

a clatter of boards and a tremendous rending crash, as if a locomotive had collided with a lumber yard. A series of angry squeals, shrill and piercing, told Flinders plainly that Toby played some part in the wreckage. A sudden yell of fright spoke of human interest, and a man rushed inside the door, his face ashen, his eyes glancing wildly behind.

"He's loose!" cried the new arrival. "He's got out through the side of the barn, an' he's on his way up street!"

Flinders waved an assuring hand. "It's all right, friends," he said hurriedly. "Don't be alarmed. That's only my elephant got a trifle playful."

"You say he's playful!" huskily gasped the other. "He's gone an' ruined that stable outright, an' he'd have had me in another minute. He's a fiend in human shape, that's what he is! You ought to be jailed for bringin' him into the community!"

The manager grew nervous at this moment and, catching Flinders by the arm, tried to impress him with the situation's gravity. An elephant loose and

vicious! A wrecked barn! "You'll pay for this, young man!" he cried out.

"He'll be comin' back in a minute," said Flinders, shaking himself free. "Whenever he's peeved, he starts to find me first, after which he grows content, like a lamb. Here he comes!"

A squeal sounded in the street.

WITHOUT stopping for further argument concerning damages, the manager and his hired man frantically sought an exit. It seemed that they were determined to injure themselves in the rear doorway. Outside the noises continued, indicating an exciting occurrence in which no one cared to interfere. Flinders sprang up the stairs for his goad.

"Whatever happens will serve me dead right," he muttered to himself. "I'm the original Jonah. Here's Bet down sick, the bank busted, an' that Asiatic heathen loose with no one to comfort him. When I next go into the managin' business, it'll be with a Punch an' Judy show that you pack in a box."

"What's the matter?" asked Bet, as he entered the room.

"Oh, nothin'. Don't be scared at the noise of them rubes. Toby's got a little moody, an' I'm called to teach him better manners."

"Toby's loose, Flin!" she said accusingly. "You can't fool me. Has he gone on a rampage, Flin? You'll never be able to manage him. Wait for me."

"You stay right where you are! A fine business for a sick woman, ain't it? Leave me to herd the animals. You stay here an' be good."

Nevertheless, when he had gone out, Bet struggled into her clothes. She knew the erratic spirit of the beast better than did Flinders.

"Toby'll obey me. I know," she said, the excitement lending to her fresh strength.

THE trouble with Toby was that he could not understand the events of the day. He had seen his mistress carried away from him, limp and helpless.

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THE YOUNGEST INFANT

By Anna Hinrichsen



"Now, Boy," said the Governor,
"What a Fool You Are!"

toddlings and listen to your pretty prattle. You are the youngest infant that has ever come to the Legislature. You're a nice little tad, though your prattlings are unusually babyish."

"Sir, this is a monstrous indignity—"

The Governor chuckled. "Don't interrupt! Youngster, I've had my eye on you ever since you came here. Why have you formed no friendships among your fellow Legislators? Why is it that when men gather in groups in the House corridors and the hotel lobbies to chat, to laugh, to grow acquainted with one another, you never join them? Why do you, day after day, hurry from the Assembly Hall to your own room and remain there instead of mingling with your fellow members and learning the many phases of legislative life?"

"My fellow Legislators are a fast set. I find no congenial friends among them."

"Have you tried?"

"I know human nature, your Excellency."

The Governor sighed wearily. "Horton, you were born and raised in a little country town. You read law in the office of a prosy old deacon. You have perhaps managed a few justice of the peace cases. What do you know of life or the ways of men? And what will you know until you break your shell of egotism? I should like to see you do well. You young men are our political heirs, and we wish to pass our kingdom on to good hands. You know nothing of this bill, and because certain prominent and practical politicians are behind it you conclude that there is evil somewhere."

"I am sure there is, your Excellency, and my convictions cannot be changed."

"And from what premises do you draw your conclusions? You have taken this same stand in regard to every measure favored by the party machine. I should like to be shown your line of thought."

"When a number of professional politicians unite to force legislation there must be a selfish, probably a discreditable, reason."

THE Governor sat looking past the man, out of the window at the snow covered lawn. A statue of the first Governor of the State stood beneath his window. Half a dozen young Legislators were gathered about it, adorning the early statesman with a snow crown and an ice scepter. Unseeing, the Governor stared past them.

"My lad," he said finally, "I shall tell you why I desire the political retirement of James Brayde. I tell you this not that I may influence your vote, but that I may teach you something of the nature of men. I want to help you to a better understanding of the political life that now seems to you a kaleidoscope of dishonesty, duplicity, and self seeking."

"Ten years ago I was engaged to be married to the sweetest girl the angels ever spared out of Heaven. You young men think you know what love and love's sorrow mean. But the first love of a middle aged man is something beyond your ken. It comes after youth's disillusion, after the soul riving struggle for success, after we have turned life inside out and have learned its dark places and its glorious ones. To a man who has had the best and the worst of life, a pure souled, tender woman is the dearest treasure this earth holds; she is the realization of all the dreams he has ever dreamed and all the ideals he has ever cherished. And God help him when he loses her!"

"A few weeks before my wedding day I learned that my sweetheart loved my nephew. He was thirty, and I was nearly fifty. But she had tried to be true to her vows to me and had sent him away. I called him back and gave her to him. In a short time they were married."

"Immediately after his marriage I secured his nomination for Congress and his election. It was the worst thing I could have done for him and for her. As a private citizen he had been a straightforward, honest young lawyer. As a politician he became a grafter, a boodler, a political thief. He is one

of those men in whom a certain environment develops characteristics which the limitations of ordinary station have held in check. What verbal labors I have expended on that man,—arguments, appeals, expostulations, and threats! Useless!

"He has grown bolder and bolder. His exposure must come soon. A man cannot sell and resell his honor daily in Congress and escape detection and disgrace. If he alone should suffer, I'd say, 'Go on! Hang yourself! Good enough for you!' but there is his wife. She loves him, believes in him. His public disgrace, if undeserved, she would bear cheerfully. His real dishonor would kill her. The loss of her faith in him would crush all joy, all hope, everything."

"I want that fellow out of Congress, and out quick, before he is publicly discredited and before she finds out what a low thief he is. I want him to go back to the conventional little city he came from, where he practised law decently and with modest glory. In that environment he will be a good man. He is too strong in his district to be defeated; so I have engineered this bill for the reapportionment of the State into new congressional districts in order to put him, a Democrat, into a district overwhelmingly Republican. My closest friends and political associates know my reasons and are helping me. The sweetest woman in the world shall not be—" He broke off abruptly, picked up a cigar and chewed savagely on the end of it.

There was a long quiet in the room.

GOVERNOR," began the younger man—"Governor," his voice was trembling a little as he spoke, "will you let me take your advice in—in all things, and as a privilege, a very great privilege, let me come to you to learn how men should live?"

Below the Governor's window half a dozen young Legislators danced about the statue of the State's first chief executive. A tall, slender young man came from the great entrance of the Capitol and stood looking at them. Then, a little timidly, he caught up a handful of snow and threw it at the man nearest him. With yells of joy the six men charged upon him, tore off his overcoat and hat, rolled him in the snow, washed his face, stuffed snow in his collar and his shoes, and then with wild whoops of delight they threw him on their shoulders and marched round and round the heroic figure of the great law giver, singing:

The stiff has come to life,
And we like him—we like him



When He
Came to Life

SIT down, Mr. Horton, and have a cigar." "Thank you, sir. I prefer to stand. Our interview will not be a long one."

The Governor twisted his cigar to the side of his mouth and chewed it as he watched the young man before him. There was an amused twinkle in his keen eyes and a kindly sarcasm about his firm lips. He was a short, heavy man. He sat loosely in his chair, lounging over his desk.

Straight and tall, the young Legislator stood before him, one foot slightly advanced, one hand in the breast of his frock coat. Occasionally he raised the other hand to toss back, with the gesture beloved by young statesmen, the long lock of hair trained to droop over his broad white forehead.

"I shall talk for sometime," said the Governor good naturedly. "Better make yourself comfortable."

The young man threw back his slender shoulders and held them more rigidly. "I am prepared to listen, your Excellency."

"Now, boy, what do you intend to do about the reapportionment bill?"

"Vote against it."

"Why?"

"Because I consider it a corrupt measure."

"Why?"

"Its object is the political downfall of James Brayde."

"Well?"

"There is a reason for your wish to ruin Brayde."

"Well?"

"I shall not be a party to your plan."

"Why?"

"Because there is a wrong motive."

"How do you know?"

"It is impossible that there should be a good one."

"Really? What is the wrong one?"

"You cannot influence Brayde. You want a puppet whom you can control."

"Brayde is my nephew."

"Yet you would retire him from politics?"

"I shall. If I had wished a puppet, he would have been an excellent one. I have cleared myself of that charge. What is your next objection to the bill?"

"Why do you wish to retire Brayde?"

"If a man's uncle thinks it best for the State, why do you question?"

"There is a deep motive. I am sure it is not a good one. I shall not help you."

The Governor dropped his cigar into an ashtray and straightened up in his chair. "What an honest man you are," he said kindly, "and what a fool!"

"An honest man I am; a fool I am proud to be if a man is a fool because he will not aid or abet dishonesty."

NOW, boy, listen to me! I am several thousand years old. You are just old enough to walk and talk. You stagger like a baby and babble the meaningless pretty fancies of childhood; but we old men love you children. We like to watch your infantile