

often resisted. One crowd or the other, *usually both*, were against the mayor!

Men fit to guide the destinies of the city either refused to neglect their private business or were thought unable to secure election. The next election was to be held March 5, 1918, and, as in the past, it was thought necessary to have a chance for success, that the candidate must either become subservient to Big Business or to the labour group. One or the other, politicians said, a candidate must have. One or the other, they said, a mayor must serve. I have always held a different theory. It has been my belief since a boy that a candidate for office, playing fair and square with all men, with no special interest to serve, could be elected, provided he was believed to be honest and could get *circulation*. I have helped demonstrate to the politicians very often in my lifetime that they really cannot run nominations or elections if the people are appraised of their intentions.

After reviewing this situation in my mind I went home and told my wife of my decision. She never favoured my political ventures, but this time she assented on account of the war. The next day the papers carried notice of my candidacy and things started to happen. I had no campaign committee—they usually talk and seldom work. I wanted no headquarters for political loafers. I wanted no paid workers—they are so often no good. My campaign was to be purely a truth-telling one. I would attack no opponent, but would tell the people what I would do if elected, not that someone else had done wrong. It was a new method