

is it, Miss Rodney? When one thinks of all the twaddle talked inside these walls and of the spectacles men make of themselves!"

"Dick speaks well, of course. But, if he were not nervous he would not be effective. Haven't you noticed that?"

"Not with Dick. I've heard yarns on the theory from Gladstone downwards. But we needn't be nervous about Dick, I think; and I guess that in the whole of that big place you and I will be the only ones taking that kind of interest in him."

Estelle did not deny it.

The result of the contest at East Breen had surprised everybody, for, though a strong candidate had been found to take Cyril Rodney's place, Bygrave had got in.

It was a result sincerely regretted and deplored at the moment by the many who viewed the growing power of Labour with distrust and apprehension.

But those who knew Bygrave did not share these qualms, for he was head and shoulders above the rank and file of the party with whom he marched simply because there was no other which made an attempt to express his views.

He was neither a fanatic nor a revolutionary now, however, but a living example of the fact that it is responsibility which makes men. His gift of eloquence, which had never failed to grip the audiences on Tower Hill, and which had surprised many during the election, was now destined to thrill another and a more critical crowd.

That day he was to make his maiden speech in the House of Commons, and he imagined that John Glide would be the only personal friend present to hear him.

"This is your gate, I think," said Estelle, as they crossed slantwise toward Palace Yard. "And, please,