

"You're elected! You're elected!" She flung her arms around his neck and saluted the Mayor-elect on both cheeks.

"Am I?" asked Jerry with a happy smile, but before she could answer he had planted a caress of his own where it made answering impossible.

"What are the latest returns?"

"Eighteen thousand majority!"

"But it was twenty-two when I talked to them last."

"But this is actual. What you had were estimates."

"Give me the phone," demanded Jerry, and he got headquarters at once.

"Elected beyond the possibility of a doubt," said the secretary.

"Majority cannot possibly be less than ten thousand, probably twenty."

Jerry hung up the phone.

"Yes, they say I'm elected," he said, and with an expression of doubts clearing up and of responsibilities settling on his face, as if he realized for the first time what it meant that a young man thirty-one years old should have been elected Mayor of one of the greatest cities in the world.

"I suppose, then, you have time to recognize my presence, and to acknowledge your gratitude to me for staying up all hours of the night that this young lady might be on hand to tender congratulations at the right moment of victory."

"Why, Aunt Letitia!" apologized Jerry, leaping up. "I did not see you and I forgot that you must be somewhere around."

"Never n 1, boy," reassured Aunt Letitia amiably, "so happy I don't care if you don't speak to me for a week." And to demonstrate fully her state of mind, that prim and proper lady bestowed a kiss of her own upon Jerry, who, as he received it, noted tears of joy standing in Miss Minturn's eyes.

"Oh, Aunt Letitia, you're proud of him, too, aren't