

McArdle's Retirement

(By Allan P. Ames.)

A day came when McArdle made up his mind to retire. Forty years he had toiled for the party, ten years in the ranks, ten in the councils, and twenty at their head.

In those twenty years of supremacy he had never asked nor accepted office for himself. Power was what he sought, and what he got. In city and county he was absolute ruler. He had dictated the nomination of more than one State officer. The representative from the district was his mouth-piece in Congress.

But all this meant work, hard work, and when a man nears seventy life owes him rest. For the first time in a long and busy career rest had begun to appeal to McArdle as an end in itself.

Two events hastened his decision; his sweeping victory at the recent election, and the marriage of his youngest daughter. Her departure had left his home childless. His wife needed him. The crowded years had spared them few hours together. Now he planned for the long seasons of travel, sojourns in distant lands and leisurely rounds of visits at the homes of their married children.

The enemy was crushed, the party harmonious, no time could be had for a change of drivers. But before he laid down the reins a few matters still demanded his attention. For the immediate present, therefore, he kept his intentions to himself. That is, he told no one but his secretary. This discreet and valuable young man—Selden was his name—derived the knowledge through having to take from McArdle's dictation the rough draft of the speech in which he purposed to announce his retirement at the big dinner to be given by the country organization in celebration of its victory at the polls. Neither age nor experience had weakened McArdle's fondness for the drama, and he planned to keep his secret up to the dramatic moment when the words left his lips. A doubt of his secretary never crossed his mind. The young man was bound to him by every tie of gratitude and self-interest, and had never violated his confidence.

Selden owed much to his employer—more, in fact, than to any other but one. The exception was Brierman, the city treasurer, and his claim arose from the fact that he had secured the secretary's responsible and well-salaried position. Under other circumstances it is doubtful if even these considerations would have outweighed duty to his chief, but even while his flying pencil set down the words he realized their supreme importance to himself and his patron. To him they meant the loss of his place—McArdle in retirement manifestly would have no further use for a secretary; to Brierman they meant even more.

When Selden transcribed his notes he put two pieces of paper in the typewriter with a carbon sheet between. The first copy thus made he laid in McArdle's desk, ready for his vision. The other he placed in his pocket and carried down to the city hall.

"Well, my boy," said Brierman, with his usual stout geniality, "what is it this morning? Something personal, or official?"

Before he answered Selden closed the door of the private office and glanced around to ascertain that they were the only occupants.

"Personal now, but official pretty soon. The Old Man is going to get out."

"No!" exclaimed Brierman in amazement.

"Yes, he is," said Selden; "and what's more, he intends to leave his vacant shoes for Phelan."

The city treasurer's bulky form half rose and sank back in his swivel chair. "Are you sure?" he asked quickly. "How do you know?"

Selden told about the coming speech. "I have it here in his very words," said he. "The Old Man always gets his remarks on paper long before it's time to deliver them, so he can see how they look. Listen to this."

Thereupon he read the passage near the conclusion of his employer's speech announcing as a worthy successor Thomas Phalen, "the young and energetic leader whose brilliant career you have so lately crowned by election to the highest office in the gift of our citizens."

By the time he had finished, Brierman's heavy, good-natured countenance betrayed all the alarm he had expressed. It also betrayed a slight measure of suspicion. With eyes fixed searchingly on the younger man's face Brierman leaned forward and asked:

"And why do you bring the news to me?"

"Because," replied Selden, calmly meeting his gaze, "I could think of no one who could make better use of it. You have made no secret of your ambition to wear the Boss's shoes some day yourself."

"Yes," said the other bitterly, "it's no more than I deserve. Phalen is a young upstart who has never rendered a quarter of the service I have. But somehow or other he has always had McArdle's ear. Fifteen years ago he was in the high school, and now look at him—holding the office that was all but promised me. If he ever gets to be boss I might as well drop politics for good. McArdle knows I have stood by him faithfully; but this is all the thanks I get."

"Politics is a selfish game," replied Selden sententiously; "but there's one man who hasn't forgotten what he owes you. That's present company. If the secret I've just told you were all I had to offer I shouldn't have come. But I'm here to talk business. If McArdle drops out I drop too. Phalen hasn't any use for me and it would be courting a throw-down to look for a job there. Now I haven't been in this sort of thing long; but I like it, and I want to stay and go on further. You see my motives are not altogether altruistic. If you go up you'll find me hanging to your coat-tails."

"I don't just see what a kid like you can do," remarked the city treasurer thoughtfully; "but if you can show me a way out of this mess you will never regret it. You say you have a plan? Let's hear it."

The city treasurer's office and the quarters of the mayor were both on the second floor of the city hall, though in opposite corners. About an hour later, however, Selden, making sure that his movements were observed by none of the loungers in the corridor, closed Brierman's door softly behind him and walked briskly toward the sanctum of the city's new chief executive. So important a person as McArdle's secretary did not have to wait long for an audience. A couple of callers were summarily disposed of and Selden was ushered into the presence. The term "audience" and "presence" are used advisedly: Every day since election has seen an increment to Mayor Phalen's dignity and self-importance. No one had remarked this more than Selden. Phalen's greeting was cordial enough, not from any personal regard, as Selden well understood, but because of the personage he represented. Selden accepted a chair and cautiously approached the delicate task before him. Although none knew better than he how completely the mayor owed his election to the backing of McArdle, he began by recalling in a strain of veiled compliment the recent campaign. He spoke of Phalen's popularity with the rank and file and subtly praised the qualities to which he knew that popularity was attributed by Phalen, all of which was flattery by Phalen, all of which was flattery of a kind which the young mayor, still unused to his own dazzling glory, harkened with smiling complacency.

"There isn't a young man in the party," declared the eulogist, warming to his theme, "nor an old one either, who doesn't say you deserve it, much as they envy you. Was a chance you have, Mr. Phalen, to pay off old scores and reward your friends. I suppose you won't lose much time in turning the old gang out and giving some of your own pals a chance?"

"Aw, what are you talking like that for?" inquired Phalen. "I'd like mighty well to call the boys under and shake the plum tree, but you know as well's I do that the Old Man wouldn't stand for it. The crowd that's in now are all his friends and he won't let me touch 'em. I had all I could do to get a measly three-dollar-a-day clerkship for my own nephew."

"Of course he told you not to disturb them," said Selden, carelessly. "So would any man in his place. That's one way he manages to stay there. The boss is the man who can hand out the prize packages. McArdle's friends are in office; they're his friends because he put them there, and naturally, they stand by him. Suppose somebody else's friends were in—yours, for instance—wouldn't they stand by somebody else?"

"Young man," said the mayor, with as much anxiety as anger in his tone, "you can't make a monkey of me. No shenanigan now—what are you up to? Did the Old Man send you here to test me?"

"Mr. McArdle knows nothing about my call," replied Selden, unflinchingly meeting the other's scrutiny. "Then what are you here for?"

"Primarily, in my own interest. I suppose it is no news to you that Mr. McArdle is growing old. He's losing his grip. Sooner or later he will have to get out and let a younger and stronger man succeed him. From various evidences I judge that you would like to be that man."

"Well?" said Phelan, impatiently.

"Well—I don't see why you make me go over all this. You understand the situation better than I, even if it does please you to feign ignorance. You know you'll never have another opportunity like the present. Don't wait until McArdle resigns voluntarily and you find half a dozen others bucking you for his place. Sail in and take it now. You have a weapon that puts the rest of them out of the fight from the start. I mean the power of appointment. Show the gang that you're master and they'll fall in line like a lot of tramps waiting for a hand-out."

"Do you really think so?" asked Phelan thoughtfully.

"I surely do. I haven't been next to the political game long, but I know one important feature of it as it's played in this part of the state—I mean McArdle. No man is a hero to his private secretary. I know just what his strength rests on and how weak he is at present. If he's allowed to remain at the head for another campaign the other side'll win, sure's fighting. Then we'll all be hunting jobs."

He ceased talking, lit a cigarette, and casually watched the smoke-wreaths. A few moments before Phalen's face had been a study, but now his training asserted itself, and he was guiltless of a single emotion. But Selden, who knew him, drew satisfaction from its very blankness. McArdle's secretary had said exactly what he came to say, no more, no less, and he was content to leave his words unamended. So the mayor pursued his train of thought undisturbed, gazing vacantly out upon the little city hall park, while his caller rose and softly left the room.

In addition to being an unusually successful politician, McArdle was a fairly successful man of business. A fortune founded by shrewdness as a general contractor had been increased by happy investments in the real estate and manufacturing enterprises of his native city. Of late years the active management of the contracting business had passed into the hands of his sons, but the head of the firm spent as many hours as ever at the desk in his old office. With but few lapses that office had been the city's real administrative centre for the past twenty years.

It was part of Selden's duties to reach the place before his employer's arrival and glance through the morning papers, for the purpose of marking such news as the latter might wish to read, thereby saving the old gentleman's failing eyesight unnecessary labor. On the fourth day following his interview with Mayor Phalen the secretary arranged the papers on his chief's desk in such order that a heavily loaded article on the first

FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA 23rd Annual Report and Financial Statement

For the Year Ending December 31, 1904.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the shareholders of this company was held at the head office of the company in Hamilton, on Tuesday, March 7th, 1905, the President, Mr. David Dexter, in the chair. The following reports and financial statement were submitted:

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Your directors have the honor to present the report and financial statement of the company for the year which closed on the 31st December, 1904, duly vouched for by the auditors. The new business of the year consisted of two thousand two hundred and fifty applications for insurance, aggregating \$3,146,500, of which two thousand one hundred and seventy-seven applications for \$3,010,199.50 were accepted.

As in previous years, the income of the company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the company have been increased by \$285,979.52, and have now reached \$2,148,773.37, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to \$3,918,773.37, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$1,962,935.56, showing a surplus of \$1,955,837.81. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to policyholders was \$185,837.81.

Policies on eighty-two lives became claims through death, to the amount of \$157,040.00, of which \$12,585 was reinsured in other companies. Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, with annuities, the total payment to policyholders amounted to \$198,911.34.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the company's funds, in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded a very satisfactory rate of interest.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the directors for your approval show an advance of thirteen and a half per cent. in assets.

The assurances carried by the company now amount to \$16,047,806.23, upon which the company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

The field officers and agents of the company are intelligent and loyal and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful to the company's service.

Your directors are pleased to be able to state that the business of the company for the past two months of the current year has been better than in the corresponding months of last year, and that the outlook for the future is very bright.

DAVID DEXTER, President and Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company: Gentlemen,—We have carefully audited the books and records of your company for the year ending 31st December last, and have certified to their accuracy.

The cash and journal vouchers have been closely examined, and agree with the entries recorded.

The debentures, bonds, etc., in the possession of the company have been inspected, whilst those deposited with the Government or banks have been verified by certificate, the total agreeing with the amount as shown in the statement of assets.

The accompanying statements, viz., revenue and assets and liabilities, show the result of the year's operations, and, also, the financial position of the company.

H. S. STEPHENS, CHARLES STIFF, Auditors.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1904

RECEIPTS.

Hamilton, 1st March, 1905. Premium and annuity income \$ 542,388.83 Interest, rents, and profit on sales of securities 86,329.51 628,718.34

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid to policyholders 198,911.34 All other payments 191,620.70 Balance 238,186.30 628,718.34

ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1904.

Debentures and bonds \$ 685,383.82 Mortgages 704,168.83 Loans on policies, bonds, stocks, etc. 410,615.33 All other assets 318,695.39 \$2,148,773.37

LIABILITIES.

Reserve Fund \$1,887,724.81 Death losses awaiting proofs 51,146.00 Other liabilities 21,070.75 Surplus on policyholders' account 185,837.81 \$2,148,773.37

Assets \$2,148,773.37 Guarantee capital 870,000.00 Total security \$3,018,773.37

Policies were issued assuring \$ 3,010,499.50 Total insurance in force 16,047,806.23

The foregoing reports and statements were received and adopted, on the motion of President David Dexter, seconded by Vice-President Lieut.-Col. Kerns. The retiring directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the directors the following officers were re-elected: Mr. David Dexter, President and Managing Director, Lieut.-Col. Kerns and Rev. Dr. Potts, Vice-Presidents.

page of a local daily caught McArdle's eye before he was fairly in his seat. "What's this?" he ejaculated, snatching up the paper and eagerly reading.

When he had finished the column he turned to Selden. "Mr. Selden," he said, with a calmness that surprised the young man, "he so good as to telephone the mayor's office and tell him I want to see him at once. And emphasize the 'at once.'"

Taking up the instrument at his elbow, the secretary delivered the message. After a listening pause, he replied, "Mr. Phalen says he can't come now; he's too busy."

"Too busy!" exclaimed McArdle, as though doubting his senses. "Too busy! Well, that looks as though there might be some truth in it. Selden, I guess we'll have to pay the busy mayor a visit. It's something I haven't done in years, but if they are afraid to face me I'll show them that I'm not too stuck up nor too old to chase after them."

The two left the office together, but half-way to the street Selden gave a pretext for returning. Springing to the telephone, he called for the office of the city treasurer.

"Hello, that you, Brierman? Yes, all right. I recognize your voice. This is Selden. Suppose you saw the Advertiser this morning. What does it mean? You ought to know. Think it over for the next ten minutes and then find some excuse for calling on the mayor. Stay there until McArdle arrives. He's just starting from his office with blood in his eye. It will be to your advantage to be on hand when he breaks loose. If you don't see what to do then I'll give it up. Good-by. He's waiting for me. Remember—in ten minutes."

During the ride to the city hall McArdle sat in ruminative silence, which his considerate secretary did not venture to disturb. But as he

Table for the month of March 1905, showing days of the month, day of the week, color of vestments, and feast days. Includes Quinquagesima Sunday, First Sunday of Lent, and Second Sunday of Lent.

BE A Draftsman Canadian Correspondence College, Limited TORONTO, CAN. Complete courses in Mechanical Drawing and Machine Design, Freshhand Drawing, etc., with practical work, materials, etc., supplied.

TOOLS We are showing complete sets of tools in prices from \$3.00 to \$20.00 a set. SCROLL SAWS and LATHES Rice Lewis & Son LIMITED Cor. KING & VICTORIA ST., TORONTO

anything, a trifle more erect. "It is," said McArdle mildly. "You really intend to force out two of the best and most experienced officers in the administration? Don't you realize that the splendid service they have rendered won us more votes last November than all the money in the campaign fund? Come now, Phalen, you're joking. You can't mean it."

"I do not agree with your views of their qualifications," replied the mayor stiffly. "No public officer is so superior that others can't be found to fill his place. I can't see how Anderson and Timerson can complain. Corporation Counsel and commissioners of public works are the highest salaried appointments the mayor has. They've fed at the public trough long enough. I believe others should have an equal chance. In short, some friends of mine."

"Who do you mean by friends of yours?" asked McArdle. "My personal constituents, the men in my ward who helped me get the nomination."

"Your hee-lers, you mean!" cried the old man, suddenly stepping forward and banging his heavy fist on Phalen's desk. "Your personal hee-lers! Helped you get the nomination?" he sneered. "For the past fifteen years there has been just one man in the country who made and unmade mayors, and that's me. And you know it. Now, what do you mean? Out with it! What do you want?"

"Nothing for myself," replied Phalen sullenly. "But I know you, McArdle. You put a man in office when the whim takes you, you yank him out. As long as I'm mayor of this town I intend to be mayor, and not a figure-head nor a mouth-piece. I'm—"

"Never mind telling what you are," interrupted McArdle. "I know, and so will every decent man in the organization as soon as this thing gets out. Do you flatter yourself that you got this place through your own ability and merit? Why, you fool, without the organization behind you, you'd still be clerking in the coal office where we found you. And what is the organization? It's me. You know that. Who made you alderman? Who made you city clerk? Who made you mayor? I did. When you promised to be faithful to the organization, you promised to be faithful to me. Phalen, you're a traitor. You're worse; you're an ingrate and a liar."

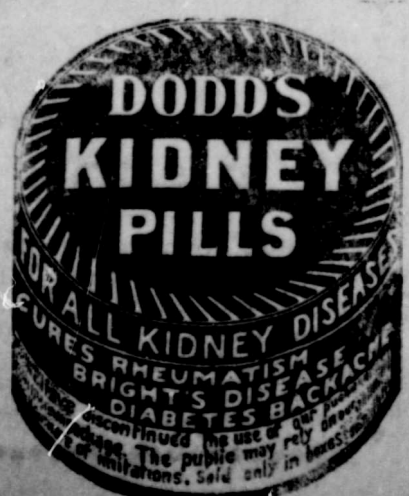
To Selden's unspeakable delight, the new mayor leaped to his feet and shook his fist under the old man's nose. "That's more'n I'll take from anybody!" he shouted. "But for your gray hairs, McArdle, I'd smash you!"

The light of battle was in McArdle's eyes, but he looked down at the trembling fist with a smile. Before he could answer, however, Brierman had pushed it aside and stepped between them.

"If you touch that man," said the city treasurer to Phalen, "I'll break every bone in your body. And right here, you ungrateful whelp, I want to see every word that Mr. McArdle has said." Phalen, you're a mean, low-lived traitor, and there isn't a self-respecting man in the party who will stand by you."

"We'll see," was all Phalen said. "Thank you, Brierman," said the Boss quietly. "I shan't forget this. But I'm not too old yet to fight my own battles. Yes, we'll see," he retorted, turning his glance upon the white-haired mayor, "or rather, you'll see. I understand you now Phelan. Others have tried what you are trying, but they all failed. In my long experience I've met many types of political ingrates; but you're the lowest specimen yet. Because I've put you on top of the heap you're fool enough to think you don't need me any longer. You think it's time you were it. It, Phalen, is a very little word, but politically it's so great that you'll never measure up to it. You can never lead the party here. Once I thought you might possibly have the stuff in you, but now I know you for just what you are. You haven't the courage and, even if you had, the party would never follow a traitor."

"I can see you program, Phalen. Go ahead, try to carry it out. For



Care of Eggs Eggs are at their best twelve hours after being laid, but during that time they should not be allowed to remain in the nest, but should be left in a refrigerator or in a cool cellar. Eggs from which the animal heat has not escaped are totally unfit for food and should never be eaten. They should be gathered at once and put in a cool place for use the next day. Eggs absorb the impurities and odors of the surroundings, therefore it is important that they be kept where the temperature is even and where there is no foul air or odors to be absorbed. A can of kerosene will so distinctly flavor eggs which are near by that they soon become unfit for use. Onions will also destroy their flavor, consequently one can see the importance of handling eggs carefully. A great many people discontinue the use of eggs during the summer months because they find it almost impossible to get any that are strictly fresh.

Care of Eggs

That which is too little for luxury is abundantly enough for nature. IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism which drags and ditches full of cure you, write to me and I will send you a trial package of a simple remedy which cost me \$1000.00. Thousands of cures, among them cases of over 30 years' standing. This is no humbug or deception. It is an honest remedy, which enabled many a person to stand on their feet again. JOHN A. SMITH, 219 Gloria Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.