

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 XVI.

DALLAS, left alone in Horri-
gan's private room, sat at the
big table, making no effort to
follow her brother and Phelan.
A messenger, searching for Horri-
gan, bustled in, looked inquiringly at
the motionless, white faced girl, then
passed on to the committee room be-
yond and on again in his search until
the sound of his footsteps died. And
still Dallas sat, inert, dumb.

Little by little she was piecing to-
gether the facts of the long, miserable
complication in the light of what Perry
had just told her. It was absurdly
easy now that she held the key of the
situation. She could understand every-
thing—how Wainwright had put her
fortune into Borough stock to influ-
ence Bennett; how, failing to move the
latter, he had used Alwyn's knowledge of
the fact as a weapon against the
young man; how Bennett had sought
to save her fortune and why he had
forbidden Perry to bias her feelings
by telling of the generous act.

"From first to last," she murmured
in unhappy contrition, "he has acted
honorably and as he thought I would
have wanted him to and for my happi-
ness. And I, like the wretched little
fool I was, couldn't understand and
publicly humiliated him. Oh, if only
it weren't too late to—"

A vision of Gibbs flashed before her
mind, and she shuddered, realizing all
that her rash steps had entailed.

"It is too late," she confessed to her-
self, fighting back the hot tears that
seared her eyes. "But at least I can
tell him I know and beg his forgive-
ness and thank him."

The sound of voices in the corridor
roused her from her bitter reverie.
She sprang up hastily, unwilling that
any should see her tear stained face,
but the speakers, though they drew
near, did not enter Horrikan's office.
Instead, they stepped into the adjoin-
ing committee room. The messenger
had left ajar the door between the two
rooms. Realizing this and not wishing
to be seen, Dallas shrank back toward
the wall, fearful of detection. Then
the voice of one of the speakers sud-
denly arrested her notice.

"Well," Bennett was saying in no es-
pecially civil tones, "you said you wish-
ed to speak to me in private. What
have you to say? Be brief, for I am
busy."

Finding herself the unwilling witness
to what promised to be a confidential
talk, Dallas stole toward the door lead-
ing to the corridor, but Horrikan, as
was his custom, had locked it on going
out. She dared not enter alone the
crowded anteroom in her present state,
so hesitatingly she paused, forced to
remain where she was. The sound of
another voice chained her to the spot,
and, unconscious of eavesdropping, she
stood spellbound, hearing every word
distinctly through the half open door-
way.

"I—I hardly know how to begin,"
Gibbs was replying to Bennett's curt
demand. "It is a delicate subject
and—"

"Then the sooner it is treated to open
air the better. Is—"

"You've won the Borough bill fight,"
began Gibbs.

"Is that all you have to say to me?"
"No. You've won, but you've lost far
more. You've lost Dallas Wainwright."

"I hardly need to be reminded of
that," retorted Bennett, "and it is a
subject I don't care to discuss."

"But listen," pleaded Gibbs as the
mayor made a move as though to leave
the room. "One minute! I say you've
won the Borough fight. I've won Dal-
las. Can't we?"

"Well, what?" asked Bennett, with
ominous quiet as he paused in his de-
parture.

"Can't we—strike some sort of bar-
gain?" said Gibbs tentatively.

"Explain, please," ordered Bennett,
with that same deceptive calm.

"Why," went on Gibbs, emboldened
at the other's seeming complacence,
"suppose you give up this Borough
fight and I give up Dallas? I won her
by a trick. She doesn't really love me.
It is her pride, not her heart, that made
her throw you over and accept me. It
is you she loves, and I've known it all
along, and you are in love with her."

"What then?"
"Just this," returned Gibbs, wonder-
ing at Bennett's quiet reception of the
strange offer. "She will marry me be-
cause she isn't the sort of girl to go
back on her promise, especially since
she looks on me as a sort of high mind-
ed martyr to your oppression, so if I—"

hold her to her word she will not back
down. Now, if you, even now, with-
draw your opposition the Borough bill
will go through. Let it go
through and I
will break my
engagement to
Dallas Wain-
wright and
leave her free
to marry you."

"You promise
that?"
"Yes," cried
Gibbs, elated. "I
promise on my
word of honor!
Is it a bar-
gain?"
"Gibbs," re-
plied Alwyn
slowly, "I didn't
think there was
so foul a cur as
you in all the
world. I thought I understood how ut-
terly rotten you were, but I didn't be-
lieve there was a man living who could
denude himself as you've just done."

"But"—began Gibbs, in bewilder-
ment.
"Now you'll listen to me for a mo-
ment," cut in Bennett, silencing the
interjection. "You say I'm in love with
Miss Wainwright. It is true. I love
her in a way a dog like you could never
understand if he tried for a lifetime.
I'd give my life for one word of love
from her, but I'd sooner go forever
without that word than win it by a
dishonest deed that would prove me
unworthy of her. I asked her love as a
free gift and tried to deserve it. She
refused, and I won't try to buy what
she won't give me, especially since the
price would make me as unworthy of
her as you yourself are."

"But you take the wrong view of it.
You see, if—"
"I see this much: I'll have to speak
plainer to get my view of the case into
your vile mind. If ever again you
meet me, stand out of my way. Don't
speak to me or come where I am, for

"And in my criminal, my prom-
ised to marry you!" she stormed. "I
let you kiss me. My lips are degraded
forever by that touch of yours. I let
you speak words of love to me. I broke
a brave man's heart for your worthless
sake. Oh, the shame—the horrible
shame of it all! But I shall thank God
on my bended knees that I have found
out the truth before it was too late."

"Too late?" he echoed in horror, his
voice rising almost to a scream. "Dal-
las, you're not
going to throw
me over? You
aren't!"

"Scott Gibbs,"
she answered
quietly, a world
of wondering
scorn in her
level tones, "you
do not even
know how vile
a thing you are.
Now leave me,
please. Your
presence sick-
ens me."

He tried to
speak, but some-
thing of the in-
effable con-
tempt in her
steady eyes sil-
enced him.

Without a word he slunk out of the
room and out of her life.
Phelan, agog with eagerness for the
coming struggle in the aldermanic
chamber, bustled past through the cor-
ridor. The alderman had many duties
today, and as the performance of each
brought him nearer to his longed for
revenge on Horrikan he was positively
beaming with righteous bliss. Dallas
caught sight of him.
"Alderman!" she called faintly.
"Phelan halted, still in haste to fulfill
his mission.
"Could—could I see Mr. Bennett?"
she asked, a new timidity transforming
her rich voice. "Do you know where I
can find him?"
"Is it important? He's pretty busy."
"Very important!" she pleaded. "I
must see him at once."
"I'll look him up," agreed Phelan,
"but I warn you he's too busy to see
you just yet. S'pose you let me take
you back to the meeting? Our bill's
comin' up in a few minutes now, an'
you don't want to miss it. Then I'll
scare up his honor for you as soon as
he's got a spare minute an' bring you
back here to him. Sorry to keep you
waitin'!" he went on as they started
toward the council chamber, "but be-
fore this session's over all sorts of
things is due to explode, an' we ain't
hardly at the beginnin' of the excite-
ment yet. We're goin' to make a
Fourth of July celebration in a giant
powder factory look like a deaf mute
fun'ral by the time we're done."

(To be Continued.)

Abruzzi Refuses to See Any One.
Turin, Nov. 17.—The Duke of the
Abruzzi has received several cable-
grams from the United States concern-
ing the truth of the statement made
by Senator Elkins that there is no en-
gagement between the duke and his
daughter. The duke has made no an-
swer to any of these communications
and will see no one.

Miss Bryan a Bridesmaid.
Roanoke, Va., Nov. 17.—Miss Grace
Bryan, who is attending school here,
was a bridesmaid at the wedding of
Miss Belle Norwood Tyler, daughter
of Ex-Governor Hoge Tyler, and Frank
P. McConnell, of Fort Smith, Ark.

Tom Taggart Not a Candidate.
Indianapolis, Nov. 17.—Thomas Tag-
gart, ex-national Democratic chairman,
has announced that he is not a candi-
date for United States senator. He
also expresses deep gratitude to
friends who offered him support.

Wound in the Leg Is Fatal.
Evansville, Ind., Nov. 17.—While
hunting near this city Walter Richard-
son accidentally shot himself in the
leg and died while physicians were
amputating the leg.

Griffith May Handle Reds.
It has been learned on good authority
that Clarke Griffith will manage the
Cincinnati Nationals next season. The
story comes from very reliable sources.
Color is lent to the matter by the fact
that Griffith followed the reds all over
the circuit on the last trip of the sea-
son.

**Dr. Osler's "useless after forty" and
Roosevelt's "dee-lighted" on shaking
hands with fifty show that it must all
depend upon the man.**

**The Kaiser's bad "break" about the
English put a brake upon the Euro-
pean war scare, temporarily at least.**

**Many a failure comes from taking
a freak notion when in cups and back-
ing it to the limit when sober.**

**The place to put the blame for that
election jar is on the forecaster.**

The eavesdropper.

If you cross my path again I'll treat
you ten thousand times worse than
when I thrashed you in that football
game. That's all."

Bennett, restraining his wrath with
a mighty effort, turned on his heel and
strode off into the corridor, leaving
Gibbs staring after him in dumb, im-
potent despair.

When the broker had recovered him-
self sufficiently to start from the room
Dallas Wainwright stood before him,
barring the exit. Her face was dead
white, her big dark eyes ablaze.

"Wait!" she commanded. "I must
speak to you—for the last time."

"Dallas!" gasped the desperate man,
his drawn face turning positively yel-
low. "You were—you—heard?"

"Mr. Bennett just now called you
the foulest cur in all the world," said
Dallas, her voice scarcely louder than
a whisper, yet every syllable stinging
as a whiplash. "He put it too mildly."

"But, sweetheart—"

"Miss Wainwright, please. I heard
you offer to sell me to him in exchange
for his conscience. If my own brother
had told me such a thing I would not
have believed him, but I myself heard
it. And I heard his splendid answer."

"But, you know, I was joking! That
it was just a trick to—"

"Just such a trick that made me
promise to be your wife? Yes, but
this time you had to do with a man—
a man in a million—not with a poor,
credulous little idiot like me. And he
answered you as I should have an-
swered you had my eyes been opened
in time. I—"

"Dallas," groaned Gibbs, "for heav-
en's sake don't look at me like that!
I can't bear it! I love you! And I—"

BUSTER AND THE BEAR

A THANKSGIVING EPISODE IN VERSE

By Earle Hooker Eaton

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SISTER wanted chickens Thanksgiving day to eat,
Brother said a gander was mighty hard to beat,
Ma she wanted turkey, an' pa he wanted duck,
Nen I went out huntin' an' had the bestest luck.
Heard a norful growlin'; but, say, I didn't care.
I des aimed my rifle an' shot this grea' big bear!



"HEARD A NORFUL GROWLIN'; BUT, SAY, I DIDN'T CARE."

SISTER wants the gizzard, the neck or anything;
Brother wants a drumstick, an' mother 'll take a wing.
Father 'll take the wishbone, with des a slice of breast,
An' as I'm quite hungry I think I'll eat the rest.
Don't I wish that Roosevelt, the president, was my pa;
Nen I'd shoot some elvunts 'way down in Africkah!

Language Studies at School.
That a great many men "have ac-
quired a violent hatred for English litera-
ture, owing to the preparation re-
quired in it" at school, is the opinion
of Professor Lounsbury of Yale. The
preparation referred to is, of course,
training in grammar, spelling and
rhetoric as preliminary to exercises in
literature. In this connection a col-
league of Professor Lounsbury at Yale,
Professor Phelps, thinks that "training
at home is what really counts."

Too often in American homes there
is no systematic training. Spoken lan-
guage is used carelessly, and books are
seldom selected with regard to style in
language. It is said that foreign boys
outstrip our natives in acquiring good
English where the home training of
the latter has been careless. In schools
abroad much attention is given to the
principles underlying all language, and
a pupil thus prepared is half a linguist
for any language he may attempt. It
may be that our elementary training
is at fault and that too great a burden
is placed upon memory during child-
hood. Language is of slow growth and
is probably "picked up" more often
than it is mastered by hard study.
Doubtless much depends on a right

start whether the pupil ends with "a
violent hatred for English literature"
or learns to love literature and to use
good English with ease.

Schoolma'ams and the Home.

Educators and school boards may
lament the vacant places at the teach-
ers' desks on the opening of fall terms,
but the rest of the community should
perhaps be congratulated. Every
schoolma'am that marries means one
more good home. From a narrow point
of view it may seem an economic
waste to have a teacher drop school
work when she is at her best. But
all education is an economic waste un-
less there are to be good homes built
up on it and from it.

A schoolma'am turned wife is a
great deal more than half trained for
the duties of the mistress of a home.
She has acquired patience and system
and a knowledge of the ways of chil-
dren. She knows the value of a dollar
and how hard it is to earn one. Mar-
riage may be getting unpopular, but
these annual raids on the ranks of the
schoolma'ams do not show it. Men
have been schoolboys, and they know
that there's a good wife in the making
to be found in every schoolhouse.

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swered. Office in Harris Bank
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Do you want to get rid
of it? If so, take Dr. Miles
Nervine modified as di-
rected in pamphlet around
bottle. In addition to the
direct curative properties
it has a soothing effect up-
on the nervous system by
which the rheumatic
pains are controlled, and
rest and sleep assured.
It has made many cures
of this painful disease,
some of them after years
of suffering. If it will
cure others why not you.
If your case is compli-
cated, write us for advice,
it costs you nothing and
may save you prolonged
suffering.

"I was so crippled that I could
scarcely walk. After having my shoes
on for an hour or two I could manage
to walk by suffering the pain. Then
I began to have pains all through
my system. My doctor told me I had
an acute attack of inflammatory
rheumatism. I read about Dr. Miles'
Nervine, bought a bottle and I com-
menced to get better from the start
and for the past six months have
scarcely any pain, and am able to
walk as well as ever."

JAS. H. SANDERS,
P. O. Box 5, Rockaway, N. J.
Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Ner-
vine, and we authorize him to return
price of first bottle (only) if it fails
to benefit you.
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