

**THE THREE THINGS: THE  
FORGE IN  
WHICH THE SOUL OF  
A MAN WAS TESTED**

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The Three Things: The Forge in which the Soul of a Man was Tested by Mary Raymond  
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**MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS**

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BY

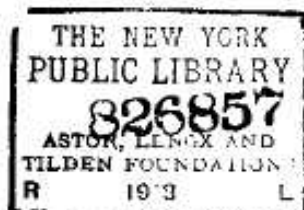
MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

AUTHOR OF "THE PERFECT TRIBUTE," ETC.



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## **THE THREE THINGS**

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**H**IS mother listened, staring out at the colors of the August garden. She had heard such tirades before, but he had never, it seemed, been quite so extreme.

"The President asked us," she put in a word, "to be neutral."

"Neutral!" The boy flung the word back. "Neutral! When it means civilization against barbarism! Gentlemen against Huns; Englishmen and Frenchmen whom we know for straight and clean, against — the unspeakable German! From the Kaiser down — seventy millions of *canaille*; a nation of vulgarians glorified by brains — which can't save 'em." His fist banged on the oak table. "Which can't save 'em from their vulgarity. Breeding is blood, not

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brains. I've been in Germany; I know 'em. A beastly swarm of day laborers, the whole lot, high and low."

"Phil," his mother spoke; "'day laborer' is not a term of reproach. It's honorable to work. That's a cheap speech."

The big young fellow bent, standing before her, and patted his mother's slim shoulders. "Beg pardon, Meggy," he said boyishly. "But you know you and I'll never agree on that. I'm for being kind to the proletariat, but I'm not for blinking the fact that they're different. What's progress for, and the sweat of civilization, if we don't get forward with our efforts — if we mark time?"

The boy was off now, and the woman, knowing what was coming, found her mind traveling a bypath parallel — was it? — to this inborn snobbishness of her son. Two people had told her the story; she knew it from two angles; crystallized into pictures it came as the boy talked. First, the man in the corner of the Country Club years ago. He had appeared there, quiet, well-dressed, alone; day after day he had appeared, intruding in no way, having meals at his own little table, the golf in-

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structor his only companion, cheerful, quiet, day after day — there. Till the men were nodding to him, and on a day Mrs. Landicutt asked her husband: "Who is that man, Grenny?"

"That's Morton, the oil king. Worth thirty millions. Was a groom in Lord Carlisle's stables, Drayton told me — and he told Drayton. His wife died, and he came over here with his child, and went into the oil fields as a day laborer, and had a chance to buy land and was lucky. In five years he's worth thirty millions. Like a fairy story, isn't it?"

"He's a well-behaved man," Mrs. Landicutt reflected. "He doesn't push."

"He's clever," Grenville Landicutt agreed. "Drayton says he has a gift of breeding. Doesn't push and doesn't make breaks. He's taking it all in, and learning to be a gentleman; that's my theory."

A time came when Philip Morton began to play golf with the men who had nodded to him; began to be presented to their wives; then one day Mrs. Landicutt, the queen bee, asked him, as he came in from thirty-six holes with her husband, to stop for tea. Too thoroughbred, too genuine to