

# HIS RISE TO POWER

By Henry Russell Miller,

Author of

"The Man Higher Up"

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## SYNOPSIS

Senator Murchell, leader of the state machine, and Sheehan, local boss of New Chelsea, offer the nomination for district attorney to John Dunmeade. Dunmeade is independent in his political ideas.

Dunmeade will accept the nomination. His father, a partisan judge, congratulates him. His Aunt Roberta urges John to call on Katherine Hampden, daughter of a capitalist.

Katherine Hampden is a worshiper of success. She and John are friends. Jeremy Applegate, a political dependent, campaigns for John and the state ticket.

In New Chelsea lives Warren Blake, a model young bank cashier, connected with Hampden in "high finance." They try without success for John's aid.

The rottenness of politics in his state and party as revealed in his campaign diary. John calls upon Katherine.

Katherine's peril in a runaway reveals to her and John their unspoken love. John publicly "turns down" the machine of his party.

John will not compromise with his conscience even for the sake of winning Katherine, and the two part.

The course of his son is disapproved by Judge Dunmeade. John is elected and puts Sheehan on trial for political corruption.

Sheehan is convicted and flees. John meets Haig, a novelist, who is introduced to him by Warren Blake.

Haig and John visit the Hampdens. Blake proposes to Katherine and is rejected. He praises John to her. Murchell has a visitor.

The visitor is Sackett, head of the Atlantic railroad, trying to keep the Michigan out of the Steel City. He wants Murchell to retire. The latter cannot induce John to stop his attacks on the machine. John and Katherine meet.

She still thinks John a follower of impossible ideals. He loses in his fight for cleanliness in state politics and falls ill. Murchell offers financial aid to the Dunmeades.

John recovers and continues his fight, aided by Haig. In the Steel City he meets Katherine, who is courted by Gregg, a financially successful man.

Murchell loses control of the machine to Sherrod and retires nominally from politics. Sherrod gets drunk, and a messenger is sent to Murchell for aid.

Sherrod has embezzled \$300,000 of state money. Murchell resumes control after aiding his foe to conceal the crime and make restitution.

"John Dunmeade," she cried, "I don't know yet how much of what you have said is true. And I don't know whether you have been weak or strong. But there are finer things than the strength of heartless justice. One of them is—must be—to be merciful, to want to show mercy where you owe none, where you believe you can gain nothing, as you have done. I can't—I shan't try to thank you. But I shall always be praying for you all the good things you have earned as you go—and you will go—onward."

He merely repeated an old saying. "I haven't thought as far ahead as tomorrow. And now you'd better go before church lets out. If people saw you here it might set them thinking."

Warren Blake's body was buried and his tragedy with it. The luck had held to the last. No suspicion of a lurking mystery had been breathed. And William Murchell returned from the funeral to a birth.

His enemies have called him inhuman, lacking in moral sensibility. There are episodes in his career which support the charge. But deep down within him had always laid something that, long pregnant, now fought to win to the light. He was suddenly arraigned before himself, become by the tragedy most pitiless of judges. The vigorous mentality that had hungered and thirsted for action, lusted for sharp combat, sought insatiably for power and ever more power, now turned upon himself, with precise, merciless strokes dissected his life for him, revealed its essential ugliness, disclosed overlooked potentialities.

It was the evening after the funeral. He was alone in his library. But he was not reading. He was angrily watching the gathering of a belated force in his existence.

He frowned when from the hall came the sounds of altercation, heated on one side and coolly confident on the other. Then the door was thrown open, and Haig, followed by the protestant man servant, entered. The novelist briskly crossed the room and planted himself in a chair before Murchell.

The involuntary host greeted him inhospitably. "I told Jim I would see nobody tonight. What do you want?"

"You remember, Saturday night I said you and I would have to discuss the matter of payment? The time has come, the walrus said."

"Well?"

"Senator Murchell, have you a conscience?"

"Are you trying to be impertinent, young man?"

"How impertinent? I'm merely trying to verify an impression. The other night, while you were watching Warren Blake die, I got the notion

that you had one. Now Warren Blake is out of the way. Hampden won't be disgraced. There's to be no scandal. Your plans to save the bank are under way. Other plans of yours are no longer in jeopardy. So it's time to think of payment. I have just come from Dunmeade. He isn't a very happy man, Senator Murchell. He's oppressed by the knowledge that he has been weak. He has lost his pride, his belief in himself, his sense of absolute honesty—call it soul for short. The poor fool even thinks he is to blame for Warren Blake's shooting himself. You and I know better. We know who killed Cock Robin." Haig laughed insinuatingly.

"You have a strange sense of humor. Just what are you trying to insinuate?"

"I mean that we know that the man who killed Warren Blake was the man who killed Creighton, Hawkins, Delehanty, Burns, Schneider, Larkin and Blake. And he's the fellow that created an atmosphere of dishonesty in political banks and public treasuries, made opportunities for thievery, encouraged and profited by speculation—in short, the man who devised and built the machine whose creatures and victims have paid the penalty of their crimes with suicide. Do I make myself clear?"

Murchell sat up angrily. "That isn't true. I'm not responsible for a few weaklings aren't able to resist temptation and take the easiest way out."

"It was Cain, I believe," Haig purred, "who first pleaded that excuse."

"See here, Haig! If you have anything important to say, say it. Otherwise—"

Haig leaned over, interrupting menacingly, tapping the senator's knee to emphasize his words: "I'd advise you to listen. Will you?"

"Go on."

"That's sensible," Haig resumed his easy attitude. "Let's take up Dunmeade's case. His mouth is closed by his love for Katherine Hampden. The question now is, who profits most by his silence and hence will have to pay? It isn't Hampden. I think I understand the political situation pretty well. Just now, when you're trying to scramble back into power and Jerry Brent has taken their convention out of the hands of your friends of the opposition for another bank in which you politicians have had your dirty fingers to fall, with another cashier putting a mussy little hole in his head, would he be most inopportune. Also, you've put up money to cover Hampden's shortage. I've never heard you accused of doing anything for anybody without return. And since you've put up a lot of money without security, it must be because silence just now is particularly valuable to you. Now do you get the point? Are you ready to pay?"

"Haven't I paid enough?"

"Can you ever pay enough to balance what Warren Blake and John Dunmeade have paid?"

"What do you want then?"

"Well, you're trying to get back into power through the convention. The general impression is that you can't beat Sherrod. But I guess differently. You're not the kind of man to go back into the scramble unless the chances for a win are pretty good. Well—nominate John Dunmeade."

"The thing," exclaimed Murchell, and extreme irritation was speaking—"is preposterous!"

"You have thought of it as much as that, then? But why preposterous to nominate a fine, big, honest man? Measure him against Wash Jenkins or any one of your kind you choose; his character is something you haven't been able to go to the people with for many a year in this state. And his nomination would pull the teeth of dangerous Jerry Brent."

"Power," said the senator virtuously, "isn't to be taken lightly. Even if I could do it, which isn't probable, I certainly don't propose to make a joke or a fool of myself before the political public by helping a narrow, pig headed, unpractical romancer to a powerful office."

"Unpractical and romancer"—you need a new point of view, senator. John Dunmeade is the most practical man I know, because he sees true, sees evil as evil and good as good. If this state were to follow his ideal of simple, straightforward common sense honesty, political corruption would cease to exist, a vast amount of injustice would be corrected and popular government justified. You'll have to find another excuse, Senator Murchell."

"Well, then," said the senator grimly, "you may put it that I, a seeker after the valueless, don't propose to help a practical man who has rejected my honest offer of friendship and spent six years vilifying me before the people of this state."

"So that's why it's preposterous? That's the measure of your sort, is it? Fighting you, telling the truth about you, are what disqualify a man for public office. You grind everybody, everything—life, death, tragedy, love—in the mills of your greedy ambition and you are willing to pay only the least penny you must. Blake the suicide, Hampden the embezzler, Dunmeade the lover, are but so many pawns in the game of Murchell—can you give me the word?"

"Your vivid imagination ought to be equal to that." But the senator began to feel that he was nearing the point where patience ceased to be a virtue.

"For once it balks. Dunmeade's mouth is closed. But, Senator Murchell, I know as much as he." He sprang to his feet. "What's to hinder me from publishing the scandal, from telling the people that another bank has been looted by the politicians, and added to the list of Creighton, Hawkins, Delehanty?"

"I thought we'd come to that. I'm

not easily frightened, Haig. You won't do it."

Haig seated himself on the table, the homely, cadaverous features lighting up in a sardonic grin. "Now the funny part of it is, you aren't sure whether I'm bluffing or not. Let me assure you, I am not. We're a pretty triangle, each with the drop on the man in front of him. You hold over Dunmeade's head the fact of Hampden's disgrace, he gets me with his friendship and I can bring you down with my knowledge of this bank business. I'd hate to lose Dunmeade's regard by confronting him with the necessity of prosecuting his lady love's father. But, by the Lord! I'm not afraid to fire first. And I think you believe that."

Murchell did not answer. He was making a strong effort to control his rising irritation. But he listened intently because he did not know Haig well enough to decide whether the latter was really dangerous.

"You think my motive is lacking perhaps?" Haig inquired coolly. "Do you remember Wrenn—George Wrenn of Clarion—or have there been so many Wrenns that you can't keep track of them? Let me tell you his story. He was a preacher—not a very strong man, but a fine, big, clean hearted fellow—something like John Dunmeade—who believed in his fellowmen and loved them, the kind that would sit up all night with any poor, suffering wretch or share his last dollar with those who needed it less than he did. Everybody loved him. He married a widow who had one son. He was a good husband and a perfect father to that boy. I know, because I was the boy. They had a reform wavelet in Clarion and sent Wrenn to the legislature. That was the year you almost failed of re-election to the senate. It cost you a million and a quarter to win, you may remember. There was a point where you needed just one vote, and your decoys got after Wrenn. He held out for awhile, but—Oh, you know how it works. He was poor, there was more money in sight than he had ever heard of, and they found his price—at \$17,000. And he was cheap, too, comparatively. I think he must have been temporarily out of his mind, for he didn't really care for money. He went home a shame broken man. They couldn't prove it on him but everybody knew he had taken money. They turned against him, his wife died broken hearted, and he had to leave Clarion. The money was soon spent; that kind never lasts. He went down hill fast and finally, a miserable, drunken wretch, he put a bullet through his head. I saw him do it—just as Warren Blake did it. So you can cut still another notch in your grin—eight on the list now—Creighton!"

"Quit that!"

"Good God," Haig jeered, "I believe he has a conscience, after all! Can you sleep o' nights, Senator Murchell?" Murchell got slowly to his feet, in his eyes a light so terrible that even Haig for a moment was startled.

White heat consumes quickly. The dumb passion soon burned itself out. The rigid pose melted into one of utter weariness.

"He wouldn't take it—at my hands." The arrogant habit of a lifetime had ceased to protest.

"Dunmeade? Oh, that's a problem in psychology. I think he will. In fact I know it, since I came here with full power of attorney from him. With men like Dunmeade the first compromise is the crucial one. As to means, you will find him more tractable, I fancy. My own opinion is he will be a more useful man for it. He won't be very happy at first, though. I'll be saying good night."

He took a few steps toward the door, then stopped, hesitating. He turned back. His insolent, overbearing manner fell from him.

"Senator," he said quietly, "I may have overdone it. Wrenn, Blake, all those fellows aren't worth a quail. Dunmeade is!"

But Murchell was not listening. He had forgotten Haig. He was watching the second birth of a young man who once had been.

Not the next day, nor the next, but on the third, the travail ended, William Murchell emerged from his brief, mysterious retirement to place himself at the head of his clamorous troops. It has been said that the campaign which followed was the most brilliant of his career.

(Continued in Next Friday's Issue.)

## THOMAS A. EDISON'S NEW INVENTION.

New Musical Instrument Received by F. A. Jenkins Tuesday—Quality of Tone Unsurpassed—Diamond Point Used.

Frank A. Jenkins, proprietor of the music store of that name on Main street, received Tuesday three new musical instruments that surpass any other in the reproduction of tone quality. The machines are a new invention by Mr. Edison, who as far back as 1878 invented and patented the first disc phonograph, but this new instrument is the first disc phonograph ever permitted to the public under his name. This instrument represents thirty-four years of personal investigation and experimentation by Mr. Edison and probably marks the limit of human achievement in recording and reproducing sound.

A feature of this instrument is that it requires no change of needles as the diamond point is used. In designing this diamond reproducer for this instrument, Mr. Edison constructed and tested over two thousand different models. The material used in the records is selected with great care. It is an entirely new material, possessing properties which have a very great part in the excellence of the reproduction. The motor is many times stronger and more costly than any other motor, with the result that the beautiful

tone qualities of the instrument are perfectly sustained at all times. Mr. Edison has conducted a series of exhaustive experiments which have resulted in new methods of sound recording entirely unknown to other manufacturers.

Mr. Jenkins invites everyone to come in and see the new instruments. As you listen to the reproduction of music you will notice that all the over tones or tone colors are faithfully recorded. The musical volume of this instrument is much greater than any other. Inasmuch as it is capable of the real interpretation of music, Mr. Edison intends making it the means of offering all of the world's finest music to the American people. From month to month he will present purposeful programs of music including the works of all the great composers in revival of English and ballad opera and historic lyrics. A review of the music of the nation, gems of Grand Opera and the five old songs so aptly called art songs. Also the best musical numbers from modern light opera successes and all of the contemporary popular music.

The artists who make records for this new machine are chosen with greatest care. They are judged by the standards of the musical centers of Europe and include the finest voices in the world. They select only those singers whose art is so great that the full measure of their power is felt without seeing them. Artists whose voices are endowed with a wealth of color, feeling and expression.

Mr. Jenkins states this is the greatest instrument he has ever handled and the enthusiasm shown over it has never been equalled for any other cabinet phonograph he has. It is indeed a great invention.

## HAMLIN.

Hamilin, Feb. 26. Miss D. P. Hamlin is spending a few days in Honesdale as the guest of Mrs. C. E. Mills.

Stewart Peet, who has been ill, is able to be about again.

Th. W. C. T. U. will meet on Friday of this week, Feb. 28, with Mrs. C. R. Spangenberg.

Clifford Chapman, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Chapman, has been quite sick, but is improving.

Miss Alice Brooks visited in Hawley over Sunday last.

Miss M. A. Hodgson is visiting Mrs. Birdsall in Scranton.

The L. A. S. met on Thursday, Feb. 20, with Mrs. Flora Goodrich. A good attendance was reported.

Mrs. W. H. Alt was a guest of Mrs. Cobb at Bidwell Hill last week.

The W. C. T. U. social, held at Mrs. Harriet Bortree's on Saturday evening, was pronounced a success by all who were present. The attendance, however, was not large on account of the bad roads and inclement weather.

Harry Ehrhardt, of Newfoundland, was a week-end guest at the home of F. A. Peet.

Norman Jones, Scranton, paid a flying visit to friends in town on Washington's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Peet spent Sunday with Mrs. Peet's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walker, at Centerville.

Flora Goodrich, LeRoy Pelton and Ivan Williams made a trip to Honesdale on Monday.

Dr. W. A. Stevens was in town last week.

## WHITES VALLEY.

Miss Anna Fitze was a recent guest of Niagara friends.

Mrs. D. E. Hacker and Miss Anna M. Hauser spent Thursday at Honesdale.

Fred W. White transacted business in Scranton Friday.

Miss Agnes Kennedy spent the week-end as the guest of Miss Mildred Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jennings are making an extended visit with Carbondale and Dunmore friends.

H. W. White spent last week with his son.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Pomery visited Seelyville friends last week.

Misses Clara Fisher entertained thirty of her young friends on Saturday evening, Feb. 15, the occasion being her tenth birthday anniversary.

Mrs. R. S. Pomery is visiting friends at Forest City.

Mrs. H. L. Fisher is convalescing from an attack of the grippe.

Albert Miller entertained the Bachelors' club Saturday evening.

Mrs. Laura Coyne passed to her eternal rest at 11:20 p. m., Feb. 22, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. W. White.

## HARRISBURG LETTER.

Bigelow Still Road Maker.

E. M. Bigelow's appointment as state highway commissioner, dating from June 1, 1911, has been confirmed by the senate, the administration mustering thirty-seven votes, three more than necessary. The vote was 37 to 9. The confirmation of the highway commissioner was the first big fight in the senate this session and was won by the Republican leaders with three votes to spare. It takes two-thirds or thirty-four of the fifty votes in the senate to confirm.

The senate chambers and galleries were jammed with people, who had expected to see a fight over the nomination if it was called up. The nomination was sent in by the governor early in the session and had been in the committee on public roads until last week, when the chairman, Senator McNichols, of Lackawanna county, reported it out.

When Senator McNichols called up the nomination for confirmation there was no objection voiced to going into executive session to confirm it. Without one word of discussion the senate immediately took a vote.

In detail it was as follows:

For confirmation—Alexander, Beidleman, Buckman, Catlin, Clark, Crow, Daix, Dewitt, Endsley, Farley, Gerberich, Hall, Herbst, Hoke, Homsher, Huffman, Hunter, Jones, Kline, Knapp, Kurtz, Martin, McNichols, McNichols, Mills, Morgan, Nulty, Powell, Salus, Sheatz, Snyder, Sones, Stineman, Thompson, Vane, Washee—37.

Against confirmation—Gyger, Heckcock, Hilton, Jarrett, Judson, Magee, Melhenny, Mills, Sensesch—9.

## HERE IS A BARGAIN

Located in Berlin township about 3 1/2 miles from Honesdale is one of the best farms in that locality. It consists of 108 acres, which is all improved. The soil is sand loam and red shale. It is well watered by springs; orchard. Twelve-room house, barn 37x47 feet with shed 22x90 feet. Part cash, balance on easy terms. See

Buy-U-A-Home Realty Co. Jadwin Building, Box 52, Honesdale.

## SEELYVILLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The Polley house, consisting of seven rooms, spring water in house with one acre of land, located on Bethany road is for sale. Chicken house 12x48 feet and store house 10x12 feet and fruit of all kinds is on the premises. Price, \$1,300. See Buy-U-A-Home Realty Co., Jadwin Building.

## Baldheaded Row

Early Piety Not Always the Cause of Baldness.

Inasmuch as it is an accepted fact that baldness, falling hair and dandruff are caused by a germ, doesn't it stand to reason that the only way to prevent such calamities is to kill the germs?

And doesn't it stand to reason that the only way to kill these germs is to use Parisian Sage, which Pell, the druggist, has so much faith in that he guarantees it to cure dandruff, falling hair and itching scalp in two weeks, or money back?

Parisian Sage is a delightful hair tonic pleasant to use. It is not sticky or greasy, and contains only those ingredients that will surely benefit.

It is now sold by druggists all over America, and by Pell, the druggist, for 50 cents a large bottle. It is used extensively by women who desire luxuriant hair with a radiant luster. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package. Feb. 21-28

## Roup is Common Now

It may appear in your flock at any time. Don't let it attack your fowls and cut down your profits. Prevent it. Put in the drinking water

### Pratt's Roup Cure

Guaranteed to prevent and cure this fatal disease. 25c. 50c. \$1. Each 250 box makes 15 gallons of cold and roup medicine. Sample FREE.

### Pratt's Poultry Regulator

Keeps fowls in the best physical condition—able to resist disease. 25c. 50c. \$1. 25-lb. pail, \$2.50 "Your money back if it fails" Get Pratt's Fruit-starting Booklet



ERK BROS., Honesdale, Pa.

## The Ideal Guardian



of the estates of your minor children. It has the very best facilities for the profitable and wise investment and reinvestment of the principal and accrued income.—The Scranton Trust Co.

516 Spruce Street.

Our GOLD TABLETS if used promptly will make short work of a cold.

O. T. CHAMBERS, PHARMACIST, Honesdale, Pa.

## IS YOUR ACCOUNT GROWING?

We can answer this question if you are doing business at the FARMERS & MECHANICS BANK, and are preparing for your future welfare. Our Deposits show gains of several thousands of dollars at each statement issued and so we take it for granted that your account is growing.

## THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY

Saratoga Springs

and

Lake George

Ten Days' Excursion

Saturday, August 2, 1913

Arrange Your Vacation Accordingly.