

# The RING and the MAN

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN

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## SYNOPSIS.

A foolish young tenderfoot becomes drunk, prospers in a western mining town. They prepare to close in a blinding blizzard but are confronted by the beautiful woman. 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 her to a steamship. He is shot by the woman away from the train. 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 country home. Gormly announces that he will be mayor of New York and rescues the city from corruption. Mr. Haldane in a long direct 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. 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.

## CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"Mr. Poole, excuse me; it is quite useless to talk to me any more on this line. My mind is made up, and nothing you can say, or anyone can say, will change it."

"Mr. Gormly," said Benson, rising, contempt and resentment striving for the mastery of his voice, "in some ways you're a mighty smart man. You have begun this movement brilliantly, but the position you're taking now makes me regard you as, you'll forgive the language, a damned fool!"

"Mr. Benson," said Gormly, "thank you for your compliment. Your opinion does me honor, at least the last part of it. Let me say that I have been considered by politicians of your stamp as damned fools who have done the good work of the world. Mr. Poole, Mr. Fitchett, I wish you good afternoon."

The disgusted delegation tramped out. The three men had to run the gauntlet of reporters outside the business office. They communicated nothing whatsoever of the results of their interview to these assiduous young men.

Gormly, however, was more amenable to their appeals for an interview. One resolution Gormly had taken; to give the people the fullest information all the time about what he proposed. He was willing to discuss any public question at any time with anyone, and he had no objections to his opinions being quoted.

"Gentlemen," said Gormly to the group of newspaper men, "as has already appeared in the press of the city, these gentlemen who have just left came to offer me the nomination of the minority party for the office for which I have proposed myself. I thanked them for the honor that they had done me; I declared that I should appreciate the individual votes of any members of that or any other party at election time; but I refused positively to allow myself to be tied up to any party, to be allied with any party, to be the candidate of any party. I intend to make this canvass as an absolute independent."

"Isn't Mr. Poole a stockholder in the Gotham Freight Traction company?" asked one of the reporters.

"I know nothing whatever about Mr. Poole's financial undertakings."

"Doesn't Lawyer Fitchett desire to run for district attorney?" asked another.

"I am not informed as to the political ambitions of Mr. Fitchett."

"What did Bill Benson say to you?" asked a third.

"As a practical politician of large experience, he ventured to give me some advice upon the conduct of my campaign."

"Did you take it?" asked another amid the roar of laughter which greeted this reply.

"I am sorry to say that the cogency of his arguments and the force of his representations did not appeal to me as he expected. My methods are so different from those he advocated that it is hardly possible to harmonize our views or practices."

"I think that will be all this afternoon, gentlemen," said Gormly, rising to signify that the interview was over.

## CHAPTER VIII.

A Quiet Meeting of the Dictators.

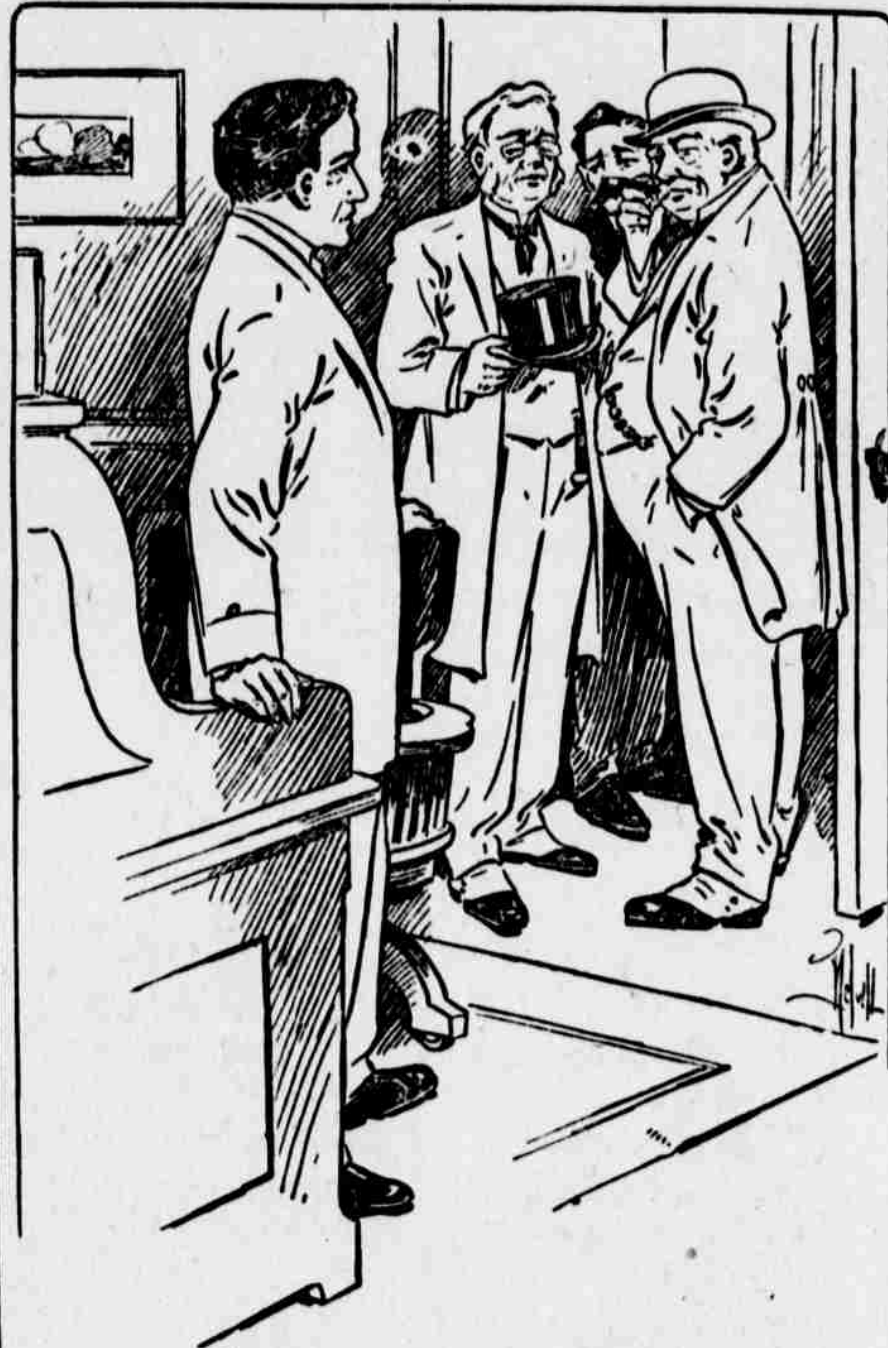
Early in the new year, at the instance of Haldane, a meeting of the inner circle of the governing body, popularly known as "The Ring," was called at his private residence on upper Fifth avenue, which he very unobtrusively recaptured for the occasion. The meeting was held late at night. The men summoned thereto came up town quietly and unostentatiously slipped into the house.

For many reasons Haldane's relation to the Sachem society was carefully concealed. He represented a distinct group of financiers and business interests whose relations with the party in power were most intimate. These relations in some in-

stances were suspected, but their actuality had not been allowed to transpire. Haldane kept in constant touch with Liffey the boss; but no one, save the inner circle, suspected that the two were hand in glove together.

Haldane did not often meet with anyone but Liffey. In this instance, however, he at least appreciated the gravity of the situation, and had directed Liffey to bring with him those whose advice would naturally be sought on such subjects as he desired to discuss. He had also assembled two of the directors of the Gotham Freight Traction company, to wit, Van Slyke and McDonald, men associated with him upon whose judgment and ability he could rely. In addition to them came Liffey, grand chief of the Sachem society and the acknowledged and undisputed boss of the party; Connell, the chief of police; Rutherford, the district attorney; Habberley, the street commissioner; and last and not least, Hon. Peter D. Warren, mayor of the city.

Liffey, as leader of the Great Sachem society, controlled the organization absolutely. The chief of police wielded the vast powers for graft of that remarkable organization. The district attorney, through whose hands all criminal prosecutions must pass, was the safety valve of both the Sachem society and that portion of the people to which it looked for sup-



The Disgusted Delegation Tramped Out.

port. The street commissioner, who had at his disposal more appointments than all the rest of the administration put together, used them primarily for the good of the party and after that for cleaning the streets.

The mayor, the ostensible head but really the servant of the quartet, was there because of his office, and he was in office because he could be controlled. From the point of view of the men present, he was the best mayor that New York had ever had. He was a man of some parts. He could make a brilliant speech, preside gracefully and with dignity at public meetings, and was altogether an admirable figure to head a great city in everything but morals.

Associated with these four intensely practical men and this pliant, willing figurehead were the interests represented by the Gotham Freight Traction company, of which Haldane was in absolute control, although the presidency was vested in another man. The interests of Haldane and his associates were not confined to the Gotham Freight Traction company. They had their hands on every public franchise. Their private affairs, of course, were vast and multifarious; but with them we have nothing to do. Their alliance with the political party, for which they had paid and would continue to pay enormous sums, had brought them very material advantages in one form or another. All the trusts that make New Jersey their headquarters hardly equaled in wealth and control the organizations these men represented.

Haldane, from his one interview with Gormly, had an idea that in this instance the two forces to be dreaded by the ring were incarnated in Gormly and would rally about Gormly,

Now, of course, everyone of those present had read Gormly's startling announcements of his candidacy. Most of them had read them with amusement; only the most prescient with any feeling of alarm, and even that feeling was not sufficiently deep to have awakened any special degree of anxiety. Yet the fact that each one had been summoned to Haldane's house, the politicians through Liffey and the financiers through Haldane himself, rather startled them.

The eight men assembled in the spacious library of the Fifth Avenue house. The curtains were discreetly drawn. The men had arrived singly and at different times. They were admitted by Haldane's confidential secretary in person. Cigars and liquors were provided, and the eight, from all sorts of differing social ranks, mingled freely together on terms of absolute equality.

The district attorney, for instance, was a graduate of Yale. Haldane himself had come from Harvard. The mayor was a product of Columbia. Liffey had started in as a poor Irish immigrant. The chief of police had been a saloonkeeper and finally the colonel of a National Guard regiment. McDonald was a Scotsman whose shrewdness and ability had won him a high position among the financial magnates. Van Slyke belonged to an old Dutch family and had inherited a vast fortune, which his adroit management had tremendously increased. They represented American life with its opportunities and its possibilities.

"Gentlemen," began Haldane quietly, "I have called you here, as you have doubtless surmised, because of the announcement of the candidacy of George Gormly for mayor."

"Do you think it's of sufficient importance, Mr. Haldane, for such an unusual conference as this is?" asked the boss.

"I certainly do, Liffey," was the reply.

"It isn't the first time," said Rutherford, a man of exceptional ability and great distinction of manner and

bearing, "that some impracticable reformer has offered himself for popular suffrage on such a platform."

"But it is the first time in my recollection," returned Haldane, "that a man possessing the peculiar combination of business ability, unquestioned integrity, and unlimited money has put himself forward, and I beg to assure you that I consider him the most available man from the point of view of the opposition that has ever appeared on the political horizon."

"I don't care a cuss how available he is," said Liffey. "We can beat him, and we will. Of course, it'll take more money."

He looked significantly at the trio of financiers.

"The amount of money that it takes now," said McDonald grimly, "is something terrific."

"I should say so," added Van Slyke. "Well, you get what you bargain for, don't you?" returned the boss viciously. "You get a free hand to take it out of the people, don't you?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said Haldane authoritatively, "I hardly think the discussion is taking a profitable turn. Doubtless, as Liffey says, we can beat him; certainly we must do so. Probably it will cost more money; that is, if in some way his candidacy cannot be headed off."

"Can he be induced to withdraw, do you think?" asked Rutherford.

"No, I think not; but if we made him some concessions it is barely possible he might, though I gravely doubt it. He's all stirred up over this switch business. I have already taken upon myself to offer to use my influence to get the price demanded cut in half. He declined the offer immediately. I think he said he wouldn't pay anything except the cost of the

switch and a reasonable sum—\$40,000—for the privilege."

"I want you to mark, Mr. Haldane," put in Liffey, "that if we're mixed up in a fight, it's the extortionate demands of the Gotham Freight Traction company which has brought it about."

"My dear sir," answered Haldane contemptuously, "how are we to satisfy the demands made upon us by you and your fellow members of the Sachem society and make a profit for ourselves out of the matter, if we don't make men like Gormly pay heavily?"

"That's your lookout."

"Well, you will find that it's also yours if we stop payments."

"Oh, I don't know. I guess there's others that'd be glad to enjoy the franchises."

"Now, Liffey," said the district attorney, who perhaps from his official position as public prosecutor had more influence over the boss than anybody present. "Don't talk like a fool! You know perfectly well that we are all necessary to one another; that we are all in the same boat; we all have to fight the same battle. Have you anything to propose, Mr. Haldane?"

"I don't know that I have any definite proposition just at present," was the answer. "I have met this Gormly. I have—er—as you would say, sized him up carefully; I put him down for a man of indomitable courage. Whatever his motive may be, he is thoroughly determined upon his course. However small his experience in politics, he is a business man through and through."

"Does he dabble in Wall Street?" asked Warren. "If so, it would be easy for you to form a combination to break him."

"His business methods are confined to his mercantile establishment, and they are purely legitimate."

"What resources has he got?"

"Well, I should say he can command perhaps a score of millions."

"Whew!" exclaimed Liffey. "He might be a good man to tie to."

"You can set your mind at rest as to that, Liffey. He wouldn't tie to a man like you."

"Oh, I don't know. Pretty good men have found it to their interests to tie up with me, and they haven't lost anything by it. Have you, Mr. Haldane?"

Haldane locked his teeth. It was this sort of covert insult which was the necessary concomitant of his alliance which, in his secret heart, he loathed. Again it was the district attorney who interposed.

"I take it that this is a conference," he said equably, "as to what we are to do, if anything, to head off this man. You don't think he can be bought off, Mr. Haldane?"

"I am sure he cannot be."

"Well, then, he'll have to be fought down," returned the other; "for it is evident that we cannot afford to have the workings of the Sachem society brought before the public. The thing to be done now is to get together, keep together, and beat Gormly."

"You think he's got a chance, do you?"

"More than a chance."

"But we control everything."

"Everything but Gormly, apparently," answered Van Slyke.

"Yes," said Rutherford, disregarding the last remark; "but you know, Liffey, our control rests largely upon the indifference of the people. If they get waked up, it would go like that."

He snapped his finger as he spoke, and no man contradicted him, for true it is that on the indifference of the many is founded the power of the one.

"We could still count the votes," said the chief of police uncertainly.

"Undoubtedly; but if there are enough people interested in the affair, the votes will be counted as cast."

"And we have the courts on our side," added Habberley.

"Yes, to a certain extent; but there are limits beyond which even our own judges could not go. Therefore, if Mr. Haldane's estimate of Gormly is correct, and for myself I am rather inclined to believe that it is, we are face to face with a terrific proposition."

"Well then," said Liffey, "I think the best thing to do, if you gents are all agreed that it's serious, is to pitch upon a candidate. We want to have a man that's entirely respectable, and yet who knows which side his bread's buttered on and who'll take care of the organization."

"I think," said Warren tentatively, "that I have earned another term. I certainly haven't failed in my duty."

"To the people?" asked Rutherford.

"To the organization," answered the mayor with dignity, "and my private character is all that could be desired."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fifty-six Years in One School.

Prof. Zephaniah Hopper, the oldest school teacher in Philadelphia, who is eighty-two years old, began his fifty-sixth year of teaching at the Central High school.

He was greeted by the faculty and by another generation of students, as he marched into the assembly hall the other day. He is as active as ever, still walking every day to and from his home.

The veteran professor was graduated in the first class that left the high school. After spending a few years at college and in special work, he went back to the school as a professor. He has remained there ever since.

There are men all over the country who are now grandfathers, who remember Doctor Hopper as their teacher. It is estimated that he has taught fully fifteen thousand students during his long service.

# TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

## Dies While Posing for Picture Films



NEW YORK.—A moving picture machine set up to make a film of the rescue of a young woman from the waters of a lake in Staten Island the other day recorded instead the drowning of the actor-rescuer and the saving of the actress by herself. The actor drowned was Albert Brighton.

The play which ended in the tragedy took place at Brady's pond, Grassmere. The pond has an area of about six acres. Mary Murray, an actress, rowed out twenty-five feet or so from the shore. The young woman, in a fluffy white dress and alone in the boat, was to pick water lilies, and, in reaching too far for one of the flowers, was to upset the boat and be rescued.

The picture machine was started, and Miss Murray picked several of the flowers. Then, at a signal from the operator, she leaned far over the

gunwale and stretched her hand toward another of the lilies. As she put her weight on the side of the boat it tipped and went over, throwing her into the water.

It was part of the play that the girl should scream for help and throw up her hands to attract the attention of Brighton, who was strolling along the shore of the pond in immaculate summer flannel. When the girl screamed Brighton threw off his straw hat and his coat and dived into the water.

The young woman in the water continued her acting of the helpless drowning girl. The actor splashed toward her, apparently half swimming and half wading. Then he began to shout for help as if appealing to those on shore to come to his assistance in rescuing the girl.

As he shouted he disappeared and then reappeared and shouted again. The others of the company made no move, thinking that he had taken a notion to impart an additional appearance of reality to the act. So for a few seconds the film ran on, but the rescuer sank and did not reappear. Then Miss Murray swam ashore herself and Brighton's body was afterwards found.

## Army Convicts Building Model Prison

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KAN.—Work on what is intended to be the largest and finest military prison in the world—an institution which the war department plans to make a model for all future penal establishments—has begun here, to replace the prison built in 1877. The cost of the new prison is estimated at only \$643,000, but the completed structure will be the equal of \$3,000,000 buildings erected by contract. This saving of more than \$2,000,000 will be represented by the work done by convicts, the material manufactured in the prison, and the parts of the old prison utilized in the new. The entire work, it is expected, will be completed by January 1, 1914. By the end of next year, however, a large part of the new prison will be occupied.



When the new prison is completed it will have accommodations for 2,182 convicts, and each will have a large cell to himself, fitted with every modern convenience. The cell houses are to be built on the radial plan, each tier of cells radiating from a central rotunda, from which the watch officer can, by merely turning his head, see the entire frontage.

Military prisoners differ greatly from convicts in civil penitentiaries in that most of them are under sentence

for what in civil life would merit merely discharge from their employment. Most of the prisoners are under sentence for desertion or disobedience of orders, and many of them voluntarily surrender for punishment. As a rule they average higher in the scale of manhood and intelligence than civil convicts and, accordingly, will receive better treatment.

In the old prison there are now nearly 800 men, and many of them live two in a cell. In the new prison it is doubtful whether all of the cells ever will be occupied, unless the army should be increased greatly.

The men now convicts are erecting the new buildings, burning the lime, making cement blocks, cutting and sawing timber, fitting the plumbing, erecting the steel, in fact, doing practically every part of the work under civilian foremen. Practically all material entering into the construction of the new prison buildings is being made by convicts.

## Sun Victim Spends Summers in Cave



KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Alone in an underground cave, studying the Bible and occasionally painting a little in oil, H. H. James of this city, sixty-five years old, passes the hot summer months, afraid to come out into the sunlight. He knows that the blistering rays of the sun will cause his death if he is exposed to them.

James suffered a sunstroke while at work in a wheat field near Ottawa, Kan., 27 years ago. The prostration was so severe that for weeks it was thought he could not recover. He finally recovered, but doctors told him that exposure to the hot sun would aggravate his case and probably kill him. James resolved to keep out of the sun, and for 26 summers he has escaped the sweltering heat that other persons in Kansas have undergone.

James had saved a little money. He

came to Kansas City, Kan., about fifteen years ago and one of the first improvements he made at his home place was a summer cave. The cave resembles a cyclone cellar. It is a large excavation in the yard at the rear of his home. Grass has grown over the cave for many years and one must look closely to discover it. The entrance to the cave is a door like that on an outside cellar and steps lead to the interior of the cave at one end. The temperature in the cave never gets above 60 or 65 and day after day, when everyone around him is suffering with the heat, James reposes on a cot, reads his Bible, to which he devotes most of the time, or paints pictures.

Mrs. James and children live in the house. Mrs. James prepares the meals and the children carry them to their father, and on hot afternoons the entire family gathers in the cave to escape the heat, and neighbors also drop in often.

On cool nights James leaves the cave and walks about the neighborhood or visits his own home, but the approach of sunrise is the signal for him to hasten to the retreat. During the winter James works as a laborer,

## Servant in One Family for Fifty Years

CHICAGO.—Fifty years in the employ of one woman, whom she has served with rare intelligence, eagerness and devoted loyalty, is the wonderful record established by Miss Barbara Ritter, who has worked the half century for Mrs. Samuel Faulkner, 4746 Madison avenue.



While thousands of women in Chicago have changed servants at the rate of ten a year, Mrs. Faulkner not only has retained the invaluable assistance of her helper, but has won her staunch fealty for herself and her family. Miss Ritter, known as "Barbie" to the hundreds of friends of the Faulkner family and as famous among them for her personality as for her ginger cookies, has been Mrs. Faulkner's first lieutenant in the raising of the Faulkner family of eight children.

happy in its accomplishment.

For several years the Faulknors have been trying to retire "Barbie" from active work. But she retains the same energy that has always dominated her work and she refuses to be retired. The Faulknors are going to celebrate "Barbie's" fiftieth anniversary of her coming to them, although she herself declares she cannot see why the event should be celebrated, since it was so natural that she should stay.

Miss Ritter entered Mrs. Faulkner's service fifty years ago as a nursemaid for the one little Faulkner of that time. She was tireless, she liked work, she looked for work and she accomplished work faster than two other ordinary maids could have done it. And all the time she was

But some hundreds of society women and prominent professional and business men in Chicago, whose childhood recollections are indissolubly connected with memories of the Faulknors' "Barbie," will add the family in giving tribute to Miss Ritter's affection and loyalty.