

HIS MOTHER

"That I was qu'etin' politics."

She put down her dishes. "Fer the love o' Heaven, why?"

"Well," he said, "I been thinkin' it over. It's all right — but it ain't straight. They're a nice lot o' fellahs, but they're in wrong." He was a big, dark-faced Irish boy, deep-eyed, with a gaze that was calmly direct. "I want to keep clear of it. That's why I want to get uptown out o' this."

"They've been good frien's to us, Larry. Many's the dollar Senator Dan —"

"I know all about that. I've tried to make it up to him. I've done things fer him I would n't 've done fer nobody else — around the polls. I won't do it any more."

"Are yuh sore 'cause yuh didn't get Flanagan's place?"

"Sore? No, I'm dang glad I did n't get it."

"What's come over yuh, then?"

"Well," he said, vaguely, "I've been meetin' people — another kind o' people. I've been seein' things diff'rent."

She realized, then, that she was facing a crisis in his life greater than any she had had to deal with since the day when he had wished to leave school so that she might not have to work so hard for him. He was wanting to take his life into his own hands again, to turn against his politics, his class, and all his old associations. So much she understood, with a mother's jealous instinct, instantly, though she did not accuse him