



BY
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TERHUNE**
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GEORGE H. BROADHURST

CHAPTER XIII.

THE momentous Friday had arrived; the day whereon the famous—or infamous—Borough Street railway bill in its amended form was to come up for the aldermen's consideration.

Every paper in the city devoted columns to the situation. Everywhere it was known that the "boy mayor" was fighting with all his might the bill he had already vetoed. Equally well was it understood that Horrigan was making the battle of his whole career in behalf of the measure. If he could but induce his "solid thirteen" aldermen to stand firm and could maintain his hold on Roberts for the fourteenth, all would be plain sailing and the bill would pass by a two-thirds vote in spite of the mayor's veto.

More than the mere bill and his price for it were included in Horrigan's reasons for his present activity. He recognized that his prestige as boss was at stake—that in case of failure his hold on the organization would be considerably weakened, perhaps almost so much shaken as to permit Phelan to fulfill his once absurd threat to tear him down from his eminence. For the whole organization was viewing with breathless interest the duel between Horrigan and the youthful mayor the boss had "made." In such circles a beaten man commands scant respect.

The board of aldermen were in session in the city hall. Off the antechamber of the great room where they met was a small, snugly furnished apartment, first of a series of similar rooms that stretched away, with connecting doors, to the far end of the main corridor. This place, with the room adjoining, had once been the comptroller's office. Of late, however, that official had changed his quarters and the room nearest the antechamber had been appropriated by Horrigan himself as a sort of unofficial snuggery, where he could sit at ease and transact business at close quarters whenever the organization's secret interests demanded his presence at the city hall.

Here, his whereabouts known only to his intimate and personal lieutenants, the boss was wont to sit at ease, like some fat, rubicund spider in the center of a web of intrigue, and issue his orders or plans of campaign. Some of these were carried by word of mouth through the anteroom into the aldermanic chamber. Others he transmitted by means of a telephone that stood ready on the center table, before which his great easy chair was always placed.

Around this table as the board of aldermen were about to convene on the fateful Friday of the Borough bill's final consideration sat three men—Wainwright, Gibbs and Horrigan. The former, in spite of his habitual steady coolness, was plainly uneasy. Gibbs made no effort to deny his anxiety. His eyes were bloodshot, his manner abstracted and his nerves evidently strung to breaking point. Horrigan alone of the trio had abated not one jot of the colossal calm and brutal power that were part and parcel of the man's mighty character.

"When will our bill come up, do you suppose?" asked Gibbs, breaking a brief silence.

"In half an hour or so probably," answered Horrigan, glancing at his watch. "I thought it was better for us to get here ahead of time."

"Half an hour," fumed Gibbs, "and neither Ellis nor Roberts here yet! Suppose they don't get here on time?"

"They will," granted Horrigan placidly.

"Do you think it is possible either of them has come yet?" went on Gibbs, with a glance at the antechamber door.

"No."

"How do you know? Perhaps?"

"Williams would have told me. He knows where I'm to be found."

"You're sure Ellis and Roberts will show up?"

"Yes."

"How soon?"

"In good time."

"But suppose they don't?" insisted Gibbs nervously. "What then?"

"Why, if they don't, then they won't. What do you suppose?" snapped Horrigan.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow? Are you looking for a museum job as the 'human question mark'?"

"Gibbs is naturally nervous," explained Wainwright. "He's not so old at this game as you and I, Horrigan, and we must make allowances."

"Nervous?" granted the boss. "I should say he is! Just look at that

cigar I gave him! He's been chewing it as if it was a sausage. That's no way to treat a fifty cent cigar, man! Here, try another, and see if you can't smoke it instead of eating a free lunch off it. Nothing like a good smoke to steady your nerves. If!"

The antechamber door opened, and Williams hurried in.

"I got Ellis!" he reported. "He's here, and—with significant emphasis—"he'll vote right!"

"Good!" assented Horrigan. "I thought he'd come to time. Now, for Roberts and the thing's done."

"The gallery in there is jammed," reported Williams, jerking his head toward the aldermanic chamber. "I never saw such a mob in the place before."

"That's what comes of all this newspaper publicity," growled Horrigan. "If it wasn't for the papers the people'd never make any trouble for us. But they read the news and then they get silly ideas about their 'rights,' and a lot of them come here to see they don't get swindled. Lord! If the papers would only suspend publication for one month, I'd guarantee to put the whole state in my vest pocket. They're always butting in to spoil the organization's honest profits. How are the crowd in the galleries behaving?"

"They're quiet," answered Williams uneasily. "Too quiet. That's what bothers me. They seem to be waiting for the Borough bill to—"

"If they raise any row, rush a motion through to clear the galleries," ordered Horrigan.

"Nothing short of the police could clear away that big crowd."

"Then we'll have the police in to help."

"But," argued Williams, "that would mean a riot, and a lot of people would get hurt. All the newspapers tomorrow would—"

"Never mind that. Go ahead and do as you're told. At the first sign of disapproval from the galleries have the motion passed and turn the police loose. Understand?"

"All right," acquiesced Williams dubiously and withdrew.

Wainwright opened his mouth to protest, but Horrigan was already busy at the telephone.

"Hello!" he called. "I want 900 F—900 F. Yes—yes. Is that the captain?" he went on a moment later. "Then send him to the phone. Tell him Mr. Horrigan—Hello, captain!" after another pause. "Yes, it's Horrigan. At city hall. In the aldermanic chamber there's a mob, and we're likely to need the police to quiet 'em. Yes. No, not 'dial' them, you fool! 'Quiet' them! Yes. Send us a squad at double quick, and let the sergeant report to Williams. Let the boys bring their night sticks, and tell 'em they're to take no back talk and not to be afraid to slug if it comes to that, and I guess it will. Pick out the right sort to send. Yes. Of course I'll back up anything they do. Sure. Rush 'em. Goodby."

"But," began Wainwright as Horrigan hung up the receiver. The boss cut him short. "I'll let that gallery crowd see it ain't safe to interfere with my work."

"But," protested Wainwright, "surely it will not be necessary to—"

"To break heads? It probably will. Why not?"

"I'd rather use diplomatic tactics."

"Diplomacy's a game I never took the trouble to learn."

"But those people you're about to antagonize control votes?"

"Yes. The people may control the votes, but we count them. See the difference?"

"But doesn't the law permit the public to attend these meetings?"

"Only so long as they behave themselves. If a few of 'em get clubbed they won't be so ready next time to butt in where they aren't wanted. They!"

The tinkle of the telephone bell cut short the boss' public spirited remarks. Horrigan unslung the receiver.

"Hello!" he hailed. "Who's—Oh, Roberts, eh?"

"Is it Roberts?" cried Gibbs excitedly.

"No," snarled Horrigan in ponderous sarcasm. "It's the czar of Russia telephoning to borrow a nickel. I called him 'Roberts' just to flatter him. Go on, Roberts! What's that? Yes, this is Mr. Horrigan. Want to see me, do you? What for? No, there ain't. He went on angrily after a moment's listening. "You and I settled all that. Come and do your share of the—Yes, I tell you it's up to you to make good."

Another pause, during which Gibbs and Wainwright glanced at each other in suspense. Then the boss continued, in a louder voice, over the wire:

"Well, come to my room in the city hall, then, if you've got to see me. But there's no need for it. It's all settled, and there's nothing more to be said. I'll be here. Don't keep me waiting."

"What's that? No! I won't come to you! You'll come to me, and you'll come on the double quick! Jump now!"

If you don't—No, that's all. Hurry up!"

"Wouldn't it be wiser," suggested Gibbs, "to humor the man by going to him, as he suggests? Then—"

"No, it wouldn't!" retorted Horrigan as he kept the telephone. "If I'd gone on the principle of 'humoring' folks,

I'd still be working at eighteen per selling ferry tickets. Take my tip, friend! Never go to a man. Make him come to you. That's business. And it gives you a 90 per cent better chance with him. Now, then," pulling a paper from his pocket, "I told you about the report I had Morris & Cherrington dig out showing up Bennett's old man. Here it is. Like to look it over while we're waiting?"

"Little enough good it seems to have done!" returned Wainwright as the three heads bent over the document. "He's still fighting us, tooth and nail."

"Yes," agreed Horrigan grimly, "but it's a satisfaction to know it isn't only us he's fighting. He's cutting his own throat too."

(To be continued.)

MOTIVE FOR STEEL MERGER.

Executive Permission Gave Trust Control of Ore Situation.

The president's statement that he gave his blessing to the steel trust when it "benevolently assimilated" its chief competitor, the Tennessee Coal and Iron company, during the panic a year ago excites no surprise in Wall Street. But the reason assigned for the executive benediction, to prevent further "widespread disaster," does provoke a smile.

The financial editor of the New York Journal of Commerce says, "The financial district learned at the time that the transaction was sanctioned by Washington, but it did not know that the deal was viewed there as an act of charity."

But on second thought this writer solemnly concludes that the affairs of the trust's small competitor were in a bad way through reckless speculation in its shares by certain "interests" and that its merger with the trust probably averted serious consequences. The next sentence gives the key to the situation. "How far financiers connected with the steel trust were responsible for the developments that forced the Tennessee Coal and Iron people into a hole is another question."

The laugh certainly is not on Mr. Morgan, the good natured wolf who ate up the lamb just to avert a serious panic among other lambs. Did the kind wolf have a motive for getting the lamb into a hole and then generously swallowing him to get him out?

The president says that the merger added only a paltry 4 per cent to the steel trust's share of the total output. But the New York Tribune, commenting at the time of the deal, said that possession of the "immense ore and coal lands" owned by the Tennessee company would give to the trust "control of the iron ore situation of the United States." A pretty little stake this for the clever little game, 700,000,000 tons of ore and 2,000,000,000 tons of coal, according to the Tribune, enough to make the trust good for a hundred years! Along with this went a plant fitted to make "open hearth" rails, something the trust was greatly in need of.

And the steel trust still gets a tariff bonus of 40 cents per ton on ore, \$4 per ton on pig iron, \$7.84 on rails and ranging upward on other steel products to \$25 and even \$100 per ton in some cases. These tariff duties help to make the trust "effective" and have enabled it to tax the people many hundred millions since Mr. Roosevelt became president. Has he kept "hands off" for the same reason that led him to O. K. the chewing up of the trust's juiciest competitor?

JESSE F. ORTON.

A Difference in Markets.

Labor has increased in average price only 19 per cent in the last ten years. The articles which make up the general "cost of living" have risen on the average 49 per cent. A reason for this difference? Oh, yes! Labor is sold in a free trade market. Trust products, which largely make up the necessities of life, are sold in a market heavily protected against foreign competition.

Easy to Understand.

The late Mr. Havemeyer of the sugar trust is said to have been "snitching on his pals" when he said, "The tariff is mother of the trusts." Mr. Havemeyer was in a position to know the maternity of the trusts if any one ever was. Yet was it a give-away, after all? It's a simple matter, like "two and two make four," to the man who will use his brains.

The Workers' Wages.

When the stand pat orator grows eloquent over the fact that the wages of some American workmen are 50 per cent higher than the same trade commands in Europe, ask him if he doesn't know that in America the workman does 75 per cent more work than his foreign brother and has to pay prices 40 per cent higher for the things that make up a living.

Sale Bills at The Democrat office.

IGNORANCE OR WORSE.

How Mr. Taft's Tariff Speeches Affect Friendly Newspapers.

Journals which pay some attention to common truthfulness and economic sense and which desire Mr. Taft's election are alarmed by his recent statements in the west concerning the tariff. Thus the New York Times under the heading, "The Facts Versus Mr. Taft," takes up his charge that Mr. Bryan was responsible for those features of the Gorman-Wilson tariff bill of 1894 which led Mr. Cleveland to denounce it as "a piece of perfidy."

As the Times points out, it is well known that President Cleveland denounced only the corrupt protective features which were added to the bill in the senate by Gorman and his allies, representing the sugar trust and other trusts, and to which Mr. Bryan and other Democrats in the lower house were bitterly opposed.

The Times next takes up Mr. Taft's claim that the tariff of 1894 sent down the prices of farm products and was responsible for the business depression of 1893 and following years, proving Mr. Taft's price figures to be much too low by comparison with the statistical abstract issued by the government and showing that if the tariff sent corn and oats down it just as surely sent wheat up during the three years in which it was in force. The truth is that neither the changes in the prices of grain nor the general depression in business is now attributed to the Wilson tariff by any one who regards the undisputed facts.

As a cause for the depression of 1893 and the low prices of that period as compared with later prices Mr. Taft can see nothing but the tariff, taking no account of the financial causes of the panic, the uncertainty in regard to the standard of value brought about by both parties and the extremely low general level of prices caused by the scarcity in the world's supply of gold.

In explaining the higher prices of recent years Mr. Taft attaches no significance to the crop conditions of foreign countries and their demands upon our farm products, nor has he apparently heard of the great depreciation of gold, the general rise of prices caused by the increase in the world's gold production from \$157,000,000 in 1893 to \$400,000,000 in 1906.

The Wilson bill, after being Germanized in the senate, lowered very slightly the rates of the McKinley tariff, only an average of 3 per cent according to one estimate. As farm products are exported in large quantities, their prices being fixed in the open markets of the world, it is absurd to contend that changes in our tariff were the cause of the depression during the period following 1893, especially in view of the existence of well known and adequate causes.

The New York Evening Post, also supporting Mr. Taft, says that the panic of 1893 "was distinctly foreshadowed by causes having not the remotest relation to the tariff." The Post adds that, judging from letters received and general comment, "something like two or three thousand hesitating voters must be turned from Mr. Taft every time he expounds anew his peculiar doctrine."

Free List For Watches.

To those who use watches these figures will be interesting. The watch trust, "protected" by tariff duties ranging from 35 to 60 per cent, shows its gratitude by making the following special prices to foreigners:

	Home.	Foreign.
Riverside, Waltham.....	\$17.35	\$12.00
Royal Waltham.....	11.60	7.00
Lady Waltham.....	10.58	8.00
Fifteen jeweled Elgin.....	11.42	8.40
Seven jeweled Elgin.....	4.79	3.04
Naught size Elgin.....	6.00	4.00

A National Scandal.

That numerous men prominent in public life have been corrupted by money spent to control the tariff is a fact of which there is conclusive proof. Our tariff schedules and the methods followed in working them out constitute a national scandal.—H. E. Miles, Chairman Tariff Committee of National Association of Manufacturers.

The Democrat, \$1.50 per year.

THE COMMITTEE MA.

Us kids ain't had a bath this week; There's holes in every stocking. And Mildred's hair is full of snarls. And Pauline looks real shocking. And yet we're having lots o' fun. A bumm'n' round the city. 'Cause ma, she can't look after us. She's out on a committee.

And pa, he says, he's really starved. As true as he's a sinner. For ma can't do any marketing. Nor 'tend to any dinner. She's other things to do, she says. And dikes herself out pretty With badges all acrost her waist. 'Cause she's on some committee.

I think it's awful jolly sport But pa looks black as thunder. And he might go a-travellin' off And stay, I shouldn't wonder. He says a woman's place is home. And thinks it's quite a pity. That ma can't find enough to do 'Thout joining a committee.

But ma, she just goes right along. And don't pay much attention. But says "good-by," she must be off. To tend that there convention. And then she sticks more badges on A-hummin' some new ditty. And says to pa, its all the style To serve on some committee.

Vote for Honest "Tom" Marshall for governor.

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