

BUSINESS VERSUS POLITICS

How "Coups" Are Effected and the People Wonder Why.

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

"Live Ones" Keep Tab on Available Politicians—Underground Route Between City Hall and Inner-Circles of Commercial Life.

IN knocking about in politics, speaking, electioneering, canvassing, and occasionally casting about for suitable candidates, together with the more active of the ward politicians, I often met with the "business" men of the ward. Men in all sorts of lines, hardware and "soft ware," real estate men, grocers, butchers, bakers, plumbers, and other pursuits; coal dealers, printers, jewelers, restaurant men, tailors—it was wonderful what a variety there was in the way of business enterprises.

Now, no man can carry on any business whatsoever in a ward without finding that politics is going to cut some kind of a figure in his chosen line. It may be directly, or it may be indirectly, but it is sure to affect him in some way. A good many business men simply shrug their shoulders and charge politics to "profit and loss." The condition of a street or district was a matter of politics; the paving and sidewalk surroundings, whether good or bad, meant politics; the health of the ward depended on it; the lighting of the streets at night and the sprinkling of them in summer and the removal of the snow in winter was "politics;" the schools, parks, alleys, boulevards—why, the very air one breathed and the water he drank was a matter of politics.

And yet the majority of the business men dabbled only in politics as it might happen to affect their particular line of work. A paving contractor or a sidewalk builder was sure to be active; a grocer or a butcher, passive. Every saloon keeper was an active partisan of both sides, as could be readily inferred from the pictures of all candidates hung conspicuously in his windows, together with a representation of the flag of our country bringing up the rear.

Some business men who have large interests, manufacturers doing a wholesale business, for instance, usually had some one in their company or corporation, who kept unassuming, but close, "tab" on political doings. These concerns sometimes wanted to "grab off" some out-of-the-way little chunk of ground for a stub switch-end, to run in cars to their factories;



Every Saloon Keeper Was an Active Partisan of Both Sides.

or maybe they wanted to scare away some costly smoke-consuming device; or choke off a paving scheme; or save money in some other way. They very shrewdly, therefore, kept in close communication with the ward leaders of both parties, and while they were of course patriotic, they did not allow patriotism to warp their commercial judgment.

They contributed to the legitimate expenses of the ward and municipal campaigns, generally had some sort of representation in the official rosters of the ward clubs, and displayed a commendable activity in public affairs from the simple reason that they could not afford to be "dead ones." Business men who were active democrats, or active Republicans, as the case might be, boldly hung the pictures of their party candidates on the outer battlements—meaning the plate-glass windows of their establishments. But of course if a man was an "all-round" politician, like the proprietor of a "thirst boudoir," he hung them

all up, Democrat, Republican, Independent, Labor, Socialist, Socialist-Labor, and even, when waggishly inclined, the portrait of the Prohibition candidate.

Now, your "business man" who was on good terms with his employees, was a political power to some extent. He did not control, by virtue of the Australian ballot, the votes of the men who worked in his establishment; but if he was a snewed man, and treated his men right, he could swing a good many votes the way he wanted them. What so easy as to have a quiet "talk with the men," showing them that the prosperity of the business, the success of the plant (the workmen's bread and butter, d'ye see) depended on the election of this or that set of men? Was it done? Well, Well! Certainly when a "boss" was disliked he could not have swung a solitary vote with a hawser, but when the men liked and respected him, they could be and were influenced by that magic argument, nationally celebrated, locally vital, the "full dinner-pail."

This argument could be used in any old election, from alderman to president. These big business men seldom personally held any interviews with the "small fry" politicians of the ward. They had their representatives to deal with the question, and when fully identified with any particular party, they were counted on to contribute to the campaign fund. The popular idea of money spent in political warfare is that it goes for whisky and to bribe voters. Comparatively little goes for whisky to what it was in the old days, and as for bribery, what's the use of "bribing" a man to vote, when he can take the money and vote as he pleases, and no one be the wiser as to how he voted?

The bulk of the money in campaign expenses goes for thoroughly canvassing the wards and getting all the voting strength out; for sending out circulars and other campaign literature; for hiring halls, and hack hire for orators; for brass bands and torch-light processions; for carriage hire to make a thorough canvass of the ward by the candidates; for the precinct captains on election day; for printing bills, and divers other expenses. The money that "goes over the bar" is what the candidate himself puts up as a rule.

Now the business men contributed their checks to see the men win who they thought would be friendly to them in a pinch; they selected their party candidates when they could, and I am of the opinion that the most of the "big men" wanted absolutely trustworthy and reliable candidates who would not be too ferociously stubborn about granting any little "harmless" privilege. They were bitterly opposed to "graft," of whatever party they happened to belong to, but they had their individual ideas of what that baleful term meant.

For instance, suppose some highly reputable merchant wanted to elevate the sidewalk above his place of business to facilitate the handling of freight. Suppose such an elevation practically "hogged" that part of the sidewalk, to the exclusion of the passing pedestrians who demurred at climbing up the elevated sidewalk, there to stumble over skids and through piles of boxes and barrels. Was that any part of the public's business? Pish, and also fie! Nothing is so obnoxious as the average pedestrian. He is always getting tangled up in electric cars, or cabs, or skids, or wheels, and having his plebeian anatomy defaced or broken by getting in the way of "progress."

Then there was another type of business man. This was the type that had no particular ax to "grind." They were "party men," who generally held their conferences with the "down town" leaders, and who played "politics" in a genteel way. They never contributed unless they knew where the money was going to, and they did not use politics as a means to an end. Sometimes they were chosen as aldermanic, or other candidates, and when elected made good officials.

They were often selected for positions of non-salaried prominence, and they represented what might be termed the passive respectability of the party. The "active" respectability of the parties was divided among the professional men, "big" merchants, small tradesmen and ward politicians, in proportions which varied according to localities. Sometimes one of these men would turn "reformer" and often he made a very persistent and active man behind the gun of reform. Reform, bad as it sometimes is, must be credited with having accomplished much, both in local and national politics.

About the only way the average business man could be reached with political argument, was either by mail, or by a personal call. You never saw a "bunch" in your life so immune from campaign oratory. Many of them took their politics from their papers, and voted straight the ticket which their editor had selected for them. They might be induced to read campaign circulars if they reached the house on Saturday so as to be on hand for Sunday, but they "side-stepped" the meetings, unless some bright par-

ticular star of verbiage had been announced to speak. Nationality cut always a figure, sometimes more, sometimes less, in their predilections, but personal interest was the keystone of the arch of their political gateway. Occasionally a proposal to do something which might interfere with their ideas of right or wrong, or entail considerable pecuniary sacrifice upon them, would result in "mass meetings," which were largely attended, and at which much pyrotechnical oratory was indulged in. At these mass meetings they generally had the aldermen in the ward attend; and when the alderman got up to speak, he knew what was expected of him, and usually "went with the current." If he didn't, he would "go up the spout" the next time he ran.

The business men in the different wards had a great deal more power than they divined, but as "business" was their first thought, they left pol-



Nothing is So Obnoxious as the Average Pedestrian.

itics to the politicians; and thereby hung their scalps. But once aroused, and maddened by the sound of human oratory, and they would sometimes develop into a solid voting force that would sweep the politicians off their feet. But as a rule they were apathetic about everything but the fetish of "business."

Those who were business men and politicians combined, who had a paying business and a paying combination with official life, were not an unusual sight; and these were surely the subtlest in the game. If their candidate "lost out," and they were gently separated from the "trough," they simply smiled and went on doing business "at the old stand." If their candidate won, and they were retained in office, they won out at "the store," and also at the "city hall," thus both "eating their cake and having it," and outdoing in completeness the southern process of catching the "possum 'a-comin' or a-gwine."

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.
(Copyright, 1908, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The Figures Settled It.

Two men got into an argument during lunchtime in the Astor house rotunda at New York the other day. One was from the east, one from the west. Each had many things to say of the infinite inferiority of the rest of the country. Finally the man from the east challenged: "Come out here an' get licked, you big stiff," he begged.

"You can't lick me," said the other, decidedly.

"C'er'nly I c'n lick you!" shouted the man from the east. "Lookee here."

He went to a weighing machine near at hand and solemnly climbed up on it. He peered at the dial for a moment. "There!" he said in triumph. "Two hunner' and forty-eight pounds. C'er'nly I c'n lick you."

The westerner walked over to the scales and focused one eye on the needle. "Guess that's ri'," he commented. "Gissa drink, bartender."

Who can say, after that, there is need for an International Peace society.

Work as a Necessity.

Work is as necessary to material advancement as are air and water to life. A man can gain nothing by standing idly by, except the name of a drone in the human hive, who exists by the sweat of others. You must be up and doing if you would advance. You must not wait for opportunity, but create the opportunity for yourself.

The Honest Friend.

We are all travelers in what John Bunyan calls the wilderness of this world, and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend. He is a fortunate voyager who finds many. We travel, indeed, to find them. They are the end and reward of life.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM By William Pitt



Work thought out ahead is half done.

Keep cheery and half of your troubles will disappear.

The ruddy pig is poor stock to raise and should never be bred from.

Have you ever been able to discover the economy of the half-starved calf? The kind of crops a man grows is a pretty good index to the man's character.

A mash of two quarts of middlings will put the pigs in condition for market next fall.

In picking your breeder for next year's stock remember that the rooster is more than half the flock.

Open up a burlap bag at the seam and throw over the cow when milking. It will prove a big protection from the flies and will help keep her quiet.

Alcohol, tobacco, iced-drinks, stimulating food and strong tea and coffee increase the effects of the hot weather.

The shiftless farmer is half glad of the break in the machine that takes him to town where he can loaf and gossip for half a day.

The farmer who loves the soft side of his bed in the morning more than he does a soft bed for his crops, is the farmer who never discovers that farming pays.

Clean out the horse stalls every day. Shake out the bedding, removing the stained litter and putting the rest on a rack to dry and air. Then sweep out the stall so it will get dry.

She Was a Hard Milker.—Summer Boarder—"How much milk does that cow you are milking give?" Perspiring and Overworked Milker—"She don't give none. What yer get yer got to work hard fer."

Better to try, and in the trying make mistakes than not to try at all. The farmer that is not ready to experiment with new methods and new crops even though his first attempts are a partial failure, is the farmer who never improves.

Wire fences increase the danger to stock from lightning, but this danger can be almost entirely overcome by running a wire which is in contact with all the wires of the fence into the ground. Such wires should be placed at about every tenth to fifteenth post.

Pigs in the clover is no joke, neither is it a puzzle. The puzzle is that any farmer should try to raise pigs without giving them pasturage, and the joke, if joke there be, is on the fellow whose hogs are not ready for market when they should be. It pays to keep the pigs growing, and good pasturage with grain feed is the thing that will do the turn.

Keep your eye on the new machine for loosening bolts. Small parts are apt to work loose during the first season's use. Certain boxes or bearings may fit too tightly, thus causing them to heat, while others may be tight-ening. There is nothing that will shorten the life of farm machinery more than the carelessness of not keeping all nuts, screws and lugs tight. A wrench should always be found in connection with machines which are in operation, and it should be used when necessary.

Rye makes a good early pasture in the spring and a late pasture in the fall. It is very hardy and will grow on very poor land, and make a fair quality of hay when cut and cured at the right time. When plowed under, it will add humus to the soil, and as a winter crop it is the best that we can grow in the north. One matter we should keep in mind, and that is not to allow it to get too large before plowing under. This makes trouble, for when plowed under it is apt to shut off the water connections from below, and the growing crop will suffer from the effects of dry weather.

Let the beginner be content with a small flock.

It is a poor plan to try and keep eggs too long in hot weather.

There is still room at the top for the intelligent, progressive farmer.

Managed right the hog will do more for the farmer than most any other animal.

The first two years of a cow's life almost inevitably determine her future usefulness.

Even flow of milk can be secured from most cows by proper management and feed.

Commercial apple growing is paying increasing dividends to those engaged in the business.

Plenty of shade for the hens these days. And they must have a cool house to roost in at night.

The game of checkers in the corner store may sharpen your wits, but it will not drive out the weeds from the corn field.

Poor plan to house the young chicks and the old fowls together. The old birds are more than apt to pick on the little fellows.

If the cats are fed extra well during the period when the young chicks are running free you will find they will not be so prone to an occasional chicken dinner.

When you put the incubator away were you careful to see that the water tank was empty? The ground makes a good place to set the late broody hen. Protect from sun and rain.

The horse that is hard to catch in the pasture can be coaxed to your side if when you go to get him you take him a little sugar. A few times trying and he will learn to come trotting up to you for the expected treat.

It does seem sometimes that the frequent housing of the different machines used during the season is a waste of time, but you will not think so when you find that the well-cared-for machine will outlast two of your careless neighbors.

Don't let your brain go to sleep while you are doing the farm work. Keep eyes and ears open for new sights and sounds that will place you in closer touch with your crops and stock and enable you to more intelligently provide the conditions which will mean success for you.

Is the milking machine safe to use? A New Jersey dairyman who used one of the patent milking devices states, that under his own personal operation, the machines actually increased the milk flow, but that when the duty was laid on an overworked superintendent, some of the cows were injured. It would seem, therefore, that the operation of a milking machine calls for carefulness and intelligence.

The little girl who said that the best way to keep milk from souring was to leave it in the cow paid a deserved compliment to the cow without knowing it and unconsciously condemned her elders for uncleanly methods. The milk stays sweet in the bag because kept away from contaminating germs. The cleaner the methods in the dairy while the milk is being drawn and while it is being handled the longer will it keep sweet and wholesome.

One farmer who has been troubled with rats and successfully got rid of them did it in the following way: He put out corn meal for several nights, and when the suspicions of the shrewd old rats are allayed, put out the same kind of bait in the same place with any good rat poison well mixed. After one dose, those remaining will not touch poisoned bait of any kind for some time, and probably never the same kind. In a week or so put out some other kind of bait, like cheese or meat, and repeat the operation. Traps will catch a few, but the best plan is to make buildings and granaries as nearly vermin-proof as possible.

The practical value of denatured alcohol to the farmer is still a matter of live interest. Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry, department of agriculture, replying to a request for information about the federal appropriation, said:

"The appropriation of \$10,000 for demonstration purposes, is expected to be utilized in the erection of a small distilling plant, in which we can demonstrate the feasibility and profit of making alcohol from the waste materials of the farm, and from some products which may be specially grown for this purpose. We shall invite each of the experiment stations to send us a man to receive what benefit he can from our experiments, and instructions from those operating the plant here."