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Alderman Tommy drops in

By Clarence Budington Kelland

*A gentleman with a past commits a murder,
and a gentleman with a future goes after him*

FOR all that John Meaney held a disagreeable job, he was a companionable fellow, and young Alderman Tommy Rouse used to drop in at his office in the basement of the county building for a late evening's chat. This office adjoined the morgue, for Meaney was county undertaker. He intended some day to run for coroner and then for sheriff—for in that city it seemed to be a law of natural progression to pass through that series of offices.

Naturally John was glad to receive Tommy, for the youthful alderman was rapidly becoming a political personage to be taken into consideration. Even Commissioner O'Brien, who was at the head of the city machine, and County Supervisor Mattison, who was all-powerful in the country districts, were commencing to trim their sails to Tommy's breeze.

Ted Plank, of the Press, was there when Tommy came in to take his casual chair.

"If we had another we could start a heart game," said Meaney. "Anything special, Alderman?"

"No," said Tommy. "Just dropped in. I like to drop in places."

Which was true. Tommy had erected what success already was his upon a

foundation of dropping in. He made a profession of it. Knowing everybody in town well enough to drop in on him was Tommy's ambition, and, curiously, he was always welcome. Not on account of his conversation, for there wasn't much of that, nor was that little especially brilliant. But he was an expert listener, and he was genuinely interested in what he heard.

Presently the telephone rang and Meaney answered: "Where? Vineland Avenue and Nixon Street? Gosh! That's way out by Red River, ain't it? Oh, they fished it out of the crick, eh? Start right away."

He turned to Tommy and Ted Plank. "Got to take the ambulance out where the sun goes over the fence. Fished one out of the water. Nice night for a ride. Want to come along?"

"Sound like anything?" asked the reporter.

"Never can tell," Meaney replied. "The coroner's starting and I want to get there about the time he does. How about it?"

"Guess I'll come," said Tommy. "Know some folks out that way. May get a minute to drop in on 'em."

Meaney put a long wicker basket in the ambulance. Ted and Tommy crowded onto the seat with him and they sped westward.

A FEW minutes later they arrived at a point where the little river flowed through a rice marsh—a lonely spot with the twinkling lights of the city far behind them—and saw by the river's edge a little knot of people. There was a uniformed policeman, three boys, the adipose figure of the coroner with his clerk, and the well-set person of Detective Sergeant Banks from headquarters.

"Huh," grunted Ted Plank, "some-thing 'doin'."

They walked forward and greeted the officers who stood about a shapeless bundle half concealed by the reeds.

"What you got?" asked the reporter.

"Woman," said the coroner. "Kids after bullheads fished her out."

"Suicide?"

"If she did," said Coroner Briggs, "she did a good job. Never heard of anybody hittin' themselves on the back of the head with a heavy blunt instrument."

"Gosh," exclaimed Ted, happy in an instant, for here was a story. Already he scented it. A murder is a murder—it may be a good murder or a bad murder according to newspaper standards, depending upon what attributes of mystery or grimness, of family, of what-not it may contain.

"Can't hold an autopsy here," said Briggs. "Take her back and we'll do the job there."

"Identified?" asked Ted.

"No."

"How old?"

"I'd guess thirty."

"Please, oh, please," said Ted, "tell me she was beautiful."

"Not bad lookin', I'd say," said the coroner. (Continued on page 32)

Mark another Hanna

For the first time in history a woman, equipped with money, position and political ability, is making a serious fight for a seat in the United States Senate. Ruth Hanna McCormick is her name. And she has in her blood the fire and dogged determination of her father, Mark Hanna. Here is the story of her fight

By William G. Shepherd

MARK HANNA'S daughter figured she had to do the job in just that particular way, no matter how uncomfortable it might be for her. It was the way her father had done it before her. Milkmen, railroad men, truckmen, policemen, postmen and all other persons in the state of Illinois who, throughout the recent winter, have been forced to make their living out of doors, have had in general a very uncomfortable time of it. In this spring month they are looking back to the days when zero weather was frequent, and to the several times when twenty below zero was reached. Mark Hanna's daughter had to be out in this weather, in an open car, not only day after day, but night after night and week after week. This is because she is in politics. And because, as we shall see later, she will have a special gratification in beating a certain nationally famous man.

She was holding political meetings. Ruth Hanna McCormick, being very rich, might have gone about her political activities during those cold weeks of January and February, in a far more comfortable fashion. There's the radio; she might have used that. She could have talked through the cold of the winter days and nights from her extremely comfortable home in Georgetown, just outside of Washington, D. C.; from her great country home on her farm near Rockford, Illinois; from her ranch mansion in Wyoming, or from her fourth home, a suite of rooms at the Palmer House, in Chicago. Indeed, while she was motoring through the cold, her male opponents were making full use of the comfort-insuring radio. Being extremely rich, she could have traveled around Illinois in a luxurious private car. Or she might even have conducted a sort of front-porch campaign in the large suite of offices on Chicago's Michigan Avenue, her political headquarters.

But all of these would have been only political gestures of a vanity-affected rich woman. And no one says that Ruth Hanna McCormick is that. They would have been make-believe politics. And that's the one thing that Mark Hanna's daughter knows the least about—make-believe politics. The kind of politics her father taught her from the time she

Mrs. McCormick's interest in farming is intense. She has a farm at Byron, Illinois, and knows the ropes



Handing out doughnuts during her campaign for a seat in Congress

was sixteen years old and sat with him in his Cleveland office was so real that it elected Presidents, tore senators out of their seats, built things like the Panama Canal and in general produced extremely concrete results.

Time and again she saw her powerful father go straight after things that he wanted in politics. There was the time when she was traveling with him in a private car while he was campaign-

ing for the election of McKinley against Bryan. Hate appeared on both sides. Cartoonists were showing Mark Hanna as a living representative of "trusts;" his checkered clothes, in those cartoons, were marked with dollar signs; he became a cruel figure to millions.

The private car was switched off into a small Western town, for a quiet day. Everyone on the car needed a rest. Hanna's sixteen-year-old daughter went

for a hike through the village. It must have been a Bryan town, for across the main street was hung a roughly painted banner, reading:

"Mothers, keep your children at home today. Mark Hanna is in town."

The girl hurried back to the car with the story. It stirred her father into action. He was getting tired of being pictured as a pitiless, ruthless creature.

"You go to a hardware store," he told her, "and buy a dinner bell. Ring it up and down the street and tell everyone who pays any attention to you that Mark Hanna is going to make a speech here, in this town, this afternoon."

Before long the villagers beheld a school girl from the exclusive Hathaway Brown school in Cleveland, Ohio, ringing a regular farm-hand dinner bell in Main Street.

"If I can get a crowd," she announced, "Mark Hanna will come this afternoon and make a speech."

The crowd gathered, for Hanna had been speaking only in the larger cities, and Mark Hanna appeared.

"About all my father tried to do that day," his daughter said afterward, "was to be kind, not to argue very much, and to prove that he wasn't like the cartoons."

The girl, weeks later, watched the election returns from the little town. In the heart of the Bryan territory, there had been as much of a landslide as the votes of one little town could

