

## COST OF A CAMPAIGN.

## TO CONDUCT A PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN NOWADAYS.

Where the Money Comes From—Who Pays It and What They Pay It For—Why So Much Money Is Used.

Topeka Co-Operator: Although most of us have an idea that millions of dollars will be spent in electing the next president of the United States, few can say definitely where the money is to come from, who will collect it and how it will be spent. The record of these transactions is not kept for obvious reasons, but it can be dispensed with. Methods do not vary.

When the national committees of the two old parties assemble after the conventions make the nominations, the first thing to be done is to estimate the expense of managing the campaign. These expenses run into a fortune.

Therefore they will make a list of the very rich men whose interests are most affected by the result. To these men the chairman sends personal letters asking for subscription.

The Twentieth Century says William C. Whitney is expected to contribute \$50,000 to his party fund, or his backers do it for him. But the most expedient method is to have the trust magnates from a pool and make the raise by themselves in one great amount. The Pennsylvania manufacturers, led by Tom Dolan, will organize a committee and agree to raise a million among themselves for the Republican fund. John Wanamaker raised \$400,000 all by himself in 1892.

As a rule the tariff barons are expected to hand over two millions, because they are great beneficiaries when the Republicans are in office. The different trusts are then dealt with separately. For instance, the sugar trust

tending mass meetings in order to catch voters as addle-headed as themselves. The politicians pay for the noisy work, such as printing, music, hall hiring and so on, but their chief expenditure is in the bribing of voters. It is getting to be difficult, however, to bribe voters owing to the great improvement of late years in our election laws. Consequently most of the money goes to individuals who control voters, to saloon keepers, to stump orators and to the general run of shady characters so numerous during a presidential year. The papers are heavy subsidies. This money is never paid out openly as a bribe. It takes the form of payment for advertisements, of purchasing stock, of purchases of whole campaign editions and of the bills contracted in collecting "campaign material." The wonder is that many newspapers have any influence at all upon voters, but for some unfathomable reason they do.

In round numbers the political parties spend about twenty million dollars, directly or indirectly, in electing the president. That is little more than a dollar and a half for each voter in the land. When the campaign is over we poor, idiotic citizens of the United States wonder why the country seems to belong to the plutocrats. The country belongs to the plutocrats because they have bought it and paid for it.

## A PASTEL PORTRAIT.

The picture was charming. There was no denying that. Frank Harwood stood at the window of the shop and stared in at it, as he had done every day for the last week. The execution of the work was not faultless. Some crudities marred it, but the ensemble was bewitching.

The face—that of a girl in the first fresh bloom of maidenhood—looked back at you over one mistily-draped white shoulder. The liquid eyes were laughter-lit the slightly-parted scarlet

evening. She was the dearest old lady in the world and the most generous. She had brought young Harwood up, given him the best procurable education, and three years of continental travel. But on one point, the question of his probable marriage, she was inclined, he thought, to be dictatorial. "So you refuse to meet Miss Fainsworth, Frank?" she had asked. "As a suitor—yes," he had replied, positively.

Frank felt that he must see the original of the portrait, so discretion was thrown to the winds, and starting on his quest he reached a row of high, flat-faced, dreary, red brick houses. In one of these the artist must live.

He found the number, rang the bell. A surly woman, with a smudge of soot on her cheek opened the door. "Mr. Vincent Brand?" asked Harwood.

"Third floor back," she returned, shortly.

Harwood knocked. A voice bade him enter. He went in. The room was large, bare, dreary. Some sketches were tacked on the walls. An easel and chair stood in the center of the apartment. A handful of fire and a tiny sheet-iron stove made the cold of the place more noticeable.

"Mr. Brand, I believe?" The occupant, an invalid with death written in his hollow eyes, on his blue-veined hands, bowed assent.

"I came," said Harwood, declining the solitary chair which was proffered him, "about the picture exhibited in Mercer's window. It is not for sale?"

"No, sir."

"Not at a large figure?"

The artist did not at once answer. He was ill and very poor.

"Not at any price," he said.

"You could not make me a copy?"

"No, sir. The truth of the matter is this: The young lady who consented

sorry I have not a card. My name is Frank Harwood."

She had been listening with a somewhat haughty air. She smiled now with sudden friendliness.

"I shall be glad if you will come with me," she said, simply.

On their way she told him about Brand, whom she had known from childhood.

"He is dying," she said. "It is hard to help him; he is so proud."

The house before which she paused was a magnificent one.

Harwood mustered courage to ask if he might call.

"No," she said, gently; and then, as if repenting, "I shall be at Brand's studio on Friday."

She ran up the steps.

Needless to say, Harwood was in the painter's room early on Friday afternoon. The number of orders he gave quite overwhelmed the artist. She came at last, her face like a rose over her dark furs.

They met, not quite by chance, many times, and still Frank did not learn her name. He called her Miss Claire.

One evening when he was leaving the studio with her, he told her the story of how he had first happened to come there.

"I fell in love with a pastel portrait," he said. "I am to-day in love with the original. But I know so little of you it seems like being in love with a spirit. Are you going to punish my presumption, or reward my daring?"

She indicated her carriage that stood at the curb.

"Get in," she said, smiling. "I chance to be driving your way."

The vehicle stopped at his aunt's door.

"Do you know my aunt?" he began.

Just then his aunt came towards them.

"Claire, my dear!" she cried. "Frank, where did you meet Miss Fainsworth?"

"Fainsworth!" he repeated, blankly.

"You!"—he reproached Claire—"knew me all the time!"

"Do you think I would have let you see me home that night if I did not?" she asked, archly.

"What in the world are you children talking about?" Frank's aunt questioned.

They only laughed.

But there was that in the lovely eyes raised to his which told him he might plead again—and not in vain.

KATE M. CLEARY.

Bohemia.

"I'd rather live in Bohemia Than in any other land."—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Where lieth the land, Bohemia? Is it enchanted ground?

Unto the place no guide or trace Was e'er by searching found.

Yet many wander through it In blindness or in scorn

And some there dwell who love it well: They are Bohemians born.

Here lieth the land, Bohemia! Strange light upon its beams,

This border-land, whose outer strand Melts in the Sea of Dreams.

Behind us roars the Real, The world of strife and din;

Our kindlier fate is here to wait Until our ships come in.

O'ershadowing Bohemia, Fame, like a mountain grand,

Piercing the skies, uplifts our eyes From this, the lotos-land,

The summit gleams in splendor, And beckons spirits bold,

Fain would we go; yet, ah! we know The heights of Fame are cold.

Were, resting in Bohemia, Beside the waters still,

In meadows green, where Hippocrene Winds as a little rill,

We deem in pleasant places Are cast our lines and lives.

Where grace and heart are more than art, And chivalry survives.

—New York Sun.

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## Monon Time Table No. 27, in Effect June 21.

NORTH BOUND.	SOUTH BOUND.
No. 4.....4.48 a. m.	No. 31.....4.48 a. m.
No. 6.....7.21 a. m.	No. 29.....10.58 a. m.
No. 8.....10.07 a. m.	No. 27.....1.02 p. m.
No. 10.....3.30 p. m.	No. 25.....3.05 p. m.
No. 12.....7.03 p. m.	No. 23.....11.15 p. m.
No. 14.....8.08 p. m.	No. 21.....2.45 p. m.
No. 16.....9.30 a. m.	No. 19 does not stop
No. 18 stops at Rensselaer.	
No. 20 carries passengers between Monon and Lowell.	
A new train, No. 12, daily except Sunday, has been put on between Monon and Lafayette. Passengers can now leave Lafayette at 5:38 p. m. and arrive in Rensselaer at 7:30 p. m.	

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will pay nair a million to the national committee, receiving in return a pledge not to be interfered with should the party attain power. A concern like the sugar trust pays money to both the old parties and then does not bother its head about the result of the campaign.

But sometimes two trusts find their interests opposed. Thus the beef trust cannot contemplate without a shiver some legislation which the sugar trust wants. Thereupon the two bid against each other, for the support of the party most likely to win. That is why the Republicans have so much money just now. There is a general impression that the next president will be a Republican, and all the corruptionists are hastening to secure the friendship of that party.

Here we have the real explanation of the growth of civil service reform. In former years the parties found their chief revenues in struggles for office. The only rewards of victory were the emoluments of office and the opportunities of robbing the treasury. But with the growth of trusts, the creations of vast monopolies and the necessity of securing the franchises, the politicians began to find that the rank and file of the offices were poor gain. What the politicians found important was the possession of the executive and legislative branches of the government. Therefore the clerkships and inspectorships and the police and postoffice positions have been allowed to pass under civil service regulation. They do not yield the rich rewards to be gained by betraying the people to the capital.

Many people do not understand this and are ill-informed enough to imagine that politicians want the offices. What politicians want is power. Some of our most influential politicians care very little whether they are in office or not. When the vast campaign fund has been collected it is distributed among the doubtful states. A good organizer forms a campaign club. He invites a lot of young counter skippers and ill-informed wage earners who are given uniforms and torches or gowaws of the kind and are sent parading and at-

Tips had a shy droop, there was a little round dimple in the chin, the hair that melted into the soft gown and dusky background was a wind-blown tangle of reddish gold.

Harwood entered the shop, shutting out the whirling snowflakes behind him.

"Is that picture—the pastel portrait in the window—for sale?" he inquired.

"No, sir," he was told.

"Can you tell me the name of the original?"

"I do not know it, sir. The portrait was left here as a sample to solicit orders."

"You are sure it is a portrait—not merely an ideal head?"

"The artist said so."

"Give me his name and address, please."

But when the rising young barrister had the slip safe in his pocket-book and was out again in the white wintry world he began to feel uncomfortably conscious that in this particular instance he was not acting with the discretion on which he ordinarily prided himself.

He was a trifle troubled, too, by the recollection of a certain conversation held with his aunt the previous

evening.

She bowed slightly. She was all in rich furs and deep glowing velvet. The elegance of her attire puzzled Frank Harwood.

"I hope the picture is bringing you orders, Vincent."

"It is, indeed," he answered, brightly.

"Well, it is late. I must go. I just ran in to see how you were getting on."

He smothered in a fit of coughing.

"You have the carriage?"

"No, I am on foot."

"I shall see you home, then, this artist said, looking troubled. "This is not the best neighborhood in the world, and it is growing dark."

The three shook him again.

"You shall do nothing of the kind!" she said, peremptorily.

Harwood went forward, hat in hand.

"Will you do me the honor of permitting me to accompany you? I am

very glad to see you."

"Thank you very much."

"You are very kind."

"You are very kind."

"You are very kind."

"You are very kind."

"You are very kind."

"You are very kind."

"You are very kind."

"You are very kind."

"You are very kind."