

MASTERS OF MEN

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Masters of men by Morgan Robertson

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MORGAN ROBERTSON

**MASTERS
OF MEN**



Clinging desperately to the sharp edge

MASTERS OF MEN

BY
MORGAN ROBERTSON



McKINLAY, STONE & MACKENZIE
NEW YORK

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To my Wife—a good woman

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MASTERS OF MEN

BOOK I

THE AGE OF STONE

CHAPTER I

A BOY of fifteen was being vigorously cuffed and kicked by a larger boy, and a black-haired girl was speeding toward them on the sidewalk, when from across the street came another boy—red-haired and freckled—who jumped puddles and arrived on the scene coincident with the girl.

"Let my brother alone, you—you—you mean old thing," she cried as, with flashing eyes and fingers working nervously, she confronted the pair.

"Ah, gwan," answered the cuffer, with a quick, comprehensive glance at the working fingers and sharp nails; "he hit me wid a rock."

"He hit me first," screamed the victim. He was a pink-checked boy in knickerbockers—the type of boy that is seldom punished at home.

"Take some one your own size," said the red-haired boy.

"Go chase yourself, Dick Halpin; this ain't your funeral."

"Let up—drop it—let him go!"

"Make him stop. Oh, please make him stop," wailed the girl, changing front at the prospect of a champion.

There was a confused tangle of arms and legs,