



CHAPTER II—(Continued).

Thompson's papers slipped through his fingers and went skidding across the polished floor. The others looked around in surprise. "Excuse me!" muttered the secretary as he stooped to gather up the documents. "Very awkward! I'm sorry."

"What right have you to ask me such a question?" "Only the right that my love for you gives me, dear heart. You must have known I loved you even though I've never said it before. I love you, Dallas, though till today, I think, I never realized how much. Tell me it isn't true that you're going to marry Gibbs."

year at Yale when you were playing halfback on the varsity eleven I was my first football game. It was against Princeton. You were the only man on either team I knew, so I watched you from first to last. Little as I understood football, I could see you were playing a clever, hard, conscientious game. But it wasn't a fighting game—not the sort of game that carries everything before it. Then, in the second half, in one of the scrimmages I saw a Princeton man strike you. Oh, it was a dastardly, cowardly blow! He struck you when your head was turned away. You saw who it was, and you made no appeal to the referee, but in the next scrimmage you broke that man's collar bone and stunned him. He was carried senseless from the field, and you kept on. You had begun to play a fighting game, and it carried you through the Princeton line for the only touch-down of the day. You won the game for Yale. You won the college hero—the man of the hour. But it took a blow to rouse you. Now do you understand?"



"You were the college hero—the man of the hour."

ask you? Why wouldn't I be confident? Is there a voter in the ward—black, white, yellow or greenhorn—that I can't call by his first name and ask after all his children by name? Is there a voter in the ward I haven't asked to coal or outings or ball or tennis? Is there? If so, name him to me. Put a name to him. They're my friends, twelve months of every year, not just at election time. Horrigan, indeed! Say, if he starts running any man in my ward he'll have to fight him by a tree to see if he's making any progress or not. Horrigan, hey?"



For a moment the enemies faced each other.

And while you're hunting my scalp don't overlook one bit. I'm after yours!" "Who, you little shrimp? Why?" "You're pretty cheap an' 'straw' stand on the tip of the organization, but you're so bloody 'stupid' of Liberty. You can't see 'em down, and here's the man who's going to do the tearing. Me—Alderman Jimmy Phelan of the Eighth!"

A grant from Horrigan, who had turned his back on the voters, was the only vote, and the judge departed to see the passage of hope to Mr. Newman. "Have you any points of objections to Newman?" asked Wainwright. "No," said Horrigan, "except I think perhaps there's some who can do better by us. You know how much it means sometimes to have the right judge handle your case."



Boss Horrigan.

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