

sails for Europe!—well—I depend on you and Madeline to sidetrack the gossip! By the way, I've made a little provision for the youngster McGee your wife used to help! Needn't be surprised, you two, if I ask you to look after that, too!"

Not another word did Ward utter that might suggest anything unusual about his wife's absence; and, if a word spoken in season is good, the unseasonable word left unspoken is better. They talked far into the evening, of their past contest, of the farcical justice of the age, of the ease with which public life could be debauched, of the sharp, hard lines of bifurcation that were splitting the democracy of the new century into plebeian and patrician classes, of the danger from such bifurcation to the future of the human race, of the New Dawn if the two forces could come together.

"Tell you what it is, True," exclaimed Ward vigorously; "you tried to swing the marketplace along the lines of the Ten Commandments without any force behind to make her go! I tried to swing the force along without any regards to the great, big, everlasting laws of right and wrong that underlie the foundations of this old universe! And we both of us pretty nearly came a ripping smash! You have got to have Power to be able to do anything in this life. If you don't control Power, Power will control you; but you've got to have it founded on the everlasting laws—call 'em Ten Commandments or what you like—of Whoever made this old ball in the first place, and set it spinning through space