

been to get a footing—any kind of footing—in the big ship yards. When he had gone home to tell his mother that he was to be messenger boy at a dollar and a half a week he had been so mad with happiness all night that he could not sleep; but, inside of a month, he had set his aim to advance to the place of the boy who helped the blast furnace men. Now, at eighteen, he was second furnace man, earning seventy a month; and it had been forcing itself on him for the last year that he could not save much more on seventy a month than he used to at a dollar and a half a week. Something amiss in the home off the edge of Shanty Town absorbed all his thrift and foresight like an absorbing sponge; but that did not quench his desire to get on. He was furnace man now; but he knew progress would be blocked unless he did one of two things—joined the iron workers' union, or lifted himself to another plane of work. He was using his hands now. Unless he could climb up where he would use both his head and his hands—and that was what he was trying to read in the face of the president As fast and far as the aim receded, this man would pursue it.

Young Ward felt strangely moved. If it had been in a religious meeting instead of in the long lines of the ship yards' workers waiting for their pay, we would say he was undergoing a change of heart, a rebirth. It was half attraction, half fear, wholly admiration, and not a vestige of the jealous resentment which many feel toward those who beat