

# The MAN of the HOUR

BY  
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(Chapter Three Continued)

"I wouldn't go so far as that. It'll be a tussle, but with plenty of cash and the right man for mayor—mark me, I say—and the right man—we ought to win."

"The woods are full of 'right men,'" replied Wainwright. "The money is the chief thing to consider. That is why I asked you here today. This is the point I'm getting at: As soon as an election is safely over the Borough Street railway will apply for a franchise for a car-line from Blank avenue to Dash street along the river front."

"I see," nodded Horrigan. "And, as you own the City Surface line and as that is the Borough Street railway's worst rival, you want the Borough's franchise bill killed when it comes before the board of aldermen."

"You're wrong. To paraphrase your own words, you know a lot about politics. I want the Borough Street railway's franchise granted, and I want the franchise to be permanent."

"But I don't see what your driving at. If you intend to merge the Borough Street railway with your own City Surface line its charter will become void."

"I don't mean to merge them. I own both roads, and I run them separately."

"The — you do?"

"That's a little surprise, eh? I haven't made any parade of it. I just went quietly to work, through Gibbs, and bought up a majority of the Borough stock. Now don't you see how the granting of the franchise and the news that I control the road will work when they are made known?"

"Sure! It'll send that stock sky high. You'll scoop in a million or two."

"A million or two?" echoed Wainwright scornfully. "Nearer"—

"Hold on!" interrupted Horrigan. "What's that noise?"

He had jumped to his feet with an alacrity that was surprising in so large a man and was listening intently.

"That clicking?" asked Wainwright. "Oh, that's only the private wire in my office."

"Private wire? Any operator?"

"Of course. Why?"

"Suppose he should happen to be listening to us?"

"Who? Thompson? Absurd!"

"I don't know. I'd rather"—

"Nonsense. It's Thompson, my private secretary, a man who's been with me nine years. I trust him as"—

"But I don't. I don't trust anybody. Send him into some other room."

"I can't. In his absence some important message might come, and if he wasn't there on the very moment to transmit it to me I might lose thousands. He's all right if ever a man was. I trust him implicitly."

"Oh, all right, then. Go on with what you were saying."

"I want the Borough Street railway

franchise made perpetual. catch my drift?"

"Sure. But the papers and the property holders will make a big kick."



Alwyn Bennett.

"Let them. They'll soon get hoarse and have to rest their throats. As long as we get the votes what do we care?"

"Yes, yes!" agreed the boss impatiently. "That's all right, but what I want to know is, How does all this concern me?"

Horrigan threw himself back in his chair, upturned cigar in one corner of his mouth, thumbs in waistcoat arm-

holes and eyed his host quizzically. Wainwright did not even pretend not to understand. Still, instead of giving a direct answer he went on with seeming irrelevance:

"I am a public spirited citizen. I believe civic welfare would suffer by any change in municipal administration, so to keep the present party in power I am willing to donate to it \$200,000 toward election expenses."

"That sounds pretty good as far as it goes, but maybe you didn't hear something I asked you a minute ago. What I want to know is, How does all this concern me?"

"I'm coming to that. As I said, I am a public spirited citizen. I'm also a good friend—such a good friend that I'm always glad to put my friends on to anything in the market that looks particularly promising. Suppose I carry for your account at the market price (that's 63 just now) 15,000 shares of Borough Street railway stock?"

"If that franchise is granted, Borough stock will go up at least 25 points within two days. That would clear up for you a profit of—let's see—about \$375,000."

Horrigan had pulled a pencil from his pocket and was figuring on the back of an envelope.

"Yes," he said at last; "that's right, \$375,000. That would be my profit, while yours would run into the millions. That's not warm enough friendship for me."

"Surely, that is a generous"—

"Generous, maybe, but I'd like something munificent—say 25,000 shares at 63. Then at the 25 point jump I'd make—I'd make—consulting his figures on the envelope—"something over \$900,000. That sounds better to me."

"But Mr. Horrigan—"

"You've got my terms. Take 'em or leave 'em."

"Oh, very well," conceded Wainwright, with lame graciousness. "Anything to oblige an old friend."

"Good! So we get \$200,000 for election expenses, and my personal account receives 25,000 shares at 63."

"Quite so. And now?"

"And now comes the question of the right man for mayor. We?"

Again Horrigan paused, rising to his feet stealthily, like some ponderous cat, his head bent slightly, as though catching a faint or distant sound.

"What's the matter?" asked Wainwright, looking up.

"Nothing," returned Horrigan. But he did not resume his seat. Instead as he talked he began to pace the room to apparent aimlessness, yet every turn seemed to bring him nearer and nearer to the door of the adjoining office.

"You see," he said, "we must have the right man. If we don't, we haven't a shadow of a show to win. We must be careful to choose the best man possible. In fact, Mr. Wainwright—in fact"—

His wandering thoughts had brought him to the office door. With the last word he suddenly jerked it open.

Thompson stepped quietly over the threshold into the library, walked over to his employer, handed him a dispatch and went out again under the battery of Horrigan's glare, closing the office door after him.

"That fellow was listening to every word we said!" shouted the boss as the door shut behind Thompson.

"How foolish you are!" protested Wainwright. "He was bringing me this message. I've tried and tempted and tested Thompson in a hundred ways, and he's always rung true: I trust him utterly."

"Well, I don't trust a man living," retorted Horrigan, reluctantly convinced. "I don't sign receipts or keep accounts or write letters or have witnesses when I talk. I always make it a question of veracity between me and the other man if there's an investigation. My word's as good as any one's, and they can't prove anything against me in case of a showdown. I advise you to try the same plan. It's a good one. And in the meantime if I were you I'd keep an eye on that secretary. He'll bear watching."

"Never mind about Thompson. He's all right. Let's get back to the election. Who have you in mind for mayor?"

"Well," considered Horrigan, "he's got to be some one who isn't mixed up in politics or corporations. Some one the public isn't on to. A man with no queer past."

"I advise you to consult the calendar of saints and pick out your candidate there," sneered Wainwright, who could not clearly follow his guest's reasoning.

"No. I think I can find him on earth," laughed Horrigan. "He's got to be young, clever, educated, with a good name, a good family and social

standing and plenty of cash. The cash is important, so the public will understand he isn't a graft hunter. They've got to be made to think he's in the game for purity of politics and high principles and love of civic duty and all that sort of thing. At the same time he's got to be some one we can handle to suit ourselves. That's the man who'll catch 'em coming and going. We've got to find him. Any suggestions?"

"Well, how about Gibbs?"

"Wou't do. Broker and money juggler. The public wouldn't stand for him."

"Young Sawyer?"

"Sawyer was born foolish, and he's been getting steadily sillier every year since, and his face shows it."

"Ten Brock, then?"

"Ten Brock is too fond of turning a cigarette into the connecting link between fire and a fool. And, besides, he wears a monocle. What'd happen if he was to finish that monocle in a Fourth ward meeting? There'd be a massacre."

"Well, who, then? Have you any one in mind?"

"Yes," assented Horrigan. "I have. Do you happen to know a young fellow who spends his summers near here—a chap named Bennett—Alwyn Bennett?"

"Certainly, I know him well. But"—

"Well, how does he strike you?"

"I'd never have thought of him in such a connection."

"Why wouldn't you? He pretty near fulfills all our qualifications. Besides, his father used to be a big man in the organization. Got some fat contracts from it in his time too."

"But young Bennett has never"—

"He's well off, well educated, clever, and all that. I ran across him last fall when he came over to help Lorimer in his fight in the Fourteenth. He made some rattling good speeches, and the boys all took a liking to him. A swell, but not a snob; good mixer, good fellow, popular, clear headed, no past—yes; he's our man. More I think it over he'll surer I am."

"I shouldn't wonder if you're right. How would you like to talk it over with him now?"

"Now?"

"Yes. He's still around the place somewhere, I think."

Wainwright rang a bell, and the butler appeared.

"Find Mr. Bennett," said the snob, "and ask him if he will step here for a moment."

"Yes," went on Horrigan reflectively, rubbing his huge plump hands together. "He's the man for us—that is, if we can handle him."

"I think we can," answered Wainwright, a fragment of his conversation with Gibbs flashing across his memory. "You see, I have fairly good reasons for believing he's in love with my niece, Miss Dallas Wainwright."

"So? That's"—

"And, as I control her fortune and her brother's until Perry is twenty-five?"

"Oh, it's a cinch!" chuckled Horrigan. "He?"

"Mr. Bennett is playing tennis," reported the butler, coming to the door. "He will be here at once."

"Now," resumed Horrigan, "the only thing that remains is to find out if he'll consent, and then—"

"You wanted me, Mr. Wainwright?" asked Bennett, stepping through the long window from the veranda. "Oh, good morning, Mr. Horrigan," he added on seeing the second occupant of the room.

The young man was cool and collected, his silk shirt being turned in a tennis racket. In one hand he swung a tennis racket. With the other he mopped his flushed face, for the day was hot and the game had been swift.

"Yes," answered Wainwright. "I'm sorry to interrupt your tennis set, but we want to see you on a rather important matter. We've been talking about you."

"Thanks," said Bennett, with a puzzled smile from one to the other of the two older men. "What about?"

"Want to be mayor?" queried Horrigan abruptly.

"What's the answer?" countered the perplexed youth.

"It isn't a joke," intervened Wainwright. "Mr. Horrigan is in earnest."

"In earnest? I hope the heat hasn't gone to his head."

"You don't understand," put in Horrigan. "I control the party's nominations. The nomination for mayor is yours if you'll like it."

"Not—not really?" gasped Alwyn against.

"Yes, really. We"—

"But, with a whole organization full of good material, why do you come to me?"

"Because you're the man we want."

"As an answer that's excellent, but as an explanation it's mystifying."

"I'll tell you. We're looking forward to a risky fight and—"

"And since you see no chance of winning you pick me out as the victim instead of some organization man? Good idea as far as you're concerned, but I beg to decline, without thanks."

"No, not," corrected Wainwright. "Mr. Horrigan thinks that you have a strong chance of winning."

"That's right," corroborated the boss. "It'll be a hard fight, but with the right man we'll win, and we believe you're the right man. Even if you lose, you'll show the world what you're made of. Folks admire a fighter. They haven't much use for an idler."

The coarsely spoken words brought back with a rush Dallas Wainwright's plea and his own yearning to do something to make her proud of him—to win her by great deeds—to prove his love worth her acceptance. Was this the chance—the chance he had so eagerly longed for? It seemed providential. His face alight with the joy of battle and the hope of his heart's reward, Bennett turned upon the waiting boss.

"I accept."

"Good!" yelled Horrigan, slapping him resoundingly on the back. "Good boy! Now, we'll—"

"But remember one thing, Mr. Horrigan," interrupted Bennett, and his careless boyhood seemed to have fallen away from him like a discarded garment, leaving the manhood and rugged strength stripped of all the follies and idleness that had hitherto masked it. "remember one thing, if I win this fight—if I am elected mayor—I shall never once swerve from my solemn oath of office. I"—

Wainwright, uneasy at the candidate's unwonted words and manner, started to speak, but Horrigan deftly interferred.

"Of course you'll keep your oath of office," he belowed jovially. "Of course you will. That's understood."

Then in an undertone to Wainwright as Alwyn moved away the boss whispered:

"Don't butt in! Leave him to me! That silly reform talk doesn't mean anything. It's the way all youngsters in politics blow off steam. Leave him to me!"



His careless boyhood seemed to have fallen away from him.

## CHAPTER IV.

The next few months were a period of unprecedented toil and excitement for Alwyn Bennett. He sometimes wondered at his own eloquence. Speech after speech he made in every section of the city—in half built suburbs, in halls where nine-tenths of his hearers were in evening dress and where familiar faces dotted the place; in overcrowded, smoke reeking auditoriums, where not one man in three wore a collar and where a score of nationalities vied for precedence.

With a versatility that delighted Horrigan—the candidate managed to adapt himself to every audience and, moreover, to impress his hearers with a sense of his absolute sincerity and honesty. In the crowded, polyglot meetings he hit on the plan of speaking to representatives of each race in their own language. In a single evening, so the papers recorded, he had made speeches in English, French, German, Italian and Spanish. At some meetings toughs had tried to confuse him by interrupting with questions, joking comment or insult. For each Alwyn, without breaking the thread of his discourse, found some quick reply so apt as to turn the laugh on his tormentor and turn the audience's sympathy to himself.

At last election day came and went. And Alwyn Bennett by a fair majority carried his entire ticket to victory. Even his severest critics in the organization were forced to admit that Bennett, and Bennett alone, had saved the party from severe defeat. Horrigan's judgment and choice of men for the thousandth time in the boss' crooked political career was vindicated, and Horrigan himself was overjoyed beyond measure. Nor did the fact that he had failed to oust Alderman Phelan in the primaries wholly cloud the boss' delight.

There was, however, a slight cloud on Alwyn's triumph. For Dallas Wainwright was not present to share that triumph. Within a few days after Horrigan's visit to the Wainwright place Dallas had gone with an aunt on an eight months' tour of Europe and the Mediterranean. But Perry, who at her secret request had kept her posted on every detail of the stirring campaign, cabled her the result on election night, and the following day a reply message of congratulation crossed the Atlantic to gladden Alwyn's heart. In a letter that followed a week later Dallas asked the first political favor the future mayor was called upon to grant. She begged that in his office Bennett would try to find a place for Cynthia Garrison, in consequence of which when the young man made up his list of personal appointments Miss Garrison found herself listed as assistant private secretary at a decidedly comfortable salary.

(Continued on Next Page)

## CIVIL WAR COMEDY

### "The Pride of Virginia"

Under Auspices of Womens Relief Corps

## JAMIESON'S OPERA HOUSE

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN ROBERT FARLEIGH, U.S.A., a Virginian who is loyal to the old flag..... FRED SAXAUER  
LUKE RANSOME, a rebel spy in the Federal camp..... C. O. MULDER  
GENERAL HAVERILL, U.S.A..... GEORGE BLONDER  
MICHLEY, a "poor white"..... H. E. STUART  
EZEKIAL GRUBBINS, from "way down in Maine,"..... JACK GALE  
ARTHUR TREVALLEN, a young hopeful..... RAYMOND FISHER  
OLD UNCLE JOE, an imaginative coon..... GEORGE HALL  
VIRGINIA GRAHAM, a daughter of the "Old Dominion" Mrs. D. MULDER  
MRS. TREVALLEN, a marriageable widow, afterwards Mrs. EZEKIAL GRUBBINS..... MRS. GEORGE HALL  
KITTY CLOVERDALE, the GENERAL'S niece—a charming little rebel..... MRS. FRED SAXAUER

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—THE HAVERILL MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Kitty's brigade. Uncle Joe's wonderful history. War talk. Mr. Ezekial Grubbins, from "way down in Maine." The bean-shooter in action. Robert and Virginia. An old-time verse. Michley's report. Luke's proposal. Rejected. The pride of Virginia. Sundered hearts.

ACT II.—A FEDERAL OUTPOST IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.—The comic side of war. Luke and Michley. A scoundrel and his tool. Visitors. Mrs. Grubbins makes a few remarks. Grubbins in trouble. The folly of pride. The promise. Luke's cunning plot. The fatal letter. Grubbins and grub. Joe turns rebel. Luke's scheme succeeds. "The game is mine!"

ACT III.—AT THE GRAHAM PLANTATION.—Uncle Joe has trouble with himself. "I've killed in mo'n forty-leben hunderd different ways!" Kitty adds to his fright. Captured by Grubbins. Robert arrives in disguise. Danger ahead. Virginia's alarm. "Go—go at once!" Too late! In the toils. A terrible alternative. Death or dishonor! A sudden change. Victory!

ACT IV.—THE OUTPOST AGAIN.—Songs in camp. A masterful liar. The captured "coon." Mrs. Grubbins exposes Luke. A villain with nerve. Cornered at last. Michley's request. Virginia's pride yields at last, and the old, old story is told again.

Thursday Even. Nov. 5