

A Man at Need

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another to the point of temporary unfitness for work. Foley thrashed both impartially, and then fired them.

The square little driver, Pierre Laderoute, leaped from his perch and began to unhitch.

"Bon jour, M'sieu Fo-ley!" he called cheerily. "'Cre nom!' est-ce que vous avez casse votre jambe?"

"How in the blue, flaring blazes could I walk if my leg was broken?" snarled Foley. "You're late. And who's these bums you've brought?"

Laderoute shrugged in disclaimer of responsibility. "Dey look for one job," he replied. "I show dem de road, dat's all."

"Want a job, hey?" said Foley, to the nearest man. "What can you do?"

"Me an' him," said the man, indicating the one beside him, "can do anything with an axe. We're sawyers, too."

"Names?"

"He's Morrison. I'm Hackett."

"That's a peach of a name for a chopper!" Foley commented. "Take your turkeys into the bunkhouse and go to work in the morning. Usual wages. 'Now, then'—he wheeled on the third, a tall, wiry young fellow, with high cheek bones and grim, set mouth—"how about you?"

"My name is Macdonald"—he gave the name the pure Highland twist. "Mach-tone-al" is its nearest phonetic spelling if you give the "ach" the German pronunciation. "I can do anything in the woods or on the river."

"I'll take you," said Foley briefly. He turned to the remaining man, eyeing his raiment with disapproval. "You're next. Talk up."

At his first words Foley scowled. The man was just out from England. He could not obtain employment in the cities. Other lumber camps would have none of him. Foley's was his last resort. He expressed his willingness to do anything, and in his eyes was the expression of a dog that ventures to lick the hand which it knows will strike.

Foley shook his head and swore. Why did they send useless tramps on to him. He wanted men who could make money for him—men, by the this, that, and so forth, who knew a spruce from a pine and an ax from a peavy; real men, who could work all day and fight or drink all night, and show up in the morning none the worse for it.

"But I'm willing to do anything, sir," urged the applicant.

"I can make any man willing, if I have to," said Foley grimly. "The point is what can you do? Not a thing, by your own tell. What do you expect me to pay you for, hey? I'll give you supper and breakfast, and then you hit the trail."

"But where shall I go, sir?" the man asked helplessly.

"Go—" Foley checked himself, which was a thing he seldom did. He was rough and tough, but he had a soft side for a dumb animal or a man in hard luck. "Go to the cookee, and help him rustle grub," he said. "I'll keep you on for a day or two. Get a hump on you, now."

From the falling darkness came the noise of the crew coming home. Tired as they were from a day's work, mere physical weariness had not affected their spirits. They looked forward to a huge supper and an evening in the warmth of the bunkhouse, with song, story and tobacco to pass the time. There might even be liquor, and if the Fates were very good, a fight.

Besides it was not good form at Foley's to admit that one was tired. Every man was proud of his endurance and as absurdly touchy on the subject of any knight-errant of old on the question of his fantastic honor.

Men, whose muscles ached sorely, skylarked and indulged in rough horseplay expressly to show they were unwearied. Only the proven iron men, whose splendid physique was proof against ordinary exertion, plodded soberly, conscious that they needed no justification. Among these were Jimmy McPike and Bill Leamy.

The frost-rimed crew invaded the bunkhouse with much stamping of snow from feet and profane thawing of

icles from beards and mustaches. They stripped off outer stockings and garments, perspiration soaked and frozen, and hung them to dry in gaudy festoons. They paid little or no attention to the new arrivals; these would naturally drop into their places later.

(To be continued)

Iron and Steel on a War Basis

Continued from Page 9

of the Teutonic powers. That question was answered in the eighteen months which preceded the coming of the United States into the war in April, 1917, when Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia were drawing so largely on the United States for steel billets, munitions, ordnance, barbed wire, railway material and machine tools.

The productive capacity of the American industry meant much for the Allies and civilization from the early months of 1916 to April, 1917. It means even more to-day now that the United States is in the war, and it is being realized all over the country that it

has quite as much at stake as Great Britain, Canada or France. It means that the United States is assured of all the munitions and war equipment it can use, or put at the service of the Allies. It means, moreover, that structural steel and plates will be forthcoming for the 847 vessels now in building for the United States Navy, and for the 1,359 vessels, which at the end of the year were in process of construction for the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Of these merchant vessels 931 are of steel; and all the vessels, including 50 that were launched before the end of December, and are not included in the total of 1,359, are over 2,500 tons dead-weight capacity.

Since the war began congress at Washington has appropriated \$2,340,400,000 for shipbuilding—\$1,265,400,000 for the Navy, and \$1,085,000,000 for vessels for the Fleet Corporation. With the exception of an appropriation for sixty U-boat chasers, made at the special session of congress in 1917, all the money for the additions to the United States Navy was voted by con-

gress in 1915 and 1916. The vote for the Emergency Fleet—one of the methods of the United States for overcoming the U-boat menace—was not made until after the United States had declared war on Germany.

Never before in the history of shipbuilding was there so much government money earmarked for new tonnage—merchant as well as war tonnage—as there is to-day in the treasury at Washington. But it would have been useless to vote all this money at this time if the American iron and steel industry had lacked capacity for the production of shipbuilding as well as war material for field use, on a scale commensurate with the money voted by congress. The industry has the capacity; and this capacity is controlled, as the Cincinnati meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute made plain to the world, by men who are as determined that Germany and Kultur shall go under in this struggle as are the men in control of iron and steel production in Great Britain, in Canada and in France; in Italy and in Japan.



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