

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

CHAPTER II—(Continued).

Thompson's papers slipped through his fingers and went skidding across the polished floor. The others looked around in surprise.

"Excuse me!" muttered the secretary as he stooped to gather up the documents. "Very awkward! I'm sorry."

He went on arranging the scattered papers in his usual unobtrusive silence, effacing himself from the general talk.

"You were telling me about Cynthia's father," said Dallas.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Bennett, taking up the thread of her tale. "He was looked on as one of the most honorable bankers in the city. And so he was until his misfortune."

"Misfortune?"

"More misfortune than crime. His wife was a girlhood friend of mine, so perhaps I am prejudiced in his favor. A famous financier—a dear friend of his—induced him to make a very large loan that proved to be a mistake. He went to the financier for advice as to how to recoup the loss. The financier told him of an investment by which he could get all the money back without any risk and could make good the loan. Mr. Garrison took his advice, used the bank's funds for the purpose and—the investment proved worthless. The bank was insolvent. Mr. Garrison shot himself."

"Horrible! Horrible!" murmured Dallas.

"The horrible part of the whole story came out later," said Alwyn Bennett. "It seems the financier had deliberately ruined Mr. Garrison and was on the other side of the deal by which the bank's funds were lost. In other words, he persuaded his friend to put money in what he knew was a losing venture, then took that money himself."

"He did it willfully," chimed in Mrs. Bennett, "knowing his friend would be ruined and that the bank's money which he lured Mr. Garrison into investing was going to swell his own ill gotten fortune."

"I did not think any one lived who could do such things," shuddered Dallas. "Poor Cynthia!"

"Cynthia suffered least of all," said Mrs. Bennett. "She was little more than a child at the time. Her mother died of grief, and her brother—a promising, clever young fellow just entering college—disappeared."

"Deserted Cynthia?"

"Not so bad as that. He probably went away sooner than face his father's disgrace and began life somewhere far from home. That was nine years ago, yet ever since then he sends Cynthia a little money every month—not much, but no doubt all he can scrape together above his bare living expenses. She has tried in every way to get in touch with him, but she can't locate him anywhere. There is no clew except that monthly money order. I never knew him very well—in fact, I only saw him once or twice—but I've heard he was a fine, manly boy. The shock must have been worst of all on him."

"So a man lost his good name and his life, his wife died, his son's life was wrecked and his daughter impoverished," mused Dallas, "and all that a financier might grow a little richer. I can't believe it!"

A little ashamed of displaying such vehemence in the presence of one of her uncle's dependents, the girl glanced toward the table. But the secretary had gone.

"My husband," prattled Mrs. Bennett complacently, "always said that the men who rose highest in the money world reached their lofty places over the despoiled bodies of hundreds of victims. Thank God, my boy has no such parental record to look back on. My husband was one man in a million—the soul of honor both in business and in private life. You've read of his splendid civil war record. Then he went into business as a contractor and engineer, and earned a fortune, every dollar of which was honest. That's something to be proud of in these money loving times."

"What was the name of the financier who ruined Mr. Garrison?" asked Dallas, still haunted by the narrative she had just heard.

"No one knows. It was suppressed at the time. The facts in the written confession left by Mr. Garrison became public property; but, through political influence, the name of the man responsible for the tragedy was suppressed. Here I sit chatting on doubtful topics, while those two young people are running all over the place unchaperoned. Excuse me, won't you, and I'll look them up?"

She smiled at Alwyn as she left the room, and his answering smile showed how fully he understood and appreciated her motive in leaving him alone with Dallas Wainwright. Perhaps Dallas, too, understood, for she made as though to follow Mrs. Bennett out into the lawn. But Alwyn stepped between her and the window.

"Don't go just yet," he begged. "I've so much to talk over with you. When they came in we were speaking of that paragraph about Gibbs and yourself. You don't love him, do you, Dallas? Tell me you don't!"

"What right have you to ask me such a question?"

"Only the right that my love for you gives me, dear heart. You must have known I loved you even though I've never said it before. I love you, Dallas, though till today, I think, I never realized how much. Tell me it isn't true that you're going to marry Gibbs."

"Even if it weren't true I should not marry you, Alwyn."

"Ah!"

The exclamation was wrong unconsciously from his whitening lips. It was as though a pang of physical pain had pierced him.

"I wouldn't marry you," went on Dallas, though fervently, "because you don't really love me."

"I do! I do! With my whole heart."

"Oh, Alwyn!" she exclaimed with almost mother-like tolerance, "what a child you are! What a mere child! Some one tries to take away from you a plaything you've grown used to having. You never cared especially about the plaything before; but, now that you're in danger of losing it, you cry out: 'Oh, I love it! I love it!' You'll soon find another toy that'll make you forget."

"Dallas, you are unfair! You have no right to treat my love for you as if—"

"As if it were a mere whim? Isn't it? Now, don't say 'No,' but look me in the eyes and answer one question. If Scott Gibbs hadn't proposed to me—if that paragraph had not appeared in the paper—would you have come here today and told me you loved me? No, you know you wouldn't!"

"Don't talk like that, dear!" implored Bennett. "I tell you I love you! More than I ever dreamed a woman could be loved. I love you! I—"

"There's an easy way to prove it, then."

"What way? Anything?"

"By doing something to make me feel proud of you. I don't feel so now. I could not marry a man who loiters his life away—a man who sits idle while others are thronging past him in the upward climb. You are rich, thanks to your father's efforts. What have you done with that wealth? If you've done no harm with it you've at least put it to no good use. You are young, talented, highly educated. What have you done with your youth, your talents, your education? How have you used them for your own betterment or for your fellow men's?"

"What have you to offer me? Money? Social position? I have plenty of both. What else can you offer me? Nothing—absolutely nothing."

"My love, for one thing. I can offer you that."

"In what is your love better than any other man's? Behind it is not a record of hard work, of self sacrifice, of achievement—of any of the things that go toward making love strong and enduring and beautiful—to make it a support that a woman can lean on for life? What have you to offer me or any other woman?"

There was a silence. Yet when Bennett spoke there was a new note in his voice—a ring of awakening strength that impressed Dallas in spite of herself—that sent a wholly strange thrill through her and set her heart to beating with unvoiced quickness.

"You are right," said he. "I have done nothing. I've been content to be a rich man's son, and I've nothing to offer that is worthy your acceptance, but that does not mean I never shall have. And by the grace of God I shall! You've put things in a new light. I see them as I never did. It isn't a wholly pleasant experience, but it's good for me. There's nothing yet that I'm fitted to do, but I'll find something, never fear. And when I do—"

"Don't say there's nothing you're fit for," protested Dallas. "There's nothing you couldn't accomplish if once you set yourself to it. Why, just think of those speeches you made for Mr. Lorimer last campaign. They were fine. I was so—"

"Oh, those amounted to nothing. I just did it to oblige him. And, besides, it was fun to sway the crowds."

"That's just it. You did it for fun and for a friend. Why not do something in earnest and for yourself? The world is fairly bristling with opportunities for such a man as you. Grasp those opportunities. Won't you?"

"Yes! And when I do—is there any hope that you will?"

"I have given Mr. Gibbs no promise. I told him to wait."

"Then my chance is as good as his. From now on I am going to drop the role of rich man's son and be something on my own account. If you have faith in me—if you believe in me—if there is a ghost of a chance that you can some day love me—"

"I have faith in you, Alwyn," she answered softly, leaning her head on his passive in his grasp. Then, withdrawing it with a pretty gesture of petulance, she added:

"Only I wish it didn't always require a blow to rouse you to action. Did you ever happen to notice that in your yourself?"

"Why, no, I don't quite understand."

"Then here's an instance that will show you what I mean: In your senior

year at Yale when you were playing halfback on the varsity eleven I saw my first football game. It was against Princeton. You were the only man on either team I knew, so I watched you from first to last. Little as I understood football, I could see you were playing a clever, hard, conscientious game. But it wasn't a fighting game—not the sort of game that carries everything before it. Then, in the second half, in one of the scrimmages I saw a Princeton man strike you. Oh, it was a dastardly, cowardly blow! He struck you when your head was turned away. You saw who it was, and you made no appeal to the referee, but in the next scrimmage you broke that man's collar bone and stunned him. He was carried senseless from the field, and you kept on. You had begun to play a fighting game, and it carried you through the Princeton line for the only touchdown of the day. You won the game for Yale. You were the college hero—the man of the hour. But it took a blow to rouse you. Now do you understand?"



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"Yes, I think I do. Perhaps you're right. I certainly remember the blow well enough. Do you happen to know who it was that struck me that day on the football field?"

"No, I knew none of the players except you. Who?"

"It was Gibbs."

"No!"

"I'm not likely to have forgotten. Ask him yourself. He will remember it. I fancy. It was a week before he left the infantry."

"But I can't realize that Mr. Gibbs would do such a thing! It was so cowardly, so—"

"Oh, don't hold it against him. He was excited and—"

"Tell Mr. Phelan I'll see him in the library," called Wainwright from the hall.

"More politics!" exclaimed Dallas. "Come, shall we go out to the tennis court?"

They passed through the open French window as Wainwright and Gibbs entered the library from the opposite door.

"The alderman's a little behind time," said Wainwright. "He's a character in his way. You'll be interested in meeting him, Gibbs."

"Mr. Phelan," announced the butler. "I know my own name, son," remarked a voice behind him. "You needn't go hollerin' it at me like I was born rattled at an east side meeting. Mornin', Mr. Wainwright. Maybe it was you he was hollerin' at."

"You're a little late, alderman," said the financier.

"I always am. Let the other fellow do the waitin'. That's my motto, and many a good hour's time I've saved by it. Who's your friend?"

"Mr. Gibbs of Gibbs & Norton. Mr. Gibbs, this is Alderman Phelan."

"Of the Eighth," amended Phelan. "Only man to carry his ward last election runnin' independent. Pleased to meet you. Yes, sir, I ran independent, and I win, as Wainwright here can tell you. Horrigan's out against me this year, and he's got carried away by some fool idea that he can down me next campaign."

"Can he?" asked Gibbs politely.

"Can he?" roared Phelan, his close clipped hair a-bristle. "Can he? Can he?"



Alderman Phelan.

He bowed Dick Horrigan down Alderman Jimmy Phelan? Well! Nothing to it, son. When I'm through with Dick Horrigan he'll have worried himself so thin they'll have to wear glasses to shave him. I'll bury him so deep this fall that they'll never find him till they start diggin' a subway to China."

"You seem pretty confident," observed Gibbs.

"Confident? Why not? Why not, I

ask you? Why wouldn't I be confident? Is there a voter in the ward—black, white, yellow or greenhorn—that I can't call by his first name and ask after all his children by name? Is there a voter in the ward I haven't staked to coal or outtings or ball or booze? Is there? If so, name him to me. Put a name to him. They're my friends twelve months of every year, not just at election time. Horrigan, indeed! Say, if he starts runnin' any man in my ward he'll have to fight him by a tree to see if he's makin' any progress or not. Horrigan, hey?"

"Come, come, alderman," interposed Wainwright. "Why don't you and Horrigan smoke the pipe of peace? Why?"

"The only pipe me an' Dick Horrigan will ever come together over will be a yard of lead pipe, an' my fist will be at one end of that an' his thick head at th' other."

"But," remonstrated Wainwright, "he is a strong man. Is it safe to fight him?"

"Why isn't it? He's got to come into the Eighth to lick me, and he'll be about as strong there as a barkeep's influence with the Prohibition party. Besides, I like a fight. I'm the original 'Stop, look and listen' signal at Trouble station. I—"

"As a personal favor to me, alderman," wheedled Mr. Wainwright in his most persuasive manner, "won't you make a friend of Horrigan?"

"I'd gladly oblige you by makin' a fine, fashionable, rollickin' funeral of him, but friends—friends—"

"But if I asked him here to meet you wouldn't you try to be cordial to him?"

"I sure would—as cordial as a bankrupt to a rent collector. He'd be as pretty near as welcome as a broken leg."

"I'm sorry you look at it that way, alderman, because I've asked him today."

"To come here? Quit your joshin'!"

"But he doesn't know he'll meet you."

"An' he'll never find it out, for I'm on my way. I'd sooner meet a p'rade from th' contagion hospital."

"Of course, if you're really afraid of him—"

"Afraid of him?" snorted Phelan, coming to a full stop at the door and then returning to the middle of the room. "Afraid of Dick Horrigan! Show me the man I'm afraid to meet and I'll meet him with pleasure just to show you it's a lie. As for—"

"Mr. Horrigan!" came the butler's announcement from the threshold.

The man who followed the announcement was one who carried in his bearing the chief reasons for his success. Tall, stout, square of jaw, square of brow, hard of mouth, he seemed to dominate his very surroundings and to exude a rough forcefulness that carried all before it. His physiognomy was essentially that of the born fighter as well as leader—the man that neither gives nor asks quarter.

From the days when as a ferry ticket seller he had laid the foundations of his later fortunes by "knocking down fares," up through his varied career as contractor, politician and boss, he had fought his way ever to the front by that same force, backed by a bulldog pluck, a genius for organization and a mentally wholly devoid of scruple and conscience.

It could not be said of Richard Horrigan that his morals were bad. He simply had no morals at all. By contact with men of higher culture than his own he had lost his early incorrectness and vulgarity of speech. His domineering roughness of manner he had no wish to lose. It was by far too valuable an asset.

"Good morning, Mr. Wainwright," began Horrigan, with a breezy familiarity, as he strode into the library, quite unabashed at finding himself in the presence of the dreaded finance king. "I'm a bit ahead of time, but—"

He stopped short, with a grunt of rage. His eyes had fallen on Phelan. Bristling like a plucky terrier at the onset of a unstaff, the alderman stood his ground, giving the boss glare for glare.

And so for a moment the enemies faced each other.

CHAPTER III.  
HORRIGAN was first to break the tense silence.

"What's this here for?" he growled, indicating Phelan with a contemptuous jerk of the head and addressing no one in particular.

"Ask your friend Wainwright," granted Phelan, with equal roughness. "I, you see," began Wainwright confidentially, "I didn't like to see two such first rate chaps at odds with each other, so I wanted to bring you together here to—"

"Oh, you did, did you?" sneered Horrigan. "And what did Phelan say to that little plan?"

"I said," snapped Phelan before his host could reply—"I said I'd see you in—"

"Some here, twice over!" said Horrigan.

"But," interposed Wainwright coaxingly, "is there no way?"

"No," roared Horrigan, his deep voice rumbling far down in his throat. "There isn't! Look here, Phelan! I'm out for your scalp, and I'm going to get it."

"Come on, back for it!" crowed Phelan, fairly hopping up and down in rage and excitement. "Come a-runnin'!"

An' while you're huntin' my scalp don't overlook one bet. I'm after yours!"

"Mine, you little shrimp! Why?"

"Yes, yours, Horrigan, you cur. You're pretty chesty an' strong standin' on the top of the organization, but you're no bloomin' statue of Liberty. You can be torn down, and here's the man who's goin' to do the tearin'."

"Me—Alderman Jimmy Phelan of the Eighth!"

"Let it go at that for now. You'll wake up in the fall, when the election—"

"Let it go at that for keeps. I—"

"Mr. Wainwright," broke off Horrigan, "if this was the business you wanted to talk over with me here—"

"It isn't," assured the thoroughly uncomfortable financier.

"Oh! Then we can get down to real business perhaps when this fellow's gone."

"That lets me out," observed Phelan cheerfully as he picked up his hat. "G'by, Mr. Wainwright. G'by, Mr. Gibbs. Horrigan, I'll!"

"But you'll stay to lunch, alderman, won't you?" urged Horrigan, with an effort at cordiality that deceived no one.

"No, thanks," replied Phelan. "When the curtain's down and the orchestra's gone home I don't need no usher to poke me in the ribs to tell me the show's out. As for stayin', I'd sooner have a jolly little grub fest with Willey's poison squad. Goodby, ah, Horrigan, as for you, some day I'll cross two sticks of dynamite under you and you'll scatter so wide that the inquest over your p'lficial remains will have to be held in fourteen counties."

"I am so sorry, Mr. Horrigan, that this should have happened in my house," said Wainwright as the late alderman stalked out, leaving the boss staring after him in dumb fury. "I meant it for the best and—"

"Mr. Wainwright," interrupted Horrigan, venting his pent-up wrath on his dismayed host, "this old world of ours is a white with bones of failures, of fools, of deadbeats. In other words, of folks who 'meant it for the best.' Now let's get down to business."

"First let me introduce Mr. Gibbs. He—"

"Glad to meet him, but he'll excuse me when I say I never talk business when there's a third party around. No offense, Mr. Gibbs. Just walk out and take a look at the view, like a good boy, won't you? Thanks."

Gibbs, at a warning look of appeal from Wainwright, checked the angry retort that sprang to his lips, turned on his heel and walked out. Horrigan,

who had observed the glance exchanged between the two men, grudgingly attempted to soften the effect of his brusqueness.

"I didn't mean to snub your friend," said he, "but Phelan riled me, and I took it out on the next man I spoke to. What on earth set you to having Phelan here to meet me for, anyway?"

"Just as I said. I wanted to win him over to us. We will need every strong man we can get this fall. We—"

"You know a lot about finance, Mr. Wainwright. But you're a rank outsider in politics or you'd never have made such a break. I can't compromise with Phelan even if I wanted to. He's stood out against me, and I've got to smash him. If he could defame me and get away with it, other leaders would think they could do it, too, and in less than no time the organization would be split up into a dozen factions, and I'd be down and out. Understand? I've got to look out for discipline if I'm to hold the place I've won. When a man in the organization starts a fight against me, I must down him. There's no turning back. That's why I'm boss. Every man in the crowd knows he's got to obey me or fight me and that if it's fight it's a battle to the death. And he's the man who does the dyin', not I. Now, you understand? So we can get to business. What?"

But business seemed this morning fated to many interruptions. The latest came in the form of Judge Newman, who, busting into the room with all his customary pompous dignity, suddenly stopped in his tracks and wilted at sight of the boss.

"Good morning, Mr. Horrigan," said the judge ingratiatingly, wriggling under the boss' glower. "I hope I'm not here too early and that Mr. Wainwright has interceded for—"

"For your reomination?" queried Horrigan, speaking as though to a disgraced servant. "If that's what you're here for you might have spared yourself the trouble. What I told you before still goes."

"But, Mr. Horrigan, consider how long I've been on the bench, and—"

"And it's time you got your nose out of the feed bag and gave some one else a chance. You are?"

"I'm growing old, Mr. Horrigan," pleaded the thoroughly cowed judge. "How can I go back to law practice and compete with younger men? Besides, Mrs. Newman declares—"

"I can't help that," returned Horrigan, quite unmoved. "You've had your share. We've got to look out for our own active workers—for the men we can count on to do the right thing."

"But, Mr. Horrigan," protested the judge, "I always try to do what is right."

"I said 'the right thing,' corrected the boss. "See the difference?"

"Excuse me, judge," intervened Wainwright. "If you'll leave this matter in my hands, I will try to convince Mr. Horrigan of your fitness. Just leave it all to me."

"Oh, thank you so much, Charles," cried the robed judge. "I'm sure I can count on you. Mrs. Newman will be so grateful. Well, I won't detain you any longer. Good-bye."

"Goodby, judge," answered Wainwright tolerantly.

"Goodby, Mr. Horrigan," went on Judge Newman, with effusion.

A grunt from Horrigan, who had turned his broad back on the visitor, was the only reply, and the judge departed to bear the message of hope to Mrs. Newman.

"Have you any special objections to Newman?" asked Wainwright.

"No," said Horrigan, "except I think perhaps there's men who can do better by us. You know how much it means sometimes to have the right judge handle your case."

"I think at a pinch we can manage Newman, and—"

"Oh, if it is a favor to you, all right. But it doesn't do those judiciary fellows any harm to keep them guessing awhile. It times 'em and teaches 'em to mind—sort of keeps them in their



Boss Horrigan.

places, you know. And now won't you tell that butter of yours not to let us be disturbed?"

Wainwright complied, and the two settled down to their deferred talk.

"How about the election this fall?" began the financier.

"We're already growing; but just between you and me, it's going to be a hot fight. The people at large seem to be a little sore on the organization. A few deals lately have been a little raw, and some of the papers are kicking Good Lord! If it wasn't for the newspapers what a cinch a boss would have in running a city! It'd be like taking pennies from a baby's bank. But—"

"Then you think there is some doubt about the election?"

"I wouldn't go so far as that. It'll be a tussle, but with plenty of cash and the right man for mayor—mark me, I say—and the right man—we ought to win."

"The woods are full of 'right men,'" replied Wainwright. "The money is the chief thing to consider. That is why I asked you here today. This is

the point I'm getting at: As soon as election is safely over the Borough Street railway will apply for a franchise for a car line from Blank avenue to Dash street along the river front."

"I see," nodded Horrigan. "And as you own the City Surface line and as that is the Borough Street railway's worst rival, you want the Borough's franchise bill killed when it comes before the board of aldermen."

"You're wrong. To paraphrase your own words, you know a lot about politics. I want the Borough Street railway's franchise granted, and I want the franchise to be perpetual."

"But I don't see what your driving at. If you intend to merge the Borough Street railway with your own City Surface line its charter will become void."

"I don't mean to merge them. I own both roads, and I run them separately."

"The— you do?"

"That's a little surprise, eh? I haven't made any parade of it. I just went quietly to work, through Gibbs, and bought up a majority of the Borough stock. Now don't you see how the granting of the franchise and the news that I control the road will work when they are made known?"

"Sure! It'll send that stock sky high. You'll scoop in a million or two."

"A million or two?" echoed Wainwright scornfully. "Nearer—"

"Hold on!" interrupted Horrigan. "What's that noise?"

He had jumped to his feet with an alacrity that was surprising in so large a man and was listening intently.

"That cliking?" asked Wainwright. "Oh, that's only the private wire in my office."

"Private wire? Any operator?"

"Of course. Why?"

"Suppose he should happen to be listening to us?"

"Who? Thompson? Absurd!"

"I don't know. I'd rather—"

"Nonsense. It's Thompson, my private secretary, a man who's been with me nine years. I trust him as—"

"But I don't. I don't trust anybody. Send him into some other room."

"I can't. In his absence some important message might come, and if he wasn't there on the very moment to transmit it to me I might lose that. He's all right if ever a man was. I trust him implicitly."

(Continued Next Friday.)

## The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths

There is