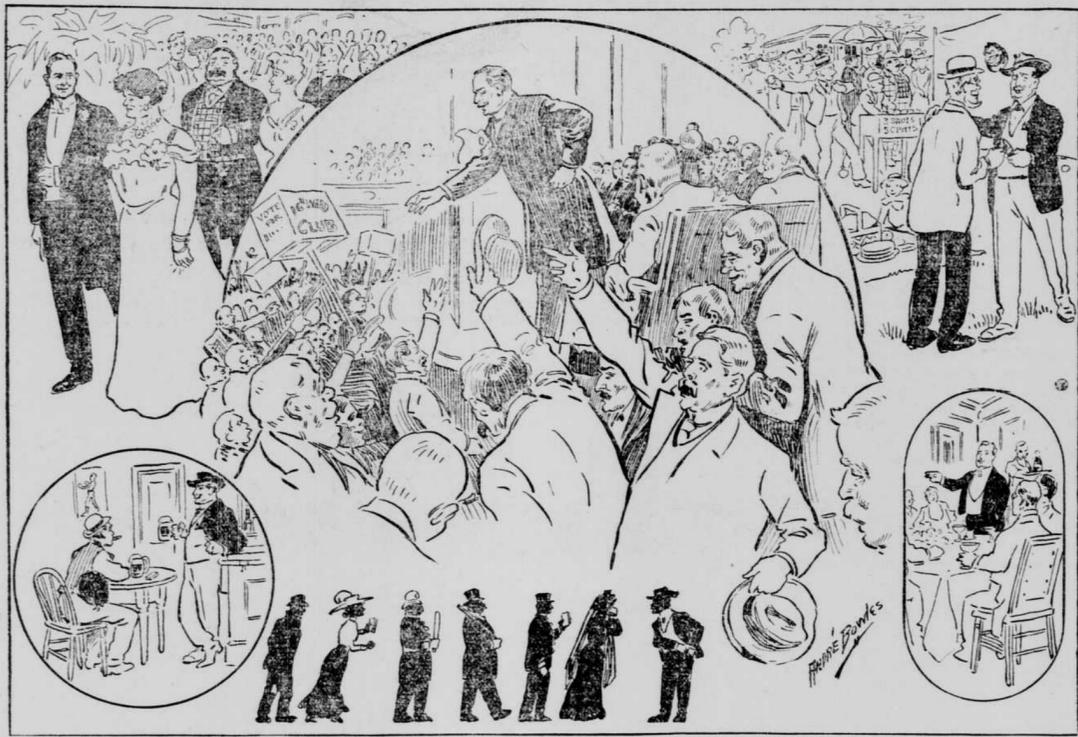


BEHIND THE SCENES IN POLITICS

THE POLITICAL SOCIAL WHIRL

By ERNEST M'CAFFEY



(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The politician who is following the calling for a livelihood eats, drinks and sleeps politics. You cannot get him off the track. He finds little interest in anything else. All his reading, outside of the papers, is on political topics. He keeps track of past elections and past ward votes, knows how his ward has gone, will go, and ought to go in the future. He is the life of all political assemblages, for he has the air of the expert and the glint of an "illustrated lecturer." He attends the "wakes," funerals, dances, parties, baseball and football games, christenings, church fairs, picnics and all other social happenings, and gets himself voted "the most popular man" whenever he has a chance.

I remember that at one political jamboree there was a "beauty show" and I was appointed one of the judges. The other two judges were "pulling together," and I saw I was "double-crossed" before the "beauties" went on the platform. In front of the platform there was a big crowd on the chairs, and they were filled by the respective adherents of the contesting "fair." I had innocently supposed that things were "on the square" until I was approached by one of the judges with the idea that the first prize ought to go to a certain girl who, to my notion, was not within a thousand miles of being first in the race. I put up such a fierce "kick" that the other judges got a little bit uncertain, and at last, as first and second prizes were both gold watches, they agreed to let me select No. 2 if I would vote for their choice for first prize.

When No. 1's name was announced a groan went up from the crowd, accompanied by a cheer from one corner of the seats where the winner's partisans were bunched. When No. 2's name was given she was cheered by a big majority of the crowd, and I was satisfied my eyesight was still good. Now for both of these girls the vote had been solid, three votes for each. When it came to No. 3—and there were only three prizes worth anything—I did a little "double-crossing" myself. One of the judges proposed a girl who had a face like a custard pie at twilight. The other judge said, "Sure, that's the one!" I had selected a girl for this prize and had got her name, so I said to judge No. 2, "Where's your lady?" He pointed to her and I said, "Out of sight; but we'd better split the votes this time; you vote for Miss —" giving him the name of my choice—"so that the crowd won't have any holler coming on the split; two votes to one will win out anyway."

He did as suggested, but as I also voted for my choice the look of disgust that overspread his features when he saw how he had been "horn-swoggled" was something classic. But all he said was "Holy gee!"

After a man has been mixed up in politics for a year or so he begins to perceive that politics has many angles in a social way as the game of "three-cushion caroms." The variety of gradations is so widely diversified and the intervals so abrupt that it takes a truly cosmopolitan spirit to successfully "take the degrees." At four o'clock in the afternoon you may be touching glasses with a young mechanic at a "rathskeller" in a friendly chat over your beer as to how things look in his end of the ward. At 6 p. m. you may be dining with a bunch of judges and party magnates in some fashionable club, making wild guesses with the rest of them as to how national politics looks up. At twelve that night you may be addressing forty or fifty people in a little hall back of some saloon. You must be prepared to meet all kinds of people at a minute's notice, and you must be able to understand them and adapt yourself to them instantly and easily, or you will be lost in political society.

Suppose you happen to drop in at downtown headquarters where they are waiting for a meeting to be called. There may be twenty to thirty men about, some sitting in chairs reading

or talking, some at a card-table playing a friendly game of cinch, others at a pool-table or a billiard-table. Can you play cards? Now, of course, it is not absolutely essential that you can; but if you can make a hand at one card-table or "pocket eight balls from the break," or play a fair game of billiards you are a more welcome member of society in that strata of political existence.

And if it should happen that you joined a group at some "high-toned" political club, where some topics such as literature, art, science, invention or similar matters were being discussed, and could hold your own in conversation, you were "making a hand" there, the same as at the more plebeian game of cinch. Nothing that a man has learned with his head or his hands but what will come in handy in politics.

Political club meetings, in the case of the downtown organizations, took place every Sunday in my time. They were enlivened by the admission of new members, the reading of reports and making of motions, speeches, and always something in the way of a vaudeville stunt by either a member of the club or some outside talent. These downtown meetings were valuable in bringing the leaders of the different wards together and affording them an opportunity to exchange political news and to discuss the coming spring or fall campaign. They were always largely attended, and it was a disgrace for any ward to be called upon for information of any sort and not have a representative on hand. A disgrace that I never knew to happen but once. No matter what the weather was the "faithful" were on hand.

The president opened the meeting and the utmost freedom of discussion was allowed in any debate which might arise. Sometimes a recess was declared, and the men talked and smoked until the meeting was called to order again. It was amusing to see how those of the gathering who were office-holders were regarded. If their position gave them no "distributive" power, they were looked on as merely "happy accidents," and not ranking at all with those office-holders who had "jobs" to sort out. In neither of my own positions did I have the appointment of even so much as a day-laborer at my disposal, so I was merely "a lucky guy." In fact I was lucky in more ways than one, for not having anything to give out I was not bothered by applicants.

These meetings always arranged for the parades, the marching trips and the "grand balls" which were given. Don't imagine it did not cost anything to mingle in political society, polite and otherwise. You were able to buy tickets to the balls, chances on everything that could be raffled for the benefit of some needy politician, badges and gloves, plug hats to march in, together with other raiment, club dues, tickets to various dances and entertainments, and in fact, from morning until night, day in and day out, to "sift" your salary steadily into "the hopper."

The "grand balls" were of course the most important functions given by the party. They were attended by everybody, including the mayor, and he led the grand march. It was a lively time, and diamonds were as plentiful as blackberries. Full-dress suits were largely in evidence, and the dancing kept up until morning. At such a ball the extreme opposites of political life met, once a year, and the occasion was one to be remembered. Judges, with an eye to possible or probable re-nomination, were not at all too proud to attend, and occasionally some of the city's elite attended, just for the novelty of the thing. A woman might be led out by an ex-governor of the state for one set, and the next set—

"take a turn down the middle With the man that shot Sandy McGee." It was a truly cosmopolitan gathering, unique and picturesque, and rarely was there any disturbance that amounted to anything.

Another and more common phase of political social life was at the saloons. Here the ward politicians gathered, not only to talk politics, but to roil ten-pins, play pool and, at the card-tables, "play for the drinks." The amount of social intercourse thus had in a large city is enormous. After the ordinary ward politician had eaten his supper he would be ready to engage in his political cruising, and he could usually find a bunch of men at the bowling alleys, or in the card-room of his neighboring saloon. I went through a great many political fights and skirmishes, big and little, and except just at election times I saw very little drunkenness. But there was no doubt that the workmen and mechanics gathered at the saloons to see each other. And there was no doubt that they spent money there; maybe more than they should have done. But that was where they went to find companionship, to meet their "society." I have often gone to the swell political clubs and there met the professional men, lawyers, doctors and professors, business men of large interests in various channels, and they sat at the tables and drank their wine where the ward fellows drank beer, and they played "bridge" or "poker" where the ward men played "cinch," and when you come to the question of which is moral and which is not, I leave it cheerfully to every man for himself to judge.

Every year, and always in the good old summer-time, the swell picnic was held, generally away out in the country in some grove. And here political society dispersed itself in its gayest and gladdest "rags," and gave itself up to unalloyed festivities of all sorts and kinds. There was the fat man's race, the sack race, chasing the greased pig (so politically suggestive), the tug-of-war between the firemen and policemen's teams, the dances, the speeches, the bowling alleys, the "nigger baby and baseball" stand, the umbrella and came game, the lemonade stands, the wandering minstrels, and the "shell game." You could spend your money a little at a time at the diversified amusements, or you could have one swift thrill and lose it all at the "shells."

When the band struck up a favorite waltz tune at the platform you could go up and "pivot" with your partner, just to show that you were not proud, or that you knew how to "reverse." Dancing went on all the time, couples coming and going and round dancing

Find English Language Hard

Difficulties Encountered by Foreigners in Expressing Thoughts.

From the Gold Coast comes a letter addressed to the Oxford Medical Publication, which we transcribe exactly:

"Having heard your recommendation from a certain friend of mine that you are a general or magnanimously Medical publications. Hence in desire or craving your indulgence in order to forward me your Special Medical Manuals which consist the assorted medicine such as, a medicine for Education, Please the main object which induces me to draw your extraordinary attention is this, that I have a son by name — being a third Standard, the age is 23 years now; but he is too much heavy minded with stupid as I could not compare him to any one in our Gold Coast here. Being as am a gentleman by every one's known, should I not endeavor to find a good medicine for my son to become a fine or purest scholar, the properties of mine will be in vain or in other respects the son will be in vanity. So long as this promulgated names has had in our G. C. here I think there will be no hesitation and despatch as above stated early as quick as possible. So as to enable me to forward you my indent very shortly. But scholars are plenty in Negro

land and there is least distinctions of knowing better. These are being required as follows: viz. (1) Memory Training—(2) Pomades. Oils. (3) Charms and any Pills kind of such medicine had at your site. No fail and oblige. Wishing you continued success "I am yours Affectionately. "N. B. Please if any medicine for eye's sore or dim eye kindly send me the price together with."—The Periodical.

Warship's Condenser Tubes.

The greatest single consumption of brass is for condenser tubes, a battleship alone having from 30,000 to 40,000 pounds of condenser tubing in it; and owing to the corrosive effect of sea water this tubing must be continually replaced. The material used is usually either Muntz metal—60 per cent copper, 40 per cent zinc—or else a mixture of copper, 70; zinc, 29, and tin, 1.

Real Information.

"Which is the cow that gives the buttermilk?" innocently asked the young lady from the city, who was inspecting the herd with a critical eye. "Don't make yourself ridiculous," said the young lady who had been in the country before, and knew a thing or two. "Goats give buttermilk."—Springfield Journal.

DOCTORS PUZZLED BY SLEEPING GIRL

READS, WRITES AND DOES CROCHET WORK IN THE DARKNESS OF TWO A. M.

NOW IN ENGLISH HOSPITAL

Strange Victim of Somnambulism Uses Two Languages in Trance-Written Letters—Other Queer Acts of Sleep-Walkers Recalled.

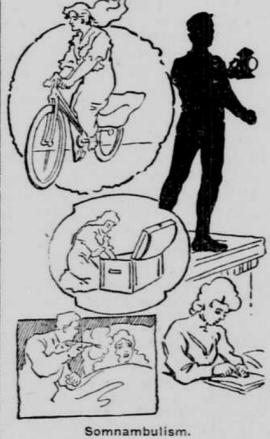
London.—One of the most remarkable cases of sleep-walking ever recorded has just come under the observation of physicians attached to the general hospital in Birmingham, England. It is that of a young woman of 21, a stenographer, teacher and student of music.

Every morning at two o'clock this latest subject of somnambulistic phenomena gets out of bed in a half-conscious state, writes letters in German and English, reads a book and does some crochet work. Though she does not seem to be asleep, she does not recognize anyone and has no realizing sense of her surroundings. On one occasion she wrote an intelligent musical essay on "The Sonata Form" while in this strange trance-like state, and at another time, when absolutely in the dark, wrote a postal card to a relative in Canada, which she declared the next day she had no recollection.

While in this state she cannot stand any light at all, and though the doctors have repeatedly examined her eyes in an effort to determine how she can read, write and do fancy work in total darkness, they have been unable to find any explanation of the phenomenon.

Somnambulism, according to physicians, is a neurotic condition. Nervousness promotes it, as do worry, pre-occupation and restlessness.

The case of the Birmingham young woman who wrote an essay while in the somnambulistic state recalls that of Miss Eurla D. Metcalf of Chicago,



Somnambulism.

Political society at the picnics, democratic as it seemed at first blush, had its lines of demarcation, which were quite noticeably drawn. The wife and daughters of the "big boss" were on hand, together with the women-folks of the various office-holders, but they did not mingle with the average lady picnickers. They sat by themselves in something of exclusive grandeur, and were pointed out by the more ordinary of the merry-makers to their companions.

Sometimes a possible presidential candidate graced the occasion by his presence and consented to hand out a sample of silver-tongued oratory. But I never heard one yet who could draw away any of the attendance at the baseball game or the fat woman's race. There's a limit, even to oratory.

Great was the consternation when, as sometimes happened, the flood-gates of heaven opened and drowned the picnic grounds. The last political picnic I attended commenced on a very threatening day, and at last the clouds seemed to make up their minds to sweep the grounds. Our party had taken alarm, with a number of others, and had gone down the track to where the first train to town was stationed. The crowd got there and jammed the train instantly. Just opposite the picnic ground, and a half mile from us, was a wide platform, uncovered, on which stood hundreds who were waiting for this train. "Let her go, Sam," said the conductor; "no stop till we get to Chicago." Away we went, and as we passed the picnic grounds hundreds more came down through the drenching showers in white dresses that stuck to their limbs and straw hats that were being soaked to ruin. But the train went past regardless of their yells, and as it went by the car windows were raised and the chorus of the latest song was wafted into their ears:

"Oh! ain't dat awful, Ain't dat a shame, To keep my baby Out in the rain."

Physicians do not attempt to explain somnambulism. All the phenomena of sleep are mysterious, they declare. There is a theory credited by some nerve specialists that the actions of the somnambulists are controlled by the spinal cord, the brain being so profoundly asleep that it does not transmit impressions to the cord. Hence, they say, somnambulists have neither sight, hearing nor smell in the trance, but only the sense of touch. But no one has yet offered explanation of the strange affliction.

French Families Without Children.

The number of families in France is estimated at 11,315,000, of which 1,804,720 have no children.

Our Own Minstrels.

Tambo—Mistah Walkah, kin yo' tell me de di'uncer 'tween de late Lyddy E. Pinkham an' a couple o' ice pitchers in a hospital?

Interlocutor—No, Sam; I shall have to pass that up. What is the difference between the late Lyddy E. Pinkham and a couple of ice pitchers in a hospital?

Tambo—De one am yours for health an' de dudah am ewers for sickness.

Interlocutor—Ladies and gentlemen, while the usher is gathering up the

INDIANA MOB SEVERELY BEATS A WIFE WHIPPER

LATTER FINALLY MAKES HIS ESCAPE WITH TWO BROKEN RIBS AND MANY BRUISES.

Laporte, Ind.—William Tolton, who, five years ago, was saved by the authorities from being lynched by an infuriated mob, at Westville, this county, under the impression that he had murdered his wife and thrown her body into a pond, had another experience the other day with a mob, from which he escaped with two broken ribs and numerous cuts and bruises. Though badly beaten, he will recover.

Tolton, who is a middle-aged man, is one of the characters of town. He has no regular occupation, but after a previous experience with the law,



They Gave Him a Beating.

when he faced a murder charge till his wife returned from Chicago, where she had unexpectedly gone on a visit, he kept out of serious difficulty until the other day, when he took a notion to whip his wife. This trouble is said to have resulted from the wife's taking the part of Edith Langman, her daughter by a previous marriage, whom Tolton had whipped because she said she was not behaving.

After Tolton had abused his daughter and the wife expostulated, Tolton threw his wife and daughter out of the house, and followed this by pitching out the furniture with the exception of a bed, table and a few other articles. Neighbors were incensed, and when Tolton left the house they seized him and gave him such a beating that when he escaped he returned to the house and barricaded the doors and windows.

In the meantime an affidavit had been filed looking to his arrest. A warrant was issued by Mrs. Clara M. Hess, said to be the only woman justice of the peace in the state, but the town marshal and the township constable were unable to dislodge Tolton, and, although the entire population of 200 people was at their backs, they did not venture to break into the house. The siege continued till midnight, and then Mrs. Hess telephoned to Sheriff Deputies Antist and Marr to Westville in an automobile, all speed laws being shattered on the run, for it was feared that the mob might get restless and possibly set fire to the Tolton home.

When the deputies arrived they demanded that the door be opened, but Tolton, who had a 12-year-old son with him, refused. Then the deputies with a rail battered down the door, which had been nailed and bolted from the inside. Tolton, fully dressed, lay in bed while the door was being forced, and he was crying when arrested. At his side stood a loaded shotgun. When asked why he did not use it, he mumbled, "What's the use?" Being without money or friends, and unable to give bond, he was committed to jail to await grand jury action.

DOG IS GUEST AT WEDDING.

Faithful Brutus Attends Ceremony and Marriage Feast.

Cincinnati.—Brutus, a big Newfoundland dog, was an honored guest at the wedding of Miss Marjorie Riner Saylor, daughter of the late Nelson Saylor, and John Lawrence Hawkins, a prominent Baltimorean. The wedding was one of the most fashionable of the season here.

Years ago, when the bride was a mere child, the big dog saved her from drowning, and since then Brutus has been her constant companion. He has walked sedately at her side when she took long country walks, and has raced at her horse's heels when she chose riding.

The dog was present when the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Dudley Rhodes, and wore a huge white bow on his collar in honor of the event. At the wedding supper Brutus was served with the rest of the guests though not at the table.

Work of Spartina Grasses.

Dr. Otto Stapf described the reclamation work performed by Spartina grasses, which, he said, spread by underground shoots and seed, which was dispersed by tides and currents, and presumably by water birds. Certain forms established themselves easily, and the roots and bases of the dense clumps effectively fixed the mud, and where they occurred in dense patches they formed a protecting belt for the shore or bank behind them.

Chocolate Pie! Chocolate Pie!

The more you eat the more you want if they are made from "OUR-PIE" Preparation. Try it and tell your friends how easy it is to make delicious chocolate pies. Three varieties—Lemon, Chocolate, and Custard—at grocers. 10 cents a package. "Put up by D-Zerta Co., Rochester, N.Y."

The true test of greatness is the ability to wear the same size hat continuously.—Puck.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

You Would Not Accept Counterfeit Money, Why Accept Counterfeit Goods?

Good money is made by the Government in which you have implicit faith and confidence. Good goods are made by manufacturers who are willing to stake their reputations on the quality of the material offered to you through the medium of their advertisements in this paper. Counterfeit goods are not advertised. The reason for it is they will not bear the close scrutiny to which genuine advertised goods are subjected. Counterfeit money pays more profit to the counterfeiter. Counterfeit goods are offered to you for the same reason.

Insist on the Genuine—Reject the Counterfeit.



"Why didn't you answer your teacher when she spoke to you in the arithmetic class, Ethel?"

"'Coz mamma told me I muhnt 'speak durin' school hourh."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Willing to Be Convicted.

A sturdy tramp one day went into a suburban garden, where the lady of the house was engaged in attending to the flowers. He took no notice of her refusal to give coppers, but continued his importunity until a bull dog appeared, growling ominously. The lady seized it by the collar and held it, calling out:

"You had better go away at once; he may bite you."

"You ain't got no right to keep a savage dog like that," replied the tramp in outraged tones.

"Perhaps I have not," was the cool answer. "If you think so, I won't keep him—I'll let him go."

The latch of the gate clicked violently, and in 20 seconds that tramp had vanished into space.—Stray Stories.

BOY KEPT SCRATCHING.

Eczema Lasted 7 Years—Face Was All Raw—Skin Specialists Failed, But Cuticura Effected Cure.

"When my little boy was six weeks old an eruption broke out on his face. I took him to a doctor, but his face kept on getting worse until it got so bad that no one could look at him. His whole face was one crust and must have been very painful. He scratched day and night until his face was raw. Then I took him to all the best specialists in skin diseases but they could not do much for him. The eczema got on his arms and legs and we could not get a night's sleep in months. I got a set of Cuticura Remedies and he felt relieved the first time I used them. I gave the Cuticura Remedies a good trial and gradually the eczema healed all up. He is now seven years old and I think the trouble will never return. Mrs. John G. Klumpp, 80 Niagara St., Newark, N. J., Oct. 17 and 22, 1907."

A GOOD COLD.



"That seems a very bad cold you've got, my little man!"

"It's a very good cold; it's kept me away from school for two weeks now!"

Sheer white goods. In fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

When you are dealing with a man who continually insists that "business is business" you had better examine all the documents carefully.—Puck.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Parke* in In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Anybody can launch a national party, but to keep it afloat requires finesse.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Chocolate Pie! Chocolate Pie!

The more you eat the more you want if they are made from "OUR-PIE" Preparation. Try it and tell your friends how easy it is to make delicious chocolate pies. Three varieties—Lemon, Chocolate, and Custard—at grocers. 10 cents a package. "Put up by D-Zerta Co., Rochester, N.Y."

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Even a poor wall-paper hanger may put up at good hotels.

Those who await no gifts from chance have conquered fate.—Richter.