

## THE MIND-READER

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'funk,' as you term it—but you don't recognise that he inherits it from yourself."

"I a funk? You must be crazy!"

"Shall I prove it to you?"

"Prove away—if you can."

"Olaf has not told me what he is afraid of but I see it now. He is terrified at the idea of what you want to make him—master of the world. You cannot understand that terror. On the other hand, you were afraid of a tiny ant just now."

Lars Larssen gripped the side of his chair with tense fingers, but he answered not a word.

Dr. Wycherley continued: "Terror of the big and vast, or fear of the tiny and harmless—where lies the essential difference? I intend to show you, Lars Larssen, what Fear means. Yes, to show you what lies within yourself, until you ask pardon of your boy for your scorn of him, and until you give justice to the men who toil for you to build up your millions.

"A little while ago you told me that this great room stands for yourself, and that when your clerks and managers enter it, even though it be empty, they think of you. It was your sign, you said. Well, the sign I put against it is the tiny and the harmless. Whenever you see an ant, Lars Larssen, think of what stands against you!"

Dr. Wycherley rose and took up his hat.