

tions, and gave them cigars, but no satisfaction. He was going to assess the properties of the corporations on the same basis as the ordinary citizens of Denver were assessed, and he cared not a whoop about the machine—having the aforesaid idea of running on an independent ticket in his head.

The machine thought to another way of getting at Arnold. It went to the county commissioners, who, in Denver, can hear appeals from the assessors' rulings, and the good county commissioners began to get busy.

But not for long. Not at all. As soon as the county commissioners had hewn down the assessment of one oppressed corporation, Arnold issued an edict, as it were.

He said: "You do that again, and I'll reduce the assessment of every citizen of Denver, on the basis of the reduction you have made in the assessment of a big corporation."

The doing of which would have left Denver without funds, and the threat of which stopped the county commissioners in their career of adjusting the troubles of the corporations and the machine—

Here was a nice mess—for the machine.

After receiving little things like campaign contributions from the corporations, they couldn't come through.

The corporations were peevish. The Machine was peevish. And the citizens comprising both sat

up nights thinking up ways of teaching Arnold the folly of his ways—without a particle of success.

Meantime, Arnold became highly popular. Enthusiastic citizens swore he was the kind of man they wanted for assessor, and maybe, next term, for mayor. Plain, ordinary people in Denver came to swear by Arnold, instead of by golly.

And then came the consolidation. An election was held, and the city and county of Denver were pronounced consolidated.

Whereupon, the county commissioners sat up and howled. Were they going to be deprived of the fat grabbings for which they had had themselves elected? Not if they could help it.

So the county commissioners spent the county's money taking their troubles to the supreme court of the United States.

And that body recently decided that the city officials of Denver had full charge of the consolidated city and county.

Then did Mayor Robert E. Speer, head of the aforementioned machine, sit up and rub his hands gleefully.

Arnold!

Speer yesterday appointed P. E. Hiltz, a good and obedient machine man, who could be depended on to take care of the assessments levied on corporations, and not aspire to the mayor's chair, as city assessor.

Hills hasted him to Judge Riddle and took the oath of office.

But meantime, friend Arnold