

a Nubian lion once seen in the park—agile, muscular, alert in brain and brawn, with crushing force hidden away somewhere in his personality. His eyes were cold, unemotional, steady, seeing far ends from which his will would never swerve. Strength strength of body and mind; Will the will to be and do; Purpose like a shining mark or star that was the man, with the quick judgment that leaps to conclusions and the conscience that scruples at nothing Conscience? Why, this man would have no conscience except the consciousness of failure! Ward looked at him, and knew these things as surely as he knew that the president of the company had the cold blue eyes of a woods hunter!

Superficially, the president of the ship yards resembled the general run of prosperous people. He was well groomed, but not so well-dressed as to direct attention to dress. Above all, he was spiritually and physically redundantly healthy—"fit," that was it—fit to survive in any contest under any conditions. The young workman looked back to the great man's eyes—no remorse, no pity, no thought of good or ill, only masterful purpose bent to an unswerving end; but wait if the end did swerve, it would be to enlarge, not to wobble and sidle; and, if the aim receded as this man advanced, he would pursue. The boy knew this in a vague sort of way from his own life. As a little chap living a starving sort of life on the edge of Shanty Town, he remembered that his sole ambition had