

THE INVERTED PYRAMID

BY Bertrand W. Sinclair Author of "North of Fifty-three"

(Continued from last issue.)

Rod would say to himself that she was wrong, that money and caste and social privilege made no difference. But his mind was too acute not to see that she was right.

Meantime he sweated through the last of a hot July. Phil had obligingly supplied him with a "job".

"This working up from the bottom doesn't strike my fancy," Phil had observed. "But if you're keen on it, old kid, have your way. They're apt to give you a rather rough time, though."

Rod grinned at that. He stood now five foot eleven in his socks. One hundred and seventy pounds of bone, muscle and nerves perfectly coordinated.

He had made a very team in school that he tried for, and he knew what it was to undergo discipline, to withstand punishment. It only amused him (when it did not irritate)—this solicitude for his comfort—as if he were something to be marked "fragile".

"Handle with care," whenever he stepped outside his well-ordered environment, where rights and privileges and precedence were so clearly defined they went unquestioned.

It was all new, machinery from Washington shops—steel cable from England—tools from Welland Vale—a logging boss from Oregon—men from every corner of the earth.

Rod loved the cool green forest. It made him a little sad sometimes to see it so ravished. Wherever the logger went with his axes and saws and donkey engines he left behind a desolation of stumps and broken stumps and torn earth.

In this first month Rod found little of note beyond hard work and monotony. The camp was well-established, well-equipped, moving along an efficient routine.

"You can get all the dope you want on logging here, and be at home too," Phil pointed out. "This camp will run for years. We may have to put in a railroad to reach the farther limits."

grounds. He would have cut the Valdez timber last of all, because he liked to look south from Hawk's Nest on a slope of unbroken green.

Here about him work went forward with a swing. A dozen carpenters wrought marvels of construction on short transforms of raw lumber into bunk houses, cook shacks, office, blacksmith shop, commissary.

A pile-driver crew with a two-ton steam hammer drove rows of sticks along shore to enclose a booming ground. Another crew built a chute from side water to the first benchland.

It was all new, machinery from Washington shops—steel cable from England—tools from Welland Vale—a logging boss from Oregon—men from every corner of the earth.

But the crew as a whole had no such limitations. Rod fitted among them easily, discovering in himself new phases of adaptability, finding in the conglomerate mass as many angles of human interest as there are facets on a diamond.

Andy Hall was a high-rigger, an expert on steel cable, the manner of its splicing, its capacity for strain, and its life in the humming blocks.

"Where did you go to school, Andy?" Rod asked him one Sunday morning. They were lounging in the shade of a branchy maple tree standing beside the bunk house.

"Not on the job as a job," Rod answered. "Still, it helps to give me a certain slant at things which pertain to the job. For sheer physical labor you might say a university training is waste. At the same time—"

"What are you doing on the job, anyway?" Andy inquired with blunt directness, although good-naturedly. "You don't have to. Why don't you go play with the rest of the butterflies?"

"We do," he said calmly. "Me and old Jim Handy, and the Christian Swain, and Blackstrap Collins on the boom, and all these Danes and Norways and old rivermen from Michigan. We make the wheels go round and the master class—to which you belong—lives soft of the proceeds. It must be great to feel the conviction that you are ordained by God to do so, eh? To pop your whip and make the plug lean hard against the collar. What would happen to you if they all balked?"

head and leaned back against the maple trunk. He had finished a creditable week under an exacting hook-tender. It was good just to rest, to look lazily up at a blue September sky through quivering leaves. Sufficient unto the day—

"I don't know," he said unperturbed, "and right now I don't care a hoot. Master's class and serving class is all one to me at this particular moment. However, I don't want to ride on the back of the working class—as you put it, to declaim—without paying for my ride. I'm not quite so sure of these economic fancies as some of you fellows. A man can sell his labor, if that's all he has to sell, without selling his soul to the buyer. And that's what counts most. You can hire somebody to cook your food and make your clothes and keep your house in order. But you can't hire anybody to live your life for you, to suffer your pains and dream your dreams. Rich or poor, a man must live his own life. Maybe you fellows are right about the intensity of the class struggle, about the importance of the economic basis being better adjusted. But the fact remains that a man's existence is as much a purely individual longings and visions and strivings as it is of getting his daily bread. It isn't all a matter of material interests, Andy. You can't perfectly adjust human society on a purely material basis. We're all egoists, most of us, all throughout egoists as well. We all want to do and be for ourselves. That seems to be fundamental. We can't help it. We're made that way. And there is one thing the altruists and social reformers seem to overlook, so far as the class struggle within any national group is concerned: the crowd that has the greatest driving force, the most cohesion, will always be the saddle. It doesn't matter whether we like this conclusion or not. If there is anything in evolution, in the whole history of mankind, that is a fact."

"Good enough, you got something in the old bean, after all," Andy smiled. "You will have light in your darkness when some of your crowd are fumbling around bewildered, wondering what has happened to them. Yes, you're dead right, Norquay. You put it very well. The group with the greatest cohesion, the greatest driving force—it isn't a question of power. But the real power lies in the men who do the world's work and the brains that are hired by capital to direct the work. Only they lack cohesion. If they ever learn the value of cooperation, of community of interest—look out! Your crowd learned that lesson long ago. It's a scream when you look at it cold-blooded. We cut down trees and saw them into lumber and build houses—and you own the houses. We build motor cars—but the men who build 'em seldom have one to ride in. You know," he laughed amusedly, "when I look at our industrial system in its entirety, it seems to me like a huge, unwieldy machine that we've built up hit-and-miss, and the damned thing is operating us instead of us operating it. Even the men who are supposed to control it aren't sure they have the thing in hand. Some day this machine will become so complicated it won't work at all. You can hear friction squeaks in a good many of the joints now. It's liable to break down."

"Then what?" Rod prompted. "Then we'll have to devise a new industrial mechanism that will be the servant of society and not society's master."

"How will you do it?" Rod asked. "I don't know," Hall answered. "So far as America is concerned the present machine seems good for many generations—with a little patching and lubrication. But sometime it will have to be done. It will not be done by the group in the saddle. They're only interested in maintaining the status quo. It is done at all it will be forced along by visionaries, damn fools like me, who dream of a perfect, harmonious society of mankind—and get called names because we talk about our dreams. Ain't it queer," his tone became tinged with contempt, "that the man who has beautiful visions or music or painting or literature is hailed as an artist, while the fellow who has an equally beautiful vision of a human society strong and healthy, purged of poverty and dirt and injustice, is frowned upon as a dangerous agitator? It's a giddy world when you stand off and look. Eh?"

Rod nodded. He was more interested in Andy Hall than in Andy's theories. Yet there was a bone in the meat of Andy's statement that Rod's mind chewed on long after Andy had gone into the bunk house to shave and take his Sunday bath in a washtub by the creek.

The man with a vision and a dream was never so comfortable as the man who merely had an objective. But he had more within him to stay. He had more in the time of stress, Rod believed. Also it was a trifle surprising to find so nimble-minded a youth as the high-rigger working for a daily wage in a logging camp. True, his wage was six dollars per month, which was equal to the stipend of some professors, Rod knew. Nevertheless Rod considered that Andy, with his obvious intellectual ability, was misplaced at manual labor, even labor that called for a high degree of skill. He rather admired Andy's realism. There was a stout honesty of conviction in him. Rod was not so sure himself that he was for the best in the best of possible worlds, that comfortable illusion which sustains so many worthy people.

When he pondered Andy's simile of the complex machine gradually getting out of hand, proceeding to the ultimate smash, he couldn't help thinking of Grove's accelerated pace for a mere mere casual impression. Probably Grove had the levers firmly in hand. He had half a notion to go fishing, to wet a line in the Granite Pool, or walk over the hill to Oliver Thorn's. Mark probably gone back to town now. Still—it was very pleasant to lie there under the maple, to rest his body, to let his nostrils be titillated by a smel of doughnuts frying in the cook house. He ought to drop down on the sack and see Phil.

Thus Rod, resting against the earth, two days' growth of beard on his chin, called a logger's boots on his feet, a cogged mackinac folded behind his head, cogitated idly, drowsily, until at last he fell into a doze from which the noon meal gong awakened him.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

AUGUST 8 THE PEACE OF GOD WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING, SHALL KEEP YOUR HEARTS AND MINDS THROUGH CHRIST JESUS.—Phil. 4:7.

AUGUST 9 HEAR, O ISRAEL: THE LORD OUR GOD IS ONE LORD.—Deuteronomy 6:4.

AUGUST 15 THE WORK OF RIGHTEOUSNESS shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever. And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places.—Isaiah 32: 17, 18.

AUGUST 11 HE THAT IS SLOW TO ANGER IS BETTER THAN THE MIGHTY; AND HE THAT RULETH HIS OWN SPIRIT THAN HE THAT TAKETH A CITY.—Proverbs 16:32.

AUGUST 12 HE THAT KEEPETH HIS MOUTH KEEPETH HIS LIFE, BUT HE THAT OPENETH WIDE HIS LIPS SHALL HAVE DESTRUCTION.—Prov. 13:3.

AUGUST 13 THE KINGDOM OF GOD cometh not with observation: Neither shall they say, Lo here! or lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.—Luke 17: 20, 21.

AUGUST 14 SERVE THE LORD with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.—Psalm 100: 2, 5.

We think very few people sensible, except those who are of our opinion.—Rochefoucauld.

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Above, five chickens are a regular line, and, (right), there are also cared for at times. Let, this parcel was in the hands of the Dominion Express Company over a 1,500 mile journey. On the truck behind it is a shipment of bees. Inside, baby chicks are handled by thousands daily.

There arrived in Toronto recently, after travelling thousands of miles by rail, a stud pony, Jim, or whatever his name was, had a compartment to himself, a crate of the latest description. He arrived in the best of condition, after being fed and watered en route by the messengers of the Dominion Express Company.

Unusual shipments like this, however, are "all in the day's work" for the express companies. They will take a treasured jewel or a pet elephant with equal pleasure. If you want to ship home the money father a couple of cows to keep up his milk shipments, the express companies will look after it for you. Strange consignments pass through the Express Company's doors, and sometimes strange sounds issue from inanimate-looking packing cases.

Take the case of the bear cub used at the recent Rotarian Convention in Toronto. The Dominion Express Company was called on to handle this bear for transportation to Auckland, New Zealand. Two or three times daily between Toronto and Vancouver this husky specimen of the "woe ho!" tribe was fed biscuits and milk. At Vancouver he was fed and taken care of until such time as the boat for Australia departed, and arrangements were made to see that the same attention was given until the bear reached its destination. They say that the poor little bear cried when the time came for it to leave the hands of the express company, so well had it been treated.

In case of live animals travelling in the company's cars no excuses are accepted for failure to give them attention. Officials tell a story, in fact, of a messenger some years ago who, in his anxiety to escape a call to the carpet for failure to make correct reports, carefully noted "Fed and watered O.K." on a way-bill covering one crated bicycle.

Animals somewhat more lifelike than the subject of the expressman's mistake do often travel, however. For instance, 20,661 pet dogs went travelling in cars of the Dominion Express Company last year. There are not many kinds of beast, wild or domesticated, that haven't come in the company's exper-

When Mr. They have vertice, it's Saying The thing to Sell

Vol. XLIII

TOV

Deferred Meet- ening Passes A

No quarum scribted time Council which on Wednesday was deferred un-

Mayor Cham bers of the Cou com who was tance and an transacted. M ports on behal Sewer, Police and the report tee was made

The following by the Town end on motion Denton & Conde C. C. Hancock, R. E. Harris & J. D. Harris

Mar. Tel. & Tel. E. J. Westcott, Waterbury Co. L. A. M. Jack & So Aubrey Dakin, Safety Sdent Pol W. H. Evans, Wm. Stairs, Son Lloyd Mig. Co., R. E. Harris, M. East Hamt, Provincial Dea I. Matheson & C A. & W. MacKlir J. McAvity & C Standard Clay P. Dom. Atlantic R. Bureau Vital St J. R. Black, M. East Hamt E. W. Eagles, Com. Mun. Sinc Davidson Bros. Wolville Fruit C. Can. Fairbanks Jas. Robertson & Wm. Sawler, H. K. Whidde Chronicle Pub. C. Petty Cash

On motion i half of the amo from Mr. Charl Pre, for the serv his recent fire t

The Town M to provide such ing during the next week as h

A leave of ab of August was a Ford, his place absence by Mr. In the matter Bros. to have in front of their which was refer mittee at a prev nittee stated th prepared to rep was given the understanding th of the Council v report was ready

The Town M Council that M desirous of makin ing within the b tion. It was Hancock, be as and that the Ma in the matter.

Mrs. Minnie is visiting her Eagles. Rev. J. D. S. Liverpool Baptis pulpit of the B the morning and Sunday last. M former pastor H. Eaton, of K at the morning a gave a solo at t was very much Many will be the Messes Dor

Coldwell, and successful in obt ment bridge. A through the rive The Women's church vestry o of next week, R any quotation. Miss Sadie spent a few day Misses Dorothy

Rev. D. B. H. at Annapolis Ro profits for the McInosh, who sermons at St. A

MRS. ELIZA President Rebel