



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

# THE MAN OF THE HOUR

BY  
ALBERT  
PAYSON  
TERHUNE  
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GEORGE H. BROADHURST

## CHAPTER XVII.

**H**E'S in there!" observed Phelan in high excitement, jerking his thumb toward a door leading off the committee room, "an' I've sent for Wainwright an' Horrigan to meet your honor here. An' I've fixed it so the Borough bill won't come up for ten minutes. Now, all that's left is to touch the punk to the fuse an' set off the whole giddy bunch of fireworks under 'em. Gee, but it's good to 'a' stuck to this old world just for the sake of bein' here now an' seen' what I'm due to see!"

The alderman chuckled, but his joyous anticipation found no reflection in Bennett's white set face. The two were in the committee room, whither Phelan had repaired after depositing Dallas in a chair beside her brother at the meeting and attending to one or two details of greater import.

"Yes," went on Phelan, again nodding mysteriously toward the farther door, "he's in there, trained to the minute for the blowout. There's some one else wants to see you, too—some one who'll make more of hit with you if I'm not overplayin' my hand. But good news can wait. There's so little of it in this measly life that it generally has to. It—"

From the corridor Horrigan stamped into the committee room, Wainwright at his heels.

"Well!" cried the boss defiantly, glaring at Bennett and ignoring Phelan. "You sent for us. What do you want?" "One moment!" intervened Wainwright. "We are beaten. We admit that without argument. So we need waste no time going over details."

"Have you sent for us to say what you'll sell out for?" queried Horrigan coarsely, "because if you have you're only to name your price. You've got us where you want us. We've got to pay."

"I should have thought," replied Bennett, with no shade of offense, "you would know by this time that I have no 'price.'"

"Then what do you want?"

"Nothing—from you."

"Why did you send word you wanted to see us?" growled Horrigan impatiently as he and Wainwright, uninvited, seated themselves at the table.

"To tell you," answered Alwyn, glancing from one to the other, "that every step you two have taken in this whole infamous transaction from the very first has been carefully followed, and, to use your own phrase, we've got you with the goods!"

"Same old bluff!" commented Horrigan contemptuously, with a reassuring wink at the somewhat less confident Wainwright.

"By tomorrow noon," resumed Bennett, "you will both be indicted on a charge of bribery. Even now there are detectives on the watch for you. Escape is impossible."

"Rot!" sneered Horrigan. "You've no evidence that will indict, and you know it. Even if you had, don't I control most of the judges and the district attorney's office besides? Swell chance you'll have of getting a conviction past that bunch! Bah! You talk like a man."

made of mud. I s'pose it's the affair of those Roberts notes you're counting on. That don't feaze me any. My lawyer can twist that around so it'll look like a charity gift. No, no, youngster. You'll have to think of something better if!"

"And, anyhow," put in Wainwright nervously, "you can't prove any connection on my part. There's nothing against me or!"

"I think there is," retorted Bennett, wheeling about on the financier. "And even if I can't nail the Roberts bribery to you I've plenty more counts to hold you on."

"All these generalities and vague accusations prove nothing, Bennett," answered Wainwright, drawing courage from Horrigan's colossal calm and speaking with more assurance. "Mr. Horrigan and I are not schoolboys to be scared by baseless threats. This is all guesswork on your part. Come, now, name one specific charge you can prove."

"One will be enough to convince you?" asked Alwyn. "Well, then, how about this as a first guess? Mr. Horrigan's bribe of \$2,000,000 in money and 25,000 shares of Borough stock for agreeing to put through the Borough franchise? For guesswork that doesn't seem to me very bad."

Wainwright's hard mask of a face twitched convulsively, but the steady brain that had carried him unshaken

through a thousand risky financial deals came at once to his rescue.

"An excellent guess," he agreed in splendidly feigned amusement, "but unfortunately the courts demand proof before convicting a man, and there is no proof whatever of—"

"Are you sure?" queried Bennett. Turning to Phelan, he added:

"Please ask Mr. Thompson to come in."

The alderman, with an expansive grin, flung open the door of the farther room.

At sound of his secretary's name, Wainwright had sprung to his feet and, dumfounded, was leaning heavily on the table, staring across the threshold of the suddenly opened door.

There, framed in the dark doorway, his face deathly pale, his eyes glowing with a strange light as of murder, stood Cynthia's brother.

His presence in the city hall was no chance, but the climax of a series of conferences between Bennett, Phelan and himself, dating from the night of the administration ball, when, determined to resolve the secretary's secret, he had been forced by the inquisitive alderman and his identity revealed.

Bennett had been let into the secret next day, and the trio had had a three hour talk from which Phelan had emerged with the gleeful air of one who had unexpectedly found a \$1,000 bill. Thompson, too, had left that conference with a look of calm, intense satisfaction that transfigured him.

Other conversations had followed, one of them in the presence of notary, stenographer and lawyers. The trap at last was ready to be sprung.

The financier for the first time in his nine year close association with the secretary met the younger man's gaze without seeing the latter droop in dereliction submission. Now he received back look for look from his former abject slave, and it was his own glance that wavered before that concentrated glare of hate.

"Thompson!" he cried, and his voice broke a world of incredulous reproach.

Before him stood the one man on earth in whom Wainwright had ever placed implicit trust; to whom he had confided his gravest business secrets;

the man whom he had so shrewdly tested in countless ways and who had proved staunchly incorruptible and loyal.

"And then I'd kill you, as you, as you killed you killed him! my father!" I'd—

With an effort that left him haggard and trembling, Thompson forced himself to calmer speech and continued:

"I answered your advertisement for a secretary. I had no experience, yet out of ninety applicants you chose me. That was fate. I knew then that one day I should have you at my feet, as now I have. Fate fought for me. I made myself necessary for you. I obeyed your hardest orders. I found out ways to please you. I fetched and carried for you. I ran to anticipate your lightest wish, as though I was your adoring son. It was 'I hope you're satisfied, sir,' and 'I am glad to work overtime for you, sir, any time you wish,' while every minute I had to fight hard to keep from striking you dead!"

"I must go!" groaned Wainwright, shuddering. "I can't stand this. I—"

"Oh, I made you think me a paragon!" resumed the youth. "You took to testing my honesty and loyalty in clever ways that you thought I'd never discover. I stood the tests. Then you trusted me. You fool! As if the fact that I wasn't a crook proved I wasn't your enemy! You could see no farther than dollars and cents. When I didn't steal those or sell the market tips you gave me you thought I was incorruptible and devoted to your interests. And all the time I—"

"You were listening at the keyhole that day last summer," broke in Horrigan, "the time I pulled the office door open, and—"

"Then and always," answered Thompson, "and," he added, his eyes returning to Wainwright's, "I copied every confidential telegram or letter you sent. I took down in shorthand every private interview of yours. I tracked the checks that completed your deals, and when they came back from the vaults as vouchers I stole them. I've got proofs, I tell you—proofs—of every crooked transaction you have dabbled in for nine years. I've secured proofs of every step in this borough franchise bribery, and I've turned them all over to the mayor here. That evidence will send you to state prison. To state prison, I tell you! To a cell, with cropped hair and striped suit! I'll send you to prison, where you'll break your heart and be branded forever, as a convict! And when your term is up I'll be waiting for you, and I'll kill you! Do you hear me, you foul criminal?" he shouted, screaming hysterically and foaming at the mouth in his abandonment of insane fury. "I'm going to kill you! To kill you!"

"Yes," went on Thompson in that same choked, struggling intonation, "I am Harry Garrison. You wrecked my father's life. You drove him to suicide. You blasted his memory. You beggar his children. I am his son—Harry Garrison. Now do you begin to understand?"

"You see, Mr. Wainwright," intervened Bennett as the secretary's pent-up rage strangled the words in his throat. "my guesswork has a fairly reliable backing."

But Wainwright did not hear. He still stared, as one hypnotized, into the blazing eyes of the man he had trusted. "You've—you've played me false!" he managed to gasp at length. "You have"—

"Sure he has!" cut in Horrigan. "What'd I tell you last summer, Wainwright? I said then you were foolish to trust him so. I said he'd stand watching. The minute I set eyes on that lantern jawed, grim face of his!"

"Played me false!" muttered Wainwright again, dazed and doubting the evidence of his own senses.

"Played you false?" jeered Thompson.

"Played you false? Why else did I become your servant? What else have I been waiting all these horrible years for? I've sat at your desk and listened to your orders, never venturing to say my soul was my own. Now you'll listen to me."

"Why do you bother with the little traitor, Wainwright?" scoffed Horrigan.

But the financier was standing motionless, leaning on the table, his fingers spasmodically gripping its edge till the knuckles grew white. Ridiculously like a cowed prisoner before the bar of justice, he faced his fiery eyed young judge.

"They sent for me," went on Thompson brokenly, jerkily, scarce intelligible as the suppressed hatred of a decade battled for expression. "They sent for me. My father had killed himself. My mother lay dead, stricken down by grief. Our honored old name was defiled. My sister was a pauper. Who had done all this? You! Oh, they hushed it up, but I found it out! And by my murdered father's body I knelt and swore I'd pay you for it. I'd pay you if it cost me my life. I would ruin you in name and fortune, as you ruined my father, and then I'd kill you, as you, as you killed him! I'd—

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Mr. Gore, who at the age of forty made history recently by winning the Olympic lawn tennis medal (covered court) and the All-England champion-ship, possesses a record which is declared to be unparalleled in the sport.

For one thing, he is the oldest player ever to win the blue ribbon; for another, no man has ever won the title of champion of England twice with an interval of seven years between his two victories, and, for a third, no player has ever appeared in the final of all comers' singles on six occasions.

Mr. Gore was born on Jan. 2, 1868, and as far back as 1880, when he was only twelve, was winning prizes. It was at the Dinsdale club that he learned lawn tennis. In 1880 he won his first handicap, mixed doubles, and in 1886 captured the silver cup given as a championship of the Dinsdale club.

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**Shrubs on Cross Country Running.**  
The Harvard Cross Country association has shown a desire to make the crimson better fortified in cross country running by engaging Alfred Shrubbs, the famous English professional.

Shrubbs has his own ideas about the development of cross country runners,

and this is his first opportunity to put them in practice. In expressing his views recently Shrubbs said:

"You Americans don't know how to run cross country. If I had charge of one of your college teams for a season and could run with the men I know I could improve them 50 per cent. There is nothing which helps young runners so much as to have an experienced man to set pace for them and to point out their defects."

The experiment which Harvard is making will be watched with great interest throughout the college world.

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