
CUPID AND THE CANDIDATE

"Well, how did your experiment work out?" And a long hand was extended from under the bedclothes. "I told you your quixotic campaigning would land you among the 'also ran.' Sit down, sit down."

Johnston drew a chair to the bedside. "You will allow me some glory, surely, for having reduced the majority in a corrupt stronghold from four hundred to twenty?"

"Certainly, certainly," smiling grimly. "We'll discuss that phase of the question later on. I have been in a fever to see you regarding—" And shortly both men were deep in intricate details concerning a business which they proposed to take over and merge in their own. The course of action they finally decided upon would make it necessary for Johnston to visit a firm in an Eastern city. He would be obliged to leave home that night and be absent for at least three or four days. When he rose to go the chief said, returning to his cynical humor, "I am sorry you can't stay and bask in the glory you claim as yours. Glory is evanescent."

"Especially when it lacks substantial results," Johnston remarked.

The chief smiled at him. "I'll warrant you learned that lesson long ago, lad. Success never lacks friends. By the way,"—and his smile grew a bit malicious; for having a fatherly affection for the young man, he allowed himself liberties, and secretly he was deeply interested in what he regarded as Margaret Ainslie's manœuvring—"your