

in there so I'll know where to find you when I want you. I've got to hustle for a while, for I'm master of ceremonies of this show. How's that for your old uncle? It's the first time I've ever been connected with a popular movement in my life except to throw bricks at it, and I ain't so sure I can stand popularity for one whole night."

With that he was gone. Bruce recognized the room into which he had been thrust as the court room in which he had been tried and sentenced, in which Katherine had pleaded her father's case. Over the judge's desk, as though in expectation of his coming, a green-shaded drop lamp shed its cone of light. Bruce stumbled forward to the desk, sank into the judge's chair, and began feverishly to devour the two copies of his paper.

Billy Harper, penitently sober and sworn to sobriety for all his days, had outdone himself on that day's issue. He told how the voters crowded to the polls in their eagerness to vote for Bruce, and he gave with a tremendous exultation an estimate of Bruce's majority, which was so great as to be an almost unanimous election. Also he told how Blind Charlie Peck had prudently caught last night's eleven o'clock express and was now believed to be repairing his health down at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Also he gave a deal of inside history: