

ously. "These newspapers that are so fond of handing out roasts seem to overlook the fact that you were the man mainly responsible for kicking out Rives and his crowd and cleaning up the whole rotten administration. It makes me mad. And some of them have got the nerve to hint that the present Government——"

"Don't let's get into any political discussion, Philip," interrupted his uncle, holding up his hand in protest. "Please. I'm too tired for that. I'm sick of it, d'you hear? Politics! Politics! The same miserable tactics of misrepresentation! The same petty motives that have bedeviled public life for the past—— Damn them!"

He heaved himself abruptly from his chair and began to pace the room restlessly while Kendrick watched him, surprised by the unexpected vehemence of the outburst. After a turn or two he stopped directly in front of his nephew, and in his eyes was a strange look.

"There are many things, my boy, which you cannot be expected to understand without a lot of explanation," he said more quietly. "I cannot go into any of these things now. If you ever accept a public office in later life try to look upon it as a sacred trust to be fulfilled according to the dictates of conscience. Then you will begin to understand what is meant by 'burden of effort' and 'the heat of the day.' I want you to believe that even one man against a pack of wolves can put up at least some kind of a fight, even though