

to "make the race tracks of life hum, by God; and Devil take the hindermost!" He was sick of incompetents, of unfits, of sponges and parasites and no-goods and grunblers at life, whose refrain was self pity, and whose fate that of the swine that went over the precipice into the sea!

Ward sat down on a log with hands linked round one knee and eyes fixed on space . . . There were really two worlds . . . the Ups and the Downs . . . the On-Tops and the Unders . . . the Commanders and the Commanded . . . Why? . . . Then the same thought back like a battle cry . . . Strength . . . Will . . . Purpose . . . The result must be Success; and success meant power, the game, pursuing a fleet-of-foot aim up and out and beyond! . . . Ward jumped to his feet with a second joyous yell.

"Gee-whizz! One of the shovel stiffs from your ship yards, Admiral Westerly; and he's got bats in his belfry," cried the broken falsetto of a youth in adolescence; and Tom Ward crumpled up in hot red-faced confusion; for almost on top of his hiding place galloped five riders—a carrot-headed boy in khaki and silk shirt blouse and scarlet tie leading the way on a pony, followed by the president of the ship yards and a red-faced man in a military suit mounted on high-paced, dock-tailed cobs. A smallish black-eyed boy and a very little girl with shaking curls came cantering behind on Shetland ponies. Even as he dropped from the clouds of his dreams to an earth that he wished would close over him, the young