

Dem'cratic tick't forty year, live a Dem'crat, die a Dem'crat! An' I'm 's honest as day is long!"

It was five years after that session, when Hurlbut, now in the national Congress, was called to the district in which Wixinokee lies, to assist his hard pressed brethren in a campaign. He was driving, one afternoon, to a political meeting in the country, when a recollection came to him and he turned to the committee chairman, who accompanied him, and said:

"Didn't Uncle Billy Rollinson live somewhere near here?"

"Why, yes. You knew him in the legislature, didn't you?"

"A little. Where is he now?"

"Just up ahead here. I'll show you."

They reached the gate of a small, unkempt, weedy graveyard and stopped.

"The inscription on the head-board is more or less amusing," said the chairman, as he got out of the buggy, "considering that he was thought to be pretty crooked, and I seem to remember that he was 'read out of the party,' too. But he wrote the inscription himself, on his death-bed, and his son put it there."

There was a sparse crop of brown grass growing on the grave to which he led his companion. A cracked wooden headboard, already tilting rakishly, marked Henry's devotion. It had been white-washed and the

inscription done in black letters, now partly washed away by the rain but still legible:

HERE LIES  
THE MORTAL REMAINS  
OF  
WILLIAM ROLLINSON  
A LIFE-LONG  
DEMOCRAT  
AND A  
MAN

AS HONEST AS THE DAY IS LONG

The chairman laughed. "Don't that beat thunder? You knew his record in the legislature, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"He *was* as crooked as they say he was, wasn't he?"

Hurlbut had grown much older in five years, and he was in Congress. He was climbing the ladder, and, to hold the position he had gained, and to insure his continued climbing, he had made some sacrifices within himself by obliging his friends—sacrifices which he did not name.

"I could hardly say," he answered gently, his down-bent eyes fastened on the sparse, brown grass. "It's not for us to judge too much. I believe, maybe, that if he could hear me now, I'd ask his pardon for some things I said to him once."

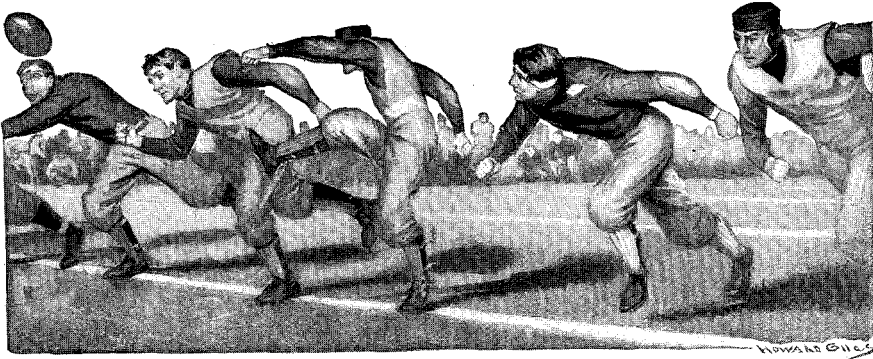
## "YESTERDAY RAN ROSES"

BY

ROBERT LOVEMAN

YESTERDAY ran roses,  
To-day it is the rue;  
Again, again, O Love, I swear  
To be strong and true.

To-day it is the cowl and fast,  
To-morrow, what will be?  
Foolish heart, hast not enough  
Of pain and ecstasy?



# THE PASSING OF THE VET

BY

JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL," "THE COMING OF THE MAESTRA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD GILES



HE game had not been on three minutes before Kelley saw that they knew it. After each scrimmage the eyes of the little blue quarter, running in furtive examination along the orange striped line a-quiver before him, closed unconsciously to a narrow, cunning streak as they passed Kelley, at left tackle; then with the bark of the signal, the whole blue avalanche struck him with a crumpling crash. With a quick, writhing motion, the end, a Freshman, whom he had never seen before, threw himself across his legs, while the tackle—his old enemy, Horan—butted head first above in an effort to bend him backward over the lithe living thing paralyzing him down below. In rapid succession they made over him three yards, then two more, then five, with pounding cross-tackle masses. Yes, they knew that his left leg was bad.

Kelley shook his head and laughed, a laugh that opened only his lips in a jagged interstice against the teeth grinding beneath. "I wish you'd try that again," he said to his two opponents with tense politeness.

They did not answer. The end, crouched with his left hand touching the ground, his right arm at ease across his right thigh, was looking away from him in pretentious igno-

rance of his presence; Horan, squat and massive, was peering through the forest of legs at the ball in the center. A vague sense of impersonality came over Kelley. Between him and these two men crouching there, vigilant, there was no personal relation, not even that of rivalry or hate. He was merely the obstacle, the thing to be chopped down coldly, methodically.

"Please do," he pleaded again; but he was looking with tense concentration at the ball, still on the ground beneath the center's hand. At the first thrill of its quick snap-back he bounded sideways upon the end, a little to his left, evading Horan. He caught the end's head between his hands and jerked it down into the earth, stamped across his back, and was through. The whole interference was coming in an attempted end run, the leather helmets lowered menacingly, the backs behind rising and falling in quick vibration. Kelley threw himself into it, head first, his body rigid, his arms, spread-eagled, seizing legs from the hollow of his neck to the tip of his clutching fingers. He felt a grinding above him, then a crunching thump as that of a train off the track and bumping the ties; and he lay still and flat, a great weight upon him and a grim satisfaction at his heart.

But as he rose with a scornful down-glance at the man with the ball who was unrolling