

forgotten  
men

*Claudius  
Gregory*

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# FORGOTTEN MEN

CLAUDIUS GREGORY



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*To my friend,*

*Thomas Dyson Lisson, to whom I am indebted for the basic thought underlying this story, and through whose sympathetic and understanding collaboration has been made possible the weaving into the tale some constructive thought, which if put into practice would immediately relieve the present world crisis.*

## Forgotten Men

*Forgotten men of diverse race  
Who slowly creep, with humble mien  
In lagging line, yet keeping pace,  
Eyes sunken deep, frames gaunt and lean;  
Who listen tense for whirl of wheel  
Or noise of hammer, plane or drill,  
Or sound of tool against cold steel,  
From factory, shop or mine or mill;  
Scarce spark of hope left in their face,  
Beaten, although yet stout of heart;  
Tired, bruised feet, that stand in place,  
And wait, outside the labour mart.*

*Forgotten men who daily chant  
While tightening belts about their loins,  
The Lord has said we shall not want,  
A faith expressed, in which each joins  
As to the gracious Lord they bow;  
While dregs of anguish each man sips  
As mother's empty breasts hang low  
Without response to suckling lips,  
And children's cold and hungry cries  
Deep echo in the hearts they rend,  
While grief but sharpens mist-filled eyes  
As courage wanes at each day's end.*

*Forgotten men from pole to pole  
For whom the world does not provide,  
Their birthright bartered for a dole  
From lust-stained hands that cannot hide  
The filth of avaricious grime;  
The hands of those who dare to say  
That what they do is not a crime,  
And sacrilegious, feign to pray,  
While vested with a self-made might  
Evoke the laws which give them gold,  
Forgetful that these men must fight  
Else leave their bodies, stark and cold.*

CLAUDIUS GREGORY.

# Forgotten Men

## 1

Christopher Worth would, in all likelihood, have passed the group of men in the park, had it not been for the glimpse he caught of a policeman's uniform. This representation of law added a last touch of irony to the scene. It caused him to lift his foot from the accelerator and bring the expensive limousine he was driving to a standstill at the curb.

This was not the first gathering of men that had caught his attention, to reawaken in him wonderment why there should be a reason for men to meet in unobtrusive places, to listen to one of themselves. Turning up the collar of his overcoat, he crossed the road, to mingle with the crowd. A biting wind soughed through the leafless branches of the elms at the side of the park driveway. The bedraggled men standing around the speaker shivered in the cold of a drizzling rain. Christopher's costly tailor-made overcoat contrasted brutally with the ragged, threadbare garments worn by those around him. Other eyes were appraising his coat; eyes that bitterly saw luxury also, in his stout shoes, the silk of his scarf, the newness of his felt hat. He did not belong to them. He belonged to that other part of humanity, to whom the purchase of a new overcoat, or hat or shoes, and even the luxury of a silken scarf, was just as incidental as was the purchase of a package of cigarettes.

Listening to the speaker, Christopher regretted he had not arrived earlier. The meeting was about to end. It was difficult to gather much of the thought the man had been expressing. It was not so difficult, however, to feel the hopelessness of what he had said. The sentence which caught Christopher's ear as he took his place beside the police officer told of this.

"See the police here with us." The speaker's voice was filled with contempt. "They ought to arrest me! They ought to arrest all of us who dare to talk as I have done! But they are afraid to do this." Eyes that had been a kindly blue now flashed their hate. The speaker's words were defiant. With an accusing finger directed towards the officer, he continued: "Yes, they are afraid! Afraid of what, you ask. Why, they know we would be better off in their jails, where we would at least have shelter and food!"



Christopher glanced at the police officer's face; he saw the tenseness of the man as he leaned forward, eager to catch every word. The officer's whole being seemed to be waiting for the moment when he must step in to enforce the orders of his superiors. Christopher sympathized with this representative of the law, who was compelled to listen to the desperate defiance of the speaker. Curiously he noted the fleeting expressions upon the officer's face, which unmistakably told of fear, as though he, too, had caught the portent of tragic foreboding the speaker's words held. Christopher watched also, the effect of the meeting upon those around him. The faces he saw told him nothing. Some were intently watching the man addressing them. An occasional glance was surreptitiously flashed towards the policeman. Others turned to one another; faces looking into other faces as expressionless as their own. Christopher shuddered as he watched them. The speaker's words could have no effect upon them. An inoculation of hopelessness prevented this. Christopher could see this hopelessness mirrored in these faces all around him; faces of beaten men; men brain-bewildered in the vortex of a circumstance beyond their comprehension, who had long since lost hope and faith; starved mentally and physically, their lustreless eyes sunken deep in their sockets.

The crowd commenced to disperse soon after Christopher's arrival. He wondered to what, and to where. Their lagging footsteps and misery-haunched shoulders depressed him. The speaker of the meeting stood watching them also. He seemed unaware of Christopher's presence, until they alone remained in the drizzling rain, at the place of the meeting, a cold, muddy corner, under the soot-besmirched elms. When his mind did come back to present things, he glanced curiously towards Christopher, his expression changing as he responded to Christopher's smile when their eyes met. The man's smile was a gesture of accepted friendliness, but it held no happiness. The heart behind it was too heavy. Christopher sensed this. A lump came into his throat as he realized what that smile had cost.

"Have a good meeting?" Christopher questioned, hoping to put the man at ease, to tell him there was sympathy behind his smile. He held his breath in uncertainty while he watched the inquisitive eyes wander from the brim of his hat to the tips of his shoes, then focus upon the waiting limousine across the street; its polished surface and costly nickel glistening in the rain, and seeming to give insincerity to Christopher's gesture of friendship.

"Seems like a waste of time, talking to them," Christopher heard him say. "What can we do? What can any one man do against such odds?" The

interest Christopher had evinced seemed to be puzzling him, impelling him to exclaim bitterly: "I suppose we amuse the likes of you?"

Christopher stepped towards him, extending his hand, to have the gesture completely ignored. "You are wrong, my friend," he said. "I am extremely interested in what you were saying."

"Why should you be interested?" The question held sarcasm and disbelief. The speaker turned, as though he would prefer to end the discussion and be on his way.

"I am interested, is that not sufficient?" Christopher was determined that this stranger should realize his sincerity.

"Perhaps. But what can you do about it? Your being interested is not going to make any difference to us, is it?"

Christopher considered the question. "I am not ready to answer that, yet," he said. "But I would like to help you, if I may."

"We are not asking for charity." The reply was much like an outraged shout, an explosion of bitterness which reverberated among the branches of the elms above their heads. "We are not asking for charity. We want a chance to earn for ourselves. We want a right to live!"

"You misunderstood me," Christopher explained. "I would like to help you in the work you are doing. I would like to take a hand in the struggle, if you will let me."

Consternation filled the man's eyes as he glanced once again towards the limousine, eyes that wandered back to the expensiveness of Christopher's clothing.

Breaking the embarrassing silence, Christopher introduced himself, waiting for whatever reaction might come.

"My name is Peter Bronte," the man said. Sullen, almost, was his acknowledgment of the introduction. The giving of his name, Christopher felt, had been to Peter Bronte but the enforced payment of an obligation. Peter Bronte interested him, perhaps even more than whatever cause he stood for. Shaking hands, Christopher's friendly laugh seemed to break the serious mood.

"Come over to my car, I want to talk to you," he said, avoiding a refusal by leading the way across the muddy street. Peter Bronte followed, to silently seat himself beside his new acquaintance. The engine had been left running. A hot water heater, equipped with a tiny fan, was throwing a

pleasant warmth into the car. Peter Bronte studied the whirring mechanism for a moment, holding his fingers in front of the fan to catch the heat.

“A new idea?” he questioned, curiously examining the silvered beauty of the accessory.

Christopher was proud of the heater. Installed but a few days previous, it was yet a novelty. “Yes, a good idea. Warms the car splendidly. Cost forty dollars,” he said. He was sorry the moment the words left his lips, as he saw the raised eyebrows of his companion. Christopher always spoke frankly about the cost of things; always regretting the seeming boastfulness in his words.

“Forty dollars! That is a great deal of money!” Peter Bronte ventured. His voice said more than did the actual words.

“I must apologize for mentioning how much it cost,” Christopher pleaded. It was a bad start to the conversation he wished to have.

Peter Bronte laughed bitterly. “I was thinking what forty dollars would mean to some of the men you saw in the park.”

“I know. I was thinking of the same thing.” Then as the thought came to him, Christopher added: “But, of course, the making of those heaters gave work to someone, and that is better than offering charity.”

“Yes, I suppose so,” Peter Bronte replied, enigmatically. “But that is not the right answer.”

“What is the answer?” Christopher’s interest in his companion was increasing. It might be that this man could answer many things that had been puzzling him during the past few months.

“I wish I knew,” Peter Bronte replied. “I ask myself that question a hundred times a day.”

“Does anyone know? Does anyone know why conditions are so terrible that you and all those men in the park are suffering?”

“Yes, I believe there are men who do.” Peter Bronte’s eyes had a far-away look.

“Then why are things as they are? Why are you, and those other men without employment?”

“The newspapers say because there is overproduction. There is so much of everything they do not require our labour any longer.”

“Overproduction!” Christopher exclaimed. “Yet you and those other men are hungry. Your wives and children have nothing to eat. Your houses are cold through lack of fuel. Your clothes are shabby and threadbare. Yet they say there is overproduction?”

Peter Bronte laughed quietly at this outburst, glancing sideways at Christopher’s face. He was intrigued by this evidence of interest in the things of his class. “It does sound a bit amusing. Yet it is true. It is a queer mixup. There is plenty for everyone, yet we are not able to get even the bare necessities of life because we have no money to pay for them. We have no money because we are deprived of a chance to earn it because there is already too much of everything, and so on; a vicious circle, with no beginning and no end.”

Christopher looked pensively ahead, through the mist-covered windshield. Only that morning his newspaper had told him that farmers were using their wheat for fuel; wheat that would make wholesome bread; bread that Peter Bronte and those other haggard men were hungering for. “It is simply ghastly!” he exclaimed aloud, while Peter Bronte, not knowing what was going through his mind, wondered what in particular was ghastly. Christopher saw the question in his eyes. “Peter, we have got to do something about it,” he said impulsively, looking to Peter Bronte to agree with him, to confirm his decision.

“What you or I do will make no difference.” Peter Bronte’s words had a finality to them. He had been doing all that lay in his power for many weary months and knew the hopelessness of the undertaking.

“You are afraid to do anything!” Christopher saw the stranger beside him stiffen; he saw fight flash into his eyes when he gave voice to this challenge. He smiled inwardly at the strategy of what he had said. He felt a warm satisfaction when he heard the indignant reply.

“Afraid! Who says I am afraid? But you have no idea what you are up against. What do you know about suffering? I scarcely know you, but I can see plainly enough, that you have never gone without a meal, even.”

“That is true. But something tells me this is no chance meeting, our getting acquainted. I can learn to see through your eyes. If suffering will sharpen my sight, I will suffer with you. I want to work with you. Will you let me, Peter?” Christopher’s companion glanced at him in astonishment while his eyes took in once again the luxury of the interior of the limousine in which they were sitting, and too, the well-groomed appearance of the man beside him. It seemed an age to Christopher, the seconds which elapsed

before the reply came. Peter Bronte did not speak. He simply held out his hand, while his face became radiant.

“Then it is a bargain?” Christopher questioned eagerly.

“Yes, it is a bargain, though I am afraid a poor one on your part.”

“We shall see.” Christopher was now impulsively enthusiastic. “Let us go to my home to discuss our plans,” he suggested, while Peter Bronte laughed at his eagerness.

“No, I think you had better come to my house,” he said. “It will give you a better idea of what your suggestion means.” Settling back comfortably against the luxuriously upholstered seat, he told Christopher the direction, smiling to himself as the car left the wide avenues to follow narrow streets in the poorer district in which he lived.

“Good car this,” Peter said, as they got under way. “I used to drive the same make.” He watched the effect of his words upon Christopher.

Christopher glanced at him, surprised. So he had not been correct in his surmise of the social category in which he had placed this new acquaintance. Sometime in the past, Peter Bronte, too, had lived as he did. He wondered how far in the past it had been since the change had taken place; how long since Peter Bronte had been forced to move to the neighbourhood through which they were now driving. He was scarcely prepared however, for the shock he received when they stopped at the small house Peter pointed out as being the place he called home.

“Not much of a house,” Peter Bronte said as they entered. “But beggars cannot be choosers.” Christopher wanted to grasp his hand in sympathy. How could a man exist in a place like this, he wondered. How could Peter Bronte retain his self-respect, his desire to do something worth while with his life, living as he must be, when in the past he had experienced other circumstances.

“Norma, I have a visitor,” Peter called as they entered the house. A moment later Christopher was being introduced to Peter Bronte’s wife. She seemed little more than a girl, he thought. A slim, vivacious type of girl in whom poverty and discouragement had not entirely hidden the loveliness of youth, nor yet the evidence of good taste. Her clothes told of this, for there was an air of quality in their shabbiness. She was used to different things. He could sense this by the embarrassment his unexpected arrival caused. He felt ashamed of the effect of his well-groomed appearance in the little sitting room. His presence in that room seemed to accentuate the shabbiness of the

furniture, what little there was; made the one picture, the faded rug, the few ornaments, seem ridiculous.

“Mr. Worth is going to help us,” Peter told her. The words had a startling effect. She drew herself proudly aloof it seemed, while the smile that had been about to break, instantly disappeared.

“You are not going to let him?” she exclaimed, while Peter laughed at her concern.

“You see, Christopher, she is as proud as I am.” Turning to his wife, he explained. “I did not mean what you think, Norma,” he said. “He is going to help me in my work with the fellows who are up against it.”

“Oh.” There was relief in her voice. “Then you men talk while I get tea. You will stay and have tea with us, Mr. Worth?”

“No, Mrs. Bronte, I am not going to impose upon you.” He would like to remain with them for tea, though, he thought, as he considered the suggestion. “That is, unless you allow me to contribute my share to the meal.” Watching their hesitation, as Peter and his wife exchanged questioning glances, he continued: “Come along, Peter, you and I will go to the store at the corner, while Mrs. Bronte puts the kettle on to boil.”

Somewhat unwillingly, he thought, Peter accompanied him to the little grocery store nearby, to remonstrate as each one of an armful of delicacies was purchased; remonstrances that were echoed when the parcels were unwrapped a few moments later on the kitchen table in the Bronte home; yet were not insisted upon, because the things represented a meal such as Peter and Norma Bronte had not experienced for a long time. It touched Christopher’s heart as several things were laid to one side; a jar of strawberry jam for an old lady who lived nearby; a bottle of milk for some neighbour’s baby; grapes for the invalid girl next door. But from the generous purchases there was plenty remaining, and Christopher was more than rewarded when at the table he watched the amazement sparkling from three pair of baby eyes around the table; the three Bronte children.

“Is this man going to stay with us always, mummy?” four-year-old Betty piped out, as she ravenously devoured her egg.

“No, of course not, dear.” Her mother smiled; a queer, crooked smile. She knew, as Christopher knew, that thickly buttered bread, and a boiled egg, as well as the anticipation of jam and cake to follow, had completely won the child’s heart. But the true story came as the older of the two boys,

eleven-year-old Jack, spoke. "I am glad he came to-day, or I bet it would have been like yesterday, no supper."

"I think I would like to stay with you, if you have room for me, Betty," Christopher said, directing the words he intended for the parents, to the little girl across the table. Betty was excited. Her eyes were jumping with anticipation, as, with spoonful of egg poised midway between her egg cup and mouth, she turned to her mother.

"He could stay with us, mamma. He could sleep in my bed with me."

Norma Bronte laughed. "How would you like that, Mr. Worth?" she asked, treating the matter as a joke. The idea seemed ridiculous. Though a boarder would make things a lot easier for her; one who could afford to pay. She would be sure then of food for her children.

"I am in earnest," Christopher explained. "That is, if you have room, and would care to have me. Peter and I could work much better, living together. Remember, Peter, you said I must experience the things you do, if I am really to understand your problem."

"We have a room, if we only had some furniture," Norma Bronte commenced to explain, to be interrupted by Peter. He was amused at his wife's impulsive acceptance of the suggestion which he believed Christopher would quickly regret.

"Better talk about that to-morrow. Christopher might change his mind about helping me. Then it would embarrass him," he advised. "You think it over, too, Christopher. Rather poor accommodation you would find here."

"I would like to settle it now. I can bring my own furniture. I know my own mind and it is quite made up." Christopher endeavoured to gain Norma's sympathy for his side of the argument.

Peter laughed indulgently. "Sleep on it, old man. To-morrow is another day. Anyway, we would have to know more about you, before we took you in."

Christopher chuckled to himself as he recalled those words, when, having said good-bye to his new friends, he was driving homeward. 'They would have to know more about him.' Yes, he too, must know more about himself. This afternoon had been a momentous one. It had upset the even tenor of his life entirely; it had completely taken him from his own world, into a new one. What would come of such an upheaval? He grew serious by the time wider streets and better houses told him he was nearing his home.

Inserting his key in the front door lock, he repeated to himself what Peter Bronte had said: "Sleep on it, old man. To-morrow is another day."



The closing of the front door as he entered his home, brought Christopher Worth back to his own life, with a sudden unexpectedness, for like the turning of a page of an illustrated magazine, the experiences of the past few hours were completely shut away. His father met him in the hall, an exasperated tone in his voice, as he exclaimed: "Whatever delayed you, Christopher? We have been waiting an hour!" Of course they had been waiting for him. They were going to the opera; his mother and father, and his sister, Dianne. They could do nothing else but wait, because he had the theatre tickets in his coat pocket. They were going to the opera. As he mentally adjusted himself, he remembered, somewhat bitterly now, the pleasurable anticipation he had experienced earlier in the day, because of the play they were to see. Now it no longer held the promise of enjoyment. The money he had paid for those tickets seemed a tremendous sum and as he considered it, he could scarcely refrain from making a mental calculation as to how many boiled eggs, and pieces of thickly buttered bread, and currant cake, Baby Betty Bronte might have enjoyed for the same expenditure. This spoiled for him any enjoyment the evening might hold. But they were waiting for him; his father was already in dress clothes; his sister and mother were descending the stairs, their sable trimmed wraps and silken evening gowns making a costly touch of colour against the polished walnut panelling. Whether he wished it or not he must complete the day as it had been planned for him.

Ernestine Barrett would be going with them. This was another and most important reason why he must go to the theatre this evening. He had forgotten completely about Ernestine, his fiancee, since his meeting with Peter Bronte that afternoon. He chuckled. He was curious to know what she would say when he told her about that afternoon. What would she think of this sudden notion of his? What would she say when he told her he was going to assist Peter Bronte in his work? He could imagine her surprise, and perhaps disdain. She would be horrified. Unless she understood how he felt. This was possible, of course. If anyone had told him that morning even, that he might consider changing his entire life, as he was now contemplating, he would have laughed at them. He decided he would talk to Ernestine about it that evening. He actually rehearsed what he would say, talking to her portrait in the heavy silver frame upon his bureau, telling his reflection in the mirror that it was quite all right, that Ernestine agreed with him, for she continued to smile at him from the portrait.

What would Peter Bronte say if he could peep at the row of suits in his closet? Pushing them aside to take down his dress clothes, he chuckled as his imagination gave him a picture of Peter's expressive eyebrows. Yet Peter had once lived as he did; he had forgotten that. Peter knew the experience of owning a row of tailor-made clothes, and a row of good shoes. Dressing hurriedly, his mind continued to analyze the things about him, changing them into money values, and in turn, to boiled eggs, and bread and butter, and fruit cake, and strawberry jam.

He would have an explanation to make, as they motored up town. What explanation could he give them, what reason for not having appeared at dinner, what reason for keeping them late? His fears were short lived. They were not interested in him any longer, now that the theatre tickets were here. They were going to the theatre to enjoy themselves. His mother and Dianne were going, that their friends might envy their new clothes. They were going also to see what others were wearing. He thought of this as they drove down town. Occasionally he glanced up into the mirror above his head, to watch them, in the seat behind. Their conversation confirmed his surmise. Again his mind began analyzing. They would be judging their friends by the clothing they were wearing; by the amount of money they had spent upon new garments. Was it possible, he wondered, for him ever to make them think in terms of bread and butter and boiled eggs?

They stopped at Ernestine's house, and as she joined them the limousine filled with the fragrance of her expensive perfume. She had once jokingly told him what it cost, justifying this because of its being intimately her own. He recalled this as, Ernestine having settled between his mother and sister in the back seat, they were again on their way, and once more mental comparisons made it plain that the cost of this extravagance of Ernestine's perfume would go a long way towards keeping Peter Bronte's family. He glanced into the mirror more often now, as Ernestine would direct her chatter toward him. The tiny light in the top of the car reflected upon her hair; beautiful hair. But it seemed artificial. It was too perfect. It was always like that. He had often been tempted to run his fingers through its blue blackness, to ruffle its marcelled sleekness into a tangled riot. He did not know much about such things; how much money was expended in keeping it so beautiful. She was wearing a new gown, and had just called his attention to it. But was she not always wearing new gowns and calling his attention to them? Was this the reason for such seeming extravagance; the gaining of his admiration?

It was as he anticipated, though he had never thought seriously about such things before. One could multiply countless times the apparent extravagances of his mother and sister, and Ernestine. His mind became dizzy as he was carried along in the stream of gaiety in the theatre entrance. Queer, he had always been thrilled with this experience. Meeting many friends. Answering laugh with laugh. A stream of intoxicating madness. Vivid colour of wraps stippled with black and white sombreness of evening clothes of the men. Daringly exposed shoulders, their creamy smoothness caressing one's cheek, almost. Overpowering, sensuous perfumes. A carnival stream, pouring excitedly through the gilded doorways, changing into a rippling placidity, as liveried ushers guided the impulsive crowd to their places.

He found himself counting the people in the theatre—several thousand, he was sure—then estimating the amount of money paid into the box office. He was like a child learning the fundamentals of life. His comparisons made him realize what was right and what was wrong. Did not their being at the opera, with all of these theatre goers, give work to those employed in the theatre? Perhaps it was a matter of proportion; the difference between the one thousand dollars paid to the imported tenor and the few dollars paid to the melancholy musician laboriously sawing at the strings of the bass viol.

Ernestine was scolding. Of course she had every reason for doing so; he had not answered for some minutes, the questions she had directed his way. His carefully groomed body, a replica of many other black suited men, was in the seat beside her, but his mind had refused to spend the evening at the theatre; it had long since wandered back to the little house of Peter Bronte. It had taken excursions with this new acquaintance, to park corners, to speak to gatherings of bewildered men. He resented Ernestine's calling him back to present things. He was in the seat beside her, was this not sufficient? Could she not enjoy the play without disturbing him? He wanted to think, to prepare to act. Ernestine knew nothing of what was going on in his mind. She would be the first he would tell. It was his eagerness to talk things over with her that made the evening drag so interminably. It was with a great deal of relief that he contributed to the final applause, watching the curtain go down at the end of the opera.

“You did not enjoy the theatre to-night, Christopher?” Ernestine ventured, when at last they reached her home. Lounging lazily in his favourite chair in the drawing room he had once again allowed his thoughts to wander. He paused in the lighting of his cigarette, to smile enigmatically as she spoke.

“I had something else on my mind, Ernestine.” He was glad she had brought the conversation around to what he wanted to talk to her about. But it was difficult to commence. He realized this as he watched her cross the room to the piano. The strumming of her fingers over the keys, picking up the melody of the theme of the opera, the petulant pouting of her lips, told him she was annoyed. “I want to talk to you about it,” he continued, wedging his words into a lull as her fingers wavered uncertainly, pausing to break the melody.

He found it difficult to interpret the fleeting expressions as he watched her face during the telling of his experiences of that afternoon. It was always difficult to talk seriously with Ernestine. Nonsensical chatter, about their own crowd, yes; but it was so easy to get into an argument when they talked of things which to him were more interesting—books, for instance, and art, and sport even. Not that they did not share a common love for these things. Sometimes he wondered how wise their alliance was, when thinking seriously of living their lives together. It would be difficult to remain content with the frothing emptiness of gossip.

“Well, what do you think of my idea, Ernestine?” He had to say something for she did not speak. The ending of his recital had left an embarrassing quiet, which if anything, made more tantalizing the cynical smile which hovered around the corners of her mouth while she watched him through the opening below the tilted top of the grand piano.

“Are you really serious about this?” she asked at length, a bored, languorous stretching of her well-groomed body suggesting her disdain.

“Serious? Ernestine, how could I be otherwise? It is the thing I have always wanted to do, but I never knew how to go about it. I am tired of spending my days so uselessly.”

“But what about me, Christopher, am I not to be considered?” The tone of her voice told him all too plainly that his first responsibility was to be the making of her life pleasant; that his task was to keep her amused, that this was why she had consented to marry him.

“Why, of course,” he stammered, wondering why she should be concerned; and what difference could it possibly make to her? He had thought she would be delighted that he desired a worthwhile motive in his life. Her next words effectively enlightened him. Her voice was petulant and sharp.

“I think it is simply the most nonsensical thing I ever heard of,” she said. “You wanting to go to live with that kind of people! If you wish to help them, why not give them some money? You have plenty.”

“You do not understand.” He was amazed at her callous suggestion. Like so many other serious things that he wanted to discuss with her, it had become an argument. How was it they could never agree, he wondered.

“I understand what you have told me, and I think it is a ridiculous idea,” she said. “What will my friends think? You will be considered a . . . a fanatic.”

There was nothing more to say, or do. He saw the sign of battle in the tremulous lips. Peter Bronte’s suggestion that he wait until the morning before making any decision, flashed into his mind. But his decision was already made. It had been made under the elms in the park that afternoon. Perhaps if he were to leave the thought with Ernestine until the next day, she would understand. But it seemed her decision was as quickly made as his had been.

“Christopher, if you get mixed up in any such nonsense, you must do it without me. I cannot have people talking about me. It must end things between us.”

“You mean . . . but no, Ernestine. We can talk about it to-morrow.”

“There will be no opportunity to-morrow. I have an afternoon bridge, and you and I are invited to the Charlesworth’s for dinner.”

Christopher laughed, somewhat bitterly. He was thinking of what Peter Bronte would say if he knew that their work must be delayed for a day because of an afternoon bridge, and dinner at the wealthy Charlesworth’s. He had not anticipated any such complications when he told Peter he would be back in the morning. Ernestine had closed the matter completely, and most effectively. She was always so sure of herself; always certain of her power where he was concerned. Her capricious fingers upon the piano keys were making fun of him.

The tilt of her chin told of her disapproval. She was waiting for him to cross the room to tell her that he would forget about the idea; to tell her he was sorry he had bothered her with this whim. It seemed childish now, her habit of keeping her face averted so their eyes might not meet; her pretense of seeming hurt that she might gain her own way, to have him run to her side, to beg forgiveness, which always was graciously given, perhaps because of her thrill of conquest.

There had been no sympathy in her eyes when she had listened to him. But perhaps he was unfair. He consoled himself with this thought. Had she been with him that afternoon; had she watched the faces grouped around Peter Bronte when he was speaking to those bedraggled men, she would have understood. She would have wanted him to throw his lot in with that of Peter. Meditatively watching his cigarette burning between his fingers, its ash growing longer with the embarrassing silence in the room, he did not notice the intent look upon her face as she glanced toward him.

“Did you notice Basil Montgomery at the theatre? He waved to me as we were leaving.” Her question startled him, it was so surprisingly far from the matter they had been discussing.

“Yes, I saw him,” he told her, wondering why she should mention that. Basil Montgomery had been his rival until he had been successful in circling Ernestine’s finger with a thin band of platinum and diamonds. Was this an attempt to make him jealous, he wondered, that she might have her own way? He hated her for a moment. To him their engagement was a precious thing. It was because he loved her so intensely, that it hurt to hear her taunt him with the suggestion that Basil Montgomery was still interested; that if Christopher carried out his suggestion she, too, might be interested in this other man. Her words had not said as much, but he knew what those musical inflections in her voice could mean.

“He seemed delighted to see me.” So she was going to make an issue of the matter, he reflected, pretending not to understand what she was talking about.

“Who seemed delighted?” he asked. He could sense a climax hovering near. Ernestine got up hastily from the piano and came back to her chair near him.

“Basil Montgomery.”

“Why, yes, of course. You said he waved to you. Mighty decent of him, after you decided in my favour.” He saw the fire of battle in her eyes.

“Christopher!” The tone of her voice spoke an ultimatum. “Christopher, if you are stubborn and carry out this ridiculous idea our engagement must end.”

He had scarcely expected this. It left him momentarily stunned. Getting out of the laziness of the big chair, he stood upon his feet, to face her. “You mean you are going to allow what I wish to do with my life to interfere with our . . . our love?”

“Yes, if you put it that way. That is exactly what I mean.”

“But, Ernestine, I expected that you would be delighted, that you would be proud of me.”

“You know differently, now.” Her voice was ice. The intriguing petulance of her lips had given place to stubborn hardness.

“What difference can it possibly make?” He resented their love being drawn into the discussion. He should never have mentioned his plans. This argument was different from any of their other arguments. Upon other occasions, when they had quarreled, he would draw her gently into his arms and presently, as he would settle back into the comfortable chair, she would sit on his knees, and snuggle her face into his neck, while he kissed her ear and begged forgiveness. He could not do that now. It would not be fair to Peter and to those bewildered men who needed him.

“Do you really love me, Ernestine?” Queer, now he came to think about it, they had never talked about love. Their affair had been taken much for granted. She did love him, in a way, like the little animal she was. He knew this; knew that his caresses pleased her, that her body thrilled to the contact of his own, that her lips responded to the touch of his lips with more than a hint of passion. But mentally, did she love him? Or could it be that love, whatever it was, could not withstand such a test as this? Evidently not, as her next words proved.

“Well, Christopher, what is it to be, me . . . or your precious friend, Peter Bronte?”

“I am not going to answer that, Ernestine,” he stammered, bewildered. “I feel that it is quite unfair of you to put our love to such a test.” Then, as he remembered Peter’s parting words to him, he repeated them. “Better wait until the morning, Ernestine. You might feel differently.” His words had a startling effect. Anger blazed in her eyes. This was the first time he had thwarted her wishes.

“I am not going to change my mind! The man who is going to be my husband cannot be mixed with such common things.”

The words of Peter Bronte were proving more sensible than he had at first realized, he told himself, as he started for home. He had not considered the necessity for making any sacrifice when he had promised to help his new acquaintance. Certainly he had never expected it might mean losing the girl he loved. This had given him something to consider very seriously; something that would keep him awake that night. The drive home cooled his

anger somewhat, until the matter took on a humorous aspect. It seemed ridiculous that he and Ernestine should quarrel about his taking a part in the doing of something to help those less fortunate than themselves.

In the darkness of his bedroom, he pondered over the circumstances that had caused him to contemplate changing his whole life. It had been queer, that hasty impulse to bring his automobile to a sudden stop near the gathering of men in the park. The planning of his own existence had always been the main concern of his life. Now it seemed of little importance compared with the obsession that was keeping him awake. Shadows on the wall caught his attention; a phantasmagoria; silhouettes of passersby on the other side of the avenue, the square of his window forming a camera obscura through the illumination of a nearby street lamp. The procession of fantastic shapes seemed, to his imagination, ghosts of hollow-eyed men; bewildered men, desperate men, doomed ever to be forgotten. Long into the night he remained fascinated with the movement upon the wall. Fitfully sleeping, he awakened occasionally during the night hours, to feel faces near him in the darkness; pleading faces that searched into his own, seeking for sign of hope.

How little . . . or how much, did Peter Bronte know, when he insisted he wait until morning before making his decision?



The musical clatter of pruning shears, beneath his bedroom window, awakened Christopher from the drowsing of the early hours to the realization that it was morning, and that if he was to fulfil the programme he had made for this day, when he retired the night before, it was time for him to be up and about. But the sensuous luxury of his bed made it easy to break resolutions. Lazily stretching until his toes found the bottom of the bed, his head cupped in his palms, fingers interlaced, he gave himself up to contemplation of what this new day might hold. He had promised to meet Peter Bronte early this morning, and therefore he should be up. He wanted to be up. The gardener, energetically clipping the privet hedges below his window had been up for an hour or more. Yet it was pleasant to lie in the softness of the bed, between the linen sheets, and to think about what one would do when eventually he did get up.

It had been a happy inspiration, his stopping to listen to that group of men in the park, for the incident had gained for him a new acquaintance. He had often puzzled over what was going on in the minds of these men that he saw gathered together under park trees, or loitering at street corners. He had often wished he could do something for them. Now, perhaps, his new friend, Peter Bronte, would be able to satisfy his curiosity. But was it curiosity? It could be nothing else, but most certainly it was not idle curiosity, for there was an earnest desire in his heart to bring some happiness into the lives of the men he had seen and their kind.

In his contemplation, he recalled many conversations between his father and Judge Rich, an old friend of the family; conversations to which he had added nothing, had taken no part in, yet listening, had puzzled over what these two men discussed. World Depression. Often he had wondered whether it could be that similar conditions had been the topic of such conversations in other eras. Gold Standard. International Trade. Stock Market Crashes. Overproduction. Old Governments and New Governments. These and many other things had, in some mysterious manner, contributed to the world chaos, or would, in some equally mysterious manner, relieve the situation and bring things back to some world basis his father called "normal times".

One thing which puzzled Christopher was why they never took into consideration these men gathered together, to hold conversations of their own. They were the men who really were suffering. His father talked a lot

about the amount of money he was losing, but it was evident he still had plenty. These men had nothing. Often, when endeavouring to piece together the talk of his father and Judge Rich, he wondered why these men were apparently forgotten in the scheme of things.

He ought to be up, for Peter Bronte expected him for breakfast. With this thought, he swung the sheets to one side, and found, to his surprise, as his bare feet touched the round Numdah rug by his bedside, that he was eager to be up. For the first time for as long as he could remember, he had an incentive for getting up. Tingling from his shower, he stood before the row of suits in the closet, endeavouring to decide what to wear. They all seemed out of place for the work he had to do, unless perhaps the things he used for fishing. But no, his whipcord breeches and leather coat did not have the right note; they would seem guilty of pretense. He wanted well-worn clothing, old clothing, similar to those of Peter Bronte and the other men he had seen in the park. The noise of the pruning shears gave him an idea, and laughing quietly, he crossed the room to the window, and looked out to where the gardener was working below. The clothes the man was wearing were the kind he needed. Acting upon the impulse, he leaned out of the window to beckon the gardener, and in a whispered undertone, arranged for the man to come to the room.

There was a spirit of adventure in the idea, Christopher thought, while he watched the puzzled expression upon the gardener's face during the process of discarding his old suit and donning the rough tweed he had chosen from Christopher's wardrobe. Christopher chuckled as he thought of the astonishment that would appear upon Peter Bronte's face when he presented himself this morning. He would at least be as disreputable in appearance as would the worst dressed man he would be likely to encounter. Peter would probably be expecting him to drive up in the limousine, dressed as was usual. He would show Peter, however, that he really meant business. Taking a last glance at his reflection in the mirror, his eyes met those of Ernestine watching him from the photograph in its silver frame. He had felt worried concerning her, and himself, last evening, but she would think quite differently this morning. It was ridiculous for them to have quarreled over the matter of what he wished to do with his hours. He would see her at the end of the day, and knowing the quickly changing moods of the girl he loved, he was not concerned about the outcome. The hour was later than he had hoped to have arisen. He did not desire to meet his father before he left the house; he did not want to tell his father about his own plans until he knew more about them, himself. But now he saw that his father was already up, and in the garden. He did, however, manage to escape from the house

without being seen, and reaching the street, made his way to the bus stop, to climb aboard the bus, adding to its early morning worker freight, and with satisfaction he learned that he was treated by its passengers as one of themselves. The clothes he had so recently acquired gave him a new status; the eyes which looked into his own were now tolerant rather than resentful. He caught a glimpse of himself reflected in a tobacconist's shop window at the corner of the street upon which Peter Bronte lived. The old cap and the roll of the sweater around his neck completely altered his appearance. Peter laughed boisterously when he met him at the front door. His laugh was echoed by Norma Bronte. Baby Betty curiously inspected him from every angle, her face expressive of her disappointment at not finding the glamour of the gentleman who had stayed for tea with them the day previous, and the two boys, no longer timid, commenced to make friends with him.

"We were expecting you for breakfast," Peter informed him. Christopher's glance saw a place at the table set for him. The laughing background in Peter's voice made Christopher wonder whether they were not poking fun at him.

"I hardly thought you would wait for me," he said. "I slept later than I intended, though I am up hours before my usual time."

"Certainly we were expecting you." Peter's eyebrows raised in surprise, as he glanced soberly towards Norma, and Christopher saw a look of understanding pass between them.

"You thought I might change my mind, that my people might discourage me?" Christopher laughed, explaining: "Oh, I have not spoken to them, yet, about moving over here, you know, but they will understand."

"I wonder," was Peter Bronte's cryptic remark. "You see, Christopher, I found out who your father is, last night. He is one of the important men in town; millionaire and all that. He is going to raise hell when he knows we fellows have got hold of you. He will think we are after his money. Funny, I never connected you with the great Barlow Worth."

"Dad is all right. He will back me up," Christopher assured Peter, in defense of his father. "Dad thinks about the depression problem, too. He is having plenty of trouble himself."

Betty interrupted their talk, putting her baby hand into his, drawing him toward the breakfast table. Christopher felt the trust in the chubby fingers and mentally vowed his decision would be in favour of the baby should it so happen his father did not approve.

“You know something of my dad?” he questioned, delving into his boiled egg, while exchanging friendly overtures with Betty across the table.

“Yes, I work for him,” Peter said. “That is, I did work for him, before I was laid off.”

“What a coincidence! I can fix it with dad to get you back to work.” He knew his father would do this for him; would be delighted to help anyone Christopher counted among his friends.

“No. That would not help matters,” Peter quickly exclaimed. “Of course I would like to be getting regular pay. But there are two hundred more of us in the same fix. We were all laid off when the night shift was stopped. Some of the poor devils are having a hell of a time, too.”

“But it really is not dad’s fault. Business is bad.” Christopher had heard many discussions in his father’s office, and knew it was against his will that men must be laid off. He knew his father prided himself on being more than fair with his men.

“I know. It is not your dad I am blaming,” Peter said. “We all know we are the victims of circumstances which cannot be controlled.”

“It might be a good idea to call on dad this morning,” Christopher suggested, pleased with the idea. “If he would line up with us we would certainly get somewhere in a hurry.”

“There is no doubt about that,” Peter agreed, but Christopher caught once again, the quick glance that flashed between Peter and Norma Bronte. They were not so sure of what would happen when Christopher told his father what he desired to do. Christopher’s next question told Peter his unspoken fear had been guessed.

“You think it will be impossible to get him to see as we do,” Christopher said. “I am sure you are wrong.”

Peter considered the matter a moment. “Yes, to be frank, Christopher, I do think it will be difficult to make your father understand. But then you never can tell.” Peter’s grin awakened a deep chuckle which interrupted him for a moment. “Forgive me, but I was wondering whether your dad saw you in those clothes.”

Christopher joined in the laughter. “No, he did not, I sneaked out of the house without being seen.”

Breakfast this morning was an event for the younger members of the Bronte family. They had a visitor who talked of mysterious things that

seemed to hold a hint of other breakfasts to come, that would include bacon and eggs and buttered toast. More exciting yet, a silver coin found its way from a jingling pocket into the palm of each boys' hand as they left for school, lending eager speed to their feet that time might permit a stop at the little corner store before the school bell rang. Christopher carried away with him, as he left the house with Peter, a friendly, grateful smile and the grip of a girlish hand that told him many things. Norma's good-bye spoke of courage for the ordeal ahead; of her respect for the stand he was taking, of her appreciation for the sympathy he held for her children and her man. Norma's good-bye acted as a tonic to Christopher. Why was it that Ernestine could not understand that what he wished to do was to seek for a way to lighten the grief of such girls as Norma? Why was Ernestine not concerned about this other girl, who was fighting a battle against such odds, who must remain by her husband's side and see him and their children become victims of some force that was smothering them all? Norma Bronte was beautiful, just as much so in her own way, as was Ernestine. Norma Bronte had a right to all of the lovely things, all of the luxury, and the ease, that Ernestine enjoyed; just as Peter had a right to live as he himself and his father lived.

His father had not yet arrived when they reached the Steel Foundries that Barlow Worth controlled. The girl at the switchboard did not recognize Christopher, and her excitement amused him as he passed through the swing gate that separated the inquiry desk from the main office, and led the way, while Peter followed him, into the president's office. Peter was nervous; to him the office of the president of the company he worked for, was the holy of holies. Somewhat embarrassed, he seated himself precariously upon the edge of one of the big leather chairs. While Christopher telephoned to see whether his father had left for the office, Peter's eyes furtively roamed around the panelled walls, pausing to admire the costly oil paintings in their heavy gilt frames. Pictures always awakened a longing in him. As Christopher replaced the telephone receiver Peter's eyes went back to the chair in which his companion was sitting. Had Christopher been dressed as he had been the previous day, it would have seemed quite all right for him to be seated in the chair at the desk, to rummage through the drawers for cigarettes and to use the ornate lighter which stood among the other signs of luxury on top of the desk itself. But Christopher was dressed exactly as were the labourers employed in his father's foundry, and, Peter thought, made a decidedly incongruous picture. He expected the door to open any moment and bring into the room the wrath of the older Worth. But instead, when the door did eventually open, it was with a happy greeting of comradeship.

“Well, you young rascal, at my cigarettes again!” Barlow Worth exclaimed, a smile of welcome on his face as he removed his overcoat and turned to Christopher. Peter smiled as he saw the sudden change in the older Worth’s face when he noticed the way his son was dressed. “Good Lord, Christopher! Where did you get those clothes?” Consternation filled his voice as he made sure his eyes did not deceive him.

Christopher’s face filled with amusement at his father’s astonishment. “Like my new clothes, dad?” Barlow Worth did not notice Peter sitting in the corner of the room until Christopher made a move to introduce him. “I want you to meet a very dear friend of mine, dad,” he said.

Peter was relieved to discover friendliness in the smile of greeting; a touch of equality in the handclasp. “Christopher’s friends are my friends, you know,” Barlow Worth said, turning again to Christopher, to await his explanation of what two such disreputable men might want with him. Christopher was bubbling with enthusiasm.

“You may remember Peter Bronte, dad. He used to work for you,” Christopher said, seeking for a way to commence the conversation he desired with his father.

“What department did you work in, Mr. Bronte?” Barlow Worth questioned. He was curious now as to what his son had to do with this man, who had at one time been employed in the steel plant.

“Open hearth furnaces, sir,” Peter said, wishing Christopher had not mentioned the fact that he had worked for Barlow Worth. His late employer looked anything but pleased at finding him in his office with his son.

“Why, yes, of course, I remember your face.” Peter smiled when he said that. Barlow Worth was clever, but how many of his men did he actually know. Peter had been number ninety-three according to the time card he used to punch at the clock near the door each morning. He had been identified by a number and a price. Beyond these facts, he knew his late employer had not the slightest interest. “Yes, of course, the open hearth. You are one of those men we were compelled to lay off?”

“Yes, Mr. Worth, a year ago.” There was somewhat of a challenge in the tone of Peter’s voice. Christopher wished the talk had not veered to this subject. He wanted to keep his father in a friendly mood until he had explained his idea.

“Too bad,” Barlow Worth commented, talking to himself, for Peter’s benefit. “Too bad. This depression has been a terrible thing for us all. I have

lost a fortune, myself. But it cannot last. No, Mr. Bronte, we will all be back in our jobs before very long.”

Peter smiled bitterly. He was beginning to wish he had not come with Christopher, to see this man who could sympathize with words only, who did not know that Peter still existed, or how he had lived for a year, who claimed to have lost a fortune Peter Bronte and other men like him, had made for him. Peter was glad when Christopher interrupted the conversation.

“Peter and I have a matter we wish to discuss with you, dad. Can you spare us a few moments?”

Seated at the end of the massive carved desk, Peter watched father and son; watched particularly the changing expressions that came and disappeared again in quick succession upon the face of the older man; at first amusement, turning to concern, and at last exasperation. Eventually he turned to Peter.

“It is typical of you and your kind to fill my boy’s mind with this rubbish.” His voice held a bitter resentment. He had other plans for Christopher which would not be helped if Christopher’s mind should become filled with the breathing of malcontents.

Peter’s smile was tolerant. “You really believe it is rubbish, Mr. Worth? You mean that I and my kind have no right to think for ourselves?”

“Believe what you say is rubbish? Most certainly! I know it is! You know it, too, the whole crowd of you. What do you expect me to do, keep you in idleness?”

“No! I believe you have sufficient commonsense to know differently.” Peter stood proudly to his feet. “I did not come here to ask you for anything. If you have work for me to do I would be glad of it, but otherwise I want nothing from you, and frankly, I resent your attitude.”

Christopher quickly broke into the conversation, fearful of the quiet resentment in Peter’s reply, the blaze of anger in his eyes.

“Dad, you misunderstand us. We are not asking you for anything; that is, nothing but advice.”

“Advice about what?” Barlow Worth shouted the question, his face livid with his anger.

“Why, dad!” Christopher laughed, embarrassed. “I never expected you would take this attitude. In fact, I was looking forward to talking about my

plans with you. I thought you would be proud to have me interested in the work Peter is doing.”

“What good can you possibly do?” Barlow Worth demanded, heatedly, his wrath was now turned upon Christopher. What good could he do? Christopher had not thought about that. “I think it is an obligation we dare not refuse, dad. This is an opportunity for both of us to do something. The only decent thing to do, especially for our own men. Peter tells me there are over two hundred men idle from our plant alone.”

“What else did he tell you? What other poison has he injected into your mind?” Barlow Worth determined not to give Peter Bronte the satisfaction of feeling he had aroused his sympathy.

Christopher’s face blanched. “Dad, I would rather you did not blame Peter. I have explained to you how I stopped and listened to him speaking in the park, how I saw the men gathered there, how I saw an opportunity for me to do something really worth while.”

“Something really worth while! You are quite amusing, Christopher. I have already given a considerable amount of money toward their relief this winter.”

“I know you did, dad! But that does not help. They do not want charity,” Christopher pleaded. “The money helped feed their bodies, but it did not help their self-respect.”

“No? They seemed glad enough to get the money. However, I must remember that, next time anyone makes an effort to get me to subscribe for any charity.”

“You gave a considerable amount of money, you say. I know how much you gave, and I know also that you will spend five times that amount when we go to Europe this winter. Does that comparison help you to see what is in my mind?”

“You are going with us on that cruise. I suppose you would prefer to stay at home that you might give your proportion of the cost to these people.”

“I had thought of that, dad, not simply to be obstinate about it, but I would not enjoy the trip now, thinking and feeling as I do. I have decided I am not going with you.”

“Not going? Why, you have done nothing else but talk about that Mediterranean Cruise since we booked our passages.” Barlow Worth looked at his son in astonishment. He was surprised at Christopher’s earnestness,



and wished Peter Bronte had not been present. Christopher and he were always able to mutually agree upon anything they might happen to discuss. But although Christopher said he was not obstinate, he certainly was acting in that manner.

“I have changed my mind, dad. I am not going,” Christopher said quietly. “I am really serious about working with Peter.”

“In other words, Christopher, you are determined to carry out this nonsensical scheme of yours. You say you will associate yourself and our name with the idea, even though I disapprove. You have never crossed me before.” Barlow Worth looked at Peter disappointedly, his glance telling Peter that he considered he was to blame.

“I am determined to take my stand with Peter, dad. I have given him my promise. You would not want me to break a promise.”

“You are determined, even against my wishes?” Barlow Worth was angry. He was used to having his own way.

“I wish you would not put it like that, dad. I would feel so much happier with you on my side. We could have a wonderful time working together.”

“No, son, I have very definite views on the matter, and they evidently do not agree with your ideas in the least.”

Christopher glanced towards Peter Bronte, who had been silent during this battle between father and son. Peter had expected to happen exactly what had happened. It was no new experience for him, to meet defeat in this manner. Christopher smiled, a crooked, wistfully disappointed smile.

“Well, Peter,” he said ruefully, “it looks much as though we will have to get along without the Worth millions behind us.” His father misinterpreted the statement, however. Christopher’s words gave him the key, he thought, to the real reason for Peter Bronte’s being with Christopher; he felt that Peter had reasoned that Barlow Worth, being Christopher’s father, would donate a large sum of money, for Peter’s own convenience.

Barlow Worth was angry. “It means, Christopher, that your allowance stops, until you give up this foolish idea,” he said, ignoring them further by engaging himself with matters pertaining to his own business.

“I half expected that, dad, but we are not going to quarrel, are we?” Christopher smiled, leaning across his father’s desk, his hand outstretched to say good-bye.

Peter chuckled when, once more outside the atmosphere of the Worth Steel Foundries, he breathed a sigh of relief. Christopher responded with a grin. "Dad is all right, Peter. I can win him over in time. Now where do we go? What comes next? The day has not started auspiciously, but we have still a few hours ahead of us."

"I have a meeting with the men in the park at eleven. Want to come along?" Peter questioned. "You will learn something of our ideas at least."

Christopher told Peter he would be delighted and together they went to the spot where they had first met. A crowd had already gathered under the elms in the park by the time they reached the meeting place. It was plain to see that Peter was well thought of among the men, by the reception he received. Christopher envied him. Peter chuckled to himself as he introduced Christopher. "Son of the wealthy Barlow Worth," he said, while the tone in his voice, the suppressed mirth that lay behind the words, seemed to say: "What do you know about that?" His father was not liked by these men; Christopher could tell this, for, as he was introduced, friendly smiles suddenly disappeared when they learned whose son he was. He wanted to defend his father; he wanted to explain to these men that Barlow Worth was honest and upright, that sometime soon, Barlow Worth would be on their side, fighting shoulder to shoulder with them, for their existence. He would talk to them; he determined this when he whispered his desire to Peter, a moment before the meeting commenced.

His heart thumped madly against his chest as he anticipated getting up on the bench where Peter was standing, and facing these men. It would be a new experience for him; public speaking. But these men would understand. He was not going to make a speech, he was simply going to tell them that they were wrong about Barlow Worth, and many other men like his father. He would tell them that he would fight with them, for their right to live, for their right to feed, and clothe, and house their wives and children comfortably. Before he expected it, Peter was calling for him, and he was perched precariously upon the bench above their heads. His heart was beating more rapidly than was comfortable, his knees were wobbling. What he said, or how he said it, he hardly knew; he was conscious only of the fact that when he ended his talk, there was a tremendous cheering underneath the elms, and a crowding towards him. The men were different in their attitude towards him now; a wave of friendliness enveloped him, with a quiet feeling of happiness.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" Peter exclaimed. "Do you know, Christopher, you are a born orator. Did you ever hear such applause?"

“I feel that I made a fool of myself, Peter,” Christopher whispered. “That was my first experiment, and it is going to be my last. I must have sounded terrible.”

“Like hell you did! You were splendid. What is more, you had a very distinguished audience. She was here at the beginning of your talk, and stayed to hear it all.”

“What do you mean, she?” Christopher asked, looking among the men.

“Oh, one of the idle rich.” Peter laughed sarcastically. “Look behind you, in the automobile.”

Christopher turned, glancing toward the road, to stare in amazement, seeing Ernestine’s coupe at the curb, and Ernestine herself at the wheel. She saw him discover her, and beckoned to him.

“Bravo, Christopher!” Her tantalizing laugh, her mock applause as she clapped her hands, brought a hurt flush to his face.

“What are you doing here?” he asked.

“Oh, I put two and three and four together,” she teased, while she played with her glove, averting her glance.

“Yes?” Christopher waited for her to proceed. He was embarrassed that she had heard him speaking, especially because much of what he had said had been about his father.

“I called at your father’s office, hoping to find you there,” she told him. “I wanted to talk to you.”

“Dad told you about my going to see him this morning?” Christopher suggested.

“Yes, he was ripping mad.” Ernestine laughed at the recollection of the display of outraged feelings she had witnessed in Barlow Worth’s office.

“I wish he had been different,” Christopher said, meditatively. “Dad never acted unkindly towards me before.”

“You deserved it! But to get back to my clever deductions. I remembered you telling me about the meeting in the park, and seeing the crowd here, I stopped, and to my amazement, I saw you up there on the bench, looking like a quite common person.”

Her mention of the discussion of last evening reminded him that he had failed to convince her also, of the right of his purpose. “You are not cross,

now?" he questioned, sure that her gaiety meant that she did not mind what he was doing.

"No, I am not cross, but surely you must see how impossible it is. We cannot go on as we were if you persist in carrying out your idea. If you dress . . . like this." Her nose wrinkled in disgust as she emphasized her statement by pointing to his apparel.

"I am coming over to-night to talk about it," he announced, confident that she would want him to. He was scarcely prepared for her answer, coming to him through the open window of the coupe as she sped away.

"I am not expecting you to-night. Basil is taking me to the theatre." Her words were accompanied by a tinkling laugh, which was soon lost in the roar of the powerful car.

Christopher stood bewildered at the curb, watching the fast-disappearing coupe that had winged Ernestine away, and with her, the threat which included Basil Montgomery. Peter Bronte had approached without Christopher being aware of his nearness; he was aware of nothing, except the hurt of Ernestine's parting threat.

"Not too late to change your mind, you know," Peter said. His words startled Christopher to present things, causing him to turn quickly, and to become embarrassed because of having displayed his emotion.

"I am going through with it." Peter liked the way Christopher straightened as he spoke. "Come along, Peter, what comes next on the programme?"

"Dinner. I am quite curious to see what Norma has concocted, now she has a boarder," Peter told him. Christopher had forgotten that he had a new home. When leaving the Bronte house that morning he had slipped some bills into Norma's hand; payment in advance for his meals and the little room he would occupy. This was one thing he had forgotten to tell his father; that he was going to live with Peter. Absent-mindedly, he walked towards the rows of parked automobiles, to suddenly remember that he was not using the car. Peter saw the mistake and chuckled inwardly, though Christopher caught the sound of suppressed merriment. He envied Peter that habitual chuckle.

"We catch the bus on the next corner," Peter said, while they strode across the deserted park together. They walked in silence for some time, until Christopher broke the quiet with a boisterous laugh, which echoed above them in the branches of the elms.

“They think I am crazy, Peter.”

“So do I.”

“So do you! What do you mean?”

“You should know when you are well off.”

“I wonder.” Christopher considered the matter. “I wonder what being well off means, Peter?”

“Oh, plenty to eat, nice clothes, good home, automobiles, money in your pocket.”

“I wonder, Peter. Those things never meant much to me.” Now he began to think about it, the luxuries of his life had not been so important.

“You would appreciate them, if you ever had to be without them,” Peter warned. He was thinking of the day that might come, when Christopher would experience what it felt like to go without food.

They had boarded the bus that would take them to Peter’s home. Christopher gazed through the window as they journeyed, watching the varying districts they passed. He saw things more leisurely now, his attention no longer taken with driving his car. His own neighbourhood, with its big houses, and spacious lawns and gardens, and expensive automobiles parked in front, was quickly left behind them and soon less pretentious homes appeared, with fewer and less expensive automobiles, the districts becoming poorer, until they neared the neighbourhood in which Peter lived, with its squalid tumble-down buildings huddled closely together, with scarcely garden space at all. Christopher had never before considered the matter of how humanity was segregated according to its social standing; the rich and the poor and intermediate classes. There was no doubt but that he had jumped from one extreme to the other, in leaving his own home to live in Peter’s house. Yet he was looking forward to seeing the Bronte front door; he was anticipating sitting down to his noon meal with Norma and Peter, and the three Bronte children.

The appetizing odour of steak and kidney pie met them as they entered the kitchen door. It had given Christopher a thrill to follow Peter down the cement path at the side of the house, and to go with him through this more familiar entry. It was a gesture of friendship; a token that he was one of themselves, and no longer a visitor. Norma’s smile greeted them as she turned from the gas stove. Christopher thought she looked charming in the simple house dress she wore. He wondered how Ernestine would look in a house dress. Norma’s smile was frank; she was glad to see them. He could

not refrain from making a comparison. Ernestine's smiles were artificial; he had not realized this before, but now he knew this was so, since he had come under the influence of the smile of Peter's wife.

"It is quite exciting, having two men to look after," she said, while deftly placing meat and vegetables upon the plates that had been warming in the oven.

Christopher learned something of the true meaning of courage during the noontime hour; he saw evidences of it in the neat patches upon boys' trousers and little frocks; he could feel its undercurrent in a gaiety that hid heavy hearts. To-day was provided for; what to-morrow would bring no one could tell. Norma had not lost her sense of proportion because of the money he had given her; he had been afraid she might. There were no extravagances upon the table, the meal was simple and wholesome. He enjoyed it the more because of the way the youngsters ate, for something told him that, frugal as the meal might seem to him, it was a banquet for them.

"I have an idea you did not get along very well with your father, Mr. Worth," Norma said, unable to contain her curiosity longer.

"He was not enthusiastic about my idea. What do you think, Peter?" Peter looked up from the absorption of his dinner. "No, not exactly," he laughed. "I was telling Christopher he is crazy to bother about this idea he has of working with me and the other men. His father said he was going to stop Christopher's allowance."

"While I think I am old enough to do as I please," Christopher declared. He was delighted to see agreement in the glance Norma gave him. He told in detail their experience of that morning, beginning with the visit to his father's office, and later the incident of the park. Norma seemed concerned about Ernestine. Waiting her opportunity she questioned, her mood now serious.

"You really love her, Christopher?"

"I thought I did, but somehow it does not seem important. I felt exasperated with her for the first time, when she was talking to me to-day and threw Basil Montgomery into my face."

"If you did love her, she would come first," Norma said soberly. "She should be considered, you see. I know how she must feel."

"I felt jealous when she said she was going out with Basil Montgomery, so I suppose I am in love. But I must go on with what I want to do, no

matter what she says or does.”

Peter interrupted the conversation. “I think it might be a good idea for us to spend some time with a friend of mine this afternoon,” he suggested. Then, seeing Christopher apparently did not understand, he explained: “With the Reverend John Morley. That was his church we passed on the corner. He does a great work in the neighbourhood. I hardly know what some families would do without him.”

“Good thought, Peter,” Christopher exclaimed, pleased with the suggestion. “I would like to get an idea of what we are up against.”

“You will,” was Peter’s cryptic remark, as he resumed his interest in the enjoyment of steak and kidney pie.

So it happened that Christopher found himself calling with Peter upon the Reverend John Morley. Ministers were of a class somewhat vague to him; true he knew the Reverend Lionel Morrison, their own minister, who luxuriously presided over the members of the First Church. Occasionally Lionel Morrison spent an evening at the Worth home, for Christopher’s father was one of the important men, financially at least, in the church; and it was quite necessary that a minister cultivate the most prolific source of his revenue. Now Christopher thought about it, his father was quite regular in his attendance at church, though he, himself rarely went inside the church. Queer, he had never thought seriously about going to church. His father had never suggested he might go along. But he liked the Reverend John Morley, to whom he was now being introduced. He liked the firmness of the handshake and the friendly smile. “I was just about to start out upon my calls,” the Reverend John told them, introductions over.

“We want to go with you, Reverend, if you don’t mind,” Peter announced. They stood in the narrow hall, while John Morley struggled into his overcoat, and waiting, Christopher’s eyes quickly took in the surroundings. The living room opened off the hall, giving him opportunity to discover what kind of a man the Reverend John might happen to be. The room was poorly furnished, much like other rooms might be furnished in such a neighbourhood, which made pitiful almost, the evident attempts of some woman’s artistic flair to make it lovely. It was an ugly room, the ugliness somewhat subdued by several splendid prints upon the walls, odd bits of bric-a-brac, a few books; nothing costly or elaborate, but rather things that were intimately personal, reflecting the taste of those who lived in the house. It was not difficult to tell which things in this room belonged to the Reverend and which were catalogued as belonging to the church.

Christopher's mind made a comparison between this room and the luxurious study of the Reverend Lionel Morrison. So this inequality in life was prevalent even in the church, he thought; tolerated by the one organization which professed to believe in the brotherhood of man. So one brother lived on the fat of the land while another brother must be content with the lean. Christopher was impressed with the personality of the Reverend John as he listened to the conversation between him and Peter Bronte. They were waiting for him to stir from his reverie, for they were going calling upon those people the Reverend John agriculturally called his flock. It was evident that this afternoon now held unusual interest for the Reverend John who chuckled to himself, voicing his thoughts aloud as the parsonage door closed behind them and they walked towards the street.

"So the son of the wealthy Barlow Worth wants to find out for himself how the other half of the world lives? Well, he will!" the Reverend promised. It had always been his ambition to show some of the capitalist class exactly how pitiful the living conditions of the labouring class could be. A noisy clatter reached their ears, and a dilapidated sedan came to a stop in front of them as they reached the sidewalk. Christopher saw the driver wave a greeting in their direction.

"Wonderful girl, Reverend," Christopher heard Peter Bronte say, causing Christopher to take a more careful look at the driver of the sedan.

"Oh, Andrea—yes," the Reverend John agreed, acknowledging the girl's greeting, saying, "I want you to meet Christopher Worth, Andrea. He is going along with us."

Christopher smiled his pleasure as she invited him to sit beside her in the front seat, while the Reverend John and Peter got in behind. The girl was unusually attractive, he thought, appraising her out of the corner of his eye. Though dressed more like a boy, with heavy coat and riding breeches, she still retained her girlishness. A grin crept over his face as he saw a black smudge completely covering one cheek, and a touch upon her nose. His amusement increased when he saw, that feeling his scrutiny, she glanced into the mirror, laughing as she endeavoured to make herself more presentable.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed. "Delivering coke certainly does things to a girl's complexion." She explained that this was what she had been doing that afternoon. Christopher noticed with surprised pleasure that she was not the least embarrassed because a strange young man had suddenly entered her life, and at such an inopportune moment, chatting merrily as though he were an old acquaintance who was quite used to seeing



her in her working garb. He liked her voice. It seemed so spontaneous; soft and throaty, yet extremely confident.

“Are you both comfortable back there?” she called over her shoulder, confiding to Christopher that he was riding ‘first class’ while the Reverend and Peter Bronte were riding with the ‘freight’. Christopher glanced over the back of the seat; saw there two bags of coke which the Reverend John and Peter had climbed over and rested their feet upon, their knees almost to their chins. “Better deliver the coke first, Reverend,” the girl suggested as she pulled away from the curb. Christopher watched her efficient hands, the artistry of their slenderness refusing to be concealed by the blackness of coke dust. The automobile amused him; of such ancient vintage, it scarce held together. Christopher thought it the most disreputable looking car he had ever ridden in, yet Andrea might have been driving his own expensive limousine he told himself as he watched, amused, because of the pride she was taking in demonstrating her skill; for his benefit he felt sure. Suddenly, with a screech of brakes and a resentful backfire, they pulled up before a small house, and Andrea glanced toward him, her eyes filled with mischief.

“Going to help me carry in the coke?” He thought at first she was making fun at his expense, until he saw her open the rear door and commence to drag out one of the bags. He had scarcely thought the Reverend John and Peter would allow her to do this, but he had not heard the whispered conspiracy in the privacy of the back seat. He did not know that this was to be one of the tests of his fitness to participate in the work they were doing.

“Here, let me take them.” He jumped quickly to Andrea’s side and grasped the nearest bag, throwing it over his shoulder, following her as she led the way around to the back of the house to a shed-like kitchen where he found the box which held the family’s meagre supply of fuel. Peter and the Reverend John had followed them into the house, and the task complete, Christopher was introduced to the people to whom he was acting as coalman. Here he had his first peep behind the scenes of the work his new acquaintances were doing.

“Mrs. Kulak,” he had heard Peter say; Hungarian or Polish, he imagined. The husband was in bed with influenza. “Bad case,” the Reverend John whispered. Christopher wondered about the need of taking them coke. “I thought the city relief supplied fuel to destitute families,” he said. His words brought a hard light into the Reverend John’s eyes.

“The city relief does supply fuel. But not nearly sufficient. Those in charge of the work are too far away from the actual need of things to really understand,” the Reverend John explained. Christopher’s exclamation brought to John Morley’s mind arguments he had taken part in about this very thing.

“You should protest,” Christopher said indignantly. He could scarce believe the city would tolerate any family suffering with cold, when an additional bag of coke would insure them against this.

“It would do more harm than good to say anything to them. I must not interfere,” the Reverend John said. He had experienced the city’s wrath upon more than one occasion. He realized it was wiser to work quietly, taking care of the suffering that the city relief officer’s methodical mind could not understand. Christopher made a resolve that he would interfere. His dad had a great deal of influence with the city council; Barlow Worth only had to say the word and something would happen to the relief committee. His dad would stand for no nonsense. The coke was delivered, evidence of Christopher’s initiation. His experience had commenced with a needy family who would be cold but for the work of the Reverend John and Andrea.

“You are the Reverend John’s daughter?” he questioned, the sedan once more under way. He had not been sure of this when they had been introduced. He asked the question, though now he felt it was unnecessary. There was the same wistful longing in her eyes, as in the eyes of the Reverend John; laughing eyes that grew sober a moment later. The road clear, Andrea turned to look at him, and then to laugh. Her laugh intrigued him. He had never consciously listened to laughter filled with happiness. The laughter of his set was brittle and artificial.

“What is funny about me?” Christopher asked. He knew he had been the cause of Andrea’s laughter, for her eyes were dancing as she glanced at him.

“Look into the mirror up there, at your face.” He glanced into the mirror and saw that his face was now blacker than her own. He might easily have been delivering coke all day.

“Yes, I am Andrea Morley,” she told him, mischievously. “You and I had better become partners, we seem to have the same faculty for getting dirty.”

“A good idea!” Christopher agreed. “Morley and Worth; black-faced comedians.”

They both laughed, somewhat embarrassed as their eyes looked more intimately into those of each other. Christopher, commencing to remove

some of the black from his own face with his handkerchief, caught a fleeting glimpse of the two men in the back seat, enjoying themselves as they watched Andrea and himself getting acquainted. He could see Andrea's reflection amusedly watching him dampen the corner of his handkerchief with his tongue to remove a more stubborn patch of grime, and talking to her reflection, he asked: "Like me to clean your face?" He was amazed at his own audacity for suggesting such a thing to a girl he scarcely knew.

"Soon as we stop," she promised, evidently enjoying herself. He did not realize she was in earnest, until they pulled to the curb in front of a small grocery shop. "The Reverend and Peter have to get some things here," she explained, sliding from under the steering wheel to get closer to him. "Why, you are actually blushing," she teased, tilting her cheek. Christopher knew he was blushing, and trembling, too. The task of cleaning the smudge from her face made it necessary for him to put one arm around Andrea's shoulders, and to hold her head steady with his fingers; fingers that buried themselves in the looseness of brown curls. He had known Ernestine for quite a number of years, yet his fingers had never dared to do that. Andrea's eyes came intimately close to his own; interesting eyes, with long lashes and real eyebrows; eyes that seemed to hold a myriad of colours, indefinable almost. Amethyst, flecked with grey and gold, he thought they were. Once again, Ernestine suffered from the comparison. Her eyebrows, he remembered, were but a black pencilled line, which, while smart perhaps, were not so interesting, her mascara-laden lashes far less alluring. The comparison told him that Ernestine's eyes were like a drab day, compared with the misty summer morning sunrise that the eyes now looking into his own suggested. He had chosen a clean corner of his handkerchief, and commenced to remove the smudge from her cheek.

"Rub harder. You will not hurt this face," she said, tantalizingly wrinkling her nose. Her skin seemed so delicate he was afraid to touch it almost; afraid he might remove its lovely satin softness.

"The black does not seem to want to come off," he told her, wishing he had not bothered with his own face and have inveigled himself in such an embarrassing task.

"You need a damp cloth." Her eyes were mischievous, flecks of blue had crept in amongst the amethyst, and grey and gold, with her laughter.

"But, you would not want me to wet your face with my tongue!" he exclaimed. He was entering into her friendship with a quickness that was more than disconcerting.

“I want my face clean,” she said, while he hesitated. He could not do it, could not dampen the handkerchief that was to touch her face, with his own tongue.

“Put out your tongue,” he tentatively suggested, to be embarrassed further, for the tongue was quite pretty and pink. Had he ever seen Ernestine’s tongue, he suddenly wondered. He was sure that he had not. The teasing tongue, extended saucily towards his fingers, was of little use, too full of mischief, licking the tips of his fingers when the opportunity came. Finally, in desperation, he dampened the handkerchief with his own tongue.

“Thank you, Mr. Worth. But I do hope you will not think that I allow every man I meet to do such things.” Christopher was grateful for that explanation. Somehow he did not like to think that any other man would have such an intimate privilege. They were interrupted by the approach of the Reverend John and Peter and a corpulent individual who evidently owned the grocery shop, to whom Christopher was introduced.

“This is the young man we were speaking about,” Peter Bronte told the stranger as he introduced them, adding quietly: “Christopher, I want you to meet another good friend, Michael Cassidy.” Christopher liked the laughter-filled face of the Irishman. They all seemed happy; Peter, the Reverend John, Michael Cassidy, and the girl in the sedan. That their work had no depressing effects, was easy to see; at least, none that were visible. Andrea Morley waved her hand to Michael Cassidy as they drove away.

“Good-bye, Mike!” she called, in a voice which told of their friendship.

“Good-bye, Andrea!” It was evident that Michael Cassidy had a very high regard for the Reverend John’s daughter. There had been a noticeable inflection of tenderness in his voice as he pronounced her name. No other words had passed between them, just a friendly smile, reflected in the two faces; then, at parting: “Good-bye, Mike—Good-bye, Andrea.” Christopher felt a lump come into his throat as he came under the influence of that friendship. The back of the sedan was now filled with mysterious parcels, where the coke had been. From scraps of conversation that floated towards them from the seat behind, Christopher learned that Michael Cassidy made it possible for the Reverend John to obtain groceries and meats at the wholesale price; foodstuffs that they distributed to the poor.

“The Reverend says Mike reminds him of the parable of the feeding of the multitude. You know, the one about the five small loaves and two fishes. Because Mike can make a dollar provide so much.” This and other confidences, Andrea whispered to him as they drove along. He relished the

way she called her father “The Reverend”. It seemed quite natural for her to use this title and for the Reverend John himself to answer to it. Christopher enjoyed, also, the amusing manner in which Andrea would glance his way after executing a more than ordinarily difficult piece of driving, as she dexterously threaded her way through congested traffic. Her grin seemed to say, “How was that?” and when a compliment was not forthcoming, she laughingly questioned: “Well, am I clever, or am I clever?” Her unspoiled frankness completely won his friendship. The afternoon passed quickly as call after call was made. Christopher, following close upon his friends’ heels, saw much of a new side of life. He learned what poverty really meant. He saw another book being written, a book that would never be published, though to him as holy as was the Bible itself; a black book with leatherette covers, frayed at the corners, as was also the pocket of the Reverend John’s coat; frayed from the taking out and putting back of the book a hundred times a day. A black-covered book, filled with the scribblings from the stub of a lead pencil the Reverend John kept in the watch pocket of his clerical waistcoat. The stub of a pencil that had a habit of going through a hole in the worn lining, down into an almost inaccessible corner, to be retrieved with labourious puckering of the cloth. The words scrawled between the faint blue lines would mean little to the uninitiated, but for those who had been privileged to spend an hour with the Reverend John, they were filled with interest.

“Tom Harris, two extra loaves each day,” one entry read. Nothing to be concerned about, that item. Unless you knew that the city relief did not supply the family of Tom Harris with sufficient food. Unless you knew that Tom Harris had grown-up boys who, but the afternoon previous, had fought with their father because he would not allow them more than the little piece of bread they usually had. Tom would dole it out, knowing it was imperative if their hunger were to be appeased on the morrow. Two extra loaves daily . . . all that was necessary to fill the aching void in the boys’ stomachs.

“Charlie Williams—rent—see owner about bailiff.” Charlie should pay his rent. But how could he; with no work, no money? Yet he must live somewhere. The house he and his little family lived in was little more than a shack. Fourteen dollars a month the rent was, the Reverend John said, discussing the matter with Peter in the back seat. He related to Peter how he had gone to see the owner. Charlie Williams was only two months in arrears and had always paid promptly, until he had lost his job, and his small savings had become depleted. He could not pay, for a while at least. They were living upon what the city provided; not nearly sufficient. The bailiff was in. To-morrow they must move out of the house, into the street, unless

the Reverend John could help. He told how he had gone to see the owner, to have the door slammed in his face after being told to mind his own business. Whose business was it? Somebody had to do something. The owner was wealthy, in fact, was the wealthiest member of the First Church; held a place even, on the church board. The Reverend John did manage somehow, as he always managed, to look after the things he wrote in the black-covered book. Andrea whispered to Christopher after the story had ended, telling him the owner had schemed to have a reduction made in the Reverend John's salary, in retaliation for the interest her father had stirred up. Not that it mattered whether they reduced the Reverend's salary or not. He received little enough, and in any case, all they could spare, more in fact, they gave to needy cases in their parish. She did not mind going without the new coat she needed this winter; she did not expect it anyway, it was one of those things that were nice to dream about, and to anticipate. Yet, it gave her just as much pleasure to see someone else get a coat, when they did not expect it. Christopher felt a mistiness creeping into his eyes. His hand reached out to cover one of the competent hands upon the steering wheel. For the twentieth time that afternoon he surprised himself with the daring of the things he would say.

“You could not be otherwise than beautiful, Andrea, no matter what you might happen to wear.”

As the afternoon wore on, Christopher was amazed when he saw and realized the scope of the Reverend John's work. His ideas about ministers in general had been based entirely upon his acquaintance with their own minister, the Reverend Lionel Morrison, whose labour, he thought, commenced and ended with the preparation of beautifully worded exhortations and of the dramatic utterance of these, to a sedately proper audience, who would not dare to mark their approval or disapproval by the wink of an eyelash, even. He had often envied the life he imagined ministers lived; envied the opportunities they had for spending time with their books. This had been one thing he and Lionel Morrison had in common, their books. Many an interesting evening had been spent in the First Church parsonage, with authors that were mutual favourites, and scarcely a day passed without treasured volumes passing between Lionel Morrison and himself. Not that the Reverend Lionel Morrison was calloused to the needs of humanity, but like many others, his concern ended with the idealistic thought that it was too bad such conditions existed and that something should be done about it. Here, being unfolded before Christopher's eyes was a practical religion, a more honest interpretation of the brotherhood of humanity than the cleverest oration could possibly give.

The Reverend John seemed to know everybody in the neighbourhood, and also, to know of their most intimate problems. These people belonged to him, and he belonged to them. There was no thought of charity in the action of leaving a bag of flour, a basket of potatoes, or any of the other numerous parcels from the back of the sedan. The Reverend John was, to these people, a powerful man, who could wrest these things from those who had more than they needed, in their behalf. Christopher marvelled at his understanding of the minds of these common people; he saw that this made it possible to minister to them. It was not their future hopes with which he seemed most concerned, but rather their present lives. Nor was it the value of the actual things to eat and wear that he distributed that counted most, but rather the philosophy of living, the courage, the forbearance, the self-respect he left behind him with these physical things.

Christopher marvelled at the Reverend John's understanding of life, and was amazed at the alacrity with which he met every demand made upon him, whether it concerned an old man's rheumatism, or the baby's teething, the best way to make a stove burn, or what to do about the indolent boy whose school report was far from satisfactory. The Reverend John had a practical remedy for everything, sometimes drastic, sometimes mild.

What impressed Christopher most, however, was the hopelessness of accomplishing much with this method. They had worked hard all afternoon when he thought of this, and they had made few more than a score of calls. His mind was comparing this with the need he knew existed. The thought lingered with him after they had returned to the parsonage and, their afternoon's labour over, he and Peter started back to Peter's house.

"Well, what do you think of the Reverend?" Peter inquired, curious to know what Christopher's reaction was. Christopher's reply was enthusiastic.

"Wonderful! Most interesting character I have ever met," he exclaimed impulsively. "And Andrea—Miss Morley, I mean—she is a splendid girl."

"Andrea is a nice girl, all right," Peter said. "Lucky fellow, whoever manages to marry her."

"Yes, you are right," Christopher agreed, unconsciously voicing his envy. But there was a matter more important to him on his mind at the moment. "We would need thousands of men like the Reverend John, to take care of all the poverty and distress," he said, voicing the hopelessness that was making heavy his own heart.

“You are right, Christopher, a good many thousands,” Peter replied, reflectively. This thought often entered his own mind.

“Which means, Peter, we will have to tackle the problem a different way.”

Peter glanced towards his companion. It pleased him to learn that Christopher was already thinking as he had been thinking, about this same problem. “What would you suggest?” he questioned, eagerly anticipating Christopher’s reply.

“I really have nothing to suggest; that is, at the moment. But dad often says that the most important thing in any problem, is to discover the true cause; it enables one to develop a remedy with more certainty.”

Christopher had seen through the eyes of his companions during this afternoon; he had seen more clearly than he could ever have hoped to see through his own eyes. For their eyes were sharpened with suffering and sorrow, while his own were spectacted with the sureness of luxury, and blurred with sympathy. Peter had been more wise than he might ever realize in suggesting that Christopher go with them that afternoon. Christopher decided that his work, however, would necessarily be of a different character. He realized this as he began to grasp the bigness of the task. His companions were relieving a distressing need. He, himself, must find a way to make impossible the existence of this need. He now knew the need did exist; he had seen for himself little children who were undernourished, and cold, and ill-clothed; he had seen, also, men whose very minds were paralyzed with fear and hopelessness. This was a condition which need not be. He saw, also, as his father would call it, the true cause, the lack of proper distribution of the things these people needed. Now he would find a remedy; not a quack tonic, which would deceive humanity into thinking the ill had been made well, but rather, the way to remove the very disease from the heart of humanity.



Mary Worth gazed pensively through the window of Christopher's bedroom, out across the rambling garden. It was a pretty view from that particular window.

The square of glass framed a picture that was beautiful beyond description almost, with its changing moods and colours; a picture she had seen a hundred times through Christopher's eyes. Much like a delicate water color, it never grew monotonous to him, tempting him to lazily linger in his bed in the mornings to catch its beauty, to see it changing every day, as though the artist, never satisfied, would add fresh strokes from his brush. From the window he could glimpse one of the gnarled old cherry trees, which in itself made a beautiful scene, its purple brown bark seeming to catch reflected light, which varied in colour, sometimes blue, sometimes mulberry, changing chameleon-like before his eyes. In the spring the tree was magnificent. Christopher always watched eagerly for blossom-time; he called it the tree's bridal gown. Then, later, when the shrillness of the green began to mellow to a maturer tone, and cherries began to form, the robins came. The robins were his particular friends. One could just glimpse the old stone bird bath at the bottom of the square of window pane, where activity was tremendous in the early morning hours. The robins, living nearest, always seemed to get there first, and would tantalizingly whistle and sing, taking their time, knowing full well that other bird occupants of the garden, were waiting their turn for the bath. The sparrows always amused Christopher; "roughnecks", he called them. They had no manners whatever, trying to bathe at the same time as did the robins, even trying to eject the robins from their bath.

A flag-stoned path led to the rose garden, with its interesting sundial and flat stone seats. Hollyhocks, Columbine, Delphinium, Tiger-lilies, Canterbury-bells, and Foxglove ran riot, a blaze of colour against a privet hedge. The perennials were all old friends, each succeeding year adding growth and beauty, scarcely waiting for the snow to disappear before forcing their new green shoots above the ground, eager to begin the beautifying of the beds by the time Tulips, Daffodils, and Hyacinths had completed their spring parade. The perennials were permanent, unlike the fleeting annuals; Asters, Verbena, Stocks, Zinnias, and what other variety the gardener might fancy in any particular season.

Christopher's window-picture held many surprises. It was never exactly the same. Occasionally woven into its design were figures, changing it entirely. His sister, Dianne, with Ernestine spending an idle hour there. His memory held many pictures of Ernestine, like the glimpse he had caught of her on tip-toes endeavouring to see the baby robins in the cherry tree, or another occasion, when the cherries were ripe—big luscious black cherries—and he had seen two of the neighbour's children, two little girls, holding their frocks while Ernestine filled them with the tempting fruit. The window held ghostly pictures also, as when in the dusk of evening, boy marauders would stealthily climb the cherry trees to fill the front of their jerseys with fruit.

A big black Persian cat from a neighbouring home coveted the baby robins every year, its habit being to creep stealthily through the hedge, towards its prey, when the picture would take on a mood of excitement as the older birds would fly from bough to bough in frenzy, screaming a warning to the youngster who had sought refuge upon the stone pedestal at the foot of the bird bath, terrified at the green eyes creeping closer, inch by inch. Because of this near tragedy, when he had rushed from the house to rescue the baby robin, placing it upon a bough out of danger, Christopher's window held a picture of misery for two whole days as the ball of ruffled feathers, with its gaping yellow mouth, clung tenaciously to its perch; disconsolate, fearful of moving, ignored by its parents for its lack of courage.

Christopher paused in his task of packing his things, to cross the room and sit in the window seat beside his mother, his eyes following her gaze to the garden below.

"This is one of the things I hate to say good-bye to, mother mine, my window pictures. I have been saving them in my memory since I was quite a little fellow. I must have hundreds of them."

Mary Worth turned to her son. "I wish you were not leaving us, Christopher. It is going to be very lonely without you."

"I love this view, mother. I love this room, too, because it has so many precious memories. Because you created it for me," he mused, now letting his eyes rove around the room to rest upon the many evidences of his mother's efforts to make him happy and content. "I dread the thought of giving up my room," he said. "But . . . oh, well! Dad says I must go, so that is that! Why is dad so stubborn, mother? I never knew him to be so unreasonable before."

“You are both stubborn, Christopher. Must you go to live with these people?” his mother questioned, her eyes pleading with him to change his mind.

“Mother, I wish I could make you understand. It seems to offer me the opportunity to do something with my life. You want me to do that, I know you do.”

Mary Worth’s face held bewilderment; she could not understand why her son could not be content to remain with them, to live as he had been living. His father had given him everything Christopher could wish for. They had been companions, this father and son, and she had been proud of the fact. The evening before had been a nightmare; she had heard them, these two men she loved, arguing until the early hours. When her husband had finally come to her, his face had been white and drawn. “I can do nothing with the boy,” he had said. She could scarcely understand what the trouble was about, except that Christopher wanted to take up some kind of work with the common people. “He is a radical,” her husband had repeated over and over, as he prepared for bed. “A radical! A radical! Someone has filled his mind with poison.”

“But perhaps your father is right, Christopher,” she suggested. Christopher was every bit as stubborn as was his father. “How can dad know anything about it, mother? He lives in another world entirely. He will not even agree to investigate, to see what I have seen.”

“Did you ask him to investigate?” his mother asked. It was not like her husband, Barlow Worth, to refuse to meet anyone, even his enemies, at least half way.

“Why, yes, I wanted him to meet the Reverend and Peter. They could explain things better than I could. But he refused to see them. There is no need to worry though, mother. Dad is a decent sort and I know I can win him over in time. Anyway, I can run in to see you every day. It is not as though I was going away, or anything like that. But I must hurry, I am working with the Reverend this afternoon.”

“The Reverend? Who is he?” Mary Worth asked, curious of the familiar sound the name had upon Christopher’s tongue.

Christopher leaned his head back against the casement, while he related the experiences of the previous afternoon. He enjoyed telling his mother about Andrea, particularly. It was thrilling to say something that would cause his mother’s eyebrows to arch in surprise. That was the part of her

which belonged to her clique, though it caused him no concern, for he knew that beneath it all his mother was human, and that before the telling was complete, she would be laughing with him. His surmise was correct and they were both enjoying his story when the door opened to admit his sister Dianne, whose face held questioning surprise as she approached them.

“And to think I expected to find you weeping on each other’s shoulder,” she said, seating herself on the arm of a chair near them.

“I was telling mother about Andrea. You must meet her, Sis, she is wonderful!” Christopher exclaimed impulsively, instantly wishing he had not mentioned the matter, when he saw Dianne’s eyes commence to dance. He knew he was in for a teasing.

“Oh! So there is a girl at the bottom of all this trouble. I might have known as much, Christopher. That is why you want to leave us. This Andrea has captured your heart.”

“No, I did not mean that,” Christopher stammered, contradicting her surmise, colour creeping into his face as he realized that he had been carried away while telling of his meeting with the Reverend John’s daughter.

“What is she like, Christopher?” Dianne was sympathetic. They had always shared each other’s secrets.

“Why, I scarcely know, Dianne.” Christopher found it difficult to tell what Andrea looked like, especially under the circumstances.

“You scarcely know? So I was correct, you have fallen in love!” Dianne teased, piqued that for once her brother was not impatient to share his new experience with her.

“Ridiculous, Dianne! Why, I met her for the first time, yesterday,” Christopher explained. “She was dressed like a boy, and her face was dirty. That is what I meant when I said I hardly knew what she looked like.”

“What kind of nonsense are you telling me?” Dianne questioned, meeting her mother’s amused smile, and smiling back.

“Well, I mean that if she were dressed like you are, she would look wonderful,” Christopher stammered in his attempt to make them understand, to find himself more deeply involved with every word he spoke.

“You see, mother, our Christopher has actually fallen in love,” Dianne repeated, enjoying her brother’s discomfiture.

Mary Worth looked from one to the other of her children. She could never quite keep up with their bantering chatter. She had enjoyed hearing about Andrea and had not attached any importance to the incident. She had not felt there was any hint of love in the matter; just a chance meeting between Christopher and an interesting young girl. "Such nonsense, Dianne!" she admonished, seeing his embarrassment. "Christopher is in love with Ernestine," she said, looking at Christopher questioningly, waiting for him to confirm her statement.

"Of course I am in love with Ernestine," he said. "We are engaged to be married."

Dianne wrinkled her nose, exclaiming knowingly, "Like the devil you are! You know very well you do not love Ernestine."

"Dianne! Whatever are you saying?" Mary Worth looked at her daughter in amazement.

"I can tell, mother. Our Christopher has fallen in love with this Andrea. Ask him to deny it, if I am wrong."

Christopher did not deny it, but laughingly changed the subject, as he went back to his packing, saying "You two girls run along, I want to get out of here by noon."

"Ernestine is coming for luncheon," Dianne said from the door, her voice filled with mischief as she hurried away with her mother, to discuss what she felt was an important discovery.

"Then I will be away before then," Christopher called after her. He did not want to see Ernestine to-day. Of course what his sister had said was ridiculous. He did love Ernestine; so much so that he could not remain to meet her at luncheon, to hear her tell about last evening, about the hours spent in Basil Montgomery's company. More than this, he was in no mood to talk to Ernestine. The trouble he had had with his father over his wish to work with the Reverend John and Peter Bronte had upset him. It was their first real disagreement; the first time he and his father had quarreled. The ridiculous thing was that they had failed to agree over such a simple matter. How could it affect his father, his wanting to do some decent thing with his life? He should have a worthy objective, and not be content to fritter away his time. His father had suggested he take a position in the Worth Steel Foundries. What would that lead to? They did not need him, and he had no interest in making steel. Something in him rebelled at the thought; it was not as though he might make steel for the sake of creating something. The

business simply meant employing underpaid labour, making money for themselves from this labour when they already had more than they needed.

He paused in his packing, a pile of shirts in his hands, and walking again to the window, he looked out, unseeingly. Had his father held something back? Was there some hidden reason why his father did not want him mixed up in the work he intended to undertake? Would it have any effect upon his father's business? Did it threaten the safety of the class to whom they belonged? He laughed at his fears. Of course the idea was impossible; as impossible as it was ridiculous. But the thought lingered. He must ask his father about it, he decided. Yet, whether this was so or otherwise, he was going to do as he had intended, no matter how it affected his father. He had seen the need; he had given his promise; there was no turning back. They needed him, the Reverend John and Peter.

The ultimatum had come when he and his father had parted at one o'clock that morning. He had not seen his father since. But then, his father would not change his mind. Barlow Worth never changed his mind once he had given an ultimatum. Christopher realized this, even though he had told his mother he thought he could win his father over to his own way of thinking. If he must do as he said he intended to do, then that was his affair, but he must do it alone; he would receive no help from his father. He no longer had an allowance. He had little more than two hundred dollars in the bank and a few bills in his pocket. This made him seem less valuable to the Reverend John's work, for he had counted upon giving financial support, had depended upon his father's aid. Peter Bronte and the Reverend would be disappointed. He must not come back to live with his own people, the house was no longer his, his father had said. That had been the most bitter part of the ultimatum, not exactly that he could no longer live at home, he had already decided he would live with the Bronte family, but to be refused admittance to his own home. His father was a hard man. Of course, his father had been generous, Christopher need not work, unless he wished. Or he could, if he wished, have a position at the Steel Works. Might, if he desired, eventually take his father's place. Might some day control the Worth Steel Foundries himself. His father had said what he would and would not do. It was simply his father's decision and he must abide by it.

His packing complete, he was on the point of leaving when Dianne called to him, telling him he was wanted. "Ernestine is outside, in the car," she announced. What would Ernestine say? He wished she had not come to bother him, to-day of all days. Dianne walked to the front door with him, to stand amazed as another automobile arrived, turning dexterously in front of

Ernestine's coupe; a disreputable sedan, rust showing through its faded paint, its entire body shaking with the rattle of the engine. Pausing in the open doorway as the butler stood aside for them to pass, they saw a hand wave from the window of the sedan, and heard a wheezy horn greet them.

"Whoever can that be?" Dianne gasped, while Christopher chuckled, putting his arm around his sister's waist. She had teased him a while before, now it was his turn to be amused, at his sister's expense.

"It is Andrea," he announced, to her embarrassment. They could see Ernestine disdainfully watching the sedan and its driver. "Come along, Dianne, be a sport, I want you to meet her," he said, as he guided her from the path, across the lawn, ignoring Ernestine's car, the butler following with Christopher's bag.

"Hello, dirty face," Andrea grinned in greeting as she leaned over the seat to open the rear door for his bag. Dianne had been prepared to be haughty and cool, but as had happened to Christopher, Dianne also came under the spell of Andrea Morley's infectious personality. Christopher, seizing the opportunity of having his sister get better acquainted, left Dianne and Andrea while he went back to say good-bye to his mother. He paused for a moment at the door of Ernestine's coupe, to explain that he would be back in a moment. She, resenting the lack of attention, detained him. "Are you going away in that contraption?" she questioned, indicating the car ahead of her own.

"Yes, I asked my chauffeur to pick me up," Christopher teased, keeping his face as sober as he could manage. The opportunity to retaliate for her treatment of him the day previous was too good to be missed.

"Who is she? The girl in that beastly car, I mean," Ernestine questioned disdainfully.

"Andrea Morley." Christopher chuckled when he made this announcement. If Ernestine could taunt him with Basil Montgomery, then surely there could be no harm in repaying in kind, by producing the lovely Andrea Morley.

"That means nothing to me. Who is she? What is she doing here?" Ernestine demanded, losing her calm demeanor.

Christopher chuckled again. "No, of course, it would not mean anything to you. Just her name. I should have explained. Andrea is the Reverend's daughter."

“Have you gone out of your head?” Ernestine stared at him in amazement. It was unlike Christopher to act in such a manner.

“Yes, I believe so. At least that is what dad told me last night. He said I was completely out of my head. You talk to dad, he will tell you all about it.”

“I understood from your telephone conversation this morning that you intend to go on with that nonsensical idea. Is that so, Christopher?”

“Yes, my dear. You surely have no objections?” Ernestine would know he could be as independent as she had been.

“I have. I told you what would happen if you insisted,” Ernestine threatened. Her lips had tightened until they were a hard, ugly line. Christopher noticed this and wondered how she could lose her temper over such a trifling matter.

“Good Lord! Yes, you told me. Another ultimatum,” he exclaimed. “I am glad I happened to see you before I went away. I have a question I want to ask you, Ernestine.”

“Very well, what is it?” she demanded impatiently.

“Do we love each other?” Christopher smiled whimsically, while he watched her face. He felt sure the hardness in her eyes was hate rather than love. He wanted to hurt her—why, he could not understand—but he wanted to humiliate her. Perhaps because of the disdain she had shown towards Andrea. Her reply came in tiny surprised gasps.

“Do . . . we love . . . each . . . other? What a ridiculous question! What a ridiculous time and place to ask such a question!”

“I know. But, really, Ernestine, I would like to be sure.”

“No. I do not love you, but if you think you can make me ridiculous before our friends, you are mistaken. You had better come to the house tonight.”

Ernestine’s indignation found expression as she threw her car into gear and spitefully bumped the sedan ahead when she turned to the centre of the street. Christopher watched her car out of sight, then, whistling to himself, he took the steps to the front door two at a time.

“Looks as though I am going to disgrace my family,” he told his mother, who had been watching the play at the curb. Dianne joined them, laughing.



“Splendid, brother mine! I heard every word you said to Ernestine,” she laughed. “Serves her right, the cat! And by the way, Christopher, I love your Andrea. She is coming over to have tea with us to-morrow.”

“I knew I could depend upon you, Sis.” Christopher took her breath away with his grateful hug. He had known that behind her teasing was a desire to see him happy. Mary Worth and her daughter watched the butler put the rest of Christopher’s luggage into the back of the sedan. Watched Christopher, with Andrea, bumpily pull away from the curb, waving before the car turned the corner. Her son had taken leave of his home; not as she had always pictured, with a happy farewell from them all, but rather he had been forced to leave because his father had demanded that he go. Her heart was filled with concern for what might happen to him. Then, too, a strange girl had come into his life.

“What is she like, Dianne?” Christopher’s mother’s voice was filled with anxiety. Dianne led her mother into the drawing room, telling her of the conversation with Andrea, while they walked.

“Worth a dozen of Ernestine, I should say, mother. She is adorable! I would be proud to count her among my friends.” Then, in a thoughtful undertone, Dianne continued, “I really do believe Christopher has fallen in love with her.”

“I wonder if that is the reason Christopher is so determined about his idea?” Mary Worth said, asking herself if it could be possible that Andrea had more to do with his desire to take up the work he spoke of, than the task itself.

“I hardly think so, mother,” Dianne suggested. “Christopher would not know he is in love. He said he met her for the first time yesterday.”

“It looks suspicious to me, though,” Mary Worth repeated, unable to dispel the fear in her heart.

“Nonsense! You ought to know Christopher well enough to realize how little he is interested in girls.” Dianne endeavoured to laugh away her mother’s fears.

“But this may be the one girl, Dianne.”

“To tell the truth, mother, I think we have been jumping at conclusions. They are not in love. You know how friendships commence when two people are thrown together in their work.”

“I hope you are right, Dianne. I have always set my heart upon having Christopher marry a girl who really is somebody.”

Dianne looked at her mother, incredulous. “Are you serious, mother dear? Would you want Christopher to marry someone he does not love?” Sometimes Dianne had suspicions that her mother did not really understand her brother or herself.

“I thought he did love Ernestine. They made a lovely pair.” Now there was a note of complaining regret in Mary Worth’s voice, a slight resentment against Christopher for wanting to do something that did not exactly fit into her plans for him.

“Lovely pair of animals!” Dianne said sarcastically. “You leave brother alone, mother, you will be proud of the girl he chooses, no matter who she is.” She knew Christopher well enough to know he would do nothing of which they need be ashamed.

Mary Worth patted her daughter’s hand, a hand which had slipped through her arm as they absent-mindedly wandered together, upstairs to Christopher’s bedroom. She hated herself for allowing such thoughts to creep into her mind. What did it matter whom Christopher married? Of course she could safely leave the choice of a girl to Christopher. She had been a nobody, according to their present standards of society, when Barlow and she had been married. Barlow himself, had been but a mill worker at that time. She admired Christopher’s courage, for going ahead and doing the thing he most wanted to do, in spite of the obstacles that were being placed in his way; she admired the attitude he had taken towards her offer of financial help. “No, it is dad’s money,” he had said. “I would rather not accept it, until he gives me it himself.” Dianne was straightening the room, while her mother had gone again to the window.

“We must leave the room just as it is, for him,” she told her daughter, reverently touching objects she knew had been treasured by Christopher. “He must know that his room is always waiting for him, just as he left it.”

Dianne, placing some of Christopher’s books back upon the shelf, turned to remark. “He must intend to come back, or he would have taken these.”

“We were speaking about them, and his other personal things,” Mary Worth said. “He has an idea that he must make a clean break from his old life. These things are part of that life, so he intends to leave them behind him, here. But we will leave them exactly as they are. I know he will soon be back with us again.”

“I hope you will give me credit for my cleverness, mother,” Dianne said suddenly. “Did you get the significance of my inviting Andrea Morley for tea to-morrow?”

“You said you liked her, Dianne, that you wanted to know her better.”

“Quite so, mother. You see, Christopher might have a difficult time without dad’s help, yet be too proud to tell us. I have an idea I can keep posted about brother through her, if I cultivate her friendship.”

“I never thought about that, Dianne.” Mary Worth was pleased with the idea, and glancing admiringly towards her daughter, she smiled her approval.

“Splendid! I am glad you never caught the significance of my invitation,” Dianne exclaimed. “I was hoping my motive was not too obvious. Andrea might have suspected and have refused to come to see me.”

“I am curious to meet her.” Mary Worth was now determined to cultivate Andrea, also, since she saw in her, as Dianne had suggested, the surest way of keeping in touch with Christopher.

“You will like her, mother,” Dianne predicted. “She is the most refreshing person I have met for a long while; not the least bit embarrassed, in fact, I believe she was more self-possessed than I was myself.”

“I think your father will change his mind.” Mary Worth meant she thought she could change Barlow Worth’s mind for him. She knew he expected to find Christopher at home when he returned that evening. She knew that he never expected his son would give up a more than generous allowance, a comfortable home, motor cars, and other things his father’s wealth made possible, for the privilege of associating with a crowd of the unfortunate working class. He was not to be blamed for thinking this; Christopher himself would have thought the same thing, exactly, a few days previously. She understood her son, perhaps better than his father did. It would be her task, difficult she knew, to bring about a reconciliation.

The telephone rang; an extension line she had installed in Christopher’s room. It was Christopher calling her. “I thought you would like to know I am comfortably settled, mother mine,” he said. Her mood suddenly changed. Now she was gay. Her boy had not actually gone away, no farther than the other end of the telephone line. His next words puzzled her. “Tell sister Dianne that Andrea approves of her.”

“Of all the ridiculous things to say,” she remarked as she placed the receiver back upon its stand. Dianne turned from the bookshelf to listen to

her mother.

“What did he say?” she asked, curious why Christopher should have telephoned so soon after his going.

“He asked me to say that Andrea approves of you. I wonder why he said that? It seems such a silly statement to make.”

Dianne smiled at her mother’s bewilderment. “You must admit Andrea has remarkably good taste,” she said, “though I am glad she likes me, for Christopher’s sake. I think that is quite important, and I am looking forward to seeing her again to-morrow.”

The coming of Andrea into her brother’s life pleased Dianne. She had never cared for Ernestine Barrett, though she had not dared to voice her disapproval. Ernestine was not the kind of girl to make Christopher happy. Dianne knew how different were their natures. Ernestine; shallow and selfish and cold and calculating; while Christopher was Ernestine’s opposite in all of these things. One had but to glance over the titles of her brother’s books to know he thought most deeply about life, that he was more interested in things a dreamer would want, than the shallow emptiness of Ernestine’s existence. Still she had hoped that Ernestine’s talent as a musician, with her love for music, would give them one important thing in common, which would make more safe their joined lives.

Christopher had told her that morning of the way Ernestine had acted the day before. That was so like Ernestine; spiteful, and resentful because she could not have her own way. This was one reason why Dianne could never be friendly with Ernestine, because of her selfishness. Christopher had certainly turned the tables. Dianne smiled to herself as she recalled the conversation of a brief while before, when standing a short distance away, she had overheard Christopher talking to Ernestine at the door of her coupe. Dianne had been watching them out of the corner of her eye. She had seen the outraged expression upon Ernestine’s face when she had driven off. Christopher had always allowed Ernestine to have her own way; too much, Dianne thought; too much for Ernestine’s own good and certainly too much for Christopher’s self-respect. Dianne was proud of her brother because of this evidence that he had a determination of his own. Ernestine must be careful, or she would find in Andrea Morley a powerful rival. Ernestine would have Christopher’s sister to reckon with, also. Dianne knew Christopher depended upon her judgment, and for the moment at least, she was on Andrea’s side, should the matter happen to be discussed.

Mary Worth had been restlessly moving about the room, pausing to touch caressingly things that were intimately Christopher's. Dianne in a pensive mood, remained at the bookshelf, putting scattered volumes back into their places. When her mother went once more to the window, she joined her there, seating herself in the window seat as Christopher had done a short time before.

"I seem to be acting like a baby," Mary Worth said, seeing that Dianne felt her restlessness.

"I understand, mother. I am going to miss Christopher, too," Dianne told her. "He was the only real companion I ever had."

"I know you will miss him, Dianne." Mary Worth could not be comforted. It seemed that some overpowering influence remained in the room, warning her against a happening she could not understand. Dianne did not catch the overshadowing of dread which held her mother. "It is not just his going away, Dianne," Mary Worth said, her quiet fear echoing in her voice. "It is the suffering I feel lies before him. I have had a premonition of this since he was a baby."

“Who is the girl I saw you speaking to in the lovely coupe, Christopher?” Andrea Morley questioned, pretending to be concerned about the traffic ahead of them, rather than in the thought that had caused the question.

“The most adorable Miss Ernestine Barrett.” Christopher endeavoured to make this sound as offhand as was possible, watching Andrea, yet trying not to let her know that her question had disturbed him.

“Oh, you are acquainted with her, then?” Andrea exclaimed, after some moments had elapsed.

“Slightly. I have to marry her.” Christopher wished he had not joked about the matter when he saw Andrea glance quickly to his face, surprise in her own. He did not want her to form a poor opinion of him.

“So that is the reason she gave that awful bump when she drove away,” Andrea said, thoughtfully, creeping back into the contemplative mood that had possessed her since they had driven away from Christopher’s home.

“Goodness gracious, Andrea, did Ernestine bump you?” Christopher laughed boisterously. “You should feel highly honoured that she condescended to do that.”

Andrea and Christopher were on their way to Peter Bronte’s house with Christopher’s luggage. She had offered to call for him the day before, when he told her he was going to live with Peter Bronte, and with a longing for adventure, he had agreed. It would be fun, he had thought, to startle their smug neighbours with the sight of the Reverend’s ramshackle sedan rattling up to his home, and to shock them with the sight of his bags being placed in the rear seat, and to let them see Andrea and himself drive away. Andrea kept her attention upon her driving for several minutes after they started from his home, to inquire suddenly about Ernestine. Now he wondered what she would say next. He was soon to know, as Andrea inquired, still keeping her attention focused ahead.

“When are you going to be married, Christopher?”

“Ernestine is going to discuss that with me to-night,” he told her. At least, Ernestine was going to discuss something, over which he expected a rather hectic time, he told himself.

“Oh, you are going to see her to-night?” When Andrea said that, he wondered whether she was making fun of the matter. As yet he was not quite sure of the moods of his capricious companion.

“Yes. Do you mind?” he teased. That had been unfair, and he quickly took himself to task as he felt the embarrassment in her reply.

“Do I mind, Christopher? Certainly not! Why should I mind?”

“No, of course you should not mind. Silly of me. Presumptuous, even.” Christopher felt contrite when he saw he had apparently offended his companion as Andrea quietly removed him from her thoughts by the simple procedure of giving all of her attention to the road ahead. Some time later, as though she had been considering the matter, she whispered, “But I wish you were not going to marry her, Christopher.”

“You are a queer child, Andrea. Why should you care who it happens to be that I marry?”

“Child! Why, I am nineteen; old enough to want you for myself,” she laughed. “But that is not the reason. She, Ernestine, is not nice enough for you.”

“Oh, well, you may have me,” Christopher said. “To tell the truth, I hardly think Ernestine wants me.” Christopher laughed again. “We are a couple of idiots!” he exclaimed, while Andrea put out her tongue, saucily, only to become serious again a moment later. Christopher, watching her, wondered at her quickly changing moods.

“I was joking, Christopher. You know that. I would not care for you to think I am the kind of girl who tells a boy she wants him for her own so soon after their first meeting.”

“You know I understand. Yet, do you know, I believe it would be quite thrilling to be wanted by you.” That was the most daring speech Christopher had ever made. He wondered at his temerity. He wondered, also, what Andrea would say. It was difficult to know, for each time he spoke to her she seemed to consider the matter for the longest time, as though she was wondering what next to say. She did not reply to that statement, however, but startled him with an explosive exclamation.

“The spiteful cat! To bump my car like she did, as though I had anything to do with your crazy idea of leaving home.”

“I had better put in a claim of damages for you to-night, when I see Ernestine,” he said, enjoying Andrea’s outburst.

“I would rather you said nothing about it, Christopher. But, oh I could . . . if ever I get the opportunity, what a bump she is going to get!” Christopher was enjoying himself, watching the spirited resentment flashing in her eyes. Their conversation had given him no time for reactions that might have resulted from his leaving his own home. Before he realized it, they were in front of the Bronte home, and Andrea was helping him carry his bags to the little room he was to occupy. Christopher was now able to see the girl of her. The experience was somewhat disconcerting because his bantering talk on the way from his home had been to a boyish companion as he had known her yesterday. He discovered, following her into the house, that baggy breeches and mannish coat had been hiding a slim and shapely figure, and that heavy woollen stockings had deceived him entirely as to the existence of extraordinarily alluring legs. She was another person; he could scarcely believe his eyes. She was really lovely, he decided, wondering how he had found courage to put his arm around her shoulders the day previous, to clean her cheek with his dampened handkerchief. Though her back was towards him as she and Norma Bronte chatted, she must have felt his scrutiny, for, turning, quickly, she laughed at his embarrassment at being caught in the act of admiring her.

“Did I surprise you?” she asked, her eyes begging for his compliment. “The Reverend insisted that I dress like a girl to-day.”

“I think you are very beautiful, Andrea.”

“He is an old flatterer,” Norma interrupted, smiling teasingly. “He has told me that a dozen times, already.”

“I am not in the habit of flattering girls I meet,” Christopher said simply, frowning at Norma who laughed at the embarrassment her remark had caused.

“I believe you, rich man,” Andrea told him as she intimately put her hand inside his arm, leading him towards the door. “Better hurry if you want me to drive you to the Steel Works. The Reverend needs me after dinner.”

Christopher was going to the Worth Steel Foundries to see Timothy Shane about a very important matter. At least, Timothy had said it was important when he telephoned Christopher early that morning. Timothy Shane was the superintendent of the Rolling Mill and had been at the Steel Works as long as Christopher could remember. Christopher was thinking about this as the old sedan rattled on its way. His mind journeyed back to that day he had made his first visit to his father’s place of business. He must have been ten years old, or near that age. His father had taken him, and on



that occasion had driven his own car. Faintly in Christopher's memory it seemed that the car had been an old one, for they had not been so wealthy then. It was during the period of the war his father had grown wealthy. Christopher wished he had not remembered about the war; though it made it easier to give up the luxuries of his old life, recalling how the money which made those luxuries possible was acquired. He wondered what Timothy Shane wanted of him. He hoped it was not to give sympathy, for he did not want sympathy.

Timothy was a privileged person, who knew a great deal about his family's intimate life, so, of course, it was to Timothy his father had gone when he arrived at the works that morning. Then Timothy had gone to the telephone in the Rolling Mill and amid the roar of white-hot steel ingots racing back and forth, he had telephoned Christopher. "Come right down, Christopher," he had shouted. "I want to see you about an important matter," adding the warning: "But be careful your father does not see you." Why did Timothy want to keep his visit a secret, he wondered. Likely as not his father had told Timothy about stopping his allowance. Was it that Timothy wanted to help him with money; he would prefer that this was not so. He would get work for himself.

Andrea had been trying to attract his attention for some time, but being so absorbed in his thoughts, he did not realize this. He had momentarily forgotten that he was driving beside a pretty girl, forgotten the fact completely, until she mischievously increased her speed as they approached a rough railroad crossing, and at the risk of shaking the old sedan to pieces, she bumped him to the roof, as the wheels hit the tracks.

"Did that wake you up?" Her mischief lingered in the smile that dimpled the corners of her mouth, while she watched him regain his breath, and his poise, as he settled back into position upon the seat.

"Yes, completely, thank you. I deserved it all right," he said, composure regained, explaining: "I must have been day-dreaming."

"I gathered as much." She hesitated a moment. "About Ernestine? That is not very complimentary to me. You have not spoken to me for ten minutes."

"Good Lord, no, not about Ernestine!" he hastened to assure her, adding: "I have more important things to think about."

"More important things to think about than getting married? You are a queer boy."

“Girls cannot understand,” he exclaimed patronizingly, “about the importance of a man’s career. His work is the biggest thing in any man’s life.”

The Worth Steel Foundries loomed up ahead of them, and following Christopher’s directions, Andrea turned the car through the big gates in the high board fence that enclosed the yards, some distance from the office building. The Rolling Mill, where they would find the little office of Timothy Shane, was farthest from the road, and to reach it, they had to pass mountainous dumps of scrap metal outside the open hearth furnaces. Nearing the rusty piles, Andrea caught his arm, to exclaim playfully, “We will have to be careful! It would be funny if they picked us up, mistaking us for scrap metal.”

Christopher scarcely knew the significance of the joking reply he made, as he said: “Dad once told me that the right kind of scrap makes the best of steel.”

Timothy Shane was delighted to see him, for it had been a year or more since they had talked to one another. “What is this I hear about your leaving home?” he asked. “Your father is quite upset about it. He had me in his office all morning.” Timothy’s eyes twinkled as he recalled that interview.

“Dad threw me out, Timothy.” Christopher returned the grin. “But you had better not start preaching, or I will put you on your back.” This was a standing joke of Christopher’s, a reminder of a test of strength between these two friends.

“You deserved it, you rascal, after what your father has done for you.” Timothy made a desperate attempt to look severe, but the laughter inside had to find expression.

“I suppose I did, Timothy. But if dad thinks he is going to use you to get around me, he is mistaken!” Christopher threatened, thinking this must be why Timothy had asked him to come to the mill.

“Now, now, Christopher! I always knew you had a touch of Irish in you. Who said I want to get around you?”

“Well, that is why you telephoned me, is it not?” Christopher challenged. His laughing mood had gone, resentment taking its place. He did not care for Timothy Shane’s interference in a matter he and his father had so definitely settled the evening previous.

Timothy’s laugh added to the din of the rolling mill. “You think your old friend would go back on you? No, my boy, what I want to talk about is this

idea of yours.”

“I would prefer not to discuss it, Timothy.” Christopher had not understood what Timothy’s words meant, for it was over that idea he and his father had quarreled.

“Stubborn young whelp! I should put you across my knee. You still think I am championing your father’s cause. I said I want you to tell me something of your plans.”

“No, Timothy. I quarreled with my best friend; with dad, last night, about this idea. I would rather not quarrel with you.”

Timothy’s ruddy face wrinkled in suppressed amusement. He could feel that Christopher still did not understand. “I thought you might be able to use me. You see, lad, I have quite similar ideas to your own,” he said, waiting for Christopher’s reaction to that statement.

“You!” Christopher was astounded. “Timothy, dad would fire you quicker than a wink, if he knew you were interested in such things.”

“Your dad does not own my soul,” Timothy declared fearlessly. “I will take a chance on what your dad says or thinks.”

Christopher now grasped the true meaning of Timothy’s words. But he could not tell Timothy about the work he intended to undertake, for as yet there was nothing to tell. He endeavoured to explain this, and in the attempt discovered that he himself would necessarily have to think the matter out. Talking to Timothy helped considerably, for he soon discovered that his friend had thought about these things for many years. Hesitatingly he explained to Timothy that he had felt the urge to find out for himself what really was the cause of so much suffering among a certain class of people, why a few had so much of everything, while so many had nothing. True, Christopher had thought about the matter a great deal, and had studied what books he could find upon the subject, in which he had endeavoured to analyze the attempts made by many various peoples in different eras, to solve the very same problem. It was not his intention to follow any one train of thought, for, as he suggested, and as Timothy Shane agreed, nothing satisfactory had yet been offered as a solution to the problem.

Timothy agreed with him, also, when he expressed his own opinion, that all efforts of the past had lacked the one thing: the complete brotherhood of humanity. That it was a complex problem, Christopher realized more and more during their talk; complex because of the demands made by a modern civilization, with its inter-meshed systems of exchange and barter, as well as

a thousand and one other factors. No, Christopher decided, he had no idea to discuss, at the moment; simply a wish, yet to become a deed. Timothy, however, encouraged him, telling him that the need was tremendous for men who would devote their lives to such a cause, regardless of desire for gain or personal aggrandisement.

“I wish you would allow me to work with you,” Timothy repeated when they had talked for an hour, while this time Christopher sealed their pact with a grateful handshake. Suddenly he remembered that he had left Andrea waiting in the car.

“I must tell Andrea about our understanding,” he exclaimed, explaining: “She is outside, waiting for me.”

“Andrea?” Timothy Shane questioned innocently. “Who is Andrea?”

“Why, the Reverend’s daughter.” It did not occur to Christopher that Timothy might not know the Reverend John Morley.

“This is my oldest friend, Andrea,” Christopher said, when he returned with Andrea, introducing Timothy. “He has known me since I was a little boy.”

“I was at his christening, Miss,” Timothy grinned, recalling that happening. “And if I remember rightly, he had ideas of his own, even then.”

“I can quite imagine so,” Andrea told him. Christopher saw they liked each other, the old friend and the new. But who could help liking Andrea, he asked himself; she was so utterly unaffected, so spontaneously likeable. She made a lovely picture, the delicate pink of her frock so startlingly vivid against the blackness of the interior of the rolling mill.

“One would think you two had known each other for some time,” he said, interrupting their talk, a little jealous of so much attention being given to Timothy by Andrea, while he himself was overlooked.

“Well, now that I come to think of it, I have heard about this young lady before,” Timothy at last exclaimed, and Christopher sensed they were laughing about his introduction. Andrea and Timothy were evidently old friends, also.

“Hush! I might not want you to tell Christopher, whatever it was you heard about me,” Andrea warned.

“I can assure you it was to your credit, young lady,” Timothy told her. Christopher saw a blush creep up into her cheeks. This amused him, for he had thought she was much too self-possessed to feel embarrassment. They

talked of Christopher's future work. It was a weird place for such discussion; bedlam almost, with the roar of steel ingots sliding white-hot from the furnace, to be flattened inch by inch in the massive rolling mill, and as the ingot reached the desired thickness of plate, rushing with a clatter over the rollers to the cooling rack, to eventually reach the shears and loading platforms in the distant dimness of the building. Overhead, travelling cranes crawled back and forth, adding to the din, so that to be heard they were compelled to shout. Their faces took on an unnatural appearance, from the reflected heat, giving them as they were grouped in the shadows the appearance of adventurers in some other world.

"I appreciate your wanting to help me, Timothy," Christopher gratefully assured him when they prepared to leave. "But think it over carefully," he warned. "I am sure it will cost you your job here, just as soon as dad finds out." Timothy was obdurate. He was going to meet Christopher at Peter Bronte's house. "That was that," as Andrea expressed it, when she followed Christopher back to the sedan.

"Better keep going, this is our busy day," she commanded, while she confided: "I like your Timothy. He is a good friend of yours, and he is a splendid character, the Reverend often speaks about him."

Christopher was enthusiastic in his praise of his old friend, Timothy Shane. "You can depend upon him," he told Andrea enthusiastically. "Queer, though," he added thoughtfully, "that he should be interested in my wanting to work with Peter Bronte. One would imagine that he knew Peter, the way he spoke. Did you notice that? Or perhaps Timothy had heard Peter speak." That was the most likely answer, Christopher decided. Some time or other Timothy had been one of a gathering in the park, listening to Peter Bronte's voice.

"If you ask me, rich man, you have started something," her own mind also puzzling over the matter.

"Started something?" Christopher turned a bewildered glance in her direction.

"Yes, something bigger than you imagine, something tremendously big." She hesitated, as though wondering whether to release the words that were upon the tip of her tongue. "Tremendously big, Christopher! I do hope for your sake you can control it."

"Now you are talking in riddles, young lady. What have I started?"

“Christopher, you have gone into this thing blindly. You talk of working with Peter Bronte, perhaps working with the Reverend, too. But you have no idea to what this is leading you.” Andrea, notwithstanding her few years, knew a great deal of life, because she had lived deeply into the very lives of the people among whom her father laboured.

“Oh, it is not as serious as that,” Christopher laughed, attempting to ridicule the importance she seemed to place upon his anticipated work. “I can deliver your coke, and groceries, and things like that. It is going to be like a game for me.”

“Perhaps Christopher, but that is not the ultimate for you. I can see more clearly than you can, I believe. You are not going to be content to do those things. It will become an obsession with you, the need of these people. You will not be satisfied until there is no longer reason for charity.” After a moment’s silent thought, she whispered: “It makes me tremble, Christopher.”

“You silly child.” Christopher was amused at the serious mood of his companion. “The little I do will not make any difference.”

“You are wrong.” Her eyes were round with wonderment, as she looked into his face. Her voice had lost its playful boisterousness; it was now filled with awe. “Christopher,” she whispered again, “it is tremendously big.”

“Then you will have to help me, dirty face.” He endeavoured to make light of her fears, and jokingly urged her to start them on their way with; “Get Methuselah going, the Reverend is expecting us for lunch.”

Christopher, watching his companion during their homeward journey, wondered at the mood which had so completely changed her personality since but an hour before. They were both quiet, now, immersed deeply within their own thoughts. Had she sensed something in the work he was undertaking that he could not see, he wondered. It was queer that her mood should have become so thoughtful while they were talking to Timothy Shane. But it could not have been anything they had talked about; he had heard every word of the conversation. He eventually gave up puzzling about the matter; there were other things that interested him, concerning Andrea, of course. She was really attractive; he decided that her loveliness was compelling his admiration. He watched her out of the corner of his eye. He liked her profile; quite Grecian, he thought, studying the cameo cut outline, against the background of shadow, her nose and forehead a continuous line, ending with the alluring curve of a strong chin. The snug-fitting black felt hat suited her. Her frock gave hint of a beautifully formed figure. Her high-

heeled slippers gave added grace to the fineness of her ankles. It would be nice to be spending his days with her, he decided; the thought added zest to his undertaking. He learned more about her during the afternoon; more about the Reverend John also. His first surprise was that Andrea's mother was not living, a fact which added to his desire to give her his friendship.

Andrea, an only child, scarcely remembered her mother. The Reverend John had managed the home; he had been both mother and father to his daughter, until she, coming into womanhood, now managed the home . . . and managed the Reverend, too.

The Reverend John Morley had not waited for them to have the noon meal with him; a brief note told them he was lunching down town with one of his friends, and suggested that Andrea take Christopher for lunch at the little restaurant to which she and the Reverend often went when their days were much too crowded for housekeeping. Christopher was delighted with the arrangement. He had come under the spell of his charming companion, and this suggestion the Reverend John had made meant the spell need not be broken. The restaurant held a surprise; so unlike restaurants he had been accustomed to patronizing. It was in reality a tea-room, in a rambling old house upon the corner of a street, in a neighbourhood where at some distant time the best people of the city had lived. Its dining room embraced several rooms, it seemed, including the library and drawing room of a house that had once been a rich man's home.

"My favourite place is over here," Andrea explained, when they entered and he followed her to a table set near a window. It was another new experience, lunching with Andrea in this old home. He had often passed such houses, with their intriguing announcements outside, but had never had courage to enter the intimacy of their imposing front doors. It was just the kind of place that he would have chosen, had he known, to partake of his first meal in Andrea's company. Their window overlooked the garden at the back of the house, where an old man was pottering about, tidying the edges of the moss-grown red brick path. A yellow Persian cat followed the old man's step, rubbing its back against his trouser legs in contented friendliness. Pigeons fluttered back and forth between the old man and the holes in the bricks at the top of the stable at the end of the garden, through which they entered to their nesting place, their movements accompanied by a seductive cooing, and watched lazily by the eyes of the fluffy Persian.

"I love looking at that old man," Andrea said, delighted that Christopher should also find interest in this quaint garden. "I have watched him all summer; he seems to live in his little plot, and I believe the flowers and

shrubs are as dear to him as children. You should see it in the summertime, Christopher, it is a magnificent picture, in which he fits so beautifully. Now the summer is over, he seems to be tenderly putting everything away for the winter to come, much like a mother would tuck her children into bed for their sleep. I have watched his lips moving, while he pruned his rose bushes, seeming to tell them not to be afraid, that he would not hurt them more than he must to make them safe for the coming summer; and when he potted his geraniums and other plants that must go indoors for the winter, he did it so tenderly.”

Christopher studied Andrea’s now averted face, as she gazed at the old man while she spoke. The few sentences had given him a peep into the garden through her eyes, and more important to him, had given him a better understanding of Andrea’s mind. His eyes followed her eyes back to the old man. “I wonder whether he lived in this house before it became what it is now. You know, before it became a tea-room,” he said, allowing his own imagination to follow Andrea’s mind back into the past.

“Queer, I wondered that also,” she told him. “Until I asked about it and found that he had; that this is his old home.”

“And now he is all alone?” Christopher questioned, his interest aroused.

“Yes.” Andrea’s eyes sparkled. “I believe you are thinking the very same things that have passed through my mind a hundred times.”

“You mean, that the garden holds memories also?” Christopher’s question held a reverent inquiry.

“It does. One can easily tell that by watching him,” Andrea said impulsively. “I can picture him in that garden when he was quite a young man. I can picture him planting that peach tree at the bottom of the garden, and those lilacs. I can see a girl assisting him; a lovely girl in a quaint crinoline, for this was a long while ago, when he brought her to this house as a bride.” Andrea was carried away with her imaginings. “The coach house at the bottom of the garden, Christopher . . . what does it suggest? Can you see a beautiful carriage, and high stepping horses? Can you see the girl, and the young man driving together?”

“I can see the picture remarkably clearly through your eyes, Andrea. Poor old man! He must be lonely, with so many memories.”

“Poor? Why, Christopher, I am surprised to hear such a remark from you. You must see he is not poor! Memories such as this garden can bring to



life would not make anyone poor. I would say he is rich, tremendously rich, with his garden. I envy him!”

“I deserve your scolding, young lady.” Christopher now had a greater respect for the mind of his new friend. He was ashamed of his own clumsy blindness. The lunch hour passed rapidly. Christopher could not have told what it was he had eaten; his entire attention had been taken in the feasting with his eyes upon the beauty of the girl seated opposite him.

The afternoon passed much as had the afternoon previous, as luncheon over, Christopher and Andrea made calls upon the people of the Reverend John’s parish, making frequent visits to the grocery shop of Michael Cassidy, loading the sedan with foods of every description, to be distributed where they were most needed. The hours lagged, however, for Christopher, perhaps because of the anticipation of having tea with Andrea and the Reverend John at the parsonage, though the anticipation did make the realization of this new experience more enjoyable. It was during the hour over the tea cups that he really came to know these new acquaintances, and during the evening hours which followed, that he was taken into the intimate circle of their friendship. Tea over, Christopher followed Andrea and the Reverend John upstairs, to the small room where they were in the habit of spending their evenings; the sanctuary, Andrea had called it. He gasped in surprise to find such intimate loveliness in the drab bareness of the old parsonage. It was an intimate room; because he could see the lives of these two friends reflected in everything it held. He had taken the seat Andrea suggested in a leather arm-chair, opposite a similar chair which comfortably held the Reverend John, in his slippers feet. Andrea sat between them upon a footstool, watching the coals in the grate fantastically flickering in the half-light, occasionally interjecting a word into their conversation, but for the most part, pensively silent, stirring occasionally as he would take a cigarette from his silver case, and she would light it from the taper she toyed with against the brass fender. Their eyes would meet when she held the light to his cigarette; his in smiling comradeship, her glance still questioning, half afraid. The Reverend John was in a thoughtful mood, pulling meditatively at his brier pipe, his eyes half-closed. The Reverend John was a thinker; the books which filled the shelves told Christopher this, and it was plain to him that Andrea shared in the knowledge held between the book covers, for no matter what subject they discussed, she was quite at ease amid the conversation, at times asking, or answering questions which were quite foreign to him. The books told their own story; each had its own individuality, each had been acquired for its own worth, becoming a friend long before it was privileged to share the room on the shelves. So unlike his

father's library, with its row upon row of beautifully bound volumes; their costly hand-tooled covers giving the lie to their usefulness when one would take down a volume to find its pages yet uncut. One could not find a book upon the shelves in this room with uncut pages; Christopher was sure of this. He knew the pages were apt to be as thumb-marked and as decorated with marginal notes as had been the one volume he had picked at random.

Queer, how much of two people's personalities could be crammed into a room ten feet square, Christopher thought. The water colours and sketching materials upon a low table in the corner, evidence of the origin of sketches upon the walls; he knew they were part of Andrea. Quaint bits of pottery and brass, the Chinese tapestry fastened to the panel of the door, the faded beauty of the prayer rug; these, with a hundred other things, gave evidence of the character of the people who lived in this room. Andrea and the Reverend John must keep this room as a place where they might escape from the things of their everyday life, he thought. He had been about to ask them if this was not so; it would have been a foolish question, however, for the room told its own story. It was exclusively their own; religion, dogma, creed, and the petty irritating things of their daily life, were not allowed to enter here. Of course, his surmise was correct, he decided; he could feel its influence, he was under its spell, he had been admitted into the holiness of their sanctuary.

He knew the memory of the afternoon hours of this day would live with him forever. He told himself this, when late that night he crept into the strangeness of his bed in the Bronte home. The day had been an eventful one. He had just returned from seeing Ernestine Barrett. He had gone to call upon her after spending hours with Andrea; this had been unfortunate, for Ernestine. He scarcely remembered what she had said. She had been bitter, ugly even, when he had been stubborn and refused to acquiesce to her wishes. He could remember clearly, the hardness of her face; he wished she had been kinder, for he had hoped that they might discuss calmly this happening that was disturbing the tranquility of his life, had hoped they might come to some friendly understanding. Then she had suddenly become different. Filled with a tenderness that made him waver almost. He was fond of Ernestine. He really did love her. Queer, how little control one had over his own life. To-day had threatened to destroy everything he held dear. Perhaps he was a cad, being so inconsiderate concerning Ernestine. Queer how this thing obsessed him; a fanatic his father had called him. The touch of Ernestine's lips when they had said good-night had made him waver, for after all, what good could he do? What good could any one man do, with a problem that was affecting millions? The happenings of the day were

beginning to fill the room with distorted imaginings as he drifted into a restless slumber.

Twelve o'clock boomed.

The clock in the city hall tower boomed midnight at the precise moment Christopher raised the window of his bedroom, preparatory to getting into his bed. He pulled down the window blind to shut out the moonlight. Stretching himself, his hands on the pillow behind his head, he gave himself to contemplating the happenings of the day. Pulling down the window blind had seemed like the dropping of the final curtain at the theatre, marking the climax of a play.

One o'clock boomed.

It seemed to mock him; the musical chime, which filled the room with its sound, for he had already learned the futility of trying to go to sleep. His brain was too wide awake, too throbbingly excited because of tabulating the incidents of such an eventful day. Upon other occasions he found it easy to forget the things uppermost in his mind, by the simple procedure of thinking of something else, something not pertaining to the moment. But his thoughts now were too vital, they represented happenings which had caused a complete upheaval in his life. The ringing of the chime reverberated throughout the small room, ending at his eardrums, sound vibrations blankets even could not mute. For the hundredth time since he had buried himself beneath the covers, he turned over, smothering his head in the pillow, using every power he possessed to quieten his throbbing brain; to stop thinking, to sleep.

Two o'clock boomed.

Two o'clock found him longing for the soft luxury of the box spring mattress of his bed at home, longing for the delicately scented fine linen sheets, the silken coverlet. No matter to what position he changed, the lumpy spots in the mattress seemed to find the place about his body that could make him the most uncomfortable. The cot upon which he was sleeping was one he and Peter had acquired from a second-hand furniture shop nearby, and he was now beginning to realize he had something to learn about the requirements that must be understood when purchasing furniture. By two o'clock he had begun to wonder just what he could expect to gain by giving up his lovely room at home for the dinginess of the room he was now

occupying. The act seemed to hold a flavour of martyrdom; a sort of sackcloth and ashes idea. He began to ask himself if it was not possible that he might think clearer and do more good for the Cause he had joined, if he had a room in which he could, as was his custom, drop off to sleep the moment his head touched the pillow?

Three o'clock boomed.

Ernestine now dominated his thoughts. She had been vexed with him when he called at her house but a few hours previously. He agreed with himself that he had been something of a fool, especially in the matter of Ernestine. She was different, compared with Andrea. Of course she was; Ernestine was one of his own class, the kind of girl with whom he had been in the habit of associating; well-bred, refined, cultured, travelled, a fair partner at golf or tennis, a splendid swimmer, inciting envy when in the water, and admiration when lounging at the side of the swimming pool at the club, or on the beach. She was always well dressed; her clothes spoke of Paris and the acquaintance of famous couturiers. There could be no comparison between Ernestine and Andrea; the idea was ridiculous. Of course Andrea was lovely; she was different from Ernestine, different compared with any other girl he knew and the realization of this had intrigued him. Ernestine had first appealed to him because she, too, was different, and he had not changed his mind. His contemplative mood had shown him during the hour just passed how hasty he had been in condemning Ernestine in so offhand a way. Of course she had the right to reason as she saw things. He did not believe she really meant what she had said when she had demanded that he decide between her, and, as she called it, 'this obsession of his'. He smiled when he recalled how intimate she had been during the evening that had just passed. The way she had responded to his kisses told him they were very much in love with each other. He was sure it was more than imagination; there had been a difference, perhaps because she was afraid of this thing which was creeping between them. She did not mean the words her lips spoke; the way she had clung to him, her embrace, had given the lie to her words. He had simply lost his head after his first meeting with Peter Bronte. There was no reason why he could not do the things which were gradually formulating in the back of his mind, and still remain at home, still be on friendly terms with his father, still hold the love of Ernestine. Three o'clock had found him eagerly anticipating seeing Ernestine again.

Four o'clock boomed.

The brightness of the moon was creeping into the room, below the window blind. It tempted him to get out of bed, to cross to the window, and to let the blind snap to the top, around the roller. It was somewhat of a shock, the picture which met his eyes. The view from his window at home was so different; for through that window he could see the moon catching the shadow of the gnarled old cherry tree, throwing it across the lawns, a grotesquely human shadow, like an old man with a bag upon his hunched shoulders. The moon would be touching the hedges and spiked evergreen shrubs and the stone seats and sundial with splashes of silver; the bird bath would be filled with seemingly molten liquid.

He pressed his forehead against the cold glass of the window and meditatively studied the picture he now was able to see. Here the moon emphasized the sordidness of the neighbourhood; dilapidated fences, spiteful and ugly and crooked, stood out in relief. Rubbish and useless piles of boards and rusted corrugated iron defied the moon's enchantment. Uninteresting roofs became more stark in the silvery radiance. Supposing he had been wrong, condemning his own class. Who was responsible for such environment as this his eyes saw? Four o'clock found him deciding that he belonged to a different environment; deciding he would meet his father at least halfway, that he would forget his obsession, at least until he could plan what he wished to do, upon a sound and a sane basis. In the morning he would have a talk with Peter Bronte. In the morning he would return to his own home.

Five o'clock boomed.

Christopher was grateful to the clock in the tower of the city hall, for it awakened him out of the grotesque nightmare of the past hour. He sat up in bed to make sure that the fearfulness of the drowsy distortion was definitely ended. He counted the hours as the chimes labouriously told the time of day to those who happened to be about. He could scarcely believe but an hour had elapsed since he had last counted the chimes, so much had happened in those sixty minutes. In his imaginings he had been back in his room at home, big and airy as he remembered it, until gradually the walls had begun to advance towards him, creeping closer and closer, shutting him in. The wallpaper had been playing pranks, its delicate cream suddenly breaking out into a dizziness of colour blobs. Crimson and green and yellow flowers and fruits filled the room, ribbons tangling these together in endless rows around and around him. The walls were distorted, leaning inwards, dropping the bilious cargo from the wallpaper on to his bed, smothering him, the

tremendous weight paralyzing his limbs until he could not move, until he stopped breathing, until everything became dark and himself a piece of white-hot substance. Enormous hands clutched him, lifting him up until he felt beneath him, moving rollers, that rushed him towards the gaping mouth of the rolling mill, rushing him back and forth through the colossal machine, each time making him thinner, until at length, of a like thinness to the sheets of steel plate around him, he was shot on to the cooling racks. His father was watching him; Ernestine was watching him, too. They were standing upon a platform high above him, laughing at the ridiculous picture he made in the grasp or such relentless force. Andrea was beside him. He thought he had been a sheet of rolled steel plate, but this could not be, for he was sitting beside a girl, a beautiful girl who was screaming, begging him to stop. He was actually smothering the peach creaminess of her cheek with some vile blackness. How ridiculous for her to want him to stop when he was enjoying himself so much. He was no longer imprisoned beneath a paralyzing weight, he was travelling, travelling in a juggernaut, beside a fiendish driver, up one side of a mountain of scrap metal, down the other. Screams of women and little children preceded them but there was no stopping, no variance in their direction, straight ahead, no matter what lay in their path, until a giant crane swung to meet them, its magnetic block contacting the metal of the machine he was in, swinging it high into the air, swinging it, with himself and the driver holding tight to their seats, around and around, until, with the cutting of the electric current, they were thrown hurtling into space. He held his breath, waiting for the imminent shock of the crash . . . when the bells in the tower of the city hall brought him back to present things, for the fleeting moments before drowsiness captured him again.

Six o'clock boomed.

He awakened from his fantastic dreaming once more with the chiming of the bells; from an adventure into a community of strange people. He was quite a little fellow; had never been outside of the safety of the ornamental gate in the privet hedge that marked the boundaries of the garden, except at such times as he would accompany his nurse, or his mother. He knew that the place where these people lived was quite nearby. It would be splendid fun to go and see them, but always his mother would say he must not, so he had run away upon his adventure. They were apparently kind individuals, and were glad to see him, to have him live with them. They did most interesting things, the novelty of which intrigued him. Queer though, was the fact that once he reached the place he discovered he himself was no longer a little boy, but became one of themselves. The leader of these

strange people was a most wonderful man. He visited him in the palace. But they did not call this person their king; simply the Reverend, or Reverend John. He met the princess, also; a beautiful girl. He fell madly in love with her the moment they met. She fell in love with him also, and this made him very happy. The king of these people promised he might marry the princess, when he had served them. They wanted him to be their leader, to show them how to overcome a terrible ogre who was starving them, taking from them all of the things they most treasured. He wanted to marry the princess, wanted to help these strange people. He decided he would do this, but he discovered he did not know how to go about it. He had never fought for anything before, and the bigness of the undertaking seemed to grow more fearsome every minute. He himself might be hurt, might lose the things that were precious to him. He wished he had not wandered through the little gate that the gardener had neglected to latch, wished he had not left the safety of his garden. It was growing dusk and his mother would be worrying about him. He had to make excuses to his new friends; to promise them he would come back. He could hear the old grandfather clock in the hall telling nurse it was his bedtime. He must hurry home.

Seven o'clock boomed.

Christopher pushed the blankets from his face with his fingers. Dawn was creeping into the room below the window shade. Once again he counted the strokes of the bell in the tower of the city hall and gave an audible sigh of relief when he realized the night had fled, and that the Bronte household would soon be astir. The creaking of the door caused him to turn over quickly and peer in the half-light to the place where the sound had come from. Gradually a shape formed in the dimness; the figure of a diminutive girl in a nightgown that trailed the floor.

"Who is that?" he called, rousing, to recline upon his elbow, endeavouring to adjust his eyes to the light.

"Betty," a baby voice answered, not quite sure of itself. "I am awfully cold, Christ'pher, may I come in your bed?"

"Of course you may, Betty." Christopher smiled as she obeyed, and he saw her walking shyly upon her toes. Stretching out his arm, he lifted her in beside him. "Were you cold in your bed?"

"I am always cold when the fire goes out." The baby softness of her little body cuddled close to him, instinctively seeking his warmth. His arm encircled her while he smothered her with blankets. Poor little youngster, he



thought. He knew how she felt, for he, too, had been chilly during the night, had, during one of his waking moments, got out of bed to spread his overcoat on top of the covers.

“We must tell daddy Peter to put more coal on the fire when he goes to bed after this,” he told his little visitor, promising himself that here was one home he would protect from suffering.

“Daddy says we must not burn too much coal.” A lump crept into his throat as the tiny voice revealed this to him. The Bronte family must needs be careful with the coal, and in doing this, Peter and Norma and their babies must suffer. It seemed ghastly; physical suffering, because of the lack of a few shovelfuls of coal. Christopher had never experienced the suffering of being cold. How different it was at his home with hot water heat in every room, the automatic oil burner giving them any desired warmth, with thermostatic control at their finger tips.

“Are you warm now?” he whispered, endeavouring to see the face that was buried in the soft part of his neck, snuggled happily against the silk of his pyjamas. The unaccustomed touch of a tangle of curls tickled his chin. A muffled voice sleepily answered: “Umm! I am lovely and warm.”

His arm began to cramp with its awkward position, but he was reluctant to disturb the sleeping baby. He was wide awake, his mind once again assiduously active, commencing a second time the round of perplexing thought, making decisions only to decide that the fulfillment of these decisions was well nigh impossible.

Eight o'clock boomed.

Christopher felt a warm, soft, little body stir beside him, and a moment later saw a pair of extremely blue eyes open curiously; friendly eyes that looked into his own, embarrassingly near. Eyes which had a most alarming effect upon him. Baby lips dimpled at the corners, hesitated a moment, to open in a smile of welcome; baby lips that gratefully kissed his lips. A warm, soft, little body luxuriously stretched itself like a kitten, for a fleeting moment, to relax as suddenly and snuggle once more into the warm niche it had appropriated close to him.

The Bronte household was astir. Christopher could hear Norma singing, while she prepared breakfast in the kitchen. Her voice was vibrant with her contentment, singing some catchy refrain from a popular hit. Christopher endeavoured to catch the words, but the distance between his room and the kitchen downstairs, made this impossible, though he knew, by the swing of

the song, that they were carefree words. The singing made it evident that Norma was light-hearted. The house might be cold, she might have to scrimp and save to feed and clothe her little family, but she could sing. Occasionally the song would stop while she called the boys, telling them to be up and ready for breakfast.

The boys slept in the room next to Christopher; he knew this because their voices reached him quite clearly through the wall. They were making the task of getting up a game, laughing and tumbling in their play. Jack was bubbling over with nonsense, and it was his infectious voice that Christopher could hear most plainly, while sober Robert talked in an undertone. They were having a race, of which there could be but one outcome, for Robert was no match for Jack's mischievous wits. Robert's things were disappearing under Jack's sleight of hand; his belt, a sock, his tie, and while these were being found, the laces of his shoes became knotted. So it was Jack who rushed down the hall to the bathroom ahead of his brother. Christopher was amused at their nonsense, upon which Norma's scolding, as she called to them, had no effect. It was when Peter arrived upon the scene, his footsteps coming up the stairs, that the nonsense ended and industriousness commenced. Norma continued to sing. The noise the boys made did not disturb her sunny mood. The admonishment flung upstairs scarcely broke the tune she was singing, and was neither given nor accepted seriously.

Peter Bronte picked up the refrain of Norma's song, whistling it with variations of his own making, while he noisily stropped his razor in the bathroom. To Christopher's mind this morning, the 'getting up' of the Bronte household was much like a symphony, each instrument catching the theme until the orchestra reached the crescendo of its sound. Listening to Peter, Christopher knew he, too, was light-hearted, in spite of the hopelessness each day held, in spite of the heartbreak of all those days that had passed, and the fear of the days yet to be. He now had joined in the boys' fun, as all three crowded into the small bathroom while they performed their ablutions. Their conversation reached Christopher clearly, telling without any shadow of doubt what the boys thought of him.

"I think he is all right. He sure can wrestle," Robert said, while Christopher smiled at the thought of how small a thing might be treasured by a boy.

"You bet he can wrestle. See, dad, he taught us this new hold," Jack said.

Christopher could picture the happening that followed the mention of a wrestling hold he had taught the boy the day before, as he heard a yell from Robert, telling that Jack was demonstrating the effectiveness of the hold, while Peter jumped to the rescue of Robert. Christopher warmed to the acceptance of himself into the friendship of these boys. He envied Norma and Peter the possession of two such sons. Here was one possession that could not be taken away from them by any man's greed, and too, a possession that wealth could not buy. He envied his friends the possession of the little girl curled against the warmth of his body, though he felt embarrassed, with Betty in bed with him, and wondered what he had better do about it. He was still perplexed when he heard Norma coming upstairs, to awaken her little daughter, and heard the gasp of surprise when she missed Betty from the cot. Norma must have heard him chuckling, for a moment later she was at his door.

"Has my daughter been paying you a visit, Christopher?" she laughingly questioned, from the hall.

"Yes. Come in and look at her," Christopher invited, pulling back the blankets to display the tousled head inside of his arm. "I never was so thrilled before," he told her, confiding proudly. "She made herself quite at home and was sleeping contentedly a minute after she snuggled beside me."

"Mamma, Christopher says he is going to fix it, so we will never be cold again," a drowsy voice announced, blinking sleep-filled eyes, as Norma awakened the little sleeper.

"Oh! Were you cold, darling? Mother is sorry," Norma gave Christopher a grateful glance as she gathered Betty into her arms and hurried from the room. Christopher saw the flash of pain behind Norma's smile; heartache, because her own little girl had suffered with cold. This was one other incident which spurred him on to accomplish what he had started out to do. "Christopher says he is going to fix it." How did Betty know that, he wondered. He must have been thinking aloud. He had been sure Betty was fast asleep. But he would fix it, and Peter would have to consent, if he continued to sleep at the Bronte house. He would insist upon having a warm room. That was not charity; he had a right to pay for his own comfort.

Nine o'clock boomed.

Sunday morning breakfast with the Bronte family. To Peter the booming of the hour meant but the correcting of time for the household, as he laid aside his knife and fork to wind his watch and set it according to the clock in

the tower of the city hall. To Norma the booming of the clock meant a reminder that she must hurry to get Betty, Robert and Jack ready for Sunday School which was held before the morning service at the Reverend John's church. The chimes did more than these things to Christopher. They seemed to be marking a period in his life, a period that for some reason, yet unknown, had a need of being marked.

Breakfast with the Bronte family was an interesting experience, so different, compared to breakfast time at the Worth home. Did they have a breakfast hour at home, he wondered. He usually had his breakfast served in bed, an experience he looked forward to. His Sunday mornings were lazy mornings; hours to peruse the weekly newspapers, and to commence a new book. His father had his breakfast in the orthodox manner he supposed. His father was always up early Sunday mornings, though for that matter, he was up early every morning. Sunday, for Barlow Worth, was very little different from any other day. More likely than not there was a business conference of some kind at the Steel Foundries or behind locked doors in the library. Weather permitting, there would be a game of golf, though this did not indicate a Sunday in particular. Golf filled a part of every day for Barlow Worth, just as his attendance at the First Church for the two services differed little from his attendance on week days at various clubs and associations to which he belonged. Where, or how, his mother or his sister, Dianne, had their Sunday morning breakfast, Christopher did not know. It was amazing how little he did know about the daily happenings in his home.

"Sleep well?" Norma questioned, when he pulled his chair to the breakfast table and sat down with the family.

"Very well, indeed," he assured her. What else could he say? How ridiculous it would be to endeavour to explain that he had lived a lifetime in a few night hours, had made and remade his career a thousand times, had glimpsed heaven and hell. Queer, he thought, how unreal night hours could make things appear.

The sudden abating of the nonsensical giggling of Jack and Robert caused Christopher to bow his head, as he saw Norma's head bowed, and Peter's and Baby Betty's. Peter was about to say 'grace'. Why he should feel embarrassed; for himself and for Peter, Christopher did not know, but he did feel ill at ease.

"Lord, bless this food, and make us truly thankful for it, for Thine own sake. Amen." Peter's voice was reverent. Christopher wondered what Peter's thoughts had been during the moment of this chant of thankfulness. The

ending of the saying of grace made him feel queer inside as the voices around the table blended in a full “Amen”. His mind flashed back to his own boyhood days, when the Worth family had been comparatively poor, and to his astonishment he recalled that his father, Barlow Worth, used to say grace when they sat down to the table. Could it be, he wondered, that when people had little enough they were able to offer thanks to whoever or whatever made bountiful the things they ate; and that when it no longer became a problem to obtain the necessities of life, the act of thankfulness was no longer necessary. Yet it seemed a useless gesture, Christopher told himself, upon second thought, unless the prayer of thankfulness for the abundance of the earth, was supplemented by a curse upon those avaricious men, who, in their greed, used a certain power to keep such families as the one with whom he was eating his morning meal, from possessing their rightful share of the earth’s bounty.

Ten o’clock boomed.

Christopher Worth had never consciously listened to the chimes in the tower of the city hall during all of the years he had lived within the circle of their vibration. He heard the bells this Sunday morning chiming the hour of ten. He was in the library of his own home where he had gone directly after his breakfast with the Bronte family. He was talking to his father, and he was relieved because his father was agreeing with everything he said; agreeing it was best for him to return to his home, to go more calmly and systematically about the work he wanted to undertake, to think about it, investigate it, talk it over together that they might do what was best for, as his father called them, “the working class.”

Christopher wished, somehow, that he had not heard the booming of the chimes. Their notes seemed to mock him; reminding him of the night hours and of the part those hours had played in bringing him to his decision to return home. His father did not hear the music of the chimes. He perhaps was wondering why Christopher seemed to suddenly lose interest in what they were talking about, to become preoccupied, not hearing the questions the older Worth was asking. Christopher felt somewhat ridiculous now he was home. Things that during the night had seemed so important, this obsession to achieve something for Peter and his kind, now lost that importance, to become trivial, meaningless. What he had considered a career, under the influence of his father’s clever tongue became but a passing fancy, a whim. He did miss the intimate something of his own room, the pictures and books, and the comfortable chair near the window, with the

lamp above his shoulder, cigarettes on a table within arm's reach, the shower adjoining his bedroom with its invigorating sting, as he missed the atmosphere of his home, and the association of his friends. These things were part of his life, part of his very being.

He had nothing to regret; his father had made this very clear. It would be possible for him to continue his work with Peter and the Reverend John and Andrea. In fact, he would be able to do more for these people, because his father had agreed to continue his allowance, provided he return to live at home, and consult his father about each move he intended to make. Of course, it was better this way; an ideal arrangement. He could do little without money in his pockets. Would have been unable to pay Norma Bronte for his meals and for the little room he had intended to occupy, when once the small amount of money he possessed had been spent. But with his allowance he could do a great deal. His father was right, he had been rather hasty in making the decision of leaving home.

His mother had been delighted when she had been told of the agreement between his father and himself, as had his sister, Dianne. He had been surprised at the emotion they had both displayed, for he had no idea that his existence had meant so much to them.

It was a delightful experience to be back in his own bedroom, to select the suit he would wear for church this Sunday morning, to feel the exhilaration of a shower in a room so comfortably warm that the ice cold water was bearable, and the after effect delightful. While dressing he paused occasionally to glance around the room, or to look out of the window to the garden below. It seemed years rather than hours since he had decided to give up this room. Studying his reflection while he knotted his tie, he smiled into the mirror. His father had been right, no use going off half-cocked.

Eleven o'clock boomed.

Christopher, waiting in the lobby of the First Church, walked impatiently back and forth the length of the green carpeted floor. Ernestine was late, but that was Ernestine; she delighted in being late. Perhaps it gave her a thrill to walk slowly down the aisle to the Barrett pew, after every other person in the congregation had become settled, after the organist and choir had taken their places, after the minister had come from the vestry to take his place behind the ornately draped pulpit. Ernestine arrived. Christopher felt quite unnecessary following her. Eleven o'clock boomed. The clock had just completed the sounding of the hour when they entered the church, the

vibration of the chimes yet hovering in the domed ceiling. Ernestine had timed her arrival perfectly. Her entry was made at that expectant moment, when the congregation, hymn books in hand, awaited the first notes of the organ, awaited the dignified rising of their beloved minister, the Reverend Lionel Morrison. There was nothing for the minister to do but wait, until Ernestine was seated in her pew, nothing for the congregation to do but turn their eyes to watch her, and to perhaps envy her lovely clothes. Christopher followed her, conscious that they were being watched by everyone in the church.

Ernestine had been most gracious to him when he had telephoned to tell her he was going to church. She had been surprised, of course, and somewhat condescending, he supposed, since such an action upon his part could mean nothing more than a complete surrender to her wishes. He was back at home and wished to be back in the place in her affections that was his by right of the ring which encircled her finger. The warmth of the church made him drowsy; that, and his loss of sleep during the night. He felt he must hold his eyelids open with his finger, or disgrace himself and Ernestine by dropping off to sleep, right under the nose of the Reverend Lionel Morrison.

The service seemed to lag more than usual. Why did the Reverend Lionel Morrison have so much to tell the Lord, Christopher wondered. He was sorry for the Lord, who this morning might be as tired as he was himself. Christopher followed the rigmarole as best he could, while he studied the toes of his shoes. It was a big task the Lord was being asked to undertake this day, including the making safe of thrones of Kings and Queens in whom, Christopher felt sure, the Lord was not the least interested. The changing of perfectly good morals of natural races to the immorality of civilization. The assurance of success upon the diabolical activities of those in seats of government who were at the moment exploiting the common people. Christopher waited for, yet failed to hear, a word regarding the common people themselves. Perhaps Lionel Morrison thought he had better not worry the Lord with that matter to-day, Christopher decided. At last the prayer ended and Christopher was able to sit upright and to get the crick out of his spine.

The musical programme was splendid. Christopher enjoyed it because he loved music, and there was no doubt but that the soloists were the best in the city, for no other church could afford to pay them a salary as munificent as they received from the musical committee of the First Church. To-day Christopher wished there was not so much music. He wished the choir

would come to the realization that they were in church, and not upon the theatre stage, with an act that must amuse the audience in front of them. He was weary of vaudeville. Or was it because some of the audience appeared comical that the choir must titter and laugh and whisper among themselves?

The time for the sermon arrived; the stylish monologue of the popular minister. Christopher dreaded the ordeal, but his attention was arrested with the reading of the text. It awakened him from his preoccupation, and caught his interest, as did the explanation the Reverend Lionel Morrison made concerning the text. It instantly increased his respect for their minister and caused him to hope that somewhere in the sermon to which they were about to listen, he would find the solution of the problem that was eating into his heart.

Twelve o'clock boomed.

The clock in the tower of the city hall had completed its revolution. Twelve hours had elapsed since Christopher Worth had first consciously heard its chime. The people of the congregation were crowding the aisles, loitering to chat with one another. Christopher, lingered with Ernestine in their pew, waiting for the crowd to disperse. Leaning his head against the back of the seat, he closed his eyes for a moment, as though he would hold communion with himself. The text of the Reverend Lionel Morrison's sermon was repeating itself in his mind.

"A little child shall lead them."

A soft, warm body seemed to snuggle closely to him, and a small, contented voice seemed to exclaim with all the confidence in the world, "Christopher says he is going to fix it." While he dropped into the depths of despair as he recalled the first words, almost, that Peter Bronte had said to him, under the elms in the park, "What can any one man do?" He saw the need, yet was fearful of the uncertainty of his own strength to accomplish the task he was setting for himself.

He was rudely awakened from his musing as Ernestine stirred, wafting perfume towards him, while her voice told him of the things they would do that day. He was enmeshed in the selfishness of other people's desires; his father's and mother's and Dianne's . . . and particularly Ernestine's. He must free himself, he suddenly decided. He did not want the comfort of his own home, nor did he want the excitement of Ernestine and her crowd; not at the expense of Baby Betty and the people who formed Betty's background. Ernestine must have wondered what had happened to him so suddenly when



he declined her invitation for luncheon. His feet were being magnetically drawn in the direction of Peter Bronte's neighbourhood.

The Reverend John Morley pulled himself out of the comfortable depths of his arm-chair, to rest his elbows upon the mantelpiece, while he studied Christopher's face. Christopher, seated in the chair at the opposite side of the fireplace, paused in the middle of what he was saying. Andrea looked up from the book she was reading, disturbed by the impulsive movement of her father, her eyes questioning the excited timbre of his voice.

"Christopher, do you realize the importance of what you are saying?" the Reverend exclaimed. "It is a tremendous thought."

"Importance?" Christopher laughed. "How ridiculous! It was but something that has been running through my mind all day."

"It is not ridiculous." There was humility in the Reverend John's voice. "Christopher, the bigness of your idea staggers me," he meditatively said, studying Christopher curiously.

Andrea laid aside her book to join the two men at the fire. "You are a terrible radical, Christopher," she said, accusingly, though he could feel approval in her voice, as he turned to her, hiding his nervousness in a comical grimace.

"Then you agree with what I have said, Reverend?" Christopher inquired, relieved that his friend did not think he had suddenly become possessed of some kind of insanity.

"Absolutely, Christopher. Though I must admit that the way you put it gave me a shock. I did not realize you were thinking about such things."

"A shock. Why?" Could it be that what he had said was so unusual, Christopher wondered, waiting for the Reverend John's answer.

"Well, you see, we had a special prayer meeting this afternoon," John Morley paused to think before he continued, "and now you have made the effort seem pitiful; a prayer meeting during which we spent our time complaining to the Lord that we wanted more, when the world is filled with every conceivable thing a human might desire. Why, our very prayers were admission that we were not capable of administering the wealth of things that are our heritage."

"I have a confession to make." Christopher paused, laughing embarrassedly. "I spent this afternoon reading the Bible."

“Was that such an unusual happening that you must confess?” Andrea asked him.

“Most unusual, for me. I do not remember opening the covers of a Bible since I was a boy,” he admitted.

The Reverend John was amused as he watched Christopher’s face. “Why the unusual piety, Christopher?” he questioned, assuming a surprised air. “Who ever induced you to read your Bible?”

“The Reverend Lionel Morrison!”

“What!” Astonishment registered in the Reverend John’s face. It was Christopher’s turn to be amused as he saw the effect of his statement.

“I went to church this morning,” he commenced to explain. “Something the minister said intrigued me. That was the reason for the Bible; I was trying to find the verse.” Christopher chuckled at a thought that rushed into his mind. “I never realized before just how much tissue paper and eye-straining type could be crammed between two book covers,” he said. “I had a frantic time finding anything at all.”

“What were you looking for?” Andrea questioned. Christopher’s answer made his first statement more mysterious yet.

“In the beginning God.”

“Why, they are the first four words in the Bible,” the Reverend said, amazed that anyone should be ignorant of the fact.

“Oh, I found them there, but the rest of the verse changed the meaning of those words. I was trying to find a statement which actually told what those four words indicate.”

“I see what you mean.” The Reverend John picked up a Bible from the table near his arm-chair as he settled himself once again, reflectively filling the bowl of his pipe before commencing to turn the pages. “I am rather fond of Saint John’s interpretation,” he said. “That first verse of the first chapter.” He thumbed the pages until he found the place, commencing to read: “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.”

“That is what I wanted. I would have found it in time, I suppose, but I got weary and lost myself among the ‘begetters’.” Andrea chuckled at this statement, while Christopher continued: “I wish you could have heard our very proper Lionel Morrison let loose this morning. He most certainly must have got under the skins of some of the big fellows in his congregation. Dad

for one, for I saw him squirm several times during the sermon. I expect dad will be dictating a very polite note in the morning, asking the minister to be less explicit in the future, with, of course, a hidden threat that he might lose his job.”

The Reverend John chuckled. “After all, the Reverend Lionel Morrison should be careful, for it is your father and some of the other wealthy members of the First Church who provide the motor car, and beautiful home, and those other things the Reverend Lionel Morrison could scarcely get along without,” he said.

“That is what I thought, until this morning. Lionel Morrison is all right, though. After hearing his sermon I really believe he would just as soon tell dad and the rest of the clique who run the church to go plumb to hell, and take their motor cars and so forth with them.”

“Bravo, Christopher!” Andrea clapped her hands, delighted with Christopher’s earnest defense of the minister of the First Church.

“I am trying to get the connection between the statement you startled me with and that verse you were looking for,” the Reverend John said. Christopher was warming up to the subject, much to the amusement of his listeners.

“Why the Reverend Lionel Morrison came right out and told dad and the others that they were a crooked bunch of thieves. He did not mince matters either, saying that everything upon the earth was created for man and that no one of us had the right to more than his share, as long as there were some who had not sufficient.”

“But that is not a new idea,” the Reverend John suggested, “simply socialism.”

“I know nothing of socialism, or of any ideas that have been presented to help humanity, for that matter. Supposing it is not a new idea. Are those first words of Genesis new? ‘In the beginning God.’” In his enthusiasm, Christopher leaned across to take the Bible from the Reverend John’s knees. “Listen to this.” Turning to Genesis he read, verse after verse. “That is plain enough. Nothing has changed since that day; the waters are still teeming with fish, the land is still abundantly fruitful, the earth is still full of gold and other minerals, the forests are still overgrown with timbers. There is plenty of everything, more than sufficient, so tell me why so many must go without. Is it fair? Is it human? I agree with the Reverend Lionel Morrison. Dad, and all of his kind are a bunch of crooked thieves.”

Andrea was carried away with the intense excitement that had seized Christopher. The Reverend John, even, was amazed.

“Depression!” Christopher continued. “If ever a word was abused, it is that one, depression. I looked it up in my dictionary this afternoon. Certainly it means slackness of business, as my father and other men of his class want it to mean. But it means something more serious, my dictionary says so. Yes, depression . . . the lowering of the spirits . . . dejection. That is what it means. What is more, for there to be a depression there must be a depressor . . . one who depresses.” Christopher’s eyes were blazing. Andrea watched his face, not daring to interrupt. The Reverend John held his pipe in mid-air, forgotten, while his mouth remained agape in his amazement.

“Go on, Christopher,” he urged. “I am enjoying your speech. You can pack more satirical flavouring into your words than anyone else I have ever heard.”

“There should be no depression, no dejections, no lowering of the spirits of the people men like dad call, the working class. The industrialists and capitalists and politicians know this.”

“Are you sure they do?” the Reverend John inquired.

“They can reason as we are reasoning, Reverend. It became plain enough to me this afternoon.”

“Yes, I suppose so. But I am curious to know why you commenced with ‘In the beginning God’.” The Reverend John, smiled, while he remarked, “you did splendidly to start with such a text considering what I understood your views to be, about religion and God.”

“One does not have to be, as you call it, religious, or even believe in an orthodox God to think as I am thinking.”

“Ouch! You win, Christopher,” the Reverend John exclaimed. “But perhaps you are right.”

“In the beginning we had everything. Genesis says we had God. Which to my way of thinking means life; a living force which moved upon the face of the earth and caused every living thing to come into being.”

“Rather scientific, but not so far out, for the sake of your argument, Christopher.” The Reverend John was careful not to be drawn too intimately into the argument for he wanted to hear what Christopher had to say.

“Everything in the world originated from that beginning. You agree with that, Reverend?” Christopher inquired, gaining confidence in himself as his

thought was becoming concrete. Unconsciously he was voicing the reaction of his reading and thinking over a number of years. He wished his father would listen to his ideas about these things, as the Reverend John was listening, instead of ridiculing him, as was always the case. His father seemed to think that this idea was something that had come upon him, an obsession. Now he knew this was not the case, but rather that all of his reading, and all of his thinking, had been gradually bringing him nearer to the decision he had so recently made. "Yes, everything originated from the beginning. Do you agree with me?" he repeated.

"I most certainly do, Christopher. I am beginning to think the church is missing a powerful minister."

"Then go one step further. Everything in the world to-day belongs to mankind."

"Yes, I even agree with that," the Reverend John assured him.

"When I say mankind, I mean everybody, not only the poor people in this neighbourhood, but every living soul . . . Chinamen, Hindoos, Russians, every living being, no matter what their race or creed . . . everybody, from the lowest to the highest intelligence."

"Yes, I also agree with that, most heartily, Christopher. In fact, you are voicing my sentiments exactly."

"I said intelligence. I want to let that pass as we generally understand intelligence. I have my own opinions about that," Christopher continued, scarcely aware of the Reverend John's interruption.

"What did I say about your satirical expression?" The Reverend John leaned back in his chair to release the laughter he could no longer contain. "However, I am enjoying myself." Christopher was emphasizing his statements by pounding the Bible he held in his fingers, upon the arm of the chair, until Andrea, concerned, rescued the book.

"Answer me this one simple question," Christopher challenged. "Why is it that the greater proportion of humanity are without the things they need, if those things belong to them?"

"Economists say it is a matter of mal-distribution," the Reverend John said. He had taken a memo book from his pocket and was busily making notes of his own.

"Mal-distribution! In other words, my father has in his possession things which belong to others. It would be difficult to convince him that this is so."

“I can see his viewpoint quite easily,” the Reverend John agreed. “Your father acquired everything he owns honestly enough.”

“How can he acquire something which belongs to somebody else, . . . honestly?” Christopher questioned, waiting pugnaciously, almost, for the Reverend John’s reply.

“Wait a moment!” the Reverend John laughingly remonstrated. “I am not on the witness stand.”

Now Christopher’s fist thumped the arm of his chair. “But you are on the witness stand, Reverend! The church is more to blame than anyone else.”

“The church is doing everything in its power to help the needy,” the Reverend John said thoughtfully. “That accusation is hardly fair.”

“Rubbish! There should be no needy people; there would not be, but for a rottenness in the very soul of humanity. The church help the needy! That is a joke, too. You go to thieving rogues, like my father, for instance, and beg him to let you have a tiny fraction of what he possesses, which really belongs to someone else, that you might give it back to them. My father agrees. Do you know why? Because he is not so rotten but that he can feel a little ashamed of himself, having so much, while they have so little.”

“But, Christopher . . .”

“I know what you are going to say. I read a lot of stuff in my Bible this afternoon; mighty good philosophy, too. But the nerve of my father, or anyone, to thank the good Lord because they are prosperous. That is as hypocritical as would be the supplication of a thief, after a successful bank robbery.” Christopher laughed derisively. “A few bags of coke, a loaf of bread, a few slices of bologna, and you call it charity!”

“Fire and brimstone! You sound as though you meant business, Christopher!” The Reverend John was leading him on. Though he did not admit it, Christopher was voicing his own ideas exactly; ideas he had discussed many times with Andrea. “You try to preach what you are telling us, and see what happens to you,” he said, his voice predicting calamity.

“I know, Reverend, that was another thing I found in my Bible this afternoon; the warning the Galilean gave his committee when they went out to preach.”

“They may put you in jail, Christopher.”

“I expect they will. I have seen how they handle people who dare to express a thought other than that authorized by the politicians.”

Christopher's mind rushed back to a Saturday afternoon not so long since, when he had stopped his automobile to watch the police of their city disperse a crowd in the park. When he had seen with his own eyes police officers beating men's heads unmercifully with vicious batons, because the men dared to speak against the rottenness of a class that had, for their own selfish gain, caused the suffering of a depression. Had seen, scarcely able to watch, mounted police officers ride ruthlessly, slashing right and left with their whips, at the heads and faces of men and women who dared to listen to the courageous speakers. He had admired newspapers who at the time dared to print their protest of such inhuman methods, who dared to show photographs of the brutality of those in authority. Then he remembered how he had become nauseated with those same newspapers, when they dared not complete the work for humanity they had commenced, hushed by their fear of the wealth and power of those who had acquired more than their right of the possessions of that humanity. Christopher, more excited than ever, continued: "But there are more of the innocent than the guilty. They could not keep them all in jail."

The Reverend John leaned his head back against his chair, his pipe alight once more, and considered what Christopher had been saying. Andrea arose from the footstool where she had been seated, to sit upon the arm of her father's chair. Her eyes were filled with admiration; tear-dimmed as she watched Christopher and saw how white and drawn his face had become from the exertion of his talking. At last the Reverend John spoke, slowly, as though awed by what he had heard.

"Lionel Morrison started you thinking this way? I am amazed. I believe he would be amazed himself. He is likely enjoying a book at this moment, comfortably ensconced in his study, quite blissfully unaware of the fuse he has lighted to a package of dynamite," he laughed. "You are an explosive lad, Christopher."

Christopher felt embarrassed. He scarcely knew what he had been saying. He simply had been compelled to relieve his mind of the thoughts that had stirred him to his very depths this day.

"More than sufficient for everybody. It does seem ridiculous," he said, in an undertone, as though speaking to himself. "Bricks, and stone, and mortar for building a house for every living being, a house with every convenience far beyond the dreams of the average man or woman. Materials of every conceivable nature for the making of furniture to equip each home, for the making of clothing for its occupants. Abundance of food that they might live. Coal and oil and gas in abundance for fuel. In the beginning the world



was filled with these things and to-day it holds more than necessary for every living being. Necessities of life, yet one part of humanity has power to keep these things away from their fellow men.”

“More than sufficient for everybody!” Christopher’s voice rang with pathos. “Why are things as they are, Reverend John?”

“I am afraid there is nothing we can do about it,” the Reverend John said, smiling hopelessly as he added: “Except to continue with our bags of coke, and loaves of bread, and things like that.”

Andrea saw Christopher flinch at the statement the Reverend John made. “Christopher is not going to be content with that,” she said. “I think someone should champion the Cause of these people who cannot look after themselves.”

“I intend to do that, Andrea,” Christopher vowed. How he would go about it, he scarcely knew. It was not an obsession; he did not particularly want to do it. It seemed to entail too many sacrifices, for the idea had already worked havoc in his life. He had decided that morning to leave the Bronte house to go back to his own home. Had decided to do what he could to help Peter Bronte and the Reverend John in their work while living with his own people, but now he realized just how impossible this would be. He would be fighting his own people, and all of their kind; he could not accept his living from them under such conditions. Not that alone, but he could not fight a thing to which he belonged, of which he was a part. Those against whom he was fighting would laugh at his efforts; those for whom he was fighting would not believe in him. He must let the need control him, use him as it was necessary.

“You will find it a greater task than you anticipate.” The Reverend John was sorry he had made this statement the moment the words left his lips. He envied Christopher, completely unfettered by dogma or creed. Envied the youth of Christopher’s twenty-eight years. Envied the freedom of Christopher’s life, that held no responsibility beyond the gaining of a meal and a place to sleep.

“I agree with you, Reverend John, I can see the bigness of the undertaking,” Christopher said. “But I have an idea that I shall stumble upon the way to do something to help the other fellow. The Reverend Lionel Morrison gave me courage in the text of his sermon this morning.”

“Why, I am going to believe the church really does accomplish some good, first thing you know.” Andrea winked at Christopher, as she teasingly

said this. The Reverend John leaned his head back to look up into the face above his own. "You little minx, I often feel you have quite a poor appreciation of us, as ministers."

"Now, now, Reverend, you know that is not the truth. I think you are a remarkably clever man," Andrea teased, settling herself more comfortably upon the arm of his chair.

The Reverend John sighed. "The ministerial board think differently, or they would not bury me in this poverty-stricken church," he said, bitterly, "with scarce enough remuneration to keep body and soul together."

"You are wrong, Reverend John," Christopher interrupted. "Lionel Morrison could not do your job. No, sir. I am not so sure that he even knew the importance of his own message this morning."

"I wonder. But about his text, what was it?"

"A little child shall lead them."

"How does that fit in with what we have been discussing, Christopher?"

"It sounds presumptuous for me to suggest that what I may do will be worth while, but if anything does come of it, Baby Betty Bronte should be given credit."

"Baby Betty Bronte! Why, what has she to do with your work?" Andrea asked, leaning towards him in surprise.

Christopher told them of the night previous which he had spent at the Bronte home, of the interminable hours broken only by the chiming of the city hall clock, of little Betty Bronte creeping into his bed in the early morning. He could feel that Andrea knew something of the pain of being cold, of shivering, aching limbs, for her eyes welled with tears while she listened. "I decided to-day to return to my own home to live, for several reasons," he told them. "But every little while I realized how impossible this would be, as Betty's face crept near and I could hear her piping voice saying: 'We are not going to be cold any more, mamma, Christ'pher is going to fix it'."

The Reverend John remained deep in thought, silently watching his daughter and this young man who had so recently entered the inner circle of their lives. Faintly audible, from lips which trembled, Andrea whispered, scarcely breaking the quiet that surrounded them:

"Christopher, you must not fail."

The policeman on duty hovered near the imposing marble and brass entrance to the bank. His attitude was tense, his fingers touched his revolver holster, his eyes watched a dilapidated sedan standing at the curb, its noisy engine throbbing. He had seen a rather suspicious looking, poorly dressed young man jump from this automobile, before it had stopped almost, running into the bank. He saw the girl who was driving, apparently ready to dash away at a moment's notice, her eyes watching the dim interior of the bank. The officer decided at last to investigate and walking towards the entrance, he arrived in the line of exit exactly in time to collide with the young man about whom he was concerned. Grasping Christopher's arm, he held him.

"Wait a moment!" he exclaimed. "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Well, if it is any of your business, I am taking Andrea to lunch," Christopher said, and as he spoke he attempted to shake his arm free, only to find the officer's grip tighten.

"Oh, you are, are you? We will see what the bank manager says about that."

"What do you mean?" Christopher was amused. Incredulously he exclaimed, as the significance of the act dawned upon him: "You surely do not think I am robbing the bank?"

"You look tough enough for that kind of game," the officer said, while Christopher followed his glance towards the sedan, and to Andrea, who was coming towards them, her eyes round with fear.

"Here is a joke dad would enjoy," Christopher whispered. "You wait in the car, Andrea. The manager knows me. I will only be a minute."

The manager of the bank enjoyed the joke, as, much to the policeman's chagrin, he explained that Christopher was the son of the wealthy Barlow Worth, and that Christopher had a moment before deposited thirty thousand dollars. Christopher stood aside, listening, filled with merriment.

"You should have told me," the policeman said.

"You should have given me a chance. But I hardly blame you, for I will admit my hurry looked suspicious. I did not want to keep the Reverend

waiting. He is lunching with us, you know.” As an afterthought, Christopher inquired: “Do I really look tough enough to be a bank robber?”

With a sheepish grin the officer continued on his beat, pausing some distance away to glance back at the sedan and its occupants.

“I would like to know what that policeman is thinking about now,” Christopher told Andrea, once they were under way. He watched her drive until the traffic thinned. “Were you really concerned about my being arrested?”

Andrea gave him a fleeting glance. “My heart stood still, almost.”

“The Reverend will get a laugh when we tell him.” Christopher offered her the pass-book he had received from the bank. “I want you to keep this, Andrea. I opened the account in your name.”

“Why did you do that?”

“In trust, for the Cause,” Christopher told her.

“For the Cause? But I do not belong to the Cause.”

“Oh, yes you do. Keeper of the funds, as it were.” He raised his hand to stop any argument about the matter. “I am sure the Reverend will say I have very good judgment.”

“But this represents everything you possess, Christopher. What are you going to do? How are you going to live?”

“Ah, now you have another story! I have a job!”

Andrea again turned in surprise. “You have a job?”

Christopher was enjoying himself. The morning had been an eventful one. He had spent an hour with his father, during which time he had liquidated his entire assets. His father had purchased the block of stock he owned in his own right in the Worth Steel Foundries, with some other securities and in addition his automobile and motorboat. The thirty thousand dollars he had a few moments previously deposited in a savings account, was his father’s cheque in payment. His father had been quite decent about everything, had said he would rather they did not discuss Christopher’s plans because this might bring up some factor which would estrange them. His father had wished him success, even, and left the matter so that he would feel at liberty to go to his home whenever he so desired. His mother had been lovely, too. Of course he could feel her influence behind the whole affair. He felt he could quite easily convert his mother to his own way of

thinking, but this would hardly be fair to her or to his father. Dianne had teased him, had bitten his ear when she kissed him as he was leaving, had made a twenty-dollar bet he would be home inside of a month . . . so Dianne was on his side.

The Reverend Lionel Morrison had been surprised to see him when he had called at the First Church parsonage that morning. He had been more surprised to hear Christopher express his appreciation of the sermon. "Let me see, what was my subject last Sunday? I must look up my notes," the minister had said, and as he searched through the papers in the drawer of his desk, Christopher had stealthily emptied a silver box upon a nearby table of its expensive cigars. "Charity begins at home," he had chuckled to himself as he put them into the inside pocket of his coat. The Reverend John would enjoy them. Already he was experimenting with his idea of taking from the rich and giving to the poor.

"Yes, yes," the Reverend Lionel Morrison had said, after he had located the notes of his sermon. "I thought myself the subject was rather well treated. Quite in keeping with the times."

"I thought it was splendid! It started me thinking, I can assure you of that." Christopher remembered having told him.

"What did your father think about the sermon?" Christopher recalled having smiled cynically when the Reverend Lionel Morrison asked this question. Of course it was quite to be expected that the minister would be more concerned about what the great Barlow Worth thought about that sermon, than of any idea Barlow Worth's son might have concerning it.

"I believe dad is laying for you. You know what I mean, he intends to give you hell for what you said about his being a dirty crook," he had replied, to the Reverend Lionel Morrison's discomfiture.

"Dear me, how unfortunate! One is so often misunderstood when he introduces any new thought into his message," the Reverend Lionel Morrison had said, while Christopher had been sure there was a touch of regret, if not fear, in his words.

"I was telling the Reverend John about your sermon. Said I admired you. Keep it up, I have bet my shirt on you!" Christopher smiled when he recalled the look upon Lionel Morrison's face as he had made this statement endeavouring to put the minister at ease.

The Reverend Lionel Morrison had experienced difficulty in keeping pace with Christopher's ideas. He had been pleased with the compliment,

however. "Who is the Reverend John?" he had questioned, and when Christopher had told him, he had ruined the good opinion Christopher had formed of him, by his disdain. "Oh, yes, John Morley. He has one of the smaller churches in the east end," he had said. Christopher had not been able to resist the temptation of a joke before leaving and had taken a cigar from his pocket, one of the Reverend Lionel Morrison's own cigars, and had offered it to the minister.

The Reverend Lionel Morrison had examined the band with the air of a connoisseur. "Splendid smoke. My own brand," he had said.

"Yes, I like them. The kind the Reverend John smokes," Christopher had replied, wondering whether the culmination of the joke would be as perfect as he hoped, whether Lionel Morrison would miss the twenty cigars he had purloined. Too bad he would not see . . . but . . .

Andrea aroused him from his contemplation of the morning's happenings. "I am waiting to hear about that job you have secured."

"Timothy Shane is finding a place for me in the rolling mill."

"You mean you are going to work for your father?" The car swerved as in her surprise Andrea released her hold upon the steering wheel.

"Yes, but dad will never know." Christopher laughed as he thought of the conspiracy between Timothy Shane and himself. He had gone to Timothy's little office that morning to ask for a job. It had been a difficult task convincing Timothy that it was quite all right. Luckily none of the men in the mills knew him by sight. Timothy was going to teach him to operate one of the overhead cranes. He had had no compunction taking the job, for he would earn every dollar he was given, and he had to live. He wanted to experience for himself the tiredness of labour.

"You funny man, wanting to work in the Steel Foundries, with thirty thousand dollars in the bank!"

"I want to do it, Andrea. Do you mind?"

"Why, I am proud of you, Christopher. But I wonder what Ernestine will say, when she finds out."

"That is the one thing that bothers me. I am not playing fair with Ernestine. What would you do, Andrea, if you were in my place?"

Andrea glanced at his face mischievously. "She will come around to your way of thinking in time. You should know by this time that girls like to have everything their own way."

“Then you think it better for me to say nothing more at present?” Christopher’s concern could quite easily be felt.

“It is hard to advise you, Christopher. Would it hurt so very much if you were to lose Ernestine?”

“Yes, it would hurt. It is the one thing that is making it difficult for me to throw my whole heart into our plans.” Christopher did not see the flash of pain in her eyes, did not see her teeth bite into her lip when he answered.

“She ought to be proud of you! But, no, Christopher, that sounds spiteful. She will be proud of you some day, I am sure she will.”

“I hope so.” But there was hopelessness in the words he said. His relationship with Ernestine was a problem. Queer, that he was doing this thing in spite of her protests. He had always acquiesced with her every wish, because it had pleased him to do the things she wanted him to do. They had known one another for a long time, he could not remember exactly how long. It had always been taken for granted that they would some day be married; their mothers had dreamed of this, their fathers had carefully planned the joining of the families in this manner. Ernestine and he had joked about it, until they had fallen in love. But were they in love with each other? He sometimes wondered whether, had this been the case, he would be willing to take the chance of losing her. They had been most intimate companions, spending the greater part of their waking hours together. The thought came to him that it would have been wonderful had she desired to help him; then she would have been sitting beside him instead of Andrea. He was surprised that he did not feel worried. He knew Ernestine would never permit herself to be neglected. There were many plays and other things to be attended during the coming winter; many parties to which they would both be invited. A Mediterranean cruise; he had forgotten this. His father and mother and his sister, Dianne, would be sailing in January and Ernestine would be going with them; would be away for several months. The Montgomerys were going with them, also, which meant Basil Montgomery would share the hours with Ernestine during the voyage. This was one other thing he had not thought of; it was somewhat disturbing. They had taken a similar cruise a year previous. He remembered the days they had spent together aboard the liner, Ernestine and himself, lounging in their deck chairs. They had become betrothed during that voyage; on their way to Europe. He remembered how they had found a sheltered corner into which he had drawn two deck chairs. They had been in the Gulf Stream. It had been a glorious night; he remembered it as though it were but yesterday. Moonlight had caused splashes of silver to be dropped near their feet,

thrown from the moon-tipped waves. They had lingered, undiscovered, until dawn almost. Had it been the magic of the night? She had been a different Ernestine; her body had relaxed until it held a mysterious softness as she lay in his arms. He had ruffled her hair that night, he remembered now. There would be other moonlight nights on this coming voyage. There would be other intimately secluded corners with deck chairs . . . and Basil Montgomery. But he was unfair to Ernestine. She would be polite to Basil Montgomery, that was all. She would dance with him, but that was quite proper. He hated the thought of this, but it could not be helped. The idea which obsessed him held a larger place in his heart.

“Are you not going to pay any attention to me?” Andrea’s plaintive question startled him.

“I beg your pardon, Andrea, I was day-dreaming.”

“You were worrying about Ernestine. I wish I could help you.”

“I have decided not to worry about her any more. Does that sound selfish?”

“It all depends. If I were in love with you, I would see to it that you did not neglect me,” Andrea stated, while the tone of her voice, in spite of her laugh, told him she meant what she said.

“That is what is going to make it so easy for you and I to work together, Andrea. We are not in love with each other.” Christopher was not conscious of the import of this matter-of-fact statement.

“Yes, I suppose so.” Andrea gave him another side glance, smiling mischievously at her reflection in the mirror above her head. “It is much better that we are not in love,” she said. Christopher’s innocence, or perhaps his complete absorption in his idea, amused her.

The Reverend John was waiting for them in the doorway of the restaurant. He waved as they passed while they were searching for a place to leave the car. Christopher enjoyed the novelty of the old sedan. It seemed that Andrea got more pleasure joking about its ancient vintage than he ever had experienced from the ownership of the sparkling new cars, that had followed each other into his possession in periods of not more than half a year apart. He would chuckle as drivers of new cars would stay clear of them, knowing as Andrea knew, that another bump or scratch would mean nothing to the life of the old sedan. They pulled to the curb behind a beautiful limousine, Andrea saying, as she gave a glance behind her when they walked away, “I hope the person who owns that old thing does not



scratch our bus when he pulls out.” Queer, he thought, how much value he had placed upon the owning of something better than anyone else; a costly vanity which had given him no lasting pleasure.

“Hurry, you two,” the Reverend John called as they approached. “I resent being kept waiting for the first real meal I have had a chance to enjoy for goodness knows how long.”

“Now, Reverend, is that nice?” Andrea exclaimed. “You know quite well Christopher is aware that I am cook at our house.”

Christopher was amused during the lunch hour, listening to Andrea and her father, each endeavoring to excel the other with their witticisms; so fast and subtle at times he could scarcely keep pace with their conversation.

“Christopher will think we are a couple of idiots, Reverend,” she said, when the coffee and dessert were being served.

“Far from that, I am beginning to realize how much you mean to each other. I would give a great deal to share such a friendship.” Christopher’s words told of his envy.

“Oh, the Reverend is not so bad, after you get used to his idiosyncrasies.” Andrea wrinkled her nose at the Reverend John.

Christopher remembered the cigars in his pocket and piled them upon the tablecloth in front of the Reverend John. “With the Reverend Lionel Morrison’s compliments,” he explained. “Oh, he knows nothing about the donation, unless he has been guessing.” Christopher chuckled as he told of his purloining the contents of the silver cigar box. The Reverend John was somewhat perplexed and hesitant about accepting them, until he heard Christopher tell how he had given one back, and of its grateful acceptance.

“Our Christopher has such taking ways. He is going to get along,” Andrea prophesied.

Over their coffee, in the magic of the aroma of his expensive cigar, the Reverend John listened to their adventures of the morning. His eyes twinkled merrily while they told him of the incident at the bank, to cloud with uncertainty when Andrea displayed the little red pass-book.

“Thirty thousand dollars, in your name, Andrea! Why it is impossible. The responsibility is too great.”

Christopher endeavoured to quiet his fears. “It is my contribution to the Cause,” he explained, “all that I will ever be able to give.”

“Why do you want Andrea to hold it?” John Morley questioned.

“Just a whim, perhaps, but I wanted to feel I was giving it away. You know, in one piece. Everything I possessed. Andrea represents the Cause to me. She can disburse it as we decide, when the time comes.”

“I see.” The Reverend John threw a questioning glance towards Andrea. When the opportunity came, and Christopher’s eyes were elsewhere, she nodded her head to tell him to agree. She decided she must seize the first chance to warn her father against saying anything which might hold a hint that would affect the friendship between Christopher and herself. She decided also, that she would make sure she did not allow that friendship to become more intimate; that she would allow nothing to creep into the hours they might spend together which would swerve Christopher from his purpose.

“What are our plans for this afternoon, Reverend John?” Christopher wanted to guide the conversation away from the subject of his money.

“I promised to take you to meet an old friend of mine, Lee Hansen. He owns a small printing shop.”

“Interested in what we have in mind?” Christopher questioned, quite content, however, to allow his friend to lead, while he falteringly followed.

“Extremely interested,” the Reverend John said. “I was telling Lee about the talk you and I had last night. He wants to hear more about it, wants to meet you, too. You see, Christopher, Lee Hansen has ideas very much like your own.”

Christopher hesitated, glancing across the table to Andrea. “Andrea and I had planned to distribute some food this afternoon,” he said, waiting for Andrea to confirm their arrangements.

“Andrea can manage alone. I feel it is important for us to do as I suggest. You are going to like old Lee Hansen. I think he can be valuable to us with his printing shop.”

“With his printing shop?” Christopher’s forehead wrinkled in a puzzled frown.

“Yes. But wait until you hear the plan he has. You are going to be enthusiastic.”

Christopher doubted the possibility of being enthusiastic. Though he did not realize it, the bidding good-bye to Andrea as she pulled away from the curb, left him anything but enthusiastic. The work did not hold the same zest

without her companionship. He did not realize how plainly his thoughts were written upon his face for the Reverend John to read. It was but a short distance to the little printing shop, but a few minutes before he was shaking hands with Lee Hansen. "Old Lee", the Reverend had called him, and Christopher was surprised to discover he was a young man. The Reverend John explained that Lee was old; old in understanding. Christopher liked the feel of Lee's handclasp, liked the deep bass of the voice of his new acquaintance.

"Meet another fire-eater, Lee," the Reverend John said as he introduced them.

"I scarcely deserve that name," Christopher laughed, embarrassed.

"Nothing to be ashamed of, when one earns it through having courage to express his convictions," Lee replied.

"Lee knows how to express himself," the Reverend John confided. "You should read some of the stuff he prints. I tell him he should use asbestos paper. He certainly sets a wicked stick of type."

Lee laughed boisterously, leading the way into his small office. "I would like to work with you, Mr. Worth," he said, coming to the point without hesitation. Christopher liked the frank earnestness of his statement.

"Let us shake on that. It is evident we both approve of the Reverend's recommendation," he replied.

Lee Hansen quickly relieved Christopher's mind in regard to the part a printing shop might play in the work he was planning. Christopher had been in doubt about this at first, until Lee lost himself in his enthusiasm, as he explained the ideas he had in his mind. The Reverend John had said that he had been speaking to Lee about the things Christopher had, as he said, expounded to him in the parsonage study. Christopher smiled as this was recalled. It was evident that they had been talking together, Lee Hansen and the Reverend John, and evident that their talk had been of some length, for it seemed that plans for having Christopher use the printing shop, and the help of Lee Hansen, were very well laid. Christopher liked their ideas, however; they appealed to him. Their talk in Lee's tiny office did much to give Christopher a clearer conception of the possibilities of the work he had undertaken. They must reach the masses, Lee said, reach a great number of people, instead of the few who might come to listen to them speaking under the elms in the park. It was a thrilling thought, that Christopher could write the things he wished to say, and with the aid of the type that he had with

boy-like curiosity examined in the cases, as he passed through the shop, they could repeat the message as often as they desired. The vision began to grow as Lee explained methods of distributing the leaflets he proposed they print. Christopher was grateful for having met Lee Hansen; this was one more debt he owed the Reverend John.

“The more I think about it, the better I like the idea,” he said, while Lee smiled gratefully because of Christopher’s appreciative acceptance.

“I was telling Lee that the empty room upstairs would make a good place to meet in. He never uses it,” the Reverend John said, interrupting their conversation. “Let us go up and look at it, Lee.”

“A room to meet in?” Christopher repeated as they climbed a narrow flight of stairs. “For whom to meet in, Reverend?” Lee Hansen laughed again, exclaiming, “You will get to know the Reverend better after awhile. He is always one step ahead of the other fellow.”

“Thank you, Lee,” the Reverend John said. “You will have to organize, you know, Christopher. There is Lee Hansen, Timothy Shane, Peter Bronte, Michael Cassidy, and there will be others who can be useful to the idea.”

Christopher became bewildered, almost, with the rapidity of the happenings that were rotating about him. He could scarcely keep pace mentally with the energy of the Reverend John, who had completely convinced him that Lee Hansen would fit into their plans, and now had introduced another surprise by having found a room in which they were to meet, and before Christopher had opportunity to decide in his own mind who in particular would meet in this room, and for why, the Reverend had brought to his attention that already, out of thin air it seemed, a little group of men had been gathered, for one particular purpose. Now he saw that under the apparently lackadaisical exterior of the Reverend John was hidden a genius for organization.

“I must get my breath,” Christopher laughingly exclaimed, bewildered with the promise of such a tangible beginning. “Shall we all meet in this room to-night?” Of course, he decided, this was the necessary thing to do.

On their way home, the Reverend John suggested stopping in to acquaint Peter Bronte with their arrangements. Then, remembering perhaps the disappointment that had been upon Christopher’s face when Andrea had left them after lunch, he invited him to the parsonage for tea.

The room above Lee Hansen's printing shop had been used at one time as the meeting place for the Author's Club; a dream of Lee Hansen that had been quite short lived. Lee had spent many labourious evenings in this room when the club was in its birth pains. The oak panelling upon the walls was his own handiwork, as were the beams in the ceiling, the elaborately carved door, and the massive oak table and long benches. The huge chandelier, curiously designed in hand-wrought iron, that hung above the table, had been a gift to the club from Joel Somerset, a blacksmith, who came in from a small village not far beyond the city limits, to attend the few meetings of the 'Author's Club', bringing with him the clean breath of the fields and woods and streams, in his interesting verse.

Lee Hansen loved this room. He had never cared to have anybody use it, though he often had the opportunity. The ideals he had built into it were much too precious, for it was here he had hoped would be created thought that eventually would become writings that his type fonts and presses would give expression. From his little printing shop he had hoped would go beautifully bound books, which would win for him recognition as a craftsman. Often, before leaving his work for the day, in the dusk of late afternoon, he would climb the steep, dusty stairway, to spend a few moments here. It was like going into another world, where he could lose his mood of commercialism, to meditate quietly, seated by the leaded casement windows.

Lee Hansen was glad when the office clock crept around to five o'clock, freeing him from his work of this day. There was an unusual eagerness in his step as he hurried up the stairway, broom and duster in his hand. To-night his room would come to life, would assume a new usefulness. Occasionally, resting in his task of sweeping and dusting, he paused to contemplate for the hundredth time, the thought the Reverend John had brought to him that day. He liked Christopher Worth. It had given him a queer feeling, meeting Christopher, gripping his hand, looking into his eyes; just as Reverend John had said that it would. There was something different about Christopher, he had discovered; something in the burning intensity of his eyes, something in his handclasp. It was a mysterious something he could not understand; a magnetic force which drew him, and had held him in wonderment during the hours since they had parted. It had made him eager for them to meet again. The thought that Christopher would use this room, that he and the Reverend John and other men of like nature would meet here gave a zest to his task, as reverently he dusted the table and benches and carved oak door. The late

afternoon sun was stealing between the buildings opposite, sending a shaft of light through the diamond shaped windows, across the floor. Distant corners were beginning to lose form in the shadows. The room seemed to hold the dignity of holiness; this upper room into which so much of his life had gone.

Christopher paused nervously in the doorway when he arrived with the Reverend John. The others of the little group who had been invited, were already there, and as the door opened for Christopher and his companion, conversation seemed to stop, as though by a prearranged signal, while every face turned towards them. Christopher was glad he knew several of the men. Peter Bronte, with his vibrant welcome, Timothy Shane with his friendly grin, Michael Cassidy, the grocer, waving his fat hand in a manner that suggested some secret fraternity, Lee Hansen impulsively crossing the room, excitedly eager to be first to greet him. Lee introduced a stranger, an old man who reminded Christopher of the poet, Walt Whitman. Joel Somerset, he learned, was the man's name. But most surprising of all, and for a moment he could not believe his eyes, the Reverend Lionel Morrison.

The two ministers greeted one another before Christopher could escape their company, and he felt a nervous flush creeping into his cheeks when Lionel Morrison offered him a cigar. "Just purchased a fresh supply," he said, his face giving no hint of what he was thinking. "I found I was quite out after you had gone this morning."

"It was such a tempting prank," Christopher explained. "I hope I am forgiven."

"Most assuredly," Lionel Morrison laughed. "I told your tobacconist to send you the bill for the box I got."

The Reverend John had assumed the task of getting the meeting in order, and at his suggestion Christopher took the chair at the end of the table, while the others slid into their places upon the long benches on each side. Christopher was wondering what was going to happen, when the Reverend John stood up.

"Christopher, I have spoken to every man here about our talk yesterday," he said. "They would be grateful, I know, to hear your ideas from your own lips, for I am afraid I made quite a muddle of the telling."

In the hush which followed, Christopher looked into the faces around the table. He felt a weakness inside of himself, while his heart pounded audibly. "I am afraid I could not make a speech or anything like that," he stammered,

laughing embarrassedly. "I never have made a speech. I really do not remember, exactly what I said to the Reverend John yesterday. We were just chatting."

The Reverend John smiled encouragement. "No need to worry about the speech making, Christopher," he said. "Not one of us here could make a speech either." He looked across to the Reverend Lionel Morrison, correcting himself: "That is, with the exception of my worthy colleague, and he is too highbrow, anyway." The Reverend Lionel Morrison applauded, with a laugh. It seemed to Christopher that a baby voice was speaking; a voice which vibrated against the cords of his neck. "Christopher is going to fix it." But he did not want to lead, he would prefer to follow. Yet he found himself standing more firmly upon his feet, his heels hugging the floor. Realized that he was talking; talking easily, and earnestly, to eyes that searched his face. He said many things that were strange to himself, even. Startlingly queer, because he could scarcely believe they were his own. Occasionally he paused to run his hand nervously through his hair and to search into the dim corners of the oak panelled room for inspiration, returning his gaze upon the group of upturned faces; faces pale in the radiance from the wrought iron chandelier above their heads. The room held a poignant, breathless quiet, except for his own voice. No hand was moved in applause. No other lips made a sound. It seemed that he was listening to the words of some other person. The men around the table were eager to hear him; the quiet of the room made this plain. The acceptance of himself was reflected in the faces around him. He was giving expression to the thoughts burning in his mind.

"In the beginning man had everything! Civilization has deprived him of the things he needs, of the right to exist almost; a civilization of depression and depressors. Humanity pitifully endeavouring to extricate itself from a condition of its own creating, but selfishly unwilling to pay the cost. Teeming millions, the greater part of humanity, living an existence more degrading than wild beasts, while a lustful few hold, in their greed-scarred hands, the wealth of the world."

Every sentence Christopher uttered was bitter and scathing; a challenge to humanity, daring men to do the things that would make conditions as they were in the beginning, when the earth was young and every man had a right to take for himself the necessities of life. Beads of moisture stood out upon his forehead. His face was white and drawn in the intensity of his emotion.

“Is that what you wished me to say? Is that what you wanted to hear?” he questioned, looking into the faces around the table. The Reverend John was about to speak but hesitated as he looked at his companions and saw that anything he might say would break the spell Christopher had put upon them. What was there to say? Christopher waited. Seeing no move being made he continued bitterly, discouraged: “I suppose I do sound like an idiot. But I mean every word I have spoken. I feel it here, inside of my breast. I know I am right. Why should I care what you think? I am going through with what I believe in my own heart to be right.”

It seemed that every man in the room, was stunned, too bewildered to speak, awed by the words Christopher had spoken. Misunderstanding their hesitation, he threw out a challenge, a command: “If there is any man here who believes what I have said is right, let him follow me and we will commence to do something about it.”

The desperation of the challenge effectively broke the tenseness of the atmosphere. The Reverend John leaned across the table to the Reverend Lionel Morrison. “There, what did I tell you, Morrison? A regular fire eater!”

“I am with you, Christopher,” Lionel Morrison exclaimed, getting up from the bench to walk to Christopher’s side. The others quickly followed his example. There was no talk of organization; each knew instinctively that this meeting had brought them together for some purpose unknown to themselves, but from which they could never be free.

They walked home together, Christopher, Peter Bronte and the Reverend John; walked through the park, under the leafless elms. Their feet echoed hollowly on the frozen ground. The moon threw grotesque shadows ahead of them. They walked in silence, each engrossed in his own thoughts, until they came to Peter’s home.

“I would like to walk as far as the Reverend’s before I go to bed,” Christopher told Peter.

“Better not be long,” Peter jokingly replied. “You start work at the rolling mills in the morning.”

The parsonage was scarcely two blocks away. Christopher wished the distance had been greater, for there were many things he wanted to ask the Reverend John and he was glad when his companion invited him to come in for a moment. Andrea heard them enter the hall and called from upstairs; called to them to come up to the study. She was expecting him. Christopher



wondered why. But she was, for she had set three cups upon the low table by the grate, and coffee was percolating somewhere nearby. He caught the aroma as he entered the room and heard the coffee bubbling. He discovered Andrea had her preparations for lunch concealed behind a screen.

“You knew I would be coming back with the Reverend?” he questioned, grateful for the friendly smile she gave him when she whispered, intimately:

“I had hoped you would.”

It was difficult to say anything more about that, difficult to say anything but the banality of, “The coffee smells good.”

“The Reverend must have his coffee and good-night snack,” she told him, while he watched her father discard his clerical collar with a relieved sigh, and in slippers and smoking jacket, settle into his well-worn arm-chair. The good-night snack was a new experience for Christopher. Andrea pulled the low brass-topped table nearer the fire and with a plate piled high with newly cut bread she made toast in front of the live coals, spreading it with butter and bloater paste. Christopher had never tasted bloater paste. The sound of its name seemed common, but when his teeth sank into the warm, crunchy toast with its flavour of the sea, he grinned appreciation. Andrea was kept more than busy as, upon her knees, she endeavoured to keep abreast his and the Reverend’s appetites; the walk home had made them hungry. The flicker of the flames caught the brown of her curls, turning her hair into delicate strands of spun gold. The heat flushed her face, to emphasize the gray-blue of her eyes until they seemed amethyst. Christopher’s evenings had, in the past, ended in many varied ways, but had never caused him to exclaim: “This is the most thrilling ending to a day I have ever experienced.”

The Reverend was tired and Christopher caught him nodding, forcing his eyes to stay open. The clock upon the mantelpiece warned him the hour was late; more than politely late.

“I must go, I had not realized how late it was,” he exclaimed. He was disappointed when the Reverend John agreed that it was late and prepared to see him away; exalted when Andrea said she wanted to hear more about the meeting; that the Reverend could go to bed while she and Christopher would talk. Christopher was glad the Reverend did not object, though whether Andrea’s father was glad to get to bed, or to have this opportunity of leaving them alone, to talk together, he was not sure.

“I should not keep you up,” Christopher remonstrated when they were alone.

“I could not sleep without hearing about what you did to-night,” she told him. Settling comfortably in the Reverend’s chair, one leg curled beneath herself, she watched him through half-closed lids, while he talked.

“Made quite an ass of myself,” he explained. “Lord only knows what made me say the things I said; things about which I know nothing or less.”

“The Reverend told me your talk was remarkable,” she interjected. He felt a happy relief under her glance; it seemed to say she was proud of him.

“It was the room. There is something queer about it,” he explained. “A quiet holiness. It seemed to affect us all. Not one of those men uttered a word while I was speaking. Just sat still, and watched me. The light above our heads seemed to touch their faces, leaving everything else in the shadow. The quiet earnestness of those faces made me tremble inside. Round questioning eyes; a haunting loneliness seemed to fill them with sorrow and heartache. I wish I could explain, Andrea.”

Andrea’s eyes were misty. She tried to hide her emotion behind her half-closed lids. Her voice was small and quiet when she spoke. “I know what you mean, Christopher,” she said. Leaning forward, she cupped her chin in her hand. “Tell me more,” she begged.

Now it was in the intimately small study where they sat; that indefinable something, a quiet, which caught him in its influence, which made him tremble, and wonder, and yearn. Christopher discovered its influence creeping around him. All of the haunting loneliness of the faces that had looked into his own in that upper room was now apparent in the girlish face so near to his own. What was there he could tell her about their meeting, or about the influence that disturbed his soul? There was nothing to tell. He could not explain because he himself did not understand.

“I felt that what I said was simply the reaction of the influence of that room, an echoing of the minds of the men gathered there,” he said, pausing to gaze meditatively into the live coals in the grate, while she studied his face.

“I am very happy,” she murmured in a low voice. Her words startled him.

“Why should you be happy, Andrea?”

“One does not reason about such things. There is no answer, no why or wherefore, except perhaps that I understand just how you feel, how you felt when you were speaking to those other men to-night. I have felt that way myself.” Andrea was lost in thought for some minutes. “I have felt that way myself, in the quiet of this little room, when the Reverend and I would talk. You know, about things which really matter.”

“It does seem silly, though, Andrea. To be so serious because of speaking at a meeting of a small group of men.”

“It may be you do not understand what has happened, Christopher.”

“I am afraid you are right, Andrea.”

“Every man in that room wanted to bring to fulfillment something that is in each of their hearts. You are to be their leader. You will make it possible for them to express themselves.”

“Wait a moment! Not I! I am the least worthy of such an honour,” Christopher exclaimed. “I am the least capable. The Reverend John or Lionel Morrison or dear old Peter Bronte, or Lee Hansen, they could undertake the task of leadership much better than I could ever hope to do.”

Andrea watched him pensively, while he turned his gaze once again to the flickering embers. How had it happened, he wondered, for him to have assumed the leadership this evening. It had seemed that every man there expected him to do so. It was evident that the Reverend John had been active during the day, speaking to those who had gathered together. He decided he would have a talk with Peter Bronte and with the Reverend John at the first opportunity. He would explain that he did not want a leading role, that he simply desired to help where he might be useful. He wondered whether he had spoken his thoughts aloud, for Andrea to know what he was thinking.

“No, it is you who must lead,” she said quietly. “They have been stumbling long enough. Your task is to show them the way.”

The striking of the clock above their heads warned him of his obligation to be gone; it was long past Andrea’s bedtime. He stood for a moment with his back to the fire, looking down into her face.

“I wish it was not so late,” she said. A whimsical smile hovered around the corners of her mouth. “I would like to talk and talk and talk.”

“We will commence earlier the next time,” he laughingly promised, telling her not to bother seeing him downstairs, saying, “I can find my way

out alone.”

Striding briskly towards his new home, the little room in the Bronte house, his mind began musing over the happenings of the day, ending with the moment of his recent parting when he had said good-night to Andrea, when he had touched her lips with his own. The act had been unconscious almost. He had not intended to kiss her. The gesture had not been a kiss in reality; there simply had been no other way to complete their hour of communion.

He crept into the Bronte house ashamed of the lateness of his homecoming, and endeavouring to retire without waking the little family with whom he lived, he undressed by the faint reflection of the moon. Pulling back the covers, he was momentarily startled, as his fingers touched a warm, softness; until a baby voice piped: “Hurry up, Christ’pher, I have been here such a long time.”

The old suit Christopher wore upon the first day at the rolling mill did not disguise that indefinable something which told of his breeding. His fellow workmen in the mill discovered this fact during his first morning and thereafter commenced to have fun at his expense. They had been waiting for the opportunity to come when Timothy Shane would be called into his office and they could break the monotony of the morning with the initiation of the newcomer. Timothy had given Christopher no set task for this day, but the suggestion that he become familiar with the workings of the mill. Christopher was standing near one of the big shearing machines used for trimming the steel plates; squaring the ends, cutting into certain lengths, when one of the men operating the machine beckoned him.

“Give us a lift with this, mister,” he asked Christopher, indicating a long sheet of steel. Christopher, not knowing the steel had but a few moments previous been impelled red hot through the mill, and deceived by the now harmless blue of its appearance, took hold of the end nearest him. Immediately there was a roar of boisterous laughter, because of his ignorance in thinking he had the strength to lift the heavy metal, which required the power of the travelling overhead crane to move, and also because of the outcry of pain Christopher gave as the hot metal seared his fingers.

“Did you burn yourself, mister?” the man innocently inquired. Solicitously examining his fingers, Christopher eyed his tormentor for a moment.

“You win, mister,” he said. “For your information my name is Christopher. What do they call you?”

“Christopher!” The exclamation came from several throats followed by more laughter. “That is a hell of a name! How about giving him a new name, fellows?” They considered the matter, until one, getting inspiration from Christopher’s wavy fair hair, suggested: “How about Blondie?” So Blondie it was.

“All right, I am Blondie. Now what am I to call you?” He repeated the question to the burly giant who seemed to be the leader of the group, and who caused him to burn his fingers.

“Call him Pug,” somebody shouted. “His mother christened him Bartholomew. Can you beat that?”

Christopher took in Bartholomew's measure. "All right, Mister Pug, you and I are going to be friends, I can see that, and just to start right, I am going to give you one hell of a thrashing, unless you are the better man. Bartholomew eyed Christopher, derisively comparing his slight build with his own giant bulk. The men stood back to give them room. This was more exciting than they had expected. The newcomer was giving them more fun than they had anticipated, and Timothy Shane was being detained. Christopher smiled quietly as he heard the exclamations of surprise when he pulled off his shirt to disclose powerful muscles rippling under his skin; skin strangely white compared with the heat tanned, hairy Bartholomew. Christopher was taller by several inches than his opponent, his reach was longer, most important of all, the experience he had gained at University, boxing and wrestling, more than compensated the greater strength of Bartholomew. The fight was a hard one and Christopher took a great deal of punishment as well as giving it. But before long Bartholomew had received all he could take. This was no quarrel, the newcomer was the better man; Bartholomew admitted this at the moment Christopher glimpsed Timothy Shane's grinning face among the onlookers.

"It was my fault, Timothy. Bart and I were just getting acquainted," Christopher said. Bartholomew grinned sheepishly, shaking Christopher's hand, giving the fingers a friendly squeeze, as their eyes met.

"Christopher is all right, fellows." With this statement, with its hidden challenge daring anyone to say differently, Christopher came into his own right. His name would remain Christopher and nicknames would be forgotten. Bartholomew would now be called 'Bart,' as Christopher had called him.

"You have won their respect, Christopher," Timothy Shane told him later in his little office. "They like a man who can take his own part. I disappeared purposely," he continued. "I wanted you and my men to get acquainted."

The friendliness of the men with whom Christopher was to work, was quite noticeable from the time of his fight with Bartholomew Greene. Bart himself seized every opportunity of being in Christopher's company, showing him things which helped make his work easier. When the mill quieted for the noon hour, Bart sought him, that they might eat and talk together. Timothy Shane joined them. Sitting together, their backs against the corrugated iron side of the building, Timothy led Christopher on to talk of the things he had spoken about at the meeting the evening before. It was easy to talk of these things now he was one of Timothy's men, working by

their side, sweat intermingling, talking as they talked, eating thick slabs of bread and meat from a black tin lunch box, drinking tea from a thermos bottle. He enjoyed the repast, more than he had ever enjoyed a noontime meal set upon white damask amid glittering silver and sparkling glass, and served by an obsequious waiter. His listeners were in harmony with what he was saying. Bart asked an occasional question which caused him to wonder. The blast of the whistle warned them to get back to their jobs, and rising to his feet, Christopher extended his hand towards the man he had battled with that morning.

“You are interested in our work, Bart?” he questioned, retaining his grip upon the hand within his own.

“Yes, I am.” Bartholomew Greene’s voice was vibrantly earnest.

Timothy Shane chuckled to himself as they left Bart. Walking to the other end of the long, shed-like building, Christopher glanced at him inquiringly.

“You are creating a wonderful organization, Christopher.”

“Why, what do you mean?”

“The men you are interesting; Peter Bronte, Michael Cassidy, the Reverend John, Lee Hansen, Joel Somerset, that other minister, Lionel Morrison, and now Bartholomew Greene. I know them all, Christopher. They will follow you through hell itself if necessary.”

“You neglected to mention the one whose loyalty I value tremendously.”

“I had not forgotten. I know Andrea Morley is a wonderful girl.”

Christopher felt his face becoming flushed. Timothy was right about Andrea. The memory of the hour they had spent together the evening before still lingered in Christopher’s mind. “But you are too modest, Timothy, you know who I mean, you old rascal,” he said, endeavoring to disguise his tell-tale expression and to hide his embarrassment.

Timothy playfully poked him in the ribs. “All right, tell me about it when you are ready. But if I were choosing a wife for you, Christopher, Andrea would be that girl.”

“Andrea would have something to say about that.”

“Of course she would! A quite excited ‘yes’ I would imagine. I was watching her the other day, when she was here with you.”

“There are two reasons why you are quite wrong. Our work is far too important for me to let any silly notions about a girl interfere, and perhaps more to the point, I am engaged to Ernestine Barrett. I think I should marry Ernestine, Timothy. The wealthy Barretts. Their millions could do a great deal for our Cause.”

“You spoil your life marrying money for the Cause and you will have another fight upon your hands,” Timothy warned.

“No danger!” Christopher laughed.

The dignified Barlow Worth would have gasped when his highly polished shoes took him into the rolling mill that afternoon, had he discovered Christopher was working for him. He would have become speechless had he seen his son, whom he had never known to do an hour’s work, taking his place beside the men he employed. It happened that Barlow Worth did walk through the mill that afternoon, this day that was Christopher’s first at his new job. Barlow Worth walked through with a group of men visiting the plant. Christopher saw them when they entered, from his place in the cab of the overhead crane. He felt a thrill of satisfaction as he took the switch from the man who was teaching him, into his own hands, running the carriage over the place his father was standing, chuckling when his father looked up into his face without recognizing him behind the smudge of black grease he had rubbed across his cheek, and the disguise of an oily cap pulled down at a rakish angle over the fairness of his hair. Timothy Shane was more concerned than was Christopher, frantically motioning behind his father’s back, for him to get away from the cab window, out of sight of the men below. The incident added zest to the afternoon. But it was a weary body that found its way back to Peter Bronte’s house at the end of the day.

He was glad he had accepted the job. Primarily he had desired to earn sufficient money to live, but to-day he had discovered another factor, as vitally important. He would, through his association with these men, come into closer understanding of their problem. He would learn to speak their language; learn to think as they thought. Would gain their viewpoint upon life; their feeling towards the men who controlled their bodies and souls.

Norma Bronte laughed when he entered the kitchen that evening, his face begrimed beyond recognition, almost. “Peter,” she called, to her husband. “Come and have a look at our Christopher.” She became serious a moment later, to put her arm playfully around him in a friendly hug, saying: “But I am proud of you. How did you get along?”



Baby Betty paused in the doorway, puzzled, unable to associate this labour-scarred Christopher with the immaculate man she knew by that name. "You will have to wash, or you will make our bed dirty," she said soberly.

Christopher had a great deal to tell them. The dining room echoed with their laughter as he pictured for them the many incidents that had filled the hours of that day.

"Bart is a good fellow," Peter told him. "Dependable and straightforward, and a good speaker. The men all like him."

"I took a liking to him right away. Though I was afraid I had taken on more than I bargained for when I started that fight," Christopher laughed, tenderly touching his jaw with his fingers.

Peter said little during the meal. Christopher regretted afterwards that he had talked so enthusiastically about starting work at the rolling mill. He knew that Peter had been looking for work all through the day, as he had on many previous days; searching, pleading to be allowed to labour, to earn food for the little family sitting with him around the table. Peter, however, though pensive, was cheerful; light-hearted almost, it seemed. Yet Christopher knew it was but an outward expression, a mask worn to hide from these people he loved, the heartache, and the hopelessness which lay underneath. Norma knew. Her eyes told Christopher that she shared her husband's misery; bravely laughing with him, that Baby Betty, Jack and Robert, their children, might not suffer.

Peter tramping the streets, pleading for work. Valuable labour being lost to mankind. The thought aroused in Christopher an impelling desire to begin some constructive outline of the message they would give the world. Here was the starting point. They were living in a civilization controlled by a standard of gold. Gold, instead of labour. Millions of hours of human energy were being wasted every day. He asked himself why. The thought seemed to shout at him. Labour was as essential as gold. The world's standard was topsy-turvy. It was a radical thought which had come to him while they were eating their meal. A fleeting thought. He wanted to capture it, that it might not get away from him. He decided he must get it upon paper, make of it a permanent record; this thought that seemed to suggest the key to the solution of the world-embracing despair.

Later, alone in his small bedroom, he commenced to write. It was a difficult task. The dresser top was his only desk. It was too high to sit at comfortably, so he stood up, leaning over his paper, his pencil futilely endeavouring to keep pace with his thoughts. "In the beginning." It was

queer how that sentence would seem to preface every thought he had. In the beginning man; a being created with the power to do things, to labour. The only wealth man had possessed, in the beginning, had been his waking hours and his ability to use them for his own profit. Labour. Christopher remembered an epigram hanging in his father's office: "The love you liberate in your work is the only love you keep." Labour into which man might liberate the best of himself. Labour through which he was able to gain for himself everything a man might desire, both mentally and physically. "In the beginning." What did gold matter then? Of course it had served its purpose during the years as a substance of value for barter and exchange; to become an idol, a golden idol, for which men were giving their souls. Why not substitute labour for gold as a world standard? Then men would possess something the few could not take from the many. No one could take away man's birthright. He had it within himself; his hours of labour which he could exchange, each and every day, for the things he needed. Human energy; countless millions of hours of labour, which might take the elementary things, earth and water and air, and construct from them necessities and luxuries of life; food, clothing, fuel, houses, furniture, radios, motor cars. Not one thing need be withheld from any man who would pay the price of his own hours, hours valued by the ability of the worker, hours that belonged to the individual, that could not be stolen by those who might happen to possess sharper wits.

Overproduction. Peter had mentioned that word during the meal hour. To Christopher it seemed ridiculous. How could there be overproduction when there was so much need? Peter's house was poor and shabby; he needed carpets, and furniture, and curtains, and fuel and food. What was true in Peter's case was true of others. He was but one of millions. Such nonsense, talking of overproduction. Peter's hours that day had been lost, irretrievably lost. Those hours could never be regained. Humanity was the loser. Multiply this loss a million times, then many millions more; even then you would not have begun to compute the loss. Peter had in his possession the basis of existence; the hours of this day. Because of a false standard of values, he could not use them. They became lost to him, valueless.

Christopher's pencil flew over the paper. The idea was compelling him to write. Slowly the thought took shape. He could not understand it. At times he was tempted to discard the idea as beyond his powers of reasoning; as simply the distortion of an overwrought mind. But he could not stop. Ringing in his ears was the sentence, in its many interpretations: "In the beginning God—in the beginning Life—in the beginning Everything."

He wished the Reverend John were with him. He would like to hear what he thought about it. But the Reverend John was not here, though there was nothing to prevent him from going to see the Reverend John. The act quickly followed the thought and he was on his way to the parsonage.

“Come in, rich man, I was expecting you,” Andrea said in greeting. She had expected him. He had not thought she would.

“Andrea and I were just talking about you,” the Reverend John said, when Christopher and Andrea entered the study. It seemed the natural thing to do, to settle himself in the arm-chair opposite John Morley, and for Andrea to sit on the footstool between them, in front of the grate fire.

“An idea came to me at tea time. I have been trying to get it upon paper,” Christopher told his listeners. The Reverend John looked meaningfully towards Andrea. This was what they had been speaking of; the possibility of Christopher putting his thoughts upon paper.

“Like me to read what I have written?” Christopher questioned, while they nodded assent and waited for him to commence.

The Reverend John listened, amazed at the thought Christopher expressed; a thought which seemed to hold the solution of the problem facing the world at the moment. Christopher was scathing in his criticism of present-day conditions in the world. His article commenced with the satirical quoting of the headlines of that day’s newspapers. “Nations fighting! Counterfeiters being sought! Relief funds stolen! Bank cashier missing! Stock market crash! Baby kidnapped! Gambling house raided!” Festering sores of humanity, displayed for the reader’s edification; distorted energy in the mad fight for gold.

The Reverend John chuckled, occasionally injecting a word of surprise or commendation. Andrea, excitedly interested, got up from her seat on the footstool, to sit upon the arm of Christopher’s chair, reading his notes over his shoulder.

“I would like to see what would happen if what you have written were printed and distributed,” the Reverend John said, when Christopher had finished.

“Printed and distributed?” Christopher was momentarily held spellbound as he repeated the Reverend John’s statement. “Printed and distributed! Why not, Reverend? Why not print all of those things we want to say, so that thousands and perhaps millions might read?” Of course, this was the reason for the urge that had come upon him to write. He had forgotten for the

moment the suggestion Lee Hansen had made. Their work need not be confined to the few bedraggled men who might meet, to listen under the naked elms in the park; they could reach so many more through the printed word. Lee Hansen had given him the idea. Of course, this was why the Reverend John had brought Lee Hansen into the picture, that they might use his printing shop, use his type fonts and his presses to tell their story. He could see a brochure before him, bold face type on the first page: "In the beginning God."

"Printing is going to be a splendid medium through which to tell our story, Christopher. But you dare not print what you have written. The wrath of the powers to be would come tumbling down about your ears," the Reverend John said.

"Why not print it? It is the truth. I know it. You know it. Who can stop us from printing it?"

The Reverend John smiled bitterly at Christopher's impulsiveness, as he commented, "They put men in jail for saying things like that."

"They! Who? You surely do not mean to say we must not print whatever we want to, even if it is the truth? Who would interfere?"

"The men you are talking about; the profiteers in human souls. They have the law upon their side because of their wealth and power." The Reverend John was in a thoughtful mood. "You see, Christopher, it is a queer world we live in. Laws are made and remade to meet the wishes of a certain few, not the mass. There are plenty of decent thinking men who can see what is happening behind the scenes, but their hands are tied. They dare not do or say a thing. Not knowing what else to do, they elect such men to office, generally because it is the choice between two evils, as it were. Or, in other words, the people are allowed to choose those who shall govern them and make their laws from a small group of office seekers who have been previously selected by the kind of men you have written about. Men who for the most part care nothing beyond the holding of their control of wealth-amassing machinery and gaining their own way in any decision they might make regardless of the effect upon the common people; the people who gave them their undeserved power."

Christopher listened quietly while the Reverend John was talking. His jaw was set and a determined light filled his eyes when he at last exclaimed: "I am going to print it, and much more! If I go to jail, you and the others must carry on the work."

The Reverend John's heart was heavy. He was deeply moved by the earnestness of Christopher's determination. He could not discourage him further, though he knew the hopelessness of such an undertaking. Andrea leaned her face closer to Christopher's to whisper into his ear: "If they send you to jail, they will have to send me, too."

Christopher threw back his head, to find his face embarrassingly close to Andrea's cheek. "You are a wonderful girl," he said. "But this is no job for you." And in the silence that followed, these three people, indissolubly drawn together, became buried in their individual thoughts, which were now more poignant because of a gradually deepening understanding between them.

Lee Hansen glanced up from the sheet he was reading, a grin upon his face. He had a moment before pulled the proof from the type form on the imposing stone before him. The ink upon its surface was yet damp. It was the first page of the pamphlet he was preparing to print for Christopher.

“Jude, come here a moment and listen to this,” he called, to his pressman, who stopped the rumble of the big cylinder press he was operating, to cross the shop.

“I was reading the typewritten copy,” Jude said. “That lad will get into trouble if he writes that kind of stuff.”

Lee grinned again. “Why, Jude, I thought you would be delighted with it. Right along your own line of thought.”

Jude Braithwaite picked up the proof. “What does he know about it? He never had to worry about money. If he had to work for a living, if he had to starve when he could get no work, it would be a different story. But he was born with wealth in his fist.”

Lee Hansen interrupted his assistant: “I would rather you stopped talking like that. You have not yet heard Christopher speak. Wait until the meeting to-night. You will think differently then.”

The Reverend John and Peter Bronte entered the printing shop together while they were speaking. Lee waved a welcome as they approached, enthusiastically holding aloft the flimsy proof sheet. “Here it is, Reverend! The first copy of our official organ,” he exclaimed. The task had thrilled him in a way no other job of typesetting had done, for added to the satisfaction of having created a well laid out page, he had marked progress for their idea.

The Reverend John took the proof from Lee’s outstretched fingers. “Glad you have it ready,” he said. “I want to take it to Christopher down at the mill. He is as keen as we are to see what it looks like in type.”

“Jude thinks Christopher is crazy,” Lee announced, to have the laughing statement emphatically denied by Jude, who was in the act of reading the proof himself.

“I was simply saying Christopher Worth is a little out of his depth,” Jude explained. The Reverend John turned upon him scathingly, resentful of any criticism of Christopher’s work. “It all depends upon what you mean by depth, Jude. Christopher has been on the outside looking in at us, and I

really believe that is why he has been able to see the need so clearly. I for one say his insight into our problem is remarkable.”

“Jude thinks this will stir up a lot of trouble,” Lee said, indicating the proof. Jude felt he had made sufficient trouble. Regretting having made the remark which called forth his employer’s and the Reverend John’s wrath, he went back to his press.

“I would not be surprised if it did stir up quite a considerable argument at least,” the Reverend John agreed, laughing quietly. “I rather think that is what Christopher intended. I have an idea that when he wants to say something, he will, and that is all there is about it.”

Lee Hansen went back to his case, expertly picking type from the small compartments and placing it in the composing stick he held, and as the words took form and gradually built up sentences, he repeated them aloud. The Reverend John and Peter Bronte stood nearby, watching and occasionally discussing the copy being set.

“Christopher got me out of bed at one o’clock this morning,” Lee announced. “He means business all right, there is no doubt about that. He saw the light burning in my room and chanced my being awake.”

“Yes, he certainly believes in action, once he takes hold upon an idea!” The Reverend John laughed quietly, as he thought of the evening before. “He came around to the parsonage about ten o’clock last night and stayed until past midnight. I grew so sleepy I went to bed and left him and Andrea to argue the matter out between them.”

“He worked on this copy all night,” Lee told them. “We had breakfast together before he left for the rolling mill. He was determined he would have some pamphlets printed ready for the meeting to-night. Seems you are correct about his energetic methods, Reverend. Nothing would do but that I must come down here in the middle of the night and get busy.”

“Little did I dream what was going to happen that day I first met him,” Peter Bronte said, his mind going back to that meeting in the park. “Made me rather impatient to have him offer to help us; condescending like. Him dressed up in his fine clothes and driving that expensive motor car.”

Christopher, quite unaware of the discussion in the print shop, was at work in the rolling mill. Already he had mastered the knack of impelling the overhead crane back and forth, from one end of the huge building to the other; lowering the heavy chain where it was needed, lifting, with the crane’s powerful motors and gearing, tremendous weights of steel plate.

Leaning out of his cab, swung under one end of the equipment that stretched completely across the building, high up among the steel girders, he watched the scene below while he laboured. From his point of vantage he saw men labouring from a new angle. This gave him something to think about while he worked. Seeing things from a new angle was a dangerous procedure, he thought. It distorted what he saw, foreshortened the figures of men, made their movements clumsily grotesque. But supposing it did distort things; it gave him an opportunity to see the scene below him as a whole. This thought brought to his mind a trip he had taken to one of the larger cities with his father. He remembered that he had stood in front of one of the skyscraper buildings, stretching his neck to see its height, until his father had suggested walking a block away, when it became easy to see the building from its foundation to the extreme height of the roof. Here, from the vantage point of his cab, he had a new perspective, of men, and machines, and the splendiddness of labour.

Barlow Worth came into the building during this morning as he had the day previous. It was not the usual thing for his father to visit the plant and to-day Christopher had not been prepared. His heart leaped for a moment with the thought that news had reached his father about his son working in the rolling mill. Now he saw his father from this new angle of vision, saw him discussing his business with Timothy, saw him watching the giant machines at their work, watching their performance, making decisions regarding the improving of that performance. Some new equipment was needed, Timothy Shane told him during the noon hour. He had never seriously considered the part his father played in the operation of the Worth Steel Foundries. Barlow Worth always seemed to be seated at the meticulously kept mahogany desk in his office. This was something Christopher did not know, that his father came near the labour of his men. Red hot ingots, rushing from the furnace to the live rollers feeding into the mill, threw a weird light around the place where his father stood. It gave Christopher a queer feeling, to see his father's body between the intense brightness of the red hot metal, and himself. He was reminded of occasions when he had held his fingers against a bright light, making the flesh transparent, the bones visible shadows. In his imagination he saw his father as a transparency. The cold keenness of money making had gone; he was laughing and joking with Timothy Shane. He had a friendly nod, and often a joke for the men near him. He became part of the rolling mill, an essential part. Christopher felt that perhaps he had been rather bitter in his accusations against men like his father. But no, his thought was not directed against men. It was against the system these men used.



Deep in thought, he forgot about the chance of discovery. Intent upon watching the scene below, he was leaning out of the cab window, when his father glanced up, to stand with mouth agape in astonishment. Christopher saw he was recognized. He called himself a fool, for it was Timothy Shane who would bear the brunt of his father's anger. But his father was not angry. Christopher watched him call Timothy, saw them glance towards the cab, then whisper together, laughing heartily. He expected to be called down to explain; instead his father waved a friendly good-bye to him as he left the building. A moment later Christopher saw Timothy clambering up the iron ladder to get into the cab.

"Well, the cat is out of the bag now, all right," Timothy said, grinning.

"What did dad say?" Christopher stammered.

"He thought it a good joke. Do you know, Christopher, I really believe the old man was delighted. Never heard him laugh so heartily before. I thought we would both be out of a job when I saw him look at the cab, and knew he would see you."

"What did he say?" Christopher waited impatiently for Timothy's answer. He was learning to know his father. The revelation was quite a shock.

"Oh, let me see." Timothy was enjoying himself, recalling what Barlow Worth had actually said. "Told me not to let you lay down on the job, to work you like hell."

"Dad is not so bad," Christopher said. "He means all right." A quiet happiness filled Christopher as this thought left his lips. His dad had always been mighty fine to him.

"Queer, those are the old man's exact words." Timothy's eyes sparkled. "He said, 'Christopher means all right'."

A booming voice below interrupted them. Looking down Christopher saw Bart Greene beckoning impatiently. "Come on. Step lively up there! Got to get this freight car loaded before noon," adding, as though to emphasize his remarks, "What do you think you are holding, a blooming prayer meeting?"

Christopher retaliated by sprinkling Bart with his drinking water as the crane rumbled over the place where Bart was standing. The whistle rasped out its siren screech for lunch. The sound suddenly reminded Christopher that he had forgotten to bring anything to eat. He had stayed with Lee Hansen all night, had come directly from the printing shop to his work.

Considering what he should do, as he explained this to Timothy, he was interrupted by Timothy's drawing his attention to the speck of colour in the doorway at the other end of the building . . . the tan of Andrea's leather coat.

"See. The Lord will provide," Timothy exclaimed, waxing religious.

"Norma Bronte came around to the parsonage to see whether I could bring your lunch down to you," Andrea explained, when he reached her side. "The Reverend was telling me you worked on your article all night. You must not do that, Christopher."

"I simply had to. Could not have gone to sleep had I tried," he said, mirthfully telling her about getting Lee Hansen out of bed.

"But you must get your rest." Andrea was solicitous of his health. It amused Christopher to have someone concerned about him.

He ate his lunch in Timothy Shane's tiny office, while Andrea sat upon the desk, her merry chatter keeping pace with the munching of his sandwiches. Norma had put in a small mince tart and he offered it to Andrea. Laughingly accepting, she said, "One way to keep me quiet." She drank part of the hot coffee from the little cup of the thermos bottle. He felt embarrassed asking her lips to touch the cup his lips had already touched. "It is quite thrilling to do that," she said. "You have nice lips, Christopher."

He glanced through the window that overlooked the mill and caught a group of his fellow workers watching them, saw them laughing, and was glad Andrea's back was to the window. Of course it was amusing for these men to see a pretty girl bring a man's lunch, and to see her sit upon the top of the desk, leg curled beneath herself, while he ate. They would have some fun with him about the incident, after lunch, he felt sure. But the experience was thrilling and he was disappointed when the raucous blast of the whistle ended the hour together. But he was elated when, as she left, she said: "Come home with the Reverend after your meeting to-night. I am going to make coffee for you."

His surmise that he would be the butt of much joking during that afternoon was quite correct. It did not, however, require the teasing of the men about Andrea to keep her in his thoughts. His impatience to see her again made the afternoon hours lag. He lived over, many times, the various incidents which had thrown them into each other's company, until it dawned upon him that he was seemingly making a fool of himself; that he was taking too much for granted, thinking Andrea's feeling for him was other than that of friendship. Andrea knew he was engaged to Ernestine Barrett.

He had forgotten about Ernestine when he had promised Andrea that he would call in at the parsonage on his way home from the meeting that evening. He had arranged to go to Ernestine's home. Did he want to go to Ernestine's house? He found himself trying to analyze his own feelings, endeavouring to decide what he wanted most; to see Ernestine as he had promised, or to go, with the Reverend, to the cozy study where Andrea would be waiting. It was difficult to be sure. Duty and desire merged, to make a decision impossible.

The afternoon hours dragged interminably. It seemed the day would never end. But it did end, with a final scream of the siren; a jubilant sound which told of the closing of another work day, the accomplishment of a set task. To the accompaniment of the whistle, Christopher found himself climbing down the iron rungs of the ladder which led floorwards, to join the crowd that was hurrying towards the time clock. He paused, the card in his hand bearing the name he had taken in place of his own, that he might not be discovered. His father now knew that he was an employee of the Steel Foundries, therefore he could use his own name. Making the change with his lead pencil, writing the words "Christopher Worth" in bold script, he felt a new independence. He, himself, was justifying his existence. He was using the hours of his day constructively. Hurrying with the crowds through the huge gates, his ear caught the sound of a motor horn which seemed familiar, and he turned to see the dilapidated sedan waiting on the other side of the road, and inside, the smiling faces of Andrea and the Reverend John.

"Busy night ahead of you," the Reverend John explained. "We thought we had better pick you up." Bart Greene came along while they were speaking and Christopher was delighted when the Reverend John invited Bart to share the back seat, for this made it possible for him to have Andrea to himself entirely, while the Reverend John talked to Bart. Christopher told Andrea of his previous engagement for that night. He watched her face while he spoke, disappointed when he saw she did not seem to mind, but rather agreed with him that he should go to see Ernestine as he had promised, and, in fact, urged him not to neglect Ernestine. How ridiculous he had been, he told himself, to have presumed for a moment that Andrea thought of him as other than a fellow worker in the Cause, to which she and her father were devoting their lives. She had made this quite plain, by insisting that he see Ernestine that evening; and that he see Ernestine as often as was possible.

They stopped at the printing shop on their way home, for a copy of the finished pamphlet. Andrea was excitedly enthusiastic about it. She had spent

the afternoon helping Lee Hansen read proofs, she and the Reverend John. "I wish I were a man," she said. "I could go to your meeting, and work with you." Christopher glanced at her when she said this. He told himself he was glad she was not a man. He would miss the thrill of the dimpled corners of her mouth when she smiled, would miss the unruly curliness of her hair, would miss the subtle perfume of her body. He did not want her to be a man; even though it was Ernestine to whom he was engaged. He did not know what he wanted. Love had nothing to do with it; he was embarking upon too serious an undertaking to be thinking about love. But there was a thrill in the companionship of Andrea, because she was a girl and not a man.

He discovered that she crept into his thoughts and conversation this evening quite often, as intimate glances between Peter and Norma Bronte at the tea table, warned him to be careful. Little Baby Betty was more outspoken. "Christ'pher likes Andrea, mamma," she piped, during the meal, proud of having discovered the fact, and Robert and Jack commenced a giggling fit which ended in their being exiled to the kitchen to finish their supper upon the oilcloth-topped table there. Christopher was disgusted with himself. How embarrassing it would be for Andrea to discover he had led people to surmise that there was some understanding between them. It would most effectively bring their friendship to an end.

A feeling of unusual excitement pervaded the upper room when he entered later that evening. Three strangers were introduced to Christopher; men who had been associated with Peter Bronte in his meetings in the park. The Reverend John introduced them, jokingly saying, "You will always find them together." Harvey Wellwood, Frederick Martin, and Adrian Morris; Christopher repeated their names silently to memorize them. Bart Greene was there also, while Jude Braithwaite appeared out of the shadows when they sat down. Everyone seemed to have a copy of Christopher's pamphlet and all were discussing what he had said. It was natural for him this night, to assume the place of leadership at the head of the table, quite natural for every man to go quietly to his seat and listen while Christopher told of the inspiration which had come to him the evening before. The time had come for them to organize, and the hour they were about to spend together would take them the first step towards the goal each had so long dreamed of reaching. Christopher stood upon his feet at the end of the table looking down into the faces around him. His heart went out to them. He felt a surge of sympathy coming towards him, sympathy of purpose. Without realizing what he was saying he quietly repeated their names: "Peter, John, Lionel, Michael, Timothy, Lee, Bart, Jude, Joel, Harvey, Frederick, Adrian."

A hush fell over the gathering. It seemed that the quiet sounding of their names had some ominous meaning; a quiet that hovered among them as Christopher commenced to speak.

“Some unknown power has drawn us together,” Christopher said, “impelling us to devote ourselves to the liberation of the lives of men long since forgotten in the scheme of civilization . . . Forgotten men . . . Forgotten men.” Christopher’s voice became terrifyingly earnest. “We are the beginning of the Society of Forgotten Men.”

Back into the past Christopher’s mind sought for inspiration. Now all of those things about which he had wondered became understandable. The boy questions he had asked his mother concerning life, and its meaning and value, found answer in his brain. Life had always been as it was in the present day, since that first day recorded when it had been written, “In the beginning.” Was it to be that the history of the world was soon to finish, when the chapter would be closed with another statement, “At the end”? There was no doubt that the one important factor which had brought about the present world crisis was the inability of civilization to properly assimilate its steadily increasing population; the one vital thing present day economists failed to take into consideration when they, panic-stricken, endeavoured to relieve humanity’s growing-pains. It seemed that no matter what thought was put forward, some part of humanity was left out of the planning, forgotten . . . forgotten men.

Christopher recalled many conversations to which he had listened, between his father and friends who occasionally spent an evening in discussion about these problems, at his home. His father had seen, years before, that the introducing of labour-saving machinery was threatening to take man’s labour from him; this and the fact that the earth’s population was steadily increasing. His father had upon more than one occasion advocated shorter working periods. He had heard his father talk of credits also, though often this phase of the problem was beyond his own understanding. His father had thought about these things, and had talked of what should be done, but he had never acted.

Unconsciously Christopher had been storing this information in his mind and now it was serving his purpose, as the recollections flashed into his consciousness, to be welded into his talk, while he faced the men listening to his voice. He was talking now, but he would act. This was for what the Society of Forgotten Men was being organized.

For an hour, an hour that seemed but a fleeting moment, Christopher talked. His voice held a wistful pleading; it gripped the hearts of his listeners. A significant hush filled the room when he had finished, and sitting down, he buried his face in his arms upon the table. The Reverend John broke the stillness. In an awed voice he quietly repeated Christopher's words: "The Society of Forgotten Men".

A peaceful happiness was reflected in all of the faces around the table in this shadowy room; a brightness not alone accounted for by the lights from the chandelier above their heads. Now they were able to see into the future; it was as though they had been looking through a mist-covered window, that had become suddenly clear. Together they would strive to find a way out of the hopelessness of depression, for the millions of forgotten men in the world. Christopher Worth had given them an inspiration. His challenge rang in their ears. Weary from his night-long striving, from the arduous labour of that day, from the intense emotion that had filled him while he spoke to these men, he rested. Meanwhile the Reverend John, organizing the others gathered around the table, made plans for the work they would carry on; pamphlets would be distributed, mass meetings held, men interviewed. The machinery was in operation. The Society of Forgotten Men would be a tangible something, not merely a name.

Christopher did not call at the Barrett home that evening; he did not see Ernestine, neither did he see Andrea. He left Peter Bronte at the entrance to the park, and long into the night he tramped alone, the stars lighting his way, his thoughts keeping him company.

There seemed to be some inspiration, near to his consciousness, yet so elusive he could not grasp it. His mind was searching, in an endless labyrinth it seemed, searching for something which eluded him each time he grasped for it. The reason for the blindness of humanity, like a phrase from Carpenter, he told himself. Men "driving herds of cattle and swallowing the dust thereof". Men grasping for the tangible and in the doing losing their own souls; a punishment for their ruthless destruction of their fellow men.

The grey of dawn was beginning to appear, when at last Christopher turned towards home, weary of body yet exultant in mind. Now there was no turning back. He must go forward; he and those men who had thrown in their lot with him . . . the Society of Forgotten Men.

Christopher Worth was celebrating the passing of the Old Year and the beginning of the New Year in the elaborately gilded ballroom of the most fashionable hotel in the city. The dinner and the dance orgy which followed, marked for him other things, however, than the trivial passing of another year. It was Ernestine Barrett's party. His father and mother and his sister, Dianne, were with them, and among other guests of Ernestine, Basil Montgomery. The evening was a merry one, but that was to be expected. Ernestine's parties were always merry; as exciting as lavishly spent money and champagne-distorted feelings could possibly make them. Ernestine herself was unusually gracious to Christopher. She seemed to prefer to dance with him, often to the disappointment of Basil. Her mood was infectious, while he was gay, as she was gay; intoxicated with the nearness of her, as in his arms the softness of her body would sensuously cling to him. He desired to have her for his own, to possess her to the very ultimate of possession; Ernestine knew this, her laughing eyes told him so, as they sparkled when the touch of their bodies held a promise of yet untasted ecstasy. The mystery of her body intrigued him. Her daring gown revealed the rippling loveliness of her back to the curve of her waist almost, the creamy softness of her shoulders, the firm fullness of her breasts. An insane desire to bury his lips in the enticing hollow between her breasts made him tremble. Her cheek touched his cheek while they danced, coquettishly caressing him. Her lips occasionally sought the response of his lips, tantalizingly promising the possession he desired; this made him tremble, too. The hand resting upon his shoulder sometimes touched his cheek, when he would feel the coldness of the diamond in the platinum band around her finger, the outward sign that he was the one chosen to possess her.

The party was gay. It was a reminder of many such evenings; the carefully laid table, sparkling with its imported china and silver, the richness of the damask, splashed with the barbaric colour of the nonsensical dolls given by the management as favours. The talk was the talk he knew, witty conversation, about themselves, and their friends. Many weeks had passed since he had spent an evening in like manner and his forsaking the crowd gave them a new topic for the release of their witticisms, though behind their wit he knew there was a wonderment. They could not understand why any sane person could give up this happy existence for a boresome ideal. His mother understood; she had been different, he felt this all through the evening. Mary Worth had held herself aloof from the merrymaking. Her

quick repartee was noticeably absent. He knew she was concerned and sympathetic. Her eyes held understanding; the grey blue eyes he knew so well, that expressed every mood for him. Yet he was glad he had accepted Ernestine's invitation. It was an enjoyable evening. It released something in himself that had been suppressed for days. He danced with his mother, proud, as she was proud.

"You look lovely to-night," she said. "I was admiring you and Ernestine, when you danced together."

Ernestine was dancing with Basil Montgomery at this moment. A surge of jealousy made Christopher tremble. Basil had no right to hold Ernestine in his arms, close to his body, as he, himself had held her. Queer he had never thought much about that before. It served him right, for he had been neglecting Ernestine of late, since he had commenced his work with Peter Bronte and the Reverend John. Ernestine's laughing voice reached him; tinkling laughter when she passed near him, in Basil's arms. He was dancing with his mother; she must think him inattentive.

"Are you still determined not to go with us to the Mediterranean?" she was asking. His reply was not as positive as it might have been.

"I was wishing that you and Ernestine would be married before we left," his mother continued. "The cruise would make a lovely honeymoon trip, Christopher."

Marry Ernestine; have her for his own, before another month had passed? The temptation was tremendous. The voyage to Europe, upon a palatial liner, long nights under Mediterranean skies. Mary Worth saw his indecision and followed the attack.

"Ernestine was telling me she would love it," she told him, adding the thought which almost decided him, "I would love it, too, Christopher. It would make me very happy."

Christopher sought to gain time to think, by laughingly catching for her, one of the toy balloons floating above their heads. Ernestine, with Basil Montgomery, neared them and mischief hiding his real feelings, he laughingly exchanged partners, to Basil's scarcely hidden resentment. Once again Ernestine was in his arms; he was experiencing anew the thrilling nearness of her.

"It was nice of you to do that," she said, as their feet caught the rhythm of the foxtrot. "I want every dance with you to-night."



He drew her nearer to himself, evincing his gratitude. "Mother was telling me you have decided when we shall be married. Before they leave for the cruise, she says. Do you realize that is less than a month away?" Her cheek touched his in response; her subtle perfume excited his senses.

"Would you mind?" she questioned. "My heart is rather set upon it." He was at a disadvantage. One could not think clearly in the excitement-charged atmosphere of the ballroom. "I thought I would like the cruise to be our honeymoon," she continued, when he hesitated. Her lips teasingly touched his lips, as though to remind him of the ecstasy the honeymoon days would hold.

"I really do not see how I can get away for the cruise. Though I want to marry you, just whenever you say." He suddenly remembered that he had forfeited the support of his father, that he had nothing more than a mechanic's job which would pay him less than Ernestine would require for her perfume alone. So he stammeringly said, "But I cannot afford to get married, Ernestine, until I get a position that will pay me a good salary." The laughter in her eyes disappeared while he was speaking, leaving them hard as steel. He felt the softness of her body stiffen. She was again the Ernestine of other days.

"I thought your acceptance of my invitation and your coming here tonight were evidence that you were forgetting this insane idea of yours." Her voice was hard also, and cold.

"I have given my promise to Peter Bronte and the Reverend John," he explained. But explanations were futile. She had suddenly left the embrace of his arms as Basil Montgomery came near, whirling away with him, leaving Christopher to again dance with his mother.

"Did you and Ernestine agree about the wedding?" his mother whispered. She was impatient to know the outcome of the few minutes he had been talking with Ernestine.

"It is difficult to explain, mother," he said. "I really cannot go with you on the cruise. Neither can I get married . . . at least not to Ernestine, without some assurance of a career."

Mary Worth smiled, understandingly. "I know how you feel. But your father will take care of that. You are our only boy, you know."

"But you must appreciate how I feel about allowing dad to finance my life, after I am married." He caught a glimpse of Ernestine at the other side of the ballroom with Basil. "I have an idea Ernestine is losing patience with

me,” he confided. He wished he had not seen the flash of disappointment in his mother’s eyes. He would have liked to please her; he would have liked to please Ernestine, but what they were asking was impossible. His mother did not understand him after all. To her he was obstinate, he was selfish, he was out of his senses. He left his mother in an exasperated mood, to find Ernestine as unreasonable as was his mother. They seemed to be conspiring together against him. It was useless to explain; Ernestine did not want explanations, she wanted to have her own way. So it left him in an embarrassing quandary. Ernestine was his fiancée. He had asked her to marry him and he had been accepted. He had begged for the wedding to be soon, and now that a time was set, he could not marry her. He must appear like a cad, or do as Ernestine wanted, do as his mother wanted; which meant he must renounce the ideal he was building in his heart and return to his home, to become dependent once again upon his father. No matter how much Ernestine and his mother desired this he could not do it; no matter how enticing the anticipation of merging his life with Ernestine’s life. The pull of the task to which he had given himself, was greater than the lure of Ernestine’s lovely body. He loved her, as humans generally must understand love; a thousand devils had possessed him this night, because of the thought of another sharing that love.

He had hoped she would compromise, allowing him to engage in the work he was doing for a short while until his mind was content, but there was no hint of compromise. It seemed that every power she possessed played its part against his will; the sensuousness of her body even, though he ashamedly put this thought away. To impress upon him the fullness of her disdain, Basil Montgomery was privileged to escort her home, while he, tired in body and soul, wearily tramped the miles to his small room.

As he was undressing, preparing for bed, his mind went back over the events of the evening. The New Year had arrived to the accompaniment of ringing bells, hoarse whistles, raucous motor horns. The party left a bitter taste; a mental disturbance which distorted his thinking. Ernestine was furious with him. He had tried so hard to explain, during their last dance, but she had refused to listen. Yet he admired her pride; the regal dignity of her when she had said good-night.

“Our ways part here,” she had said, “to-morrow’s newspapers will tell you why.” He feared what to-morrow’s newspapers might tell; a proud notice on the society page of the engagement between Ernestine Barrett and Basil Montgomery, no doubt, a marriage of outraged feelings, a gesture of defiance. Slipping out of the coat of his evening clothes, he held it in front

of himself. Nonsensical attire, he thought. Black and white, quite appropriate for a funeral; the requiem of the anticipation of love. He caught the dangling tails of the coat and viciously ripped it from top to bottom. He would have no further use for it. It made him feel better; one more visible evidence of the ending of his old life, the beginning of the new.

A New Year had commenced; beginning with revelry, ending with revelry, mocking the turmoil of the Old Year, daring the portent of the New. Four hours of it had already gone when he reached his room. Sleep would not come to Christopher's tired brain. He did not want to sleep particularly. It had been pleasant to lie in the half darkness and to liberate his thoughts in the stillness of his room, for the short while until he heard the patter of Baby Betty's feet, coming, as was her wont, to pay him an early morning visit.

He was getting used to these new early morning sounds in the Bronte house; the tumbling of the two boys, Jack and Robert, in their play while they dressed. Peter splitting kindling wood to light the stove in the living room, Norma opening his door a few inches to say good-morning . . . he liked the intimacy of this act. Peter would often tease her about waking him in the mornings, but there was something sisterly in the doing.

Christopher was quite fond of Norma, just as he was fond of his sister, Dianne. He was quite in love with Norma's diminutive daughter, who was at the moment snuggled contentedly against his body, buried deep under the blankets. The early morning sounds reminded him that he must hurry. He had been invited to take breakfast at the parsonage with Andrea, and the Reverend John; this first breakfast of the New Year.

Norma Bronte sang as she worked in the kitchen. Christopher caught himself whistling the same tune while he shaved in the bathroom. He heard Baby Betty picking up a lisping refrain while she played with Topsy, her battered rag doll in her bed, to which she had now returned, waiting for Norma to dress her. The song was infectious, for Peter was adding to the commotion. This little home might be in the clutches of poverty, but there was happiness here, Christopher told his reflection in the mirror. The song Norma was singing was the one the orchestra had played in the gilded ballroom the night previous, while he had danced with Ernestine. He smiled wryly into the mirror's steamed distortion. The words of the song were amusing, considering that he and Ernestine had been quarreling while the orchestra played their accompaniment. Peter was very much in love with Norma; Norma was very much in love with Peter. Norma was proud of Peter, proud of the principles for which he was fighting, proud that he had courage to fight. Christopher told himself that his own happiness would be

complete if Ernestine were like Norma, willing to share whatever a man had, little or much. But Ernestine was no other than herself. She had been reared to luxury; he had no right to expect her to live otherwise.

Andrea was preparing breakfast in the study when he arrived at the parsonage. They were waiting for him; the Reverend John experimenting with the radio set Christopher had given them at Christmas, Andrea making toast in front of the grate fire.

“Enjoy the party last night?” Andrea questioned, her eyebrows raised quizzically.

“Not the least bit! I regret I had not stayed at home.” Christopher wished she had not mentioned Ernestine’s party. The reminder awakened memories he thought he had carefully buried. He did not realize that his answer had been gruff until Andrea teased him.

“Oh! The morning after?” Andrea mimicked his voice. “You growly bear!”

“Sorry, Andrea, I did sound ungracious. I have outgrown parties, I believe, for I was utterly bored last night,” he told her, while he crossed the room to assist the Reverend John with the radio.

“Did you make peace with Ernestine?” Andrea’s question startled Christopher, until he realized there had been no motive behind it, other than a friendly interest.

“I am afraid not,” he said, turning to answer her question. “She gave me back her engagement ring.” Laughingly bitterly, he extracted the diamond from his coat pocket, passing it to the Reverend John. “I wish you would use the money you can get for this for the poor of your parish,” he said. “It is the nicest way I can think of disposing of it.” The ring represented more money than he would now earn in a year, and, he thought for a fleeting moment, it had held the key to his happiness; but he was not sure of this, so he put the thought out of his mind. Andrea reached to pick up the ring, but withdrew her hand quickly, embarrassed; it seemed, she thought, like probing an open wound with her finger. The Reverend John saw the act, and to cover his daughter’s embarrassment, quietly pocketed the ring without comment, beyond thanking Christopher for the donation.

“They tell me these New Year parties are quite elaborate affairs,” he said, not realizing that in his endeavour to change the subject he was getting right back to it.

“I might as well tell you all about it,” Christopher said, relating every incident, humourously ending with the ruination of his dress suit before going to bed.

“I am sorry you spoiled your coat,” Andrea exclaimed, wiping the laughter tears from her cheeks. “I had hoped you would take me to a big party sometime.”

Christopher stared at her in surprise. “You would not enjoy yourself at a party like that one,” he said.

“Listen to him, Reverend! How does he know I would not enjoy myself? You know differently.”

The Reverend John laughed. “I think Andrea would enjoy that sort of thing,” he said. “There is quite a bit of the devil in her, for a minister’s daughter.”

On his way to the parsonage this New Year’s morning, Christopher Worth had purchased a newspaper; the first printed news of the Year. Freshly inked pages from the presses, crammed with editorial inspiration, just as had been other printed sheets, every first day of the year since the beginning of newspapers. A feeling of confidence was woven into the writing beneath which lay a certainty of disaster. Humanity was making a fresh start. This New Year would be different. This New Year would be better. The Old Year had been with the world long enough; it had crowded into its three hundred and sixty-five days, full measure of hardship, of suffering, of unhappiness, of misery. These things would pass, with this New Year. Depression would vanish. Prosperity was just around the corner. Words glibly written for a believing public a moment or so before the editor had feverishly wriggled into a dress shirt, and black coat with long tails, eager to crowd into the Old Year as much as possible of the things which made the Old Year what it was. Christopher smiled, somewhat bitterly, as he read the headlines aloud. What promise was there that the New Year would be different?

Revelry and saccharine forecasts might have given an optimistic note to the advent of the New Year, but still the ugly facts remained, stark and cruel, after the excitement of New Year’s Eve had abated. Empty champagne bottles, disordered tables, soiled damask, cigarette ends floating in dregs of coffee, tissue paper hats and deflated toy balloons were the morning evidence of the barbaric attempt to bring a new order of things with the changing of a day on the calendar. A prosperous New Year! Blatant headlines in the newspapers. Columns of romanticism, clipped from pages of other years. A phrase upon everybody’s lips; the chance acquaintance on

the street, the paper boy, the milkman, the butcher, the baker. All added to the chant of good wishes; master and man, millionaire and pauper, priest and sinner. A wish without a deed; so soon to be forgotten. A happy and prosperous New Year!

The New Year's message in the newspapers was the topic of conversation as they lingered over breakfast in the parsonage study. "Listen to this," Christopher exclaimed, reading aloud . . . "Thank God the Old Year has ended. It was a bitter struggle. Depression hit us hard. But a New Year is here! We are going to make a fresh start. This will be a prosperous year.' . . . Like hell it will . . . if . . ."

"Naughty, naughty! You must not use such language." Christopher looked up into the face that was peering over his shoulder at the newspaper.

"They are idiots, Andrea. It makes me mad right through to read what they say. How can this year be different from last year, as things remain? Unless the change is for the worse!"

"Our Christopher is becoming quite a revolutionist, Reverend," Andrea teased, as she commenced to clear away the remains of breakfast, flashing Christopher a friendly smile from the opposite side of the table, then mimicking the puzzled frown that covered his face. The Reverend John had gone back to the radio, lured by its novelty and the hope of bringing in far-away stations.

"It is this properous New Year stuff that makes me mad!" Christopher savagely exclaimed. "Why will they never get wise to themselves? When will they wake up to the real condition of things?"

"Who in particular, Christopher?" The Reverend John turned from the radio, smiling. He was enjoying himself. Andrea was smiling also. She enjoyed these mental battles between Christopher and her father. She eagerly anticipated the argument she knew was coming; the Reverend John's teasing camouflage of his real attempts to stir Christopher. She enjoyed Christopher's earnest defense of his own ideas. She held her breath as he snatched up the newspaper from the table.

"It seems to me the newspapers are unwilling to face the facts, fighting stupidly and blindly for an obsolete political and economic system. They have no new plan for reconstruction, unless it protects the interest of those in power, from the lowest official to the governing head itself."

"Ouch! You ought to tell them that," the Reverend John suggested, smiling. "They would skin you alive."

“You agree with me, Reverend, I know you do. This rubbish about prosperity! Holding on to a belief that a so-called depression will automatically disappear and somehow or other prosperity for everyone will return.”

“But why pick on the newspapers, Christopher? They are indispensable and serve a profoundly valuable purpose.”

“They are cowards! The editors are cowards . . . or their hands are tied. The press should be free and outspoken. Among their editors there must be men who know the urgent need of action, if humanity is not going to be exterminated by base intolerance, by a criminal refusal to face conditions as they are.”

“Who said we are not facing conditions?” The Reverend John had now forgotten his radio in his interest in what Christopher was saying.

“I mean in the refusal to face conditions with a determination to do what is necessary to remedy our present state of affairs. The press should demand that action be taken, so that the existing world chaos and misery shall never come to pass again.”

“Why pick upon the press? What about our governments?” the Reverend John questioned. He wondered how Christopher came into possession of such ideas.

“The press can control public opinion,” Christopher continued. “It should realize its message to the public is more powerful than governments, or wealth. It can insist that there is a way to normal and decent living for every human being. It can refuse to listen to the suggestion that we are simply in another cycle where horrible depressions must, of necessity, alternate with prosperity.”

“It seems to me, Christopher, that the newspapers have statistics showing that these cycles are actual facts, and no matter what we do, they will happen.”

“Yes, quite correct, Reverend John, just so long as we have a world governed by and for the rich, with materialism our God, the narrowest nationalism our goal, and the acquiring of excessive wealth our one and only objective.”

“Ouch again! Where did you get all of these ideas?” the Reverend John asked. Christopher’s answers had confounded him. The radio squawked, unnoticed.

“Oh, they are in the newspapers and magazines; usually buried where the reader will be least likely to discover them. The reports of murder, divorce, theft and other delectable ghoulishness is the newspapers’ idea of what keeps up their circulation, and thereby pays the bills.”

“Bravo!” applauded Andrea, on her way downstairs with the tray of breakfast things. “Hold the rest until I get back, Christopher. I want to hear it all.”

The Reverend John’s fingers had again begun to twist the radio dials in his search for new stations to log, when he gave an excited ejaculation. “Listen, Christopher!” he called across the room. “They are broadcasting a two-way radio conversation between the station I have and a ship at sea.” Christopher laid aside his newspaper to listen. It was an interesting programme. Radio stations all over the world tuned to each other. Ether waves were carrying the spoken word across oceans and continents; a message of hope. A prosperous New Year! The Old Year had ended, a New Year begun. The futility of it smothered Christopher; he was moody. The enthusiasm of the Reverend John did not take him from his brooding. Hearing the spoken message, coming with uncanny magic to them, Christopher wondered if despair, as well as hope, did not lie behind the words. Did the announcers at the microphones know how serious the future was to be for millions of their listeners, whose New Year would be just as hopeless as had the Old Year? Did they realize, as they sent their messages out on the air, the incompetence of many of those in power to lead the people out of the morass of depression; officials whose wealth made it possible for them to be elected to office, party power obtained through promises that would not, could not, be kept. Promises held out to a humanity willing to elect any man who could change existing conditions, by men immune to suffering because of never having themselves suffered. Politics; a game of self-aggrandisement, a quick road to personal gain. The men capable of serving humanity in this crisis had yet to be found, otherwise conditions would not be as they were.

The radio programme was, as the Reverend John had exclaimed, a remarkable one. It gave some conception of the vastness of the earth. It emphasized also the greatness of the disaster of depression; nations striving to live within themselves. Christopher recalled a quite recent conference; its objective to consolidate a nation against the rest of the world. It was a pitiful gesture, he thought. What did it matter? The problem humanity faced belonged to the entire world, to all of humanity. Could it mean that nations even must go before the solution was reached? It was a world problem, one



that would never be remedied by any one nation without the participation of every man of every nation who might hold a position of control over men's souls.

"How are you men getting along with your argument?" Andrea asked them, when she returned from her kitchen tasks.

The Reverend John looked over his shoulder, pausing reluctantly from his radio adventures. "Christopher has been too busy with his thoughts to speak to me," he said. "I believe he is concocting another sensational debacle of the world at large."

"Are you, Christopher?" Andrea questioned, laughing at his preoccupied mood.

"Nothing as foolish as that," he said. "Just thinking."

"About what?" Andrea placed her elbows upon the table, opposite him, resting her chin in her palms, while she studied his face.

"Right at this moment? Well, I am thinking about a very charming girl, who has a most fascinating personality, and a remarkably inquisitive mind."

"Want to tell me her name?" Andrea wrinkled her nose. It was her way of disguising her embarrassment. "Did that sound as though Christopher were describing me, Reverend?"

"Yes, of course, my dear," the Reverend John acquiesced. "What was he saying?" he asked, too intent upon the task in hand to turn again from the dials.

Andrea threw a cushion in the Reverend's direction. "You are like a boy with that squawky old thing."

Christopher watched this by-play. He was envious of the comradeship between them.

"Have you got everything figured out to your satisfaction?" the Reverend John questioned. Somewhat ashamed of neglecting his guest, he crossed to his arm chair near Christopher. Passing his cigarettes, he invited Christopher to tell him more. Christopher picked up the newspaper from the carpet at his feet, rustling the pages impatiently as he endeavoured to put it in order. Arranging it to show the back page with a full page advertisement, he passed it to the Reverend John.

"Look at this advertisement, for example; everything is being offered for less than the cost of making. It is evidence that the advertisers are frantic. To

get the things they are endeavouring to sell, for less than their real value, means that men have suffered. Manufacturers have been forced to sacrifice. Behind such slaughter lies a train of closed factories and idle men. Gullible public, to believe these huge organizations are doing them a service by forcing manufacturers to make things at a loss, that the buyer may obtain something for less than cost. The circle is too vicious for that. Men are too dependent upon one another for some to suffer without all suffering. What does the price of an article matter? If it is a fair price and the person requiring the article has money to pay for it, the sale can be made to the profit of everyone in the particular circle the article creates. If the person has no money, what does it matter how urgently the article is needed, or how little it costs?"

"Some truth in that," the Reverend John interjected, while Christopher paused to regain his breath. "I was thinking I would like that encyclopedia they are advertising, but I could never afford it."

"Exactly what I am getting at," Christopher continued. "Read what they say: 'A dining room suite at less than manufacturer's cost, because we have purchased entire bankrupt stock!' I was through that factory a few weeks ago with a friend of mine. They were forced into bankruptcy because of being compelled to sell to this very store at ridiculous prices. Consider what happened in this particular instance. Endeavour to realize how many people contributed to the making of this furniture; lumbermen in our northern forests, sawmill hands cutting the logs into lumber, trainmen transporting it to the factory, the craftsmen in the factory. Now consider the things incidental to the making of the furniture; such things as screws, and metal fittings. These, too had their beginning in the ore, through its refining, and transportation and making. And again, the leather for the chair seats, touching the farmer, tanner, and so on. Not to mention paints, stains and varnishes. If you say the circle stops even there you are wrong; for a hundred, perhaps a thousand people contributed to the making of these particular dining room suites, when you consider the wives and children of the craftsmen. Then to go further, these people must have food, and clothing, and houses to live in, which, of course, touches every known thing humanity uses from a box of matches to a motor car. In hurting the craftsman by selling the product he makes for less than it cost, this type of store is like an octopus, squeezing the blood from the victim it lives upon and soon the octopus must die of starvation."

"Such a bedtime story, Christopher! It gives me the creeps." Andrea, now sitting upon the footstool at his feet, watched him, amusedly amazed at

the intensity of his speaking.

“But have not these conditions always existed, Christopher?” the Reverend John questioned. He, too, had become an attentive listener.

“Yes, more or less. The reaction seems to come in cycles. Perhaps that is why our industrialists, capitalists, and politicians call the condition a depression and let it go at that, trusting for things to right themselves.” Christopher shook his head in disgust, repeating his earlier ejaculation: “They are idiots!”

“It seems serious. Yet surely the answer to the problem should be easily found,” the Reverend John commented.

“Not so long as men have greed in their hearts,” Christopher exclaimed, bitterly. “But the solution is quite simple. It is contained in the first three words of your Bible, Reverend.”

“In the Beginning? Is that what you mean, Christopher?”

“Yes, those are the three words. They could be made work the magic of prosperity. The wish so many fools are clamouring for to-day, without knowing what it means.”

Christopher prepared to leave. He had planned to spend the day in the room above the printing shop, where he could write without being disturbed.

The Reverend John was back at the radio dials, immersed in the novelty of reaching out into space, bringing into the room voices of men whose task it was to say to people the things they liked to hear, voices which followed Christopher when he left, down the stairs to the street door almost. He smiled at his reflection in the hall mirror in his passing, a crooked smile as he heard what the voice on the radio said.

“. . . The makers of Blah-blah, wish you all a happy and prosperous New Year!”

Christopher Worth was grateful for the understanding of Andrea and the Reverend John, glad they had not insisted that he spend this New Year's day at the parsonage. That they had hoped this was his intention, was plain; he caught a hint of disappointment in Andrea's voice when he had said he was leaving. There were so many things he would like to do, but from which he felt he must discipline himself. Birth pains, for this beginning of a new existence was a painful experience; a new life that would be completely of his own making, not a compromise to justify a fleeting whim. Something inside of himself demanded he spend his first day of the year, alone, to pass the hours in the quiet of the room above the printing shop; the upper room. No one would know he was there. It would give him the quiet of soul he needed to piece together the happenings of the past days, beginning with the sudden stopping of his limousine, to listen to Peter Bronte speaking to a group of depressed men under the leafless elms in the park. He was weaving a new pattern in his life, until now it seemed but a maze of coloured threads, tangled almost, but gradually forming a design, the motif of which he was eager to see and understand.

Lee Hansen had thoughtfully laid the grate in the upper room, ready for the touching of a match. A scuttle of coal stood inside the fender on the hearth. It was apparent that he had expected Christopher to use the room, and had provided for his comfort. Christopher touched the crumpled paper with the match flame, and stood with hands in his pockets, watching the blaze gradually taking hold, creeping with a queer licking movement among the sticks, gaining force until its first crackle became a roar, encouraged by the chimney draft. Without thinking, he commenced to empty his pockets of an accumulation of papers; stubs of theatre tickets, membership cards of the various clubs to which he belonged, receipts from florists, confectioners, and jewellers; the miscellaneous printed things which gather in a man's pockets. These were part of the old life, and as each dropped from his fingers to be quickly devoured in the flames, it seemed to him a ritual, a severing of the last visible ties of the old year and of his old life.

In time he stirred, preparing to commence the work for which he had come to the upper room; for which he wanted to be alone. Idle dreaming had no place in his hours, he told himself. Here was the beginning of a new life. Queer how that word would inject its portent into his thinking. Beginning. "In the beginning." But, of course, everything must have a beginning. It was plain now, quite plain, the task he must undertake, the part he must play, the

part the twelve men who had thrown in their lot with him, must play. Millions of forgotten men were depending upon them, men whose very souls had been exploited because they did not understand what was their own by right. Yes, there was a thought in that. One should say, by birthright. There it was again. A man's birthright; something which came to him in the beginning. There were millions of men who would be powerful enough, once they understood, to select leaders among themselves to govern, to select men incapable of being influenced by the taint of party politics. He had no socialistic ideas; that was not the thought. Capital must, and would, stand shoulder to shoulder with labour. Capital would not, as it was now doing, become entangled in false doctrines of supply and demand, to the point of extinction. Gold would not continue to demand a greater earning power than men's souls. Capital would not demand the hours of a man for less than the value of those hours; would not barter those hours for less than they were worth. Gambling, with men's souls at stake, would come to an end; trafficking men's earning hours would not be tolerated. A man would possess only that which came to him honestly, in the beginning, his ability to use his hours.

This was the summing up of his thought. In the beginning God . . . In the beginning life . . . In the beginning abundance of everything a man needed to live happily and contentedly . . . In the beginning labour, by which to pay for this abundance.

It would be a difficult task to turn the world from a standard of gold. Christopher smiled dryly when he thought of this. The gold standard. The standard of the world. Newspapers were full of the subject, the gold standard. The standing of a nation depended upon its gold standard. Fools! What about the Hebrew history? They had tried the gold standard; what did it do, but corrupt them? In the beginning the standard of value was labour. There was not any doubt about this. The principle had not and never would change. Gold! Corrupt now as it was then. A false symbol. A golden idol.

Labour, through which the richness of the earth might be given to all humanity, through which the essence of the Earth and Water and Air might be fabricated to supply the needs of men. Raw materials and labour were the essential things. Gold was but a medium of exchange. Topsy-turvy valuation. Nothing else could have value, but the hours a man might expend in labour. He would have a right to use his hours; there would be a market for every hour he had to sell, at a fair price, according to the individual worth of those hours.

Throughout the fleeting minutes of this first day of the year, Christopher laboured. With paper and pencil he visualized the thoughts which were crowding his brain. Gradually he laid plans for the work he felt he must accomplish. If prayer is man's earnest desire, Christopher prayed through the long day. Earnestly, steadily, he worked, forgetful of lunch, forgetful of supper. It was quite plain, the task before him. To-morrow the printing presses in the little shop below would be humming with the production of the message he had for humanity. The words scrawled across the scattered sheets upon the table would become legible, in orderly lines of type, under the skillful fingers of Lee Hansen. The message would multiply itself a hundred, a thousand, a million times as he desired, by the simple procedure of the feeding of paper into the presses. Christopher paused as this thought struck him. Jude Braithwaite would be feeding those presses. Jude had thought his ideas somewhat radical. It would be interesting to watch Jude's reaction, after having seen the same thought repeated over and over, a thousand times, as the sheets passed through the press.

Soon the Society of Forgotten Men would commence to take this message to millions of other forgotten men, until the thought would influence the very farthest corners of the earth. It might take a lifetime. It might take many lifetimes. The task was tremendous. Never had the world faced a crisis so terrible; a crisis that was so completely universal. Leaders would be difficult to find, but there would be leaders; men, unselfish and sincere, who would gravitate to the idea, unmindful of personal gain, ambitious only in their desire to serve humanity.

Night hours began to creep into the upper room. The dusk filled the corners with shadows. The brown panelled walls gradually disappeared into the dark outside the circle of firelight. Christopher's writing was no longer distinct. The scattered sheets remained upon the table while he pulled one of the heavy benches towards the fire. Lost in his thoughts, leaning towards the flickering coals, chin in his cupped palms, elbows upon his knees, he did not hear footsteps on the stairs, did not hear the door slowly opening. He was not aware of Andrea's presence as she crossed the room, to stand behind him, not until she gently touched his head, until she spoke his name.

"Christopher."

"You startled me," he said quietly, looking back over his shoulder into Andrea's face.

"Did I? I am sorry, Christopher. Do you know what time it is?"

“I am afraid I have lost all count of time. I have been so busy.” He laughed, embarrassed, as though ashamed to have been caught day-dreaming. Andrea slid along the bench to sit beside him. Suddenly she wondered how it happened she had found him. Andrea saw the wonderment in his eyes and smiling wistfully, answered their questioning:

“Woman’s intuition. I knew this was where you would come if you desired to be alone.”

“You knew I wanted to be alone?”

“Yes. Otherwise I knew you would have spent the day with daddy and me.”

“You were right, Andrea, I did want to be alone.”

Andrea watched him, as once again he became lost in reverie. She understood his agony of soul. Lightly touching his forehead with her lips, she left him, pausing in the doorway to watch him. Her heart ached for the hunched shoulders that seemed to be carrying the load of humanity’s suffering, and quietly closing the door behind her, she walked pensively back to the parsonage, to the small study, to wait, should he come.

It was daybreak before she was rewarded. Often, during the night hours, she had pulled back the window shade, to peer out into the darkness, to return to the fireplace, to wait, suffering with him, knowing he would come to her when he was able. The grey dawn was creeping into the room when she heard his footsteps upon the stairs.

“You must think I am an idiot,” he said, standing irresolute in the doorway. “I knew you were waiting when I saw the light up here.”

Her eyes were misty as she watched him ravenously devour the toast and coffee she had prepared. Reverently she reached across the space which separated them, to touch his hand, to whisper:

“I understand, Christopher.”

Days passed with immeasurable slowness for Christopher Worth. He was filled with an immense and unfathomable loneliness; the effect of introspection. He experienced a queer feeling at times, of being close to the Infinite, if that were possible. Then at other times he wondered whether there could be some divine meaning behind the heartache and surging of humanity. He could not understand how men could be greedy for more than they needed, eager to acquire, regardless of others suffering by their act. He watched, bewildered, while men and machines in a mad endeavour to accumulate wealth they could never use, were speeding faster and faster. He wondered whether happiness was a reality, or but an illusion.

Yet, in spite of seemingly lagging days, the Society of Forgotten Men was being created; a reality from a nebulous idea. The group of men met nightly with Christopher, in the upper room. In reality they were but the beginning. The Society of Forgotten Men was yet to be born; these men who sat upon either side of the long oak table to talk together, were but the vehicle through which the travail of its birth must take place. Millions of men would be drawn to the idea. This was their first task, to interest men to come to the society, so that by their collective effort they would be sufficiently powerful to demand some consideration be given their plight.

The more practical of the group advocated such things as shorter working hours, which would mean that labour would share equally the burden of the world's work; retirement pensions, that the later years of the worker might be spent leisurely, and through early retirement make way for youth, who under existing conditions could find no place in the labour mart; the establishment of price levels for the produce of farms and the products of factories, that none be permitted to undersell at the expense of the farmer or craftsman; the control of corporation stock issuance and earnings, that it be impossible for capital to exploit labour for its own gain.

Christopher agreed with his confrères in regard to these practical things. But something urged him to go further. To him the problem did not rest with his own community, or with the country in which he lived; it concerned neighbouring countries, north, south, east and west, embracing all of humanity, the entire earth. To him the common people included all of mankind, no matter race or creed; fellow men the world over, living their lusty lives with patient industry, frugality and indomitable good humour, against the odds of indifferent governments and capitalistic autocracy.



The suggestion that the governments of the world adopt necessary measures to relieve the pain of depression seemed futile. History told all too plainly that no matter what new laws were enacted, they would protect the wealthy and powerful, for it was they who formulated these laws and who controlled the act of putting them into effect. He knew that no matter what the law, there would be embodied in the construction of it factors which would allow the powerful few to keep their wealth, and, likely as not, add to this wealth because of that very law's being enforced.

Christopher could see no difference, once stripped of disguising epithets, between the methods of fabulously wealthy Maharajahs of India and millionaire capitalists of western civilization; no difference in the manner of acquiring their wealth. Its origination was from the common man, gained through the toil and suffering of labour, and from the carefully schemed wrecking of the hopes and courage of small adventurers in the business and industrial world. Men so intoxicatingly rich that they were immune from suffering, guiding the destinies of the poor. So powerful that they could squelch any protest that might come from those who had given them the privilege of governing them.

A ghastly farce. The true wealth of the earth; food, clothing, shelter and labour, was being lost to mankind, rotting because of disuse. A monument to man's inability to proportion the earth's plenty among themselves. A juggernaut, composed of a handful of lustful, gold-grasping men, ruthlessly sacrificing millions of common men to their greed.

These were the thoughts running through Christopher Worth's mind while he sat at the end of the table in the upper room, listening to the conversation of his companions. It seemed so easy, the methods they spoke of; the simple procedure of creating, and enforcing, one or two governing laws.

Timothy Shane, the superintendent of the Worth Steel Foundries had the floor for the moment, telling of his plan for shorter working hours. Michael Cassidy, the grocer, was taking fiendish delight in tearing Timothy's idea to pieces. Christopher listened, while he watched their faces through half-closed lids.

"Five hours a day and a five-day week!" Michael Cassidy exclaimed. "Twenty-five hours a week, Timothy. Practically the same as putting your men on half-time."

"You have my idea exactly. Two men will share the amount of work one man accomplishes under present conditions."

Michael laughed. "And two men will starve instead of one, or rather everybody will starve instead of one-half of humanity."

"What has starving to do with it?" Timothy Shane demanded. "We know we can grow more than sufficient of the things we need to eat and drink. With everybody working five hours a day, or perhaps less than that, even, we can take from the earth raw materials and can fabricate everything humanity could possibly desire, so that no living soul need go without!"

"Mighty fine argument, Timothy," the Reverend John said, interrupting. "But how can we pay for everything we want, when we work but half a working week."

Timothy Shane was warming up to his subject. "By the simple procedure of an adjustment of values. In other words, the amount of money a man earns for twenty-five hours will buy him everything he needs. His earnings will be regulated according to the cost of the things he needs."

"A fine dream," Lee Hansen, the printer, interjected. "But it will never happen." He was watching Christopher. He, of the group, was the most intimate with Christopher. He seemed to understand Christopher's moods, his hopes, and fears, and perhaps because Christopher realized this, he treated Lee as a confidant. Lee Hansen's eyes, wandering around the table, came to rest upon his pressman, Jude Braithwaite. He caught a queerly cynical smile upon Jude's features, a look he did not like. It seemed to be out of place in the quiet reverence of this upper room. Lee had caught glimpses of that cynical smile before; once upon an occasion when Jude had been reading a proof of one of Christopher's pamphlets, and thinking himself alone, had smiled just as he was smiling now, had muttered to himself, something which held a note of disloyalty. Lee could not be sure, but he did not like Jude's attitude and made a mental note to talk with him about it when the opportunity came.

The Reverend Lionel Morrison had been making notes while Timothy was speaking. He looked up, hearing Lee Hansen's remark. "A fine dream! Certainly it is, Lee," Lionel Morrison said. "But then, it is dreams from which realities are made."

Christopher made a mental note of that. It was a good thought, something to use when he was speaking to a large audience. "It is dreams from which realities are made." But Timothy was not to be discouraged.

"Thank you, Reverend," he said, nodding across the table to Lionel Morrison. "Supposing it is a dream as you say, Lee. We can make it come

true. There are enough wage-earners to compel the government to enact and enforce any constructive movement, if they will work together.”

Lee Hansen caught another cynical twisting of Jude Braithwaite’s mouth and wished he could see what Jude had written upon the sheet of paper in front of him. Jude sensed that he was being watched and nonchalantly folded the sheet of paper upon which he had written, placing it in his pocket as Lee got up from the bench to walk around the table.

“Mighty difficult to force an issue with any government. The moment labour begins to organize, the government steps in,” Bart Greene said. Bart, Christopher’s workmate at the rolling mill, had already gained experience in this regard. Somewhat of a Socialist, and a strong labour union man, he had his own ideas upon the subject. Upon more than one occasion he had felt the brutal whack of a policeman’s truncheon on the back of his head, and had felt the cracking of arm bones as the police had surreptitiously practiced their trained skill in methods of torture. “Mighty difficult to force an issue. But when I see children hungry and cold, I can put up a good fight,” he added, with more than a hint of threat in his voice.

Christopher smiled as Bart Greene’s words caused him to glance down the table. He knew Bart could put up a good fight. He admired the set of his jaw as he spoke. His gaze wandered further down the long table, to watch the faces of the others. Harvey Wellwood, Frederick Morton and Adrian Morris; Christopher was fond of these three men. They had been together when he first met them. Seemed to be inseparable companions. If one made a statement, the other two could be depended upon to back him up. Now they spoke in chorus.

“We ought to get Timothy Shane’s thought down on paper, for when Christopher sends our ideas to parliament,” they said.

“I have been making my notes,” Lee Hansen explained, while Peter Bronte, sitting upon Christopher’s left hand, leaned forward to whisper.

“Have you been granted an interview?” he questioned. Christopher had written several times asking that he and some of the others be given an opportunity to tell their story before the members of parliament.

“No news yet. I have asked my father to arrange things for us,” Christopher told Peter.

The patriarch of the group, old Joel Somerset, the poet, had been evidencing no interest in the proceedings; that is, in so far as appearances went. His face rested upon his cupped palm as he watched the others, with

curiosity, apparently. But he had been listening, and thinking most deeply about all that was discussed.

But Timothy Shane had the floor and he intended to complete the telling of the thought that was in his mind.

“Modern machinery has been blamed for the state of affairs in the world. How ridiculous that statement is,” he said, going on to explain what he meant. “Certainly machinery has made the task of man more easy, but rather than accept the topsy-turvy idea that machinery has deprived man of a living, we should recognize that the very same machinery should make it possible for humanity to enjoy hours of leisure each day, instead of labouriously toiling from daylight until dark.”

“One thing I could never understand,” the Reverend John said, “was where the profit went in the case of a machine replacing a hundred men? The wages of ninety-nine men did not add in proportion to the cost of any article.”

“Oh, they can argue that away, like they argue anything away!” Timothy exclaimed somewhat disgustedly. “But the fact remains that the world contains sufficient for every living soul, that we have ample labour, even with a much shorter working day, to produce everything we need. But how can we go about putting the idea into successful practice?”

“There is only one way,” Bart Greene added, vehemently, “the way I suggested. Let the wage-earners get together and insist that the idea be adopted!”

“It should be quite easy to put a stop to the exploitation of labour,” the Reverend Lionel Morrison said.

Christopher could not refrain from entering the debate. He felt responsible for the group. There were times when he wondered concerning the significance of their having met; a group of men with like ideas, gravitating to him and to the cause that had had its birth under the bleak elms in the park. True they had accomplished nothing as yet, beyond relieving some of the acute distress of their own neighbourhood. They did this through the Reverend John and Peter, using the funds Christopher had placed at the Society’s disposal. Occasional meetings had been held in various parts of the city, but with each effort Christopher realized how futile talking was. Nothing could come from the meetings in park corners except to make those listening more miserable. The government of their own country, and of other countries, must be interested to the point of taking

action, until some plan was operating throughout the entire world. Tariff barriers would then be unnecessary, inter-trade would be easy. It all seemed so simple, yet so utterly impossible.

It was a complex problem. Christopher saw now that it did not stop with the wage-earner, but embraced the greater part of humanity. His talks with friends who were in business told him this. Endeavouring to meet unfair competition, they were gradually getting to the point where their reserve capital was being exhausted. They were being driven out of business.

Somehow he wanted to go more deeply into the problem than did these men associated with him. He could see written in the striving for existence, the record of centuries; a vicious circle which had grown smaller and smaller in its periodic revolutions until it threatened to strangle wage-earner and industrialist and capitalist alike. Their work was of necessity with all of these if success be achieved.

This group of men around the heavy oak table was the beginning. He watched their faces as a hush fell upon the room while he prepared to speak. Slowly, and deliberately, he outlined the plan that was in his mind. They all knew the hardships entailed, the disaster which would follow a failure on their part. He watched their eyes looking up into his face through the circle of lamplight, while he put the question to them, a question which was more definitely a command.

“I want every one of you to give up your work and devote your entire time to the Society of Forgotten Men! Are you all willing to do this?”

They looked towards one another in consternation. Up until now the idea had not been of moment; simply spending their evenings together, something which filled to good advantage an occasional hour. What did Christopher Worth mean, their eyes seemed to say. Christopher put them at their ease.

“We have a fund which will carry us through one, possibly two, years. Each man shall draw from that fund the amount required to keep those dependent upon him.”

With this explanation, Christopher waited for their reaction, he had scarcely expected the Reverend Lionel Morrison to be the first to speak. For that matter, he had so completely thought of Lionel Morrison as being one of themselves he had forgotten he was the minister of a wealthy church, earning considerably more than five thousand dollars a year, with a beautiful

home, an automobile, and other luxuries foreign to his companions gathered around the table.

“I am quite willing to resign from my church,” Lionel Morrison said simply. Christopher loved him for the quiet dignity of his statement. There was no hint of heroics in his attitude. Simply the acquiescence of Christopher’s wish. Christopher wondered what his father would say to that, and too, how the haughty Mrs. Lionel Morrison would take the news.

“Thank you, Lionel,” Christopher said. “You are going to be valuable to us, in the interviewing of men like my father.”

Lionel Morrison had broken the tension. Now each competed with the other in their eagerness to offer themselves, to dedicate their lives to the undertaking.

Peter Bronte placed his fingers over Christopher’s hand when he again seated himself; the trembling touch, the tear-blurred eyes, told Christopher how deeply Peter had been moved. He understood how Peter must feel, to realize he had been the instrument used by some mysterious force to bring these men together in the holiness of this upper room.

It was not an hour of celebration. Like one other evening, the first they had spent together, a quiet filled the room, while they looked into each others’ faces in wonderment. Upon that other evening the Society of Forgotten Men had been a dream of the future. To-night something more momentous had happened. The men who must become the nucleus of the Society of Forgotten Men had given up everything they possessed; each had consecrated his life to the work of establishing a new order of things in the world.

Christopher Worth stood irresolute upon the parliament building steps. His visit to the member of parliament he had hoped would help them, had failed. The plan he had submitted was rejected, after having been ridiculed and reviled. Those typewritten sheets in the brief case under his arm meant nothing at all. He smiled bitterly as he thought of the defeat. He might have expected it, he told himself. He knew the man they had interviewed was one of the country's richest men. He knew also that it was the wealth and influence of his father, Barlow Worth, that had made the interview possible, not an idea that might mean the emancipation of the common man.

Now the interview was ended, and he paused to consider the outcome. It had been a farce, really. Seated across from the suave, sinister figure of the powerful Nathan Fidler, who could do so much, yet would do nothing at all, Christopher had gripped the edge of the elaborately carved desk, in his anguish of the hopelessness of accomplishing anything. The cynical smiling lips of Nathan Fidler had said, in an exasperating, patronizing manner, that he was quite aware of the existing conditions, that everything that could be done was being done. It was simply another depression, he told them. The country had experienced them before; they would come through it all right, as they always had done.

The Reverend John Morley, who, with Lionel Morrison, Peter Bronte, and Lee Hansen, his companions on this trip to the seat of government, had preceded Christopher through the palatial doorway of the parliament buildings, waited for him at the bottom of the wide stone steps. He had counted a great deal upon the outcome of this day. For many weeks they had been working upon the suggestions embodied in the typewritten sheets under his arm. But he had not been allowed to explain the substance of them. He had not been permitted to leave the proposal that the man they had interviewed and other members of parliament might have opportunity to study them. "No, you have nothing new," the powerful Nathan Fidler had said. "You are not the first fanatics to tell me they have the solution of the problem. We know the solution, and will take care of it in due time."

Fanatics! Socialists! Radicals!, they had been called; trouble-makers ignorant of the need, unfitted to understand the remedy! Christopher felt a hot resentment surging within him. Was it not perhaps that Nathan Fidler himself was ignorant of the facts, that he himself was unfitted for the work with which the common people had entrusted him?

“It looks much as though Bart Greene was right when he said we must organize and put up a fight,” Peter Bronte exclaimed, as Christopher descended the steps to where they were standing.

“I was never so disgusted in my life,” the Reverend John said, voicing his sentiment. “But we might have expected it. Remember how he laughed when I told of the way little children rush to the door when I take them food, hunger making them little animals? ‘Children are like that, naturally,’ he said. What does Nathan Fidler know about children? He has been too involved in building up a fortune for himself, to marry, to have children of his own.”

“Lord deliver me from ever being egotistical again,” the Reverend Lionel Morrison said, laughing. “It was good medicine for me, like looking into a mirror. Nathan Fidler’s ugly, drooping mouth tried so hard to be disdainful. The idea of our contaminating his holy of holies with our presence! So condescending. I have acted like that myself. Queer, men are. Power and money, and a carved desk in a palatial office. Secret little push buttons which bring puppet-like assistants to his side, bowing and scraping. Even his smartly tailored morning coat seemed to emphasize the ridiculousness of his bearing. It did not hide from me his bony knees and under-developed physique. He must know how unimportant he is in his nakedness. I used to, when I saw myself in the bathroom mirror. A man has only to study himself naked, to understand how insignificant he really is.”

They laughed in unison at the outburst of Lionel Morrison, appreciating, nevertheless, the truth his words held. Nathan Fidler was nothing more than one man, long past his prime physically, mentally distorted through his greed for money and his desire for power; power purchased through his wealth, though with opportunity to regain what it had cost. Men like Nathan Fidler might be educated to see the world need and to act, but the possibility was too remote. They had had their opportunity and had failed, so now must make way for new leaders.

“If we must, we will fight,” Christopher said quietly. His face was white, his jaw firmly set; a steel-like determination flashed in his eyes. “It is not for Nathan Fidler to say. It is the people who shall determine the way out of the difficulty.”

“We are ready to follow you, whatever you decide,” the Reverend John assured Christopher, his words quickly echoed by Lionel Morrison and Peter Bronte. Christopher gave them a grateful smile as he led the way back to their hotel.



Nathan Fidler had not, however, dismissed the subject offhand with a wave of his flabby fingers as they had thought. He had been seized with a sudden fear as he watched Christopher's back pass through the door of his office in the parliament buildings, to disappear in the shadows beyond. There had been a foreboding portent in Christopher's words that sent cold shivers into his heart. The determination in Christopher's eyes, the definite set of his chin, had made him tremble. There had been too much of truth in what Christopher Worth had said for him to be comfortable. He hoped that he had not shown this fear before his visitors. It was not usual for him to do that. He was proud of the manner in which his face could hide what went on within his mind. He did not see, as others did, the ugliness of his drooping mouth, caused by deadening the nerves of expression, until the lips hung lifeless, upon the point of slobbering. At least he had not committed himself, either way. That was always wise. Never agree, never disagree. No one could blame you, then. But some things this man, Christopher Worth, had said were rather disconcerting; made the few plans the government intended to put into action this year seem rather useless. What they called depression, this Christopher Worth claimed, was but the natural order of things; a state of affairs that could have been predicted a hundred years ago. A hundred years ago, when this continent had been in its infancy, when its breasts had been filled with substance; when it had opened its fertile bosom to receive the millions of humanity then crowding the old world. Still, Christopher Worth was right when he said those breasts were overflowing yet. Nathan Fidler shuddered as he recalled the flashing of Christopher Worth's eyes, when he had leaned across the desk, to accuse him, Nathan Fidler, and his kind, of pressing their hands over the fullness of those breasts, stopping a starving humanity from receiving their share of substance. He knew he was wealthy, but he had acquired his wealth legally. No one could question that. He had used his wits. Could he be blamed if others, who had had the same opportunity, had not used their wits?

He nervously toyed with the paper knife on his desk, unable to resume the task he had been engaged upon when his visitors arrived. There was a thought in the claim Christopher Worth had made; quite an unusual angle from which to look at the problem. All very well for this young man to say he, Nathan Fidler, was not sympathetic with the idea; he was. But he could not allow every man who thought he had a new idea, to disturb his own plans. Yet his visitors were right. One hundred years ago there had been a tremendous task ahead of the people. Railroads to build from ocean to ocean, over thousands of miles of unpopulated country, millions of steel rails and wooden ties and iron spikes to produce, locomotives, freight cars and

passenger coaches to build, towns and cities to lay out and construct, homes to build, millions of miles of highways to hew from wilderness and forests, factories to erect, machinery to build, raw material to gather from forest and mine, the acquiring of a staggering area of new civilization.

How was it that man had never anticipated the time when this gigantic undertaking would be complete; had never realized that the huge mass of workers would some time finish their task. With no new worlds to conquer, what were men to do? The thought was staggering. It ridiculed the idea that prosperity would return, as it had always returned; that things would eventually come back to normal. There was no such factor as a change to normality. Normality always existed. Conditions were normal at any moment of any era, simply because humanity had progressed to that point, favourably or unfavourably. In the past labour had been scarce, in comparison with the work to be done; to-day there was more than sufficient labour. Yes, Nathan Fidler agreed to himself, relaxing the Nathan Fidler countenance, what this strange young man had said was true enough. But there were too many overwhelming difficulties in the way of achieving what this Christopher Worth had suggested.

The fact remained that not only was the working class suffering, but the manufacturer and industrialist and even the capitalist were being caught in the maelstrom of business depression. Little did Nathan Fidler guess how serious the outcome might be, that his millions might possibly dissolve into thin air, leaving only the figures in his ledgers to tell of the passing, leaving him bereft of his fortune, with nothing but his naked body, his hollow chest and bony knees. His wits would have no value, for under the new order of things, wits would not count. The circle was closing slowly but surely. Gold standards were crumbling. Banks were becoming overloaded with unsound investments in businesses that could never regain what they had lost, businesses that had become punctured beyond hope of further inflation.

He would like to be the one who would bring harmony to this world chaos. Nathan Fidler smiled to himself as this thought came to him. Then he would be more than ever in the public eye. The newspapers of the world would blare forth his name, would smother the pages with his photographs. Newsreel photographers would follow him wherever he went, to record his doings, of course showing him in the smartest clothes his tailor could design. No thought of being photographed naked entered his head. That was as remote as was any idea of allowing the "sound effects" of the news reels to record and reproduce what he would say if he said what went on in his own mind. But it was the nonsense of a dreamer, he decided, as he stirred

himself to the work in front of him. Little did he realize that through his refusal to consider the proposal of the Society of Forgotten Men, he had given impetus to one of the greatest movements the world might ever experience.

Christopher Worth had regained his composure by the time they reached their rooms, and was able to laugh with his companions at some of the more ridiculous aspects of their interview.

“It might be an excellent idea to get one of this city’s newspapers to print our story,” Lee Hansen suggested.

“Yes, why not?” Christopher said. “It is about time we commenced to show our hand.”

“Sounds like a good idea. But I should imagine the newspaper would have some objections,” the Reverend John commented, drawing thoughtfully at his pipe.

“May I borrow a pipeful of that tobacco, John?” Lionel Morrison inquired. “It has such a vile odour I am curious to experiment with it.”

“You will find it vile enough, compared with those expensive First Church cigars,” the Reverend John laughingly replied, as he passed his pouch.

“Shall I roll you one?” Peter Bronte asked of Christopher, while he licked the edge of the rice paper of the cigarette he was making for himself.

“Thank you, but I prefer my own brand,” Christopher smiled. “It is my one remaining extravagance.”

Lionel Morrison kept the moment amusing with his comments concerning the Reverend John’s tobacco, and his attempts to get his pipe drawing. It was Christopher who broke the tobacco-laden silence.

“What about it? Shall we go to interview the newspapers?” he asked. His question started a move towards hats and coats, and soon they were in the elevator on their way to find whether the press of that city might be sympathetic.

They were fortunate. It happened that the Honourable Nathan Fidler did not control the policies of the two newspapers; one of them, of course, but the other was delighted to find the opportunity of disconcerting the man who financed its opposition. This was not exactly what Christopher and his companions desired. They had no quarrel with Nathan Fidler as an individual. That Christopher was the son of the millionaire Barlow Worth,

that he signed a paper taking the entire responsibility upon his own shoulders, for whatever they might publish, was sufficient for them. It was a newspaper scoop; front page copy.

Christopher regretted the impulse which had caused him to agree to using the newspapers as a means of retaliation, soon after they were in possession of his story. It was not the aim of the Society of Forgotten Men to retaliate. He regretted his action more deeply when he read the newspaper that same evening. It sounded sacrilegious, for the newsboys to shout aloud the name of their society.

Newspaper headlines screamed the words that were supposed to have originated from his lips, abortive sentences that burned into his very soul; sentences such as . . . “the heel of power” . . . “chains of hell” . . . and the like. His photograph was prominent on the front page, flashed without his knowledge in the newspaper office. It seemed to have a sardonic smirk, quite unlike himself. Beside his own picture was that of Nathan Fidler, showing to excellent advantage the stubborn drooping lips. Christopher regretted his impetuosity. He was tempted to telephone Nathan Fidler, to explain, and apologize. But the damage was done, Nathan Fidler would never believe him.

Queerly enough, his companions were delighted with the newspaper account. Christopher supposed this was because it meant action. They had so little to show for the weeks they had laboured together. The printed sheets more than repaid for this. True the news writers had garbled, somewhat, the ideas they were championing. But the principle thought was there. More than this, the Society of Forgotten Men had won acknowledgement. The name of the society was blazoned out across the entire page in black face type, two inches deep.

“That settles it,” Peter Bronte said. “It means we have got to go through with it.”

The Reverend John chuckled. “Bart Greene just loves a fight,” he said. “Here is his chance.”

“It might mean more fight than we expect,” Lionel Morrison said. “When Nathan Fidler gets this newspaper, something is bound to happen.”

Sleepless in his berth on the night express, bound for home, Christopher thought of the happenings of that day. Each incident seemed to pass in review, in the dim light of the coach, the panorama ending with the lurid newspaper headlines. ‘The heel of power’ . . . ‘The chains of hell.’ . . .

Perhaps the newspapers were more correct than they imagined. These were the things the Society of Forgotten Men must overcome before they might achieve the task they had undertaken.

“Your father is expecting you, Mr. Worth. He left word for you to go right in when you arrived,” the young lady at the telephone switchboard said, as Christopher entered the offices of the Worth Steel Foundries. Christopher hesitated nervously in the outer office. He did not relish this interview with his father, who, he imagined, was at this moment pacing the floor of the office behind the frosted glass door his eyes were watching, in the distance. The atmosphere of the outer office seemed electric. The telephone operator’s manner had been curt. She had always been ready with a laughing joke, some clever repartee, but to-day she held aloof, with a seemingly studied dignity. Surreptitious glances between other members of the office staff, told him that something ominous was in the air.

His father had seen the newspapers. This was the reason, without any doubt, for his having received an imperious demand that he be here at four o’clock this afternoon. What a fuss the newspapers had made about his going to the government with his idea. He had not been discreet in speaking to the press, had put into their hands material which had given them sensational copy; sensational because of the deliberate changes the writers had made in the writing of what he said. Now he saw that their motive had not been particularly to help him and the Society of Forgotten Men, but rather to add to the slimy muck of their news columns, to feed the insatiable demand of the reader, for sensation.

His father was waiting for him. He felt curious eyes watching his back as he passed through the gate and threaded his way, between the desks, to Barlow Worth’s office. He confirmed his surmise when he looked around before opening the door, to catch a sudden stir as the office staff simultaneously paid more than ordinary attention to their work. But his father was not pacing the floor. He looked up from the papers he was reading to greet Christopher with a friendly smile.

“Sit down, son. I will be finished with this in a moment,” he said, indicating the chair beside his desk, and at the same time pushing forward a package of cigarettes. “Smoke while you are waiting,” he invited. Christopher saw the cigarettes were the expensive brand he used to smoke when he could afford them. His heart warmed towards his father for this thoughtful gesture. Barlow Worth must have purchased them for him, for Christopher knew his father did not care for that particular brand.

“Well, you are becoming quite famous, by all accounts,” his father said, when the task he had been engaged at was complete, and he leaned back in his swivel chair with a grin. Christopher grinned in response, a grin that seemed rather inane. His father’s friendliness disarmed any fear he had, though he could not quite understand the reason for that friendliness. Nor was he enlightened when Barlow Worth spoke again.

“Do you know, I am proud of you, son.”

Christopher could but stammer a boyish, “Yes, sir.”

“You can certainly raise hell when you want to! I have found that out.”

“The newspapers you mean?” Christopher fumbled mentally.

“Yes.” Barlow Worth’s laugh filled the room. “I could picture your interview with Nathan Fidler, that egotistical . . . well, you know. So he did not want to listen to you?”

“It was not as bad as the newspapers represented it to be, dad.”

“Must have been bad enough. Do you know what has happened?”

Christopher looked at his father, too puzzled to reply to his father’s question.

“They are trying to put me out of business,” Barlow Worth told him.

“Put you out of business?” Hurt the Worth Steel Foundries, because of what he had said. Christopher could scarcely believe what he heard.

“Yes, they are retaliating for what the son did. Taking it out on the old man.”

“But, dad, how can they do that?”

Barlow Worth smiled. “Did you know that most of our work for the past two years has been coming from the government? Railway equipment, new bridges, and the like. The cancellation of orders we have had during the past two days means we must practically close the plant.”

“If that is the way government officials work we ought to expose them!” Christopher stood up in his excitement. “Dad, they have no right to hurt you because of something I happen to do.”

“Well, what can we do about it? They are at liberty to cancel a contract if they wish.” Barlow laughed at his son’s anxiety. “Sit down! That part of what I had to tell you does not matter. I have something else to talk about.” He paused, watching Christopher, enjoying the display of resentful emotions

on his behalf flashing over his son's face. "I am going to close the works in any event, so it really does not matter."

"Are you in financial difficulties, dad?" Christopher remembered the thirty thousand dollars his father had given him, and wondered if that had caused any hardship.

"No, I am not in difficulties, but I will be, very soon, unless I am careful. You are nearer the truth than you realize, Christopher. I cannot imagine how and where you get the ideas about which you have been talking, but you certainly have hit the nail on the head. No longer is it the working man who is going to suffer. We big fellows are getting a wallop also. Do you know what Worth Steel Foundries stock is listed at to-day?"

"No, dad, to be frank, I have never paid much attention to such things."

"You know what I paid you for the shares I bought from you a few weeks ago?"

"Yes, ninety dollars a share."

"Well, they are listed at seven dollars."

"Then you mean . . .?"

"Exactly, son. I gave you what they were worth when your grandfather bought them for you."

"Does it mean you are not as wealthy as I thought you were?"

"Yes, it means exactly that. If I put my plant on the market to-day it would not bring me a hundred thousand dollars . . . and it is valued at two millions."

"I can scarcely believe it, dad. Is all your . . . money invested in it?"

"No, luckily. Otherwise I would be in difficulties. But the foundries mean so much to me. My whole life has gone into the building up of the organization. For at least two years I have been operating at a loss. Each month I have been paying out thousands of dollars more than the works earned, to keep our men at work, hoping and praying that business would improve, that I might recoup my losses."

"It seems I am quite a few different kinds of a fool, dad, talking the way I have been doing about capitalists."

"That is where you are wrong. What you have been saying is absolutely correct. The queer thing to me is how you came by your knowledge. It is



uncanny, almost. I am an industrialist, son, not a capitalist. I have never gambled with humanity at stake. I have never exploited labour. What you say is right. We have taken too much for granted, have not looked into the future carefully enough. We have been a lot of muddleheads.”

“You seem to know a great deal about what I have been saying, dad,” Christopher smilingly said. “More than what was in that newspaper article, I mean.”

Barlow Worth agreed, chuckling to himself as he told Christopher that he had attended some of the meetings in the park. “I enjoy hearing you, son. Never thought you had it in you.”

But Christopher was concerned about the financial situation of his father. “What are you going to do, dad?” he enquired. “If you close down the plant how are you going to live? What will mother do? And Dianne, how will she take it?”

“Oh, it is not as bad as that, Christopher. I have sufficient to keep me for the few years I have left. We were discussing it at home last night. I am putting the property up for sale, our house, also. We have decided to move out to the farm.”

Christopher chuckled as he thought of his sister, Dianne, on the farm. She had always hated it.

“That is something I wanted to mention. You are having dinner with us, to-night. You have no other plans, have you?”

“No, dad, I was hoping you would ask me to come out. You are sailing for the Mediterranean to-morrow? Unless you have changed your plans.”

“No, we have not changed our plans. It may be the last opportunity your mother and I will have. By the way, Ernestine Barrett will be at the house for dinner.”

“Have you been speaking to Ernestine lately, dad?”

Barlow Worth’s eyes twinkled. “Oh, yes, I see that young lady quite often. She seems to live at our place.”

“Does she mention me, at all?”

“Are you still in love with her, son?”

“Well, yes, I believe I am, dad. I have felt like a cad, dropping her the way I have. She has been going around with Basil Montgomery a great deal lately, has she not?”

Barlow Worth considered the matter. He was quite fond of Ernestine. It pleased him to catch the undercurrent of anxiety in Christopher's voice. "Yes, she has been depending upon Basil to escort her, a great deal, of late. But you have been too busy, I understand."

"It is not that entirely. She does not approve of the work I am doing."

"That reminds me of something she said last night." Barlow Worth hesitated, teasingly, pretending to be considering whether it was quite fair to tell Christopher what had just come into his mind. "She was reading about you, in the newspaper. You know, about the name of your group, the Society of Forgotten Men. She said that perhaps some men were not as forgotten as they imagined they were."

"Meaning me?"

"I would not be surprised."

"Ernestine knows I am coming to dinner to-night?"

"Yes, you had better take my advice and be as nice to her as you possibly can. Be sure you tell me the outcome, because I shall be looking after your interests, while we are away. Ernestine is going to the Mediterranean with us, you know."

"I know. So is Basil Montgomery." Christopher said this so disconsolately that his father was compelled to laugh outright.

"You should not let that worry you," Barlow Worth declared. "I like Ernestine well enough to give him plenty of opposition."

His father's friendly and confiding attitude had completely won Christopher to return that confidence. It seemed to lift a weight from his heart, to be once again on the intimate terms of a few months ago. "I can scarcely explain so you will understand, dad," he said. "This thing has gotten me, somehow. It makes other things in my life seem so unimportant. Even Ernestine. I suppose I love her. I think she is a wonderful girl. I have missed her more than you will ever imagine. But this other thing is so big, so compelling, I cannot get away from it."

The afternoon wore on, unnoticed, as father and son talked, until Barlow Worth realized that it was getting late, that the office staff had already gone. The hour had done much to bring them closer together. Christopher had not spent an evening at home for several weeks. The anticipation of taking up his old life, even if but for a few hours, excited him, as did the thought of spending an hour with Ernestine Barrett.

“I would like to drive, dad,” he said, when they reached the automobile. He had missed driving the car more than he cared to acknowledge. It was one of the things he had to be continually disciplining himself against.

“I wish there was a Society of Forgotten Girls,” Ernestine whispered when they met, as he entered the living room of his home. “I have been forgotten, almost entirely,” she told him, with pouting lips that seemed to express her disapproval, yet at the same time begged to be kissed. They had their wish, those pouting lips, when he led her into the music room.

“What about Basil?” Christopher questioned. Ernestine put her fingers quickly over his lips. “Please. I was hoping you had forgotten the horrible things I said.”

“Then you have not changed your mind in Basil’s favour?” Christopher smiled, pleased with this assurance that Basil had not taken his place.

“No, your father saw to it that such a thing did not happen, Christopher. He thinks a great deal of you. Did you know that?”

“I found it out this afternoon. It came as a surprise, rather.”

“I think your father is a darling.”

“Dad thinks the same about you, Ernestine. He told me he was going to flirt with you while you are away, to give Basil Montgomery some competition.”

“Basil means nothing to me.” Ernestine studied Christopher for a moment, as though wondering whether she dare ask her next question. “I wish you would change your mind and come with us,” she coaxed, putting her face close to his cheek.

“It is a tremendous temptation, Ernestine. But you will understand how impossible it is for me.”

“Would two months make that much difference to your plans? We shall be back by then and you can go on with your silly old obsession.”

They were interrupted by Dianne calling them for dinner. Walking to the dining room, Ernestine put her arm within his own, until their bodies were intimately near. “Think about it, dear,” she whispered. “I want you to come with us, so much.”

During dinner the conversation seemed determined to hover around Christopher and his work. He wished they would forget about it. He tried several times to change the subject, though it pleased him to discover that

they were all sympathetic . . . his mother and Dianne, and even Ernestine. Ernestine had taken it for granted that he was sailing with them the next day. Each time she made mention of his work, it was always with the statement, after we get back. He did not want to go with them, could not possibly get away, yet he disliked the thought of offending Ernestine. It seemed like deserting the Cause for it would, without doubt, change his present thought concerning life. He would be ashamed to meet the Reverend John, and Peter Bronte and his other companions when he returned, after having spent weeks in luxurious travelling. He was startled by the thought that flashed through his mind. Was that what Ernestine wanted? Did she know that this would be the case? He could not bear the thought; it seemed unfair to her. Ernestine met his glance as he turned to her, with a smile that was quite self-possessed. It seemed to tell him she was sure of herself, and of her power over him. He thought of the luxury of the liner, the lure of foreign skies, the intoxicating nearness of her body. Once he was abroad there would be no turning back, no returning to the Society of Forgotten Men; her laughing eyes told him this. He would forget . . . the Forgotten Men. His preoccupation during the remainder of the meal caused a great amount of teasing comment, especially from Ernestine, who could not know that he was desperately trying to find a way of escape, so that he might not hurt her by refusing to join the Mediterranean party, and more particularly that he might escape the temptation of an hour with her, later, that would tell him so plainly what he would be losing. Desperately he beckoned his father aside, after dinner was over, leading him into the library.

“Dad, I must get away now,” he said. How could he explain to his father that he was afraid his affection for Ernestine might tempt him to forsake the cause of the Society of Forgotten Men?

“I understand,” his father said quietly, putting a sympathetic arm around his shoulder. “You slip away and leave the rest to me. I will explain your absence, somehow.” Christopher knew at this moment that his father really did understand.

“I wish I knew how to thank you, dad,” he said gratefully.

“You complete the task you have undertaken. That will be sufficient reward for me, son,” Barlow Worth said. Christopher could scarcely understand why his father had changed so completely in his views. He could tell, however, through the pressure of the arm around his shoulders, that his father was upon his side, and had affectionate regard for him.

Walking meditatively homeward, to the little Bronte house, he called himself a coward for running away from Ernestine. It was simply running away from life, his subterfuge of telling Ernestine he had been suddenly called away. Would Ernestine believe him? There was still to-morrow to face, when he would go to the boat-train to bid them all good-bye.

Squalid houses on narrow streets, cheap little shops on street corners, ragged children playing in gutters, despondent men sitting on dilapidated front steps marked the nearing of Peter Bronte's home. The comparison between the avenue upon which was his own home and this, acted like a cold shower upon Christopher's disturbed mind. His brisk walk since leaving his home, since running away from the influence of Ernestine Barrett, had taken but a brief while. It was yet early in the evening; too early for bed. He dreaded the long hours, for he had quickly realized that though he might run away from Ernestine herself, he could not run away from his own mind, and being in his mind, she was still with him.

"How would you like to go to the Tivoli?" he asked Norma Bronte, as he entered the kitchen door. "There is a good picture showing this week. I know Peter is longing to see it." Norma was delighted. It was not often the opportunity came that they could afford that pleasure.

"Why the extravagance?" Peter exclaimed. "Is there something that has to be celebrated?"

Christopher smiled whimsically. "Not celebrated . . . forgotten, Peter. I am trying to run away from myself, to-night."

Norma caught Peter's eye, to get his approval of her suggestion: "Let us make it a foursome, Christopher. You could get Andrea to come with us."

"I would rather not." He could not tell his friends that he was really running away from sex; from that part of himself which at this moment was craving for the companionship of a girl, a girl who must be hating him for running away, who would never understand that he could do nothing else, that he dare not betray the trust that had been given him. So he said, rather lamely, "I would rather you did not invite Andrea."

Norma arranged for the girl next door to come in and stay with Baby Betty and the boys. Christopher admired the efficiency and speed with which she accomplished things. She had put the supper dishes away, had Betty snugly in bed, the neighbour girl installed, and her best frock on, long before Peter was ready. Her eyes sparkling with excitement in anticipation of an evening at the theatre, she playfully hugged Christopher; he wished

she had not, though he knew it was a friendly gesture of which Peter, even, would approve. Nor did it help matters when she insisted upon sitting between Peter and himself, jokingly explaining the mystery of love, as depicted by the man and the girl enacting the love scenes in the picture.

Trying to get away from himself and from life! Fool, he called himself a hundred times, he was taking himself much too seriously. It was ridiculous to imagine he must give himself so intensely to this obsession. The drama unfolding upon the screen before him, seemed to mock his thoughts. Here was the most important thing in a man's life, his love for a girl; the mating call. It was life in its most vibrant meaning. A thousand tense bodies seated around him told him this. The shy intertwining of fingers between boy and girl. Memories recalled from other years as older couples would respond to the plot of the picture, half-ashamedly drawing closer to each other. Christopher's very being yearned for the thrill of a girl's nearness, for the knowing he was desired by the one who would be his mate. Norma seemed to be able to sense what was going on within his mind, and occasionally she would touch his hand in sympathy, in the dimness of the theatre, while Peter would lean forward to pass some remark in a friendly, teasing way. Queer, how the sexes would choose their own; a man and a girl. Just as he had chosen Ernestine, and she had chosen him. That was life, the beginning of things, for which men gave the best that was in them.

At this moment, Ernestine was no doubt endeavouring to be polite to his mother and father, and Dianne. Unless, her sense of fairness outraged, she had gone home. That was likely what had happened; she had gone home, and from there had telephoned Basil Montgomery. Christopher gripped the arms of his seat when this thought came into his mind. It served him right, he knew, but he did not want Basil Montgomery to be taking his place with Ernestine. The thought caused him to ask Norma's permission to go out to telephone. "Something important I have just remembered," he said. His surmise had been correct, he learned from his father, who seemed quite upset. Ernestine had gone. She had left a few minutes after he had. He telephoned Ernestine's home. Yes, the maid told him, Ernestine had returned from the Worth home, but had gone out a few minutes later. The maid seemed surprised that he should ask her with whom Ernestine had gone out. He gave his name yet this did not gain the information he desired, but rather, made it impossible to learn anything further. The maid was evidently in Ernestine's confidence. The tone of her voice seemed to tell of her resentment at his having dared to telephone. She seemed to take a delight in telling him that a gentleman had called for Ernestine. No, she did not know

where they had gone, perhaps to the opera, perhaps to the dinner dance at the hotel, she was not sure.

“Did you get the person you wanted to speak to?” Norma inquired, when he returned to his seat.

“No, she . . . they were not at home.”

Norma moved nearer to him to whisper, “You seem terribly worried. Do you want to tell me about it?”

“What makes you think that?” Christopher endeavoured to throw off his mood, smilingly treating her question lightly. “I am tired.”

“You are worried, I can tell. Have you had a quarrel with Ernestine?”

“No, but I am afraid I have made a fool of myself.” He could not explain to Norma the unrest, the aching longing that possessed him, the lowness of his spirit, the jealousy of his imaginings, believing that Ernestine was at that moment with Basil Montgomery, perhaps in his arms, dancing to the sense-stirring rhythm of modern music. That she was doing this because he had allowed a foolish, cowardly fear to part them, this last night before she would be going away. Norma sensed that he did not want to discuss the matter and moved to the other side of her seat, close to Peter, to live with him the thrill of the ending of the drama on the screen. The small space between them completely insulated Christopher against the warmth of her friendship, left him outside the comradeship of Peter and Norma, alone in the loneliness of a tremendous crowd of lovers, alone with the emptiness of his own soul. He reached under the seat for his hat, but withdrew his hand. It would only make him appear ridiculous to run away, he realized. The love-interest picture was ended and the comedy was now rocking the theatre with laughter. He would have given everything he possessed, to have been able to laugh as those around him were laughing, forgetful of everything but the antics of the comedians.

He was taking life too seriously, he must take a firm hold upon himself, he decided. Peter Bronte was laughing with the others of the crowded theatre, laughing boisterously, leaning back in his seat. Norma was laughing, too, until a tear trickled down her cheek. She had little to laugh at in her life, yet she was laughing. They were both in the thick of the fight; Peter spent all of his days doing as he himself did, Norma frugally managed their tiny home, sharing what they had, unselfishly going without clothing for herself that their children might be warm and comfortable. He had felt ashamed of his own people when he saw the shabbiness of Norma’s frock as they were

leaving for the theatre. She would have gone into ecstasy over the possession of one of Dianne's dresses, and a pair of Dianne's shoes and stockings. Yet Dianne had so much of everything, things she would in all likelihood never wear again. But Norma was laughing. Her laugh was more real and carefree than had been any laugh of Dianne's.

It was a relief to discover that the performance was over. He had not realized this until Norma nudged him, telling him to waken. In his desire to make the night as adventurous as possible for his friends, he suggested supper in a nearby restaurant. He regretted that he had done so when Norma commenced to choose the things she wanted from the menu. It would remind these friends of other occasions. He had forgotten that Peter had accidentally let him see that they had been used to better things at some time or other. Some time in the past Norma had been in the habit of dining in nice restaurants, and choosing what she would eat, from elaborate menus.

He telephoned Ernestine's home again before they left the restaurant. No, Ernestine had not returned, he was told. She would not be in until very late. The maid would be pleased to take a message. He could not leave a message, because there was nothing he could say. He commenced to question himself concerning why he had called Ernestine. Had she had been home, what would he have said? He had overlooked the possibility of having to speak, of having to make some excuse for having telephoned. It had not been because of a desire to speak to her, rather an anxiety to know where she was, whom she was with, what she was doing. His mate with another male, the primal desire to kill any who might touch the one chosen for his own, possessed him. This was something more tangible than an obsession. It was this insane jealousy which compelled him to leave his friends at their door, saying he would be in later, and to walk in the direction of Ernestine's home. He could not sleep without knowing who had been with her that evening, and midnight found him loitering near her home, watching the motors passing and repassing until his vigil was rewarded. Basil Montgomery's smart coupe stopped in front of the Barrett home. He was relieved when he saw that Ernestine went into the house alone.

He was watching Basil's coupe slip silently into the night, when a young girl hesitated in front of him as he stood in the tree shadows. He thought she had mistaken him for someone else, at first, until he sensed the meaning of her timid smile.

"Good evening," he said, not knowing what else to say.

"Are you lonely?" the girl asked, possessively approaching him.



Christopher looked at her for a moment, puzzled. “Do I look lonely?” he questioned. The girl laughed embarrassedly.

“Yes, you did,” she said.

Now Christopher laughed. It seemed strange for her to have come out of nowhere. “Well, supposing I say I am lonely, what are we going to do about it?”

The girl seemed to regret she had accosted him. She seemed frightened, because of the way he spoke. She hesitated before saying, “I thought you might like to go home with me.”

“Go home with you! Whatever for?” Christopher regretted he had asked that. He thought he saw a flash of pain in the girl’s eyes.

“I have no desire to go home with you,” he continued. “But I will tell you what I will do. I am going to get myself a cup of coffee. You may come with me if you wish.”

The girl followed him without speaking. Glancing into her face as they neared a street light, he saw she was little more than a child. Her thin, wistful face made his heart ache. “What is your name?” he asked her, explaining, “I must call you something.”

“Mary.”

“Mary. That is my mother’s name, too. Mine is Christopher.”

“Your mother’s name is Mary?” He wondered why she asked him that.

“Yes. I think it is a lovely name. Too nice a name for a . . . a girl of the streets.” He was sorry he had said that, also, as soon as the words left his lips. Queer, he had said many unkind things this day. Another street light showed him that his words had hurt the girl beside him. Her eyes were misty.

“When you are really hungry, so it hurts inside, and you seem to have reached the end of things, you will do anything,” she said quietly.

“Here is a place where we can get coffee, and a sandwich if you want one,” he said, guiding her into a tea-room. Seated opposite her, in the small partitioned seat, he gave their order, then putting his elbows upon the table, he studied his new acquaintance. She met his gaze with a puzzled, half-frightened smile.

“Want to tell me about it?” he questioned, sympathetically. In his concern for her, he had forgotten his own hurt.

“There really is nothing to tell.” He thought he saw her shudder when she said that. “You will think I am trying to make excuses for myself.”

“I think you had better tell me. I may be able to help you.” Now he saw pride creeping into her face. She did not want something for nothing. She had offered to bargain with him, had not asked for charity.

“I have been out of work a year. That is all there is to the story,” she said, simply. “I had to do something. You surely do not think I like my kind of life?”

Christopher recoiled, stunned by her explanation. “How old are you, Mary?” he asked.

“Eighteen. I know I look younger, I am so small.”

“You poor child. Does your father, or your mother know you . . . you do this sort of thing?”

The girl’s eyes grew misty. While Christopher put his fingers over her hand, endeavouring to change the subject, as the waitress arrived with the things they had ordered.

“Mother is dead. Father is in jail. The shock of his arrest killed mother.” Christopher saw resentful hatred harden her eyes, saw her pitifully painted lips quiver. “Dad stole a few groceries, because we were hungry. Some day I am going to avenge him. The judge who sentenced him will pay for what he did to us.”

“It is ghastly for you to have to do what you are doing,” Christopher vehemently declared.

“Oh, a girl can get used to anything, if she has to.”

“But are you not afraid? Speaking to strange men? Allowing them to touch you?”

“Yes, I am always afraid, afraid to speak to anyone. I never do until I get desperate. But I was not afraid of you,” she confided.

“You poor child,” he said quietly. She was ravenous. He watched her while she devoured the club sandwich in hungry mouthfuls. Tiny, wistful girl! She was no more than a child, in spite of her eighteen years. Willing to barter her body; a body yet to reach maturity, beautiful and mysterious. Willing to let some bestial pervert possess that body, in return for food and clothing and shelter. The idea embittered him. Now the thought of sex was repulsive. It had lost the glamour of an hour ago. A silent prayer of

thankfulness went out into the place where they were sitting, for it to have been his privilege of being the man the girl opposite him accosted this night. Mary; named as his mother had been named. The thought filled him with tenderness.

“Eaten sufficient?” he questioned smilingly. “You were famished.”

“Why are you so kind to me?” she asked while she greedily drained her coffee.

“I think the kindness is mutual. You have taken me out of a most fearful mood. I would need to do a great deal to repay you for that.”

“You must hate me. I can tell you are not the kind who picks up girls.”

“How could I hate you? I admire you. More than that, I am going to make it my business to see that you are never forced to attempt such a terrible thing again.”

It seemed ridiculous, Christopher thought, that the few bills he slipped in this girl’s hand, an amount he would often spend upon an evening’s entertainment, could make it unnecessary for this little girl to barter her very soul. Here was another task for Andrea and the Reverend John. Here was another reason why he must give himself entirely to the task of the forgotten men, until no living soul was deprived of the necessities of life.

“Good-night, Mary,” he said reverently, the pressure of his fingers reminding her of the promise he had given her.

The night express which would carry the Mediterranean party to the port from which they would sail was due to leave in five minutes, and Ernestine Barrett had not yet arrived. Christopher had seen his mother and father safely aboard the train, had packed his sister Dianne's luggage in her compartment, filling the rack with the heterogeneous assortment of last-minute gifts, and had left her laughing and joking with the group of young men crowding the doorway of her tiny room. He was now nervously pacing the platform beside the train. He had endeavoured to reach Ernestine by telephone many times during the day, to explain as best he could, his rudeness of the previous evening, but had been unsuccessful. This would be his last opportunity, and unable to formulate an excuse that would explain his erratic behaviour, he was worried about what he would say. It depended upon her attitude when she arrived, and they met, he decided.

A noisy, laughing crowd emerging from the station tunnel, coming his way, caused him to stand back. He did not recognize them until they were close to him, excitedly swarming around the train steps where he was waiting. It was Basil Montgomery who first caught sight of him, shouting recognition. Then he knew it was his own crowd.

"Why, here is the chief mourner," Basil Montgomery shouted, while someone in the crowd smothered Christopher with rice and confetti. Christopher did not realize the significance of this act for a moment, until he saw the possessiveness of Basil Montgomery, who had his arm around Ernestine's waist. "Wish us luck, Christopher," he heard him say. Luck! He caught Ernestine's glance, haughty and defiant, and quickly stepped to her side.

"I have been trying to reach you all day," he said. He was scarcely prepared for the shock of her reply.

"I was terribly busy. Basil and I were being married." She gave him no opportunity for further talk, catching Basil's arm and hurrying into the coach. As he stepped aboard, Basil whispered a few hurried words in Christopher's ear, drowned almost in the call of the conductor, the clanging of the bell, and the departure of the boat-train.

"I will make her happy, Christopher." He liked Basil for saying that. Fool that he had been, he deserved the punishment Ernestine had decreed, though he hoped she would not be hurting herself because of her pride. But,

of course, she was not. Basil would make a better husband than he possibly could, under the existing circumstances. But it hurt to think he had influenced through his actions, into a hasty marriage with another man, the girl he thought he loved.

He had remembered now that he had seen a large gladstone bag in the compartment reserved for Ernestine and had vaguely wondered about it being there, as he had also wondered why she had taken a large compartment. There were other things in the compartment which now held a significance he had not caught before: the bouquets of flowers, the pile of telegrams waiting for her upon the small desk, the ribbons on the handles of her luggage. Now she was going completely out of his life, to become another man's wife. Strange his father had not told him. But his father evidently did not know what had so unexpectedly happened.

The crowd that had started Ernestine and her newly acquired husband upon their way, had dispersed. The night express had disappeared in the inky blackness of the night. He was alone upon the now deserted, draughty platform. A sprinkling of rice and confetti tenaciously clung to his shoulders, and crept uncomfortably down his neck. This was the only reminder of what had happened. He smiled bitterly to himself as he walked slowly towards the exit. He felt grieved, because he knew he had wounded Ernestine's pride, and perhaps had made her unhappy. But that was egotistical, he consoled himself. Ernestine would not worry about it. Basil Montgomery was a nice enough fellow, wealthy, good looking, belonging to Ernestine's own set, liking the things she liked. But he had not wanted to lose Ernestine, he had realized that keenly enough last night. He realized it even more, now that it was too late. The train was speeding her away, towards the blue skies and warmth of the Mediterranean. They were together, Ernestine and Basil, alone in the intimacy of the flower-perfumed compartment; in each others' arms, near to one another, their lips experiencing their new relationship. Now he was the outsider, while Basil Montgomery would be allowed to enter the intimate circle of her life.

He should have wished her luck and happiness; for, of course, he wanted her to be happy, above all things. But he had been so surprised; so stunned, he had not been able to say anything at all. It had happened so quickly. A glimpse of her loveliness, a brief statement telling him that she needed him no longer, the hubbub of the train's departure, the disappearing of a noisy crowd, and he was alone with his thoughts. A policeman on duty at the station entrance looked at him suspiciously, hearing the hopelessness of his laugh, perhaps. It was a painful experience, uprooting an old life. The roots

were deep, and the tearing of them hurt brutally, while the establishing of new roots seemed to be a rather hopeless task. His emotions were complex; hurt pride intermingled with regret for hurting Ernestine, and the loss of a friendship, if not a love, that had been for many months the most important thing in his life. It was, however, his fear that he had caused Ernestine to do something she might regret, after her indignation over his thoughtlessness had calmed, that bothered him most.

Hesitating outside of the station, endeavouring to quiet his agitated brain, the thought came to him that he might telegraph her, to ask her forgiveness, to wish her, and Basil, happiness, and a pleasant honeymoon. He returned to the bigness of the station rotunda to do this, to find it difficult, to the point of being impossible, to put into words the things he desired to say, to make Ernestine understand the aching of his heart. The giant clock above his head marked eleven-thirty. The rushing express was already on its way. Ernestine would be at the end of her train journey by eight o'clock in the morning. Watching the clock hand jumping the minutes with an electric jerk, a thought came to him. He could motor, could meet them at the boat, and ask Basil to allow Ernestine and himself to spend a moment alone. He could see her once again, to explain how sorry he was, and to wish her good-bye. She would perhaps permit him to kiss her once more, before she passed completely from his life.

To think was to act. In a nearby telephone booth he was able to arrange with his father's chauffeur to bring the big limousine to meet him, to arrange for the man to go with him that they might alternate with each other in driving the long distance. While waiting, he purchased a late edition newspaper, and settling himself upon one of the benches in the station, listlessly turned the pages, until his attention was arrested by photographs on the society page; the marriage of Ernestine Barrett to the popular Basil Montgomery. The mocking, smiling features, that looked at him from the page, caused him to all but change his mind. But William Bates, his father's chauffeur, was beckoning to him from the doorway.

"I will drive the first part of the way, until I get sleepy, Bill," Christopher said, taking the seat behind the wheel when they reached the car, to turn with surprise when he heard a quiet and somewhat familiar laugh and saw William Bates about to get into the seat behind.

"It is Lucy Smith, sir," William Bates explained. "I took the liberty of asking her to come with us, hoping you do not mind, sir."

Recovering from his astonishment, Christopher chuckled as he consented. "No, I do not mind, but I had no idea Lucy thought enough of you, Bill, to want to motor all night with you." Lucy was Dianne's maid, and Christopher had been under the impression that whenever Lucy and Bill were near one another there was always a quarrel. He was not expecting William Bates' reply.

"We were married to-day, sir, Lucy and I."

"Married! Good Lord! I did not know you were in love, even."

"I think Lucy is in love with me. What do you say, Lucy?"

Christopher heard a smothered, embarrassed chuckle. "Of course I am, silly."

"You were married to-day? I have brought you out on your wedding night. I am awfully sorry, Lucy . . . and Bill." Christopher chuckled. In spite of his own heartache, he could not help but see the humorous side of the situation. "This is the honeymoon special," he said. "Just make yourselves comfortable back there."

Ernestine and Basil married. Now William Bates and Lucy Smith. It seemed that marriage was quite a simple matter after all. He had thought it so important. Ernestine, in a moment of pique, saying, "Yes, I will, Basil," and now they were speeding towards the ocean and the Mediterranean. But that was a trip of but a month or two; while the marriage . . . Ernestine and Basil had commenced a journey, which must continue through the years, forever and a day.

Bill and Lucy, in the seat behind him, did not seem the least concerned about the matter. He could not see them, could just sense they were there, in the softness of the cushioned seat, buried beneath the knee rug. An occasional quiet chuckle, filled with contentment, told they were awake, and that Lucy was happy because she was with Bill. His eyes grew heavy, but the tinkling laugh had stopped now, and faint breathing told him they were asleep. The lights of a small town they passed confirmed his suspicions, and he had not the heart to awaken them. Mile after mile slipped by, until he stopped for gasoline. He pulled up quietly, pleased with himself that he was able to get away again without disturbing the sleepers.

The nearness of William and Lucy kept alive the heartache of having lost Ernestine. The roar of the motor seemed to be repeating the momentum of the train. The happy, whispered confidences of the two in the seat behind had seemed to be repeating the intimate talk of Ernestine and Basil riding

upon the train. The contented sigh, a moment before sleep's oblivion, had seemed to be Ernestine's contentment with Basil. Yet it might have been himself, and not Basil, speeding through the night with Ernestine. She preferred him, had begged him to go with her. Jealousy made his disappointment more intense. He wished he could get the thought out of his mind, yet he was keeping pace with the speeding cause of his unrest, and close behind him, sleeping lovers made real the romance of what might have been.

He was glad when the night hours disappeared, and dawn creeping into the limousine wakened William, who, ashamed of having left Christopher alone through the long night, lifted Lucy's head from his lap, and made a cushion for her on the seat. Christopher laughed while changing the wheel with him. "She did not waken, Bill," he said. "Listen. She can sleep just as well without you."

"It was rather thoughtless of me to bring her with us," William Bates said, pressing his foot on the accelerator, increasing their speed; towards another act of thoughtlessness, Christopher thought.

"If I had known, I would not have asked you to come, Bill," he said.

"I rather liked the idea, sir. A honeymoon trip, as it were."

"Yes, a honeymoon trip." William Bates did not guess the significance of Christopher's reply. "We can take it easier to-morrow."

"Yes, sir."

They drove in silence for some time, William Bates with his thoughts upon the girl sleeping in the seat behind them. Christopher knew this, from the frequency of his companion's glances into the tiny mirror above his head. While Christopher's thoughts were following another girl. . . he trembled at the thought . . . another girl at this moment, without any doubt, sleeping in another man's arms; a circumstance for which he had been responsible, and which might end in disaster, and unhappiness, for Ernestine.

"You have married a wonderful girl, Bill." Christopher broke the silence with this thought. A small, sleepy voice from behind, took part in the conversation:

"The most wonderful girl in the world, Bill."

William Bates glanced over his shoulder. "Awake, dear?" he questioned.



“Yes. And ravenously hungry, Bill. Ouch, I have pins and needles all over. Such a wedding night!” It was like the breaking of a sunny morning, Lucy’s tinkling laughter, her bantering talk. Christopher turned to talk with her, while William drove. He envied them; light-hearted and gay.

“Miss Dianne said I might have a holiday while she is away,” Lucy told him. “She will be surprised when she learns I am married to Bill. We have a tiny apartment picked out. Going to have a wonderful time. Bill has planned everything.”

Christopher smiled to himself as he realized her chatter had started him thinking of the world problem along a different channel. Those first three words of the Old Testament seemed to fit any circumstance. “In the beginning.” Here was another beginning; the lives of these two people as they faced the future together. They were content with so little; a small apartment, in all probability two or three rooms, a place to sleep, a place to eat, a place they might call home, food and clothing, and shelter. That was all that humanity needed. The common people did not crave anything beyond these things. Lucy would be content anywhere, with Bill; and he with her.

William Bates was one of the new generation. Christopher glanced at the giant bulk of his twenty-two years; tremendous compared with Lucy’s smallness. There were many millions like William, who would demand food and shelter and clothing for their Lucys, and when that time came, governments and laws would never stop them. This was a danger that was lurking near. Those responsible for the world chaos would need something more than a depression alibi to hide behind when once the army of youth started upon the rampage. It was coming. Christopher felt just as sure of this as he was that a sleek, black-haired Hercules was seated beside him, ready to give his life, if necessary, for the dainty little girl who at this moment was mischievously tickling her Bill’s ear with the woollen tassels of the steamer rug. William, already concerned about her hunger, brought the limousine to a stop outside a restaurant in the town they had just reached.

“You must be famished, sir, being awake all night,” he exclaimed solicitously. William still felt guilty because of having slept, while he should have taken his turn at the wheel. Christopher reassured him, making light of the matter.

“You surely would not have wanted me to take your place back there with Lucy?” Lucy was too much in love with her recently acquired husband to carry out her part of the joke.

“I am never going to look at another man, Bill,” she vowed, seriously.

“Better not, if you know what is good for you,” warned William Bates.

Queer how possessive humans became, Christopher thought. From now on Lucy’s desire must not go beyond William, no matter how time altered him. So with him, his desire for beauty must not go beyond Lucy’s beauty. But no, it was scarcely that. There was something bigger about love. There must be, for people to care for one another, as some people he knew, did, long after physical attractiveness had gone. The thought brought his mind back to Ernestine. He began to analyze their love. It was really physical. They had nothing in common mentally. Perhaps because of this, his own hurt was more that of resentment than heartache. Another male had enticed the mate he wanted for himself. But William and Lucy were very much in love; they had forgotten his existence entirely in their happy chatter, sitting together at the opposite side of the table in the restaurant, leaving him alone with his thoughts.

Commencing the last lap of their journey, he suggested that Lucy sit in front with William, while he curled up in the seat behind, to snatch what fitful sleep he could. Their conversation floated back to his partly conscious mind, reminding him that all through that night, two other people had been saying these same things . . . A girl, to whom he was hurrying, because of a mad midnight decision that he wanted to explain, to explain something for which there was no explanation . . . a man who had eagerly seized the opportunity fate had thrown his way. Suburban homes told of their approaching the large city from which Ernestine would sail. Straightening himself to a sitting position, he lit a cigarette, while he glanced at his watch. He had an hour before the time for sailing; an hour in which to collect his thoughts, and prepare to say good-bye for the last time, to the girl with whom he had expected to share his life.

The palatial liner seemed to be trembling like a greyhound at its leash, eager to be away. Its white paint glistened in the early morning sun. Officers and stewards alike wore their newest uniforms, resplendent with gold braid. The very atmosphere of the ship spoke of wealth and luxury. For this was to be no ordinary voyage, no mere transportation of humans from one port to another; it was a cruise of pleasure, which only those in possession of wealth could afford. "Unnecessary extravagance," Christopher muttered to himself as he walked up the gangplank, and wandered through the corridors in search of his people, repeating the phrase as he located the staterooms of those he was seeking, and saw the extravagance of the places where they would dine and spend their waking hours while aboard.

The depression that men spoke of so much, had not touched this ship. Christopher endeavoured to guess the expenditure necessary to carry this floating palace across the Atlantic to the Mediterranean; calling at colourful Madeira, Cadiz, Algiers, Monte Carlo, lingering for a sunset in the Bay of Naples, and pausing at Port Said that a trip might be taken through the Holy Land. There was irony in this thought. He could not help wondering how many common people must have been sacrificed and made to go hungry, to make this trip possible. The apparent extravagance made him hate the unfairness of wealth distribution. He had not thought that people should not travel upon such palatial liners for their own pleasure, but rather, such luxury should not be tolerated while even one human being was in want.

Passing the purser's office, Christopher paused to study the passenger list. It would be interesting, he decided, to know who was going upon the cruise. His finger hesitated as it came to the name of a publisher of one of the leading newspapers. Christopher had been reading an article in this man's newspaper while waiting for Lucy Smith and William Bates in the hotel lobby, a brief while before leaving for the docks. It had been an article about child labour. The paper was championing the cause of the children, but the irony of it all was the fact that this and other newspapers were the greatest offenders. It had only needed the moment he hesitated upon the hotel steps, watching two young boys selling newspapers, to tell him this. Little fellows who should be playing, had to work, when there was not sufficient work for their fathers. His heart had often ached, on wintry nights, when, in his own city, he had watched such youngsters, sometimes but eight or nine years old, blue with cold, hungry and tired, carrying their share of the world's labour. Yet there were millions of unemployed men. Christopher

smiled sadly as he looked again at the name of this magnate of the publishing world among those of the passengers sailing, telling himself that little did this man care that many thousand little boys had shivered and suffered to pay for his extravagant trip.

His roving finger found another name; the president of a well-known lithographing house. Christopher remembered having seen an announcement on the society page of the newspaper a year ago telling of this man's going abroad. He went away upon such a cruise every year. What interested Christopher was the fact that the man had been the employer of Mary Erskine, the girl of the wistful eyes, who had accosted him on the street two nights previous. Mary had earned eight dollars a week, with a hundred other girls. Eight dollars a week when there was work to be sweated out. When there was no work, Mary and other girls were laid off, a day, or two or three days a week. Weeks during which they had to be careful how many slices of bread they ate, for the pittance they got would not stretch over seven days. But it would not have been good business ethics to keep the girls at work. It might have meant that their employer could not go upon this cruise. The employer did not care. Mary was not in any way as important as one of his machines. Nor did civilization care. Mary was a girl. She had her body to sell if she could not live otherwise. There was no need for her to starve.

Below the name of the wealthy lithographer was another which caused Christopher to ponder; the son of a man honoured by the order of some ancient knighthood; an order which dated back to the time when Kings had allowed the favoured few to plunder as they themselves did, a procedure which caused them to consider themselves of royal blood; an ancient order which had changed only in so much that courage was no longer essential in their nefarious work. Christopher recalled that this young man had been in the public eye but a few months previous, that the newspapers had been full of the story of how he had received a sum of money greater than the average man could earn in several lifetimes. He had been called to account in the people's courts, to laugh at the judges. He had laughed, too, at the gesture of the law, when they spent a sum of money almost equally as great as this young man had stolen, in a pretense of investigation that had a dual purpose; to put a veneer of respectability over the ugliness of the man's dishonesty, and also to quiet the voice of the common people. Some of that blood money would share the cost of taking this palatial ship upon her cruise of luxury.

His father certainly would have choice company, he told himself, as he continued to scan the list, and saw among them a politician who had been

mixed up in a shady government transaction, a stock manipulator who had deprived thousands of old people of their life savings, and a score or more of the parasites who lived on the people. Thinking of his father reminded Christopher that he had a reason for being aboard the ship, other than to stand in judgment over a group of men whose names were inscribed upon a passenger list.

He met his family at the top of the gangplank, having found his way once more upon deck. Barlow Worth stopped, astounded when he saw him. He evidently thought Christopher had changed his mind and had decided to sail with them. His exclamation caused Christopher to grin.

“No, dad, I just wanted to see the bride and groom away safely.”

“But to come all this way! You always were impetuous, son.”

“I must admit I was this time. Though it has worked out quite nicely. I brought another bride and groom with me.”

“Who, Christopher?” Dianne exclaimed, turning quickly, curious, as she heard what he said. Christopher chuckled at the thought of the surprise he had for her.

“Lucy Smith.”

“You mean . . . my Lucy Smith?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Married? Lucy Smith?”

“Yes. Is it so unbelievable, Dianne? You seem worried, almost.”

“I can hardly realize it. Whom did she marry? When did it happen? Are they here?” Dianne’s questions tumbled over each other in her curiosity. Christopher saved his reply for a moment, enjoying the suspense he was creating.

“Bill,” he finally told them, putting his tongue in his cheek to hide his grin.

“Bill?”

“Yes, William Bates.”

“Good Heavens! Why, I thought she detested the sight of him.”

While they were speaking, Christopher was glancing among the crowd, and more particularly watching the gangplank for signs of Ernestine and

Basil Montgomery. His mother saw his anxiety and at the first opportunity drew him aside to whisper. "They have gone below, Christopher. I want to talk with you before you meet them."

Christopher followed his mother to her stateroom. He felt foolish, carrying a large bouquet of flowers, intended for Ernestine, and a basket which contained his wedding gift. Some of the passengers had been watching him while he had been searching through the ship, amused at the bouquet of flowers.

"Why did you come to the boat?" Mary Worth questioned, when they were alone. Christopher placed the things upon one of the beds. It gave him time to think of an answer to his mother's question. He found himself repeating the question himself. He did not know why he had rushed through the night to see Ernestine again. Then he thought he understood the meaning of the question. His mother had meant to ask why he had hurt himself again to-day, opening a wound that had been bleeding the previous night.

"I wanted to explain to Ernestine that I was sorry I acted as I did. What did she say about me, mother? No, there is no need to tell me. I know. I was a cad."

"I think she acted very spitefully, Christopher. We had a fierce scene after you left that night."

"You know I am sorry." Christopher crossed to his mother to place his cheek against her hair. "I have always been a trouble to you. You must hate me."

"Silly boy. I believe I understand you better than you do yourself."

Christopher smiled down into her face, pulling her ear playfully. "You only think you do." Mary Worth saw him as a little boy, not as the blond giant who towered head and shoulders above her.

"Yes, I do. You are different, somehow, Christopher," she said. "You always were different. Even when a baby you had very definite ideas of your own. And when you grew up and went to school, you were not like other boys. Instead of playing you would come into the kitchen, with your roller skates dangling from your fingers, and follow me around with the most mysterious questions." Mary Worth was living in the past, trying to see that boy again in the face above her.

"Did you answer my questions when I was a little boy, mother mine?"

“Sometimes. But not often. They were such unusual questions, Christopher. There were no answers for them. But your curiosity did not stop with your school days. I have watched you all through the years, have wondered about the books you bought. Often, during afternoons when I have been alone, I have gone up to your room, to sit in your chair and read your books, trying to live with you the stories they would tell. But I could never follow your mind. There was something mysterious working there, that I did not understand.”

Christopher laughed, embarrassed. “You make me feel as though I were an oddity,” he said.

“Not an oddity. There is something in your character which seems to compel you to do unusual things. Your father would often become irritated, but I knew it had to be.” Mary Worth paused in thought before she continued, “So I was not surprised when the time came for you to give up the life we were trying to make you live, to follow this mysterious something that holds you in its power.”

“I never heard you talk like this before, mother. I never dreamed you thought about me at all.”

“But I did, Christopher. And do you know, I was glad, in a manner, when Ernestine married Basil. I know it was the best thing that could have happened. Ernestine belonged to the life you were compelled to get away from. She would have been continually pulling you back, had you been married to her. Her nature is not deep, Christopher. She will be happy with Basil. She would be happy with any man of his kind. That is Ernestine.”

“It helps to hear you say that, mother. I believe I love Ernestine, as much as any man can love. But you are right, there is something bigger. It is queer how it pulls, makes everything seem of lesser importance. But not as wonderful as you imagine. I am worrying, now, about the possibility that I may disappoint you.”

Mary Worth put her arm around his neck, to draw his face near to her own. “You will not disappoint me, dear, any more than you will disappoint yourself. I whispered things to you long before you were born. I wanted you to be a wonderful baby, Christopher, and you have been wonderful. I am proud of you. I shall always be proud of you.”

Christopher felt a tear trickling between their cheeks. “You are surely not crying,” he teased, wondering himself whose tear it was, for his own eyes were misty. The vibrating blast of the ship’s siren, warning visitors ashore,

brought suddenly to him the fact that he had not yet accomplished the purpose which had caused him to rush four hundred miles through the night. He yet had to find Ernestine, and Basil.

“I will try to live up to your expectations, mother,” he promised, as he said a hurried good-bye, leaving Ernestine’s wedding gift in her care. Ernestine was not in her stateroom. He could not find her upon the decks as he rushed back and forth, searching every conceivable place where she and Basil might be. Passengers gave him amused glances as he stumbled through the crowds, the elaborate bouquet of flowers giving him a ludicrously forlorn appearance; their amusement becoming hilarious, almost, as he made a desperate rush down the gangplank, almost too late, for it was about to be drawn up as he commenced his descent.

The palatial liner had ceased trembling. It had been unleashed and was on its way, majestically steaming towards the open river, fussy, important little tugs assisting at the end of giant towing hawsers. Christopher stood upon the quay, with the crowd, waving good-bye. At last he saw Ernestine; saw her with Basil, upon the top deck where the crowd was less excited. Gradually she became less distinct, but before fading into the blur of humanity, he saw her turn towards Basil, her arms around his neck, their lips touching.

“You would imagine she knew I was watching,” he muttered to himself, to have a matronly old lady standing beside him beg his pardon.

“I was speaking to myself,” he said, apologetically.

“Did your sweetheart go away on that boat?” the old lady inquired, in a remarkably sweet Irish brogue.

“Yes, my mother,” Christopher told her, smiling at her curiosity.

“My boy left me, too,” she confided. “He is one of the stewards, lucky little divil.”

Christopher saw her eyeing the bouquet of flowers curiously. “Yes, I was so excited I forgot to give her these,” Christopher said, adding, as the inspiration came to him, “would you allow me to give them to you?” to be rewarded with a shy smile of acceptance; a smile that lingered excitedly around her eyes when he later offered to drive her home.

Together they threaded their way through the customs shed to where the limousine was waiting; Christopher and the old Irish woman. It must have been a red letter day in her life as they drew up in the luxurious automobile outside of the small house on the narrow street. Almost instantly, a crowd



gathered, wonderment upon their faces as the Irish woman, with a queenly gesture, stepped from the rich interior of the limousine and crossed the pavement, followed by William Bates, in his blue chauffeur's uniform, bearing the huge bouquet of flowers.

"I think that is the loveliest thing that could have happened on my honeymoon," Lucy told Christopher, while they waited for William's return. Bill's face was crimson when he took his place again behind the wheel.

"She kissed me," William said quaintly. In a queerly reverent voice it seemed to Christopher. "Poor old soul. You have no idea what those flowers have done to her, sir."

What had possessed him to give the old lady the flowers? It was always so. The things he did were never the things he started out to do; always some unknown something controlled the act. He had purchased the flowers for Ernestine, a gesture of goodwill. It would have been a simple matter to leave them in her stateroom with a note of explanation. Instead Christopher had left no explanation. Now he was glad he had not done so. He had carried the flowers away again. His impulsive act had been like offering flowers in remembrance of a love that had died, to find there was no dead love to mourn, for there had been no love to die. So he had given them to an old Irish woman, who would put them in a sacred place in her small home, to bring back to her, memories of her early love.

“Therefore, gentlemen, there seems to be nothing left for us to say or do, but to suggest that you resign from your churches.” This was the verdict of the Ministerial Board who had met to discuss the activities of two of their ministers.

The Reverend Lionel Morrison looked across the table to the Reverend John Morley. His face held a suppressed smile, behind its soberness; a derisive smile that was reflected in the Reverend John’s face.

“I understand perfectly, gentlemen. You have my resignation,” the Reverend Lionel Morrison said.

“Mine, too, and be damned to you! You ignorant fools. I am sorry for you.”

“What! What is that you say, Brother Morley?” The chairman of the Ministerial Board spluttered in his indignation. “You disgrace your profession, sir. When you should be most humble. You should be on your knees praying to God to help you see where your radical thinking is leading you.”

“I would not be the least surprised, if the truth were known, to find your God on our side, rather than on your own.” Lionel Morrison’s statement had much the same effect as would a bomb thrown among the groups of ministers seated around the table. The hawk-like face of the chairman, the Reverend Doctor Franklin Armitage, was purple with anger.

“How dare you add blasphemy to the charges already laid against you!” he shouted. “God does not ally himself with the ungodly, against the righteous.” Lionel Morrison met this outburst with a grin.

“Is Brother Armitage quite certain he is on the side of the righteous?” he questioned. “I am afraid I could prove he is not, in that very book he is pounding in his excitement.”

The Reverend Doctor Franklin Armitage looked around the table, seeking for support from his colleagues. They, however, knew better than to take part in any discussion when the chairman of the board had the floor.

“They are afraid of you, Brother Armitage,” Lionel Morrison said, tauntingly. “However, you have our resignations, mine and my friend, John Morley’s. That is all you wished, am I not correct? It is better for us to discuss the matter no further. We have no wish to convert you to our own

ideas. We have told you that we feel we are doing our duty towards our fellow men, by speaking and acting as we have been doing. We felt the church would stand behind us in this work. Evidently we are mistaken, at least in so far as the church is represented here to-day. But I want to leave this parting thought with you. The church is responsible, just as everyone else is responsible, for the world chaos. You have not done a good job, any more than have the capitalists and politicians. You have the wrong idea if you think the Power you call your God is going to back you up, tolerating your mistakes, and your heartlessness, simply because you make your living by professing to be a servant of the Lord.”

“Bravo, Lionel Morrison! That is good medicine for them,” John Morley exclaimed, watching, with amusement, the faces around him. The Reverend Doctor Franklin Armitage endeavoured to interrupt Lionel Morrison.

“Disgraceful conduct, Brother Morrison!” he commenced, standing to his feet excitedly, to regain his seat with a bump when Lionel Morrison shouted at him.

“Sit down and be quiet, Armitage! I have the floor. You are going to listen to me and like it!” His words were contemptuous.

“You do not appreciate the job ahead of the church. I want to make myself plain. The church is all right, it has its place in the world, always will have. But not the way you are running it to-day. This thing they call depression is going to get you, too, and when it does, it will be a real strangle hold. Better remember that! You think because you hold a following, through the concerts you wrap around your sermons, and the social functions and sport events, that you are good. You are going to find out. Why there is not one of you here to-day who knows what real suffering means! You all have full bellies, and warm homes, and good clothing, and money in your pockets, and you know you will always have some kind of a job, just so long as you behave like good little boys and say nothing of which the chairman of the board and his satellites, would disapprove. The church has been too much concerned about men’s souls to bother much with their bodies. Oh, I know you do a little charitable work, a side line as it were. But until the church takes off her coat and rolls up her sleeves and goes at this job as though she meant it, until she actually puts into operation the spirit of the Bible, and finds a workable plan whereby humanity may enjoy a little of the heaven she talks about, during this lifetime, she is failing in her work. Promises of full bellies and warm clothes and shelter after one is dead are not sufficient.”

Lionel Morrison paused, to look around the table. He noticed more than one face which saw the sense of his statements. His voice became less bitter. It held a pleading note.

“Do not misunderstand. I have nothing against the church. I was born into it. It has been my life. It is a powerful institution. Humanity believes in it. With the right leadership, with the power of its members, why, there is no limit to the influence it could have! Let it investigate the morals of the men who govern us, see to it that they are honest in the discharge of their duty.” Lionel Morrison paused a moment, and then suddenly flung a challenge at his colleagues. “But you are afraid!”

The Reverend Doctor Franklin Armitage at last had a chance to speak. Lionel Morrison’s words had sobered him somewhat, yet there lingered an overbearing sarcasm in his defense of the accusation which had been hurled among them.

“Is the church not doing all in its power, in the manner you suggest, Brother Morrison?” he questioned.

“If the church is, then she is failing, and something else must take the place of the church.”

“You forget that all big movements take time.”

“Nonsense! The problem of the entire world could be solved in ten minutes if those in power wished it so.”

“A most daring statement, if not a trifle presumptuous, might I state,” Franklin Armitage challenged.

“I agree with you absolutely, Brother Armitage,” Lionel Morrison said soberly. “Both daring and presumptuous. It would take a great deal of courage.”

“Why do you say courage, Brother Morrison?” Franklin Armitage questioned. Lionel Morrison smiled into his face as he replied.

“Try it yourself, sometime. The first thing that will happen will be that you will have no job. In other words, you will be in the bread line, like John Morley and myself. Oh, I know that it is our own fault,” he said, holding up his hand to stop Franklin Armitage from interrupting. “We may keep our jobs just so long as we do not meddle with the rottenness of the capitalist, just so long as we do not offend the wealth of the church, just so long as we do not become too much interested in the common man.”

“But the church can do nothing,” the Reverend Franklin Armitage said. Lionel Morrison remained silent until the statement had echoed from other lips around the table. Then he repeated the words:

“But the church can do nothing!” He studied his audience for several moments, while a significant hush filled the room. It seemed everyone was waiting for something to happen. Lionel Morrison’s next words filled the silence with defiance.

“The church must do something. The time has come when she can no longer afford to stand idle. Prayers without deeds will not help. Poultices and salves of faith, and hope, and charity, will not help. The cancer of selfish greed has eaten too far into the hearts of the people who have been responsible for the misery of the common people. They cannot hide behind sugary alibis any longer. Humanity will wipe out the thing that is hurting it. Just as sure as right is right, and wrong is wrong.”

The Reverend John Morley laughed outright as he and Lionel Morrison left the meeting. “You old war horse!” he said, linking his arm within that of his companion. “I had the time of my life watching Franklin Armitage’s face while you were speaking. You hit him in quite vulnerable spots once or twice, you know.”

Lionel Morrison walked beside his companion for some moments without speaking. Thinking over the events of the past hour. “I did make something of an ass of myself. I should not have talked the way I did. Armitage made me furious. You know, Morley, the church is all right, doing the best it can, and all that. I did not mean to criticize. One might say the same about our government, and the governments of every country. They are doing the best they are able. But it is not sufficient. Do you see what I mean? Nothing is sufficient, until this mess is cleaned up, and temporizing is no use. It is but an anaesthetic which stops the pain for a short time. Christopher has the right idea.”

“I wish Christopher could have been at the meeting,” the Reverend John said. “He would have enjoyed hearing you, just as much as I did.”

“I would have preferred to have Christopher tell them what I was trying to say. He could have made them understand.”

“Never mind, old fellow. Oh, here is a tobacconist. I want to treat you to one of your favourite cigars. You may have to change your brand, you know, now you have no job.” John Morley laughed at his own teasing suggestion,

guiding Lionel Morrison into the shop. "I am going to have one also, just to celebrate," he said.

Lunching together, they discussed their resignations, for, as it happened, they had both intended to resign from their churches. It was rather amusing that they had been forestalled because of this unexpected summons to appear before a special church board, to answer for the responsibility of articles they had written for the Society of Forgotten Men, and also, for taking a part in the organizing of this society. True, Lionel Morrison felt somewhat unhappy at having criticized the church so severely, but as the Reverend John said, it was among themselves, and at least would cause the ministers of other churches, who had formed the board, to think more seriously about the part the church should play in world affairs.

"I was wondering just how Mrs. Morrison is going to feel about your giving up the First Church, Lionel?" John Morley questioned. "It must have been your ambition for years to gain one of the coveted churches."

Lionel Morrison smiled at the question. "I told Evelyn I was going to resign from my church after our last meeting in the upper room. To my astonishment, she was delighted."

"You surprise me, Morrison. It is going to make quite a difference to her in many ways, socially in particular."

"Yes. But she did not seem to consider that. She told me I was getting too self-important. Selfish, I imagine she meant. She is a great admirer of yours, Morley."

"An admirer of mine? Whatever for?"

"She knows the work you and Andrea have been doing. You only know her by what you have heard other people say. Wait until you see the way she can work, when we really get going."

"I am glad of that, Morrison. I must confess I was slightly worried."

"No need to be. I think it would be a good idea if Andrea came over with you to-night. We might as well get acquainted, if we are going to work together."

So it happened that Andrea and the Reverend John arrived at the beautiful parsonage of the First Church later that day, and the wife of the city's richest and the daughter of the city's poorest ministers became acquainted.

“Christopher Worth is coming to see us this evening, Andrea,” Evelyn Morrison said, when she and Andrea were alone. “You know Christopher quite well, do you not?” she questioned, smiling when she saw Andrea blush. “Oh, it is like that?” she said understandingly. “Well, dear, he is a fine boy. I could fall in love with him myself.”

“I did not mean to let my secret escape,” Andrea replied in an undertone. “There really is nothing between us. Christopher understands me only as a very dear friend, and I would not want him to even guess how I feel about him. It would not be fair to Ernestine Barrett.”

Evelyn Morrison smiled. “I believe I have some news which will interest you. Christopher telephoned a few moments before you arrived. He got back this afternoon from seeing his mother and the others away on their cruise.” Andrea endeavoured to prepare herself for the shock of whatever the news might hold. She was sorry she had allowed her face to show just how much she cared for Christopher. She was scarcely prepared, however, for what Evelyn Morrison had to tell her.

“Ernestine married to Basil Montgomery?” she exclaimed, incredulous. “I can hardly believe it.”

“It was quite sudden,” Evelyn said. “Christopher himself did not expect it. But I think he is rather relieved, if I understand men at all,” she confided, putting her arm around Andrea. “It may be that he is not so unaware of your charms as you imagine, my dear.”

Andrea experienced a quiet happiness. She told herself that it was not because Christopher was no longer bound to his promise to Ernestine; though knowing that although he was engaged, he did not love Ernestine, had caused her to worry. She did not dare admit, even to herself, that there was a chance that her love for him might find echo in his heart. But the knowledge that he was free to love whom he chose would make a difference. Their friendship would be more difficult now. She knew this the moment she heard his voice in the hall. Her greeting was shy and unwittingly reserved.

“You did not tell me you were going away, rich man,” she said.

“I must apologize, Andrea. But I did not know I was going, until I was actually on my way. One of my irresponsible acts.” He regretted that he had not telephoned her, while he waited for William Bates to pick him up with the limousine. But it would have been difficult to explain what had

happened at the train, and the reason for his going, just as it would be embarrassing to tell what had happened at the boat.

“Ernestine is married to Basil Montgomery,” he said, endeavouring to explain at least in part. “It was evidently a sudden notion of Ernestine’s. I went to see them off, and took her a wedding gift and some flowers, you know.”

“Did she like the . . . gift and flowers?” Andrea laughed mischievously as she questioned him.

“I did not speak to her. Gave the flowers to a delightful old Irish lady.” Christopher paused in his explanation to recite the incident concerning the flowers. Andrea was, however, curious about the present.

“What did you do with the wedding gift?” she inquired. She was impatient to know what Christopher could possibly have bought for the girl who should have been his wife.

“I left that with my mother.” Christopher chuckled at the recollection, and at the thought of how Basil would feel when he discovered the joke that had been played upon him.

“What was the gift? Is it rude to ask? I am curious, and you seem to be enjoying the thought of it.”

Christopher grinned as he told her, “A Pekinese pup!”

“Whatever made you choose such a thing?”

“Oh, I saw a sign, ‘Pekinese puppies for sale’, in front of a house we passed. I remembered Ernestine had often expressed a wish to own one, and . . .” Christopher could not refrain from laughing aloud . . . “and I just know Basil will get a great deal of pleasure exercising the pup for Ernestine during their honeymoon.”

Andrea laughed with him, as she saw the ridiculous side of the prank. “Basil will at least have cause to keep you in his thoughts,” she said.

“Yes,” Christopher replied, “for I left a note asking Ernestine to call the pup Christopher.”



Quite unaware that the ominous wrath of the law was closing in upon them, the workers in Lee Hansen's printing shop were light-hearted this early June morning. The shop hummed with an industry it had never before known. Sunlight, streaming in through the small-paned windows, threw sharp angles of light over the type cases, across the imposing stones, to be broken into curious geometrical designs as the huge press flicked sheets of paper through the rays.

Lee Hansen whistled blithely, as he dexterously picked type from the case, glancing from copy to type stick, giving an occasional chuckle as a sentence of Christopher's article pleased him. Nearby, the Reverend John, a loose flannel shirt having taken the place of his clerical garb, with a brief apron, was rapidly becoming proficient in the craft of tying up type and proofing. He seemed to take an unholy delight in sharing with the type itself, the ink he was using. At the top of his lusty voice he was singing, accompanied by Lee Hansen's whistling. The little shop was vibrant with the melody. "Onward Christian Soldiers." There was a thrill to the tune. The shop worked to its rhythm.

Nearby, Christopher Worth assisted Lionel Morrison with the task of proof reading. Seated side by side, upon high stools at an old-fashioned bookkeeper's desk, they corrected mis-spelt words, discussed certain phrases, revised, and happy in each others' companionship, and the task they were doing, occasionally caught the refrain of the Reverend John's hymn, carrying along with him, the words they knew.

One side of the sheet for their weekly pamphlet was already in process of running. Jude Braithwaite, perched high above them, feeding the press, seemed to have caught the spirit of the hymn also, the rumble of his deep bass being occasionally heard above the rattle of the press, while the revolutions of the cylinder, the crackle of the paper, the motion of the type form as it flashed back and forth, all seemed to be in harmony.

Suddenly the hymn stopped. Stopped abruptly in the middle of a line; while Lee Hansen looked around, and the press slowed down with a screech, and Christopher and Lionel Morrison paused in their work to note the cause of the sudden interruption.

"Who is the owner of this place?" The wrath of the law had descended upon the little printing shop of Lee Hansen, in the form of two burly

policemen.

Lee Hansen laid down his type stick and crossed to the speakers. "I am the owner," he told them.

"Was this thing printed here?" one of the officers asked, passing to Lee Hansen a copy of the pamphlet they had printed the previous week.

"Why, yes," Lee acknowledged. "What is the matter with it?"

"Seditious literature. We have instructions to confiscate your plant, and place you under arrest."

Christopher hurried to Lee Hansen's side. "Let me manage this, Lee. I am the responsible party." Turning to the officers, he explained that he had purchased the printing shop, and that the literature was his own.

"You must all come to headquarters," the officers commanded. "We are taking charge of the shop."

Christopher glanced at his companions. He saw their blanched faces, while Lee Hansen looked suspiciously towards Jude Braithwaite, who had remained at his press, in the background.

"Seems rather ridiculous, Christopher," Lionel Morrison exclaimed. "Whatever could they find seditious in last week's paper, or anything we have printed, for that matter?"

The affair was not as serious as they had feared. The magistrate before whom they were taken for a private investigation, seemed very apologetic about the matter, much as though he were working against his will, carrying out instructions from some more authoritative source.

"It is not so much what you have actually put into words, but rather the implication one might take from them. We are forced to treat all of this kind of thing as seditious. We cannot allow that in this country," he said, apologetically.

"I am afraid you will have to prove your charge against me," Christopher demanded. "There is nothing seditious in our literature, and we do not intend to be interfered with in the work we are doing."

"It is unfortunate that you put it that way," the magistrate said, explaining that he had instructions that the activities of the Society of Forgotten Men were to be stopped.

"What will you do if I refuse?" Christopher questioned, glancing towards his companions for approval of his attitude, grateful when he saw

they agreed with him.

“There is only one thing I can do, that is to put you under arrest,” the magistrate explained.

“I think I know who is forcing your hand. I think I know the name of the man who has placed upon your shoulders this ungrateful task. Tell him that if he interferes with our work, so long as we are truthful and honest, then I will publish all I know about him and his rise to the high office he holds.” Christopher gave his ultimatum fearlessly.

“I can do nothing more than warn you that you must not publish another pamphlet. We are confiscating all you have that are already printed. If you refuse to obey, then I shall be forced to carry out my instructions.”

The sun was still streaming through the window panes, now undisturbed by the flicking of sheets of paper on the press. Entering the shop upon their return, the Reverend John again picked up the refrain from his hymn: “Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war.”

“That is the spirit, Reverend,” Christopher gratefully exclaimed, while they stood watching the officers gathering what printed sheets were in the shop, and loading them into the police car outside.

“I doubt very much whether they are within the law,” Lionel Morrison said, while Christopher, considering the matter, suggested they arrange a meeting with the other members of the Society to discuss what they should do next.

“I am going to fight this thing through to the end,” he declared. “But I cannot have the rest of you suffer for what I do or say.”

They were interrupted by Andrea’s voice from the doorway. “What is going on here?” she called, watching the uniformed men who were carrying armfuls of literature to their automobile. “Have the police joined the Society of Forgotten Men?”

A burly officer gave her a friendly grin as he passed, pausing to say, “We hate to do this, Miss, but orders is orders.”

Andrea detained him. “I seem to know you, to have seen you before,” she said, puzzled in her effort to recall the incident.

“I know you, Miss Morley, and the Reverend,” the officer told her. “My brother would have had a tough time, if you had not helped him last winter.”

“I remember you now.” She laughed at the recollection. “You helped me unload some coke for him.”

“Yes, Miss.” The awkward bulk of him seemed to make his embarrassment greater. “Bloody shame, making a bloke do a job like this.”

“I have yet to find out what it is all about,” Andrea smiled, putting him at ease, “but if it is your instructions, you cannot help it.”

The Reverend John was still filling the shop with his sonorous rendition of Onward, Christian Soldiers. The rhythm of the grand old hymn seemed to have a fateful significance, when the feet of the police officers fell into time with the music, as though the seizure of the literature marked triumph rather than defeat. Andrea, approaching her father, repeated her question, “What has happened, Reverend? Why are the police taking our pamphlets away?”

“Lord only knows,” he meditated, using a street phrase scarcely in keeping with the dignity of the cloth. Then a thought caused him to smile. “There is something in that, too. The old book says the Lord moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform, so it must be all right.” The thought gave renewed vigor to his hymn.

“Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane.”

While the heavy feet of the policemen kept time with their tramp . . . tramp . . . tramp . . . t-r-a-m-p . . . tramp. Tramp . . . tramp . . . tramp . . . tramp . . . t-r-a-m-p; feet that must have telegraphed the thought to the minds at the other end of their consciousness.

Andrea stood with the group of men, disconsolately watching the material they had laboured with being taken away. When everything the law wanted had been gathered and the police car had driven away, they looked towards Christopher, mutely asking what to do next.

“We must have literature. Perhaps I should ask them to censor my copy before we print it,” he ventured, speaking his thoughts aloud.

“It does seem like high-handed nonsense,” Lionel Morrison exclaimed. The little shop was idle. Jude Braithwaite had gone back to his press and was engaged in cleaning his ink rollers. The others went into the tiny office, and sat on the top of the desk, or wherever else they could find a seat.

“Sedition. That is good! To accuse us of that. Look up the word, Andrea,” Christopher suggested. “I must admit that I am not positive of its real meaning.”

Andrea opened Lee Hansen's big dictionary, searching for the word. "I have it," she exclaimed, reading aloud: "Sedition . . . agitation, disorder, or commotion in a state. Conduct tending to promote treason or rebellion."

"It would be amusing, if it were not so pathetic," Christopher exclaimed. "Law, supposedly set up by the common people, in truth set up by the few who have almost everything in the world, and therefore must make laws to enable them to keep the power and wealth they have in their grasp. Sedition is the word they use to describe any act which might deprive them of their power or riches. It will take something big to change that order of things."

"You agree, though, that the common people really say who shall govern them, and who will make their laws," Lee Hansen suggested.

"Yes, that is the pathetic part of the whole thing. Clever of the favoured few. Of course the common people have a vote, but what does it amount to? Often a choice between two evils." Christopher smiled wistfully, and Andrea, watching him from the corner into which she had retreated, wondered what really was going on within his mind; he always seemed so remote from them all.

"It is pitiful, too, when you think of the hopelessness of holding an office of government no matter how great or how unimportant," Christopher continued. "The individual can do nothing, except to follow along set channels. Let him try to change the law, and the opposition of those he would hurt in the doing would be overwhelming.

"It commences with the industrialist, who controls the lives of the people whom he is privileged to employ, who says whether they shall work, or whether they shall not work, who sells the product of their labour at the price he decides. And no matter what suffering is caused by this, his word is law. Should the handful of common people he controls attempt to question the wisdom of his actions, they are seditious.

"Then consider the capitalist and the financier. Their one objective in life seems to be, under the present order of things, to keep the common people from experiencing the real joy of living. If a man, by effort of frugality, acquires a fraction of wealth, this form of parasite will devise, through the advantage of his keener wit, some method of taking it away from him; stock manipulation and the like, to keep power and wealth within his own grasp. But let the common people endeavour to match their wits with this corrupt monster, and they will rot in damp, slimy jails for their attempt.

“The community government even, takes its place in the scheme of corruptness, from the mayor down to the least important member of the council, each sharing the trust of the common people and so many of them bend every effort in using their power to their own selfish gain. But the common people of any community dare say nothing against the men they have honoured to govern them, for they are a power unto themselves, with a law behind them, which enables them to kill even, if the common people dare be seditious.

“So the vicious circle continues. Governments of any nation, with power to control the very lives of the common people. Power to sacrifice them over some petty squabble which, in the enlightened age in which we live, should be settled over office desks, and not upon bloody, trench-burrowed fields. Incapable governments! Every one of us here knows there is not a government in the world capable of leading its nation out of this world chaos. Governments rotten to the core! One had only to listen to the head of our own government the other evening, blaming the problem we are faced with upon the preceding government; his one and only desire being to retain the power with which the common people have vested him. I call him the liar that he is, that he knows himself to be, and what happens? We are threatened with arrest, for being seditious.

“I cannot believe there are not men in high office who see the solution to the problem. It is so plain. The only excuse I have for them is that they are too cowardly to act, too cowardly to do the thing they know must be done. Or they are too lustful to attempt anything which might take from them the things they want. But the common people will come into their own. The Reverend was right when he was singing a little while ago, ‘Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane.’ The common people are gullible fools to listen to a lot of hokum about prosperity coming back, and things becoming normal again. Good times! There never were good times for the common people. Let them dare say otherwise.”

Christopher always felt somewhat embarrassed after an outburst of this kind. It seemed that when he entered a conversation, his friends would leave him to carry the thought alone, content to do as they had just done; sit around him and listen. Andrea seemed to understand him better than any of the others. Now she got up from her seat upon a pile of books in the corner of the office, crossing to his side, to touch the back of his hand with her own.

“The time will come when they will be glad to listen to your message,” she said. Her eyes were filled with sympathy and admiration. Christopher

warmed to her gesture, with a grateful smile.

“The way out seems so simple,” he said quietly.

“Well, we are not through yet!” the Reverend John emphatically declared, while Lionel Morrison echoed his statement.

“You are right,” Christopher said. “There is work for the Society of Forgotten Men to do. We cannot hope to change the situation. This is not our task, it is the work which confronts State and Church alike. The tearing down of all false ideas, the abolishing of corrupt governments, the safeguarding of the common people against exploitation; it is a tremendous task. Before it can be commenced, all personal desire and ambition must go. No one individual can accomplish it, neither can any one nation. It is a problem for the entire world, for all of humanity. The task we must undertake is twofold; first, to relieve existing conditions, as much as lies in our power, and also, by turning the spotlight of truth on the things which have caused the catastrophe, make others think as we are thinking, until public opinion will no longer tolerate a system which operates at the hurt of even one individual.”

The ominous wrath of the law had closed in upon them. Child-minded, it had taken from them the physical expression of their ideals. But the law could never take their ideals away from them, no matter how it tried. The common people had begun to think for themselves, and when the time came the common people would act for themselves, also.

The Reverend John was yet humming the tune that had been running through his head every moment since they had entered Lee Hansen’s office. Now, on their way out, to go their various ways, he again filled the printing shop with his hymn of exultation.

“Brothers, we are treading, Where the saints have trod.”

Andrea Morley found it increasingly difficult to keep Christopher from realizing her feeling for him. Had they met but occasionally, she would have had opportunity for preparing herself for the ordeal. Their work, however, threw them together many times during each day. Often she would be caught unawares and had Christopher not been so deeply immersed in the work of the Society of Forgotten Men, he could not have missed seeing her love for him, in her every action.

When she had known she had no right to his love, because of Ernestine, it had been easy to put her own feelings in the background. But there was no longer the discipline of knowing he was betrothed to Ernestine. She could not deceive herself from the knowledge that she was deeply in love with him. She was reminded of this a hundred times a day. Her only desire was to be constantly near him, ready to do the little things he would ask of her. When their fingers met, in the trivial act of passing a sheet of note paper from one to the other, she would tremble in ecstasy at the touch.

He seemed to have taken her so completely into his life, she felt she belonged to him. But his fondness for her was no more, apparently, than would have been his fondness for a dog companion or a favourite horse. Sometimes, in a playful mood he would kiss her. Sometimes when he was held by some overshadowing mood his lips sought her lips, as though for sympathy. She wondered he had not felt the passion of her body, when her lips would linger hungrily, when her arms would tighten around his body, when her eyes would beg for response from him. But usually, his kiss quite brotherly pressed upon her lips, he would have some remark to make, usually about their work, which told her all too plainly just what she meant to him; a dear friend, more dear perhaps than any other friend he had, but a friend and no more, while her very being was pleading to be taken in his arms and crushed close to his heart.

Sometimes she had thoughtlessly betrayed her fondness for him, as when she would sit upon the footstool in the Reverend John's study, between Christopher and her father, and without realizing what she was doing, would let her head relax against Christopher's knee. He, feeling the touch, would idly let his fingers play with her hair, and then, thinking the gesture meant she was sleepy, would disturb her, hurriedly getting up, excusing himself for staying so late, and would leave her, with the bitter sweet memory of the touch of his fingers.



The Reverend John had guessed her secret, long ago. It was upon one such occasion that he had found her quietly sobbing, having thrown herself, heartbroken, across her bed. The Reverend John had known the bitterness of her longing, and had endeavoured to comfort her, while Christopher continued to accept the very quintessence of her love, telling himself she was a wonderful companion and friend, and at times accusing her of mothering him. But of one thing she was sure, he did not love her. Yet she was also sure he loved no other girl.

So the weeks hurried by, as she worked by his side, steeling herself against her heartache, glad to be allowed to share in his life, and to do the things he wanted of her. The work of the Society of Forgotten Men had changed the lives of them all, Christopher, herself, and the twelve men who had associated themselves with him. Their existence was much like that of a wandering theatrical troupe. The Reverend John had given up his church. So also had the Reverend Lionel Morrison. Lee Hansen's printing shop was closed and silent. Christopher no longer worked at the Steel Foundries, for he had left with Timothy Shane and Bart Greene. They had been deprived of the use of printed material, the medium through which Christopher had hoped to accomplish the most good. Now they depended upon the spoken word, and were dividing their energies between meetings held in public parks and personal interviews with representatives of the Church and the State, and most important, mass meetings at night, in theatres and assembly halls.

They had not been content with the possibilities of their own city; the work of the Society was too vital for this. Following a carefully considered plan, they were now upon a tour. Each day found some of them in a new town or city, where they had been preceded by others of the group, who had advertised their coming. Each day found their message reaching minds eager for some solution of the world problem, eager for some true picture of the meaning and value of life. They received their share of persecution, often being refused permission to hold their meeting after arriving at the place where it was to have been held. They were ridiculed by the press more often than otherwise, though on occasion the press were warm in their praise of the work they were doing.

The newspapers, however, had long since stopped calling the idea Christopher's "obsession", though Andrea herself thought of it as this. Christopher was obsessed with the idea. It filled his life until there was room for nothing else. Andrea watched him, concerned about his mind, and about his health. He would not spare himself, working ceaselessly. Often, after the

meeting at night, he would go back to his room, to work. Not content with what he was doing, he had commenced to write a book.

It was she who took his dictation and transcribed the notes in typewriting. On occasion he would work far into the night, forgetful of himself, and of her, while she would fight away her sleepiness, fearful of disturbing his thought, lest he lose his inspiration. A yawn would sometimes unconsciously tell him of her weariness. Then he would apologize so contritely, and would kiss her good-night, and in her room, in tears almost, her love would hurt her deep within herself, because she knew that the thought of the experience of that kiss lingered with Christopher no longer than the time it took for the door of his room to close, when his mind was back again with the subject of his book. Then she would find her way to the loneliness of her bed, and lie, weary but sleepless, until morning, her lips trembling with their disappointment.

She had been tempted to tell him upon one occasion, that she loved him. The Reverend John had suggested this. The memory of the incident often came back to her with its almost ludicrous consequences.

“I believe I am falling in love, Christopher,” she had said, expecting him to look up from his notes in startled surprise when she had said that. But he did not hear her, even, until she repeated her statement.

“I believe I am falling in love, Christopher.”

“Oh, yes, forgive me, Andrea. I had an idea I was working out. You say you are falling in love. Whatever for?”

Of course it had been a most inopportune moment for her to have said such a thing, when his mind had been some thousands of miles away, working out a problem which concerned the Untouchables of India, or perhaps some of the millions of sturdy common people of China. In any case, his mind had not been within reaching distance, and he had been quite stunned by his bump back to earth. Inanely he had repeated the question. It had become a game almost:

“You are falling in love. Whatever for?” he said, looking at her in a puzzled fashion, wondering why under the sun she had to tell him about it. She did not tell him much of her own thoughts, or of her hopes and ambitions; there was always so much concerning his work, and that of the Society, to talk about.

“What does one fall in love for?” she questioned, somewhat resentfully. But Christopher did not catch the note of resentment. He ridiculously

changed the subject, in so far as she and her love, was concerned, to talk of love of an entirely different character.

“You know, speaking of love. That was a mighty courageous statement the man of Galilee made, when he said, ‘God is love.’ Look how, after nineteen centuries have gone, the truth remains. Though I would put it this way: ‘Life is love.’ See what I mean, Andrea? Life, the throbbing of humanity, the pulsating of the universe. God, the influence man is seeking for. Life is love. It is the absence of love in men’s hearts that has brought this world crisis upon us.”

Christopher had forgotten that she had said she was falling in love, if he had caught the significance of the statement at all, so she had not told him it was he she loved. Nor had she courage to make the attempt again. There was a certain satisfaction, however, in knowing he wanted her, that he needed her. She knew this for certain one day, when she stayed quietly in her own room, which adjoined the room in the hotel they used as assembly room, where Christopher met the others of the group to discuss their plans. She had warned the Reverend John not to tell she was there, and thoroughly enjoyed the disappointment in Christopher’s voice when he found she was not present, and as he repeatedly asked her whereabouts when she did not put in an appearance. Her effort to tell him of her love had failed, and she must be content to wait until he should discover the fact for himself, if he ever did. Meantime she must respond coldly to his kisses, and remain calm and aloof when under the spell of his nearness.

The group was happy in its work. A quiet comradeship had grown among them. The Reverend John and Lionel Morrison became fast friends, until one knew when they saw the tall, gaunt figure and aesthetic face of Lionel Morrison, the good-natured plumpness of John Morley could not be far away. The Society seemed to have unconsciously separated into groups of two or three, partly because of the nature of their individual tasks, partly because of their own particular natures. Harvey Wellwood, Frederick Morton and Adrian Morris composed another group. They had always been friends, so it was natural for them to have continued their friendship in their new work. Quiet, unassuming, they took little part in the discussions, yet could always be depended upon to take care of the numerous small tasks incidental to the campaigns they were carrying on. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, Peter Bronte had named them in a moment of fun, and somehow the names clung to them. Peter Bronte found like interests in the friendship of Michael Cassidy, Bart Greene and Timothy Shane, and where these four men happened to be, one could be sure of finding some kind of nonsense.

Lee Hansen naturally gravitated to the spell of the old poet, Joel Somerset, and they could be found in the most unexpected places at the most unexpected times, but one thing was certain, they would be sharing a book, spending their leisure in the romance of minds reincarnated in the words left behind. Walt Whitman seemed to be the favourite of Joel Somerset, and Lee Hansen was learning to see the beauty of the poet's thoughts through Joel Somerset's eyes. Jude Braithwaite made no particular friends. He could be found sometimes with one little group, sometimes with another, but his reticent and surly nature endeared him to no one in particular, and more often than otherwise he would be found alone. Andrea felt sorry for him at times and made overtures for his friendship. He seemed to be continually brooding over something, that he could not confide to her, even.

Each member of the group had his own appointed task and worked independently of the others. Occasionally conferences were arranged during the day, for the discussion of future plans, but usually these discussions were held after the meetings at night, when they would have coffee and some light lunch served in the hotel room. Christopher encouraged these meetings for the value they had in the holding together of his little group, though often he, himself would not be present. It was on these occasions, when he was absent, that Andrea worried about him. She felt that he was giving more of himself to the Cause than any one man could afford to do; that he was living too intensely in his work. It was when he felt that his meetings had not accomplished the good he thought they should that he would disappear, to walk through the night for hours until his mind became peaceful. Then he would return to her and their work, or if she had retired, to his own room, to read or to sleep. Sometimes she wondered how he could feel the way he did about the meetings. She could never sense anything amiss. Yet he did, and likely as not the next morning's newspapers would prove that he had been correct. He could feel his audiences, could tell whether they were in sympathy with him or not. Once he had endeavoured to explain to her the way he felt. Like playing a huge organ, he had said, sometimes the audience would respond to the sound of his voice, like the organ to the touch of the fingers of a talented musician upon the keys, vibrating within his own soul, while at other times, the reaction became mechanical like an instrument poorly played, until he began to feel he was losing his power to sway men, to make them feel as he was feeling.

Andrea felt she did not belong to the group; that she was an outsider. At first she had travelled with them because of the Reverend John. She and her father had never been separated, they had shared each other's sorrows and pleasures since she had, as a little girl, lost her mother. He had filled another

place, too, which parents but rarely are privileged to possess. He was her confidant. So she had taken her place beside the Reverend John, and had shared his work, until she suddenly discovered she was essential to the group, that Christopher, especially, was helpless without her. She had suggested returning home as their travels took them far afield, to have her suggestion quickly over-ruled. They needed her, so she had remained, to fall head over heels in love.

It was their secret, the Reverend John's and her own. He knew the heartache, and suffered with her. Trying in his clumsy way to take her mother's place, he would creep in from his own room, overhearing the quiet sobbing which so often interrupted her attempt to sleep, comforting her until her eyes closed.

It would not be playing the game, she told herself a thousand times, for Christopher's work would suffer, should she enter his life more intimately than she was doing. It was the realization of this that made the secret necessary. Christopher must never know.

“The Gods, looking on, must be laughing at the helplessness of the humanity that peoples the earth . . . Humanity suffering to the point of extinction almost, while possessing more than sufficient of everything man needs.”

Christopher Worth’s words rang out into the reverberating space of the huge auditorium, defiant and scathing; a challenge to the thousands of white faces that filled the hall. Impatiently he gestured for them to cease their applause. He did not want applause. He was not there to amuse them. They were not there to be entertained, but to listen, to consider the thought expounded, and if they were courageous, to act.

The auditorium was crowded to more than capacity. Row upon row of questioning eyes, becoming indistinct, almost, in the shadows beneath the balconies and up under the distant ceiling; eyes of bewildered, defeated humanity, gathered together, hoping to hear some thought which would give them courage to face what the future held.

Christopher Worth, himself, was addressing them this evening; the man of whom they had of late heard so much, the man whose voice had been reaching them nightly in their homes as they had turned radio dials to listen, the man whom newspapers revered and honoured, or denounced and ridiculed, according to their particular political trend and responsibility, according to their disdain or fear of wealthy advertisers. Christopher Worth, the leader of the new organization known as the ‘Society of Forgotten Men’, the man whose name was upon everybody’s lips.

Christopher Worth was actually before them, upon the stage in the distance; was about to outline the plan of the Society of Forgotten Men, as he had done, in many other cities, during the past months. Hundreds of eyes were watching him, studying his figure; a slim young man of twenty-eight years; unassuming, with fair hair that he constantly shook back from his forehead. The face of a dreamer, if one overlooked the firmness of the mouth which uttered those soft yet powerful phrases; sentences that lashed one like a whip. Christopher waited for their silence, for their attention, disdainful of their applause.

Grouped behind him were the twelve men who had joined with him in his work; the first members of the group who called themselves the Society of Forgotten Men. They had given up all they possessed; their work, their

ambitions, the comforts of their homes, to follow their leader, to devote their lives to the service of humanity. They had worked during this day, in their various ways, to insure the success of to-night's meeting. Many in the audience had gathered with other men to listen to them, as they spoke from benches in park corners, under sheltering trees. Others of the audience had heard of Christopher Worth's work during the noon lunch at their service club meeting. Many had been interviewed personally, at their offices. Now, with their curiosity aroused, and their minds filled with a desire to hear something that might offer a cure for the malady from which the world was suffering, both rich and poor had gathered, rubbing shoulders, eyes magnetically drawn towards the speaker. They saw him pause, waiting for the applause to cease, for quiet, saw the whimsical smile, that now famous smile, pitifully crooked, as though he knew the grief of humanity, and suffered with those who must suffer; the smile which drew men to him, eager to hear every word that left his lips.

"The Gods, looking on, must be laughing at the helplessness of humanity." It was themselves the speaker meant, each individual in the auditorium. They were the helpless humanity. The Gods were laughing at them. Yes the more one thought about it, the more amusing it became. The world held an abundance of everything man could possibly desire . . . and they did not know how to share it among themselves.

No wonder the speaker had paused. He wanted to give that thought time to sink into their minds. No wonder that gesture for applause to stop. Fools! Applauding because they had been severely spanked, when they should have remained breathlessly quiet, puzzling over the reason for the chastisement, endeavoring to grasp why it had been given them. Christopher Worth continued to speak. His words cut the breathless silence like the crack of a whip.

"You think you are beaten! You think there is no way out of this world crisis, unless something revolutionary happens. All of you . . . worker and industrialist and capitalist. You are all fight drunk, out on your feet, and you do not understand what is the matter. You listen to the legion of arguments set forth as the reason of the predicament the world is in. You listen to the legion of remedies presented, while you wait, bewildered, wondering what will happen.

"The gathering in this auditorium to-night is representative of the entire world, representative of humanity as a whole. Among you are agriculturist, artisan, professional worker, manufacturer, industrialist, financier, politician, law-maker and law-breaker. The problem could be solved among you here,

just as the world problem can be solved. But you are too cowardly to undertake it.”

Eyes looking into other eyes, while Christopher Worth paused; sneering eyes, cynical eyes, accusing eyes, questioning eyes. But that startlingly scathing voice rang out again, demanding their attention.

“Like the mythical character, King Midas, you want the golden touch. You remember the story, how through his remarkable gift, King Midas was able to turn everything he touched into gold. He had the gold standard idea mighty bad. He experimented with the roses in the palace gardens, becoming excited when he found his power really worked, as the wind stirred the golden petals and leaves with a metallic rustling. He had the magic touch of gold, forgetful of all else in his eagerness to change everything he possessed into the glittering substance. But he overlooked the fact that he must eat to live, and that his magic touch would turn food and drink into gold the moment it touched his lips. He learned his lesson when, upon embracing his little daughter, she, too, became a golden statue. He was glad to get off the gold standard. It meant less than he thought it did. The perfume of roses, the taste of appetizing food, the love of a human being was far more precious. Gold standards, silver standards, and for that matter, any standards, have no part to play in the human plan, beyond a visible means of exchange. Changing the present standard of exchange to any other will not solve the problem. It might give temporary relief. Until financial wizards get to work with their fiendish cunning, for their own gain.”

Men in the vast audience squirmed in their seats as truths were driven home to them. It seemed that Christopher Worth’s accusing finger had power to search them out; men who had exploited those sitting around them; men who had grasped the dishonest opportunity their positions afforded to become rich. Who was this youth who dared to disturb the even tenor of their lives? But that accusing voice had no intention of temporizing. There was no hint of fear in the accusing statements to which they were forced to listen.

“Patchwork methods are not going to save the situation. The fabric of civilization is too rotten to hold together. A patch might cover the rotteness, might hide it temporarily, but it would not endure. Our governments conspire to live within themselves in a last vain hope to exist, knowing that as governments they fail miserably. They have always failed, just as long as there has, back through history, been a condition whereby one man or woman or little child has not had full measure of the necessities and luxuries of life.



“Overproduction is the cause, they tell us. A pitiful alibi.”

Christopher smiled bitterly, leaning forward in his intensity, towards his audience. “What do those who say this mean by overproduction? If I understand the word, it means we are producing more than humanity needs of the things that go to make existence as it should be in the world. That is what it means to me. I can only excuse the narrowness of vision of those who cry overproduction, by interpreting their meaning to be the production of more than humanity can afford to purchase. Fools! Who has a right to say how much or how little man shall purchase? Who has a right to regulate the spending power of one individual? When man was put into the world his needs were fully taken care of. What muddle-headed crookedness changed this order of things? There is not and can never be an oversupply of any commodity until every living being in the entire world has what he needs of these things.

“Man was given strength to labour. He has a right to be allowed to use this strength to obtain for himself the necessities of life. He has a right to a fair reward for his labour. Just so long as we have men unscrupulous enough to exploit his fellow man, to gain from other men’s labour, just so long will we have the problem of so-called overproduction, a problem really, of dishonest control or those things which belong to all of humanity.

“Modern machinery has replaced manpower. How ridiculous to treat this as a new discovery. Was this not for what machinery was invented, to replace manpower, to make the life of the craftsman easier? But not at the expense of the man. Modern machinery should make it possible for man to live a fuller life, instead of spending every hour of his day toiling labouriously. He should be able to earn the necessities of life as well as what luxuries he desires, leaving other waking hours free for recreation according to his own particular bent. Thank heaven there are men courageous enough to advocate the lessening of man’s working hours. But can we depend upon our governments to protect us from the leech-like hands of men who exploit humanity for their own gain?”

Christopher Worth’s cynical laugh startled his listeners. “No wonder the Gods laugh when they look down upon us, worrying ourselves when the solution is so plain! No wonder they laugh when we talk of overproduction, knowing that half the population of the entire world have not sufficient of even the necessities of life for their barest needs, when every reasoning man must realize that there is sufficient of everything in the world to give every living soul a comfortable home, clothing, food, luxury. This must be so, for

there do exist the raw materials and we know we have the labour now being wasted, to fabricate these things.

“Being abnormally wealthy must become a crime, for no man can acquire extreme wealth except through the losses of his fellow men. A set standard of a man’s value to society according to his ability, must be created, beyond which a man cannot gain. Thrift must be enforced. Every man must follow a plan during his working years to provide for his years of retirement. Money value adjustment, distribution of hoarded wealth, methods of exchange, inter-governmental operation, are but mechanical things, and can be worked out.

“Easy, you say.” Christopher Worth held up his hand to quiet the applause. “Please, not that. For this dream can never be, not so long as dishonest men live. Not so long as those men, calloused to the sufferings of humanity, are allowed to govern. Not so long as there are men waiting like vultures, ready to turn every honest movement to a means of bringing more gold to their own pockets.

“Forgotten men always. Forgotten in the scheme or things. You and the millions of others like yourselves who have hours to sell for which there is no market, who starve in the face of plenty.”

Tremendous applause marked the ending of Christopher Worth’s talk, as it always did. Among the audience in this auditorium were men who would, before another sunrise, swell the Society of Forgotten Men, marking another step towards its gigantic objective.

Bareheaded, gazing upwards into the star-pierced sky, Christopher Worth stood irresolute in the doorway, before leaving the auditorium. It was a refreshing experience, to escape from the hot, crowded hall, through this side entrance, into the night air. Breathing deeply, he struck out briskly, walking away from the brightly lighted downtown streets towards the suburban quietness of the city. His work for this day was over, and as so often happened, he felt a poignant emptiness inside, and he told himself, as he had before, that it was simply the reaction of being keyed to a high pitch, while standing before those hundreds of white, questioning faces. One thing was certain, these meetings invariably left him low-spirited. He could not remain to hear his associates praise his efforts, to talk inanely about the success of the meeting. He had not made the meeting successful; he had been simply a reed upon which the suffering of the humanity in the hall had played. A long tramp under the stars seemed to offer the only balm for his tired spirit.

He seemed unaware of the presence of his companion, Andrea Morley, who had followed him from the stage to the side door, as she always did. She had paused to scan the heavens as he had done. Now she endeavoured to keep pace with his long strides, her heels occasionally making a staccato clatter as she would increase her speed to regain lost ground. No word was spoken. Andrea was accustomed to his moods, knew he would speak to her in due time. She would not inflict idle chatter upon his tired mind, content to be allowed to walk beside him, away from the gayness of the city out in the night quiet. Not that there was need for conversation; she knew that Christopher was aware of her presence. More than this, she knew that he liked her companionship, perhaps because she understood his moods and did not intrude into his musing until he said she might.

Andrea felt that Christopher had spoken extremely well this evening. She was anxious to tell him this. How proud she had been, sitting behind him on the stage, with the Reverend John, and Lionel Morrison, and the others of their group. The intensity of his voice had made her tremble. He had given a great deal of himself, and this had left him weary. Christopher was so different, compared with the others, who took their work as a matter of course, who considered successes in proportion to the amount of applause they received. Their walk to-night brought them at last, to the entrance of a park, and turning in through the iron gates, without speaking, Christopher's hand found her fingers, guiding her, much as he would a child. She could feel a trembling in his fingers as her own were trembling, when they responded to the faintly perceptible pressure. Now the lights from street lamps ended, the path before them became scarcely visible. But Christopher's feet were able to find their way, regardless of the dark. The loneliness of the park seemed to find response in his lonely heart, for his walking became calmer.

Her heart beat rapidly when the fingers that were intertwined with her own, gently drew her hand into his arm. It brought them closer together. It ended the feeling of space between them, between their bodies and their minds.

"I love the trees," he said at last. Her whispered reply was scarcely audible.

"Yes, I love them, too."

"I love them most at night."

"Is that because they are in harmony with your mood, Christopher?"

After a long silence, during which he seemed to be considering why he loved the trees, at night time especially, he stopped, drawing her yet closer to him, as his arm tightened against her fingers, looking upward through the lacework of leaves above which the stars twinkled lazily.

“The trees seem so strong, yet so reverently peaceful,” he said quietly, voicing his thoughts.

“I understand,” Andrea whispered, her fingers tightening against his wrist.

They entered a narrow bridle path, so deeply overhung with foliage that the starlight, even, could not pierce its way through. Her fingers tightened even more. The night was still, their feet scarcely making a sound upon the sandy path, until his rich, mellow voice gave hint of what was going through his mind. Andrea could picture the old psalmist walking along such a path, as Christopher chanted the words:

“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.”

Andrea waited for him to continue. When he remained silent, she added the words that completed the picture, “For Thou art with me.”

“Andrea, do you sometimes feel that life is like this path? That you feel your way along, unable to see where you are going, unable to see what lies at the end?”

Andrea did not answer immediately. Christopher’s mood seemed to have enmeshed her, also. But with her hand within his arm, she stepped fearlessly beside him. When she did answer, it was to repeat the thought of a moment previous:

“I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me.”

“The valley of the shadow of death. Do you know, Andrea, I could see it in their eyes, to-night. Those thousands of eyes, tortured by the fear of the darkness. I never seem to get away from their eyes. The eyes of forgotten men.”

“Perhaps their fear is less now, after hearing you speak.”

“I wonder, Andrea? If I could but be sure.”

“I am sure, Christopher. You have already become famous. People are talking about you, talking about the work of the Society of Forgotten Men.

Soon you will have so much influence the governments must listen to you. They will be compelled to take definite action.”

Andrea’s enthusiasm led her on, as she excitedly outlined the work that had been accomplished by Christopher during the past year; a year that had entirely changed the lives of the twelve men who worked with Christopher, had changed her life, also. She enjoyed her work with Christopher; proud that she was not a burden, but rather, had gradually become indispensable in a secretarial way to the undertaking. Secretly, she told herself she was more valuable even than this, in another way, having undertaken to watch over Christopher’s absent-mindedness, and in a manner, protect him from the moody part of himself. He had such a habit of under-estimating the worth of his work for humanity, of under-rating his own importance to the work.

It was upon nights such as this one, when Christopher would surreptitiously slip away from them, to tramp by himself, often until the early hours of the morning, that he gave Andrea greatest concern. When first she learned of his lonely tramping through the night, she would stay awake listening for him to return to his room in the hotel, unable to sleep until she knew he had overcome the fear in his mind, and was safely back. Then one night, chancing his resentment, she had followed him from the hall, to walk beside him, until he had become aware of her companionship, and had admitted her into the secret places of his loneliness. It was a bitter-sweet companionship. There were occasions when his despondent mood smothered him so entirely that she could not get near his consciousness, scarce a word being spoken between them. But at other times, like this evening, he would notice her, to talk confidently about his unhappiness. Then she felt exalted, and like a little mother, wanted to draw him to her breast to comfort him.

They paused in their walk, at a spot where a stream crossed the path underneath a rustic bridge. Here the trees opened to let the starlight through. Leaning their arms upon the cedar railing, they watched together the reflection of the heavens in the shallow water below them.

“What do the stars make you think of, Andrea?” he asked.

“I was trying to remember some lines I once learned. They are running through my head.”

“Think hard,” Christopher begged. “I want so much to peep into your mind.”

“Then listen. I can only remember part of it; something the Reverend taught me. ‘Then Darkness trembled, and began to quake, big with the birth of stars, and when He spake, a million worlds leapt into radiant light.’ Do you like that thought, Christopher?”

“It is wonderful.” A friendly pressure upon her arm told her he was pleased; enabled her to guess that their thoughts had been alike. “In the beginning, Andrea. It is queer how everything seems to belong to those three words.”

“I loved your opening sentence to-night. You fairly shouted it at your listeners.” Mimicking his voice, Andrea continued, “The Gods looking on, must be laughing at you.”

“Did I say that?”

“Yes. It was very effective, young man.”

Christopher’s laugh disturbed the silence of the bridle path, echoing back uncannily from every direction. Andrea always waited for that laugh, for it signalled the breaking of the unhappy tension. She could now talk of commonplace things, the most important of these being at the moment that neither of them had eaten since the noonday lunch. Christopher preferred to postpone his evening meal until after his meetings, and she, in sympathy with his forbearance, waited to share the meal with him. So as the laughter echoes gradually died down, she turned him toward home.

“Whether you are hungry or not, little Andrea is,” she reminded him.

“Do you know, you are a mighty good sort.”

“Thanks, rich man! Good sort of what?” She was sorry she had said that. He seemed to be considering the matter. She hoped he would understand. He smiled good-naturedly.

“What do you really think about me, Andrea?”

“Oh, that you are quite a boy. That you need looking after.” Andrea chuckled quietly as she increased her step, urging him to hurry. “I saw a teashop near the entrance to the park, and I am famished,” she said. Now Christopher was again his old self. The mysterious dreaminess about his eyes had gone. They held the sparkle she liked to see there, full of mischievous fun, as he commenced to run, pulling her along with him.

“Now I come to think about it, Andrea, I am famished, too.”

“What shall we order to-night?”

“Wonder what they will have?”

It was a game, anticipating what they would choose for their next meal. Each vied with the other in thinking of tempting dishes. It added zest to their anticipation. The teashop was quite near the park entrance and soon they were seated opposite each other in an intimately partitioned alcove.

“Now I know why you always follow me, after our meetings,” he told her, teasingly. Andrea’s eyes questioned over the top of the menu.

“I wonder whether you do?” she murmured.

“Why, of course, I do, you hungry little animal. You just want to be fed.” Christopher laughed at what he considered a clever joke, quite unaware of the significance of Andrea’s reply.

“Yes, I believe you are right, Christopher. I am always hungry.”

“But you need not worry about it. I like to feed you.”

“I like you to feed me, Christopher.” Watching him through half-closed lids, Andrea wondered whether he really did understand what her words had implied. She wondered if she herself understood. It was something tender, something protective inside of herself, that impelled her to watch over him, to be happy because she was allowed to remain near him during their night excursions into the shadows under the trees, even though he scarcely realized her presence. But he had forgotten his earlier mood, and was now light-hearted and gay; she must be light-hearted also. The meal was over, almost, when she caught the glimpse of a face in the mirror on the opposite wall. Christopher saw her surprise.

“What would Jude Braithwaite be doing here?” she whispered. Christopher turned and looked quickly towards the door, through which a man’s figure stealthily passed.

“Did you see him?”

“Yes, at least I am almost certain it was he.”

“Queer. He could not have known we were here.”

Andrea leaned across the table. “What do you make of Jude, Christopher? He has been acting quite queerly of late.”

“I have never noticed anything out of the ordinary,” he told her.

“Well, I have. And that was he, sure enough. He saw me glance up, his eyes met mine in the mirror, then he hurried away. You would have expected

him to speak to us.”

“Must have been someone else.” Christopher endeavoured to laugh away her fears. The subsequent happenings, however, proved that Andrea was right. They were but a few paces from the teashop door, after leaving, when two men approached them.

“You are Christopher Worth?” one of them asked.

“Why, yes, I am,” Christopher acknowledged, somewhat bewildered.

“We are sorry, sir, but you are under arrest. We have orders to take you to headquarters.”

“Oh!” Andrea placed her fingers over her lips to hold back the escaping scream. “Under arrest. Whatever do they mean, Christopher?”

Christopher gently touched her hand. “I scarcely know. Must be a mistake.” Turning to the officers, he questioned their authority. “What is the charge against me?”

“They will tell you at headquarters, sir,” the officer explained, adding as he saw Christopher’s hesitation, “something you have been saying in your speeches, which is against the law.”

“I understand! Of course I will go with you,” Christopher agreed, quietly. Turning to Andrea, he endeavoured to make light of the matter, until he saw the fear in her eyes. “Just some formality or other,” he assured her. “You go back to the hotel and explain to the Reverend what has happened. He will know what to do if I cannot get back to-night.”

“If you are not back to-night?” Andrea’s eyes filled with fright. “You will be back to-night. They cannot keep you, for nothing at all, can they?”

Christopher smiled. “They are likely to do anything they please, whether they have a right or otherwise.”

“But, Christopher, oh, there must be some mistake.” Suddenly a thought came to her, causing her to turn to the police officer quickly and question him, “How did you know where to find Mr. Worth?”

“One of your men told us,” the officer replied, somewhat reluctantly.

“Oh! Jude Braithwaite!” Andrea covered her trembling lips with her fingers, in alarm, as the exclamation left them. Jude Braithwaite. So it had been his reflection she had seen in the tea-room mirror. Jude had told the officers where they would likely find Christopher after the meeting, had shown them the place. He must have followed Christopher and herself, must



have seen them entering the park and emerge again, to cross the road to the teashop. Jude Braithwaite. This confirmed her feeling that he had been acting strangely of late. She had noticed the manner in which he would look away when she would speak to him, instead of looking into her eyes. Jude Braithwaite had seen them enter the tea-room together and had likely telephoned the police, and then had skulked in the shadows awaiting the arrival of the police car. In all likelihood he was nearby, ashamed to be seen. Or had he hurried away, fearful of the outcome of his treachery? Andrea looked around her, towards the tree shadows, in her consternation at what one of their own group had done.

Christopher was being escorted towards the police car. She could scarcely realize the significance of what was happening; or that the peace and happiness of their hour was being taken away.

“You go back to the hotel,” Christopher had suggested. How could she go back, while he was being dragged away to prison, like a felon? Her fingers clutched his sleeve.

“They cannot take you,” she cried. “There is some mistake. You have done nothing wrong.”

Christopher continued his endeavours to calm her, smiling with pretended gaiety. “Get the Reverend to come to police headquarters,” he whispered, as they led him into the back seat of the big police car.

Get the Reverend? If the Reverend were here they would not take him away, not without a fight. He would not submit to the indignity as meekly as Christopher was doing; the police would have to prove their authority. She would telephone the Reverend, then he could get into action quickly, perhaps before the police car reached the centre of the city. The Reverend would tell the police, or whoever was responsible for the outrage, what he thought of them, and in no uncertain language.

But the automobile was pulling away. She saw Christopher wave farewell through the back window of the car. She was filled with terror, remaining speechless, unable to move.

“My poor dear!” she tearfully whispered, standing alone at the edge of the curb. “My poor, poor dear. What can I do to help you? I love you so much!”

Bewildered she watched the police car race away, standing at the edge of the curb, wide-eyed with fear, momentarily stunned by the sudden happening. The red tail light had almost disappeared in the distance, before

she fully realized the significance of what had taken place. A taxi pulled up to where she was waiting, thinking her excited attitude was meant to attract the driver's attention. It did bring her back suddenly to the realization of the need for action, and excitedly engaging it, she begged the driver to follow the car ahead.

Crumpled in a pitiful heap in the corner of the seat, she commenced to sob. They had arrested Christopher. How dared they do this? He had harmed no one. He could do no harm, for it was not his nature. Rather the opposite, for his every waking thought was to do some kind thing for someone. But she was ignorant of the law. Could it be that something he had said, made it possible for them to arrest him?

Her driver was keeping the police car in sight. They had overtaken it and were close behind, after having once all but lost sight of it, when a red traffic light flashed against them. But they had overtaken it again, were close enough for her to see the back of Christopher's head and shoulders through the rear window. Seeing him increased her anguish, until, intermingled with her sobbing, she quietly called his name. The driver, watching her through the mirror above his head, wondered what could cause such hysterical grief, and urged his car faster and faster, recklessly taking turns at high speed, eager to keep the other car in sight, as his fare had requested.

Why had they arrested Christopher so far away from the district where the police headquarters was located, Andrea asked herself. Why had they not come to the theatre where Christopher had spoken that evening? It seemed strange. Jude Braithwaite's being there was strange also. She was now sure it was he whom she had seen, sure it had been his reflection in the mirror of the tea-room. But Jude could not have had anything to do with Christopher's arrest; he was one of themselves, one of the Society of Forgotten Men. Sometimes the car ahead would elude them through the traffic, and she would sob a command to her driver. "Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

Nothing else mattered, so long as they kept the car in sight, so that she would know where they were taking Christopher, so that she could be with him when he needed her.

Christopher had sensed that they would arrest him. She knew it now. How mysterious he had been, as they had wandered together along the bridle path in the park. Now she knew the significance of his words. She remembered how she had repeated them after him.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

Poor Christopher! She could not control her grief. To have been placed under arrest like a criminal; Christopher, the kindest of men, humble, compassionate and meek. He would do nothing about which the law need worry. Had he not pledged his life to the cause of humanity? Humanity needed him, needed the message he had for the common people. But the law had interfered before, when it confiscated the printed sheets intended for their meetings. The law had called their literature seditious. Perhaps they would call the things Christopher had said seditious, also. But everything he had said was the truth. She and Christopher had worked together preparing his speeches. She knew that in his files, he had ample proof that what he said was the truth. Had he hurt someone by telling the truth? Could they punish him for his truthfulness?

He had not meant to hurt anyone. To be spiteful was not Christopher's nature. He hated hypocrisy, hated everything that was low and mean and despicable. Yet he was not unkind. When he would speak of the things which were hurting humanity, his voice held pleading rather than condemnation. She remembered how the Reverend John had remonstrated with him about some of the statements he made. She saw now that her father had feared the very thing which had happened. Christopher, however, had refused to temper his talk to suit those whom he was accusing. What he said was the truth, and to him there were no degrees of truth. A statement either was the truth or it was a lie.

Peter Bronte had remonstrated with Christopher also. Andrea felt disappointed in Peter. She saw now, the significance of something that had happened earlier that day. A newspaper reporter had been interviewing him, and Peter had denied several things that she knew to be true. But Peter was loyal, for he loved Christopher, as they all did. She had forgotten for a moment that Christopher had the Society of Forgotten Men behind him, that they would fight for him and would see that no harm came to him.

The taxi swayed from side to side, throwing her bumpily from one side to the other. It was a long journey back to the centre of the city, if that was where they were bound. She remembered that Christopher and she had walked for an hour almost, had walked until she was weary. She did not mind weariness, however, as long as she was by his side, and he needed her. He did need her, she knew this. He had always needed her. He would have realized her weariness after a while, and been so contrite. Then they would have taken a bus back to the hotel. That was the hour of the day she lived for, when he would become his own self; the laughing, irrepressible Christopher she remembered him to be that first day they had met. Rich

man, she had called him in her fun, when she discovered who he really was. A carefree Christopher who would tease her, who would tumble her about in his rough play, who would spank or kiss as the mood possessed, blissfully unconscious of the fact that she was a grown-up young lady, and very much in love with him.

Andrea felt they had been unusually near to one another in their thought during their walk to-night. He had confided in her more than was his usual wont. She recalled the thrill of standing with him upon the tiny bridge. Could still feel the ecstasy of having him draw her closer to himself. For a moment she had thought he had been about to tell her that he loved her, when that other thought had come between them: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me." But had the thought come between them, or had it been his way of telling her how much she meant to him? She recalled the strange emphasis he had laid upon the last sentence. "For Thou art with me." She had hoped he meant that it was she who was with him. Dare she hope that this was so? Had he felt the foreboding portent of what had happened, and taken this method of telling her he needed her love.

"Christopher, Christopher, I love you so much!" she sobbed, while the raucous scream of the horn, and the intense concentration of her driver, seemed to be plotting together to give her courage. She was following Christopher to whatever awaited him; she would be with him, even through the valley of the shadow of death.

What did sedition mean? Supposing, through some distortion of the law, they were able to convict him of this crime? She knew so little of these things, so little of law, of matters where the police were concerned. The sight of the police officers had terrified her. She read so much in the newspapers of their brutality when they desired to get information from those they had arrested; brutal methods rarely ever breathed by those who suffered, perhaps because of some dire threat. Would they hurt her Christopher, who, himself would hurt no one? They dare not. She would be with him. She was with him now. She could see him occasionally, catching frequent glimpses of the back of his head, when the two cars neared each other.

They had reached their destination. The car ahead swung into an arched opening between grey, stone buildings. Andrea's taxi pulled to the curb, while the driver turned his head. "Looks like this is the end of the trip, miss," he said, while she placed a bill in his hand and excitedly rushed

towards the opening through which the police car had disappeared. Her flying feet brought her to Christopher's side as he stepped to the pavement.

"Oh, you poor dear," she sobbed, clinging to his arm.

Christopher gasped in astonishment, "Andrea! However did you get here?" But there was no opportunity to explain. The officer hurried Christopher towards the doorway of the building.

"You had better not get mixed up in this," the officer said to Andrea, roughly endeavouring to separate them, to pull her arm from inside of Christopher's. But she had a firm hold, and was determined that if they took Christopher inside, they must take her also.

The ornately carved stone doorway, and massive oak doors, belied the dreary interior of the police headquarters. The sergeant at the desk had relaxed from the smartness of the force, not being on street parade. His coat was unbuttoned and open at the neck, showing his grey flannel shirt. His black belt hung over the end of the desk, before which he was perched. Other policemen were idling on a bench nearby, sharing an evening newspaper between them. The place was dank, and sour, and dirty. This was the place to which they had brought her Christopher. He contrasted so vividly with these men of the law, who, in undress, lost their awesome glamour, and became the ordinary humans they were. Christopher, tall and straight as any man there, seemed out of place in the room. He had taken off his hat as he approached the desk, and the light from overhead threw a halo around the blondness of his hair.

"You should not have come to this place," Christopher whispered. "I will be all right, just a matter of explaining something, I suppose."

"I want to be sure. I must stay until I know you are all right," Andrea sobbed. "Oh, Christopher, why must they do this to you?"

The sergeant was officiously questioning him, writing his answers in a dog-eared book. The name Barlow Worth meant nothing here, evidently, for they were in a strange city. There was no explanation asked or given. The police had received instructions to arrest him. They were not at liberty to say who had laid the charge, but he would know all about it in the morning.

"But you are not going to keep him here until morning!" Andrea exclaimed, horrified and heartbroken.

But they were; the sergeant said so. She wanted to telephone to the Reverend John, to arrange for bail. They could trust Christopher. If they wanted him, he would come to them in the morning, he would not run away.

Christopher stood quietly unconscious of the argument, like a man dazed, automatically answering the questions asked. His look, when he glanced towards Andrea caused her to gasp in horror.

“I am going to stay with you,” she sobbed again and again. “If you stay they must let me stay too. You need me, Christopher. You need me so much. I know you do.”

“I will be all right,” he said, attempting to console her. “Go back to the Reverend and tell him what has happened. Tell them all to leave for home, until I know what is the outcome of my arrest.”

“They will not go home. They will not leave you, Christopher.”

“It will be best,” he said quietly.

“But the Reverend . . . Daddy will not go. I will not go. We will be here with you, Christopher.”

There was no use talking about bail, the sergeant told her. It was too late to arrange it, even if it were possible. Christopher Worth had been arrested for sedition, and he doubted very much whether bail could be arranged for such a crime.

“You beasts! He is not a criminal,” Andrea cried hysterically. “How dare you say that?”

“Sedition is a crime, against the government,” the sergeant stated monotonously. “Mighty serious offense, too.”

Christopher endeavoured to ease Andrea’s mind. “Just a bit officious,” he whispered. “Tell the Reverend about it, he will know what to do.” She knew he was smiling to lessen her fear. She knew the anguish that lay behind his questioning eyes. It was there now, that hurt look, just as it had been when she had walked by his side but an hour before, and street lamps had given her momentary glimpses of his white, drawn face. She saw the knotted veins upon his hands, the weary sag of his shoulders, that he tried so hard to keep stiffly, proudly erect, the hopeless unhappiness in his eyes. His eyes held no resentment; they seemed to tell of their sympathy for the men whose duty it was to place this indignity upon him. There was no protest, just a quiet submission, when the officers led him away to the cells.

But they did not part them, Christopher and Andrea. She followed, in spite of the polite protests of the police, who seemed puzzled as to what they should do with her. So they let her remain outside of his cell, to talk to him through the iron bars.

“They cannot keep you here,” she sobbed again and again. “I am going to the Reverend now. We will find a way, somehow, to save you from this outrage. They cannot keep you here.”

She held his hand, while they said good-night, lingering, unable to tear herself away. He seemed so much like a little boy, bewildered by some tremendous catastrophe. He needed her so much.

“Remember, in the park to-night, those words you said?” she whispered. Her lips trembled while she waited for his answer.

“Yes, I remember, Andrea.”

“See whether I can recite them.” Her attempt to smile through tear-blurred eyes, made his heart ache. Interrupted by her sobbing, the words left her lips brokenly:

“Though I walk . . . through the valley . . . of the shadow . . . of death . . . I will fear no evil.”

“Yes, I remember,” he whispered, “and you completed it for me.”

“Yes . . . for Thou art with me.”

“Good-night, Andrea, my dearest of friends,” he said, as she attempted to tear herself away.

“Good-night, Christopher. I love you . . . so much.”

Her cry was like a wounded thing as she left him and rushed, heartbroken, away from the cell. His hands grasped the iron bars as he tried to piece together the incoherent words she had sobbed as she left him.

A street light nearby threw a dismal flickering into the cell in which Christopher found himself; a greenish light which cast queer shadows as it struck the iron bars of the window, patterning the bare stone wall opposite him, as he sat upon the edge of the narrow cot. He remained silent a long time after Andrea had gone, thinking of her parting words. "I love you so much," she had said. The sobbing, broken avowal had been like a knife thrust into his heart. What a blind fool he had been! So immersed in this thing which obsessed him, he had not known she loved him. He loved Andrea, too; he knew this now. He had loved her since that first day he had been content to let her lavish her love upon him. He had been happy whenever she was near him, lonely and disconsolate when they were apart. Yet he had never, by word or deed, let her know he wanted her love. Never had he made a gesture of love to her.

Her sad eyes haunted him in the dimness of the cell. Her heartbroken cry, which had echoed in the corridor outside of his cell door long after she had gone, still rang in his ears. She had bravely followed the police car, how he did not know, but she had been there when they brought him into the coldness of this grey building. She had been by his side, ready to share his grief. She would have remained with him, if they had allowed her, but they had torn her away. How was it he had never understood, until now? She was always ready to share his grief. He thought of how she had, but a few hours before, tramped by his side, when, in agony of soul, he had been running away from humanity, running away from himself; her girl feet compelled to hurry to keep pace with him, because she wanted to bear his grief with him, to share his heartache and agony.

Now she had gone. Yet had she? The cell was filled with her loving compassion. He could feel it. They could never take this away from him. Now he knew the significance of that terrified clinging of her fingers within his own when she had repeated the words, "for Thou art with me". She was with him. No matter what happened, she would always be with him, and he would be with her. He loved her, and he knew she loved him.

He must remain in the loneliness of his cell until morning. But he knew Andrea's unhappiness would be as great as would his own. She would remain sleepless, suffering outside of the prison cruelty, for him. He knew well her capabilities for organization, and knew that at this moment she was doing more than evincing her grief. He knew that by this time the Society of



Forgotten Men had all been aroused from their beds, that telephone and telegraph wires were being kept busy, that everything that could be done, was being, for him; he had confidence enough in Andrea to be sure of this. What would the morning bring? Queer, how the premonition that some catastrophe hovered near him had been with him all through this day.

Of course it had to come this unceremonious happening. The men he was fighting were too powerful to allow him to tear down the vicious machine they had controlled since the beginning of time; they, and their kind, who preyed upon their fellow men. He was thankful he had been allowed the few months that had already passed since he had commenced his work, for this had given him time to lay the foundation of his ideals. They might take him away, but others would follow in his place. They could not destroy the thought he had given to humanity, unless they destroyed all of humanity.

The window of his cell was scarcely above the street level, and through the bars he could see the feet of passersby. Back and forth they went, keeping a continual panorama of shadow moving across the cell wall. He could not see bodies, nothing but feet, with their continuous tramp, tramp, tramp, which seemed to have no beginning and no end. Coming from nowhere. Going nowhere. To Christopher these feet represented humanity, striving hopelessly, knowing that nothing would be accomplished by that striving, yet continuing to strive. The movement of the feet held him fascinated as he leaned his head back against the damp wall and watched. Hurrying feet. Lagging feet. Queer, he could tell quite easily to whom they belonged. Why they were passing. Where they had come from. Where they were going. A drama of feet.

Lovers' feet, a girl's and a man's. They paused near the cell window. Smart, well-shod feet, polished with the male's attempt to appear attractive to the girl of his choice. Alluringly lovely ankles in sheer, silken stockings, encased within soft kid daintiness with daringly high heels. Not so high, however, but that they must leave the pavement when the feet stood upon tip-toe, telling the reason for the pause, at his window, the affectionate kiss, in the shadow of the cold, grey building. Love, yet so close to everything that would kill love, and happiness, an institution brutally built to destroy manhood.

Carefree feet. A symphony of daintiness. The merry scampering of eight attractive slippers, gay in their coloured satins of brilliant greens and reds, and yellows and blues. Feet that had been tripping gaily to the rhythm of the dance orchestra at the nearby hotel. Four vivacious girls. A hospital was

close by. Nurses perhaps. Their evening off. Independent of escort, laughingly exchanging experiences of their conquests this evening. Feet that would be weary on the morrow because of to-night's gayness.

Feet with unbridled temper, of a mother, and brave, though incapable, feet of a boy of no more than four short summers. Little toddling feet that must run to keep up with the hurried strides of his mother. Little feet jerked angrily off the pavement, because of their brave incapability. So expressive of all humanity. Christopher's heart ached for the four-year-old owner of those little feet, while filled with resentment at the intolerant impatience of those of the mother.

Intoxicated feet, passing before him, their possessor's muddled brain refusing to tell him how near he was to an unkind, cold, grey building in which were damp, evil smelling cells. Cells sour from the vomit of other men, who, like himself, had bought the thing which made them drunk, from the very government that threw them into a cell, to vomit because of the cruel punishment their intoxicated bodies received at the hands of the law. A government that would continue to sell the bottled vileness, to make profit for themselves, and easy jobs for their friends. The drunken feet paused near Christopher's cell window, in pitiful indecision, bravely starting again, to weaken, and stagger, and fall in the gutter, and then once again attempt their blind way. Finally their shuffling was lost in the noise of other approaching feet; heavy feet, which feared nothing. Christopher's heart beat a little faster, as a quiet prayer passed his lips that the drunken feet might now be far away, away from these heavy feet of the law.

Despondent feet, aimlessly loitering, pausing to rest their aching as they stood on the edges of the thin inadequate slippers. Their very loitering told their own story, of hunger and hate. Of painted lure. Feet which hoped, yet dreaded, to meet other feet. Christopher prayed that they would not meet those other feet, not near his cell window. But the drama was being played for him. The other feet approached; the feet of a shuffling monster. Grossly overfed feet, of some corpulent individual who, with the jingling of filthy coin in his pocket, would entice the tired, aimless feet to turn and walk with his feet, to a place haunted with debasing orgy and hatred and hopelessness.

Slinking, furtive feet, that crept fearfully past the square of his window, conscious of the cell beyond the iron bars. Feet that knew the horror of ceaselessly pacing its maddening limits, hurrying more than their usual wont to pass and leave behind, the shadows of the grey building, noiseless, almost. Feet which seemed to look back with their owner, afraid of pursuit.

Feet that would always be furtive and slinking, because of their training behind iron bars and grey stone walls.

Crippled feet, that dragged themselves, with no power of their own, between the support of crutches, that paused to rest, the slant of the supports telling of the broken body leaning against the outside of the cell. A body that had once been straight and clean, with feet that had trod the pavements firmly and proudly, that had encased themselves in rough military misfits in place of the polished calf they were used to, that had wearily crawled through muddy shell holes, to appease an insatiable greed for wealth and personal aggrandizement. Feet, no longer wanted, agonizingly carrying the broken body and a few shoe laces and lead pencils, to corners where occasional charity might pass.

Intolerant feet, expensively booted, swerving neither left nor right, cutting their path through humanity, caring not for childhood, youth or age. Highly polished expensiveness, that told of the arrogant bearing of their wearer. Hesitating at the curb, they waited for a costly, chauffeured limousine to draw abreast, for they were feet that disdained to walk, when they might ride. Feet that knew the comfort of many pairs of shoes, for many occasions, that knew the soft luxury of deep piled rugs and marble floors. Feet to whom the thrill of being under the tables of extravagant restaurants and in the box at the theatre, was no unusual experience. These feet did not linger near the grey stone building; they did not mingle with the passing throng, speeding quickly away to their own familiar haunts.

Bleeding feet, in shoes that scarcely held together. Feet that knew no other shoes, breaking through old leather, as they tramped the cruel pavements. Feet that knew the weakness of hunger, that led their owner to refuse cans in unobtrusive corners, to search among old newspapers and empty tins for any morsel that might be edible. Feet that left tiny splashes of blood in the place they might momentarily rest, before picking up once again, the trail which led nowhere, for their owner had nowhere to go. Feet to whom each day was a repetition; a morsel of refuse to eat, a sheltered corner to sleep, unless desperate enough to commit a trifling crime, that they might find rest for a short while in a cell in a grey, stone building.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. Through the night the movement continued, belated celebrations adding satire to the tragedy of these night wanderers. Watching the iron-barred square of flickering light, Christopher's eyes grew weary. His heart was heavy. His sagging head rested upon his chest as he half-slumbered. He did not sleep. He could not sleep. Those feet were still there; even though his closed lids shut out the sight, he could hear them yet.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. A sigh, a moan, a tinkling laugh, inebriated argument, a curse, a secretive whistle; intermingled with the tramp, tramp, tramp . . . of feet.

The greyness of dawn began to dim the street lights. Christopher roused himself, standing to his feet. Walking to the barred window he looked out, across to the pavement to the other side of the street. The tramping of feet had ceased, except for a belated traveller and an occasional milkman on his early morning rounds. He was about to turn away again, when a distant figure caught his attention. He was not certain, at first, that it was a human being, not until his eyes became accustomed to the half-light. A lonely figure sitting upon the stone steps, in the doorway of a large building. Asleep, he thought, at first, until the figure stood up and paced back and forth for a moment, to resume its crouching position. He continued to watch. The person seemed to be the one living thing in the morning greyness of the street. Some homeless being passing the night hours in the unfriendly entrance, too tired to walk, too weary to sleep, with not even the shelter his cell afforded. Daylight crept in slowly, until later he saw the figure was that of a girl; until, during one of the moments when she arose from her sitting position to walk, he knew from a familiar gesture that the girl was Andrea. He shouted, almost, in his concern as he watched her. He saw her shiver as she huddled in the corner of the door, against the stone pillar, endeavouring to avoid the early morning chill, saw her gaze search the windows of the grey stone building in which he was imprisoned. Remembering a whistle they used for signalling each other, an intimate call she had originated, and he had playfully accepted, he whistled to her. With his lips close to the bars, the window pried open the inch or so of its limits he sent out their call. She heard it at last. He saw her look up hurriedly, to walk towards him, her eyes searching the windows. It was his pocket handkerchief that caught her attention, and in a few moments she had crept across the lawn which separated the prison from the street.

“Andrea,” he whispered. “What are you doing here?”

“Christopher! I could not sleep. I had to come to be near you,” she sobbed.

“You have been here all night?”

“Yes. I did not mind. I was content to be near you.”

Christopher’s eyes filled with tears as he spoke to her. He could not understand a love like this. “You will be ill, from sitting in the cold night air.”

“I did not feel cold, Christopher. I did not feel anything; except an aching inside my heart for you. Are you all right?”

“Yes, I am all right. You must go home now and rest. I want you to come to me in the morning.”

“You . . . want me . . . to come back to you?” Her words were exultant. Christopher had said he wanted her. He did need her. He was concerned for her, just as she had been for him. She crouched upon the window sill, near the grass of the lawn. Her fingers crept through the iron bars, to touch his fingers through the small opening in the window. He caressed their soft whiteness for a moment, then lowered his face to touch them with his lips.

“I love you, Andrea.” The quiet avowal caused her to tremble.

“I will make them give you back to me in the morning,” she vowed, when at last the tramping of feet told of the beginning of another day, and she stole quietly away. Christopher watched her, as she occasionally turned in her walk, to wave again, her good-bye; until distance swallowed her up. Morning had arrived, and with it, the stirring of the jail and jailors. Christopher threw himself upon the narrow bed, weary and broken. He seemed so small and helpless, against the force which had thrown him so unceremoniously into this iron-barred dungeon. Humanity, for which he was fighting, seemed so helpless, too. The nightmare of tramping feet had told him this; poor, helpless feet, guiding helpless souls. What hope was there of achieving anything worth while? The odds were too great, too overwhelming. Should they attempt to better themselves they would be thrown into cells just as unceremoniously as he had been. It had to be, for to better themselves, humanity must destroy the monster which was overpowering them to the point of extinction. The monster was too powerful, and cunning, and unscrupulous. Perhaps he had been over ambitious. Far better to have been content to have done as the Reverend John and Andrea had been doing in their own small community, taking care of the distress in the neighbourhood where the Reverend John ministered. But that, too, had seemed futile; a bag of coke, and loaf of bread, and a bottle of milk. Yet they had been happy in the doing of this work, Andrea and the Reverend. But he could not be happy, when for each one he might help, thousands more would suffer. He endeavoured to throw off his mood, but a brisk walk seemed the only thing that would accomplish this, and the confines of his cell gave no opportunity. Three or four steps in one direction and a stone wall, three or four steps in another direction and iron bars.

They had accomplished a great deal, however, he and the Society of Forgotten Men. In almost every city they had visited, renewed vigor in relief work had been the result. That was the immediate result of their labour. In addition, they were gradually building the foundation for the greater achievement; the removing of the cause, so that ultimately no one would suffer, so that ultimately there would be no further need for relief work, no need for jails, or any of the ugly things that civilization had brought to humanity.

The night hours had made his arrest appear to be a hideous thing. One's imagination always seemed more active at night, he told himself. Now it was morning, and soon arrangements would be made for his release. He would explain that he had meant no harm in anything he had said, that he was not seditious, not intentionally, at least. Andrea would be with him, and they would laugh at the experience which had seemed so much like tragedy. Andrea was a marvellous girl. She had kept her promise. His night had been full of shadows, and she had been with him.

The clanking of keys, accompanied by a rough voice, disturbed Christopher's musing, as a cup of coffee and some food were handed to him.

"Better hurry and get this into you. We are leaving the city in half an hour," he was told by an officer who would say nothing further.

"May I telephone my friends?" he asked, and then pleaded.

"No, we have no time for that." Convicted of no wrong, yet he was a prisoner. His liberty had been taken away from him. The enemy of humanity was using its control of the law to subdue his spirit. His breakfast was hurried. It seemed that their work was to be done by stealth, such impatience being displayed by the officers in their eagerness to take him from his cell, to the waiting car, to start upon some unknown journey. Preparations in which he was allowed no part, and for which no time was allowed to adjust his personal obligations. They were hurrying him away, in a manner that seemed to make them, rather than himself, the aggressors.

Torrential rains swept over the landscape, lashing the speeding train that was carrying him with his guard, Officer Richard Wells, back to the city in which Christopher lived. Rain flushed the windows, hiding the countryside they were passing. Sooty clouds completely smothered the sun. It was dark and dismal in the coach, with but one flickering light at each end. The other passengers appeared to be silhouettes, scarce discernible in the dimness.

Officer Wells, sitting beside Christopher, endeavoured to be friendly. He had been more than apologetic when they started out together. He had told Christopher he had heard him speak, the evening before, had said he was in sympathy with Christopher's ideas, but being on the force meant a man had to forget his own ideas and beliefs. It was not his privilege to think for himself, but to obey orders. Christopher had been grateful for his friendliness during the early part of the journey, but as the hours passed he wanted to be alone with his thoughts. The rumbling talk of his companion kept him on edge, between his endeavour to escape from conversation that did not interest him in the least and a desire to show his appreciation of the officer's attempt to put him at ease; to treat him as a travelling companion and not as a prisoner, under arrest. Christopher had been grateful to him, when, having been refused permission to get in touch with his friends while he was at the police headquarters, Officer Wells had suggested that he telephone from the station before their train left and as though to show that he trusted him, had gone outside while Christopher was in the telephone booth, giving him ample time to escape, if he were so inclined.

Christopher had spoken over the telephone to the Reverend John, and to Andrea, had caught them as they had been about to leave to see him. When he had told them where he was, and why, they had declared they would catch the train, to travel back with him, but it had pulled into the station while he was telephoning, leaving before they had time to do so. He was glad he had spoken to Andrea, however. He had been concerned about her, since she left him at dawn; concerned about her, more than he was concerned about himself. It was Andrea who was occupying his thoughts, when his companion wished him to talk. Often while endeavouring to give his attention to his companion, his answers were but monosyllables, while he would see Andrea's face forming on the rain-washed window, smiling at him; the courageous smile he had learned to know so well, smiling through tear-blurred eyes, her lips trembling. He wished he had not been so thoughtless towards her during all of the months since that day they had first met. He had not realized it was love that had influenced him to turn to her whenever he was unhappy, and troubled, and discouraged. He had taken the love she had lavished upon him, as something that was his by right. It had been a one-sided affair; Andrea giving so freely, while he accepted with no thought of reciprocating.

Slouched in his seat by the window, he lived again the many incidents which now, with his new understanding of what Andrea meant to him, became more precious. His mind travelled back to the early days of their acquaintance. He remembered night hours when his aching brain would be

lashed by knowledge of the suffering of the common people, until he could bear no more, and he would walk under the trees in the park until he was weary, that it was to her, Andrea, he would at last turn. She would always be waiting, seeming to know he would find his way up the stairs to the tiny parsonage study. The comfortable old chair would be ready for him. Fingers that possessed marvellous healing, would soothe the fever of his brain. In some mysterious manner, piping hot coffee and toast would appear before him, and in front of the flickering grate fire, with Andrea sitting upon the low footstool at his feet, he would find a quiet peace. Then a softness against his knee would tell him that she had fallen asleep, and he would contritely fondle her hair with his fingers, and hurry away to his own little room in Peter Bronte's house. Fool, that he had not known and appreciated the unselfish fullness of Andrea's love.

Andrea must have been in Officer Wells' mind at this same time, for he interrupted Christopher's musing with a surprising question as he said, "Did you get the young lady on the telephone?"

"Yes! I appreciate your kindness," Christopher told him, lapsing once again, back into his own thoughts, to be disturbed as he anticipated another question from the quiet chuckle beside him.

"Lord, but she is a fighter. She certainly gave the police at headquarters a talking to last night. They had the time of their lives getting her to go home."

"Then she came back again, after she left me?"

"No. She would not leave, wanted them to put her in a cell, too."

"Poor child. I wish she had not been with me when I was arrested," Christopher said. His memory flashed back to the night before, to the moment of the appearance of the police. Now he knew the love that had been in the desperation of her handclasp, as her intertwined fingers had held his so tightly. Officer Wells' thoughts had also gone back to the events of the last evening.

"I would think I was extremely lucky, if I had a girl who would fight for me, like that little girl fought for you."

"I know I am to be envied," Christopher agreed. He turned to his companion, in surprise, at the next thing the officer said:

"I watched over her all night."



“You . . . watched over her . . . all night?” Astonishment filled Christopher’s question.

“Yes. I saw her across the street watching your cell window. I spoke to the officer on the beat, so that he would not disturb her, and then sat at my window, keeping guard, as it were. I knew it was no use going across to speak to her, so I just stood by, to help if she needed me. It made my heart ache, you know, watching her out there in the darkness. She seemed so small, against the bigness of that stone doorway. I never knew there were women like that. It got me, I tell you, and I thought I was hard, and tough; you have to be, in this game. But there she sat, chilly and cramped, sobbing her heart out, staying with you. I saw her go over to your window, and sit upon the grass outside, talking to you. Lord, it was pitiful. But I guess you know all about it. You must have been watching her, too.”

Christopher saw his companion surreptitiously wipe away a tear with the back of his hand, and smiled sympathetically, when he heard a delightful oath uttered under his breath as Officer Wells endeavoured to hide his being sentimental.

“She is the Reverend John’s daughter,” Christopher confided. “She is a wonderful girl. There are few like her.” His words faded while being uttered, as he once again drew himself within his own thoughts, leaving Officer Wells alone with his. It was not long, however, before he was interrupted again. But he did not resent it any more, for Andrea had entered the conversation now, since his companion had spoken of her. It seemed she was there with him, smiling through her tear-dimmed eyes.

“Seems like a ridiculous charge they have against you. Probably one of the big fellows resents what you have been saying,” the officer confided. His voice spoke plainly enough of his contempt for those he called the big fellows. Christopher smiled understandingly as he replied, “I am naturally curious to find out what it is all about.”

“Oh, they will make a good case against you, if they want to.”

“Yes, Wells, I am afraid so.”

“It seems to be the same everywhere. You know, every time a fellow tries to help the under dog, he is sure to get into trouble.”

“Does it mean that the common people will never come into their own?” Christopher said bitterly. Only the day before he had been facing a day filled with hope. The future had seemed to promise a fulfillment of his desire that the common people would take their place in the scheme of things, and

come into possession of what was their own by right. But this morning it was different. He was in the grasp of the monster that controlled humanity. It would throttle him, and all others who dared to take their stand on the side of the common people. It was too powerful; this was evidenced when it had authority to use men like Richard Wells to aid in its work of destruction. A monster created by the brain of lust-crazed men, a condition of intolerance; just as intolerant as had been the unceremonious arrest of himself. There was no thought of personal right. Once the claws of the monster touched a man, he no longer had a right of his own. His personal affairs were of no importance. Little did those controlling the monster care about the hurt to friends and loved ones of its prey. Christopher wondered what his associates were doing this morning. They might continue with the work without him. But they would not dare, until they knew why he had been arrested, and knew also the outcome. They would follow him by a later train. Once back home, with the influence of his father and of his own powerful friends, he would be able to arrange bail for himself. A free man again, he would be able to collect his forces to fight those whom Officer Wells called the big fellows.

Andrea would be following him on the next train. Perhaps he would be free in time to meet her. It was a pleasant experience, to look forward to meeting Andrea. Queer, that it should have needed a circumstance such as this, to awaken him to the realization that he was very much in love with her. His love for Andrea was the uppermost thought in his mind; it kept him from thinking of his own problem, which faded into insignificance in comparison. They would work together, side by side, in the intimacy of their new understanding. Andrea felt as he felt, thought as he thought. Their hopes and ambitions were identical. This alone assured their happiness. Yet greater than this, was their love for each other.

“We must be almost there,” Officer Wells exclaimed, peering through the rain-splashed window as the train commenced to slow down. “Yes, this is our stop. I am telling you, Mr. Worth, that I will be glad to be able to step out of the picture. Duty or no duty, I would throw up my job to-morrow if I could get anything else to do.”

Christopher endeavoured to put him at ease. “I am thankful it was you whom they happened to detail for the job. You have been more than considerate.”

“Forget it. Any of the fellows would have done the same.”

“I hardly believe it, Wells. More than that, I wish there was some way I could repay you for looking after Andrea . . . Miss Morley, last night.”

Officer Richard Wells grasped Christopher’s hand. “I have a daughter, just about the same age. You would have looked after her, had the situation been reversed.” Christopher’s heart went out to him. Richard Wells had remained awake all night, ready to help the girl whom he, Christopher, loved. While he himself had not known she was outside in the cold.

They were back again in the city in which he lived. He wished his father were at home, instead of being thousands of miles away. They had not yet returned from the Mediterranean cruise. A letter had told him they were delaying their return because Ernestine wanted to be in Europe for the summer. Following Richard Wells’ advice, Christopher called Oliver Burke, his father’s lawyer, before they left the railway station for police headquarters; it meant he would have a friend on the outside to help him fight those who would harm him. He also ascertained the time the next train would arrive, with Andrea and his friends.

The afternoon brought to him the full realization of the devilish cunning that had been used in weaving the net in which he was entangled. The charge was sedition; conspiring against the government. He received a hearing before the magistrate soon after lunch. His case was set for trial some weeks later. Bail was refused. Oliver Burke had given him some hope, over the telephone, promising to see Judge Rich, an old friend of Christopher’s father, that evening. He had said he was sure bail would be allowed, and that Christopher would be free that night; free until the trial. But the day had been full of false hopes. The hours passed interminably in the loneliness of his cell. Dusk began to creep in. He still had no word. Each footstep in the corridor brought him hurriedly to his feet, to cross excitedly to the iron-barred door, to meet disappointment. He questioned the guard when his meagre supper arrived. The man knew nothing, could not discuss the matter.

His cell no longer looked out upon the street, but upon a courtyard, bleak and grey, empty but for some sparrows, their feathers wet and ruffled in the rain. He watched the birds, and wondered why, of all places, they would choose a prison courtyard. He wondered what they could hope to find there. Yet they seemed to be in search of something, hopping expectantly a short distance away, near another cell window, their shrill chatter telling of an argument. Then he saw the reason for their coming. In the slowly fading light of the late afternoon, he watched fingers emerge from that other cell window, to throw morsels of bread upon the stones. Some unfortunate soul

was sharing his prison fare with the little birds. The irony of the sight brought a tear to Christopher's eye. The inmate of that nearby cell was sharing his insufficient meal, that the small birds might not go to bed supperless. It was an act of sacrament. The unholiness of prison fare became holy.

Suddenly Christopher's attention was arrested, as he saw a tawny object stealthily creeping along the side of the courtyard, keeping in the shadows of the prison wall. His hand gripped the iron bars of the window as he saw sinister eyes watching the birds, whose attention was taken with the task of getting a share of the crumbs. Then a tense moment as the cat prepared to spring. "It seems this is life," Christopher muttered to himself, as the cat, now with a feathered morsel in its mouth, scurried past his cell window, and the other birds, without hesitation, flew back to the scene of the murder, to resume their meal. Just as with humans, the gaining of food was first objective with these feathered mites, even at the risk of their lives. It was a matter which had bothered him during his boyhood. Why life should be so cruel? He could scarcely believe it possible that a God could plan a universe where lives must be sacrificed for other lives. Could it be possible that man was in the same category as animals, and that it was right for some to live through the killing of others? The survival of the fittest, even if somewhat exaggerated.

Night crept in, filling his cell with shadows, filling his heart with loneliness. Andrea must have arrived in the city, but she did not come to him. Neither did his other friends come. Even his father's lawyer, Oliver Burke, had not been to see him. Or was it that they had, but had been refused permission to talk with him? The guard had brought the evening meal, but he would not talk. There was nothing to do but wait, and hope, and wonder. If it had been permissible to read, or write, the hours would have sped past, the unfriendly cell would have disappeared, and he would have been content. He listened for the chimes from a nearby clock. The hours seemed to remain suspended; interminable hours, which nothing would hasten, hours that would break a man's spirit, that would prolong the agony of retarded life. For a man's life must stop when he enters the gates of a prison, his ambitions and strivings must stop; stop until he is again free to think and act as his inclinations demand. Nothing seemed important any more, nothing but the passing of hours, from which had been taken those things that make for happiness and contentment.

So he tried to sleep upon the hard and vermin-infested cot. Tried to escape from the ghastly inhuman, prison noises. Tried to quiet a brain upon

which closed eyelids had no effect; a brain that remained wide awake in a wonderment which seemed to be driving him mad.

The Reverend John Morley looked straight ahead, his blanched face tense with the strain of hiding his emotion. His arm was around Andrea's shoulders, drawing her close to himself, while she sobbed against his coat. Her pitiful cry cut deep into his heart. Why had this unhappy experience been given to these two young people; his daughter, whom he cherished with all the intensity of his love, and Christopher, who had grown as dear to him as a son? He had known Andrea loved Christopher, perhaps even before Andrea herself had known. He knew also that Christopher loved Andrea, even though Christopher did not understand the depth of his feeling toward her. Both were so young, with so much of their lives yet to be lived.

Striving to comfort Andrea, he told her that it was nothing serious. Christopher had not been arrested in reality. It was simply a matter of detention, because of a technical misunderstanding, because of a wrong interpretation being placed on some of the statements Christopher had uttered in his speeches. These things would straighten themselves out automatically and Christopher would be allowed to go. He would be free; cautioned, perhaps, against saying similar things, but free to continue the work they had undertaken. It was difficult to make Andrea understand.

"No! No! No! I am sure you are wrong," she sobbed, her voice scarcely audible, muted by the rumbling of the train, as it ploughed its way through the drenching rain. The storm had not abated during the hours that had elapsed since Christopher had made the same journey.

"I know you are wrong, daddy. They have arrested Christopher. They have taken him to prison. They do not intend to free him." Her words were incoherent, almost, as she told the story of the night before. "We were so happy, daddy, after the meeting. We went for a walk, and then to a teashop for coffee and sandwiches. Then they arrested him, and left me standing on the pavement alone." Little by little the Reverend John was able to piece together the happenings of the night before, ending with her good-bye, when she had left Christopher, early that morning. He had called Lionel Morrison, Lee Hansen and Joel Summers and they had been about to leave for police headquarters when the telephone rang, and Christopher's voice told them that he was at the station, leaving for their own city. The news had been difficult to believe, to comprehend. They had all thought Christopher had done splendidly the night of his arrest. He had been at his best in the meeting. The group had met afterwards in the highest of spirits because of

the success of that meeting, and had remained discussing the plans of the next day. While in another part of the city, Andrea and Christopher had been together, each happy in the companionship of the other, until this cruel happening had separated them.

“Sedition,” the Reverend John muttered under his breath, “a most preposterous accusation!” Christopher had said nothing which could be construed as sedition, even by the wildest stretching of one’s imagination. Of course he had been blunt in his accusations towards men who were not honest, or capable. How else could he achieve the ideal he had? Everything he had said was true. He had proof of this. Perhaps there was something in what Lionel Morrison had said, that the men Christopher accused would retaliate in some way, that it was imperative that they did, otherwise Christopher’s accusations would spell their doom. However, even should the law be successful in its attempt to prove Christopher’s statements seditious, he had said nothing serious enough to justify his being imprisoned in common jails.

The Reverend John told himself these things, as well as Andrea, stroking her hair, clumsily striving to calm her distracted mind, to quell the storm of heartbroken sobbing. Yet there was fear in his own heart, and he set his jaw firmly, vowing he would fight like a demon for Christopher; they might kill him before they harmed a hair of the head of the boy his daughter loved.

“They put him in a horrid cell, a terrible place, daddy. He has done nothing wrong. You know he could do nothing that was against the law. It will kill him. Christopher, why should you suffer, when you are so good and so kind?” The Reverend John looked fearfully towards her, afraid she might become hysterical. Though that was not like Andrea. She had more than her share of fighting spirit, and knowing this, he had some conception of how terrible her grief was. But the fighting spirit was winning. Andrea impulsively drew her handkerchief from where it had dropped between them, and hastily wiped her eyes with its dampness, while she gave vent to her pent-up hate of the men who were hurting Christopher.

“If they do anything to him I will never believe in God again,” she said viciously, interrupting his frightened protest. “No, I mean it. I mean it. If God is on the side of these men who are hurting him, who dare not let him tell the truth, then I am through with God.”

The Reverend John knew too well the temperament of his daughter. He knew it was no use taking sides against her, even with the Deity, so he smiled and hugged her more closely to his shoulder. “I agree with you, and I

promise you that God will have the two of us to reckon with,” he assured her.

“You mean you will tell God what you think of him?”

“I most certainly will.”

“I love you for that, Reverend,” she said, smiling whimsically through her tears. “I am ashamed of myself, acting like a baby. It must sound silly to you, for me to love a man as tremendously as I love Christopher.”

“I think I understand,” the Reverend John told her, quietly. Andrea, glancing towards him, saw a tear stealing from between his lids, and finding its way among the furrows of his cheek. She knew he was thinking of another love; of her mother’s, and his own, during the few years that they had been with each other, when she had entered their lives, first as a whispered promise and later, a baby daughter which brought them to the understanding of the very quintessence of love. Andrea grasped his hand now, in sympathy for the memory she had quickened, forgetful for the moment of her own unhappiness.

The conductor, passing through the coach occasionally, had been watching them, as he had watched the others of their group. Their depressed spirits seemed to permeate the place. These small groups of men, who whispered together, seemed to share among themselves some great sorrow. Sitting in the vacant seat at the further end of the coach, he talked to the trainman about them. “One would think they were going to a funeral,” he muttered, little realizing how near the truth his words were. They were going to the burying of their hopes and desires.

Lionel Morrison shared a double seat with Lee Hansen, Peter Bronte and Joel Somerset. They had been to police headquarters before their train left, endeavouring to discover why Christopher had been arrested, and more particularly, why he had been hurried away early that morning, before his friends had an opportunity to do anything to help him. Their visit had been useless, for information had not been forthcoming, the only result being to stir up their indignation and to make them determined to get quick action once they reached the city to which their leader had been taken.

“I have gone through Christopher’s papers a dozen times and I cannot find a word which could be called seditious,” Lionel Morrison said, straightening the papers upon his knees.

“I wish I knew who was at the bottom of this outrage,” Peter Bronte exclaimed. He had been watching Andrea and the Reverend John in the seat



ahead. This thing had hurt them, he knew, for he had guessed how much Andrea cared for Christopher. He himself was more than fond of Christopher. Something deeper than friendship had ripened from that chance meeting in the park, when Christopher had first come to his home, and had become one of his family.

“What I cannot understand,” Joel Somerset said, “is why they arrested Christopher and did not bother with any of the rest of us. We have been saying the same things. Have been associated with him in his work. We belong to the Society of Forgotten Men, which he created. Why should they single him out and let the rest of us do as we please?”

Lee Hansen stirred himself. He had been slumped in his seat next to the window, his eyes closed. He, too, had been going back, in his memory, over the many weeks they had been working together. He had been considering their past experiences, endeavouring to find something that had happened to cause the arrest of Christopher. “It means that we cannot express our thought, either printed or oral, unless we stay within certain limitations. Perhaps this happening is opportune for it will draw attention to our work. It should in fact gain, for us, the privilege of saying the things we want to say. Unless we are allowed to do this, we might as well admit we are beaten.” This was a long speech for Lee Hansen, much longer than any they had ever heard before, and it caused his companions to glance toward him in surprise.

“Lee is right,” Lionel Morrison exclaimed. “This may settle for all time whether we may say what we want to say, providing it is the truth, no matter how it hurts, or whom it affects. I move we consider this aspect seriously and while we are fighting for Christopher, fight for the principle he stands for also.”

While this discussion was in progress, a second group were also engaged in earnest conversation. Harvey Wellwood, Frederick Morton, and Adrian Morris, three staunch friends of Christopher, who rarely took part in any discussion, who accepted his ideas wholeheartedly, with no thought of doing differently, were seated on the opposite side of the aisle. Their implicit faith and conscientious work had long since won Christopher’s deepest respect and friendship. There were times when their companions took delight in teasing them, a delight which was not without envy. The friendship of the trio was interesting to watch; where one went the others went, what one said the others repeated.

“I wonder what we will do now?” Harvey Wellwood murmured.

“I wonder what we will do now?” Frederick Morton repeated, a moment later, while they sat facing each other, each with the same puzzled expression. After a long silence, broken only by the storm they were rushing through, and the hubbub of conversation that vibrated throughout the coach, Adrian Morris added his spoken agreement, nodding in sympathy:

“Yes, I wonder what we will do now?”

The friendship of the three men seemed to be based upon the fact that there was little need for conversation among them. Each was content to be in the company of his companions. Each knew the others’ minds were thinking of whatever subject was near to them at the moment, and that should one of them have a thought that might be shared by them all, he would voice that thought. Their pensive quiet did not lessen the pleasure of being together, but rather added to it, by its sympathetic understanding. They were all wondering what they would do, what would happen to the Society of Forgotten Men, now that their leader had been arrested. Each had expressed this thought, and each had crept back into his own attempt to puzzle the matter out. Harvey Wellwood spoke again, some time later. His voice held a note of bewildered hopelessness.

“Not much we can do,” he said, breaking the silence.

“Not much we can do,” Frederick Morton agreed.

While Adrian Morris added his agreement, “Not much we can do.”

Sometimes one, sometimes another of the three took the lead in these abrupt conversations and always was allowed to voice his opinions before the others would speak. Harvey Wellwood seemed to have come to the only conclusion he could think of.

“They will have us to reckon with. We are not going to run away.”

A pleased smile lit up Frederick Morton’s face. Harvey Wellwood had solved the problem. “They will have us to reckon with. We are not going to run away,” he echoed.

And Adrian Morris set his jaw more firmly, and added intensity to their decision, “They will have us to reckon with. We are not going to run away.” His words gave finality to their decision. Once again they lapsed into silent meditation, each busy with the problem of aiding Christopher, each ready to give his life if that were necessary for this man they had come to love so dearly.

Quite different was the demeanor of three others of the group, the three Christopher smilingly called his fighting bodyguard. Quick-tempered, hasty, and extremely talkative, Timothy Shane, Michael Cassidy, and Bart Greene, were excitedly arguing the matter of Christopher's arrest. They had appropriated the smoking compartment, and had, with their pipes, created a smoke screen that all but hid them in the dim light of late afternoon.

"Someone will get hell for this, when the old man gets back home," Timothy Shane exclaimed, leaning forward to take aim at the spittoon. "Barlow Worth never stood for any nonsense. I would hate to be the man who started things, once he takes hold."

"He certainly is one hell-diver, the old man, once he lets loose. He thinks quite a lot of Christopher, too. You are right, Timothy, somebody will have to pay," Bart Greene agreed. "But there is no time to wait for Barlow Worth. It will be a month before he gets here. We must take a hand in the matter ourselves."

Timothy Shane smiled. "Steady on, Bart, you old fire-eater. We may do more harm than good."

"Bart is right, Timothy," Michael Cassidy said. "We must put up a fight for Christopher." Michael Cassidy was ripe for an argument, and if the truth were known, Timothy would have enjoyed a fight as much as either of his companions. Physically these three men were opponents worthy of any affray and at the moment, resentful of the injustice that was being done to their friend, it would not have gone well for anyone concerned to have been in their vicinity. Wild plans were laid, as to what they would do, and what they would say, when they reached their destination. Lurid expletives were formed, in quick succession, to be used as ammunition upon the representatives of the law. And behind their words was berserk fury and courage which might easily be fanned into frenzied rage. They were all big men, tall and powerful, and their bigness seemed to fill the compartment with a foreboding of ill for anyone who might hurt their leader.

One other member remained of the twelve; Jude Braithwaite. He had kept to himself during the journey, having found a place some distance from his companions, and apparently morose, had slumped into a seat by the window, putting his bag upon the seat beside him, as though determined not to be disturbed. Tall, yet slight of build, he gave one the appearance of a gaunt animal, large bones seeming scarcely covered with flesh. His clothes hung loosely, giving one the impression of skeleton joints. His face was haggard, and grey, the shadows of the half-light accentuating the hollows.

Slumped in his seat, his chin half-buried in the collar of his coat, he kept his gaze turned towards the window, to glance around furtively whenever anyone passed. A newspaper lay upon his knees, its shouting headlines telling of the happenings of that day. He had searched its columns many times for some news of Christopher's arrest of the day before, to give a sigh of relief when he found nothing; though headlines of other calamities seemed to change and become reports about Christopher, in his distorted imagination. Unable to bear the sight of the printed pages, he crumpled the newspaper and hid it under the seat. Later, when the train newsboy came through the coach shouting the arrival of the evening papers, late edition extras, he eagerly bought one, once more to scan the columns fearfully and after moments of agonizing suspense, destroy the paper as he had the other.

The newspapers did not know, yet, of Christopher's arrest. He was glad of this, for he was fearful that in spite of the promises of the police, his name might be brought into prominence. His companions did not know of the part he had played in Christopher's arrest. He had been relieved when he was sure of this. Once they reached the end of their journey he did not care. He would not meet them again, except at the trial, and by that time they would know he had turned against them. The law had not played fair with him. They had said he would not have to appear at the trial, that no one would know it was he who had given them the information, who had supplied them with the incriminating notes, those few sheets of paper in Christopher's handwriting which would condemn him, which would make it possible for them to convict him of sedition. It had been a temptation, the money he had been given by the man who was compelling the law to put a stop to the work of the Society of Forgotten Men. They were a group of fools, these men that were travelling with him. Why he had become associated with them he could not understand. It would be a relief to become free of their influence, to start a new life with the money he had earned. Though he wished he could forget the manner in which the roll of crisp bills in his pocket had come into his possession.

The case of Christopher Worth versus the People caused scarcely a ripple of excitement; unlike the case that had preceded it, during which the marital sordidness of a young man and an extremely attractive young lady had entertained a motley crowd of sensation seekers, and had given the newspapers material with which to pollute their linotype machines, and printing presses, and reader's minds.

Andrea Morley, sitting with the Reverend John, caught Christopher's glance, smiling encouragement as he was called to the witness stand. A feeling of pride filled her as she watched his erect figure proudly turn to face them. He seemed so out of place in the sordidness of the courtroom. He did not belong to this atmosphere, nor to the people around him. She smiled disdainfully when the clerk rambled through his meaningless rigmarole, and enacted the equally meaningless gesture with the germ-infested, black tablecloth-covered book of oaths. How little the court understood humanity! The fear of the Bible, and of the giving of an oath, might have been efficacious in medieval days, but to-day a man of Christopher's character would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, just as naturally as he would breathe, while other men, to whom lying was an everyday occurrence, would just as naturally lie, oath or no oath.

Andrea smiled disdainfully, for her mood was in harmony with Christopher's mood. He was disdainful of his persecutors. His captors might use their power to hurt his body, but they could not hurt his mind; no living man could harm him but himself. He returned Andrea's smile, gratefully, and often his gaze sought her out, when he became nervous. The knowing she was there, by his side, mentally fighting for him, gave him courage.

The attorney for the people was examining him. It might have been a private conversation between themselves, Andrea thought, so little attention was paid, seemingly, to the proceedings. Lawyers were walking about, talking to one another, others were chatting together, occasionally laughing, as though the matter were of little importance, a part of the day's routine, little appreciating that the life or death of the whole of humanity might be influenced by the outcome of this trial.

"Christopher Worth, you are charged with sedition. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Andrea leaned forward, intense. How dare the man ask Christopher that, she thought. He knew, as did everyone in the courtroom interested in the case, that Christopher had done nothing wrong. Christopher felt as she did. It seemed his words told this by their very scorn. There was no cringing, no indecision.

“Not guilty.”

“You deny you have endeavoured to stir up agitation among the working classes?”

“No, I do not deny that.”

“Then you admit you have stirred up agitation?” The attorney smiled sarcastically when he asked this question. The answer alone would convict the prisoner.

“Yes, I admit that I have,” Christopher said fearlessly.

“Yet you say you are not guilty of the charge laid against you?” There was more than a hint of pretended surprise in the attorney’s voice.

“I am not guilty of sedition, as I understand it.”

“As you understand it! You are not being tried for breaking a law according to your understanding of that law. You are being tried for breaking a law.”

Christopher smiled wearily, disdaining to reply to the attorney’s outburst, smiled wearily at the judge, when he criticized Christopher’s attitude.

“Sedition means agitation, tending to promote rebellion or treason to the state. You are charged with sedition embodying this interpretation,” the judge recited importantly, in his best judicial tone. “Do you still plead not guilty.”

“Yes.”

The attorney reached towards some papers on a table nearby, thrusting them into Christopher’s hands. Christopher was astonished when he saw what they were, wondering how they came into the possession of this man.

“You admit these notes belong to you?” the attorney for the people questioned.

“Yes.”

“The writing, is it your writing?” again his sarcasm played with his words.

“Yes.”

“Yet you say you are not guilty? These very pages are evidence of your guilt.” Here was the place the attorney was able to use his expressive eyebrows, evincing surprise for the benefit of the jury.

“They are the notes for a book I intend to write,” Christopher told him, quietly.

The attorney stared at the prisoner in mock amazement. “You admit these notes are your own, and that you intend to publish them?”

“Yes.”

The judge leaned forward curiously. “Supposing my learned friend tells us what those notes are, for the information of myself and the jury.”

“Every word they contain is seditious,” the attorney exclaimed. “I was about to question the prisoner regarding some of the statements he has made.” Thumbing over the papers to a part he had previously marked, he commenced his questioning.

“You say that the government of this country is corrupt.”

“Yes. You must agree with me, I am sure.” Christopher could not hold back a whimsical smile as he saw the attorney for the people, flinch.

“Answer my questions with yes or no. I am not asking for your opinions,” Christopher’s questioner barked savagely.

Christopher smiled patiently. Andrea thought she saw the face of the attorney flush. What chance would Christopher have, she wondered. She knew nothing of the ways of the courts. Did not know how impossible it was to defend oneself. It really was a matter of wits, and of questions that could put both a true and a false light upon any one incident, at the same time. Irritatingly precise, the attorney questioned again. He did not want the jury to imagine that he thought the government was corrupt. Christopher must answer, yes or no. So he repeated himself, “You say that the government of this country is corrupt?”

“I do not intend to answer that question. I cannot do so without your placing a wrong interpretation upon my answer.”

“But you say you wrote this.” Tapping the papers in his hand, he ignored Christopher’s reply.

“Yes.”

“And I read here that you say the government is corrupt.”

“Yes. But what I really meant is . . .”

It was not the place for explanations, Christopher discovered, as the man, worrying him much as a cat would a mouse, shouted, “I am not asking you what you meant. You have admitted you say the government is corrupt.”

“Yes.” Christopher was exasperated. He would say anything to quiet his tormentor.

“You say, also, that every man is entitled to everything he needs.”

“Yes, with certain modifications to the way you make the statement.”

“Yes or no?”

“Yes . . . and . . . no,” Christopher replied.

The attorney felt Christopher’s disdain. The spectators tittered. A voice which unmistakably belonged to Bart Greene said, in a distinctly audible whisper, “I would like to take a poke at that attorney.” And in exasperation, the attorney turned to the judge, pleading, “Your honour. Will you instruct the prisoner to answer my questions correctly?” While the judge, admiring Christopher’s bearing and patience, and somewhat exasperated at the attorney’s method of examination, exclaimed wearily, “I think the witness is conducting himself splendidly, considering the nature of your questions.”

So the attorney for the people continued with his examination, flattening the papers in his fingers, excited and nervous. Step by step he built up his case against Christopher. Andrea could feel the tenseness of the men in the seat behind her, those who had associated themselves with Christopher. Occasionally her eyes roved around the room in search of Jude Braithwaite, but he had not appeared. She wondered whether he was being held, somewhere behind the scenes, a witness for the people. She had not told the Reverend John about her fear concerning Jude Braithwaite. She wished she had, now, since seeing the papers the attorney held in his fingers. They were Christopher’s own notes. Jude must have stolen them from Christopher’s bag, for that was where he kept the black loose leaf book, in which he gathered the occasional thought that would come to him, in preparation of writing his book.

She was afraid something fearful might happen, when the forbearance of Christopher’s friends could no longer be held in. Already the sergeant at the desk had his eye upon them, and had demanded, more than once, that they be quiet and finally, in desperation, he had caught the eye of the judge, who



threatened to clear the courtroom. Their tongues had been silenced, yet a dangerous atmosphere lingered. The air grew electric when the questions became unfair, and mean and spiteful. It had been an unusually mean attack upon the part of the attorney for the people which had caused Bart Greene to tell the courtroom at large that he was itching to, as he said, take a poke at the attorney.

Andrea herself had difficulty in keeping her composure. The meanness of the accusations against Christopher would cause her to bite her lip, to keep herself from crying out. The lashing of the injustice which often made Christopher flinch, stirred her until she would attempt to stand upon her feet, to rush to his side. Then the Reverend John, bitterness eating his own heart, would tenderly draw her towards himself, back to her seat, and in the shelter of his arm would endeavour to quiet her. The little group were watching Christopher's face, willing him to be brave, ready and eager to take his place, if it were possible, or to share the misery the law was heaping upon his shoulders. Occasionally Christopher would remember that they were there in the courtroom, when his mind would momentarily escape the baiting of the attorney. Then he would look towards them understandingly. Once, during a second of respite, he surreptitiously waved his hand to them, a gesture which seemed to tell them not to worry, that he was all right.

With more than ordinary cunning, the attorney for the people built up his case against Christopher, until at last, satisfied that he had woven a net around him that was inescapable, he commenced his address to the jury. With a display of oratory and showmanship that was the envy of his colleagues, he began, a satisfied smirk behind every sentence. With devilish cunning, the inflection of his voice put a sinister meaning into even the simplest statements.

“This young man is a menace to modern society,” he commenced. “Son of a millionaire, he deliberately goes about attempting to destroy the very industrialism that made his own father wealthy.” Turning to Christopher's notes, he continued to read passages which, isolated from the text itself, took on a different meaning. “This man's attack upon capitalism is ridiculous,” he shouted. “His suggestion, if adopted, would mean the tearing down of everything we hold dear, the tradition for which our fathers and their fathers lived and died. His ideas are not new; they are socialistic, or communistic, and are not safe for this generation, or for our children. His mind is one of those which distorts actual facts, twisting them, until they in turn seem like a menace to humanity who, in their fear, will turn to whatever solution a man of his kind has to offer. Capitalism and industrialism are sound. They are the

backbone of modern civilization. Without them the modern world could no longer continue to operate.

“He ridicules a civilization which has come to us through the sacrifice of millions of lives. His picture of the world to-day is dark and dismal. He forgets all that civilization has given us. To-day we live in a land of abundance. Compared with the conditions of a century ago, even, the conditions to-day are luxurious. He forgets, in his rabid condemnation, that we have such modern devices as the telephone which enables us to span the entire globe with a voice, in the flash of a second. He forgets the marvels of radio, which brings into the home entertainment, and which keeps us in touch with the world. He forgets what electricity has done for humanity. He forgets the beautiful homes we live in, with their modern conveniences. He forgets our park-strewn cities. He forgets our hospitals, with their access to all those things modern science has given to mankind. He forgets our stately buildings, our modern factories. He forgets our wonderful facilities for transportation by land, and water, and air.

“You heard what he said about labour-saving devices, and labour-saving machinery. How else can you explain these things, but to say they have all contributed to the happiness of humanity, that they have taken the drudgery of work out of men and women’s lives? Machinery has made the production of the things we need a matter of science, and the cost of these things within the reach of all. It is a dangerous and most ridiculous statement to make; that labour-saving machinery is responsible for the depression we are passing through. The depression is just one of those occurrences which come to us regularly. We have had them before, and we shall have them again.

“He even dares suggest that our law-making is unfair, and that our politics are corrupt, the most precious things that have come to us from out of the past; our heritage. He accuses us, the law, who are responsible for your safety, of persecution, a most amusing accusation, for the law cannot persecute. It gives justice and demands justice. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth. That is as it should be. Without our laws, civilization could not continue.

“These are the things this man, the prisoner, desires to tear down, everything that is worthwhile in your lives. He is a dangerous man, so dangerous to civilization that he must not be allowed to remain at large.”

The attorney for the people paused, that what he had said might sink deeply into the minds of his listeners. He smiled to himself, a satisfied smirk, for he saw that he had impressed the men of the jury. He had given

them a picture that would appeal to their selfish side. They all wanted, even if they were not fortunate enough to possess them at the moment, all of the things he had made seem so desirable, which civilization had for them. Now he continued with his attack. Clearing his throat importantly, he again commenced to speak:

“This man is dangerous,” he repeated. “That is the true reason why he is here to-day, not because of his own ideas. We live in a free age, when any man may think as he chooses. But, you will agree with me, nothing but disaster can come from letting a man do as he may choose. This applies to me, and to you, and to the prisoner sitting before you. The law says this man must not incite other men to take matters into their own hands. It would mean revolution, the tearing down of laws and of governments that have been built for the protection of humanity. He is an opportunist. Seizing upon the temporary problem the world is facing to-day, he is making this serve his own selfish ends. He covets the power now in the safe hands of the governing bodies of the civilized world. What does he expect would happen, should these governing powers be destroyed and men unfit for the task placed in their stead? You know, and I know, the disaster which would result. The prisoner knows this, also. He has been warned, but he refuses to heed our warning, forcing us to control his actions, compelling us to place him where he can do no further harm.

“He is making a claim to be on the side of the common people. There are no common people. We are all equal. What a man possesses to-day is his, by his own right, no matter how little or how much. Every man has an equal chance of gaining. It is his own fault if he does not profit by his opportunity.”

The attorney for the people paused that he might add a dramatic touch to his closing words, suddenly piercing the quiet of the courtroom with his charge to the jury.

“I repeat! This man is dangerous to society. He must not remain at large. The case is in your hands. You must decide what the law shall do.”

Bowing to the men to whom he had been speaking, he turned to go to his seat. He was satisfied with the story he had told them, proud of his summing up of the case of the people against the prisoner, Christopher Worth, who sat nearby, his chin in his cupped palm, watching the men who were to decide whether or not he was the vicious individual the attorney for the people had described him to be. His bewildered, deep-set eyes searched their faces with questioning fear.

Andrea tightened her grasp upon the Reverend John's arm, holding her breath as she, too, studied the faces of the men who held in their hands the power to destroy the man she loved. Behind her, their friends, the Society of Forgotten Men, leaned forward in their seats, their outraged feelings showing in their faces, a tense hatred in their hearts towards the suave, smiling attorney for the people, who at the present moment was joking with his colleagues, satisfied that he had faithfully discharged his trust to humanity.

A hush fell over the courtroom as Oliver Burke, the lawyer for Christopher's defense, stood up and prepared to address the jury. Andrea Morley watched him cross to where Christopher was sitting, lean over his shoulder. She knew he had whispered something reassuring as she saw Christopher smile gratefully. She liked Oliver Burke. He made a striking contrast to the attorney for the people, his leonine head held proudly above his broad shoulders. It gave her courage to see the look of contempt he flashed towards the people's attorney as he passed him in his stride towards the jury. In his hands were the sheets that had been the principal exhibit during the trial. These he fingered while he prepared to speak.

"The attorney for the people has laid claim to the fact that this young man is a menace to modern society. I know you must all have treated this thought with the scorn it deserves, as would any honest-thinking person. His statement that Christopher Worth is the son of a rich man is quite true. This fact alone should convince you that no motive of personal gain underlies anything he has done. His father is a millionaire, which means he could have anything he might desire. He was born into luxury, and was raised amidst the things that wealth makes possible. So I ask you to pause for a moment, to consider why he would leave his home of luxury, why he would renounce a life of ease, to live among people who are suffering in poverty. Why he would engage in the work of helping these people. Then I would suggest that your answer would be, after considering the matter, that he was so ashamed of the manner in which his own people lived, ashamed that they had so much, while others had so little, that he wanted to devote his life to the helping of those who could do nothing themselves to remedy the unfairness of their lives. I claim that the attorney for the people has failed to find the slightest trace of any selfish motive behind anything Christopher Worth has said or done.

"He has read you paragraphs from these sheets of notes. But perhaps you have guessed that what you have listened to, were not the true facts. It is dangerous to isolate words and sentences from the text of any statement. I

myself have gone through these notes and have constructed the story, with Christopher Worth's aid, and before reading it to you, I make bold to suggest that it might be well for our worthy friend, the people's attorney, to carefully consider the thought as I read, for there is not a shadow of doubt concerning the truth embodied in it.

"To fairly judge the value of what is written here, we should consider things we actually know, of which we have actual record. So let us begin with humanity as it existed at the earliest day we have knowledge of in this country, which, of course, is parallel to the beginning of humanity in any country.

"We find a community of people. Call them savage; it does not matter. They were human beings; men, women and little children. They had all the capacities for living that we have to-day; love, sympathy, forbearance, kindness, generosity, loyalty, honesty, and of course, hate, callousness, intolerance, cruelty, greed, corruptness and deceit. Christopher Worth has endeavoured to prove that civilization has added nothing to the good attributes, but rather, has tended to develop the bad in mankind. I submit that this is an important thought, because the progress of humanity cannot be measured in physical things but rather by its mental growth.

"The story in these pages states the case clearly. It tells how that, in the seeking for physical things, humanity has degenerated mentally. Not from the standpoint of culture, you must not misunderstand the issue, but in the things which are making this earth a veritable hell for the greater part of its inhabitants.

"How did this first community live? We admit they had none of the things our worthy attorney for the people mentioned; telephone, electricity, motor cars, aeroplanes, radios, labour-saving machinery and the like. But when they awakened in the morning they were faced with the identical problems which face mankind to-day. Their task was to obtain food for themselves and their wives and children, to obtain clothing and shelter and safety.

"Collectively the men would go out to hunt, working joyfully together. Every man in the community had a right to join in this collective effort to provide food and clothing. If he were sick, others would share the burden, that the sick man and his family might be provided for as equally well as they themselves. It was a game, this daily task, which ended whenever the amount of food and clothing was obtained, no matter if but an hour out of the day were consumed, leaving hours of leisure. Old age was revered.

Like the sick, the aged were honourably provided for, by the younger generation.

“What a comparison civilization offers us, this same civilization the attorney for the people paints in such glowing colours. Man arises at daybreak, to swallow a hasty breakfast, rush to a factory or office, or wherever he is employed, to toil labouriously, the servant of an exacting machine, until the day is ended. Then tired, he seeks his bed, to prepare for the morning’s repetition of the preceding day. If he should be ill, he receives nothing, and his fellow men are not the least interested, for it is his own problem. Certainly they will not share the result of their labour with him. When he becomes old, he must shift for himself.

“Christopher Worth agrees absolutely with our people’s attorney that those conditions of past years, would not serve the age in which we live. But he does insist that the principles of living which applied then, apply to-day. That is, that every man be allowed to share in the work of obtaining food, and shelter and clothing for himself and those dependent upon him, that when any man is ill he share the fruit of his fellow man’s labour, that when he is old he be revered, because of the ripeness of his years, and comfortably and honourably provided for, not as an act of charity, but because of his right. Civilization has changed the conditions of living, and rightly so, but it has not, in any one particular, changed the principles of living.

“Christopher Worth gives us a vivid picture of what could be in the world to-day. He proves to us that we have ample food, and clothing, and shelter, for every human being. Agreeing with our friend, the prosecutor, he proves definitely that there are raw materials and labour more than sufficient to give every living soul all of those modern necessities and luxuries he mentioned. The one thing he disagrees with, is that the depression, which has reached such alarming proportions throughout the entire world as to become a world crisis, is necessary. He claims that it is a false argument to say that because we have had depressions before, we shall continue to have them throughout all time, that for a few people to live, in comfort, many must suffer. To-day men, and women, and little children, are hungry. They have but the barest necessities of life, scarcely any clothing, hovels to live in, if anywhere to live at all. This is not the fabrication of a man’s imagination, it is the cold, hard truth. It applies to our own city, and to every community in every country of the world.

“Christopher Worth is accused of wanting to tear down capitalism, and industrialism. I find no suggestion of an attempt to destroy these things. The

objective of the defense has been neither to tear down nor replace, but rather to point out the weakness of present methods and to suggest that remedies might be forthcoming, if men would take hold of the world problem, in an honest and intelligent manner. Industrialism is necessary to modern civilization. But the defense claims that industrialism has ceased to function properly when it creates a condition whereby men are denied the opportunity to earn even the bare necessities of life. Capitalism is so closely interwoven with industrialism that it is difficult to separate them. Christopher Worth gives us a clear picture of the methods of capitalists, by taking us back to the days when civilization first touched the lives of primitive peoples, bartering worthless beads and other equally useless things for merchandise that had a value so far in excess of what they paid for it, so that fabulous fortunes were gained. It has always been thus, the sharp wits of dishonest men preying upon the faith and trust of those with whom they deal. Capitalism and industrialism have, between them, caused the disaster they call depression. Depression is their excuse, a descriptive word used to relieve themselves of the responsibility of inefficient, muddle-headed business methods. They will not admit that they have been unable to develop a method of barter and exchange to keep pace satisfactorily with the development of civilization.

“We admit that Christopher Worth says that men at the head of our governments are corrupt. But the attorney for the people cleverly traduces the real meaning of the statement, to mislead you. He knows quite well that this corruptness exists. A government cannot be corrupt, for it is but the expression of men’s minds. It is the men who form the government who are corrupt. Here in these pages are newspaper clippings, over a period of a year or more, telling of this corruptness, actual facts, which the attorney for the people refrained from reading, thumbing them out of sight, as he sought for paragraphs which might condemn this young man sitting before you.

“It is a simple story. Do you not understand the significance of it? There is no revolutionary madness behind this young man’s actions; simply an appeal to the entire world to recognize the true state of affairs, to see the need and to act accordingly. He suggests that nations stop trying to live within themselves. That those responsible for the governing of a nation give up thought of depriving humanity of a right to live, because of political ambitions. I am bold to admit that I believe my young friend is right, and that humanity will eventually accept his thought. Perhaps not in our lifetime, but the time will come when what he has said will be accepted. Humanity will struggle through this depression, and other depressions that must follow, and in the doing will cause suffering to an even greater extent than exists

right now. I have a feeling that some financial power is behind the persecution of this young man, and I challenge my friend, the attorney for the people, to deny this. So long as wealth and political power are in the hands of heartless men, just so long will we have depressions and human suffering. We may poultice the hurt and gain temporary relief, we may administer an anaesthesia that will dull the pain of suffering, but a cancer has been eating its way deeply into the monster that has brought about the conditions that exist, and that cancer can never be cured. The monster must eventually die.

“The attorney for the people tells you that Christopher Worth is a dangerous man, and must be put away where he cannot harm society. That is a cowardly statement. He has heard me read the story I have just recited for you. It is not my own thought, though I admit I am in perfect harmony with every word. There is nothing in it that could, in the smallest particular, be construed as sedition. It is no more than a statement of facts, as this young man sees them. I think the people’s attorney would be well advised to study it carefully, and rather than squelch the thought, lend his aid in making it possible for all of humanity to read and hear it. I say the statement the prosecutor made is cowardly. I mean that he knows the truth of the matter, and fully realizes that its acceptance might jeopardize his own position in life, as well as those in authority over him.

“How ridiculous it is for him to lead you to believe that Christopher Worth is going about inciting men to insurrection. He draws your attention to the name of the organization the prisoner has created, and of which he is the head, the Society of Forgotten Men. You must get the irony of that name, men who are forgotten in the well laid plans of industrialists, capitalists, and politicians. That part of humanity which is looked upon as an unfortunate burden, to whom charity is doled out. Forgotten men, who no longer have a place in this wonderful civilization that the people’s attorney pictures for us. Men who are not allowed to work, who must stand by, watching their wives and children suffer with hunger, and sickness, and cold; unable to do anything to help themselves.

“You have been charged to say whether or not it is a crime for a man to speak the truth. That is the only thing of which the law can charge this young man. He is not a criminal, but a law-abiding citizen, a man who has a yearning in his heart to do something for humanity, for the forgotten men, even if it means his own life. I have been amazed at the intrepidity of the people’s attorney in his endeavour to convict Christopher Worth of a crime which has not been committed. I find no evidence in the supposed proof



exhibited here, of Christopher Worth's having attempted to incite men to revolution, as the law interprets such. He has seen the rottenness of society, and he has lived with suffering. I say he has every right, as a citizen, to tell of what he has seen, and to suggest what might seem to him a solution to the world problem.

"If you are faithful in the discharge of your trust, there is but one thing you can do. You will tell the court that Christopher Worth is not guilty. You will refute the unfair accusations that have been made against his character. This man is not dangerous to society, any more than you yourselves are. There is but one thing you dare to do. You must give him back his liberty."

Oliver Burke's plea to the jury was a dramatic performance. One could have heard a pin drop in the courtroom during his address. Lawyers stopped rustling papers, to whisper to one another, to listen in astonishment. Those who had heard Oliver Burke upon other occasions were amazed. They were so accustomed to his methodical ways of presenting his case and summing it up, that to-day's play of intermingled pathos and defiance left them all but speechless. He had paced excitedly up and down, in front of the jury, as he read page after page of Christopher's notes, waving them above his massive head when he would pause to emphasize a point. Now he returned to his seat, wearily leaning his elbows on the table, while they expressed their astonishment, telling one another that the case was as good as won for Christopher Worth.

Lionel Morrison leaned forward to whisper to the Reverend John, after they had watched the jury file out of the room. "Splendid work, Morley," he said. "I hardly think Christopher need worry over the outcome."

"I wish I could feel as confident as you seem to be," the Reverend John told him. "That attorney for the people is a regular devil. I have been watching him."

"Oh, that is only part of the day's work for him," Lionel Morrison suggested. "He had to make some kind of showing."

"I wish I knew who was behind the affair," Bart Greene said, while the Reverend Lionel Morrison urged him to be quiet. Lionel Morrison felt uncomfortable sitting with the quick-tempered members of their society. "Like sitting on top of a barrel of explosive," he told the Reverend John. He expected them to blow up any minute, and take everyone else with them.

Andrea sat watching Christopher. She could see that he was bewildered by the proceedings. She saw him shudder as the police officer led him out of

the courtroom. She waited breathlessly for him to glance around, trying hard to hold back the tears that were filling her eyes, so she might smile when he saw her. Her smile was a pitiful attempt, however, when he did look, the tears breaking through her barrier of courage as he disappeared from her sight, leaving her to crumple against the Reverend John.

One by one the spectators drifted out, following the lawyers who had hastened for lunch, leaving the little group alone, almost. The courtroom was silent; a sound-box for the clock which filled the quiet with its ticking. There was nothing more to say, nothing more to do, but sit and wait. Lionel Morrison went out to ascertain whether they might speak to Christopher, but this could not be allowed, he told them when he returned, disappointed. Still, he seemed filled with hope regarding the outcome of the trial.

“I was speaking to several lawyers outside, and they claim that the state has no case at all,” he assured the others, sitting back in his seat to wait, until the massive oak door behind the jury box would swing open and the men would return, to end their suspense.

Andrea was watching the door also, but there was no hope in her heart. She was filled with fear, dreading the return of those men who could, with a word, sound Christopher’s doom. She had watched the face of the people’s attorney during the hour Oliver Burke had addressed the jury, and had been terrified at the complacent look which had hovered there, seeming to mock her, effectively deadening any hope she had for Christopher. She wondered whether it were possible that the jury might be in league with him. The Reverend John had told her this was unlikely, yet the fear remained. Suddenly her eyes widened, fixed fascinatedly upon the door. It was slowly opening. The men of the jury were filing back into their places. Her heart stopped beating, almost, as she again clutched the Reverend John’s arm.

Christopher was brought into the courtroom. He looked at her as he entered. She saw that his face was white and drawn, but his head was proudly erect. This gave her courage. Her Christopher was not afraid. The attorney for the people was again in his place, smilingly anticipating the outcome of the verdict. Beside him sat Oliver Burke, quiet and anxious. With terrified eyes she watched the foreman of the jury prepare to announce the decision of the jury. Christopher’s fate hung in the balance.

“Guilty!” The word exploded in Andrea’s eardrums. She winced with the shock, but she did not faint, as she had been afraid she might. Instead, a cold, fierce hatred filled her being; hatred towards the judge, who seemed quite unconcerned that the jury could have given such a verdict, hatred

towards the men of the jury, for their ignorant belief in what the people's attorney had told them, hatred towards the too placid attorney himself, smiling at his own cleverness in winning another case, thus adding to his reputation, and hatred towards law itself, for having so deliberately planned this miscarriage of justice.

Christopher was standing before the judge, so straight and so proud. They could not make him cringe. He was not afraid of what they might do to him. It was a lie, Andrea reassured herself, that word spoken by the foreman of the jury. Christopher was not guilty. The judge was speaking. His voice seemed such a long way off for Andrea could scarcely hear it. He seemed so sad, she thought. Perhaps it had hurt him, also, that unfair verdict. Yes, her surmise was right, he did not believe Christopher was guilty. He told the jury this; he told the people's attorney this also, in no uncertain terms. The face of the judge seemed to say that he wished he might change the decision of the jury. But he had a duty to perform and must impose upon Christopher the brutal sentence of one year of imprisonment.

Andrea commenced to sob when she heard the sentence. What right had they to imprison an innocent man for one year, she cried, to herself. It would kill him, to be herded with criminals all that time. The people's attorney was satisfied. He smiled as his colleagues congratulated him upon his success. A police officer had taken hold of Christopher's arm, and was leading him away. Andrea's pent-up agony now found release, as, with a heartrending cry, she rushed across the courtroom to Christopher's side. The people's attorney put out his hand to detain her, but with blind fury she brushed the hand aside.

"I hate you! You devilish beast!" she screamed into his face, in her mad rush to reach Christopher before he passed through the door that led to twelve months of hell.

"Oh, Christopher, why have they done this to you?" she sobbed, clinging to him. "They are wicked. You do not deserve this terrible thing."

Christopher drew her into his arms. "We must not think too harshly about them, dear. They do not know what they are doing. They do not understand, that is all." He brushed her face with his cheek, while he begged her to have courage.

"One year will soon pass, Andrea. Then I will come back to you."

"A year. It will seem an eternity. You poor man!"

“I am not poor, if I have your love. The months will hurry past in my anticipation of your waiting for me.”

“I shall be waiting, Christopher, my dear.”

But the law must follow its course, and Christopher was hurried away, the swinging of a door leaving Andrea on one side, alone with her grief, leaving Christopher on the other side, to follow the officer to whatever the place the law had chosen, to strip from him his manhood and self-respect, if this were possible, and to commence their tortuous endeavour to make of him a criminal, as they had many other young men like him. They would herd him with ungodly men, with whom he would eat and sleep and toil, from whom he would learn of the ways of crime, to be given body and soul to guards whose code was beyond the law, and who would arouse whatever demon was in him.

The Reverend John waited in the background, until Andrea, sobbing and broken, came to him, guiding her gently through the courtroom, until they reached the street.

“We cannot let them send him to prison,” she sobbed. “Daddy, you know what to do. There must be some way to help him. It is cruel. It is wicked. Why did the jury say he was guilty? How could they think that, after hearing Oliver Burke? They are wicked. Poor Christopher. He seemed so bewildered, so pale and weary. You must do something.”

“I will do something,” the Reverend John promised, drawing her closer to his side. “What, I do not know, but I will do something. We will help him, together. You and I, Andrea. I love him, dear, just as you love him. I understand your love for I have loved like that.”

The Reverend John brushed a tear away. The ache in his daughter’s heart echoed in his own. He had watched the friendship ripening between Andrea and Christopher. He knew just how heartbreaking the parting had been. But this did not concern him as much as did the trouble that had fallen upon Christopher. What would one year of prison do to him?

Lionel Morrison approached them as they descended the courthouse steps to the street. Grouped behind him were the other members of the Society of Forgotten Men. A bewildered group, who seemed to stand in indecision as to what they would next do.

“I have suggested we go to the room over the printing shop. We must talk things over,” Lionel Morrison said. The Reverend John and Andrea followed him. “I have sent a cable to Barlow Worth,” he told them, as they

walked together. "I wish Christopher's father had been here. I believe he could have done something. Oliver Burke did his best, of course. He is coming to the upper room with us. I am hoping he has some suggestion to make. We cannot allow them to send Christopher to prison without a fight."

Oliver Burke told them it was hopeless, however, when they had reached the room above the printing shop, and were gathered around the long table. "I did everything that was in my power," he said. His face told of his disappointment in himself, of his fear of the hopelessness of winning liberty for Christopher. "I have entered a plea for a new trial," he told them. Glancing into his face, and the faces around the table, Andrea saw the fear written in them all. Oliver Burke might gain his request for a new trial. It would be but a gesture of the law's pretense, however, prolonging the agony, with one possible sequel; the word guilty, defaming the honesty of the court.

Andrea looked for the face of Jude Braithwaite, although she did not expect to find him among those gathered. Now she quietly told the story of the night upon which Christopher had been arrested; told how she had seen Jude's reflection in the mirror. Consternation filled their faces as they looked around the circle, to note Jude's absence. Oliver Burke became filled with excitement.

"You mean to say one of your own group told the law where to find Christopher that night?" he exclaimed. "That gives me something upon which to work. Now I know how they came into possession of those notes of his. But for the notes they would have had nothing upon which to convict Christopher. Jude Braithwaite, you say. We must get him as quickly as possible."

Oliver Burke had no need to suggest that they find Jude Braithwaite. Already action was being taken, as Bart Greene started for the door, followed closely by Michael Cassidy and Timothy Shane. The oath which left Bart's lips, as he started down the stairs to the street, did not speak well for what might happen to the missing member of the Society, if they should happen to find him at that moment. These three friends of Christopher would have a reckoning with Jude just as quickly as he could be found. The others gathered in the room above the print shop knew this, as they fell to discussing what motive could possibly have been behind Jude's actions.

"Jude Braithwaite! I can hardly believe it," Lionel Morrison exclaimed, endeavouring to realize the import of the knowledge that had been so explosively thrown among them. "I always had my suspicions about that fellow though," he commented. "He did not seem to belong to us, somehow.

But to be devilish enough to hurt Christopher, to deliberately steal those papers which proved to be so dangerous, that seems impossible.”

“I have been wondering about Jude for some time now,” Lee Hansen told them. “Several unusual things I have discovered. I wish I had told you about them, but I wanted to be sure, to be fair to Jude. I think he was at the bottom of the seizure of the literature months ago.”

Andrea listened eagerly to their conversation. She saw a ray of hope in their being able to prove that Jude Braithwaite had been in league with the law, to hurt Christopher. She whispered her hope to Oliver Burke and the Reverend John, and they, wanting to make easier the grief of this day’s happenings, agreed that it might aid them in their fight for Christopher. The Reverend John was skeptical about the possibilities of finding Jude Braithwaite. An unmarried man, with no ties, it was not likely he would remain where they could find him, knowing they would discover his guilt. Oliver Burke felt that it had been the intention of the law to send Christopher to prison, and that nothing he might present at a new trial would change the verdict that had taken away Christopher’s liberty, even though it be proof that the law had woven a net for Christopher and used unscrupulous methods to ensnare him.

“But surely you can insist that justice be done,” Andrea exclaimed. Her only understanding of the courts of law was that they stood for justice, to any man, regardless of caste, or creed, or social standing. She could not believe that it might be possible that an injustice would be tolerated. She could not realize that often a man’s liberty, and sometimes his life, was placed in the hands of people not fitted to pass judgment; who cared little what happened to the man they were to judge, their only anxiety to be free from the task imposed upon them against their will, eager to be done with it, to be done with the sordidness of court proceedings, and to be back in the rut of their normal lives. Oliver Burke made her beliefs uncertain when he answered her question.

“Justice is something the courts cannot promise. They do their best, according to their own conception of justice. But knowing so much about the courts I hope I shall never be where they hold judgment over me.” Then, as though he desired to give Andrea hope concerning Christopher, he continued, “I have an idea, though, that when Barlow Worth gets home, his influence will have some weight.”

“You make me feel that the courts are dishonest,” Andrea said. Oliver Burke’s words frightened her.

“Not dishonest. They are just, according to their own code. That is why they were in arms against Christopher. His code is a different thing, something they do not understand. The courts will imprison a man for the most insignificant things. At this moment there is a man in a cell in this city for cutting down a tree, which, while of little use to anybody, happened to be on city property. This man’s family were cold, and he had no money, but the callous heart of the magistrate tore him from his family, with no thought of the hurt to them. Yet the same law will allow a man to take a million dollars that is not his, and allow him to go his way, to laugh at that very law. There is a poor man’s law and a rich man’s law, and according to my way of thinking, little, if any justice.”

“I see,” the Reverend John said, rather bitterly. “In Christopher’s case the poor man’s law has failed, and so you intend to try the rich man’s kind, when Barlow Worth gets home?”

“I think I am justified in this case,” Oliver Burke said, defending himself. “Christopher is not guilty. The law is committing the crime by holding him, and treating him as a criminal. Frankly, I think they are quite honest, and sincere, in their own belief that they have correctly interpreted the law. There is no doubt whatever that, had Christopher been allowed to continue his work, a great number of wealthy people would have felt the reaction. It is the law’s duty to protect these people, because it is quite within their legal rights to do the things they do. The law is not concerned about those who might suffer. The function of the law is to interpret well-defined statutes, and to enforce them to the letter. The quick-witted man, who more often than not is the wealthy man, can find ways and means of defeating the law’s own workings. The poor man does not know how to defeat the purpose of the law and could not afford to do so, if he did know how.”

“Then we must be quick witted,” Peter Bronte exclaimed savagely, standing to his feet in nervous excitement. “We are not going to allow them to send Christopher to prison. The thought is preposterous. So let us get down to that one matter. You know better than we do, Burke. What shall be done?”

Other voices around the table added to Peter Bronte’s demand. “Peter is right,” they shouted in unison.

“Let us do something about it right away. Jude Braithwaite is at the bottom of the trouble. Let the rest of us see if we can locate him,” Peter

Bronte suggested, and suiting his action to his words, he led a group of them to the street.

“I rather hope they will not be successful,” the Reverend John told Andrea on their way home. He knew the vengeful spirit that had been aroused within Peter, and feared for Jude Braithwaite’s safety.

Andrea clung desperately to the Reverend John’s arm during the short walk to the rooms they shared. It seemed she was fearful of some unknown portent. He knew the agony of this day’s experience, and tactfully changed the conversation.

“Christopher told me to-day he would like us to continue the work with the poor here, the way we used to do. We were happy with that work, were we not, Andrea?” he questioned, as she made no comment.

“Of course we were happy, daddy. If Christopher wants us to do that, we will.”

“It will make the time pass quickly to be busy.”

“Yes, it will make the time pass quickly.”

They walked in silence for some moments. Then Andrea gripped the Reverend John’s arm more tightly. “It will make the time pass quickly for us. But for him, for Christopher, daddy. Twelve long months! They will go so slowly.”

He put his arm around her, as a paroxysm of sobbing seized her. “Daddy, it is terrible. I love him so much, and they have taken him away from me.”

The Reverend John endeavoured to comfort her. “But not for always, Andrea. Three years will pass by quickly and he will be back with us. Perhaps even before the three years are up.” But Andrea could not be comforted. Passersby looked at them curiously; the older man, and the young girl sobbing in his embrace.

“I shall be thinking about him every minute of the day. Thinking and worrying, and hurting inside, as I do now. It will kill him to be shut in a prison, with terrible men, for all those months.”

“We shall be allowed to see him sometimes,” the Reverend John consoled her, as this thought came to him, and he hoped it would ease Andrea’s pent-up grief.

“I might never see him again. Oh, I hate them! Cruel, heartless people, to hurt him.”



Andrea had become momentarily calm again, when she suddenly stopped, a surprised ejaculation upon her lips. “Daddy John, I believe Christopher knew they were going to arrest him,” she said, endeavouring child-like to assemble the scattered thoughts which were running through her mind.

“You think he knew?”

“He might not have known, exactly. But he had an idea that something was going to hurt him, something terrible, like this thing that has happened.”

“What makes you think that, Andrea?”

Andrea murmured to herself, forgetful of the Reverend John’s presence, “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.” Then she saw her father’s puzzled glance. “Christopher said that to me, or perhaps it was to himself he was speaking, when we were walking together in the park. He repeated it again after they had arrested him. But daddy, he said it before he knew they were going to arrest him. He must have felt some foreboding, for he said the words so mysteriously, and so sadly, as though he were afraid. I felt queer inside, when I heard him, I remember now. His fingers seemed to hold mine so desperately.” A deep compassion filled her heart as she whispered to herself, “Poor, poor Christopher, I wonder whether you did know.”

“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, . . . I will fear no evil.” The Reverend John repeated the words reverently, pacing beside his daughter, endeavouring to understand. He felt a tightening of the fingers upon his arm.

“I am so glad I said what I did. Even though I did not understand, as Christopher must have understood.”

“I think you did understand, Andrea.”

“I promised him. Even though I did not understand, I said . . . for I will be with you always. So I must not let myself forget. He needs me, Daddy John, and I am not going to fail him.”

Strange chance took Andrea Morley to the railway station in the early morning, and stranger still, that the train she went to meet, expecting an old friend, should happen to be the train upon which Christopher Worth was to make his way to the prison. They saw one another at precisely the same moment, as she turned from the news stand at which she was purchasing a magazine. Christopher's face went deathly pale at the sudden discovery of the girl who had been, at the moment, in his thoughts. Andrea allowed an almost inaudible cry to escape her lips, as, in consternation, she stared at him for a moment before rushing to his side.

"Christopher! I can scarcely believe my eyes."

"It is I, dear. Oh, it is good to see you again."

"I have been trying to see you, Christopher. Every day I have asked permission, but they would not let me."

Andrea now noticed the man who was with Christopher, saw for the first time that glistening steel handcuffs joined them. "They are taking you away, to prison. Oh, Christopher, my heart aches so much. I shall go mad."

"I wish you would not worry, dear. I am becoming reconciled to my fate. Three days have already gone. A year does not mean forever."

"It is such a long time. But I am coming to see you often. I shall manage to get permission somehow."

"You are a wonderful girl, Andrea. I shall feel you are always with me. Remember your promise." Christopher smiled as he repeated, . . . "For I am with you . . . You always will be with me, dear, night and day. I shall take your loveliness into my cell. Every waking hour will be filled with the memory of other hours, that we have spent together."

The officer whose duty it was to escort Christopher to the penitentiary, stood beside him, embarrassed by the fact that he also was chained, as was the prisoner, and could not get out of hearing. It did not make his task easy, to hear their good-bye. The conductor's warning ended their moment together. Andrea's arms fastened themselves around Christopher's neck, holding him tightly, while their lips met. Her face buried against his neck, she sobbed her good-bye.

"I shall count every minute of every day," she promised. "Hurry back to me, or I will die."

“Good-bye,” Christopher called hoarsely, as he clumsily climbed aboard the coach, preceding his guard, their shackled wrists making the ascent of the steps difficult. Andrea watched him through the coach window, walking beside the train as it slowly pulled out of the station, as long as she was able. A prayer went out from her heart in thankfulness, that she had decided to meet this train, even though she had forgotten the purpose for which she came, and her friend, if she had arrived, had gone to her home without seeing her. She had seen Christopher again, had been able to tell him of her love. Now, the excitement of the meeting over, she felt strangely cold. The sun of her sky, which had been darkened for so many days, had shone brightly for a few fleeting moments, to darken again.

Christopher had been glad of their meeting. She was sure of this. There was happiness enough in knowing that she had sent him away with the memory of those few moments. His train was speeding on its journey. It had already passed from her sight, the rumbling of its wheels, along the rails at her feet, had quietened. Every second was taking him nearer to the hell that awaited him. She was proud of his courage, proud that no hint of the agony of soul he must be experiencing had been reflected in his attitude. His head had been held erect, a smile upon his lips, when all of his hopes and ambitions had been turned to ashes, when he had been condemned to a fire which would consume every spark of faith within his heart.

But, Christopher was not thinking of these things at the moment. In his seat by the window, he was living again those last moments with Andrea before his train had started upon its hell-bound journey. He was thinking of their love and was living beyond the year which must elapse before that love might come to its fullness, when they would commence a new part of their life, together. Twelve months would soon pass. There would be no need to fret, if that were but the one thing which stood between this moment and the day when they would take up their lives anew. It was rather the thought of what might happen to himself, or to Andrea, during that year, which frightened him.

“I never felt so contemptible in my life, as I did when that young lady arrived upon the scene,” Christopher’s guard told him as they settled themselves for the journey.

“She knew it was no fault of yours,” Christopher replied, grateful that his guard had allowed him to stay with Andrea until the last moment.

“Quite a coincident, her being at the station,” the guard said. The appearance of Andrea had surprised him, because their departure had been

kept secret. Christopher had not considered how odd it was for Andrea to have known the train upon which they were to travel.

“I wonder how she knew?” he said, now attempting to puzzle it out for himself.

“Oh, she could not have known. The arrangements were not made until a few moments before we started.”

“I wish she had not been there,” Christopher said. “It hurt her to see me chained to you like this.”

They were each busy with their own thoughts for some time. Christopher’s eyes turned to the window unseeingly, watching the landscape flash past. The guard, watching him, abhorred the task this day had given him, a sympathy urging him to do something to lessen the grief of his companion.

“Want to smoke?” he asked, impulsively.

“I would like a cigarette,” Christopher said gratefully. He had not been allowed to smoke since he had been arrested. The deprivation had been keenly felt.

“I am going to take these off,” the guard said, moving his hand to indicate the handcuffs that bound their wrists together. “Rules or no rules. You are not the kind of chap to give any trouble.” Then after a moment, as though having made a weighty decision, he continued, “I would not blame you if you did try to escape. I would if I were in your shoes. I am not so sure that I care much if you do. Let us go back to the smoking compartment.”

While he was speaking, the guard unlocked the silvered bracelets and dropped them into his pocket. Christopher followed him to the smoker, appreciating the friendliness that had prompted him to make such a suggestion, which he knew would cost the man his position, if it did not get him into greater trouble, appreciating how easy his custodian was making it for him to escape, as the train decreased its speed at a small station, and pretending he had forgotten something, the guard went back to their seats, leaving Christopher near the vestibule, with but a few steps to liberty.

“You are a game one,” the man said when he returned, and together they entered the smoking compartment, and settled down to smoke. “I thought you would take the hint, and make a getaway.”

“It would do no good,” Christopher said bitterly. “I would be a fugitive from the law. A hunted man. I would have gone back to Andrea, the girl you

saw, and to my people, and then they would have caught me.”

“I would like to see you get away. Even if I did get into trouble! You should not be taking this journey to prison. Someone with plenty of money, whom you have scared with the things you have been saying, wanted you put away. Whoever it was, he was powerful enough to get the law to help him.”

“Then you know who I am?”

“Yes! Christopher Worth. And you are the kind of man I would like to be able to count among my friends.”

“It would seem less embarrassing if I knew your name,” Christopher suggested.

“I should have thought of that, Christopher. My name is Barney Chase. Hell of a name for a guy with a job like mine.”

“I would consider it an honour to be counted among your friends, Barney.”

“A policeman has few enough friends, you know,” Barney Chase commented, extending his hand to Christopher, who held it, reluctant to let it slip from his touch. He needed the feel of friendship at this moment, the feel of physical friendship, to which he could cling, as he passed through the dread of the journey to the place which would so effectively shut out friendship from him. Barney gave Christopher’s hand a parting squeeze as he felt it leaving his grasp.

“You must let me do anything I can to help you, old man,” he said. His voice held a pleading note, much as though the act of serving Christopher, in some small way, would be a privilege. It was much as though he felt he was wronging Christopher by belonging to a machine that was hurting him, and regretting the part he was playing, desired to do something to repay for that hurt.

“I am afraid there is not much anyone can do for me, now,” Christopher said. “Though I appreciate your kindness, Barney. Your offering to help me has made it easier. You have given me a new belief in my fellow man.”

Barney Chase lit another cigarette, thoughtfully tossing the end of the one he had just consumed into the brass spittoon at their feet. “I was wondering whether I could take a message back to that girl,” he said, embarrassed at the thought of being bold enough to want to enter the intimacy of their lives. Christopher’s face brightened at the thought.

“I should be glad, Barney. If you would not mind.”

“Be only too pleased,” Barney assured him, reflectively considering the matter. His lagging wits grasped a further thought, which he voiced, delighted himself, with the idea: “No reason why I could not carry messages between you. Against the rules, I know, but rules are not going to apply to you, as far as I am concerned.” Seeing the pleased smile on Christopher’s face he warmed to his subject, making his plans while he talked. “You see, Christopher, I make at least two trips each week between the city and the penitentiary. I could take a letter from you each trip, and also bring one from her. I have a friend at the ‘pen’ who will arrange it at that end.”

“Why are you wanting to do this, Barney?” Christopher questioned, touched by the offer, scarcely understanding Barney’s enthusiasm. He knew that what his guard suggested was against the rules, and that Barney would get into trouble if it should happen to be that he was found out.

“Because I like you. Because I would like to do something for that little girl,” Barney said bluntly. Andrea’s eyes had been haunting him during the journey. If the carrying of correspondence, between them, would comfort her during the long wait for this man to return to her, he was willing to risk being caught.

“Better write whatever you want, now,” Barney suggested. “We will be at the end of our trip before very long and you may not get a chance before I go back. I leave on the afternoon train.”

Christopher needed no further urging. Using Barney’s notebook and pencil, he prepared to write. About to commence, he realized he had never written to her before. This dawned upon him as he hesitated about the manner of addressing Andrea. He had written the word ‘darling’. It seemed queer, as it looked back at him from the blue ruled sheet. ‘Andrea darling’, the words held a possessive intimacy. Though they were not betrothed, he had told her he loved her, and had found echo of that love in her heart. There had been no need of words, for they had belonged intimately to each other, long before either of them realized just how much the other meant to them. Now she was waiting for him. He had not realized the possibility of writing to her, but through the kindness of Barney, they would be able to exchange letters every three or four days. The prospect of this filled him with keen anticipation. Even if there was not much to tell her, or perhaps not much he dare tell, of the manner in which he spent his own days, he would know what she was doing. It would afford him an opportunity to give her courage, to make the waiting easier.

“This letter seems to be all about you, Barney,” he said, glancing up from his task, to look across to his companion.

“Better not lay it on too thick. She will think I am a saint,” Barney suggested, laughing to hide his embarrassment.

“Perhaps you are more saint than you imagine, Barney.”

“A saint would hardly earn his living the way I do.”

“Your work is necessary to civilization.”

“I wonder?” Barney said mysteriously.

Their conversation was interrupted as the conductor called their station. Christopher hastily completed his brief note to Andrea, passing it to Barney. “There is evidence enough on this paper to put you where I am going for the next twenty years,” Christopher said smilingly, while Barney carelessly agreed, as he put the note safely in an inside pocket.

“Miss Morley will get this to-night,” he promised. While they again grasped hands, sealing their friendly conspiracy.

Christopher repeated to himself the statement Barney had made. Andrea would get his note before she went to bed that night. And in a day or so, when Barney came back, over this same trip, bringing some other unfortunate to the penitentiary, he would bring a note from Andrea to him. He would always have this to anticipate; Andrea’s letters. They would tell him what she was doing, and about the Reverend John, and his other friends, but most important, about herself, and their love. His incarceration would not be so hopeless if he had this touch with Andrea and the outside world.

The car that met them at the train whirled them through the town, until the grey walls of the penitentiary loomed ahead of them. Christopher shuddered at the menacing view; high walls on top of which he could see armed sentries pacing. The day was drab, the sky overcast. The countryside was drenched with a cold, drizzling, misty rain. Huge gates opened at their approach, to close behind them, shutting upon him for twelve interminable months. Christopher closed his eyes while their car crossed the yard to the main building.

“Be brave, old man. We will be pulling for you on the outside,” Barney said, “that girl, and your friends, and Barney Chase.” Christopher gripped his hand in appreciation. “You will never know how big this thing is that you have done to-day, Barney,” he said, with his good-bye.

The Society of Forgotten Men sprang into prominence over night, almost. Instead of quieting a voice that was crying against their methods of exploiting the common people, those who were responsible for the persecution of Christopher Worth, defeated their own purpose. The world crisis of so-called depression had sharpened humanity's sensitiveness to the unfair methods of distribution of the earth's abundance. Newspapers, reacting to public feeling, played to it, with the result that Christopher's arrest and imprisonment made good headline copy. His name, linked with the Society of Forgotten Men, loomed large upon the front pages of the big city dailies, and found its way into the columns of small town newspapers. Tabloid Sunday editions profusely illustrated anything their news-gathering cameras could find. Photographs of Christopher, in all manner of poses, smothered the pages. Andrea did not escape the telescopic lenses, neither did the Reverend John nor the Reverend Lionel Morrison, nor the others of the group. News leaked out about Jude Braithwaite, and although no one knew where he had disappeared, they obtained photographs of him. Other picture reporters defamed the upper room with their graflex prowling. One daring illustrated weekly went to the trouble, even, of reconstructing the seizure of literature, using actual police officers, carrying the material from Lee Hansen's printing shop to the waiting police automobile. In so doing the newspapers gave their public the kind of news they wanted, and neither knowing nor caring, they nevertheless did a tremendous good for the Society of Forgotten Men.

Humanity's curiosity was aroused. People wondered what it could be the Society of Forgotten Men had done, that the law could quiet their voices and they demanded, in letters written to the press, that they be told. A handful of men in a jury box might decide Christopher's message was not for humanity, that it was against the government of the country, but a handful of men was not the voice of the people. A weary world was tired of governments that promised so much and did so little, and the press, being a servant of the people, could do naught but investigate, and tell the story. So instead of ending with the conviction and imprisonment of Christopher, the newspapers were compelled, by their public, to go behind the scenes of Christopher Worth's activities and tell the whole story. The Reverend John welcomed the opportunity of telling the world of what they were doing. He was the one the newspapers seemed to single out for their news, and without their realizing it, they printed word for word, the pages of copy which had



been used at Christopher's trial, and which the court had decided were seditious. The reaction was as he expected. The newspapers received a flood of outraged comment, from the hundreds of people who saw the truth in the words Christopher had written.

"I think they will be forced to release Christopher, with all the resentment that is being aroused," he told his listeners, one evening, when Oliver Burke, Lionel Morrison, Peter Bronte and Lee Hansen had dropped in to see them. Andrea looked up from the desk she was sitting before, pausing in her writing, to question hopefully:

"You think they will, daddy?"

"I certainly do. What do you say, Burke?"

"Why, I am inclined to agree with you," Oliver Burke replied.

Lee Hansen was reading that day's newspaper comment about the matter. "I see they have been interviewing you about the new trial, Mr. Burke," Lee said, pointing to the paragraph in the paper he was reading concerning this.

"Yes, but it looks as though it is within their power to hold that trial off indefinitely. The earliest I can get a hearing is in six months' time."

"I have an idea the newspapers will alter that decision," the Reverend John commented. "They have aroused public opinion, and the courts will find they have either to justify their action, or do something about Christopher."

"Public opinion is fickle. They take sides with this one to-day, and another to-morrow," Lee Hansen commented. He pointed again with his pipe stem to the article. "One can read between the lines here. Just as soon as the affair is no longer news, the newspapers will forget all about it. There usually is a selfish motive behind their copy."

"Which means it is our task to keep public interest aroused until justice is done," Lionel Morrison interjected.

"Like a puppy barking at a train," Peter Bronte suggested, "little notice will ever be taken of us."

"Barlow Worth is on his way home." Oliver Burke fumbled in his pocket as he said this, extracting a telegram. "Heard from him this morning. Should be here in little more than a week. I wager he will start something that will scarcely be forgotten in a hurry."

Andrea looked up from her work again. She was writing to Christopher, and incidentally was putting into her letter much of the conversation between the men in the room. "I think we should continue with the work Christopher commenced," she said. While the men looked at one another, questioning.

"We would soon be stopped," the Reverend John prophesied, while his statement was echoed by the others.

"I do not think it would be wise," Oliver Burke advised them.

"Then what are you all going to do?" Andrea challenged.

Their looks seemed to ask each other what they could do? It was in the midst of this contemplation, that a new arrival was announced. Andrea went to the hall to bring the visitor back with her. As they entered the room, Lionel Morrison and the Reverend John stood to their feet, astounded.

"The Reverend Doctor Franklin Armitage wishes to see you, daddy," Andrea announced, while the Reverend John endeavoured to recover his composure, and Franklin Armitage broke the embarrassing silence with a smiling exclamation, as he saw Lionel Morrison was there.

"It is fortunate to find you here, also, Brother Morrison," he said. "I have some news for you and Brother Morley."

"Ask Doctor Armitage to sit down, daddy," Andrea admonished, smiling at the Reverend John's embarrassment, as he apologized, offering the visitor a seat and introducing him to the others.

"I want to express regret first of all, for the high-handed attitude of myself and colleagues," the Reverend Franklin Armitage said. "We regret our attitude towards you and want to make amends."

"No need to feel sorry," Lionel Morrison assured him, while the Reverend John exclaimed, "Under the circumstances we think you did the only thing you could do."

Lionel Morrison glanced quizzically towards the Reverend John, surreptitiously raising his eyebrows, while they waited for the Reverend Franklin Armitage to continue with some explanation of the reason for his visit.

"I shall be very brief and to the point. We wish you would both reconsider your resignations," he said.

“Why are you doing this?” Lionel Morrison questioned, again glancing in the Reverend John’s direction, as though he would get his friend’s reaction to the proposal. Franklin Armitage smiled, somewhat embarrassed by the directness of the question.

“We want you both to take over your own churches, to speak as you see fit, following the line of thought in which you are interested.”

“What!” Lionel Morrison and the Reverend John exclaimed in unison.

“I know it sounds surprising,” Franklin Armitage continued apologetically, “considering the manner in which we acted. But to be perfectly honest, we are ashamed of ourselves and feel that our action was not Christian-like. We have come to see from your point of view and realize that the work you are doing is the work of the church.” The domineering tone had gone from Franklin Armitage’s voice. It now held an unmistakable earnestness. “Will you accept?” he pleaded.

Andrea, in the background, finally caught the Reverend John’s eye, nodding excitedly for him to say yes. She was delighted with the idea. This was what Christopher always had dreamed; his idea, embodied in the teaching of the church. But of course it had always been embodied in the teaching of the church, perhaps so hidden in the muddle of heterogeneous thought that it was never clearly understood, but always there. They would have the church behind them. They would be privileged to say the things they must say if people were to be made to understand. The church would protect them, for the law would not dare to violate the church as it had the life of an individual.

“Of course we accept,” both men agreed, “if you mean we shall be allowed to say the things Christopher Worth has been saying.”

“You will be allowed to say those things. We will not dictate what you shall and shall not say. We believe in you both sufficiently, to stand behind you, as a church, to the very utmost. Every church of our denomination will be open for you. In other words, we are offering the way for you to conduct a tremendous revival, to get men to think as you are thinking and to act.”

“Then we accept,” they again agreed. A mutual thought flashed into their minds; if Christopher had only been here. He would have been excitedly happy, for he had often spoken of this very possibility.

“So we commence again at the beginning,” Peter Bronte said, after the Reverend Doctor Franklin Armitage had left them, and they were able to resume their previous conversation.

“Why do you say that, Peter?” the Reverend John asked. He had already begun to consider mentally what he would accomplish, back once again in the little community he loved so much, where there seemed to be more work to do than any one man could accomplish.

Lee Hansen smiled at his question. “That was a favourite statement of Christopher’s,” he said, answering in place of Peter Bronte . . . “In the beginning.”

“The fact that the church has recognized the truth of what Christopher has been saying, and is willing to let two of its ministers preach his message from its pulpits, is going to make it easier for me to do something for Christopher,” Oliver Burke told them. They discussed the Reverend Armitage’s visit. It had been the one thing they needed to give them renewed faith in themselves, the fact that the church felt they were right, that their message was needed by humanity.

Andrea was already packing. The Reverend John chuckled as he called his visitors’ attention to the fact, nodding in the direction of her bedroom. “We will be back in the old parsonage before another day is over,” he said. Smiling, he teased Lionel Morrison. “I am a little worried about you. The luxury of the First Church is going to ruin you, after being poor all these weeks.”

“I am not as excited as I thought I might be,” Lionel Morrison answered. “It is never going to be the same, and I know I shall be ashamed of living in that big house again.”

“But think of the opportunity you will have with the wealthy people. It really is an ideal combination. You working at one end of the problem and I at the other.”

“You may be right, Morley, but I should prefer working with you.”

Within his own heart, Lionel Morrison knew the temptations of the First Church, knew how easy it would be to drift back into his old way of living. Andrea must have divined his thought, for at the moment that this was running through his mind, she came to the door of the living room, to exclaim laughingly, “Reverend Morrison, I shall need you every Wednesday and Saturday, to help me deliver coke to the poor. Can I count upon you?” Lionel Morrison laughed, while he promised. This was a task which would keep him from being too deeply impregnated with the First Church smugness.

“Well, that’s that. And we are out in the cold.” Lee Hansen grinned, as he made this exclamation. He and Peter Bronte had walked down to the centre of the city, after leaving the Reverend John’s rooms. Andrea and her father would be moving to the parsonage the next afternoon. Lionel Morrison had gone to break the news to his wife. Oliver Burke had gone to reconsider his case in Christopher’s behalf, to consider what bearing this morning’s happenings would have upon the case. And they, not knowing what to do, talked aimlessly.

“Queer, how we miss Christopher,” Lee Hansen exclaimed, dejectedly.

“Yes. The trouble is, we depended upon him too much. Now we are lost without him.”

“I think I had better get back to my printing shop, until he is free again. How would you like Jude Braithwaite’s job?”

“Do you think I could do it?”

“You could try. Jude will hardly be back.”

“I appreciate the offer, but thinking of Jude, it seems embarrassing. You see, if Jude ever does come back I am going to take a poke at him, and it will look as though I was afraid he wanted his job back.”

“We must have a meeting in the upper room to-morrow night,” Lee Hansen suggested.

“I will tell the crowd in the morning,” Peter promised as they parted; he for his home, Lee to the loneliness of the little panelled room over the printing shop.

Meanwhile, their visitors having gone, the Reverend John settled himself to muse in the depths of his easy chair, and Andrea, thoughtfully resumed the writing of her letter to Christopher. He would be surprised to hear the news, for to-day’s letter held much of interest. They had reached his father, and had received a cable telling them of his hurried departure for home. The cable had said nothing of Barlow Worth’s reaction to the matter, but the fact that he was rushing home to the aid of his boy, was encouraging. Christopher’s father had powerful friends and there was no doubt but that he would take some most drastic action when he returned. The Reverend John and Lionel Morrison were going back to their churches. What would Christopher think of this, she wondered. Would he think they were cowards, running away from their responsibility? Or would he consider it the best thing to do, as she had thought; doing the little that lay in their power, until he could return to them, and they would continue their work together. It

would be encouraging news for him, that the church had changed its attitude towards the thought they had been expressing, that the church desired the Reverend John and Lionel Morrison to talk about the things that he, Christopher, had put into their minds. Their efforts would, of course, be limited to a few congregations, but the work would be going on, instead of standing still. Then, about the others of their group, who seemed so forlorn and lost without his leadership; her letter asked him what they should do, until he was back. Everything seemed to hinge upon his coming back to them, especially those other things she put into her letter, about themselves, Christopher and Andrea. It was difficult to find words that would tell of the feelings in her heart. They had talked so little about love for it had never seemed necessary. Their being near each other had been sufficient. Neither of their natures was of a sentimental kind, but similar, rather, to the comradeship which existed between her father and herself. They loved each other deeply, she and the Reverend John, yet were embarrassed when necessity came of demonstrating their love, likely as not hiding their true feelings in some nonsensical gesture or fun.

She had tried her utmost in her letters to talk of her love. Pensively reading the pages through, before sealing the envelope, she wondered whether Christopher would read between the lines, would understand that her love was tender and tremendous. Impulsively she added a postscript.

“Christopher darling. I am with you always, by your side, as you walk through the darkness of the valley. My love is waiting, a love that will comfort your loneliness, and bring you so much happiness. My arms are aching to hold you close. My being is filled with a longing for the moment when we shall experience our love in its very completeness.”

The sound of approaching feet caused Christopher to hastily slip the letter he was reading beneath the blanket on his cot. His movement was not quick enough, however, for the two guards that stopped at his cell door saw the act, and one of them extracted the folded paper while the other told Christopher the warden wanted him. Christopher's eyes pleaded as his fingers reached for the letter.

"So you thought you were putting something over on us?" the guard snarled. "We have been watching you, though, and your friend, Barney Chase. He is in the warden's office now, and will get what is coming to him."

"Barney Chase?" Christopher's heart stopped beating almost, as he repeated the name of his friend. "Barney Chase is one of yourselves. Surely you would not want to get him into trouble?"

"He gave you this letter. That is evidence that he is against us," the guard said, while Christopher pleaded for Barney.

"There is nothing in this letter that matters to anyone but myself. It is from the girl I am in love with. Barney was trying to be kind to me, that is all," he told them. "Why not forget you have found it and give Barney Chase a chance?"

"Sorry, but orders are orders. We had an idea Chase was making it possible for you to correspond with the outside, without our knowing. You had better talk to the warden about it." There was something sinister behind the unrelenting suggestion, something inhuman about the laugh the two guards exchanged. Christopher saw it was hopeless to plead with them as he walked between them through the corridors to the warden's office. Barney Chase was seated near the warden, and as Christopher entered he saw his eyebrows raise expressively, saying quite plainly there was trouble ahead.

"We caught him reading this letter, sir," one of the guards told the warden. "He tried to hide it under his blanket when he heard us coming."

"Let me see it." The warden extended his hand for the letter, while they waited as he read it through. Christopher's heart filled with fear, not for himself, but for Andrea, for there was much in the letter that would incriminate her, so easily misconstrued, should the law so desire. She had told him about the plans of the Society of Forgotten Men, how that they

intended to continue with the work he had commenced. She had mentioned the fact that the newspapers had printed the matter that had convicted him, and had said that Lee Hansen was going to reprint it, including the newspapers' editorials about it, and that the others were going to distribute the pamphlets to the homes in the city. There were many things in Andrea's letter that the warden should not see. Christopher saw the cunning leer around the corner of his mouth as he read the postscript. That sacred outpouring of Andrea's heart, that was meant for no other eyes than Christopher's own.

"Very clever of the young lady, this last part," he sneered. "Thinks she can make it seem an innocent letter by prattling about love."

Christopher took a step forward, and it was well for the warden that the guards intervened, grasping his arms and twisting them cruelly behind his back. "Some day you will be sorry for saying that, you fiend," Christopher shouted, in his rage.

"So that is how you feel about it. Well, we can cure you of your bad temper easily enough. This letter is all I need. It is evidence enough, of your guilt." Turning to the guards he issued an order, his voice betraying his spleen.

"Solitary confinement for a week," he hissed, adding after a moment's hesitation, "and three strokes."

Christopher heard his sentence, bewildered, while Barney Chase gripped the arms of his chair. "You swine!" Barney exclaimed bitterly.

"Wish I could do the same for you, Chase," the warden said, smiling. "You are under arrest. We will hold you until we receive instructions."

"Do what you like to me," Barney said bitterly. "But that boy has done nothing for you to do that to him."

The warden continued to smile. He was a good disciplinarian, Warden Harvey Cain was proud of his reputation. He smiled as he watched Christopher being led away to his punishment, smiled as he watched Barney Chase being taken to a cell, no longer an officer of the law, but a prisoner. His fingers reached for the telephone to make his report to his superiors; fingers that hesitated, and rested upon the green blotter, while he gloated over the fortunate circumstance which had accidentally placed in his hands the information which had led to the discovery of the secret transportation of information between this prisoner, Christopher Worth, of whom he had been given special instructions, and the outside world. This had happened through



the aid of one of their trusted men, Barney Chase. What a revelation it would be to his superior when he eventually lifted the telephone receiver from its stand and made the announcement. In front of him, upon the blotter, lay the letter; evidence enough to warrant his action. He would receive recognition for this craftiness. It would stand in good stead when he desired promotion. The impudence of the prisoner, to threaten him! It was not the first time he had been threatened, however. He was not afraid of their threats. They were cowards, afraid to carry out their threats, afraid to do anything more than slink from their own shadows, after he was through with them, and they left the influence of the grey prison walls. Of course he was a good disciplinarian. Everyone with whom he came in contact, the prisoners, and the guards alike, knew this. Christopher Worth would soon know it, too. The feel of the strap against his naked body would teach him. A week in solitary confinement, in a dark cell, would cure him of making idle threats. To dare tell him he would be sorry some day! The strap would do him good. He would go himself to see that his orders were carried out. He had been too lenient. Three strokes of the strap; might as well make it six. Make the lesson severe, so there would be no repetition of that threat. The telephone could wait. He would go to the punishment room, and watch the proceedings for himself.

Christopher trembled as he entered the place of punishment. He could scarcely believe such fiendishness could exist. Quietly he allowed his guards to lead him towards an instrument of torture that stood in the centre of the room. He knew the futility of resistance, as each movement, sometimes unintentional, brought the agony of having his arm twisted until it seemed the joints must crack. The methodical carrying out of such cruelty amazed him. The doctor who had been called to attend him, was joking with the guards, taunting him with this, his first punishment. His hands were roughly seized and fastened into metal contrivances which drew his arms above his head, pulling out his sockets almost, while his ankles were secured by clasps. Fearfully watching the guard with the strap, he saw the warden approaching and heard the order changed to six strokes. His body shivered, though he willed it to be brave; shivered because of the nearness of the brutality of the strap, with its rows of diamond shaped holes which first raised the flesh into blood filled welts, and then burst them into bleeding rawness. Suddenly he felt the burning shock against his naked body, accompanied by a fiendish laugh. Again and again. He closed his eyes. A silent prayer filled his heart. The doctor felt his pulse, and laughingly said, "He can stand it," and the punishment continued. He could feel the blood

trickling upon his back, until the mercy of unconsciousness made him oblivious of what was happening.

“That should teach him a lesson. The audacity of him to tell me I would be sorry for what I said,” the warden repeated again, as he watched the guards carry Christopher’s bruised and bleeding body to the solitary confinement cell, into which they roughly threw him; a dank hole, underground, as fearsome as any dungeon of the darkest ages, with no window of any kind, and an opening but a few inches square for air. Walking back to his office the warden chatted with the prison doctor.

“I thought I had better teach him right from the start that we stand for no nonsense here.” Pride, rather than remorse, tinged his voice. He had been clever in his prompt action with this new prisoner.

“Yes! I agree with you,” the doctor said, because he knew this was what he must say to Warden Harvey Cain. It would not do to disagree, even though one did resent his callousness at times. Now the warden returned to his desk and this time his fingers did not hesitate as they reached for the telephone. He had important news for his superior. To-day’s happenings would bring his name to the attention of the men who could do much to help him in his ambitious strivings. It had been a clever thought to have that other prisoner in Christopher’s cell, for he had known what was happening right from the start. Who knew but what his cleverness might have saved a catastrophe for the men who were behind the prisoner’s arrest.

While Warden Harvey Cain was telephoning his story, in the dungeon immediately below his luxurious office, Christopher regained his consciousness and crawled painfully to the cot in his cell. In the darkness he threw himself upon his face. Slowly his bewildered brain brought back the picture of what he had just suffered. Could it be possible that men could treat other men like this? A bitterness filled his heart. The warden had insulted Andrea. How terrible she would feel if she knew what had happened. He wondered about the warden, wondered whether he had a daughter or a son, whether the judges and other men in power, who knew that such fiendish cruelty was permissible, had daughters or sons. He wondered how they would feel if they knew their sons had been treated as he had been. Wondered just how thin the veneer of civilization was, that men could do these things to other men.

Civilization! Christopher’s bitter laugh smothered itself in the stinking blankets he was lying upon. “Civilization,” he muttered to himself. Prisons made to hold criminals who were the product of civilization; a civilization

that could take a boy from out of the midst of his family, could take a man from his wife and children, could put a gun into his hand and force him to kill his fellow men; a civilization that would, if that boy or man, refused to put his fingers upon that gun, if he refused to kill other men, throw him into prisons, as they had thrown him into this place.

Civilization that created murderers, and then wondered why these men continued to kill, when they were deprived of an opportunity to work, to earn food for themselves and those dependent upon them. These men sharing this hell with him were not criminals, they were the products of civilization. They were the creation of the brain of greed-streaked individuals who sat in luxurious offices, and rode in expensive automobiles, and lived in elaborate houses, and spent holidays on palatial yachts. The common people were puppets for the moment, but an imminent menace in the near future, when they would no longer remain forgotten, when they would strip civilization of its veneer, and from the stark nakedness build a new order of things; not an order of criminals, but an order of honest men, who would not be content until every man, woman and child had the opportunity to live like a human being, until there would no longer be reason for prisons, until no man living would be bestial enough to flail a fellow man with a strap until his flesh bled.

A civilization that had made gold its god rather than a means of exchange, had placed a false value upon a base metal, as it had once placed false values on glass baubles; a civilization that had two methods of acquiring wealth, both equally dishonest, and yet upheld the one while it punished the other; unscrupulous men making laws to punish other men who dared to be bold enough to attempt to take from them a portion, even, of their ill-gotten gain.

Hours crept by; hours that seemed like years to Christopher. He could not move without excruciating pain. The darkness of his cell gave no hint of time, whether day or night. His lips were parched and swollen. Round and round, his mind followed one train of thought, until his tired brain would think no longer, and he drifted into fitful drowsing; a fevered, pain-racked slumber which continued until a streak of light crept into the cell as the guard entered, and roughly awakened him.

“Get up and eat this,” the man commanded.

“What is the time?” Christopher inquired, endeavouring to adjust his eyes to the half-light to see his visitor.

“What does time matter to you?” the guard taunted. “It is about the middle of the morning.”

“How long have I been in here?”

“Since this time yesterday.”

“Has no one been to see me since then?”

The guard laughed cruelly. “Yes, sir, your valet was in to dress you for dinner, but you were sleeping so peacefully, he thought he had better not disturb you.”

Christopher ignored the unkind sally, ravenously reaching for the tray of food.

“Roast beef, batter pudding, browned potatoes, cauliflower and gravy,” the guard teased, while Christopher discovered the tray held a slab of stale bread and a tin mug of water.

“How can you be so inhuman, so unkind?” Christopher asked.

“Hell. You had better not start your preaching here. You only got what you deserved.”

“I see. Well, thank you for bringing me this.” Christopher endeavoured to sit up, but discovered that his aching body made it impossible. His shirt had become saturated with the blood from the wounds upon his back and had hardened, sticking to his skin. He shivered in the cold dampness. The chill had entered his very marrow. The guard had gone, his brutal laugh ending with the disappearance of the shaft of light, as the door closed, leaving Christopher in the darkness again, to take a bite of the mouldy hardness of the bread and a gulp of water.

Dark and damp and rat-infested; he did not think a man could be unhuman enough to shut a dog in such a hole. Yet they would confine a man in this place. Did the experience break a man’s nerve? Did it subdue the poor unfortunates who had been here before him? Or did it make criminals of them? Was it such places as these that bred men who, when out in the world, would prey upon other men?

Now he understood why those terrible things happened when there was a revolution in a country, as there had been, even in his own lifetime. Now he understood why the men who had been exploited and outraged, had no pity for the class that were responsible. Civilization was bringing upon itself one of the greatest, if not the most terrible, catastrophes of its kind. The time was not far distant when the forgotten men would refuse to be forgotten, when

they would waken to the realization of their own strength, and take what was their birthright.

Not a sound entered the cell. The air was foul and nauseating. Time seemed to have come to a standstill, as Christopher fitfully dozed, to awaken, wide-eyed, to think and wonder. Finally the bitterness seemed to leave his soul, and a quiet peace took its place. He was no longer conscious of the dark foulness of the cell. It seemed to be filled with a fragrance; the perfume of a girl's hair, unruly, soft hair which reminded him of the odour of rose petals. The breathless silence disappeared, and he could hear a whispering; a quaint, half-shy voice, which had a throaty loveliness, a voice which caused him to sit up quickly, to listen, and out of the darkness he imagined he heard the chanting of a grand old psalm.

“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,” and he listened, quiet and still and expectant, and the words he listened for, came to him.

“For I am with you. I always will be with you, Christopher, my love. Suffering as you suffer. Forever and ever, until the end.”

“The trouble is, the boy is right. What he said went home too surely. They were afraid of him. My only son! Why did it have to be that I must be so far away, instead of by your side, to fight them with you?” Barlow Worth buried his face in his hands, heartbroken, as he bitterly reproved himself for not having been at home when Christopher needed him.

His friend, Judge Rich, crossed the room, to put his arm around his shoulders. “There was nothing you could do, Barlow. I saw to it that Christopher had the best defense money could provide.”

Barlow Worth looked up into his face, gratefully. “I know you did, Francis. It is such a hellish farce! I would have given every dollar I possess to have protected him.”

“Your millions would not have been sufficient. The men who are responsible have more than you have.”

“Is there any way in which we can prove who are responsible?”

“It would be difficult, Barlow; to actually prove it, I mean. Of course we both know. That is one of the disasters, that those in control of the governments of the world have so much wealth, it is impossible to touch them.”

“Christopher was right, Francis. The common people have no chance. They are chess pawns, nothing more, pieces to be used to protect Kings and Queens and Bishops and Knights and Castles, sacrificed when necessary in the game.”

“Oliver Burke is working hard on the case. He has thrown up everything else to be able to give his whole time to help Christopher.”

“Twelve months in one of those hells will kill the boy. You do not know Christopher as I do, Francis. Always was different, if you know what I mean. Serious about things that you and I think nothing of. The shock has almost killed his mother, too.”

“We will have him free long before a month has passed. I have been discussing the matter with Burke. You see, the law has a strong case against Christopher. What he proposed was seditious. That is, according to our standards of government. Christopher, however, refuses to recognize these standards. He claims they are inadequate because the government is corrupt, because it protects one class, and exploits another, because it is not capable

of taking care of even the barest needs of the people. He is right, there is no doubt about it. He is attacking the entire world, not simply our own government. That is where our government is at fault. They are taking what he says to apply to themselves only. A case of, 'if the cap fits,' you know. Though he is right even with our own government, for at least one-half of our people are suffering intensely. It is a depressing thought, that one-half of humanity in our own country own nothing, that they are not allowed to work, that the pittance which is doled out to them is scarcely sufficient for them to exist upon. More terrible than this is the fact that this condition applies throughout the whole world."

"We all know that is so. But why should my boy, . . . Francis, why should my boy be the one to suffer, simply because he voiced the thing we are all aware of?" Barlow Worth's voice trembled, his eyes were misty with grief. "I would give my life, even, to help him."

Judge Francis Rich removed his pince-nez to polish the lenses, as though he would hide his emotion, vigorously blowing his nose. Life-long friend of Barlow Worth, he had known Christopher since the day he had been privileged to become his godfather, the day Christopher officially acquired his name. During his long term upon the bench, the Judge had watched many miscarriages of justice, and thinking of Christopher's case, he was glad he had been retired, that he no longer need countenance things he knew were unjust.

"Christopher is as fine a boy as ever lived, Barlow. He will come through this trouble safely, and I miss my guess if he does not become the man humanity is waiting for, to show them the way out of the world chaos," he said. He was proud of Christopher, who had, in a way, taken the place of a son in his own life, who had the maturity of thought to discuss things that were of interest to his own sixty years, who could play a game of chess equally as well as he could play a set of tennis with his sister, Dianne.

"He would confound me sometimes, when we would start an argument at the club," he told Barlow Worth. "We older men would often wonder where he got his ideas and how he seemed to be able to put his finger right upon the root of the trouble and have a solution for it."

"I wish I had been more interested in the things he wanted to do," Barlow Worth murmured regretfully. "I never encouraged him to confide in me."

"You were too busy making money," Francis Rich suggested accusingly. "That is the trouble with most fathers."

“Yes, I suppose you are right.”

They were interrupted by the entrance of Dianne Worth, and with her, Andrea and the Reverend John. Barlow Worth had asked them to come, knowing they were close friends of Christopher.

“Dianne, take Miss Morley to your mother, she wants to talk with her,” Barlow Worth said, after greeting his visitors, and offering John Morley a chair near where he and Judge Rich were seated.

Andrea followed Dianne from the room. She was awed by the loveliness of Christopher’s home. She was awed by the nearness of Christopher’s sister, nervous, too, of meeting his mother, now that Mary Worth knew she and Christopher loved each other. It was the act of creeping more intimately into Christopher’s life. But Dianne quickly put her at ease, encircling her waist with her arm as they left the room.

“I want to look at you closely, Andrea,” she said, when they reached the hall. The large mirror reflected them as, through it, Andrea watched Dianne’s inspection.

“I think you are lovely,” Dianne declared frankly. “It seems I have known you for a long, long time. You will not think I am rude, will you, but I have been impatient to know you more intimately, to find out what kind of a girl my brother has really fallen in love with.”

Andrea smiled. “Of course I shall never measure up to your expectations,” she said.

“You do measure up. Much more than I ever dared to hope. No, I should not say that, because Christopher has very good taste, and . . . you are very beautiful, Andrea.”

“Did Christopher tell you . . . he loved me?” Andrea questioned shyly.

Dianne’s arm embraced her more tightly, with a friendly squeeze. “His letters talked of nothing else. We used to laugh about it. Mother and I. He never actually said he loved you, but we could tell. No matter where he went, or what he did, or what he dreamed of doing, you were always included.”

“We do love each other, very much,” Andrea confided simply.

“Mother is dying to talk to you, dear,” Dianne said, leading the way upstairs, to Mary Worth’s room. “She is feeling quite upset about Christopher. We all are. Though daddy says he is going to do something about it, to-day.”



“Come over here, Andrea,” Mary Worth invited, when they entered the bedroom together. Andrea crossed the carpet to the bedside.

“Andrea come and sit beside me, dear,” Christopher’s mother said, “I want to talk to you about Christopher.” Dianne had seated herself upon the edge of the bed, and extending her hand, clasped Andrea’s fingers with her own.

“Tell me all you know about this terrible thing that has happened to my boy,” Mary Worth begged. Andrea’s eyes filled with tears while she recited the happenings of their last evening together, and told of the farce of the trial, and of their good-bye upon the railway station platform. Then the recollection of the note she had already received brought a hopeful smile to her face.

“I shall be getting a letter from Christopher to-night,” she exclaimed brightly, while she told them of the conspiracy between Barney Chase and herself.

Mary Worth’s eyes brightened happily, and Dianne squeezed Andrea’s fingers. “Will you come back and tell us what the letter says, dear?” Mary Worth asked.

“Of course I will. I am so happy that you approve of me . . . I . . . I was afraid you might not. I was afraid you would want Christopher to marry someone like . . . Ernestine Barrett.”

“You poor child. We would want Christopher to marry the girl he really loves. His letters have told us plainly enough that you are that girl, Andrea, and we are going to love you, also.”

“I do love Christopher, tremendously,” Andrea confessed. It was easy to talk of their love to his own people. She could feel they loved him tremendously, too, and during the hour she waited for the Reverend John to complete his conversation with Christopher’s father, she crept intimately into their friendship and took them completely into her own heart.

“You must come and see us as often as you can, Andrea,” Dianne said. Andrea paused at the top of the stairs, a question upon her lips. She felt that Dianne would not mind, yet it seemed a silly thing to ask. Unless Dianne could understand.

“Would you let me see Christopher’s room?” The question bravely left her trembling lips. Dianne did understand. The kiss she impulsively placed upon Andrea’s cheek, told this. So they turned to walk the length of the corridor, to the back part of the house, while Dianne opened the door to the

room that had been Christopher's since his boyhood, standing aside to let Andrea enter alone. Andrea crossed to the window. How often she had seen this view through Christopher's eyes; the gnarled old cherry trees, the robins even, who came back to the garden each year, to build their home and raise a new family, the hedges and sundial and stone bath in which the birds she had pictured, were fluttering gaily. Much of Christopher's idealism must have come to him because of this view, she thought. She remembered he had told her he could see through this window as he lay in bed. She crossed to the bed, smoothing her fingers with a reverent caress over the carved oak panelling that had the blackness of age. The pictures on the wall; she felt she knew them intimately, for she had often lived with the characters through his eyes. His books; she knew their titles by heart, for he had taught her the tender forbearance and philosophy they held. Opening the door of the wardrobe closet, she gently touched the clothes hanging upon the hooks; his clothes. A lump came into her throat, and a tiny, heartrending cry escaped her lips, as she buried her face in his silken dressing gown. A pipe lay idly on a table near his comfortable, roomy arm-chair. It had lain where it was since his fingers had last touched it; his pipe, as everything was his in this intimately lovely room.

"Mother never allowed anything in his room to be moved," Dianne told her, when Andrea joined her again and together they went downstairs to the library, where the men were talking. Andrea scanned their faces as she entered the room. Dianne had said that Barlow Worth would do something for Christopher that day. From what she saw in their faces she knew this to be a false hope. They did not know what to do, these men.

"Do you think they will get Christopher's release?" she questioned eagerly, when she and the Reverend John were on their way home. Her father did not reply for a moment, thoughtfully contemplating what answer he should give, though he knew that Andrea would divine any untruth, by the very tone of his voice.

"No, I do not believe there is anything they can do." Andrea recoiled from the words, as though some unseen hand had struck her face.

"No hope at all, daddy?"

"Well, there is always hope, of course. But they do not seem to think so. I think the answers I gave to their questions only added to the hopelessness of the possibility of doing anything."

"I will not believe it. There is some way to make the law recognize the truth about Christopher. He was convicted because of the lies the people's

attorney told the jury. Truth must win in the end, daddy.”

“Truth should win, Andrea. But I am beginning to lose my faith in a great many things.”

“That is not like you, of all men.”

“I know, but it is a fact, nevertheless. It is true. Did you notice the way I stumbled over the twenty-third psalm during the service yesterday?”

“Yes, I thought it was your throat that was bothering you.”

“No, it was my conscience. A fierce hatred for the unjustness of life, filled me. ‘The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.’ The statement seemed to mock me. We, the church have taught that to little children, when scarcely able to more than prattle. We have taught them to say, ‘I shall not want, because the Lord has promised me this.’ It has been the daily chant of millions who do want, and have always wanted, and will always want. Because we, the church, like all other organized bodies, do nothing to help the situation. It is not the Lord’s fault. The fault lies within ourselves. We have not the decency to assume the responsibility of seeing to it that everybody is provided with all the necessities of life. We boast about our civilization, and all the ungodly things it has given us. The church has been too busy with men’s souls to bother much about their bodies. Oh, I know, we play with the idea, but the church is power enough in itself to right things. We send missionaries to so-called heathens, who before we touch them with the taint of civilization’s grasping greed, are living peacefully and contentedly, with enough to eat and a place to sleep.”

Andrea walked beside the Reverend John, amused at his bitter outburst. “Go on, daddy,” she encouraged him. “That is the spirit Christopher wanted you to have.”

“Wait until next Sunday. I will throw a bomb among the congregation that will startle them.”

“But you are preaching in the First Church next Sunday,” Andrea reminded him.

“That is why I say I shall deliver a real sermon. That congregation is composed of the wealthiest people in this city. What I have to say will make them think.”

“Perhaps the Reverend Doctor Franklin Armitage will object, and you will lose your job again.”

“I have a notion that Franklin Armitage is on our side, and that the church will come to see the part they should play in the affairs of the country. The problem we are faced with, in the world to-day, is not just another business depression, it is the anti-climax of greed’s activity. It is not a matter of politics, for politicians are apparently seeing no farther than the end of their noses. Those in control of each country see nothing beyond the problem of their own country. They fail to realize this is a world crisis, which can only be straightened out by all men getting together and merging their interests.”

“Where did you get such profound thought, Daddy Morley?” Andrea teased, as she hastened to keep pace with his rapid strides which quickened as he became excitedly immersed in his subject.

“That is Christopher’s thought. I have been reading his material, and I believe he has the only possible solution. It is drastic and because of this, because it would hurt many of those in power, they have quieted his voice.”

“They cannot quiet his voice forever,” Andrea exclaimed, quickly up in arms on Christopher’s behalf.

“There is no telling what they might do. It is such a huge task, for millions are in need. Those responsible will try all manner of quack remedies before they are forced to do the only thing which will give the weary old world permanent relief.”

“Well, I am very proud of you, Reverend John, and remembering the promise in that psalm, and considering you are on the Lord’s payroll, I think we had better hurry and get started with our grocery deliveries. You are helping to-day.”

“I thought this was Lionel Morrison’s day to help?” the Reverend John smilingly retaliated.

“No, his turn is to-morrow. Coke day, you know, Reverend, and I am telling you that he is a most able and reliable assistant.”

The Reverend John chuckled. “I must arrange it some way so that some of the other ministers see him at the job without him knowing it. It would be an interesting topic for our next conference.”

“I resent your making fun of my Lionel Morrison. He is a lovely man, and really in earnest, too.”

“I know that, Andrea. Pardon me for teasing. I wish there were a thousand like him. We should get somewhere then.”

“There will be a thousand, and ten thousand, and many more. You will see, Reverend.”

“You are right, Andrea. Like the gospel of the man of Galilee, one will tell another, who in turn will tell another, until the whole world knows and believes and acts.”

The parish to which the Reverend John Morley ministered was situated in the poorest district of the city. The streets were, for the most part, unpaved, and those which did boast of having, in some remote time, been treated with a coating of tar substance, were in bad repair. Shabby houses jostled one another on either side of narrow streets. Occasionally one found an attempt to beautify the front garden, by coaxing a sparse lawn to grow upon ground which was a mixture of sand, and slag from nearby furnaces, and pitiful beds of geraniums and begonias grew straggly and soon became blackened by soot from neighbouring smokestacks. Crude fences of boards from packing cases futilely attempted to stop the desecration of children's mischievous feet in their play.

The Worth Steel Foundries were in the heart of this district, among numerous other manufacturing plants, for this was the industrial centre of the city. Swedes, Poles, Russians, Slavs, Bulgarians, and other nationalities, intermingled with a hardy lot of English, Irish and Scotch, were the people of the Reverend John's congregation. The labour which turned the industrial wheels of these plants were a third of the city's population, almost, doing the bulk of the manual labour, living in conditions scarcely believable in a civilized country.

But the industrial plants were no longer operating. True, one could occasionally see a wisp of smoke issuing from one of the tall stacks, and occasionally hear the clank of hammer or rumble of machinery. It was a happening which raised hope in the breasts of the men, and their wives and little children; false hope, as they quickly discovered, when they fell into line before the employment office window, in the hope of earning sufficient to buy sustenance for themselves and those they loved.

The Reverend John often marvelled at their patience. Drastic things might happen if, in desperation of hunger, they ran amok. But those in control of the city's welfare kept them pacified with honeyed promises, and the dole of sufficient to keep them from starving altogether; a process which lessened the vitality of their manhood, and kept them in a harmless state of bewilderment. The system of relief was degrading to an unbelievable degree, in fact, so much so, that many men suffered, rather than accept a charity so ungraciously given.

It was out of this parish that the Society of Forgotten Men had come into being, and now it was among these people that it continued with its work.

Christopher Worth had endeavoured to find remedy in precept, realizing the tremendousness of the task, realizing that the parish of the Reverend John represented less than one-millionth part of the real need. But the other members, without their leader, had fallen back to relieving the situation in this limited area, hoping that example would encourage others to do as they were doing.

Andrea had taken up her work of carrying relief to those in dire need, and on this afternoon, the day following her visit to Christopher's mother, she was delivering things in the old sedan, with no less dignified assistant than the Reverend Lionel Morrison of the First Church. He had no fear that he might be recognized should one of his fashionable congregation happen to stray into the neighbourhood, which of course was most unlikely, for his attire consisted mainly, as far as one could see, of a pair of blue denim trousers, and old chequered coat, topped off by a golf cap that must have seen many seasons at the country club. They had stopped for a moment, while Andrea examined her list of calls, planning their afternoon's work, when they heard the Reverend John's voice.

"Come, come, this will hardly do, Andrea," he jokingly exclaimed. "Remember what the good book says, 'The need for coke is great and the labourers are few.' Who is this with you? Amos or Andy?"

"Shame on you, Reverend. This is Uncle Tom, helping little Topsy. You must have come away without your spectacles."

"My apologies, Uncle Tom," he exclaimed profusely to Lionel Morrison. Andrea's assistant grinned, adding another smudge to his already dirty face. They paused in their work to chat for a moment. The Reverend John was making his rounds, which meant a varied task; checking up complaints, making certain relief was reaching the most worthy cases, arranging for a nurse to see that the wife of an Italian iron-worker brought an addition to their already numerous brood safely, straightening up a matter of rent in a home where the bailiff had already taken possession, ordering an extra pint of milk for someone's undernourished baby, an additional loaf of bread for a family who seemed to be perpetually hungry, watching the slim allowance he had to spend quickly disappear, until his fingers must find their way into the pocket where he had set apart a few dollars of his meagre salary towards the purchase of a new coat for Andrea. The one she was wearing had been threadbare two winters ago, and now cold weather was again setting in. But Andrea would never mention the new coat or reproach him for spending the money for she would have done the same thing. It was an endless round, the work they were doing, yet filled with the satisfaction of having

accomplished something worth while, and filled, also, with heartache, because of the realization that so few of the many could be cared for.

This nonsense was a safety valve for the pressure of heartache, and after a moment or so the Reverend John continued on his way, while Lionel Morrison continued to help Andrea deliver her coke.

“The Reverend John is a wonderful character, Andrea,” he exclaimed, as her father disappeared in the distance.

“Funny, he says exactly the same about you. And, do you know, Mr. Morrison, I think you are even more to be honoured than daddy. The Reverend is used to this work, for we have always been right in the midst of it. But you have had to step out of luxury, as it were, to help us.”

“Ouch, young lady! That hurt. That statement that I had to step out of luxury.”

“I am sorry. I did not mean it that way.”

“I know you did not, Andrea, but it hurt just the same. Do you mean you have always had to do this kind of work with the poor? Even before the depression, when there was work for the men, when the plants hereabouts were busy? Was there any need for charity, then?”

Andrea had a far-away look in her eyes as she replied. “Yes, there has always been a need for us. There have always been those who would have gone hungry. Sickness sometimes, when the earning power of the family suddenly stops, when doctor bills bite into meagre earnings. Oh, there are so many things that can happen to the lives of the common people, over which they have no control, and against which they can make no provision. This has been our life, Mr. Morrison, daddy’s and mine, and mother’s before me. Do you wonder that we love Christopher for his insight in the problem, for his wanting to share the burden of the work with us?”

“Really, I had no idea of this need,” Lionel Morrison exclaimed.

“Very few people have,” Andrea replied. “They think we are a species of fanatic. The lower order of Christianity, you know, sort of untouchables. They think these people live like this because they are animal types, because they have never been used to anything else. Why the church tells daddy to leave them alone, that they will not appreciate what we are doing. They hardly realize what they are saying. These people are like little children. They are bewildered with the life in this country, with its vortex of perplexing happenings. When you get to know them, you will have many a surprise. If you were to see the treasured embroideries of one girl I have in



mind, you would quickly understand that, below the outside sordidness of poverty, there is a longing for beauty. It is evidenced in this girl's handiwork, in its beauty of colour and design. It tells of a race whose history reaches back into the past, when there was little of this struggle for existence."

Lionel Morrison leaned back in his seat contemplatively, listening to the girl beside him. Early in the afternoon he had opened up a train of thought which had started his companion to talk. Now he would not stop her if he could. Each time the old sedan pulled away from the curb, after he had carried fuel into the house, and Andrea had chatted with its occupants, the subject was reopened, as though each stop added fresh inspiration. Lionel Morrison liked to hear Andrea talk, so he quietly listened, interrupting only when necessary, with but monosyllables. Sitting tightly, in his seat, to counteract the jolting of the sedan over the rough roads, he watched the animation of her face, the sparkle of her eyes.

Towards late afternoon, they drove past the park where they knew Peter Bronte was holding a meeting of unemployed. Lee Hansen was speaking when they arrived. "This is the sort of thing, you know, that makes my heart ache," Lionel Morrison exclaimed after listening a moment.

"Yes, they scarcely understand what it is all about," Andrea said. "But they tighten their belts and listen, and hope. I wonder what the future will bring?"

"Nothing, but this, I am afraid, for a long time yet."

"It cannot go on. It is too cruel."

"It always has gone on, Andrea. Since the beginning of civilization."

"But it is not just," Andrea exclaimed bitterly.

"It always has been like this. Perhaps that is why we tolerate it." The Reverend Lionel Morrison's voice told quite plainly that he considered their efforts futile.

"Someone will change things some day. It must not continue."

"Christopher tried to change things. They would not let him. They imprisoned him." Lionel Morrison was sorry he had brought Christopher into the conversation when he saw Andrea's eyes brimming with tears. "Idiot!" he called himself.

"I have been worrying about Christopher all day," she said. "Something seems to tell me that he is very unhappy. I lay awake all night, thinking of

the terrible thing they have done to him.” She was reminded that Barney Chase had not brought a letter from Christopher as she had expected he would, last night. She told herself he had been detained. It was the anticipation of getting the letter this day that kept her spirits up during their work.

“They listen, but they hardly know what it is all about,” Lionel Morrison repeated, attempting to divert her thought back to the crowd of men around Peter Bronte and Lee Hansen, under the elms in the park. “They listen, bewildered,” he continued. “We are commencing at the wrong end of the problem, speaking to the men who suffer. They can do nothing, even if they did have sufficient courage. Might commence some sort of a riot, but it would not get them anything beyond bruised heads and separation from their families, while their hatred smouldered in a prison cell. Christopher was right when he said that it is those in power who must be convinced of the necessity and encouraged to formulate some remedy.”

“But Christopher talked to these common people. What did he expect to gain?”

“I used to wonder concerning that, also. Though I think I know. Christopher was always sure that there would be some of the men he wanted to reach among his hearers, and they, seeing the power of the mass, might be more serious in their listening to, and so more serious in their contemplation of the things he said.”

“It makes my heart ache to watch them,” Andrea said. “They seem so earnest, yet so forlorn.”

“Yes. It is pitiful. There must be a hundred or more in the gathering. It is disastrous to think of so much labour being wasted. Those men could all be working, would be glad of the opportunity of producing things they and their fellow men need so urgently; shoes for themselves, and their wives, and children. Look at their feet, there is not a decent pair of shoes among them. Look at their clothing, quite inadequate for the rawness of to-day; threadbare and shabby. Not one of them, whose home does not need tables, and chairs, and carpets, blankets for their beds, curtains for their windows. How many have radios and refrigerators and motor cars and the other things our civilization boasts of having given to humanity? Getting to be quite a philosopher, myself,” he said, chuckling at what was an unusual outburst for him.

“I am beginning to piece things together,” Andrea said reflectively as she pressed her toe on the starter, drowning Lee Hansen’s words with the rumble

of the engine. “Christopher has a quaint way of telling the story, something like parables, but he is definitely leading up to a solution of the whole world problem.”

“I hardly think he intends to suggest a solution. That is not his task, but rather the task of those who have assumed the responsibility of humanity’s welfare,” the Reverend Lionel Morrison said. “Christopher’s work is rather to lead them to see the necessity as it really exists, that they may know the need and act accordingly.”

The meeting was breaking up. Peter Bronte noticed them as they were about to pull away from the curb, calling to them as he and Lee Hansen hurried over to the car.

“Have you room for a couple of passengers?” Peter questioned, his face beaming with pleasure at having seen them in time.

“Pile in the back if you can stand a good shaking up,” Andrea commanded, glancing over her shoulder as they settled themselves. “Have a good meeting?”

“Lee’s initiation,” Peter told them, playfully teasing his friend about some mistakes he had made in his speech.

“Believe I would prefer setting type any day,” Lee replied earnestly. “Lord, those fellows got under my skin. Their eyes, looking up into my face, so that I could scarcely bear it. Seemed I could see down into their hearts, could see the aching and suffering and hopelessness. The way they would hang on to a fellow’s words, wanting you to say something that would make to-morrow, and other to-morrows, less hopeless. But what could I say? There was nothing to say to them.”

“Andrea has the right idea after all,” Peter Bronte said, interrupting. “A speck of something in the belly is worth a mouthful of pity. How is that for a modern version of the Proverbs?”

“It is not a Proverb, Peter,” Andrea laughingly corrected.

“Oh, then I am not as conversant with my Bible as I should be. Well, it ought to be a Proverb, that is all I can say. What is your opinion, Reverend?”

“I agree with you, Peter, absolutely,” Lionel Morrison replied, chuckling quietly.

Andrea stopped the car at Peter Bronte’s house. Baby Betty saw them and, with her brothers, ran to the car door.

“I thought perhaps it was Christ’pher,” Betty lisped. “Where is he?”

“He has gone away, but he is coming back.”

“He is in prison,” Robert said seriously. “I heard dad say so.”

“Hush, Robert. You must not say that,” Peter admonished.

“We did hear you say it,” Jack exclaimed, backing up his brother’s statement. “It was in the newspapers, too.”

Betty’s eyes were filled with tears as she looked for Andrea to deny the dreadful statement her brothers had just made. “Is Christ’pher in prison, Andrea?” she asked, climbing to the running board to clutch her friend’s hand, then to rush, sobbing, to the house, to the comfort of her mother’s arms, when Andrea’s nod confirmed the terrible news.

“That is what makes my heart ache, more than anything else,” Peter Bronte said, nodding in the direction of his diminutive daughter and his boys, who had now resumed their play. “They are going to be the real sufferers. God knows they suffer plenty now, but when they reach manhood, unless something drastic happens, there is going to be no place for them in the world.”

“We are getting to be a disconsolate crowd,” Andrea teased. “Better change the name of our society. Come on, everybody, smile, and all of you come along to the parsonage to-night. I have an idea I shall have a letter from Christopher, and I will read it . . . or at least, some of it, to you.”

Judge Francis Rich glanced across the chess board as his friend, Barlow Worth, interrupted the silent concentration of the game with an exclamation which told the reason of his preoccupation. Francis Rich had felt that something was causing his opponent's mind to wander, rather than stay with the problem of the ponderous battle of chess that constituted their weekly pastime.

"Do you know, Francis, I am somewhat puzzled as to where my boy got his ideas. I never had an inkling that he was the least interested in the study of sociology," Barlow Worth said, while he relaxed, leaning his head against the back of his chair.

"Christopher is one of those young men who say little but think a great deal, a product of a new age, Barlow, if you know what I mean," Judge Rich commented, allowing his thoughts to be diverted from the game to the thought of Christopher Worth, about whom they had been speaking earlier in the evening.

"Yes, I suppose you are right, Francis. For some reason or other I cannot seem to get my mind away from the problem of my boy. I was thinking, just now, about the papers I found in his room. You will be interested in them, I know. Do you mind if I interrupt our game to read some of the things he says, to you?"

"Why, no, I would not mind," Judge Rich acquiesced. "In fact, I would be delighted to hear more about his ideas. You practically have me checkmated, in any case." Francis Rich smiled, glad of this excuse to end a game in which neither of them seemed interested. Barlow Worth arose, moving the low table which held the chess board, from between them, and crossed to his desk, to gather together the sheets of typewritten notes he had been reading earlier in the evening.

"Listen to this, Francis," he exclaimed. "Christopher has called it his platform. This is something more than the dreamer, you will agree. What he says touches a vulnerable spot, too. Not that I do not heartily agree with him. Are you ready for a shock?"

"Yes, let me have it," Judge Rich urged, settling back comfortably in his chair, and reaching for one of Barlow Worth's cigars, while Christopher's father straightened the sheets of typewritten notes, and commenced to read.

“The reason that our monetary system of exchange is not functioning as it should do is due to two major circumstances. The first of these is the undervaluation of gold. The present system would operate successfully if it were possible to produce gold from our mines at a price comparative to its present worth, for there is gold in abundance in the earth, though the cost of gaining it for civilization is very costly. There is no doubt whatever concerning the worth of our monetary system. It was conceived by men who had the vision of humanity’s need. That it does not serve the purpose intended, is due to the second circumstance; wealth not being properly distributed and controlled, so that the world’s wealth may remain active. It has become hoarded, the property of a few individuals who have not the capacity to spend it, even if they so desired. It is time our monetary system was carefully analyzed to adopt means of freer distribution among the masses. No individual should be permitted to accumulate more than a million dollars of exchangeable assets during a lifetime. Individual wealth, beyond that amount, should revert to the treasury of the country to which the possessor may belong. Furthermore, when that individual dies, all that wealth, beyond a tenth of that million, which would be allowed for the maintenance of the individuals dependent upon him, should also revert to the country’s treasury. This wealth would be held in trust by the government, which would pay a fair dividend to the beneficiaries so long as they were dependent, and with their death it would be appropriated that it might, through proper channels, be put once again into circulation.”

“Read that again, Barlow,” Judge Rich begged, adding, “It is too big a thought to digest at one hearing.”

“It certainly is a tremendous thought,” Barlow Worth agreed. “Yet when you consider it carefully, it is clear that it would cause no hardship upon any one individual, and do you not see the vital thought that is embodied in the idea? That the wealth of the world would automatically become redistributed.”

“That is right. I grasp the plan. A system of perpetual redistribution.”

“Yes. Quite workable too, Francis. I can see what a difference such a plan would make to every nation in the world and to every individual in the nation. The normal conditions they talk so much about would become a

reality. There is more than socialism in the thought, but it needs grasping. Yet I believe it is workable, if only some one government had sufficient courage to lead the way.”

“You are rated at more than a million, Barlow. How do you feel about such a proposal?” Judge Rich chuckled when he asked this question, having caught the humor of this suggestion, coming from the son of a millionaire.

“I agree with the boy absolutely. It is ridiculous for a man to possess more wealth than he and his family can use, just to keep it stored away in safety deposit boxes. Why, I find it difficult to spend the normal yearly increase of my wealth. It seems that once a man’s wealth reaches a certain point there is no stopping it. It just naturally multiplies. Then, the limit Christopher suggests should not mean a hardship. A million dollars is plenty for any man to possess.”

“Yes, a million would satisfy me,” Judge Rich agreed enviously.

“He takes a whack at stock manipulation. Listen to this, Francis:

“Stock manipulation must be abolished if a sure standard of industrial values is to be maintained. There should be no privately-owned stock exchange, but rather an exchange operated by all governments for the convenience of actual buyers and sellers, thereby making false valuation and the practice of gambling in securities well nigh impossible.”

“But what effect could that possibly have upon the world problem, Barlow? I thought that stock exchanges were necessary to progress.”

“It would be one of the best things that could possibly happen. You remember the terrible experiences of past years. Inflation of stocks and bonds to more than double their true value, then the inevitable crash. What else could one expect, but disaster? It upset get-rich-quick dreams tremendously. There are a good many industrial and financial institutions today that must be deflated fifty per cent, or more and the sooner the operation is over, the better for all concerned.”

“You are not talking to a financial wizard, Barlow. Explain what you mean.”

“Well, Francis, you see, an individual may have paid a hundred dollars a share for stock he or she purchased as an investment five years ago, and today that stock is listed among his assets at the actual purchase price, when in reality the shares may not be worth a tenth of that amount. The sooner the

companies break down their capital structure to a figure where dividends under present conditions are assured, the sooner we will have contentment.”

“Then you believe that government control of the stock exchange would avoid a repetition of any such a happening?”

“Absolutely. If, as Christopher advocates, the government control is honest. For instance, the stock certificates would represent the actual value of the equity without water in any company issue. You know someone must lose to pay the salaries, expense and handsome profits of the privately operated stock exchanges.”

“All this is beyond my depth. Not that I have no souvenirs of the stock market crash. I have plenty. But continue with your story. I believe, though, that most people have learned their lesson.”

“No one has learned a lesson. You will repeat your nonsense sooner or later. But let me explain. As I see it, under the system which Christopher suggests, you might never become wealthy, according to your avaricious dreams, but on the other hand, your investments would have been safeguarded and you would not have lost the money I happen to know you did.”

“You are right. I did acquire quite a collection of worthless paper and like everyone else, I am hoping the value of it will some day come back to at least the price I paid for it.”

“I am afraid you are going to be disappointed, Francis. No stock is worth more than it can pay a regular dividend on every year, and how many can do it to-day. Now here is another mighty sensible suggestion Christopher makes,” Barlow Worth said, continuing to read:

“The small industrialist suffers to-day because of huge trusts and mergers. No privately owned industrial organization should be allowed to control assets in excess of ten million dollars. Nor should any such organization be permitted to own a subsidiary company if it, with the parent company, has combined assets to exceed this amount. Where one enterprise requires a greater capitalization to function properly it should become publicly owned and be operated and controlled by the government, in trust, for the people.”

“But what can this possibly have to do with the depression problem?” Judge Rich demanded, bewildered.



“I could answer your question with one word . . . power. Too much power. Do you not realize that this is the reason? A few big men pooling their resources to control markets, to destroy thousands of small organizations. It is the starting point of diverting the world’s wealth into the pockets of the few, and when they get it all, they find they cannot consume it.”

“That is one thing I liked about Christopher. He never seemed to be concerned over how little or how much money you tried to make.”

“No, he had not the eagerness to acquire wealth that I had. Here is something about employment. That was really what started him thinking about things, you know; so many men idle and in want. But listen to what he says:

“We have idle labour. Farmer, artisan, professional worker, are unable to exist without charitable relief, because the world’s monetary system of exchange, through retarded circulation, holds back money that should normally reach their pockets. Every worker should have the right to demand employment. The government of the world should set a minimum standard of wages, according to the skill of the worker. A shorter period of work week should be compulsory and uniform the world over. This work week should decrease in the number of hours until every worker under fifty-five years of age is employed. Every man and dependent woman should receive a retirement income when he or she reaches fifty-five years of age; an income ample for each particular need. Dependent widows should receive a livable allowance, controlled by the number of children under working age. These incomes should be paid by the government of every country from a revenue derived by a contribution of a percentage of all money earned either by labour or investment. The farmer should also be protected by a minimum selling price of farm products, enforced by the governments, so that the farmer may also receive an equitable return for his labour.”

“Sounds sensible enough, Barlow,” Francis Rich exclaimed when Barlow Worth paused for breath.

“It certainly does,” Barlow Worth replied. “I can see that if these proposals were put into effect, the situation would right itself over night, almost. Every man would earn an income sufficient for his needs, and he

would automatically become a spender. He would have more leisure for recreation and thought. Labour-saving machines would make man's labour light, give him more time for himself; that is what they were invented for, not to create a system of price cutting that would bring on an industrial crisis, nor to build fabulous fortunes for a few. The men who gave them to the world intended them to be a blessing. They have proven to be a curse to humanity. The worker never asked for these labour-saving devices, and from the misuse of them, lack of employment has resulted. Christopher's ideal seems more than one dare hope to ever achieve. Every man sure of being allowed to work, sure of an income sufficient for his needs. With time to live, and to enjoy the things life holds for him, instead, on the one hand, of slaving from early morning until late at night, or, on the other hand, searching for work and starving. What a thrill for every man to realize that when he reaches his fifty-fifth birthday, he will be assured of an income for the rest of his life, and can safely step aside to make room for one of the younger generation, with the satisfaction of knowing that he has paid during his working lifetime for this old age independence."

"But what about those of us who do not want to lay down our tools when we are fifty-five?"

"Without serious unemployment on our hands that could be arranged, Francis. There are some men of tremendous value to humanity. But generally speaking, most workers would be glad to retire at that age upon a livable retirement income."

A silence fell between the two men, each contemplating the matter they had been discussing until a thought suddenly struck Judge Rich. "Well, what are you going to do about it? Have you any idea how these things can be put into actual practice?"

"No, not at this moment. Christopher was not alone in this thought. I believe he fully realized the difficulties, the power of abnormal wealth. So long as those in power are seeking more wealth, just so long will we muddle through. I have been endeavouring to analyze the plan of campaign Christopher was using. I noticed among his notes a suggestion to limit the amount of wealth a government official might possess."

"That would account for the capitalists acting the way they did towards Christopher, Barlow. They knew he was dangerous to their interests."

"Exactly, Francis. Yet they were quite short-sighted. Because the situation is becoming less bearable every day for the masses. Greed has got to go. When conditions become such as to cause extreme human suffering,

there is nothing left for humanity to do but to remedy the unsatisfactory condition. When millions of people are driven to undeserved poverty and suffering through the greed of a few, the governments are useless if they do not take away the opportunity of the few to get within their grasp such tremendous unearned wealth. Governments that take the attitude that conditions will automatically right themselves, are heralding their own doom.”

“Now I see more clearly, Barlow, the something which puzzled me in Christopher’s case. The men with money knew he was right and they were afraid of him.”

“Yes, though they would not put it that way. Rather, with clever argument, they would make a case for themselves, endeavouring to show through false evidence that our present monetary system was not responsible for the present chaos.”

“To my mind Christopher is absolutely right, when he says that the task of distributing the earth’s abundance is not altogether a political job. Christopher claims that the Church should enter into this work of distribution. Think of the possibilities in that thought, not from the standpoint of any one particular Faith but from that of every church that professes to serve humanity. The church is entrusted with the message that God will provide for every human being. The church knows He does—abundantly. Yet she stands by and permits a favoured few to hold back this abundance, while three-quarters of humanity suffer. The church is losing power through her indifference to this distribution problem, the greatest calamity the world has ever faced.”

“Yet it seems too good an idea to be overlooked, Barlow. Surely you can do something about it. So that others might consider it. You never know what is going to happen.”

“Yes, Francis. That is exactly what I was thinking about this afternoon. It is the reason why I brought the notes back with me. I am going to do something that will justify the sacrifice my son has made. That organization he created, the Society of Forgotten Men. I am going to hold it together while he is away. That is where my millions are going, or the greater part of them. To endow the society, that the men engaged in the work will be enabled to live while they continue with the work Christopher commenced.”

“Splendid, Barlow. Christopher would have wanted nothing more than that.”

“It is the least I can do, Francis. I ridiculed him and his ideas at first, when I should have been encouraging him, or even working by his side.”

“You must not blame yourself, Barlow. If I had a son I would be proud to have him devote his life to such a cause. A man could not show a greater love than that.”

“I miss the boy, Francis. If it would do any good I would see that somebody paid for what they have done to him.”

“He would not want that, Barlow. Remember what Andrea told us he said. ‘That the men who were hurting him did not know what they were doing, and that he wanted you all to forgive them.’”

“I feel sorry for Andrea. Poor child. She has taken it harder than any of us.”

“Do you know, Barlow, I believe the happening is going to have far-reaching effects. That it might mean that the ideal Christopher had so set his heart upon is going to be achieved more surely and more quickly through his imprisonment, than could have been accomplished otherwise.”

“Whatever do you mean by that, Francis?”

A voice from the doorway of the library joined in the conversation as Dianne entered. “Queer, daddy. I was thinking that, also,” she said. She had the evening newspapers in her hand, bringing them to the men. “See what the press says about it.”

Barlow Worth looked at the folded sheets, to become immersed in the story of Christopher, who was front page news; the thing he abhorred. Christopher’s misfortune was the newspapers’ latest circulation builder. Suddenly Barlow Worth became excited, leaning toward Judge Rich, his finger pointing to one of the articles.

“Look at this, Francis. Word for word of the notes we have been reading!”

“Queer. How did they get that?” Judge Rich commented in surprise.

“Christopher must have made a second copy. Though I would not be surprised if that printer fellow, Lee Hansen, was setting it in type for distribution. I tell you it will stir up a great deal of thought, linked as it is, with Christopher’s imprisonment.”

“The newspapers are certainly full of the affair.”

Barlow Worth grew pensive as, having perused the newspapers, he leaned back reflectively in his chair. His son, Christopher, had attempted to turn humanity's thoughts from men and their own selfishness, to the affairs of those less fortunate than themselves. He had given up everything that had been part of his life, the life of a pampered son of a millionaire. He had gone to live among these people, whom he had called "forgotten men"; had given everything he possessed to them and for them. Through some unknown power he had been given an insight into the causes of the unhappiness of the world, and had been able to offer a remedy. The effort would not be wasted, for Christopher had laid the foundation for a work which must now go on.

"I am sure that within the next ten years a man will be rated by the good he does in his community for mankind, not by the amount of wealth he amasses," Barlow Worth said thoughtfully. "I now realize if we used a little commonsense in our plan of distribution we could quite easily bring order from chaos, and I intend to dedicate the balance of my life to the cause of the people whom Christopher named Forgotten Men."

Time had no meaning during the week Christopher spent in solitary confinement. Day and night became as one in the dark of the cold cell. He carried no clear memory of the hours. They seemed like an interminable length of time; a period of semi-consciousness not unlike death itself, during which his pain-racked body seemed a thing apart from his mind, so that he could look at it dispassionately and wonder why it should be tortured until it could bear no more.

The week that ended with the opening of the cell door to its limits, and the command to follow the guard, had been a living death. He wondered whether death was like this, when the mind was able to leave the body, to stand apart, and analyze its weakness; a body frail enough, so that the bleeding back could fill every nerve and fibre with pain, and weaken it until it could scarcely crawl from one corner of the cell to the opposite side, a body that shivered in the dampness, until the slight irritation in his chest, became an ache which tightened until the body could barely breathe.

He was glad that his body was a thing apart from himself. He did not need to concern himself so much about it. It was his mind he had lived with during the fearsome hours of his punishment. What fools the men who represented the law were! It was his mind that had offended his captors, but in their ignorance they did not realize this, and so they punished his body. He decided it was the feeling of death he had experienced, when all of his past had paraded in review for him to ponder, and queerly enough very little had to do with his body. It simply obeyed the commands of his mind, but it had no responsibility. It was his mind that was responsible for every act good or bad, and so it was his mind that must be punished or rewarded.

The punishment was ended. He had given to the law the fullness of its demands in agony and suffering. He felt he should hate them, but there was no hatred in his heart, simply a deep sorrow and pity for their thoughtlessness and ignorance. The opening of the cell door had marked the payment of the demand, in full. His eyes smarted with the brightness of daylight. His body ached from the days of confinement. Inflammation tugged at the membranes of his throat and chest.

“I have a terrible cold,” he said to the guard, as they walked to the dining room where the other prisoners were assembled for breakfast. The man was a trusty. Christopher was glad of this. The guard who had been in charge of him for the past week, had been brutal to an extreme.

“See what I can do for you,” the trusty promised. Christopher noticed curious eyes furtively glance in his direction, as he found his way to an empty place at the long table. He had dreaded his meals in this room, had been unable to eat the coarse food, or drink the vile coffee. Now he was eager for the warm liquid which he gulped greedily, to feel the shock as it touched delicate membranes that had known nothing but tepid water for days. But it cut the choking in his chest, and made his breathing easier. Now he was conscious of his body as part of himself again. He felt he had a fever. Burying his head between his arms on the table, he became drowsy, scarcely noticing, or caring, that his fellow prisoners had filed from the room, scarcely caring when he heard the curt command to follow them. Of course, he had forgotten, he was no longer a free man, but had simply been granted a punishment less severe than that of the past seven days.

“Step lively,” the guard shouted. “You are on the road gang to-day.”

Christopher tottered to his feet. “I am afraid I am unable to do anything. I want to go to bed.” The guard laughed loudly. “Better tell that to the warden,” he sneered. “Come along and no nonsense.”

“But I tell you I am ill. I have a terrible pain in my chest. Will you let me see the doctor?”

“You only think you have a pain. They all feel that way after a week in the hole. You will be all right when you get out in the air.”

Christopher pleaded to be allowed to see the doctor, while the guard compromised by promising to speak to him during the day and see Christopher was looked after that night. So he fell in step with a hundred other men; automatons, their bodies being punished because their minds had erred. He endeavoured to hold their pace and do as they were doing, determined to play his part. Sweat from his toil mercifully loosened his shirt from the festered wounds on his back. Somehow the lagging hours passed, and with blistered hands and aching chest, he joined the ghost-like procession back to the prison grayness.

“Bit of a cold,” the prison doctor announced, after a cursory examination. “Be all right by the morning. Take these pills, they will fix you up.” Christopher attempted to explain how weak he felt, and to tell of the tight soreness in his lungs. The doctor smiled. “See how you feel in the morning.” Then, as a parting, “I would advise you not to play sick. The warden is a terror.”

Christopher walked wearily to his cell, following his guard. He felt that he would drop before he reached the cot. Taking hold of the steel bars for support, he turned to the man. "Would I be permitted to send word to my people that I am ill."

"You need not worry, pal," the guard replied, grinning at the repartee that had flashed into his brain. "They will know soon enough. We always send the bodies home for burial."

So Christopher swallowed the pills, and stumbled towards his cot, to quickly drift into semi-consciousness. But he did not sleep. His brain was wide awake, pounding feverishly, conjuring up a thousand disjointed thoughts, that teased him, that would never piece together to make sense. The sound of millions of feet passed his cell in endless procession . . . tramp . . . tramp . . . tramp . . . each footfall pounding into his brain, until it ached as though it must burst. Unconsciously he buried his head in the blanket, but this did not shut out the noise of the feet. It muffled the sound, but still the pounding . . . tramp . . . tramp . . . tramp . . . and with each footfall the clank of a chain . . . clank . . . clank . . . clank. Would it never stop? It was driving him mad. Millions, and other millions, a procession that never ended, for there was no end. The marching of forgotten men . . . beaten . . . bewildered . . . desperate.

Soon another sound was added to the tramp of passing feet, the cries of men in pain; terrified cries, always preceded by the swish of a strap, a wide, leather strap, with diamond shaped holes, which with fiendish cunning tore at the flesh until it was bleeding and raw. Terrified cries, followed by sobbing, and at last the throbbing breathing of unconsciousness. And behind the cries, faintly in the background, could be heard the frightened screams of mothers and wives and sweethearts and little children.

Broken body and tired brain. It seemed so useless to reason any longer. Those poor feet had always tramped, going nowhere, lost, bravely tramping because they knew nothing else but to tramp, in desperation, and hope, and fear, tramping until the edge of a grave halted them, and they came to rest, while other feet took their places, to ceaselessly tramp, shackled by the fact that they no longer had a place in the world's scheme of things, that they were forgotten men.

His body was so weary it could not move, but lay face down, cramped, and cold, and racked with pain, until the gray dawn crept in through the narrow windows, and brought another day. Christopher was surprised that he felt better, as he joined the other prisoners for breakfast. He was weak and



his chest was filled with a strangling pain, but his head was clear, and the warm liquid and what little breakfast he was able to swallow, revived him. So he followed his companions to another day's toil.

The afternoon had almost gone when he suddenly collapsed. He had been willing his body to obey his mind all through the dragging hours, but at last the mind grew weary, too. He no longer knew what happened, no longer cared. He did not know that his body was lifted clumsily and carried to the prison hospital, did not know that his shirt was stripped from his festering back. Not until late that night, when he opened his eyes curiously and looked around the room, puzzled at its strangeness. He was in a hospital. Then all that he had been thinking had happened was really a dream, a distorted imagination. He smiled wistfully to himself as he made this decision. It must be that there had been an accident, and that he had been hurt, hurt in his chest. He could feel it, when he tried to move, like a heavy weight upon his chest, holding him down, until he could not breathe. But there was no weight there. His fingers weakly found their way to his chest, and curiously endeavoured to discover what was pressing against him. With a sob of disappointment, he lost the hold he had upon his consciousness, and once again drifted into oblivion.

When next he regained consciousness, there was no illusion. His mind was clear. An orderly was bending over him, a man in prison garb. So it had not been a nightmare, those thoughts, that told him he was in prison. He was ill. He knew this for the strangling feeling in his lungs was more painful than it had been before, and his eyes burned with an intense tiredness.

“What are you doing?” he questioned the orderly weakly.

“Taking your pulse. You have a bad case of pneumonia or I miss my guess. The doctor thinks you are all right, but I am not taking chances.”

Christopher lay thinking after the orderly had left him. He was ill. He wondered whether he might die. That seemed silly, to think that a cold, or bruises upon his back would kill him. He was a coward, wanting to die, the easy way, the way cowards might choose. But no, it took courage to die as well as to live. Of course he was not going to die. He would be well cared for. The bed he was lying upon was luxurious, compared with the cot in his cell. They might even give him some real food. His lips were parched. His throat seemed raw. Would they allow him to have the juice of an orange? This would not be much for them to do. He craved the acid tartness that would cut the choking in his throat. He wished the orderly would come back, that he might ask if he could get the juice of an orange for him. They

could even strap him again, after his back had healed, if they wished to, in return for a sip of the juice he craved.

Then the orderly came in, and Christopher told him about his craving. Just a sip, he begged, if he could not have the whole of an orange. But the orderly smiled. "Here is something better than orange juice," he said. Christopher eagerly reached for the glass, to give an agonizing cry, as the bitterness of the liquid nauseated him, and brought on a fit of painful coughing. "I know it is rotten to take, but it might save your life," the orderly told him. Christopher was not anxious to have his life saved. His parched lips and raw throat craved for the acid juice of an orange.

He no longer thought of time, as he lay upon his back, gazing up into the grayness of the ceiling. His mind wandered back to one other experience in a hospital, when he had been injured playing football. He remembered how he had watched the ceiling for hours at a time, the ceiling, and the white naked walls. He remembered having wondered why all hospital ceilings had to be white. The ceiling he had gazed at, during every waking hour for three long weeks, had just three tiny cracks. But those cracks had saved the situation from boredom. The cracks had become, on one day, rivers, down the rushing torrents of which sailed pirate crafts. While on other days they had become boundaries between hostile countries, whose people fought each other across the borders. He had made up his mind, on that occasion, that if it ever happened that he could have his say about the way a hospital should be built, the rooms would not be white and bare and cold, the beds would not be plain and severe, the furniture would not be white enamel. The rooms he had planned, would be beautiful, finished in pastel shades of mauve, or daffodil yellow, or rose pink, or sky blue, and on the ceiling, would be wonderful creations, perhaps maps of the world; picture maps, romantic and intriguing. The ceiling would be most important, he had decided, for one must lie on his back and gaze upwards for so many long hours, that even three fascinating cracks could lose their charm in time. Then, of course, the furniture would be lovely, sanitary without any doubt, but beautiful, much more so than cold, white enamel.

This ceiling was different from that other hospital ceiling. It had a million cracks. It was made of a queer, rough texture, also, which caught the changing lights and shadows. It was an ideal ceiling upon which to let loose one's imagination, especially when that imagination was more sensitive because one's mind was playing tricks again, and leaving the body lying deathly still upon the bed, while the mind itself rambled at will all over the room.

The entrance to a park formed in the shadows on the ceiling; a dim entrance, because the moon was just beginning to creep over the tree tops. But the shadows did not hide a man and a girl who were entering the park. Of course it was he, and Andrea. They walked along a bridle path, to pause upon a tiny, rustic bridge. Yes, it was Andrea. How far away she seemed. But she was not so far away. She was among the shadows on the ceiling, smiling at him. It could be no other smile than hers; that whimsical laugh, which seemed to hint that her tongue was in her cheek, and that she was so merry inside of herself. But the smile on the ceiling was changing. It was sad, as though she were sorry for him. He did not want her to feel sorry for him. He wanted her to be gay and happy. But the light changed before she had time to tell him she was happy. Now he saw orange groves; big, luscious fruit, so near to him he could reach and pluck them. His lips were parched for the trickle that would come if he made a tiny hole, and pressed the fruit between his palms. He decided he would do this. His hands reached for the nearest branches, when the light changed again. Faint outlines of faces, the room filled with them, as they surged towards him, row upon row; pleading eyes, deep set and hungry; lean faces; gaunt faces. He tried to shut them from his sight. But they were calling to him, begging him to help them. He could not help them. He needed his body to be able to do that, and his body was useless, lying so still upon the narrow cot. It could not move. Pain would not let it move. They had weighted it down. Heavy weights lay upon his chest, so that he could not move, so that he could not help them. He tried to tell them this. Tried to make them understand, the faces that were all around him, filling the room. But he could not tell them. His lips could not speak, they were so swollen and dry and his throat was so parched he could not make a sound. On came the gaunt and hungry faces. There was no end. They must stop or they would smother him. They were smothering him, for the room was so full, pressing upon him from every side, crowding, closer and closer, millions of gaunt and hungry faces, of men, and women, and little children. Would they never stop? He could bear it no longer. They were stopping, now. He could breathe again. A smile crept around his lips. They understood he was doing all he could do, that he would help them when his jailors had taken that terrible weight from his chest. Exhausted, he rested in the calm that followed the fading of those faces, leaving the shadows dark and empty.

Now the darkness was disappearing. A soft, silvery light was filling the room, catching the shadows on the ceiling, until they became clouds, radiant clouds, flecked with the moonbeams, drifting along majestically. The room was filled with a vibrant quiet, the whispering of trees; night whisperings

which held peace and comfort. He liked the restfulness of the moonlight. The weight was leaving his chest. They were not going to punish him any more. He knew they were by his side. The warden and the doctor and the orderly who had given him the liquid that had the taste of gall, instead of the juice of an orange, for which he would have given all he possessed. They were standing beside the bed. They were lifting the weight from him. He could hear their voices. Yes, there was no mistaking the warden's voice, though it was now filled with fear.

"You say there is nothing you can do to save him," the warden was saying. "I will get into trouble if he goes."

"I have done everything that was in my power," the doctor told the warden. What they said did not make sense. What were they afraid of? He did not mind, now they had lifted that terrible weight which had hurt his body so much. He wished they would not stand near his bedside talking. They were breaking the spell of the moonlight. But, of course, they did not understand. They were leaving him, now, he was glad of that. He wanted to be alone. He was much happier alone, when there were perplexing things to be thought about.

The silvery radiance was brighter. He loved the feel of it. It was so quiet and restful. Though something was missing. No not missing, it was there, now; a girl, coming to him out of the loveliness of the radiance . . . Andrea. Her arms were extended toward him. He felt himself being drawn into her embrace. The soothing touch of her love banished the aching pain of his body. Her lips touched his lips, until the swollen ache was gone, and they were cool and fresh. Her whisper reached his ear. "I have never forgotten, Christopher, my very dearest of friends. My lover, listen . . . Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me . . . Christopher, I will always be with you. Always. Always!" Why had she sobbed, he wondered, as a smile hovered around his mouth, and his tired eyes closed.

“You must not fret, Andrea. You will make yourself ill,” Mary Worth admonished, while she put her arm around Andrea’s shoulders.

Andrea, upon her knees by the side of Christopher’s mother, buried her face in the silken folds of her lap. “I am afraid,” she whispered. “All day long I have had forebodings that something dreadful was happening to Christopher. Now I am sure. I would have had a letter if he had been all right.”

“I know how you feel, dear. You have gone through so much. But you must not worry,” Dianne said, aiding her mother in comforting Andrea.

“If I could only be sure. If there was something we could do. If we could telephone the prison . . . anything! I cannot bear the suspense. I can hear his voice, whispering in my ear. He needs me, I know he does.”

“Perhaps daddy could telephone the prison. Or Judge Rich; he is in the library with daddy now,” Dianne suggested, while Andrea looked up gratefully.

“It is ten o’clock. Too late to telephone to-night,” Barlow Worth said, when Dianne told him of Andrea’s fears.

“Andrea is frantic, daddy. Do you think they would mind? They only need say Christopher is well,” Dianne pleaded. Turning to Judge Rich, she endeavoured to enlist his help. “You could arrange it for daddy, could you not, Judge Rich?”

“I can understand how Miss Morley must feel,” Judge Rich said. “The strain is telling upon her. The warden would not mind telling us how Christopher is, I am sure.”

Dianne was delighted. Not waiting for the outcome of her father’s indecision, she ran to the telephone, putting in a call for the prison. “Whom do I ask for, Judge?” she questioned, keeping the operator waiting.

“Warden Cain.”

“Warden Cain,” she told the girl at the other end of the telephone, adding, “Hurry, please.” Andrea’s anxiety had caught her, too. She would make sure they did hurry the call, she determined, as she said, “I will hold the wire here.”

“Would you like me to talk to the warden?” Judge Rich questioned. He had been speaking to the Reverend John Morley earlier in the evening, who had told him of Andrea’s premonition.

“Andrea is not the kind of girl to act silly,” John Morley had said. “I wish we could do something to put her mind at ease.”

Dianne nodded her acquiescence, beckoning to Judge Rich that she had the warden on the line. Standing beside him, she endeavoured to interpret the emotions in his face, as he listened to a conversation, its importance taking a terrifying amount of time. Her heart trembled as she waited for Judge Rich to speak, after he had replaced the telephone receiver upon the hook. Barlow Worth had been watching them, and feeling the tenseness of the silence that followed the metallic click, he crossed to where they were standing.

“Tell us quick. It is bad news! I know it is!” Dianne exclaimed excitedly.

“Christopher is ill, in the hospital.”

“What did the warden say is the matter?” Dianne questioned, fearfully.

“Pneumonia.”

“Will he have proper attention? What can we do to help him?” Barlow Worth questioned, now as disturbed as Andrea had been.

“The warden said we might go down to see him in the morning, if we wished.”

Mary Worth and Andrea entered the room, overhearing the last part of the conversation. Andrea’s heartbroken cry caused them to turn, and then to glance at each other significantly.

“Christopher is in the prison hospital with a bad cold,” Judge Rich told them, explaining his talk with the warden.

“You said pneumonia, I heard you!” Andrea cried, frightened. “We must go to him at once.”

“We can all motor down in the morning,” Barlow Worth said. “Make an early start.”

“He needs us. I know he does. I can feel it. I must go now.” Refusing to be comforted, Andrea pleaded, until, feeling she was acting rather foolishly, she acquiesced. But later, when with the Reverend John, she was back again in the little study at the parsonage, the fear returned.

“I must go to-night, daddy. I know he needs me. He needs me now. I must go to him.”

The Reverend John meditatively pulled at his pipe for some moments, mentally considering the task of motoring through the night.

“We would get there before daylight,” he said, his reckoning made. “I wonder whether they would let us into the prison at that hour?”

“They would have to let me in if Christopher needed me.”

John Morley’s reply to this declaration was to reach under the chair for his shoes, kicking off his slippers in the act, while he grinned his surrender to the girl sitting upon the arm of his chair. “You win, let us get started.”

Andrea drove, refusing her father’s offer to relieve her. Her eyes could pick out the dangerous curves more quickly than his were able to. Christopher wanted her. This was the one thought in her mind. The Reverend John soon realized that she did not wish to talk, knew that even he must be shut outside her grief. So he alternately dozed, or smoked his big brier pipe, while each of them became absorbed in their own thoughts. This new disaster had come upon them so quickly, when they had seemed to be making headway on Christopher’s behalf. Barlow Worth had told him of the success of that day in regard to a new trial. Several things that Judge Rich had discovered had compelled the law to give them a special hearing within the next few days, and Francis Rich seemed to believe they would obtain Christopher’s release almost immediately, or in any event, arrange for bail, so that he would not spend in prison the days which must elapse before he was legally free. Now he was seriously ill. His sickness must be serious for the prison authorities to suggest Christopher’s father and mother go to the prison on the morrow. The Reverend John’s heart ached for his daughter, Andrea, sitting beside him, so tense, yet so quiet, except for an occasional muffled sob, while her eyes peered ahead into the darkness, and her toe pressed the accelerator to the full capacity of their old car.

Occasionally the Reverend John glanced at his watch to mark the progress of the speeding night hours. After an hour or so he insisted on stopping at a roadside stand for coffee, and a cheese sandwich. Andrea did not want to stop, fearful of losing a second, even. He marvelled at her apparent intuition of a happening of which he knew nothing. “Christopher is needing me, I must hurry,” were the only words she would say, whenever he endeavoured to quiet her desperately mad desire to increase their speed. It was with a sigh of relief that the lights of a city ahead, at last told him they were nearing the end of their journey. A belated pedestrian gave them their

directions through the town to the outskirts, where the penitentiary was located. Soon its gray walls loomed up before them, brutal and foreboding in the searching rays of their headlights.

The Reverend John was not sure whether it was his clerical garb or the imperative insistence of his daughter, which gained them admittance without delay. Christopher needed Andrea. She was so sure of this that no argument of the guard caused her to hesitate. Bewildered under her outburst, the man opened the huge gates to let them enter, and led the way to the main building, where the guard said the warden would be found. "He usually is at home, a mile up the road, at this time of night, but something is wrong in the prison. They sent for him an hour ago," he told them. Andrea's imagination quickened her fears, Christopher was seriously ill. That was why they had sent for the warden.

Warden Harvey Cain was anything but himself when they were shown into his office. His usual arrogance had left his eyes, and in its place there lingered a fear. The church had come to his office to investigate the illness of the prisoner who was dying. He always felt uncomfortable in the presence of the church. Greater yet was his fear of this girl with the blazing eyes. He cursed below his breath. It was his luck that this prisoner should contract pneumonia, so near the time when he had ordered punishment, when he had caused the prisoner to be strapped and placed in solitary confinement. Meddling minds would surely connect the one with the other. But they had no proof; anyone was liable to contract a cold, which could quite easily develop into a serious condition, as it had in this case. Everything that could be done for the prisoner, had been done. The doctor, and the hospital orderly would back him in this. Had not he, himself, left his warm bed in the early hours of the morning, to lend whatever aid was in his power. Luckily, in a way, this minister and his daughter had arrived to find him here before daybreak. But the girl was excitedly demanding to see the prisoner. They were waiting for the doctor to give them permission. He wished the doctor would hurry. It was uncomfortable, sitting with these silent people; the man who studied him with quiet disdain, the girl who watched him with scathing hatred in her eyes.

"He is unconscious yet," the doctor told the warden, when, after a wait that seemed an eternity to Andrea, he entered the warden's office.

"I am going to him. I want to be there when he awakens," Andrea exclaimed impulsively. It was not a plea for permission to go. Her words were definite and final. The warden dared not say otherwise, after coming



under the influence of those piercing, scornful eyes; instead he led the way to the room where Christopher lay.

“I want to be alone with him, daddy,” Andrea whispered to the Reverend John. “Do you mind?”

The warden and the doctor heard her whispered plea. She had brought, with her coming, a foreboding which put fear into their hearts. So it was that they retraced their steps with the Reverend John, to wait in the warden’s office, while Andrea sat alone at Christopher’s bedside. Now she had lost the fierce calm that had carried her through the hours of suspense, and broken, she sobbed quietly as she sat and watched the unconscious form of Christopher. Her fingers gently stroked the hair back from his forehead, while her eyes studied the pain-shadowed lines in his face.

“You poor dear! How you must have suffered,” she whispered. She felt the hurt, with him, as she watched the laboured breathing racking his body. What had he done to deserve the pain he was experiencing? He was going to die. The orderly who had crept into the room for a moment, told her this. He had not known who she was, could not have known what Christopher meant to her, or he would have been more careful with his tongue. He had been sympathizing with Christopher, and in the doing, had given her a hint of the cause. They had beaten his poor body. Had shut him alone in a dark, damp cell, underground, for days. Had imprisoned him in a dungeon until he had suffered unto death. He was going to die. While his only sin. No it was not a sin—the thing of which they had accused him—but an earnest desire to help his fellow men. Why would God allow him to die, when there was so much to be done? So much to be accomplished for which the man lying upon the cot, near her, was most fitted? It did not seem just. It was not God-like. Though God had allowed one other man to die, centuries before, when, had he lived, he would have done so much for mankind. The Reverend John preached that it was that other man’s death which was most valuable to mankind. It seemed rather silly to her. She could see no argument in its favour. It was a cruel God who would take a man’s life when there were so many other ways of accomplishing the same purpose. The Reverend John could have his own ideas about this God, but she would think as she wished, and that meant she would have nothing to do with a God who killed. That kind of God was not worth knowing.

Christopher stirred. His lips moved. His hand slowly crept to his eyes as if he would ward something off, as though he would shut the sight of some happening from the sight of his closed lids. Andrea lowered her head that she might hear the whispered words.

“So many faces . . . so many faces . . . so many faces.”

He was delirious. She wished she knew what to do, wished she knew about what he was thinking. This must be what he was warding off, she thought, the faces he saw in his delirium.

“So many faces . . . gaunt . . . hungry . . . hopeless.”

No, she had been wrong, he was not raving. She knew now what was going on within his mind, his poor, tired brain.

“So many faces . . . haunting faces . . . they are smothering me . . . they do not understand that I cannot help them.”

Tears filled her eyes as she listened. Her heart ached as she saw his body tremor, when a deep sigh shook his sick frame. His lips were begging for moisture; swollen, dry lips. Gently she tipped a glass of cold water, letting a drop at a time touch his lips. A smile hovered around them, now, a grateful smile, while she continued with her task. His eyes opened for a fleeting second but they did not see her, for their glassy stare was upon the ceiling.

“Christopher, I am here. Your Andrea!” she whispered. But he did not hear her, his eyes had closed again. The warden entered the room with the doctor, to stand by his bedside for a moment. She watched their faces, endeavouring to read there, what their lips would not tell. When they had gone again, she knew there was no hope. What the orderly had said was true. There was nothing more they could do for him. His lips commenced to move again. Eagerly she leaned forward to catch the whisper which left them.

“Moonbeams . . . the night is so quiet and peaceful . . . But where are you, Andrea? You should be here with me.”

His eyes opened, no longer glassy. They roved around the room until they met her eyes. Now they filled with happiness of recognition. His hand strayed across the counterpane searching for her fingers. Taking it between her palms she kissed the tips of his fingers.

“I am here . . . Andrea. Do you know me?”

“You are here, dear. I knew you would be here, with me.”

“With you, through the valley of the shadows.”

“I am not going to stay with you, Andrea.”

Andrea could not speak. Her pent-up grief could no longer be held. Sobbingly she buried her head in the pillow beside him.

“You must not feel too badly. You must not be troubled because I must leave you. I want you to help the others, until our task is complete.”

“I will. I will,” she sobbed. “But try not to leave me. Christopher . . . I need you so much.”

His eyes had closed again, though his fingers held their clasp upon her own. A smile played around his lips. He knew she was with him and a peace had entered his soul. Now she was happy that she had rushed through the night to be with him. He had needed her. She would never have forgiven herself had she remained away from his side in these hours of his sorrow and pain. Now she knew it had been his mind searching out across the miles that had found her, and begged of her to come. He seemed to have drifted into a slumber, rather than the delirium, a slumber which held fast to her fingers as though that grasp gave courage and strength. His regular breathing eased her mind. They might have made a mistake, the doctor and the orderly. Her Christopher might not die, now that she was with him. The grey of dawn was throwing a shadow across the ceiling, catching the beams until it formed a design. Her eyes watched the shadow until she saw its significance. Her quivering lips voiced her fear as she realized what it suggested.

“A cross! A cross! Oh, my dear, what have they done to you?”

Christopher’s eyes opened again for a fleeting moment. His lips smiled, the whimsical smile she had grown to love, while they whispered, “Not good-bye, Andrea dear. Remember? Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me . . . Always.”

A cortege slowly followed the winding path, among the graves, to the gaping hole between freshly shovelled mounds of earth. The honour of carrying the body of Christopher Worth to the place where it would again be merged with the earth, had fallen to eight of his friends. Peter Bronte had stepped aside, to walk with the Reverend John and Lionel Morrison, seeing there was one too many of them.

“I would rather not share the task,” he whispered to the Reverend John. It seemed that it was the burial of the hope which had its beginning under the elms in the park on the day he first met Christopher. His mind flashed back to that day, as he slowly kept step with those following the path. He had never forgotten their first meeting, when Christopher had approached him, offering to help him in his work. Queer, how things had turned out. It was Christopher who had led, and he had followed. He had been glad, proud even to follow Christopher, and Christopher, instead of taking part in the work he had been doing, had commenced a far more vital work, which he, Peter Bronte, had been privileged to share. There had been a queer significance about everything Christopher had undertaken. His voice held a timbre which reached deep into the hearts of the hearers. It did not seem possible that the voice he had loved so much had been stilled forever, locked within the heavy box he was following. The sadness of Christopher’s eyes, which seemed to hold the pathos of all humanity, was something they could not bury with his inanimate body. Christopher’s voice, and his wistful glances, and hope-filled smiles; these things were not to be buried to-day, they were not lost to humanity. Peter was sure of this. While the law had murdered his body, it could not kill his mind. It would live on and on. When they met together, the ‘Society of Forgotten Men’, Christopher Worth would be with them, to fill the upper room with peace and hope and courage, as Christopher had always done.

Mary and Barlow Worth, Christopher’s mother and father, and his sister, Dianne, followed the flower-decked casket, finding refuge within their own grief. Mary, the mother, saw a babe in her arms; a small, soft body, cuddling close to her breast. Her baby, bringing with him the first experience of motherhood, with its mysterious pain and happiness. Her mind flashed back over the years, remembering the flaxen curliness, which had first greeted her eyes, to be her pride over the years which followed. A darling baby. A mysterious boy, who seemed to have a curious yearning, always seeking for the answer to things, for which she sometimes knew no answers. A growing

lad who had come to her for healing of his hurts, who wanted to share with her his joys, proud of himself, of his progress in school, and doubly proud when she rejoiced with him. She had been his confidante in his love affairs; quaint boy loves, which he fell into and out of again with the same dexterity that he played his games, hurting himself occasionally, but bruised heart, or bruised knee healed quickly, and was as quickly forgotten. Ernestine Barrett had been the one girl about whom he had really been serious, and Mary Worth had felt pained, when circumstances separated them, and Ernestine had married Basil Montgomery. Ernestine and Basil were at the funeral, following somewhere behind, and she knew that Ernestine would be grieving for Christopher, as would anyone who had ever known him. Now, everything was ended, for Christopher. Soon all that was physical would be lowered from her sight, leaving only a poignant emptiness in the place he had held in her love.

Dianne was sobbing bitterly. The comradeship of brother and sister had been sundered. Christopher had always been dear to her. Excitedly proud of a baby sister, when he himself was but a toddler, he had considered her a new toy with remarkable possibilities. He had lavished his boy love upon her, until playmate years came, when he had insisted that she be included in any game, or he would decline to play. It had not been a one-sided friendship, however, for though he had taught her to play football and marbles, he had not disdained to share a doll's tea party, or to help her knit miniature garments for her dolls. They had talked to each other about their love affairs, as they began to grow up, and perhaps because Dianne recognized in Christopher the ideal for the man with whom she would eventually become seriously in love, she had been considered unapproachable, almost, by the men who desired her. She, like her mother, had been grieved because of Ernestine's actions. But, after knowing Andrea Morley, she had been glad, for Andrea, she had felt, would make Christopher happier than Ernestine could ever have hoped to do. Her heart was sad, for Andrea, as it was grieving for Christopher. This sorrow seemed to be the one grief in Dianne's life which Christopher had not been with her to share, which she must bear alone.

Barlow Worth walked slowly between these two women, who shared his love. His head was bent low in his grief. He, too, remembered the coming of his only son, the thrill of hearing that first baby cry. But it had been about the time Christopher reached his tenth year, and passed from his baby age, that he had begun to bring his problems to his father. Barlow Worth had then experienced a feeling of pride, that a boy of his own flesh could chat with him, as man to man, as it were. Their companionship had become an

interesting experience from that time on. He had tried to reach down to the diminutive part of himself, to become astonished, as well as delighted, to discover that Christopher reached up to his own understanding of life, to the things he, himself, was interested in, as he did to the things of his son's boyhood. Their likes and dislikes had been curiously similar, no matter whether in sport, or thought, or people. There had been no one whom he would choose in preference, as his companion upon a fishing or hunting expedition. They had been fond of the same books, and pictures and music. Gardening had become Christopher's hobby, as it had his own, and there had been no disagreement in any conversation between them, concerning roses or tulips or other things they took pride in growing. He liked the feel of a fast automobile, if his hand held the wheel, and so also had Christopher. It was only during his later years, they had drifted apart. Not seriously, yet they had not enjoyed the companionship of each other as much as they might have done, since the day when his business had begun to expand, and he had become wealthy, and business had absorbed him. That was the penalty of wealth. He had lost the pleasure of many hours with Christopher. Now the opportunity had irrevocably gone. They had killed his boy. He was following all that remained of a vital part of his own life. Christopher was leaving him, step by step, with the slow, deliberate tramp of the feet ahead of him; the feet of these men who had become his son's dearest friends.

The Reverend Lionel Morrison was following closely behind the family of this young man he had grown to love more deeply than he cared to acknowledge to himself. His head was held erect. His thin lips were tightly closed, except when they would part in silent prayer. He felt the presence of a mysterious influence around them. It stirred him until he trembled, just as he had often trembled when he had been alone with Christopher. It was not death they were carrying among them, but rather vibrant life. Like those walking ahead, Mary and Barlow Worth, his mind flashed back to Christopher's babyhood, most particularly to the Sunday morning when he had christened him. He had not been the minister of the wealthy First Church then, but had been struggling with his first charge, a small mission on the outskirts of the city. At that time Barlow Worth had not been the wealthy owner of the Steel Foundries, but rather a young man experiencing the struggle of establishing himself in the industrial field. Lionel Morrison could remember yet, the baby he had held in his arms that morning. The service of baptism always held a responsibility. It seemed that each baby he had held in his arms during the many years in the church, had its beginning with the giving of a name, a name which would be associated with whatever it might do, be it good or ill, during the remainder of its life. "Christopher

Worth.” The sprinkle of water from his fingers which had touched the ash blondness of the baby curls, a drop or two flicking onto his nose, a nose that wrinkled questioningly, had given him his name. He was proud of the part he had played in Christopher’s life. The body they were about to hide from sight might soon be forgotten, but the name would live, and be revered. He was sure of this and the thought made his heart lighter, and caused his lips to utter a whispered psalm of praise.

A small group, which belonged to the procession, yet seemed apart, followed close behind the Reverend Lionel Morrison. It was the Bronte family. Peter had now lagged behind, to keep pace with Norma and her small children. Baby Betty’s eyes were wide open with wonder. She had seen Christopher asleep in the box with the pretty silk frillings inside. It had been quite understandable, for him to be asleep she had often seen him asleep, his eyes closed, his face white and still, when she had crept into his bedroom, on chilly mornings when her own bed was cold, and her small body longed to lie close to the warmth of his big body. What she could not understand was why they were carrying this big box away, while he was sleeping? She was afraid they might wake him up, and he would become frightened because he could not see through the lid they had covered him with, and not seeing, would not know what the moving was outside. Robert and Jack kept their thoughts to themselves, disdainful of the ignorance of their little sister not knowing that Christopher was dead, and not asleep. Norma was heartbroken. She had taken Christopher into her little home, and into her heart. She loved him, a queer love, which even Peter understood, and of which he was proud. Proud that Christopher had accepted each of them into the intimacy of his friendship. Many times during that day Norma had visited the room Christopher had occupied, putting things in order. She had not contributed to the floral tributes, for they could not afford a wreath, but she had bought some of the roses Christopher loved, deep, blood red, and had arranged them that morning upon the dresser he had used for his desk in his bedroom at her house. Unconsciously she had created a shrine in his memory as she hung his photograph upon the wall above the roses, and inwardly determined to place fresh flowers there in the months and years to come. Peter hid his own anguish in his effort to ease the sorrow of these people he loved. A quiet prayer was upon his lips, in thankfulness for the privilege of their little home having become the dwelling of this stranger, who had grown so dear to them.

Slowly the tramping feet neared the yawning hole; feet heavy under the load upon their shoulders, eyes looking ahead, towards the mounds of new earth and the dark oblong between. They were carrying a man who had

become beloved to each one of them; Michael Cassidy, Timothy Shane, Lee Hansen, Joel Somerset, Bart Greene, Harvey Wellwood, Frederick Morton, Adrian Morris. The mystery of the past weeks and months was upon them all. What had in the beginning drawn them to the man who no longer was here to need them? This question was in each of their minds. They did not know. They had simply felt he needed them, and when he had said, "Will you come?" they had been glad to set aside all the things in their old lives, to follow him. Now he was no longer with them. The stark and cold body upon their shoulders marked the ending of their work together. What would they do, now that they had no leader? Was there one among them who might take Christopher's place? Each decided he was not worthy when this thought entered his mind. Each glanced at the other when he considered the matter. It was not that they had not the qualifications. Many of them had. But qualifications were not the essential thing. Christopher possessed something else; something which they could not understand, though he had so often endeavoured to impart this to them. Slowly they tramped, the sound of each step echoing in their hearts, adding to the ache already there.

Apart from the cortege itself, following in the distance, hesitation and fear in their step, were two other figures; the Reverend John Morley and Andrea. Suddenly they stopped in their walk, while the procession drew away from them. Andrea was pleading with her father. She did not want to approach the gaping hole between the turned soil. Her grief was too great for her to mingle with Christopher's other friends, to watch the man she loved lowered beneath the surface of the ground. She could not bear to hear his name upon other lips, could not bear to hear the voice of Lionel Morrison commend him to the earth.

"You go on without me, daddy," she pleaded, as the Reverend John endeavoured to comfort her. Realizing he could do nothing, that his insistence was adding to her grief, he did as she wished, and hastened his steps to join the procession, while Andrea watched him disappear along the path between the monuments of other heartaches. Andrea's grief was hurting him as deeply as was the loss of Christopher. His daughter was the one important factor in his life. She had been his consolation when her mother had gone, a time so far in the past he scarcely dared count back the years. Andrea, then a small child, had given him the incentive to live on, and as the years had passed, these years had been made bearable because of the likeness of his wife that gradually formed in Andrea's womanhood. Then Christopher had entered their lives. He had known from that first hour that Christopher was the man with whom Andrea would fall in love. Christopher had grown into his love, too, like a son, and his feelings were now those of a



father mourning his son. Andrea would wait at the entrance. He understood her feelings. She could not bear to see all of these people mourning the man who belonged to her. Falling into step beside Lionel Morrison, he braced himself for the ordeal at the side of the gaping hole, and for the greater ordeal, of taking Andrea, and her empty heart back to their home, with its many associations of Andrea's and Christopher's love.

A bell tolled mournfully in the distance. The slow, inevitable notes rang through the cemetery to the group beside the grave. Its dirge gave accompaniment to the words of Lionel Morrison as he committed Christopher's body to the earth, and his soul to whatever future awaited it. Heartrending sobs filled the air as the casket slowly sank out of sight. Christopher Worth's work was finished! He had given all he possessed to the cause of forgotten men.

The bell continued to toll. The hand upon the bell rope did not know that the task was complete, that the bell need toll no longer. The mournful notes reached Andrea's ears as she crouched in a corner screened by green shrubbery, while she watched the procession returning to the motor cars awaiting them at the gate. The Reverend John saw she was not where he had left her, and waited, while the others journeyed on; waited for an hour, in the cold, while Andrea upon her knees by the grave, released the flood of her pent-up grief. The grave diggers had stopped suddenly in their task of filling the grave, of throwing the earth back upon the oaken casket that it might in due time mingle with the body that had been Christopher's. They had seen her approaching and quickly retired, to stand under a group of nearby trees to wait, until she, too, would depart, to follow those who had been there a short while before.

"Christopher. Christopher. I know this is but your body. I know that you are not dead. That they could never kill you, just your body. I am going to be brave, dear, as you have been brave. I will be walking with you through the valley of the shadows . . . you and I, side by side . . ." Sobbing quietly she called to him. "Remember . . . Christopher . . . our promise . . . I will be with you . . . always."

Evening shadows were creeping around her as she made her lonely way back along the path, to join the Reverend John. They did not speak. Words were of no help in such a crisis. John Morley knew the heartache of such a parting, and quietly waited upon the outside of his daughter's grief until she needed him to share it with her.

At last the silence was broken. Andrea's arm entwined more tightly within the arm of the Reverend John. "Daddy," she whispered, "I think I understand. I am going to be brave, for I know that out of Christopher's grief and suffering will emerge a new order of things in the world. Christopher, in his compassion, has given his life as evidence of his love for all of the 'forgotten men' in the world."

FINIS

## THOMAS DYSON LISSON

*Because the tale I have told is intended to be more than momentary entertainment, it seems not out of place to mention briefly some facts about the man whose collaboration gave the story, if I may be pardoned for my presumption, something more than passing fancy.*

*Associated with Thomas Dyson Lisson in a business way, I could not help but come under the influence of that part of him that is not in the least concerned with the acquisition of excessive wealth, but rather, with adding what is in his power to the sum total of thought that will undoubtedly help humanity in the years to come.*

*In explanation I would say that Mr. Lisson is not a mouthing malcontent. He is a successful business man; one who carries his ideals to a practical performance in his own endeavour, proving through actual use the soundness of these ideals; and the fact that his own business continues to thrive and increase in spite of business depression, is evidence in itself of the soundness of his thought.*

*For the past fifteen years Mr. Lisson has been endeavouring to prove to humanity, and to business men in particular, where the conditions they were making were leading them. There has been an unselfish motive behind this work, for the cost of producing the numerous booklets he has written and distributed has been paid out of his own pocket.*

*As far back as nineteen hundred and nineteen Mr. Lisson published a brochure entitled "Birth Control or Scrap Labor-Saving Devices". Being one of the first printers in Canada to install automatic printing presses, he saw at that time quite clearly, what effect these labour-saving machines would have upon labour and capital, pointing out that the elimination of the need of labour and the natural increase in population were factors that must eventually clash. Now that so many years have passed, it is interesting to note that the very thing he predicted has happened.*

*The following year, nineteen hundred and twenty, Mr. Lisson advocated a five-day week, of forty-five hours. In a brochure published by him during that year, entitled "Five-Day Week", he treated the possibilities of this subject from every angle, anticipating the conditions which exist to-day, and an interesting fact is that he put the five-day week plan into practice in his own shop.*

*About the time of nineteen hundred and twenty-six, when unsound credit conditions in selling began to tear at the foundations of commerce, affecting labour and capital alike, Mr. Lisson published a brochure entitled "Where is Credit Leading Us?", and conditions to-day prove the soundness of the thought expressed at that time, for his predictions have actually come to pass; unfortunately too late to remedy, without inflation of our currency.*

*The year nineteen hundred and twenty-eight found another warning being given to humanity, in Mr. Lisson's brochure "Amalgamations", published that year. Five years have proven without doubt, where the stock exchange, with its much overestimated values was leading the world, to the hurt of labour and capital alike, once the strangling hold of dividends on over-valued stock had to be earned. His claim at that time was that the stock exchanges were the greatest curse our monetary system of exchange had to deal with.*

*So on through the years. In nineteen hundred and thirty, Mr. Lisson published his brochure "Employment During 1931", every word of which has come to pass. Labour and capital alike have suffered, and will continue to suffer until unemployment is abolished. The handwriting was upon the wall, yet was ignored by thousands of manufacturers and capitalists, who are now in a quandary.*

*A whimsical touch gave the brochure Mr. Lisson published in nineteen hundred and thirty-one, the title of "Did You Ever Look at it This Way?" At this time, he reiterated his earlier suggestions for practical reforms in our monetary system, which, had they been put into practice, would have made safe this means of exchange. There is not any doubt that if the desire for excessive wealth is not uppermost in our minds, our system of exchange cannot be improved. This brochure pointed out the fact that our monetary system as conducted to-day, does more to create distress, than all other forces combined. Men in all walks of life, are now beginning to think more seriously about the problem of distribution and this message brought a response, men taking the things he spoke of more seriously, but unfortunately, too late, to be of immediate mutual benefit.*

*This year Mr. Lisson again added his contribution to the efforts of solving the present business depression by publishing a brochure in January, nineteen thirty-three. The title of this message is "Eventually You Will Look at it This Way!" There is not a thinking man who can honestly disagree with the statement this brochure holds. The situation for industrialists, capitalists and labour itself, is extremely acute. Now, instead of a few feeling the pinch*

*of this slowly oncoming upheaval, practically everyone is experiencing its effects, directly or indirectly.*

*I have gratefully accepted the privilege of using some of the outstanding thoughts of my friend, Thomas Dyson Lisson, and have woven my tale around them. The characters are of course, fictitious. My work has been the task of a story-teller. The locale does not matter, for to me the problem is world-wide, and to this end I have not localized my plot to any city in particular and for that matter to no specific country.*

*Without the basic ideas I have gained through my association with Mr. Lisson my story would have had no other value than that of entertainment. Through his assistance I hope to have added something to the solution of a problem that is the responsibility of every thinking person the world over. The time has come when we can no longer leave the matter in the hands of the few, who through the power of tremendous holdings they cannot possibly use, created and must be held responsible for the unemployment and misery that is the aftermath of this condition that we call depression.*

THE AUTHOR.

## TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

[The end of *Forgotten Men* by Claudius Gregory]