

The New Mayor
Based on G. H. Broadhurst's Successful Play
The Man of The Hour
By ALBERT PAYSON TERNHUNE.
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[CONTINUED.]

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 mere chance, but the climax of a series of conferences between Bennett, Phelan and himself, dating from the night of the administration ball, when, despite his own resolve, the secretary's hand 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 transfused 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 deferential 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 bore 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 loy-

al. 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 my—"

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. Wainwright 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 stringing 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 Wainwright, his throat dry and constricted with fear. "The bill is withdrawn!"

"That goes!" corroborated Horrigan. "Do you hear that, Williams? Mr. Wainwright 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. Likewise I done it."

"What had you to—"

"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'ltical 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 Horrigan. "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 Wainwright, 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 whine, Wainwright!" sneered 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 lawyers."

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 craft.

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.

THE END.

A New Railway Danger Signal.

Testimony in a recent distressing accident due to a grade crossing collision between a trolley car and a passenger train showed that danger signals are recklessly ignored sometimes. To make schedule time is the object set before motormen and engineers, and it is only fair to say that occasionally the making of schedule time by a train will limit the liability to accident through confusion. However, the practice of ignoring signals has come to be a menace, and railroad men have encouraged a new device for signaling which also stops the train or car signaled. If the machine operates effectively it will doubtless be widely adopted.

The new signal cannot be ignored, because the car or train is at once taken from the control of its master and compelled to stop. The only way to start motion is for some one to alight and release the exterior check, fixed automatically at the time the signalman gives warning. Recently an old railroad man declared in an article printed in the Atlantic Monthly that the practice of ignoring signals by railroad men at certain times has become a habit hard to eradicate. He considered the practice responsible for many distressing accidents, but yet trainmen continue to exercise discretion. If the obstacle suggested by the signal is seen the warning is heeded, but if not speed is merely slackened and no full stop made. If railway men will not obey rules as to signals absolutely a device to check their train in spite of them will be found necessary, especially at points where the danger is greatest.

Woman in the Sporting World.

In those forms of athletics which tend to making fancy records women do not score in comparison with the men. They do show power and endurance in athletic feats which depend upon health and vitality. At the recent Vassar exercises women showed that the amateur college athlete can run well and make a good running jump. Women can swim well, and it is plain that in athletics which make for health and endurance the sex is at home and can achieve as good a record as is worth while.

Woman has capacity for physical endurance, and if the real purpose of athletics be the maintenance of health and the development of strength the field is one where college girls and all young women may appear with benefit. The athletic girl has been criticized as being perhaps an affectation. But, although she talks athletics and yet produces no star record, if she maintains health her devotion to sport is not a waste of time or energy. It is possible to make a record at the expense of health, an abuse of powers and a misuse of the training field.

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 p'lice 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.

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Harry Garrison.

al, and now Thompson apparently confronted him in the role of traitor—of exultant spy.

"Thompson!" he exclaimed once more, almost with a groan, as the secretary advanced into the room until only the width of the table separated employer and employee.

Then the newcomer spoke for the first time, in an oddly muffled voice, as though fighting desperately for self restraint.

"No!" he contradicted. "Thompson's no longer. Henceforth I am Garrison." Wainwright's face grew gray. Breathless, unbelieving, he peered across at the pallid features of his new foe, tracing in them the likeness to the old friend whose ruin and death he had caused. The haunting resemblance that had often vaguely occurred to him when watching Thompson at work now returned in double force. But now, as in a flash, it was explained, and he knew that his secretary spoke the truth.

"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 beggared 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

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNDER the maniac fury that blazed from Thompson's eyes Wainwright 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 bracer."

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

"Remember," he threatened, "when you get out of jail I'll be waiting for