

# 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 silkstocking enemy, too polite to liken Pat to the devil, scolded 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 heir 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 Electric railway, 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.



"YOU BLOCK THAT FRANCHISE OR YOU WON'T BE PRESIDENT OF THE PLANET COMPANY LONG"

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.



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

The railroad king blew up. "I don't pay you to read 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 your French novels—crescendo—or do any other dumb thing—forto—any dumb time or any dumb 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 slushy 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."

"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-headed 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 fiercely 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.

## NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt

- Burn all the rubbish.
- Keep a pure bred ram
- Any climate suits alfalfa.
- Clover is a more efficient sub-soiler than the best sub-soil plow.
- Some say that cows need salt when the butter is hard to churn.
- A good wick to the incubator lamp is one of the important things.
- Dampness in the poultry house, yards or runs is often a source of trouble.
- The thing that counts in the poultry business is doing the right thing at the right time.
- Don't let the weeds get a foot high and then pull them, disturbing the surrounding flowers, even if none are pulled out.
- Fight green fly with tobacco-tea and the rose-hue with lime-water. Or try dusting air-slaked lime on the infested rose-bushes.
- Few horsemen pay enough attention to the teeth of the old horses, and then wonder why they look out of condition.
- On land at all subject to foot-rot many sheep will fall lame—more especially the close-wooled breeds on grass.
- It is very seldom that a group of sheep may be fattened on dry food without some of them dying or suffering with constipation.
- There may be such a thing as bad luck in the dairy business, but it is a peculiar coincidence that it always follows bad management.
- On receiving new rose bushes from the dealer or from other sources, transfer them immediately to the soil without exposing the roots to the sun or drying wind.
- When a colt or other animal on the farm is cut with barbed wire or by other means, the wound usually can be successfully treated without the services of a veterinarian.
- Probably the best vegetable grown in the garden is asparagus. It is a perennial plant and lasts for many years without renewing. It is the earliest and most delicious vegetable.
- Select a good, strong colony to build the queen cells, remove all combs containing unsealed larva, also remove the queen, and let them remain queenless a few hours.
- The common foxtail millet is the best for dairy cows. This threshed and mixed with an equal part of clover hay makes one of the best roughens. Unthreshed millet should never be fed alone to any kind of stock.
- Vine crops should not be disturbed after the vines commence to run, as the leaves set as far as the vines and spread almost as far as the surface of the soil. Any weeds not destroyed by former cultivations should be pulled by hand.
- Salad plants, tomatoes, muskmelons, green corn, beans and the like have of late years been added, one after another, to the greenhouse crops, and the enlarged menu resulting therefrom has gratified the epicure and has been a source of revenue to the producers.
- Leave all the good ewe lambs for breeding, but give extra feed to lambs intended for summer market. They may be growing now, but they will put on better flesh for higher prices with a daily feed of ground grain. It is a good way to cash in surplus grain.
- If you have a separator you will not be bothered with a lot of sour milk standing around during the warm months. Pigs will drink sour milk, but the sweet milk will do them more good. Get a cream separator and save more of the cream, besides deriving more benefit from the skim milk.
- If the mare is fed on timothy hay and corn alone she cannot furnish the proper elements for the development of the foal. Wheat bran, shorts, oil meal and clover hay should be a great part of the daily ration. Give the mare daily exercise and it will not hurt to work her up to foaling time, providing she is not strained or over-worked.

- Be sure to milk the cow clean.
- Thorough ventilation is necessary.
- Air and cool incubator eggs daily.
- Already the demand for dairy cows is much in excess of the supply.
- The brooder and brooder coop must be amply ventilated at all times.
- Make the milker wash his hands with soap before he begins to milk.
- Corn is assuredly the most fattening farm grain that may be fed to sheep.
- Lack of a constant supply of clean, pure, fresh water before the fowls means defeat in the end.
- Any food that will keep hens in prime condition and with vigorous appetites will cause them to lay.
- Do not think that the separator is a difficult piece of machinery to handle and that it is hard to take care of.
- To every ten pounds of butter in the churn mix one pound of dairy salt and two pounds of water.
- Two essentials must be observed to keep milk sweet and clean for two or three days so that it can be shipped a distance or held at home for use.
- Many varieties of trees will in a few years grow large enough for fuel and for small timber, such as poles, which can be used in many ways.
- Select dairy cows that have every indication of being milk producers, but determine this positively by the use of the Babcock test and the scale.
- It is estimated that there are 95,000,000 head of horses in the world. The United States and European Russia have the greatest number.
- Pumpkins should never be planted in the garden. The vines take up more room than they are worth. The corn field for the pumpkins.
- Pea vines, which were formerly thrown away by the canners, are now being used for stock food. They are preserved in silos, or stacked in the open air.
- Cowpeas belong to the family of plants known as the legumes, which have the power of taking nitrogen from the air by means of the bacteria which live on their roots.
- You can afford to buy feeds for pigs and lambs at the prices these animals will bring this summer, and the pasture will soon help out the feed question.
- A nation-wide battle against the common house fly has been started and it is expected to be waged vigorously during the present year, directed by government scientists.
- To force rhubarb the best success is obtained by placing it under greenhouse benches or in a rather dark cellar; but little light and heat is required to force good rhubarb.
- Millet is a warm-weather plant and consequently it may be sown any time up until the middle of July with reasonable assurance that it will produce a satisfactory hay crop.
- To prevent rats and other animals from killing and carrying off young chicks use a tight board coop provided with a small run and all securely inclosed with one-inch poultry netting, including the top of the run.
- Milk and butter are higher priced today in the large cities than ever before. There is no danger of an over-ocked market for many years to come. This is especially true if the dairymen produce premium milk and butter.
- Several different things may cause the suppression of milk in one or more sections of the udder. Generally the cause may be traced to an injury of some kind received when the heifer was running in the pasture, or it may be traced to an inherited weakness.
- When gathering flowers always use a sharp knife or scissors to cut them smooth and clean. Early in the morning is the best time, and the blooms not quite developed will last longest. "Souse" the stems deeply in water for an hour or so before making bouquets.
- A very considerable extension of live stock farming would materially increase the cash output from farms and at the same time save millions to the future farm wealth by keeping on the farm a large percentage of the fertility that is now sold off in the form of corn, oats and hay.
- Raising calves on skim milk is the best method, all things considered; and they will grow and develop on this food as well as when allowed to run with the cow. The secret of success and good health with the animals is to feed often and in small amounts. Overfeeding and irregular feeding will cause the scours and calves will grow differently.
- Most of these waste places on the farm are the richest kind of land. If the brush and briars were grubbed out and the spaces put into cultivation they would grow the biggest crops on the farm. The soil in such places is full of organic matter and other rich fertilizers, which have accumulated for years in the form of dead insects and twigs, leaves and roots.

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Statistics Go Lame. "Pears t me thar's somethin' wrong with statistics," remarked the oldest inhabitant as he dropped into his usual place on the loafers' bench. "What's wrong with 'em?" queried the village grocer. "Wall, erordin' tew 'em," continued the o. l., "we orter hev had a death in town evry six weeks for 't' past tew years."

"Is that so?" said the grocer. "Yass," answered the other, "as by ginger, we ain't had 'em!"

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WHY, OF COURSE.

Knicker—How do you figure out that the St. Louis exposition was better than the Paris exposition? Bocker—It didn't cost so much to get there.

He Had Been Observing. "Why don't you call your invention the 'Bachelor's Button'?" I asked my friend, who was about to put on the market a button that a man could attach without needle or thread. "I fear that the appellation would imply too much restrictiveness," he answered. "You see," he went on, giving me one of his knowing smiles, "I expect to do just as much business with the married men as with the bachelors."

Notes and Comments. Church—Does your neighbor play that cornet without notes? Gotham—Yes; but not without comments.—Yonkers Statesman.

It is a waste of time to worry about the future. Things will be all right a hundred years from now—as far as you are concerned.

### Lure of the City Strong

Strange Fascination That Even Beauty of the Country Is Unable to Overcome.

The middle-aged woman was at the St. Regis, and there one of her friends found her, to her great surprise. "You don't mean to tell me," exclaimed the caller, "that you have given up your beautiful home in the country?"

"Yes, I have. My daughter simply took me out of it."

"Why?"

"Because she doesn't like the country. Whenever she visited me out there she complained so bitterly about things that we were both unhappy. She thought the cream was horrible—all full of thick lumps, instead of smooth and thin, like real city cream. The butter, she said, tasted like grass, and the broilers didn't taste high. Like the kind she was used to. There

was so much light it made her eyes ache, and the scent of roses kept her awake at night, so she sold the place and brought me in here."

"Reminds me," said the caller, "of an old play, in which I once saw Mrs. Gilbert. In one scene she personated a woman who had just returned to New York after a long absence. She opened a window which was supposed to overlook Broadway, leaned out and took a long whiff, and then exclaimed rapturously: 'Oh, the dear, delightful, dirty New York!'"—New York Press.

### Grand Patriotic Celebration.

More than forty pure and mixed races of mankind took part in the colossal international pageant in celebration of the centennial of the birth of Elihu Burritt. "Apostle of Brotherhood," held recently in New Britain, Conn., the Hardware city. School exercises, choral singing, parades and floats, speeches and an illuminated town enjoying a half-holiday contributed to the patriotic celebration.

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