



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 XVIII.

UNDER the maniac fury that blazed from Thompson's eyes Walnwright shrank back in panic dread.

"He's—he's mad!" cried the financier. "Don't let him at me!"

For Thompson seemed about to hurl himself on his foe.

"Go easy, son," adjured Phelan, laying a restraining hand on the secretary's shoulder.

The latter, recalled to himself by the pressure, relaxed his tense, menacing attitude and, with hysterical revulsion of feeling, sank into a chair, burying his face in his arms on the table before him.

"Nine horrible years!" he sobbed brokenly. "Nine awful years of slavery, of debasement! Watching, hating, longing to crush him, and, oh, the time has come, thank God! Thank God!"

"You're all in, lad!" muttered Phelan, passing an arm about the shaking youth and lifting him to his feet.

"Come with me. I'll send out and get you a brace."

Thompson, exhausted by his emotions, obeyed mechanically, but at the farther door paused for a moment and again fixed his wild, bloodshot eyes on Walnwright's haggard face.

"Remember," he threatened, his voice dead and expressionless, "when you get out of jail I'll be waiting for you. And as sure as God's justice lives I'll kill you as I'd kill a dog! Nine years waiting and I'll murder you as you murdered me!"

Phelan had forced him over the threshold, and the slamming of the door behind the two seemed to break the strange spell that had fallen on all.

Walnwright straightened himself, glanced fearfully about, tried to regain his shaken composure and opened his mouth to speak. But the hurried entrance of Williams prevented him.

"Mr. Horrigan," gasped the excited newcomer, "I've been looking everywhere for you!"

"What's wrong now?" snapped the boss. "Has—"

"The Borough bill's come up at last, and—"

"The gallery crowd's rough housing the place? Then?"

"No, they're quiet as death; too quiet. And they have long ropes, and they're straining them over the—"

"Call in the police, then!" ordered Horrigan. "Now's the time for them."

"I don't dare," protested Williams. "Those men in the gallery are desperate. They're dangerous. If—"

"The police?" interrupted Bennett sharply. "What are you talking about?"

"My orders!" returned Horrigan. "I sent for them. Tell them to—"

"Don't do it!" commanded Bennett in anger.

"Do as I say, Williams!" countermanded Horrigan. "Have them in and—"

"Phelan," interposed Bennett as the alderman, having left Thompson in other hands, came into the room. "Go to the sergeant in charge of the police Mr. Horrigan sent for. Tell him I say he must keep his men where they are and take no orders except from me. Understand?"

"I sure do!" grinned Phelan, with a delighted grin at the wrathful Horrigan. "An' I'll see they—"

"You need not trouble!" croaked Walnwright, his throat dry and constricted with fear. "The bill is withdrawn!"

"That goes!" corroborated Horrigan. "Do you hear that, Williams? Mr. Walnwright withdraws the Borough bill. Attend to it in a rush, man. Never mind about the police."

"Well, Friend Horrigan," blandly observed Phelan as Williams hastened out, "I told you I'd cross two sticks of dynamite under you some day. Like-wise I done it."

"What had you to do?"

"To do with smashin' you? Only that I put his honor on to the bill in the 'first place an' then sicked him on to Roberts an' discovered Thompson an' turned him over to Mr. Bennett. That's about all. But I guess it's enough to make your p'litical career feel like it had a long line of carriages drivin' slow behind it. Chesty Dick, my old chum!"

Horrigan had turned his back on his victorious tormentor and was facing the mayor.

"Bennett," said he, "you forget I've still got that report about your father, and—"

"Tomorrow's papers will publish it," supplemented Alwyn.

"No, they won't," contradicted Hor-

rigan. "That would be bad politics. The report will hold over till—"

"You're mistaken," interrupted Bennett calmly. "I've sent a copy of that report today to every paper in the city and have accompanied it with a statement that I shall make good to the city treasury every penny overcharged in the library and aqueduct contracts. So—"

Horrigan was staring at him open mouthed.

"Bennett," he muttered in genuine wonderment, "I don't know whether you're the craziest fool or the cleverest politician in the state."

"Your honor," humbly pleaded Walnwright, who for several minutes had been trying in vain to draw Bennett aside for a private word, "I am an old man. Is there no way of—of showing me mercy in my—"

"Yes!" retorted Alwyn. "You shall receive exactly the same mercy you have always shown to your own financial enemies—no more, no less."

"Oh, cut out the blue," Walnwright snarled. Horrigan in high contempt as he linked his arm in the broken financier's and hauled him roughly from the room. "What's happened to your nerve? You're almost as bad as Gibbs. You're still rich, and as long as you've got plenty of cash no law in America need ever bother you. There's lots of talk about indictments, and arrests, and investigations, and prosecutions, and all that sort of rot. But I don't see any millionaires going to jail. Come on across to my lawyer's."

The boss and financier departed without a backward look, leaving Phelan and Bennett alone on the late scene of battle.

"Say, your honor," observed the alderman slyly, "there's one very important engagement you've clean forgot. Sit right where you are a minute, an' I'll send the party in here and see that nobody butts in on you till you want 'em to. Oh, but we didn't do a thing to Horrigan! He'll have to watch which way his toes point to see whether he's goin' or comin'!"

The alderman sped on his mission, leaving Alwyn seated alone, dejected, miserable, in the deserted committee room.

Now that the crisis was past, his heart was strangely heavy. He had won. But at what cost? At the loss of all he held dear.

Alwyn Bennett knew, too, that the real fight was but just begun—a fight that had waged since the world began and must last to judgment day—the hopeless, uphill battle of decency against evil, of honesty against graft.

Horrigan's sneering words, "I don't see any millionaires going to jail," stuck disagreeably in the young mayor's memory. Their brutal, bald truth jarred on his belief in the inevitable triumph of good. After all, was the dreary, self-sacrificing battle against an unconquerable foe worth while? Could the great god graft ever be checked in his mastery of the earth? If—

A rustle of skirts startled Alwyn from his dark thoughts.

"Dallas!" he cried, unbelieving, as he sprang to his feet half dazed at the wondrous light that transformed her face.

Slowly she came toward him, her glorious dark eyes on his, her white hands outstretched in irresistible appeal. At last she spoke.

"I love you!" she said.

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experience another like it."—Des Moines Register and Leader.

Compensation For Poachers.
A gamekeeper on a northern estate tells an amusing story of the latest thing in the compensation line. When he was escorting the gentlemen round the covert one day the party were alarmed to hear a loud cry just after shots had been fired. Running to the spot, a thick bush growth, the keeper found a man lying groaning on the ground.

"Some of them gents 'ave shot me in the leg," groaned the man.

Examination proved that the sufferer had indeed received a bird shot pellet in his left calf. It was a trivial injury, but was handsomely compensated for by the gentlemen in the party, who presented the victim with quite a good sum in gold.

That same evening the gamekeeper came upon two men in a quiet lane engaged in a hot dispute about the sharing of some money. One of the men had a shotgun, and, tapping it significantly, he said threateningly: "Aif shares, or I'll go straight to the police and split on us both. I'll give the game away. I'll tell 'em 'ow I put that pill in yer leg to knock money out o' the shooters."

Then the gamekeeper disclosed himself, and the two conspirators decamped.—London Opinion.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Air Pressure.

The weight of the earth's atmosphere, or, in other words, the pressure exerted upon the earth by the atmosphere, is about the same as would be exerted by a flood of water thirty-three feet in height over the globe. At the sea level the pressure of the atmosphere is about fifteen pounds to the square inch. A man of ordinary size thus bears all the time a pressure of about 30,000 pounds, but he does not feel it because the pressure is exerted in every direction—above, below and around him—and because his body is filled with air and other fluids that press outward, thus maintaining a state of equilibrium.

The barometric pressure decreases as we ascend at the rate of about one inch for every 1,000 feet of elevation. At a height of 16,000 feet the rate of decrease is about one inch for every 1,500 feet of elevation, and the proportion of decrease becomes greater at greater heights. At a height of 18,000 feet the pressure is about one-half of what it is at the sea level—that is to say, the air at that elevation is only one-half as heavy as it is at the sea level.

Fast Runners.

A running game played by any odd number of persons. All but one are arranged in a column by pairs, all facing the same way. The odd player stands at the head of the line, alone. At a signal from him the two at the foot divide and run on the outside of the lines past the head, after which they take any direction, the object being to get back to their places and join hands before the one at the head can catch either of them. If either is caught, that one must take the place at the head of the column, and the previous head becomes the partner of the one who has escaped, standing together next the head of the line.

If the running couple join hands before either is caught they take their places next the head, and the unsuccessful catcher is again at the head. At the signal the couple now at the foot begin to run in like manner, and so on till the players are tired. Neither of the runners can be touched till he has passed the head of the column.

A Curious Clock.

Grollier de Serviere was fond of designing strange timekeepers, but perhaps his strangest was "the mantelpiece and the mouse." On a narrow ledge projecting from the front of the mantel and extending its whole length he placed a mechanical mouse with a metal nose. On the ledge the hours of the day were marked, and just behind it, concealed by the stone and woodwork of the mantel itself, was a strong magnet, which was made to travel slowly along the ledge by clockwork, keeping time like a clock. The mouse on the ledge, under the influence of the magnet, of course, traveled with it, and if you wanted to know the time you simply looked at the figures over which his metal nose happened to be. Unlike other mice, he was a slow mover. It took him twelve hours to go from one end of the mantelpiece to the other.—Chatterbox.

An Animal That Makes Hay.

Very provident creatures are the lithe chief hares, or pikas, of the west. These animals, which seem to be related to the rabbits on one side and to the rats and mice on the other, make their homes chiefly on the mountain slopes, in holes and fissures among the rocks and boulders. They are very industrious little fellows, and their chief preparation for winter consists in gathering plants, which they pile into haystacks very much as our own farmers do.

A Secret Alphabet.
Here is a way to write a letter so that nobody can read it except the person to whom you tell the secret.

Begin printing the letters just as you would ordinarily, but leave some part of each letter incomplete. For instance, if you were going to print the letter H draw the two straight lines, but leave out the crosspiece. When you have finished printing a word turn over the paper and, holding it against the window pane, supply the missing parts of each letter.

When the paper lies on the table the writing looks like a series of meaningless scrawls, but as soon as it is held against the light the marks on the opposite side show through, and the message can be easily read.

Not So Easy as It Looks.
Stick a fork or any pointed article in the wall about four or five feet from the floor and on the end of it place a piece of candy. Then tell some person to place his forefinger by the side of the candy when he has measured the height carefully. Tell him to walk backward about five yards, then shut one eye and walk forward and try to knock the candy off the fork with one blow of the forefinger. The probabilities are that he will make the attempt a dozen times before he is successful. When he is successful he may eat the candy.

Jack and His Aunt.
Jack's aunt was teaching him how to break a wishbone.

"Now, we both take hold, so, and before we break it we wish for something we would like to have. Whoever gets the bigger piece will get the wish."

"Ready? Pull!"

"Ah, Jack, what did you wish for?"

"Why," said four-year-old Jack, "I wished I'd get the biggest piece, and I did."

Conundrums.

Why is "I" the happiest of all the vowels? Because it is in bliss, while most of the others are in purgatory.

Just Satisfied Herself.

People of all sorts weigh themselves on the penny in the slot machines found widely distributed in public places, but never before had this man, anyway, seen anybody weigh on one of them anything but himself or herself as this weigher, a woman, did in a subway station.

She came in carrying in one hand a muff and in the other a box of polished oak that was narrow and proportionately high and maybe a foot in length. That box was heavy was shown by the fact that the leather handle had been stretched somewhat by its weight.

And apparently its present carrier had found it heavy and was curious about its weight, for now she set the box on the platform of one of those weighing machines and dropped a penny in the slot. It weighed ten pounds, certainly a heavy box to carry. That was all she wanted to know—didn't weigh herself. She just picked the box up again, this time with a smile, and went aboard the train.—New York Sun.

The Amoeba.

The amoeba (Greek "change"), the supposed pioneer in the line of living forms, is a naked mass of living matter, or protoplasm, flowing out in all directions in "blunt processes," and the endlessly varying form has earned for the simple animal the popular name of "amoeba" (Proteus animalculae). They are all minute, but some are distinctly visible to the unaided eye. The jelly-like creature flows along the surface of stone or plant by the slow protrusion of its ever changing processes and in this way gets around its food. It is all stomach, any part of it taking hold of and digesting the food that happens to come in contact with it. On attaining its maximum size the amoeba draws itself out and breaks into two daughter amoebas, each of which contains half of the mother nucleus. This simple organism seems to exhibit in small compass the usual animal functions. It feeds, secretes, grows and reproduces itself.—New York American.

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No. 31—Fast Mail (daily) 4:49 a. m.

NORTH BOUND.
No. 4—Mail (daily) 4:30 a. m.
No. 10—Milk accom. (daily) 7:15 a. m.
No. 32—Fast Mail (daily) 8:55 a. m.
No. 6—Mail and Ex. (daily) 3:28 p. m.
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