

. . . Once hidden by the woods Ward threw out his chest, tossed down his dinner pail, drew a deep breath of the spring air, and uttered a boyish yell of exultation! . . . Life . . . was good . . . spite of hard knocks in Shanty Town! Life . . . was wine in pulsing joyous veins! Hope, rose-red, edged with gold, suffused itself through the bright future of his dreams . . . Success . . . Success at any price of body or soul, time or work . . . he was going to have this Success Thing . . . if Strength and Will and Purpose would do it!

To be sure, there were handicaps; so there were in all races; but the fleet of foot left handicaps behind! For seven years he had done a man's work with a boy's body, supporting a father whose sole belief was that he should increase the race—not maintain it—and whose belief took form in eight more children than he could support. He had been handicapped by burdens that others had found, handicapped by lack of education, by lack of training except such as the hard and effective knocks of life afforded, by lack of a start where his ancestors had left off. Tom Ward senior having fallen behind in the progress of the race, Tom Ward junior must make up lost ground. He remembered just before the mortgage had been foreclosed on the old farmstead, which his ancestors had won from the Indians and worked for two hundred years—was it the fifth or sixth baby that had been born? . . . he couldn't remember that; but, anyway, the doctor was in his mother's room; and the pale-faced little