

"Jimmy hasn't been spoiled by his mother to start with, and that ought to help some, shouldn't it?"

Their eyes were together again now.

"Ward," she said, seriously, "we all pay for our sins. I see that you, too, are paying."

"I am," he confessed, "but I can never pay enough. Only a woman can pay the full penalty. I realize that now."

Bertha and her little male image came round the corner of the house.

"Daddy," called Jimmy, "come and play ball."

Ward still stood talking to Myrtle.

"Come on, be a sport!" Jimmy challenged.

The Barnsvillian smiled.

"See, Myrtle," he said; "the kid's started it already. He's asking me to be a sport. By jove! when I think of the harm that one little challenge has done! . . . Sonny," he called back, "play with your mamma: she's a far better sport than I am . . . And that's the truth, Myrtle. Men don't know what it means to be a sport. They dare each other to take advantage of someone weaker than themselves, and make themselves think they are pikers if they don't do it. The real sports in this world are the women. They take the long chance, get beaten with their eyes open, and when the game's all over come to their tyrannical victors with forgiveness and love in their hearts. That's the kind of sports men must learn to be before hell disappears from the earth."

Myrtle took him by the arm and led him to Bertha.

Toward evening the little bird overheard part of a conversation between Ward and Ansom.

"Yea," said the missionary, in reply to a remark from the Barnsvillian, "I do think conditions are