

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

BY
**ALBERT
PAYSON
TERHUNE**
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GEORGE H. BROADHURST

CHAPTER X.

ROBERTS' eyes rested on the grinning, complacent features of Alderman 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, preparing to move away. But Phelan buttonholed 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. "Why?"

"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!" flared up poor Roberts. "I won't stand for it."



"I'm my own master and—"

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

"Do you accuse me of—"

"I accuse you of having 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-night," remarked Phelan, going to the doorway and looking after the departing alderman. "There's not much of what the poet geezer calls 'whoop up the dance, fer joy be unrefined' about him. Poor fool! He never was cut out to be a crook. He makes a punk job of it in spite of the trimmin's Horigan's decorated 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 countenance.

"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 Bennett, with vast gravity, "so I won't try. I'll just congratulate you with all my heart, old chap, and wish Miss Garrison every happiness that—"

"Gee! How'd you know? We haven't told a soul. It only happened about four minutes ago. I was telling Cynthia 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 myself. Can I butt in with a line of congratulations?"

He extended his big hand with an

honest cordiality that quite won Cynthia.

"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 withdraw when Phelan hailed him.

"Good evening," called the Alderman.

"Good evening, sir," said the newcomer respectfully, pausing on the point of leaving the foyer.

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

"Some days ago in the mayor's office," assented the other. "I am Thompson. Mr. Wainwright's private secretary."

"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. Garrison."

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 innocently. "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 bein' 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, so 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 looking all over for the measly thing. Wait here a minute," he added to her, "and I'll chase into the conservatory and see if we left it there."

And, depositing the girl in a chair, he bolted away in search of the missing 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, Cynthia raised her eyes to the stranger. But the latter persistently kept his face averted.

"I don't think I know him," she answered doubtfully. "There is something familiar about—"

The secretary shifted restlessly, unconsciously bringing his profile into

view.

"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! 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 into his own hard old eyes. The sound recalled the secretary to himself.

"You've trapped me into this," he exclaimed, 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?"

"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—"

"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 short, open mouthed, dumb and motionless. Thompson and his sister stood in close embrace before him, with Phelan looking on like some obese caricature of a benevolent fairy.

The fan slipped from young Wainwright's nerveless grip and fell with a clatter to the polished floor, its ivory sticks snapping like icicles.

Don't you know me? It's 'this' Don't!"

"I am afraid you've made a very strange blunder, Miss Garrison," returned 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—"

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(To be continued.)

DO THE PEOPLE RULE?

All the Recent Publications Convince the Voters that Trusts Control Legislation.

After all the excitement over the publication of the Standard Oil letters, showing that trusts control legislation, has reached the stage where the voters sift the wheat from the chaff of sensational publications, what will be the logical conclusion in the minds of the voters? It will be:

1.—That the people do not rule because the national law-makers legislate to suit the trusts. More trusts exist today than ever, the people suffer more from them, and they practice more extortion.

2.—That the party in power is the party through which the trusts rule. The Republican party is now in power. It writes all the national laws. In a speech in the last Congress, Mr. Sherman (candidate for Vice-President), declared that the Republican party assumed all responsibility for everything that has been done and for what has not been done. That is right. The trusts write the tariff laws passed by Republican votes. If the magnates are not punished criminally, it is because Republican officials fail in their duties. For eleven years the Democrats have had no power to frame Federal laws or to execute a Federal statute. If everything in America is all right as to Federal laws for eleven years, the Republican party deserves the credit. If "evils have crept in" the Republicans are responsible. The only hope for a change lies in the election of Bryan.

Suppose some individual Democrat has been employed by a trust. He could not get a law passed, he could not get "an immunity bath," he could do nothing effectively for the trusts unless a majority of the Republican Congressmen favored the trust measures. The Republican orators can not escape responsibility by trying to pick out some Democrat who has been em-



ber range of vision. With a gasp, Cynthia 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, flinging her arms about the secretary's neck. "Harry! Brother! Back from the dead!"

played by a trust. Recent disclosures prove that the people do not rule, but that the trusts owe their existence and fatness to Republican laws and Republican officials.

SHAKING DOWN THE TRUSTS.

Chas. G. Dawes Visits Wall Street and Promises Republican Party Will Be Good.

Under New York date line of Sept. 19 the daily papers of the country publish a dispatch from which the following is taken:

"The visit of Charles G. Dawes, of Chicago (formerly Comptroller of the Currency), had more influence than anything else in arousing Wall street uneasiness. Mr. Dawes came to New York primarily to raise money for the Republican congressional campaign committee, and he gave the people he called upon very clearly to understand that the Republican majority in the house is in danger.

"Wall street has steeled itself against the importunities of political canvassers for funds, but Mr. Dawes' visit was unquestionably impressive. The people who saw and heard him were convinced that he really meant what he said when he announced that unless means were taken to arrest the current and change the situation the Democrats would swing into control of the popular branch of congress and probably elect a president. Mr. Dawes did not confine his visit alone to bankers and financiers. He devoted a good share of his attention to leading representatives of the manufacturing interests. He carried away some money, but not nearly as much as he had hoped for."

The New York World has cartoons showing a Standard Oil can taking the place of the dome in a picture of the Capitol at Washington. Good! It is another evidence that the people do not rule at Washington, but that the trusts rule through the agency of the Republican party. As to legislation, Mr. Sherman, candidate for vice-president, said "The Republican party is willing and ready to accept full responsibility." Exactly. And the Standard Oil and other trusts rule through that party. The only way to prevent such rule is to elect Bryan.

TARIFF BURDENS WOMEN.

How One American Girl Got Her Eyes Opened.

An American young woman who recently spent some time in England studying the condition of the people as compared with life in the United States brings home some interesting facts bearing on the relative cost of women's clothing in the two countries. Finding prices delightfully low at Manchester, she made some purchases and on her return to New York obtained the American prices of similar articles. The following are sample prices, showing some of the burdens we bear as the result of the Dingley superposition:

MANCHESTER PRICE.	
Thirty-six inch Japanese silk, per yard \$0.48
Elbow length gloves, per pair 1.12
Mousquetaire gloves, per pair70
Thirty-eight inch voile, per yard48
Cashmere hose, per pair36
Forty-four inch mohair, per yard46
Total \$3.60
AMERICAN PRICE.	
Thirty-six inch Japanese silk, per yard \$1.00
Elbow length gloves, per pair 3.00
Mousquetaire gloves, per pair 1.25
Thirty-eight inch voile, per yard 1.00
Cashmere hose, per pair75
Forty-four inch mohair, per yard 1.00
Total \$8.00

Nor are these low prices in England the result of lower wages than are paid here. It is well known that English wages in the textile industries are as high as those paid in America, making allowance for hours of labor and quantity of product. Not every American housewife can visit Europe to learn such facts for herself, but possibly if prices here were nearer just values more of our women could afford to travel abroad.

SEBASTIAN: For Peter's appetite try baking powder biscuits made of Gold Medal Flour. MARIANA.

Sale Bills at The Democrat office.

PROTECTION FOR LAZINESS.

Guaranteeing of "Reasonable Profits" Versus Hustling.

It has long been apparent that one phase of the endless demand for "protection" is due to business inertia—sheer laziness some might call it—on the part of captains of industry, who want Uncle Sam to guarantee them "reasonable profits" instead of hustling for profits themselves. The New York Evening Post sets off this class with a truly artistic touch as follows:

"This reliance upon the tariff is especially characteristic of the men of the second generation who have inherited their business, who are perhaps interested more in automobiling and other sports than in the dull routine of the shop and who look to a paternal government to make up their own deficiencies in intelligence and enterprise. They would revive trade not by making wares that are good enough and cheap enough to command the market, but by excluding the foreign competitor. To meet the foreign competitor requires a large outlay of ingenuity and energy. To secure protection has been far simpler and easier—the mere drawing of a check of appropriate size for the Republican campaign fund. Hitherto the rule has been: Drop a contribution in the slot and get a tariff schedule—at the expense, of course, of the great body of consumers who cannot afford to pay for political favors."

REVISION BY ADVERTISEMENT

Foreign Consuls Carry Out the Administration Bluff.

The stand pat platform having said that the tariff must provide for difference in cost of production here and abroad, the administration has with a great flourish instructed our consuls to ascertain the cost of producing foreign goods. News now comes that the American consul in Birmingham, England, has sent a circular to English manufacturers asking the cost of their products and propounding numerous other questions concerning their business. If the consul expects to get British trade secrets in this way he is likely to be disappointed. But he probably knows that cost of production would cut little figure in a Republican revision of the tariff, and he might as well get a string of figures in the easiest way possible. It is notorious that schedules have been written by the men who profit by them, not by officials honestly representing the people who are taxed by them. So why should any consul go on a still hunt for facts that will never be used?

Would it not be well to advertise for information as to the size of a "reasonable profit" which the protected manufacturers are to have guaranteed them? Our consuls might get light on this too.

A Steel Trust Jolly.

Corporations cannot lawfully contribute to campaign funds. But the steel trust "gave a good imitation" of a trust "chipping in" when it paid its employees an extra day's wages, informed them and got them to march in that Youngstown (O.) opening of the stand pat campaign. It is said that this trust will keep its Ohio mills running full force this fall and shut down some of its Pennsylvania mills to even things up. This jolly to Ohio workmen may not be appreciated by their Pennsylvania brethren, who are so unlucky as to live in a sure thing, stand pat state.

Republican Inconsistency.

It is now the stand pat claim that the tariff should guarantee "reasonable profits" to protected manufacturers. Yet they object to the "guaranteeing" of the safe return of the bank depositor's savings. It makes a difference who is to be "guaranteed." The guaranteeing of reasonable (indefinite) profits would seem to be a bigger job than the guaranteeing of actual (definite) deposits and much more liable to abuse.

Beats the Chameleon.

By the way, what has become of the "infant industry" protection argument, also the claim that the foreigner pays the tax? The chameleon is not in it when compared with protective philosophy.

Read The Democrat for news.

Jasper Guy or Hemington makes farm loans at 5 per cent interest with no commission but office charges. Write him. tt

Nervous Break-Down

Nerve energy is the force that controls the organs of respiration, circulation, digestion and elimination. When you feel weak, nervous, irritable, sick, it is often because you lack nerve energy, and the process of rebuilding and sustaining life is interfered with. Dr. Miles' Nervine has cured thousands of such cases, and will we believe benefit if not entirely cure you. Try it.

"My nervous system gave away completely, and left me on the verge of the grave. I tried skilled physicians but got no permanent relief. I got so bad I had to give up my business. I began taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. In a few days I was much better, and I continued to improve until entirely cured. I am in business again, and never miss an opportunity to recommend this remedy." MRS. W. L. BURKE, Myrtle Creek, Oregon.

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