

# THE MAN

## HIGHER UP

BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER  
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CHAPTER XXII.  
SANGER'S CARD.

THE big anteroom of the Republican headquarters was filled by an excited, noisy crowd—it was the afternoon before election day. No one seemed able to stand in one spot for two consecutive minutes; no one thought of sitting.

"Sure to win; it's a cinch." "Ten to three McAdoo wins is best odds." "They say Harland's thrown up the sponge." "Old man's sick, I hear." "Twenty-eth 'll go for Harland, though." "Sick nothin'! Couldn't kill McAdoo with dynamite!" "The Fourth 'll make the Twentieth look like thirty cents when the majorities come in." "Tom Haggin told me so himself." "Five to ten he wins by more than 10,000."

Late in the afternoon a bomb was exploded in the midst of the crowd. A man, breathless and red faced, burst into the room. He rushed to the group nearest the door.

"Remington's thrown McAdoo down!" he shouted hoarsely.

"Aw, go on!" was the derisive answer.

"I tell you!"

"Chronicle! Extry! Great'nashun! All 'bout Remington's exposer!"

A strident voiced newsboy ran into the room, waving a paper around his head. Great red letters flared on the sheet. There was an instant scramble to reach him, men shoving one another and snatching the papers that others paid for. The news came read, papers fell from nerveless hands. Men stared at one another with scared, uncomprehending eyes. An overwhelming personal calamity seemed to have fallen on every one.

The silence was broken by a faltering cry: "It's—it's a dashed lie!" The speaker was a young man—new to politics—who had met Bob during the campaign and had become one of the big man's most ardent followers. He was an earnest young man who cherished high ideals of civic duty and purity.

"I won't believe it," he repeated, raising his voice appealingly. "It's all a lie!"

Just then Haggin came through one of the rear doors, content, hat shoved back, a cold cigar sticking in an aggressive angle from his mouth.

"What's the matter with you guys?" he demanded sharply. "That's the noisiest silence I ever heard."

One of them handed to him a paper. He read slowly.

"My God!" he gasped, stunned as were the others. "I dunno what to do. He's a sick man—doctor said to phooie got out o' bed to come down town—he's comin' here now—don't let him know an'— His voice rose in a hoarse yell. "Curse Remington for a dirty traitor!"

A man near the door swore sickeningly. "He's coming!" The murmur ceased instantly.

A carriage drew up before the ram shackle building. Out of it stepped Bob McAdoo—the man who never before had needed a vehicle for his comings and goings. He was a very sick man; every one saw that. As he passed from the carriage, fretfully waving aside the driver, who had sprung down to assist him, he almost tottered. The hand that reached for the doorknob trembled visibly.

He opened the door and passed slowly along the narrow aisle, nodding mechanically. Then the strange silence struck in on him. He raised his head sharply, the lips parting a little.

"What is it?" he said. His voice was high pitched and querulous.

From the street came the strident voice of the newsboy. He was too far away for his words to be distinctly heard, but he was coming rapidly nearer.

"Stop that newsie!" a man exclaimed involuntarily.

"What is it? Why stop the newsie?" The tone was still sharp and querulous.

The young man who cherished ideals standing before Bob sought to hide his paper behind his back. The movement caught Bob's attention. Just before the paper disappeared behind the young man's back he saw in big, glaring red letters, "Reming—"

He held out his hand. "Give me that paper."

The young man stared at him mute, a scared look coming into his eyes.

"Give me that paper!" Bob repeated fiercely. He caught the young man by the shoulder, swung him around roughly and seized the paper.

Then he unfolded it and read. The crowd looked on in dumb discomfort. Somehow every one present found himself suffering horribly.

As he saw the glaring headline Bob felt his heart contract convulsively. There was a sudden sharp throb in his brain, and then a strange numbness spread through him. He read through the affidavit without being able to

comprehend what it meant. There, in its bold type, it seemed so impersonal, so much the thing which he was used to see in the newspapers, that he could not realize that it was Paul's, his friend's, public disavowal of him. He read it a second time, and still it did not seem real—the numbness persisted. He looked at the young man.

"What does it mean?" His hand passed before his eyes. "I—I don't understand."

The young man sobbed aloud.

"It isn't true, Mr. McAdoo? Say it isn't true!"

Bob looked at him, the smile still playing about his mouth.

"Is it bad?" The querulousness was gone. The voice was tired and gentle.

"Then it's true—whatever it is?"

The crowd stood stupidly mute. The young man sobbed again. He caught one of Bob's hands in both his own.

"I don't care if it is true," he said brokenly. "I'll stand by you." He turned to face the others and through unshamed tears looked defiance at them. They stirred uneasily. A matter of approval arose.

Bob exerted all his will power to bring back his straying mind to the thing before him, to realize what it was that made these men stand around him in stupid silence.

The paper had fallen from his hands. He was standing rigidly upright, his head thrown back, his feverish, glittering eyes taking no account of the present. Haggin took a step forward and laid his hand on Bob's shoulder.

"Bob," he said, and no one wondered then at the gentleness in the old prospector's voice—"ye're sick. Let's go home, Bob."

Bob started. He looked at Haggin with a puzzled, childish frown.

"Eh, Tom? I came to see you about something I forgot what. It was something—I'm always forgetting today. Tom, let MacPherson go to thunder, and you and I'll go home."

Haggin took one of Bob's arms, the earnest young man caught the other. Together they half led, half supported him to the carriage. Then they got in with him and drove away.



THE CROWD LOOKED ON IN DUMB DISCOMFORT.

There was a rustle as the men in the crowd changed their attitudes stiffly. Then some one laughed unrepentantly.

"Don't," another rebuked him complainingly. "don't laugh, I feel like I'd just seen a man hung."

Haggin and the young man leaped forward anxiously, ready to catch Bob if the jolting of the carriage should throw him off balance. When they were halfway home Haggin ordered the driver to stop.

"Get out," he commanded the young man. "no phone for a doctor to be at his house! Quick! See?"

When the carriage resumed its journey the old saloon keeper took a seat beside Bob and awkwardly put a steady arm around his legs's shoulders. He noticed that Bob's lips were moving.

"What is it?" Haggin inquired, bending over. "I can't hear ya, Bob. Can't ye speak louder?"

Bob's eyes opened unconsciously. He stared at his companion unrecognizingly. He began to mutter. Haggin could catch only snatches of it. Delirium had gripped Bob.

"It's the face of the little newsie. I can't get it out of my sight. They'll beat me in the end. The miracle won't come, Kathleen. Beaten by a woman. I'll get out of your way, I tell you. I have nothing to say. You've said it all, I said. This is the end."

Haggin blasphemed tearfully to the driver. "Can't you drive faster?"

CHAPTER XXIII.  
THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

IN the days that followed, while Bob McAdoo lay battling with death, his city learned what a hold he had taken on its heart. Perhaps in its newly discovered love it unduly magnified his finer qualities. Perhaps it too generously overlooked the sinister episodes in his career. His death had suddenly come to mean an irreparable loss, his recovery the thing most to be desired.

The newspapers daily gave minute reports of the progress of the disease. In the street cars men read first the account from his sickroom. It was the first question they asked each other when they met in street and corridor. "What is the latest word from McAdoo?" And when the discouraging word was spoken they shook their heads gravely. Prayers for his recovery were offered in the churches. As his condition grew worse the newspapers—even those owned by his enemies—hung out hourly bulletins. Before these bulletins gathered great solemn crowds.

There came a day when the news offered no hope. He had suffered two hemorrhages in quick succession. His temperature had fallen far below normal. His heart was almost pulseless. Life was barely flickering. He could live but a few hours, read the doctors' bulletins. Before the newspaper of fires the great crowds waited silently, stopping traffic in the streets, forgetting hunger, sadly waiting for the end.

That night a woman who had braved the dark streets alone and on foot tapped lightly at the door of McAdoo's home and asked to see Miss Flinn. Looking across the hall into the library, the visitor saw a strange group—John Dunmeade, governor of the state; Patrick Flinn, ex-policeman, and Tom Haggin, ex-pugilist and saloon keeper—sitting silent together in a common grief.

There was a rustle of skirts along the hall, and then not Kathleen, but Mrs. Dunmeade, entered the parlor. She looked at the visitor in amazement.

"Kathleen, dear!"

"Eleanor!"

And the two women were in each other's arms.

"Is he—?" Eleanor began. She could not complete the question.

"The doctors say so," Mrs. Dunmeade answered quietly.

Eleanor disengaged herself from the embrace.

"Can I see Kathleen Flinn a minute?"

Mrs. Dunmeade shook her head. "I fear not, Eleanor. She is with him. And they are expecting any minute—I'll ask her." And Mrs. Dunmeade went upstairs.

A few minutes later Kathleen Flinn entered—a new Kathleen, whose face was hard and stern. She looked at Eleanor coldly.

Before Kathleen's contempt Eleanor's eyes quailed. But quickly she raised them again.

"Miss Flinn," she said, speaking haltingly. "I won't keep you long. I came to say about that affidavit. I want to say it was all my fault. It was my brother's scheme. I didn't know about it until it was too late. But it would never have been done if I hadn't first tempted Paul to leave him. And I wanted—to say this. I can't to him, but you're nearest to him. And I—can't you see—I had to make my acknowledgment before?" She stopped, looking pleadingly at Kathleen.

"We knew it," Kathleen said, still coldly, cruelly putting a slight emphasis on the "we."

Eleanor began again, miserably. "I didn't know what my brother was scheming. And I did it thoughtlessly, though that's no excuse. It was at times contemptible. When I found out—Saturday night I tried to warn Mr. Haggin—over the telephone, but he wouldn't listen. And Monday I tried to dissuade Paul from doing it, but it was too late. I was so helpless—so helpless. But that doesn't excuse me, either. I don't expect you to forgive me. He couldn't. I can't forgive myself. But I had to tell you that I know what I did and that all my life I shall have my punishment. It—it's all I can do. Thank you for listening to me. And don't let me keep you from him."

Kathleen's face was not cold now. She took a step forward and looked closely into the younger woman's eyes.

"You must care something for"—she pointed upward—"for him or you couldn't have come."

A sob was the only answer.

"You poor girl!" she murmured and drew Eleanor to her. And on Kathleen's shoulder the young woman wept softly.

Soon Kathleen said. "Would you like to see him?"

"Yes."

Together they went upstairs to the room where Bob McAdoo faced death. Eleanor knew that she would remember the scene always for her punishment, she thought. A folded newspaper had been stuck in the chandelier to shade the face of the patient. The shadow accentuated the waxen pallor of his face. His head was shaven, a rough beard had grown out, the patched features were big and bony and ugly. He might have been already dead, so motionless was he.

Eleanor gave him one long look. She could not repress a sob. The doctor at the bedside looked up with a frown. Then she turned away and crept blindly from the room. Kathleen compassionately followed her. Eleanor sank into a chair and sobbed unrestrainedly.

"It's horrible!" she moaned. "He was so strong!"

"My poor girl!" Kathleen murmured soothingly.

Eleanor looked up wanly. "Why are you so kind to me when I have deserved so little?"



ELEANOR GAVE HIM ONE LONG LOOK.

demn yourself too harshly, as I did. Forgive me."

Then she added: "Do you care to wait here? You are welcome."

"If I may."

And Kathleen left her alone.

Eleanor lay back in her chair. Subconsciously she took in the details of this room—the room of a man who worked mechanically fingering a pile of unopened letters lying on the desk, she caught the address of the one on top, "Robert McAdoo." It was his room! Here the big, lonely man, shut off from his fellows, had in anticipation fought out the battle whose issue so vitally concerned his fellows. Here perhaps, with hatred and contempt, he had thought of her. Here—she saw the telephone—he had beaten down his pride and humbled himself before her whose idle, selfish vanity had brought such sorrow to him. And now he must die.

"Ah, no!" her heart protested. "It can't be true. He was so strong! He will beat back death, as he has beaten all his enemies. He will not die!"

And the faith was justified. The force had further use for Robert McAdoo.

Toward morning his heart action became perceptibly stronger and his temperature began to rise gradually. Two of the doctors left, first shaking hands with all in the room and congratulating them with an air that said, "Congratulations!" The morning newspapers carried the good news out to the city.

It was Kathleen who went in to tell Eleanor, saying simply, "He will live."

And Eleanor smiled. "I have known it."

"You put us to shame," Kathleen said. "We have had too little faith. Won't you lie down and get some rest? You are tired."

Eleanor pointed to the window. "No, it is morning now, and I can go home. You should rest yourself. And," she added simply, "I can never forget your generosity to me."

Kathleen pressed her hand gently.

"When he has recovered I want you to come to him and tell him what you told me."

"Yes, but," she added in a frightened tone, "please never tell him that I was here tonight." The crisis past, the woman in her reassured itself.

"I understand dear."

Walking wearily homeward in the gray morning, Eleanor thought:

"I will make my acknowledgment to him and then will go away forever."

And "forever" seemed a long, dreary time indeed.

One day when his strength was beginning to creep back into his body Kathleen came to his bedside.

"You haven't asked how the election came out," she said.

He smiled wearily. "I'd forgotten. I lost, didn't I?"

"Lost!" Kathleen laughed proudly. "No, indeed. You won—and by nearly 10,000. Aren't they the dear, good people?"

And it was true. Sanger had miscalculated. Paul's declaration had been received by many with the skepticism with which eleventh hour charges generally are received. Others had seen only the trenchery in Paul's deed and had become even more set in their determination to vote for McAdoo. Thousands had defiantly said that they did not care and had been ready to find excuses for the bribing of the delegates. And the news of his collapse and his critical condition had been an unanswerable appeal to sympathy.

But Bob heard the news apathetically.

"I don't care. I almost wish I shouldn't have to care. I shouldn't have to go on with the fighting. I wonder why they did it?"

"Don't you know?"

"What they charged was true. The delegates were bribed. They ought to have repudiated me."

"Ah," Kathleen answered proudly. "but they love you."

He shook his head wearily. "It was because they didn't realize."

Another day—it was the first time he was allowed to sit up in bed—when the nurse had gone out of the room for a few minutes he began the conversation himself.

"Kathleen"—he began abruptly, then stopped. "I—I talked a good deal?"

"Because," Kathleen answered softly. "I think I understand. You could."

"Almost continuously."

"And you learned—everything—about—about Mrs. Gilbert?"

"Yes."

"Even what a cowardly brute I was to her at the Dunmeades?" A faint flush came to his sunken cheeks.

"Yes, even that," she answered. His next question came after a long pause.

"A woman couldn't forgive that, could she, Kathleen?"

"Not many women, I think."

His voice became husky. "I've been thinking of that a good deal—I'd like to make that up to her if I could, Kathleen."

"You may have the chance some day." Long afterward, thinking over this scene, he seemed to remember that her voice was very tired; he supposed it was because the strain of the watching had been too much for her.

And he thought of many things besides his relation to Eleanor Gilbert.

When Tom Haggin, in his rough way, told him of the sorrow the people had shown for his sickness Bob felt his heart suddenly expand in a deep, strong affection for them. They were his people—his not because his machine had whipped them into submission, but because he, though unworthy, lived in their hearts.

He knew that over the land were a hundred million others like those of his city—all struggling always, producing always, giving to humanity the equivalent for the right and means to live, giving more than the equivalent, giving more and better than they received from the world. A brave, patient, hardworking, faithful, deserving people these! Pity the man who could not feel a thrill of pride that he was one of them! Bob suddenly knew that love of one's people is a distinct, definite, overmastering emotion which exists a man and dwarfs his petty self.

He knew of the great "common" people of the land, whose lives are being worn out in the effort to produce far more than they consume, at the end having nothing but the necessity for increased, harder effort, looking about them in dazed wonder and plaintively demanding: "Why is it that we cannot rest? Why have we nothing? Whether has it gone—that which we have created?"

Whether had it gone? He knew the answer. It gloomed solemnly down at him from million dollar palaces, honked hoarsely through the streets from costly imported automobiles, flashed brilliantly from bejeweled fingers, kept gleaming necks and shoulders warm in the face of shivering poverty, gurgled in goblets of precious vintages, raced panting under the wire. Above all, he read the answer in the terrific power of the modern feudal system, concentrated wealth, whose machinery was slowly crunching, crunching, crunching, his people into helpless submission.

How had such things come to pass? Ah, that question he could answer, since he himself had once been a part of the system! He knew far better than did his patient, blinded people the enormous sums of money needed to fire the engines that run the nation's political machinery and whence that corruption fund came.

A nation, a great people, was being bought, was being sold into slavery.

And all this was wrong, in denial of the ideals of the commonwealth, in disobedience of the natural law which says, "Let a man's reward be measured by his value to humanity." He would do nothing to disturb the just balance of the state. To his executive brain organization and equilibrium were prime essentials. But there was—there must be—some means by which the injustice could be corrected, the world's happiness and the reward of effort more equitably distributed. He could not then propound the remedy. But one thing he knew—the remedy when found could never be applied so long as the machinery of government remained in the power of those against whom the remedy was to apply.

What was to be his part? That question had been answered when Haggin told him of his city's sorrowing in his suffering. These people—his people! He was humbled to the dust. And then, even in his humility, he was raised again by the inspiration that was never to forsake him.

"I have been a failure," thought this man whose brilliant success a nation was considering wonderingly, "since I have missed the real meaning of life. These are my people; they need me. Let me serve!"

"Let me serve." Kathleen repeated slowly.

It was easy to lay one's heart bare to Kathleen.

"Kathleen"—and his voice was husky, as it had been when he had spoken the same words of a woman whom he had hurt—"Kathleen, I've many things to make up to many people. And I want to do it. I have misused myself. I see it all now—what I've refused to see all my life. Kathleen, something has gone out of me."

"You mean," she said gently. "that something has come into your heart—the greatest of all things."

He smiled at her. It seemed to Kathleen that his thin, ugly face, alight with his new inspiration, was the most beautiful in the world.

"And you will be happy, Bob, as you have never been." There was a catch in her voice.

"Kathleen," he answered gravely, "it was once my boast that I thought nothing of happiness. I'm not thinking of happiness now."

He lost himself once more in his vision, forgetting her.

She left him and went to her room to stifle, if she could, the vain hunger that had never died out of her heart.

George Ade, at a dinner at the Ritz, in London, said of luck: "Nobody is so dependent on luck as the playwright. When he prospers he considers luck a kindly goddess; but when his work fails then luck seems to him a spirit perversely cruel and mean."

"He regards luck then as Tom Jackson's wife, of Lafayette, does."

"Tom Jackson said one morning at breakfast: 'Hang it all! While I was weeding I dropped my Imperial Order of the Roosters pin on the lawn, and I have been looking for it now over half an hour. It's gone for good, I suppose.'"

"That night when Jackson sat down to dinner there was his pin beside his plate."

"Bully for you," said he. 'Where did you find it, Martha?'

"I let Tommy go barefooted this afternoon," said Mrs. Jackson quietly."

Crawford—You can judge a man's character by the way he acts when he has a tooth pulled.

Crabshaw—I'd much rather size him up by the way he goes on when he has his leg pulled.

WON BY A FOOT

Erwin C. Person and Ida Person, husband and wife, and the First National Bank of Prineville, Oregon, a corporation, defendants.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the above entitled court on the 16th day of May, 1913, in favor of the above named plaintiff, the Redmond Bank of Commerce, a corporation, and against the above named defendants, Erwin C. Person and Ida Person, upon a judgment against the defendants for the sum of \$1,145.23 with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per centum per annum from the 27th day of February, 1913, and \$150.00 attorney's fees, and the further sum of \$18.50 costs, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the clerk's office of said court in said county on the 12th day of May, 1913; and whereas, it was further ordered and decreed by said court that the north half of the southwest quarter and the west half of the southeast quarter of section 28, township 14 south, range 10 east of Willamette meridian, in Crook county, Oregon, be sold in the manner prescribed by law, notice is hereby given that I have levied upon and I will, on

at the north front door of the court house in Prineville, Oregon, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, sell all the right, title, and interest in the said defendants, Erwin C. Person and Ida Person, had in and to the above described real property to the highest bidder, to satisfy said judgment, interest, costs and accruing costs, subject to redemption according to law.

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FRANK ELKINS,  
Sheriff of Crook County, Oregon,  
By D. H. Peoples, Deputy.



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June 11th.

DEAR FRIEND:

Meal makes good bread, and meal makes mush. Oatmeal makes good mush for breakfast, too.

We get all kinds of nice breakfast foods at our grocers, and a good dish of breakfast food is the best thing to eat for breakfast. You ought to try it once.

Your friend  
JACOB.

P. S. They sell so many breakfast foods where we buy that they are always fresh. Mama sends me always to

**Hobb's**  
Cash Bakery and Grocery

(To be Continued)