

THE HUMAN ELEMENT

By Frank Cobb.

Punsters had called Brainerd the brains of the campaign against Saul Jones, the boss of Lawrencetown. His cartoons created a nation-wide sensation, and did much to turn the tide of public opinion against the man who had for so long been supreme in the city. The one which made the



Never Dreamed to See the Haggard-Looking Man Who Stood Before Him.

sensation of the week depicted Jones in convict garb, ascending the wall of a building marked "Public Efficiency." The idea was not startling, but it was the expression on the boss' face that did the work.

And Jones won the election. Four weeks before it occurred Brainerd seemed to lose his grip. True he drew cartoons as of yore; but they were milk and milk-like in compari-

son with his vitriolic contributions to the Eagle during preceding issues.

After the election it got known that Jones had seen Brainerd at his house, the day following the appearance of the convict cartoon. The word went round that Brainerd had been "fixed." He lost his post, of course, and no other newspaper would employ him. That is, with the exception of Jones' sheet, the Clarion-Democrat. Brainerd refused the offer, packed up, and left Lawrencetown.

I happen to know what occurred, because Brainerd told me. He told me two nights before he left. He had come to ask the loan of \$200 to take him to New York. He is doing well there; but that doesn't look as if he had been paid very much for dropping his attack on Jones, does it?

Brainerd was heart and soul in his work. He was all for reform and good government. The night the convict cartoon came out was one of the happiest of his life. He went home to sleep, after planning a new one that would pulverize all that remained of Jones.

He got a telephone message in the morning:

"This is Saul Jones, Mr. Brainerd," said the voice. "I want to see you very much. Can you come to my house before going on to your office?"

If Brainerd had been wise he would have declined. But he was human enough to enjoy the anticipation of meeting Jones face to face, and refusing the bribe which he had no doubt Jones meant to offer him.

Jones had a nice house in a good district, and Brainerd was surprised at the good taste it showed inside. He was more surprised at the quiet, lady-like woman who came in to him as he waited in the library and announced herself as Mrs. Jones.

"My husband will be down in a minute," she said. "I know who you are, Mr. Brainerd, and you can't expect me to feel very kindly toward you. However, I suppose you get your