

**The New Mayor**  
Based on G. H. Broadhurst's Successful Play  
**The Man of the Hour**  
By ALBERT PAYSON TERRHUNE.  
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"No; it's got an answer to it. I'll have to wait, I suppose."  
He sat down, uninformed, with an air of mock resignation that was too much for Cynthia's gravity.  
"Perry Wainwright," she exclaimed in exasperation, "how often am I to tell you you mustn't bother me here in office hours?"  
"Now you've hurt my feelings," announced Perry in solemn conviction. "But," he added generously, "I'll forgive you, and to prove it I'll give you a peace offering. See? Your old Boston terriers Betty and Prince Charlie, and me holding them."  
And he laid before her a photograph. She caught it up, with a little cry of pleasure.  
"Oh, the beauties!" she exclaimed. "We do look well in that pose," he admitted modestly.  
"I was speaking of the dogs," she reproved him, with lofty scorn.  
"But I'm in the picture, too," he explained. "I'm the one with the hat on. And—"  
"Thank you so much for the picture. I shall keep it always. They're the nicest dogs I ever had."  
"I'm nice too. And it isn't my fault I'm not a dog. I"—  
"I told you once before not to give up hope. You'll grow. I"—  
"I told that to some fellows at the club, and we tried to figure it out, and we decided you were gying me."  
"What clever men you must be at that club! Are you going to the administration ball next week?"  
"Are you?"  
"Why?"  
"Because that's the answer. I've never been to an administration ball, but if you're there I guess it—"  
"Don't be silly. The administration ball is a very great function indeed. I've been asking questions about it. Not only every one connected with the administration goes, but all sorts of capitalists and other people like that. I've heard that some of the biggest financial deals are arranged during that ball. Isn't it queer?"  
"Not especially. There's a deal I'm thinking of putting through myself that night if I don't get a good chance earlier—a deal that means a lot to me."  
"Then why wait till the ball? Why not?"  
"I'd do it now, only Bennett might come in before."  
"What a worker Mr. Bennett is!" broke in Cynthia, turning very pink and hastening to change the subject.  
"In the old days we thought he was the soul of laziness, but now he's working here night and day. He's not only the youngest mayor this city ever had, but I think he's the busiest too. He!"  
The eulogy on the new mayor was cut short by that dignitary's appearance from the center room. As Alwyn paused to hang up his coat and hat and pull off his gloves Cynthia bent once more over her work, while Perry straightened up and tried to look as though he really had business of pressing importance with his honor.  
The months had brought changes to Bennett. There were care lines on his face, and his eyes were tired. A few silver strands, too, had crept into the darker hair on his temples. There was little now about him to suggest the idler.  
"Well, old man," he exclaimed on seeing Perry, "what's the excuse this time?"  
"The what?" asked the youth uneasily.  
"The excuse. You come here—when I'm likely to be out—about four times a week, and always with a perfectly new excuse for your intrusion. I tolerate you for the originality of those excuses. What is today's?"  
"I have no need of an excuse," replied Perry, with an air of hurt dignity. "I am the bearer of a most important message to you."  
"From whom?"  
"From—from—Dallas is home; landed this morning."  
A light came into the mayor's tired eyes at the news.  
"And the message?" he asked eagerly.  
"That's the message. She's home."  
"She sent you to tell me that?"  
"No; not exactly that," evaded Perry, wriggling uncomfortably.  
"Well, what was her message then?"  
"She—she didn't send any."  
"Then who sent the message that she has come home?"  
"Well, the fact is I sent it myself. That's why I brought it."  
"Oh, you poor idiot!" laughed Bennett. "The same old excuse in a new shape! Well, now you're here, you can stay just five minutes. I'm too busy to play with little boys today."  
"Little boys! I'll be twenty-two next spring. I"—  
"Any messages while I was out, Miss Garrison?"  
"Yes, one," answered Cynthia. "Your mother telephoned that she would be here at half past 2. She said she had a surprise for you."  
"Say," remarked Perry, feeling he was being excluded from the talk. "I'd go easy on that surprise if I were you. Alwyn. I've had surprises over the telephone myself, and they're punk. Once a girl!"  
"Alderman Phelan would like to

speak to your honor," said Ingram, the old doorkeeper, popping out of the anteroom.  
"Show him in," answered Bennett. "Now, then, Perry—"  
"Were you about to ask me to stay awhile longer?" asked the boy. "Because I'm sorry, but I can't. Goodbye. Good afternoon, Miss Garrison. Glad you liked the photo. So long. Maybe I'll bring another message from Dallas tomorrow."  
"What can Phelan want of me, I wonder," mused Bennett, half aloud. "He and I scarcely— Good afternoon, alderman! I think this is the first time you've honored me with a visit."  
"Then be lenient with a first offense, your honor," suggested Phelan, shaking hands with the mayor and nodding pleasantly to Cynthia as she passed out to her own office.  
"Something important, I suppose," hazarded Bennett.  
"Maybe it is important, and maybe it isn't," returned Phelan. "It all depends on whether that was a true story in the Chronicle today about your vetoing the Borough Street railway bill. If you've really vetoed that bill all I'll have to do is to say, 'Sorry I can't stay longer,' and get out."  
"No," said Bennett, "that announcement wasn't authorized. I haven't vetoed the Borough Street railway bill. In fact, I haven't made public any decision on it. Why?"  
"I'm glad to hear it, and, that being the case, I'll invite myself to a seat and stay awhile. Say, your honor, on the rawest thing that ever came across. Gee, but they did their work with a neat ax!"  
"Then you weren't one of the aldermen who voted for it?"  
"Me? Notin' doing. I don't belong to Dick Horrigan's 'solid thirteen.' He can't buy and sell me at his own terms like he does them thirteen geezers."  
"And yet, alderman, from your reputation—"  
"From my reputation I'm a crook, hey? Well, there's crooks and crooks. And I'm one of the other kind, if I'm crooked at all, which I deny most enthusiastically. At least I follow no Horrigan whistle."  
"Then why are you here in regard to the Borough bill?"  
"Perhaps it's on the theory of 'set a thief to catch a thief.'"  
"Well," laughed Bennett, amused in spite of himself by the alderman's frankness, "at least you call a spade a spade."  
"I sure don't refer to it vague, a 'utensil.' You don't need an explanation in one syllable Jimmy Phelan's talking. Every m a picture. If I hadn't been thru, the game from shuffle to cash it would I be wise to what the Horrigan crowd is framing up on you now? Say, I've done some raw work in my time, but this Borough business is the coarsest yet. They must think you're the original Mr. Good Thing."  
"You speak as if I were to be made responsible for—"  
"And ain't you?" cried Phelan. "Sure you are. When the people get wise to what they're up against and commence to do their scream will they remember that so-and-so framed the bill and that such and such aldermen voted for it? Not them. What the public will remember is that you signed it. It'll go screechin' down the corridors of time as 'the iniquitous Borough franchise bill that Bennett signed.' Catch the idea?"  
"Yes," said Bennett grimly; "I understand. But what I don't see is why you should have taken the trouble to come here and warn me of this. You've never shown any special fondness for me hitherto."  
"That's right. But I've shown bunches of unfondness for 'Chesty Dick Horrigan. And Horrigan's the man who's rushing the Borough bill through. Lord, what a bill! It's so crooked that if it was laid out like a street the man who tried to walk along it would meet himself coming back. Why, your honor, I"—  
"Mr. Wainwright, your honor," said Ingram at the door; "says he won't detain you long."  
"Let him in if you like," suggested Phelan. "I can wait. Shall I go into the other?"  
"No. Wait here if you choose. His business isn't likely to be private."  
"I'm sorry to break in on your rush hours," said Wainwright as he advanced to greet the mayor. "I won't keep you long. Good afternoon, alderman."  
"Howdy," returned Phelan, walking over to the far end of the office, where, by falling into deep and admiring study of a particularly atrocious portrait of some earlier mayor, he denoted that he was temporarily out of the conversation.  
"I'll come to the point at once, Mr. Bennett," began Wainwright. "I called to see you about the Borough Street railway bill."  
"That's an odd coincidence," answered Bennett. "I was going to call you up this afternoon and ask your opinion of it. What do you think of the measure?"  
"What does he think of it?" muttered Phelan, addressing the portrait in an aside that was perfectly audible.  
"What does he think of it? And him ownin' the rival road! Oh, easy! Ask him a real hard one!"  
"You're mistaken, alderman," returned Wainwright blandly. "I am inclined to favor the passage of the Borough bill."  
Phelan shot one keen glance of incredulity at the financier, then wheeled about and resumed his rapt study of the portrait.  
"Yes," continued Wainwright, "I admit that my City Surface line is in a way the rival of the Borough Street railway, but in a big city like this there's surely room for both lines to carry on a prosperous business, so why should they try to injure each other?"

why?" echoed Phelan, addressing the portrait. "Can he gettin' so old that I've begun hearin' queer things that's never said?"  
Wainwright paid no heed to the interpolation, but went on:  
"Of course the franchise will be a good thing for the Borough road, but it needn't hurt the City Surface line. Besides, the passing of the bill made Borough stock rise from 63 to 81. Then when that unauthorized announcement was made today that your honor would veto it the stock tumbled from 81 to 73. Just see what power rests with you, Mr. Bennett! If you should veto the bill, the Borough stock will slump to almost nothing. Think what that will mean to widows and orphans and all sorts of poor people who have invested all their savings in that stock!"  
"I'll be hearin' harps twang in' next," groaned Phelan.  
"Has the poor, dear man got swellin' of the heart, or is he maybe the advance agent of the millennium?" old Tightwad Wainwright asked any reply from the other side of the door.  
"May visitor, and"—  
"Certain him in, I"—  
"I'd like mine cor fided Phelan him so far I'd"—  
The alderman's eye had fallen on the latter entered with mouth open, taking in the pallid young secretary messenger.  
"Mr. Ho said he, 'j le' the of"

Continued next week.  
The secretary hurried out after his employer, Phelan, with a puzzled shake of the head, seemed trying to solve some elusive problem. But Bennett, who had not noted the brief scene between Thompson and the alderman, broke in on the latter's musings with the remark:  
"You appeared to be amazed at Mr. Wainwright's attitude toward the Borough Street railway franchise."  
"Amazed is a mild, gentle word for my feeling," declared the alderman. "To hear that old flint heart prattlin' about widows and orphans and fair play—why, say, your honor, I know Charles Wainwright from way back, and I tell you he has the same affection for the money of widows and orphans that a tomcat has for a canary. As for fair play, he wouldn't recognize it if he was to hear it through a megaphone. He's up to something! I don't know just what. But I'll"—  
"Come, come!" remonstrated Bennett good humoredly. "I'm sure you do Wainwright an injustice. He"—  
"He's a fine old bird! Do you chance to remember the Garrison case nine years back? President Garrison of the Israel Putnam Trust company"—  
"Who shot himself after being ruined by a financier who was his dearest friend? Yes. What has that to do with—"  
"With Wainwright? Oh, nothin' much. Only Wainwright happened to be the financier."  
"No! You must be mistaken."  
"Am I? I ought to know something about it. I was the chief of police at the time and handled the case. It was I who suppressed Wainwright's name. For a small consideration I"—  
"Wainwright!" gasped Bennett. "Of all men! But—"  
"So you see why I copped the 'mercy' and 'fair play' cards when he dealt 'em just now," purred Phelan. "There's something big behind this talk of his in favor of the Borough bill. Wasn't it at his house last summer that Horrigan offered you the nomination? That's the story, and—"  
"Yes. On the 25th of July. He"—  
"The 25th of July, hey? That was the day he had me out there. The day I met that fellow Gibbs. By the way, your honor, the papers say it's Gibbs' firm that's buyin' all that Borough stock. They've been buyin' it up on the quiet for months. I begin to see a lot of funny little lights that make this

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No 80	7:40 a. m.
*No 46	11:42 a. m.
No 78	5:53 p. m.
—SOUTH BOUND—	
No 79	10:52 a. m.
*No 47	5:53 p. m.
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