

6 AMERICANISM *VERSUS* BOLSHEVISM

considerable money (for me), but my creditors were secured and I felt they could wait. Wanting to serve my country in some capacity, I determined that evening to run for mayor and if elected, to abandon my private business and stay on the job *during the war.*

I did not know whether I could be elected as the political fights in which I had participated had been bitter. My support of the direct primary, the eight-hour law for women, the eight-hour law for underground miners, and the workmen's compensation act, etc., had made me enemies, and when I forced the passage of the anti-racetrack gambling bill, which eliminated a gang of crooks from our midst, the grafters never forgave me. My fight on the red-light district during three city campaigns earned for me the opposition of that multitude of wretches who owned and rented property in the district as well as all the box-coated, pink-cuffed hangers on. The business community, just awakening to the righteousness of the measures for which I had fought, still regarded me as somewhat unsafe. The labour forces had never had any fault to find with my record, and I felt that the "old timers" would be for me while the "Reds" and anti-war faction would just as surely be against me. My hope of election, apparently, depended on the great middle class who had no axes to grind, wanted no special privileges, but simply desired a fair, square business administration, 100 per cent. loyal.

Soon after our country entered the war Camp Lewis was established near Tacoma, a city of 100,000,