

a stalwart. "Oh, well," he said, easily, "I've been thinking of giving all that up any way. There's nothing in it for me. I've got my work. I don't need to live off politics. I've sort of cut it out lately."

HIS
MOTHER

For some weeks past he had been going out every night; and he had let her suppose that he was spending his evenings in the rooms of the association, helping to prepare for the coming campaign. She rose to clear the table, so that, under cover of the activity, she might have time to think.

"I met the Senator on the street to-day," he said, "and told him."

"Told him what?"

"That I was quitting politics."

She put down her dishes. "Fer the love o' Heaven, why?"

"Well," he said, "I been thinking it over. It's all right—but it ain't straight. They're a nice lot of fellahs, but they're in wrong." He was a big, dark-faced Irish boy, deep-eyed, with a gaze that was calmly direct. "I want to keep clear of it. That's why I want to get uptown out of this."

"They've been good frien's to us, Larry. Many's the dollar Senator Dan——"

"I know all abt it that. I've tried to make it up to him. I've done things for him I wouldn't've done for anybody else—around the polls. I won't do it any more."

"Are yuh sore 'cause yuh didn't get Flanagan's place?"

"Sore? No, I'm darned glad I didn't get it."

"What's come over yuh, then?"

"Well," he said, vaguely, "I've been meeting people—another sort of people. I've been seeing things diff'rent."

She realized, then, that she was facing a crisis in his life greater than any she had had to deal with since the day when he had wished to leave school so that she might not have to work so hard for