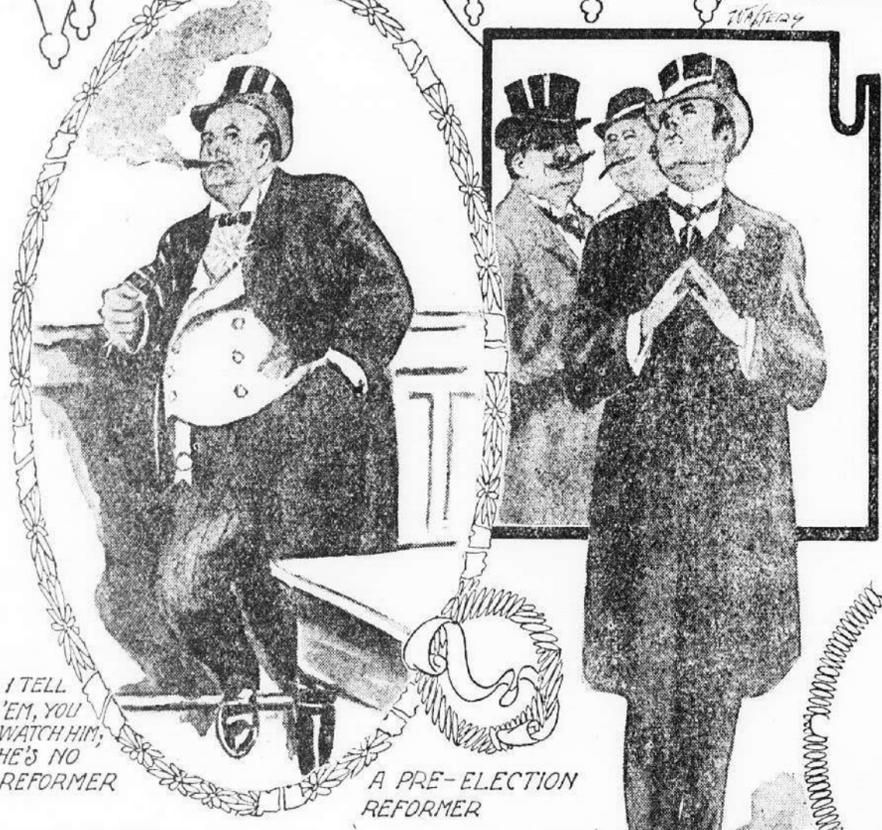


POLITICAL REFORMER

SOMETIMES DYSPEPTIC

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY



I TELL 'EM, YOU WATCH HIM, HE'S NO REFORMER

A PRE-ELECTION REFORMER

There were a number of women reformers, too, during my political years, and they were invariably enlisted on some moral question, as they looked at it, tobacco, whisky, child labor, the bettering of conditions for women, the saving of girls, etc. They were very much in earnest, faithful and enthusiastic to their ideals. Occasionally they succeeded, and at least, they never seemed discouraged. It is to the credit of politicians in general, that they were listened to with perfect respect, even when it was apparent that conditions made it an absolute waste of time to discuss the questions. Sometimes an ordinance barred their way; at other times a state law, or possibly the constitution of the United States itself was a stumbling-block, but they were heard with patience.

Reform politics during my day concerned itself most particularly in rehabilitating the personnel of the city council. In this it met with substantial success, and it was the one excep-



WANTED DOGS CAUGHT WITH A SOFT CURTAIN ROPE

REFORMED

A REFORMER in politics is sometimes a dyspeptic, but not always. He is also sometimes actuated by motives entirely impersonal and unselfish. But not always. And reform politics may be classed as of two kinds the counterfeit variety and the genuine.

Independent, or reform movements in political campaigns, are intended to be the breaking away of members of the old parties and a consolidation of these "bolters" for the purpose of electing a ticket which is supposed to be better than either of the old-line party tickets. Sometimes an independent movement means this. Sometimes it means that a Democrat or a Republican who has failed of the regular party nomination has been persuaded to make the race on the ground that he has been deprived of the nomination by unfair means. But the basic element of independent movements is always a claim toward a bettering of conditions, and therefore arguing a reform, politically.

Then there is usually the Prohibition movement to be reckoned with, and this is strictly founded on reform principles. Or there may be an educational feature in the campaign which will prove to carry the balance of power as to votes, and which may be adopted in the platform of either of the parties, with a view to secure votes for the whole ticket. Politics is largely a game of expedients, and as the only things that count, in the last analysis, are the votes, it follows, therefore, as the night the day, that votes are the prime necessities, and any expedient to catch votes is considered justifiable.

Other phases of reform politics may enter particularly into national campaigns, and may influence local conditions enough to swing victory to a side which may be weaker on paper than its antagonist.

In every large city and noticeably in my own city, I found two well defined types of the political reformers, with a smattering also of what were known as "cranks," "dreamers" and "visionaries." One of the two types referred to was the hard-headed citizen who, regardless of ridicule and discouragement, readily set himself to work to better the class of official selection. Without caring anything for party affiliations, he associated with organizations which "went after" weak or unfit candidates, and supported and encouraged good candidates for all offices, whether state, county or municipal.

conditions obtaining in that ward?" he asked, inquiringly.

"Oh, yes," was my answer.

"Well, we want to put up a candidate for alderman there and see if we can't arouse the better element there. We want to go in and fight the saloons to a finish," was his next remark.

"Whose finish?" said I.

"Oh, we will probably be beaten," he admitted, "but we want to give them a campaign of education and enlightenment. What that ward needs, what every ward needs, is a chance to have its higher nature aroused. What they want, I'm convinced, is more opportunity to see the light."

"My friend," was my reply, "I've traveled some in that ward. What they want there is not more light, but more beer."

Yet, despite sometimes misdirected energy, these men and their associations did much in making political conditions better. For that they deserve substantial credit. So long as they were absolutely non-partisan they wielded considerable influence, and properly, but on occasion they allowed prejudice to bias them and did injustice to good men.

The other type of well-known reformer was the one who continually headed "reform" movements. He might be a candidate for alderman, or the legislature, or congress, but wherever there was a "kick" coming, and a meeting advertised to protest, or organize, this class would be on hand early and get the chairmanship of the meeting, usually coming out in a "ringing" speech of denunciation against the infamy which the citizens had met to combat. This put the reformer "next" if it was a proposition to nominate an opposition candidate, and he often got away with the nomination. Or, if he was a professional man, a lawyer, a doctor, or a real estate man, even, it was a pretty fair advertisement, wasn't it? Not so "poor" to have your picture in the paper next day, with a long account of your business and your speech, etc. Something that would have cost you coin to have in the papers, and you got it for nothing. And then the reporters out to interview you and quite a racket started about you.

And in every large city I suppose there are only a few bright promoters like that standing around waiting to sell a gold brick, or two.

Some of these "reformers" were pretty fierce when they happened to land in an office. A few of them were swept into the city council astride the top of a wave of "popular indignation" and they were the hungry boys, some of them. They were simply on the quiver to be "approached." And when they were tempted they fell swiftly and without a sound. Their motto was that of the Hon. Webster Flanagan, with a different interpreta-

tion. "What are we here for?" was their slogan, and they went after franchise "divvies" or any other "divvies" like a terrier after a rat.

Real reforms were not so elaborately advertised as the sham ones: the louder the "holler" about the reform, the less genuine reform was in sight. And then there were the "fad" reformers, going about seeking what they might devour in the shape of having unmuzzled dogs caught with a soft curtain rope instead of a wire noose, cab-horses provided with seats while waiting for a fare, the distribution of copies of Browning's poems to crossing policemen, or some such similar projects.

There are sometimes uneasy people in every community who want to run the rest of their neighbors; the bigger the community the greater they are liable to be in number. And in a city of two millions of inhabitants they are sure to be found. They haunt the gallery in the council chamber of the city, they infest the mayor's office, they surge in with the crowds having hearings in the public offices in the city halls, and whenever they have no connection whatever.

Substantial reforms are of slow growth. It took over 20 years' steady work to drive the infamous justice of the peace system out of Cook county. Some notable reformers went along very well for a time until they got so prominent that they were offered a high-salaried political position. And then they dropped practically from sight as reformers and reappeared as pay roll artists. This caused at times a revulsion of feeling among the reformers at heart but they did not let a little thing like that entirely discourage them.

I got so that I could usually "spot" a reformer as far as I could see him. The majority of reformers are very busy walkers and talkers. They are not confined to one nationality, although I should judge that the bulk of them are Americans. They all have "missions." If you agree with them, and do everything they ask, you are "a patriot." If you disagree with some of them in any way, shape or manner, you are either a scoundrel or without mental balance. But to be "a patriot" in the eyes of those who were fanatical you must accede to their demands.

"Patriots," said Sir Robert Peel, "they spring up like mushrooms in the night; I can make 50 patriots in a single hour; I have only to refuse some unreasonable or absurd request, when up starts a patriot."

Consolation.

The musician with a compassionate smile watched the poet trimming the fringe from his cuff.

"After all," he said, "your verse may live when Marie Corelli, Winston Churchill and Hall Caine himself are forgotten. Remember the case of Guarnerius."

"Who was he?" the poet asked.

"A pauper and a violin maker. Guarnerius in the seventeenth century made violins that everybody thought too thick; hence, they only brought two dollars apiece. Musicians would buy them and have them pared down."

"Guarnerius insisted that they were not too thick. When he heard of one of his instruments being pared down he flew into a frightful rage. He had a grudge against the world because it wouldn't agree with him about violin-making. He died a pauper because the world would have none of his violins."

"A Guarnerius is now and then to be picked up. Usually it is a pared instrument, and its value is not very high. But find an unpared Guarnerius and you can get anything you like for it. It is one of the world's few perfect violins."

"But Guarnerius died a pauper. The Hall Caines and Winston Churchills of the violin world of his day refused with sneers to drink with him. He, too, trimmed his cuffs."

Alarmed Him.

The great foreigner was surrounded by a mob of admirers.

"Give me your ear a minute," pleaded one.

"And give me your eye a minute," echoed another, who wanted to point out the scenery.

"And give me your nose a minute," added a third, with a huge bouquet.

The celebrated foreigner was non-plussed.

"By ze shades of Bonaparte!" he exclaimed. "I haf often heard zat ze Americans vere great souvenir hunters, but I did not know zat zey would take a man to pieces. I better get away from here while I am yet whole."

History of Ships.

Ships of note have their biographies, in many cases as interesting as those of men. Romance, adventure and pathos abound. Jay Gould's yacht Atlanta, for which he paid \$140,000, has just been sold for \$1,750. As the gunboat Presidente of Santo Domingo it had been plundered and abandoned in a southern harbor.—Washington Times.

Superior Skill.

"Why is it that American youth is so lacking in reverence for mature people?"

"Perhaps," answered Miss Cayenne, "it's because mature people permit themselves to be lured into trying these new games which youngsters play so much better."

Not Altogether Painless.

Patience—Is that dentist's method, painless?

Patrice—Not all of them. He has a phonograph in his office!—Yonkers Statesman.

HERE'S A MEAN FISHERMAN.

Bad Luck Got on the Nerves of Wayne County Citizen.

"The meanest fisherman I ever knew was one who ate his bait," said Judge Tom, the wisest of all the wise fishermen of Wayne county, Pennsylvania. Besides resembling Buffalo Bill, Judge Tom is famous, for an encyclopedic knowledge of the men and fish of the county.

"This fellow I'm telling you about was a kind of half horse and half alligator sort of fellow, anyway; he was just naturally mean, that's all. He and I went after bass over in Lake Ladore one time and it was then I learned just how mean a fellow he was."

"I never was so shot with bad luck as on that day. First off one of our horses went lame before we'd gone five miles and we had to borrow Pat Coggins' team to do the rest of the trip to the lake."

"Then we went out and borrowed a net off Joe Peters and waded out for live bait, these little fingerling perch and sunfish the bass like. Well, sir, this fellow I'm telling you about stepped on the sharp edge of a sardine can before we'd been wading five minutes and he cut a deep slash in his foot. That started him mad."

"We borrowed Joe Peters' boat and rowed over to a corner of the lake where we knew the bass lay. Before we started this fellow filled his pipe and laid his paper package of tobacco under the seat. Later when he started to take a smoke he found that the boat leaked and his tobacco was floating on about half an inch of water. I never did hear a man curse like this man cursed; it really was something unique."

"Well, sir, we fished for three hours and all we caught was an eel. The fellow I'm telling you about caught the eel."

"When he pulled it in the thing flopped all over his coat, which was piled up on a seat, snarled his line and knocked over his bottle of whisky, which was uncorked. The eel had swallowed the hook. This fellow cut that eel in sections with his knife and swore at each chunk as he threw it overboard."

"When we decided to give it up we dumped all of our minnows overboard. All of them swam away but one big one, and he did nothing but swim around in a circle."

"Well, believe me, this rhinoceros got so mad because that one minnow wouldn't swim away that he reached out of the boat, scooped up that minnow and bit it in half. Then he threw the two halves back in the lake."

"Now will you sink, you hell devil!" said that fellow."



A REASONABLE REQUEST

Small Fishin' to Major, who been thrown from horse into pond, hi, mister, as you 'appens to be a water, would you mind looking Wilkes whistle?

The Scramble for Wealth.

If there is a sad thing in the world it is the spectacle of the men women who, in their mad scramble for wealth, have crushed out of lives sentiment and the love of that is beautiful and sublime. Very process by which they see win the means of enjoyment kill faculties by which they can enjoy. When the average man wins wealth he finds himself without power of enjoyment, for the joy side of his nature is dead. He to his sorrow that the straining ing life is also a starving one.

MY OWN FAMILY UPE-RU-NA.



HON. GEORGE W. HONEY.

Hon. George W. Honey, Nat. Chaplain U. S. A., ex-Chaplain For Wisconsin Cavalry, ex-Treasurer of Wisconsin, and ex-Quartermaster General State of Texas G. A. R., was born 1700 First St., N. E., Washington, D. C., as follows:

"I cannot too highly recommend preparation for the relief of *catarrh troubles in their various forms*. So members of my own family have used it with most gratifying results. With other remedies failed, *Peruna* most efficacious and I cheerfully testify to its curative excellence."

Mr. Fred L. Helbard, for nine years leading photographer of Kansas City, Mo., located at the northeast corner 12th and Grand Aves., cheerfully gives the following testimony: "It is a fact that *Peruna* will cure *catarrh of the bladder*, and a tonic it has no equal. *Druggists* have tried to make me take something else 'just as good,' but *Peruna* is good enough for me."

Peruna in Tablet Form.

For two years Dr. Hartman and assistants have incessantly labored to create *Peruna* in tablet form, and the strenuous labors have just been crowned with success. People who object to liquid medicines can now secure *Peruna* tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of *Peruna*.

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They also relieve distress from Dyspepsia, indigestion and Too Much Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Sea Sickness, Drowsiness, Taste in the Mouth, Colic, Torpid Liver, etc.

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