

John Henry Makes a Mayor

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Old Bill Gray, who was running against Peter Grant for Mayor of Ruraldene, had challenged Uncle Peter to a joint debate, and I was making ready. Early Monday morning I had a satisfactory interview with the Bubble blower, who had come on from New York to take charge of our new auto for this particular occasion.

Down they went and up the other side and on and on for miles, Uncle William yelling for the cops and the Bubble blower bent double over the steering gear.

"Then all of a sudden the machine stopped and nearly pitched Uncle William overboard. "Now," squeaked the Opposition Candidate; "I hope you're satisfied that I have fresh air enough. Get me back to town at once, sir!"

"Can't do it," moaned the splendid chauffeur.

"Why not?" inquired the excited Uncle William, looking at his watch.

"The Bubble's bust!" groaned that most interesting stranger.

Uncle William let a yell out of him that set the trees back from the roadway.

"I'm due at the public square at eight o'clock!" he fumed, dancing around the machine.

"And that's about eight miles from here as the crow flies," replied my noble emissary, whereupon Uncle William sat down by the darkened roadside and began to bite the night air.

In the meantime the platform in the public square growlingly received the committees, the bottle holders and the referee.

I sat next to the chair reserved for Uncle Peter and began to wonder why he didn't put in an appearance.

On the other side of the platform Bunch was beginning to rubber nervously, and I was using my sleeve to hold a fine bundle of laughs.

I knew, within a few miles, where Uncle William was about this time, but why did Uncle Peter delay his entrance?

Eight o'clock came and the vast assemblage was called to order by Squire Thompson, whose duty it was to introduce the opposing candidates and start the battle.

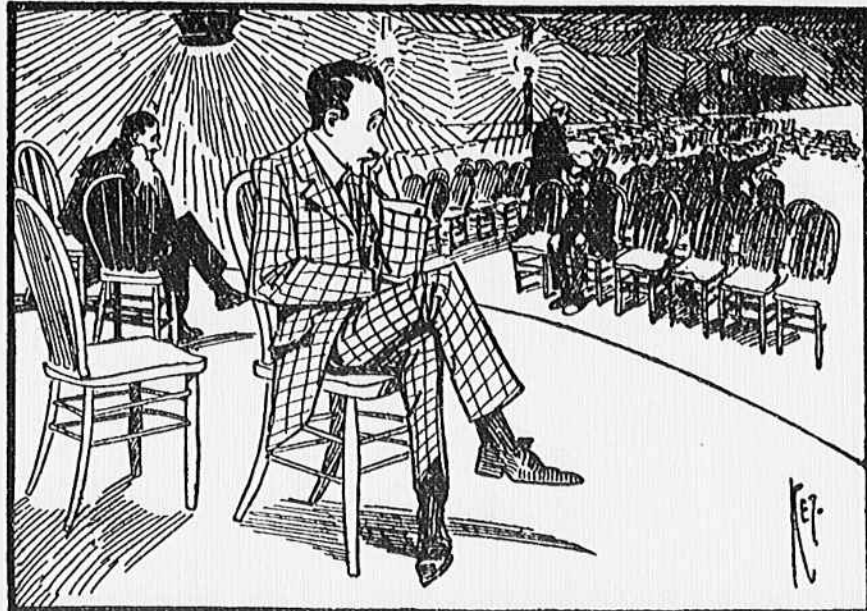
The Squire made his little speech and sat down amid great applause.

Then silence fell and everybody looked at everybody else uneasily.

Where were the two Principals?

I knew that Uncle William was about two miles further away than he was the last time I thought of him, but where was Uncle Peter?

Presently when the tension became almost unbearable Bunch Jefferson



At 9:30 Only a Few Night-Hawks Remained of the Once Great Audience.

arose and made the bluff of his life. "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen," he began, as he took an old letter from his coat pocket, "I have just received a note from Mr. William Gray in which he states that an extremely important call over the long-distance telephone will detain him at home for a few minutes. In the meantime permit me to suggest that the Hon. Peter Grant open the debate."

Bunch sat down amid great applause and loud cries of "Grant! Go at him, Grant!" filled the air.

Then I saw my chance.

The Opposition had dropped its guard and now to land a jolt.

"Mr. Chairman and ladies and gentlemen," I began when silence was restored, "We accept without hesitation the excuse put forth by the Hon. William Gray's spokesman. I am empowered to state that in deference to the opposing Candidate's maturer years and grayer hairs the Hon. Peter Grant will not put in an appearance on this platform until the Hon. William Gray is first seen and honored by his townspeople."

A thunderous burst of applause went up and Bunch nearly fainted.

I sent four of our committee out to head off Uncle Peter and explain matters, and when I turned around Bunch and some of his friends had disappeared.

Presently the crowd began to get impatient and cat-calls filled the air. There wasn't anybody on the platform with nerve enough to get up and tear off a speech, so we had to sit there and look foolish.

Bunch was back in ten minutes looking very pale and excited, while the crowd took up the chorus: "Gray! Gray! why do you stay away?"

Some of my scouts returned with the news that no trace of Uncle Peter could be found, and I began to wonder what would happen if the crowd called upon me to produce him.

Half-past eight and no Candidates.

At 10:15 we arose, handed each other the laugh and went home. The joint debate was a fizzle, but I had a shade the best of it.

I found Aunt Martha and Clara J. in tears when I reached the villa.

"Poor Uncle Peter!" sobbed Clara J.; "oh, where is he? where is he?" "He's been assassinated, I know it."

Aunt Martha sobbed back. "Oh, that he had never gone into politics!" I succeeded in calming them after a time, and by dint of much questioning learned that two strangers had called to see Uncle Peter on very urgent business at about 7:15, and that the trio had started off hurriedly in the direction of the river road.

Hank, Barney Doolin and I at once took a lantern and followed the trail

About a mile from the villa on the bank of the river is a big ice-house, and as we approached it we heard the most unearthly yelling, swearing and kicking of boards.

"Sure, it sounds like the old man when he's excited!" cried Barney as we unbolted the door.

It was Uncle Peter who stood before us, a sad spectacle in the lantern's light.

"The villains!" he shouted; "oh, John, my boy, I'm so glad to see you! The villains! they lured me down here with a lying story that I could see Bunch Jefferson teaching a lot of Italian floaters how to vote!"

I leaned against the ice-house and nearly choked.

"When they got me here they bolted the door on me," Uncle Peter stormed, "and they told me, the villains, not to describe anything I might see here in my speeches against the

Quarter of nine and no Candidates. The crowd had its kidding clothes on by this time, and Bunch was handed some pretty lively language, but he was game to the finish, that boy was!

At nine o'clock the crowd had thinned out to such an extent that the referee got up and went home. Gabe Malone arose to address what was left of the audience, but before he served a half-portion of bad grammar somebody in the front line pointed a toy pistol at him, and he did a backflip off the platform and hiked for home.

After that there was nothing doing. At 9:30 only a few night-hawks remained of the once great audience. The representatives and committees on the platform dwindled away until finally nobody was left save Bunch and I.

I looked over at Bunch from time to time and he looked over at me, but we never cracked a smile.

At 10 o'clock we still sat there, but we had our backs to each other.

At 10:10 the audience consisted of one sea-going hack, with both horse and driver asleep.

The hack didn't seem to care what happened.

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Then I exploded and for five minutes I rolled around on the grass to the amazement of the puzzled Uncle Peter.

"Though I don't pretend to understand the ins and outs of politics," Uncle Peter said when we finally reached home, "still I've got a pretty sharp eye, and I'm not going to ask for any particulars as to why old Bill Gray was in our new automobile, but I would like to shake your hand, John!"

Then we held a family reunion and Uncle Peter showed us how he would have lit into Uncle William at the public square—if he hadn't been locked up in the ice-house.

The next day it happened. I don't know whether it was Uncle Peter's popularity or his check book or my speech at the joint debate—but, anyway, he was elected by a tidy majority, and he was the happiest old soul in sixty-four States.

In the midst of our rejoicings that Tuesday evening a messenger brought me a note. I read it to our assembled friends to the accompaniment of much applause:

Ruraldene, Tuesday.

My dear John: Now that the cruel war is over let me be among the first to congratulate Uncle Peter and you. It may interest you to know that in spite of defeat Mr. Gray has expressed himself as being well pleased with my work during the campaign. His approval will take the form of a wedding in January, and on that occasion Alice and I will be the Candidates. I forgive you everything including "My Advice to Society," but do tell me where you found that chauffeur who insisted upon giving Uncle William so much fresh air! I feel sure that Uncle Peter's trip to the ice-house will be forgotten in his triumphant procession to the Mayor's office.

Sincerely yours, Bunch Jefferson.

"Umph!" said Uncle Peter, "I always did like that boy, Bunch!"

"He's the real goods," I agreed. "I wonder what I'll wear at the wedding!" mused Peaches. (Copyright by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

Once Only.

"Did you ever," said one preacher to another, "stand at the door after your sermon and listen to what people said about it as they passed out?"

Replied He—I did once—pause and a sigh—but I'll never do it again.—Modern Eloquence.

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Increase in Output of Beverage of 1,106,429 Barrels Compared With the Previous Year.

Looks as if beer drinking is on the decline in the United States. Uncle Sam produces the figures to prove it.

According to the annual report of the internal revenue commissioner for the fiscal year ending June 30, there was a decrease in the output of beer of 1,106,429 barrels compared with the previous year.

That's a big decrease. Counting 30 gallons to the barrel, and there is more, it means a slump of 33,192,870 gallons.

Counting only ten glasses to the gallon, it means a decrease of 331,928,700 drinks.

Counting each drink five cents, it shows that \$16,596,455 less was spent for beer in 1912 than in 1911.

There was an increase in the production of whiskey, but the bonded warehouses are filled with the stuff, and distillers are all "fussed up" because the supply is far exceeding the demand.

Americans are not all on the water wagon by any means, but more of them are climbing aboard right along.—American Issues.

MEN WE WANT IN CONGRESS

Representatives Who Oppose Every Measure Retarding Liquor Traffic Should Be Favored.

There are many congressmen who are opposed to our interests and vote against every measure that looks toward the development and betterment of our business, and vote for every measure introduced by the opposition.

I intend that the 250,444 saloonkeepers throughout the United States shall know the records of these congressmen.—M. F. Farley, President National Liquor Dealers' Association.

We must see to it that the anti-liquor men and women in the 48 states also know the record of these representatives. They are the men we want to send back to congress.

Temperance Cause Marches On. Rev. Francis E. Clarke, founder of the Christian Endeavor society, recently made an extensive trip abroad with 650 fellow Americans. Among them were representatives of nearly every state, nearly every trade, business and profession, and they were the people who surprised the steward. Two hundred and eighty of the passengers drank only cold water. It was a rare thing to see a bottle of wine or beer on the table, and whisky did not make its appearance, says Mr. Clark.

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Globe Optical Company, O. M. Goodlett, Greenville Furniture Company, Henderson - Ashmore Willis Company, Hobbs - Henderson company, W. H. Houston & Brother.

J. O. Jones Company, Keys-Mahon Company, King-Browning Company, C. F. Lagerholm Company, Lewis Printing Company, Markley Hardware & Manufacturing Company.

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