

hazy trail beckoning from a rosy glow raved with hope, quivering and pulsing with a new electrifying fire; and its name was Success . . . that much he knew . . . He was going to do the thing called . . . Success; or die game and at it!

The scented blossoms gave a riotous sense of new life . . . joyous life . . . life at the foam . . . as though he had kicked off rags and tatters of a mean sordid existence, as he nightly kicked off his grimed overalls, and leaped, washed and clean and keen to the race tracks of life, where he was going to run to win, whether or no! The spring lights flickering the gray-green fields were not edged so bright a gold as the hopes thrown off by his own thoughts. It was not the tickling of vanity, of passion at its spring tide in the veins of youth. The ideal he was building in flashes of thought and determination and hope was not an idol with sawdust stuffing made up of ego; he didn't see himself becoming a little tin god set up on the necks of other men, spoonfed with adulation, slathered with flattery. It was zest of the joy of life . . . the race . . . the game . . . the pursuing . . . not the winning! Success didn't consist of getting hold of tangible chunks of something and sitting hatching on it like an old hen till life became addled and rotten Success consisted in this game-thing, this coursing the race track of life . . . this achieving and pursuing a fleet-footed aim higher and farther and wider afield He'd found the secret of life . . . of youth . . . of being . . . of doing!