

set. And he had something, too, of his father's vitality.

Every six months the father visited him at the school. And he never failed to impress upon him as they walked in the fields where the wild birds sang and the flowers gave up their perfume that money was the great power and the great success in the world, and that one must have a great deal of it.

He was in the habit of thinking of this son as a multimillionaire, a power in the world of finance, and the vision pleased him mightily. The ambition belonged to himself as well, however, else how could he have worked so hard. Around that phrase: "I have only one life to live," he had built his gray matter. He had now several businesses on his hands which took up almost his entire time. A maiden sister had been installed as his housekeeper, and she gave him that sort of animal loyalty and constant country sympathy which pertained to such kinship and the provincial admiration for money power.

With increasing years he found her invaluable as a companion. In one instance he prevented her possible marriage, and she submitted easily to his wishes when he explained that the man was not quite satisfactory, and that there would be many better chances. He advised her to find more friends of her own sex and age. Sometimes of a night he took her to the theatre. He preferred comic opera and broad humour, and laughed good-naturedly. Certainly people might have taken him for a philanthropist. His sister always had the feeling of protecting him from other designing women. She disliked the idea of his marrying again. Since he did not seem to care about women, he gave her little reason for uneasiness in the matter. If she manufactured it—that was for her own entertainment.

Things kept on apace for fourteen more breathless years, with Robert Hatter still hastening through his pleasures and his meals. Even in what he called relaxation haste had become

a habit with him. He had now accumulated half a million dollars. His son graduated from the university, and he put him in business up North in which he had invested seventy-five thousand dollars. All his life he had seen really little of the boy, scarcely knew him, indeed. The advice he gave him entering business life was firm, forcible and to the point, and he seemed to take it to heart. He sent a trusted clerk with him to help him conduct the business, but was rather proud when in six months his son wrote that he no longer needed this man, but felt entirely capable of running things himself. At his end, Robert Hatter was as busy as ever. He had come to look upon every hour as an entity representing so much material advantage to him. His health, however, was no longer what it had once been.

A year and a half of initiation in business, and Robert Hatter, Jr., married. Oddly enough, the woman had quietly divorced him before his father had a chance to see her. Shortly after the business in the North went unexpectedly bankrupt, and Robert Hatter, Jr., came home. He blamed it on the woman, bad advice, and inevitable conditions, and the father believed him. For pleading his own case thus, he reflected, and somehow poignantly, the saddened aspect of his mother, though sadness had little part in his general character. Besides, the matter was somewhat swept away when Robert Hatter suffered a slight apoplectic stroke. One arm and one shoulder were disabled. He kept the boy at home, teaching him the handling of his different interests. In a few months' time he, himself, had resumed as far as was possible all of his former activities. Then it became necessary for him to go to the far East to establish an export trade in a certain commodity and look over some mining prospects in China. The trip might restore his health, he thought.

He stayed away a year, spending the last six months of it in the interior. Coming back to Shanghai he