
FOREWORD

In every man's heart there is a story. This is mine. I do not tell it as a writer, but as a man who has found his work.

There is not a wail in this book. I am thirty-five years old—a well and work-glad man. Everything that is past was right *for me*, and everything to come is right. As for most of the evils which I make important with the good, I have no care now, other than to preserve the lessons of them, the sympathy and understanding for others which they alone teach. If I should forget these lessons, miseries were suffered in vain. Indeed the evil days would be challenged to come again.

So, after this telling, all concern ends with the child so passionate for sensation, and with the youth and younger man in whom you will see so ripened a devil. If a man lives a grade higher life than he lived last year, he is a different man. He could not have risen unless the price were paid; be very sure of that.

I show you a certain progress of life in the