

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1903.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE  
"BOSS" OF NEW YORK.

How the Tammany Leader Turned Millions by Using Figure-head Mayor in Manipulation of Traction Franchises and Stocks—Man on the "Inside" Tells of the Workings.

A man who knew Richard Croker has written a novel. It is called "The Boss." In it he tells how the Tammany leader turned millions by using figure-head Mayor in manipulation of traction franchises and stocks—man on the "inside" tells of the workings.

The election of George B. McClellan is announced just as this book, written by Alfred Henry Lewis, is published. Lewis is a newspaper man who formerly was in the confidence of Richard Croker, and who wrote the life of that notable. In view of the election of McClellan, The Telegraph is printing herewith an extract from Mr. Lewis' book, telling how The Boss turned a million or two to his own account by the manipulation of traction stocks.

It is an absorbing narrative for many reasons. The more so, because the operation in stocks is virtually historical. The Boss has elected a mayor who was subservient to the machine, an eccentric jelly-fish, who would do the machine's bidding, and McClellan is regarded by many as such another.

A young silk stocking, named Morton, had told The Boss that if he did certain things he (Morton) would find a million for him in Wall street.

Mr. Lewis in his own characteristic language tells how the trick was turned:—"Do you recall," he began, "how on the edge of the campaign I said that if you would win the town I'd lead you into Wall street millions?"

"Yes," said I, "you said something of the sort."

"You must trust me in this: I understand the stock market better than you do. Perhaps you have noticed that Blackberry Franchise is very low—down to ninety, I think?"

"No," I replied, "the thing is news to me. I know nothing of stocks."

"It's as well. This, then, is my road to wealth for both of us. As a first move, and as rapidly as I can without sending it up, I shall load myself for our joint account with, well, as much as I can get of Blackberry will call upon you. He will have an elaborate plan for extending Blackberry to the northern limits of the town; and he will ask besides for half a dozen cross-town franchises to act as feeders to the main line and connect it with the ferries. Be slow and thoughtful with our Blackberry, president; but encourage

him. Keep him coming to you for a month, and on each occasion seem nearer to his view. In the end, tell him he can have those franchises—cross-town and extensions—and, for your side, get about the preliminary orders to city officers. It will seem Blackberry's idea like an elevator. Do you catch my idea? Those forty thousand shares will go to one hundred and thirty-five."

Two weeks later Morgan gave me the quiet word that he held for us a trifle over forty thousand shares of Blackberry which he had taken at an average of ninety-one. Also, he had so intrigued the Blackberry president would seek a meeting with me to consider those extensions and discover my temper concerning them.

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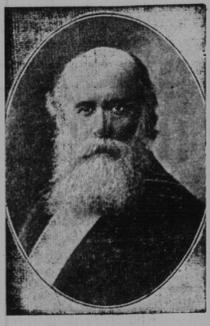
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SOME MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE TODAY

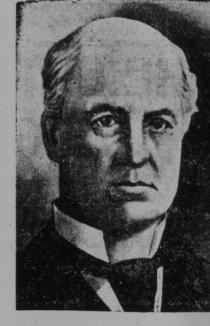
Here are presented portraits of noted men of the day and brief references to the incidents which have brought them into prominence at this particular time. They will be found timely and interesting.



GEORGE E. DRUMMOND. The President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.



DOWIE. The Man Who Styles Himself Elijah II. and His New York Rebuke.



A. B. AYLESWORTH, K. C. One of the Canadian Commissioners on the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal.

all mine. When I could command my voice I said:—"Am not I suppose we may give the Blackberry its franchises?"

"No, not yet," returned Morton. "Real-ly, we're not half through. I've sold thirty-five thousand shares the other way. It was a deuced hard thing to do without sending the stock off; the market is always so beastly ready to tumble, don't you know. But I managed it; we're now short about thirty-five thousand shares at one hundred and thirty-seven."

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to excite the disgust of all free minded people who saw or read of his platform antics.

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ENRAGED BOY SHOTS AND KILLS ANOTHER WHO DISPLEASED HIM.

Taunton, Mass., Nov. 7.—Angered beyond his powers of control, Walter E. Bassett, eleven years old, today shot and instantly killed Peter Clark, a schoolmate his own age.

left, an altercation occurred between the boys, and as young Clark raised on the premises after Bassett had ordered him away, the latter became enraged and threatened to shoot Clark.

The tragedy was the outcome of a quarrel between the two little fellows. Young Bassett is the stepson of Eugene E. Bassett, of 48 Jackson street, a carpenter and builder possessed of considerable property. The Clark boy is one of the children of Thomas F. Clark, of 68 Jackson street, a driver employed by the Taunton Ice Company.

The shooting occurred in the yard behind the Bassett house a little after 4 o'clock this afternoon. The Bassett boy was arrested on the charge of homicide and admitted a guilt. Later in the evening he was released on bail by consent of District Attorney Swift.

This afternoon young Clark, accompanied by John and Thomas Doherty, two playmates, took a pair of shoes to William Dean's shop, in a barn in the rear of the Bassett house, to be repaired. Young Bassett met them in the yard and told them to keep away. After the shoes had been

repaired, Bassett took the shoes to the barn and put them on. He then turned back to the house and saw the Clark boy standing in the yard. He became enraged and threatened to shoot Clark.

Clark and his companions finally went away but returned later for the shoes, when Bassett again met them and ordered them away. They did not comply with his demand, and running into the house, Bassett took a double barrel brass-loading shot gun which, according to Clark's companions, he deliberately loaded with shells filled with heavy bird shot.

They say he then deliberately aimed at Clark and pulled the trigger, the charge blowing off the top of Clark's head, killing him instantly. Bassett, seeing the result of his anger, hid in the apartment occupied by the schoolmate, in the upper part of the barn. He was arrested later and admitted his guilt, but refused to make any further statement.

Police Court. John Scribner, on information of Allen P. Mabee, was arraigned before Judge Ritchie Monday on the charge of throwing dynamite on November 4. J. King Kelly appeared for Mr. Scribner.

Allen P. Mabee swore he was working with three others at a ditch for Quam & Allen Main street. The defendant appeared with a box of dynamite and threw it into the ditch, about 15 feet. The box contained 30 sticks.

Edmund Gessner swore he saw the defendant deliberately throw the dynamite into the ditch, but did not want to see further developments. On Monday he had some difficulty with Scribner about his tools. At the time of throwing the explosives Scribner, the witness thought, was in his right mind.

William Gessner swore he saw the defendant carrying the box from his woodshed toward the bank, but didn't see him throw it. The witness had known defendant for two years and said if matters did not become excited, the prisoner would be remanded until 10 o'clock Tuesday morning.

This Race Was to the Swift. They were telling of fight in battle in the clock room of the house of representatives.

General Funeral. Binder and the little joker that he was waiting for a chance to play got to be the only thing that the men talked about in the store evenings. Every one in town was out for a funeral, and every one wanted to attend it—but as a spectator. There was a lot of talk about encouraging new enterprises, but it didn't come to anything. No one seemed to have any public spirit.

JOHN GRAHAM'S BUSINESS ADVICE TO HIS SON, PERREPOUT.

Saturday Evening Post. II.—From John Graham, of the Schwetzer-Kamhoff, Carlisle, to his son, Perreput, at the Union Stock Yards.

Dear Perreput,—I've called the house that you will manage the hard department, or try to, until I get back; but beyond that I don't say. Four weeks don't give you much time to prove that you are the best man in the shop for the place, but it gives you enough to prove that you ain't. You've got plenty of rope. If you know how to use it you can throw your steer and brand it; if you don't, I suppose I won't find much more than a grease spot where the hard department was, when I get back. I'm hopeful, but I'm like the old deacon who thought that games of chance were sinful, and so only bet on sure things—and I'm not betting.

Naturally, when a young fellow steps up into a big position it breeds jealousy among those whom he's left behind and uneasiness among those whom he's pulled himself up among. Between them they're bound to be subjected to a lot of petty annoyances. But he's in the fix of a dog with fleas who's chasing a rabbit—if he stops to snap at the tickling on his tail he's going to lose his game dinner.

Even as a temporary head of the hard department you're something of a pup, and where there's a dog there's fleas. You've simply got to get used to them, and have sense enough to know that they're not eating you up when they're only nibbling a little at your hide. And you don't want to let any one see that a flea bite can worry you, either. A pup that's squirming and wriggling and nosing around the nest of the trouble whenever one of his little friends becomes active, gets kicked out into the cold, and night comes with a fire in his ear and a dreamy look in his eyes until it gets to the point where he can't stand 'em any longer. Then he sneaks off under the dining room table and rolls them out into the carpet.

Two Business Conditions. There's two breeds of little things in business—those that you can't afford to miss and those that you can't afford to notice. The first are the details of your own work and those of the men under you. The second are the little tricks and traps that the envious set around you. A trick is always so low that a high-stepper can walk right over it. When a fellow comes from the outside generally gets a breathing space while the old men spar around taking his measure. They give him the benefit of the doubt, and if he shows up to let him alone. But his feet they're set to let him alone. But even isn't any doubt in your case; every-

body's got you sized up, or thinks he has, and you'll get it worst at the start, because those who've been over you will find it hard to accept you as an equal, and those who've been your equals will be slow to regard you as a superior. When you've been Bill to a man, it comes awfully hard to call upon you. He will have an elaborate plan for extending Blackberry to the northern limits of the town; and he will ask besides for half a dozen cross-town franchises to act as feeders to the main line and connect it with the ferries. Be slow and thoughtful with our Blackberry, president; but encourage

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TALE OF THE BLOCKHEAD WHO WON ANYHOW—BY BILLY BURGUNDY

(Copyright, 1903, by Steve Floyd N. Y.) For a long time Nick was not to be trusted to say a word about it, not even to Juanita. But he showed it by wearing his Sunday clothes, putting perfume on his handkerchiefs, whistling "The Lost Chord" and going home by Juanita's house, which was two blocks out of his way. He also wrote her name all over everything because it made him feel good to gaze upon it.

After trying the absent treatment for some time without seeing any evidences of progress Nick grew courageous enough to call upon the cause of his infirmity. Juanita extended to him a polite reception which he utterly failed to interpret.

She pretended to think he had called to see her brother. Nick said he hadn't. He moved up a notch, Juanita took the chair right in front of the parlor door, which stood wide open. Nick told her he had heard that she was engaged to marry the best man in the world, for fair. Friend told Nick confidentially, and that while she was very bright and pretty she was horribly selfish and ostentatiously extravagant. Nick said: "Ex-hibit. But she's nice."

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