

and more than once he was compelled to take a firmer hold of his broom to convince himself that he had no idea of giving up his job. When he had finished he accompanied the foreman to the office where he reported to Mr. Dabel.

"Done so soon? Well, you are a steady hustler, for sure. Well done, I suppose, Brown?"

"Yes, sir. Neat as a pin," responded Brown.

"Well, if Osborn cares to, place his name on the regular list and put him in the mill. Better give him the job the Swede had. He will have a chance to climb from there."

Starting in sorting and counting grain and flour sacks, Osborn worked with the same eagerness and determination he had shown while sweeping the warehouse. He took as much care and put as much thought in the work as if the success of the entire plant depended on his end of the work. In due time his chance to advance came and he started on the upward path. Leaving the dingy sorting room he was placed on the barley roll, first as cutter, then sack jig and sewer and at the end of four months was given a flour packer, one of the best positions on the floor.

It was now his duty to operate the machine that filled and packed the sacks, weigh the sack, place a small dodger bearing the brand of the flour and the name of the firm, inside, then sew up the sacks and truck them to the endless chain that carried them to the floor above. It was not a bad job and Osborn, who had kept his own counsel since coming to the mill, liked it in a way, as he was not in a place to be bothered by questions. But there was one drawback: it gave him too much time to think. Think. Above all else, that was the one thing he desired to avoid; his own thoughts. When his mind traveled back to the past, his eyes would take on a wild, half maniac expression and he would make his machine fairly hum and the needle become warm, so rapidly did he work. One day, Brown, in passing, saw him thus engaged and thinking the man was merely trying to get caught up called out to him.

"No need hurrying so, old man, slow up and take it easier."

Go slow and easy. How far away those words seemed to his fever racked brain. It seemed ages since anything had gone slow and easy and looking ahead there was no prospect of an immediate change. And so the machine went humming away, trying in vain to outdo thought, that many times blessed but oft' cursed guide of