

THE MAN HIGHER UP BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY BOBBS MERRILL CO.

CHAPTER XVI THE FORCE.

Bob whirled sharply. As he faced her the blood rushed to his cheek and his eyes glinted in angry surprise. In an instant, however, he answered with perfect composure.

"Twice, I believe, I hardly expected to meet you here, Mrs. Gilbert."

"Three times, I'm sure," she said pleasantly. "It's very stupid, but really all I can think of is that trite old saying that the world is very small, Mr. McAdoo."

Bob's sense of humor came to his aid as he looked at the woman to cast whom and her influence out of his life he had come to find a weapon. He laughed.

"I should say the world's size depends upon whether you are trying to find or avoid a person."

Her face lighted up mirthfully. "Come, Mr. McAdoo. We are under the white flag here. I appeal to the governor. Cousin, to my rescue, for the sake of your household's peace. Mr. McAdoo and I always quarrel."

"Then I solemnly declare," she said, "that I need of your protection. I fancy this young lady is quite capable of caring for herself, eh, Mr. McAdoo?"

"Quite!"

"That's very generous," she smiled. "It speaks well for a successful truce, I hope?" And she held out her hand with pretended hesitation.

His hesitation was genuine; but, yielding to the necessity, he took her slender white hand into his big strong one—the hand, as it flashed across her mind, that had once snatched her from a hideous death. Perhaps her smile became more kindly than she intended, for he dropped her hand as though it had been a hot coal.

"And now," Mrs. Dunmeade said promptly, "peace having been established all around, let us go in to dinner." She took Bob's arm and led the way into the dining room.

At dinner Bob sat opposite Eleanor, in his considerable discomfort at first. Perhaps Mrs. Dunmeade saw this, for she guided the talk to subjects which pleased him to be the audience. And after a while his discomfort was forgotten in his interest in the conversation and in his covert study of Eleanor, especially in his study of Eleanor. He watched her critically that he might learn, if possible, the secret of her influence over Paul. His study forced him to admit very grudgingly that any man might find it hard to resist her charm.

"Any man of Paul's temperament, that is," he corrected himself hastily. And he began to doubt the success of his mission to the capital in its ultimate purpose.

Finally Mrs. Dunmeade turned to Bob. "Tell us, how is your campaign progressing?"

"There is considerable opposition."

"If your friends' good wishes count for anything," she said kindly, "you will win. We're all anxious to see you elected."

"One good indication," Murchell added, "is the viciousness of the newspaper attacks. They overstep all bounds. That courtesious story, for instance—I personally know that you did nothing to do with it."

"No, I had nothing to do with it."

"Surely there must be some way to stop such stories," said Eleanor.

"What business is it of yours?" Bob wanted to say roughly. Instead he said grimly: "Yes. Bribe the owners."

"Who are the owners of the paper that published the courtesious story?" she asked, not seeing or not understanding the danger signals flashed across to her by Mrs. Dunmeade.

Bob was tempted. To tell her the truth, to shame and hurt her before her friends, would have been an immense source of sweet savor to his hostility. But he caught Mrs. Dunmeade's pleading look.

"The opposition," he said carelessly. "It was repaid by a grateful look from the hostess."

"How do you arouse a people, Mr. McAdoo?" Eleanor inquired quizzically.

"Denounce the other side," he said shortly.

"Then in politics one depends for success on the faults of the other side rather than on one's own virtues?"

"Precisely."

"No, no," the governor protested indignantly. "Mr. McAdoo isn't just to himself. The truth is while he has been at the head of the Steel City organization—"

"Is that a polite name for boss?" Eleanor interrupted.

"I'm afraid it is," the governor replied pleasantly. "I was going to say that under Mr. McAdoo's leader-

ship the district attorney's office in your county has been most efficiently and honestly conducted and the present city administration is the cleanest, most economical the city has ever known."

"Why are you so sure of being elected?" Eleanor asked.

"Because I play the better game."

Suddenly Murchell, who had taken little part in the conversation, leaned forward and leveled an accusing finger at Bob.

"That's not true," he said sternly. "It's false to the people of your city and to yourself. You're the shrewdest and boldest politician in this state. But your knowledge of the game alone would never make you mayor of your city, nor will it be due to the fact that you are a boss with an ironclad machine at your back. You're more than a boss. You have made yourself the leader of the people in their fight against the railroad steel trust. Therefore you will win. Not the master politician or the boss of a machine will be elected, but Robert McAdoo, leader of the people. The responsibility will be yours, but it will not be your victory, but the victory of the cause you represent, the victory of the force."

"The force?" Bob and Eleanor exclaimed together.

Murchell's hand dropped to the table. His lean, haggard face showed a red spot in each cheek. "Yes, the great social force in whose grip we all are: the force that makes the man, the social unit, find his happiness, his welfare, in the happiness and welfare of his brethren, of society; the force that has given John Dunmeade strength to struggle, libeled and misunderstood, against those who defy this principle of the universe. The force that has placed in you—forgive my bluntness—the crassest egoist I have ever known, the spirit to defy and fight the same enemy of your brethren. The force that makes you and John Dunmeade, by grace of a common enemy, necessary to each other, and makes you both necessary to the people of this state. The force that will give you the victory."

The old politician stopped, his black eyes gleaming fiercely at Bob through the shaggy eyebrows. Of what was going on within him Bob's masklike expression gave no hint as he met Murchell's gaze impassively. He shifted his glance to the others and found that he, not Murchell, was the target for their eyes. Upon Dunmeade's gentle face was written the exaltation of the martyr who sees into the beyond and beholds his triumph; upon his wife's countenance, both triumph and understanding. Eleanor was looking at him with an expression Bob could not understand, though he knew that for once it was not hostile. He turned again to Murchell, an ugly glitter in his eyes.

"Do you add the force that led you, the first of the school of corporation politicians, to create the very conditions we are fighting?"

Murchell did not flinch. "No, I have been of those who abused power, and therefore I have been the greatest criminal of my day. I add the force that will lead you two to repair the damage I have done."

Bob's mouth twisted into his sardonic grin. "It's a hopeless theory, Mr. Murchell. You make us all blind automatons. You take away from me—the crassest egoist you have ever known—my individuality, my reason for existence, my self, and you give me in exchange a species of subordinated socialism."

"Yes," Murchell said quietly, "the socialism of Christ when he commanded 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

"Your force is as inexorable as God?"

"The force is God," Murchell answered quietly.

"Yes," Mrs. Dunmeade said gently. "For God is love."

Bob turned to her, and the sneer faded from his mouth. "What does the force give us in exchange for our selfishness? What have I, reduced to an automaton, to make life and action worth while?"

"The happiness of seeing your fellow-men happier," she replied, "and love."

He broke into a rasping, mirthless laugh. "Pardon me," he said, recovering himself. "I'm not laughing at you or your force, but at a joke I had forgotten. I was introduced to your force two months ago."

"No, my friend," Murchell said, "at your birth."

When the men were alone Bob proceeded to explain his visit.

"Now that we have reached a verdict convicting me of conspiring to puff humanity," he began, "let's get down to business if you're ready to hear me."

"We are ready."

"The other day," Bob went on, "I had an interview with Henry Sanger,

Jr. The interview was at his request. He is backing Harland. Harland doesn't know it, but there's no doubt about it. Sanger was very frank. He informed me that he and his 'fellow investors' intend to break with you openly and finally and to select the next governor, legislature and senator. He came to propose that I join with them. He held out big inducements. He offered to contribute to my campaign fund; also to place the next governorship under my control and to put me at the head of the new state organization, subject to certain limitations, of course."

"I told him that I proposed to line up with you," Bob paused, looking at the others inquiringly.

"I suppose you didn't leave your campaign merely to tell us this," Murchell said.

"No. As I told Sanger, I choose to join you people. But, of course, my doing so depends upon certain conditions. I must name the next candidate for governor," Bob said coolly.

"That," Murchell said decidedly, "we can't consent to unless your candidate meets with our approval. Have you some one in particular in mind?"

"Yes, Remington."

"Paul Remington?" Dunmeade exclaimed. "I had suspected"—He paused.

"His ambition must fly high," Murchell said, looking at Bob in surprise.

"No. He knows nothing of the object of this visit. I don't suppose he has even thought of himself in connection with the next governorship."

"Nor am I prepared for the suggestion," Murchell said thoughtfully. "Can he be elected?"

"He stands as good a chance as any one we could pick. He's the most popular man in the Steel City. He has a clean personal record. He's well and favorably known over the state. He has spoken in every county. He's a good campaigner, and his youth is in his favor."

"Then can we trust him?" Murchell demanded, looking at Bob keenly.

"Yes," Bob answered firmly, almost too firmly, Murchell thought.

"Well," Murchell said slowly, "you may be right; but, frankly, while I like and admire Remington, I haven't absolute confidence in him. He's brilliant and enthusiastic, but he lacks stability of character, and I doubt if he really has a high conception of political responsibility. The next governor will have need of these qualities, as the present governor has had need of them." He laid his hand kindly on Dunmeade's arm.

"If we choose him I'll be back of him," Bob said, meeting Murchell's glance steadily. "And—I know him better than you do—if I think there ever is or can be the least doubt as to his good faith or nerve I will withdraw my request."

The governor reached his hand across the table to Bob. "Your word is good enough for me."

For an hour they discussed the matter in detail, Bob remaining very firm in his demand. At last Murchell's consent was won.

"Then it's settled," he said. "Let us hope we never regret it."

"You will never regret it, Mr. Murchell," Bob replied earnestly. "If I should change my mind about Remington I'll support whomever you choose."

"Do you really believe there is any chance of your changing your mind?"

"I hope not," Bob answered quickly. "In the meantime, gentlemen, be so kind as to keep this quiet for the present. I prefer that Remington shouldn't hear of it at once."

"You have no objections to my wife seeing, I hope," said Dunmeade, "I confess from her, you know."

"No. But please see to it that Mrs. Gilbert knows nothing about it—especially Mrs. Gilbert," Bob added emphatically.

CHAPTER XVII HATE OR LOVE?

DUNMEADE looked at Bob curiously, but asked no questions. "Certainly your wishes shall be respected," he said courteously.

He rose from the table. Bob reluctantly accompanied the others into the library. As they walked through the hallway they heard shouts of childish merriment. At the door of the library they halted to watch a pretty little group, Eleanor sitting on the floor romping with the three children, considerably to the discomfort of her hair and gown, while Mrs. Dunmeade and a maid looked laughing on. Eleanor, flushing slightly, hurriedly rose to her feet, holding the baby. Now, a beautiful woman never appears so strongly to a man as when she has a little child in her arms.

"Come, our children," Mrs. Dunmeade commanded with mock severity. "To bed with you. These youngsters, Mr. McAdoo, have the run of the house, you see."

But before the child was turned over to the waiting maid Eleanor, conscious—shall we confess it?—of the charming picture she made, must take him to his father to receive the good night salute. Next Murchell must pay his homage. Then she looked, hesitating, toward Bob, who stood in the background. As he read her intent in her audacious smile he felt the blood rise unconsciously to his face.

"Come," she declared gayly; "you shan't be neglected, Mr. McAdoo."

She carried the child to Bob and held him up. Bob, with awkward unfamiliarity, extended his big hand toward the mite of humanity. But the little one refused to accept the advances, clinging tightly to Eleanor's neck and regarding the big stranger with frightened eyes.

"Do you know what they say of children's instincts?" she whispered softly, that the others might not hear.

Bob flushed even more deeply.

It was a little thing, but it added fuel to the flame of his angry resentment against her.

She gave the child over to the maid. "Children are dears, even if they are hard on one's hair," she laughed as with the inimitable grace which a woman imparts to the operation she replaced the wisps of hair disordered by the youngster's irreverent hands.

When the damage had been repaired Mrs. Dunmeade suggested, "Won't you sing for us?"

"Yes," Eleanor replied without reluctance, real or affected.

As her voice rose and fell in some simple song, chosen, had Bob only known it, to fit his own limited comprehension, his eyes fixed their gaze sternly on the singer. His arms were folded across his chest, each hand gripping its fellow's biceps, as he had sat through the convention when Paul's impassioned voice, appealing to something higher in the audience than the orator himself felt, had found a lodgment where least expected. The easy unconcern with which he had taken his place among these people fell from him. Here in the somber old library, fragrant with memories, in the presence of the gentle souled Dunmeades, listening to the beautiful, cultured, well-poised woman who was singing—there was no place for him! "Let me get back to my heels and my fighting, where I belong!"

Murchell rose to leave. First he held out his hand to Bob.

"No use coming with me. Your train isn't due for two hours yet. My friend,



THE LITTLE ONE REFUSED TO ACCEPT HIS ADVANCES.

you won't regret tonight. You'll hear from me in a day or two."

To Eleanor he said: "Thank you for your singing. It has done me great good—and to know you too. I repeat you are a very beautiful young lady and as good as you are good to look at, I'm sure. My dear, I'm an old man"—And he bent over to kiss her. A very becoming flush came to her cheek.

"You two can take care of each other for a few minutes, can't you?" Mrs. Dunmeade said to Eleanor and Bob. "We never leave this dear friend until he has passed the door." So Robert McAdoo and Eleanor Gilbert were alone together once more.

When the others had left she looked at him uncertainly a moment, then she laughed.

"Well, fate—or shall we say the force?—seems to take an intimate interest in our affairs. The last time we met we both determined never to see each other again, and now"—she waved her hand in an expressive gesture—"suppose you come over here by the piano. It's awkward trying to talk across a big room like this."

He crossed the room and stood by the piano, looking down on her.

"Aren't they the dear, good people?" she said earnestly. "And don't they make you feel mean and small? They always do me, I know. Or," she added, with the irritating uplift of her brow, "do you ever feel small and mean?"

"I admit their goodness."

She saw that for some reason his temper was slipping its leash. She took a keen delight in her power to anger him. Daringly she tried to torment him further. "Do you know," she leaned forward on the music rack, resting her chin on her folded hands and smiling up at him, "I'm almost tempted never to quarrel with you again."

"I don't want peace with you!" he cried roughly.

"No," she laughed. "I know you don't. That's one good reason why I should yield to temptation. But I'm not sure that I want to quarrel with you, aside from that. The last twenty-four hours I've learned a good many things. I begin to think you're not half so black as you have been painted, Mr. McAdoo."

"I don't want your good opinion. Stick to the old one. I'm all you thought me and more."

"Then do you dislike me merely because Mr. Remington cares, or thinks he cares, for me, or do you really hate me for myself?"

"Mrs. Gilbert, I really hate you for yourself."

"I knew it." Amusement was not written quite so plainly on her face as it had been. "Why?"

"That's the irony of it," he exclaimed bitterly. "I hate you because you are beautiful, because you are witty,

because you have courage, because you are the only person I have ever met that I'm not a match for, because you have forced me to change my plans. I hated you when I first saw you and saved your life. Mrs. Gilbert, I hate you so thoroughly that I have come to this decision—either Paul Remington gives you up or he gives me up. If he marries you he goes out of my life once and for all. Now you may gloat," he sneered. "I deserve to have you know the truth. It's my just punishment for not being able to beat a woman."

"How you must hate me! I don't understand it. What you say almost makes you contemptible. Surely you can't mean that merely because your petty, childish vanity is hurt you are willing to sacrifice not only my possible happiness, which, of course, does not count, but also the happiness of a man you have called friend. Surely you're not so small and weak as that!"

Then his anger slipped its leash entirely. The red veil that had come before his eyes when he fought Haggin fell again. He was obsessed by a savage lust to hurt the woman before him, to deal her a blow that she would feel to the uttermost. His words fell slowly, cuttingly, with cruel distinctness.

"Oh, for that I have all the justification I need. You're not to be trusted with him. You're beautiful. You're the sort that has power over men. You have power over me. Seeing you sets me on fire with wild, insane longings. I have to keep my hate boiling or good God, what am I saying? It's true or love you?" He laughed harshly, wildly. "And the weaker the man the greater your power. I know your history, Mrs. Gilbert. You had one weakness under your influence and you let him go to hell without lifting a finger to save him."

Even in his savage anger Bob was startled by the effect of his cruel words. She turned white and shrank back as from a heavy physical blow. She drew a long, shuddering breath.

"Oh," she gasped. "I didn't believe you could be so cruel. I didn't believe you could be so cruel."

Slowly, unable to take her eyes from his, she rose and started uncertainly toward the door. She stumbled over a chair and would have fallen had he not caught her. She pushed herself away from him, shuddering.

"Don't touch me; don't touch me!"

He watched her, hardly able to comprehend the completeness of his brutality's triumph or the startling change in the woman who had mocked him so often until she passed out of the room. And as she went from his sight the sweetness of his savage joy turned to bitterness in his mouth—left him to face the supreme fact of his life.

A minute later, mechanically, ashamed and humbled by his own cruelty, he followed her into the hall. But she had gone upstairs to her room.

Seizing his hat and coat, without waiting to put them on or to say good-bye to Dunmeade, he strode out into the night.

The mansion had been some time dark in the midnight quiet when Mrs. Dunmeade, troubled by Eleanor's non-appearance, tiptoed softly along the hall to her guest's bedchamber. Eleanor was in bed, her bright hair straying loosely over the pillow. She was staring hopelessly at the flickering gas jet. Mrs. Dunmeade saw no traces of tears.

She seated herself on the bedside. "My dear," she said gently, leaning over to stroke the pretty hair, "will you tell me what is the matter?"

Eleanor restively moved her head away from the caress. "Don't pet me," she said bitterly. "I'm not a child, but a woman nearly twenty-seven years old, who has just been told she is responsible for the shameful life and death of her husband."

"Oh," Mrs. Dunmeade cried in shocked surprise, "did he taunt you with that? My dear, don't take it to heart. We all know you were the one sinned against."

"Yes, that was one of my pretty fancies, too," Eleanor said in the same bitter tone. "until tonight, when he opened my eyes. What he said was true. That's why it hurt. I let Leonard Gilbert go to hell and didn't lift a finger to save him. Only," she added wearily, "I would rather have heard it from any one but him."

"It is asking a good deal to ask you to forgive him; but, dear, I think he is suffering from some cause. Some day he will be sorry. He is a man who hasn't yet found himself," she concluded gently. "But when he does find himself he will be a vastly different man, and he will bring happiness to many."

Eleanor shook her head listlessly. "But not to me. He despises me, and he will never relent. But I have no resentment." The slow flush crept into her cheeks, and she put her arm over her eyes that Mrs. Dunmeade might not look into them.

Mrs. Dunmeade bent over impulsively and put her arms around her. "My dear child," she whispered understandingly, "has it come to you at last—and so?"

Eleanor suffered the caress for a minute and then gently released herself. "Won't you please go away? I would rather be by myself," she said wearily.

Years before a young girl, bruised under the ruthless heel of Bob McAdoo, had watched the night out. That night in the governor's mansion history repeated itself.

(To be Continued)

A classified advertisement is a tiresome work hunter, and seldom fails.

REDMOND WINS FROM SISTERS

Exciting Ball Game Played Sunday Last Before Large Crowd

The ball game last Sunday between the Redmond and Sisters teams at Sisters was the best game so far played of the series. It was anybody's game up to the 8th inning and kept the interest of the fans up to a high pitch until Redmond came in with the winning scores.

Chapman pitched for Redmond and Jess Tetherow was at the receiving end. Fred Akins was on the mound for Sisters.

Between 50 and 60 Redmond people went over to root for the Hub City team, and were well satisfied with the article of ball both teams put up.

JUNIPER OFFICERS ELECTED

The Juniper Reading Circle met with Mrs. Reedy on May 14th for the last regular work of the season. Plans for the coming year were discussed, and the following officers were elected:

- Prest.—Mrs. W. H. Anderson.
 - Vice-Prest.—Mrs. Thompson.
 - Sec.—Mrs. Reedy.
- The time available after the business meeting was spent in discussing contemporary short story writers, after which the Circle adjourned to meet again at a picnic soon to be held, thus bringing to a happy end a profitable year of study.

BABBIT METAL

The Spokesman has about 1,000 pounds of old type metal that is just the thing for rabbit metal, packing for boxes, etc. Same will be sold reasonable. Large quantities sold at a discount.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, April 26, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that John I. Jones, of Powell Butte, Oregon, who, on September 12, 1907, made Homestead No. 15702 Serial No. 04201, for SE¼SW¼, S¼SE¼, and NE¼SE¼ Section 27, Township 16 south, Range 14 east, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the County Clerk, at his office at Prineville, Oregon, on the 9th day of June, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur D. Morrill, James Griffin, Nathan B. Beach, William Johnson, all of Powell Butte, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register
First publication May 1—May 29

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, May 2, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that Edward Mizner, of Sisters, Oregon, who, on November 24, 1911, made Homestead No. 09705 for S¼SE¼ Sec. 2 and N¼NE¼ Sec. 11, Township 15 South, Range 11 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. B. Daggett, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Redmond, Oregon, on the 14th day of June, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: A. Mizner, Clyde Johnson, J. J. Kaffer, Charles Kaffer, all of Sisters, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register
First publication May 8—June 5.



Fresh vegetable Jacob

Copyright 1913 by Wood Advertising Co., Chicago

May 21.

DEAR FRIEND:

Do you like radishes and asparagus and celery, and all kinds of vegetables? I do. And mama sends me down to our grocer every day to get some for dinner. Our grocer always sell the best and freshest. You ought to get your mama to buy from him.

Your friend
JACOB.

P. S. The freshest vegetables always can be bought at

Hobb's
Cash Bakery and Grocery