

"Nymphs of the Ocean."

Negative taken on a

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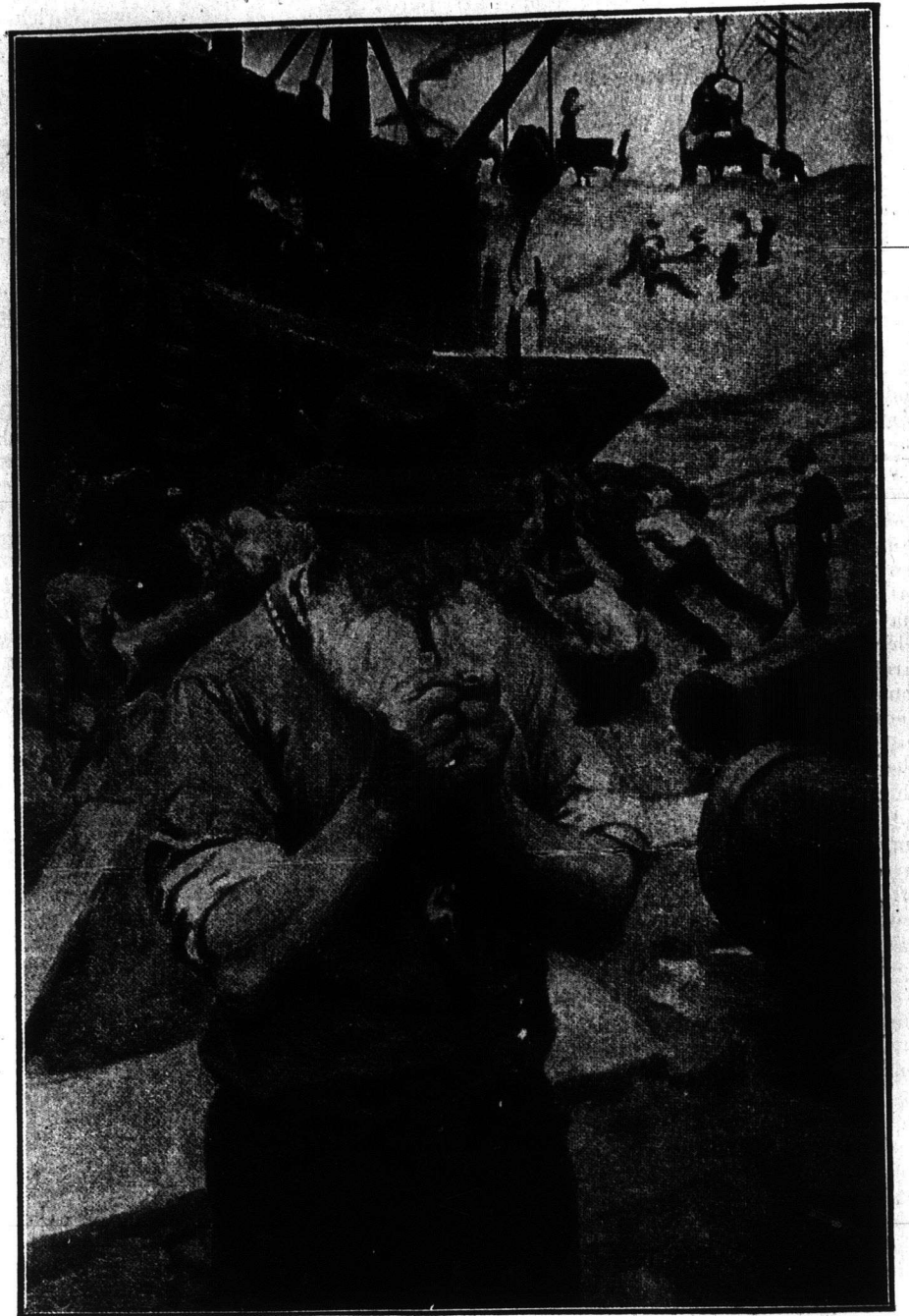
By Edward W. Townsend.



FRANK Conroy's teachers in the lower grades of the public schools early reported that he had a natural aptitude for mathematics which should be given scope. Dan, the father, heard or "scope" were terms he did not understand, he understood later when the principal of the high school said the boy ought to have a chance in some profession. So Dan left work an hour early one day, and waited before the school-house to learn at first hand what future for his son this special gut

mathematics was the foundation science upon which eminence in many industrial professions or callings was built. That to design a towering building, span a river with a bridge, or push a tunnel under the same river required a knowledge of mathematics, filled the workman's mind with wonder and delight; wonder, because he had thought such things were devised by some mystery-wisdom allied to magic; delight, because it suddenly made him exultant with a new ambition. Was not his son a mathematician!

"And could my boy, if he sticks to this job of studying figures, get to be one of those mechanical engineers you tell of?" Dan asked. "Even my son?"



Dan Conroy.

might suggest. Small, but sturdy and erect, his clothes daubed with the soil of the street trench in which he had worked, a battered dinner bucket in his hand, Dan intercepted the principal with a respectful, "I beg your pardon, sir, but could I have a word with you about my boy?"

"Another complaint," thought the principal wearily, and asked, "What is your boy's name?"

"Frank Conroy, sir," answered the laborer; and the principal, noting the manliness looking out of the other's clear, honest gray eyes, knew that if it were a complaint he was to listen to it would be a reasonable one. He tells me that you are saying that he has a fine head for figures; something uncommon, sir, I think you were saying," added Conroy.

They had a long talk, in which Dan received the impression that his son's mathematical mind was a gift from the principal, but this, though there seemed something odd about it, did not perplex the old man so much as to learn that

he added, his glance falling on his rough clothes and his battered dinner bucket.

The principal answered with an encouraging smile. "There is no royal monopoly of knowledge any more than there is a royal road to it."

"I thank you sir," said Dan, and he was as uplifted as if he held a warrant for his boy's greatness in his hands—as in truth he did. He walked home through a fairyland which became no less fairy-like when his way led him into a poor neighborhood where two rooms of a tenement were home to him and his one motherless child.

Dan Conroy had always liked best to labor where he could see the results of engineering skill, see the very men who had planned the great works upon which he toiled in the humblest capacity. They were to him the greatest of men, greater, even than those for whom he also worked, the political bosses. The engineer's craft had for him the pleasure-giving quality which the sculptor's, even the musician's art,