

"And, your honor," the prisoner resumed, "it's the first time in my life I've ever been arrested."

The gavel thudded on the desk of justice, and leaning over, O'Donnell boomed:

"Now let me tell you something, Martin Casey. This is the first time in my life I've ever been a judge. You're discharged."

A good and loyal Irishman is O'Donnell, and at the outset of his term the culprits who were brought before him tried to take advantage of this by appearing in green neckties or by wearing shamrocks in their buttonholes. Eventually, however, a petty thief with a tell-tale nose of Jewish prominence answered to the name of Patrick Kelly when his case was called, and the jig was up. O'Donnell sentenced him to sixty days at hard labor for impersonating a gentleman.

A boy of honorable yet humble origin and early environment was Jimmy Murphy, yet he had that happy faculty of adjusting himself to any group in which he found himself. He never tried to put on airs or be something he was not. He was always his true, courteous, modest self. Persons of wealth and prominence did not awe him, and he made friends of every man and woman that he met.

It was on his return from Italy in the summer of 1923, when he crossed the Atlantic to participate in the Italian Grand Prix, that he told me of his meeting with Mussolini and showed me the gift the Italian Premier had made him—a watch of exquisite workmanship in a case fashioned from an Italian gold piece.

Naturally, he was proud of such a distinguished acquaintanceship and treasured the handsome memento of it, but what impressed Jimmy Murphy above all else was the humor of the situation and the incongruity,

ity, to him, of a former orphan boy and American race driver being entertained by a statesman of world fame in a royal palace.

"Gee, Wag," he said, "it was the toughest spot I've ever been in."

"About ten days before the race," he continued, "we were working on the car in one of the garages near Monza. It was late in the afternoon, the engine was torn down, and we were trying to get it set up again so we could get in a little practice the next morning. There'd been a lot of people around the garage all day, giving the rig the once-over and asking a lot of foolish questions, so I didn't pay much attention to a couple of men who were standing in the doorway until one of them wanted to know something about the car's mechanical specifications.

"I gave him the information he wanted, but kept right on working. Then he stepped over to me and said that he wanted me to meet Mussolini."

"I wiped the grease off my hands and was introduced. I apologized for being so short and curt in my answers and explained the reason—that I was trying to get my car in shape for practice the next morning. And the next thing I knew I had accepted an invitation to take luncheon with Mussolini the next day. I didn't sleep a wink that night worrying because I'd pick the wrong fork or something like that.

"And, Wag, I can't figure out to this day why he treated me so cordially and courteously. He made me feel like I could have had the whole of Italy if I'd wanted it. He certainly is one grand guy."

Naturally, Mussolini's attachment for Murphy was a mystery to this modest race driver, but I can explain it very easily. For Jimmy was one of those irresistible