

She looked up to Elise, while terror triumphed in her eyes.

"Oh," she moaned, "I lied about him—*him*—and he's all right." A sob checked her utterance. "He's fighting against liquor, and he's good—like all those people out there, like the boy who sang, like the Bishop!"

Elise, for the first time, realized who the woman was—the Mary Leslie who had attacked the agitator. And Simpson was there, the man about whom Albert Mitchell had questioned her. She grasped Mary by the arm, and, in her excitement, shook her roughly.

"Who'd you lie about?" she asked sharply. "Tell me! What man?"

Simpson advanced toward the two women.

"Aw, shut up, Mary!" he said threateningly. "What's the use of——"

Elise wheeled upon him furiously.

"Shut your own mouth!" she said angrily, and to Mary: "Who was it?" The sound of the crowd's singing grew while she paused for the reply. "Who was it? Was it Mr. Smith?"

Mary let her head fall on her arms.

"Yes—Smith," she sobbed.

"Come on, Mary," Simpson urged thickly, "let's get out of here."

Mary shook her head in slow refusal.