

OLD CLINKERS

tendin' to their bus'ness—an' they pretty near curled up their toes in the bottom o' the *Sachsen*. Moran tried to stick me at that lumber yard blaze, an' if it hadn't been fer the way m' own men stood by me he'd've been burned out of his job. I attended to my work an' treated 'Jigger' an' anti-'Jigger' the same. An' with Moran an' the Commissioner an' the whole bunch tryin' to trip me up, here I am still. There's somethin' in it, I tell yuh. There's somethin' in it.'

The chief tugged at his mustache.

"There's the police," Keighley went on. "They're rotten—'cause they're playin' politics. Here's the firemen—the same breed as the policemen—an' yuh never hear a word against 'em. Why? 'Cause our work's too hot fer a grafter—an' too hot fer a politician—