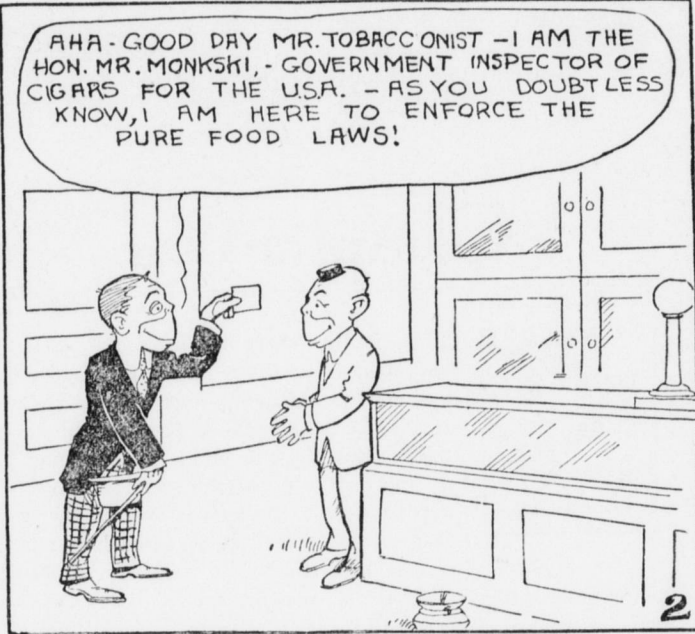
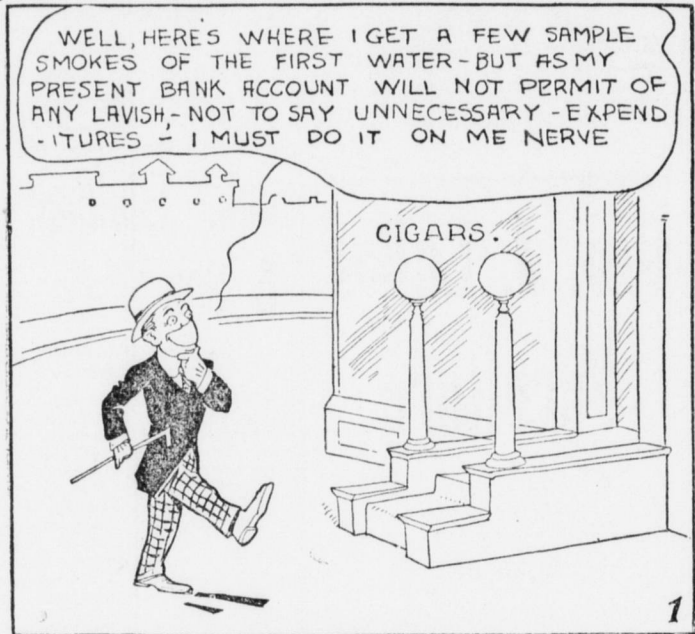
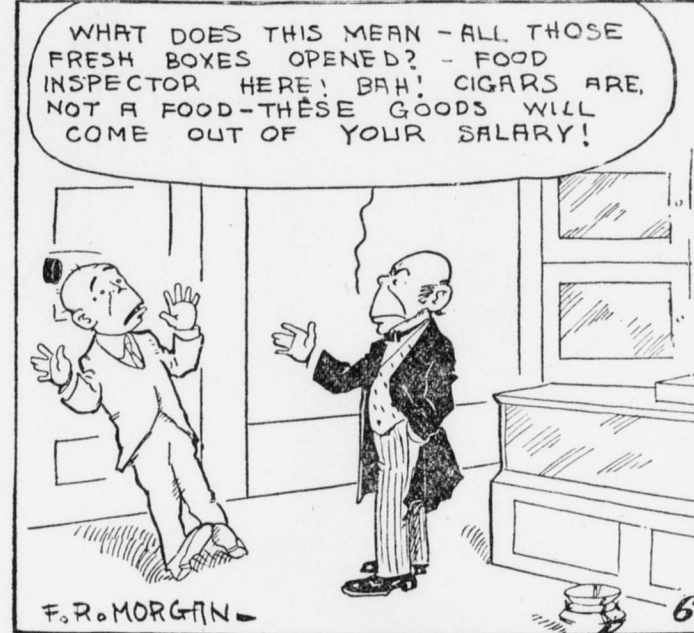
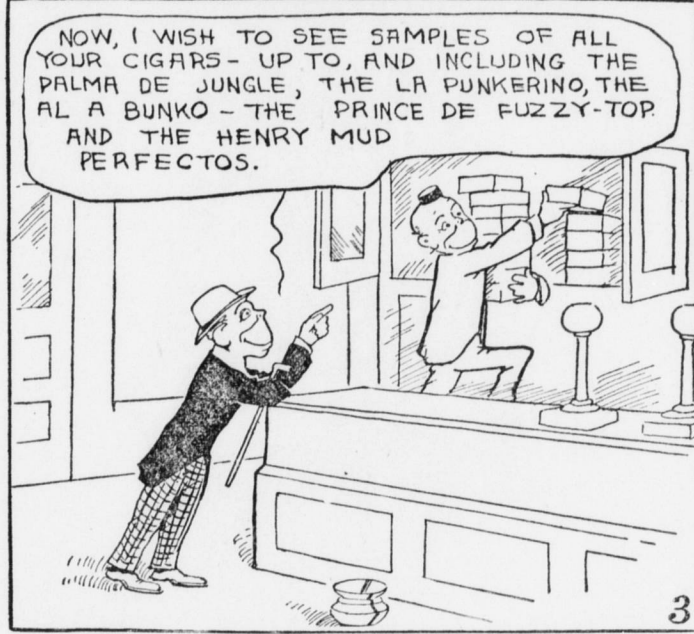


# Mr. Monkski.



# He Crafts to Smoke.



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## "Scrabby" Skellers, Boss of the Pocket TALES OF THE "SHORT HAIRS"

BY MALCOLM M'DOWELL

Author of "Revelations of an Ex-Mayor," "Revelations of an Ex-Speaker," "Shop Talk on the Wonders of the Crafts," etc.

Scrabby explains to the political reporter how little things affect the outcome of a campaign—How "Chuck" Allen got even.

"Have you the makin's about you, Danny?" insinuated Scrabby Skellers.

The political reporter handed the boss of the pocket a package of tobacco and a book of rice paper. The politician clumsily rolled and twisted a cigarette, lighted it, inhaled and exhaled the fragrance, and said:

"Once in awhile I like to hit the paper pipe. But I lock the door and pull down the blind when I do it, for I've known as little a thing as a cigaroot to lose a man his election. The fellows will stand for the glad rags all right. I'm a pretty good dresser myself, but they've coupled up these coffin nails with the silk stockings and high-brows, and if they'd get me with a cigaroot in my face I'd have to do a lot of explaining, and when the man who is in politics is forced to explain he's almost on the toboggan. Unless you're caught with the goods on, Danny, stand pat and put it up to the other fellow like Casey the alderman did with the mayor the other day. The big fellow in the city hall wanted Casey's vote in the city council. He learns that the alderman has a brother named Tim, so he says to him: 'Casey, I'm going to put Tim, your brother, on the police force.' 'All right, yer honor,' says Casey, 'he'll report for duty in two weeks.'

"And why not report at once?" says the mayor, anxious to make a quick play.

"It'll take Tim two weeks to come here from Ireland," says Casey, and there he had the mayor. If Casey at first had explained that Tim, being still in Ireland, was only a half-baked citizen of this country, it would have given the mayor a chance to renig, and yet kind of lay Casey under obligations for good intentions, but Casey stood pat on the proposition, and put it up to the big fellow to make good. So that's how it is that we've got a copper in this ward who can't vote, which is a good deal like Dummy Smith, who is on the pay-roll as a telephone operator and was born deaf and dumb.

"It's the little things that count in the political game, Danny, as you well know. Nickels and dimes will get you more votes in the barrel-house district than ten dollars apiece will on the boulevards. I always carry plenty of loose chicken feed myself when I'm out working the lodging houses or

church fairs, for they don't give no change back in either place. As long as a hobo can get a scuttle of suds with red hots on the side for a nickel, and an all-night bunk in a lodging house for a dime, a fellow in my class won't need no swollen fortune to keep his seat at the head of his delegation.

"Once in awhile, though, some high brow who has taken a mail order course in politics tries to break into the game and his first move generally is to raise the ante. Like what happened two years ago when two big corporations wanted the same street in this ward. Us fellows, of course, was friendly to the local company which was always good for a little campaign touch, and never turned me down when I wanted a job for one of my fellows, so the dope was that it could have that street.

"But the outside company wasn't forfeiting any fights—it was at the ring side at weighing-in time with their seconds and sparring partners and trainers aching for a finish fight.

"We was running 'Chuck' Allen for alderman. Before the two companies broke into the game everything was quiet like—no opposition worth mentioning. A lawyer named Stevens was running as independent, but we didn't pay much attention to him, for we knew he was a candidate for advertising purposes only. The outsiders, though, picked him up, and in about 15 minutes he was jumping to the front so fast he only hit the high places. He suddenly had so much money he had to use a pitchfork to get rid of it. The company shipped him a bale of the ready every hour, and in a few days they had connected with every vote that had a price tag to it.

"When the local company saw the mazuma factory Stevens was running, they got cold feet and wanted to quit. But of course I couldn't stand for that. We had put up 'Chuck' Allen, and we had to elect him.

"So I goes over to two lodging house wards and borrows about 500 hobs, plants them in the ward, and has one of my fellows put the outside company wise to the colonization. Now, of course, not one of them hobs is a legal voter, but the high brow what the corporation put in to run Stevens' campaign had just one idea—that was to buy votes and pay a big price for them. So he begins to corrupt my hobs, and they, being willing, takes his coin and asks for more. Then I runs another big gang over the line, and they begin to eat up and drink up the tainted money. And word

comes to me that the other fellows are a giving me the merry ha-ha, for, you see, all this time I'm putting up for the hobs' lodging and giving each a dime a day for beer, and the hobs are a-taking dollar bills from the foreign corporation, and hanging around Stevens' headquarters. So it looks as if I was getting the double cross. But I ain't worrying for my hobs are getting away with \$2,500 worth of the other fellows' boodle a day, and I'm keeping them down to contract price, so they ain't costing the local company more than \$200 a day. Then they doubles up occasionally on Stevens' manager, who hadn't had no experience with lodging house voters. They can't double up on me, for every morning I backs them down into a big basement which doesn't have but one way to get in or come out. When I gets them all in I starts the line coming out and gives each one his dime, so there ain't no way for him to go round the block and ring up another fare on me.

"There was a bill up in the legislature that time in which my people was interested, and one day I gets a telegram from Billy Skates, our representative, telling me to come down to Springfield the next day, to do a little log-rolling for the bill.

"I see the point, and takes 'Chuck' Allen and a big bunch of our fellows to Springfield figuring it would be a good play. But Stevens gets next, and he's on the train, too.

"There wasn't any hard feelings against him. He was a pretty good fellow, and no one could blame him for taking easy money from the foreign company, so we gets along fine and invites him into our car, where we has a pile of wet goods and a couple of poker games going. He's a sport all right, and a good mixer, and when the horse play starts he's there with the goods, and having had more schooling than the rest of us, he puts it over to some of the boys so raw they ain't even dents in the piepan. I gets the hunch that he's made a mistake and figures it out they'll get even with him before he leaves Springfield, 'specially 'Chuck' Allen, who bites on one of his gags so hard he can't say another word the rest of the night.

"Well, towards morning Stevens puts a few more under his vest than he can carry, and instead of going to the state house with us he goes to bed at the St. Nicholas.

"We was warning the chairs in the hotel office after dinner talking politics when we hears a yell, and down the steps, five steps at a time, jumps 'Chuck' Allen. 'He's taken poison,' he hollers. 'Bill Stevens' all in.' Before we gets our wind he's through the crowd like a crazy auto, out to the street and back again with two husky colored coal miners. The coal diggers sprint after him upstairs, 'Chuck' yelling 'five dollars apiece if you save his life,' and us chasing the coons. The whole gang follows 'Chuck' like a down-town mob after a

pickpocket, and we sees him and the diggers pile through a door.

"Grab him, grab him, drag him out, walk him, walk him, he's taken morphine; walk him, don't let him sleep, a five spot each if you save his life!" screams 'Chuck,' and then plunging out into the hall comes the two six-foot miners with Stevens between them, one on each side of him, holding him up by the arms and wrists and Stevens fighting and squirming and swearing something awful. He only has on a dinky thin night shirt that comes to his knees, and them coons starts on a free-for-all up the long hall, saying to him: 'We ain't goin' to let you die; we ain't goin' to let you die.'

"'Chuck' Allen throws open the windows, letting in the cold wind, which goes through Stevens night shirt like water through a sieve.

"'Got to give him air,' yells 'Chuck,' who runs up and down the hall slapping Stevens' back.

"It was something terrible. Stevens' face was purple. His eyes bulging out and him biting big hunks out of the air, crazy mad. He yells at the coons, saying he'll cut their hearts out if they don't stop walking him. The more he yells and curses the louder they yell: 'We ain't goin' to let you die, we ain't goin' to let you die,' and dragging him and walking him the length of the hall back and forth and us fellows simply groggy, not knowing what was doing.

"For half an hour they rushes Stevens until he can't take a step nor say a word, they dragging him and him just gasping and sobbing, too weak to even whisper.

"At last 'Chuck' tells 'em to stop, and Stevens just falls, all huddled up like a Monday's wash, on the floor. The colored men get their cash and lights out and then 'Chuck' stands over Stevens and waits until he can sit up and take notice, us fellows all in a ring around 'em, not saying a word, waiting for 'Chuck' to put us wise. 'Chuck' looks down at Stevens, and Stevens glares up at 'Chuck,' and then 'Chuck' starts to laugh, and says:

"'I guess that'll hold you for awhile.' Then we all tumbles and sees that 'Chuck' put up a job on Stevens to get even, and he certainly got square, and then some. It seems he happens to find Stevens sleeping off the rear end of his jag and takes the chance.

"Well, when we gets back to the ward Stevens knows he will end among the also-rans. The story gets around and takes the twist that he is a dope fiend. Then we spring it on his campaign managers that the hobs they had been entertaining are non-voters and we chases the hobs back over the line the day before election, and 'Chuck' Allen wins.

"So you see, Danny, it's the little things that count. If Stevens had only locked his door he wouldn't have had his chances of being elected alderman walked out of him on a fake suicide rescue."

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## SENORA QUESADA



Wife of the Cuban Minister at Washington.

## TRY TO PAY TAXES TWICE.

Trouble Caused Collectors by Forgetful Persons.

"You have heard so much about the man who dodges his taxes I don't suppose you ever dreamed that we are troubled by the man who tries to pay his taxes twice," said a clerk in a New York tax collector's office. "But every year we are put to needless work by some absent minded persons who have utterly forgotten that they have sent us checks. I sent back a receipted bill for \$600 the other day, and to-day I received the receipted bill with another check for \$600. The man had merely glanced at this bill, never noticed whether it was receipted or not, and sent along another check, forgetting all about the previous one. "A man telephoned to me awhile ago to find out the amount of his taxes, and said if I would let him know before noon he would pay imme-

diately. I dropped all my other work to look up his indebtedness to the city and discovered that he had paid his bill three weeks previously. When I told him he merely laughed and said he guessed he 'had 'em.' "Another queer thing about this tax business. Women often come in and pay their husband's poll tax. I don't know whether it is because they hold the purse or because their husbands are too busy to attend to the matter themselves. Often it is not their husbands' tax, but that of men friends, and a few say that their men boarders have commissioned them to pay the poll taxes."

### Linking Europe and Asia.

The newest scheme for an electric railway is a link between Europe and Asia. It now awaits the approval of the Russian government. The idea is to start from Beslan, cross the Caucasus mountain range and finish at Tiflis, 135 miles from and to the end.