

# WHEN BIG BOSSES MIX

By JOHN BRAND  
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SO FAR as things political go, Pat O'Brien owns the town. So far as the railroad goes, and that is to the jumping-off place in the Pacific ocean, Joe Dale owns the railroad. Dale's railroad moves and has a large part of its being in O'Brien's town. Soon or late these two men were sure to war for supremacy in the town, and this is the story of how it happened. The people of the town and the stockholders of the railroad don't come into the story at all. They only furnished the sinews of war, which fact is abundant proof that the story is true.

Pat O'Brien's town calls him the cardinal. In a moment of angry defeat, a silk-stockinged enemy, too polite to liken Pat to the devil, sourly dubbed him a second Cardinal Richelieu. The name tickled the town's fancy, and it stuck.

The cardinal didn't mind. He was too busy to cavil at mere names. His business as a stockbroker grew with the town, he had for customers men like John, the son and henchman of Joe Dale, and when John bought and sold stocks it was to be supposed that the cardinal profited through inside knowledge. Other business friends were powerful and their friendship financially was worth while. Colonel Legarde, who controls the Superior railroad, is also president of the Interstate Electric railway, an electric road, with terminals and local lines in the town. The electric road needed many political favors and the cardinal obtained them for it, or for his friend Colonel Legarde. Really there was no other way to get anything. Unless and until Pat nodded his head there was nothing doing, for the town council fed out of his hand and state legislators followed out his orders.

Pat O'Brien waxed rich. But one generation away from the "ould sod" his clothes spelled American business man, but his neckties faded the solar spectrum to a neutral tint, and marked the politician who bought and sold franchises and dealt out jobs at will. Knowing the times to talk and to keep silence, a loyal friend and a deadly enemy, he made money for his stock-dabbling customers, serenely grafting his political way as the surest means to a desired end, and was worth a million and a half, at least. He owned the town.

As John Dale's business of owning the railroad grew greater and more complex, he was more and more away from Lacedaemon—for that is better Greek than the real name of the town, anyhow—it became necessary for him to ask favors of the cardinal, and the favors were given with open hand. Dale found it necessary, too, to have a daily local organ and a voice wherewith to fool the people. He bought the Daily Planet Publishing company, and made Pat O'Brien president. Dale regarded the presidency a reward for favors received and a final binding of the town boss to his chariot tail. The cardinal knew that Pollock, the editor, received all his orders from Dale, and regarded the presidency as something of a joke. Grown to full stature among the other railroad kings, ruling had become a habit with Joe Dale. He made and unmade towns and the people in them at will, and expected no other interest than Joe Dale's to be thought of, or moved in, or lived for by any one connected with him. Sometimes he mistook his man, as when one day he went into the office of one of his eminent and well-paid legal aids and found the lawyer dead to the outside world and Joe Dale's business in a volume of Balzac.

The railroad king blew up. "I don't pay you to read dum French novels," he roared. The lawyer looked at him a long moment.

"Mr. Dale," he finally said, "You pay me for what I know, not what I do. I'll read dum French novels—crescendo—" or do any other dum thing—forto—"any dum time or any dum place"—fortissimo—"I dum please!" ending with a Wagnerian bang on the table.

Whereupon Joe Dale changed the subject.

Dale thought he owned the president of the Daily Planet company, but the cardinal had other thoughts about the matter. Colonel Legarde wanted a new franchise for an extension of the Interstate to a summer resort, some 30 miles away. The proposed extension would pass through another town or two on its way to the lake and would parallel Joe Dale's steam road. Now Joe Dale and the colonel were bitterly at outs over various grabbings and snatchings each had made at the other's magnateship. The cardinal could not see that this concerned him at all. The extension would be a benefit and a convenience to the town. There was money in it for him. The deal was on.

Then Joe Dale came from New York and sent for the cardinal. The two men faced each other with the eyes of poker players in a game, keen, deep, unfathomable. For the rest, it might have been a whiskered farmer in his Sunday suit meeting a city man, otherwise correctly clad, wearing a red, red ascot tie.

"I hear," said Dale, "That the Interstate people want a franchise for that foolish summer resort extension of theirs."

"I hear so too," the cardinal replied. "Well, let's cut it short. They can't get it. The extension would be a good thing for the town, Mr. Dale."

"I don't want it. It parallels my road. Your city council must refuse the franchise." Here was no shushy talk or thought of the rights of people or of stockholders. It was "my road," and "your council." The cardinal was undisturbed. "The people want it, Mr. Dale," he said, "it will be a great convenience for travel between the towns and the lake."

Dale measured his man again. There were the cool, unfathomable eyes, the correct clothes, the red tie. The red necktie settled it. O'Brien was only a cheap politician after all. He must be shown.

"You know, O'Brien, the Planet will oppose this thing to the bitter end, and you are the president of the Daily Planet Publishing company. It will place you in a nasty light." This was no news to the cardinal, and his eyes were accustomed to nasty lights. But he said, in the tone of a man who half surrenders: "I hadn't thought of that."



"PAT, I HAVE A PRIVATE TIP THAT A BIG KILLING IS COMING OFF IN NIPPER STOCK."

"Pollock will roast you," the magnate went on. "Of course he can't do it by name, but he will do you up. You must block this franchise. I insist on it, as your friend."

"Well, Mr. Dale, Colonel Legarde is my friend too," continued the cardinal.

"The extension will parallel my road. You must stop it," snapped Dale, irritated by the mention of his enemy's name. He cared nothing about the extension itself, but that Colonel Legarde wanted it was enough to make him fight the franchise. O'Brien knew this as the real reason and went on deliberately.

"It will be a hard thing to do. Colonel Legarde is popular."

This second mention of Legarde was too much for the temper of the railroad king. He blew up. "Dum Legarde!" he shouted. "You block that franchise or you won't be president of the Planet company long."

"Hold on, Mr. Dale. Don't get hostile. I'd no idea you were so dead set against this thing."

"Well, I am. And I don't want to have to tell you about it again."

"You won't have to," the cardinal assured him, and departed, well satisfied with the fact that he had made Dale too mad to see that no promise had been given to block the obnoxious franchise.

Joe Dale went back to New York convinced that he had shown the man with the red necktie it was not safe for Joe Dale's men to fool with the Dale buzz saw. Apparently he had, for when the franchise came before the council it was chewed over, chewed up, delayed, tabled, taken up again, juggled with, side tracked and everything but killed outright. Public interest in it lagged. Pollock of the Planet, his fears soothed by the parliamentary acrobatics which he thought were only O'Brien's method of "saving face," took himself and his loaded editorial pen to New York on business.

This was the cardinal's time, and he acted quickly. At the next meeting of the city council the franchise was rushed through. But this was not all. In the absence of Pollock the president of the Planet company assumed authority, and the morning after, out came the Planet with news descriptions of the Interstate extension, scare-head, first page, and double-leaded indorsement of the council's action, the need of Lacedaemon for the proposed road and the many benefits it would bring to the city, on the editorial page. The people read and marveled. Some laughed and others of the knowing ones looked scared. Dale's

guns were spiked. He had no other local means of attacking the franchise or the cardinal, and any way the deed was done. All wondered what he would do.

They didn't wonder long. As fast as a railroad king can get over the rails, Joe Dale came to Lacedaemon. He almost literally threw the Daily Planet out of its office windows, murdered it and jumped on its corpse. He fired Pat O'Brien from the presidency with force and arms. It would have been tragic, if everybody had not been grinning at Dale's futile wrath. As it was, the only satisfaction the irate railroad king got out of it was to tell a few party leaders who besought him to continue the paper or sell, that he would let the Western Associated press franchise expire rather than see another fool paper like that in Lacedaemon. Even this small satisfaction was lessened when Pollock insisted on his salary being continued to the end of an iron-clad four-year contract. Mr. Dale went back to New York with new ideas about city bosses and their ways.

The episode, for it was only an episode in the life of busy Lacedaemon, was soon almost forgotten. The cardinal had shown Joe Dale that he was boss of the town. Joe Dale had chopped off the cardinal's presidential head in retaliation. John Dale continued his business friend and customer, and the whole affair was dismissed from the cardinal's busy mind as closed, with honors even.

But Joe Dale was not through with Pat O'Brien. It is a railroad king's prerogative to punish, as well as to reward, and for the punishment of O'Brien, Dale laid a trap the effectiveness of which lay entirely in its simplicity.

Came John Dale one day to the cardinal and said: "Pat, I have a private tip that a big killing is coming off in Nipper stock. Buy me ten thousand at the market and hold on until I tell you to let go."

"All right," said the cardinal, and bought another ten thousand as well for his own account. Nipper advanced a point. He called in a few chosen friends who formed a pool and invested heavily. Nipper advanced two points, five points. Pat bought more; he would pull out when John Dale did and retire from active business with his profits.

John Dale himself had gone to New York on the day he gave his order to O'Brien. Within a day Nipper began to sag. Then it dropped below the buying point. The pool put up more margins. The stock still dropped, swiftly now, and the other members of the pool became alarmed. Pat reassured them. They're shaking out the small blocks of stock," he said, "Then you'll see her sky-rocket."

Nipper continued to toboggan. Pat's friends were seriously concerned. They talked of selling and pocketing their losses, but he showed them his hand. "Look here," he said, "John Dale is in this thing up to his neck and we know where he gets his private tips. Here's what he has on my books alone. As long as he holds on and keeps up his margins, I'm satisfied." His friends knew the cardinal; they knew he, too, was "up to his neck;" they held on.

Suddenly Nipper went down like mercury in blizzard weather. The friends were wildly alarmed. They insisted that John Dale was giving Dick the "double cross." Though he did not believe it, he wired to New York for special and private investigation of John Dale's movements there. And after a little delay tidings came that made the pool-sharers very sick men. John Dale had gone to New York, had a short talk with his father, then gone straightway to his broker and sold short ten thousand Nipper at the market. The profits on the sale as the stock went down would pay his losses on the Lacedaemon purchase. Meanwhile Joe Dale would see to it that Nipper did go down until Pat O'Brien was utterly swamped.

Of course the pool made haste to sell out. John Dale's private tip had been a prophecy. A killing had been made and O'Brien and his friends were the slaughtered ones. When the debris was finally swept up the cardinal, who had plunged ferociously on his own private account, found himself poorer by some \$750,000. It had cost him that much to disobey the mandate of a railroad king. But he still owns Lacedaemon.

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE

### JOHN MITCHELL'S WORK



John Mitchell, former president of the United Mine Workers of America, continues to work for the improvement, advancement and safety of the man who toils with his hands.

For a couple of years now, Mr. Mitchell has been connected with the National Civic Federation, an organization backed by Andrew Carnegie and other millionaires. His office has to do with the welfare of the workman and results of his work have shown that no better choice could have been made.

John Mitchell is a self made man. He knows what it is to toil in a coal mine. He has gone down in the pits not knowing whether he would come out alive. He has had some narrow escapes, and he has seen his companions and friends die at their work. He is noted for his kind-heartedness. In the fall of 1898 he was vice-president and organizer of the United Mine Workers of America. There was a strike at the Virden Coal company's mine in Virden, Ill. For days the striking miners camped around the stockade the company had erected for the protection of its property. Mr. Mitchell, accompanied by several newspaper men, visited the camp of grim toilers one night, and the sights he witnessed touched his heart. Then came the day when the company attempted to land a train-load of negroes from Alabama to take the places of the white men. Governor Tanner had refused to order the militia to protect negroes from other states. There was a riot. Nineteen or twenty men in the ranks of the strikers fell dead under the shower of bullets from rifles used by hired detectives from an agency in St. Louis. Negroes were killed, and one or two guards slain. The engineer of the train was shot through the arm.

Then came John Mitchell again. He was what might be called the angel of mercy to the stricken families of the miners. He wasn't violent; he counseled peace. There was an element in the ranks of the union men, who thought Mr. Mitchell too peaceful, but in the long run his policy was found to be the winner. No man ever did as much for the miners as he.

The other day he went out to St. Louis from New York and talked on the subject closest to his heart—that of placing safeguards around the working man. He said their were more persons killed in the United States each year in the peaceful industrial pursuits than would be killed if this country and England were continually at war, and three times more than in any other nation. He urged the need of an automatic compensation for victims of industrial accidents in lieu of the employers' liability protection.

### GORE SHOCKED SENATORS



Thomas Pryor Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma, caused his fellow members of the United States senate to sit up and take notice a day or so before the adjournment of congress. It takes a great deal to cause the staid old senate to show anything like a panic, but when Senator Gore intimated that an effort had been made to bribe him to the extent of \$25,000 to \$50,000 in connection with legislation affecting \$3,000,000 in attorney's fees for services rendered to the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, in land and township sites, the senator gave immediate attention.

Then when the senator involved two former members of the senate in the alleged plot the upper branch of congress strained its ears to catch every word. The senator's charges reached across the capitol to the house side, and a member of the lower branch also was dragged into the affair.

Of course the senate ordered an investigation, but it has since been found that no money is available and it may be some time before the matter is thoroughly threshed out.

By reason of being blind, Senator Gore attracts unusual attention in congress. When he was eight years of age he was accidentally struck with a stick by a playmate and he lost his left eye. Three year later the senator suffered the loss of his right eye, when an arrow from a cross-bow, drawn by another playmate, struck him.

Mr. Gore did not let the loss of his eyesight interfere with his schooling. He was graduated from a normal school and then went through Cumberland university, in Tennessee. He was married to Miss Nina Kay, in 1900, and she has been a great help to him in his reading. He removed to Texas in 1895, and was a delegate to the National Populist convention in St. Louis, in 1896. He was nominated by the Populists as a candidate for congress, but was defeated. After he had removed to Oklahoma in 1901 he became a member of the Territorial council, and when Oklahoma became a state, he was elected senator.

### HARMON FIRST IN CONTEST



Judson Harmon, governor of Ohio, who has been renominated by the Democrats of his state for a second term, is the first in the field for the presidential nomination in 1912. Of course a great deal depends upon whether he is elected this fall, but his friends are sanguine of success. Should he be defeated in his race for governor it naturally would put him out of the contest for the presidency.

Governor Harmon was born in Hamilton county, Ohio, in 1846. His father was a clergyman. He was graduated from Denison university in 1866, and from the Cincinnati law school in 1869. The first public office he held was that of common pleas judge from 1876 to 1878. Then he became judge of the superior court of Cincinnati, holding this office from 1878 to 1887, when he resigned to resume the practice of law. On June 8, 1895, President Cleveland called Judge Harmon to his cabinet as attorney general. He held this important position two years and again went back to the practice of his profession. He was president of the Ohio Bar association and member of the faculty of the law department of the University of Cincinnati.

In January, 1910, he took the oath of office as governor of the Buckeye state to serve two years. His renomination and his endorsement as the party's candidate for president by the Ohio convention speaks louder than words so far as his record as governor is concerned.

### JUSTICE MOODY TO RETIRE



Because of his continued illness, Associate Justice William H. Moody of the United States supreme court must resign. Under the law a member of the court must serve ten years before he can retire on pay. To aid Justice Moody, Senator Lodge introduced in the senate a bill giving him his pay in future because it was illness and not a desire to enter other business that caused his inability to give his attention to court duties.

Justice Moody was attorney general when President Roosevelt appointed him to the bench in 1906. He has been ill much of the time since then, but it was not until about one year ago that his ailment took such a serious turn that he was not able to give his attention to his duties.

Justice Moody is a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of Harvard. He was admitted to the practice of law in 1878, and served as solicitor for Haverhill and district attorney for the eastern district of Massachusetts. He was elected to the Fifty-fourth congress from the Sixth district to fill a vacancy, and was also a member of the Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh congresses. He was secretary of the navy for two years before he was attorney general.