

# The RING and the MAN

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WCMAN  
By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE  
COPYRIGHT 1920 BY HARPER AND COMPANY

## SYNOPSIS

A foolish young temptress becomes fascinated with the bold, brutal wife of a drunken prospector in a western mining town. They prepare to elope, a blinding blizzard but are confronted by the maudlin husband. He is shot by the wife, but the chivalrous boy places a bullet in the body of 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 straggling train. Seeing he is an impediment, the woman thrusts her into a snow drift and rides on. Half-frozen he stumbles into the railroad station just as the train leaves the woman on the ground. Twenty-five years later, the 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 aldermen, backed by the Gotham Traction company. An accident befalls the Haldanes to his country home. Gormly announces that he will be mayor of New York and reform 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 word of the auto accident. The next morning he refers to the ride of the night before as a 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 minority party, feeling in him a possible Moses, make overtures looking to the incorporation of his candidacy by the "outs." Gormly, however, rejects the overtures. A meeting of the Sachem Society of the "Ring," is held at the Haldane home. Many political dignitaries and henchmen are present and ways and means are advanced to dampen Gormly's mayoralty aspirations and sidetrack his candidacy. The younger 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. refuses the nomination and announces that he will support Gormly. The reigning party then decides to name a non-party man ticket for the purpose of dividing the Gormly forces, and at the same time rush through a franchise for the Gotham Traction franchise, without which the Sachem Society would be helpless.

## CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"I offer \$10,000,000 for this franchise. If it be granted me, I shall guarantee to operate the road in the interests of the people, and turn over all the profits above six per cent. on my investment, to the people themselves. Least there should be any doubt of my ability to make good," continued the merchant, "I beg to say that I have in my hand a forfeiture check for one-fourth of the amount in question, which is certified to by the City of Gotham National bank."

"The gentleman is out of order," remarked the presiding officer as soon as he could recover his equipoise. "We are not auctioning off public franchises to the highest bidder. We are granting this one in the interests of the public to the company which has already served the people so well and has assumed the burden of the great system of which this is the necessary connecting link."

"Sir!" cried Gormly, amid a chorus of groans, hisses and cheers. "I protest against—"

"Any other interruptions from the speaker," came quickly from the chair, "and any further expressions of approval or disapproval from the spectators, will result in the clearing of the room by the sergeant at arms."

"I call," said one of the aldermen, "for a vote on the resolution."

"Those in favor of the granting of the franchise will say aye," immediately said the chairman.

There was a furious chorus of "Shame! shame!" from a great number of spectators in which the feeble "ayes" were scarcely heard.

"Those opposed," went on the voice of the chairman, trembling with excitement, "will signify it by saying no."

A thundering shout of "Noes" rang through the hall, the few in opposition making up by their vociferation for their small numbers.

"The ayes have it," said the chairman, hammering on the desk with his gavel!

"Division! Division!" clamored the opposition.

"Those in favor," continued the chairman, disgusted at being compelled to put the administration thus on record, but powerless to prevent it "will stand up."

Amid shouts and cries and disorder never before equaled, the members of the administration got to their feet. The whip that had been cracked over their heads had been used to effect. Some of them were mere ignorant tools; others were able to understand what they were doing. They all voted alike. A score of alert reporters from carefully prepared lists were checking off the votes.

"The ayes have it; the ordinance is passed," cried the chairman triumphantly, after the noes had been called to their feet and counted.

"I move," said Alderman Hellman, "that we do now adjourn."

The motion was carried with a rush, and instantly the spectators began a wild scramble from the hall. Among the first to leave was Gormly. The corridor and stairs were packed with people who had been unable to gain admittance to the chamber, but had learned what was toward.

When Gormly's well-known figure was seen in the doorway, a great shout of acclaim rose from the multitude.

Gormly had not intended to speak; but the opportunity was too good to be lost. As he descended the steps, the cheering changed into a demand for a speech from him. No hustings had been prepared, but by the curbstone stood a big, high-powered automobile. It was filled with people. Livingston Haldane sat in the chauffeur's seat. The place beside him was vacant.

"Up here, Mr. Gormly!" he cried, pointing. Without observing who was in the tonneau, Gormly clambered up to the seat and stood on it. He was thus lifted sufficiently high above the crowd.

"Fellow citizens," he began as the cheering subsided and the multitude gave him opportunity to speak, "you know that in order to complete the ring of oppression which holds the city in its iron grasp under the name of the Gotham Freight Traction company, it was necessary that the old franchise of the New York Street Car company expiring today should become the property of that company. Through the franchises they already enjoy, they have created an institution that will enable them to continue their predatory practices—"

"Talk English!" shouted a voice from the crowd.

"Thank you, my friend," answered Gormly. "Which will enable them to steal from you your money, your earnings, your investments, your profits, your capital, whatever you have for the next one hundred years. They



"Mr. Chairman, I Offer Ten Million Dollars for This Franchise."

have sold bonds to pay for the building of the road; not one cent of their own money has gone into it. They have issued stock to themselves to double or quadruple the value of the investment, and they are determined to make you pay interest, large interest, on that stock as well as on the bonds. But in order that they can carry out this nefarious and thieving proposition, they must secure this franchise which expired today, otherwise their traction lines will be incomplete, will end in the air, there will be no connection between its ends; for the territory covered by this franchise is so situated that if the lines are to be connected it must be through this territory. Consequently this franchise is the most valuable of the few remaining properties of the people. You own it; it belongs to you. It's your last chance to get your rights. If you hold it, they are at your mercy.

"This franchise, the possession of which means so much to you, is about to be given away. The council has overwhelmingly passed an ordinance granting it, without restrictions, to the Gotham Freight Traction company, for the space of one hundred years. Will you sanction that?"

The square was now seething with excitement. Gormly's clear, powerful voice carried to the extremes of the crowd. His plain, practical presentation was simple enough for all to understand. He paused at this juncture and surveyed the crowd. A voice suddenly cried a shrill negative, and instantly the word was caught up and a great thundering chorus of "No, no!

Never!" rolled through the park with ever increasing volume and vehemence. If Gormly had looked back, he could have seen the windows of the city hall crowd with aldermen, white faced and anxious, listening to that tremendous and even furious negative.

"Let's get the aldermen out here!" cried a voice in a pause in the commotion, "and show 'em what we think!"

There was an instant response to the suggestion. The people made a wild surge toward the entrance of the city hall. The multitude could easily have degenerated into a mob. But Gormly checked it. His control was admirable.

"No, gentlemen," he cried, "no, men and citizens of New York. We must do things lawfully. The grant has not been signed by the mayor. Believe me, they will not be insensible to this protest. Let it be repeated in every local organization; let every member of the board of aldermen be warned by his constituents not to press this bill, to reconsider his action at once.

"Gentlemen—" he held up a piece of paper. One of the tall lights in the square illuminated his face and figure. His every action was distinctly visible to the multitude—"I have here in my hand a check, certified by the City of Gotham National bank, for two and one-half millions of dollars. Before this ordinance was passed this evening, not ten minutes ago, I offered this sum of money as a forfeiture, blinding me to pay ten millions for the franchise in question. I offered to subscribe to an agreement which would limit my own returns to six per cent. upon my investment; and promised that the people should have every cent of profit over and above that legitimate amount. The offer was refused; that check was declined, but it still holds good. I make the offer not merely to the ringing, subservient, whipped-into-line aldermen, but to you, the people."

"What're you going to get out of it?" asked a voice.

"I am going to be elected mayor of

The square was in a tumult again, which even Gormly for the moment was helpless to control.

Now Hon. Peter D. Warren was in the city hall. He had heard all that had been said, and witnessed all that had been done. Although he was a briber and a corruptionist, he was not without courage. It seemed to him that the psychological moment for his advent had arrived. Therefore, he hastily made his way through the aldermen, and boldly appeared on the outside steps back of Gormly. He was recognized at once. The mayor stood quietly, a little pale, but apparently undaunted. He waved his hands for silence. Gormly assisted him in quelling the tumult. The mayor stepped to the extreme edge of the portico; but before he could begin his speech, the same burly voiced man who had been such a useful adjunct to Gormly interrupted him.

"We don't want to hear any speech from you tonight, Mr. Gormly," he roared, his great voice compelling attention, and as he spoke he sprang up on the steps of the automobile and faced the crowd, "we want you to ask the mayor of this city if he's going to sign the bill granting the franchise. But before you do that we want you to tell him what we citizens of New York think of the proposition."

Through the crowd at this moment came charging a platoon of police, at the head of which was the chief himself. The men handling their sticks shouldered their way roughly through the people groaning, raging, swearing, about them. Connell laid his hand on the speaker and sought to drag him from the automobile. The man struck back violently; clubs flashed in the air. The multitude in another instant would have been a mob. Gormly it was who came again to the rescue.

"These," he promptly interposed, raising his voice, "are peaceable citizens discussing a great public question. I appeal to you as mayor of this city to call off the police. Take your hand off that man's collar, Connell," he shouted, "or by the living God I'll turn this mob upon you and there won't be a rag left of you and your bluecoats!"

He stepped down to the body of the car as he spoke; and before the chief realized what he was about he seized him by the collar and threw him backward. It was a magnificent exhibition of strength and nerve and courage.

"Call them off," he shouted to the mayor, "or I won't be answerable for the consequences!"

As soon as he stopped, the roar of the mob began. Some were there who thought they had never heard a sound so terrible and so menacing. The mayor, not without good sense, came to the rescue.

"So long," he said in his powerful, finely modulated voice, "as these people do nothing, they shall not be interfered with. March your officers up here to the steps of the city hall, chief!" he cried.

There was nothing for Connell but obedience. Shaking his baton fiercely at Gormly, he gave an order to his men, and, followed by the curses and groans of the multitude, they marched up the steps of the city hall and grouped themselves about the mayor.

"I want to tell you," cried Gormly, mounting to the seat again and now thoroughly aroused, his voice ringing like a trumpet, "that you have no need of police protection in the presence of the people of New York."

"Let me speak!" said the mayor.

"No!" thundered the crowd. "We don't want to hear you speak!"

"Mr. Mayor," said Gormly, "these people want to express an opinion to you. Fellow citizens, those who are in favor of endorsing the action of the council in granting the franchise to the Gotham Freight Traction company will say aye."

Every henchman, every follower, every ally, every official present, cried, "Aye!"

It made a brave showing until the negative was put, when such a roar of disapproval arose that it was like the breath of the gods and fairly shook the ancient stones of the hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Uncle Sam and His Divorces.

Almost every twelfth marriage in this country ends in a divorce. About two-thirds of the divorces are granted to the wife. Thirty-nine per cent. of divorces are due to desertion. The marriage rate in southern states is larger than in the north. America (with the single exception of Japan) leads the world in the number of divorces. The divorce rate is three times as large as it was in 1870. Of the divorce cases that come up only 15 per cent. are contested, and 75 per cent. of the divorce applications are granted. Uncle Sam not only has a high divorce rate, but has the highest marriage rate on earth, his only rivals in the latter line being Hungary, west Australia and Saxony. Ireland has the lowest marriage rate and Sweden the next lowest.

Great Care of Children.

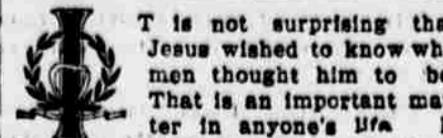
The ancient Egyptians devoted great devotion to kiddies. They were carried about wrapped in large soft cloths, big sheets like cheese cloth, easily washed and dried. After wearing nothing except cow's milk was good enough until they could chew good and well. Infants lived in open air and naked up to the fifth year; barefoot till ten. Very lively games, hoops, balls and dolls are found often in graves. After the tenth year they were taught reading, writing and arithmetic, three to four hours a day in their schools, long—7,000 years—ago, and yet we moderns think we are the whole business.

Harmonious Boasting.

"Mrs. Homely keeps her house in print."  
"Yes, and she takes care to publish it."

## Our Lord Building a Church

By Amos R. Wells



It is not surprising that Jesus wished to know who men thought him to be. That is an important matter in anyone's life. It made a great difference to Napoleon whether men thought of him as first consul or an emperor. It made a great difference to Edison whether men thought of him as a telegraph operator or as an inventor. It made a vast difference to Jesus whether men thought of him as the son of Joseph or the Son of God. It made a difference to him because it made an infinite difference to men.

Christ's church consists of all those that think him to be the Son of God. The Greek word for "church" means "the called-out." Christ's church consists of those that are called out from the persons that believe Jesus to be a sage, a prophet, a hero, a martyr; and the called-out persons believe him to be God.

Deed is Christ's. It is Christ that calls out, that selects the stones for his church. He alone can tell whether the belief in him as God is merely an empty belief of the head, or a heart-and-life belief also. He alone can see, through the stone, cut trimly, with shining, smooth surfaces, and discern the hidden fissure that will crack or the hidden pyrite that will stain.

And, of course, the first stone that Christ selected, the first church member that he called out, was the first man who sincerely and openly believed him to be God. That it was Peter need not surprise us, for that apostle's faults were all on the surface and could be trimmed away. The inner part of him was all right, and it is the inner part of a stone rather than the outside that counts permanently in a building.

Was Peter surprised at this honor from his Lord? I think not; he would have been far more surprised if it had not been given, if after his whole-hearted adhesion he had not been built into the church of Christ. And indeed the whole Gospel story proves that he received no special honor, no more than John, no more than James, no more than Paul, no more than you or me if we make Peter's confession of Christ.

Ours Also the Authority. But were not the keys of the kingdom of Heaven given to Peter? Were not his bindings and loosings to be ratified in Heaven? Yes, and all this authority is ours also, on the same terms. When stones are built into a church, the same key that admits to the block of marble or lapis lazuli admits to the block of granite or limestone. Those that are one with Christ are one with his learning and authority and power. Not the humblest child of the church but may lift his head with the lordliest.

"The gates of Hades shall not prevail against it," said Christ; against the church; against you, if you are a stone built into the church. But was not Christ, the next minute, to say sternly to Peter, "Get thee behind me Satan?" Was not Peter, not many months thereafter, to deny Christ and go out weeping bitterly? Yes; but not into the outer darkness. The power of Hades may shake the church, but the mortar holds. No stone that has been built into the structure shall ever fall out.

Be Honest With God.

Do we long for strength with God? The only way to win it is to be honest with him. Tell the miserable weaknesses and ask him to root them out of our lives and give us power instead. Own up to him how foolish we are at best, and beg for the wisdom that maketh not ashamed. Whimper in his ear the poor, wretched mistakes we have made, and pray for strength to keep in the old path through all the days to come. So shall we rise to newness of life. So shall we grow braver and better. So shall we be blessed in our service for the master.—Edgar L. Vincent, in Christian Work and Evangelist.

Folly of Self-Pity.

Anyone who is disposed to be a martyr can find stake and faggots awaiting him at every crossroad. Start out in the morning expecting to be abused, and you will have wounds and ill usage in plenty before the day is done. Self-pity is a magnet that always attracts hardships and troubles; it draws to itself all that is bitter, unkind and hard in life, and makes its possessor miserable because he expects to be. We find what we look for, and it is the doors at which we knock that are opened to us.—Herald and Presbyterian.

What We Might Do.

We might see so much more beauty if we would it. We might have many unknown feelings to foster if we were not in such a hurry to be getting on. We might in the swing of diligent work appreciate the things we love, which, if they had been used, would have added face (sincerity, subtler and sweeter shades, to our power of feeling).—Wopson, A. Brooks.

Many a man who prides that he may be a pleasing to many, never sees a thing to do for his own rayer.

## MUNYON'S WORK TALK OF CITY

Big Success Shown by Numbers of Callers at Philadelphia Headquarters.

## LOCAL MAN TELLS OF REMARKABLE RELIEF FROM RHEUMATISM IN YEAR'S TIME.

The apparent success with which Professor James M. Munyon, the world-famous health authority, has been meeting has started much discussion. Every street car brings dozens of callers to his Laboratories at 53d and Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., and every mail brings thousands of letters from people inquiring about Munyon's Famous Health Cure. Professor Munyon's corps of expert physicians is kept busy seeing callers and answering the mail. Peculiar to say, these physicians prescribe no medicine at all for 50 per cent. of the callers and mail inquiries; health hints, health advice and rules for right living are given absolutely free. Medical advice and consultation absolutely free.

Munyon's followers seem to be enormous. Those who believe in his theories seem to think he possesses the most marvelous powers for the healing of all sorts of diseases. Munyon, himself, laughs at this. He says: "The hundreds of cures which you are hearing about every day in Philadelphia are not in any way due to my personal skill. It is my remedies, which represent the combined brains of the greatest medical specialists science has ever known, that are doing the work. I have paid thousands of dollars for a single formula and the exclusive right to manufacture it. I have paid tens of thousands of dollars for others of my various forms of treatment. This is why I get such remarkable results. I have simply bought the best products of the best brains in the world and placed this knowledge within the reach of the general public."

Among Munyon's callers yesterday were many who were enthusiastic in their praise of the man. One of these said: "For six years I suffered with rheumatism. My arms and legs were afflicted so badly that I could hardly work, and I could not raise my arms to my head. The pain was most severe in the back, however, and I was in perfect torture. I tried in many ways to get cured, or even to secure temporary relief, but nothing seemed to help me until I was persuaded by a friend to try Dr. Munyon's Uric Acid Course. It was the most marvelously acting remedy I ever saw, within a week the pain had most gone and inside a month I considered myself entirely cured. I can now go out in the worst weather—cold, wet or anything else, and I have not felt any suspicion of a return of the disease. I think that every person who has rheumatism and does not take the Uric Acid Course is making a great mistake."

The continuous stream of callers and mail that comes to Professor James M. Munyon at his laboratories at 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., keeps Dr. Munyon and his enormous corps of expert physicians busy. Write today to Professor James M. Munyon, personally at Munyon's Laboratories, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Give full particulars in reference to your case. Your inquiry will be held strictly confidential and answered in a plain envelope. You will be given the best medical advice, and asked more questions. The only charge Munyon makes is, when his physicians prescribe, his remedies you pay the retail selling price. It is immaterial whether you buy from him or from the nearest druggist.

## GOOD IDEA.



Reggy—I wish I knew what character to assume at the masquerade party tomorrow night.  
Cholly—Put a display head on yourself and go as a society column.

## CHILD'S HEAD A MASS OF HUMOR

"I think the Cuticura remedies are the best remedies for eczema I have ever heard of. My mother had a child who had a rash on its head when it was real young. Doctor called it baby rash. He gave us medicine, but it did no good. In a few days the head was a solid mass, a running sore. It was awful; the child cried continually. We had to hold him and watch him to keep him from scratching the sore. His suffering was dreadful. At last we remembered Cuticura Remedies. We got a dollar bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and a bar of Cuticura Soap. We gave the Resolvent as directed, washed the head with the Cuticura Soap, and applied the Cuticura Ointment. We had not used half before the child's head was clear and free from eczema, and it has never come back again. His head was healthy and he had a beautiful head of hair. I think the Cuticura Ointment very good for the hair. It makes the hair grow and prevents falling hair." (Signed) Mrs. Francis Lutz, Plain City, Utah, Sept. 13, 1910.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each with 25¢ postage book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 45 L, Boston.

"Keep it still, so that I can look at it."  
"I wish I could see that straight so cigar. You pay 10¢ for cigars not so good."  
"Man might live by bread alone, but woman must have some ice cream."