

The New Mayor
Based on G. L. Broadhurst's Successful Play

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

BY ALBERT HAYSON
VERHUNE

all the advantages of education and good looks, the hero of the story chose rather to be a man of the altar of his duty as a parent's memory, allied with the mightiest forces at the disposal of a great municipality who saw in him only a tool, resisted their own purposes to power will be an inspiring force in the lives of thousands who have their theatrical repre-

CHAPTER I.
country house of Charles Wainwright, financier, topped ridge overlooking the water, a climax of architectural hideous extravagance. The Charles Wainwright, financed out into countless acres of garden. The whole estate Wainwright, financier, one of his neighbors in the suburb, even as the name Wainwright, financier, most every other in the city money ruled as undiluted monarch.
He turned from the bus and fellow money builders for a space the simple life of a country place, with equipment of forty-one servants. Wainwright so far carried the atmosphere of business burden of other men's have a very complete library room fitted up adjoining and to keep a man at his private wire.
Wainwright, financier, was a obese or statuesque wife with her a portable ad with his wealth in the shape of valuable jewels or made in opera box, New Lenox cottage. His only died years before, leaving nearly million dollars or so to divide it. These bills, a strikingly pretty, independent and Perry, a de- lovable lad of twenty- with their uncle, who man- falls, let them go pretty close and—as they were ornamental and enter- decidedly popular—was of them.
passed a pleasant, un- at the big house on the summer of 19—, when whereon fate looked a edly interesting fatali- occur.
himself was up betimes in his library, poring over cipher telegrams and a details of deals which his did not prevent him at long range. Wainwright, a secretary, Thompson, a looking young fellow, whose efficiency had long Wainwright's admiration.
affairs in the financial more than ordinarily Wainwright's liking. Moreover, one of the city papers his eyes had set his to twirling with as the back to a smile as the Wainwright's. Altogether Wainwright's genial mood, his great nature so far ex- Wainwright's busy secre-



Scott Gibbs.

and that's interested me in you. For instance, that deal of yours in South Sea copper?"
"Yet that was the deal the papers all!"
"All denounced you for? What do you care? You were within the law. They've been hammering me for years and attributing all sorts of low motives to me. As long as the law doesn't interfere I'm going to get all I can. So are you. So is every sane man. As long as it can be done without any fuss or shouting, a mosquito could bite twice as often if only he didn't sing a song about it. By the way, have you seen the papers?"
"No. Anything new?"
"One thing at least that ought to interest you. Listen to this: 'The engagement of the niece of a world celebrated financier to a prominent young broker is about to be announced. The young lady and her brother are orphans and are not only their famous uncle's wards, but also the sole heirs to his vast wealth. They are summering at his magnificent country place, where the fortunate broker is said to spend every one of the very best moments left vacant by his daring stock manipulations.' No mistaking that, eh, Gibbs?"
"It ought to bring matters to a head, I should think."
"It certainly should," assented Wainwright. "In fact, it's such an audacious master stroke that I've a notion you may possibly have been at the bottom of it. Now, confess. Weren't you?"
"Well, of course I didn't exactly write it. But—"
"Clever boy! Dallas will have to show her hand now or never. She's kept you on the anxious seat too long as it is. That's the reason I asked you up here for the day. How must settle it today if I can manage it. She knows how anxious I am for her to accept you."
"But I'm sometimes afraid she does not care for me."
"Then make her eye. As long as she cares for no one else you can bet she'll be willing to believe in a man you like."
"How do you know? You're a jack-

tor, with a promptitude that had something almost slavish in it. 'Feeling all right' went on Wainwright. 'You need more exercise. Why don't you get out of doors more?' 'The work, sir?' 'Get another man to help you do the telegraph part of it, then, if—' 'Thank you, sir. You are very kind indeed; but it's just the same to you, I'd rather handle it all myself. I hope the work's perfectly satisfactory, sir?' 'Perfectly, Thompson. You're the only employe I have who seems to love work for work's sake. Seen anything of Mr. Gibbs this morning?' 'No, sir. I don't believe he's up yet. Coming by such a late train last night, you know, sir, and—' 'I was up as late as he was, and I was at work by 8. But when a man takes his first holiday in six years, as he is doing, I suppose oversleeping is part of the fun. There's a man to pattern yourself after, Thompson! I remember when he started out he hadn't a penny—nothing but the resolve to get money and then to get more of it. And now look at him! At thirty-five he's the head of one of the busiest brokerage houses in—' 'Good morning!' broke in a voice from the foot of the broad staircase across the hall. 'Sorry to be so late. Do you know how the market is?' 'It's opened even stronger than I hoped,' said Wainwright. 'Take a look at these dispatches and see for yourself. Had your breakfast?' 'Yes, thanks,' answered the newcomer, a well groomed, stockily built man, lounging into the rooms, with a nod at Thompson, who discreetly withdrew into the adjoining office. 'Seems queer to have a whole day away from the office. I hardly know what to do with so much spare time.' 'It's the everyday hard work that's put you where you are today, Gibbs,

can't realize what it means to have four unmarried—' 'No, I cannot,' assented Wainwright. 'I'm not present signs I'm not likely to. I hope Mrs. Newman is well?' The little judge's face grew doubly important. 'Extremely well, thank you,' said he. 'A wonderful woman! You've met her, Mr. Gibbs? Not! But of course you have often heard—' By the way, Charles, it was she who told me to drop in on you this morning. You see—' she—' Mrs. Newman is most anxious for me to come up for reelection this fall. Mr. Harrison, to whom I've referred the seat, doesn't quite seem to see it that way. He doesn't want to have me re-elected. I thought perhaps, as a personal favor to so old a friend, you might say a word to Mr. Harrison in my behalf.' 'Of course, I'll do what little I can. Harrison will be here today. Drop in a little after noon and I'll tell you how my intervention turns out.' 'Oh, thank you so much!' cried the judge, positively wriggling in his delight. 'Mrs. Newman will be so pleased. And, by the way, won't you ask Perry why he never comes over to see my daughters? Please ask him if he won't. I'm sure Mrs. Newman would be glad if he did. Well, till afternoon, then. Good morning.' 'Queer little rat!' observed Gibbs as the judge bowed himself out. 'Mrs. Newman must be a marvel if all he says is—' 'She is a wonder as a husband trainer. She's tamed him so he doesn't know his soul's his own. A good little man because he's never had a chance to be otherwise. I'll speak to Harrison about him, though. It's always well to have a friend on the bench. One never can tell when—' But Gibbs was not listening. His heavy face had lighted with a sudden glow of eagerness. Turning to note the cause, Wainwright saw his niece Dallas descending the stairs. Involuntarily she halted as she reached the threshold and saw Gibbs. Then, her sense of hospitality triumphing over impulse, she came in and greeted her uncle's guest with some show of cordiality. 'Remember, Dallas,' said Wainwright as he prepared to go into his office, 'Gibbs is here only for the day. I count on you to make his holiday as pleasant as you can.' He glanced covertly at Gibbs, who had strolled to the window. Then the financier lowered his voice and said rapidly: 'Please be nice to Gibbs for my sake, Dallas. I do a great deal for you, and I don't often ask anything in return.' He patted her on the shoulder with a gesture meant to be affectionate and hurried into the adjoining office. Scarcely had the door closed when Gibbs turned from the window, crossed the room to where Dallas stood and in his usual direct fashion said: 'You saw that?' 'The article in this morning's paper? Yes.' 'There was no confusion, no embarrassment, neither in the clear, girlish voice nor in the honest dark eyes that met Gibbs' so calmly. He went on with a shade less confidence. 'It annoys you?' 'Very much indeed.' 'You can't feel worse about it than I do, Miss Wainwright. I—' 'You didn't write it yourself, then?' 'Of course not! How could you think—' 'I didn't; I just wondered. Please see that the rumor is denied.' 'Why should I? You are going to marry me some day, aren't you, Dallas?' 'Have I ever given you reason to think I would?' 'You have let me keep on coming to see you. You have—' 'I have told you that I don't care for you the way you want me to. I have great admiration and respect for you, but that is all. And it is not enough to marry on.' 'It is enough for me. If I have your admiration and respect to start on I'll soon make you love me.' 'You would be satisfied with so little?' 'Yes. Knowing I could in time win more. You aren't the sort of girl who could marry a man if she didn't respect him—didn't admire him. You—' 'Perhaps I couldn't marry such a man. But perhaps I couldn't help loving him.' 'Your chances for happiness would be better with me. Oh, Dallas, you know I love you! You've kept me waiting so long! Is it fair to either of us?' 'I hesitate because I want to be fair to us both. For that reason I must still ask you to wait.' 'But I've waited so long! Tell me one thing: Is there any one else that—' Steps, none too light, clattered down the stairs, and into the library bounced a lad in tennis flannels. He was tall, well set up and good to look at and seemed always to have stepped directly from a handbox and to have had extremely recent acquaintance with much soap and water. 'Hello, Dallas!' he shouted, encompassing his sister in a bear hug. 'How soon are—' 'Here's Mr. Gibbs, Perry,' Dallas reminded him as she emerged, somewhat cramped, from the embrace. 'Have you?' 'The lady's manner underwent a lightening and bright change.' 'Oh, good morning!' he grunted, with a curt nod to the visitor, and,

plucking up a paper, turned to the sporting sheet and became immersed in its contents, oblivious of all else. 'Mr. Gibbs is only spending one day with us,' admonished Dallas, trying to soften her young brother's rudeness. 'Hope he'll enjoy it.' came in absent tones from the depths of the paper. Gibbs rose. 'I'm going out for a cigar on the terrace,' said he. 'I'll join you a little later.' 'Perry,' scolded Dallas as soon as the broker disappeared through the long windows, 'how could you treat a guest of uncle's so rudely?' 'I don't like the fellow. And I don't like what I read in the paper today about him and you. Gee, what a messy paragraph! It's enough to make a white man want to dash out his brains with a cigarette. You're going to deny it in time for the rostrum to get into tomorrow's papers, aren't you?' 'I'm not quite sure.' 'Good Lord!' gasped Perry, slumping down in the nearest chair. 'Are you crazy? Say, if you are looking for a real good, exciting match why don't you marry a Wall street stock report? It'd be better in Gibbs. If you marry him you'll only be an 'also ran' with the ticker tape and the market news. Oh, keep out of it, old girl! You owe something to your intelligent and distinguished little brother. If you've got to commit matrimony, marry some one I like, can't you?' 'I haven't given him a definite answer yet,' admitted the girl, a little touched by the real feeling that underlay her brother's flippant words. 'That's good medicine. Confidence restored and the run on Brother's Emotions is checked. Next time you get the marry bee I have a dandy candidate to suggest for the job.' 'Who?' laughed Dallas, amused in spite of herself. 'Alwyn Bennett?' 'How silly?' 'Not on your life! Words of wisdom from the young—that's what it is. Go ahead and marry Bennett. Be a sport and say 'Yes.' Why don't you want to marry him?' 'For any one of a million reasons. First of all, he never asked me to.' 'Maybe he's scared to. But if he wasn't stuck on you he wouldn't be hanging around here every day and going everywhere with you the way he does. I'll bet \$9 he's—' 'Mr. Bennett!' the latter announced. Brother and sister stared guiltily at each other. 'Speaking of angels'—muttered Perry. But Dallas had already turned to welcome the visitor. Alwyn Bennett at first glance had little to distinguish him from the average good looking young man about town. But a closer observer would have noticed a firmness about the shapely mouth, an honesty and strength of purpose about the eyes, a general air of latent power that lay unawakened beneath the jolly, purposeless exterior. No crisis had yet called forth any special manifestation of this power, and meanwhile Bennett was content to loaf through an existence that thus far had been decidedly pleasant. The only son of a widowed mother who advised and spoiled him, more than comfortably well off from the great fortune amassed by his dead father, possessed of a social position unassailable and equally fortunate in that mysterious quality that spells popularity—all these gifts had saved Alwyn Bennett the trouble of fighting life's battle or showing who might be within his reach. 'Good old Bennett!' hailed Perry. 'We were just talking about you.'

make me solid with her, eh? Well I guess. All I ask is a start, and you'll find a whole lot of cripples slower than I'll be. If they're walking over I might wander out, sort of aimless-like and happen to meet 'em. Maybe that's a bum idea? Good old me!' Full of his Machiavellian scheme, the lad bolted through the long window and was gone. 'Dallas,' began Bennett, without preamble, 'you must surely know why I'm here today. You've seen that paragraph in the—' 'I have seen it,' she answered quietly. 'Taken aback by her manner, Bennett hesitated an instant; then asked nervously: 'The—the rumor isn't true, Dallas? Tell me it isn't.' 'Why shouldn't it be true?' she countered peevishly, as though not wholly sorry to witness the new look her words called to his face. The look deepened as Bennett continued: 'You don't love Gibbs? Surely you don't love him?' '—' 'The French windows swung wide, breaking off her reply.

CHAPTER II.
ALWYN BENNETT turned sharply toward the window, angry at the interruption, but Perry Wainwright, ushering two ladies in from the veranda, met his scout with a wink of triumph. 'Not so bad, eh?' called the boy. 'Met them as they were turning into the drive. You see?' 'Oh,' observed the younger of the two women—a pretty, flower faced girl who since her entrance into the room had been engaged in exchanging delighted greetings with Dallas. 'So you came to meet us? You said you just happened—' 'Did I?' asked Perry in deep amazement. 'Well, well! The fact is, I wanted to do something startling in honor of meeting you, so I told my first lie. I—' 'Don't mind him, Cynthia,' laughed Dallas. 'He's taken that way quite often.' 'Oh, it's his usual pace, then?' queried Miss Garrison innocently. 'I thought perhaps he was just warning up.' 'And now,' pursued Dallas, taking possession of Cynthia, much to Perry's disgust, 'tell me all about yourself. Have—' 'There isn't much to tell. But there's going to be. I'm going to work.' 'Work? What for?' 'For a living, of course.' 'Not really?' 'Yes, isn't it ridiculous?' broke in Mrs. Bennett, a sweet little old lady who now found her first chance to edge in a word amid the general volley of talk. 'But Cynthia is set on doing it.' 'Why shouldn't I? I haven't a dollar, and there's a theory that one must live.' 'But what are you going to do?' asked Dallas. 'I don't know. I have a pretty good education. I shall find something. I—Dallas, I think your brother is giving us a high sign of some sort.' 'I am!' declared Perry. 'I just wanted to tell you there's a surprise waiting for you. Two surprises in one kennel. Want to see 'em?' 'What is he talking about?' queried Cynthia, appealing to Dallas for light on the mystery. 'About Betty and Prince Charlie,' retorted Perry. 'Your two Boston terriers that I bought. Want to see 'em?' 'Oh, the darlings! Of course I do. Where are they?' 'Come along and I'll show you. The darlings, eh? Talk like that makes me wish I was a dog.' 'Don't despair,' suggested Cynthia. 'Maybe you'll grow.' Still puzzling vaguely as to the meaning of this cryptic utterance, Perry followed Miss Garrison from the room, a grin of satisfied ambition wreathing his tanned face. 'To think of poor little Cynthia having to go to work!' 'I'm afraid it's only too true,' answered Mrs. Bennett. 'Her father lost everything in speculating. He was cashier of the Israel Putnam Trust company and afterward president. He—' She paused as the office door opened and Thompson, the secretary, came into the room. At sight of Mrs. Bennett he seemed about to turn back; but, changing his purpose, crossed to the table and began to look for some documents he had failed to gather up. 'What was the rest of the story about Mr. Garrison?' asked Dallas, really interested in the older woman's recital.

(Continued Next Friday.)
Careless dizziness, tired feelings, stomach and liver troubles, keeps you well all summer. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. Try it and you will always buy it. 35 cents, tea or tablets. Linn Drug Company.

WAS DELIRIOUS WITH ECZEMA

On Chest, Back, and Head—Pain, Heat, and Tingling Were Excruciating—Nerves in Exhausted Condition—Sleep Badly Broken.

CURE BY CUTICURA SEEMED LIKE MAGIC



'Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for what Cuticura Remedies have done for my daughter, Adelaide. She is fifteen years of age, and had never had anything the matter with her skin until four months ago, when an eruption broke out on her chest. The first symptom was a redness, and then followed thickening and blisters, which would break and run matter. I took her to a doctor, and he pronounced it to be eczema of a very bad form. He treated her, but instead of being checked, the disease spread. It showed itself on her back, and then quickly spread upwards until the whole of her head was affected, and all her hair had to be cut off. The pain she suffered was excruciating, and what with that and the heat and tingling her life was almost unbearable. She became run down in health, and at times was very feverish, languid, and drowsy, and occasionally also was delirious. Her nerves were in such a low state that she could not bear to be left alone. In spite of the cold weather she would insist on having her bedroom window open, and would lean out on the window-sill. She did not have a proper hour's sleep for many nights. The second doctor we tried afforded her just a little relief as the first, and I really do not know what we should have done if we had not read how Cuticura cured a similar case. I purchased Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills, and before the Ointment was three-quarters finished every trace of the disease was gone. It really seemed like magic. Her hair is coming on nicely, and I still apply the Cuticura Ointment as it increases the growth and wonderfully. Mrs. T. W. Hyde, 1, Ongar Place, Brentwood, Essex, England, Mar. 8, 1907.'

Cuticura Soap (25c) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c) to Heal the Sores, and Cuticura Pills (50c) for the Internal Cause of the Eruption. Sold throughout the world. Foster Drug & Chem. Co., New York, Boston, Mass. Beware of cheap imitations. Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

GASOLINE ENGINES
IRRIGATION, SPRAYING and PUMPING MACHINERY
Fairbanks-Morse Gasoline Engines for pumping, spraying, sawing, grinding. Outfits complete.
Fairbanks-Morse Scales for weighing.
Fairbanks-Morse Dynamometers and Motors for power and light.
Fairbanks-Morse Windmills and Towers.
Fairbanks-Morse Grinders, Feed Choppers, Well Pumps.
All first quality goods at lowest prices always in stock. Liberal terms. Prompt reply to inquiries and quick shipments. Write for catalogue and prices.
BERGER & BEAN HDW. CO.
Agents, Eugene, Or.
FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
Portland, Oregon

Organized 1883
The First National Bank
OF EUGENE, OREGON
Capital paid in..... \$100,000
Surplus and undivided profits..... 100,000
Additional liability of stockholders under national banking laws..... 100,000
Total..... \$300,000
Under Same Management 25 Years. Your Patronage Solicited.
T. G. Hendricks..... President
S. B. Eskin..... Vice President
P. E. Snodgrass..... Cashier
Luke L. Goodrich..... Assistant Cashier
Darwin Bristow..... Assistant Cashier

HALL & SHUMWAY
Plumbing and Sewer Work.
Also general jobbing in tin and sheet iron work. Iron work promptly attended to.
Carry a full line of plumbing fixtures.
Phone Black 1472.