



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

(Chapter IX, Continued.)

"You're in luck!" sneered Horri- gan. "That makes two people you say you can trust—first your secretary, Thomp- son, and then—Hello!" he broke off as a swarthy middle-aged man hurried in. "Looking for me, Williams? What's up?"

The newcomer was visibly excited, and at first glance Horri-gan had seen that something was amiss. "What's up?" repeated the boss. "Ellis has gone—deserted!" cried Wil- liams.

"Ellis" echoed Wainwright in dis- may, for the man of whom Williams spoke was one of the aldermanic "solid thirteen" on whom Horri-gan counted. The boss made no comment, but wait- ed impatiently for his lieutenant to continue.

"Ellis has gone," repeated Williams. "He left a note for me saying his wife is very ill and the doctor's ordered him to take her south. So he can't attend Friday's meeting."

"Can't attend the meeting?" gasped Wainwright. "But everything depends on—"

"Oh, he'll be on hand, the cur!" growled Horri-gan. "The rest are stand- ing solid of course?"

"I think so," hazarded Williams, "but some of 'em are pretty scared. We've never had such a fight before as Ben- nett's putting up against us now, and—"

"I'll strengthen 'em up so as to knock out any weakening," declared Horri-gan confidently. "It's Ellis we've got to look after now. Go after him, Williams, on the first train south and haul him back. Have him here by Friday if you have to kidnap him. I'll stand for any damage or expense. Only see he's here for that meeting. It's up to you. Now jump!"

As Williams hastened toward the door Horri-gan called after him: "On your way out send word to Rob- erts that I want to see him here. Well, Wainwright," he resumed, turning back into the room, "it looks bad."

"Do you think?" "I think we're in a tight place. If the aldermen found out about Ellis' quitting, there's no knowing how many of 'em would bolt. If we could only work Bennett?"

"Out of the question. He can't be turned." "There's no man who can't be turned. I've one card up my sleeve yet that ought to land him. But I'd rather try something else first. I wish we could get a line on his price."

"He can't be bought! He—"

"But! Everybody can be bought. Only there's some that can't be bought with cash. I'm wondering what there is that'll buy him if money won't."

Gibbs, in search of an elusive par- tner, crossed the foyer and paused to greet them.

"What news?" he asked. Wainwright surveyed the broker's well-groomed figure with less approval than usual.

"You seem to be industrious enough tonight," said he. "It's a pity some of tonight's dancing energy couldn't have been devoted to your work this morn- ing."

Gibbs flushed at the reproach in words and tone. "I don't understand," he replied stily.

"Why didn't you notify me of the big block of Borough stock that was bought up just before noon?"

"I hadn't heard about it," answered Gibbs, with not quite all his custom- ary assurance.

"Everybody else heard of it. You'll have to keep better tabs on the market than that if you're to be any use to us. Do you know who bought it?"

"No," returned Gibbs, with growing uneasiness. "Of course I don't. How should I know? What are you driv- ing at?"

"This is what I'm driving at: Several big blocks of the stock have been un- loaded on the market during the past few days and have been quietly snapped up. Somebody's evidently taling close to our game. You don't know who?"

"I've told you twice that I didn't know," blustered Gibbs, masking his nervousness under a show of virtuous in- dignation.

The effort called forth all the astute working broker's nerve, for a certain shrewd scheme of his showed signs of falling through. By his original ar- rangement with Wainwright he was to have manipulated all the Borough stock purchases on the exchange floor and to receive 20 per cent of the profits under the condition that he invest not one dollar in the stock on his private ac- count.

Having strong faith in the deal's suc- cess and having no equally strong in- clination to keep faith with his partners, Gibbs had sought to swell his own profits by secretly buying up quantities of the stock for himself until every penny of his capital was involved. His troubled mind could not now deter- mine whether or not Wainwright sus- pected him. Gibbs, while possessing all the ambition, selfishness and lack of conscience that go toward the mak- ing of a great financier, lacked the one chief essentials for the part—name-ly,



"Fall through," cried Gibbs, dismayed.

what we brought you into the deal for. Anyhow, the mysterious purchaser is liable to find himself in hot water before long."

"Why?" queried Gibbs in a voice he tried to make indifferent. "Only because the deal will probably fall through."

"Fall through?" cried Gibbs, dismayed. "What do you—Why, you told me Mr. Horri-gan could win over a four- teenth alderman, and that with his solid thirteen?"

"Yes," drawled Horri-gan, who had been unobtrusively eying Gibbs from the moment of his entrance, "we had some such notion, as you say. But my 'solid thirteen' didn't happen to be as solid as he looked. He's bolted."

"Bolted! Then we—we will lose! We—"

"Say, Mr. Gibbs," observed Horri- gan, "you seem to take this thing pretty hard for a man with only 20 per cent at stake. Mr. Wainwright stands to lose some millions. I'm interested to the extent of almost a million. Yet you don't see us getting pale and shaky, do you? If a man can't pay for the chips he has no right in a poker game. Brace up and act like a man, can't you? We haven't lost yet. I've sent after the fellow that bolted, and I think I can land the fourteenth alder- man too."

"Good!" exclaimed Gibbs in wild re- lief. "And you'll do your very best to pull the deal through, won't you?"

"No," snarled Horri-gan in elephantine sarcasm. "I'm going to spend the time playing pingpong and diablo with the kids or taking a course of lessons in fancy knitting. Oh, buck up, can't you, and quit acting like a baby! Judge Newman's out there on the other side of the ballroom. Chase over and tell him to come here."

Too confused to resent the boss' words, Gibbs meekly set out on his errand.

"That chap's got a streak of yellow a yard wide," commented Horri-gan, gaz- ing after him.

"Not as bad as that," replied Wain- wright. "He's young and not used to reverses. You'll find he is game, all right, when it comes to a pinch. What did you want of Newman?"

"You'll see. Here he comes."

"You wished to speak to me, Mr. Horri-gan?" piped the little judge, hur- rying into the foyer. "Good evening, Mr. Wainwright. What a success the ball is! My daughters have been dan- cing all evening. And Mrs. Newman is so—"

"Never mind Mrs. Newman just now," broke in Horri-gan. "There's something important I want you to do for me."

He spoke, as he always did to New- man, in the manner of one addressing an incompetent servant. The judge, for all his pomposity, deemed it wise to ignore the politician's mode of ad- dress.

"I want you to hunt up Bennett," went on the boss, "and persuade him to stop fighting the Borough franchise bill. Tell him—"

"Oh," gasped the judge in genuine alarm, "I really don't think I could pre- sume to—"

"Yes, you can," contradicted Horri- gan. "You can do it, and what's more, you will. You don't feel shy about ask- ing favors of me, and when it's the other way around you've got to come down on—"

"I know! I know!" protested the frightened little judge soothingly. "But you don't understand how—"

"I got you the nomination last fall. Are you going to be a white man or a welscher?"

"But I'm sure that Mrs. Newman—"

"To blazes with Mrs. Newman! Now listen to me. Go to Bennett and do what you can to make him keep his hands off our Borough bill. If he's dif- ficult offer him, in my name, the nom- ination for governor next year. If you can get him—well, there's a vacancy next year in the supreme court and—"

"I'll do what I can," assented the judge. "I'm sure you are right, Mr. Horri-gan, even if your way of putting matters is just a little ragged. I'll see Mr. Bennett tonight and use all the persuasion in my power. I'm quite sure civic welfare will be best served if he will cease his unseemly opposi- tion to the Borough bill. Thank you, Mr. Horri-gan. I'm very sure that Mrs. Newman—"

"I'm sure, too," cut in Horri-gan. "Now run on. We're busy. Remember, now—the very next supreme court vacan- cy!"

"Do you really think he has any in- fluence with Bennett?" asked Wain- wright as the judge vanished.

"Can't do any harm to try. They're

neighbors in the country and in the same crowd in society and all that. If it falls, I've another card that's even stronger. Roberts ought to be here by now. You found out about those notes of his?"

"Yes; both of them. One for \$7,000, one for \$15,000. Both secured by mortgaging his factory. Roberts can't meet them. They've been extended twice, though the security must have been fairly good or the Sturtevant Trust company wouldn't have lent—"

"Williams said you wanted to speak to me, Mr. Horri-gan," said a nervous voice from the door, and a pale, middle aged man came forward. He wore worry's stamp between his perplexed eyes, and care had bent his narrow shoulders.

"Yes. Good evening, Roberts," re- plied Horri-gan cordially. "See you later, Wainwright."

The financier took the hint and walk- ed toward the ballroom, on his way out nearly colliding with Phelan, who was entering the foyer. At sight of Horri- gan and Roberts together Phelan's eyebrows went upward, with a jerk, and he tiptoed out in the opposite di- rection as fast as his stout legs could carry him in search of Bennett. Mean- time Horri-gan had come directly to the point, as usual, in his appeal to Rob- erts.

"Look here, alderman," said he, "you've been trying for years to get through a park bill for your ward. Still want it?"

"Yes," returned Roberts. "My con- stituents are at me all the time about that park. They—"

"It would make your ward's property values go up 50 per cent, and it would make you solid there forever, hey?"

"Yes, but—"

"Introduce that bill again, and I'll guarantee it will go through."

"Are you in earnest?"

"There's my hand on it. Only, of course, it's understood that your park bill won't come up until after the Bor- ough Street railway franchise is passed. Understand?"

"I'm afraid I do," said Roberts after a pause, "but I voted against that bill, and—"

"You voted against the bill in its original form," Horri-gan interrupted reassuringly, "and you were right, too. It had a lot of clauses that you thought weren't square. But all those have been cut out."

"But I still!"

"But you'll be doing what's best for your own constituents by looking after their interests in the matter of the park. You'll be their hero for that. Of course if I wanted to put it another way I could remind you that your

business is in a bad way and that a friend of mine has bought up your notes at the Sturtevant Trust company and means to send them to you tomor- row. But that has nothing to do with the case. So I just—"

"I'm honest, Mr. Horri-gan," faltered Roberts. "I—"

"Sure you're honest! That's why you'll have the courage to vote for the bill when you see it's been amended so as to be a good thing for the city. That's being honest, isn't it?"

"I—I suppose so. And the notes—"

"They'll be sent you by registered mail tomorrow if you want them. Do you?"

"Yes, that is, I—"

"That's settled, then. You've got a level head. Good night."

The boss strode out, a grim smile of victory on his big face, leaving Rob- erts standing confused, doubtful, his brain awhirl. How long the tempted alderman stood thus—oblivious to the music, his surroundings and all else—he could never remember, but a voice at his elbow brought him to his senses with a start that was followed by a thrill of fear as he wheeled and recognized the speaker.

Robert's eyes rested on the grin- ning, complacent features of Alder- man Phelan. At the latter's side was Bennett.

"I was saying," remarked Phelan blandly, "that it's a fine ball, isn't it, now, Roberts?"

"Yes," said Roberts hastily, prepar- ing to move away. But Phelan button- holed him.

"Stay an' swap talk awhile with his honor and me, Roberts," he begged. "I'm in a hurry," began Roberts, "and—"

"Alderman Phelan has been trying to cheer me up a bit," said Bennett. "He knows I'm worried about the Borough bill's outcome. I wish Friday was past."

"Same here," chimed in Phelan. "An' you, Roberts?"

"I?" muttered the uncomfortable man. "It's Friday that the Borough bill comes up again," explained Bennett, as though imparting new information. "You will vote against it, of course, Mr. Roberts?"

"I'm not sure. You see, it's been altered so as to—"

"The alterations don't affect the main issue, and they can't change any honest man's views. So I can count on you to continue opposing it, can't I?"

"I object to this catechizing," dared up poor Roberts. "I won't stand for it. I'm my own master and—"

"Are you sure you're your own master?" demanded Ben- nett. "If so, why should you be afraid to say how you are going to vote?"

"Do you ac- cuse me of—"

"I accuse you of havin' g changed your mind about the bill for some reason that won't bear the light. And I warn you to go carefully. Somebody's going to prison before this matter's ended."

"I'm not answerable to any one but my constituents," said Roberts, with a pitiful attempt at cold dignity, "and they—"

"And they shall demand an answer from you," warned Bennett. "I'll see to it that they do. Now, you can go if you want to," turning his back on the confused Roberts, who eagerly took the opportunity to escape.

"I'm afraid friend Roberts ain't havin' the happiest time of his life to- day," remarked Phelan, going to the doorway and looking after the depart- ing alderman. "There's not much of what the poet geeser calls 'whoop out him. Poor fool! He never was about job to be a crook. He makes a punk out of it in spite of the trimmin's Horri- gan's de-carated him, with. If I hadn't the sense to be crooked without makin' a monkey of myself, I'm blest if I don't believe I'd turn honest. Hey! Here's a couple of folks, though, that's gettin' more fun out of the ball than ever I had at a dog fight!"

As he spoke Perry Wainwright piloted Cynthia in from the conservatory at top speed, his jolly young face alight with a joy that reflected itself in Miss Garrison's own very flushed counte- nance.

"Alwyn," shouted young Wainwright, not seeing Phelan in his excitement, "guess what's happened! I'll give you three guesses and—"

"And I can't possibly guess if you gave me a thousand," retorted Ben- nett, with vast gravity, "so I won't try. I'll just congratulate you with all my heart, old chap, and wish Miss Garri- son every happiness that—"

"Gee! How'd you know? We haven't told a soul. I only happened about four minutes ago. I was telling Cyn- thia what a daisy little girl she was, and she said she thought I was pretty nice, too, and so I got brave and said, 'Then why don't you—'"

"Perry!" reproved Cynthia sternly, jerking his arm to show that Phelan as well as Alwyn was recipient of the highly intimate tidings.

"Oh, don't mind me, children!" put in Phelan. "I'm used to it. I was young myself once, so I've been told, though I don't clearly remember it my- self. Can I butt in with a line of con- gratulations?"

He extended his big hand with an honest cordiality that quite won Cyn- thia.

"Thanks, alderman," grinned Perry effusively. "Now, Alwyn, we've got to go and break it to your mother if we can find her. Come along and back us up."

Dragging Bennett between them, the two youngsters started off on their quest. Phelan was about to return to his beloved bar when he was checked by seeing in the opposite doorway a man who stood as though petrified watching Cynthia Garrison's departing form. The intruder was about to with- draw when Phelan halted him.

"Good evening," called the Alderman. "Good evening, sir," said the new- comer respectfully, pausing on the point of leaving the foyer.

"I've met you before, I think," went up Phelan.

"Some days ago in the mayor's of- fice," assented the other. "I am Thomp- son, Mr. Wainwright's private secre- tary."

"I'm Alderman Phelan of the Eighth, and I've seen you before we met at his honor's."

"So you said then, sir. But you were mistaken. Good evening."

He turned again toward the door, but Phelan resumed, without seeking to stop him:

"A mistake, was it? I'm not a man who makes many mistakes, Mr. Garri- son."

The retreating secretary halted as though struck.

"That is another mistake, sir," he said in a muffled voice. "My name is Thompson."

"Is it, though?" inquired Phelan in- nocently. "It's queer how I could get

mixed up so. When I was chief of police there was a bank president named Garrison who shot himself after being swindled an' whipsawed by a financier who was his dearest friend. He left a little daughter, Miss Cynthia, who you was lookin' at so keen just now, an' a son, who disappeared. That was nine years ago, an' I only saw the boy once, 'n' maybe I've overplayed my hand in pipin' you off for him. But," added Phelan, laying a strong, detaining hand on Thompson's shoulder, "here comes some one who can clear it up easy enough."

The secretary twisted in the iron grasp and sought vainly to break away as Cynthia and Perry entered.

"Cynthia's lost her fan," explained Perry at sight of the alderman. "She's had me wait here a minute," he added to her, "and I'll chase into the con- servatory and see if we left it there."

And, depositing the girl in a chair, he bolted away in search of the miss- ing article.

"Now then, young man," said Phelan, "if your name's Thompson, as you say, there's no reason why you should object to my introducin' you to this young lady. Step up, son."

Still holding the reluctant, struggling secretary by the shoulder, Phelan turned to Cynthia.

"Miss Garrison," said he, "here's a gentleman I think you know. Would you mind lookin' him over?"

Wondering at the odd request, Cyn- thia raised her eyes to the stranger. But the latter persistently kept his face averted.

"I don't think I know him," she an- swered doubtfully. "There is some- thing familiar about—"

The secretary shifted restlessly, un- consciously bringing his profile into

her range of vision. With a gasp, Cyn- thia sprang to her feet, her face white, her eyes wide and incredulous.

"It's not—it's—oh, Harry!" she cried in an ecstasy of recognition, fling- ing her arms about the secretary's neck. "Harry! Brother! Back from the dead! Don't you know me? It's Cynthia! Don't—"

"I'm afraid you've made a very strange blunder, Miss Garrison," re- turned the secretary, his voice hoarse and tremulous. "My name is—"

"Your name's Harry Garrison!" Phelan shouted. "What's the use of lyin' to your own sister? I give you credit for havin' good reasons for callin' yourself Thompson, an' I think I begin to see what them reasons are, but when it comes to denyin' your own sister you're playin' it down low, whatever your game may be, and I've a good mind to—"

"Harry," the girl was pleading, "you do know me!"

"You do know me! After all these nine lonely years have you no greeting for me? Every night I've prayed that God would bring you back to me, and now—"

The secretary's pallid, expressionless mask of a face broke in a flash into a look of infinite love and yearning. With a single gesture he gathered Cynthia's fragile body in his arms and crushed her against his breast.

"Oh, my little sister!" he murmured, a great sob choking his words. "My little, little sister!"

Phelan cleared his throat and coughed savagely to express his contempt for the mist that sprang li- his own hard old eyes. The sound recalled the secretary to himself.

"You've trapped me into this," he ex- claimed, with a laugh that was half a groan, "and you must both promise not to betray my secret. It won't be much longer now, thank God! But you'll both promise, won't you?"

(Continued Next Week.)

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought

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"HE GUSSED," SAYS THE SCHOOL BOARD

R. W. SMITH'S CASE UP BEFORE STATE SUPERINTENDENT ACKERMAN—FROM NEAR JUNC- TION.

Salem, Or., July 2.—R. W. Smith, a teacher in a public school near Junction City who was expelled on a charge of using profane language, will have a hearing before Superin- tendent Ackerman at 1 o'clock to- day.

The state law provides that any teacher having a complaint may ap- peal to the county superintendent, and to the state superintendent if justice is not obtained. Smith ap- pealed first to the superintendent of Lane county and won. I is the board of directors which expelled Smith that is appealing to Superintendent Ackerman. The case may reach the courts if neither aid wishes to abide by the superintendent's decision.

The case was up before County Superintendent W. B. Dillard several weeks ago. The superintendent held that the evidence was not suf- ficient to dismiss Smith and reversed the decision of the school board.

NEW YORK BANKS ARE PAYING UP.

New York, June 29.—Eight months after the passing of the fi- nancial troubles of last fall, the de- positors of the dozen banks and trust companies, which closed their doors, have received their money, at least in part, or in the case of the few which have not yet re-opened or have gone into liquidation, are about to receive it. The Hamilton Bank has already anticipated all of its deferred payments, which, under the original plan, were to have extended into November. The Knickerbocker Trust Company anticipated the first two deferred payments on June 1. The Oriental Bank paid its depositors in full preliminary to liquidation. The National Bank of North America has paid depositors 50 per cent in di- vidends, and the New Amsterdam Na- tion has paid 25 per cent.

The Mechanics & Traders' deposi- tors have practically agreed to a de- ferred payment plan. Of the Brooklyn banks which closed, the Jenkins Trust Company, has anticipated payments; the Bor- ough Bank and the Home Bank have reopened, and the Brooklyn Bank and the International Trust Company have reorganized.

Big Cities Hardest Hit.

New York, June 30.—S. J. Lan- ders of the National executive com- mittee of the United Garment Work- ers of America, who was sent to the principal cities to find out the pre- sent state of the clothing trade, has returned. He says that there is a marked improvement in the demand for men in Boston and Providence and an improvement in Boston and Cincinnati. The cities worst hit by the business depression, he says, were New York and Chicago, and while there is a slight improvement in these cities, it is not so pronounced as in other places.

ROSEBURG DRINKERS WILL HAVE BEER ANYHOW.

Roseburg, Or., July 1.—At mid night last night, in accordance with the local option law, all saloons in Douglas county were closed. It was expected that a last good time would be indulged in at that time in Rose- burg, but all saloons were quietly and promptly closed at 12 o'clock only four arrests being made during the entire evening.

Although all saloons are closed, Roseburg citizens who love the flow- ing bowl will by no means go with- out, as the Roseburg brewery has contracted with all so wishing to sup- ply them with a certain amount of beer regularly for a period of several years. The contracts were made be- fore June 24, when the brewery acts as the storage agent for the contrac- tor, allowing the latter to draw out any amount at any time.

The brewery also manufactures "near-beer," which will be on sale at all soft drink establishments. Sever- al Government licenses have also been issued in Douglas County, evi- dence that Roseburg will have a few blind pigs. The vacated saloon buildings have mostly all been rented for other purposes, mainly for soft drink establishments.

LOST VALLEE NOTES.

Lost Valley, July 2.—Mrs. E. M. Johnson is not improving as rapidly as expected. Her daughter, Mrs. Rosa Ritchie of Pendleton, is here visiting her for a few days.

Mrs. E. H. Garning of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting with Mrs. W. H. Fenton this week.

Mrs. W. H. Good, formerly a resi- dent in Denver, Colo., visited with a few friends last week.

Born at the Eugene hospital Sunday, June 28, to Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Williams, a son.

Died: Wednesday, July 1, the in- fant son of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Wil- liams. Mr. and Mrs. Williams are residents of Dexter and have the heartfelt sympathy of their many friends and relatives in their sad be- reavement.

A game of baseball is scheduled for the "Fourth" between the "Trent Rollers" and the "Dexter Stump Jumpin' Giants." This will be an interesting game and one which ev- eryone should witness.

Mr. Bernice and Miss Alta Wil- liams made a trip to Eugene last Tuesday.

Mrs. Odie Johnson is visiting her mother at Spencer Creek, this week.

JUST EXACTLY RIGHT. "I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for several years, and find them just exactly right," says Mr. A. A. Felton of Harrieville, N. Y. New Life Pills relieve without the least discomfort. Best remedy for consti- pation, biliousness and malaria. 25c at N. A. Kuykenfall's drug store.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

