



The New Mayor Based on G.H. Broadhurst's Successful Play THE MAN OF THE HOUR

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

Then show me the man who... A lawyer shows his... What's that? Graft!... A magazine takes pay for... What's that? Graft!... A congressman votes for an... What's that? Graft!... A senator retires at the... What's that? Graft!... A police captain on \$2... What's that? Graft!... A year buys yachts and country... What's that? Graft!... How about the railroad... What's that? Graft!... A president who gets stock free in... What's that? Graft!... A corporation that ships over his road... What's that? Graft!... An insurance man or banker who... What's that? Graft!... Takes fat loans on fancy securities... What's that? Graft!... Clears 1,000 per cent? What's that? Graft!... Every... What's that? Graft!... Takes all of 'em! Grafters! Every... What's that? Graft!... Takes who can or who isn't too... What's that? Graft!... Shows me a man who doesn't... What's that? Graft!... I'll show you a fool. Present... What's that? Graft!... Company not excepted. "That's where you're wrong," return... What's that? Graft!... Alwyn, ignoring the stir and speak... What's that? Graft!... With a judicial quiet oddly at contrast... What's that? Graft!... With the boss' vehemence. "The man... What's that? Graft!... Who said 'Honesty is the best policy'... What's that? Graft!... Knew what he was talking about... What's that? Graft!... Pays best not only hereafter, but here... What's that? Graft!... As well. Why did Missouri choose... What's that? Graft!... For governor? Because in spite of... What's that? Graft!... His faults he is honest. Why was... What's that? Graft!... A follette sent to the senate from... What's that? Graft!... Wisconsin? Because, faults and all, he... What's that? Graft!... Was honest. Why did the people of... What's that? Graft!... This country make Roosevelt their president... What's that? Graft!... Were they blind to his faults and... What's that? Graft!... Follies? No, but they knew he was... What's that? Graft!... Honest! I am honest. This bill... What's that? Graft!... Isn't it? That is why I won't sign it."... What's that? Graft!... "You won't, eh?" roared Horri... What's that? Graft!... "Then veto it! Veto it if you dare! I'll... What's that? Graft!... Not only smash your political career... What's that? Graft!... But I'll pass the bill over your veto... What's that? Graft!... And I'll show you pretty well how you... What's that? Graft!... And me stand as to power in the city... What's that? Graft!... I'll make you the laughingstock of the... What's that? Graft!... Administration by taking the whole... What's that? Graft!... Of your hands and passing it... What's that? Graft!... To the people of you." "I doubt it," answered Bennett, pal... What's that? Graft!... But meeting coolly the fiery wrath... What's that? Graft!... Of Horri... What's that? Graft!... Gan's little red eyes. "I intend... What's that? Graft!... To fight your Borough bill in the alder... What's that? Graft!... Manic chamber and outside that count... What's that? Graft!... To pass a bill over my veto you'll... What's that? Graft!... Have to get a two-thirds majority. That... What's that? Graft!... Means fourteen votes. You have only... What's that? Graft!... Nine solid throats. And I'll make it... What's that? Graft!... A business to see you don't get a... What's that? Graft!... Sixteenth vote." "I'll look out for that, all right, all... What's that? Graft!... Right." "One thing more, Mr. Horri... What's that? Graft!... Gan. I'm... What's that? Graft!... Reason to believe there is bribery... What's that? Graft!... In this matter. I'll ferret out the name... What's that? Graft!... Of every man who gives or takes a... What's that? Graft!... Bribe in connection with the Borough... What's that? Graft!... Franchise bill, and I'll send every one... What's that? Graft!... Of them to jail—not only the aldermen... What's that? Graft!... But the capitalists who are behind the... What's that? Graft!... Scare. Receiver and thief shall go... What's that? Graft!... Jail together." "Is that so?" chuckled Horri... What's that? Graft!... Gan. "Mr. Reformer, let me tell you... What's that? Graft!... I'm really behind this whole affair... What's that? Graft!... And man you'll have to jail first of all... What's that? Graft!... Charles Wainwright, uncle of the... What's that? Graft!... You're trying to marry." He leaned back to note the effect... What's that? Graft!... Of revelation, but Bennett's face... What's that? Graft!... Gave no muscle, gave no hint of what... What's that? Graft!... He meant. "Besides," went on Horri... What's that? Graft!... Gan, eager... What's that? Graft!... To press his advantage, "every cent... What's that? Graft!... Of Miss Wainwright's fortune and of her brother's... What's that? Graft!... Has been put by Wainwright into Borough... What's that? Graft!... Stock. If the franchise is beaten... What's that? Graft!... That stock will collapse and Miss Wain... What's that? Graft!... Wright will be a pauper. You'll... What's that? Graft!... Beggar the girl you're in love with... What's that? Graft!... And her young brother if you veto that bill... What's that? Graft!... Now go ahead and do as you like," said Horri... What's that? Graft!... Gan. "I was Horri... What's that? Graft!... Gan's tramp card, and had played it well. White, si... What's that? Graft!... lver, Bennett walked back to his... What's that? Graft!... Room. Heavily he moved, like a... What's that? Graft!... Man overhauled. Picking up a pen... What's that? Graft!... He wrote rapidly, then cast aside the... What's that? Graft!... Pen, crossed to the window and looked... What's that? Graft!... Into the snowy, crowded park. "You've signed the bill," cried Horri... What's that? Graft!... Gan in delight. "I've vetoed it," replied Bennett.

repeated the details of the quarrel, yet those details with many another were already passing from mouth to mouth in the mysterious fashion whereby the closest kept secrets are divulged and enlarged on. In the financial world, too, the veto came as a bombshell. Borough Street railway stock fell with a thud that shook more than one colossal fortune. Bennett—central point of the whole upheaval—was the calmest man of all who were involved. He had chosen his course, and he was following it with a dogged quiet far more dangerous than any loud mouthed bluster. He had laid out a campaign, and that campaign he rigidly followed. His first step was to send for Perry Wainwright early in the morning following the clash with Horri... Gan and, under strict pledge of secrecy, to explain the whole complicated affair to that very bewildered young man. "You're all right, Alwyn! You're all the goods!" crowed Perry in genuine admiration. "But why didn't you backheel Horri... Gan and throw him down stairs?" "I think I did," said Bennett dryly. "I think I'm still doing it. That's why I sent for you today." "Want me to lick him for you?" asked Perry in delight. "He's a bit over my weight, but I wouldn't mind pasting—"

in Hen Williams, who's Horri... Gan's mouthpiece an' handy man in the board of aldermen. Didn't happen to hear of that meetin', did you?" "No, I am unfortunate in having no secret service corps."



Perry Wainwright.

"You aren't having a good time, mother?" Bennett was asking the little old lady as he found a seat for her. "Yes," she answered. "Aren't you?" "Of course I am. Why do you ask?" The foyer was thinning out as people trooped to the ballroom. For the moment mother and son were alone together. "You aren't having a good time, Alwyn," she contradicted gently. "You're unhappy about something. Tell me." "Nonsense!" he denied, with a forced laugh. "I—" "You are thinking of Dallas, my boy. Is anything wrong between you and her? What has happened?" "Nothing," he answered sullenly. But the mother was not content. Her heart ached for the grief her son was trying to hide. "Something has happened, Alwyn," she declared, "and I want to know what, so that I can help you. You love her, and that day she came back from Europe I felt sure she loved you. What is holding you two apart?" "Nothing that can be helped." "But you never go to see her or—" "How can I? You know my attitude toward her uncle. How can I call on her while she is in his house? I exposed his relations toward the Borough Street railway franchise bill. I am fighting him and his iniquitous bill with every means in my power! Dallas lives!" "I hadn't thought of that. You poor boy! But surely—" "And something more. Her money and Perry's are invested in Borough stocks. By beating that bill I seem outwardly to be willfully wrecking their fortune. I told you the plan I arranged with Perry to avert this, but she doesn't know of that. And—" "Why don't you tell her, then? Or let me tell her?" "Because it isn't her gratitude I want. I want her to love me." "But don't you see in the meantime that a weapon you are putting into Mr. Wainwright's hands? Suppose he tells Dallas of your enmity to him and lets her know you are seemingly trying to impoverish her and her brother? He might prejudice her terribly against—" "I've thought of all that. I must be content to wait. Next Friday the revised Borough bill comes up before the aldermen again for the final fight. When it's settled one way or the other I can go to her and explain. Meantime—" "Meantime she is here tonight with Mr. Wainwright. Have you seen her?" "Only for a minute." "Did she treat you with the same friendliness, the same interest, as of old? Don't think I'm inquisitive, dear. I only ask all these questions because I love you." "I know," he answered, pressing her hand as it lay on his arm, "yet I can hardly answer you, for I hardly know. In her presence I am not at ease because I can't tell her everything, and she seems ill at ease because she knows there's something I don't tell her. Oh, it's a wretched position for us both!" "Then why don't you clear it up?" "By going to her and saying: 'Dallas, I am exposing your uncle as a blackguard and am destroying your fortune and Perry's. Will you marry me?' These are the facts; but, thank God, it's only till Friday." "Then why don't you clear it up?" "After that I can go to her and make it all clear." Before Mrs. Bennett could reply Perry returned to the ballroom, Cynthia at his side.

"Am I sure it's Roberts?" echoed Phelan. "Am I sure? Might as well ask me am I sure Chesty Dick Horri... Gan is crooked. I've got the facts down straight. Them secret service chaps of mine—" "If they get Roberts they will be able to pass the bill!" "They ain't goin' to get him if Jimmy Phelan's hand don't turn out to be all decees an' trays. An'—" "Keep an eye on him and don't let him go away without my knowing it. I must see him tonight and learn positively how he stands in regard to the matter. He has a reputation for being honest. If only—" "Here's Alwyn, Mrs. Bennett," came Perry Wainwright's voice from the doorway. "In here. Say, your honor, your honorable honor's honored mother or has been looking everywhere for you. And now that I've reunited the long lost mayor and his anxious mamma I'll chase off and find my partner for the next wait. I wish it was Cynthia. Ever dance with Cynthia, Alwyn? Poetry of motion and all that. Like a swan or—oh, good evening, alderman. I didn't see you? Are you dancing tonight?" "Dancin'?" repeated Phelan in high disgust. "Do I look it? It's had enough to be harnessed into this open faced suit that feels like I was goin' to slip through it every minute, without tryin' to dance too. At a show of this kind I feel like a pair of yellow shoes at a funeral. So long, your honor. Even, Mrs. Bennett. There's the music startin', son," he added to Perry as he started for the ballroom. "I heard it," said the lad, "but I'm in no wild hurry." "Thought you said you had a partner to look up." "I have—one of Judge Newman's daughters. Ever see her? I thought not or you wouldn't have wondered why I wasn't in a hurry. Better late than—" "Are you having a good time, mother?" Bennett was asking the little old lady as he found a seat for her. "Yes," she answered. "Aren't you?" "Of course I am. Why do you ask?" The foyer was thinning out as people trooped to the ballroom. For the moment mother and son were alone together. "You aren't having a good time, Alwyn," she contradicted gently. "You're unhappy about something. Tell me." "Nonsense!" he denied, with a forced laugh. "I—" "You are thinking of Dallas, my boy. Is anything wrong between you and her? What has happened?" "Nothing," he answered sullenly. But the mother was not content. Her heart ached for the grief her son was trying to hide. "Something has happened, Alwyn," she declared, "and I want to know what, so that I can help you. You love her, and that day she came back from Europe I felt sure she loved you. What is holding you two apart?" "Nothing that can be helped." "But you never go to see her or—" "How can I? You know my attitude toward her uncle. How can I call on her while she is in his house? I exposed his relations toward the Borough Street railway franchise bill. I am fighting him and his iniquitous bill with every means in my power! Dallas lives!" "I hadn't thought of that. You poor boy! But surely—" "And something more. Her money and Perry's are invested in Borough stocks. By beating that bill I seem outwardly to be willfully wrecking their fortune. I told you the plan I arranged with Perry to avert this, but she doesn't know of that. And—" "Why don't you tell her, then? Or let me tell her?" "Because it isn't her gratitude I want. I want her to love me." "But don't you see in the meantime that a weapon you are putting into Mr. Wainwright's hands? Suppose he tells Dallas of your enmity to him and lets her know you are seemingly trying to impoverish her and her brother? He might prejudice her terribly against—" "I've thought of all that. I must be content to wait. Next Friday the revised Borough bill comes up before the aldermen again for the final fight. When it's settled one way or the other I can go to her and explain. Meantime—" "Meantime she is here tonight with Mr. Wainwright. Have you seen her?" "Only for a minute." "Did she treat you with the same friendliness, the same interest, as of old? Don't think I'm inquisitive, dear. I only ask all these questions because I love you." "I know," he answered, pressing her hand as it lay on his arm, "yet I can hardly answer you, for I hardly know. In her presence I am not at ease because I can't tell her everything, and she seems ill at ease because she knows there's something I don't tell her. Oh, it's a wretched position for us both!" "Then why don't you clear it up?" "By going to her and saying: 'Dallas, I am exposing your uncle as a blackguard and am destroying your fortune and Perry's. Will you marry me?' These are the facts; but, thank God, it's only till Friday." "Then why don't you clear it up?" "After that I can go to her and make it all clear." Before Mrs. Bennett could reply Perry returned to the ballroom, Cynthia at his side.

"Then why not give me the next one, too?" the lad was pleading. "If one two-step's good, two two-steps are twice as good. Please—" "But see," expostulated Cynthia, showing him her card. "The next is Mr. Gibbs. I've told you that twice." "I wish Gibbs all the luck in the world," observed Perry benevolently, as he deposited Cynthia on a futeuil beside her chaperon, Mrs. Bennett. "I wish him so much good luck that if he'd slip and break both his legs I'd pay for a cab to take him home." "Look out, please!" begged Cynthia. "He's coming." "The next is ours, I think, Miss Garrison," said Gibbs, entering from the ballroom with Dallas on his arm. "I hope we'll have better fortune than Miss Wainwright and I. My step does not seem to suit her tonight." "No, I'm afraid the fault was mine," protested Dallas. "I'm a little tired, I think. May I sit here with you a few minutes, Mrs. Bennett?" she added as Gibbs bore Cynthia away for their dance. "You don't seem very fond of Mr. Gibbs, Perry," observed Mrs. Bennett, noting young Wainwright's scowl of impotent wrath. "Not fond enough to make me want to live in the same world with him. Mrs. Bennett, you're too pretty to be just a chaperon. Come and dance this two-step with me. Please do!" He nodded with vast significance toward Dallas and Bennett, and the little old lady, catching the idea, accepted with alacrity. "I'm so glad even to get this minute with you," began Alwyn when he and Dallas were alone. "It's so long since—" "Since you came to see me? Yes, but that is your fault, Alwyn, why haven't you called since I came home?" "Don't you know why, Dallas?" "No." "Are you certain you don't know?" "I—I don't know absolutely," she faltered. "Oh, there are so many things I don't know absolutely!" "What is one of them?" "For one thing, you and I used to be such good friends and—" "That is past," said Alwyn firmly. "There can be no talk of mere friendship between you and me, Dallas. I must be everything or nothing to you. Tonight I can't speak as I want to, but I can in a very few days. Trust me till then. You know I am fighting Mr. Wainwright's interests and—" "Yes," she replied bitterly. "My uncle gives me no chance to forget that." "Don't think I'm fighting him for my own amusement! I must oppose him or else give up a fight that I set out to win. And I mean to win it!" "That's the same old fighting spirit I used to try so hard to awaken in you," said Dallas, a faint note of admiration in her rich voice. "I told you once it always took a blow to arouse you. That blow has evidently been struck." "It has been struck!" he acquiesced, with a glad ghost of a smile. She saw the haggard lines about his mouth, the tired look in his eyes, and a lump came into her throat. She leaned forward impulsively, but before she could speak he had unknowingly thrown away the golden moment by continuing: "I must win this fight even though it affects others besides Mr. Wainwright. Even I!" "What others do you mean?" "Oh, I can't explain now. After Friday I can. On Saturday may I come to see you and tell you everything?" "Why not now?" "There are obstacles that—" "Tell me what they are!" she begged. "I can't. All I can tell you now is that I love you. I love you above all the world, sweetheart, and—" But fate in the dual guise of Horri... Gan and Wainwright intervened. The financier and the boss, seeking some quiet spot for a chat, strolled through the foyer, where Horri... Gan on sight of Bennett halted with a glower of dislike, which he took no pains to conceal.

TEACHERS END WESTERN OREGON'S BIG CONVENTION (From Saturday's Daily Guard.) The teachers' convention closed its annual session at four o'clock with an address by Albert B. Hart, of Harvard University, on the subject, "Application of American Biography to Teaching, as Illustrated by the Life of Abraham Lincoln." The convention has undoubtedly been the most successful ever held. As well as enjoying themselves, the teachers have constantly remarked at the practicalness of the discussions, and of the departmental work. For the latter, the University buildings have been of the most use. This morning A. C. Nelson, state superintendent of public instruction of Utah, spoke on the subject, "Democracy in Education." He came to the conclusion that not only through the schools can the great class problems, which seem to be arising in the United States, be cured. In the public schools all children come in contact with each other and have the same chance. And, therefore, because a child learns the feeling and ideas that govern his schoolmates, he is much better fitted to become a good citizen, than when taught by a private tutor. Mr. Nelson also thought that it was a good sign when a child likes recess better than school hours, for it is in the recess period that the boy and girl learn to like his and her comrades and to know them. "If your boy comes home with his clothes soiled," he said, "it is a sign that he is becoming a true democrat." Professor Cubberly of Stanford followed with an address on the vital subject of "Apportionment of School Funds." The conclusion had been reached in previous lectures that some form of a state tax is better than one in which a district or township is used as a unit. This morning he criticized the manner of apportionment by the Census method. He considered that the money should be given to districts according to their needs. The basis for the attack was made plain when he showed that in one district in Oregon, only \$9 was received to pay one teacher with, while in towns and cities often \$150 for one teacher is received. Professor Cubberly maintained that in every district, however few the pupils, the teacher should be equally as good. He said that every American child under the principles of our government, had the right to this privilege. But in our country districts the case is far from such a state, for in outlying districts teachers sometimes are employed scarcely worthy of the name, though they may be of the hire, it is so small. This afternoon, after an address by Erle B. McFadden of the San Francisco State Normal on "World Knowledge in Education," Superintendent Ackerman spoke on the theme, "The Educational Retrospects and Prospects." He discussed the situation in Oregon, and the teachers, the school districts, and children need. While Oregon is well up among the states in point of literacy, her school system, he showed, was susceptible to improvement. Some of the teachers will stay for the University summer school, others will go to Monmouth, while still others will go on vacations to their homes, or to summer employment. Superintendent R. F. Robinson, county superintendent of Multnomah and his wife, leave for their home in Portland tonight. The superintendent is the retiring president this year. For twenty-three years he has attended meetings of the association in Oregon, and is considered one of the strong leaders for education in the state.

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CHAPTER VII. THE boss is turned down! This startling news flew lightning fast to every quarter of the organization and in its spread a trail of incredulous gasps. Every member, from alderman Bennett, knew why Horri... Gan had turned against his benefactor and what black ingratitude, but something akin to insanity, for it apparently spelled political suicide for a young man. "I've vetoed it," replied Bennett.



CHAPTER VIII. I'VE found out who their fourteenth man is, your honor," whispered Phelan in high excitement. "It's Roberts—Richard P. Roberts of the Third. He's the alderman that Horri... Gan's trying to put the Indian sign on. We've got to nail him if we can." "You're sure it's Roberts?" asked Bennett in the same undertone. The administration ball was in full swing. Mayor and alderman had chance to meet for a moment in a big, crowded reception foyer just off the

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