

THE MAN HIGHER UP The Story of a True American BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER Copyright, 1910, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

Book Two.

IN THE MOULD.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Force at Work.

Bob returned to treat the city to a whirlwind campaign such as it had never known. As coqs in his machine he had his managers and lieutenants and committees. But from now to the close of the campaign he took upon himself much of their work as well as the ordinary but trying functions of the campaign. No detail of the campaign was too insignificant to receive his attention. He knew to a man who were working for him in every precinct of the great city and what work they were doing. These workers he met in person, giving to the bearer of favorable reports short words of praise that somewhat sent him back to his precinct determined to do better still, and to others with a kindly encouragement or obstacles a kindly encouragement that stiffened their resolution. It was Bob's changed manner toward men that amazed Haggin. "Damn it if you ain't gettin' to be a regular mixer," he grinned late one night—or rather early one morning—as Bob and he walked home from headquarters together. "You got Paul skinned now. What's got into you?" "God knows!" Bob answered with a hard laugh. "Well, mebbe He does," Haggin said philosophically. "What I know is, you're goin' to give Mack the all-fired lickin' he ever got." "Could it have been Bob who made the answer? 'No, no, Tom! You and I have deluded ourselves with that notion long enough. Not I, but the people are going to whip MacPherson.' Haggin snored in profound disgust. "Aw, gwan! You talk like Paul in his speeches. They're goin' to do it for you. Guess that means you're doin' it." "Bah! Why should they do it for me?" Haggin's brow puckered over the problem. "I know but I dunno how to say it." What Haggin considered a clincher occurred to him. "Well," he declared triumphantly, "if the people doin' it all, what are you workin' so hard for, half killin' yourself? Even you can't stand the pace you're settin'." "You can't understand," Bob growled hopefully. "I've got to." "It was quite true, what Haggin suggested. The strain was telling even on Bob's strength. Unwonted hollows appeared in his cheeks and temples. His deepest eyes sank deeper still. New lines showed about his mouth. But feverish activity was a necessity to him, to deaden all thought of the thing that haunted him—the thing which unless he dragged home a body weary to the point of exhaustion kept him tossing in bed or pacing the floor sleeplessly—the face of a woman whom he had brutally struck down in his wild anger. But his work told. The city was a turmoil of political excitement, the press revealed in the opportunity, bristling with charges and counter-charges, innuendo and recrimination. At the club, over lunch counters, by the fire-side, men—and women, too—discussed and took sides over the campaign. The children on the streets became bitter partisans. Murphel was as good as his word. Soon after Bob's return to the city he received from the old man a substantial check for the campaign fund. Also certain gentlemen who had hitherto been inactive took a sudden keen interest in Bob's candidacy. But back of Murchell's help, back of the newspapers, back of the machine, was the dynamic personality of Bob McAdoo. The issues may have been "The people against the trust," "Citizenship against wealth," as Bob's press and orators declared, but to the Steel City the issues took concrete form in the person and name of one man, Bob McAdoo. Either you were for or you were against Bob McAdoo; mostly you were for him. When, during the last three weeks of the campaign, he took the stump in person, speaking three or four times every evening, the school-houses were packed to overflowing by friends and enemies alike. He was no orator, but his short, crisp speeches were received with greater attention and enthusiasm than even Paul's fervid oratory or Martin's keen analytical arguments. And Henry Sanger, Jr., waxed desperate. One noonday—not two weeks before the election—Bob found himself alone in the "engine room." He leaned back in his chair with an air of fatigue that sat strangely on his stalwart figure, and let his eyes stare vacantly into space. While he sat thus abstractedly, Paul entered. Bob nodded mechanically. Paul addressed a remark to him, which did not pierce the abstraction. Bob made no answer. Then Paul noticed the absent manner. He repeated the remark more loudly. Bob came to himself with a start. "Eh?" he exclaimed. "O, it's you, Paul." Paul looked at him curiously. "What's the matter with you, anyhow? I said I've a tip on Consolidated Glass." "Which way?" Bob asked, without interest. "To buy." "All right. Sell." "No," Paul said eagerly. "This is a good tip. I got it from Brown, Hartley's broker. Hartley, you know, is a director. Next week they're going to declare a four per cent. increase in dividends." "Humph! The broker who will do business his client will do the same to you." "Not this time. I got it last night at the club. Brown was on one of his periodical spees. I put him to bed and, as a special favor to me, his 'dear, dearest friend,' he gave me the tip." Bob grunted again sententiously. "Steer clear of the stock market." "But you've speculated yourself," Paul retorted.

considerably richer a week from today, you don't owe me a cent." Paul hesitated. Somewhere down in his heart there was a faint protest. "Of course, this doesn't pledge me to anything politically?" "Of course not," Sanger replied with an air of injured virtue. "I hope you don't think I would try to bribe you." His slight emphasis was subtly flattering. Paul felt relieved. "This affair is between you and me personally, not politically. Of course," he added, with a frank laugh, "I shouldn't want to use any of it against me politically." "Certainly not," Paul responded gratefully. "Mr. Sanger, you can't imagine—" "Tut! tut!" Sanger interrupted brusquely. "No thanks. I appreciate your coming to me. Drop in and see me any time. Good afternoon." And he took it and went out, thinking bitterly. "It seems that an enemy can be more generous than a friend, sometimes." That night Bob was scheduled to speak in the Fourth Ward. And all Irishtown made ready. Well Haggin knew that no mere school-house auditorium would be ample for this occasion. So a great, bare hall was hired. Flags and bunting galore had been secured at Haggin's expense, and hung around the bare walls and ceiling, more profusely perhaps than artistically. Hardly had darkness fallen that evening when the streets and saucers of Irishtown began to fill with a hoisterous, excited throng on its way to the meeting. A half-dozen brass bands marched and played lustily, followed by as many McAdoo marching clubs, gaudily uniformed, striding jubilantly through the muddy streets, carrying red fire and transparencies painted with loyal devices. One transparency in particular aroused the wildest enthusiasm; it declared to the world: "To Hell With Larkin! We're for Bob McAdoo!" At eight o'clock the bands united before the hall and marched playing, to the platform. After them trooped the marching clubs and the noisy, riotous happy crowd—all Irishtown gathered to welcome its favorite son. Dear, loyal Irishtown! Many harsh words have been spoken of it by the Steel City's silk-stocking reformers. Always was it the backbone of this or that political machine; often was it the scene of the vilest corruption. But Irishtown can be forgiven much for the thing it did that night and for certain majorities which it gave later. Of the real issues of the campaign Irishtown knew little and cared less. It was enough that the candidate was "th' grand fightin' man" who lived in their midst and battled his way to mastery over the city. The meeting was notable, first, because Paul Remington made the poorest speech of his career. After Paul, Martin spoke. The audience listened respectfully, but with inward impatience; they had not come to listen to empty, hollow words. While Martin spoke, shouting those near to the windows heard the panting of an automobile. "He's comin'," the whisper ran over the hall. Necks craned in anticipation; a few rose to their feet, gathered their powers for a shout. Several men quietly entered the platform from a side door. After them came Bob McAdoo. Bob had been cheered before, and since then he has received "ovations" from greater and more select audiences. But neither before nor since has he been greeted with the spontaneous, thunderous welcome which Irishtown gave him that night. Four thousand, and not a weak voice among them, rose and shouted like mad, shouted and shouted again until for very physical inability they were compelled to cease. Through it all the man to whom they were shouting their loyalty stood, motionless and unsmiling, stirred to the depths. Martin, interrupted in the midst of a climax, waved his hand approvingly at the crowd and joined in the cheers himself. As the shouting continued, he reached across the table and grasped Bob's hand. "By God! old man," he cried, with unwonted familiarity. "I'd give twenty years of my life to be greeted like that just once." But Bob did not hear his words or notice the hand-clasp. When the tumult died down, Martin took a seat, leaving his speech unfinished, and Bob began. It was not much of a speech. His voice was hoarse. The words fell feebly and with not attempt at oratorical flourish. But his audience listened intently, proudly. In less than ten minutes he closed, with these words: "You are my kind of people. I've lived most of my life among you. I know you and you know me. There are more dollars against me in this fight than you can grasp the meaning of. But the fight won't end until I die. I want you to stand by me." The shout that met this appeal was a prophecy. When the meeting was over and Bob was shaking hands with his old neighbors, Haggin eyed Paul standing alone in a corner of the platform. He rushed over and clapped the young man vigorously on the shoulder. "Ain't it great?" he whispered; his voice was gone. "Greatest meetin' I ever seen. O, he's a winner fer sure." "Yes," Paul replied, with a queer laugh. "He's a winner—in this anyhow." He slipped away from the hall and went home alone. Hours afterward Kathleen, for the third night in succession, was awakened by the sound of a steady pacing to and fro in the room above her. She arose and, hastily dressing, went upstairs. Knocking, she entered and went to Bob's door. "Dob," she said directly, "there's been something wrong lately." "Always, Kathleen," he answered in a tired voice. "Can't I help you with it?" she asked gently. He shook his head hopelessly. "No one can help me. It's only that I'm ashamed. Go back to bed and quit botherin' about me, Kathleen. I'm not worth it." Something in his voice and haggard face caused the tears to start to her eyes. She turned away and left him. The monotonous pacing to and fro began again. CHAPTER XVII. Stratagems. When Eleanor left the Dunmeade household she was convinced that she did not care ever again to see the grimy, busy Steel City. Therefore she went to New York, ostensibly to visit a friend of her school-days; in reality, that she might think out the new prob-

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

Photograph of the next Governor-General of Canada, its present executive, who will retire and their wives. Above on the left is the Duke of Connaught, uncle of King George of England who will be the next Governor-General of Canada; and to his right is Earl Grey, the present Governor-General of the Dominion Below on the left is the Duchess of Connaught and the right the Countess Graye. It is not definitely known just when the Duke of Connaught will take hold of his new office, but it will not be until after the Coronation of King George in June. The Duke of Connaught's regime in Canada is certain to be popular. He will be accompanied by the Duchess and the charming Princess Patricia. His staff will include some of the most popular and efficient men in the army. Colonel Cecil Lowther, who is to be the military secretary, counts a host of friends in the United Kingdom and is thoroughly Americanized in spirit.



Two very gay weeks followed; gay, that is, on the surface. Yet even in the midst of the social whirl she found time to fight her battle. And she felt a sort of detached wonder at herself, as she discovered how frankly and bravely she could accept the situation. There was one thing that she made no effort to disguise from herself. Every day she despatched a servant to get the Steel City papers. When they were brought to her she spent long hours pouring over them. One day they contained an account of a monster mass meeting—through the Gazette unobtrusively declared it a "frost"—held in the city's principal hall in McAdoo's interest. She noticed with vague misgiving that no mention was made of Paul Remington's presence on the platform. On the first page of one of the papers was a photograph of the Republican candidate, the first she had ever seen of him; his eyes looked straight out at the reader. Long after the accounts had been read she sat, gravely studying the picture. She remained alone until the afternoon waned, musing wistfully. Several times she caught her hands stroking the paper caressingly; and once she had to rub her eyes vigorously—to see the better, no doubt. At last she came to a resolution. "I will go back," she declared to herself. "And tonight." Calling a maid, she had her trunk packed at once. "Nor could all the arguments and pleas of her hostess dissuade her. "Why do you want to go back to that place?" protested the latter complacently. "Why should any one want to go to that dirty, ugly common city?" "I must. I didn't. I might become as provincial as you New Yorkers," Eleanor insisted smilingly. "I know there is a man in it," her hostess declared petulantly. Eleanor was rather proud of her laugh. "Two, my dear." "I don't believe it. One might endure Steel City for one man, never for two." "Nevertheless, I'm going home tonight." But as she said "home," Eleanor felt a lump rise in her throat. She reached the city early next morning. At noon her brother came home to luncheon, much to her surprise. It was his custom to lunch at one of his clubs. At its conclusion he made no move to return to his office; and Sanger was a busy man. "Well," she queried, with a smile. "Out with it. What did you come home to tell me?" "Eleanor, why don't you marry Paul Remington?" "Why?" "He is in love with you. He is a charming fellow. I have taken an interest in him. He is a rising man—or can rise under favorable conditions which I am ready to insure. And, forgive me, my dear, but—thirty is coming." She smiled pleasantly. "I'm not afraid of thirty." "I'm serious in this, Eleanor," he went on evenly. "It's all well enough for you to ignore the future. Of course, you're welcome to make this your home as long as you choose and to draw on me for what you want. But the time will come when you won't be content with this arrangement. I have sometimes fancied that you're discontent already." "That is true," she said, with a sigh. "If you were to marry Paul Remington, it would be different. You would have a home of your own and an interest in the future—a big interest, too. As I say, he's a rising man. Under certain conditions, he has a chance for the next governorship." "What do you know of Mr. McAdoo?" "Anns," she asked, surprised. "McAdoo," Sanger began, almost venomously. Then he went on calmly. "McAdoo doesn't necessarily have the last word in these things. After the governorship there is no reason why Remington shouldn't go to Washington. With our money and influence back of him he would be of importance there. You and he could open an establishment and you could be a great help to him. You would find it interesting, I imagine." "Who guarantees these promises?" she asked, looking at him thoughtfully. "I'm willing to underwrite them myself." "Henry, just what are you political?" "Sanger answered quietly. "My money is one of the sources of political power. Personally, I am the opposite to McAdoo. Or, at least, I suggested an am financing." Eleanor was startled. "Why?" "I think I'll take you into my confidence," he began. Then he hesitated. "Why not?" as if to himself. "You're a Sanger through and through. You'll understand it." "With me," he said, addressing her directly. "It's a question of how I am to apply my ability. I'm only forty-five years old and in perfect health. We Sangers aren't idlers. I could go on and get together a tremendous fortune, so big that I'd be a slave to it. But I'm already worth fifty millions." "I didn't know you were so rich!" "Very few even suspect it," he returned calmly. "That's plenty for any man, even in these days. And my holdings are so disposed that I have both time and energy to spare for other activities. Two years from now this state will choose a new senator. The choice, I think, will fall upon Henry Sanger, Jr. And the minute I take the oath of office—" "If you do?" "When I do, I become a national power. My office multiplied by my money and backing. The senate is the most powerful body in our government. Behind me will be the influence of the principal financial combinations in the country. Only one man in the senate has the backing I shall have, and he is an old man. Soon he must die or retire, and his leadership will fall to me. I shall control the senate, which controls all national legislation." Sanger's eyes began to glitter. "And then, of course," Eleanor laughed, "there is the presidency." "It is within the possibilities," he responded coolly. She looked at him with an inward wonder. "I thought you cared only to make money! You dream big dreams, Henry."

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