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# THE BAND-WAGON

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**T H E  
B A N D — W A G O N**

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# THE BAND-WAGON

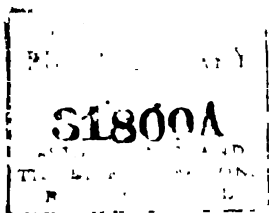
A Political Novel of Middle-America

BY  
FRANKLIN F. ELLSWORTH



PHILADELPHIA  
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**First Printing July 1921  
Second Printing July 1921**

**To**  
**THE GREAT AMERICAN VOTER**  
**man or woman**  
**—also “Colony”**

*Rec Taylor - Dec 15/21*



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**T H E  
B A N D — W A G O N**

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# The Band-Wagon

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## I

### THE INDIAN GIRL

“No more pemmican for me!” exclaimed Halbert Gould—Harvard graduate—to a Chippewa halfbreed, as the long line of Pembina carts swung into a circle near Lake Watoska.

There was confused babble of shrill-pitched voices above squeaking wooden wheels and crackling of underbrush beneath hoofs of horses and oxen; and presently the curious procession of high-wheeled vehicles that rode the woods and swamps of the Indian country—like strange caravans of the Orient, transplanted to the heroic West—halted; and like magic, was converted into a barricaded camp.

One more train of furs for the American Fur Company, delivered at St. Paul! One more load of Indian goods to be started back on the 448-mile



trail to Pembina! Halbert Gould was thinking to himself. "Two months on the Pembina Trail!"

. . .  
"Ye gods and little fishes!" he mumbled, as he stretched the kinks out and pressed his hands to his ears, as if to close out the squeaking and groaning of the wheels of wood and rawhide that had been an ever-constant accompaniment of his waking thoughts for two months.

Like a sailor in port he hurried to the city, quite oblivious to the motley, bright-colored attire of his Chippewa companions—copper-colored, long-haired, raw-boned, and athletic—who wore long, bright-red, flaring scarfs and chattered all mixtures of French, Chippewa, English.

"Are you going back with us?" came a voice from behind and he looked to see Joe, a fellow cart-driver, clambering up the side hill on the road to the city.

Halbert Gould stopped. "I don't know yet, Joe," with the diplomacy of a man of culture, who talked to the denizen of swamp and wood who had been his friend. But he *did* know. He pictured Back Bay; the lights on the lagoon of Boston Common. He saw the trip overland, through Prairie du Chien—to Chicago.

A railroad ticket, to Boston! He fancied himself canoeing . . . Alice Moores dipping her hands in the water, and sending it splashing in wet sprays—on the Mystic River.

He hurried to the post office, a crude building of hewn lumber, and clutched a precious package of daintily addressed letters handed him by an austere clerk. Then he sought refuge before the big fireplace of the tavern, tore open the letters, feverishly, and read them every one.

He tilted the big chair against the wall, in the edge of the glare from the fireplace, in the corner, secluded. The tavern was lively—new arrivals, business venturers, immigrants, men from the East—talking travel experience, politics and current happenings. They spoke of New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Cleveland. The effervescent discoursing, sharp retorts and argument, soothed him,—like immersion in some curious compound of civilizing ointment.

It was warm and he became drowsy. He pulled his coat collar up to keep out the noise of the squeaking carts—ceaseless, endless, lines of squeaking carts. . . . He could feel the warm water of the Mystic—rising . . . rising slowly, above his head—Alice Moores lolling in the canoe. He could feel his tongue against his teeth; his throat muscles contracting; his breath wheezing,—speaking! . . . Crying! Crying to her, Alice, to look . . . before he drowned! But there was no sound! No spoken word! Alice cooked buffalo meat in a kettle, but she did not look! She pounded it in a sack of buffalo skin—fur turned out! She smoothed the crinkly, curly

fur. She poured boiling buffalo-fat into the mixture. But she did not look! She did not hear! He cried!—harder than before. There was no sound! Then she leaned over the edge of the canoe and handed over chunks of the mixture—Pemmican! Pemmican!! . . . Then she said, “Pemmican!” softly . . . A low voice said, “Pemmican!” . . . “Pemmican!” . . . soft and low . . . Just his lips were above the water. They felt cold! He sucked them back. “Glub!—Glub!—Glub-glub! Glub-glub!” . . . white bubbles were rushing by . . . upward . . . gurgling . . . Pemmican!

The group of travelers in the tavern office were attracted by a sudden bang, in the corner beside the fireplace.

Halbert Gould picked himself up from the floor, restored the fallen chair to its feet, and stood rubbing the back of his head, smiling a sickish smile at a young fellow who had picked his hat from the floor and inquired, “Did it hurt you?”

This was Halbert Gould’s introduction to Steinert Hoch from Missouri.

“Will you have a drink with the boys?” was the next question, a question that was never answered—in words.

Steinert Hoch was of German descent. There was a man from Toledo, a lawyer; a bookkeeper from Michigan; and a man from Boston—from

Boston! The Bostonian was bound for Mankato, to take charge of a store—a stock of goods, hauled there in sleds the winter before, across country from Dubuque. The German was bound for Mankato, too—so were the others.

Halbert Gould joined the group. They sat at a little round table and drank and talked. Men at other tables were playing at cards—some for pastime, others for money. A faro game was running in a farther corner, operated by a professional. They talked of the East and the West. Halbert Gould described the trail—the 448 miles through swamp and woods to Pembina—and he acted out the bumping and joggling of the crude carts over the road, to the amusement of his companions.

“You better go with us on the steamboat in the morning,” suggested the other Boston man.

“It’ll be like a pleasure trip for *you*,” added the lawyer from Toledo. The merchant-to-be suggested employment, if it were desired, as an allurement.

“We leave at six,” said the man from Michigan.

After the parting of the little group Halbert Gould wrote a long letter to Boston, and deposited it in the pine box that held the outgoing mail. Then he went out of doors and walked in the warm moonlit night—thinking. He returned to the tavern office and wrote another letter—a short one—to the same address, which ended:

“as I have wasted two months and more in that God-forsaken country . . . thought I might as well go on down on this steamboat through this wonderful valley that they say is so beautiful . . . and see what that country is like before I quit.”

He deposited his postscript-letter in the box and went to bed.

When the Napoleon Bonaparte, an old Mississippi River side-wheeler, pulled anchor at St. Paul the next morning and started up the Minnesota river for Mankato, on its regular trip, Halbert Gould was on board. The scene of the hotel office of the night before was pretty well duplicated aboard the steamer—with the addition of a roulette wheel and other gambling devices—and very little of the scenic beauty of the valley was enjoyed, outside of fleeting glances from the windows of the boat's cabin. Again the group of five sat at a table, ordered drinks, and talked and laughed, for many hours, until the tri-note steamer's whistle announced that the Napoleon Bonaparte was sidling for the levee at Mankato.

The population of the new city was spread out along the levee—many buildings actually *on* it. Mankato was celebrating the Fourth of July.

“Bang!” sounded a cannon-boom as the Napoleon Bonaparte drew up at the wharf. The cannon was two anvils, with powder poured into

chuck holes of the lower one, and compressed by the weight of the upper—set off by a long iron rod heated red-hot in a flame.

A child, watching the steamer at the wharf's edge, started at the anvil's blast, lost its balance and toppled into the water. With side-attractions of celebration and the Napoleon Bonaparte, few passengers saw the tiny form splash into the water. But every one on the wharf saw a man in the front of the boat's crowd, when he raised his arms, pressed his hands together and plunged into the water below—and every one on the boat huddled against the vessel's edge, craning to see who it was that had just leaped into the river.

In breathless suspense the people watched while the swimmer retrieved the child. Then ropes were thrown down and man and child pulled to the wharf. They were hustled into a cosy home built on the wharf; the child resuscitated, and both given dry garments.

Halbert Gould's introduction to the new city was melodramatic, without intendment. To be spectacular was beyond his thoughts. The accomplishment was but the duplication of a hundred diving feats oft-repeated. Why should *he* wait for someone else who wasn't sure? While he sat in the comfortable log house of the Fullers with its white, muslin-covered walls, waiting for his clothes to dry, he wrote another letter, to be taken back next day on the Napoleon Bonaparte.

The adopted daughter of the Fullers—a half-breed Indian girl of the Sisseton Sioux—administered to him, bringing him writing paper, ink, cookies. He marveled at her black eyes and long, straight, shining black hair. He gaped at her perfect Indian profile and was surprised at her English—and her wisdom. He was glad the Fullers were busy with their store, conducted in a lean-to of the house, and had excused themselves. Very soon the mother of the baby that he had rescued took it away. Steinert Hoch and his companions had excused themselves to look for mail at the post office.

Halbert Gould was alone with the lithe Indian girl, wrapped in Dad Fuller's pants and shirt and a comforter, waiting for his clothes to dry. The girl rushed in and out, to and from the lean-to that formed the store building. She clerked and did domestic work. She wrote in a daybook and talked good English—colloquial. She did not go to see if the clothes were dry; nor did Halbert Gould suggest it. Once she came running back from the store, seized a chair and planted it alongside his—threw herself down in it and leaned against his shoulder, laughing. He patted her on the cheek and stroked her smooth hair, and she looked up at him and smiled. He asked her all about her people, little of which she knew—but she knew all about the whites and about the city and about the boats. She questioned him about

Chicago and New York, and Philadelphia and Boston. He told her in short, civil answers and then switched off on his experience on the Pembina trail; but she was not interested. She interrupted him and asked him again about Boston and schools for girls, about studying music. She went over to an organ—a pump organ that she commanded him to pump—when she played a hymn, a waltz and a march, with poor selection of bass notes but in good time.

“I like you!” she declared delightfully, and ran up to him again. She tugged the comforter around him and pulled it tight, and much to his surprise and astonishment threw both her arms around his neck and pressed her face to his; and he kissed her—

At that very instant Steinert Hoch and Mr. Martin, the man from Boston, swung the door open and the girl ran madly into the store.

Both of the men laughed.

“Maybe they’d dry better outdoors,” Steinert Hoch grunted, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb at the clothes hanging in the corner, and laughed. “Guess you’ll get along with the Indians all right, Gould!”

“They’re dry *now*; dry as tinder!” exclaimed Martin who started taking the dried garments down and tossing them to Halbert Gould. “Put ’em on and let’s get out and take a peep at the town.”



Outside, Mr. Martin and Steinert Hoch introduced Halbert to scores of people they had got acquainted with. The three men met nearly everyone on the wharf. Night was coming on. A song-fest was started and the people sat around in a great ring and sang—hymns and patriotic songs and Indian songs—and the Indians danced. Everyone remarked about Halbert Gould's wonderful heroism and his conspicuous entry into the city, and they were sincere. Halbert Gould was lionized.

Mr. Martin offered him a clerkship in the store—the Fuller store, which Martin had come to take. Two weeks later he became a partner in the business. They boarded at the Fullers', who now gave their entire attention to feeding a goodly number of the city's young business men, single chaps, like Halbert Gould, who planned their future conquests and future homes, and meantime boarded.

Roxie—the Indian girl—brought Halbert Gould special dishes at breakfast and again for dinner at night. He had thought little of her attentions, and the embarrassing situation the day Mr. Martin and Steinert Hoch walked in. He passed it off as a childish prank and tried, himself, to so regard it although he had a different notion, deep-seated. Now he shrank from her as from a woman of careless morals, and strange as it seemed to him, after her glaring indiscretion that

first day, she regarded his superior dignity with strict punctilio and for weeks he never observed the slightest tendency to disregard it.

Later, when Halbert Gould had learned of the strong likes and dislikes of the Indians, men and women, and of the extreme habits of virtue of the Indian women, he commenced to take a different view of the strange incident. Roxie seized every opportunity to show him favors. His every slightest wish, in the way of little errands, seemed like missions of supernatural joy to her, and she bounded out and in, happy to be engaged in anything that concerned him.

The disconcerting thing to Halbert Gould was that Roxie appeared to think little or not at all of any others—men or boys, Indian or white—and was cool and distant, the antithesis of her conduct that first day. She discarded the braided style and did up her hair in graceful folds. She chose her dress of modest colors, and was a clever sewer, and almost like a sudden transformation Roxie developed and matured and became the most conspicuous case of beautiful womanhood in the town—and just as conspicuous, though she was as cautious as she knew how to be—were her fits of ecstasy when she could be near or with Halbert Gould.

One day, late in fall, he was sitting before the fireplace in the big room that was dining-room and parlor at the Fullers.' The supper dishes had

been cleared away, the other boarders and the Fullers had gone out. Roxie sat in the far corner, sewing, and looking out of the window.

"Roxie!" he said, hardly knowing why, or what he would say. She dropped her sewing in her lap and looked up, waiting for him to speak, with the poise of a matron.

"Won't you come and sit over here?" and he motioned to the settee, sliding over to make room.

"Yes," she said simply, picked up her sewing, seating herself on the settee at his side and continuing her work.

He sat watching her, astonished at her marvelous beauty and gracefulness. He could not resist her. Why should he not kiss her as he did that first day, almost that first hour? He was prudish!

He took her hand but much to his surprise Roxie snatched it away, and sprang to her feet.

"Roxie!" he said, "what's come over you? Don't you like me any more?"

The girl stood rigid, her black eyes snapping, the sewing crumpled in her hand. "Yes, I like you. But you got a sweetheart. You can't have two." She stood looking into the fireplace as she spoke.

Then Halbert Gould forgot—or he had never learned—that dominant trait of this primitive race, their resentment to scorn or ridicule, a resentment oft-times so bitter that it has furnished the spark to rekindle a fire of hatred after suc-

ceeding generations. He laughed, a scornful laugh, and as if to taunt her, he sprang at her and seized her with both arms, but again, to his complete surprise and chagrin, she pulled away from him and slapped him across the face, a sound blow that deafened his ear and sent the blood tingling to his neck and cheek; then she fled from the room.

He did not speak to Roxie again for several days, and she avoided him. He was fearful—but of what he did not know. Her impulsive love had turned to hatred. Maybe she would seek to wreak vengeance on him, to impose some fancied penalty known to her race, to beset him with trouble or misfortune—or mayhap even to destroy him? Poison him! Kill him! Sometimes in the night he awoke and thought he could see the Indian profile stealthily crouched beside his bed—the black eyes! the shining hair!

Then the spell wore away and he ceased to fear her. He forgave her—in his heart pitied her. He chided himself for laughing when she spoke of his sweetheart—for rushing at her and seizing her. Didn't her womanly instinct tell her, if he laughed in her face at her serious jealousies, that he himself was not serious—with her—and that his professed affection was *not* affection at all?

Again Roxie sought opportunities to offer little things at table—to run errands and the like—and he furnished such opportunities. Again after

a couple of weeks they were alone at Fullers.' Roxie was sitting before the fireplace, on the settee.

He sat down beside her. "Roxie, I'm sorry!" he said. She sat motionless looking into the fire. She did not answer. He put his hand upon hers but she pulled away.

"No," she said, "one sweetheart is enough. I am not going to be your sweetheart too," and she made excuses and left him quietly.

Halbert Gould felt a tantalizing desire to make up with Roxie. The letters from Boston became fewer, farther apart. More boats came and brought less mail—from Boston. Boston seemed less interesting, more commonplace, and the lure of this West seemed stronger and more gripping. Several times in sessions with Roxie—sessions in which she had doggedly maintained that he must not fondle her when he professed loving another—he had thought of telling her that the letters were from his sister; that he had no sweetheart; or that they had quarreled. But he could not bring himself to do it.

One day Steinert Hoch went away. The group who had been his fellow-passengers on the Napoleon Bonaparte had a little party at the store, something to eat and *drink*. Halbert Gould walked in late at Fullers.' Roxie was keeping vigil before the fire. He sat down beside her and looked at her eyes and hair and creamy dark skin.

For a month he had received no letter. He did not care. Steinert Hoch had himself admitted infatuation with Roxie that very night—to him. A leading young business man of the town had offered every attention that she would accept and it was an open secret that Roxie loved *him*, Halbert Gould!

He told her that they had broken—his sweetheart in Boston and he—and that he loved her, Roxie. A long time he pleaded with her. Finally she allowed him to take her in his arms and kiss her, but after a moment she pushed him away and said, “No, we’ll wait now. We’ll see if no more letters come,” then she hurried away.

On the next morning’s boat one did, and three days after that another.

The affair made no further progress.

Late that winter Halbert Gould went by sled across the snows to Dubuque and over to Chicago—and then went to Boston.

He announced that he would return in the early spring, probably at the opening of navigation on the river, and the expectation was, with an addition to the little city’s social set. Some had predicted that he would never come West again.

On the first boat in the spring was Halbert Gould—alone.

The Boston engagement was broken off and he was free. When he looked into Roxie’s eyes his

long period of wondering and imagining was at an end. He knew now. There was no more speculation. He loved the Indian girl, and there was no other. That he had returned alone seemed ample proof to Roxie. No more letters came from Boston. The ties of the East were broken; the lure of the West, red-blooded, mastering and strong, had come to take its place. And it was good.

The new town was growing. Hundreds, during the severe winter months, had sledged distances across the snows to settle there. With the re-opening of navigation on the river the town was preparing for great onslaughts of immigrants and new settlers.

One evening, soon after his return, Halbert Gould and Roxie walked up Front street. Roxie held his arm. Buildings of rough timber were going up; saw-mills were ripping logs into boards; roads and streets were being graded; merchandise was being hauled from the boats at the levee. The Townsite Company had sold the hotel building to a Mr. Shaubut, now preparing to complete it. Everywhere the ring of hammers and the buzzing and ripping of saws was heard. The work-day was ended, not by the hour, but by darkness.

The girl and Gould sat together on a pile of fresh-hewn timber at the end of the group of buildings, watching the scene. Like the slow let-

ting-down of a drop curtain, darkness closed down and the screeches of teamsters and the din of hammers ceased. The mellow lowings of milch cows, the intermittent hoof-thuds of fly-tormented horses in board stables, a distant barking of dogs, the ceaseless, harrowing croaking of frogs, came like a pest, to try men's souls. It was the weird, uncanny pioneer-night, the oppressing conqueror that sent the spirits of ambitious men, first attracted by the fascinations of the West, down now to the lowest ebb of body and mind, and soul. It brought the oppressive lonesomeness that tested the courage of the pioneersman and drove him, in desperation, back to the scenes of his native haunts—or rushing pell-mell into the swirling hell-life that spreads its slimy film, like shadows lurking behind the Cross, over the farthest outposts of the civilian-soldiers of the frontier. It gave excuse to quaff the aromatized cordial of sensual life that consigned the habitués to the fretting, bickering ranks of mediocrity. It brought the corrosive attack with which men and women have grappled, whose sterling characters have made the history of the advancing frontier the history of the nation.

Halbert Gould sat gazing at the Indian girl silhouetted against the starlit sky. The voices of men, in front of stores, chattering of the day's doings, came from the distance. A fiddle and accordion squealed waltzes and quadrilles, reels



and jigs and "hoe-downs"; and men and women danced and shouted in a neighboring house, out from town, where twenty women lived, and men rushed in and out at night.

Halbert thought of Boston; of Harvard; of those haunts; the Mystic River! He pictured busy cities; powerful turbines; flashing kilns! He reached out and gathered the lean form of the Indian girl in his arms—the daughter of Sisseton Sioux—and asked her to be his wife.

The *Merrimac* had attacked the *Congress* and the *Cumberland* and sunk them; and the *Minnesota* had been rescued by the *Monitor*. New Orleans had capitulated to Admiral Farragut. On July 1st, President Lincoln had issued the call for 300,000 more troops to break the deadlock by land. To this call, Major Thomas Galbraith, Agent of the Sioux now located on their Reservation—a ten-mile strip extending along the Minnesota from Fort Ridgely to its headwaters—had responded by raising a company of Sioux half-breeds. He had taken them to Fort Snelling to be mustered into the service—the improvident act that had led the primitive men to reason that the Great White Father was weak and defenseless, that the auspicious time had come to retake the Hunting Grounds.

It was past the middle of August. Sergeant Halbert Gould, of a Company of the Fifth Minne-

sota Volunteer Infantry then detailed at the Regimental Headquarters, sat in the shade of the barracks-building at Fort Snelling.

"See that horse coming, papa!" exclaimed a swarthy little brown-skinned girl of seven who looked toward the old stone fort, where an orderly riding at break-neck speed was dashing toward them. Sergeant Gould picked up the little girl, frightened and running toward him, and carried her into the barracks. Then he met the speeding orderly outside who delivered a message—from the Governor to the Fort Commandant:

"The Sioux Indians are carrying on a massacre of people in the southern and western . . . calling at houses in groups on friendly missions, shooting the men and scalping men, women and children . . . it is thought that they will gather in a body and attack Fort Ridgely and near-by cities . . . "

Orders to report for duty and to proceed to Traverse de Sioux and Mankato were included.

Sergeant Halbert Gould was commissioned a Lieutenant before the detachment left. Two days later he was stationed at Mankato in charge of a hurriedly organized commissary and quartermaster department. The city was crowded with refugees, fleeing before the visit of the massacrers. News came into the city of the battle between the Indians and the imprisoned forces at Fort

Ridgely and on the following day word that the Fort was saved and that the bands were gathering for attacks on cities, and were coming up the valley.

The new Lieutenant had secured permission to bring the girl, Lillian, the replica of her Indian mother who had declared her devotion on the hot day that Halbert plunged into the water from the deck of the Napoleon Bonaparte. Then one evening, up the river valley, they tugged through the tree-covered slopes to Agency Hill, he leading the little girl by the hand, and placed a wild-flower wreath above a recent mound.

The next day Lieutenant Gould was ordered west, to the neighboring city, and this time he left Lillian at Mankato with old Mrs. Fuller, now a widow. He distinguished himself in the two-days' battle with the Indians.

The Indian disturbances were quelled. Thirty-eight, after a full hearing in which more than three hundred were condemned, but the others pardoned by President Lincoln, were hung from one scaffold.

Lieutenant Halbert Gould finished his service with the Fifth Regiment, serving until the end of the war, when he was mustered out a Captain.

The fires of ambition that had stirred him when he left the ivied halls of Harvard, and followed the Pembina trail, had died out. Seized by a restless spirit when the war was over, Captain Gould

found no solace in business enterprise. Again he obtained a commission in the army, the regular army, but after a year resigned. He went to Boston with Lillian, for a visit. He stayed but a few days. He hankered for the West again. He worked in railroad offices at Chicago, at Indianapolis, at St. Louis.

Finally he worked as clerk in a hotel in Milwaukee, as assistant manager. He liked this work, because Lillian could be with him and assist him and he could be near her always. It seemed all there was for him. Later he rented a hotel himself, which he ran and managed in a small Wisconsin town. This was even better—Lillian was grown now and took much interest in his work. One day in Chicago, Captain Gould learned of a new hotel, built by a railroad company, to be opened up in a new town in the southern part of Minnesota. It was nearly ten years since the war. He liked the hotel business. He loved Minnesota. He would tell Lillian.

In a month Captain Halbert Gould and Lillian arrived at St. Paul. Next day they bought tickets for a place called Jamestown.

## CHAPTER II

### THE ENGINEER

"Number Ten" was three hours late. Clayton Treadwell, in his twenties—engineer, just "set up"—pulled off a faded, blue "wamus" and tossed it into the seat-box. Down slammed the cover, while the little old locomotive with the globe-headed stack of the 'seven-and-'eighties fussed and tugged along with a train of empties and loaded cars over the last straight stretch of track into Jamestown, over the prairies of southern Minnesota.

The fireman, a big, raw-boned, youngish Norwegian with light yellow hair odorous of smoke and grease, threw the fire-pit door wide open, seized the scoop and lunged toward the coal tender.

"Here!" roared Treadwell, as he banged the door shut and snatched the scoop from the startled fireman, "don't you know better than that? Won't you ever learn? You'll bankrupt this railroad company! She'll take her in now," and he tossed the scoop back into the coal,

clambered on the seat-box and sat peering at the rails ahead.

The young fireman sat in wonderment: he had been a helper three months, had "wiped" in the engine roundhouse sixty days, and now was on his second trip, firing on "freight." To him this young engineer who could read indelible pencil orders and pilot long strings of box-cars through criss-cross tracks specked with colored lights seemed like a great prodigy in some mysterious, mechanical world.

Clayton Treadwell was born in Maine—near Salem Mountain. Orphaned, he was raised by an uncle, a Yankee-type of business man and farmer resident in Wisconsin. At sixteen he managed to get into service in the closing years of the Civil War, and the war over, worked in stores and on farms and took spasmodic courses at school and business college.

When the railroad "built through" to Jamestown and knit together the scattered communities of that section, in the 'seventies, and the second onslaught of pioneers from New England and "York" state and northern Europe came, Clayton Treadwell hunted up the public land office, filed upon a one-hundred-and-sixty-acre tract, put together a shack, built a bed, bought a kerosene-oil lamp and a stove, hung up the soldier's blue overcoat and went "firing" on the railroad. A visit once in each six months complied with the

law and soon, with the credit of time for his service in the war, the farm was his.

This farm was the apple of his eye. It was what he came to the west *for*. Jamestown, a typical western railroad-division town, was of no interest to him. Railroading had no attraction. A *farm!* with fresh-painted buildings, straight fences, green pastures, waving fields of grain, and herds of cattle huddled together in shelter from winter winds, this was his dream, just as the young Norsk across the cab dreamed of sitting at the throttle of a puffing locomotive and pulling her wide open on a straight stretch down-grade, or the homesteader out on the prairie, where the flickering light gleamed a welcome to the passing train, hoped some day to run the leading store in Jamestown.

But fortune, not choice, was driving Clayton Treadwell. He had invested a few hundred dollars saved from salary and flax and hay in a part-interest in a store at Jamestown, and it was this business, a partnership, and its possible development and the opportunity that such development would offer as the means to an end that was absorbing his thoughts as "Number Ten" pulled into the Jamestown yards and he swung himself to the blackened floor of the engine roundhouse.

It was ten o'clock when Clayton Treadwell left the roundhouse and plodded along down the tracks between melting banks of snow, honeycombed and

blackened by soot and cinders, which gleamed in the lights from the repair shop and dispatcher's office, to the hotel, the Gould House, where Lillian Gould and Hannah Kennedy were sitting in front of the fireplace. . . .

Treadwell and Lillian Gould had escorted Hannah Kennedy to her home and were picking their way back to the hotel. The conversation was scattered and spasmodic. The feeling of Lillian's arm nestled in his was peculiarly satisfying. Once a gust of wind blew a heavy lock of her hair across his face and he was regretful when she reached up and speared it away.

After he had left her he thought he remembered several expressions about Hannah Kennedy and Horace Dowell, but for the life of him he did not know how he had answered her. And he tried to recall what he had said when he left her but he could not. He felt that he must have appeared stupid—extremely stupid—and was sure she would never give him another thought.

Thus musing to himself he fell asleep. He was awakened next morning by the "call boy" from the roundhouse, to take his train. He worked now in turn, or rotation, first in, first out—"chain gang," they called it.

"It is a 'chain gang,'" he muttered, as he dragged himself down the stairs, lights still burning, and fumbled his way back to the roundhouse to take out the engine.



### III

#### AN ENIGMA

Not many days later Clayton Treadwell was tramping through the yards toward the shops at the other end of his run when a messenger stopped him and delivered a telegram. It read:

“Jamestown, Minnesota, April——,——  
The doctor died at three o'clock this morning.

ELLEN ANTHONY.”

“Doctor” Anthony was his business partner in the store.

There was no surprise to Treadwell in this. The Doctor had been “tipping his little finger” at Riordan’s saloon with increasing regularity and was rarely in fit condition to give attention to the partnership business. He had complained of poor health.

Before noon he was on his way to Jamestown. It was about half-past seven that evening when he walked into the hotel. He had spent but little thought grieving over his partner’s death, but

had been absorbed with the new problem of the business, which now he must solve. He had made his decision.

Ruminating over the careers of Jamestown business men like James Wheeler, Roland Bishop, Jeremiah Herrick, Tim McLean and Steve Humphreys, he was convinced that their prosperity compared favorably with the "boys on the road" and that they were more independent. He would quit the railroad. Then too he felt that "one of these days" there might be a chance for him with Lillian Gould. He did not contemplate taking an overwhelming pride in becoming successor to "Doc" Anthony; but—the man would make the business, he thought. And anticipating a rather dull couple of days arranging details for a dreary ceremony, to end with a perhaps scantily attended funeral and perplexing problems concerning business and money matters, he walked into the hotel debating in his mind whether he would go immediately to see Mrs. Anthony.

Clayton Treadwell found upon entering the hotel that Mrs. Anthony was not awaiting him or the proffer of his kind offices in the seclusion of her home, but was that moment the center of an adoring and sympathetic group made up of "Judge" Steve and Mrs. Humphreys, Captain Halbert Gould, Lillian Gould, and Hannah Kennedy, also a well-groomed man of forty-five with frock coat, high wing collar and wearing short-

cropped side whiskers, who held Mrs. Anthony's arm caressingly and smiled at Treadwell as he entered.

It flashed upon Treadwell that he had never before seen Ellen Anthony except dressed in a dark-colored house dress and he caught himself staring at her in an astoundingly attractive gown, with her snapping black eyes, the heavy folds of black hair, and long earrings. She was stunning, he thought, like some society matron or person of superior dignity and sophistication as she leaned upon the arm of the stranger. Some one had said this man was in the wholesale business in St. Paul, a Mr. Browning, as he was introduced by Lillian Gould.

After greeting the circle surrounding the stunning Mrs. Anthony he moved away to join Lillian.

"They brought the Doctor here and he is in the parlor," she said, and led the way up the stairs as Treadwell followed, musing to himself that he would not be so much occupied after all with the arrangement of details and responsibilities; and that the obsequies for Doc Anthony were not awaiting his return to give them gravamen and dignity.

"Did you know that Mr. Browning?" she asked when they were out of hearing of the others.

"No, but I guess I've heard the Doc speak of him," he replied. "I was wondering just—"

"They're going to have the funeral the day-

after-tomorrow, at the Methodist Church," she interrupted. "His brother in New Hampshire can't get here for it anyway. The lodge is going to conduct the funeral—the lodge from Mankato. Did you know he belonged to the lodge down there?"

Treadwell did not answer. They were in the parlor standing at the side of a black, cloth-covered casket in which rested the remains of Doc Anthony. Treadwell stood looking at the face of the dead man. The red glow that had been the most conspicuous thing in life was gone and in its place a white pallor had mercifully taken its place. Treadwell was not sure that he had ever seen a more perfect forehead or a stronger face. He could not believe it was Doc Anthony. On the green-black frock coat was a small, black pin with Greek letters, and on a seal ring the insignia of the lodge.

"What a pity," he murmured, "a man like—"

He could feel that she was watching him and he turned and looked into her eyes.

She smiled slightly and held out her hands.

He understood the meaning of it; the time, the place, were nothing. He took both her hands in his and kissed her.

"I hope I can help you," she said simply.

He kissed her again.

Doc Anthony's funeral came off with considerable pomp and ostentation. Every store in Jamestown was closed—including Riordan's saloon. The Methodist minister delivered an eloquent, lugubrious and altogether satisfactory sermon, and every livery and private turnout in the town carried friends and neighbors to the cemetery in a lengthy and respectable procession.

Mrs. Anthony rode to the cemetery with Mr. Browning. Clayton Treadwell was a pall-bearer, with "Judge" Steve Humphreys, James Wheeler, merchant, Horace Dowell, passenger conductor, Captain Gould, and Charlie Campbell, this last Doc Anthony's closest friend.

The following day Mr. Browning went away. Mrs. Anthony walked with him to the train.

Gossip flew thick and fast.

Some said Mrs. Anthony was Doc Anthony's second wife. Others said that *he* was *her* second husband. Another theory was that the Mr. Browning who attended the funeral was her first husband, with still another that he was then her husband. The last theory was given little credence.

The indignation of the town was aroused when Hannah Kennedy—although she called three times on the day following the funeral, and *knew* that Mrs. Anthony was at home—did not get in, and no one answered the door. Then for the first time it was impressed upon Jamestownites that

no one had ever got into Mrs. Anthony's house.

Treadwell was awaiting the proper time to talk with her about the business. The second day after the funeral she secured three large wooden boxes at the store which were packed and sent to the freight depot and shipped, marked, "Mrs. Ellen Anthony, St. Paul."

On the fifth day Treadwell walked over to Mrs. Anthony's house and rapped on the door. She answered the door dressed in her street wraps. Two large traveling cases were just inside.

Treadwell asked if there was anything that he could do.

She answered, "Nothing, Mr. Treadwell, unless you can arrange to have the piano shipped," and she indicated the square ebony piano standing in the center of the room. "I have arranged for the chairs," she said, looking toward two beautifully hand-carved teakwood chairs.

Treadwell assented and stammered, "I—I've come to talk with you about the business, Mrs. Anthony."

"Well, what about it, Mr. Treadwell?" she demanded coolly.

"Well I—I thought I would run it for a while if you think it will be satisfactory or if you might want to sell your interest I could probably—"

"What do you think it would be worth?" she asked. He named a figure which he thought small enough—and fair.

She replied simply, "Very well, I shall be satisfied with that," and he went away.

Treadwell carried Mrs. Anthony's grips to the train, took them into the coach and handed her a roll of soiled currency which she chucked into her hand-bag without counting. They shook hands, and as he was departing she said, "You have been very kind to me, Mr. Treadwell."

The depot agent promptly reported that Mrs. Anthony had bought tickets for St. Paul.

She was never seen in Jamestown again. No one *then* living at Jamestown ever saw Mrs. Anthony after that.

Ellen Anthony had flocked by herself. Had her death preceded the Doctor's, Jamestown would have paid respectful homage and would never have discovered that she was an enigma.

But Ellen Anthony's aloofness was the one inescapable course, dictated by a shrinking spirit instilled by early culture, to avoid a full submission on the merits or the indiscretions of intervening years. For her, it was only the wise refusal to submit to a forum that could simultaneously accuse and excuse the frank and brutal grossness or open offense of neighbors but whose awe of distant and dissimilar social spheres lent magnitude and mystery to less grave offense; it was avoidance of absolution that could come only when the offender's prior existence, present act and declared future course could be gone into in

the atmosphere of a pitilessly intimate familiarity with every minutia of personal motive, but could not condone in the light of a broad and impersonal recognition of universal human frailties.

It was a course that recognized the cruelties and exactitudes of a system in vogue in all close-knit country communities, everywhere, but fiercest in the independent atmosphere of middle-America: not inherent with those employing it but the product of their circumstances and environment.

It is a system that has sent men and women with timid hearts to the lowest depths of the social scale—that has furnished the fire in which has been tempered the souls of the courageous spirits whose broadened visions and fighting characters have drawn them into the front ranks of American social, business and political life.

It is the fire under the crucible from which must come the composite product of the commingled characters of all races, blended together in the only theatre of action which is independent of any single influence—bringing and making its own settings and beginnings, the force that must create a distinctive type—an American.

Clayton Treadwell did not return to his engine. He quit the road and gave his attention to running the store and his farm. The wordless understanding found by the side of Doc Anthony in the hotel



parlor ripened—without discussion—into a complete agreement and following a little more than a year of planning, Treadwell and Lillian Gould were married in June of the succeeding year.

## IV

### TRUMAN TREADWELL

Jamestown had gone through the prairie schooner days and the long lines of covered wagons had disappeared. "Grasshopper times," those successive seasons when the summer sun was dimmed by dense clouds of pests that swooped down upon green fields of growing grain and in short minutes rose from black, devastated ground, had come and gone and the stirring epoch of the "opening of the right of way" had become history.

In the later 'eighties Jamestown was now settling down in friendly rivalry—following a spirited and bitter, but successful, contest for the county seat—to outdo the other small "cities" of southern Minnesota.

A solid brick addition was being added to the Gould House, bringing it out to the corner. The original structure was being—as Charlie Campbell had said—"besmeared with brick." A half-block both ways from the main corner long lines of soft pink brick were piled in the streets in lay-

ers of straw and great piles of timber, sections of sawed-off plank sidewalk, dressed stone, metal cornice, sand and barrels of cement were disappearing as teams hitched to steel scrapers with reins tied about the backs of sweaty drivers, hauled yellow clay from water-covered basement bottoms. Masons were laying foundations and brick walls; carpenters were furiously nailing joists and cross beams; plasterers were spreading their mixture on walls and ceilings.

Trenches stretched along the streets where sewers were being laid: a new brick school-house was being built; three tall red grain-elevators lined the railway track: bonds were to be proposed at a special election for the erection of a municipal "water-works and electric-light plant."

Truman Treadwell was in "first year high," the highest then reached in the Jamestown schools. He participated in a declamatory contest and took third place; he organized a high school orchestra; got his nose smashed playing foot ball; was elected president of the high school literary society; won a debate and lost two; and was "fired out of school" with two other boys for tying the bell at recess. He played in the Jamestown band and orchestra; participated in a local home talent theatrical; ushered at the opera house and kept the collection register at the bank.

In 1896, during the first Bryan campaign, Truman debated at the high school literary society

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meeting on the subject, "Resolved—that the Gold Standard should be maintained," and lost the debate.

On the occasion of the Republican torch light procession that fall Truman carried a "flambo" and hurrahd for McKinley.

He started on the *Band-Wagon*.

## V

### BLUE EYES AND CLAY PIGEONS

It was June. Clayton and Truman Treadwell drove around the south shore of the lake, out from Jamestown, and entered the big gate at the Merritt Estate where Clayton Treadwell was to select a Jersey cow from the herd.

They approached the farm buildings unobserved and were standing opposite the open ten or twelve-acre tract between the groups of buildings—estate and tenant houses one side, horse, cattle and sheep stables and kennels on the other.

“Good! Good! Fine! Hey! Now Collie! Once more! Fine!” shouted Lawrence Merritt, wheeling ’round excitedly in the middle of the open space, teetering nervously on heels and toes, as he threw white disks into the air at different angles.

“Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!” cracked a rifle, as a sprite of a girl of fourteen, mounted on a frantic little gray stallion pony, burst the clay pigeons into fragments.

Lawrence Merritt espied the visitors. As if

possessed of evil spirits, he started jumping and hopping around in a small circle, shouting and shrieking, "Now go after 'em, Collie," as he tossed the clay pigeons high into the air at irregular intervals. The girl whipped up her pony, and it jumped into the air with a bound to scamper around the outer edge of the space, pawing and stamping and prancing while the girl jerked at the reins and banged away at the flying targets, demolishing a good proportion of them and squealing and laughing with delight.

Truman stood spellbound. She had on a buckskin riding suit, flat riding hat, and her long, thick, black hair waved as she urged the frantic little animal around until earth clods and gouges marked the circular course—the while, bursting or clipping or missing the flying targets, her excited father lauding and exhorting, "Good! Now Collie! Good! Good! Hold a min—, Good! Just— Ope! Get after it! Now Collie! Good! Let er—"

Truman was impatient as the girl rode on the opposite side and thrilled when she dashed past him. He watched her thick black hair as it waved and fell, spreading over her back and touching the saddle. He stared too at the side-saddle and trappings and the lively little animal's thick mane and bushy tail. The girl yanked at the rein and clung to the running pony as she fired at the targets oblivious to surroundings and spectators.

For some minutes the performance continued strenuously. Truman edged nearer and finally the girl was riding toward him. He thought he had never seen such a beautiful face. Suddenly she caught him closely watching her and in a flash she dropped the rifle to her side, wheeled the pony away, and dashed past Lawrence Merritt on a dead run for the stables, piping as she passed him, "No, papa, Nellie Dan's tired now," and disappeared in the stable yards.

Truman did not go to the cow-stables with his father and Lawrence Merritt but loitered around the farm-yard hoping to see this dashing young rider again.

Presently Colony Merritt—Nellie Dan following, saddleless and halterless—was coming. Truman stood speechless as Colony scampered past him, Nellie Dan close behind. Colony went into the house. Truman stood questioning whether he would go up and pet Nellie Dan. Before he could decide Colony was out again feeding the pony sugar and cookies, combing his mane, patting him and picking burrs off his fetlocks.

Truman walked hesitatingly toward the house. As he approached, Colony rushed up to him and dumped a heaping handful of sugar and cookies into his hand, demanding, "Here, you feed Nellie Dan and I'll comb him up," and a liberal supply of Nellie Dan's slabber spattered over Truman's hands and face.

She cautioned, "You must keep your hand out flat, or Nellie Dan'll nip it. He cribs a little sometimes. He's full of life anyway. I'm going to give him a little more exercise every day. He's just the dearest little fellow ever was." She threw both arms around Nellie Dan's neck and hugged him. Nellie Dan shrank back and tossed his head up, striking Truman square in the nose and sprinkling the cookie scraps over him. This embarrassed Truman and he ventured, "He's a *lively* little horse, all right."

But Colony was in the house before he had finished and in an instant was out with a fresh supply of cookies. Truman fed the pony at arm's length, while Colony annoyed it with a big blue comb.

Truman was thinking that the girl had not once looked at him, that the pony absorbed the whole of her attention. He wondered if her eyes were as black as her hair. He devised the strategy of a personal question, he would ask her if she had ever been to Jamestown or about how long she had lived here.

But before he could think she sprang at him, seized the cookies, twined her arm around the pony's head and stuffed the entire food supply into its mouth, holding her hand close against the pony's teeth until the whole supply was devoured, to the very last morsel.

"He won't hurt you," she said as the pony



finished and then, suddenly thrusting her face up so close to Truman's that it startled him, she ejaculated, "Isn't Nellie Dan a little dear!"

Truman answered with a monosyllable, and then gaining confidence volunteered, "You're a fine rider!"

"Nellie Dan's such an easy horse to ride! He understands everything you say to him. Anybody could ride him," Colony protested.

He did not hear her reply. He was looking at her eyes and her hair and her white skin, and he noticed her small hands and her tiny feet; he wondered at her courage and skill and dash.

"And you can shoot too! I wish I—"

Colony's hand pressed his shoulder—he could feel himself blush as he saw his father and Mr. Merritt coming—and in an instant she leaped to the pony, bracing her knee against Truman's chest, and sent him sprawling against the fence as she answered, "Papa taught me to shoot." When he recovered himself Colony and Nellie Dan had negotiated a good portion of the distance to the stable.

Truman and his father went back to Jamestown with the Jersey cow.

At the time Truman Treadwell discovered Colony Merritt, Jamestown and her sister villages were well in the stride that followed the opening of their country by the pioneer railroads which

pushed their way across the prairie empires of the West.

Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Hollanders, Germans, and other nationalities were augmenting Yankee and Scotch-Irish who for twenty to thirty years had dominated the great North-valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri.

As at Fort Benton on the Missouri, they augmented the former veterans of the left wing of Price's army, and at St. Anthony, on the Mississippi, they merged their energies with New Englanders of the Green Mountains and the Coast, so,—supplementing their forces and ignoring their traditions—they swarmed over the expanses between Lake Michigan and the Rockies, from Canada on the North to Kansas and Missouri on the South.

As the Jutes, Angles, Saxons, reenforced by Normans, amalgamated to the distinctive Briton, so their progeny, representing every manner of national pride and achievement of the old world, seemed destined to meet again—not at Eastern port or commerce center, smacking of its early influences of colonization, but—upon the broad open plains of the thousands of scattered and independent communities of America.

As the early Yankee clung to British beginnings, the Amsterdammer to the Netherlands, and the Southern colonists to Spain and Spanish things, as there was required and received the

intermixture of the Scotch-Irish type so prevalent until the 'fifties, there still was needed to perfect our final product the Norse-Dane, the French, the Russ, the Welshman and the Teutons.

And it is especially fitting that, as the egg dropped into the mixing pan forms the first constituent into which is cast the various ingredients of substance, consistency, flavor and spice, and at the finish becomes the crowning meringue, so now, having furnished our first permanent colonial constituency, we are to find again in the West—interspersed among these teeming masses of the old world—more genuine Britishers, from England and New England, who purchased them vast landed estates, contrived their estate buildings and fences and lanes, drove their tandems and hurdled, kept their fox hounds, and connoisseured over pipes and tobacco.

Such was Lawrence Merritt of Devonshire, latterly of Jamestown, Minnesota, father of Colony, black-haired, blue-eyed, liberty-loving, light-hearted, loyal.

## VI

### COLLEGE, LOVE AND WAR

Clayton Treadwell had prospered as a merchant. In a typhoid epidemic, Lillian Gould Treadwell had succumbed. The same epidemic took Horace Dowell. Clayton Treadwell took Horace Dowell's place in the bank.

Truman had always revered his mother's memory and when it became apparent that Hannah Kennedy Dowell was to supplant his mother's place in their home, Truman besought of his father a term for himself at the University of Minnesota. His father, after a few soft-toned expressions about having known Hannah Dowell so long and well, very readily consented and Truman's matriculation was arranged for and a monthly allowance settled upon.

Truman "struck" Minneapolis early in the fall, and when the "U" opened he was rigged out with the latest cuts in clothes—loose baggy coat, skin-tight trousers, high brown derby, wing collar and "bull dog" shoes. His duds—"glad rags" in the day's vernacular—were those of the typical col-

lege student of that time. He even had the satin-faced, curved-line lapels—the special local “U. of M.” fad for that particular season. No doubt he blushed for it all, later, if he remembered.

In the days of Truman Treadwell’s college career, before automotive times, city and country everywhere carried an imprint. Truman, like many others of his kind, was a cross between them. Summer vacations he had visited his aunt in the mediocre West Seventh Street section of St. Paul.

If now he had any distinctive characteristics it was that he was a strong *cosmopolite*, and a cosmopolite to a penultimate degree. He was not the type so often—especially in cities—confused with the hanger-on and social climber, who gets into everything above and hangs like grim death by hook, or crookedly. He was by innate nature a mixer, but he mixed both ways, up and down.

At St. Paul, in his summer visits as a lad of ten and eleven, he made the acquaintance of the banana vender at the Market on Seventh and Wabasha; he knew the red-headed street car driver who turned around at Tuscarora Street; he was on terms with the young mechanics from the railroad shops, where they worked and where they lived. On Sundays he attended the Baptist Sunday School and later in the day watched larger boys shoot pins into the colorful toy-balloons at Banholzer’s and Shade’s Park.

On a certain occasion he followed the parade of Forepaugh's Circus from their grounds down town, forgot the way home, and won for himself a ride on the back steps of a band-wagon, where a lady occupant in a beautiful spangled uniform smiled at him, asked him his name—and told him to tell his father that he saw Ellen Anthony.

In later visits he learned every street in the down town district; rode over the Selby Avenue cable; visited the Banholzers' mansion; watched Guy Tilson tinker watches in the back room of his house; went swimming and played flute with the Frantikas boys—Bohemians who lived in the one-story unpainted house surrounded by sun-flowers and weeds, and who played the fiddle and accordion *en famille*.

Nor in these visits to the city did Truman forget Lena Grigsby, the chic girl with short, bleached, curly hair whose father was in business, down town "somewhere," or Lu and Lilly Lonergan, who worked in the Golden Rialto; and he often went on Shop picnics and Grocers' picnics at White Bear Lake or at Minnetonka—short railroad excursions.

On one occasion, at Minnetonka, he "picked up" with a young girl who wore a black Leghorn hat, with two long braids of black hair down her back. She made him think of Colony Merritt—this miss with her tennis racket—and they strolled around on a long walk until, returning to the pic-

nic grounds, their train was just leaving and they caught it by the narrowest margin.

At Jamestown all looked and were alike to Truman. Probably John Peterson and Albert Peterson and Tad Wheeler were his best friends. Nick Langley and Ray Hawley were always friends and pluggers. Judge Steve Humphreys was fair-minded, a sound adviser and diplomatic; and the good Reverend Burroughs had inspired him in many things and undertakings as Truman listened to his relation of the struggles of his race—the Chippewas—tales which the boy remembered very well in after years. He was interested too in the career of a fellow high school student who lived near Sasnak Lake and was working for a big publishing company in Chicago, a Henry Noshah, of Swedish extraction.

Walter Crampton, as Truman had put it to Albert Peterson, was “for everything everybody was for,” and was “against everything anybody was against” and was a “*Band-Wagon Rider*” pure and simple, a sycophant and hanger-on. He didn’t care for him.

Hannah Dowell Treadwell was a class by herself. So was Colony Merritt. Truman was probably the only young fellow in Jamestown who had the distinction of a speaking acquaintance with Colony, though that was about all, and he had contented himself by contrasting with her other young girls with whom he had kept company in a

fugitive sort of way. He liked Colony, if unable to tell her so.

When Congress declared war on Spain and the President called for volunteers—it was the only war ever fought by the United States entirely with volunteers—the militia company from Jamestown was mobilized with its regiment at Camp Ramsey.

Many of the University boys quit immediately and volunteered their services. Truman was a member of the University band, many members of which were to join the Thirteenth Regiment band under the leadership of Charley Watson, director of the Bijou orchestra. This regiment was destined for the Far West, California; the Jamestown company was to be mustered into a regiment slated for Cuba, where it was expected the best fighting would take place. Truman, although enjoying the band service, decided to join as a private with the company from Jamestown, and before the militia was fairly encamped he was on the ground to enlist.

The Captain was an eastern college man, a Doctor, too affable and mild for military service, so that soon he relinquished command. "Captain" Davey, former militia Captain and a good officer, was Lieutenant; John Peterson, first Sergeant; Tad Wheeler and Bascom Humphreys were Corporals. Walter Crampton and Horace Dowell,



Jr., had been "non-Coms" in the militia company but they did not join the service; it was not compulsory. Walter "just didn't want to get shot at to save a lot of greasers," and Hannah Dowell Treadwell said that Horace Junior wasn't going in with the "rag-tag and bob-tail." Albert Peterson, John's brother, also went into the service and was "high private, rear rank," as was Truman.

There was squirming at Jamestown. Some others who were non-commissioned officers did not go. This included many who had regarded the militia company as a sort of local aristocracy and good-humoredly had gobbled up its offices. Nearly all of those descended from the people who had immigrated from Scandinavia and northern Europe enlisted.

Hans Peterson, who had willingly given both his boys, said, "Freda and me can run the store vile Yon and Albert helps to drive the damn Spaniards out of Cuba."

This was the spirit that was to save a greater Republic in future years.

## VII

### A PROMISE TO COLONY

Germantown was in turmoil. The muster-out of the regiment at camp proceeded rapidly. Sergeants were checking off lists; company commanders were rushing about; pay-officers with stacks of yellow coin were distributing the government's final settlement to the men who stood patiently in the last long line.

In town, soldiers were over-running the twenty-odd saloons, lipping half German and half English; officers at the Turner Hall were gulping *weiss* and *schenk* beer and playing cards while newly-paid soldiers were flipping twenty-dollar gold-pieces in the office of the Minnesota House where the local denizens looked on and contributed colloquial *Deutsch*.

The regimental band was giving a concert on the height of land opposite the Sons of Herman Monument, near Martin Luther College, while in the distance along the side-hill convalescents from an adjacent hospital were plodding along a hard-beaten path that marked the course of the "sta-

tions," which told the mute story of Christ bearing the Cross to Golgotha. The gateway to the cloistered enclosure bore the sign, in German, "*Arme Dienstmagde Jesu Chriti.*" The head of this order was at Berlin.

But this was not Germany and the banks of the Rhine—though the band could then have played *Die Wacht am Rhein*, without comment—but America, and the valley of the Minnesota; and the occasion was the muster out of the regiment returned from Chickamaugua Park and Kentucky.

Now the Honorable John Lind, former Congressman—Quartermaster of this regiment—sturdy Scandinavian, American Democrat, and a practicing lawyer of this same Germantown, was a candidate for Governor in the election that was soon to be held.

It was only a week away. Ostensibly the hurry and bustle of the muster-out was military. This regiment—expected in the beginning to fight in Cuba—had camped in Chickamaugua Park and Kentucky; the Thirteenth—expected at the outbreak of the war to camp in California—was then fighting in the Philippines. The vicissitudes of the military were subrogated to those of the civil and political; and the conspicuous undercurrent was to get this regiment mustered out in time for the approaching election, an election conceded on all sides to be close and uncertain.

Minnesota was "safely" Republican but John

Lind was a known, powerful factor. Formerly a Republican representing his district in Congress, he had retired voluntarily, and was, since '96, a Democrat.

The Republican organization felt secure that the soldiers would support a Republican administration; the Democrats were equally certain they would support the Regimental Quartermaster of the men-at-arms.

Among many Republican hustlers stood out Frederick Leshner, local chairman of the Republican county committee. A Republican rally was to be held at Federal Hall, a well-known political exhorter was to speak. There was a sentiment that no campaign rally should be held in Germantown; that the soldiers should depart without the interference of partisan politics or the stirrings of party strife. A feeling that the regiment should support a soldier candidate was strongest among boys of Company "A" of Germantown, who had the double tie of comradeship and neighbor. But there was sentiment too that "once a soldier, always a citizen"; that every voter, and more especially every soldier, should take the keenest interest in political affairs; that it was especially fitting that every opportunity should be given for public discussion. Frederick Leshner was not so much concerned about the *ethical phase* as the *political effect* and he knew what he wanted—a soldier of this regiment, preferably a private,

who would stand up in Federal Hall that night and deliver a political speech, not so much for any convincing arguments that might be advanced but for its psychological effect.

Germantown, with Company "A," the Regimental Band, the Colonel and Regimental Officers, and the Headquarters Company, had been the military nucleus. Now it was the political hotbed. The word was given that the Republican rally at Federal Hall be *attended* and it was noised around that Germantown soldiers would line up in full regalia with their firearms; but that no speeches would be tolerated—"no politics in Germantown."

Frederick Leshner, however, was persistent, and hunted for a soldier with the acumen to make the speech. Somebody said, "Get Truman Treadwell."

He got Truman Treadwell.

An hour before time, Federal Hall was filled. Forty or fifty men of Company "A" were there and sat clanking their guns on the floor. Sergeant John Peterson and Corporal Tad Wheeler were among those present.

On the hour the Chairman arose and introduced the principal speaker, an oldish, seasoned, political campaign orator, in the usual frock coat. The Chairman's words were not audible above a din of clanking guns, scuffling feet, yells and cat-calls, but the speaker advanced to the middle of the

stage and stood, his hands clasped behind his back, looking calmly, first to one side, then the other, then to the back of the hall, then to the front, apparently without embarrassment—and with no change of countenance.

For minutes which seemed like hours to Truman Treadwell, who was sitting on the big stage awaiting his turn, the speaker stood until the bedlam died away. He raised his hand and started. The tumult started afresh. Again the speaker waited, patiently as before. He re-commenced, a signal for renewal of the hideous and deafening noise. Repeatedly the speaker began, at first anew at each interval, later patching on a few words slowly and deliberately to complete interrupted sentences that had gone before. His lips moved ludicrously, no sound came.

In a quarter of an hour it was apparent that the politician would persist. Many had yelled themselves hoarse. Others were curious to know what the speaker was getting at, and fewer joined the noise-making spells each time until finally the spellbinder was under way with reasonably good attention. He spoke for half-an-hour with spasmodic interruptions and then, as he was about to close, made an apparently unreasonable assertion concerning the Democratic party and its officer-candidate, so that real pandemonium broke loose. The disturbers—a hundred of them—were instantly on their feet and started tramping around

the hall, beating on the floor with their guns, trilling the "spokes" of the wooden chair-backs with bayonets and broken chair-rungs and yelling like Comanche Indians. The would-be orator was forced to take his seat.

After some minutes the Chairman whispered to Truman Treadwell, Private, *ae* nineteen. He smiled as Truman said, "I'll try it."

He sat there pale and stolid. Presently he noticed a young girl frantically pulling at an officer, and the two came down the center aisle to hurry into a couple of the vacated seats. It was Colony Merritt and her father, Major Merritt.

The Chairman alternately rapped for order with a big mallet, and paced along the front of the stage loudly crying out until the veins of his neck stood out. No one, however, heard him.

Truman was thinking. He must not give in. None could hear the Chairman. He would make believe he thought the Chairman was introducing him, Truman. No one could know. There was a lull. Truman rose, bowed to the Chairman, and walked out to the front of the stage, meditating what he would do.

To his great astonishment, one of the marchers leaped to the edge of the stage, pounded on the metal footlight reflector and screamed in a high, piping voice, "He's a soldier! Give him a chance!"

There was a hush. Every disturber stopped.

Every eye was turned on Truman Treadwell. The Chairman slunk to his seat. The campaign speaker behind ceased mopping his forehead.

Truman Treadwell was speechless. Not a word came—not a thought. Politics! His mind was blank. He saw John Peterson and Tad Wheeler—waiting, and looking! Colony Merritt was there! Like the kaleidoscopic pictures of the on-crowding events of years at the moment of impending death, in quick flashes, he saw Colony Merritt riding like mad, bursting the targets, to turn and scamper away when she discovered that he was watching. Now *she* was the *spectator*. But Colony was a *woman*! he thought. He was a *man*! Yes—y-e-s—he guessed he was. But the people were waiting—waiting for him! He stood motionless, and began:

“Ladies and Gentlemen.” He felt confident; his voice seemed strong and loud and orotund, like the first speaker’s. He saw a man in the back of the hall cup his ear. An old chap down front bent forward and turned sidewise toward the stage. A couple of young girls tittered. Colony Merritt leaned straight back against her chair.

“I have never known the time yet that a soldier couldn’t be depended upon for a square deal!”

“Wh-o-o-o-op!” came a cry from the middle of the hall. John Peterson was standing on his chair, swinging his hat. “*What’s the matter with Treadwell?*” he shouted.



*"H-e-'s a-l-l r-i-g-h-t!"* came the response from every part of the hall, Company "A" joining with the rest.

*"W-h-o's a-l-l r-i-g-h-t?"* John Peterson exclaimed, in a drawn-out oratorical voice and the answer came, stronger than before:

*"T-r-e-a-d—well!"* Then all were still.

Truman was nonplused. He had not understood why his statement had provoked such enthusiasm. It was not part of his speech. He had not thought of saying that. It just came to him. He could not go on praising the soldiers! How could he begin to talk politics? He would proceed and feel his way. Company "A" had been generous, he thought.

"And you can always depend upon Company 'A.'"

*"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s,"* came hisses from the back of the hall and a Company "A" man jumped to his feet.

*"What's the matter with Com-pan-y 'A-y-y'?"* screeched the big rawboned soldier, standing in the disturbers' midst.

*"S-h-e's a-l-l r-i-g-h-t!—";* and they went through the whole rigamarole of questions and answers as Truman stood waiting.

He tried to look unconcerned like the speaker who had preceded him. The Company "A" fellows improved with practice and they shouted the lingo over and over several times while Truman

stood waiting. He thought they repeated it fifty times—John Peterson counted six.

Finally they stopped and Truman started to talk:

“Let us remember that every soldier is a citizen and has the welfare of his state and country at heart! We will be getting back to our homes!—”

A round of applause, the first of the meeting, interrupted. . . . “We will be getting back to our homes in a few days now, away from camp and the commands of officers, and the call of reveille. . . .”

Truman was under way. The thoughts came tumbling faster than he could express them. He followed up the lead and fired away, talking more rapidly as he proceeded. Several times he knew that he had confused the meaning but he did not stop. He thundered ahead. He described the return of the soldier to his home and was surprised at the profound impression that it made when, lowering his voice, he said, “And the greatest pride a mother can take in her boy is that he will perform his duty as a citizen with the same honesty of purpose that he did as a soldier!”

There was a dead silence.

A storm of applause followed.

Truman had gained his audience. He stood erect, square in the middle of the stage. He passed on, reviewing the political matters he had

planned discussing and was gratified when he had been able to make certain statements concerning the Republican party which brought only faint protests.

Truman wondered at the fact that while he was speaking he still could not help thinking that John Peterson and Tad Wheeler and Colony Merritt were there, and wondering to himself what they thought about it all. A dozen times he felt that he was looking straight at Colony Merritt while he talked and once he thought he could see her blush.

Finally he came to his stopping point. He recited his "made-up" encomium to the Honorable Cushman K. Davis, United States Senator from Minnesota, who was to be re-elected by the next state legislature, then he sat down.

John Peterson and Tad Wheeler seemed pleased. The Chairman and the political speaker shook his hand. Many others gave congratulations in various forms.

He walked out of the hall with Colony and Major Merritt, not knowing just how he got there. Colony smiled at everyone who shook Truman's hand or said anything nice to him.

When they were outside and emerging from the crowd Truman could only remember one thing that any one had said to him about his speech—"O—I was so awfully nervous at first!" And he

said it over and over to himself lest he might forget it.

Outside Major Merritt left them and rode away, mumbling something about "tender care" which Truman did not hear.

Truman Treadwell and Colony Merritt took the quiet residence street along the edge of the hills to the home of the private tutor where Colony was visiting. Truman was oblivious to the fact that he had made his *début* as a public speaker that night, was momentarily indifferent to his ambition that he had always had—but dared not admit—for law and politics.

Here was Colony Merritt, he meditated as he glanced furtively at her black hair, blacker than he could ever remember, and her blue eyes, bluer than he thought *could* be—Colony Merritt, with him. This was the girl he had compared to every other he had met since he first saw her at the Merritt estate that day. She was beautiful then—but she was far more beautiful now, he thought.

Colony was now but sixteen, yet she had attained her height and was slender and graceful. Her wealth of black hair was tucked up under a large black hat and came down in a tight twist over the back of her collar. She wore a tight-fitting tailored suit, an enormous string of black jet beads; a white fur about her neck was thrown loosely back and drooped away from her shoulders.

They were half a block from the hall when Truman ventured, "Well, how long have you—"

A horse tied to a hitching post had got its leg tangled in the halter strap and Colony was running to its assistance, Truman following. Truman seized the horse's foot and tugged to lift it over. Colony laughed good-naturedly, untied the halter strap, yanked it from under the horse's hoof and tied it again. Truman wished that there wasn't a horse this side of Jericho, so that he wouldn't always have to appear so all-fired stupid just when he didn't want to, even while he admired Colony's better understanding.

Colony held bashfully to Truman's arm as they walked along and he ventured again, "I suppose you'll be going away to school pretty soon now and we won't see you around Jamestown for—"

"Yes, papa says he thinks I ought to go to Vassar, or study art, but I don't want to go away."

"But I suppose you'd come back vacation time?"

"O, my yes! I couldn't stay away so long as that anyway. Papa says he doesn't know what he'll do with Nellie Dan and Gyp and Tiny when I go." (Gyp and Tiny were rat terriers.)

They had arrived at the house and stopped at the gate. Colony stood smiling at Truman. Truman fussed at the gate-latch. He studied Colony's blue eyes, her black hair, her white skin, the big

white fur around her neck, and he minced particles of the fur between his fingers where the ends hung over his arm. Colony tilted her head against her shoulder, smiling happily.

Truman thought of what Reverend Burroughs had said to him, that he believed Colony "liked" him. He thought of her words that night, that *she* was "so awfully nervous at first" and he wondered to himself, if it weren't unusual for her to tell Reverend Burroughs that she liked him? Would she be nervous about his speech if she didn't care? And he speculated as to why she had eternally talked about her father and her pony and her dogs when he tried to get her to talk about herself or him. And he thought maybe he wouldn't see her again for maybe a long time. He was standing closer to her, grasping tightly at the ends of the fur about her neck. He felt himself staring at her. Her lips were so pink and fresh. He believed there could be no harm—yes, he—

Colony's smile went away and like a flash, as though she had read his innermost thoughts, she said, "I must go," and she pressed his hands away from the fur and opened the gate. Truman stood staring beseechingly. Colony said, "I hope I can hear you again when you make your next speech."

"Do you want to?" he inquired.

“Yes, and if I’m away will you write me all about it?”

He promised. She put out her hand, palm down, at arm’s length toward him, playfully, and added, “Good night!” He took up her hand and pressed it between his. She smiled again.

“Good night, Colony!” he said, and turned away and was gone.

Truman was happy. Musing over his first effort at public speaking, the determination to take up law, and the opportunity now to write to Colony Merritt—some time—he sauntered back to camp. The picket on duty recognized him, even congratulated him on the speech, and he went through the lines to his tent.

He went to sleep mumbling to himself, “O!—I was so awfully nervous at first!” He allowed that they both were. He dreamed that he was hunting on the Merritt estate. There were hurdling-horses and packs of fox-hounds. Colony was there! A blast of horns called over the fields. It was *reveille!*

## VIII

### COURTS AND COURTING

"Truman Treadwell, Attorney at Law," was the new and promising legend on the swinging sign over the entrance to the upstairs of the Peterson Block, a three-story brick building owned by Hans Peterson.

On the entrance door of a suite of two rooms on the second floor were the same words. Inside, four shelves of bright new law books, a roll-top desk, a typewriter, a blank-case and a certificate of admission to the bar told the story, Truman was a lawyer.

Adolph Swanson was his first client. Carl Stevenson owed a store bill—a bill for groceries—which he gave Truman for collection. Carl Stevenson was a worthless fellow: his father had left him a house and lot which he had shortly traded away to Lloyd Denison, the drayman at Jamestown. .

Truman learned that when Carl Stevenson had deeded his house to Lloyd Denison, Lloyd Denison among other things had promised to discharge



this account to Adolph Swanson as a part-payment of his own. Truman studied over the question—can Swanson sue Denison? The “statute of frauds” required that the promise to pay the debt of another must be *in writing*; and there was no “privity of contract” between Swanson and Denison. But Truman wasn’t satisfied. He mulled over the statutes and decisions until finally he found in one of the State Supreme Court reports just his case, to wit; that where Stevenson had *deeded real property* to Denison upon Denison’s promise to pay Swanson a debt he, Stevenson owed, as part of the consideration, Swanson *could sue Denison direct*. They could do just what he wanted to do.

In a jiffy Truman was down at Adolph Swanson’s place and had him closeted in the office of the store, a space fenced off with a rail in the back part.

“I’ve got the law, Mr. Swanson, we can sue Denison on that Stevenson account!” he advised, and Truman could feel that his voice trembled with emotion as he spoke. He tried to tone it down so that Mr. Swanson could see that he was calm and deliberate and lawyer-like. But his hand shook and he rested it on a big iron burglar-proof safe to steady it.

Now Adolph Swanson was wary. He had spent money to put bad accounts into judgment and this account was only \$36.80. “*Vel, how much vil the*

*cost for courts be and your sharges for lawyer vork, Mister Treadvell?"* fenced the prospective client and litigant.

"They'll have to pay all of the costs, Mr. Swanson and my fees won't be very much," urged the young lawyer.

"*But what if ve lose de case?"* argued Swanson.

Truman could see now where he had made his mistake: he should have telephoned Adolph Swanson to come up to *his* office; pulled down a big law book and read the *law*, in a drawling tone, and said, "I am inclined to believe that we may have a very meritorious case here, Mr. Swanson, and I am *seriously considering* advising suit. I will search the *authorities* more at length and advise you later." And then after a couple of days he should have stopped Swanson on the street and talked about the value of Cottonwood trees for lumber and—having it occur to him, just incidentally—advise Swanson that he would commence suit in the "Denison case."

But Truman hadn't done so and now he must make the best of it. Finally he guaranteed all of the costs, offered to take the case on a contingent basis, and started suit.

"I object, your Honor."

Truman Treadwell was trying his first case. Law books were heaped upon Judge Sandberg's

table in piles six and seven deep. There was a jury of six.

"I object, your Honor!" Attorney Treadwell repeated and sat eyeing Judge Sandberg, a rotund little Swedish man of forty, with light shaggy mustache and round red cheeks, as he sat pop-eyed over the array of law books—poking gouges in the brown oilcloth-covered table.

Charlie Campbell, the town wag, stood staring first at the lawyer and then at the Court.

"Objection overruled!" delivered Judge Sandberg, squinting straight at a knob on a large case, with spool-thread advertisements on shallow drawers.

"Exception!" drawled the new barrister.

Judge Sandberg flopped down his pencil, whirled his swivel-chair around and reached for a sheep-skin bound manual on a shelf.

"I note an exception to the ruling of the Court," demanded Truman, with some inward feeling of triumph, straightening to his full height.

Judge Sandberg laid down the manual, tilted his chair back, rested his head against a cushion suspended by two faded ribbons, squinted his eyes shut and crossed his hands over his stomach, meditating.

Truman had proved his case and rested. Attorney Snyder had made no objections and had said nothing after his inquiry as to how long the

case would take, with a proposal to excuse half of the jurors called and to try the case with six to allow the others to attend to important business matters—to which Truman had very reluctantly agreed, as it was a disappointment not to have them present at that time. (One of the excused jurors, Tad Wheeler, stayed as a spectator and two of the others got away from business long enough to hear most of the case tried.)

But when Attorney Snyder had opened his defense and questioned the defendant, Lloyd Denison, and asked, "Do you know when it was that you talked with Stevenson about this deal?" and the defendant Denison had promptly answered, "Last April," Truman had recognized this as *objectionable* and he interposed the objection that had brought the proceedings to a standstill. The jurors had been brought up with a start, and—except Joe Bowers, who sat lounging back, twidling his fingers and squinting at Attorney Snyder—all seemed impressed with Attorney Treadwell's keen wit and his wonderful familiarity with legal procedure.

Attorney Snyder sat motionless—face expressionless. Truman mused to himself: "Perhaps Attorney Snyder isn't so much of a lawyer after all. Maybe he's getting rusty in the practice." He wondered if it could be that Snyder would ask such an improper question of the witness. But

he must press his point, he thought, no matter how embarrassing for the Court.

"I desire to note an exception, your Honor, to the ruling of the Court," Truman repeated quietly, but he felt with firmness.

Judge Sandberg, at sea, looked at Attorney Snyder, who arose, very slowly and addressed the Court:

"Your Honor," he drawled, very quietly—so low that Joe Bowers leaned half out of his chair to catch his words—"t-h-i-s is *not* a c-o-u-r-t of *rec-ord*. Coun-sel's not-ing excep-tion is en-tire-ly with-out ef-fect. It can on-ly be for pur-poses of appeal and there is no *record*."

"This is *not* a Court of *record*," very promptly snapped Judge Sandberg as Attorney Snyder took his seat.

Truman was nonplused. He would try again. He knew this question was objectionable.

"I object, your Honor, to the question on the ground that it is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," urged Truman, with confidence.

"Objection sustained," growled Judge Sandberg, seeking to be impartial.

Attorney Snyder was now on his feet again. "Your Honor, I be-lieve the C-o-u-r-t has al-read-y *rul-ed* on this ob-jection and the witness has an-swer-ed the ques-tion."

"Objection overruled," Judge Sandberg stated with great decision, thus again reversing himself

to the original position, and sank back into his chair puffing his cheeks with an air of relief.

Attorney Treadwell was persistent. This question didn't square with the law and he knew it. He tried again. "Your Honor, I renew my objection and upon the further ground that the answer is not responsive to the question. Your Honor, the witness may be interrogated as to his knowledge of a certain fact—but the answer must be confined to 'yes' or 'no.' "

Judge Sandberg was being won over.

Truman continued, "If the witness answers in the affirmative, stating that he *does* know, then he may be asked to state the ultimate fact. But this question '*do you know?*' can only be answered by '*yes*' or '*no.*' "

Judge Sandberg felt positive this was the *law*. Hundreds of times he had heard Courts instruct the witness to answer this question by '*yes*' or '*no.*' He, like Truman had lost sight of the fact that the question had already been answered and again he determined that this young man, *Truman Treadwell* or no *Truman Treadwell*, had stated the *sound proposition of law*. He had *erred*. He would be right, willy-nilly.

"The objection is sustained!" roared Judge Sandberg with an air of finality.

Attorney Snyder rose, even more deliberately than before, and started in a very low, solemn, and almost faltering tone, "B-u-t, your Hon-or,

there is *n-o q-u-e-s-t-i-o-n b-e-f-o-r-e t-h-e C-o-u-r-t*. T-h-e-r-e i-s n-o i-n-t-e-r-r-o-g-a-t-o-r-y t-o w-h-i-c-h o-b-j-e-c-t-i-o-n c-a-n b-e m-a-d-e. The q-u-e-s-t-i-o-n i-n q-u-e-s-t-i-o-n h-a-s b-e-e-n f-u-l-l-y a-n-s-w-e-r-e-d, w-i-t-n-e-s-s h-a-v-i-n-g s-t-a-t-e-d (A-t-t-o-r-n-e-y S-n-y-d-e-r t-u-r-n-e-d t-o t-h-e j-u-r-y a-t t-h-i-s p-o-i-n-t) t-h-a-t h-e t-a-l-k-e-d w-i-t-h S-t-e-v-e-n-s-o-n i-n A-p-r-i-l." Then he turned to the Judge again and finished, "It i-s t-r-u-e, a-s c-o-u-n-s-e-l s-t-a-t-e-d, t-h-a-t t-h-e a-n-s-w-e-r t-o t-h-e q-u-e-s-t-i-o-n c-o-u-l-d h-a-v-e b-e-e-n c-o-n-f-i-n-e-d t-o—"

"Does counsel contend that the question was a proper one?" demanded Judge Sandberg who was becoming uneasy and determined that he would not again change his decision.

"N-o, b-u-t t-h-a-t i-s n-o-t t-h-e q-u-e-s-t-i-o-n n-o-w," drawled Attorney Snyder even more slowly than before, "t-h-e q-u-e-s-t-i-o-n h-a-s—"

"Counsel will proceed with the trial," Judge Sandberg stormed, and it was apparent that the Court was obdurate and would insist on no further parleying on this point.

Attorney Snyder sat down as calmly as he had risen a few moments before and turned to the defendant, Denison.

"Do you *know* when you talked with Mr. Stevenson about this deal? You may answer the question by 'yes' or 'no.' "

"Yes." Denison answered.

"When was it?"

“In April.”

The much-mooted evidence was in. Both Truman and Judge Sandberg were surprised. Joe Bowers leaned back and snickered. There was no objection—absolutely none. It dawned upon Truman now that Attorney Snyder had known all of the time what the final outcome would be, must be. Attorney Snyder proved up the balance of his case without further interruption.

But Truman was more fortunate in the matter of the proofs in the case. The fact was that Attorney Snyder had taken the case without looking up the law and had not found the exceptions to the general rule until after he had been retained. He had not thought it necessary when Denison went to him with the Summons and told him that Truman Treadwell was the attorney for Plaintiff to look up the law. He was now cognizant of the same cases which Truman had found so gleefully.

Attorney Snyder, when the evidence was in, and there being no rebuttal, suggested that they submit the case without argument. Truman would not consent. Then Attorney Snyder argued at length, for an hour.

Then Truman argued, reading the law to the jury and explaining it. Attorney Snyder sat looking out of the window, reading a newspaper.

The jury was sent out to deliberate on the case and took the books of account used in evidence.

Truman Treadwell had tried his first case.



Truman was barely settled down, after coming back to his office from Judge Sandberg's court, when John Peterson came running in with news from the Jury.

"They gave you a verdict, Trume: Thirty-six dollars and eighty cents and all costs and disbursements."

There was great rejoicing. Truman was the recipient of many congratulations. Adolph Swanson was pleased. John and Albert Peterson were proud. Hans Peterson said Truman would get all of their collection business.

In the afternoon of that day John and Albert Peterson and Tad Wheeler and Walter Crampton were collected at the promising young lawyer's office. All had just "dropped in." There was discussion of the case and among other complimentary remarks Walter Crampton suggested that Truman should be a candidate for County Attorney in the next election. Truman did not respond enthusiastically to this. To John Peterson's inquiry the next day he explained that his lack of interest in Walter Crampton's statement was prompted entirely by the feeling "that you can't ever tell where to find Walter Crampton. If Colonel Rucker is against it"—Colonel Rucker was the accredited political boss of Nantowah County—"Walter Crampton would be against it," and, as he explained to John and Albert and Tad, "I would like to get into the game all right, and

maybe I will, but I don't want my boom to start with Walter Crampton. I don't want that kind of a *Band-Wagon*."

Truman Treadwell sat in his office, feet cocked up on the window-sill, looking out at the street below. A young fellow flew past the corner riding a horse at break-neck speed—probably a young farmer-boy riding for a doctor. The horse was a pony and full of life, and shied and pranced as the rider veered him around the corner.

Truman thought of a gray, fractious pony; of Germantown; of the words, "If I'm away will you write me all about it?" and he asked himself whether the summing up of a case in Justice's court was a *speech*. "Surely it's more important," Truman was meditating, when a rustle at the door startled him and he looked around to find Adolph Swanson, cap in hand, mincing his way toward Truman.

"*They're going to repeal the case to Deestrick Court. They're up to Yudge Sandberg's office now,*" Adolph grumbled.

"Well, we can beat 'em again," Truman sallied promptly, straightening up and tilting himself forward on the edge of his chair.

"*Nope, I guess ve drop it,*" Adolph purred, sinking into an office rocker, dejected in countenance.

Truman was out of patience but he remembered

his early mistakes in approaching Adolph, and so he very diplomatically explained to Adolph the law regarding appeals in District Court; how the case was a *trial de novo*—and what that meant: how the prevailing party *taxed his costs and disbursements; with the substantive law* involved. Finally Adolph again braced up and the case was appealed to District Court.

Tad Wheeler and John and Albert were depressed when they heard of the appeal; the good Reverend Burroughs exhorted Truman to do his best again in the District Court and Walter Crampton said he “knew all the time” that Truman hadn’t won his case yet.

But Truman decided one thing that day, to wit: that the summing up of a case to a jury in Justice Court was not a speech.

Truman had three cases on the calendar for the “general term” of the District Court. Judge Cole was calling off the names of litigants and lawyers in a sharp, rasping but articulate voice. Tad Wheeler was getting memoranda for the *Times*. Between notes he glanced nervously at Truman.

“Adolph Swanson, Plaintiff, versus Lloyd Denison, Defendant. Treadwell—Snyder,” Judge Cole called, and paused, looking toward the lawyers seated around long tables.

Tad Wheeler was impressed when Truman Treadwell arose beside one of the tables in what

Tad called the "bull pen"—where the lawyers sat—and very deliberately cleared his throat and said in a rather deep and impressive voice, "For trial—by jury, your Honor," and sat down. Judge Cole made a notation on the margin of the calendar; the Clerk wrote something down and Attorney Snyder bowed to the court and wrote some short legal hieroglyphic on the calendar balanced over his knee. Two other cases in which Truman figured were called. One was passed pending a possible settlement; the other was continued to the next general term "by consent."

Tad Wheeler walked down from the Court House with Truman Treadwell. Both were conscious that Truman Treadwell had a case marked on the preliminary call of the District Court calendar, "for trial." It was an intense moment for Truman Treadwell.

Next morning Truman was at his office early, delving into *authorities* and *citations*. A copy of the *Times* attracted his attention and he picked it up to read over the Calendar of Court Cases with names of litigants and of attorneys.

A familiar name in the local column attracted his attention and he read:

"Major Merritt and daughter Colony returned yesterday afternoon from the White Mountains in New Hampshire, where Miss Merritt went after finishing her study in Boston. The Major joined

his daughter there and after a short stay they returned to Jamestown, where Miss Merritt will remain until the opening of the Art Academy in the fall."

Truman was pleased. Colony would be here to see and hear for herself. But maybe she wouldn't be interested in Court or couldn't leave—

The door swung open and Adolph Swanson hurried in, excited.

"*They vant to settle the case,*" he burst out, and appeared elated, grinning from ear to ear.

"No, we'll fight it through now," Truman snapped impatiently, and kept his face buried in the pile of open books from which he was taking notes.

"*But ve got the money and I signed my name to the papers,*" Adolph persisted, and exhibited a handful of currency and silver with great glee.

"Did you get costs and disbursements and statutory costs and everything?" Truman scolded at him, as he abandoned further search of authorities. "Why didn't you consult me before you signed any stipulation dismissing the case? *I'm your attorney,*" Truman declared, but as he was to see, with little effect.

"*Attorney Snyder said he figured everything in,*" said Adolph, "*and all I got to do is to pay you your sharges for lawyer vork. He say if you find anyting wrong he make it good. So I don't have no reason to not sign and Attorney Snyder*

---

*was in a hurry to get up to the Court House. The Yudge he vaiting to have him try a case."*

Adolph inquired of Truman his fee. Truman named an amount very much less than the total of currency Adolph had in his hand. The victorious one peeled off several bills and laid them on Truman's desk, shook his hand, thanked him for his services, and went out.

The case was settled. Adolph Swanson went down the stairs and back to his office trying to figure out why Truman Treadwell was not more pleased. He had got all of the money and the costs, and his attorney all he asked for his fee.

Truman jammed his hands down deep into his trousers' pockets and stood looking out of the office window. He glanced at the pile of books heaped on his desk and slammed down the cover of the roll-top, muttering under his breath, "Well, I'll be damned!"

## IX

### POLITICIANS AND STENOGRAPHERS

"Bring me that paper," Colonel Rucker growled peremptorily.

Colony Merritt, office stenographer and business amateur, picked up a copy of the last issue of the *Jamestown Times*, carried it across the office and held it out to the man who had given the command.

"Lay it down there!" Colonel Rucker growled again—if she had laid it down the order would have been, "Give it to me!"—and Colony Merritt laid the newspaper at his elbow and went back to her typewriter desk.

"Colonel Rucker"—Colonel Thurston W. Rucker—was a Civil War veteran. He had been a commissioned officer, a lieutenant—for a time in command of a company. He was a Yale man, and former football star, in the days before football stars were "stars." He had been a newspaper editor in Boonville, a small "up-state" New York town. He was a lodge man and a "jiner," and a billiard and card player.

The management for eastern owners of several large tracts of land in Nantowah County had brought Colonel Rucker to Jamestown some eight years before. Since coming he had acquired a considerable interest in lands of his own, was a stockholder in the local banks and grain elevator company, and prominent in the Episcopal Church.

But first and above all Colonel Rucker was a Republican—*inherited, bred in the bone*. And what's more he was the absolute and accredited *boss* of the *politics of Nantowah County*. He had "something to say" about the political "pow-wows" that were held at St. Paul and Minneapolis. He was better than a six-footer, and not turned fifty. With a stubby mustache, iron-gray hair, a sharp piercing eye, a long, heavy nose and pugnacious chin, he exhibited a considerable amount of open, frank combativeness—and it was pretty well known that Colonel Rucker would neither seek nor run from a fight.

It was equally well known that of all fights, politics to him stood first. He was the only man in Jamestown—or in Nantowah County for that matter—who was always consulted by the *powers that be* in St. Paul. He was the one appealed to by county men—Nantowahites, concerning things political in state circles. If a spur-track were wanted for a grain elevator, a speaker for a public occasion, or a recalcitrant precinct-worker needed to be whipped into line, Colonel



Rucker was appealed to. The politicians at the State Capitol believed that Colonel Rucker could *hold Nantowah County in line* and the Nantowah County people believed that Colonel Rucker could *get things* at St. Paul. *Believing it to be so, made it so.*

If, for instance, Henry Fisher of Nido Township wanted to be Sheriff and there were seven delegates from Nido to the county convention, he knew that Colonel Rucker would know who all the other aspirants were and what *his* chances were and how they all “stood”; and if *he* saw Colonel Rucker and *they* saw Colonel Rucker, it was the placing in Colonel Rucker’s hands of the deck of cards that Colonel Rucker would stack to suit—himself. Colonel Rucker could “fix” it. Therefore the county political aspirant took his aspirations to Colonel Rucker to get them fixed.

It was a system of “make-believe,” but it was the *real foundation* on which state political machines were founded everywhere before the coming of the primary election systems, the beginning of a happy end in certain states.

After Colony Merritt laid the *Jamestown Times* on his desk Colonel Rucker finished something he was writing, then very deliberately picked up the paper, tilted his chair back, yawned, stretched himself, and scanned over the front page—Colony Merritt unconsciously watching—with the headlines, “TREADWELL FOR

COUNTY ATTORNEY--MAY ENTER LISTS," and followed by a fair half-column article concerning the possibility of Truman Treadwell's running for County Attorney.

Rucker tossed the paper into the wastebasket and resumed his writing, apparently without further thought concerning Mr. Treadwell.

When Colony Merritt left the office for the noonday meal and Colonel Rucker was alone, he fished the newspaper out of the basket, smoothed it painstakingly over the desk top, and pored and studied over every word. He looked up several times—looked out of the window—looked at the ceiling—tapped his heels on the floor in a tattoo that rattled a vase on a shelf, and repeated over several times, under his breath, "May enter lists—*may* enter lists."

Suddenly he jumped to his feet, hurled the newspaper to the floor and exclaimed aloud, "Damn the fool primaries!" He then stamped over to the wall 'phone where he seized the crank and violently rotated it several times, ringing it like a fire alarm, and gave a number to the telephone operator.

Shortly, "This is Rucker, Snyder. Be at my office at two o'clock," he grunted into the mouth-piece in a commanding tone, and went back to his desk, where he picked up the newspaper again, cut out the article, placed the clipping in an en-

velope, put it in his pocket, and again cast the paper into the waste.

Had Colonel Rucker looked toward the office entrance instead of up-street toward the Peterson block, or sat at his desk instead of ringing and talking over the wall 'phone, he would have seen Colony Merritt, who had come back to the office to get a letter left on her desk. She entered just the moment that he hurled the newspaper to the floor and exclaimed, "Damn these fool primaries!" and had hurriedly left again while he was using the wire.

Colony Merritt was glad that Colonel Rucker did not see her—she was sorry on her own account that she heard him. She cared for eaves-dropping not at all.

On the night before this announcement in the *Times* there was a meeting at Truman Treadwell's office, a star-chamber political session. Truman was on hand early. He switched on the lights, pulled the shades to the bottom of the windows, fussed at the radiator valves, and sat down at his desk, waiting.

His own mind was pretty well made up about the topic for the discussion that night,—politics. It was just a matter of having the boys feel that they had some part in the decision, of showing them that it meant a real fight. He had left the arrangements to Tad Wheeler, and as he sat

waiting there was warmth and comfort in another thought. He remembered the day a few months gone that John Peterson had told him Colony Merritt was back in Jamestown, a stenographer for Colonel Rucker. He was glad that she would be right there as he went through his coming fight. He was grateful that now she was a dweller in Jamestown. He thought of the voluntary assignment and bankruptcy of Major Merritt and pictured the clay pigeons and the pony and Germantown, and the sign on the old estate buildings ending with the words, "by order of Jean A. Frear, Referee in Bankruptcy." He thought of Major Merritt, broken in spirit, and of eastern creditors sitting behind ground-glass partitions ordering Colonel Rucker to institute proceedings.

He pondered on Colony Merritt, working as stenographer for Colonel Rucker, friend of Major Lawrence Merritt, of the coming contest in politics and—

"But Colony Merritt is just plain citizen now," he mused, "and she's . . . but, by heavens, Colony'll never stand for—"

"Hello, Trume! What are you dreaming about?" sallied John Peterson as he slouched in and threw his coat and hat on a chair. "Tad and Albert will be here, and Walter Crampton and Bascom Humphreys."

Truman looked displeased.

"Didn't you want Walter Crampton? I thought—"

"How's the new County Attorney?" burst in Walter Crampton smirking and grimacing, as he rushed over to Truman and slapped him on the shoulder.

Truman froze perceptibly, wheeled his chair and motioned to Walter Crampton to sit down.

"Walter, this business is no joke!" he said. "This proposition means a fight! Colonel Rucker isn't going to lie down and let a lot of us fellows walk away with anything political around here for a—"

"Oh, you don't need to worry about that. Colonel Rucker said you'd make—"

"What does Colonel Rucker know about this? Why did you talk to him! I thought this meeting was going to be a—"

"Well, I just asked him what he thought about —"

"Yes, that's just the trouble! Everybody runs to Colonel Rucker with everything, and anything he says—"

"But he said he thought you'd make a good county attorney," insisted Walter.

"You didn't have any business running to Colonel Rucker with this stuff!" Truman roared. "That's going to be just the trouble if we try to do anything in this county. They'll all want to go running to Colonel Rucker, surrendering to

the enemy before we get the fight started!" Truman was scolding away, addressing most of his remarks now to John Peterson, who was bowing assent to everything he said.

"You don't understand," pleaded Walter Crampton. "All I said was that some of the boys were thinking about having you run and I asked him what he thought about it. I thought you wanted to get all of the help you could—"

Tad Wheeler and Albert Peterson, and Bascom Humphreys, came in at this juncture. Albert Peterson and Bascom slipped into chairs, but Tad Wheeler sidled toward Walter Crampton, standing as he talked, and grasping the meaning of it all, he fired at him, "What's that! 'D you tell Colonel Rucker 'bout this?" Tad's eyes flashed as he spoke.

"Now wait, Tad, I was just going to explain," interjected Truman in an attempt to avert too acrimonious a discussion. But it seemed useless, for as Tad's suspicions were confirmed he started at Walter Crampton, punctuating his sentences with emphatic gestures as he spoke, Walter Crampton backing up, and finally sitting on the arm of a chair and looking down at the floor as Tad Wheeler tiraded away:

"Why, I thought any damn fool knew that Colonel Rucker ought to be the last one let in on this! Who in the devil are we doing this for, anyway? Haven't we all got sick of running to

Colonel Rucker for everything we want? And hasn't he been running the whole county ever since he's been here—under that old convention system? And now we've got a chance to elect the county officers under the primary system, and everybody with a vote that counts. We can lick Colonel Rucker and the whole gang!

"And that's what we're here for! We're going to get behind Truman for County Attorney! We know how Colonel Rucker'll stand without asking him. He's got to *fight* us!—just like *all* of the local bosses in *all* of these counties have got to fight the new crowd and keep them from winning. If they win in every county the sentiment will demand a change all along the line, and finally there'll come a time when this whole proposition will go to pieces. If we win and the *Herald* don't get the county printing, Colonel Rucker won't have any newspaper; and if Trume wins he can't dictate the policy of the County Attorney's office. And if he ever starts to lose his hold on people and they see that there is nothing *to* his power, he's done for! You needn't think *he'll* ever be for any of *our* crowd, no sir-ee!"

Tad stopped as suddenly as he had started and winked at John Peterson as he sat down. John Peterson had been nodding as Tad spoke, apparently agreeing with every sentiment uttered.

Walter Crampton tried to defend himself and

said hesitatingly, "I didn't think that Colonel Rucker would make a promise and go back on it."

This fired John Peterson, who jumped out of his chair and demanded of Walter Crampton, "Did Colonel Rucker promise you he would support Truman Treadwell for county attorney?"

Walter scratched his head and stammered, embarrassedly, "Well, he didn't exactly—"

"Did he?" John shouted at him, poking his face up close to Walter's and demanding an answer.

"No, he didn't say that, he—"

"N-o, I guess he *did-n't*," John snapped.

Truman had tried to explain several times to Tad as he tiraded, but finally resolved to let them have it out. The talk had now settled to desultory remarks back and forth about Colonel Rucker being a *square fighter, and having lots of friends*, and a *foxy politician*, and a dissertation on how he had the names of the delegates to the county conventions all printed at the *Herald* office and sent them out to men whose names were on and told them not to forget to go and elect themselves as delegates to the county convention, and how they would have easier sailing to beat Colonel Rucker and his gang now, under the primary system. And finally after discussion of certain rumors on moving the railroad division-point away from Jamestown, Walter found a good



moment to observe that "it would be a bad thing for Jamestown if this happened."

Under the semblance of a common sympathy on this point Walter sneaked on his coat and hat and slipped out hoping that "they wouldn't move the division-point away from Jamestown" and smarting a little when he thought of the time that *he* had gone down to the *Herald* office to get the tickets for the precinct primaries to elect delegates to the county convention as Colonel Rucker had told him.

With Walter out of the way the business of the meeting was very promptly dispatched.

"Well, it's a fight to the finish, boys!" Truman observed.

"I've got it all set up for the paper. It'll be out in the morning," announced Tad Wheeler.

"Go to it now, Trume!" exhorted John Peterson as he grabbed up his coat and hat and started for the door.

Albert Peterson and Bascom Humphreys offered Truman any assistance they could give and the meeting disbanded.

Truman was last as they filed down the steep stairway to the street.

He was wondering what Colony Merritt would think when she saw it in the paper. He must go and call some evening. They had met several times on the street and at the Court House. He

thought, "I must go and see her and have a long visit with her."

He went up the side street, a dark street, to his room.

Attorney Snyder was, of course, at Colonel Rucker's office at two o'clock in response to the telephone call.

"Snyder, you've got to run! We can't take any chances!" roared Colonel Rucker.

"I pre-f-e-r n-o-t," Attorney Snyder answered. He had been county attorney for fourteen years. "I've had the of-fice a lo-n-g time and there's al-ways trouble and ex-pense about getting e-lected." No one had opposed him for eight years, but he had been expected to pay \$25.00 to the County Committee biennially.

"Never mind about that!" Colonel Rucker gave a positive waive of his hand. "We'll take care of all that and you won't need to go out of your office."

But Snyder was chary. "H-o-w a-bout this pri-ma-ry law now, 'Kern-el'? won't that m-a-k-e i-t a lit-tle m-o-r-e dif-fi-cult?" drawled Attorney Snyder.

"That makes it easier for us, don't you see—" The Colonel had to put on a bold front.

"We-l-l, n-o-t ex-act-ly."

"Oh, yes," the Colonel reiterated, "we can

have our leaders canvass all of the voters. This young fellow can't see them all."

But Snyder temporized, "That m-i-g-h-t ap-ply in a larg-er sub-di-vis-ion, such as—"

Colonel Rucker was getting fidgety. He had a weak point to sustain and he knew it. Snyder was afraid. Colonel Rucker was exasperated. He had just about made up his mind that he would spring at Attorney Snyder and shout at him that it was his duty! That he had had the cream of it all these years, that now he would have to stick by—

The office door opened to admit Walter Cramp-ton.

"Hello, Walter, how's *your* campaign coming?" sallied Colonel Rucker, figuring that Walter's answers would help with Attorney Snyder.

"Huh, what campaign?" Walter grunted.

"Ain't you backing your friend Truman Treadwell for county attorney?"

Both Colonel Rucker and Attorney Snyder were stockholders in the grain elevator in which Walter was the buyer and manager.

"Nope, I don't take any interest in politics," Walter mumbled indifferently.

Snyder was interested. He turned to Walter, "Well, has-n't Tr-u-man q-u-i-t-e a l-o-t o-f f-o-l-l-o-w-i-n-g a-m-o-n-g t-h-e y-o-u-n-g-e-r e-l-e-m-e-n-t h-e-r-e i-n J-a-m-e-s-t-o-w-n?" he queried.

"Naw, not a lot; maybe Tad Wheeler and John

and Albert Peterson. Most of the boys think Truman's too young and that he ought to wait a few years yet."

Walter answered several more questions, made an effort to visit with Colony Merritt, who answered him in one-syllabled words and appeared preoccupied, then went out.

The Colonel was pleased when Attorney Snyder left saying, "W-e-l-l, Col-o-nel, I'll l-e-a-v-e t-h-e mat-ter en-tire-ly w-i-t-h y-o-u." That was all the Colonel wanted.

Colony Merritt pounded the typewriter incessantly during the conference. She had not heard the conversation and did not listen. She *did* see Colonel Rucker hand the newspaper clipping from the *Times* to Attorney Snyder. That night she found the discarded *Times* with the clipping cut out in the waste paper receptacle. The article about Truman Treadwell was not there.

## X

### "A SPEECH—THANK GOD!"

Early in May both papers at Jamestown carried long lines of "political announcements." Truman Treadwell's name and Attorney P. H. Snyder's were among the present.

The first morning of June, Truman was brushing up at the office when Tad Wheeler came in.

"Did you know that Colony Merritt quit Colonel Rucker's?"

Truman was astounded. He made no pretext of disguising the fact. He flopped down in a chair.

"What do you suppose was the trouble, Tad?"

"Don't know," answered his informant laconically.

"Has she gone away?" Truman demanded.

"Yep, Minneapolis—art studio, they say."

"I was just wondering," faltered Truman, and coming to himself, finished by saying—more unconcernedly, "I was wondering what Colonel Rucker will do for a stenographer now."

"He's got Pauline Humphreys," Tad an-

swered, and hurried out with a legal notice for which he had come to Truman's office.

Truman sat where he had plumped down when Tad came in with the news. He reproved himself for not having seen Colony Merritt more often. He wondered if she might have thought he didn't want to see her? if he was feeling his own importance? He would go to Minneapolis. No, he had no excuse for that, she had been right here in Jamestown for two months. He would—

If Ola Fanderson of the Ladog country store, who had charge of the “Old Settlers' Picnic” to be held at the grove on the Dickinson farm in Nairda Township, had reached Truman Treadwell's office just *before*, instead of just *after*, the clock on the roll-top desk struck nine that morning he would have found Truman Treadwell, Esq., Attorney at Law and candidate for the Republican nomination for County Attorney of Nantowah County, lying back in an arm rocking chair, hugging a feather-duster and wearing a far-away expression on his face. But the clock struck as Ola was coming up the hall stairs and when he entered the office Attorney Treadwell was writing industriously at his desk.

“Is this Mr. Treadwell?” inquired Ola Fanderson, who was a stranger to Truman.

Ola Fanderson was what old Senator Rice used to call a “singed cat”—he was better than he

looked. Ola was young, no older than Truman. He was Norwegian, typically Norwegian in appearance, with light blue eyes and light hair. Ola was countrified in appearance, even to the four or five days' growth of downy whiskers—and what's more, he didn't care. Truman was surprised when he heard him talk such perfect English. There was hardly the suggestion of foreign accent in his speech: even the confusion of the "y" and the "j" which was generally the last peculiarity to be avoided by many who otherwise spoke perfectly was not perceptible.

Ola Fanderson continued as Truman rose and the two shook hands, "My name is Fanderson, Ola Fanderson. I run the Ladog store. We're going to have a picnic on the fourteenth—the Old Settlers' Picnic—over at the grove on the old Dickinson farm in Nairda Township. I saw by the *Times* that you are a candidate for County Attorney and I came up to see if you wouldn't like to come out and meet some of the fellows and make a speech for us."

"I shall be glad to accept the invitation, Mr. Fanderson, and I appreciate your asking me very much," Truman answered, but he was thinking to himself that it was to be a "*speech*" and that he had promised to write to Colony Merritt a long time ago, over at Germantown, about one; that she had come and gone, had lived at Jamestown, and had gone again, but that this was to be the

first time he was to have the chance to write her.

Truman continued, "I suppose you'll have a big crowd, Mr. Fanderson?" but he didn't listen to the answer. He was sure he knew what Fanderson was saying. He studied the calendar and figured how long it would be.

Truman and Ola Fanderson became pretty good friends on the spot. Truman found that Ola knew just about as much about everything as any fellow he had ever met anywhere—and a lot more than most of them. They became better friends later and every time Truman saw Ola he was more impressed with his sagacity and wisdom and recondite learning. Ola became a new supporter, and he was a good one.

When Truman heard on the stair the last foot-fall of Ola Fanderson he straightened himself up to his full height, lifted his hands and exclaimed all to himself, "A speech at last, thank God!"



## XI

### THE NAIRDA PICNIC

“These broad expanses that we look out over today, dotted with waving groves, silvery lakes and groups of buildings; this great Prairie Empire with its network of rivers and railroads traversing square, fenced meadows and fields of waving grain; this great north valley of the Mississippi—the best hope of the commingled nations for a new nation of new ideals—all, all was bought as a part of the great Louisiana Purchase for the munificent sum of two cents per acre.”

Truman Treadwell was standing on a stage raised above a large, square space floored over with new pine boards—with railings, seats, equipment for a picnic dance and speeches. Eight or nine hundred farmer people—men, women, children—were huddled around the raised platform, listening. Another two hundred hemmed in the stage, were scattered around against trees and on the ground.

Tad Wheeler was there. Old Charlie Campbell, aforementioned wag, was humped against a tree.

Jim Garrett, the popular and biddable sheriff of Nantowah County, was squatting on the ground surrounded by a group of leading farmers of the community, also squatting.

Ola Fanderson had introduced Treadwell and was sitting on the platform.

Old John Shellson scrambled to his feet, hobbled over toward the platform and leaned against it—stroking his moustache. Jim Garrett cocked his head from side to side and grimaced at the group around him. Alex Gjerstrom, one of the group, responded to the sheriff's grimace and—without straightening his legs—hobbled over to whisper something in the sheriff's ear. They both laughed and looked around. The rest of the group were looking straight ahead, intently, at Truman Treadwell.

The speaker reviewed the early hardships and struggles of the pioneers, with the Indians, with the wilds. The people drew around as he spoke. Jim Garrett, left alone, picked a wild oat spear, minced it between his teeth, and went over and shook hands with Charlie Campbell, *conspicuously*.

Truman Treadwell had just reached a climax:

"And it is upon these sturdy people and upon the maintenance of the ideals that they have established, that the welfare of this community and of our country and state and nation depends!"

There was applause.

He paused, after several more points had been made, followed by applause, to pour some water from a pitcher, and mopped his face with his handkerchief. Charlie Campbell was climbing up on the edge of the platform. . . .

"How about that county attorney job you're going to try to get? What are you goin' to do if you get it?" screeched old Charlie in a high, rasping tone, blinking maliciously through his glasses.

"I'm glad the gentleman asked!" shot Truman Treadwell turning and walking toward him. "I didn't propose to abuse the privilege or the honor of this occasion by talking politics—" Truman was turning toward Ola Fanderson as he spoke.

"Go on, tell him!" Ola demanded.

"Go on! Go on!" came cries from the crowd—

"But as the gentleman has asked," the orator continued, "I will state a few things that I am *not* going to do if I am elected to that office."

The crowd pushed up closer to the platform. All were intent to catch every word.

"I am not going to follow the dictates of any gang of politicians!" Truman exclaimed, raising his voice so that it could be heard at a distance. "I am not going to consult Colonel Rucker or Sheriff Garrett as to whether a prosecution should be started!" he declaimed.

The crowd was astounded. Every one turned to Jim Garrett, whose face crimsoned. Alex

Gjerstrom ran over to the platform and tugged at Ola Fanderson's chair, remonstrating so that every one heard, "We're not going to stand for politics at our picnic!"

Truman could see that Ola was at a loss. Jim Garrett had approached the platform and he too stood looking half-threateningly and half-beseechingly at Ola Fanderson. Truman saw that he must make his own decision. He started straight across the platform toward Alex Gjerstrom, bending over and pointing straight into his face, "No, you're not going to have any *politics* at your picnic! Every man and woman here knows that I am the last one that would have talked it. This question asked by the gentleman has injected politics into this picnic, whether we would have it so or not, and I am going to leave the question entirely to your judgment and fairness whether, now that the question has been asked, it shall be answered.

Cries of, "Go on!—Answer the question!—Go after 'em!" came from the audience.

Truman stood facing Ola Fanderson, who was arguing with half-a-dozen who had him surrounded and were pleading against politics being talked.

"I will do just as Chairman Fanderson rules," he said, and waited.

Ola Fanderson got up, stepped over beside the speaker, and announced in a loud voice, "The

speaker was advised that there would be no political talks at this picnic. But as this question has been asked the chair rules that he may answer the question in any way that he desires." There was loud applause and it was apparent that the crowd wanted an answer to the question.

Truman thanked "Mr. Fanderson" for the fair ruling and proceeded—

"My friends, the days of fixing up a slate at Jamestown by a group of men who parcel out the offices are past!" There was applause.

"The time when any man—Colonel Rucker or any other—can select the officers for the people of this county is gone!" There was applause again.

"I have nothing but the utmost respect for the honesty and consistency of purpose of Colonel Rucker or of our competent sheriff here, Mr. Garrett"—there was applause by a coterie who were standing around the sheriff and cries of "You bet!" and "That's so!"—"but they have no more right than any other individual to dictate who shall hold our offices or be sent as delegates to conventions, county or state." Applause followed.

Truman then described the manner of holding conventions; called attention to the fact that *then* they had their direct primaries for the election of county officers. He explained that they still elected delegates to county conventions; that

county conventions elected delegates to state conventions to nominate candidates for state offices. He discussed the workings of the political machine in the county and in the state. At the end he declared himself in strong terms against this kind of politics, and sat down amid a storm of applause.

The crowd swarmed around to shake hands. Jim Garrett walked away surrounded by several men who shook their heads when Jim shook his, sneered when he sneered and cursed when Jim cursed, just now a good deal. Old John Shellson, one of the old crowd, was nevertheless completely captivated by Truman Treadwell's speech and was shaking with him when Jim Garrett, with Charlie Campbell in his buggy, whipped up the buckskin ponies and drove away, remarking to the hangers-on, "Old John Shellson's getting in his dotage anyway."

Tad Wheeler waited until all of the rest had finished talking with Truman and then he grabbed Truman's hand. "Trume, that was a cracker-jack! Won't that make reading in the *Times*? Gosh!"

Ola Fanderson volunteered, as he shook hands with Truman, "We've got 'em on the defensive now. It'll take time. But we'll lick 'em before we quit!" And Ola Fanderson started right then to help do it.

Tad Wheeler and Truman drove back to town together. Tad talked politics all of the way home. Truman was answering him, in monosyllables, and thinking—not about politics, but about writing a letter.

“Did you know that Pauline Humphreys was there at the picnic, Trume?” Tad inquired.

“Yes, I saw her. What was she doing out there?”

“They say Colonel Rucker sent her out to take down your speech.”

“Then he’ll like it.” Truman observed wholeheartedly.

“Pauline told me she hoped you’d win,” Tad mumbled. But it was apparent that Truman wasn’t talkative. Tad concluded that Truman had gone through quite a strain, so he concentrated on the driving and left Truman to his thoughts, but mused to himself that Truman seemed impressed when he spoke about Pauline Humphreys being at the picnic.

“Klip-e-klup—klip-e-klup, klip-e-klup, klip-e-klup,” the livery team pattered on the hard black-dirt road, now and then swishing against high grass and weeds to turn out for straggling teams coming from town. Tad mused to himself that Truman was thinking about the girl, and was silent.

He was—but not Pauline Humphreys. Truman was wondering to himself how it would have

been if Colony had been working for Colonel Rucker now and he had sent *her* out to take his speech. But Colony wasn't working for him—and maybe she had quit because—

The team had turned Ole Bakken's corner on the edge of town—"Giddap!" squealed Tad. . . . "Whoa!" They were in front of Truman Treadwell's office. Truman clambered out grunting at some remark of Tad Wheeler's about the speech and climbed up the stairs to his office, thinking—not about the picnic or Colonel Rucker or Tad Wheeler or Pauline Humphreys—but *about a letter*.

Jamestown was in a hubbub the day after the Nairda Old Settlers' picnic.

Attorney Snyder was up at Colonel Rucker's office early in the morning and pleaded with the Colonel to get someone else to make the run; his wife's health was bad and they were planning on spending the next winter in California—he feared he could not give proper attention to the duties of the office.

Hans Peterson said: "Truman ain't afraid of the cars!" John Peterson thought, from the reports, that maybe Truman had gone a "little strong." Colonel Rucker said, "That young fellow's made the mistake of his life! People won't stand for things being 'stirred up' that way!"



Albert said "He gave 'em just what they had coming."

Then the *Times* came out the next day with a big write-up with double-column headlines on the front page of how Attorney Truman Treadwell opened his fight on the "county gang." It contained an exact account of just what happened at the Nairda picnic and just what was said, and closed with a prediction that Truman Treadwell would win his fight and be elected.

Then was more talk. Some said the *Times* wouldn't last three months. Others said that Tad Wheeler had "gone crazy, too." Hannah Dowell Treadwell said that Truman was "always stirring things up" and that he was just making trouble.

The following day the *Herald* was "off the press." It contained a short article printed in an inconspicuous place on an inside page concerning the picnic:

"CHARLIE CAMPBELL GRILLS CANDIDATE"—" 'Twas at Old Settlers' Picnic"—ran the two headlines. The article followed:

"Charlie Campbell, a well-known citizen and taxpayer of Jamestown, was at the Old Settlers' picnic at the Dickinson Grove in Nairda Township Wednesday when Truman Treadwell, a young lawyer of Jamestown, made an unwarranted attack upon Colonel Thurston W. Rucker and Sheriff James Gar-

rett, two of Jamestown's leading and respected citizens, and in a spirit of fair play, challenged the statement of the young attorney who is asking the suffrage of the people of Nantowah County. Mr. Treadwell was invited to speak for the occasion and seized the opportunity to launch into *politics*, notwithstanding that Ola Fanderson, the chairman, stated from the platform that he had advised Mr. Treadwell that politics would not be tolerated, and several others also protested. But seemingly nothing could stop the brilliant young lawyer who is seeking the practical good-will of the voters of this County."

After the *Herald* was out there was more talk among Jamestownites. Perhaps the outstanding thing though, was the statement by Judge Steve Humphreys that Truman didn't talk politics at all until after Charlie Campbell interrupted him and asked him the question, and not then until the chairman of the meeting gave his consent. This was significant, owing to the fact that Pauline Humphreys was there and "took down" the speech.

Truman was about the only one in Jamestown who wasn't at all excited about it. He waited until both of the papers came out and then he clipped the articles out of them. He marked on the *Times* article "This is a correct report." On the *Herald* article he wrote, "Incorrect, see *Times*." He placed the two articles in an

envelope and addressed them and then started to write the *letter* that had been deferred so many years.

At the bottom of a sheet, well filled, he wrote, "*I have always wanted to tell you something that I thought would be of more than passing—*"

He stopped, scanned the letter, tore it up. Then he started another:

"*Dear Miss Merritt:*" he wrote. It seemed too formal. He tore that up too and threw it into the waste-basket.

"*Dear Friend:*" "Sounds like a death notice!" he mumbled to himself. He crumpled the sheet and whisked another out to begin afresh.

"*Dear Colony:*" he scrawled, and sat tipping his head one way and then the other. She wouldn't know how to take that, he thought, and he destroyed that sheet too. Then he abandoned the salutation and started in to write the letter. He would put the salutation in later after he could see which one would fit what he was going to say.

"*When I first saw you, on the old estate—*" No, he mustn't talk about that now, and he started all over again: "*When we first met—*" Perhaps it would be as well not to call attention to that now. He wrote again: "*When we walked home that night in Germantown—*": that sounded like beating around the bush, and he would just start by calling Colony's attention to the promise he

had given her. So for the last time he opened his letter, now calling attention to the agreement to write when he made his next speech and tell her all about it. He was on the right track now, and he scribbled rapidly until nearly four sheets were well filled. He read it over carefully. Everything was all right—every word.

Then he returned to the selection of the salutation and scribbled several varieties on a separate sheet. "*Dear Friend—Dear Colony—My dear Colony—*" but when he read different passages of the letter it seemed as though the sentences in it suited different salutations. It was several letters written to many persons.

At nearly twelve that night Truman left his office. He did not stop at the post office to mail any letter. There was no letter to mail.

The next morning Truman wrote the *letter*, thought out during a very poor night:

"Colony: Here's the letter. I will have to see you personally to 'tell you all about it.' "

TRUMAN TREADWELL."

He slipped it in the addressed envelope with his newspaper clippings of the Nairda speech, and mailed it. He had *written* the *letter*.

## XII

### PAULINE AND JAMESTOWN

A few mornings after the Nairda speech, Pauline Humphreys called at Truman's office to sell him a ticket to a Presbyterian church supper held that night. Truman promptly bought as a matter of duty, diplomacy and politics. Pauline seemed disposed to visit, he thought.

"Sit down," Truman demanded politely.

He had not seen much of Pauline Humphreys. She was in high school when he was away at college. Truman wondered that he had never noticed before that Pauline was pretty. She had beautiful brown eyes and hair, a creamy-and-pink complexion, white hands, small feet and a neat form, Truman was thinking. Pauline sparred for a starting-point and thought to discuss the recent speech.

"That was quite a time out at Nairda," Pauline ventured.

"Yes," he answered.

"I was afraid that Mr. Campbell was going to make some trouble," she tried again. There was no answer.

"I guess he got enough though before you got through," Pauline persisted.

"Uh-huh, I guess so," he conceded.

"I don't believe the *Herald* ever looked at my notes that Colonel Rucker turned over to them, at least I suppose he did. I went down to—"

Truman had found himself. "I don't believe they ever did either, and you know I appreciated what your father said about that report the next day. It was very fair of you. I never had the slightest doubt that they just ignored your notes and wrote it up to suit themselves. I'm awfully glad you came in and I'll try and get over to the supper tonight and—"

"O, I do hope you can!" interrupted Pauline, "and if you will come over and sit at my table I'll see that you are well treated—won't you?" she added, and waited for Truman to answer.

Truman promised—and she was gone.

Then he felt annoyed that he had promised Pauline Humphreys to go to the supper. He didn't want to. He wondered why he had promised. Surely no one would notice if he sat at her table? She was Colonel Rucker's stenographer. It wouldn't do! But he had promised.

However, Truman spent an uneventful evening at the church supper. He wondered how he was going to get away without walking home with Pauline Humphreys and so seeming boorish. He thought that he rather enjoyed having her show

him special attention and come and stoop down and press against him when she asked him little considerate questions about the service and his wants. He studied the faces at the long, crowded table of boards-on-saw-horses covered with relays of white tablecloths. He bowed to Peter Thompson, the new proprietor of the "Big Store," who had just bought out George P. Watson. He was impressed with how well-matched Doctor and Mrs. Nelson were—Dr. Nelson was the new dentist at Jamestown. He was surprised that Jake Torkelson, Jamestown's thriving merchant, was there. But Jake was a fine mixer, he thought; and it occurred to him that there was getting to be a large proportion of Scandinavians in Jamestown, so many in business, too. Jim Garrett and his daughter and a crowd of young girls were cutting up, scuffling and tipping over the coat and hat racks, amid uproarious laughter, in the far corner of the room. Walter Crampton was looking on. Truman tried to catch Walter Crampton's eye, to speak to him, but he couldn't.

Finally old Mrs. Wheeler—Tad's mother—took Truman's ticket and Truman, with a hurried and preoccupied air, picked out his coat and hat from a pile of scrambled wraps and started home.

Truman walked up Front Street. It was past ten o'clock and few where about. John Reed came out of the "Cheese Box" saloon and sauntered down the street with Truman, relating incidents

concerning the older residents that had happened when John was a boy—John being an elder son of one of the oldest pioneers, not contemporary with either first or second generation but between them. He had a recurrent memory and could repeat many, many incidents of early days. Some were observation, some tradition. John turned in at Casey's restaurant and Truman walked on alone. He mumbled over to himself the names of the early settlers that John Reed had been discussing—*Graham—Herrick—Bishop—Bell—Moore—Mason—Clark—Manning—McLain*—and he read the signs on the stores while he passed them, the names of the people of the Jamestown of today—*Swanson—Peterson—Haugen—Stollberg—Sandberg—Rodenberg—Goldfogle—Hagman*—

Jake Torkelson went by, walking briskly. Jake was born in Norway—educated in Norway, and well. He came to Jamestown at twenty, not to work on a farm, but to make his fortune, and he was. He was also a leader. He was smart. He was wide-awake. Though not even a member, he 'ran' the Lutheran church and hired and fired the preacher, dictating length of sermons, too. You will find him in most towns, and cities. Jake was going to the "Cheese Box."

"What does it all mean?" communed Truman to himself as he crossed the tracks at the depot and walked over to take the side street to his room.



And he asked himself: "Where have the *Grahams* and the *Herricks* and the *Bishops* and the *Clarks* and the *Moores* gone? Where did the *Swansons* and the *Petersons* and the *Sandbergs* and the *Rodenbergs* and the *Goldfogles* come from?"

And, "Is Jamestown better?"

He answered, "Yes. . . But why? . . . It's the mixture—"

### XIII

#### MISS BOISE JOURDAN

After the Nairda picnic Truman Treadwell's political stock picked up. But it did not last.

In a few weeks he was overwhelmed to see the work of the opposing forces. His speech at Nairda was distorted until everyone seemed to forget just what *was* said. Tad Wheeler began to feel the "heel" of the advertisers in the *Times* who didn't want to see things "stirred up" in Jamestown and felt that his boosting for Truman Treadwell antagonized a good many. They advised that editorially it would be a whole lot better to hold back a little.

No suggestion came from anyone that the *Herald*, still pounding away with little personal "digs" at Truman Treadwell, was antagonizing any one—and it wasn't, not even Truman. To Truman it was a different feeling entirely than petty enmity, it was the feeling of being *crushed*, of being ruthlessly ground down and ridden over.

One afternoon late in June, Truman was standing in Winslow's drug store, talking to Walter Crampton.

"You made a great mistake, Trume, when you attacked Colonel Rucker the way you did out at the Nairda picnic. I'm speaking as a friend."

"Were you there?" Trume shot back.

"No, but, of course, I heard all about it and they have never quit talking about it."

"Well, you read the write-up in the *Times*. Tad Wheeler reported it just the way it happened. Why don't you quote that?"

"I doubt if you get Tad Wheeler's support when it comes to a show-down. Of course, Tad's for you—but he can't do much. He's tied up with the bank and everything, and they raise hob if he says anything at all. It's too bad you mentioned anything about those fellows out at the picnic, everything'd be—"

"Golly, I've got to 'phone," Walter chopped off suddenly as Colonel Rucker came into sight, and was behind the prescription case ringing the telephone frantically and demanding a number when Colonel Rucker came into the drug store, nodded to Truman who responded in kind, made a small purchase, and walked out.

When Colonel Rucker was out of sight Walter Crampton came out from behind the prescription case again and continued, "But now you see, Trume, they're working this thing hard. Everybody says the same thing. They don't want to have things all stirred up. They say it will hurt the town and drive new people away."

Truman was out of temper. He was being pressed to his wit's end. He remembered Colony's letter about Walter Crampton visiting her at the studio. He wanted to say, "Damn the town," and "They have already driven the farmers away." A dozen things came crowding into his mind as the injustice of the situation became plain. But he would not. He would get back to his office and *stay* there. He mumbled some non-committal sort of statement to Walter Crampton about politics in general and went back to his office, dropped down in his chair and sat gazing out of the window across the street.

He touched his trouser-leg with his pencil. The cloth was threadbare. He again deferred an intended visit to Minneapolis, awaiting replenishment of his wardrobe. He fingered over his ledger accounts: there was little due. He found a mortgage foreclosure notice ready for publication. He called Tad Wheeler at the *Times* office—"I've got a mortgage foreclosure for publication, Tad." He would have a visit with Tad about politics and they could talk things over. In a few moments the printer from the *Times* office slouched into the office.

"Tad sent me up to get that notice to publish."

"Yes, how are you?" Truman rejoined and was glad to see the fellow, though disappointed Tad couldn't come.

"O, I'm purty good. How are you?" the visi-

tor answered, and Truman noticed that he had been drinking. This was more evident as he started talking and without prompting rattled along endlessly.

“What the devil’s the matter with your campaign, Treadwell? Ain’t you going to fight it out? You ain’t going to lay down and let that gang walk over you, be you? I heard that they’re saying out in the country that you can’t get one vote out of twenty in Jamestown. There ain’t much to that though, because I know more’n that myself. Tad said he’s going to vote for you—didn’t care what happened. Course he’s got to lay down in the paper—the advertisers won’t stand for it. Everything’d been all right if it hadn’t been for that Nairda speech but it seems as though everybody’s talking about that. Guess Tad lost quite a lot of ‘legals’ from Snyder’s office after that write-up; Alex Gjerstrom stopped his paper, and three other fellows out in Nairda. Course it never does any good to stir things up that way—makes bad feeling and hurts the town.”

Truman had grunted and answered shortly as the fellow proceeded, but was tired of the lingo. He shuffled the papers on his desk, handed him the publication notice, and said, “Yes, politics is a strange proposition. You can tell Tad to run this six weeks, commencing next issue.”

After the chap went out Truman took a letter

from his pocket that he had examined several times. Again he read from it:

"I had a pleasant visit with Walter Crampton. He came up to the studio. . . . He spoke of you several times . . . "

"Walter Crampton . . . spoke of you several times"—he was meditating the words in the letter when Albert Peterson came in. Albert had been slower to get warmed up to the campaign than some of the others, but once in was more constant and cared but little whether Colonel Rucker or any one else knew that he was doing all that he could do for Truman Treadwell. He came up every day to have a talk.

"Did you hear about Ola Fanderson?" Albert inquired without preliminaries. Truman looked blank and Albert continued.

"They got him down in Jake's store—Jake Torkelson and that bunch—and they told him he would have to quit boosting for you. . . . But they couldn't do anything with Ola. He told 'em to *'go to'* and said he was going to run his *own* politics."

"When was Ola in town?" interrupted Truman.

"Yesterday afternoon," and Albert detailed the circumstances of the conference.

"When they told him that you wouldn't get one vote out of twenty in Jamestown he said he didn't care if you didn't get *that* here, that Nairda

would *hold even* or better. They named a lot of men out in Nairda that they said wouldn't vote for Truman Treadwell and he said that he'd stick to you if he was the *first and last man in Nantowah County* to vote for you. He asked them what the trouble was and if you wasn't a *good bright attorney* and why they were *against* you and—"

"What did they say to that?" demanded Truman.

"They just said you *didn't stand any show of getting elected*. Old Nels Goodal was there from Nido Township and he said *everybody out there* said that you *wouldn't get many votes* in Nido. It's funny, isn't it, Trume, how they've got that Nairda speech criticised all over the county?"

Truman observed that it was funny and that there were many very, very funny things in politics.

Truman Treadwell sat thinking over the situation by himself after Albert Peterson had gone.

"Everybody says"—"*one vote out of twenty in Jamestown*"—"don't want things stirred up"—"*vote for him if he's the last man in Nantowah county*"—"don't seem to stand any show of being elected"—Truman mulled over to himself. He wondered why they didn't answer Ola Fanderson's questions? Wasn't he fitted for the position? Did they say he couldn't perform the duties of the office? Did they say that they thought

that Snyder ought to have it longer? Was there anything against his character? Nothing! Absolutely no real reason! Just, *how many votes* he would get in *Nido* or in *Nairda* or he *wouldn't get one out of twenty* in Jamestown! Were they going to beat him with this unnamable and unrecognizable thing—this something? What was it? Was it sentiment? Sentiment for what? Just sentiment—created!—manufactured!—to appeal to timidity! —to the mad scramble to be on the winning side—to ride on the *Band-Wagon*! Everybody wants to be on the *Band-Wagon*. If you can make enough people *believe* you are going to win—you *will* win.

Truman grabbed the telephone and ordered a livery for six o'clock the next morning.

Truman Treadwell started out to get himself a *Band-Wagon*. His credit was unaffected by the slump in his political stock. He gave up his boarding house and went to the hotel—the Gould House—to live. He ordered cards with a half-tone picture of himself, the first ever used in Nantowah County. He ordered political advertisements in all of the papers in the county. He had his picture printed on large circulars and window cards, and got them in windows and on creameries and barns and town halls. He drove every day through the country and went up one section-line road and down the next, talking to



every farmer and distributing his pictures and literature. He left Jamestown at six every morning, worked until dark, and drove home after dark. He munched cold lunches or ate at farm-houses. He kept a list of the names and characteristics of the farmers; he remembered their names and knew a good deal about them the next time he met them in town or on the road.

He abandoned absolutely every discussion of the question of what he had thought the people ought to be interested in, such as fitness for office, policies or performance of its duties, and he hammered and hammered away at just a few things:

“Everybody over in Nido is for me—”

“I’ll carry Jamestown two-to-one, easy—”

If they questioned him or criticised or asserted that he wasn’t “strong” in such and such a place then he said, “That’s what Colonel Rucker and those fellows say, but—” and he repeated the whole rigamarole again and told them of his political strength over in some distant part of the county. He repeated this over and over until he believed it all himself, and if the voter were for Rucker and the old crowd he repeated it just the same.

For six weeks he drove every day from early morning until late at night.

Invitations came to speak at various places, but he declined all these except one late in August, a harvest celebration at Sasnak Lake.

To Albert Peterson's query as to why he hadn't tried to get the *Band-Wagon* started in Jamestown he replied that he was "too busy making a *Band-Wagon* for the Jamestownites to ride on."

The Harvest Picnic was being held in the grove at Sasnak Lake. It was several miles from Jamestown, in Nido Township, but it seemed to Truman as though half of Jamestown were on hand. Many he hadn't seen for six or seven weeks, as on Sundays during the campaign he had stayed in his office.

Colonel Rucker was there. Jim Garrett was there. Steve Humphreys and Pauline, John Peterson, Tad Wheeler, and Albert, and Walter Crampton were present. Jake Torkelson and Hans Peterson and Adolph Swanson and Lloyd Denison attended. Winslow the druggist and Ray Hawley the cigar store proprietor and Nick Langley the barber were conspicuous. Truman never learned until after it was over that Colonel Rucker had given it out *cold*—as Walter Crampton had reported it—that he would "call" Truman Treadwell if he started any politics at Sasnak Lake.

Truman noticed that now everyone was glad to see him; everybody thought he was going to win; and everybody was promising to vote for him. Even Walter Crampton inveigled several farmers over to introduce them to Truman.

Truman was introduced to speak by a young man who was raised in that neighborhood, over on the bank of Syram Lake a mile or two from Sasnak, and who was a schoolmate of Truman's in the Jamestown High. He was visiting at the old home and, even then, was getting into the strides of an important publishing house in Chicago which would very soon land him at the head of an immense business—a Henry Nosnah, of Swedish descent.

Truman did not even remotely mention politics in any way. No one could have known from his speech that he was himself a candidate for any political office. After he had finished there was a handshaking reception for half an hour in which it seemed as though everyone came up and shook Truman's hand. Even Colonel Rucker was "game," as John Peterson said.

At the end of the line a wonderfully beautiful young woman with expressive eyes and face, whom Truman had noticed standing all alone during his speech, came up to him. She had brown eyes, was tall and slender, and obviously a metropolitan. She laid a small gloved hand in Truman's, and in a voice so soft and smooth and with an articulation so exact but delightful that it almost startled Truman, murmured, "Ah, Mr. Treadwell, please allow me to extend my sincerest congratulations."

She then told Truman her name but he did not

catch it and did not interrupt to ask her. Instead he drank in every word, "Something about your speech was just gripping! I am an entire stranger but I could feel that there were just myriads of thoughts crowding into your mind that you could not express here—and everyone in your audience appeared to be in a most anxious mood. You are a candidate, they tell me, and it must be a wonderful thing to manufacture sentiment and to know *what* to say and what *not* to say."

Truman was captivated. This woman was a wonder! Who could she be? He walked from the platform and through the grove a short stretch, where she excused herself and joined the Humphreys. Truman was standing like a gnome who had snatched a glimpse of some fairyland, and while still enchanted was rudely awakened by Walter Crampton, close on his heels.

"Say, Trume, ain't she a peach?"

It was Boise Jourdan, new High School principal at Jamestown. She had arrived that day; reported to Judge Humphreys, chairman of the school board, and joined the caravan to Sasnak Lake.

On the opening of school at Jamestown on the Monday following the Sasnak Lake picnic Attorney Truman Treadwell on the invitation of the principal of the High School addressed the pupils on the "Value of Enthusiasm."

The High School pupils did not notice that the

new principal congratulated Attorney Treadwell fervently and at great length, or that he held her hand a considerable time.

Neither did Truman speculate on whether this was a *speech*. The correspondence now between Jamestown and Minneapolis had become regular and there seemed no further necessity of reporting oratory.

If conservative Humphreys, President of the Board of Education of Independent School District Number Eleven, could have peeped in at a big round table at Rector's on a late August night, Miss Boise Jourdan of flighty New York would have been intercepted in her heroic preparations to submerge herself in a little town "somewhere in the West" by a letter reading something like this:

" \* \* \* on account of the high taxes we find it necessary to cut down the force for the coming year \* \* \* therefore trust that it will not prove a serious inconvenience to you. \* \* \* thought best to advise you before you had made any preparations to report."

And the uncle of Boise Jourdan, the architect who drew the plans for the schoolhouse, who lived at St. Paul and who recommended her to the school board of Jamestown, would have got

another letter with about the same information and with the additional intelligence that they "were very sorry that circumstances were such."

But if Steve Humphreys could have known the elder Pierre Jourdan, the suave French savant, or the younger Pierre Jourdan, Boise's father, in his best circumstances,—Judge Steve Humphreys might have felt that every sip of wine which Boise indulged at Rector's that night was but the blessed elixir to set Boise's heart pulsating with the zest for her joyous mission in Minnesota.

Judge Humphreys, however, was not at Rector's and did not see the group of convivial spirits who were giving this send-off to one of their own devotees to the code of Bohemianism. Incidentally, Boise Jourdan had never seen Jamestown and the West.

Boise Jourdan was not a hanger-on of the brilliant little group—nor a follower—but the *inspirer, their first afflatus*. Ferd Browne, in a city editor's office; Ted Brumbaugh, musician and writer; Cecil McFadden, cartoonist, all made their first acquaintance with "the Rollers" through Boise Jourdan, who had sponsored each. Tousey Magee and Mildred Padgett, decided blonde and brunette, were younger than Boise Jourdan. They had, however, grazed music, literature and art indifferently well, and both had had marital

adventures in degrees of varying intensity. The two were mostly stage "setting."

The friendly rivalry of the men was frankly toward attentions and affections of Boise Jourdan. She was the social desideratum who dispensed revolving favors of her desired benignity. She was the *one real enigma*, whose example her feminine comrades sought to emulate to dispel their abiding ennui, and whose poise her rival contenders each hoped secretly to destroy—notwithstanding they professed loyalty to the doctrine of absolute social independence which was the *sine qua non* of their clique.

A pall fell over the little party as the time came for the final parting. The admiration that had attracted each of them to the group was heightened a hundred-fold this night as they contemplated the bold and courageous spirit who had brought them together, its transcendent triumph in the extraordinary bouyancy and abandon of Boise Jourdan on the eve of her voluntary exile. Not one but would have given up his career in the metropolis, joyously turned his back upon Bohemianism and its brilliant and shoddy infatuations,—if Boise Jourdan would only renounce the cult and rush headlong into an irresistible and all-devouring love. Not one but hoped that the choice of Boise Jourdan, when the festivities were ended that night, would fall upon him; and not one but hoped that this would be the begin-

ning of the end of festive make-believe, the opening of the way of the real.

In the last moments it was Ferd Browne who was to enjoy the happy distinction of having bestowed upon him the discriminating partiality of Boise Jourdan. And it was accentuated by the obvious fact—for he had been the recipient of her attentions at the last gathering—that the established precedent of rotation was to be discarded.

Speculation ended. Vivacity lagged. There was effort at dissimulation, forced light-heartedness; an evasive, sluggish saying of farewells, forced professions and searching glances—and the dinner was over.

Ferd Browne had corralled a cab and given up-town instructions. Inside, Boise Jourdan sat up straight in the corner, leaning very lightly against the arm encircling her. Her companion studied her countenance. Was it the determination and resolve of her new undertaking, or the forewarned defiance of what he believed she knew was in his heart? They passed an arc light that shone brilliantly through the window of the cab. She leaned forward to discern the street. A gust of wind through the partly open window swished a lock of hair across her face. He patted the lock of hair back and seized her in both arms, kissing her passionately again and again to which, having been custom, she made no objection.



"Boise," he said, after some minutes, "I believe we are wrong about this commonplaceness of marriage; about the humdrumness of people living and being together every day; about our notions of independence and all that."

She did not answer and encouraged he continued, "You know, Boise, our little crowd have been together a long time now. There isn't one of the fellows who wouldn't have given half his career to have been chosen in my place. You did it because you like me, Boise, and you knew our affection was mutual. The thrills and infatuations in the mating of life, Boise,—"

He was bending over her ardently kissing her as he spoke, on cheek and lips and forehead and hair. She pushed him away, gently.

"Boise! What do you say? Can't it be? Can't we try? Don't you think we're wrong? Do you think *we* could get tired of each other, Boise?"

"Certainly." She had disentangled herself and sat back stiff against the seat, squarely in the middle, bracing her feet against the front. He waited for her to speak. "We do love each other now and I hope we always will. But I have not changed my ideas and I cannot. And I cannot marry and will not,—believing as I do now. I must be free, free, free!"

"Oh, Boise! You could be as free as—"

"Wait, hear me through. The only thing that could change my decision—my course, I ought to

say—would be that I loved some one to the point where I could not resist—where I would just have to give myself to him. That, too, would be a change of the ideals—which I feel certain are right—it would be surrender, Ferd, and that I shan't do now.

"I am going far, to get away from it all. I have felt myself yielding—a long time. Don't urge me, Ferd. We would both be unhappy. Leave the decision to me. I may be back in a year. Then we will know—both of us. We cannot before."

He took her in his arms again, pressed his lips tightly to hers, and they were silent a long time as the cab jostled over the pavements and alternately emerged from dark stretches, immersed in flood light, to enter the darkness again.

After a long spell it was Boise who broke the silence. "We hardly know ourselves tonight," she said.

They were turning into un-Bohemian 145th Street and in a moment the cab had wheeled around and stopped. Browne jumped out and helped her up the front steps of the house. They paused in the vestibule, as is usual.

"Good-bye!" he said caressingly, and held her tight to him once more.

"Good-bye!" she whispered, tears glistening in her eyes, and kissed him.

She watched the cab as it rattled away and

wheeled into Broadway again. She waved as it disappeared. He waved back.

Inside, she stopped before the hall mirror and impartially surveyed herself in the low, flickering light of the gas flame. She straightened herself to her full height and stood tilting her head now this way, now that, staring fiercely into the glorious eyes reflected back at her. She clenched her fists; stretched her arms toward her image; pressed her hands over her eyes. Erect, slender, graceful, she stood contemplating herself—picturing peaked roofs—dirt roads—sweaty children—gingham-gowned housewives gossiping over back fences—and . . . . .

There was a sensation of the hand-carved pomegranates of the black-walnut mirror-frame winding and whirling—sooty, cloudy, feathery, floating substances . . . dousing the flickering flame . . . . of darkness . . . .

At breakfast Lucian Purnell, brief writer, occupying the "back-room, second," related to the other boarders with brief-like particularity his discovery of the prostrate form of Boise Jourdan on the hall floor before the big mirror.

It was four days after that that Boise shook Truman Treadwell's hand at Sasnak Lake.

## XIV

### A NIGHT VIGIL

Few if any of the gay crowd of shoppers that thronged upper Nicollet—in Minneapolis—on a sunshiny Indian-summer morning in October were conscious that a soon-to-be conquering hero, Republican nominee for County Attorney of Nautowah County with no opponent in the general election, was in their midst. Nor did any one seem to notice a slender young fellow with new salt-and-pepper sack suit and black slouch hat striding along above Seventh Street, who turned in at the Randall Building. He leaped up the broad stairway to the second floor, and burst into the reception room at the Rainey Art Studio, to the end that the discerning eye and delicate intuition of the young lady who attended the reception room of the studio told her that this man's mission was one that demanded immediate and prompt attention.

At once the attendant was leading the way and Truman Treadwell felt a masculine clumsiness as he plodded between long tables heaped with

vases and china plates, canvases on easels, delicate clay stacking-stilts, great rolls of paper. He glanced anxiously and expectantly at each of dozens of young women holding ground glass plaques and palettes, specked with colors, working at easels and at tables.

He wondered to himself how Walter Crampton must have seemed stumbling through this place, and he could even feel his own feet springing along a little more lightly as he experienced resentment at Walter Crampton's having stumbled through it at all. He straightened himself as he was ushered into a small, cozily furnished room in the back of a big room with a roll-top desk and filing-cabinets, where the young lady motioned him to a large armchair and went away.

Truman laid overcoat and hat on the back of another chair and settled down. He sat some minutes waiting—inspecting the furnishings and surroundings—starting at every sound of voices or footsteps.

He had been fuming upwards of an hour when he looked up to see Colony coming toward him through the long room, with hat and furs on. A slender young man with a fur-lined overcoat and bright tie followed behind and remarked at objects on the tables, as the two talked and laughed spiritedly.

Truman was taken back—and he feared he looked disappointed—when Colony, almost as

though she had seen him the day before, put out her hand and said, "How do you do, Truman! I'm glad to see you. I want you to meet Mr. Rhoades." The young fellow, who had thrown down his coat, had taken a magazine and started to lounge back in a chair as Colony spoke his name, stepped forward promptly, seized Truman's hand and shouted in a loud, throaty voice, "I'm pleased to meet you, Mister Tisdale."

Truman was about to correct the mistake of the name when the other immediately dropped back to an easy chair and buried his face in the magazine.

Colony opened the desk, pulled articles of writing material out of a drawer, spread them over the desk top.

Truman was disappointed that Colony had not appeared more pleased and delighted. He wondered why she didn't congratulate him on winning the nomination, or if she didn't understand that now that he was nominated he would be elected at election time because he had no opposition! Colony looked stunning, he thought. He had never seen her so beautiful. He had never seen anyone so beautiful. Of course she wouldn't ever think of living in Jamestown. And he was no match for her anyway—slow, awkward and no dash.

Truman eyed the young man lounging nonchalantly in the easy chair. He could have sprung

at him and choked him until his eyes bulged—this presumptuous, smooth-haired, bellowing monster that probably had won Colony with his bravado and would marry her, then run the streets while Colony slaved in studios.

While Truman was nursing his injured feelings Colony left the studio office. The young man promptly followed and the two walked by the big tables, chatting together. Occasionally the young man indicated an *objet d'art* or picked up something, and he and Colony scrutinized it and seemed mutually critical as fellow-connoisseurs. Truman felt the blood rush to his face. He was resentful when he thought of this young fellow's seeming familiarity with the girl's studio.

Presently they returned. The young man picked up his coat and hat and as he went out stopped, facing Truman, extended his hand, and said—very patronizingly, Truman felt—"I'm glad I have had the pleasure of meeting you, Mr. Truesdell. I wish you would join Miss Merritt and myself at luncheon. We will meet at twelve."

Truman's indignation was aroused. But he would not show it. Like a flash the thought came to him that he would accept this man's invitation, formally and politely; go through the excruciating ordeal of his luncheon; and then he would go back to Jamestown, and Boise Jourdan.

"I thank you. I'll be pleased to join you," he

said, and was rather proud at the tone of indifference he had assumed.

The young fellow tipped his hat and was gone. Colony and Truman were alone.

Like a flash Truman felt a desire to demand of Colony who this fellow was. But the thought came to him that she alone was mistress of her destinies; that persons in these cities were much more impersonal than Jamestownites; that after all there was nothing in Colony's letters which implied anything more than a friendly attitude. Perhaps he had taken too much for granted, always.

He was still puzzling when Colony broke out immediately, when they were alone, in almost a tone of delicious delight, "O! I thought you never, never! were coming to see me! You don't know how lonesome I have been! Wasn't it fine to win after they had been so mean to you; and how quickly they turned about when you commenced to get things coming your way—when you got that *Band-Wagon* started! You don't know how I longed to be with you when you were driving in the country and seeing the farmers. I wish—"

Truman was thinking: was Colony deceitful? did she mean all of this? and what about the chap who was so much at home around her studio? He would ask. If Colony didn't mean it he didn't care, and if she did, then she would be glad to explain. Yes, he would ask.



"Who is your friend?" Truman interrupted, at last unable to restrain himself longer.

Colony laughed, the same playful, good-natured, carefree laugh that he had heard so many times.

She dropped into a chair and pulled it up to Truman's as she explained—Truman felt that she read him through—"He's the salesman for the art supply house. I do the buying now for the Studio and we're going to look at his samples at lunch-time, instead of his bringing them up here,—so you and I can have the day to ourselves, Truman."

Truman felt cheap. He would admit it. "Colony, I guess I was plain jealous. I never thought of anything like that, guess I resented it a little—"

Colony rescued him from his predicament. "I'm sorry," she said. "Tonight I want you to come up to our apartments. Papa will be glad to see you. He is indoors all of the time now, you know."

"I shall be glad to see him, Colony," Truman mumbled and he worshipped her anew for her unselfishness.

Truman and Colony went gaily down the street. They lunched at the hotel with the representative of the art house. The young fellow's sallies now seemed bright and snappy to Truman. He looked from Colony to Truman as though he understood

that they were something to each other, and he spoke of the election. Truman thought he rather liked the fellow. He appeared considerate and polite and bought generously of the best at lunch. But Colony seemed bored and minced very sparingly at only a few simple things. She took keener interest in the art wares in the cases displayed in the sample room, however, and Truman noticed that she was but a little while in making her selections.

These made, no time was lost.

Truman and Colony sauntered down the street, losing themselves among the people in the afternoon crowds. Truman was happy, the greatest happiness he could remember. He was not so sure of Colony. He speculated again, how beautiful she was! How out of place in Jamestown! She wouldn't live there—surely she wouldn't, he thought.

They drifted aimlessly and contentedly about and finally, as refuge from the jostling of people on the streets, they went into a little theatre. It was darkened, the back part of the house almost empty.

They sat back, alone. Colony took off her gloves and rested her hand on the arm of the seat. Truman laid his hand gently and cautiously on Colony's. He thought of the night at German-town when he had determined that he would kiss her and how she seemed intuitively to understand

and had drawn away. He was extremely happy; and she seemed happy too. He was ashamed to think that he had resented the young fellow's visit to the studio before he understood. They sat there a long time. Often Colony turned and smiled. At the end of a reel they left the theatre and walked out into the street and the strange, after-matinée light of late afternoon.

Truman urged that they take dinner at the hotel, but Colony, always thoughtful of her father, persuaded him to go with her to their apartments.

Truman was meditating what he would say to Major Merritt. He was thinking of the bankruptcy proceedings and of the Major's pride as they went up the stone steps to the apartment on Twelfth Street. A nurse opened the door.

There was a significant look on the woman's face as her eyes met Colony's searching glance. Colony gasped as she guessed the truth and the nurse answered with a sympathetic nod.

Colony staggered into the hallway. Her face was colorless. Truman put his arms around her as she stood there sobbing out, "O, if papa could only have lived a little longer!"

He held her in his arms a long while. Several times they went to the room where Major Merritt lay. Finally they settled down at the front windows—a bay window looking out on the street—and he held her in his arms and kissed her as she sobbed softly.

Darkness settled. The footsteps of the pedestrians on the pavements were scattering, infrequent, and the traffic in the street below had ceased except the occasional whirring of a trolley around the corner of Hawthorne Park. The cold night air came in through the open window. It was early morning when Truman awakened the nurse and tenderly carried Colony in and laid her on her bed.

Then he sat at the window, keeping vigil alone and looking out onto the street, till morning.

When it was day Truman sent telegrams to Colonel Rucker and to the good Reverend Burroughs at Jamestown, both Major Merritt's friends. He helped Colony until all was over, and on the following day departed for Jamestown.

Truman was happy in the thought that he had been a comfort to Colony and as he sat on the train while it sped along the hills near Mendota but one petty thing rankled in his heart—his contempt for Hannah Dowell Treadwell, who had told Colony that Truman was carrying on a "wild flirtation" with the "new principal of the High School."

He was *glad* that he lived in Jamestown. He was *proud* to think that his beginning was there,—where the "ring," if small, was just as relentless. He hoped some day that he might be successful to the degree that Jamestown would have pride that *he* was its product, and he counted over

the really big men that he knew who had emanated from there, who *got their start* at Jamestown—Henry Nosnah from out near Syram Lake, a prominent publisher in Chicago—Carle Aces, an eminent theologian and divine in Brooklyn—B. F. Chyln, member of the National Democratic Committee—J. Y. Hackmen, prominent capitalist, state senator and stock breeder of the state—S. V. Saro, prominent stock breeder, farmer and capitalist—Harry Haws, a prominent manufacturer of Alberta—F. E. Sarbel, Superintendent of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad—N. W. Dommahs, well-known Democratic statesman of Minnesota—C. L. Rellim, far-famed actor and singer—and many others—and it seemed as though they were without number as he sat, thinking, while the train joggled the trucks over the rail ends in the comfortable “chinc-a-chung, chinc-a-chung” of a train moving steadily at good speed, and in the right direction.

Truman dozed as the train pulled into Jamestown. He reached for his coat and hat drowsily as he sat upright and stretched himself, continuing musing where he had left off, thinking of the big men who had lived in Jamestown and of the report of Hannah Dowell Treadwell to Colony. It is just possible that the passenger in front heard him say it—or the latter part—and muttered,

“Yes, Jamestown is proud of its products.”

"But—damn its by-products!" he answered under his breath.

The high shrill s-s-s-s-s that told the gradual application of air-brakes was followed by the tiny whistling sound that faded into a "hish," and nearly drowned the brakeman's call of "*James-town!*"

Hannah Dowell Treadwell's ears burned that day. As she remarked, "Someone must be thinking of me."

Someone was.

## XV

### POLITICS AND PETTICOATS

Late in October the political leaders of Nantowah County—Republican, there was little activity among the Democratic—planned the speaking campaign for the County.

Attorney Snyder, Jake Torkelson and Judge Steve Humphreys were at Colonel Rucker's office; Henry Winslow, druggist, Walter Crampton and Horace Dowell, Jr., were in evidence as representatives of the younger element; old man Clark, the faithful hanger-on and subservient proprietor of the *Herald*, was there, sitting back in the corner, straining through heavy eye-glasses, cupping his ear and distorting his face in an effort to hear.

"We can't get any county speakers from the State Committee," announced Colonel Rucker. "We must find some right here."

There was a full silence, for all knew exactly the name that was on everyone's lips. There was exactly one real public speaker in Nantowah County; and the full consciousness that he had

made his reputation as a public speaker in political opposition to this same Colonel Rucker forbade even the venturing of that name by any who were present.

"Who've you got in mind?" Colonel Rucker demanded.

There was no answer. Colonel Rucker was first to suggest, "Of course, we could get Truman Treadwell. He is a very good speaker." Again there was silence, profound silence. There were furtive glances between the others, behind Colonel Rucker's back, and everybody appeared surprised or dumbfounded.

Colonel Rucker drew a large sheet from a drawer of his desk, smoothed it out on the table and wrote at the top in large script, where everyone present could see, "Truman Treadwell," then called for further suggestions. Several were named for particular speeches in certain places, and their names were included. Other business was disposed of and the conference adjourned.

They remarked going down the stairs—Attorney Snyder stayed until the others had gone—concerning Colonel Rucker's fairness.

And Colonel Rucker remarked to Attorney Snyder, "He can't do any harm. They say we're going to get a Democratic Governor anyway. The boys in the cities are swinging over and have practically abandoned the campaign. They're



getting on the Democratic Band-Wagon. Treadwell might have some *influence* after he gets to be county attorney. We'll get him out making Republican speeches and after we get a Democratic governor, in matters of appointments and so forth, if he tries to do anything at the governor's office they might be interested to know that Mr. Treadwell said so-and-so about the governor out at such-and-such a place. Here's some literature from headquarters. I guess it's mostly bunk, as usual. You leave it at his office and let him use it. Tell him to go after them hard. We'll take care of his case two years from now!"

Attorney Snyder was pleased and left the circulars and pamphlets at Truman's office, as directed.

Truman was gratified at his selection as speaker. He used the literature in all youthful good faith and entered into the campaign with much avidity. He spoke in the country halls and school-houses and made the regular variety of speech, sincerely boosting the Republican nominee for Governor, the Republican Party's choice for President of the United States.

Truman Treadwell was fighting unseen enemies then, although he did not know it, even suspicion. But he was doing another thing that neither he nor his enemies—at that time—realized: he was making friends and new acquaintances and real supporters for future campaigns. They little re-

membered whether the candidate for whom he spoke, in after years, was elected or defeated; they did remember that Truman Treadwell was there and spoke.

When the election was over the Democratic candidate for Governor, John A. Johnson, was elected, although Theodore Roosevelt carried the state for President by an overwhelming majority. Nantowah County was lost by the Republicans.

Truman saw a new light. But, he thought, if *he* were to lose any political prestige by the defeat how was Colonel Rucker, as the political boss of the county, to maintain *his* political prestige and standing?

He was to learn presently.

The new state administration—Democratic—went in in the January following. The new governor was a novice in politics but he secured the services as his private secretary of a Mr. Frank Day, a former Republican and a most astute and sagacious politician, a man at one time state senator and lieutenant-governor of the state.

In many counties of the state—and Nantowah was one of these—there were few Democrats, and the new administration formed Republican affiliations. The Republican *machine*—which was in fact a bi-partisan organization—had laid their lines to get in with the new Democratic administration even before election. They had passed

out the word, as witness Colonel Rucker's advices to Attorney Snyder.

Thus—when state patronage was peddled out—Jamestownites were to see Walter Crampton appointed state boiler inspector, old man Clark, editor of the *Herald*, an oil inspector, and Jimmie Rucker, Colonel Rucker's nephew, a census enumerator for the state census.

Thus Jamestown learned, and Truman Treadwell, how Colonel Rucker's prestige with state administrations was maintained; and how the big bi-partisan *machine*—"Republican organization"—could work either way, *coming into power or going out*.

When the census was taken by Jimmie Rucker it showed a marked decrease in the population of Jamestown. Some thought there were more people than the census showed—that Jimmie Rucker didn't "get 'em all"; some thought he did, and more.

Tad Wheeler thought he didn't, and he criticised Jimmie Rucker's work, in the *Times*. Truman Treadwell felt that Jamestown had more people than the census showed and he wrote an article which Tad Wheeler published. Some said the article was unfair; others said the headlines were.

It grew to be a veritable tempest in a teapot. One side couldn't increase the size of the town by

increasing the figures; the other didn't want to decrease either the town or the figures—they were both small enough. The two sides struck strenuous attitudes.

And their contention was sufficient to line up the fighting forces—and fight they must—although it was really difficult to understand just what it was all about. In many small towns these village and city council, school board, lodge and church fights have served to tear the place into factions which may last a generation. In Jamestown, not essentially different from, but in fact precisely like, other towns with local jealousies and conflicting personalities which got along symbiotically—growing like separate and dissimilar plant organisms, in intimate relationship but independent and not liking interference—they just *could not* in the very nature of things continue to dwell in harmony, whether or no. Whatever be the subject of contention and however unimportant, every Jamestown must have its stir-ups and its dissensions and perverse wrangling. It is part and parcel. A distorted, largely unheeded tale born in Chicago or New York or Philadelphia—where its hearers have not the terrific intimacy with its principals or with each other, might readily be the *chronique scandaleuse* that would occupy every prominent resident of a *Jamestown*, absorbingly, for weeks. It may turn men to misanthropes; virgins to *good women of*

*ill repute*; close stores and factories; make ill traditions that are good for lifetimes. In cities, perhaps, man finds it simpler to "get by." One should not seem wicked in the little places, not even, perhaps, too good.

The field of politics is a somewhat dignified sphere for contention and of this Jamestown had plenty. During the present distortions Horace Dowell, Jr.—there was no senior, but the junior sounded good—filed his application for the Guards of Honor Lodge. He had snubbed at some time or other every young man in town. Said application was promptly black-balled.

Then it was that Hannah Dowell Treadwell said that Truman Treadwell was to blame. When her attention was called to the fact that Truman Treadwell did not even attend the session of the Lodge in which the unfortunate incident occurred she then asserted that that *proved* his guilt; that it was the only session of the Lodge that he had missed for six months, leaving him a proved accomplice before the fact. Thus the secret societies of Jamestown took up the cudgel; and thus another stick—though deeply charred—was added to the flames.

At Court, Truman Treadwell found that the system of drawing talesmen—temporary jurymen, when those excused on the regular panel made it necessary—was being made considerable of a handicap. Also he noticed that Jim Garrett,

the sheriff, in each of the cases that Treadwell tried, hung around the Court room and winked and blinked and tampered with the jurors during the trial and visited with them during recesses of the Court. He found that all of his political activities affected his business and that every possible advantage that could possibly be taken in any way was taken.

Truman Treadwell became more and more determined that he would stick by his course until he secured a final and signal victory. And he made no mistake and did not need to be disabused of any immature notion concerning it. He knew now that every inch of ground he covered and every step he attempted would be resisted with all of the acerbity and bitterness his enemies possessed. And he did not—having been raised in its school—underestimate in the slightest, as do all who are unfamiliar with it, the extraordinary strategies that would be employed to destroy him.

One evening Albert sauntered into his office. He apparently had the bearing of a mission whose weight was somewhat in doubt.

"Did you know that Mrs. Rucker and Mrs. Snyder were getting up a card club?" he queried.

"Well, who the devil cares about a card club!" grumbled Truman, who was writing.

"Nobody, I suppose, but Tad's mother and John's wife weren't invited in," complained Albert.

"Oh, I suppose it's just the older women," suggested Truman, half-ashamed to be discussing "hen parties" even with Albert. But Albert was persistent and earnest.

"No, it's the younger ones, too. Walter Crampton's sister and young Ted Rucker's wife and Bernice Kelly, Clark's printer's wife, are invited. It's an aid society for the gang all right," persisted Albert.

"But Tad's mother would be too old I suppose; she don't play cards," rejoined Truman.

"Naw! She's crazy to play cards and she ain't near as old as old lady Humphreys and not much older than Mrs. Rucker, and neither one of them know a Jack from an Ace," replied Albert.

"Well, it does look like an aid society scheme for the gang, sure enough!" responded Truman reflectively. In a moment he wheeled around facing Albert, and exclaimed, "For God's sake! are they going to get the women to help pull them through?"

Albert did not answer. He sat looking out of the window while Truman fingered over some papers on his desk and lounged listlessly in his chair.

As Albert left Truman called, "What's the hurry, Albert?"

"Oh, nothing—only I was thinking—wouldn't it be a good thing if *we* had somebody to get up a card club, too?"

Truman laughed and Albert went out chuckling to himself.

When his friend had gone Truman Treadwell sat looking out of his office window—looking up the street toward the building in which was the office of Colonel Rucker—

After a long time he smiled, musing to himself that maybe Albert was right after all.



## XVI

### WOMAN'S INTUITION

Boise Jourdan was having her troubles, up at the school. "Billy" Clark, grandson of old man Clark of the *Herald*, was obstreperous and when corrected by Boise grew impudent, and the young woman cuffed his ears. Boise Jourdan was rooming and boarding at the Steve Humphreys home. Pauline Humphreys was at this time receiving attention from one of the "Clark boys," the younger son of the learned editor of the *Herald* and uncle of the reprimanded boy. Pauline became unpleasant, and in time Boise Jourdan terminated her stay at the Humphreys home and went to the Gould House to live.

It was a cold blustery night in late January. A high wind of hurricane velocity picked fine soot-covered snow from sharp-lined drifts, like puffing smoke from stacks, hurtling and swirling it against doors and window panes.

Boise Jourdan was standing before the spotted mirror of an old scratched dresser at the Gould House. It was just before the evening meal, her

first at the dignified hostelry. She laughed coquettishly as she turned her head from side to side in the dim light of a fugitive gas flame with a torn mantle. She surveyed the oblong room with soiled ceiling, a patch of bare floor under a rusty radiator tipped at one end by a broken handle, a mouldy Brussels carpet worn in spots through the warp. She scrutinized the rickety washstand with its cracked and broken furnishings, the faded-flowered wall-paper, the grained woodwork, the match-safe nailed on the wall, with accompanying gouges of scratch-marks through paper and plaster, the rachitic cane-bottomed chair.

It was nearly five months now since her night at Rector's. A desultory correspondence had not sharpened her desire for return to the life of Gomorrah. She had no thought of marrying Ferd Browne and reproached herself that she had said anything at all to him on that last night, about knowing their minds or not knowing. Yet she did know—then; and now she knew better than before. She would not return to the clique of the Bohemian set—only another and different set would please her and perhaps that only for the time. She yearned to take a woman's place in the world: to stand back of, and declare loyalty to, the undertakings of some man—a man who was doing good things in the world—not that he might become great and gain a national reputa-

tion, but that the men and women with whom they brushed shoulders every day might look to him for guidance and inspiration, be interested in his undertakings as he interested himself in theirs and the affairs of the *community*—in short, in politics. To feel that she was protected by the strong arms of such a man—it would be life! Did she know such a man? Boise Jourdan mused to herself as she took her way down the wide stairway to the dining room. She thought she did, but she wasn't sure.

Truman Treadwell worked late in his office, that night. He would be the last guest of the Gould House to eat, he thought. But there was another guest, a girl, and she ventured "good evening" as Truman went into the room. He abandoned his regular place that evening.

The wind whistled against the windows and rattled a loose metal cornice trimming of the porch. Truman picked the silverware, knife and fork and spoon off the damp, creased tablecloth and wiped them with a soggy napkin as he spoke.

"It's pretty tough here. Things are getting badly run down. It's a draw between the rooms and the table—which is worse?"

They both sat for several minutes, silent, impressed by the oppressive loneliness and bleakness of the place, surveying the dingy dining-room with its expanses of washed board floor, white tablecloths on square tables, folding serving-tray

tables held by canvas straps. An angularly put-together, brick-colored girl with turned-over shoes and red, chapped hands with bony knuckles came in stiffly, stopping abruptly between them to mutter a list of meats and vegetables terminating sadly, "coffee-tea-or-milk."

They ordered. The girl brought them dishes, a plate, and arranged the side-dishes—thick, elliptic, nicked—fan-wise at their places; and then pushed each one snug against the plates. She brought coffee, a tiny cube of yellow cake, a sauce dish with one-half of a canned peach in a thin mucous of juice, for each; set them down; then she spread her hand over the sugar bowl—an oval, straight-sided, worn silver vessel, hung the cover on the side by its handle, thumped heavily across the floor, kicked the swinging door wide open and swished out.

They sat eating and talking—desultory but "restful," Truman thought. Boise Jourdan felt inspired by the hopeful spirits and optimistic views of the man as evidenced by his answers to her inquiries about things political in the county and state. There was no hurry or bustle around and no interruption except the sighing of the wind and the whining of the building itself, together with an occasional resentful bang of the swinging door to the kitchen, where someone peeked occasionally to see if the guests had not yet departed. For almost an hour they sat there

after they had finished eating, though their dishes were removed on schedule.

As they left the table she marvelled that the time had passed so easily. He was astounded that he had told her so much of his plans and his ambitions, at the wonderful interest she had taken and her wide range of vision and intense sympathies.

They strolled up the stairway to the hall above, and still chatting turned into the hotel parlor, a large, empty room with several arm-chairs and a red plush-upholstered settee near a square, old-fashioned piano facing a comfortable grate in which a fresh-made fire was spitting. It was the only comfort.

They sat before the fireplace. Boise Jourdan looked around at the furnishings of the room and shrugged her shoulders. She looked into Truman Treadwell's expressive face, at his strong hands and straight limbs. She felt content, sitting peering into the flames. Truman brushed against the prop that held the harp-shaped cover of the piano. He espied a small silver plate on it and listlessly examined it. It read "Ellen Anthony." Then he sat gazing at the fire—dreaming. . . .

She asked him what he was dreaming about and he told her the story of the circus parade he had followed when a boy; of the strange woman on the circus wagon and of his ride back; of how she asked him his name and then told him to tell his

father that he had seen Ellen Anthony; how he wrote the name upon the fly-leaf of a schoolbook so that his mother scolded him for it; and how he concluded Ellen Anthony must have been a sweetheart of his father's—and tabu for family-circle discussion. He told her too that his grandfather, old Captain Gould, had once owned and run this hotel. He did not tell her—for he did not know—that here, at this very spot, in the parlor of the old building, his father had first embraced his mother, Lillian Gould, near the husband of this same Ellen Anthony. He pointed out the silver plate on the ebony piano, venturing a guess that the old grand had been left behind for debt.

When he finished explaining, Boise Jourdan spun a yarn for him from out her own imagination. She pictured Ellen Anthony, beautiful, young, imaginative, adventurous and responsive—a woman of station and wealth in a cultured centre of the East. She described the indiscretions of youth, a passionate overpowering love, the departure of her lover, the woman left to face the world. She recounted the marriage to a relative inferior, ostracism, banishment and search for new fortune in the new West. She pictured the fresh environment, business ventures and reverses, death of the raggedy consort, and finally forced abandonment of old belongings; at the last departure, again, after a heart-starved existence,

for strange worlds, and voyagings to parts unknown.

Boise recited the story with all the fervor and expression of a reader, with unique and luscious pronunciation which had first fascinated her companion. He wondered at her intuition and tried to believe it all. But she scouted his notion that cast-off sweethearts left their pianos—"They would burn them! hack them! anything rather than leave them behind!" she said, and he knew she was right. "It was love!—love and passion!—that brought Ellen Anthony, who owned, or whose father owned, grand pianos, in pioneer days, to Jamestown; it was debt! just debt, or poverty and the lack of a roof to give it shelter, that caused its abandonment there. But"—and she smiled playfully when she said it—"she was *not* the sweetheart of your father or of a pioneer of the early days!"

They laughed as they realized the foolish aimlessness of their conversation. Truman said, "Miss Jourdan, you are wonderful! I have never known anyone like you! I presume that you long for New York and the old associations. I don't blame you. Surely there must be little to interest you here."

"No, I do not hanker for the old times again," and she rested her hand upon his arm as she talked. "I love my freedom and independence, to be sure; I want to feel that I am unrestricted to

go and come when and where I will, that no one can command; but I am beginning to believe that the freedom from social bonds and independence of conventionalities is, after all, but secondary to the real independence that comes with the determination to fight for principle, for the maintenance and establishment of conditions in the world that will insure every man his equal rights with every other—to fight *with* people to make them constant and loyal in their own cause!”

Truman did not answer. He sat silent and spellbound. When she finished she sat motionless for several moments, her hand clinging lightly inside his arm.

She was first to speak. “O!” she exclaimed, with a soft, happy note in her tone, “Isn’t it splendid in this workaday world of rasping and grinding discords—when one finds natures so perfectly in tune!”

Truman was lolling back with his legs stretched out to the fireplace. He sat silently for a time and then, still looking straight ahead into the fire, he said, slowly and reflectively, “Yes, it is beautiful! I sometimes wonder though if people ever understand? I have always proceeded upon the theory that what they do not understand today they will tomorrow, and that the most difficult thing after all is the effort to really do something, with *their* consent, to benefit them, for their big



interest; for the welfare of all. The world understands her purely selfish acts the best."

Both were silent. After a little interval she remarked the lateness of the hour. He went with her to the door and waited until her footsteps died away. Then he returned to the settee and sat before the fire again. The cold air came in and he remembered the night on Twelfth Street. He recalled what Hannah Dowell Treadwell had said to Colony Merritt. This time he would tell her, he thought, and he went down to the office and wrote a letter to be mailed on the early morning train.

He had not seen Hannah Dowell Treadwell when she peeped into the parlor as Boise Jourdan had related her short story of fiction. He did not know that they had usurped Hannah's favorite place for waiting for the midnight train. In fact, she had intended to wait there that very night, herself, with Passenger Conductor Tom Cooper, as she was leaving for Minneapolis on the midnight train. It may not be worth while to add that she reached the Rainey Studio the next morning before the postman who left Truman's letter there.

Truman Treadwell never knew the full romantic content of the spot before the fireplace in that old hotel parlor, neither that nor the whimsical possibilities of the girl herself. He did not appreciate a lurking danger. No doubt it was better.

## XVII

### PRESIDENTS, 'POSSUMS AND POST OFFICES

There was the grating sound of wheels in train-sheds, the sensation of heavy coasting, and the low, scraping rumble of baggage trucks on cement platforms. Passengers were lined against stacks of baggage in the vestibules, anxious to get out. The porter swung from the train-steps and shunted the grips to the platform. Plain persons, politicians and petticoats emerged, for it was Washington, our great American city of suppressed sighs and sparkling mirth. Now there are more sighs and less *sparkle*, but it was not so then.

Mr. and Mrs. Truman Treadwell of Jamestown, Minnesota, were packed into a tidy cab and a gray-wooled, thick-lipped darkey in a long green coat and very high silk-hat of the vintage of Greeley's days—who had opined that de “National es jus’ ’bout dat dere kine of hot’l, Sah,” in answer to a question as to hotels near the Capitol and not too far away from the other places of public interest—yelped at a square-lipped old nag

and the creak of the ark-like vehicle told them that they were at the nation's Capital.

They passed old brick three-story houses built together with party walls. Negroes and poor whites peered out of open windows, half clothed. The Capitol rose up, close by, and of a certainty it was neither so high nor so wide, nor so big, as they had hoped. They had not then learned that this was purposely the city of "magnificent distances" and did not appreciate—as many a native and visitor has never done—that airy settings and perfect proportions were striven for by architects and art commissions to avoid the very appearance of height and bigness sought and so inartistically achieved in other cities.

They passed the northwest corner of the Capitol grounds and again noted that the big building seemed straggling, lacked beauty and front and dignity, and that its entrances and approaches were indefinite and indirect; and again they did not know that they were at the back of the Capitol and that General Washington himself had planned that it face—and it did face—in the other direction, away from the city of Washington, toward the space and quiet residence section of Capitol Hill.

Had the Treadwells visited Washington at a later day—when Blue Lines and Gray Lines and their rubber-tired, rubber-neck, rubber-tongue-guided vehicles were "doing" Washington—they

would have been taken to the East front for their first glimpse of our Capitol—the most beautiful, perfect, and significant building that hand of man has raised since the great Fourth Dynasty of Egypt. For it is the mansion of *democracy*.

They wheeled into Pennsylvania Avenue on a circular stretch and looked up a street broad as two-thirds of a Jamestown block, with tree-lined walks as wide as narrow streets. It was early February, like April in Minnesota, and there was a fine mist falling. They passed curio shops, cheap restaurants, Chinese stores, Greek fruit stores, Hebrew clothing stores, second-hand furniture, butter, egg and produce places, hotels not unlike the Gould House.

An electric "trolley" car stopped slowly half-way across the intersecting street. People—a boy with a dog, a negro woman with her clothes-basket, a store employe with curtain poles and fixtures, and others—got on, leisurely. The motor-man started, gliding along about as fast as a horse would trot. There were no trolley-poles, no poles in the street—trolley, telephone, or telegraph. Truman thought of how the telephone poles with their lines of wire had made Jamestown feel proud and look citified—like Third Street in St. Paul in the old ice-palace days. Now cities had no poles and telephones no cranks.

But he had Colony! He hunched over to the girl at his side, stole an arm around her and

patted her cheek. She laughed, pulled her big hat down tight against the mass of jet-black hair, and looked back toward the Capitol, exclaiming, "O! isn't it weird, Truman! I wonder where the White House is?"

He prided himself that he knew such things and answered promptly as he looked toward the Capitol, in full view at the end of the street, "Oh, it's near the Capitol. I guess it's on the other side"—again not knowing what every American forgets when he first comes to Washington, that Capitol and White House are at opposite ends of the principal part of Pennsylvania Avenue, and that the greatest portion of the main business section of the city, and half of the public buildings, are between. Many a Washingtonian, or Senator and Congressman will patiently and pleasantly explain that the lettered streets—"A" and "B" and "C"—running East and West, the numbered streets running North and South, are cut and slashed by the State-named streets which radiate like spokes from the hub of the Capitol, forgetting that they are rather like the spokes of two wheels, radiating from both Capitol and White House, and also that other and smaller wheels which radiate here and there are proving the usual exception to the rule, and demonstrating that in its geography as well as in its politics Washington has wheels within wheels, numerous spokes.

Presently they arrived at the National Hotel—a white-bricked building of five sprawling stories. While Truman registered and talked to a long-haired, distinguished-seeming clerk that Colony thought looked like a Senator, and certainly gestured like one, Colony watched a group of men in the office crowding close around the foot of a wide stairway.

There were men with big, soft hats—from the far West, she thought, Wyoming or Nevada—professional-appearing men, Indians with long, shiny, braided hair in civilian's clothes—one in full Indian regalia with earrings, face-coloring and fringed, buckskin trousers—negroes in working clothes and good clothes; waiters, barbers, bartenders, a tall man with a silk hat, and a youngster carrying an ocher-colored cane.

The bell "boy," a gray-haired black named Dallas, explained to Colony that the crowd was collected around a 'possum; that the fellow with the silk hat was a race-horse man and that the youngish fellow was a new Congressman from Illinois and probably the youngest man in Congress.

Colony was studying the group and was craning to see the 'possum when suddenly a big fellow started back with a shriek and the 'possum scampered through the opening and straight toward Colony. It looked like a big, flattened, dirty, white rat to Colony and in an instant she plunged into

Truman at the desk—just as he was turning to call her to determine whether they would take an assignment of the room in which Henry Clay died or another one-time favored by Uncle Joe Cannon --knocking Truman over against the desk and spattering ink on clerk and register.

The 'possum was captured. Truman and Colony peeped into the Henry Clay death room, the assignment of which Colony had vetoed, thought that the Cannon chamber suggested stog-ies and were finally installed in a place much like the Gould House rooms but larger, and clean.

The next day Truman and Colony just *drifted around*, as Truman called it, to get the general lay of the city and rest up after their trip. They dined at the hotel at noon and the waiter whom Truman had tipped liberally brought them a dish—extra, not on the bill of fare—a soft, fluffy, but rather tough and sweetish meat, served with yams, all mixed into a thick gravy, “Southern style.” It looked not so good but tasted, as Truman observed, “elegant,” and was for Colony “such delicious stuff.”

Truman flipped the big negro an extra tip and he fussed around and made them very much at home in the hospitable old hostelry. They munched and minced at the various dishes until every morsel was devoured. Colony started and stopped in her tracks, when as they were leaving,

the waiter said, "Hope you all liked dat air 'possum!"

It was too late to demure. Like very many other things in Washington—"it's good because it's *different*."

The near quarrel that comes to newlyweds was arranged the following morning when Colony thought that Truman's proposal to go up to the Capitol and see Senator Clapp was "foolish" and felt certain that the Senator wouldn't remember Truman. (Truman had met him at the Merchant's Hotel at St. Paul.) And Colony urged that even if he did remember he would be pre-occupied and would consider them a nuisance—Colony had observed several Senators and Congressmen who had been pointed out to them during the day, and noticed that people bowed to them deferentially and that the bell boys rushed and scrambled when they called. It had impressed her.

But Truman argued that any Senator or Congressman was always glad to see any man who held as important a position as County Attorney, and that anyway it wouldn't make any difference with Senator Clapp, that he wasn't the kind to snub anybody—*Senator or no Senator!* And he suggested that they could even call upon their own Congressman and that he would be glad to see them too. Truman remarked significantly but with



some suggestion of humor, "Didn't our Congressman send me garden seed repeatedly, and a red ribbon, during the campaign last fall?" and Truman explained to Colony about the letter of congratulation the Congressman had sent him on his election as County Attorney—with its "congratulate you (on your election) (on your re-election)"—showing how some stenographer had been given a form to fit all cases and left to look up the lists, but had included the "whole smear" in all letters and saved the trouble of looking up the lists. The Congressman, busy with other things, was always glad to sign them as personal letters to tickle the constituents and vanities.

Then he explained to Colony, "Senator Clapp isn't that kind of a pill. If he has anything to say he says it. If you ask him something that can't be done he tells you so and he don't jolly you along with guff on some mysterious 'power,' like a certain old, crop-whiskered Congressman I know. And he seldom says, 'Wait, dear friend, the time is not yet *ripe*,' to those who deserve favors."

Colony listened interestedly as Truman rattled away about his friend Senator Clapp. "He's the only one that I'd give a continental about seeing," declared Truman, "because he's true-blue and genuine and frank and honest about things and he doesn't indulge in those little, measly tricks that

make you feel like an inferior or some small crawling thing upon the face of old ma earth."

Colony was absorbed in Truman's interest in things political, his wonderful power of dissecting their motives and understanding them, and bride-like she sat drinking in every word as Truman discussed his subject. He predicted that Senator Clapp would be one of the biggest men in the country some day, "For," he said, "men like Clapp, who don't try to fool people about their importance, are always the ones who have real independence of their own. That's why they respect other people's independence. And men who *have* independence won't truckle to the big corporations."

And Truman looked gloomily out of the window as he grumbled, "But I suppose those dog-goned sharks out there in Minnesota'll get his scalp some of these days—they can't stand for anybody having a mind of his own."

Colony now yielded and was herself really interested in going to the Capitol and seeing the Senator. She had caught the contagion of Truman's intense interest and felt willing to risk even his being disappointed. She sat down on the arm of the rocker in which Truman was swinging himself as he rambled away, put both arms around his neck and kissed him, and the matter was decided: they would go to the Capitol and see the Senator.

At ten that morning Truman and Colony were at the East front door of the Senate Chamber. A portly fellow, with side-burns, rose and bowed as they approached the entrance and Truman stated his mission. The man ushered them into a square room just off the hall but overlooking the length of the inside corridor between the Senate Chamber and the lounging-room.

Truman and Colony sat stiffly on a hard marble bench, among a score of people waiting, as they were, and gazing at the thick green carpet, the marble finishing and decorated walls. Finally Colony descried a Mr. Luhring, president of the bank in Minneapolis where the "studio" kept its account, and she announced it feverishly to Truman, in a whisper—although Mr. Luhring was a hundred feet away, in the corridor back of the Senate Chamber. "He's a tremendously big man in Minneapolis," declared Colony. After the usual remarks about the "world not being so big after all" they settled back again for a long wait. At this moment Senator Clapp made his appearance. Truman clutched at Colony's arm. Colony was sure she could hear Truman's heart beat and she felt proud as she glanced at Truman sitting straight as an arrow and ready to spring to his feet and say, "Senator, this is my wife." And Colony recalled that they had not yet met anyone, since the ceremony, where a formal introduc-

tion had been necessary and she wondered how it would sound—

But Senator Clapp was not coming out to see them. He was shaking hands with Mr. Luhring. Colony noticed that he did not smile and wondered if Truman had observed that he was cold and austere. A glance at Truman's face convinced her. Presently the Senator was swinging both arms. Luhring was remonstrating and trying to talk but the Senator's voice rose and he was scolding and scowling at Luhring. Colony thought that Luhring appeared strange and awkward and diffident when she first spied him; now he was completely discomfited and abashed, his face a deep purple, and he seemed to be looking for some place to flee. He was a broken and embarrassed Mr. Luhring, surely not the same Pres. Luhring in the big front office of his bank in Minneapolis whom people approached hat in hand.

Presently they were coming through the reception room toward the outer corridor, Luhring edging ahead and the Senator following, gesturing and scolding—but in a lower tone as they passed the group of waiting people. "It won't do any good for you to urge this matter further, Mr. Luhring. I've made up my mind and that's the end of it. If my attitude hurts me politically, as you say, then I'll be the one to suffer. I can't conscientiously do it and that's all there is to it," the

Senator concluded, as they passed through the waiting room.

Colony was sure the Senator would not recognize Truman and Truman felt himself that he would not be very cordial. Colony was for suggesting that they leave and give up their visit with the Senator while Truman was not entirely—

Luhring had gone. The Senator was coming straight toward them, twitching at his mustache violently. He stopped squarely in front of them. Truman jumped to his feet.

“Wait now, just a minute, wait!” the Senator commanded. Truman was blushing and a hundred thoughts rushed through his mind. It dawned upon him that the Senator was proposing to recall his name without prompting, and pleased with this thought, Truman smiled. The smile refreshed the recurrent memory of the Senator.

“Well—yes—Jamestown, how’s Jamestown?” The Senator was thinking out loud. “Wait, I’ve got you. It’s Treadwell, Truman Treadwell of Jamestown. Say I was glad you came out all right in your fight down there. You know—”

The scowl had gone. The Senator was beaming and shaking Truman’s hand as he spoke. Truman, pulling away his hand and interrupting the Senator, turned toward Colony, “Senator, I want you to—”

“Oh, I know!” the Senator exclaimed and he reached out for Colony’s hands with both of his,

"I heard about it—you're a pretty lucky young fellow all right!" Colony was laughing and blushing and Truman was thankful that the Senator's reception had been so cordial, for Colony's sake.

The Senator turned abruptly away and ordered a page to bring another chair. While the page ran after it the Senator changed his mind and seizing Truman and Colony by the arms propelled them along ahead of him through the carpeted corridor back of the Senate Chamber and then into a more private place. He talked to Colony as they walked along. "You know I like Truman! He's coming right along! I was awful glad he got that county attorney job up there! That'll be a stepping-stone. He can work up from that. We need some good, strong young fellows in Minnesota to take hold of our campaigns. We'll get him out where he can get acquainted a little over the state in some of the campaigns." As they sat down he turned to Truman. "But you know there isn't anybody as independent as a lawyer with a good practice, a good general practice in a good, substantial, small town: everybody looks up to him and he's an uncrowned king! Politics has drawbacks. And I wouldn't advise any young man to get into politics—but politics needs clever, straightforward young men in it."

They talked a while of Minnesota, about politics and Washington, and the Senator took them into

the "President's room," where the Executive comes on the last days of a Congress to sign bills. He showed them the picture of the woman painted on one of the concave quarters of the ceiling whose eyes follow you about the room. Colony was an artist and knew that an image was the same at any position and that eyes faced you wherever you viewed them, but she joined in Truman's great surprise and pleasure at the discovery of a "wonder" and watched other constituents of another Senator as they expressed their admiration. The Senator took them down beneath the dome of the Capitol, where he procured a key from the superintendent of the building and showed them the "crypt" where it had been planned that General George Washington's remains were to rest; and explained how it was they never had. The Senator then arranged for special passes and letters to heads of Bureaus and Departments and at the Senator's insistence it was arranged that they were to have luncheon with him next day at the Senate restaurant, later to call on the President.

Truman and Colony went away from the Capitol happy to think of the cordiality of the Senator and of the prospect of the pleasures before them in the capital city—and of meeting the President. They spent the rest of the afternoon seeing things around the Capitol building and the city. They examined the unevenly balanced statues in Statuary Hall. Truman talked with a Mr. Andy Smith,

who sat behind a walled-in desk over in the corner of the big room which was formerly the Hall of the House of Representatives. They learned he sent out the Congressional Records, the dailies, for the Congressmen, and kept track of the number to their credit, that he represented the Government Printing Office. Truman and Colony both thought that he was one of the most courteous and polite and accommodating individuals that they had ever met. They looked at the Supreme Court Chamber, the old Senate Chamber, the Library of Congress which they thought resembled the State Capitol at St. Paul, the Botanical Gardens and the Navy Yard.

The next morning Truman and Colony went through—in part—the National Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, the Fisheries Commission and the Army and Navy Medical Museum. They “took in” the State, War and Navy Building, the *largest office building in the world*, the Pension Bureau Building, *the largest brick building*, where the inaugural balls were held, the Public Land Office, the Patent Office called the “*Palace of Buried Hopes*,” the Post Office Building characterized by Uncle Joe Cannon as “*a cross between a Wholesale House and a Cathedral*,” the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Government Printing Office, Ford’s Theatre where Lincoln was shot, the old house across the street where he died, and rode to the top of the Washington Monument.



They hired an old nag and a driver who was a guide, and were driven out Sixteenth Street, the "*Avenue of the Presidents*," past residences of Cabinet officers, Justices of the Supreme Court, Senators and Congressmen. They were shown the Embassies and Legations of Great Britain, France, Spain, Russia, Argentina, Italy, Germany, China and Japan. Colony was by way of enjoying her honeymoon.

The following day they dined with the Senator at the Capitol. In the elevator the Senator introduced Colony to a fellow-passenger, "Mrs. Treadwell, this is Bishop Ireland." Colony shook hands with a big, smiling man and expressed her pleasure at meeting the Bishop. At table the Senator inquired of Colony what she thought of "the Bishop," and winked at Truman. Colony caught the spirit of it and pleaded to know the truth—she saw the "Bishop" at a table in the other corner of the restaurant with other Senate colleagues. It was Senator Penrose.

The good-natured joke made Truman and Colony feel quite at home. They were introduced to Senator Lodge and "Pitchfork" Tillman, Senator McCumber of North Dakota, Senator Galligher of New Hampshire and Senator Nelson of Minnesota. They met Congressmen Tawney and McCleary of their own state; "Sunny" Jim Sherman and Chas. Knapp, who mentioned the pleasant weather they were having.

Later, out in the corridor, the Senator introduced Truman and Colony to a couple of new Congressmen from Minnesota, Davis and Volstead—respectively, a big, square-shouldered, handsome, well-dressed man, and a slender, diffident-appearing, youth with shaggy hair and a bushy mustache who seemed to have an eye upon the future.

Truman had heard of them. Colony wasn't sure.

"Wouldn't it be fine if you could ever go to Congress, Truman!" Colony threw in as they left the Capitol that day. Truman agreed.

The visit to the White House was the most stimulating of any event during their stay in Washington. It brought with it certain amusing misunderstandings and complications of which they did not dream.

They were electrified at the way in which President Roosevelt dashed out into the reception room. They were astounded at the cordial familiarity of Senator Clapp and the President. They marvelled at the abruptness not less than the usual tact and diplomacy shown by the President, who seemed able to remember so many men and women from different corners of the country, so many cities and incidents of trips and meetings; he recalled folks promptly, dismissed them quickly and seized the hand of the next visitor—to rush

around the room and dart back into the semi-secrecy of his private room.

They were "filled to the brim with inexpressible emotion," as Colony had afterward described it at Jamestown, when Senator Clapp followed the President back into his room, swished open the door and beckoned to Truman and Colony. They found themselves ensconced in easy chairs, at the elbow of the President of the United States. And Truman pinched himself to make sure that he was awake when the President said, "Isn't Jamestown a railroad-division point, Mr. Treadwell? . . . I've been through there. I remember it."

Colony sat meditating to herself, "And the President of the United States knows my husband now! and he remembers Jamestown!"

When they left, the President shook hands with all of them. To Colony he declared, and shook her hand sincerely, "My little lady, I want to wish you and your husband the best of success on this trip and on your whole life's journey. You're both lucky!" He said the last with a high-pitched squeak to his voice.

Truman and Colony were in high feather. This was a triumph! Colony was so pleased now that she had yielded to Truman's plan to visit the Senator, and she expressed it to Truman as they were returning through the reception room. Truman did not hear her: he was absorbed with the

thought that probably he was the only man in Jamestown who had ever met the President of—

Two men passed them, walking rapidly toward the door of the private room. Colony nudged him.

“Trume, did you see him?” she whispered excitedly.

“Who?” demanded Truman.

“Colonel Rucker!” exclaimed Colony in a stage whisper. Truman wheeled around but the men had entered the President’s private room and the door was closed behind.

“That’s Senator Nelson, with a fellow from out in Minnesota who is bothering around here about some post office appointment in a town out there,” explained Senator Clapp.

The next morning the newlyweds, wiser and happier, were en route to their little home in the West. Both knew more about politics. Colony was sure now that politics was more important than she had formerly thought from her rather superficial view of city affairs in Minneapolis, and Truman explained to her that—after all—the starting place for politics was *not* at Washington but at Jamestown; that Washington didn’t *make* Jamestown but that it was the thousands of Jamestowns that *made* Washington. And he explained to Colony that the “hanger-on” method of “getting down on your knees” and toadying to the man in power was the game that *everybody*

could play; that Rucker could see the President, *that way*.

And he explained to Colony: "Colony, *we'll* be the people to take the *Ruckers* and the *Treadwells* to the President. All we've got to do is to *fight it out* in a *bunch* of *Jamestowns* and *Nantowah Counties*, just like we've done in our own Jamestown and our own Nantowah County. And it'll be a hard and rocky road, too!"

Colony sat reflectively a long time and then she looked up at Truman, smiled and said, "Yes, Truman, but it's worth it!"

Their last evening, on the observation car between Chicago and St. Paul, Truman told Colony all about the card club at Jamestown.

Colony had never played cards. She reflected a moment and then she said, "I'll learn, and we'll get up a card club of our own!"

## XVIII

### A GOOD TIME HAD!

On the day after the Treadwells left Minneapolis for Chicago and the East the *Jamestown Times* contained a front-page article:

**"SURPRISE TO JAMESTOWNITES"—  
"COUNTY ATTORNEY TREADWELL MARRIED—"** were the headlines.

The text of the article read—

"Jamestownites were treated to the surprise of the season Thursday when the nuptial notices in the morning papers from Minneapolis carried the intelligence that Truman Treadwell, Nantowah's popular County Attorney, had been married to Miss Colony Merritt, a charming young society girl of Minneapolis and formerly a resident of Jamestown. The only Jamestownite to know in advance of the affair was Albert Peterson who was best man. Miss Mattie Fess of Minneapolis was bridesmaid.

"The wedding was entirely informal. The bride and groom left on the evening train for Eastern points and it is understood will be 'at home' at Jamestown the latter part of the month.

"All of the host of friends of both bride and groom join the *Times* in wishing the young people the best of life's joys and happiness.

"All predict for the groom a brilliant career as a lawyer and public official, and Jamestown society will welcome the addition which the charming personality of the bride will give it."

The *Herald* came out the following morning and contained a small local article on an inside page—

"Word reaches the *Herald* just before going to press that Truman Treadwell, one of Jamestown's younger lawyers, was married last Thursday at Minneapolis to Miss Colony Merritt, formerly of Jamestown. The *Herald* goes to press too early to secure particulars but it is understood that the happy couple will go to housekeeping in the Monahan residence south of the creamery. The *Herald* welcomes the happy bride to Jamestown. She is the daughter of the late Lawrence Merritt, who died recently in a flat in Minneapolis and was once owner of the Merritt estate. She was stenographer for Colonel Thurston W. Rucker prior to leaving Jamestown and was working in an art studio at the time of her marriage. The groom is a young attorney and is quite well and favorably known in local business circles."

Walter Crampton was climbing. He had "made good" as boiler inspector and it was "suggested" that he be appointed postmaster for an impending vacancy. Colonel Rucker had gone to Washington, and everybody expected news momentarily that Crampton's appointment was forthcoming. But there seemed to be delay, as

there always is when a whole community like Jamestown is waiting for news of something that isn't due to happen, perhaps, for months.

Colonel Rucker had told Walter that he could not expect anything definite even after he had returned from Washington, but notwithstanding this Walter and his friends believed that when Colonel Rucker—*Colonel Thurston W. Rucker*—got to Washington there would be immediate and favoring news that Walter Crampton was the settled choice for postal preferment.

Walter Crampton was standing in Winslow's drug store. John Peterson, Tad Wheeler and several others were there. There was some talk about the post office. There was talk about what would be done to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Truman Treadwell back to Jamestown that night. This talk was interrupted by a telegram to Walter Crampton. There was suspense and only a feint at desultory conversation while Walter opened the telegram, scanned it, and slid it into his pocket without making any announcement of its contents.

The conversation turned again to the proposed reception for the Treadwells and much to the surprise of every one it was Walter Crampton who first proposed, "Let's chip in and get the band! Let's show 'em that Jamestown can do the thing up right!" Everyone very naturally agreed. There was a hurry and bustle the remainder of



the day. Rig-outs and make-ups were brought out of attics. The Gould House was decorated in gala attire. A midnight luncheon was prepared. The big dining-room was turned into a ball-room, and the floor waxed. An orchestra was improvised of the band musicians. Everything was made ready for a real reception for the Treadwells—*Walter Crampton, charge d'affaires*.

Truman and Colony were somewhat dazed at the reception given them. Especially inexplicable was the enthusiasm of Walter Crampton. Truman was almost ready to overlook all of Walter's duplicity and felt that probably after all he was a real friend. Colony was not quite so sure, and seemed inclined to defer arriving at any conclusion, but she admitted to Truman, in view of the many things that Truman had told her of his activities, that she was nonplussed. But everyone sailed in and had a good time. It was daylight before the last dance was played and the affair was over.

Truman and Colony Treadwell had been largely received at Jamestown and next morning the whole town was agog. To think that Walter Crampton of the Rucker crowd, and a lot of others, had waxed so highly enthusiastic over the reception of Truman Treadwell and his bride. Had a millennium come? Would the sun stand still! What had happened? Walter Crampton alone held the cards. He was reticent—and jubi-

lant. He had played a trump card—*he thought*; and he happily nursed this thought until Colonel Rucker returned from Washington.

Then Jamestown learned what had happened; then Jamestown learned the Ruckerites didn't mean it. But it was too late!

The preternatural magnanimity of Walter Crampton and the anti-Treadwells was soon explained away. This is what happened: when Senator Nelson and Colonel Rucker had followed Senator Clapp and Truman and Colony Treadwell into President Roosevelt's private room in the White House, and Colonel Rucker had been introduced, the President exclaimed, "Colonel Rucker, I have just met the young man from your town who is County Attorney of that county. A splendid chap, by George!"

Colonel Rucker had left Jamestown before the local papers were out and knew nothing of Truman Treadwell's marriage. Like any politician he said nothing, made no inquiries, and like all oily workers who labor with an air of mysticism and shroud their political missions by declarations of vicarious business errands, Colonel Rucker concluded that Truman Treadwell was at the White House on politics—to see about the Jamestown post office. He wired Walter Crampton that night from the hotel:

"TREADWELL SAW PRESIDENT TODAY.  
SEE HIM AND MAKE FRIENDLY OVER-

TURES WHEN HE GETS BACK. KEEP CONFIDENTIAL."

When Colonel Rucker got back to learn that Truman Treadwell's mission was honeymooning and not politics, and that the town had dined-and-banqueted the Treadwells, with a feeling of ire and commingled amusement he "leaked" the whole story to Steve Humphreys, though he swore him to secrecy. But it was difficult to keep secrets in Jamestown when Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, had a part in the drama and next day Jamestown discussed President Roosevelt and the Jamestown post office and Colonel Rucker and the Treadwells and the ten-dollar bill that Walter Crampton put in for the reception.

It was water over the mill. It was a send-off for the new card club, willy-nilly.

Albert said, "If Teddy knew it he sure would say, 'It's bully!'"

And it was "bully" for Colony and Truman Treadwell.

## XIX

### COLONY'S PARTY

It was after Lent. Truman Treadwell had passed a somewhat turbulent day. A jury in District Court had brought in an adverse verdict; he had had words with Horace Dowell, Jr., at Winlow's drug store concerning the case; old Mrs. Wheeler, Tad's mother—old James Wheeler, pioneer merchant had died a week preceding—had taken the "estate" to Attorney Snyder for settlement, and Tad had explained to Truman that his mother had known Truman "since a child" and just couldn't think of him as a lawyer; and, to cap all, Albert—Albert Peterson—had "'fessed up" to Truman that very afternoon that he was engaged to Boise Jourdan.

Truman dragged himself down from his office at about half-past six that evening—the hour when Jamestown is as quiet as a stage street-scene; when everyone is home for the evening meal and the early loungers have not yet returned for the evening pastimes of visiting, smoking, playing pocket-pool, swapping yarns, sipping beer—no, not that.

The days were lengthening. A stray beam from the low sun flashed against spring fabrics displayed in the tailor-shop window. Rounded ridges of packed ice in the streets were washed by rivulets of snow water, stirred by a shifty spring wind that flapped awning edges and swayed a squeaking land-sign suspended from a corner. High feathery clouds were swirling northward and barn swallows darted into dirty pools in miniature valleys in the streets, or stood flapping their wings on raised pebbles set in black ice.

Truman met Tom Dunbar plodding across-corners with a kit of carpenter tools on his shoulder. John Johnson, clerk and bookkeeper at Haugen's, was hurrying back toward "town," accompanied by a wooden toothpick. A huge yellow morning-glory-shaped horn at Hawley's Cigar Store was pouring forth rasping strains of "Stars and Stripes" from a phonograph.

Truman dropped in at Hawley's, as there was yet time before he should be home. The Cosmopolitan Club was holding forth that afternoon and his instructions were not to "show up" until the guests had cleared away.

Ray Hawley, the cigar store proprietor, was one of Truman's supporters; so was Nick Langley, the barber, who was lounging in the store when Truman went in. "How are you, boys?"

Truman greeted. "Fine! How they coming, Trume?" returned Ray Hawley.

"Say, Trume! Did you hear about Albert and Miss Jourdan?" queried Nick Langley.

"Yes, I did," replied Truman as he edged up to the show-case and peered in at the cigars. "Let's have a cigar," he directed to Ray Hawley. Nick Langley and Truman picked out cigars from the box held out by Ray Hawley. "Have one yourself, Ray," Truman added, and Ray Hawley promptly restored the box to the case, reached over into a better-displayed box of "poor sellers," selected a smoke, bit the end off, lit it, and puffed his cheeks as he sucked violently at it. Then he remarked as he flourished the fresh-lit cigar and twirled it in his fingers, "That's pretty swell doin's for Albert, all right—all right!"

Truman did not answer. "Gosh! I could marry her myself if I wasn't tied up!" Nick Langley rejoined.

"Yah! I guess you could!" replied Ray and lit his cigar again. The phonograph had run down but Ray did not start it. He was talking, "She's the swellest doin's around *this* old town for *many a day*. And they say she's the *wisest gazabo* that ever struck *Jamestown*. Walter Crampton says *he* saw her one Saturday night up at Barge's in Minneapolis—the time she went away for the Christmas vacation—and the pace she was putting away the *dry Martinis* and the

*Manhattan cocktails* and the *mint-juleps* was a *fright*. I guess she's *some traveler* all right," Ray Hawley continued.

Truman waited until Ray Hawley had talked himself out. Then he said in the most calm and friendly tone: "Well—yes—'course that's so. You see a girl raised in New York City has entirely different ideas from us people here. They don't think anything of drinking a little and the women drink wine the same as the men. Boise Jourdan is the kind that don't make any secret of anything like that; I'm sure of it. But, of course, she couldn't get up parties over at the 'Cheese Box' and have a lot of Jamestown girls and a lot of us fellows over there. They'd think it was bad stuff and probably it *would turn out* that way because *thinking it so would make it so*. But Boise Jourdan's idea is that a thing *isn't bad* unless it is bad, and I'm not so sure but what the people that think *that way* are on the average *just about as good* as the rest of us who are so dog-goned finicky about everything."

Both Ray and Nick listened with absorbed interest and acceded to the views Truman had expressed; Nick Langley very enthusiastically responded, "You bet! And I'll bet Albert is getting a better wife than if he'd picked up some sniffing little thing that was always sucking her finger and afraid that a breeze from a saloon window would blow on her."

In a few minutes more Truman continued on his way, feeling that his conference concerning Albert and Boise Jourdan had been in the main quite satisfactory. But Truman was troubled, and about this very thing—the impending marriage of Albert Peterson to Boise Jourdan. He picked his way through the dark streets, thinking that he and Albert were friends and that Boise and Colony would be friends. Boise Jourdan *was* all right in every way, he thought. A friendship with her could be as clean and on as high a plane as it were possible for friendships to be. But he wondered what they would *say*? What would they *do* when they heard that Boise Jourdan was going to marry Albert Peterson? And—how would this *highball* story sound with Walter Crampton munching it over? And hadn't Walter Crampton tried *himself* to *get in with Boise Jourdan* and wasn't he—

He mused again how well he had managed to twist Ray Hawley and Nick Langley around in their opinions of Boise Jourdan. But Ray Hawley and Nick Langley would be different than Hans Peterson and Judge Steve Humphreys and the Haugens and the Johnsons, and even Tad Wheeler didn't think much of this drinking stunt. As he neared the corner at his home he mumbled to himself, as if to sum up before the matter was dismissed from his mind, "I can head off a political band-wagon in Nantowah County, but when



Colonel Rucker and Walter Crampton and Hannah Dowell Treadwell get started on poor Albert and Boise Jourdan, God only knows! This society business gets my goat! But it'll be nice to have Albert and Boise over evenings," Truman thought, as he turned in at an old-fashioned, homey place where lights at every window gleamed in thin streaks around the edges of closely-pulled shades.

Truman Treadwell paused a moment as he mounted the porch steps and stood before the door. Then making sure that there was none of the familiar babel of assembled women-folks at card-play, he swung open the door that led directly into the big front room.

Rows of folding tables with hand-worked and lace-bordered linen covers and doilies were set with hand-painted china and cut-glass and silver, strewn with dainty particles of nut and lettuce sandwiches and stuffed olives. Scattered playing cards, smears of chicken salad, hunks of layer cake, sediment of coffee in shell-like cups and melting ice cream on the tables surrounded by empty, mocking, folding-chairs confirmed Truman's diagnosis that there was a fresh cessation of the festivities of the Cosmopolitan Club.

Truman stood contemplating the room. He recalled Albert's suggestion about having a card club of *their own*. He wished *Albert* could see *this lay-out now*. It was a triumph, he thought.

He was not fighting his battles alone now. He had able assistance. And this part of it was so *easy* and pleasant and so *gay*. He was glad for Colony's sake! But where was Colony? He went into the bedroom. Colony was standing before the dresser.

"How did it come out, Colony? Did they all enjoy it?"

"Enjoy it!" Colony cried, as she turned toward Truman, rubbing her eyes with a powder-puff, and burst into tears.

"What was it, Colony? Did something go wrong? Didn't the refreshments all come? Did somebody *say* something?" he cried frantically, as he saw that Colony was unnerved and had been crying.

By degrees Colony braced herself and related the story of the first social session of the Cosmopolitan Club. Truman and Colony sat between the scattered tables, Truman punching a score-card with a conductor's punch and expressing surprise and sympathy and amazement as Colony related the happenings of the joyous session: how Pauline Humphreys "didn't come" and "broke the couples" and Colony had to "play"; how Walter Crampton's sister said Truman "bought" all of this hand-painted china and Colony "couldn't paint at all"; that Walter had been to the studio and that Colony was "just learning"; how that Bernice Kelly, Clark's printer's wife,

mashed the salad into the best hand-worked silk doily; how they discussed the post office appointment—which was still hanging fire; how old Mrs. Wheeler had said that Albert Peterson had better look out *what he was getting for a wife*; and how Hannah Dowell Treadwell—who was “put out” because Colony had not asked her to assist her in receiving—told that Truman was a *little sweet on Boise Jourdan himself* not so long ago.

It was very late when they finished talking, Colony was exhausted, but well-nigh persuaded that it was a right fair party after all. Truman sat looking at Colony’s pallid face and her folds of black hair—it seemed blue-black, slate-colored. Colony curled herself up on his lap. He pressed his hands gently over her eyes—bloodshot from crying.

Truman turned off the lights and raised the window-shade and they sat looking out into the street. The cold night air came in through the open window. They remembered the long night vigil together on Twelfth Street, and again, as then, he bore her tenderly in and laid her on the bed. . . .

Neither politics nor society had any terrors for them. They were at peace with all the world, together.

## CONVENTION OF THREE

The next year or two things just jogged along at Jamestown. Neither faction—everyone was pretty well settled into either the Rucker or the Treadwell camp—seemed to make any particular headway over the other.

It was pretty well taken for granted that Rucker couldn't break down Truman Treadwell in Nantowah County, but it was also as well settled that Truman Treadwell couldn't break in up at St. Paul with the state politicians. There was a tenacious way with the state crowd in sticking to these outside leaders once they had been recognized. Tad Wheeler had commented, "Once a culprit always a culprit," in politics, and that they didn't dare turn Colonel Rucker down—that he "had it on them" in too many ways.

The two card clubs, the "Golden Spoon" and the "Cosmopolitan" continued drawing the lines tighter and tighter until there were but a few in Jamestown who had entry to both. Hannah Dowell Treadwell was one. She sympathized

openly with the Rucker faction but she had the exasperating strangle-hold of relationship to the Treadwells. Colony was diplomatic and tactful and long-suffering and therefore did not heed Truman's injunctions, which she felt were prompted by a spirit of self-sacrifice to her, to make Hannah Dowell Treadwell "fish or cut bait." He had suggested significantly to her, "We can't get her on our side but we can put her on the other, where she can't do us any harm."

When the next campaign approached the Rucker crowd began to discover many omissions and commissions in the performance of the County Attorney's office. This nettled and bothered Tad Wheeler and John and Albert Peterson. Walter Crampton predicted that it would be "hard for Truman Treadwell to get elected again." When the time came for filing, the Treadwell faction got together and they decided that they would put up several candidates for several different offices in the county and that they would give the Rucker crowd something to do to keep them busy all along the line. The plan was so successful that when the election was over, not only was Truman Treadwell triumphantly re-elected, carrying nearly every precinct in the county, but Jim Garrett was beaten for sheriff and the candidates of the new crowd "cleaned up" the old candidates for Register of Deeds and County Superintendent of Schools.

One of the outstanding events of the year was a quarrel over business affairs between Colonel Rucker and Doctor Little—a keen man who had devoted himself strictly to his profession and had eschewed politics, but who once aroused was not afraid “of the devil or high water.” Doctor Little was a tremendous factor in the anti-Rucker forces. He was now ready and anxious to fight. He was an adviser who felt his way—but when he had made up his mind would never turn back.

It was the time of the precinct primaries over the state for the selection of delegates to county conventions, the conventions that sent delegates to the state conventions to choose party candidates for state office. The popular primary election did not then apply to state office nominees, but only to county nominees.

Doctor Little advised that the Treadwell crowd should make a fight for places in the county conventions. Others of the crowd were against it. Truman yielded to the Doctor's entreaties, “A general ought to keep a little ahead of his army,” he mused to himself. So disregarding the advice of his other associates to “keep out” for fear that he would “hurt his own candidacy,” he decided that the “fight had to be carried on re-

gardless"; that, as he put it, "We've got to keep on the job and fighting hard all along the line!"

Truman Treadwell, John Peterson—John was no more loyal to the cause than Albert but he would fight at the drop of the hat if need be—and Doctor Little, held a precinct primary caucus in their ward to select the delegates to the county convention. Truman had learned that a store—then occupied, but vacant at the time of the last general election and used as the regular polling-place—was still the legal place for the holding of the precinct primaries for this purpose, as no other had been designated as required by law; so, while the "old crowd" was holding the precinct primaries in a room at the court house, Truman, John Peterson and Doctor Little held the "regular precinct caucuses" on the steps of the store in question. They selected a chairman and secretary, temporary; made their organization permanent; and selected delegates—themselves and three others—to make the quota to the county convention.

When the county convention was called Truman appeared "at the head of" the contesting delegation from his precinct. They refused him permission to appear before the credentials committee, the committee whose business it was to determine this very question. He then took the floor of the convention while the temporary organization was not yet permanent, and before the cre-

dentials committee had reported, and made a speech of half an hour in length, regardless of Rucker's chairman who rapped frantically for order. As he had done at Germantown some years before he let his traducers yell themselves hoarse, finally got the attention of the convention, and finished his speech in which he accused them of "framing up" their *slate* and described to the men present the arrogance of the "gang," as he called them, in fixing the *slate* and then expecting the delegates from the distant points in the county to drive in through the mud to *ratify something that had already been done* before they got there.

Much to his surprise Truman was himself seated in the convention, but Doctor Little was not. He then fought the report in which Doctor Little was refused a seat. He fought every other step taken and forced the selection of the delegates to the state convention "in the open," on the floor of the convention,—instead of the system of a *Rucker man* moving that a committee to select such delegates be selected by a *Rucker chairman* and a *Rucker committee on delegates* selecting a *list of names of men picked by Colonel Rucker*. Truman Treadwell was himself nominated despite his protest, by a *Rucker man* who nominated him "to beat him," and the convention just as promptly beat him by a substantial majority.

When it was over all agreed—John and Albert



and Tad Wheeler and Colony—that it was a master stroke; John Peterson said, “Now everybody understands it. They know what we’re fighting *against* and what we’re fighting *for*.” Tad and Albert agreed that it was an educator; Colony said that it was “better than Germantown.” It was the beginning of the end of the “air-tight control” of the “old crowd.”

That fall Colonel Rucker and his associates were making up the list for speakers in the county campaign for state officers. The Colonel did not show the magnanimous spirit of two years before and the others, who were beginning to believe that the Colonel’s stubbornness might bring them ultimate trouble, were not so docile as before. The matter of speakers was threshed out and Truman Treadwell was agreed to as one of the list.

Walter Crampton, with a great flourish, called Truman Treadwell’s office. “Out of the city,” was the only information given by the young girl at the office.

“I’ll call his house,” announced Walter, and rang the telephone again.

There was a look of surprise and consternation on their faces when Walter Crampton hung up the receiver and announced, “We can’t get him; he’s campaigning up North for the state committee.”

Colonel Rucker went to St. Paul next day. Yes,

—Truman Treadwell *was* campaigning for the state committee up in the northern part of the state. He had given several speeches in which he had made a good impression and was registering real headway as a political campaigner.

Truman Treadwell did not see Colonel Rucker at the state headquarters of the Republican Committee the day after Walter Crampton had called him at his office at Jamestown; and he did not know that the green young fellow who was managing the speaker's bureau for the committee received changed instructions after Colonel Rucker's visit. But he *did* notice a strange thing; that notwithstanding he made the very best impression everywhere he spoke, and that county committees had asked the state committee to have him assigned to *larger* and *more important* towns, they constantly sent him to *less important ones* and finally *left him to drum up his own audiences*.

"Surely," Truman said to himself, "the wheels of our *Band-Wagon* grind slow—but they grind most damnably fine."

At the expiration of Truman Treadwell's second term as County Attorney he became a candidate for the state legislature.

There were two counties in the legislative district, Nantowah and one adjoining. They elected two members of the lower House *at large*—every voter in both counties each voted for two candidates. The "old crowd" would have two candi-

dates. Truman knew this was a handicap and tried to get someone to become a candidate, like himself, *against* the "old crowd"—so that his supporters would vote for *both* and *not for him and then one of the "old crowd" candidates*, thus giving him in effect but *one-half* instead of one *whole* vote against his opposition. People would not understand it. He would be ground under the wheels of the *Band-Wagon*. But the fight had to be made—win or lose. He must extend the fight to the "old crowds" in *two counties* and later to others. He must *fight on*, consistently, as long as there was anything to fight.

With this purpose Truman Treadwell announced his candidacy for the legislature, made a speech-making campaign in the two counties of the district against mathematical odds that he knew could not be overcome, and was duly defeated by several hundred votes.

## XXI

### BELOW PAR

Again Truman Treadwell was forced to see his political stock go down—down very far below *par*. And no one appreciated, as did he, that it must still continue to go down—not for weeks or months, but for years—perhaps to fifty per centum, or to zero, or below—like Minnesota weather. And like Minnesota weather, Truman thought, it can only get so low; and then it must come back up again.

He planned and studied and thought. He reviewed the *great questions* that were being discussed in the newspapers—some of them somewhat—and in the magazines and in Congress. He ruminated over what *he* would do and of his ideas of their solution. He was *against* the Czar system employed in the House of Representatives in Washington—a system that has since been abolished—and *against* the controlled-convention system employed in the states by which national politics itself was sustained in party management and mismanagement—a system not much abolished.

During his recent campaign for the legislature a prominent politician had called him aside one day to talk politics, *confidential* politics. He had stated to Truman that the *ostensible* issue in the campaign was County Option; that they were not interested in that; that he had talked with "some of the boys who do things politically at St. Paul"; that they believed that he, Treadwell, was a coming man in politics; that if he would "play ball and come clean" with "the boys" there wasn't anything they wouldn't do for a fellow that "could go out and make campaign speeches"; that what they were interested in was to see to it that *no tonnage-tax bill* was passed; that the *people were not thinking about that*, that he wouldn't have to commit himself on it and nothing would ever be thought of it; and finally, if this squared with his views all O. K., some of the "boys" who were interested in "keeping everything in harmony in the party," he thought, would be able to get—"say a thousand dollars"—"assigned to Treadwell's district to carry on the campaign."

The proposition had astounded Truman. He had been overwhelmed to see how they worked politics and what, he knew now, he would have to fight—not in this particular campaign, for he had never had any suspicion that his successful opponents in that campaign were "regulated" in their official acts—but in other and bigger campaigns to come. He had seen too that these things

were full of sugar-coated pills, disguised with phrases like "square-deal," "harmony-in-the-party"—"assigning, say-a-thousand, to the district," etc., and he was equally satisfied that it would be the easiest and pleasantest matter in the world to "drift along" and follow the path of "least resistance" and let "the boys" do the worrying and furnish the "sinews of war": *this way the steps in politics*—if he developed as a public speaker, as he had every prospect of doing—would come one after another as easily as could be. He pictured the honored Knute Nelson, United States Senator from Minnesota, County Attorney of his county, elected to the legislature, then to Congress, then Governor, and then United States Senator—probably for life—not that he had been advanced by these methods, for Truman didn't know—but he tried to think what important fundamental principles the Senator had stood conspicuously for during his long career and what *signal fights* he had made on behalf of the people. He didn't know.

But he did know that Senator Robert M. La-Follette, whom Colony and he had met in Washington just before he took his seat in the United States Senate, had made a fight in Wisconsin and had defeated the crowd who controlled the politics of the state of Wisconsin. And he recalled that Albert B. Cummins of Iowa, who had just taken his seat in the United States Senate on the No-

vember before—1908—had made a similar fight in the state of Iowa. And a traveling man, whom Truman knew, was very enthusiastic about the struggle Hiram Johnson was having out in California, and was certain that if he kept up the scrap against the political powers that were backed by the Southern Pacific Railroad in that state, he would be elected Governor of California in the following election, as he was.

Which course? Truman Treadwell asked himself: the easy one, which brings sure elections, ease, comfort, luxury, "honor" and prestige, or the rough and rocky that must mean a long and systematic course of hardship, privation, and possible failure, but the course which offered—because so many avoided it—the real opportunity for genuine service!

Would he choose the broad, smooth highway to the reputation of being a shrewd, foxy, slippery, sagacious politician who could trim his sails to popular sentiment and ride the crest waves, or the uneven road that led to turbulent fighting, annihilation of reputation and temporary obliteration by cliques and newspapers with their powerful prestige—but the *only possible opportunity for that genuine service?*

He looked up at the portrait of Lincoln hung over his office desk. He wheeled around in his swivel chair, a black walnut, leather-upholstered affair, and faced another painting, in oils—a

canvas by Colony—"Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane." He sat for an hour looking out of the office window. He pictured the old round-house; clay pigeons and a gray pony; the University; Chickaumauga Park; Germantown; Judge Sandberg's Court; the Nairda Picnic; *the Band-Wagon*. . . . And when the sun was dipping into the western sky, a great ball of deep red flame consuming the fringe of distant tree-tops, Truman Treadwell was sitting, straight and rigid, lips pursed, staring fiercely at the weird scene like a man enchanted.

He clenched his fists and muttered an oath. He had made his determination.

And he did not underestimate the enormity of the task he was to undertake. He did overestimate the *permanency* of the decision; and little realized then the tremendous obstacles that would be cast across his path to force him to determine, and again, not,—"*Shall I go on?*" but, "*Can I go on?*"

He left the office meditating to himself that thus far each step had been a natural one and that people had understood even though they did not agree; that now he was to consider one that would seem chimerical, illusive, visionary—audacious and popularly unreasonable.

He felt that even Colony, who was intensely practical—with all of her wonderful affection and



sympathy and tenderheartedness—could never comprehend so colossal an undertaking.

But he must start the construction of this *big Band-Wagon*. “It’ll be another ‘Nairda’,” he muttered tiredly, as he turned the key in the door.

## XXII

### RISING STOCK

Jamestown was astir.

Truman Treadwell was a *candidate for Congress*.

Truman sat in his office looking over the Minneapolis morning papers which reached Jamestown that morning.

#### “WILL RUN FOR CONGRESS—JAMESTOWN LAWYER ENTERS LISTS”

ran the headings in the first paper. The article read:

“Truman Treadwell, a young lawyer of Jamestown, was in Minneapolis last evening and announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Congress.”

A statement followed as to the district being normally a Republican district and that it was then represented by a Democrat. After giving the circumstances of the previous election it closed:

"Mr. Treadwell is a practicing lawyer at Jamestown and was County Attorney of Nantowah County for *one* term. It is said there will be several other candidates for the nomination. Senator N. O. T. Simuhderf of Notnitrow and S. N. Collier of Modny City have been mentioned by the press, and many leading Republicans are urging someone to file who can *harmonize* the district."

The other Minneapolis paper contained a very modest article, without headlines, stating that Truman Treadwell, a "young lawyer of *Modny City*," was a candidate for Congress. In a slap-dash of political news in this same paper, the next day, there was another article containing quite an extended discussion of things political and mentioning ten or twelve different men of the district, including Colonel Rucker and Attorney P. H. Snyder, as prospective candidates, which concluded with the following gem:

"*Herbert* Treadwell, a young attorney of *Modny City*, has announced his intention to try for the nomination but it is said he will not be able to secure the backing of the leading Republicans. There is some talk of calling a meeting of leading Republicans of the district to call upon some strong Republican to make the race."

Truman read the article over several times. Then he threw it into the corner.

"They want somebody to make the race, do they? I'll give 'em all of the race they want before I get through with 'em—if it takes ten years! The cringing old stool pigeons! If old Bill Scott told 'em to predict that Halley's Comet would get the Democratic nomination for Vice-President on the Prohibition ticket, they'd reason it out with all of the logic of an endowed professor of mathematics!" And Truman was ready for the fight.

Tad Wheeler and John and Albert Peterson were enthusiastic. Ray Hawley and Nick Langley were interested. Hans Peterson said, "Trume'll give 'em a fight!" Adolph Swanson said, "*Yamestown ought to stick by Treadvell.*" Pauline Humphreys said quietly, "I never saw anything worry 'the Colonel' so much." And Hannah Dowell Treadwell said, "He'll be running for President next!"

In Truman's mail there was a flood of letters from advertising specialty companies, commercial associations, labor organizations, foreign-language newspapers and circular letter concerns.

The *Anti-Saloon League*, the *Personal Liberty League*, the *Retail Druggists Association*, the *Mississippi River Improvement League*, the *Minnesota Valley Drainage Association*, the *Farmer's Equitable Protective and Co-operative Mutual Association of North America*, the *Amalgamated American Union of Horseshoers*—some local, some state, some national—all wrote Truman

'Treadwell and demanded to know his exact position and exactly what he would do if elected to Congress upon many proposed measures, some of which were named, others of which were enclosed, and some of which were neither definitely named nor enclosed, but called by some popular name.

Colony came to the office frequently, as she was over-town on errands, and read the numberless letters from everywhere with their exordiums reciting Truman's aspirations and their matter-of-fact inquires as to how Truman should vote in Congress. It seemed to the girl that great progress was being made. One day she was in high spirits and remarked to Truman that everything seemed to be "coming along perfectly." Truman turned in his chair and looked at her for some minutes. Colony sat down.

"No, Colony," he said at last, "we must not allow them to lull us to sleep. The politicians are letting my little boom run along for a while to see how it takes. But they are busy all of the time just the same. Look at this," and he handed Colony a clipping from the political slag-heap of the Minneapolis paper—the column written to make sentiment according to the orders of the *machine crowd*.

The clipping recited the "conditions" in the district; stated that there was a great deal of talk among Republican leaders about "getting together on an *available* candidate for Congress," and

related that many of the *leading Republicans* were urging the Honorable Jaime C. Dempsey, a popular state official, to make the run. It then affirmed that many "leaders" thought Mr. Treadwell was *too young* for the position.

Colony dropped the clipping and looked at Truman, astonished.

"How old is this Dempsey?" she demanded of Truman.

"About my age, Colony," Truman replied.

"Well, how is that, Truman? Can they be so unfair as that?"

"It's the *Band-Wagon*, Colony—just the *Band-Wagon*," answered Truman. And he explained to Colony all about the sentiment after the Nairda Picnic speech; how it all went up and out in a heap, when the word had come from "the gang." And he told her again how he went out to get a *Band-Wagon* of his own to make the *Band-Wagon* for the Jamestownites to ride on—and about Sasnak Lake.

"It's the big '*Colonel Ruckers*' and the big '*Walter Cramptons*,' Colony, helping to get the *Band-Wagon* going for their own political chain-gang. It means we've got to *fight*. We've got to start *our* *Band-Wagon*, Colony,—the *big Band-Wagon*," he said, as he pulled down the desk top and reached for his keys.

Next morning Truman Treadwell, Esq. and candidate for Congress, started out on the north-

bound train, campaigning. He campaigned *incessantly*. He was home for Sunday only. He got out stacks of circulars. He made lists. He stopped voters and handed them cards. He delivered window lithographs personally; sent them by mail; distributed them by volunteers. He subscribed for all friendly papers and some unfriendly ones. He thanked those who helped and ignored those who didn't. He called *once*—the first visit to their town—on the “leaders” whom he knew would be against him. He now claimed distant counties as he had once claimed distant towns or precincts in his county fights. He found, as he had found in those fights, that the *timbers* for the construction of this *big Band-Wagon* were the *identical style and shape* of those for the *little Band-Wagon*; that it was not “What do you stand for?” “What are your principles?”—but “How do you stand in Nantowah County, and in Selbon County?” and “How many votes will you get in Modny City?” and “How does Senator Simuhderf stand?” and “Is Collier for you?”

So he gave his whole energies to creating an indispensable, omnipotent, clean and over-powering *Band-Wagon* for the use of honest and every-day people.

## XXIII

### MR. SERDBY CALLS

The campaign of Truman Treadwell was going with surprising leaps and bounds despite all predictions of the faithful Minneapolis dailies.

Truman, home for Sunday, was explaining to Colony why one political stock was looking up.

"Country towns are not what they used to be, Colony. . . . The day is past now when men in country towns are slow, drawling mumblers. . . You can't tell where a man lives now by the style of his clothes or how he acts. The percentage of well-read, up-to-date, cultured and traveled people is just about as large down at Modny City or at Jamestown as in Minneapolis, Philadelphia or Singapore. The small town fellow is coming into his own. He's more assertive—"

"But how does that affect the political situation, Truman?" demanded Colony.

"Well, you see, Colony, it used to be the case that if the large city dailies said *so and so* it was *taken for granted*; it was *gospel*—just because some strange editor in some big newspaper office



said so. Everything and everybody in the larger cities were regarded as superior merely because they were unfamiliar, distant or mysterious—because there are of course always a few really big people in every city to set the pace and so many imitators who look just as good. But now since these fellows in the small towns chase over the country in their automobiles and eat at the same restaurants and cafés and stay at the same hotels and go to the same moving-picture shows and listen to the same music, they see some of the superficial things about some of their city neighbors and they feel a brand-new sense of equality and sameness. So now they care very little about what the city politicians and newspapers say about politics. They resent their assuming to dictate with ready-made ideas fresh from the press, and—”

A sharp ring of the telephone interrupted. Truman answered and after a sharp “Hello!” explained to Colony, as he held the receiver waiting for the connection, “It’s long distance. St. Paul wants me.”

Truman shouted, “Yes,” several times, finally telling the converser that he would be in his office the next day at two o’clock.

“It’s Dwight M. Serdby!” Truman exclaimed as he hung the receiver up.

“Is he coming here—here to Jamestown?” Colony squealed.

"Yes, he's coming here to see *me!*" Truman responded, and continued, "Dwight M. Serdby is one of the really big men of this state politically! But it seems to me I've heard something about his not being very well off financially. Maybe he's—"

"Maybe he wants to help you out in your campaign," Colony proposed.

"Nope, I guess maybe he wants to help me '*get out*' of the campaign. Guess maybe he's one of the '*gang*'."

"Come in," demanded Truman Treadwell, answering the rap at his inner office door. The door opened to the Honorable Dwight M. Serdby.

"How are you, Mr. Politician?" he sallied.

"I'm all right, Mr. Serdby," Truman answered, politely and civilly but without cordiality.

"Good!" responded Serdby, "I was tickled to see you go after them, Truman! I'm going to call you Truman—"

"Sure, that's all right, Mr. Serdby," Truman approved, still politely.

"You know there's a lot of those fellows up at St. Paul that need a lesson," Serdby continued, "but they're getting things down now so there isn't so much *raw work*. They're commencing to recognize the fact that there's somebody to deal with *outside of their own crowd* and if they don't conciliate a bit the radical element will come in and

do up the whole bunch. They're commencing to take kindly to you, Truman, and they say you've got the stuff on the stump. They want to play fair. Do you know Bill Scott?" he asked, pausing—Bill Scott was the accredited, or discredited, political boss of the state.

"I've met him," Truman answered, without changing position or showing any interest.

"Well—now—you know, a lot of fellows kick old Bill around like a hound-dog." Serdby laughed, one of those guffaws to take tack; and studied Truman Treadwell's face. "I told old Scott myself once that I'd bet he was the meanest man in Minnesota. He laughed. But you know Bill's as square as a die. If Bill Scott ever makes a promise it's good as gold." Serdby studied Truman's face as he rattled along, feeling his way. But it was evident, if he had intended to suggest that Truman go to see Bill Scott, the state boss, that such suggestion would not meet with a warm reception. He switched abruptly. "Truman, how's your campaign coming? I saw old S. N. Collier from down to Modny City the other day, and he reported you were making good headway."

"Oh, yes, I'm getting along all right," Truman answered—he was wary, and he was becoming impatient for Serdby to arrive. He waited for the old boy to continue. Serdby saw that he must approach his mission, so continued.

"Now y'know there were several things I want-

ed to see you about. Fact, I've always been interested in you. I've been watching your progress down here. You've got bright prospects and I'm interested in seeing you succeed. I've been noticing that you were bearing down on that *anti-Cannon stuff* awful hard. I don't know as they quoted you correctly in that interview you gave out up at St Paul three or four weeks ago, that one in the—I don't remember which paper it was now, but it don't make any difference (Oh! Serdby, what of that marked copy of it in your pocket?)—where they quoted you as saying that you were against Cannon and that you wouldn't vote for—"

"No, they didn't misquote me, Mr. Serdby, if that is what they said. I'm against—"

"Now wait, Truman that wasn't what I was getting at now. You see, I understand your position all right. You're against the Czar system—"

"Yes, sir, I'm against the whole—"

"And you're against the rules of the House as they stand at this—"

"Yes, sir, I'm against the whole caboodle; I'm against the—"

"But what I was driving at, my son," Serdby interposed, "you are opposed absolutely to the system, just as I am, whereby the Speaker of the House can control legislation by the right to recognize—or refusal to recognize—any particular—"

"Of course I am, Mr. Serdby. What is it you

really—" cut in Truman again but was interrupted by Mr. Serdby, who saw that he must reach his point without further dilly-dallying.

"Well, it's this," Serdby emphasized his words as he spoke, "You're *against Cannonism not Cannon*, the *system not the*—"

"Now stop right there, Mr. Serdby," Truman commanded. "I'm going to ask you a question: Who in hell sent you here? Do you represent Bill Scott? What do you want?—Who—"

Serdby was calm under the rapid fire of questions and remonstrated, "Well now, wait until I get to my point, Truman. You know a politician can't always—"

Truman Treadwell was so fired by Serdby's complacency that once more he stopped the politician, springing at Dwight M. as he spoke and balancing himself on the edge of his chair, legs sprawled forward. "You ought to be able to get to your point pretty soon. I'm not asking your advice about what a politician can do. I'll show some of that bunch what a politician ought to do before I get through with them. They will have a good—"

"But you want to win your little fight, don't you?" snapped Serdby, a little impatient that he was making such poor headway on a mission of which he had been so confident.

"Not if I have to win by any concessions to Bill Scott or his gang!" exclaimed Truman. He

leaned forward to emphasize his words by gesticulating in Serdby's face, and again demanded, "Do you represent Bill Scott?"

"No, I don't, but if you'll listen I'll tell you how you can get along without any opposition in this fight," Serdby persisted, his voice rising perceptibly.

"By God! if you've come here to get me to soft-peddle on Cannonism I've got nothing to say to you." Truman Treadwell was shaking his fist in Serdby's face. Serdby backed toward the door; the irate candidate followed. "And if the condition is such in Minnesota that you or anyone else can *guarantee* to any candidate for a public office that he will *have no opposition* they're a *whole lot more rotten than anything I ever dreamt of* and you can *get back to St. Paul* and tell those damnatory whelps that *they've got a fight on their hands—*"

"I—"

"Not a word!"

"I'm sorry we couldn't—" Serby temporized, but he was quickening his backward pace toward the door, Truman following in a threatening attitude, gesturing violently with fists doubled at Serdby. Serdby reached the exit, fumbled behind him for the knob, threw the door open and stumbled out in confusion, repeating, "I'm sorry we couldn't have..."

The remainder was discontinued and Truman

slammed the door. Dwight M. Serby, not quite so sure now that he could "jolly the young fellow along" as he had advised Bill Scott before leaving St. Paul, tramped down the stairs to the street.

Serby did not look up Colonel Rucker as he had intended—nor spend the evening with him. A train pulled into Jamestown as he came down from Truman Treadwell's office; when it pulled out, the Honorable Dwight M. Serby was aboard.

## XXIV

### A TEMPTING OFFER

Two days after the visit of Dwight M. Serdby to Truman Treadwell's office newspapers carried the announcement of the Honorable Jaime C. Dempsey as a candidate for Congress. It was *played up* with flaring headlines and two-column half-tone cuts—wonderful pictures and kindest write-ups on the subject of Jaime C. Dempsey.

Jaime C. Dempsey had been selected by the machine—nominated in a machine convention for the state office that he now occupied. He was affable and popular and had received a great deal of favorable mention in the Minneapolis newspapers concerning the fictional performance of purely clerical duties, in which the work was done by deputies and clerks.

Truman left that noon on the west-bound train. He went about calling on men, talking politics, arguing, putting down names and descriptions on his personal lists and presenting a very bold front, the while the news-sheets harped upon the popularity of the Honorable Jaime C. Dempsey and



predicted his election by overwhelming majorities.

At nights, as Truman lay in musty rooms in small hotels and towns, he could feel himself *being ground down, down under the wheels* of the all-puissant *Band-Wagon*.

The Honorable Jaime C. Dempsey entered the campaign with gusto. More expensive half-tones and lithographs were distributed to lawyers, doctors and leading business men and politicians. Mr. Dempsey went out and interviewed reputed leading politicians in the county-seat towns of the several divisions who conducted him around and introduced him to selected voters. He smoked special brands of hand-made cigars wrapped in gilt tinsel which he gave out judiciously. He visited in a dignified and leisurely way and went on to the next town, leaving the "leaders" to interview the voters of lesser importance.

Truman Treadwell hammered away from six in the morning until late at night, calling upon every voter he could reach and spending little or no time with the political bell-wethers and prestidigitateurs.

The Minneapolis dailies displayed the wonderful popularity of the Honorable Jaime C. Dempsey with graphic word-pictures of influential men flocking to his support. They ignored Truman Treadwell's candidacy or stated that the "leaders" felt that he would not cut much figure in the contest or "was losing ground." They generally

referred to him as a "young lawyer of Jamestown" or in terms of uncertainty as to his candidacy, or spelled his name wrong, or called him *Herbert Treadwell* or *Treadway* or *T. Treadwell* of *Modny City*.

At Modny one day early in June Truman Treadwell was asked to speak at a street fair. His opponent had talked on the opening day, had made a dignified speech and a good impression.

Aspirant Treadwell inquired if he could talk politics, and being advised that there was absolutely no objection, that indeed the people wanted to know how he stood on the questions of the day, Truman launched into politics at the very opening of his address. He described the political conditions in Minnesota. He showed how the two cities were the center of great railroad systems; how the only state-wide medium of press publicity was furnished by the newspapers of the Twin Cities—who *gave* or *withheld publicity* as suited the plans and political machinations of higher-ups. He described the vast iron holdings of the United States Steel Trust in the Iron Range—the richest of any soft ore deposits in the world, not excepting those of Alsace-Lorraine. He showed how the Railroads and the Steel Trust and the politicians all worked together uncomplainingly and how they labored to create or destroy at will the men in public life. A people's natural resources, mere

flesh and blood of men—were all the same to them.

Next he described the small county boss whom he dubbed the “go-between” for the “state political clique,” individually so insignificant, parasitic, yet the stuff that made the wagon-wheels go round.

There was keen interest in things which they felt they had *always known but had thought but little about*. Many bowed assent as he pictured the workings of their own Machine. Yet they were astounded when Truman paused conspicuously and turning, faced straight toward Sam N. Collier, who was standing one side in the crowd, and pointed his finger at him.

“Mr. Collier there is the man who is accredited in St. Paul with being the boss of this county; the man who can deliver you politically—body and soul into the hands of that ‘gang’ up there! Colonel Rucker is the man in my county! My friends, that condition will continue just as long as you people *allow* it to continue. These men have *no real power*. They have *every power* as long as you good-humoredly acquiesce. They are the belts and cogs through which the political machine applies the power that operates its mechanism. They are helping to create a condition in which they do not themselves believe; they are working unconsciously against your own and their own best interests.”

Sam N. Collier was crimson-red. Every eye was turned upon him. He made no protest. He

was a timid, shifty man with no pretensions to public speaking. When Truman Treadwell had finished Collier turned and walked away, grunting his disapproval, and was at once surrounded by several followers who condemned Truman Treadwell in not uncertain language.

It was a notable day for Modny City. There were those who thought that Truman Treadwell should be hung. The chairman in charge of the fair, who had introduced him, deserted after the speech and the lawyer was left to shift for himself. Many who had heard his speech, and others who had heard about it, called Truman aside and accepted what he had said with a great deal of enthusiasm— but they were always confidential and secretive and none wanted to be quoted. One very distinguished man among this company approved the address unreservedly, to be afterwards overheard talking vociferously to a group on the street corner condemning Treadwell in hearty language.

The Minneapolis newspapers and the political staffs played up this "scandalous" speech at Modny City. Most of the other smaller papers in the district copied the articles and commented on them and echoed their unsavory expressions. But the papers overreached themselves,—their purpose became patent. People commenced to wonder *why* they were *taking the pains*.

Other invitations came to speak on numberless public occasions. He accepted them and, where

it was proper and in order, talked politics, making much the same speech as at Modny City. He flayed the old machine, right and left.

Despite all predictions, Truman Treadwell commenced to gain in many sections of the district. Now and again he thought he could feel the wheels of the *Band-Wagon* grinding *under* him, part of the time, instead of *over* him all of the time. Colony thought so too.

“Look at this!” cried Truman excitedly, as he tossed a letter that he had just opened to Colony, who on Sundays helped look over the political wheat and chaff that came in during the week.

Colony read:

“Modny City, ——”

“My Dear Mr. Treadwell:

Senator Simuhderf and myself have an important matter in which we feel certain you will be interested and want to take it up with you at such time as will be convenient. We will come to Jamestown to see you if you will name a day that will suit your convenience.

“S. N. Collier.”

Truman decided to defer answer until he had returned the following Sunday from campaigning, believing that in the meantime he would learn what the mission was. Remembering the interview with Dwight M. Serdby, he now felt certain that it would only be a repetition of that incident.

"*They* can't have any proposition that *I* want to hear," he observed to Colony, "and they can *wait*. There's no hurry. I'll answer it next week and maybe in the meantime I'll learn what it's about and save the trouble of a conference."

The next Sunday, when Truman was in his office in the afternoon, Senator Simuhderf and Sam N. Collier walked in.

The session was not a stormy one like that with Dwight M. Serdby. Sam Collier did not beat around the bush but stated this offer cold-bloodedly and without professions of personal esteem or other extenuating declarations. Truman Treadwell just as promptly declined it and the session was ended. . . . .

The two gentlemen donned their hats and walked out with mumbled observations about the weather and grunts of acknowledgments from Truman.

Their proposition was: that Truman Treadwell should *withdraw* as a candidate in favor of Jaime C. Dempsey; a Judge Boies up in the St. Cloud or the Fergus Falls district—advanced in years—was to *resign*; Assistant Attorney General Parkerson was to be *appointed* to the Judgeship to fill the vacancy, and he, Truman Treadwell, would be *appointed* Assistant Attorney General. The pretext was, that it would *harmonize* the district and help to insure the election of the ticket.

Truman had volunteered some pretty poignant

observations about "the ticket" and some of its candidates and backers, with sundry suggestions as to the kind of "party harmony" they appeared to want. And so the conference ended.

Again Truman Treadwell passed by the illusive decoy of political benefice, and continued in his quest of the new, the equal *Band-Wagon*. The old was too long used; the rest of the world would ride, for it was *hard* down in its traces. And the prairie breezes of middle-America were fresh to the faces of those on top.

## XXV

### UP, DOWN AND UP

A few days after the visit of Sam Collier and Senator Simuhderf to Truman Treadwell's office the Honorable Jaime C. Dempsey very suddenly died.

Tad Wheeler brought the news to Truman.

"Well, Trume, I guess the leaders have got harmony all right now," Tad declared as he stalked into Truman's office; and Truman, seeing that Tad had a message of some gravity, turned, waiting the meaning of the statement. . . .

"Jaime C. Dempsey is dead," Tad continued.

There was the usual awe at such news . . . Truman and Tad Wheeler discussed the matter as it affected the political situation. There was still time to file another candidate. Albert Peterson came in while they were talking and ventured that Truman was as good as nominated and elected. But Truman knew of the Dwight M. Serdby and the Sam N. Collier and Senator Simuhderf visits and he knew that another candidate would be filed in the place of Jaime C. Dempsey. He



could not explain upon *what facts* he based his conclusions, but he stoutly maintained to Tad and Albert: "No, you'll see another candidate in the field."

True to predictions, the political columns of the Minneapolis papers started speculating who would be selected to make the race for Congress in the place of Jaime C. Dempsey, and stated that the "leaders" were considering the calling of a convention to choose some man to make the race. The obsequious "leaders" read that such convention *was considered* and simultaneously they all forthwith *considered it*.

The funeral of the late Jaime C. Dempsey, as so often was the case, turned out a sort of political convention or conference. The "leaders" were there—every fossilized and discarded old political war-horse and politician who had ever been mentoned for Congress but who had never had the courage to take the chance of defeat, and now hoped that political "lightning" would strike him. They talked politics before the funeral and after the funeral. But with so many conflicting aspirations—most of those so deeply concerned felt that the nation and the district would be saved if his own candidacy were urged strongly enough over his own sham protest—there was no crystalized sentiment for the candidacy of any one and nothing was determined upon, notwithstanding

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the assemblage of nearly all of the powerful leaders of the district.

Very soon after the Dempsey funeral, however, it was given out that the delegates selected for the counties of the district, who were to attend the state convention, would call a caucus on the day of the state convention—the convention which was to nominate state-office candidates, and had nothing whatever to do with nomination of a Congressman— and that they would “endorse” the candidacy of *some qualified man* to run for Congress.

Truman Treadwell mustered up his forces—in each county convention scrap the old crowd had been losing ground—and after a fight in Nantowah County in which Colonel Rucker and his crowd were completely routed and resolutions passed endorsing the candidacy of Truman Treadwell for Congress, he announced that he would have *nothing whatever to do* with any caucus of delegates; that it was *not the business* of the delegates to interfere with Congressional contests but to nominate state officers.

On the day of the state convention at St. Paul Truman Treadwell paced the lobby of the Merchant's Hotel all day and defied the delegates to endorse a candidate. He served notice on them that if they picked a candidate he would charge them with *machine politics*. Naturally, regardless of any protests of his, a caucus was held.

Twenty-five or thirty men were "mentioned" but the caucus made no endorsement and broke up without any action. Many urged that it might have the *appearance* of attempting to dictate—and they were very considerate about the appearance of the thing.

But before the delegates left the city it was announced in the papers that Loren S. Webster, one of the wealthiest men in the district and a man of unquestioned integrity, was to be the candidate for Congress and that he would begin campaigning at once.

Oddly, Mr. Webster was not selected by the delegates and was by no means a creature of any clique or gang. Here was a man who stood entirely upon his own responsibility as a candidate—but the old crowd remembered the conferences with Dwight M. Serdby and Collier and Senator Simuhderf full as well as did Truman Treadwell. They welcomed the entrance of Loren S. Webster and quite unanimously supported him.

When Truman returned home Colony remarked that it looked from the newspapers as though Loren S. Webster were already nominated; and it did.

The newspapers made up now for lost time. Much even to Truman's surprise—to say nothing of Colony's—they started discussion of Loren S. Webster's qualifications as the party's candidate against the Democratic Congressman whom it

was proposed to defeat in the fall, just, as Colony had said, as though the primary election were all over and Webster was already nominated.

But he wasn't. Not yet.

The campaign by Loren S. Webster assumed romantic proportions. Money was spent without stint. Men in business in Mr. Webster's town called upon men in like business in other towns of the district. The weekly newspapers—and there were nearly a hundred of them—contained long double-headed write-ups. The *Ruckers* and the *Colliers* and the *Walter Cramptons* were for Webster for Congress. The Minneapolis newspapers sent their reporters into the district to learn what the sentiment was, and these wrote lengthy articles in the Sunday papers citing the predictions of "leaders" in counties to point to Loren S. Webster's certain nomination *to create the sentiment*—the *Band-Wagon sentiment*—that would effect it.

It was late in August—several weeks before the primary election. A traveling salesman was walking along the business street of Retswarb, in Selbon County, at a leisurely gait. An automobile drew up and stopped suddenly, square across his path, at the street crossing. A big sign on the back bore the legend, "TRUMAN TREADWELL FOR CONGRESS"—

The fellow stopped, read the sign, and before

he had collected himself, Truman Treadwell had sprung from the automobile, and was stretching out his hand to him, saying, "My name is Treadwell. I'm going to make a speech on this corner. I want to ask you to stand here until I get my crowd started."

"I'd be glad to accommodate you, Mr. Treadwell, but I'm doing a little work for Mr. Webster. I can't—"

"Oh, never mind about that. I don't expect—"

A fat, good-natured fellow came up and stood on the corner listening. Truman turned to him. "I was just asking this gentleman to stop here and help me get a crowd. I'm going to make a speech on this corner and I want somebody to stand until I——"

"I'll stay," the big fellow rejoined, grinning from ear to ear. Two or three others were now coming across the street, their curiosity aroused, and Truman got back into the automobile and started to talk. He talked first in a high-pitched voice so that he could be heard a block or more in every direction and did not launch into his speech until the crowd had collected, meantime stating short, disconnected things until his crowd was assembled. In a minute of time practically every person in the two blocks was there—and then Truman gave very much the same speech that he had made at Modny City. The people approached—attracted by curiosity—smiling, but

very soon they were interested and listened attentively. When the speech was finished Truman Treadwell shook hands with those who crowded around and in an hour was in the next neighboring town for the next speech.

It was getting like the political slump after the Nairda Picnic. Truman and Colony had seen the shifting sentiment change, grow worse. Again, they determined, Truman must take his case to the people and over the heads of the "leaders." When he had spoken in halls politicians stood outside and watched and "spotted" voters who were timid, coerced them so they did not attend. The meetings that had been *best advertised* were *most sparsely attended*. So again it was decided that Truman must go directly to the voters—the men themselves—on the streets, not after advertisements announcing his appearance but unawares, by surprise. Let curiosity fetch them: argument and plain facts about the political "gang" in Minnesota would hold them.

The politicians were professedly bothered. The city dailies—regarding their own reputation as prognosticators, a little—attached "saving clauses" to their predictions of Webster's nomination.

In their early editions of the morning following election day the Minneapolis newspaper offices, following scant reports and predictions of leaders, announced Loren S. Webster's nomina-

tion. His townsmen prepared for a barbecue. They congratulated him and he went home for a much-needed rest. The noon papers carried the announcement of Loren S. Webster's nomination.

When the votes were counted *Truman Treadwell* was the nominee by a majority of a few hundred votes.

Truman now was overwhelmed with tenders of support. Men wrote concerning post offices, clerkships at Washington and other government appointments. Republican newspapers and Republican "leaders" announced their support. County committees wrote, soliciting campaign donations. Band organizations offered music for political meetings and cash. A new flood of letters from individuals and organizations came, demanding positive declarations on proposed measures.

It looked "good" *then*, as Truman admitted to Colony, but as before he cautioned her not to get her hopes aroused. "It's the only game for them to play, Colony. They've got to pretend to be loyal to the party nominee. But they're treacherous and they'll send the *word* out, the last few days before election, to do the 'slaughter'," Truman said. And they *did*.

Two weeks preceding election it was apparent that the *word* had gone out. Truman could feel the undercurrent. Leaders made professions of loyalty in the abstract but they hustled from town to town on mysterious missions. The Na-

tional Republican Congressional Committee wrote to Truman to know what assistance he would need in his campaign in literature and ready-franked speeches and *funds*—which was the usual method of the political parties, assisting in the nationwide congressional contest—and later they sent car-loads of literature, including President Taft's Winona speech on reciprocity, with *no funds*. The tone of the Minneapolis newspapers began to take on a mysterious hysteria about the great *danger* of the Democratic Congressman being re-elected, and to parade his wonderful ability—and he *was* a very strong and able man—and to predict that it was more than likely that a *great mistake* had been made in not nominating the Honorable Loren S. Webster as the whole party's choice.

Yes, the word went out. The *Ruckers* and the *Simuhderfs* and the *Colliers* and *Walter Cramp-ton*s were lined up.

Truman Treadwell saw the evidence of the delicate machinations of the *machine*, but knowing that defeat must come he went on with his campaign as though nothing had happened—to make the *best possible showing* against the odds. He was resigned to defeat; and also resolved that he would keep up the fight in elections to come.

A few days before the election, just before his train pulled out of the station at Notnitrow, he met Senator Simuhderf at the depot platform.



"How is the campaign coming, Mr. Treadwell?" inquired the Senator.

"How are things here?" Truman rejoined.

"Oh, pretty good. We're doing all we can," assured the Senator.

"Yes, the devil you are!—for the *Democratic candidate for Congress!*" Truman retorted, and made a run for the train, leaving the Senator madly protesting.

Truman knew that the near-sacrilege to Senator Simuhderf was the accusation that he was supporting a Democrat—*especially a Democratic candidate for Congress.*

## XXVI

### FLOOD LIGHTS

The great dome of the Capitol was bathed in a dazzling flood-light from squads of giant arcs advantaged on House and Senate wings—a light so powerful that it obliterated every trace, except diamond-like particles, of the heavy fog that settled down upon the surging mass of humanity which packed the plaza into the first hours of the morning.

“Halt! . . . Get back there! . . . Get back in that line!” came the hoarse cry of a cavalryman from Fort Meyer as he rode at top speed against the straight line of people surrounding an open place, directly toward Congressman Wheeler of Illinois.

“Get back there, you—” and the rider’s horse struck the man who was picking his way across the plaza to the Hall of the House of Representatives, indifferent to crowd or cavalry, and knocked him down.

An indignant shout rose from the crowd surging forward. More cavalry rode frantically across the plaza, drove them back.

Several men stepped out into the open space, talking quietly as they walked toward the Capitol building, oblivious, as was their predecessor, to surrounding crowd or cavalry. Another trooper rode swiftly toward them but was stopped by the first who had left Congressman Wheeler to halt the other flying horseman—

“These men are Congressmen. We’ll have to let them pass.” The speaker wore yellow chevrons.

“We have no such orders, Sir!” The newly arrived military member wheeled his horse athwart the path of the group who had come to Congressman Wheeler’s assistance, and were now scolding indignantly at the outrage.

“You fellows’ll have to get back in that line. We have no orders to let anyone through,” he shouted at the group.

Henry Allen Cooper of Wisconsin, a distinguished, graybearded man, stepped forth from the group facing the cavalryman.

“Sergeant, we’re members of the House of Representatives.”

“Can’t help it; we’re following military orders, Sir!” was the sharp reply.

“Well, then, let me tell *you* something! If your military orders have dwarfed your judgment I’d advise you to make immediate application to your superior officers to secure a modification of your orders—so that they won’t conflict with the some-

time Constitution of the United States," shouted Mr. Cooper and he, the rest following, continued a course toward the Capitol.

The dissenting cavalryman had dismounted during the last remark of the Congressman with intent to follow up the debate, but glancing back he saw a line of men proceeding with entire unconcern toward the Capitol, and among them Major Charles M. Stedman of North Carolina, Congressman from Greensboro, the cavalryman's old home. The ridiculousness of his position suddenly struck him. He rode away, leaving the other cavalrymen, who awaited his orders, to their fate. There were no further interferences and the mounted guards continued their attention to the maintenance of the line of people crowded in a great mass around the open space of the Capitol plaza.

Away into the night the multitude of angry, frenzied people—students with long badges and ribbons, elderly women with great white pennants, young women, alert, keen, well-dressed and displaying badges of clubs and societies, delegates and representatives of peace societies and conventions from every state and every big city of the country, business men, professional men, politicians and cranks, Texans, Oregonians, Alabamians, and Vermonters, Southerners, Westerners, Yankees and Indians—surged over the plaza of the Capitol, held in a wall of packed humanity by

the military power of the Republic, while the Congress, assembled within, debated the proposed Resolution that was to declare a state of war between the United States of America and the Imperial German Empire.

Far into the small hours of early morning, with unremitting zeal and fortitude and clinging tenaciously to their sacred interests, agglomerate citizenry, dank with the thick mist that hung over Capitol Hill, stood their ground. They stood immovable—hysterical individuals composing a stolid human *frise*—staring at the brilliant dome, studying the fantastic apparition of war that settled down from the black heavens above. One more war impended, and as usual, few thought deeply about it. War thoughts are customarily afterthoughts.

Inside, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, a crowded gallery looked down on a scene of confusion. It was the *mêlée* of the closing hours of debate, and not a confusion induced *by* debate but that came from *disregarding* both *debaters* and *debate*. Members of Congress stood in groups in the Hall or at the entrance doors. At intervals Members were “yielded time” for debate—five minutes, ten minutes, two minutes—by Members who had *charge of time* and the Speaker stopped proceedings and rapped for order, pounding with deafening noise on his desk and crying, “The House will be in order! The

House will be in order! Gentlemen standing in the aisles will take their seats or leave the Hall!" A few took seats, others started slowly toward doors. Many paid no heed at all, but continued their talking while debate was resumed.

To the onlookers their Members appeared indifferent, even if sitting in the front of the Hall listening to the debaters—those who talked perhaps to explain their votes, perhaps for publication, perhaps for political propaganda and perhaps in all sincerity, and with emotion—as the auditors turned and smiled or seemingly conversed at perfectly inopportune times. Yet the appearance is but a deception that comes from lack of understanding of procedure under the complicated rules of the House of Representatives; the appearance that has sent away many an American sage, sorely disappointed, after a visit to the House, condemning—because he did not understand.

But the appearance and reality were diametrically opposed. It was the closing hours of debate—a debate fixed in time, of necessity, because of the very nature and character of the body. It was then *perfunctory*—necessarily perfunctory, because in the first few hours every possible slant on the question had been debated to the uttermost finality by those having greatest influence and the *uncertainty* of the outcome had become *certain* and *fixed*. The result was then

pre-determined. There could be no speculation. But the lack of interest in the perfunctory debate was no slightest indication of any different attitude toward the question, and say what they may, the men who represented their districts in the great war session of the Sixty-fifth Congress were as worthy and gravely considerate of their country's welfare as any group who ever assembled anywhere in their country's cause.

It was the hour of the communion of kindred spirits; the friendly bickering over votes; the commenting on motives, with amusement at political discomfitures between men of broad sympathies and visions who composed a Congress of the United States.

A third of the membership, perhaps, were listening to the closing and scattered debate. The others strolled through Speaker's Lobby, lounging rooms, and cloak and smoking rooms adjacent to the Hall. Many rushed to-and-fro from their offices in the House Office Building, seized up short-order lunches in the restaurant, or visited together in armchairs in retiring rooms and discussed the extraneous incidents of the occasion.

One of the most interesting occurrences to a group of Members from the middle-Western states was the visit to Washington of the delegation from Germantown, following the holding of

a monster Peace Meeting in that city of Minnesota.

After calling upon their own representative—Congressman Truman Treadwell—they had actively solicited many others of the Representatives of the western states.

That these people and the people in the district represented by Congressman Treadwell of Minnesota were *against* war; that this was probably the strongest *against war* of any district of the middle-West represented by a Member of Congress who was to vote *for* war, was a conspicuous fact; and that Congressman Treadwell was determined and that his vote would mean his utter political annihilation seemed a foregone conclusion. And it was known too, that, like many who were against the Resolution for War, Truman Treadwell's sympathies were not with—in fact his whole political fight had been made against—those interests who were most *conspicuous* in demanding the declaration.

“No, gentlemen,” Truman Treadwell was saying to a couple of his companionable colleagues from Iowa and Minnesota, who had determined to vote against the Declaration and good-heartedly urged him to save himself, “I feel the same way now that I felt when I enlisted at the time of the Spanish-American War. It's a question between Germany and the United States. It seems to me



to rise above the matter of representing a district—”

There was a hubbub in the Hall of the House. A member from Mississippi was debating. There was loud applause and cat-calling and laughter. The House was in a half-playful and half-resentful mood. Charges were made about the lack of patriotism of those who refused to support the President in this crisis—and while the country and the people prated about upholding the hands of the President, may it be said, that there was *little serious thought*, in Congress, that a vote *for or against war*—when cast with honest and sincere motives, and practically none was suspicioned of any other—was a vote significant for *any other reason* than that it represented *the true attitude* of the Member himself and was *prompted by patriotic and unselfish motives*.

It was but another of the instances when—contrary to the popular notion—men in Congress on occasion of great crises throw political and personal considerations to the high winds of Heaven and act upon the dictates of the *highest sense of duty* to their country; that the instances when, on such occasions, they do otherwise prove exceptions and not rules.

More than six years had passed since Truman Treadwell had sallied at Senator Simuhderf by the depot at Notnitrow. He was defeated by them in that election; and two years later, after another

contest for the Republican nomination—and a successful one—he was again defeated, for election. In full accord with his determination to stick until he had obtained a victory, he had become a candidate for the nomination for a third time—and this time was *nominated* and *elected*. At the following election he had been re-elected without opposition either for the nomination or election and had given his entire time to campaign speaking for the Republican National Congressional Committee in the East and West and Northwest.

When the hubbub had called his colleagues into the Hall Truman Treadwell did not follow. He sat alone in the retiring room going over in his mind, not the conference with the "Peace Delegation" from Germantown—he had admitted frankly their assertion that eighty-five per cent. of the people of his district were against war (the names of more than seven thousand people on letters and petitions were in his office protesting against it; there was one letter only, from a Major Mead, demanding his vote for it)—but the talk he and Colony had had; how they had determined that regardless of their heart-breaking effort to succeed they would prefer immediate retirement and loss of all their sheaves to any vote which he, Truman, did not believe was right.

And he thought of how they had honestly attempted to justify a different course so that he,

Treadwell, could stay in political office, be in the end of greater help in the fight he wanted to continue against the rottenness in Minnesota. He saw the political machine in Minnesota; how it was increasing its gyrations with seeming perfect dexterity; how by a left-over law providing for appointment of the political committees less than twenty men—the nominees for state office and for Members of Congress only—had the absolute power of selecting and creating all political committees; how by tacit understanding and precedent Congressional nominees recommend district committees and left selection of all other committees to the state-office candidates; how, in form, less than ten men, and in fact, *three men*, actually selected or dictated every political committee in the state.

Truman Treadwell was now alone with himself. He sat before the fireplace in the lounging room while the ripples of laughter and applause in the Hall rose and fell, as his thoughts. He reviewed in his mind the peculiar condition in his state—unlike any other—where a sort of armed truce was maintained between the political clique of the state, and the Congressmen of the House representing that state; how all other Congressmen were the acknowledged leaders in politics in their states—helped in campaigns, were consulted, Republicans and Democrats alike, by their party leaders; and how, in Minnesota, there had grown

up unconsciously a system of political clique rule whereby Congressmen were given immunity as long as they "stood pat"; how this did not apply to the United States Senators, alone, both of whom were in high favor with the leading politicians of the state.

He thought of the talk over these things with Colony; of their conclusion that his vote would mean temporary political eclipse, years' delay in their program; how his sympathies in most things were not with the great interests that had been demanding war so conspicuously, but with the people who were so strong in their protest against it; and finally how he felt that the time had now come—that his own conscience said, "It is my duty as a citizen."

The debate had ended and there sounded intermittently the voice of the reading clerk in the House, calling the names of Members on the final vote.

"A-n-t-h-o-n-y!" came the cry of the reading clerk, and Daniel R. Anthony, Jr., of the First Kansas district replied to the call. Barkley of Kentucky, Bell of Georgia, Bacharach of New Jersey, Bowers of West Virginia answered.

Truman Treadwell sat meditating as he listened to the clerk's call of the names of Phillip P. Campbell, Joseph G. Cannon, Thaddeus H. Caraway, Charles D. Carter, Henry Allen Cooper, Charles R. Crisp, Frederick W. Dallinger, Porter

H. Dale, John A. Elston, John J. Esch. "Fairfield! Ferris! Fess! Fisher! Fordney! Frear! Gallivan! Gandy! Garner! Garrett! Gillett! Good! Goodall! Gould! Greene of Vermont! Greene of Massachusetts!" came the rapid call of Haltigan, the reading clerk.

Members who had already responded to their names were congregating in the retiring rooms. Willis Hawley, of Oregon, had just responded in a voluminous roar that shook the electric fixtures of the ceiling and was heading for an easy arm-chair to ensconce himself with a book until the roll had finished—the acme of complacency from duty well performed.

The clerk hurdled through the "H's"—"Hastings! Haugen! Hayden! Heflin! Hersey! Holland! Huddleston! Johnson of Kentucky! Johnson of South Dakota! Kahn!" Kalaniana'ole, Prince Kalaniana'ole, son of the late Queen Liliuokalani Waikiki, Hawaii, was not called and did not vote although he had been a delegate for fourteen years.

Kennedy of Iowa, King of Illinois, Kettner of California, Judge Kinkaid of Nebraska, Claude Kitchin, La Guardia, Doctor Lazaro, Lehlbach, Lenroot, Longworth, McClintic, McCulloch, McKinley, Magee, Mann, Mapes, Mays of Utah, answered their names. Frank W. Mondell, Ex-Governor Montague of Virginia, Judge Moon of Tennessee, J. Hampton Moore from Philadelphia,

and Sydney E. Mudd from La Plata, Maryland, called out in turn.

The reading clerk was skipping through the "M's" and "N's" and "O's"—"Nelson! Nolan! Oldfield! Olney!

Parker of New York, Peters of Maine, Porter of Pennsylvania, Purnell of Indiana, Quinn of Mississippi, the two Rainey's of Illinois, Judge Raker of California, Ramseyer of Iowa and Rayburn of Texas were voting. William A. Rodenberg, who resembled Grover Cleveland in appearance, answered. Rowe of Brooklyn, Sabbath of Chicago, Sanders of Terre Haute. "Scott! Sears! Sherwood! Siegel! Sims! Sinnott! Sisson! Slep! Small!" shouted the clerk, approaching the "T's." Addison T. Smith of Idaho was heard, Homer P. Snyder of New York, Major Charles M. Stedman of North Carolina and Hatton W. Sumners of Texas.

Truman Treadwell was heading for the Hall. To vote "No"—he could not; not to vote at all—he would not think of it!

"Sweet!" came the clerk's call and Burton E. Sweet answered, then Tague of Massachusetts, Taylor of Arkansas, Judge Tillman.

"Treadway!" cried the clerk; and Treadway of Massachusetts called out in a heavy, voluminous tone.

"T-r-e-a-d-w-e-l-l!"—at last!

"Aye," sung Treadwell, in a high, sustained tone.

In a few minutes Truman Treadwell was in the House Gallery, where he found Colony and then two seats together.

"We've smashed our *Band-Wagon*, Colony," he told her, as he searched Colony's expression.

Colony was braver than he had expected.

"Yes, Truman, but they'll have a fight on their hands!" Colony sat like a Stoic.

But Truman Treadwell nor any other man, in Congress or out, ever anticipated what was to happen and what change there was to be in sentiment—or by reason of suppression of sentiment.

Truman Treadwell supported every war measure, supported them as essential things. But he was soon to marvel at the political expediciencies under the guise of "war measures." Food and fuel administrative officers issued arbitrary orders. Men were prosecuted and persecuted who—ignorant of the war or its purposes or of the meaning of the spirit of national solidarity—provoked by overbearing conduct of self-appointed war workers, made meaningless statements of sympathy with outside creeds. Farmers having in their possession small quantities of wheat for seed, and a German name, were hauled before magistrates and given exorbitant fines in illegal proceedings. Some young men were held up to public contempt as draft evaders, while many

of the very clever ones in prominent families, or of politicians, were *needed* to "save the country" in positions of clerical, professional and wishy-washy character. Patriotic societies maintaining expensive headquarters, paid for from political and win-the-war contributions, suggested patriotic rallies in the outlying cities of the state and sent speakers of their own selection to *teach patriotism*—and get acquainted and make impressions for future campaigns. One of these, a gentleman in high favor with the "political clique," was procured to speak in nearly every county-seat town of Congressman Truman Treadwell's district.

Truman Treadwell had shown no resentment of any war-opinion contrary to his own. He believed that the time had come for it when he cast his vote in Congress, but he saw no reason to impugn the motives of those who did not so believe. He was called upon and made a limited number of patriotic speeches, but none of them consisted of from-the-mouth blatancy or charging any class with intended disloyalty to the common flag. His concern was that America should win and he assumed that any who desired otherwise were disloyal.

When the time came for the next election—without so intending, and little thinking whether by caprice, or accidental and unavoidable coincidence—Truman Treadwell had, for the first time,



the sensation of riding in the *Band-Wagon* over the turbulent current spanned by a bridge raised up by his own political enemies. Further, he had none of the prejudice against him of the people who had once opposed the war, at the time of its declaration, for he had not attacked them. He was beyond the reach of the attacks of his political enemies because of his official record.

So again he devoted his entire time during the campaign to campaigning in other states and to assisting in the election of other Members of Congress and Governors of states. And he also was re-elected, practically without opposition and without attention to his own campaign.

Elected to his third term, he gained one of the best committee assignments in the House. He was frankly recognized as one of the leading campaign orators. He was ensconced now beyond harm's way in a tenure which seemed certain—as certain as any political tenure could ever be. The expression heard on every hand was, "Congressman Truman Treadwell can stay in Congress as long as he wants to."

Thus again, having weathered the storm, in his third term, secure in his position, independent of the political clique, he saw the activities of the machine newspapers against him trebled and quadrupled. He saw them boom him with vociferous thunders of hissing silence, and always

misrepresent and distort his votes and official acts.

He had seen the political crowd in 1912, when the rising tide of popular sentiment threatened to overthrow them, cause a sudden change of the election laws to throw the nominations into a state-wide primary—a law meritorious in itself, but resorted to at this late date to unhorse the opposition.

When in 1914 the Honorable William E. Lee had—after waging his second fight against it—triumphed over this same bi-partisan machine, and won the *Republican nomination* for Governor of the state, he had seen the rulers of his own party ruthlessly turn to the Democratic candidate and defeat him for election.

In this same year Treadwell had seen—*what had never before been attempted in any other state of the Union*—county and state legislative offices actually placed under a “no-party” designation on the ballot; thus absolutely and completely *abolishing* political party organization and leaving the state at the kind mercy of packed committees constituted by the political clique.

He had seen tonnage-tax—a law that would have meant deserved millions to the treasury of the state—batted from pillar to post in political maneuvering that ranged from legislative defeat to Gubernatorial veto.

He had learned of the ruthless despoilation of

timber lands in his and very nearby states; and he had participated in fights on the floor of the House of Representatives at Washington against striking appropriations from the sacred funds of the Chippewa Indians of Minnesota, only to see what was the first Americans' own repeatedly "cut" in the Senate and even more ruthlessly reduced, and squandered, by the Indian Bureau in maintenance of useless red-taped service.

He saw clearly the rising tide of popular disgust and sentiment against the *most corrupt and relentless state political machine in existence*—the bi-partisan clique of Minnesota.

Congressman Truman Treadwell was at his office in the House Office Building.

Colony and he had talked over the political situation in Minnesota. The legislature had again adjourned without the passage of a tonnage-tax on iron ore. After full discussion with the girl Treadwell had made his decision, knowing the full purport of it all, and had declared in a public statement for a tonnage-tax, for a workmen's compensation law, against the political *machine*, and announced that he was a candidate for Governor. Again he had left the easy path and taken to the hard road of endless strife toward the opportunity for deferred but genuine accomplishment.

"How's the Governor?" sallied Congressman Fairweather of Indiana as he sauntered into

Treadwell's office. "How's your campaign coming out there? Who's that Non-Partisan League going to support? They tell me they are a bad bunch—socialists and disloyalists and against the Government."

"The worst thing about that Non-Partisan League, Congressman, isn't that they are socialists or disloyalists," answered Treadwell. "It's the fact that their leaders employ the same tactics that our political clique in Minnesota resorts to—they turn either way as expediency dictates—they're *non-partisan* and the other clique is *bi-partisan*. Both are dictated to by a few men; both are oligarchies; both shift responsibility; and both have to compromise with the factions that compose them," Treadwell continued, as Congressman Fairweather settled down to listen with interest.

"Then what made 'em so strong out there?" Fairweather inquired.

"Partly the universal dissatisfaction and distrust in the country. It was a protest movement—and principally, in Minnesota, with the tactics employed by the good, old-fashioned political corruptionists who like to call themselves Republicans but are in fact a bi-partisan clique," answered Treadwell, and followed up with, "What would you think in *Indiana* or Ohio or Illinois or New York if the politicians proposed abolishing county and legislative office as party offices and

leaving the appointment of the political committees to state-office nominees; and *they* selected a state committee and this committee selected the county committees?" he queried.

"Such a thing couldn't be passed in any state in the Union in this enlightened day and age!" the Indiana Congressman exclaimed.

"But they have it in Minnesota," Treadwell replied. And he continued, "What would you say, too, if I told you that there was a solid Republican state where not a single Congressman of that state has been asked to take part in the campaign of his party—Republican—in ten years, and that twice in that time Democratic Governors have been elected?"

"Impossible!" declared Fairweather, and stretched himself out at his full length and crammed his hands down deep in his trouser pockets. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"They do it that way in Minnesota," Truman replied. "And they changed, after there were a half-dozen declared candidates—in the middle of the campaign, in 1912—from the convention to the primary system for nominating state officers—to save their collective scalp."

"That's preposterous," interrupted Fairweather.

"It's true," assured Treadwell, "and more. And what would you think if I told you that only twice in the history of the state was a tonnage-

tax bill passed in the legislature, once ten years ago and once a few weeks ago; that both times it was vetoed by the Governor and that the first Governor who vetoed it was *boosted* for President of the United States and the second is now enjoying an incipient *boom* for Vice-President in the Chicago Convention?"

"What would it bring to the State if it became a law?" inquired Congressman Fairweather.

"Several million dollars that belong to my State—depending on the rate," answered Treadwell.

"Then how will this farmers' organization be on your candidacy?" inquired Fairweather.

"They'll be friendly for a while. I've fought for years against the same crowd they are now fighting. I was for a tonnage-tax long before they existed as an organization. There will be a newspaper propaganda to disseminate the impression that I am bound-and-tied hand and foot to their organization. The campaign is to be a *patriotic propaganda*."

"Well, then, what will be the outcome—will you accept their support?" inquired Fairweather.

"Yes—and no," replied Treadwell. "I *would*, *without strings*, if it were tendered to help drive the political clique out of Minnesota. I would *not*—*with strings*—if it means adoption of their whole socialistic program and that I could not if elected be a free agent."

"Then from that, Treadwell, I should judge that you do not expect it?" inquired Fairweather.

"I do not."

"But how can you win without it?" inquired Fairweather.

"I can't, this time," Treadwell answered.

He then explained all about his fights against the "gang"; how he had created his own *Band-Wagon*; how he had gone out to fight time after time and had been defeated, and had tried again and finally won. He explained that organizations of cults and crafts were always *temporary*, to which the Congressman readily agreed; that he as an individual, while he lived, was always organized and that he could outlast any such organization; and that the members of these temporary concerns would unquestionably come to his support in later campaigns.

The Congressman from Indiana went out marveling at a plan that involved *so complicated* but, he agreed, *so clear* an outcome, "*if you stick to it.*" He had not lived in Minnesota! He did not know Truman Treadwell!

## XXVII

### SMILES AND TEA

The Congressional Club at Sixteenth and "U" was in social session.

This was not a club of Senators and Congressmen but of the wives of Senators and Congressmen and Supreme Court Justices, of those in official life.

Colony Treadwell—driving her own car, a gas sedan—wheeled in between a big limousine manned by a chauffeur in khaki uniform, and a line of electrics parked on New Hampshire Avenue facing the Club building. There were lines of tidy electrics parked at distant ends, driven too by their owners, wives of Senators and Congressmen who had modestly avoided the larger cars with coats-of-arms, and whose owners would shortly be scraping and kotowing before richly-dressed women whose qualifications of their husbands' wealth and their independent social position were added to the prerequisite of their entrée through ordinary official circles.

"Just a moment, Madame! you dropped your



glove," someone said, as a chauffeur slid down from his seat on a limousine, picked up a small white kid, and handed it to Colony Treadwell as she was leaving her car.

"Oh, I thank you very much," she answered as the chauffeur courteously closed the door of the sedan, and touched his cap respectfully. Colony Treadwell thanked the young fellow again and ran into the club.

Colony Treadwell was the example of the finish that came from early training, with the added quality of independence that came from the many spirited contests that she had been through in their political fights in Minnesota.

The maid bowed and smiled as she removed her wraps. Colony joined the others.

"Oh, Mrs. Treadwell, we're so glad to see you! I was afraid you weren't coming! Some one said, Mrs. Deeno I believe, that you had gone to Minnesota with the Congressman. You don't know how glad we are to see that you are going after bigger things out there!"

It was Mrs. Ponadee, wife of Senator Ponadee and President of the Club, who spoke, and she had excused herself to Mrs. Brookline Maneedson of Minnesota, who forthwith turned on her heel, chucked a heavy, white-feathered fan tight against her face and stopped a few feet away, engaging an Iowa member in conversation while she cautiously wheeled around to watch Mrs. Ponadee

and strain her ears to catch what she said to Colony Treadwell—from Minnesota. If Mrs. Ponadee caught the look on the face of Mrs. Brookline Maneedson when she uttered the words to Colony Treadwell about that Governor business she must have felt that either she owed Mrs. Maneedson an apology, or had committed an unfortunate social *pas*.

In a moment Colony Treadwell whisked past Mrs. Maneedson, bowing and smiling, and took her place at the end of an immense table—the size of a room in the average home—opposite Mrs. Razine Whitelcomb, the wife of Senator Whitelcomb, who spoke very cordially.

Opposite, in the large hall, the wife of the Vice-President—not of the club, but of the Vice-President of the United States—was forming the receiving line and already the women in severely tailored suits, in semi-evening dress, in low-necked gowns, without gloves and wearing enormous hats, were coming up the winding stairs and past the receiving line.

Colony Treadwell was wearing a turquoise-blue velvet gown with silver lace, and a large floppy hat. She was thoroughly charming as she fussed at the thin slices of lemon spread on the plate at her elbow, adjusted the urn from which she was pouring, conferred with Mrs. Whitelcomb over the service of the frappé of which Mrs. Whitcomb had charge, rearranged the lettuce sandwiches

and made suggestions to the young ladies who served. She ordered every one of the dishes of olives and sweet-cakes and salted almonds and nuts and iced fruits, and saw that the candies and bonbons were placed in proper juxtaposition to the huge centerpiece of fruits glacé with its sublight of electric bulbs.

In short moments of time there were scattering callers at the serving table and presently a female mob.

Colony Treadwell "poured" and smiled as the women came forward and were waited on or helped themselves, and talked and laughed and visited over the modes and the theatres, the times and the frivolities of state.

But Colony was thinking how Truman was then *on his way to Minnesota*; how easily they could gain a continuation of their service here in Washington; of the wonderful opportunity and the happy environment of the life of the Capital; and finally of the gruelling building of their *new Band-Wagon*, a work that Truman had said might take ten years.

She was thinking, as she talked and visited with the members of the club, of Minnesota . . . . Jamestown. She didn't see Mrs. Maneedson of Minnesota scowl as she passed her and scowl again when she, Colony, smiled brightly at her as at everyone who passed. She heard everything that everyone had said and always smiled and

was alert and said just the right, eternally feminine little thing back and thanked them all for the "dear" compliments and expressed herself in terms of it's being "sweet" of this one and that and the other, but she was thinking of *Modny City*, and *Notnitrow*, and *Senator Simuhderf* and *Sam Collier* and *Dwight M. Serdby* and *Colonel Rucker* and *Walter Crampton*—and she was saying to herself, "Yes, I want to get back to Minnesota," and she believed that she *was* anxious to get back. But she looked over the big table covered with its point-lace, and the receiving-line in front of the bower of flowers, and the gay scene of the club, and sighed—"And now we're going back to build another *Band-Wagon*." She poured herself a cup of tea, and smiled. She? She knew she could brave it out!

The reception over, Colony was almost the first one away. She stepped on the accelerator and the onlookers, who saw a dashing woman driving a sedan up Sixteenth Street at a thirty-mile clip, hardly guessed that she was imagining this sedan to be a *Band-Wagon* and trying to see *how fast the darn thing could go*.

## XXVIII

### BOISE JOURDAN—IN QUEST

Boise Jourdan had never returned to New York, not even to peep in on old associates. After Truman Treadwell's marriage to Colony Merritt she discovered—what theretofore was only suspicioned, lingeringly—that she was consumed by a controlling passion to have her place in a world where she could take a *woman's* part but be an inspiration to some man who was fighting his way to the claim of leadership.

She had thought such a man was Truman Treadwell. After the few infrequent occasions that he and she had visited together she felt herself drawn to him but had restrained her desire, gained from the tenet of her Bohemian school, to play the part of the aggressor, had awaited his overtures, only to read the headlines of the *James-town Times*. Then she knew! But it was her secret and she kept it.

Since his marriage several occasions had afforded an opportunity for confidential talks with Truman Treadwell but she had never revealed

her inner self and always respected his status. She had thought that she had found herself visibly annoyed by Colony Treadwell's outward light-heartedness and *sang-froid* when Truman Treadwell was passing through hardship and bitter crisis; and she had often felt that her own deep sympathies and earnest philosophical moods were what Truman Treadwell needed to help him bridge the torrents of adverse political assailment. She was positive that she was exasperated when Colony Treadwell on every occasion, in season and out, referred to "Mr." Treadwell in terms of worldly admiring as if to hold him up as a man *already arrived* at the point where people should pay him homage—and she wondered if it had annoyed and exasperated her because it was disproportionate to true conditions, or if after all Colony Merritt was superior to herself in affection and loyalty, more unselfish and more resigned to sinking her own personality into that of her husband.

And her resentment gave her courage and a new hope and she was proud to think that no one could ever expect of her that she could submerge herself; that she could only take her place at the side of the ablest man she could ever hope to meet as an equal, co-worker, comrade.

This thought gave her a new comfort and a new idea and plan. She had found herself drawn to plain Albert Peterson, since she really liked the little community, and Albert, who was typical.

He was the anchor type, honest and loyal and a gentleman at heart. He was industrious and frugal, prosperous and public-spirited. He was handsome, far more so than Truman Treadwell. And she made herself believe that she would marry him and she promised it, although she felt that possibly she had herself paved the way for promise—and she was almost sorry she had not said some of the same things to Truman Treadwell before it was too late. But now she believed that she would not be satisfied to marry Albert Peterson. She was certain that her hankering for Truman Treadwell was not for the *man* but for the *kind*—the *genus* or *species*, or *superspecies*. She was certain that it was a desire to join forces with a man of the *type*—a *fighter* who had initiative and imagination and creative genius for the doing of things worth while.

Then she attended the teachers' institute at Mankato. Unlike the other towns in the southern part—or for that matter, any other part—of the state, Mankato was not spread out on the prairie. It was not a western town. It was built oblong, stretched for miles between the Minnesota River with its hills and bluffs. Great stone quarries, crushing plants, lime and cement works guarded the valley entrances between which the railroads—and they led in and out in eight directions—crept along river-banks and hillsides edged by stone-retaining walls to wind their way along

plotted parks, across paved streets traversed by car-lines to the city. A normal school, a high school, a young ladies' seminary, an immense "mother-house" where art and music were taught, and large hospitals—substantial and beautiful buildings of stone and brick—adorned the hill tops.

The business street was solid-built on both sides as far as the perspective of the eye would reach—buildings of two stories, and three, and four, and a few five in height, with up-to-date, clean stocks of merchandise, dry goods, emporiums, shoe places, even some upon the great department store and exclusive shop style.

The town had hotels, cafés, theatres, and Boise had felt a *satisfied and comfortable sense of metropolitanism* in the fact that many people whom she had met on the streets passed her with the self-satisfied, smug, unconscious air that used to prevail in the East. It was *East* brought *West*. It was *Dover, New Hampshire*, or *Haverhill, Massachusetts*, or *Corning, New York*, with cultured people who prided themselves in their ancestry and entertained domestic traditions through three or four generations' occupation of the same comfortable brick houses—remodeled by sun-parlors and sleeping porches, planted lawns and porte-cochères.

The city was surrounded with woods and hills and cleared places; there were gullies and rocks



and creeks and waterfalls and bluffs. To the South a sunken valley, like a fairy-land—"Tinkomville," where fields of waving grain were skirted with the homes of Assyrians who made wonderful laces and hand-embroidery—led along river-bottom and through winding woods and hill-sides to a table-land of richest agricultural lands stretching the great prairie expanses on South to become Iowa. To the North a neat cement bridge lit by electric arcs posed on high posts led across the Minnesota, and attained the plateau—the prairie expanse—that knew no bounds except the Red River of the North, the Dakotas, or the frontier of foreign dominions.

This was the place, Boise Jourdan thought, where she could live and die, unafraid that if some former associate of the Metropolis should discover her here in his casual travels, she would be unfortified by the conspicuous smugness that characterized the people of this town. This was the place of social opportunity, of a fiercer competitive contest, of a concentrated, partisan struggle—like *Jamestown*, but *bigger, fiercer*, and not on small-place scale. So she thought. It would be twenty Jamestowns in itself, and in addition the center and clearing-house of the dozens and dozens of Jamestowns and the hundreds of Nairdas and Ladogs and Sasnak Lake communities. There would be a score of *Truman Treadwells* and *Colonel Ruckers* struggling for

supremacy, yet they would represent only the *sub-species* and there would be above them the *species* or the *genus*—big, powerful fighters who took heroic measures in hectic spells and waited in breathless suspense for towering block houses to fall and crush them.

And so Boise Jourdan, after her engagement to Albert, mused over the promising new fields—that she would still be near enough to Jamestown—and resolved that after all it was not Truman Treadwell, the *person*, but the *type*, that had attracted her; that she did not hanker for *him* but for the opportunity to merge her own wonderful independence and assertive genius into the forum of the political struggle for poor masses, partly in the spirit that she might still inspire or help the one fighter she now knew, but more believing that the opportunity would come to make new affiliations with bigger fighters. Perhaps, too, there was a lurking desire for mild spitefulness and resentment, determined that she would put an end to the growing infatuation of Albert Peterson, and their engagement, and seek the new and larger field.

Premeditatingly she encouraged Walter Crampton, ever elert for the slightest sign to presume upon his slight prestige as postmaster and individual. Very promptly Albert Peterson dismissed her, and to her great surprise, but with little feeling of humiliation or chagrin for him.

She thought she could discern also, in Truman Treadwell's casual expressions, a tone of pleased satisfaction that it *was* so.

She applied for a position from the school board at Mankato, which she got.

Boise Jourdan visited New York the summer before the opening of the schools. She saw Ferd Browne and her old associates of the "Rollers" except Tousey Magee, who had gone into vaudeville and was out on some circuit in the West. She had found nothing in the old companions or the older haunts to interest her. Her resolve to cast her lot in this thriving, prosperous center of southern Minnesota was confirmed a hundred times, and once on her way to Mankato she sat bouyant and happy as the "Omaha train" from St. Paul rolled between the beautiful hills of the Minnesota valley, already specked with the variegated coloring of early falling leaves. She felt exhilarated as she walked briskly along boulevarded streets lined with trees, where squirrels were hiding acorns and scampering over lawns, to an old-fashioned, white-brick house at the turn in Broad Street where she was to live.

Boise Jourdan settled into her school work at Mankato. She found her teacher associates competent, courteous and dependable. All things moved along with clock-like regularity. The stores and the shops were filled with bright

goods and accommodating clerks. The streets and lawns were clean and well-kept. The business streets were well lighted with a uniform effective system made yet brighter by numerous display-signs; two large movie-theatres, up-to-the-minute and with good orchestras, were bright spots, as were the little cafes that kept open until late or even throughout the night.

Boise met many of the leading citizens—lawyers, bankers, doctors and professors, one or two preachers. She made the acquaintance of several of the leading merchants—a distinguished dry-goods man and a portly druggist—to say nothing of small shop-keepers, both men and women, a news-dealer, a photographer and others. She had been given membership in an exclusive literary club—"The Civic Economic Society"—composed of lawyers, doctors, educators, ministers, bankers and a few manufacturers. There was a Catholic priest, an artisan who had socialistic leanings, a dentist, a prominent restaurateur, an osteopath, a retired farmer-capitalist, and an editor or so from the two Mankato dailies.

This club aroused her hope and she was certain that she would discover here her *dramatis personae*, those moving spirits who shifted and colored the scenes in this new theatre-of-action. Once, she felt her blood tingle after the reading of a paper on social reform when in the discussion which followed, one of the editors had chal-

lenged several of the statements given and cited traditions involving duplicity of the early residents, which made several members squirm in their chairs. Boise was pleased at the brutal frankness of the editor in uncovering what had been relegated to the musty privacy of family skeletons and attic chests and she was delighted at the way this editor, who had a pugnacious countenance, bit off and chewed up his words, unmistakably cognizant that he brought discomfiture to many of the members of the club. She almost rushed up to him when the session ended and congratulated him on his frank talk—and then she noted that she was the only one who did. But this fact pleased her even more.

Her heart had leaped when he walked out with her and accompanied her to the house where she roomed, had expressed his delight with meeting her. She could feel her cheeks flush when she bade him good night, undisturbed by casual reference to his marital state.

Almost gleefully at breakfast next morning she had told Mr. Bankhead—the co-boarder who, with keenist zeal, debated all of the public questions, of this triumphant discovery of the *real genus* or *master-genus*, her new editor friend at the Civic Economic Society; and then she had wondered at herself after breakfast as she gazed in her room mirror at the crestfallen and dejected countenance when she conned over and over Mr. Bankhead's

retort about her editor, "Daring? Independent? Why, old Jim Baker would crawl through a hoop or play dead at the command of Bill Scott, the state Republican boss!" She had repeated Mr. Bankhead's words over and over to herself on the way to the school that morning, to dismiss them as prompted by prejudice, and at the first opportunity she inquired again concerning the editor and had learned that he was all that and more; that he was not only servile to, but part of, the machine; that he was a *Treadwell* in Civic Economic Societies but a *Rucker* in politics; that *he himself* was *politically* what he had impaled the yearly day residents for being in social and moral spheres—an acrobatic and gymnastic distorter of the genuine and real.

Again, Boise had felt a thrill when the religious question was injected into the schools—the particular matter of whether or not the Bible should be read at morning assembly—believing once more that in the dogged determination and spirit of one of the members of the school board and one of the opposing contenders she could see the nucleus of that uncompromising fighting-spirit she had always hoped to discover. She had no interest whatever in the subject matter of the controversy but as it might uncover the character she searched to find. She had been again disappointed when the whole matter was "settled," she knew not how.

And after following her other disappointments, she had believed that in Mr. Bankhead—although a large corporation was his employer—she could see the quality of leadership. He was bright and keen and well-informed. He would pick up the table boarders at a drop of the hat, could handle his subjects and give back rejoinders on anything from the orthodox exegesis to the exact direction a black cat would take across an alley. He had a mind that was scintillating and a firm and decisive manner of utterance that absolutely stilled most opposition. A bachelor, there was no barrier to their consummate comradeship and pal-dom.

Boise had been delighted when Bankhead had extended to her a hearty invitation to attend the feature mid-winter social event of the season at the Royal Good Fellows Club. This was the formal congregation of the leading spirits and broad-visioned men of the community, the smart set crowd, the *real* “*bon-tonners*,” and this would be her opportunity—for there were still magnificoes whom she had not met. Great had been her disappointment when she found that the whole affair appeared to be a silly little system of cringing and truckling and that everyone seemed perfectly reconciled to his place, and that—when she had visited with the few to whom the others knelt—their whole vision seemed limited to the bank counter, a factory, an office, the building of a bridge or sewer and an ambition for tawdry social pre-

eminence at cards or lodge. Even Mr. Bankhead—who differed slightly but did not lead—drew no one to him.

The school year half over, Boise Jourdan had discovered no fighting Don Quixote to bear the sword of political knighthood for the masses. But she had learned that, nestled down in this little old city of vine-covered brick houses left over from ante-bellum days, there was encrusted in relentless grip the inescapable social casts and partisan politic cliques that went with her sister communities of the East. She had discovered—that “Man-kat-o”—as dwellers were wont to pronounce it with great emphasis on the second syllable, and short pause—was a city that prided itself on its erudition and aestheticism and conversatism and not on ready adaptation to effervescent self-made commercial-booms or city-wide reform. She found that every person had his clique and every clique its niche. She found that otherwise red-blooded fellows here were interested in the movie, the dance, and after a fashion in what was the proper wrinkle for evening dress; that they frankly regarded politics as business for lawyers in country towns who wore black frock coats or crooks in downtown-precincts of cities of the first class. She found that the cultured element—and there was a remarkably large class of truly-cultured people—had passed through the many stages of the city’s development, and seemed ever



afterward immune to excitement over civic and political doings in city, county or state.

At the year's end Boise Jourdan had given up her quest for the kindred spirit, male or female. She had found that many whom she had met and whom she liked immensely at first meeting, and who had apparently taken a strong notion to her, did not remember her at second sight, and, reminded, they were still more obtuse at later meetings and finally quite content to forget. She found too that her services were gladly accepted on welfare working committees where she was promptly consigned to tedious campaign solicitings, with pushy, grasping, individuals as captains over her to advise plans of work. Squirm as she might, she could never, never get out of that particular niche.

She found finally that there was no *species* or *genus* of the *Treadwell* sort and because necessity had not demanded, none of even the *Colonel Rucker* type. There was an *amalgamation*, instead of *Colonel Ruckers*, each confined to his own sphere—one educational, one religious, another financial, some commercial, a few, "good roads," three or four political, but no master hand—all giving and taking, parceling out, sharing burdens with minutest, equitable distribution and full credit correspondingly.

But Boise settled down more or less patiently as a true denizen of the town, made her applica-

tion for the succeeding year, accepted her catalogued niche, and went on with her teaching, in which it was easy for her to make a complete success with little effort.

It had been a bright spot a few years later when she had learned that Truman Treadwell was a candidate for Congress, and she was happy when he carried the primary election in Mankato over the opposition of the "mixed Ruckerites," as Truman had expressed it to her.

And two years later—in his second campaign, when she attended the Congressional District Convention that elected delegates to the National Convention at Chicago—she was jubilant to see Truman Treadwell made Convention chairman, to see him stand pat for the selection of loyal Roosevelt delegates to Chicago over the *old machine crowd*, who were backing Taft, and especially to see Judge Hays, Treadwell's closest friend and confidant, selected as one of the delegates to the National Convention. She felt gratified that her judgment that Judge Hays was one of the really independent spirits of the city was confirmed, and she was coming to regard Truman Treadwell's foresight as infallible in all things political. She had abandoned now all thought that the central nest of politics was here at this city of Mankato, and had likened it rather to the residuum left by the confluence of the rivers, or the confluence of the rivers themselves, flowing together here to

join their forces for the onward march to bigger and greater joinings farther down.

Later, Boise began to see, or thought she saw, spinsterhood staring her in the face. Among others, she had long accepted of the attentions of Walter Crampton. With his light and airy ways, and superficial good nature, he was always pleasant company. He seemed generous, good-hearted. Truman Treadwell had been elected to Congress and was at Jamestown little or none-at-all, and the only seeming bone of contention between Walter and Boise—for she had often taken him to task about his instability and deceitful tactics affecting Truman Treadwell's political campaigns—was now removed. Walter's postmastership appointment had expired and he had been succeeded by a Democrat. Whereupon the versatile ex-postmaster had secured a foremanship within a Minneapolis factory. He belonged to the Royal Good Fellows Lodge, was prominent in fact, and upon his visits in town was in high favor with this fraternity and in its Club. Mr. Bankhead spoke highly of him, and many regarded Walter Crampton as a very competent and shrewd business manager, a coming man. He appeared to be making progress and was in line for an assistant managership.

Boise still did not approve of his political affiliations and took no pride in the fact that Walter boasted close relationship with leading politicians

at Minneapolis, but she dismissed the subject when he frankly answered that it was with Colonel Rucker's help he had obtained his position there—and that it was with the favor of many of those who were in the "political game" that he was held in such high favor and had such prospect of material advancement.

Therefore, one spring, after a distinct understanding that she was to have her independence and freedom of thought upon things political, and continue her school work in Minneapolis without recommendation from any of the political sources to which *he* had catered, Boise Jourdan and Walter Crampton were married.

## XXIX

### A SCHOOL OF PATRIOTISM

The great war was over. Bill Scott, state political cliquer and super-Rucker, had a job on his active hands. The following article in a servile Minneapolis news-sheet was evidence of the fact that in his "patriotic" propaganda for the ensuing election no bet would be overlooked. The article was a kind of editorial:

**"PATRIOTISM IN OUR SCHOOLS,"** it was headed.

"The people of this city have always taken a pardonable pride in maintaining an educational system second to none. We are ever zealous that our schools shall be kept up to the best educational standards and that pupils who are known as graduates of the High School here may enter the higher branches and matriculate in the curriculum of any authenticated college or university of the land.

"But in these days when we have so freshly learned the lessons of good government

through our brave soldier boys who sleep in Flanders fields, let us hope that the first essential lesson taught will be the lesson of *patriotism*. Let us weed out from our schools every Bolshevistic and socialistic and anti-American pedagogue. Let us tear out by its roots every vestige of un-American, foreign and Non-Partisan doctrine or dogma! Let us put an end to government or attempted government by cult or craft.

“Unless the School Board takes immediate action in the shameful and disgraceful conduct and the defiant attitude of Mrs. Boise Jourdan Crampton in the Civil Government class room last week, and summarily dismisses her from further work in our splendid schools, there will have been sown the prolific seed from which will spring the crop of disloyalty and sedition that must overthrow our government. Boise Jourdan Crampton should be summarily dismissed by the School Board without parley. Our schools must not be made the hotbed of disloyalty and sedition. Americanization must start now.”

As violent editorials calling for summary dismissal of teachers in schools do not generally state the offense committed it might be necessary to say that Ole Peterson, brother of Hans Peterson, of Jamestown, had retired as a farmer in Nairda Township and had moved to Minneapolis; his granddaughter, Tilda Peterson, rather countrified in dress, was in Boise Jourdan Crampton's Civil Government class; that there was a question-

box in which the pupils left written queries each class-hour to be answered the succeeding day; that Tilda Peterson had stated that her father belonged to the Non-Partisan League and was feeling the smart and humiliation of a complete social ostracism; that one morning—a few days before this conspicuous article in the paper—there was in the question-box, *“Is it disloyal to the Government to be a member of the Non-Partisan League?”* Boise Jourdan Crampton read the question and without any particular stress answered it as she did the rest, certainly not thinking that it had any special significance, “Certainly not.” The following day the question-box was well filled and the same day Boise Jourdan Crampton found a big contract on her hands. She opened and read and promptly answered every question as it appeared to her and exactly as she believed right and correct. And it was evident that “somebody back” had been assisting in framing up the questions.

*“Can a member of the Non-Partisan League be loyal when the head of the organization has been convicted of disloyalty?”* was propounded.

“Disloyalty of the chief officer would not imply disloyalty of a member,” Boise answered. “The church is not responsible for its hypocrites nor reliable banks for occasional defaulters. I do not know whether or not the head officer of the Non-Partisan League has been finally convicted of a

crime involving disloyalty in a court of proper jurisdiction. I am answering the question hypothetically, as asked."

*"Isn't an organization of farmers for political purposes wrong?"* was another question. The replies seemed easy to Boise and she saw no reason to prefer a straightforward answer until a later date, as she had sometimes done in somewhat intricate cases.

"No, I would say unhesitatingly that it was not 'wrong.' Like bankers, lawyers, wholesalers, retailers and every business man and laborer they have a perfect right to organize to protect their business and secure themselves each and all of the proper advantages to be secured by mutual organization. It is not wrong for them to urge the passage of laws, and to support candidates for office who stand for the things that they believe to be just and right and advantageous. Of course, their organization may be wrongfully used for improper purposes. And by the same token—if it were diverted from its main purpose and became purely a political instrumentality seeking political advantage and adopted the tactics of other political machine organizations, as it then would—it could not be permanent and would soon disintegrate."

*"Isn't the Non-Partisan League a menace to this Government?"* was the next question.

Boise answered, "A menace must threaten—



threaten to destroy—the government of the United States. The Non-Partisan League at worst only threatens to elect men of their own choosing as officials of states to secure certain measures by state legislatures. None but farmers are permitted to join it. Even if their every purpose were bad there could not be enough members to change the majority of the governments of the states and to affect the government of the United States. If they seized, through election, the government of a state and every law passed by a legislature of a state and upheld by the Courts, also of their own selection, were harmful, it still could only do temporary harm, for their own members would, sooner or later, repudiate the leader who had advocated such harmful laws. I would say, therefore, that there is *no possibility* of the Non-Partisan League menacing the government of the United States.”

“*Do you believe in the Non-Partisan League?*”

“I do not. I do not believe in any organization of any particular craft for political purposes only—whose principal purpose is political advantage. I do not believe such organization can ever be permanent, because it is not based upon the theory of our form of government that *all* of the people shall govern by a majority rule.”

The question-box was finished, and Jimmie Hickey signaled permission to ask another question. Boise granted it.

"Why are the newspapers so strong against this Non-Partisan League?" he blurted. Jimmie Hickey's father worked at the Capitol at St. Paul, in the office of one of the state officials.

"Because they threaten to oust the numerous political job-holders and parasites whom certain newspapers favor," Boise Crampton answered promptly.

The class was dismissed and recess taken.

So was the "seditious conduct" of Boise Jourdan Crampton that incited the newspaper article. Yet it stirred the city until it seemed that, like the unnecessary census fight at Jamestown, it worked into deepest depths from a discussion of actual merits, in this case of a League of farmers.

At once the newspaper followed up its editorial with other articles demanding Boise Jourdan Crampton's forthright dismissal. Walter Crampton was *sent for* by Bill Scott, and he and satellite, "Milt" Rose, proposed that Crampton arrange for a statement from his wife, apologizing for her attitude and admitting her error, that could be published in the newspapers and put a happy end to the controversy. Walter Crampton was exultant over this fine solution, and without waiting, sought Boise at the school to advise her of the amicable arrangement, which she repudiated promptly. They quarreled at their apartment that night, and the following night, and again

after the next article appeared demanding her dismissal.

Then the School Board made the same request as a way out of the controversy, that Boise Jordan Crampton might make a public statement and admit her error, although the individual members of the board with whom Boise had talked singly, none of them, had maintained that she had committed any wrong. Boise found that the Women's Club to which she belonged and of which she was an honored and a charter member did not appear congenial. A big patriotic Americanization parade was being arranged for and at the meeting of the club Boise was not even consulted about the arrangements—although she was that club's first executive officer and its leading spirit and was always the first to be consulted about such matters, or any matters. Instead, the wife of a very rich and prominent retired lumberman was chosen to head the club and arrange for its participation in the Americanization demonstration. Boise could not help but notice that a Mrs. Kinkaid, who had always sat beside her, unvaryingly deferred to her judgment and was always urging her to call, no longer sought her and bowed coolly indeed at this last meeting.

She observed that the manager of the apartment-house where she and Walter had their apartments seemed to parade the fact that he belonged to this and that *loyalty* and *patriotic society* and

bitterly called everybody—the grocer who gave them short weight, and the garbage man who scattered potato peelings over the alley—"Huns" and "socialists" and "Non-Partisans" and "Bolsheviks." Boise noticed that merchants, discussing high prices of their wares, hinted that things were so Bolshevistic that they *had* to charge enough to make up for the tremendous overhead caused by the demands of labor; and the Mr. Chinblom who worked at a department store and lived in the apartment across the hall predicted that the "bottom was going out of prices and business" because of the "demoralization" caused by the agitation of the "Reds" and "Bolsheviks" and "Non-Partisans." They blamed them for the high prices and they blamed them for the low. Walter came home every day with tales of how the whole country was in immediate danger of insurrection and revolution and seemed impressed with the arguments used that there was really *imminent danger* of the *actual overthrow of the Government*.

Boise was sickened—sickened at heart. She consulted a good sound lawyer and found that she could make considerable difficulty if the school board ousted her, and stood her ground. Then came the Americanization parade. And Boise Jourdan Crampton—she who could stand her ground against metropolitan newspapers and defy school boards and deliver dissertations on the

Non-Partisan League to the children of its bitterest enemies, try as she might—found that she was not the woman of steel that could take her place and face the withering gaze of her co-workers of the women's club who were portrayed in the Sunday editions as society leaders of such superior charm and culture. No, she just couldn't; and she wondered to herself if she were unpatriotic; if she didn't love the flag; if these people were superior to her, more loyal, more honest, readier to make some sacrifice for country that she would not make. And she thought of what she had heard Truman Treadwell say of the political powers, that they would stop at nothing, even the desecration of the American flag, to win their point. "Surely they would not get up a patriotic—an Americanization—parade to work their politics?" she pondered.

The night before the Americanization parade Walter was in a dilemma: he couldn't make up his mind whether he would march with the Royal Good Fellows Lodge, the boys from the factory where he was foreman—who were to get a half-holiday for the purpose, or with the Republican Club of the precinct and ward to which he belonged.

Boise insinuated, "I should think it would be most *proper* to march with the political club—it's a politics parade anyway!" Walter did not catch the insidiousness of Boise's prompting but stu-

pidly agreed that it *was* a political parade, and while he had rather preferred marching with the Royal Good Fellows Lodge he readily assented to Boise's suggestion to march with the political club, rather prided himself in the propriety of it. However, Milt Rose—*all-around-handy-man* for Bill Scott—called Walter at the office early the next morning and thought that he *had better march with the men at the factory*, get as many of them as he could into the parade, and "hold them in line." So Walter Crampton marched with the men at the factory. Walter always obeyed orders and made a good soldier, but not for the Lord.

### XXX

#### THE PARADE

Nicollet Avenue—familiar *Mecca* to dwellers in the scattered towns of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana—was all ablaze with the reflection of a midday sun from the glaring brass of military bands marching 'mid banners unfurled to an autumn breeze. Red, white and blue bunting, draped and unfurled flags, great display signs carrying legends to inspire loyalty to country, ornamented buildings and streets. Myriads of cheering people in holiday attire perched in windows, waved and shouted at the marchers and beat the rhythm of the inspiring marches.

The great parade!—lodges and fraternal orders wearing, by special dispensation of Supreme Lodge officers, their ritualistic regalia; commercial clubs and associations; ward and precinct political clubs; welfare working societies; floats built on great motor trucks, with pyramids of beautiful girls dressed in Stars and Stripes, with flowing hair; classes of colleges and schools; fire apparatus; callous-handed workmen of the factor-

ies with sashes of the tri-color of the country; women of clubs in automobiles; officials on horse-back; soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic; soldiers of the Spanish-American War and of the World War; squads of policemen, firemen, city officials, and citizens in automobiles thronged the gay street.

To a casual observer there would have been nothing significant about a group of five men who rode in one of the automobiles which headed the modest group of citizens at the end of the parade, except that *one* of the group seemed to know *about every onlooker* along the street who had the appearance of being worth-the-knowing and that at short intervals some *one* of the five men and often *all of them* waved conspicuously at lookers-on or shouted mouthy observations back and forth.

Yet here is Bill Scott, as is usual, fat, jovial, sandy-complexioned, with beady eyes—state boss of the Republican party or any other party but a decent people's party, as occasion demands—the head of the *bi-partisan machine of Minnesota*, a *machine* financed by Steel Trust, railroads, at times great wholesale interests, and Twin City Electric Railways, one of the few state *political machines* bold enough to take political campaigns to the people, *finance them in the dark*, and flaunt hundreds of thousands of dollars of paid advertising, paid for from unknown sources, in the faces of an unscrutinizing public.



Bill Scott was perched in the front seat, with Milt Rose. Bill Scott was laughing and smiling. With the spectators and fellow paraders? No, at them. Ah, Americanization!

Milt Rose was a big, stout, boyish-faced, good-natured, poppy-eyed fellow who did all of the "dirty work" and fetch-and-carry for the political master-manipulator. He had a friendly, kindly manner and was the ideal fellow for all-around general fixer. He could "get" the precinct workers—the *Walter Cramptons*—and he could lunch at very reputable cafés, or indulge in superficial political prognostications with Congressmen at Washington. Back of master and man, bowing and smiling and commenting graciously on persons along the way, sat Phillip P. Caldwell, multi-million corporation member, controlling stockholder in public utility and mining and lumbering companies, with the political editor of one of the potent dailies, and a well-liked state ring leader who was the prospective candidate for Governor—for whom at the proper time a framed-up elimination convention was to declare with great semblance of popular acclaim. Phillip P. Caldwell rode with Bill Scott. He had a perfect right, the right of much loot.

The three in the back seat made little comment now except of a general nature. But the two in front, Bill Scott and his lackey, were ever so busy.

"There's George!—Hey, George!" cried Bill

Scott, as George Holland, heading the Republican Club from his ward, turned at the intersecting street. The front end of the parade passed the automobile section, which was brought up standing.

"This is a great stunt, Bill!" observed Milt Rose as he noted with approval the look of complete satisfaction on the political leader's puffy face.

"Guess Phil will think so time we get all that bunting paid for!" observed Bill Scott.

"Did the Daubilson Company send you the bill for the bunting yet, Mr. Caldwell?" Milt Rose promptly queried, turning to the back seat as he spoke. Caldwell smiled amiably without answering, and continued talking to his companions about some dispute over wages in a factory in which he was interested.

"Phil can give it to Walter Crampton to use in his factory. It'd make a damn good thing for them socialist hounds down there to use to wipe off the machinery. They might get a little patriotism *soaked* into them that we can't get *knocked* into their heads," Bill Scott grunted, loud enough so that Phillip P. Caldwell could hear. Caldwell again smiled and bowed accord with the sentiment expressed, but continued his rather detailed discussion of the justice of the scale of wages in his factory in question with their prospective candidate and their little political editor.

A prominent business man—a liberal thinker on things political—at the head of a lodge in full regalia, not the Royal Good Fellows but a more conservative order, went by as the automobile carrying the politicians came to a stop.

Milt Rose leaned close to Bill Scott's ear to shout above the blare of the band that was starting to play. . . . "There's old Tom McKenzie at the head of the . . . (the blare of the band drowned the name of the order), I guess if he knew what we're pulling this off for he'd be hotter'n hell—shame to make a dupe of old Tom! He's a good fellow!—"

"There's no dupe about it—this is a *patriotic campaign*. What the hell's the matter with you! Ask Phil!" Bill Scott sallied; and they laughed heartily. Phillip P. Caldwell was curious to know the occasion of the humor and Milt Rose repeated his comment on Tom McKenzie, with Bill Scott's answer. The three men chuckled.

In a moment the men from the factory headed by Walter Crampton were passing. Phillip P. Caldwell leaned forward and counted: there were only thirty-six—thirty-six out of a possible two hundred and fifty. He bowed at two or three of them who looked up as they passed. Walter Crampton waved and all of the men in the automobile cordially returned his salute. Walter allowed himself an extra swaggar.

The three schemers in the back seat continued

their talk about the factory conditions and labor, and agreed that the situation was a serious one—down deep in Phillip P. Caldwell's figuring heart he knew that the time was close at hand when there would be unemployment and plenty of idle hands and that the men even with the best-possible organized unions could not all get work, the work they needed; that the dearth of work and the surplus of hands would make it comparatively easy to get labor at very reasonable figures. And he knew *anyhow* that the labor cost, now that the war was over, was a matter of bookkeeping to be figured in and passed on to the consumer. Weren't labor "raises" always *passed on*? As surely as labor "cuts" were not.

Mr. Caldwell had never been troubled at all about labor conditions, but he liked the fellowship that came from discussion of these problems with politicians who made superficial remarks about "labor costs" and "overheads"; and so he appeared almost fervent in his fears and solicitudes about the *great problems* presented to the *capitalists* and *factory operators* and *financiers*. He liked to be toadied to by men who were in public life and he was not sure but that some time he would lay aside his often-professed determination to eschew politics and go into the political field for, say the United States Senate, or Ambassador to Great Britain, or some important foreign post with social distinction.

In front the conversation and the thought continued, but along different lines. It was the brutal frank discussion of *men*—as *human pawns*—and *women*.

“Crampton is a purty good scout!” Milt Rose observed.

“Yes, Colonel Rucker down there at Jamestown said he’d play the game,” Bill Scott responded.

“Guess they’ve dropped that school fracas, haven’t they? That made it kind o’ bad for him all right, that damn—”

“Wait, Milt, I was going to tell you about that. I looked up the law with old Major Kahn the other day and they’ve *got* us on that. You better see Ed Greene”—(Ed Greene was the abject editor who had written up the school-editorial proposition)—“and tell him to ‘lay-off’ on that stuff. He can write up a mild one and leave it to the school board. They can be the goats. Nobody ever saw our hand in it anyway.”

“If Walter put that proposition up to her maybe she’s spilled it. She turned it down all right, you know,” suggested Milt Rose.

“Oh, that’s all right. The school board asked that same thing afterward and if anything comes up we’ll say it was *their* proposition. Easy as anything. We’d *just heard of it* before the school board made the demand. *Advance information*—you get me!” mumbled Scott, with an easy way of disposing of things without repeatedly refreshing

outsiders on oversights and leaks. "You might ask Walter Crampton what he told her and what she said about it, though," he ordered in mild direction, and Milt Rose took out a note book and made a memory-tickler notice in it.

After a few minutes Bill Scott continued, bowing to several ladies who were marching in one of the Women's Clubs and passing while he talked:

"The hell of it is, that Boise Crampton woman is *right* about it. Fred Woodyard's boy is in that class and she didn't say anything out of the way anyway if what Fred says is right. Fred hates that damned Hun outfit bad enough so he wouldn't try to defend 'em if there was anything he could hang on 'em. I guess she told 'em some pretty straight stuff when she said the newspapers were against 'em because they were threatening to oust the officers they were in favor of, eh? And she said farmers had a right to organize like any other people. You tell Ed to 'lay off' on that stuff in the paper. Tell him to just hammer away on the patriotic stuff in general—that'll pull us through another campaign, good, and we can change the primary law next legislature."

"She's a pretty shrewd little woman, all right, and they say she's not such a bad looker, either," Milt Rose rattled away and waited for his chief to take up the subject again.

"Where'd she come from?" demanded Bill.

"She was teaching school down at Mankato when Crampton met her, wasn't she?" queried back Milt Rose.

"No, I remember now. Walter Crampton told me he met her down at Jamestown; that she was teaching down there when he was postmaster," Scott recalled.

"That's right," Milt Rose was reminded, "they say she's quite an admirer of that Congressman Treadwell that hails from down there at Jamestown and they say he's going to quit Congress and come out for Governor in spite of hell and high-water."

"God! That can't be! Why, that fellow's got a cinch on that Congress job. There can't anything budge him. Ed Green's hammered on him in the paper and so's Jim. They've played up everything they could get and the boys down at Washington have passed him up and put him in Dutch on everything they could. And when election time comes he goes off campaigning for the National Committee and let's 'em just vote their own way and they send him back to Congress without a ripple. Congressman Floparound told me last summer that Treadwell didn't give a continental damn about the whole political bunch in Minnesota.

"Nah, he won't quit a soft snap like that. If he ever does we've got to turn the big guns on him and crucify him before he gets his toe-nails in.

Why, he's one of the best spellbinders the National Committee can get in the business. He's been all over the United States—and he hits the ball every time."

"The boys can lambaste him in the paper and when that socialist bunch sees we're against him they'll knuckle to him. Then we'll turn the tables on him and accuse him of being hand-and-glove with the Non-Partisans and play up the patriotic stuff," Milt suggested.

"Oh, no, you can't get away with Treadwell so easy as that. He'll come back. And he'll come out and say he's ready and willing to accept the support of *anything* to get rid of a bunch like us—and then punch hell out of us!" Bill Scott came back.

"But we don't need to play up his 'come-backs' Bill. We'll give them the *silent treatment* and hammer on his *affiliations*," Milt Rose suggested again.

"Yes, that's so, Milt. I understand. That's all right for this campaign. He can't get the publicity and the acquaintance in one campaign and we can 'get by' this time anyway against anybody. And besides, you know the Non-Partisan crowd never'll endorse him for the same reason we wouldn't; they can't *handle* him. You've got to give it to that fellow. He's the kind that nobody can handle and he won't be tied up to any clique. He'd come just as near training with our crowd



as that crowd of long-faced, sour-stomached agitators. Colonel Rucker admits that he beat him all right and Rucker's as shrewd as they make 'em. And Rucker admits he ain't a bad fellow either, but a hell of a fighter and he ain't afraid of anything. He can fight and smile at the same time. I can't believe he'll ever quit down there at Washington, but maybe he will. I hope not."

"Well, if we give him a good licking that'll dispose of his case, won't it?" queried Milt Rose.

"No! God no! Don't you know anything at all about that fellow?" roared Bill Scott, stopping to shake hands with a little sawed-off fellow who was a precinct worker in his own ward, and continued, "Why, he kept running down there for Congress until he'd licked every fellow who ever thought he wanted to run for the Republican nomination and we had the boys coddle him along until a few days before the general election, and then throw him over and beat him. And he'd come bobbing up again like a cork. We couldn't beat him for the nomination and he kept at it three times, until he was *absolutely* broke. But he kept right on running until the boys said they'd have to give up and let him have it. And if Floparound and Maneedson and some of the rest of them down at Washington had half the 'guts' he's got and would play the game with us all through we'd drive him out of the state! Nope, you can't ever pull him off if he gets started, and we can't pin that Non-

Partisan stuff on him but once," Scott observed, with a feeling that he knew that this thing might mean trouble.

But Milt Rose had seen every *dangerous man* disposed of in one way and another. He had seen this fighter and that one come up. Some had gone broke. Some had tried and been discouraged after double-crossing at the polls, when they had won nominations in the party. Milt Rose had faith that there was *always a way because there always had been*. He knew that when nothing else had turned the trick, and as a last resort, the offer of a good political office, an appointment, or the *office itself* which the contender demanded—with a "perfect understanding"—had done the business. The system was probably devised by those foreign states which found it good to give a title, now and then, to the worst native trouble-makers in remote possessions.

But Milt Rose did *not* know what Bill Scott *did* know—that every one of these measures had been tried on Truman Treadwell when the offices offered and his circumstances were such as to make it far more attractive than anything that the machine could tempt him with now. Bill Scott was thinking about *Senator Simuhderf* and *Sam Collier* and *Dwight M. Serdby*.

Bill Scott appeared troubled and Milt Rose made another try. He said, "Well, we can give him a good appointment, Bill."

This fired old Scott and he was visibly impatient with his political lieutenant when he replied, "Good appointment! What do you think we've got laying around to tease a man, *in line*, who'll quit the softest snap in Congress to fight us? Why, he turned down one of the best appointive jobs in the state when he was a lawyer down there in Jamestown and didn't have a ghost of a chance of winning his fight, and he could have had the nomination and election the first time if he'd been willing to 'play with the boys.' How you going to get him now with offices or anything else? If he comes out he'll bust out with a broadside on us, the first thing he does, and he'll never back down until he's got us licked. I tell you he's a *fighter* and he'll never quit, if he starts. We'd have to shoot him and even then, if we had suffrage—and I guess we will—we'd get licked; his wife's just as much of a fighter as he is and she'd lick us too."

"You're sure painting a dreary picture about that Treadwell fellow, Bill!" Milt Rose concluded. The last of the parade had passed and they drove back to Bill Scott's office.

The Americanizing pageant was over and they felt that they had made great strides toward the winning of the next campaign.

"The next big parade will be the election," said Bill Scott, dryly, as they got out of the automobile and went up to his office.

## XXXI

### QUARRELS AND HIGHBALLS

When Truman Treadwell came out for Governor and as Bill Scott had predicted lambasted the *political machine* in Minnesota, and said that it was the most corrupt state political machine in the United States, the breaking point came for Walter Crampton and Boise Jourdan Crampton. Walter had found himself apologizing to Milt Rose because of his wife's "socialistic tendencies" and Boise had found herself apologizing *to herself* for Walter Crampton's servility to Milt Rose and the political fixers.

A night that the usual Minneapolis paper contained a slighting reference to Truman Treadwell's candidacy for Governor, Walter came home with the paper. Boise had not seen it.

"Well, what do you think of that fool of a Truman Treadwell?—What do you s'pose he's done now?"

Boise did not reply but waited for him to go on with his statement. Walter laid the paper on the dining-room table as he sat down and Boise took

it up calmly as she poured out some tea, glancing over the article about Congressman Truman Treadwell as a candidate for Governor. She finished pouring out the tea, sipped it, and read the article twice. Then she folded it carefully and laid it at her elbow, buttered her toast, and very quietly in a low, restrained voice she said, "Well, what about that? Don't you think he'll make as good a Governor as—"

"For God's sake, I hope you ain't going to make out you think that's all right! Milt Rose says he's sold out to the Non-Partisans and the Socialists. He's going to try and—"

"Oh, I think I know something about Milt Rose, and about Truman Treadwell. I guess if there's any selling-out in politics or buying-out that Milt Rose—"

"Now see here, Milt Rose is a friend of mine and we owe a good deal to him and I'm not going to—"

"I thought you always claimed that Truman Treadwell was a friend of yours when you used to—"

"I've done the last thing I'm ever going to do for Truman Treadwell, he's—"

This enraged Boise. She had fought with herself many, many times to keep from showing up his deceitfulness and his cringing tactics, how he had always professed friendship for Truman Treadwell and claimed some credit for his prefer-

ments—but had always betrayed him and played into Colonel Rucker's hands. She hated his truckling and servile habits, and all his lack of independence and loyalty.

She could not contain herself longer. "I'd like to know what you ever did for Truman Treadwell to help him accomplish anything. Maybe you claim credit for getting up the reception after the telegram from Colonel Ruck—"

"Here, you can't throw that damned old stuff up to me. You was always stuck on Truman Treadwell yourself. You thought everybody ought to—"

He was mashing potato into the table-cloth at the side of his plate as he scolded away, and tugged at his collar. His eyes snapped.

Boise felt her face flush at this last sally and she retorted, "I've got more respect for a man that'll stand up and *fight* than I have for anybody that'll kneel down to Milt Rose and a lot of dirty, low-down, ward politicians," she said, and she looked him straight in the eye; sat stolid, clinging to the table-cloth under the edges of the table.

She made no further pretense at eating and with this last statement from her Walter Crampton slammed down a half-raised fork, scattering food over the table, jumped to his feet, and started toward Boise exclaiming, "By God! I won't stand for any—"

Boise did not move a muscle and sat coolly as

she interjected, "Oh, a cringing coward like you wouldn't dare—"

But Boise had reasoned poorly as to what cowards do, and despite her defiance, he seized her by the throat with both hands and pushed her against the wall. She struggled to free herself, screaming. Her cries brought him to his senses. He released his hold and she burst into tears. She went to her bedroom and threw herself upon the bed where she lay sobbing.

Crampton seized his coat and hat and rushed out. After an hour he came back, quite pleasant and smiling. She was still sobbing and he entreated her to forget. She gave him no answer. Until 'way into the night he begged of her to forgive, and finally very characteristically gave notice that he would not beg again. She was stolid against his entreaties. Finally he went into the front room of the apartment, lay on the davenport and went to sleep.

In the morning he went out for his breakfast and then to his office. During the day he made up his mind that he would convince her when he went home that night that she was wrong. He had thought of a dozen different ways of arguing his side of the case. He knew he could make her see her mistake. And he would not ask her to forgive him—there was nothing to forgive. It never came to him that he might be a "coward." Another thought had not occurred—that *she* would not be

there when he went home that night, and that she would never be there again.

A few days after their quarrel Walter Crampton took a vacation and sought consolation among his friends at Jamestown.

On arriving he went first to Colonel Rucker's office. Colonel Rucker was not in and his next visit was made to Jake Torkelson, at the store. Jake Torkelson had become more active in politics in later years and was a close confidant of Colonel Rucker's.

There was an impromptu party at Jake Torkelson's house that night. The pretext was Walter Crampton's visit to Jamestown; the inspiration for it was the fact that Walter Crampton—just from Minneapolis—had the latest dope on the view the politicians had of Truman Treadwell's plunge into the political scramble, and that that view fortified Jake Torkelson and the "regulars" of the Rucker crowd. There wasn't much of any other crowd now, in their own view of it, for the Treadwells were in Washington and away from the scene of early activities. Perhaps the real occasion, after all, was that the last case of "Canadian Club" that Jake Torkelson had left in his cellar from the stock that he had so providently laid away against the days of Constitutional Amendments and Volstead Acts was to be opened that night.



The Torkelsons lived in a roomy, ample bungalow—long front room, fireplace, sun-parlor, big dining-room. Jake's wife—Dena Torkelson—pink-cheeked, round-faced, yellow-haired, flitted in and out of the kitchen stuffing the big range, and tidying the library table with its loads of photographs of the Fjords and Christiania and Smaaland, and straightened the Victrola around.

Jake Torkelson had been hustling bottles from down in his "locker" and had made an array of shining "battalions" along the back edge of the kitchen cabinet. He repaired to the big front room to caress a rare twenty-year old specimen of Bourbon that had been presented to him by Jule Britten on a fishing excursion, and to make the momentous decision as to tapping it that night. Jake Torkelson was from Gudbrandsdalen. His father was a Gudbrandsdalener and his mother was from Christiania. After he had got to be an "American" of some affluence he had come to appreciate thoroughly that the Bønder or peasant class of Gudbrandsdalen, from the wonderful valley north of Christiania, was regarded as superior—he and Dena had taken a trip to Norway and joined in the May celebration. He had felt keenly his superiority over the many who had come from Bergen and the Bergens-Fjord countries, over those intermixtures of Norsk and Svenske from Bergen and Smaaland—and especially the "Fiske Strils." The Jake Torkelsons' broad hospitality

encompassed Norsk and Svenske, Gudbrandsdalener, Bergenite, Smaalander or Fiske Stril alike and during the Yuletide season the Torkelsons kept open house for weeks and all Yuletiders—from the Norsk in their bright Bänder costumes, to Yankee residents who dressed in the old habiliments of the Civil War—were given a welcome—and a warming and comforting nip of “schnapps.”

But Jake Torkelson felt a new sense of pride since the war. He had forged ahead of his rivals—the Germans—in loyalty to his adopted country. The slow adaptation of the German element to the American ideals and their stubborn maintenance of their own schools and traditions had always exasperated him, and like leading citizens of Norwegian descent everywhere, Jake Torkelson had encouraged, and had himself adopted every American ideal.

He had felt his blood tingle with *Americanism* on the morning that the papers carried the tonnage of Norwegian shipping that had been sunk by the Germans, a list copied from the Congressional Record and inserted in the press by Minnesota's Viking Senator. Armed by this new strength of spirits he had gone into the campaigns for Liberty Loans, Red Cross and War-aid funds with effective zeal and some enthusiasm.

He was jubilant when the Non-Partisan League sent their field workers with a great fleet of Fords

to invade Minnesota—this Non-Partisan League which had started in North Dakota and then controlled the Governor and all state officers and the state legislature of that state, and whose officers and field-workers had many of them taken a position against the war—in many instances absolutely disloyal to the government of the United States. And his joy was ecstatic when—exactly as he had predicted—the multitudes of German descent, who were not in hearty accord with the war, joined it in almost compact neighborhoods. He was exasperated when good substantial Norwegian farmers, customers at the store, also joined; and he chided them and argued with them and had little patience with their statement that they were tired of the way things were run in Minnesota and that their membership in the Non-Partisan League had no reference to the war. But the deep and sober emotion of his joy—that which approached supreme unction—was that he had exceeded in patriotism other Jamestownites of Norwegian descent, and some even of Gudbrandsdalen, but more especially some Yankees—genuine “blue-bellied” Yankees whose ancestors came to America, no one knew when. And this, the acme of his exultation, was that they—Jake Torkelson, and Dena Torkelson—were going to entertain at their home that night a different crowd—not Yuletiders—but Jamestownites, Norske, Svenske and Yankees alike, men and women, but with a

liberal sprinkling of Yankee. And what's more, that the product of the festivities would be the unmerciful home-town castigation of the biggest Yankee of them all and of such violence that this particular Yankee's friends, Tad Wheeler and Albert Peterson, would have to "back completely down" and that he, Jake Torkelson would be the "loyalty" umpire and announce his decision with due regard to his status as host. He hoped it all might start something.

"Turn that Victrola around this way so we can play the Liberty Loan March and that Illinois Liberty March to the Yankees," Jake Torkelson ordered, when he had made his decision about the ripe old Bourbon—not to tap it—and cuddled it out into the kitchen, where he hunched it back toward the corner, on a high shelf, and eyed the *slatebröd* and *gammel-ost* and *ludfisk*—the latter prepared by weeks of soaking in a sort of ash-lime solution before its final preparation for the table. Dena turned the victrola around with obedient quickness; Jake dumped a cigar stump and came to his wife's assistance in selecting records to be played for the company and placing them where they would have easy access.

"*Vill Yohn Peterson come?*" Dena Torkelson queried, in spirit of full submission to all of Jake Torkelson's plans and with little further information of the authenticated list of guests than the number to be prepared for. She was taking

for granted that Adolph Swanson, Jake Torkelson's special friend and crony, and Hilda, would be on hand, and that Walter Crampton was the guest of honor and that Tad Wheeler—who had never been in the Torkelsons' home—was invited. Dena Torkelson didn't know why she had asked the question but unconsciously she felt that criticism of Truman Treadwell would be indulged. She knew that John Peterson might make some pretty strenuous objections, that the pleasantness of the evening might be marred, and she felt a concern about the harmony of the occasion.

"Nope, I didn't ask John Peterson," Jake replied. "He's too hot-headed. He flies off the handle too easy. Walter Crampton's got a lot of stuff on Truman Treadwell and I want to have him tell the boys about it. John Peterson might kick up a fuss. He thinks everything Truman Treadwell does is all right. We want everybody to have a good time. We don't want any quarreling. We've got—"

"*Vel, you ask Albert and Tad Veeler. Ain't dey good friends to Treadvell too?*" Dena Torkelson parried.

"Oh, yes, but they ain't so strong as John Peterson. They won't say anything much. We've got to have *them* you know. Doc and Pauline are coming too," he continued, and busied himself picking out records for the machine. "Doc" was Lester Clark, son of the old man Clark of the

*Herald* and now a veterinary surgeon, whom Pauline Humphreys had married. They often joined the Torkelsons on festive occasions—fishing, dinners with something to drink, and picnic and motor trips.

The Doc was a quiet man, rather stupid and slow of comprehension, but Pauline was lively and vivacious; not overly sensitive about gossip concerning her little indiscretions; liked to sip at Jake Torkelson's "private stock"; and sometimes caused Dena Torkelson and Hilda Swanson some concern, which they did not like to admit either to themselves, or each other . . . much less to Jake Torkelson and Adolph Swanson.

Dena Torkelson did not answer this last and busied herself about the kitchen preparing the *ludfisk*, her crowning culinary achievement of the event.

Jake picked out every patriotic record he could find and then the one-steps and fox-trots and jazz. He divided his thoughts between his impending triumph through patriotism and loyalty and the fact that he had *not* told Dena that Doc had an equine-confinement case in the country. Pauline would be over soon and he would feign surprise at the Doctor's failure to come—he had told Pauline to come early and he and she would have an "eye-opener" and she could continue her instructions on fox-trotting while the "old lady" was getting the *ludfisk* ready.

Jake Torkelson finished piling the records in order in two heaps, patriotic and jazz, so they could be readily alternated. He poured out a liberal drink and held it up to Dena, who was bustling around, said "scoll" and gulped it down without any apparent notice of Dena's unheedfulness. He took a big box of cigars from a mahogany humidor fitted with ash-tray, match receptacles and glass jars for smoking materials, clipped the end of a perfecto and lit it. He turned on the lights, and sat down with a magazine spread over his knee.

But he did not read. He felt a little annoyance that Walter Crampton with his well-known gallantry would walk home with Pauline—he wouldn't mind this chance himself. He was thinking of the last visit of the Clarks and how Pauline had squeezed his hand when she was teaching him the fox-trot and how she had promised to teach him again. By which it may be deduced that Jake was as foolish as many good men of his age.

The Pauline Clark that he was thinking about was much more handsome than the Pauline Truman Treadwell thought was pretty when she was stenographer for Colonel Rucker and visited his office to sell him church supper tickets. She was the beautiful womanly type that had taken on the mature voluptuousness of the non-fading variety in the early-thirties, and she was daring and unafraid to adopt an extreme of fashion in short

skirts that exhibited satisfying legs and ankles. Generally too, she wore scant and thin Georgette waists not much given to necks and sleeves.

Nor had semi-affairs since she had been married to Doc Lester Clark, alleged liaisons with a piano salesman who had been at Jamestown for a year or two and another with a passenger conductor who ran through Jamestown, made her any the less attractive to Jake Torkelson or Adolph Swanson or several others of the crowd who got together sometimes at their homes for what Jake had termed "Volstead parties."

But with the thought that "seeing Pauline home" would be Walter Crampton's prerogative this evening, Jake ensconced himself in a big arm-chair, with cigar and magazine, awaiting the time for the commencement of his party, while Dena was bustling around in dining-room and kitchen.

Jake felt confident of the personal triumph that the evening would bring to him. Wasn't he the man who had taken the responsibility of tearing off the flaring banners from the automobiles of the Non-Partisans as they paraded into Jamestown in a long line from Nido Township, when their Swedish-extracted candidate for Governor and one of the leading officers of the Non-Partisans were going to speak at a country picnic out north of town? And didn't he make some of them fellows "hunt their holes" and "back down" and subscribe for Liberty Bonds and for the Red



Cross when even a lot of those Yankee fellows were dodging the issue? And didn't he report what Gustaf Meerschmitt said about "the corporations sending our boys and our money to Europe to fight for England"? And didn't he, Jake Torkelson, help put a stop to the organization of a new National Bank at Jamestown by this same Gustaf Meerschmitt and a half-dozen other proposed organizers with German names and maybe no ability to run a bank? He thought too of the fellows out at Rufrad who—acting upon his advice—turned the fire hose on the Non-Partisans when they went through Rufrad—and absolved himself from any responsibility for the untoward incidents of the shooting of automobile tires, the scratching of cars by sticks and rocks, and the child that was thrown from its mother's arms. Jake Torkelson smiled to himself when he thought of his more completely humiliating scheme, which he unfolded to the "boys" up at Ellasal, to pull down all of the shades and desert the streets when the Non-Partisans came through. *He* was the one after all that could claim the credit for—

"B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r," sounded the doorbell and Jake Torkelson sprang up. Dena swung open the door from the kitchen facing the front hall. "It's the Clarks!" she said.

"I'll let 'em in!" Jake cried as he ran through the entry.

"Vere's the Doc?" Jake sallied as he opened the door and reached out for Pauline's hand, pulling her in rudely but very good-naturedly. Pauline repaired immediately to the kitchen to join Dena and offer assistance with the work—it was the men's night and she assumed that the women were to help.

"No, you got your good clothes on, Pauline; I can fix everything vel enough," Dena Torkelson assured her. Jake Torkelson was pouring out a drink, two drinks this time, one for Pauline and one for himself. He winked at Pauline and said, turning to Dena who was stooping over at the range, "Don't you vant a nip, 'old lady'?" but he did not wait for a reply and passed the well-filled glass over to Pauline. Pauline and Jake Torkelson drank 'er down while Dena Torkelson expressed her regret about the Doctor's being out in the country, and observed to Jake that he better wait until the party started before attacking the "private stock" again.

Jake put a fox-trot record on the Edison and Pauline and Dena skipped into the front room, Pauline stepping playfully in rhythm to the music and good old Dena bounding up and down and whirling around, her arms extended straight out, quite independent of either music or furniture. Jake rushed up to Dena, grabbed her around the waist and danced about the room winking and blinking at Pauline behind Dena's back.

They passed before the mirror over the piano and Dena caught a glimpse of one of Jake's monkey-faced grimaces at Pauline, and she disentangled herself and skipped back to the kitchen to "tend the *ludfisk*." She propped the door open between kitchen and front rooms and anchored it with the stove hook, announcing as she did so that she would watch the door for the guests.

Dena Torkelson kept one eye on the *ludfisk* and one on Jake and Pauline Clark. When Jake helped Pauline put a new record in the machine Dena went into the dining-room, clinked the silver and dishes and rearranged them where a direct view of the machine, and the machinations of Jake, were afforded. Twice she called Jake into the kitchen—to open a glass jar with a sticky top—to fill the pressure tank in the attic with soft water from the cistern by turning on the pump, which had stuck. She inquired when the Swansons were coming; what time it was; whether Jake had filled his humidor with cigars. Once she thought that Jake was just taking his hand away from Pauline's waist as Pauline leaned over the Victrola to change a record but she wasn't sure—she was certain she had been mistaken when Pauline inquired if she knew that old Mr. Adolphson out in Nido died that morning, and came out into the dining-room, perfectly unconcerned, and offered again to help.

Dena figured a long time on a plausible excuse

to send Jake down to the cellar to get a glass of grape jelly instead of going herself. Jake was showing Pauline the Fjord pictures in the album that Pauline had seen a hundred times before and Pauline was sitting with her back turned to the kitchen and "very close," she thought, to Jake, and seemed so "awfully interested" in them. Dena thought once that Jake was patting Pauline's hand when she reached over to look close down at one of the pictures and she went in to ask Jake when he had told the Swansons to come. Pauline appeared unconcerned and continued inspecting the pictures in the album, seemingly unconscious that she was hugged-up so close to Jake.

Yes, she *was* interested; she didn't mean anything; it was just her way, Dena thought, and she went back to the kitchen, wishing that Adolph Swanson and Hilda would come.

Finally she bolted downstairs to the fruit cellar and back up again and when she tiptoed into the dining-room intending to get some silver, Dena was dumbfounded to find Pauline and Jake standing at the Victrola, Jake squeezing Pauline's face between his hands and pulling her toward him with puckered lips.

At the instant there was the familiar "b-r-r-r" of the doorbell and Jake, blushing and trembling, rushed to the door, where the Swansons and Albert Peterson were waiting.

Pauline was facing away from the dining-room

and had not seen Dena Torkelson when she tiptoed in; she *had* seen Jake's face turn bright red and saw his embarrassment as he discontinued the interesting operation and rushed to the door. She confirmed her suspicions when she offered again to help Dena and Dena left her standing and rushed to the door to greet the Swansons and Albert Peterson. She was certain when she saw Dena brush Jake unceremoniously aside and take the Swansons' and Albert Peterson's wraps; and she noticed that Dena engaged in lots of talk about weather and the *ludfisk* and the cellar stock.

Pauline slipped back into the front room. Jake began mumbling about the Fjord pictures again and pointing out details in one of the pictures in the open album on the table. She stood close up to him and tried to look unconcerned. Jake kept his eyes intently on the picture. His hand trembled as he pointed with a pencil. His face was red except around under his ears, where he seemed pale and white. He bit his lips.

When the conversation was running highest in the hall between the Swansons and Albert and Dena, Jake whispered to Pauline, "The old woman saw us! Ve got to look out!" Presently the other guests were coming into the front room and there were greetings all around.

Jake took Adolph Swanson out in the kitchen and the two had a drink together—Jake making some facetious remark to Dena, who did not an-

swer. Jake and Adolph Swanson went down to the cellar and looked over the empty shelves that had once contained many liquors. They both looked at the last half-empty case and shook their heads solemnly.

The doorbell was buzzing again and they could hear Walter Crampton's name. Tad Wheeler arrived a few minutes later.

Before they were finally seated the men gathered around the big table in the front room and Jake Torkelson poured out liberal drinks. Walter Crampton and Adolph Swanson mixed theirs with ginger-ale; Tad Wheeler did not drink; Albert Peterson sipped at a glass well-filled with whiskey, and set it on the corner of the table. Jake made the way easy for Pauline and Walter Crampton to join him for a drink in the kitchen just before the guests went into the dining-room, but at the request of Dena to inspect the furnace he was glad of an opportunity to leave Walter Crampton and Pauline to drink their drink without his joining in.

At table there was a place for Hilda Swanson, but mostly she helped Dena serve the guests. Pauline aided at the arrangements of the table, clearing away the dishes and serving the salads, betweenwhiles sitting at the end of the table next to Walter Crampton, where they carried on a considerable amount of conversation in exclusive tones.

Jake Torkelson was becoming concerned about the major purpose of the evening. He had helped himself several times to the amber fluid of the decanter close at his elbow, which Dena had taken away repeatedly on one pretext and another but which he had each time teased Hilda Swanson to return, and he was commencing to feel that he must see to it that Walter Crampton did not have his interest too much absorbed to recite his "stuff" about politics and about what "they thought" about Truman Treadwell's being a candidate for Governor, and all about that Non-Partisan League. He had Tad Wheeler and Albert Peterson here for this very purpose, it must not be overlooked! It was the big opportunity! The *Herald* had thundered at Truman Treadwell on the very next day after the Minneapolis papers. Tad Wheeler hadn't said anything. This business mustn't be trusted to hit and miss! He could tell it himself later, but that wasn't the idea. They must hear Walter tell it! They must get it direct! Next time John might be around and that wouldn't do!

Walter was holding Pauline's bare arm and making jocular remarks about the styles of dress. Pauline laughed and Tad Wheeler and Albert Peterson seemed entertained, between the *lud-fisk* and the vaudeville by Walter Crampton and Pauline. They were just getting up again to dance and Tad Wheeler had started to put a fox-trot on

the machine. This might well be the only chance for they were nearing the end of the last course at table.

"What's doing in the political field up at Minneapolis, Valter?" queried Jake Torkelson.

But Walter was intent on dancing with Pauline and they were brushing past Jake Torkelson's chair to the front room where most of the rug was thrown back to clear the floor. Walter answered as he passed Jake, "Oh, nothing much."

Jake knew that he would have to await another opportunity. Walter and Pauline danced. When the record was finished everybody applauded and Walter and Pauline danced again. Then Tad Wheeler danced with Pauline while the others watched. All applauded and they danced again.

Then Jake danced with Pauline and when they sat down Jake pulled Pauline over to the corner where they sat together on a settee, and Jake foxily started again to open the conversation and get around to his subject of discussion of the evening.

He shouted boisterously to Tad Wheeler, across the room to arrest the attention of all, "Tad, I guess Valter here is in with the big ones up at Minneapolis. He's got the political things all—"

"Oh, Walter! Show 'em that card trick!" interrupted Pauline, and again Jake Torkelson was forced to abandon his purpose while Walter Crampton directed the company to take places



around the room, each to pick a card and secrete it, keep the card in mind, etc.

This process took considerable time and while it was going on Jake Torkelson went to the kitchen to bring out another bottle of ginger-ale. It was apparent when he entered, from the sudden cessation in conversation between Dena and Hilda Swanson that there had been a private and confidential talk going on in the kitchen. He thought he caught the words, "*. . . never have anything more to do with her . . .*" by Dena; he was sure they were talking about the very unhappy incident that had occurred with Pauline. When neither Dena nor Hilda Swanson looked up from the dishes it was apparent to Jake that the fellows who had been getting violently castigated in that house that night were not Truman Treadwell or the Non-Partisan League.

When Jake came back with the ginger-ale Walter had taken his place at the side of Pauline and from the very amused look upon the faces of Tad Wheeler and Albert Peterson and Adolph Swanson it was apparent that something was wrong. Pauline was lying against Walter Crampton's shoulder, her arm across his lap and Walter was patting Pauline and smirking characteristically.

Jake dropped down into a chair and made a pretense of joining in the enjoyment of what he had supposed was a continuance of Walter and Pauline's clever vaudeville stunts at table, but

suddenly a distressed look upon Tad Wheeler's face caused him to turn. Pauline's face was very white; great beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead. Jake Torkelson could hear the familiar sound of the dishpan being hung against the metal side of the sink in the kitchen and knew that the women had finished the work and would be in. Pauline had taken too many highballs!

"Great God! Get hold and help here, Walter!" he exclaimed and making a leap toward Walter Crampton grabbed Pauline by the arm. Walter slouched to his feet, took Pauline's other arm and they hustled her outdoors.

But while the act was opportune from a humanitarian standpoint so far as poor Pauline was concerned, it was performed at exactly the psychological moment to give the best possible spectacular effect to the signal event of the evening. Jake Torkelson looked back just as they reached the door, and as Pauline gulped for fresh air, to see Dena Torkelson and Hilda Swanson arm-in-arm, viewing the whole performance with statue-like complacency.

Jake did not look around as he excitedly returned, got Walter Crampton's hat and coat and Pauline's wraps and rushed out again. "We'll wait for you," he said to Walter Crampton as he walked with them half-way—it was only a block—to Pauline's house. There he left them, watching to see that they navigated all right, for Walter

Crampton had had several pretty good-sized drinks that night himself.

"Walter'll be right back," Jake announced as he came back into the house with the air of a man who patiently awaited an inquest.

Hilda Swanson was sitting beside Adolph Swanson, holding his hand. Adolph sat, smiling, and looking silly enough. Dena was sitting, staring straight at a figure on the carpet. She did not look up. Tad Wheeler had his hat in his hand and was fingering it nervously, and licking his lips as though they had dried suddenly or he had been stricken with a fever. Albert Peterson looked ugly—disgusted, Jake Torkelson thought.

"Better have a little music," Jake said and went over to the machine. "Walter'll be right back," he repeated and put a record on the player. No one listened to it—not even Jake—but the noise was relief. When the piece was finished Jake started the machine again, without changing the record. Then he went out on the front sidewalk and looked up toward the Clark's house. He went in again, winked and motioned Tad Wheeler and went out, Tad Wheeler following. Outside he expressed his fears to Tad.

"I'm afraid something's happened to them. Walter was pretty well stewed himself," he explained. "Let's walk up past Doc's house."

Tad Wheeler was relieved to get away but showed no sympathy with the situation. "All

right," he said simply, and dragged along after Jake Torkelson, who hustled over to the Clark's house, walked around it, and looked up and down the streets and alleys, concluding finally that Pauline had got home all right.

Albert Peterson was first to go. He shook hands with Dena Torkelson and took leave quite abruptly. Tad followed. Albert didn't know who had originally been planned for unfriendly dissection that night. He *did* know who was *entitled* to be lambasted and castigated, and what Albert said on the way home to Tad Wheeler about Jake Torkelson and Walter Crampton and Pauline Clark would have burned Jake Torkelson's ears and tanned his hide—not to mention the others.

After Adolph Swanson and Hilda went, Jake Torkelson fussed at the furnace a long time. He tried the back door and the front door—each one several times to make sure they were locked. He picked up several bottle caps strewn over the floor. He tidied up the smoking paraphernalia. He picked up the album of the Fjord photos. Then he looked at the furnace once more and tried the doors again. He muttered something in the hall upstairs about sleeping in the back room—and he slept in the back room.

He said to himself, "as far's I know, maybe dot Truman Treadwell ain't so bad."

In such wise were Treadwell's home fires left burning.

## XXXII

### GRINDING WHEELS .

Congressman Treadwell, knowing to a dead certainty that he could not hope to secure the support of the faction that he *must* have to dislodge his political enemies without a complete surrender and wholesale adoption of their ideas—of which he had not even dreamed—settled down to go through the excruciating experience of public ex-coriation and apparent repudiation that contained in itself the very essence on which his future campaigns must be based and its essentials of success: *publicity* from an *unwilling press* and an *unmistakable* conviction in the minds of the people of the state that Truman Treadwell was unremittingly, uncompromisingly, persistently and consistently *against* the *vicious bi-partisan machine* that controlled the politics of Minnesota.

His old friends, the newspapers, stormed and fumed against him. They attacked his non-attendance at the sessions of Congress while their own prospective candidates and their large force of appointive officers left their offices and trotted over the state sounding sentiment.

They invited him to "*Lincoln*" Republican Club meetings to address the "voters" in a hodgepodge of prospective candidates for Governor who never filed and never ran. They wrote him letters of inquiries and published his replies as voluntary interviews. Through their Washington correspondents they saw every other member of the Minnesota Congressional delegation on important legislative subjects and published splendid write-ups, calling attention to Treadwell's absence from Washington—both when he was absent and present. They twisted and distorted every public declaration and every vote, and the meaning of it, and showed no quarter and no fairness.

The old crowd picked a new candidate in a so-called elimination convention—a convention confessedly to eliminate professed candidates, but which selected a candidate who was *injected* into the race and who would not have been a candidate unless said "elimination" convention had so injected" his candidacy into it. The Non-Partisan League—the farmers' organization—and the Working People's Non-Partisan Political League of Minnesota held conventions simultaneously and hand-picked a candidate—or rather they endorsed the candidacy of a candidate hand-picked by a few "officers" of such organizations. And the campaign was on.

Truman Treadwell and several others stayed in the race to the finish while the fight raged between

the two crowds, the old political clique on the one side and the Farmers' and the Laborers' combined organizations on the other—a fight for the Republican nomination between a *bi-partisan* political clique that had never hesitated to betray their own best interests when such betrayal suited their bi-partisan ends, and a *non-partisan* organization of crafts who openly professed their intent to usurp the machinery of the state government itself through the purloined instrumentality of the political party whose nomination they sought.

Thus Truman Treadwell started in on his *first skirmish* in the *big battle* against the *political machine* and again, as many times before, he could feel and hear the wheels of the *Band-Wagon* grinding, and he said to Colony, "When the fight is over some man or woman in every precinct in the state will know that there is such a politician as Truman Treadwell; that he is against the *political machine* that dominates the state; that he will fight until final victory comes and that in his heart there is no terror of the crushing wheels of their mighty *Band-Wagon*."

### XXXIII

#### THE SCHOOL BOARD DANCE

After the quarrel between Boise and Walter Crampton, Boise hunted quarters in South Minneapolis, where a neat-appearing Swedish woman assigned her to a front-room-with-alcove, running water and an old-fashioned, marble-top washstand—where there was no objection to light housekeeping.

There was steam heat, gas and electricity, a well-worn rug and fairly good furnishings, including an old black-walnut bedroom set which Boise fancied was once something extraordinarily good and which she liked on account of its heavy style and curious look.

It was the Saturday a few days following the separation and Boise was preparing breakfast over an electric toaster and percolator when Mrs. Swanson cried from downstairs, "*Mees Yoordan! A Yentlemen here like to speek to you!*"

"I'll be right down," Boise answered as she primped at her hair and tidied herself at the dresser. In a moment she was on her way down



the stairs, where a well-dressed man of forty-five, with serious countenance and polite demeanor, was laying his hat on the center table in the front room, thanking Mrs. Swanson and bowing a courteous acknowledgment for her pressing invitation to sit down.

Boise was decked out in a yellow silk kimona and looked neat if negligee. She extended her hand, smiling at the stranger. He shook hands very formally and said, "Mrs. Crampton, my name is Thomas. I was formerly on the editorial staff of *The Inspirator* at New York. I am now connected with the educational-political department of our great farmer-labor organization here in the Northwest."

He looked nervously toward the wide door opening into the hall and spoke very low, seating himself in the chair nearest to the door and close to Boise, who had taken a straight-back chair and kept herself erect on its edge, studying the stranger.

His countenance was a wild-eyed, serious, long-faced affair. The man's eyes were deep-set, and black rings gave the appearance of dissipation or poor digestion. He had a heavy-lipped, sensual mouth and seemed thick-tongued; he talked sluggishly, but with a certain decision. He eyed Boise closely as he talked and she met his glance, but looked away for an instant, toward the door, following his nervous gesturings.

Boise did not answer and awaited his further announcement.

"Have you heard from the School Board yet, Mrs. Crampton?"

"Why, no!" Boise exclaimed, surprised, "what is there to hear?" She noticed that the man opened his mouth peculiarly between his statements and that what she had taken to be a faint smile was in fact a singular grimace. Flashes like blushes seemed to play up and down his features as he talked—but it evidently indicated a nervous condition rather than any outward sign of the impulses of the man. Something about the fellow's manner and appearance—especially his calm and deliberate way—filled Boise's heart with terror. She feared him, though she could not say why.

"Didn't you know that they were going to fire you, Miss—Mrs. Crampton?" the man continued, calmly. Boise looked fiercely at him, then at her foot, as she tilted it on the edge of her heel, then at the man again, and finally down to her hands, cupped together in her lap. Her face flushed. She could feel her hands turn cold and she felt a chill creep over her. She thought of the early morning in the hallway on 145th Street, she pictured herself prostrate before the big mirror, and Lucian Purnell, the brief writer, picking her up. She thought of Walter Crampton at their apartment and seemed to feel his fingers around her

throat; she felt herself tugging at her neck and breast.

This was silly, she thought, for this former editor of *The Inspirator*—now doing educational-political work—sitting here! And she could feel that he was waiting! Her hands trembled as she pressed them against her hips, straightened herself, and tossed her head back as she said, “What is it about the school, Mr. Thomas? Where have you got such information? How do you know they are going to discharge me? It seems entirely unreasonable! I have been advised—”

The thought struck her that she had not consulted her lawyer since the new phase of the matter had come up—between Walter and herself—and that probably this would be used as a ground—

“We *get* these things, you know, Mrs. Crampton. We have *our men* in their headquarters—occasionally they get their men in ours. Get rid of them as soon as we find 'em out, of course. I presume you've heard about the affidavit your husband filed?” he continued, and he stepped over through the door and looked toward the back of the house to make sure that no one was in hearing. “He filed an affidavit to show that you were unfit morally to teach in the schools. And a member of the School Board will see you this afternoon on the pretext—”

"What affidavit? Where is it? Who did he file it with? How—"

Boise was painfully agitated. The man interrupted her again and explained, "They have it up at the headquarters of the organization—the political organization—up at Scott's office. The plan is to profess to give you a chance to resign—today, late this afternoon—too late for the papers. The morning papers will carry the news of your being discharged. The board meets tonight. They will seem to have given you a chance to resign but before you have had time to consider, the news of your dismissal will be out."

"That couldn't be!" Boise cried.

"But it is the *plan*, and a member of the Board will call on you at half-past two this afternoon. Mr. Doremus, I believe, has the affidavit now," Thomas insisted.

"But what do you want? Why did you come here to tell me this? What is your interest in—"

He held up his hand, cautioning Boise, who was raising her voice to a shrill tone, stepped into the hall and looked up and down toward the stairs to ascertain that no one was looking, and then he stepped in front of her and jabbered rapidly, hardly above a whisper—"Beat these fellows to it! Write your resignation now!—right now! . . . and we'll get it to the papers for tonight! The League will take care of you! You needn't worry about that! They're buying brains! They

pay—handsomely! What do you say?” and Thomas paused and waited for her reply.

“No, never!” she exclaimed and looked away from the man who stood, still waiting, as though he expected her to change her mind and answer again—the same exasperating distortion of his face.

She hated Walter Crampton’s cowardly treachery! She could choke him! She loathed the political gang and swore vengeance on them! She would thwart this insidious scheme of their fawning School Board! And she despised this sour-faced, crafty fellow who came as the emissary of the radical organization that sought to capitalize her misfortunes and make her the tool to out-general their political rivals.

No, she would have none of it! There was no thanks to this man or his organization! They were magnifying the importance of the order of resignation and discharge. It was an attempt to stampede her into their organization. She determined, and again she repeated, “No! Never!”

She looked him straight in the eye and continued. “I do not want to be ‘taken care of.’ I will take care of myself. I do not care whether they discharge me! Let them do it!”

“But you agree with our principles, Mrs. Crampton!” Thomas urged.

“I do *not* agree with your principles. I have said that your organization was not wrong—

morally wrong. I said that it did not threaten the government of the United States—because you were too weak and could never be strong enough! I said a member of your organization was not necessarily disloyal—regardless of the leaders, I meant. I have nothing to explain. I have nothing to retract. I said, too, that I did not believe in your organization—*they did not tell you that*. But it is the truth! I do not believe in any organization for political purposes except decent political organizations of honest political parties—parties that make solution of issues easy but do not confuse them. No! I will not consider it!”

“But just let me explain—”

“No!” Boise was standing. “No!” She waved her hand toward the door. “I have nothing to say. I shall not—”

“But won’t you allow me to tell you . . . ” he interrupted.

Again she refused, with positiveness enough so that he saw to urge the matter further was useless. He took up his hat from the table and left unceremoniously.

Boise hurried back to her room, and threw herself down in a rickety rocker before the front window. Would she “beat this School Board to it,” acting on the information she had? Did it really make any difference? Who was this Thomas? Did he represent this Non-Partisan League as he claimed? What if he were an impostor? . . .

sent by the school board . . . or by Bill Scott or Milt Rose . . . or the newspaper! And what if she acted on his advice, and resigned, and found afterwards that she had been tricked into it, and that *no one would know any Mr. Thomas*. She would investigate! She would find out—”

“B-r-r-r-r-r-r.” “B-r-r-r-r-r.” The ring of the telephone sounded in the hall down stairs and something told her to listen as Mrs. Swanson answered. “Mrs. Crampton?” she heard Mrs. Swanson say, “*Yust a minute! . . . I tink so. . . . Yust hold de line! . . . Mees—Mees ‘Yoordan’!*”

Boise hurried down the stairs to the telephone. Back again in the rocker she was now as puzzled as before. . . . It was more complicated. . . . The answer at the telephone . . . “This is Mr. Doremus. May I see you at half-past two?” . . . It was the hour that Thomas had said. It was Doremus—just as Thomas had said it would be. But what if the other were not Thomas! And were not from that League! And if the call just now did not really come from Doremus at all! She was not positive she could recognize Doremus’ voice! She did not know him very well—she couldn’t tell. It was only ten o’clock.

Boise would call Doremus, she decided. She would ask him if he could come at two instead of two-thirty. Then she would call for Mr. Thomas at the Non-Partisan League headquarters. She

would recognize the voice, and if the answer confirmed—she would hang up the receiver . . . that's all.

In another moment Boise was at the telephone. She called Mr. Doremus' office. Doremus answered and very readily acceded to her request to call at two instead of half-past. She called the Non-Partisan League headquarters. Mr. Thomas—the same sluggish, jerky-talking Mr. Thomas, answered. She feared he recognized her voice. . . . He was saying something when she fled up the stairs and back to her room. . . .

Her thoughts were disturbed by Mrs. Swanson, who cried, "*Mees Yoordan, you forgit to poot de telephone back on de huke!*" She went to her room door and piped something about being sorry down at Mrs. Swanson—and about being hurried.

Yes, Mr. Doremus was coming. Undoubtedly that was what he wanted. He would be here at two o'clock. He had the affidavit! He had it to show *her!* To *coerce* her to resign—to admit her fault! An affidavit by *Walter Crampton* to prove that she was *morally unfit to teach in the public schools!* And then they would publish the action of the School Board in discharging her—*after* she had resigned—and before the news of her resignation! And this Mr. Thomas would have her resign first! A poor victory! she thought.

Finally she sprang from her chair, exclaiming,



"He's a coward! He can't face it!" and she fairly leaped down the stairs to the telephone again and called up Walter Crampton's office. "Out of the city," was the first answer, "at Jamestown," was the second. Boise left a long-distance call.

When the central at Jamestown received the long distance call that morning she rang Jake Torkelson's house. Dena Torkelson answered, "No, he ain't," and hung up the receiver. . . . It was the *morning after the night before* at the Torkelson home.

Walter Crampton was sitting in Jake Torkelson's store when central called there announcing a call from Minneapolis. He answered but did not hear. He tugged at the receiver hook but *could not hear*. To the operator's offer to repeat the message he replied that he would run up to the central office and talk in the long-distance booth. He forgot to report until later—several hours later—and then he *couldn't wait*.

Boise ceased talking long-distance. Mrs. Swanson prompted her and suggested that sometimes the telephone didn't work very well.

Mrs. Swanson gave Boise a key to the front door—and explained that the other roomers would all be out that afternoon; that the children were out in the country visiting for the day and that she was going "down town" after lunch.

Boise went back up the stairs to her room, hug-

ging the key as though she had found a long-lost friend. She would be alone! She would be alone at two o'clock! She would be alone when Mr. Doremus came!

Promptly at two o'clock Fabian Doremus drew up before the house in a shiny coupé. Boise threw open the door as he reached for the bell, and welcomed him warmly. He was dressed in a new, fresh-pressed, spring suit, pearl gray soft hat, and carried gloves and cane.

Boise had raked her trunk and brought out her smartest and lowest-necked organdie, her shamelessly short skirt. She had massaged her face, tinted her lips and cheeks.

Doremus at first demurred, then yielded, to Boise's insistence that he lay his coat aside in the hall. She took his cane and hat. She laid the hat on the table in the parlor and patted the soft felt caressingly. Doremus had liquid, snapping-black eyes, dark hair, olive skin. He was considered handsome—and popular. He started to take a conventional straight-back chair but changed it for the comfortable rocker at the front window.

Boise poised herself on the corner of the piano bench close to him. She leaned over him, resting her hand on the arm of his chair as she adjusted the window shade and made sure that he was easy.

Doremus glanced anxiously toward the hall and peered into the back parlor.

"We're alone—there's no one in the house!" Boise assured him, in an articulation rather sweeter than anything that Ferd Browne in New York or Truman Treadwell or Walter Crampton had ever heard. She reached over again and adjusted the window shade, a trifle, and she felt sure that she could hear Doremus sniffing at the heavy, luxurious fragrance of the perfume that she had treasured up so many years.

"This is comfortable," Doremus said, and smiled submissively.

Boise took a box of bonbons off the table, passed them to Doremus. He selected a small piece. Boise selected a large piece with fruit center, bit into it, mussed her fingers, licked her finger-tips, and again passed the box to Doremus. This time she suggested a selection and pressed his hand with her moistened finger-tips. She picked one out, grasped his hand firmly, and laid it in his open palm, tantalizingly.

"Don't you dance?" she ventured, timidly it seemed to him.

"Yes," he said, and Boise saw that the School Board's mission, through Doremus as emissary, was doomed. Doremus was apparently, even now, ready to let her believe that he had come to call—to see *her*: she would see to it that he did not abandon the thought.

She put "Whispering" on the machine, and in another minute Fabian Doremus, envoy of the school board to secure the written resignation of Mrs. Boise Jourdan Crampton, at the coercion of Walter Crampton's affidavit of improper moral conduct, and the said Mrs. Boise Jourdan Crampton were fox-trotting across the hall and parlor floors at Swanson's rooming-house, out on 26th Avenue South.

They sat down together on a settee in the hall. He put his arm around her. He drew her to him and kissed her, first on the cheek—then on the ripe, delicious lips. He pressed his lips tight against hers. She clung to him—fumbled at his watch-chain, patted his tie, and when she ran her slender fingers around under his coat he seized her with both arms and kissed her passionately. .

. . . . .  
Suddenly she struggled away and said: "You must go now," and she repeated several times, "You must!" But he exacted a promise that she would "go out" with him to the theatre or for an evening ride along the valley, in the coupé.

When Doremus left the Swanson home he went to the nearest telephone to call the secretary of the School Board, to tell him that there would be no meeting that night, no special meeting.

When Miss Keller, woman member, was notified by the secretary she immediately called Mr. Doremus to inquire the reason. Miss Keller had

been especially active, and in full sympathy with the movement, to rid the school service of the city of the incubus of Mrs. Boise Jourdan Crampton. She hung up rather abruptly, Doremus thought, when he said to her, "I was not able to see Mrs. Crampton this afternoon."

He did not know that Miss Keller had passed the Swanson house—which was in her immediate neighborhood—once at two o'clock, once at three, and again at twenty minutes after three, and that she had seen Doremus' shining coupé standing in front of the Swanson house every time she had passed.

Neither did Doremus see Boise Jourdan Crampton slip the two long legal papers—the affidavit with the red-lined edges, and the typewritten form of resignation—from his pocket when they sat together on the settee in the hall. But the recollection of Boise Jourdan Crampton's hands stealing around his waistcoat while he was fondling her, came to him as he felt in his inside coat pocket for the papers . . . . which were gone. He laughed.

When Doremus left the Swanson house Boise hurried to the settee and threw aside the muff that innocently enough sheltered the School Board documents, then scurried to her room.

There was a typewritten form for her resignation from the school board. The affidavit commenced,—

“Walter Crampton, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is . . . . .”  
 reciting the usual facts to identify the affiant. Boise glanced hurriedly down the body of the affidavit to the statements which bore on the particular case, stretches of it catching her eye:

“ . . . that she is an unfit person morally for such position . . . . . associations of a loose and improper character . . . . . that she entertains and harbors ideals of an improper relationship between persons of the opposite sex and frequently absents herself from her home at late night hours and seeks companionship of improper and immoral persons and frequents improper and immoral places . . . . . that she has socialistic, anarchistic and improper marital views . . . . . disregards the sanctity of the marriage relation and openly sympathizes with organizations, the Non-Partisan League and other bodies, advocating and promoting unrestricted sex relations and free-love . . . . . ”

At the bottom was signed with every familiar flourish, bravely and boldly,—“WALTER CRAMPTON.”

Boise folded the affidavit away carefully. There was no article in the paper that night about resignation or dismissal.

## XXXIV

### BOISE "STEPS OUT"

After Fabian Doremus left, Boise Jourdan Crampton sat at her window at Swanson's thinking of the unfairness and the fierce, blighting hatred and contempt of people whom she had never injured. She was overwhelmed at the awfulness of the intrigue to destroy her and the relentlessness of it all. She sat thinking . . . until after the fading sun had turned into the dusk and the dusk into darkness, looking out of the window into the street at the forms flitting past in the night. . . . She heard the voices of Mrs. Swanson and the children—doors slamming in the rooms along the hall—gurgling of water in the basins. There was the good aroma of coffee, the rattling of silver and dishes, the familiar tinny sound of dishwashing . . . then the laughter in parlors, the door bell, giggling of girls and whispered hushes, polite talk, remarks about the weather . . . piano-playing . . . singing—the graphophone and dancing.

It was past nine o'clock when Boise turned from the window and pulled the shade. She had been reviewing her old experiences in New York—Jamestown—Mankato—the quest for the fighting spirit—Minneapolis—

Was this the fighting spirit here—this school board and *political machine*? she asked herself. No, it was the ruthless working and machinations of a contrivance sustained by soulless and bloodless corporations and organizations, always lubricated with the toil-marked lucre of others' work—a contrivance manipulated by puppets and marionettes, fawning and sycophant—from the *Bill Scotts* down to the *Walter Cramptons*.

And this, this other *horrible outfit*—longfaced, non-smiling agitators that made cold chills creep up your back—who stood guard at doorways and whispered dramatic offers to defenseless women in boarding houses—ready to swoop down like vultures at their prey; these "new leaders" whose leadership consisted of organized fleets of Ford cars manned by solicitors who cajoled credulous farmers into paying annual dues to follow—and to be misled; these schemers who rode the crest waves of the war opposition to recruit their ranks and whose workers and so-called leaders were suffering the stigma of appealed-verdicts for using language to obstruct the draft of the government to carry on the war. They were worse! but



possibly not much. At the least, they knew no better.

Boise was sitting on the edge of the bed, hardly knowing how she got there. She rubbed her eyes and stared into the mirror of the old walnut dresser. It was late, but what matter?

She rushed over to the dresser and tore down her hair. It fell below her waist in long, thick, brown folds. Then she did it up again—girlish style—twisted in knots, down low in the back. She put on her new tailored suit. Then she dived down into the bottom drawer of her wardrobe trunk and brought out the big picture-hat—the hat she had brought from New York on her last trip—a theatrical picture-hat, black-and-gold. She retouched her lips and cheeks and stood before the glass tipping her head from side to side.

She tried to forget the Boise Jourdan Cramp-ton that she knew, of the *now*, and to remember the Boise Jourdan who piloted Ferd Browne and Cecil McFadden and Ted Brumbaugh into the "Rollers," and the Boise Jourdan for whom Ferd Browne had said any of them would have given all of his career in the Metropolis. Ferd Browne or Ted Brumbaugh or Cecil McFadden would still have surrendered their several careers if they could have been at the Swanson house to have seen Boise Jourdan that night—not quite so lithe, but more animated, gayer, sportive—with the hot-blooded flushes that played over her face and the

twinkle of mischief in her eye. She pulled her hair down lower over her ears, tugged at the rolled-and-knotted coiffure in back, and tilted the big hat at a rakish angle.

She brought out the violet vanity case that she had seldom carried during the demureness of her pedagogic career. Another peep into the mirror, and Boise's door banged as the phonograph downstairs stopped at the end of a record and Anna Swanson and Eric Streenberg halted a fox-trot and romantically made for the settee in the hall.

Anna Swanson was attracted, as they were squatting on the settee, by the sudden stare on Eric Streenberg's face.

"It looked like Eric's eye were going to pop out of his head!" Anna explained afterwards.

The occasion of Eric's changed expression was that he spied a pair of silver buckles on patent-leather pumps, shapely ankles, gold-threaded silk stockings, tripping down the *Swanson* stairway. Before Anna could inquire the reason for Eric's sudden subsidence, Anna Swanson herself was staring like a girl turned to marble at visions .

. . . . . at Swanson's rooming-house! It was like the spell cast by a fairy descending from aloft. . . . . Boise's heels fell upon the bare floor in the hall, in the sudden silence, like rifle volleys in military salute . . . . It seemed like a vast drill-hall with the spectators sitting silently engrossed in fantastic maneuvers. Boise

smiled at the Swanson girl, who attempted to pucker her lips into a smile—lips held anchored by staring eyes. She flashed her brown eyes at Eric Streenberg, bald-headed, insolent, who sat staring straight at her with squinted eyes. She could feel the young girls and fellows, in the parlor opposite, staring.

Before she had quite closed the door behind her she caught the loud mocking smack of Eric Streenberg's tongue against the roof of his mouth, and like champagne opened, the pent-up mirth of the frolickers burst into boisterous hilarity. She could "feel" the shades drawn back from the windows, eyes peering out at her, as she stepped down to the street walk and swaggered toward Cedar Avenue—but she didn't see them, didn't look.

She hurried down toward Cedar Avenue—a long out-lying business street of small stores,—drug, clothing, pool-hall, tobacco and news, grocery, ex-saloons—a sort of drawn-out Front Street of Jamestown or Mankato, better stores than the former—not so good as the latter; a crowd of Saturday-night people thicker than at Jamestown or at Mankato who moved along, faster than the Saturday-nighters at Jamestown, and slower than the same celebraters at the little valley-city of Eastern stamp. She had often heard a Colonel Hagman, whom she had known at Jamestown and afterwards at Mankato, and who had been in

politics in this same Cedar Avenue district during the "Jim Gray" administration, speak of this wonderful Cedar Avenue district and of its politics.

Cedar Avenue now was ablaze with display signs—night turned to day. It was after ten; some grocery and dry-goods stores were closed, with windows lit; drug, clothing, fruit and cigar stores were running full-blast and news and shine stands, pool halls, candy kitchens and movie theatres were brilliant and noisy.

This street—Cedar Avenue—"down in Swede Town"—was the great thriving artery of *rus in urbe*, the grand connecting way between "South Washington," Minnesota's "East Side" or "Ghetto," and the bungalow-dotted, tall-grassed, residential district that spread along the river's bank toward Fort Snelling, the Soldiers' Home and the park of Minnehaha Falls—

Like the drooped tail of a hungry wolf, fleeing to the West, it pointed away to the Southeast as if to furnish the only tangible connection between the jazz soul of the abandoned traditions of the past,—stone forts, whiskered veterans of civil war, old fur trading posts, Indian camps—Minnehaha's "laughing water."

And as the wagging tail indicated the appeasement of the appetite of the wolf—in politics—the contending forces of the big city fought out their battles in acrimonious debate in this outlying

Cedar Avenue district and gave it—because its tendencies indicated the general trend of sentiment—improper importance.

Boise Jourdan Crampton had seen on vacant lot and wide-side building the big flaring billboards with great red-and-white letters and pictures of waving flags, exhorting the voters to elect the *political machine* candidates to “*save Old Glory*” and “*c-r-u-s-h socialism*,” and the window cards with the same legend displayed gloriously along the street. Something told her intuitively that—as it was nearing election time—Cedar Avenue was a hotbed of politics that night. She steered her course toward it.

Perhaps she had no objective, but she wanted to be in a crowd somewhere—listening to people talk—strong words with opprobrious epithets—politics—and hear to what they said, their way of saying it. She wanted to have some part in it all. She was rather to be pitied.

She turned into Cedar Avenue. She noted the dozens and dozens of display cards in show windows with the “patriotic advertisements” of their *machine* candidates. She passed a man who had a bundle of the same lithographs under his arm—a fellow about the stamp of Walter Crampton—and in a minute she saw another. The second one turned into a corner drug store. Boise went in, bought a soda, while the fellow with the window cards asked to put up a large one with the red,

white and blue picture of the flag and the machine-made candidate for Governor.

"We've got to head off socialism and Bolshevism and *all* these 'isms," the fellow said, as he stood the big card in the middle of the show window.

"Yup, that's right! Go after 'em," the drug store proprietor exclaimed—and smiled comfortably at a tall man and a short, squatty fellow leaning against the showcases in the back part of the store, while his clerk waited on Boise.

Boise inquired concerning perfumes and the clerk walked dapperly to the other side of the store, shook bottles of essence and brandished the glass stoppers before Boise's face.

The man with the window cards went out.

"That's the third fellow's been in here in an hour with those cards," said the druggist to the men in the rear of the store.

"That bunch has got money to burn and they're burning it," the short, squatty one said—he was dressed in greasy overalls, a machinist or garage man. The other, tall, slender, well-dressed—a clerk from one of the drygoods stores that had just closed—replied, while the proprietor leaned against the case in the attitude of one about to render judgment, "Yes, you'd think from the signs they're putting up that the whole country was in danger of red revolution and that we'd have to vote for that bunch that the elimination

convention picked or the country would go to the dogs. Huh!"

"Well, I guess it's about right at that. Look at the way they've got things up in North Dakota! The whole state is bankrupt and they're going—"

Boise rested her other elbow on the case and turned toward the back end of the store, listening, at the same time smiling to the clerk who was "showing" the delicate perfumes.

The tall man interrupted the other. "Oh, you don't know what they're doing up in North Dakota. You can't believe a thing these newspapers say about it. They've claimed they were bankrupt several times but they seem to keep right on going just the same. At that, they've got the right idea—the people! There's one thing I can't stand for: I've been a Republican all my life and I'll take my coat off any time for the party, but when a lot of fellows peddle money around and you don't know where it comes from, it looks pretty fishy to me. I'd rather—"

"Well, they raise it among the voters, don't they?" retorted the short fellow.

"Raise it! Raise it!" exclaimed the tall man excitedly. "Raise it how?" . . . .

He paused, fierce-eyed, piercing the short chap through, then rattled on, "Why, they couldn't get one dollar out of a hundred of what *they* spend in a campaign! Until *this* campaign, when they went out and raised a little money over the state

on the pretext of crushing socialism, they hadn't made a bluff of *even pretending* that the money to run the campaigns came from the rank and file of the voters. They just went out and spent it like water—*anything* to get a vote for their crowd."

"They raised it this time, didn't they?" the drug proprietor inquired.

"*Raised it!*" the tall man shrieked. "You don't suppose they raised anything like what they're spending in this campaign! Why, it would take ten thousand dollars in *every county*, the way *they're going!* There's ten thousand dollars worth of advertising *right here on Cedar Avenue!* I don't know anybody that ever put in a cent for the political campaign fund *around here!*"

The short one mentioned the name of some man of Swedish extraction.

"Oh, well," the other fellow answered, "of course! he's a *state appointee!* He's one of the *crowd!* What would that mean? Ten dollars from every fellow in *his position* wouldn't pay for the *postage stamps* at *Bill Scott's* office *alone!* Just part of the *bluff*, that's all. He couldn't figure but what he was really helping to pay for the campaign. He hasn't got brains enough to know the difference."

"Say, you ain't going to vote for the Non-Partisan League candidates, are you?" the other



man inquired. "Gee! I can't stand for *that* crowd of crooks and anarchists!"

"No, *I* can't stand for them *either*. But there's a lot of things that they're advocating that's good just the same. The farmers and the laboring people are all right. There isn't any danger that they'll ever get too much from any government. They never have and they never will. They make unreasonable demands sometimes but they don't get what they demand—or if they did, it couldn't last if it wasn't based on sound principles—"

Boise studied the tall fellow as he spoke and made pretense of being interested in the perfumes. The clerk listened too, and smiled at Boise as the fellow made his statements.

"That Non-Partisan bunch is as bad as the *other*, but it isn't because of their socialism; it's because they do things the *same way* the old crowd does. They were going to pussy-foot on that tonnage-tax, so's to get the labor vote on the Iron Range—the Steel Trust's been the worst enemy that organized labor's ever had—and so they made 'em believe that if there was a little tonnage-tax the mines would close and it would throw the laboring men out of employment. So they were going to endorse a candidate up there at Grand Rapids on the Iron Range and then he'd be obligated to his own section, if he was elected. And—"

"Well, there wasn't anything to stop 'em pick-

ing any candidate they wanted. They just pick up a candidate like a hawk grabs a lamb and dangle him before the public," interrupted the druggist. "They say Townley's riding around in an aeroplane."

"Well, what I was going to say," the man followed up where he had left off at the druggist's interruption, and without giving heed to it, "that scheme they had about that Iron Range candidate was shown up by that Congressman 'somebody'—down there in the southern part of the state, I don't remember his name—when he said he was out of it and then turned around and sent those letters to this machine fellow and all of the other candidates who were supposed to be in the race, and exposed the whole business. The deal was to get the Iron Range vote in the legislature for the workmen's compensation for the labor people—state insurance—and then they'd drop the tonnage-tax and betray the interests of every honest taxpayer in the state and the labor fellows themselves as well. But he exposed it in those letters, all right, all right!"

Boise could hardly keep from rushing up and telling them that the name of that man was Truman Treadwell. She wished she were a man! How easy it would be to get into that argument and how easily she could convince every one of them!

"That Congressman is pretty independent,

sure; I guess there ain't no gang backing him," the short man suggested.

"No, but he don't stand any show. He hasn't got any Organization behind him. But if he's the fighter they say he is he'll keep at it until some of these days he'll land—I can't think of his name. There's one of his pictures up in Ray Hawley's window across the street—a little one—Ray used to live down at that town where he comes from . . . Jamestown I guess it is, and used to know him. He says there ain't no use this time but he keeps the picture up any— . . . Oh, yes, Treadwell! . . . Truman Treadwell is his name—"

"That Crampton, the foreman down to the Caldwell factory, says he's a 'grand-stander'—he comes from Jamestown too," interjected the drug store man.

Boise turned toward the door . . . She must go or she would be into this argument herself no matter how it looked, but the tall man was answering, ably enough, she felt, and she had an impulse to rush up to him and thank him when he said, "Oh, well, he works for Phillip P. Caldwell, don't he? That'd be like working for Bill Scott. That Crampton's as lowdown a scoundrel as ever came to Minneapolis. I saw him chasing up to Bill Scott's office when the gang was putting up that scheme to get his wife discharged from the school. He's a—"

The fellow stopped as he remembered that a lady was standing at the front counter. . . . He would have continued exactly as he had intended if he could have read that *lady's* mind, that instant. The druggist agreed that that Crampton's word was worthless. All three men admitted that "this Treadwell" was the best man in the bunch—and there were six candidates counting all—but all supposed there was no good voting for him; that it would be "throwing away good votes." The squat man announced that he was going to support the old gang candidates this time in preference to the League; the druggist made the same announcement; and the tall man said he didn't care which gang won—neither of them were right and he believed he'd give his vote to this Congressman Treadwell anyway. Then the druggist said, "What's the difference? I guess I'll vote for him too."

"It's immaterial to me! I'll make it three!" the short man said as Boise bought a small vial of perfume and went out, musing to herself that she was a mascot and that if the state weren't so big, and if there were enough drug stores, and she had time enough, that maybe Truman Treadwell could win.

A great bill-board advertising the machine candidates stared at her from across the street. Several automobiles with big banners picturing Non-Partisan candidates passed her as she picked

her way across the street to see where Ray Hawley's store was—and to look at that picture of Truman Treadwell in the window.

She found the cigar store and pool hall. There was no sign. Boise stopped and looked in the window. There was no picture. On a cash register close to the front was the name "Hawley & Lindquist."

Boise stood looking into the place. A bunch of fellows, boisterous and ill-behaved, went in. One of them smacked his lips, remarked something below his breath, and they all turned toward Boise. She did not look—she heard one remark, "She's *some* . . ." she didn't catch the balance. The last one stopped and glanced suggestively toward Boise just as she had made up her mind to enter this place of Hawley's. He smiled at her broadly and bellowed in answer to the remark that had gone before—tipped his hat as he said it, and waited for her—"I'll say she is! What's the big idea, dearie?"

Boise had been paying no attention to the fellow. She had spied Ray Hawley and a pile of magazines and saw an excuse to go in. She had never known Ray Hawley at Jamestown—to speak to him—but she would feel that she knew him and he knew her, *here*, out on Cedar Avenue. The last remark—or this last word, . . . "*dearie*,"

. . . and this bold fellow standing smirking

at her as she was walking straight toward him, startled her and brought her up standing.

Boise Jourdan Crampton was not the kind to take unnecessary offense or pretend great innocence and shock at being thus accosted—especially when she appreciated the full circumstance, and had in mind the hour, the place and her attire, but she was a consummate actress and when she wanted—which was seldom—she could give a man in this position a look that would make him shrink—a withering, scorching gaze that would set him apologizing forthwith if he possessed intelligence.

Boise saw that he was the good-fellow type, large, heavy, young, handsome. He was a politician and wore buttons and badges of candidates—the political *machine* again. The others inside—mostly younger and not as well dressed—turned and were waiting for him, first; then stood gaping at his daring venturing.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I—I don't recall—" Boise stopped exactly as though she fully expected the man to tell her just when and where it was that they had met—formally and properly—and as though such thing as a flirtation were not ever dreamed of by her.

The crowd of fellows inside, but out of hearing, standing gaping, boorishly watched the man's face crimson. They saw him open his mouth and mumble something. He said, "I'm sorry, lady—I—I didn't mean anything. I—I'm—"

Others were coming from across the street where automobiles were stopping—men with badges, campaign buttons and cards and two or three carrying band instruments, a clarinet, a drum and horn. One after another spoke to him, nudged him, grinned as they passed. One sallied, “It was a good meeting, Milt!”

Boise had a new thought! “Milt,” she mused to herself . . . politics . . . ?

“Oh, I’ll let it go this time!” she said, and laughed. “I was just going in to buy a magazine and walk on home. I live just down on 26th Street a little ways,” Boise smiled. She saw relief in the man’s face. He took her arm and seemed glad to get away. Boise watched that Ray Hawley had not looked and did not see her, and felt certain no one knew her. They climbed into the man’s auto, a nobby, new racer-type.

“I believe you’re Mr. Rose?” she said as soon as he had started and turned off onto the side street. The man was half-flattered that she knew him, but mystified.

“Yes,” he said, “and tell me, who is it that I’ve come so close to getting balled-out by?”

“I’m Mrs. Crampton,” Boise said. They were passing a horse and buggy at the moment and Boise felt that the auto almost grazed it.

Milt Rose was dumb. It seemed like minutes before he turned, or offered any answer. He had

passed the intersecting street to turn off for the address she gave him—the Swanson home.

"Oh, I guess I've gone too far . . . ."

He mumbled something about the steering gear. Boise felt that the fellow's discomfiture was about the most refreshing thing she had enjoyed for a long time and made absolutely no attempt to relieve it further. She felt to herself that she had made a very small person of him and would give him absolutely no opening to break the ice. He remarked about Ray Hawley, and his place, and what a business he was doing and ended with "presuming that she had known him at Jamestown."

"Boise answered simply, "I know of him."

They drew up at the Swanson house. Boise smiled sweetly and coquettishly as she got out.

"Good night!" he said, and drove away.

The School Board matter was dropped. Milt Rose had lost interest in the matter, the political clique thought. The school board felt that Fabian Doremus did not appear to want to press it. There was no newspaper comment and after a few weeks the whole matter blew completely over and nothing more was heard of it. So much for Boise as political "worker."

When the election was over the old political crowd had won. They had elected their candidates, of course. Flag and country were again intact.



## XXXV

### BATTLES AND DEFEATS

Two years later the two crowds again battled for supremacy—there was this time but one other candidate, Truman Treadwell.

Again he stayed in the race and campaigned and spoke on the street corners and again the old crowd filled the bill-boards and the newspapers—this time with the wonderful political accomplishments in laws passed for the benefit of the farmers and the laborers. Loyalty was forgotten, not needed. The Non-Partisaners campaigned as before, dangled candidates as before. Some of the labor organizations joined them; others did not.

Again the old crowd won its victory.

But this time Truman Treadwell gained, not by a remarkable amount but everywhere, in city and country alike; and the Non-Partisan League lost everywhere, in city and country alike. And the old crowd once more secured its minority nomination, by a marked-down vote.

What was to happen in the future could best be

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told by Bill Scott, the day after election, when he commented to Milt Rose,

“It don’t take a hell of a smart man to see what’s going to happen two years from now.”

And it didn’t.

## XXXVI

### THE "BAND-WAGON"

It was after election—in the fall, in 1924. Jamestown was astir. Jamestown had not grown a great deal and was still a little city of less than five thousand people. The stores were mostly housed in the substantial buildings built in the 'eighties and 'nineties—solid brick affairs—but there were new and up-to-date fronts. Windows were trimmed and goods displayed as in cities. There was a fine new railroad depot. The telephone poles that Truman Treadwell once thought made Jamestown look like a city were gone and underground conduits and alley routes had taken their place. The business artery, "Front Street," was paved; and neat iron poles sustained "cluster" street lights that shone at night upon the smooth-laid street. The park—in the business center of the little city—had a commodious band stand and the band, a well-trained musical organization that played marches, overtures and semi-classics with the partial ostentation and éclat of metropolitan musicians, was heard at stated summer intervals.

The residence streets, several miles of them, were paved and boulevarded with curbing and lines of trees. The homes had well-kept lawns, all modern conveniences, and there were many new houses with late ideas in architecture, with substantial sun-parlors, breakfast rooms and sleeping porches; there were also some of the popular bungalows. If, then, one were dropped blindfolded from a dirigible in the residential section of Jamestown—the Jamestown of 1924—he could never have told from the appearance of the houses, the lawns or the streets—or of the *people*—whether he was in Jamestown, Minnesota, or some excellent residential section of any first-class city, East or West, or South.

Perhaps if there were anything to distinguish the age and particular time it would be that it was the time and age of "uniform and standardized things" the country over—the *same motor cars* in corresponding numbers—the *same music*—the *same films*—and the *same habits*, largely and fairly harmlessly bad.

And if there were any danger in the shaping of the characters of individuals who were reaching and passing through the impressionable formative state at this time it might not be so much that they were then to start their career at this or that Jamestown or New York or Cleveland, but that they were to allow their horizon during the adolescent period to be confined to the screen-

star-motor-car-jazz microcosm which oppresses with as great and trifling weight at New York as at Jamestown and as much at Jamestown as at New York.

And if there is prospect that from the final residuum when all the dross is cast aside something is saved of distinctive character and individuality, the hope is greatest here in this great mixing-pan of the races of all the world, in this *Middle-America* atmosphere, freest to develop its own temperament and healthy color.

It was three in the afternoon on Saturday following the election. Bands had clambered off incoming trains and collected from incoming motor-cars. Automobiles lined the streets for blocks beyond the farthest business place, in all directions. Men and women with ribbons and badges were hurrying to and fro.

A monster parade was formed. It went up one street and down the next and stopped in front of the Opera House. Its crowd filled the hall.

Inside, Senator Wheeler—Senator Tad Wheeler—called the meeting to order. On the stage were John Peterson, new-elected member of the legislature for Nantowah County; Mrs. Doctor P. A. Yeldud of Modny City, just chosen representative to the legislature, who had defeated Sam N. Collier; H. S. Stims of Notnitrow, who had defeated Senator Simuhderf; Albert Peterson, the Mayor of Jamestown; several clean and brand-new state

officers, and among them the very recent Secretary of State, Mrs. Boise Jourdan Christopherson. C. L. Hilleruch of Modny City, Congressman-elect from the district, was there. In the audience were Ola Fanderson, Adolph Swanson, Alex Gjerstrom, Nick Langley, Ray Hawley, Jake Torkelson and Hans Peterson. Milt Rose of Minneapolis was in the audience, passively. So was Walter Crampton. And so were Hannah Dowell Treadwell and Horace Dowell, Jr.

Clayton Treadwell was in the gallery—in the back row. An innate modesty superinduced by the self-assertion of Hannah Dowell Treadwell and her consistent antagonism to the undertakings of Truman Treadwell, had dictated the policy of playing an inconspicuous part in his son's political drama. Always loyal to his every undertaking, and helping in every way that he could, probably not a man in that assemblage that day was more supremely happy over the auspicious event; but none could have discerned it in the shrinking demeanor of the old engineer who sat back watching the scene.

The state political machine was crushed and broken. The Non-Partisan Political League had run itself out. The people were in the saddle—just *the people*. There was no clique, no machine, no organization. Officers chosen by the people, executive, legislative and judicial, were to be entrusted with the governing of the people for a

term, with the hope that scrupulous political parties as organizations—the only organizations that could possibly hope to cope with the power of corporations—would be restored and that, if after a term these officials had not governed honestly and well, they could be defeated with opposition of a reputable party at the next election.

The old slogan—*common, everyday, old-fashioned honesty*—was enthroned; *representative government*, the form of a Roman Republic even before the Christian era,—*was restored*; and Minnesota was to take an equal place among her sister states with this acceptance of responsive political entities from which she could *install in power* or *reject* as *occasion* demanded, and in accordance with its responsiveness to the people's true will.

The yoke of the entangling complication was thrown off and the people had a simple, working, understandable, direct-functioning government—or would have as soon as the terms of the recently selected officials began.

Judge Steve Humphreys had not lived to see this day. Charlie Campbell was gone. Colonel Rucker occupied a recent grave.

There were a few preliminary speeches by newly elected state officers and members of the legislature.

Then the Governor—the newly-elected Governor—came in accompanied by the First Lady-to-be.

There was applause—no paid uproar and hilarity. It was the respectful audience of a Congress to its President—rather than a sullen after-election ratification.

The Governor took his place in the center of the stage and without introduction delivered his message.

It was—"My friends: The *machine* is demolished. The welfare of the state is in your hands. The victory is won only if we now prove that an honest government is not only better-intentioned but works more efficiently than a dishonest one. It is easy to criticize; not easy to build up. Our task is before us: we have promised but not yet performed; we are not the *creatures* of the suffrage of the people in commendation for past services but their servants! entrusted with a new task—the establishment of honest government.

"Let us, in considering the great questions to be determined, remember that our instinctive mass-tendency is to follow the light, the movements giving promise of success—perhaps permanent and substantial, probably temporary, ephemeral and superficial.

"This tendency gives advantage primarily to organized influences of great wealth, but in this same condition in which its inherent tendency may operate our inscrutable *Band-Wagon* in the opposite direction—toward the side of right and justice—lies hidden *America's only hope*.



“*Vast, grasping organizations fasten on us through the years, as we have seen, organizations which could not, thank God, in the very nature of things be permanent. Devoting hundreds of thousands of unaccounted-for dollars, emanating from mysterious and unknown sources, to plain corruption, to the buying and selling of men, to the flaunting of fulsome, flaming, flamboyant scare-flushes—exhorting credulous fellow-creatures to fly to the support of candidates picked by a political machine to save ‘Old Glory’—they have sickened us, I hope forever. We could not find in them the adequate, convincing answer.*

“So we have filled the breach, at last. I will lay down no glittering program of legislation. No man or set of men can foretell the future; and it is the attempt to glowingly prognosticate in terms of platforms that has so often discredited political parties, once invested in power.

“First, I propose that we make a clean job of ridding the State Capitol of every vestige of the ‘old crowd’ and all reactionary influences—and let no quarter be shown to hanger-on opportunists who came scrambling onto our *Band-Wagon* at the eleventh hour,—political jetsam and flotsam.

“Then let it be known that the ousting of *machine* control does not mean the installing of *socialism*—as those who have fought for the maintenance of the old order of things have asserted and professed to believe—but the re-estab-

lishment of a government under existing forms, responsive to the will of the people. And let there be no delusion but that either *political machine control* or *socialism* have, in the end, the same outcome, the establishment of an oligarchy: the former a rule of interests who seek special privileges, and of demagogues; the latter of demagogues alone.

"Let us understand that the only sound government is the free-and-equal government of a Republic—of the United States of America; that all wrongs can be righted under existing forms of the government of the nation and of its sovereign states; and that the essential condition for a Republic, or its integral states, is that two great opposing political organizations shall exist and fight out their issues in popular elections; that the forum of Lincoln and Douglas is the near-perfect state; that the domination of a Mark Hanna, of a Tammany Hall, of a Lenine or a Trotzky is a menace—in short, that honesty in politics is not outlawed.

"Let us therefore enact laws upon their merits—enact them sparingly, for too many 'regulating' laws is today the greatest curse, the weakening of all of them. And let us not seek the lines of least resistance or follow in the beaten paths of systematic propaganda, but disregard the present clamor, depend upon the reason God gave us, and

attack where resistance is the greatest, those stinking lairs of corrupt political influence.

“Minnesota has the richest soft iron-ore deposits in the world—richer than those of Alsace-Lorraine, richer than the Shantung, the alleged subjects of contention of past wars, and of future. These Minnesota deposits are chiefly owned and selfishly handled by the Steel Trust, the most powerful corporate leech in the politics of any nation—absolute dictator for years of the politics of *our state*. We must have a thorough-going tonnage-tax on iron-ore, not an occupation tax to act as a covert threat of impending burden upon the occupations of all people of the state—but a tax upon real tonnage, the depleted natural resources of the state,—a tax devised by the state’s people and not by the corporation to be taxed,—a tax unhampered by confusing and double-purposed amendments to the state’s constitution.

“Laws will be passed to improve the social and economic conditions of always impoverished masses, to make adjustments for compensation of injured employes more simple and remove the incentive for fraud.

“Proper provision should be made for municipalities to control, regulate or own, under proper home-rule provisions, water and hydro-electric power, light, and traction plants and systems operating for the service of their people.

“The primary election laws should be preserved

and proper safeguards provided by a minimum-percentage provision requirement for a party nomination and a safeguard against ulterior-motivated interference by other party members, and a prior-registration provision.

"Finally—we must establish a perfect autonomy in the government of our own state and resolve that we will keep fighting to preserve it—ever mindful that it is as great a task to hold our rights secure as to attain them.

"The political situation, here or anywhere, admits of no compromise. The enemies of good government are relentless. Eternal vigilance is the price, constancy the prerequisite, of the preservation of our sacred rights.

"Let every citizen do his full duty!"

And Governor-elect Truman Treadwell sat down.

The crowd filed past and shook the new leader's hand.

Colony was the last. She said:

"Oh, Truman! It was a long, hard fight! And now——"

It would have been difficult to know on what Truman Treadwell was thinking at that moment . . . of Nellie Dan—of Colony at the Merritt Estate—of cookies . . . He took Colony's hands in his—her eyes were as blue and her hair as black—and he said:

"It's only the *Band-Wagon*, Colony!"

And it was.

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