"Hello, Bo, Smoke?"

Aldermen of Every Type in the City Council.

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

Expert Tells of Wide Range in Ability, Character, Mannerisms, etc., of the Men Who Represent the People Locally—How Prestige Is Gained by Being a "Pal."

MY duties as a member of the Board of Local Improvements, and, afterwards, as mayor's secretary, brought me daily in contact with various members of the city council. This body had for some years previous to my sudden elevation to office enjoyed the reputation of being "out for the stuff." Not that there were no honest men in the council—far from it—but there was a clique of men in it who managed, one way and another, to "put over" ordinances which carried with them the strong suspicion of being "crooked." By cajolery, by party leanings, by straight-out bribery, by trickery and by many other methods there had been "smooth work" done, without a doubt. But that day had passed. In my official existence the council had an honest majority. Of course when I say honest, I do not mean to accuse each individual alderman of being honest. But one thing can be said for every individual of them, they were as honest as their constituents. They suited their wards, and if an alderman would not hesitate to "take his bit" whenever he got a chance, you may rest assured that his "constits" were of the same caliber.

It was intensely interesting to watch the different methods they employed to gain a favor if they wanted one; and they usually did. Sometimes it was the hail-fellow-well-met salutation of "Hello, Bo," or "How are you, pal?" from the free and easy kind, or the pouter-pigeon assumption of importance of others as they stated their wishes. Occasionally a cigar was handed out, but when they found I did not smoke, this avenue of approach was abandoned.

There was a leaven in the council of aldermen of genuine ability, lawyers, business men, politicians, who really made up the backbone of the body. They were usually the heads of the most important committees, and were not only good talkers, but men of affairs, executive ability, thinkers and workers. But these men could be numbered within a score of the 70 members.

It spoke well for the frankness of the predatory class among the aldermen that they thoroughly respected ability, steadfastness and honesty. You could hear one alderman who was supposed to be "no better than he should be," break out into praise of some other alderman whose reputation was flawless. I remember my amusement on one of these occasions. One of the aldermen, giving vent to his feelings about honesty, remarked: "Yes, sir, I like an honest man. Give me an honest man. Give me one that will stay honest. I don't mean merely money honesty, but outside and inside honesty." Then he added rather irrelevantly: "There's so and so, (referring to a certain well-known and justly honored alderman) he's the only honest man in the council."

Very ignorant and generally newly-elected members of the council had an idea that everything was "graft" and that a five-cent cigar was the open sesame of the city hall, and that the mayor's secretary was a personage of secretly great power—which he was not, in my time. So they might be expected any time to drag in a wild-eyed looking "constit," ask for me, shove a cheap black cigar into my hand, introduce the "constit" as a most particular friend, and then ask to have a city ordinance violated, or a state law abrogated, or the constitution of the United States set aside for the benefit of the said "constit." As for the mayor, these fellows did not believe there was anything on earth he could not do if he wanted to.

In the council you could hear more varieties of oratory than Demosthenes ever dreamed of. Some of the aldermen were "wind-jammers," making a bellowing, frothing harangue, such as they were in the habit of making in their campaigns, but outside of their admirers in the gallery, they never amounted to anything. This body of 70 men, mind you, was shrewd as the very devil. They knew "hot air," when they heard it, and the "bunk," the "con," the specious argument, was something they detected instantly. Even the most ordinary among them had been educated in the school of men, and while they might be induced now and then to sell a gold brick, it was against their principles to buy one.

Of wit, there was enough and to spare. Sometimes a coarse kind, sometimes biting and keen. Two or three of the aldermen were pleasant to listen to, for they always prepared themselves for their efforts and were very clear and terse in their statements. One of them in particular was very happy in his way of stating a proposition. He never wasted a word, and when he was through the council understood the situation exactly. Others floundered painfully about, knowing what they wanted, but word-bound as to vocabulary and slow in thinking on their feet. Some of them were thorough parliamentarians, and would remorselessly tangle up an opponent to gain an advantage. The helpless look of a new alderman when his motion, or order, or request was side-tracked by means of parliamentary rules, when he was just going to make or had just finished an impassioned speech about it, was something instructive; and unique.

There was always the ordeal of "learning the ropes," for every incoming alderman who had not served before in the council. This meant finding out about the regular order of business, learning how to draw and present orders and ordinances, and in general to get acquainted with the council's method of carrying on its business. It usually took an alderman about a year to get himself familiar with these things, so that his first two-year term meant actually one year which would be of any public value.

On any night when there was to be a hot contest over any particular ordinance the galleries would be crowded, and police stationed there to prevent disorder. The respective champions of the different sides would be aloft, and they would cheer wildly at the speeches made for their various sides. Sometimes it was necessary to clear the galleries on account of the uproar, but usually a ferocious hammering of the mayor's gavel, and a threat to clear, was enough to hold the galleries in tolerable check. There were old-timers who always came to the council gallery, just as people attend the theaters, for the excitement, and to hear the speeches. These old-timers were usually on the alert for a reformer, especially if he had the gift of biting sarcasm, and fluent and sonorous oratory. When this was the case the clans would gather and cheer their champion on.

Under the mayor's raised platform the reading clerk and the city clerk and his assistants sat, and below them the newspaper men were ranged in a half moon at the writing desks. The pages came and went with messages and papers, and the sergeant-at-arms, who had nothing at all in the world to do but "chew tobacco and draw a hundred dollars a month" salary, lounged easily around the outskirts. To the right, and raised from the council floor, was a set of reserved seats placed there for visitors, particularly ladies. There was usually something on hand that interested them, the piece de resistance in my time being a cigarette ordinance, which came and went and was mauled over and sent to committees and generally hopscotched and battledored and shuttle-cocked from one year to another. But its lady champions were always on hand, alert and determined, and apparently undiscouraged and indiscourageable.

There was such a thing as aldermanic "courtesy," both in the way the aldermen addressed one another, and in extending privileges to each other during the sessions of the council. They never thought of disgracing the council chamber as the senate and the house of representatives has occasionally disgraced itself. Personal encounters were unknown, and I never even heard the word "liar" exchanged, as I have in the courtrooms and elsewhere. There was plenty of dignity in this respect, although the irrepressibility of the "kidders" was always in evidence. The "kidders" were those aldermen who had made a reputation in that line in their various wards, and who rarely lost an opportunity to raise a laugh at the expense of an opponent. And as ridicule is so potent as a weapon, the "kidders" often won by a joke what a solid argument would never have gained.

All aldermen who have an eye to re-election, and most of them have, are as tenacious as snapping-turtles for the improvement and benefit of their respective wards. To "be good

Galleries Would Be Crowded.

to your ward" was to be good to yourself. A few electric lights here and there, an improvement in the way of paved streets where your "constits" wanted it, or a paving proposition knocked out if they did not want it (no matter if it was needed badly) was just so much strength for the alderman in the next campaign. Then there was the ward "appropriation" to be fought for in the council. The bigger the appropriation the more money to spend for hiring men and getting in improvements. So an alderman who could get a large appropriation for his ward was a hero with "medals to distribute."

Round about the council chamber were always lobbyists and spectators who were interested in the passage of some order or ordinance, and ex-aldermen and city officials more or less interested in the proceedings. Sometimes a visitor from some neighboring city occupied a seat alongside the mayor, and watched the proceedings.

To rule successfully such a body of men required executive ability of a high order, and judicial fairness. The slightest symptom of "playing favorites" would get a mayor into hot water instantly. The aldermen wanted a man in the chair who knew his business and who would give a fair hearing to any question which arose. During my time the council was "with" the mayor. That is, they entirely respected and trusted him, although of course they did not all like him. But they never openly or secretly accused him of any favoritism, and they had confidence in his judgment and opinions.

It was common knowledge, that at the conclusion of four successive terms, no appeal had been made from any one of his rulings to the body of

Some of the Aldermen Were "Wind-Jammers."

the council. And never during these terms had any veto of his been nullified by being afterward voted down. It was a remarkable record. It was a record that justified the council in giving him a grand farewell banquet by the entire body, and showing that party preference had no weight in determining questions of individual excellence.

Aldermen quite frequently voted against one another even when from the same ward. As there were two from each ward, and often one Democrat and one Republican, there was sometimes shrewd rivalry as to which should most nearly suit the constituency. A new alderman was elected every year and one alderman "held over," the terms being for two years, and elections for the "incomer" being held each spring.

Whenever a very important ordinance came up, it was a battle royal. The measure had always been first offered and then referred to committee, and then discussed and threshed out in the newspapers. Mass meetings in the various wards had been held, and a good many of the aldermen had been publicly and privately "feeling" out their "constits." Committee meetings sometimes were held in public, and even witnesses and experts examined as to the whys and wherefores of the proposed measure.

Of course the champions of both the measure itself and the opposite side had been busy log-rolling, persuading, threatening, writing letters, denouncing, praising, and otherwise making things lively, and aldermen by singles and doubles and in groups had been discussing the ordinance with the mayor and various heads of departments.

When the night came to take up such an important measure there was a sort of invisible feeling of warfare in the air. The "gallery gods" hung far over the railing and front seats were at a premium. All the reserved seats were occupied, and even the empty space behind was jammed with spectators. The doorkeeper was on the alert to keep out the mob that surged to get in after the gallery was filled. The officers in the gallery had been increased in number and admonished as to keeping order. Special newspaper representation was present and photographers fully bent on taking all sorts of ghastly "snap-shots" were on hand.

And when the proceedings commenced, after the perfunctory roll-call and waiving of the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, there was "something doing" from start to finish. It was then, at times, that the men grew bitter. Crimination and recrimination were bandied back and forth, and real ginger was injected into the speeches, charges and countercharges. Yet even then some witty retort would occasionally clear the atmosphere.

"Don't ever ask me for any more money to help out the party," said one indignant young alderman of paternally-descended wealth, "if that is your vote," pointing his finger scornfully at a certain alderman who had accumulated large gobs of filthy lucre by means of the contracting route.

The retort came as quick as lightning: "Oh, I guess I've got as much money as you have, and I didn't inherit it, either."

It was a solar plexis, and the discomfited and youthful alderman sank back in his seat amid the howls of the gallery.

ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

Washington Whisperings

Interesting Bits of News Gathered at the National Capital.

Capital Hostesses Fear the Election

WASHINGTON.—What will become of Mr. Roosevelt's "nice young men" if Mr. Bryan is elected? This problem is really giving serious concern to the pleasant, and notably the dinner-giving aliens sojourning temporarily "in our midst." It seems an odd sort of thing to worry about, but Washington is an odd sort of place, unlike other cities in many of its aspects, and its residents, both permanent and flitting, have anxieties and responsibilities unknown to urban dwellers where the social population is less transient and changing than it is here.

Hostesses aver that a shortage exists in Washington of presentable young men who can be called upon at short notice to fill vacancies at a dinner table. In the face of an eager demand, Mr. Roosevelt has done much toward creating an available and visible supply.

Diplomatic and official society has taken most kindly to Mr. Roosevelt's importations. They are commonly spoken of as the president's "nice young men." The possibility of their departure for other fields of activity outside of Washington, and becoming actual, though obscure, workers in the vineyard, is viewed with alarm.

Toward the end of the winter apprehension was expressed at many dinner tables lest Mr. Bryan came to Washington, bringing with him in subordinate capacities youths from the corn and hog-raising states who might be addicted to the prudent usage of mashing their peas.

Over the imminence of this dire possibility there has been a sad shaking of heads. Active and persistent dinner-givers in the diplomatic, cabinet and senatorial "sets," as well as among the merely rich people, who in increasing numbers are making Washington a place of resort in the winter months, have found Mr. Roosevelt's "nice young men" almost a necessity in making their social plans for entertainment and amusement.

In any event, it is realized that the tennis cabinet, as such, is doomed. It will dissolve into its constituent elements and fade away from the scene of Washington activities, social, political and sporting, after March 4 next.

Whether Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan is elected, the tennis court in the rear of the executive offices seems certain to become once more a flower bed for the display of geometrical figures of early blooming crocuses or a playground for children.

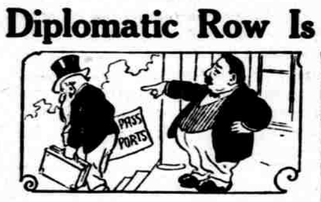
New Record in Timber Cut Established

FIGURES of the lumber cut in 1907, compiled by the bureau of census and the forest service, showed the largest total ever reported in the United States, exceeding by over seven per cent. the cut reported for 1906, until then the record year. This does not necessarily show a larger actual cut than in 1906, for the returns obtained last year were more complete than ever before. The figures disclose some interesting facts.

In 1907 28,850 mills made returns, and their production was over forty billion feet of lumber. This is believed to include 95 per cent. of the actual cut. In 1906 22,398 mills reported about thirty-seven and one-half billion feet. Since, according to these figures, nearly 29 per cent. more mills reported last year than the year before, while the increase in production was a little over seven per cent., it might be thought that the amount actually manufactured must have been greater in the earlier year. This, however, would be a too hasty inference, for it is almost wholly among mills of small individual output that the gain in the number of establishments reporting has been made.

Before the year closed the general business depression was severely felt in the lumber industry. It was not, however, the most important cause of a falling off in the production of the year where a falling off occurred. For decline in production took place only in certain regions. The south is the region of greatest activity in lumber production, and yellow pine the most important wood, forming 33 per cent. of the entire cut of the country. The cut of yellow pine reported shows an increase of 13 per cent. over that of 1906. In the early part of the year many of the southern mills cut so heavily that, in spite of the curtailed output which followed the business disturbance later, the total was greater than ever before. But in both the lake states and the northwest a smaller cut was reported than for 1906, though the number of mills reporting increased.

Diplomatic Row Is Recalled by Death



THE recent death in London of Lionel Sackville Sackville-West, second Baron Sackville, recalls the diplomatic row which resulted in his dismissal as minister to this country.

Lord Sackville was born in 1827. He was British minister to the United States from 1881 to 1888, being dismissed by President Cleveland in October of the latter year.

Lord Sackville's dismissal by Cleveland practically ended his diplomatic career, for since 1888 he was never intrusted with any important diplomatic mission. He lived quietly the life of a country gentleman and seldom appeared in London society. He always retained a grudge against America and Americans, and it was his custom to avoid any meetings with travelers from this side.

A few years ago Lord Sackville created a sensation by publishing a pamphlet, for private circulation among his friends, in which he vindicated his diplomatic work in the United States. The newspapers obtained a copy of this publication. In it Lord Sackville explained with much picturesque detail that the trap into which he fell in this city was a Fenian conspiracy; that the Fenian organization harassed him during his residence in America, kept spies after him and plotted to assassinate him. Few of the diplomat's friends took this story seriously. Most of them regarded it as the imaginings of a disappointed old man who was brooding upon what he considered his wrongs.

The minister was given his passports by the president after his recall had been requested by the American government, which request was not acted upon by the British government. The occasion of the diplomat's disgrace was that he had been trapped into writing a letter, written as he supposed to an Englishman, favoring the re-election of Cleveland. This letter was used against the president.

Congress May Take Up Hazing Cases

ARMY officers and at least one prominent civilian official of the war department expect the disposition of the cadet hazing cases to result in the creation of a jolly row in congress next winter. They base their belief upon the fact that the six cadets suspended for a year were never found guilty of anything other than hazing, for which the only penalty is expulsion.

The query has been going around among officers who think the six should have been dismissed as to what answer Secretary Wright will make when congress asks by what authority those cadets were suspended. Such an inquiry is firmly expected.

Assistant Secretary Oliver, it is well known at the war department, does not agree with his superior as to the wisdom of the action taken by him. Gen. Oliver took great pleasure in announcing that the president had closed the case by approving the finding of guilty and directing their dismissal. He left Washington, thinking that the case had been closed and that the order dismissing the cadets would be issued as a mere matter of routine. He did all he considered necessary to bring about such an ending. When the papers came to him he forwarded them to the president. When they came back indorsed with the president's approval, Gen. Oliver announced the fact. So did Secretary Loeb. Both were invited to join the Ananias club. Secretary Wright escaped by saying that when he spoke of the finding as having been approved he spoke without having personal knowledge simply assuming the reports given out by Acting Secretary Oliver and Secretary Loeb to have been accurate.

The understanding here is that Congressmen from the districts in which the cadets live will introduce bills authorizing the president to restore the dismissed cadets to the academy and take the order of suspension from the six who were found guilty of one thing and punished for something not specified in an accurate manner.

FIDO BROKE A TOOTH.

A youth slunk into the dentist's office with a pained expression on his face. His hat was gone and his smart attire showed evidence of a struggle.

The dentist stepped forward with a professional air. "What can I do for you?"

The youth glanced apprehensively at the door. "I—I wish to have a tooth removed."

"Very well, please be seated."

Shuffling over to the chair the youth crawled into it on his hands and knees. The dentist looked on in amazement.

"Great heavens!" he cried, "what's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

"Well, you see I went to call on Miss Neverhome, and—and—"

"And what?"

"Fido bit me."—Judge.

Not So Bad.

Mr. Subbs (after engaging cook)—There's one other thing I suppose you should know, Miss Flannigan—my wife is a chronic invalid, confined to her room.

Miss Flannigan—That's fine! I wor afeerd she might be wan iv thim chronic kickers that ar-r confined t' th' kitchen, begobs!

SHE GOT HER MAN—HAPPY.

Indian Woman Not Likely to Be Left Far Behind in Life's Battle.

Writing of the famous Dean Kaye of Topeka, in Suburban Life, Paul A. Lovewell, says:

"Dean Kaye has had interesting experiences during his soujourns in the wilderness. Once an Indian woman came to his cabin.

"'You marry?' she asked.

"'Yes,' said the dean, 'I can marry folks. Have you got a man?'

"Again the woman grunted, and departed. About sundown she returned, dragging with her an apparently abashed and reluctant brave.

"'Got him,' she remarked, laconically, producing her marriage license. The man knew no English, but the woman prompted him when it became necessary for him to give his assent to the dean's questions. When it was over the squaw paid the minister his fee and led her husband away in triumph."

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD.

Pinxit—I have just finished the late Mrs. Peck's portrait. It's a speaking likeness.

The Widower Peck—Would it be too much trouble to—er—change it a bit in that respect?

Socialism in Japan.

Socialism has no footing in this country as yet, nor is there any indication that it will gain a footing in the near future at all events. Prior to the war with Russia a small coterie of men calling themselves socialists argued vehemently against the opening of hostilities and published a newspaper organ to propagate their creed. But they soon dwindled into insignificance, and although a periodical of so-called socialist views continues to be published it has no influence, nor does it serve any purpose, apparently, except to furnish material for occasional comment on the part of amused readers.—Japanese Weekly Mail.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

A Carlyle Wedding.

Craigenputtock, where Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" was written, has just been the scene of a notable wedding. The bride was Mary Carlyle of Craigenputtock, a grandniece of Thomas Carlyle, a farmer, of Pingle, Dumfriesshire, a son of Thomas Carlyle's favorite nephew. Pingle is about four miles from Ecclefechan, Carlyle's birthplace, and this village is the original of the Entuphl of "Sartor Resartus."—London Standard.

More Important.

"Ah! Mrs. Newcomb," said the uppish Mrs. Subbubs, "my many social duties have prevented me from calling upon you as I should. However, I will surely return your visit some day—"

"Oh! that doesn't matter much," replied Mrs. Newcomb promptly, "but I do wish you'd return the groceries you've borrowed from time to time."—Catholic Standard and Times.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Contrast in Wills.

If, as is stated, the will of the late duke of Devonshire contains nearly 18,000 words, it is certainly entitled to rank high among long-winded testaments.

Probably the shortest will on record was that of a Streatham gentleman, proved a few years ago, which consisted of the words: "All for mother. C. T."—Westminster Gazette.

Electrified Water Used in Washing.

A Hungarian washing machine makes use of electrified water.

Women Fishermen.

On the coast of Holland, Belgium and Northern France the fisherwomen are a familiar sight, with their great hand nets and quaint costumes. Many of the towns have distinctive costumes by which their women can be recognized anywhere. Those of Mana-Kirke, near Ostend, wear trousers and loose blouses, while their heads and shoulders are covered by shawls. They carry their nets into the sea and scoop up vast quantities of shrimps and prawns, with an occasional crab or lobster and many small fish. They often wade out till the water is up to their necks, and they remain for hours at a time in water above their knees, rarely returning until their baskets are full.

Populous China.

The population of the Chinese empire is largely a matter of estimate. There has never been such census of the empire as that which is taken every decade in this country. But the estimate of the Almanach de Gotha for 1900 may be taken as fairly reliable. According to that estimate, the population of the empire is, in round numbers, about 400,000,000. It is probably safe to say that if the human beings on earth were stood up in line every fourth one would be a Chinaman.

The Modern Mother.

Madam (to the nurse maid, who has just brought home her four children from a walk)—Dear me, Anna, how changed the children look since I last saw them! Are you quite sure they are the right ones?—Fliegende Blaetter.

FRIGHTFUL DEGREE OF COLD

Frost's Intensity Hard for Dwellers in Temperate Climes to Realize.

It is difficult for us to form any conception of the degree of cold represented by the 80 degrees of frost recorded from certain parts of Russia. Sir Leopold McClintock tells how in one of his Arctic expeditions a sailor was foolish enough to do some outdoor work at precisely this temperature. His hands froze and when he rushed into the cabin and plunged one of them into a basin of water so cold was the hand that the water was instantly converted into a block of ice. At 25 degrees, Dr. Kane says, "the mustache and under lip form pendulous beads of dangling ice. Put out your tongue and it instantly freezes to this icy crusting. Your chin has a trick of freezing to your upper jaw by the luting aid of your beard; my eyes have often been so glued as to show that even a wink was unsafe."

Removing Cinders from Eye.

A simple remedy for removing cinders from the eye is to dip a small and perfectly clean camel's hair brush in water and pass it over the ball of the eye. This operation requires little skill and generally removes all particles of dust instantly without danger of inflammation. Of course, this remedy is not suggested for the train, where no one could get the brush.