

mess since he came, especially since those Sunday tabernacle meetings.

"I think Bronson is arousing itself to be worthy of its high place in Southern Michigan," answered the girl, bravely. "The reforms which Edgar Prince and his friends are fighting for mean the redemption of our city from social paganism."

"Hush, daughter," responded Mr. Graham, impatiently, while Roland Gregory gazed at her in a surprised manner.

"I hope you do not think of becoming a suffragette," exclaimed Roland Gregory, somewhat nettled.

Joy Graham smiled and answered, "Worse things than woman suffrage might happen to Michigan."

"If you want to enter politics, Joy," said Roland, laughingly, "you will have an opportunity this fall. Your father is to run for mayor against Edgar Prince."

"Is that so, father?" asked Joy Graham, with a pained look.

"The honor has been offered me by some of our leading citizens of heading the fight for a sane administration in Bronson," answered Mr. Graham, "and I feel it is my duty as a good citizen to accept the honor."

Joy Graham was silent as she knew further talk was useless, but she was greatly distressed to know that the lawless and "wide-open" element in Bronson had prevailed on her father to accept their nomination for the office of mayor. She knew that it meant a bitter fight against him by the Bronson Tribune, and she began to