodness, we've been here an age. It seems, and we haven't seen you once in all that time!"

"I have been rather busy, Mrs. White," said Phillip. "But you may rest assured that I have not forgotten my old friends."

"I knew you hadn't," she returned heartily. "I told Elsie so."

In the meantime Blagg had zoned his instruments and made ready for the day's work, he went to the window overlooking the garden and gazed out in deep thought.

Young Rensselaer strolled into the room, partly to escape from his aunt's insistence that he should court and marry Lillian Breed and partly because both Blagg and his art interested him.

"Kevin seems to be a nice sort of fellow," said Blagg.

"I should say he is!" declared Rensselaer. "I punched cows with him for six months out in Montana, and I never found a better or squarer fellow than 'where'."

"Yes," admitted Blagg. "If the world were made up of people exactly like Kevin it would be all right; they would all have an equal chance. But since the world contains but a few men like him he is dangerous."

"Nonsense!" replied Rensselaer. "Why?"

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"And the queer thing of it," said Rensselaer a trifle regretfully, "is that he doesn't care a hang for either of them."

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Breed looked at him questioningly, then he turned sharply to his grand daughter. "Lillian, you had better run along and get ready if you are going out upon the links with us."

"I want to stay!" she declared. "Grandfather, do you know what you are doing to me? I have all the nervous energy you failed to bequeath to my father. You coop me up here. I must have an interest in something, something big, or I shall go mad! I tell you I shall die if I have no battle to fight except myself and the social insanities which Mrs. Rensselaer is presumed to teach me before I may show myself in public."

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"Nonsense!" replied Rensselaer. "Why?"

"Because he alone, aided by Breed's money, was able to destroy a tremendous institution like the Stock Exchange," returned Blagg heatedly. "It should have been wiped out of existence, no doubt, but in the process of breaking it up thousands of helpless poor were thrown out of employment and faced starvation, and these are the people who invariably suffer. Then Kevin, by merely opening his mouth with Breed's consent, stops the panic. What does he do? He issues to the press this morning an announcement that the cash drain has stopped, that Breed no longer requires shipments of actual money for his bread, and that \$100,000,000 of currency, a very small percentage of what he has taken in, is to be put back into circulation. What happens next? Immediately confidence will be restored; people will go back to work. Don't you see the monstrous thing in this? The very lives of hundreds of thousands of men, women and children have depended upon this man's word: it is monstrous! Some day that system will be swept away, and with it must be swept young Kevin and all his kind!"

"You talk like Kevin himself used to talk out on the ranch," Rensselaer remarked. "Kevin has his own dreams of reform. You ought to compare notes."

"I doubt if our dreams would be found to be of the same stuff," returned Blagg grimly. "The only ones benefited by his activity are a very few of his own