

"Mister Gilbert," old Michael was puffing noisily, after having pushed his way to the front, "Oi've gave up socialism. Sure, Oi'm a Gilbertist now."

The band picked up its instruments and scattered down the lawn, happy in its new uniforms and in the awed gaze of the bystanders. Slowly those who remained about Gilbert followed them, Mr. Butterson and Mr. Tubb, the bitter rivals in groceries, going off arm in arm, and Judge Morrison with Mr. Neely, who had come to look upon himself as a hero who had helped the cause by his confession. From far down the street Mr. Lumpkin's megaphonic voice could still be heard chanting the chorus of "Marching Through Georgia."

Gilbert, suddenly realizing that he was tired, found Billy waiting at his elbow.

"I just saw somebody go out into the garden, Jack," he said quietly. "Somebody who planned nearly everything that happened to-day."

The two friends looked at each other steadily.

"I'd go out there," Billy added slowly, with a quaint smile, "if I were you."

Gilbert put his hand on his friend's shoulder and together they went up the steps.

"All right, Billy," was all Gilbert said, but Billy was satisfied.

Within, the Colonel and Mrs. Gilbert, still aglow with the success of their surprise party, were hushed suddenly as they watched him limp past them. His eyes, fixed straight ahead, did not see them as they sat in the corner.

"And I always thought he had it in him to be a pro-