

THE BOSS OF WIND RIVER

action. Take your own time; it's just as easy to make other people wait for you as to wait for them, but don't keep them standing. Know as much of other people's business as is consistent with minding your own. When any man offers you a gilt-edged snap, try to figure out why he doesn't keep it all for himself; and if the answer is that he likes you, guess again. If you ever feel that you're beaten and want to quit, make sure that the other fellow isn't feeling worse; one more punch will help you to make sure. Get your fun as you go along. And now and then, Joe, old boy, when the sun is bright on the river and woods and the fish are leaping and the birds are flying and the tang of the open air makes life taste extra good, take time for a thought of him who was your loving father.

WILLIAM KENT.

Young Kent choked suddenly, put down the letter, and stared out of the window at a landscape which had become very indistinct and misty. Before him lay the silver bosom of the river, checkered with the long, black lines of the booms stretching from shore to anchor-pier, great water corrals for the herds of shaggy, brown logs that were driven down from their native forests every spring. The morning breeze, streaming through the open window, was laden with the clean, penetrating, never-to-be-forgotten odour of newly cut pine. The air was vibrant with the deep hum of distant machinery. The thunderous