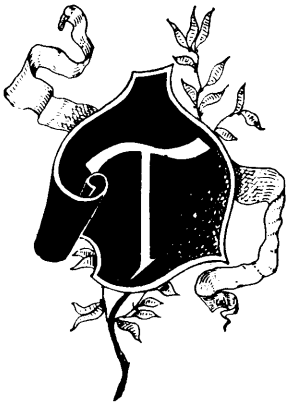


## The Sagamore



THE reporter, like one of England's kings when he ascended the throne, was filled "with high hopes and glorious ambitions." Perhaps it was the unaccustomed in his eyes that startled the sagamore, for the latter regarded his visitor with a doubtful glance and moved nearer his tomahawk.

"Old man," the reporter said, "my days of apprenticeship are ended. The humble scribe has now his

reward. Behold the editor of the *Purist*."

"You him?" queried Mr. Paul.

"I am he," majestically rejoined the visitor—"at last I will be. I have been invited to fill the editorial chair of the *Purist*."

"That's pooty big job," observed the sagamore.

"It is, indeed. No more important and responsible position is at the option of any man. I feel it. The sense of it weighs upon me. And the more so at this critical period of our history as a nation. Not that I shrink from it. What zeal and earnestness may do, that will I. It is a duty, my brother—a solemn trust."

"When you gonto begin?" the old man asked.

"I have already begun. Shall I read to you my opening effort?"

"You kin," replied the sagamore.

"It is not yet in type," said the visitor, "but it will be to-morrow." He produced a manuscript and read:

### THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

"There has never been a time in the history of Canada when the demand for honest men and men of lofty aim and purpose was so urgent as in this hour. Purer methods of government, personal integrity, a desire for the triumph of just principles and a determination to have a hand in the effacement of every corrupt stain from our national escutcheon are the needs of to-day. We want a fearless and untainted judiciary, a courageous and incorruptible press, free from the leading strings of partisanship, a quickened public conscience and a higher sense of what is due to ourselves as citizens and to our national honour. Our honour has been dragged in the dust. Our political purity and official honesty has been proven a

"delusion and a fraud. Let the cleansing process begin. This is not a time for recrimination, or the petty warfare of party against party; but a time for the union of whatever is good and true in all parties for the general good. This it shall be our constant aim to advocate. We have no other aim or purpose, feeling, as all honest and patriotic citizens must feel, that to delay will simply be to pile an Ossa on the Pelion of our national disgrace."

"That's pooty good start," remarked the sagamore, when the reader paused.

"So I flatter myself," modestly rejoined the visitor. "I think that covers the ground fairly well. I think our subscribers will be highly pleased with it. They ought to be."

"But that's only good for one day," said Mr. Paul. "What you gonto do next day?"

"I have another ready," replied the editor, turning his manuscript over and reading from the other side:

### A PESTIFEROUS OLD SKUNK.

"So it appears that Mr. Pumper is in the soup too. This immaculate man with so fine a nose for scandal has stirred up the wrong nest. In poking around to catch earth a boodling scheme he has inadvertently let the cat out of the bag, and the public have learned where Mrs. Pumper got that set of jewelry which has been so much admired. It appears that as a consideration for his permitting a bare-faced raid on the public funds his wife was made the recipient of a boodler's bounty. That is reprehensible. We always knew that Pumper was an unmitigated humbug, but never until now has he appeared in his true colours. If our information is correct, there are several more bombshells in store. Let them burst, and the sooner the better."

"Seems to me that's pooty strong," remarked the sagamore.

"The circumstances warrant it, sir. It is the duty of an honest journal to speak out."

"Kin you prove all you said there?"

"Oh, as to that, it isn't a rumour to prove even the truth. But there's a rumour to that effect, and the public ought to know it."

"What you gonto put in next day?" queried Mr. Paul.

"I will repeat that one on 'The Duty of the Hour,' with some verbal changes. We must keep that before the public."

"And the next day?"

"Oh, I suppose it will be necessary by that time to apologise to Pumper for calling him a skunk and a humbug. Of course he'll kick like a mule, and, as I have written the article without taking the trouble to be sure that it's true, very likely I'll have to apologise to him and his wife. But it'll get its work in all the same."

The sagamore seemed to be puzzled a little.

"Didn't you say you're gonto run good honest paper?" he inquired.

"I'm not aware that I did," replied the other.

"That's what you said in that first piece you read," persisted the sagamore.

"Oh no I didn't. I didn't say anything about this paper. It was the other papers I was talking about," replied the editor. "How is the name of all that's respectable can this paper keep up a reputation for purity, and talk about purity, if it doesn't point out impurity? And if impurity can't be found it's got to be imagined. There must be contrast. People wouldn't care a cent about purity if we didn't keep dinning the impurity business into their ears."

The sagamore was silenced, if not convinced, by this argument.

"Well," he said, "what you gonto put in next day?"

"The next day I will get our emergency editor to study up the map of South America, and locate a revolution somewhere down there—not too close to the telegraph lines. That will enable me and the encyclopedia to collaborate in an interesting and instructive article on the

semi-civilization of those communities, and draw therefrom some valuable lessons for Canada."

"Ah hah," commented the sagamore.

"The next day," pursued the editor, "I will have a savage attack on Jones. I always did hate Jones, and since he's got into public prominence I hate him more. I'll scald him about every other day. Now that gives me a good start. There you have the general subject of purity, particular charges of impurity, and apologies for the same, South American affairs, or Central African would do as well, and a personal settling of old scores. By ringing the changes judiciously on these I will have enough editorial matter to fill the necessary column or so in the *Purist* for the next six months."

"And by that time," remarked Mr. Paul, "you s'pose you'll have this country so pure an angel kin live in it."

"Not a doubt of it," complacently rejoined the editor of the *Purist*. "I have been carefully studying the editorial columns of our contemporaries and observe that they are all on the same tack. That is a healthy sign. Just leave us alone for six months, each to follow out the line of conduct we have all entered upon since the CRISIS came, and truth and righteousness will cover the land as a mantle. Purity is what we're after, and this is the way to get it."

And so saying the editor rolled up his manuscript and started for the composing room of the *Purist*.

## Our Biographical Column.

[Portrait and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]

### The Hon. Mr. Bright Dollar.



Earl Warwick was called the Kingmaker because of his immense power and influence in the politics of his time. We do not speak of Kingmakers to-day, or that title would certainly fall to the subject of this sketch, the Hon. Mr. Bright Dollar; for he as a maker and unmaker of laws and governments has achieved a reputation beside which that of Warwick fades into insignificance. It is the present habit of American newspapers, and of some Canadian ones as well, to set forth in glowing terms and by the side of the portrait of each individual the great merits and political or other achievements of citizens of that country. But, strange to say, none of them have yet published either a biographical sketch or a portrait of the Hon. Mr. Bright Dollar, who is to-day unquestionably the greatest politician and the foremost statesman of the republic. In fact were it not for the influence of the Hon. Mr. Bright Dollar most of those other semi-celebrities would never be known beyond the confines of their own bourgade. It is through him that, for instance, a man who wants to be nominated for the State Legislature of Tennessee, or a town council in Wyoming, is enabled to pose before the readers of a number of Canadian newspapers as a man of stupendous ability, unparalleled sagacity and great good looks. But the Hon. Mr. Bright Dollar does not receive any credit for his good offices in these cases. This is a manifest injustice. To speak of the part the Hon. gentleman plays in politics would be to tell how men are elected to the legislature, how particular measures are adopted or rejected—in short to tell how the whole machinery of politics and government is kept in motion. In the affairs of cities and parishes, as well as in those of nations and individuals, the Hon. Mr. Bright Dollar is a potent influence and a most important factor.