

The PING and the MAN

With Some Incidental Relation To The Woman

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Illustrations by Dearborn Melville

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SYNOPSIS.

A foolish young tenderfoot becomes fascinated with the bold, artful wife of a drunken prospector in a western mining town. They prepare to elope in a blinding blizzard but are confronted by the maudlin 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 he 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 plan and track extension plans by grafting politicians, backed by the Gotham Traction Company. An automobile accident on a stormy Christmas eve brings the Haldanes to his country home. Gormly makes the marooned party comfortable. In a confidential talk with Gormly, Miss Haldane expresses her settlement work, and longs that he shall benefit mankind with his wealth and business talents. He determines to do so and 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.

CHAPTER VI.

Gormly Announces His Candidacy.

The hall into which Miss Haldane stepped early the next morning had been transformed into a perfect bower of winter beauty. There had been no time to buy anything; but the most available pine trees on the place, of which there were several, had been ruthlessly sacrificed, and under Gormly's personal supervision the hall, a magnificent apartment under any circumstances, had been lavishly decorated with the fragrant evergreen in honor of Christmas.

Gormly had been busy during the night. He actually had not slept a wink. So soon as he had got the party safely to bed, he had gone to the stable, and in default of anyone else who could do so, he had himself ridden across the country through the snow and storm, which was even then dying out, to notify the people at the Haldane place of the predicament of the family and to arrange that maids and men with proper clothing should be brought over to his own cottage early in the morning.

Hence Miss Haldane was under no necessity of appearing in evening costume at eight o'clock in the morning, or of making a guy of herself in Mrs. Bullen's extraordinary attire. She had learned, of course, from her maid how the news had been brought and how she happened to be there with the change of apparel.

Miss Haldane had not slept very well; for one reason her thoughts had dwelt unceasingly upon that strange conversation she had had with her host. She had awakened earlier than the rest, had dressed immediately, and had descended to the hall in hope of seeing him. Her pleasure and satisfaction sparkled in her eyes as she extended her hand.

"How delightfully Christmaslike is the room; how good it smells!" she said after the first words of greeting.

"I am glad indeed that it pleases you," answered Gormly, smiling. "And if you will permit me, I will repeat my words of last night, or early this morning, and wish you again a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year as well."

"And I will give you back your wish with interest," returned Miss Haldane, "as I did last night. I am sure that we are all intensely grateful to you for your forethought in having the maids and clothes brought over. Felice, my maid, has told me that you rode over yourself very early this morning to carry the news of our plight, and to bring them. It must have been hard riding."

"It took me back to boyhood days, Miss Haldane."

"In the west?" asked the girl.

"Well, yes," was the somewhat reluctant answer, "although the greater part of my boyhood was not spent in the west."

"And this ride in the storm, was it like the other rides and storms you have experienced?"

"This was a very mild affair compared to those. I could wish it had been harder."

"Why?"

"This time I was riding for another woman, a different woman."

Miss Haldane rather thrilled to the direct statement; but wouldn't she change the subject.

"Did you have this Christmas arrangement of pines made in the hall?" She asked irrelevantly.

"For you—and your party," interposed Gormly with a perceptible break after the pronoun so as to allow the fact to permeate thoroughly. "I wish," he added, "that circumstances permitted me to signalize the season by offering you an adequate Christmas present."

"I have, however, something that may possibly interest you, which I may venture to hope you may regard as a personal tribute from me in lieu of such a gift."

"And what is that?" asked Miss

people of New York who have dealt Haldane, her curiosity getting the better of her discretion.

"It is here!" said Gormly, extending to her a copy of The New York Planet of Christmas morning, which had been brought over from the station by special messenger by his direction.

"The morning paper!" exclaimed the girl, with a laugh.

"Not so much the morning paper, interesting though it usually is, but something that appears therein."

"What is that?"

"Allow me."

He took the paper from her, opened it until he came to the advertising section, and then handed it back to her. In bold type covering a whole page she read the following:

"Mr. George Gormly offers himself to the people of New York as a candidate for the mayorality in the forthcoming election. Mr. Gormly submits the following as his platform:

"Honest administration of the laws in the interest of the people; the preservation of all the rights and privileges of the people; the operation of the public franchises by the people, or if by corporations, the due safeguarding of the rights of the people; the abolition of graft; a non-partisan administration in which 'Honesty' and 'Honor' shall be the watchwords, which shall be conducted on business principles in the ancient and admirable acceptance of those words.

"Mr. George Gormly pledges his business and personal honor, which the



He Handed Her the Paper.

with him for a quarter of a century have had ample opportunity of testing, that, if elected, he will administer the affairs of the city honestly and with the same care and ability with which he has striven to carry on his own business to the satisfaction of the public. He would advise the voters, if they are in doubt as to what his business methods are, to refer to their mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters who have been patrons of his store.

In the hope that better days are drawing for New York, Mr. George Gormly has the honor to wish his friends, and those whom he must to his great regret characterize as his enemies, a very Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year."

Eleanor Haldane read this extraordinary announcement aloud. Then she handed the paper back to him and extended her hand, joyfully exclaiming:

"It is perfectly splendid. It's the finest thing I have ever heard. Nothing could have delighted me more. I am so glad to see you irrevocably committed to the step! I am sure you will be elected, and—"

"What, my dear child," broke in the cold voice of Mrs. Haldane, who was just descending the stairs, "is giving you such joy, may I ask?"

"Mother," said the young woman, turning to her and lifting the paper from the table, "what do you think? Mr. Gormly has announced himself as candidate for mayor of New York at the spring election."

"Indeed," began Mrs. Haldane loftily, surveying Gormly through her jorgnette. "I am quite surprised."

"I think it's awfully jolly," broke in Miss Stewart, who had followed the elder woman into the hall. "I didn't know that gentlemen mingled in politics as a rule. I thought it was all reserved for the Sachem society."

"What you don't know about the politics of New York would fill a large book," Miss Stewart said, Livingstone Haldane, who had entered the room with Dr. Deveaux at the same time.

"I am afraid it will be a sad day for the men," said the doctor, "when the women begin to take intelligent interest in men, not merely as men but as politicians."

"What has started the political discussion?" queried young Haldane.

"Mr. Gormly has," answered his sister. "He has announced himself as candidate for mayor of New York."

"And I said that I never knew that gentlemen went into politics," interposed Miss Stewart.

"They often enter," said the doctor, "as gentlemen; but infrequently leave with the same degree."

"That's right," answered Livingstone. "It is rather a nasty game to play."

"But don't you think," asked Gormly, "that if a few more gentlemen would play it, it would become a cleaner game?"

"Of course, it would," assented the vivacious Miss Stewart. "Mr. Haldane, why don't you enter it yourself?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young man, "that wouldn't be a half bad idea, would it, sis? Father's always talking to me about a career and all that. I wonder why that wouldn't be a good game!"

"It's expensive enough as a pastime," said Dr. Deveaux, "to rank with horse racing and automobiling and other pleasant enjoyments of the harmless rich."

"I should not think," said Mrs. Haldane ponderously, "of allowing my son to associate himself with—"

"Mother," cried her daughter, "you forget that Mr. Gormly—"

"Quite so, quite so," said the lady

enough to catch the drift of the conversation, "as a rule is not cut out for a politician. The chief function of the politician is to attend to the business of other people, and the successful politician is the one who can first of all persuade the people that their business needs attention; and secondly, that no one can give it such attention as he himself; that he is the one indispensable man."

"I do not assume to be the only man who can give New York a business administration; who can stop graft and abuse; who can safeguard the rights of the people; who can stand for justice and equal opportunity, the administration of the law, and the abolition of privilege. There are doubtless thousands of men who could be trusted to do those things, or at least to make a brave attempt in that direction; but none of them has come forward with an offer to do so."

"You are fully committed to the enterprise, I see, Mr. Gormly," said Haldane gravely.

"Absolutely."

"Well, I supposed as much after our conversation last night. Nothing can alter your resolution."

"Nothing; at least nothing that is likely to be offered."

"Eleanor," said Haldane—at which Mr. Gormly started violently, the word came in so pat,— "what do you think of this scheme?"

"Father, I think it is splendid, glorious! Mr. Gormly told me of his intention last night, as he seems to have told you. I have always said that the man who does something in a large way for his fellow men is after all fulfilling more nearly than any other the highest obligations and privileges of his manhood."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Haldane disapprovingly, "are you intending to enter the political field?"

"Not on the same terms as Louise; but so far as wishing Mr. Gormly success in his enterprise, I am fully committed thereto."

"If you wish to gain your sister's good opinion, Mr. Haldane," said Miss Stewart, "I see that you will have to do something."

"Would that also gain yours?"

"It is very doubtful," was the reply. "You see I haven't that innate predisposition to like you which would naturally be a family characteristic."

"Jesting aside, Mr. Gormly," said Haldane, "I suppose that you realize the tremendous nature of the undertaking you have set to yourself, if you are in earnest."

"I never was more in earnest in my life. I think I realize perfectly."

"Every vested influence, every political influence, will be against you."

"Certainly."

"And what will be for you?"

"I shall be," said Miss Haldane impulsively.

Gormly bowed. "With you and right on my side, Miss Haldane," he said, "not ungracefully, I am sure of a majority."

"Don't delude yourself," continued the older man gravely, "with the belief that because you are gallant, if somewhat quixotic, declaration wins the support of a certain section of the community, which like my daughter here, is made up more or less of dreamers and theorists, that you are thereby making possible the achievement of your desire."

"I think," returned Gormly, "that all my life I have been something of a dreamer." When I was a young clerk in an obscure store on the east side, I dreamed of that Broadway building, and the dream has come true.

"And I dream dreams of a regenerated New York as well," continued Gormly swiftly. There is one power which is above every other force or organization in communities like ours, if it can only be awakened to its responsibilities and made to feel its force; and that power—"

He stopped and looked smilingly at the elder woman.

"Is the people," cried her daughter with enthusiasm. "And that power I am sure you are going to have."

She stretched out her hand to him impulsively. Gormly took it, bowed over it, all but kissed it.

"I am going to try for it, at least," he said smiling gratefully at her.

"Sir," said the quiet voice of the butler at this moment, "breakfast is served."

"We will breakfast with you, Mr. Gormly," said Haldane, "on condition that you will take your Christmas dinner with us." He spoke with the utmost geniality and cordiality, in a manner so foreign to his usual bearing that his son and his wife looked at him with amazement. "I am sure," continued the older man, "that my wife joins me most heartily in this invitation. My dear—"

His voice took a slight touch of sharpness, scarcely perceptible, but quite sufficient to awaken the astonished Mrs. Haldane to action.

"Quite so," she said vaguely, not in the least understanding why the sacred portals of the Haldane home should be opened to this upstart offer. She did not know that Haldane intended to fight this man to the bitter end, and as a preliminary therefore to invite him to dinner—such are the conditions of modern war! "We should be charmed, I am sure, if Mr. Gormly would honor us," she continued, as she accompanied him toward the breakfast room.

But Gormly, though he saw an interested second to the invitation in Miss Haldane's glance, was wise enough to decline. He preferred to be in the position of one who confers favors rather than receives them at this stage of the game.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JEREMIAH TRIED AND ACQUITTED

Sunday School Lesson for August 8, 1911

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Jeremiah 38. MEMORY VERSES—13-14. GOLDEN TEXT—"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?"—Psa. 27:1.

TIME—Josiah was slain in battle B. C. 608, in the 31st year of his reign. Jehoahaz his son began to reign the same year and reigned eleven years, B. C. 608 to 597.

PLACE—Jerusalem and Judah.

JEREMIAH began to prophesy B. C. 628, in the 13th year of Josiah, soon after Josiah began his first reforms; and he prophesied 40 years, to B. C. 586, the year that the Temple was destroyed and Jerusalem burned to the ground.

We turn now from the career and character of a good boy who became a good king, to a bad young man who became a bad king; while the same prophet who aided the first for 18 years tried now to stem the tide of evil favored by the other during the 11 years of his reign.

Thirteen years of labors to make his people serve and obey God have passed since Josiah entered upon his great reform. The Pharaoh Necho of Egypt marched along the seacoast of Palestine northward to meet the armies of Assyria. Foolishly and needlessly espousing the Assyrian cause, Josiah met him at Megiddo on the plain of Esdraelon, was defeated and killed. Professor Kent calls this disaster unquestionably the most tragic event in Hebrew history. The reform party at once placed upon the throne Josiah's third son, Jehoahaz, 23 years old, evidently because he resembled his father, but as soon as the victorious Necho returned from the Euphrates he reversed the arrangement, carried Jehoahaz in chains to Egypt after a reign of only three months, and left on the throne his elder brother, Eliakim, 25 years old, rightly judging him to be of a character more suited to his purpose. In token of vassalage Eliakim changed his name (in form, but not in significance) to Jehoiakim, "Jehovah raiseth up." He proved to be a tyrant, of whom Jeremiah speaks always in condemnation. His magnificent palace, built by forced labor, his murder of the prophet Uriah and his persecution of Jeremiah show his character.

Jeremiah was a native of Anathoth, a little village three and one-half miles northwest from Jerusalem. His father was Hilkiyah, a priest (not the high priest who was Josiah's aid). He was of a retiring, exquisitely sensitive nature, and yet had a spiritual courage that triumphed over all weakness, and compelled his body to the most difficult and dangerous duties. He never failed. He was the butt of ridicule and scorn. He was put in the stocks. He was publicly whipped. He was misrepresented as an enemy. He was imprisoned several times. But he kept right on.

In the beginning of Jehoahaz's reign (B. C. 608) Jeremiah makes an earnest appeal to the leaders and the people, almost like an inaugural address, or the annual sermon preached in Boston on the inauguration of the governor of the state. The prophet stands in the court of the temple. The people not only of the city but of the surrounding country are flocking into the court to join in the worship. The reform was halting. The kingdom was impoverished by the heavy fine of 100 talents of silver and one of gold (\$220,000) which Necho had imposed.

Jerusalem was acquitted by the princes. They realized that he had been the spokesman of God. Then some of the elders, the leading people, instanced the case of the good king Hezekiah. He did not slay the prophet Micah, who boldly threatened the destruction of Jerusalem—that its site would become a plowed field, and the temple a heap of ruins, unless they repented. Hezekiah did not kill Micah, but on the contrary he led his people to repentance, and the Lord averted the danger.

The verses following tell us of another prophet who fled from danger to Egypt, was followed by the emissaries of Jehoahaz, brought back and executed. This story is meant to show how serious Jeremiah's danger was and perhaps to contrast Jeremiah's faith and courage with the timidity of Uriah, who yet did not escape his enemies, but found a sad end.

It is the strong adverse wind that makes the kite fly high toward heaven, provided that it is held fast by its cord. Without the string the adverse winds would simply blow it to its fall and ruin. A heart fixed in God and duty—held fast to them by a strong faith—can rise to the highest usefulness, can overcome every temptation.

Revival work and decision days, wisely used, are the most effective reinforcements of the common powers that move to the choice of the better life. One of the strongest influences against choosing the right lies in the gang spirit, the power of a popular leader and a band of associates.

Every child, like the young king of this lesson, is born into a world where many good influences and many bad ones are awaiting his choice of the life he will lead. To every child comes the message from God urging him to do right at any cost, showing him that there is only one way to a life worth living.

Doubtless the normal way of children in devotedly Christian families is to come so gradually into the Christian life, to make their decisions in small things, unconscious that these are really life-choices. But even these need the decision day influences.

MORE EXCELLENT REPORTS FROM WESTERN CANADA

Grains Are Heading Out Rapidly and Harvest Is Now Approaching With a Great Demand for Harvest Help.

Last week it was pointed out in these columns that there would be a yield of about 200,000,000 bushels of wheat throughout Western Canada, an increase of about 100,000,000 over the previous year, and that the demand for farm help was very great. Confirmation of this news is to hand and the cry still is for more help. The Canadian authorities are hopeful that the friends of the 400,000 or 500,000 Americans who have gone to Canada during the last few years will come to the help of these people and induce as many able-bodied men as they possibly can to take advantage of the low rate which is being offered from all points on the Canadian Boundary, and particulars of which can be had from any of the following Agents of the Canadian Government: M. V. McInnes, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.; C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Mich.; J. S. Crawford, Syracuse, N. Y.; Thos. Hetherington, Room 202, 73 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.; H. M. Williams, 413 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, Ohio; Geo. Aird, 216 Tractor-Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana; C. J. Broughton, Room 412, M. L. & T. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Geo. A. Hall, 2nd Floor, 125 Second Street, Milwaukee, Wis.; E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn.; Chas. Pilling, Clifford Block, Grand Forks, N. D.; J. B. Carboneau, Jr., 217 Main Street, Biddeford, Me.; J. M. MacLachlan, Box 197, Watertown, S. D.; W. V. Bennett, Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.; W. H. Rogers, 125 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Mo.; Benj. Glines, Room 6, Dunn Block, Great Falls, Montana; J. N. Grieve, Auditorium Building, Spokane, Wash.

Every facility will be afforded men of the right stamp to secure advantage of these low rates. To those who propose to go, it may be said that they will have this splendid opportunity of securing first hand information as to the excellent producing character of the lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. They will have the opportunity of seeing some of the greatest wheat fields in the world and probably the largest yield of wheat, oats and barley that has ever been grown on the Continent. And all this on land some of which cost the settler only the \$10.00 necessary to enter for his homestead, or, if he purchased, in some cases, costing him from \$7.00 to \$10.00 per acre, but which is now worth from \$15.00 to \$20.00 per acre. Even at these prices the land is remarkably cheap as will be realized when the statement is made that from 20 to 25 bushels per acre and over of wheat are grown, netting the farmer from \$8.00 to \$10.00 per acre; and this on land that he got for nothing or paid merely a nominal price. In fact the production shows that \$18.00 to \$20.00 per acre would be a nominal price for land that would produce as these lands produce.

Government Regulation.

"You've got poison in your system," said the doctor to the patient who thought he had malaria.

"Maybe I have," he admitted, "maybe I have. I don't eat anything but what is guaranteed under the pure food law."—Judge.

DISFIGURED WITH CRUSTS

"Some time ago I was taken with eczema from the top of my head to my waist. It began with scales on my body. I suffered untold itching and burning, and could not sleep. I was greatly disfigured with scales and crusts. My ears looked as if they had been most cut off with a razor, and my neck was perfectly raw. I suffered untold agony and pain. I tried two doctors who said I had eczema in its fullest stage, and that it could not be cured. I then tried other remedies to no avail. At last, I tried a set of the genuine Cuticura Remedies, which cured me of eczema when all else had failed, therefore I cannot praise them too highly.

"I suffered with eczema about ten months, but am now entirely cured, and I believe Cuticura Remedies are the best skin cure there is." (Signed) Miss Mattie J. Bhafer, R. F. D. 1, Box 8, Dancy, Miss., Oct. 27, 1910.

"I had suffered from eczema about four years when boils began to break out on different parts of my body. It started with a fine red rash. My back was affected first, when it also spread over my face. The itching was almost unbearable at times. I tried different soaps and salvas, but nothing seemed to help me until I began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. One box of them cured me entirely. I recommended them to my sister for her baby who was troubled with tooth eczema, and they completely cured her baby." (Signed) Mrs. F. L. Marberger, Dreherstown, Pa., Sept. 6, 1910.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 4 L, Boston.

The worst thing about the silver-lining theory is that you have to turn the cloud inside out to find it.