

Mr. Warming

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

The Sunday Call has secured the serial rights of Alfred Henry Lewis' great novel of modern politics, "The President," and today gives the sixth installment of what is conceded to be the best and strongest work of this brilliant, trenchant writer, already so well known as the author of "Wolfville Days" and "The Boss." "The President" will appear in weekly installments in The Sunday Call until completed.

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HE eyes of Mr. Bayard began to glitter and light up like the windows of a palace on the evening of a ball. "I fancy," said he, "that you will wish you for this Storri's destruction."

"I shall not let the matter wholly into your hands," said the deeply dignified young man, "I know nothing but the name."

"The game is not difficult; it is mere purse-snatching. How much of a fund will you require?"

"At the least, fifty millions. We must be concealed until the pool develops its purpose. It will make but little difference once he developed; 'bull' or 'bear,' we meet them either way. Fifty millions should do. If that sum crowd you, we must recollect that I, myself, am not without a handful of millions that can never have better employment than fighting the battles of a son of Dudley Storms."

"Fifty millions would be no strain," replied Richard quickly. "To be safe, let us call those fifty millions one hundred. Still, I am deeply obliged for your offer."

"One hundred millions be it," quoth Mr. Bayard. "We'll organize ourselves, and we'll wait and watch. When they move, we meet them. Should they sell, we buy; should they buy, we sell; we sell in either event we buy or sell them to a standstill. Should they connive a 'bear' raid, let them sell their way into as formidable a corner as ever 'bear' was squeezed in."

This befell upon that first visit of Richard to Mr. Bayard. Two days later, Richard returned. Mr. Gwynn met him, brisk upon the hour, in one of the numerous private rooms of Mr. Bayard, and turned over one hundred millions in certified checks upon those fifty banks. Richard dismissed Mr. Gwynn and went in to Mr. Bayard.

"I shall deposit these," said Mr. Bayard, "in ten banks, twenty millions in the City Bank and the balance scattered among the other nine. You may leave the details of our enterprise to me; I have been through many of a similar color. I need not suggest the value of silence. Meanwhile, and I can't emphasize this too much, if you would busy yourself to advantage make what discoveries you may touching the pending report on Northern Consolidated."

town and worked no more. Mrs. Warmdollar was named scrubwoman, while her disheartened spouse devoted himself to strong drink, as though to color one's nose and befuddle one's wit were the great purposes of existence. Being a member of the San Reve, Mrs. Warmdollar had submitted her parlor floor to the San Reve; and since Mrs. Warmdollar was a lady in whom curiosity had had its day and died, she asked no questions the answers to which might prove embarrassing to the San Reve.

The San Reve, like Mrs. Warmdollar, worked in a department, being a draughtswoman in the Treasury building and attached to the staff of the supervising architect. The place had been granted the San Reve at the request of Senator Hanway, who was urged thereunto by Mr. Harley, to whom Storri explained the San Reve's skill in plates and plans and the propriety of work.

The San Reve's apartments were comfortable with chairs, lounges and ottomans; a piano occupied one corner, while two or three good pictures hung upon the walls. In the bow-window a window seat piled high with cushions, from which by daylight one might have surveyed the passing show—dull enough in Grant place.

"Have you no kiss for your Storri, my San Reve?" cried Storri plaintively, but still sticking to the lightly conceded.

The San Reve accepted Storri's gallant attention as though thinking on other things than kisses. Then she threw aside her hat and wraps and glanced at herself in the glass.

She was a striking figure, the San Reve, with brick-colored hair and eyes more green than gray. Her skin showed white as ivory; her nose, mouth and chin, heavy for a woman, told of a dangerous energy when aroused. The eyebrows, too, had a lowering falcon trick that touched the face with fierceness. The forehead gave proof of brains, and yet the San Reve was one more apt to act than think, particularly if she felt herself aggrieved.

"You must pry into a matter so delicate, the San Reve was so standing straight as a spear, with small hands and feet, she displayed that ripeness of outline which sculptors give their Phrynes.

"Storri," said the San Reve, with a chill bluntness that promised the disagreeable while it lost no time, "why do you visit that house—the Harley house?"

Storri, who had met her kiss-tenderly, considered whether he might not please her by solitude in a new direction.

"There is one thing, my San Reve," he observed, a show of feeling in his words. "Why do you let me go to that draughting? It grieves your Storri! Am I a pauper that my San Reve should work? Is Storri so miserly that the idol of his heart must be a slave?"

The San Reve shook her head. "I must have something to do," she explained, a half-smile parting her rose-red lips. "I am like those poor rats of which my father told me who must gnaw and gnaw and forever gnaw to wear away their teeth, which otherwise would grow and kill them. No, I like my work; let me alone with it!"

Storri tossed his hands and shrugged his shoulders in mute resignation and reproof. His San Reve would work; he consented, while he deprecated her so mad resolve.

"Let us return to our first concern," said the San Reve.

Storri quaked; he could follow her trail of thought by mental smell as the hound follows the fox.

"Storri, tell me; do you love this Miss Harley?"

"My San Reve, how can you ask? Look in the mirror! No, I do not love Miss Harley."



FROM ACROSS THE STREET CAMP A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD EVIDENTLY BEEN WAITING FOR HIM

CHAPTER XIV. How They Talked Politics at Mr. Gwynn's.

In accord with the requests of Mr. Gwynn, which with them had those aspects the requests of royalty possess for London shopkeepers, the president and general attorney of the Anaconda Air Line came to Washington, the Anaconda president was a short, corpulent man, with dark skin, eyes black as beads, round, alert face and a nose like the ace of clubs. The general attorney was no taller than his superior officer, but differed from him in a figure so spare and slender that it seemed its fingers at a description. As though to make amends for a niggardliness of the physical, Providence had conferred upon our legal one a prodigious head. A faceless opponent once said that he had a seven and a half head and a six and a half belt, being, as steamboat folk would put it, overengined for his beam. Both the president and the general attorney were devoted to their company, and neither would have scrupled to loot an opponent or burn a church had such drastic measure been demanded by Anaconda interests.

Once in town, these excellent officers lost no time in presenting themselves at Mr. Gwynn's. Their joy that the San Reve was so good as to grant them a personal audience, Richard was present—such, as you have discovered, being the invariable usage with Mr. Gwynn. After the latter had shaken each one by the hand, a snake of mighty formality, he sat in state while Richard did the talking.

Mr. Gwynn was a spectacle of gravity when posed in a chair. He established himself on the edge of that piece of furniture, and for all the employment he gave its back it might as well have been a stool. Mr. Gwynn maintained himself bolt upright, chin pointed high, with a general rigidity of attitude that made one fear he had swallowed the poker as a preliminary to the interview, and was bearing himself in accordance with the unyielding fact. The result was highly effective, and gave Mr. Gwynn a kingly air not likely to be wasted on impressionable ones such as the president and general attorney. When the four were seated, Richard, using the potential name of Mr. Gwynn, proceeded to speak, while Mr. Gwynn at measured intervals creaked his chair and swallowed the poker.

he to hear that the president and general attorney shared his confusion. If such were the flattering case, Mr. Gwynn would be delighted to have the president and general attorney call upon Senator Hanway, and consider what might be done toward the practical furtherance of his hopes. In short, the situation, word and argument, was precisely the same as when the visitors came on in the affair of Speaker Frost. Incidentally, Mr. Gwynn was to give a dinner in honor of Senator Hanway. It was understood that certain of that statesman's friends would take advantage of the occasion to announce his candidacy. The president and general attorney were to be invited to the dinner. Mr. Gwynn would esteem it an honor if they found it convenient to be present and lend countenance to the movement in Senator Hanway's favor.

Throughout this setting forth, the president and general attorney took advantage of pauses and periods to bow and murmur agreement with Mr. Gwynn's opinions and desires as Richard reeled them off; the murmurs and nods were as "Amens" and must have been gratifying to Mr. Gwynn. Nothing could give the president and general attorney so much satisfaction as the elevation of Senator Hanway to the White House. They were a unit with Mr. Gwynn; they believed that not alone the future of the Anaconda but the prosperity of the nation, not so say the round advantage of the world at large, would be subserved thereby. They would confer with Senator Hanway as Mr. Gwynn suggested. So hot were they that the president

and general attorney, with Richard, at once sought Senator Hanway; since it was no later than eleven in the morning they caught that great statesman before he started for the Senate. He greeted them with dignified warmth, and, aided by Richard, who conversationally went ahead to break the ice, the trio quickly came to an understanding.

Senator Hanway talked with a freedom that was of itself a compliment, when one remembers how it had ever been his common strategy in this business of President-catching to appear both ignorant and indifferent. Senator Hanway explained that the thing just then was the nomination. It would be necessary to control the coming National Convention. Governor Obstinat was a formidable figure; he was popular with the people; and, although Governor Obstinat was a man who would prove most perilous if armed with those thunderbolts of veto and patronage wherewith the position of chief executive would clothe his hand, Senator Hanway was sorry to say there were many among the leading spirits of the public welfare and so much for their own that they would push Governor Obstinat's fortunes, as a method of making personal capital in their home regions with the ignorant herd. Senator Hanway would not go into the details of what in his opinion might be accomplished by the president and general attorney and the great railway system they controlled. It would be wiser, and

perhaps in better taste—here Senator Hanway smiled with becoming modesty—if others were permitted to do that. If his good friends of the Anaconda who had come so far in his honor—a mark of regard which he, Senator Hanway, could never forget nor underestimate—gave him their company to the Capitol, he would be proud to make them acquainted with Senators Gruff and Loot and Foot and Drink and others of his friends, and those gentlemen would go more deeply into the affair. The president and general attorney, he was sure, could so exert the Anaconda influence that the delegations from those States through which it ran might be selected and controlled.

Senator Hanway and the president and general attorney departed in high good feeling to meet with those statesmen named, while Richard sought Bess to hear word of his Dorothy and receive that letter which was already the particular ray of sunshine in days which were cloudy and dark.

It would do mankind no service to break in at this place with wifely descriptions of Mr. Gwynn's dinner. It is among things strange that the world in the matter of proposing a candidate for public favor or celebrating a victory has made little or no advance from earliest ages. It has been immemorial custom, when one had a candidate on his hands and desired to obtain for him the countenance of men, to give a dinner for those who were reckoned leaders of sentiment and, first filling them with meat and wine, make them stirring speeches to bring them to the candidate's support.

Mr. Gwynn's dinner began with Senator Gruff. This wise man, with the sanction of Senator Hanway, intimated to Richard the uses of such a festival. Mr. Gwynn was not in politics; his dinner table would be neutral ground. When, therefore, some fiery orator, carefully primed and cocked, suddenly exploded into some candidate's demands that Senator Hanway offer himself for the White House subject, of course, as the phrase is, to the action of his party's convention thereafter to assemble, it would have a look of spontaneity that was of prime importance. No other could do this so well