

The RING and the MAN

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN
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SYNOPSIS.

A foolish young tenderfoot becomes fascinated with a bold, artful wife of a disgraced prospector in a western mining town. They prepare to elope in a blindfolded but are confronted by the man's husband. He is shot by the wife, but the chivalrous boy pins a note to the body taking the crime upon himself. In their flight to the railroad station the woman's horse falls exhausted; the youth puts her on his own and follows hanging to the strap. Seeing he is an impediment the woman thrusts her escort into a snow drift and rides on. Half-frozen she stumbles into the railroad station just as the train bears the woman away. Twenty-five years later, this man, George Gormly, is a multi-millionaire in New York. He meets Eleanor Haldane, a beautiful and wealthy settlement worker, and co-operates with her in her work. Gormly becomes owner of a steamship line and finds himself frustrated in pier and track extension plans by grafting aldermen, backed by the Gotham Traction company. An automobile accident brings the Haldanes to his county home. Gormly announces that he will be mayor of New York and redeem the city from corruption. Mr. Haldane in a long desired interview with Gormly, makes an indirect proposition to compromise the fight which the latter has been waging in the newspapers against the Gotham Traction company and which Haldane is suspected of being the head. Gormly boldly announces his plan of campaign to Haldane. Gormly rides to Haldane's place carrying a word of the auto accident. The next morning he refers to the ride of the night before as mild compared to one he experienced in his boyhood days. The papers announce his candidacy for mayor. The political declaration of the merchant prince produced a tremendous sensation. The majority party, seeing in him a possible Moses, make overtures looking to the endorsement of his candidacy by the "outs." Gormly, however, declines all proposed alliances. A meeting of the Sackem Society or "Ring," is held at the Haldane home. Many political dignitaries and henchmen are present and ways and means are advanced to dampen Gormly's mayoral aspirations and sidetrack his candidacy. The young man, Haldane is proposed as an opposition candidate; the whole machinery of the city's detective force is to be used to dig up something damaging to Gormly. Haldane, Jr., raises the nomination and announces that he will support Gormly. The reigning party then decides to name a non-partisan ticket for the purpose of dividing the Gormly forces, and at the same time rush through a Freight Traction company franchise without which the Sackem Society would be helpless. The press heretofore unanimously favorable to the merchant candidate, now under pressure, divides and the campaign wastes away. A resolution is introduced granting a gratuity renewal of the traction franchise. Gormly offers ten million dollars for the franchise. The excited populace threaten to mob the aldermen, when addressed by Gormly. The Ring mayor and the merchant have a critical moment. The detective force reports a valuable clue. Miss Haldane congratulates Gormly on what she terms a noble Declaration of Independence, and he makes an unexpected declaration of love. He is shocked by the confirmation of his suspicions that her father is the head and backbone of the notorious traction company which he is attempting to overthrow.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"And you—you will—do you think—" he stopped. "No," he said, "I shall stop there, with this moment, with this statement. I ask nothing, I expect nothing, and so far as a man can crush down his own feelings, I hope for nothing. I just want you to know the fact."

"I know it," was the answer. "Now, you must let me say something. I am, at least I believe myself to be, absolutely heart free. Sometimes I have thought that what you have said might be true, with regard to your feelings I mean; but I have tried to put it out of my mind. Your declaration, therefore, comes to me with a certain measure of surprise. You have not asked me anything, and it is just as well that you have not. I think I can say honestly and truthfully that I do not care for you now in the way you seem to care for me."

"Seem to care for you," cried the man impulsively.

"The way you do care for me then," returned the woman.

"That's better."

"And whether I could care in that way, I don't know; but at least I care for no one else. And while I hold myself as free as the air, when you speak to me again on this subject, I shall at least be ready to hear you."

"That is all that I can ask."

"Meanwhile I want to say over and over again how I respect you, how I admire you. The fine life you have lived, the splendid stand you have taken for public right, the crowning of your long and honorable and unblemished career with the success which I think I see before you and with the great opportunity for service, fills me with pride."

"Miss Haldane," said Gormly, "what you say to me is sweeter and more precious than the acclaim, the applause, the indorsement of all the rest of the people of New York. As I said, I began this to make myself worthy of you; but I would not be worth considering in any light, if I did not say to you now that I am carrying it on for the work and for the possibilities that it presents, as well as for you."

"I believe you," said the woman, "and I am glad to have you say that."

"Although there is nothing in my life I so covet as you, Miss Haldane," went on the man with the blunt honesty that somehow appealed to the woman much more powerfully than mere graceful and romantic wooing, "yet if I had to choose now between you and this great opportunity for service to the people—"

"You would choose the opportunity for service," interposed the woman quickly.

"I should have to do so. And yet you still remain my inspiration," said the man. "Your approbation means more to me than anything or every-

thing else. I don't know what fate has in store for me; but I doubt if I shall have another opportunity of the magnitude of that I have enjoyed to-night, and that you were there completes my satisfaction."

"Mine, too."

"Yet, there is another thing that I ought to say," continued Gormly, and this was the hardest thing he had ever attempted, he thought. "You have spoken of my career, of my long and honorable record, of my unblemished reputation. I have to confess to my shame that I am not altogether worthy of your confidence."

"What do you mean?"

"Ever since I have been in New York, there is no act of my life that I could not tell you myself; but before that—"

"You were a boy then," said the woman quickly.

"But I mingled with life in an ugly way."

"That ride in the snow," she whispered, starting at him in turn.

It did not occur to him to lay any emphasis upon or draw any inference from the fact that she had remembered his remarks of several months before.

"And that other woman, was it she for whom you rode?" she went on.

"Yes," said he.

"Did you do anything that makes you unworthy the respect of—"



He Bent Over and Kissed It Fervently.

"Not anything dishonorable in one sense," answered Gormly. "And whatever it was, I have repented of it long since and would have made amends if I could have done so; but—"

"Well, if I ever should come to you with that question about being my wife, I will tell you all about it. As it is, I don't want even the faintest shadow of a pretense about myself where you are concerned."

"You were only a boy, as you say," Mr. Gormly said Miss Haldane after a long pause. "I don't know what it is, nor do I wish to, now. I know what you are, the world knows what you have been since you have been here, and I—" She extended her hand to him. "I trust you, I would trust you with anything."

The man took it in both his own. They were stretching out beyond the city. No one was near. The two in front were busy about their own concerns. He bent over and kissed it fervently.

"I thank you for that," he said simply, as he released it.

BOOK III.

THE CRUCIAL MOMENTS.

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Haldane is surprised.

The Haldane family usually partook of luncheon together. Breakfast was an irregular meal taken at different times by different members of the household, and dinner usually brought many engagements which widely separated them. A few days after the automobile ride, while the excitement

over the proposed granting to the Gotham Freight Traction company of the New York Street Car company franchise was still at its height, Mr. and Mrs. Haldane and their daughter, after waiting sometime for the arrival of Livingstone Haldane, sat down to luncheon without him.

It was Eleanor who opened the conversation, after the luncheon had been served and the servants had withdrawn.

"Father," she said, "I have been thinking for some days now that I ought to tell you something that happened the other night."

"What night, Eleanor?"

"The night Mr. Gormly made his famous speech in the city hall square. You know Livingstone and Louise and I were down there in the car and saw and heard it all."

"Yes," said her father, somewhat bitter, "it was told to me the next morning that Gormly had spoken from your brother's car and that after it was all over he had ridden away with you two young women."

"Told to you?" exclaimed his daughter. "Why should you be interested in Mr. Gormly's movements?"

Haldane saw that he had made a mistake. "I mean," he said quickly, "that I heard of all this from some of those who were present."

"Eleanor, I am surprised," began Mrs. Haldane in her loftiest and most impressive manner, "that you should allow yourself to be mixed up with this ineffectual person in any way. It is bad enough to have Livingstone espousing his cause; but to have you associated with him in the public eye, or out of it, is simply preposterous!"

"Mother!" said Miss Haldane mildly; but the elder woman was not to be stopped.

"The family has never been allied with trade since it has been settled on Manhattan Island. I am a five-barred Colonial Dame; your father's people are nearly as old; and I say frankly that I do not like your intimacy with this person. Of course Liv-

ingstone being a man, it does not make so much difference; but you should be more careful."

"I think it proper," said Miss Haldane at this juncture, "to inform you that Mr. Gormly told me that he—"

"What!" exclaimed both Mr. and Mrs. Haldane at the same moment and with one voice.

The intimation, however, and the feeling expressed in both cases were decidedly different. Both were surprised; but Mrs. Haldane's surprise was lost in indignation. In Haldane's amazement, there was a shade of relief. A possibility instantly leaped into his mind, a possibility that he dared not formulate or give utterance to. It rendered him less emphatic, therefore, in his disapproval. Nothing restrained Mrs. Haldane.

"The impudence, the insolence of that man!" she cried. "It was bad enough to have him aspire to be mayor of New York; but that he should have the audacity, the presumption to raise his eyes to you, Eleanor Haldane, is inconceivable! I trust that you reduced him to his proper position instantly. For one thing, I am glad that he did declare himself; for now the acquaintance will be absolutely ended."

"He did not ask me to be his wife," returned the daughter quietly.

"Why, good gracious! you don't mean to say that he—"

"Eliza," interposed Haldane, "don't be foolish. I have no doubt that Mr. Gormly's remarks were entirely proper."

"Mother!" exclaimed the girl indignantly. "Of course they were."

"Well, you said yourself he did not ask you to marry him."

"No," was the hesitating answer. "But he said he intended to do so."

"I wish he would do it then, and have it over with."

"My dear wife," said Haldane, "while of course such an alliance is not to be thought of, yet Mr. Gormly, so far as I know, has done no dishonor to Eleanor by his remark, and—"

"Have you taken leave of your senses, Beckman Haldane?" cried his wife. Such a proposition as that should be disposed of at once, and I repeat I am sorry that the man hesitated, for whatever reason I can't imagine, so that the affair might have been conclusively settled."

"I am not at all sure, mother," answered Miss Haldane, "that it would have been conclusively settled in the way at least you seem to think the only way possible, if he had asked me to be his wife."

"Eleanor, you could not possibly love this man!"

"I could do so; but I certainly do not love him now. I certainly respect and admire him, I think he is the leading citizen of New York today. If he wins this election and goes on as he should, there is no reason why he should not be president of the United States. I believe it would be easier to be elected to that office than to become mayor. And while I do not feel toward him as I should toward the man I will some day marry, yet there are many other things in the prospect that allure."

"But you are a Haldane, you are a Stuyvesant, you are—"

"I know, mother, all that my ancestors were. As for myself, I am just an American girl, who likes American men and American institutions, and who is glad to see people do things."

"I presume," said Haldane, who had said little but had thought deeply, "that such a proposition, if definitely made, would be made to me."

"Well then, of course," said his wife, "you will give but one answer."

"And what would you suggest that should be?" asked Haldane.

"To show him the door."

"I hardly think," returned her husband, "that I should be guilty of that discourtesy."

"There is no use," interposed her daughter, "to discuss the matter any further; for he hasn't asked me, I haven't accepted him. I don't know whether he ever will ask me or not, and until he does why trouble about it?"

"Well, what does he mean then by telling you that he loves you? Loves!" sneered the older woman disdainfully.

"Yes," said her father, "it seems to me a rather remarkable course for a man to address a woman in that way, and yet not complete his proposition."

"He said that something was impending which made him feel that it was proper to tell me this now."

"Something impending?"

"Some sort of disclosure, I inferred," answered the girl, "that might affect him or possibly me."

Haldane started.

"Well," he said, "I do not quite agree with your mother. There is no insult in the honest affection of any honest man. But if he approaches you upon the subject, I wish that you would refer him to me."

"Father!" exclaimed the older woman, greatly surprised. "You don't mean—"

"Now, I don't mean anything, except just what I say," answered Haldane decisively. "It is proper that such a proposition should be made to me; and in short I very greatly desire to be allowed to discuss the matter, if it goes any further, with Mr. Gormly personally."

Haldane spoke sternly, and his wife at once subsided, as she invariably did when he assumed that mood. Eleanor, however, was not so easily silenced.

"Of course, in any event you would be consulted, father," she said firmly; "but so far as the disposition of my hand goes, that is a matter that concerns my heart, and it is one which, although I should be very glad of your counsel and your approval, I shall have to decide myself."

"Quite so, quite so," said Haldane. "I have no other idea."

"Father," he said abruptly, "I want to see you alone for a moment or two please!"

"What has happened?" began Haldane, rising.

"Why, Mr. Gormly— But I would rather see you alone."

"Has he made a proposition to you for your sister's hand?" questioned Mrs. Haldane.

"What!" exclaimed her son.

"Eleanor," explained his mother, "has just stated that Mr. Gormly took advantage of your kindness to him the other night, after that disgraceful episode in the city hall, to make love to her in the tonneau of the car."

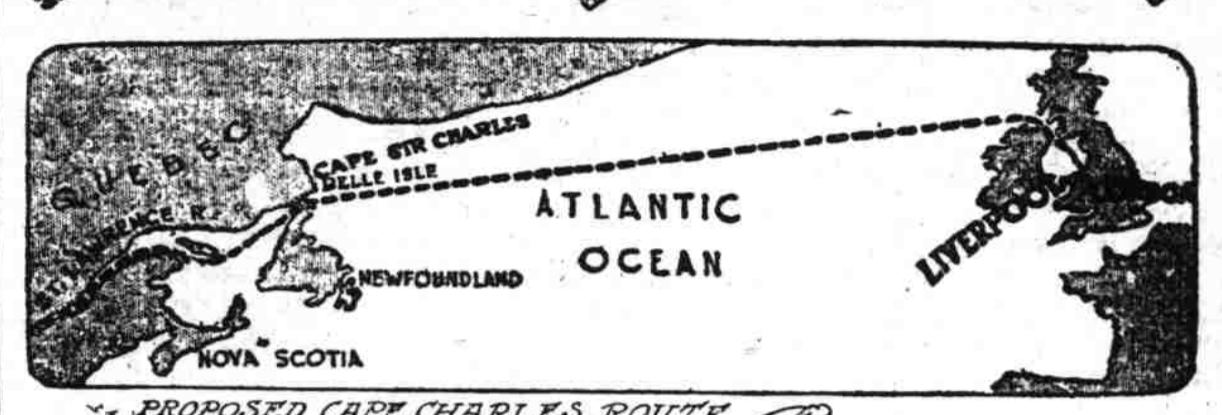
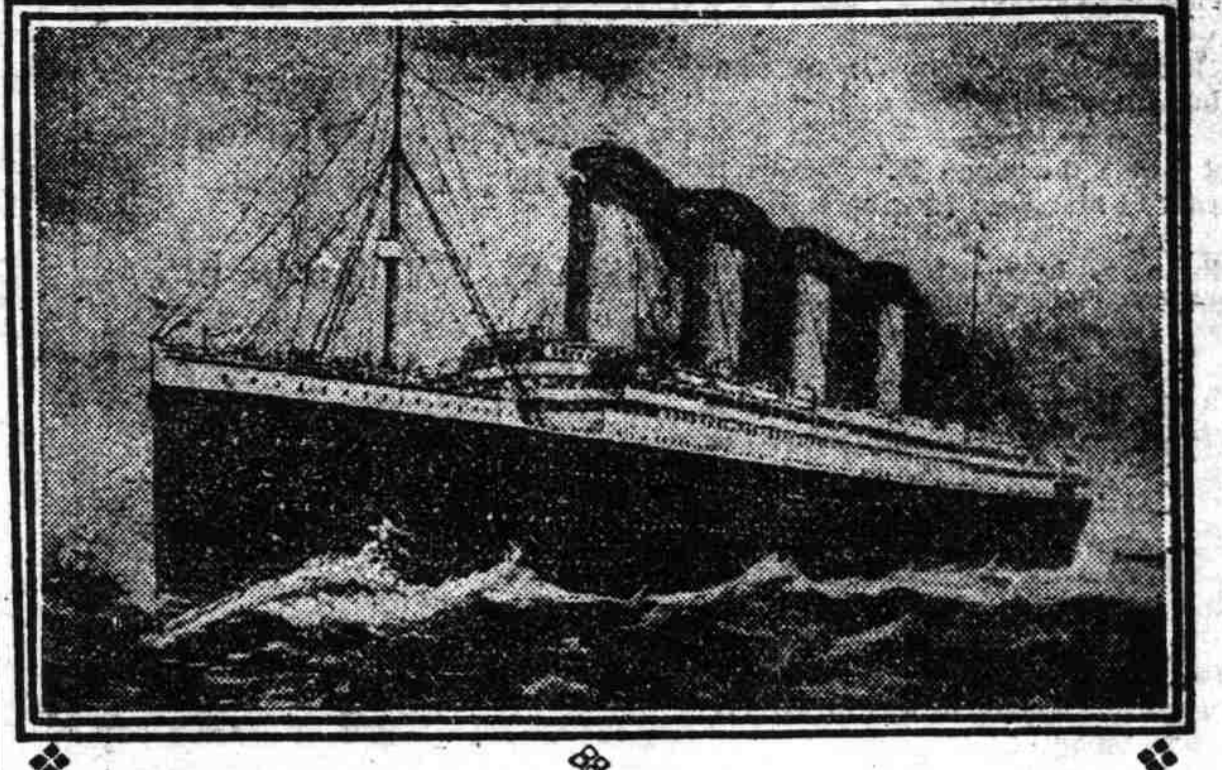
"You don't say!" exclaimed the young man, apparently neither shocked nor surprised. "Well, he's a good one. What did you say to him, sis?"

"It is very unpleasant to me to have these matters discussed in this way," answered Eleanor, her face blushing. "As I have explained to father and mother, Mr. Gormly did me the honor to say that he cared a great deal for me. He did not ask me to be his wife, although he expressed his intention of doing so. He said that certain things had made him anticipate his purpose and state his feelings toward me now without waiting, as he had expected to do, until the end of the election."

"What things?" asked young Haldane. "Things that concerned him, or—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BRINGING ENGLAND NEARER TO AMERICA



IN-MORE senses than one England and America are drawing nearer to each other. The latest phase of this approaching nearness is foretold in a geographical sense by Sir Edward Morris, premier of Newfoundland. His scheme is geographical because he proposes to cut off a whole day in transit between the two countries. The saving of a day, 24 hours of time, is the same thing as taking up the United Kingdom by its roots and planting it in the middle of the North Atlantic, at least a thousand miles nearer Canada and the United States.

Sir Edward's proposition would be interesting merely as a theory, but the premier is in earnest about it. He proposes in brief to construct first a railway from Quebec to a point on Cape Sir Charles across the Strait of Belle Isle at its narrowest part opposite Newfoundland. This railway will connect with two steamers of the Lusitania and Mauretania type to run between Cape Sir Charles and Liverpool. The sea distance between the two points is only 1,656 miles, running between Ireland and Scotland and through the Irish sea. There will be a ferry across the straits to Newfoundland.

"This would be by far the shortest passage across the Atlantic, and with steamers of the Lusitania type the voyage from land to land could be accomplished with only three nights at sea," said the Newfoundland premier.

"The route would be open all the year round—occasionally drift and floating ice would be met with, but nothing to obstruct properly built and equipped steamers."

"From Cape Sir Charles to Quebec is about 1,000 miles, and with a line of standard gauge this could be covered at sixty miles an hour, which means that passengers could be landed in lower Canada and in the United States twenty-four hours earlier than by the Lusitania to New York today."

"This can readily be seen when it is explained that the ocean passage would be 1,200 miles shorter and that the 1,000 miles will be covered on land at sixty miles an hour, which is nearly three times as fast as the Lusitania and the Mauretania travel."

The Mauretania's best time is about thirty land miles an hour.

The period of self-absorption of American capital in transportation schemes of a domestic nature still continuing, and his partial bridging of the North Atlantic having its terminals respectively in the mother country and her colony, it is British capital, consequently, which proposes to father this project, which sounds and looks so much like a dream.

But Sir Edward, who has never been accused of being a dreamer, said that he had discussed the plan with a syndicate of British capitalists in New York. "There are in New York at the present time," he said, "the representatives of a large and influential English syndicate who have acquired rights to a railway running out of Quebec and who have a charter to build a railway in the direction of Cape Sir Charles and Newfoundland, the width of the strait at that point being only seven miles."

So far as the steamers themselves are concerned, marine experts say that the only saving would lie in one day's steaming coal, an economy of \$3,000 or \$3,500 a trip. The provisions saved on a three-day trip would not be counted at all.

The cost of running a great steamship such as the new White Star liner Olympic, pictured above, is tremendous. To bring the Olympic from Southampton to New York and tie her safely to her pier costs in the neighborhood of \$100,000. This vast sum is made up principally by the purchase of coal, the wages of the men on board and the buying of food for the passengers. The value of the coal consumed—about 800 tons per day—was only a trifle less than the cost of the food eaten by the passengers. This latter item was increased about \$10,000 on the return voyage because the first and second cabins were filled when the leviathan departed.

From a chief steward's viewpoint it is said the Olympic is a bad vessel for an economizing head of the eating department, because the very steadiness of the vessel helps a passenger to eat three good meals per day, and maybe four, whereas if the chief steward could only rock her a bit, you know—well, quite a number of the hopefuls would be clutching the rail, gazing at the sea and thinking about a biblical expression that is quite appropos. The principal items of expense in moving the Olympic from Southampton to New York are:

Coal	\$22,400
Wages of employees	15,000
Laundry	2,000
Meals for first cabin passengers	17,000
Meals for second cabin passengers	4,450
Feeding the third cabin passengers	3,350
Feeding the employees	5,000
Eighteen tugs for docking	400
Transferring third class cabin to Ellis Island	75
Transferring third class baggage	75

Here is a part of the list the chief steward made up to restock his larder before sailing again: Three thousand pounds of Philadelphia broilers, 3,000 pounds of Philadelphia roasters, 2,000 pounds of capons, 3,000 pounds of ducklings, celery fed; 2,000 pounds of fowl, 500 guinea chickens, 100 dozen squabs, 7,000 pounds of fish, 30,000 eggs, 7,000 pounds of butter, 35,000 pounds of beef, 10,000 pounds of mutton, fifty spring lambs, 3,000 pounds of veal, 3,000 pounds of pork, thirty tons of potatoes, 1,500 quarts of ice cream, 100 Virginia hams, 100 dozen sweetbreads, 1,000 sheep kidneys, 500 ox kidneys, 200 corned ox tongues, 1,000 pounds of sausage, thirty barrels of clams, 100 dozen soft shell crabs, 200 barrels of flour, 100 dozen asparagus, 500 dozen lettuce, twenty-four boxes apricots, 100 boxes Newton pippin, 100 boxes cooking apples, fifty crates cantaloupe, 100 boxes grape fruit, fifty boxes lemons, 200 boxes oranges, fifty boxes peaches, 200 crates strawberries, fifty boxes peaches, 200 crates strawberries, fifty crates water-mellons, twenty dozen crates pineapples.

The Olympic is the largest vessel ever constructed. It is 832½ feet in length, 100 feet more than the world's tallest building, and has a width of 92 feet 6 inches. Its displacement is 66,000 tons. From the bottom of the keel to the top of the captain's house is 105 feet and 7 inches, while from the bottom of the keel to the top of the funnel the height is 175 feet.

The vessel is supplied with electric elevators, Turkish bath and swimming pool, a squash racquet court and hand-ball court, a golf course, palm court and sun parlor. It has a dining-room with a capacity of 550 guests and a dance hall accommodating 200 couples. It can carry 2,500 passengers and crew of 850. It has 2,000 windows and the number of its floors is 14. The Olympic was built in Belfast, Ireland, and cost approximately \$10,000,000.

Nicknames of Papers.

Nicknames for newspapers have gone out of favor. While the Times was formerly Granny and afterward the Thunderer, the Morning Post used to be known as Jeames, that generic name for flunkies being attached to it in allusion to specialization on society news. When the Morning Herald and Standard had the same proprietor and to a large extent the same staff, and used to appeal to each other as independent authorities, they were familiarly known as Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Gamp. The Morning Advertiser, as the organ of trade, has at various times been dubbed the Barrel Organ, the Tap Tub and the Gin and Gospel Gazette. The Pink 'un scarcely counts as a nickname, being officially adopted as an alternative title for the Sporting Times.—London Chronicle.

Golf and Kisses.

"Seashore golf seldom amounts to much," said H. Chandler Egan, the golf champion, on the Wheaton links. "Seashore golf always suggests to me the dialogue between Jack and Jill.

"Oh, Jack, dear, don't!" whispered Jill. "The caddy will see us."

"No he won't," said Jack. "He's too busy looking for the ball, and it's in my pocket."