

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

(Chapter X, Continued)

"Sure" assented Phelan.  
"And you, too, Cynthia?" pleaded her brother. "You can trust me, can't you?"  
"Of course I can. If you insist, I won't tell any one."  
"I'm happier this minute than I've ever been in all my whole life!" smiled the secretary, again clasping his sister in his arms. "If you only knew, little girl, how I've longed for this!"  
"Here's the fan!" announced Perry, hurrying around the corner of the doorway. "Found it under a..."  
He stopped, motionless. Thompson and his sister stood in close embrace before him, with Phelan looking on like some obese caricature of a benevolent deity.

her doin' it. I'd 'a' licked any guy that said she could, an' if I'd seen her kissin' another man I'd 'a' punched myself on the jaw an' called myself a liar. That's what Jimmy Phelan of the Eighth would 'a' done. An'—"  
"Say," broke in Perry in a curiously subdued voice. "These eyes of mine do funny things sometimes. I'll bet \$9 they played a joke on me just now. And even if they didn't I don't believe 'em. Cynthia, I'm dead stuck on you! You're all right even if you did happen to be acting a trifle eccentric a few minutes ago. You can explain or not, as you like. If you'll just say you love me, that's ace high with yours truly."

He slipped an arm about her waist as he spoke, awkwardly seeking to stone for his recent anger. The secretary looked at them for an instant, then said briefly:  
"You can tell him, Cynthia. He's a good fellow. Come on, alderman. I think you and I still have something to say to each other."

Cynthia and Perry drifted away toward the conservatory again, quite oblivious of the others, while Phelan and the secretary made their way to a deserted alcove off the ballroom.  
"I've been looking all over for you, Mr. Bennett," called Judge Newman, hurrying out through the chain of ante-rooms as Alwyn wandered out of the ballroom into the foyer a few moments later.

"Anything important?" asked Bennett, pausing in his stroll and greeting the older man cordially. He had known the judge as long as he could remember and had always had a decided liking for the pompous henpecked little dignitary. Surrounded as he was by political intrigue, heartache and association with rogues, the harassed young man rather welcomed the variety promised by a chat with his old friend of his boyhood.

"Anything important, Judge?" he repeated. "Or are you just taking pity on a lonely chap and giving him a chance to chat with you over old times?"  
"Well," began the judge, his customary air of pompous nervousness tinged by an almost conciliatory manner. "I would like to have a little business talk with you if you don't mind discussing work at a ball."

"Not at all, I've had the honor of dancing with three of your daughters this evening, and the least I can do is to repay such pleasure by—"  
"Did you, really?" beamed the judge, on whom the unmarred state of his four fast aging girls rested heavily. "I'm sure Mrs. Newman will be pleased. But this business matter. You—won't misunderstand me—"  
"Of course not," replied Alwyn heartily. "You and I are too old friends, Judge, to—"  
"I hope so; I hope so," conceded Newman, with growing anxiety in his tone. "You see—"  
"I see you have some trouble coming to the point," said Alwyn, pitying the judge's evident discomfort. "And I'm sorry you feel so. You were my father's friend, and I like to think of you as one of my own best friends. There surely should be no hesitation in asking anything in my power to grant."

Thus emboldened Newman blurted out:  
"I—we—that is, seems to me you have been a little hard upon this Borough franchise bill, if you don't mind my saying so, Bennett. Couldn't you let up on them now?"  
"Why, no, Judge, I can't," replied Bennett, still failing to connect Newman with the Wainwright-Horrigan clique and attributing the judge's interest in the matter to an amateur's love of dabbling in politics. "I can't let up on that fight," he continued. "All perpetual franchises are wrong, and this particular franchise bill is rotten to the core. In sheer justice to my oath of office I must fight it."

"My boy," said the judge in a fatherly manner that he had often found successful in argument. "I was in politics long before you were born, and I'm speaking for your own good when I say I deeply regret the stand you've taken in this matter. You objected to the bill in its original form. Almost every change you demanded has been made in it. As the gentlemen who asked me to speak to you said—"  
He checked himself a minute too late. The narrowing of Bennett's eyes and the vanishing of the friendly light in the young man's face warned Newman he had made a fatal error.

"So you come to me as an emissary, not as a friend," said Bennett slowly, "and the gentlemen you come from—"  
"Are the men who represent all that can make or break your career—capital and political organization."  
"In other words, Wainwright and Horrigan?"  
"Yes. All they ask is that you re-

main neutral; that you—"  
"That I look the other way while they rob the city?"  
"I am an old man, Bennett," evaded the judge, trying another tack, "and I've seen one rash step wreck many a bright career, just as this will wreck yours. Never antagonize wealth and the organization. The public for whom you sacrifice yourself will forget you in a month. Capital and politics never forget."

"I am not catering to the public. I am acting as my own conscience—"  
"But this is stubbornness, not conscience. All you have to do is to remain neutral. If you do this I am authorized to promise you—now, listen to—promise you the nomination for governor when your term as—"  
"That's the bait, is it?" cried Alwyn angrily. "If I consent to betray my trust I'll get the governorship. The bribe is golden, and I don't wonder at Horrigan for offering it. The only thing that surprises me is that he should have chosen such a man as you for his lackey and go-between."

"Lackey? 'Bribe? Go-between?" echoed the judge in real indignation. "How dare you, sir? This—"  
"Isn't it a bribe," insisted Alwyn, "and weren't you the man chosen to offer it? It will do you no good to bluster or grow indignant. In your heart you know the words I used were deserved. The governorship offer was a bribe, pure and simple, and worthy of the modern highwaymen who made it, but that you, a judge—a former friend of my own blameless father—that you should come to me on such a vile errand turns me sick. Heaven help justice and right when our judges can be controlled by a political boss and a roll of bills! That's all! I don't care to go further into the subject!"

Bennett walked away, leaving the little judge to stare after him, pink with wrath, speechless with amazement. In all his sixty years no man had thus laid bare to Newman his own heart, stripped of its garments of respectability and self-deception. And, as usual in such cases, now that the truth had been driven home to him, Newman wrathfully denounced it, even to himself, as a lie.

Still flushed and incoherent, he wheeled to face a trio who were just returning from the supper room. They were Dallas, Gibbs and Wainwright.  
"Hello!" exclaimed Wainwright in surprise. "What's the matter with you, Judge? Are you ill?"  
"If—my New man should come to know of this," sputtered the judge, glaring from one to the other. "she—"  
"To know of what?" queried Gibbs.  
"What has happened?"  
"Happened?" fumed Newman. "I have been insulted—grossly, vulgarly insulted!"  
"Insulted, Judge?" repeated Dallas. "By whom?"  
"By Alwyn Bennett!" snapped the judge. "Outragously!"  
"Impossible!" exclaimed Dallas. "There must be a mistake somewhere. Mr. Bennett is too well bred to insult any man, much less a man so much older than he."

"A gentleman, is he? I should not have believed it. He has insulted me most!"  
"I'm not surprised," observed Wainwright.  
"I am," announced Dallas.  
"Naturally," sneered Wainwright. "If you can remain on speaking terms with him after his abominable treatment of me you can easily overlook any other brutality of his."  
"Tell us about it, Judge," interposed Gibbs, seeking to avert any further clash between uncle and niece.  
"I went to him," began Newman, "bearing a request from—from—"  
The judge paused. It was not wholly easy to present matters to this honest eyed young girl in such a way as to bring her in his way of thinking. But Wainwright felt no difficulty. His shrewd brain caught at a means of turning the affair to account.

"You see, Dallas, the financier broke in, with a warning glance to Newman, "I begged the judge to intercede for me with Bennett, to ask him to bury the hatchet and let us be friends again for the sake of old times. I thought Judge Newman's age and his high office would compel a certain respect even with a man of Bennett's character. But I was wrong, and I am sorry, Judge, for the unjust humiliation I caused you."

"I don't understand," said Dallas, looking in bewilderment from one to the other. "Judge, my uncle sent you to make overtures of peace? And Mr. Bennett refused to—"  
"He not only refused, but called Mr. Wainwright a highwayman and—"  
"But why?" demanded Dallas.  
"He pretended to misunderstand what I asked me to do for him."  
"Oh, it was a conditional offer, then? I thought—"  
"Certainly there were conditions," cut in Wainwright, again coming to the emissary's rescue. "I asked that he take a position of neutrality in regard to this Borough bill. Simply neutral, mind you. Not to change his attitude in his favor, or—"  
"That was a splendidly fair offer," cried Gibbs enthusiastically.  
"So it seemed to me," agreed Newman, "but Bennett would not listen

when I tried to point out his proper line of duty. He called me a go-between and—"  
"Even after you told him we were granting practically all the concessions he had asked in the bill?" queried Gibbs.

"Yes," said Newman. "He must have some motive behind it all. I can't—"  
"Nonsense!" exclaimed Dallas. "What ulterior motive could he have?"  
"That is more than I know positively," returned the judge mysteriously. "But I do," declared Wainwright, pointing at Dallas. "There are the reasons!"  
"I?" exclaimed Dallas, incredulous.  
"Explain, please."  
"Willingly," replied her uncle, "if you'll give me a fair hearing. Bennett is in love with you. He knows Gibbs also wishes to marry you. He knows, too, that Gibbs' fortune depends on the success of the Borough franchise. If the bill is beaten, Gibbs will be practically ruined and thus in no position to marry. We've known all along of this reason of Bennett's for fighting our bill, but Gibbs forbade me to tell you. He was afraid you might think he—"

"How dare you, sir?" said the judge.

"I don't believe one word of it!" cried Dallas, her big eyes ablaze. "Alwyn Bennett could not stoop to such a thing."  
"No?" said Wainwright. "Then you probably will refuse to believe what I am about to tell you now. I considered Borough stock a safe investment, and I put all your money and Perry's in it. Bennett knows this, and in spite of the knowledge he is trying to kill the franchise even on the certainty of beggaring you and Perry along with Gibbs. If only he can ruin Gibbs he cares nothing about making you and Perry paupers too. That is the sort of man you are defending against your own uncle. I have just learned besides that he has secretly, through his brokers, sold large blocks of Borough stock short. Thus his veto that ruins us will make him a very rich man."

"It isn't true!" affirmed Dallas in dogged certainty. "Mr. Gibbs, do you confirm this story of my uncle's?"  
"Please leave me out of this, Miss Wainwright," answered Gibbs gently. "I prefer to say nothing to justify you. When I fight I fight fair."  
"Even at the cost of all your money," amended Wainwright. "Gibbs, this is carrying your sense of honor to an absurd point. And Bennett will!"  
"Pardon me," broke in Alwyn, entering the foyer and going up to Dallas. "I'm a little late for our dance. I was detained by—"  
"Alwyn!" exclaimed Dallas in relief. "I'm so glad you came here just when you did. Now we can clear this up in a word."

"Clear what up?" queried Bennett, glancing about in suspicion at the three silent men.  
"You know Mr. Gibbs is favored in the Borough Street railway affair," began Dallas. "He told you so at your office that day we were there. Well—"  
"Yes, but don't let's discuss business tonight," replied Bennett. "This is our dance, and—"  
"Wait, please. You know his fortune was largely tied up in Borough stock,

represents the classes and has eliminated from the catalogue of progression the term, "square deal." One who stands for might as against equality and promotes the creature at the expense of the creator; who is the representative of organized wealth to the detriment of national welfare; who stands for a centralized government as against the rights of the state; who struck at labor to destroy, not to protect. Against such a commander as this, the Democratic party offers as its candidate, a man—"  
"A man of Christian devotion, whose banner is equal rights, and whose motto is love of country."  
"A man of unbending wealth of love, and with a moral courage that is the admiration and pride of his countrymen."  
"A man who stands for a single standard of morality, in public and private life."  
"A man who when the hour was darkest, when Democracy was trailing in the dust, caught her up with loving embrace of a father until today throughout the world his name and Democracy are synonymous."  
"Iowa, the imperial state of the middle west, whose electoral vote today hangs in the balance, unites with her sister state of Nebraska in presenting for your consideration, as one fit to hold the highest office within the gift of the American people, that peerless leader of Democracy, William J. Bryan."

"Name him as your standard bearer and from early morn until late at night, every breeze will waft the song of his success."  
"Name him, and the Mississippi Valley from the great copper mines of Montana to the cotton fields of Louisiana will rejoice in his election."  
"Name him, and the laborer at the forge in Pennsylvania will unite with the orange picker of California in proclaiming his virtue and loving the principles he advocates."  
"Name him and the manufacturer of the east and the farmer of the west will stand shoulder to shoulder for the enlarging of the commerce and trade of our country."  
"Name him, and from every church will ascend the prayers, from every home the hopes and aspirations of a loving people, that he may be their Chief Executive."  
"Name him, and there will pass, as with the rapidity of the lightning's flash throughout the length and breadth of this nation, a current of reanimated and rejuvenated patriotism."

"Name him, and labor will hold high its head with courage and with faith. Capital will be inspired with faith and with confidence and the people will rejoice that Democratic rights are to be restored."  
"Name the man amid the thundering of opposition, and the clouds of prejudice, stood as an adamantine rock for the integrity of this nation and hurled into the face of the detractors of his country the right of the people to rule."  
"Name him that, the world may know a republican form of government still lives."

"No."  
"You realize what all this foolish stubbornness must mean to me—to all of us," continued Dallas, "and you still persist in your opposition?"  
"I must," said Bennett. "I can't turn back. Oh, Dallas," he added, dropping his voice till none but she could hear, "can't you trust me—only till Friday? I'll come to you on Saturday morning and tell you the whole miserable story. I only ask you to wait until then. Please."  
"I see no need of waiting for an explanation," retorted Dallas aloud. "I understand everything."  
"But you don't understand!" insisted Alwyn. "—"  
"I understand only too well," repeated Dallas. Checking his reply and ignoring the anguished appeal in his eyes, she turned to Gibbs.  
"I have kept you waiting long for your answer, Mr. Gibbs," she said, speaking in a level, firm, emotionless voice. "I am prepared to give it to you now—publicly. You have often asked me if I would be your wife. My reply is, 'Yes.'"  
"Dallas!" gasped Bennett in horrified surprise.

(Continued Next Week.)

**MANY ELOQUENT ADDRESSES MADE AT DENVER**

(Continued from Page Two.)

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**Florida Seconds Bryan.**  
Frank L. Hayes, editor of the Pensacola (Fla.) Journal said:  
"We are for Mr. Bryan also because, single-handed and alone, without office, without patronage, with no official power to punish or reward, with no money influence back of him, he has won the confidence and respect of the American people, and his name is presented to this convention by direct wish and command of the people themselves. We are for him," because, in marked contrast to the distinguished nominee of the republican party, he is his own man—he has won his spurs on his own merits—and in his nomination is not forced at the heavy end of a big stick."  
"Mr. Chairman, on behalf of the democrats of Florida, a state that has always gone democratic—except when the republicans appoint a commission to steal its electoral vote—I ask this convention to ratify the nomination of Wm. J. Bryan, the greatest and ablest democrat whom the American republic has produced since the days of Jefferson."

**O'Boyle Seconds Gray.**  
In recommending the nomination of Judge Gray, P. A. O'Boyle, of Pittston, Penn., said:  
"No power was great enough to

swerve him from his line of duty, and no condition of poverty too low, to be, by him neglected. In the final judgment which was rendered by him, and which has become history, he has elevated labor to a higher plane than it has ever occupied; and a grateful people in ages yet to come will bless that great statesman and pacificator, George Gray of Delaware. By his wisdom and integrity, he has placed in the hands of labor the magic rod of Aaron, and by the spirit of justice which he has every where diffused, he has expanded the hovel of the laborer to the dimensions of the palace of the prince. Give us this great champion of the cause of humanity, who knows no race nor creed distinction; no North, no South, no East, no West, but one, who as President, would be the chief ruler of all, recognizing only the great brotherhood of man."  
"Well may we apply to him the language of that great Roman—"  
"If it be sought toward the general good."  
Set honor in one eye, and death in the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently;  
For let the Gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honor more than I fear death."  
"Let us have a man on this occasion who will sustain with honor the great traditions of his party; one who is the legitimate successor of that great galaxy of democrats, composed of such men as Jefferson, Jackson, the Clintons, Tilden, the Bayards and that great heart just stilled in death, Grover Cleveland. Let us have one who could with propriety employ the language of the ancient warrior Mathiasius, who, when he found his people had begun the profanation of their own temples and had turned to the worship of other gods, exclaimed: 'Every one that hath zeal for the law and maintaineth the testament, let him follow me.'"

"With slight alteration may we not now exclaim: 'All those who love the majesty of the law and adhere to the Constitution, let them mid in placing in the hands of this warrior the standard of Democracy, and as she is wafted by the winds, from every fold will come forth the inspiring words, Gray—the champion of a rejuvenated and successful Democracy.'"

"Gentlemen, it affords me the greatest pleasure to second the nomination of that tried statesman and matchless jurist, who, in my judgment, will be the next President of the United States. If you have the wisdom and patriotism to name him, —Judge George Gray of Delaware."

**Judge Powers for Bryan.**  
Judge O. W. Powers, of Salt Lake City, spoke for Bryan. He said:  
"By reason of our Constitution, our chief magistrate wields a power but few comprehend. He moulds our laws and controls our policy. His office is one requiring the loftiest statesmanship, the severest self-abnegation. The office should be filled by a man so close to the people that he can hear their heart-beats and understand the longings that throbb through the pulsations of their earnest life."  
"Such a president must come from the ranks of the people. He should come from the great West, where the voice of God borne upon the breezes of the prairie bears a message of more import than arises from the tongue of a stock ticker in Wall Street. Such a president of necessity must come from the Democratic party whose principles were crystallized from innate longings in the human heart for Liberty. Such a president was nominated at Chicago in 1896, when the Democracy of Jefferson was reincarnated, and the roar of human acclamations that greeted his name swept out of the convention hall like a tidal wave of hope and bore upon its crest the suffrages of 6,000,000 of unbought voters who named him as their choice."

"He rallied a well-nigh hopeless party and so well did he endow it with his lofty courage that it met defeat without faltering and again proudly holds his name aloft as a season of promise. He is today once more the choice of the Democratic party for president. He is today the

choice of the common people for the president and in their name and in the name of the state of Utah, I second the nomination of William J. Bryan."

**Other Speeches.**  
In seconding Bryan, John R. Atwood of Kansas, said:  
"Great as is our incomparable leader, great as the adoption of his doctrines by his enemies claim him to be, the foundation of the peoples' faith in him is shown from their faith in his integrity. Many a great man has the world produced and none differ as to the place which they are entitled in the pantheon of fame, but it is not true today, as it was in the elder time, that the primal place in the book of gold is reserved for him who is great because he loves his fellow men? Such is our leader, the man of the people, the statesman whose wisdom has been proved in the crucible of the years, whose most man love; whom no man hates; whose enemies respect while they revile him, the democratic ideal, the ideally honest man, William Jennings Bryan."

James T. Heglin of Denver, spoke for Colorado. In behalf of Bryan's candidacy, saying in part:  
"Mr. Chairman, we are told in Holy Writ that King Darius sought to make Daniel Chief of the Presidents in his kingdom, because 'an excellent spirit was in him.' Democracy's able and fearless leader in whose manly breast dwells and excellent spirit will, in my judgment, be selected President of the United States. Pampered by no power and pensioned by no class he will break down the trust idols in the Temple of Liberty just as Daniel of old broke the gilded images of Babylonian idolatry. And above the panic stricken genius of business will be heard the hum of wheels and the voice of a healthy industry. Today when the whole country is looking for a man to stretch forth the healing rod as did Aaron of old to give the land deliverance William Jennings Bryan surrounded by the hosts of democracy, resembles a mighty cliff emerging from the sea. The waves of calamity have beat against it, the winds of hate have howled around its massive form—the lightning bolts of sarcasm have descended upon its brow and the clouds of misunderstanding have hung round its splendid head, but look! The waves are calm, the winds are hushed, the sky is clear—the clouds have gone, and lo! the rock is there supreme and indestructible. Elect Bryan president, and he will be just to all, partial to none, but unreservedly for the right as God gives him the power to discern it."

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DIED.  
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At the General hospital in Eugene, July 10, 1908, Charles Bowen, of Cottage Grove, aged 78 years, of asthma and pneumonia. The body will be taken to Cottage Grove on the 9:35 train tonight and will be buried there Sunday. The deceased leaves a daughter in Seattle, a son in Montana, a son and two daughters in Wisconsin. He came to Oregon from Minnesota 25 years ago, and was for many years section foreman for the Southern Pacific Company at Latham, in the southern end of Lane county. In early days he followed the occupation of a sailor, and has been employed by various railroads in nearly all parts of the United States. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias lodge of Cottage Grove.

Six miles west of Eugene, July 8, 1908, Leon, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noah Christensen. The funeral was held today at 10 a. m. with interment in the Oak Hill cemetery.

At Point Terrace, July 9, 1908, Cecil Sweet, a pioneer of the lower Siuslaw valley, aged 60 years.

**CASORIA.**  
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Charles Wainwright.

but here is something you didn't know. My uncle says my money and Perry's is all invested in that stock and that if you defeat the bill we will be dependent on Mr. Wainwright's charity. If that is true, you didn't know it, did you?"

Her voice was almost tremulous in its eager, confident appeal but Bennett forced himself to answer:  
"Yes; it is true, and I knew it."  
The eager glow died from her eyes, leaving a look of dawning horror.  
"And, knowing this—knowing Perry and I shall be made paupers by your action—you still insist on—"  
"On opposing the bill? Yes. I am sorry, but it is my duty."  
"Duty?" sneered Wainwright. "Your duty was done when you vetoed the bill. That act made your position clear and showed the public how you regarded the measure, so why go on fighting it after—"  
"I won't discuss this with you, Mr. Wainwright," interrupted Bennett. "We already understand one another, you and I."  
"My uncle says," pursued Dallas, "that you made your broker secretly sell Borough stock short, knowing the deal would enrich you. Won't you even deny this?"

"No power was great enough to