

changing on the road; I believe I can see the change. Men like you and I once were seem to be growing scarcer."

"Rare specimens," remarked Ward.

"Yes; in time they may be prized by very reason of their scarcity. But that will be a while yet, no doubt, for man is a stubborn animal."

"Heavens, how obstinate!"

Ansom smiled at his serious-looking friend.

"And yet, Ward," he said, "man seems to be just about what his environment is; and as the great forces that move the world change that environment for the better, man becomes more of a god and less of a beast——"

"And more considerate of women," put in the one-time heart-juggler.

"I don't disagree with you there," replied the missionary.

The Barnsvillian took his cigar from his mouth and looked at it critically.

"This thing right here," he said, snapping the ashes away from it, "is one of the barbarisms that probably will disappear in time—even from between *my* fingers. I often feel like cutting it out, but do you know I'm half afraid to do that yet?"

"I understand the feeling," replied Ansom, "and it seems to me a God-given one. It's proof that you're no longer the cock-sure fool, ready for anything and afraid of nothing. You now have your fingers on your pulse and are in a position to guide yourself. When a man can do that he is getting on."

Ward regarded his old friend steadily a moment.

"And you used to get on my nerves," he said, reflectively.