

west of Island Park, or wind up away over at the Point somewhere.

He resumed his paddling. This matter of his uncle— Was it possible that in pursuit of political ambitions his uncle was forgetting the principles for which he professed to stand as a public man? Was it just possible that this fellow, McCorquodale, knew what he was talking about? Wasn't it men of that stamp who became the tools for corrupt practices—the boodlers, the heelers who did the actual ballot-stuffing, the personating at the polls, the bribing? Did McCorquodale know of what he spoke?

The thought brought with it a sense of disloyalty to his uncle; but the young man forced himself to face the idea seriously. He was beginning to realize that there were many things about which he was woefully ignorant—practical things entirely outside academic curriculums. For twenty-two years he had eaten his meals regularly and lived a life uncolored by any event more significant than his recent graduation from 'Varsity with honors. That he had captained the football team to victory the fall before was nothing extraordinary; many another fellow with equally broad shoulders and an equally well balanced head upon them had done the same thing before him. Financial worries had never intruded upon his good times, while social standing was something which he had come to accept as a matter of course. Only of late had he begun to