

cheered him lustily as he stepped aside, and his face had lost its cynical smile and beamed with unrestrained pleasure.

Very few heard what Gilbert said in reply, but those who did, understood the earnestness that was behind his few halting words.

"You make me proud," he said slowly, "and I don't want to be proud. I only want what I earn, and I haven't earned all this." He hesitated. "It's just as right, I guess, for men to make other people square and honest with them, as it is for them to be square and honest themselves. It's just as right to make the law respect us as it is to respect the law." Again he hesitated and cleared his throat. "The thing that has been done has been done. It was worth doing. We've got a new government, and a new mayor who's square." He caught Billy's arm and linked his own within it. "We've got a new Hardy & Son and we're all going to be square down there. This union card means a lot to me. And—just because a few men haven't been on the level isn't any reason why we should lose faith in each other or the city or the state or the country. It's just given us a new start, that's all."

As he finished and limped, his hands outstretched, into their midst, Billy raised himself upon his toes and shouted: "All for one; one for all." The men near by took up the cry. It ran down the long lines until the whole army chanted it, and it echoed across the city below to the hills beyond, the shout of the united citizens of Hampstead as it had been that of the Guardsmen of old.

And, curiously enough, the first hands that reached