

Now it so happened that a certain Great Author, having heard of the famous Three, journeyed across the seas to visit them; for he was an unwearied seeker after the truth that is in life.

The Artists, receiving him as a brother, expounded to him the philosophy and rhythm and tonal harmony of Nature; but the Great Author warmed himself in their steam-heated studios and said little.

One day the Artists took the distinguished guest on a visit to the woods. They came to camp in time to lunch with the jacks, and the visitor was seated next Bigfoot Joe. Naturally observant, he noted that the halfbreed, coming from the woods bare-headed, flung an expressive glance at the thick furs of the Philosopher.

During their meal the Painter apologized for the coarse fare --- the beans and bread, the creamless coffee; but the halfbreed gorged hugely, and drank his molasses-sweet coffee with gusto. The Poet was disgusted by the table manners of the jacks, for a bread-fight arose amid jests and curses; but the halfbreed deftly caught a crust and devoured it.

Later, the visitors went to the woods and watched the work. Presently they came to