

POLITICS

These were times when men took their politics seriously, but the democrats took theirs, mostly, among the also-rans. It was a fluke whenever a democrat was elected to an important office, and I cannot recall one who was until 1896 when the re-alignment through the Populist Free Silver movement took place.

But the Grange was doing its stuff in the rural districts, meeting, visiting, eating the lunch, and passing resolutions against the middle-men; republican carpet-baggers were being kicked out of political sinecures by democratic carpet-baggers under Cleveland; James Hamilton Lewis, garbed as only Beau Brummel or King Solomon could be garbed, was stumping the state in the forlorn hope of being elected to congress. Wesley L. Jones, who later achieved fame as U. S. senator with his Five and Ten law, was amanuensis for Spike & Arnold, [?] surveyors and map-makers; the schism in the republican ranks created by the contest between Squires and Turner for U. S. senator was at its height; H. J. Snively, as democratic candidate for governor had met and been defeated by John J. McGraw, former sheriff of King County, to mention but a few high lights of the times.

The beginning of James Hamilton Lewis' career listens like one of those success fables. How he had come to Seattle from Virginia, a young lawyer just emerging from his shell; how he had to pay and take on the handle of a shovel that he might live; how he went to bat in the courts to recover wages

for himself and fellow laborers from a heartless contractor, thus proving himself to be a lawyer of parts; how he refused the nomination for governor, when he undoubtedly could have been elected, because his party in its platform had turned thumbs down on building the Lake Washington canal at state expense.

Lewis was an outstanding political orator, and as a storyteller he was hard to beat. I recall one he told concerning the reaction of an east Washington farmer when Lewis first crossed his horizon. The farmer did not exclaim, "Thar aint no such animal," but he might as well. He did not care much for Lewis' spats and declared himself: "I thought a lot of that young fellow Lewis until I saw him. But I'll be damned if I'm going to vote for any man who wears his socks on the outside of his shoes."

But Jim Ham received little political recognition until he changed the scene of his endeavors to Chicago. Since then he has been going strong, but like some of the rest of us, his mile-posts are beginning to look like a picket fence.

Patrick Henry Winston was the popular republican stump-speaker of the day. One time he engaged in a debate with Tom Carter, of Tacoma, who was democratic candidate for governor. Carter was a plain, logical, matter-of-fact speaker, while Winston had much forensic ability and a lively wit which made him popular with the crowds. Carter, though a democrat, had served with the Union Army during the Civil War.

As was customary with republican orators, Winston, during the debate, waved the bloody shirt and told how the republican party had preserved the Union and saved the country from going to the dogs.

When it came Carter's turn to speak he expressed himself with great feeling. He told how he had served in the Union Army, and stated that he, right then, was carrying bullets in his body he had received fighting for the North. Winston was slouched over a chair listening attentively, and when Carter made his rebuttal he grunted, "I'll bet by god, it was no republican who shot 'em into you," an answer that convulsed the audience.

During the real estate boom when about everybody was trying to get-rich-quick speculating in city lots in Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Everett, Bellingham, and other embryo metropoli, Winston happened to be in Anacortes. A real estate agent discovered him and, obeying the biblical injunction concerning strangers, tried to take him in. He was a salesman of some power, and seemed to be gifted with second sight for he tapped Winston for his entire roll, fifty dollars, as the first payment on a city lot.

But there were other payments to come, and that there might not be any slip-ups in the future, the agent endeavoured to clinch his sale. He conducted Winston to a knoll from which he enlarged upon the prospects of the place and the improvements to come. He called Winston's attention to the bay which, at the time, contained some porpoises which could be

seen at play. He then pointed out the magnificent view and the ships in sight on Puget Sound. But, by this time, the air had hit Winston, and he began to doubt the wisdom of his investment. "Yes," he responded dreamily, "it is wonderful! wonderful! wonderful! Ships on the ocean! Whales in the avenue! Sharks on every corner! And suckers everywhere!"

During 1893 session of the state legislature I received the appointment of committee clerk in the senate and I cannot recall doing very much work excepting the last few days when my work extended far into the nights. But each Friday the senate sargeant-at-arms handed me thirty-five dollars in gold as an honorarium for sticking around.

This was the session of the deadlock between Squires and Turner for the U. S. senatorship concerning which there was much excitement, but in which I was not much interested.

But I recall the joint sessions for the vote each day, and the sonorous voice of Harry Carroll calling the roll, beginning with, "Anderson, of Whatcom; "Anderson, of Whitman; Baker; Bertrand;"etc. Also, the oratorical tilts between Steve Judson, democrat, and Baker, Populist, colleagues in the House from Pierce County.

I remember a little concerning the meetings of the Third House, which were similar to the Gridiron Dinners in Washington, and I recall the fight which took place between A. H. Maguire, of the Spokane Chronicle, and "Bill Nye"^{Hawkins,} of the Spokesman-Review, over the possible accomplishment of a scoop. Then there was Will Visscher, writer, poet, reporter,

raconteur, and the little book he got out ^{which} I purchased, lost, and never found.

I remember well the physiognomy of Visscher and his prominent proboscis which suggested much dallying with old John Barleycorn, and his brag, "There were four years of my life, gentlemen, when I never took a drink; and by god, they were not the first four years either."

Then I recall a story which he might have told, but more than likely did not.

The scene was laid in one of those mushroom communities which kept up with the construction of a railroad, the Northern Pacific, in Montana, I believe. Among the shacks was the inevitable frontier saloon in a rough wooden building. At the time there was in this saloon a group of drunken cowboys who were having what they thought was a good time, standing in front of the bar.

Visscher slid in quietly without attracting attention, cold, shivering, hungry, sadly in need of a drink, and busted. He stood behind the stove trying to thaw out until one of the cowboys asked everybody in the house to have a drink on him. While the bartender was setting out the drinks, the volunteer host noticed Visscher and invited him to join the party.

"No, thank you," replied Visscher, "I don't drink."

"The hell, you say! Well, this is one time you're going to drink or I'm going to blow your damned head off," as he pointed a six shooter at Visscher's head and commanded, "come on now, and belly-up to the bar."

As Visscher started to obey, the cowboy turned to the bartender and ordered, "Jake, set every damned glass you got on the bar, set 'em in a row, and fill 'em up with whiskey." The saloon afforded about a dozen glasses and the bartender did as he was told. Then the cow gentleman turned to Visscher, "Now, pardner, do as I tell you. Start at one end of them glasses and drink your way down to the other end, or there'll be something doin'."

Visscher started, and downed one glass of whiskey after another until he had finished the last one. Then he took a long breath, wiped off his mouth and said, "Now, mister, if you will kindly have the bartender fill those glasses again, I will try to drink my way back."

During the period of two years following the time of which I am writing, the political weather vane veered, and a number of opportunists stepped into office. Among them were Patrick Henry Winston, as attorney-general, Thomas M. Vance, as his assistant, and George Turner as U. S. senator. Thus proving once again the truth of the adage, "Politics makes strange bedfellows", as this mechanism of office achievement was geared to the "free and unlimited coinage of silver"

~~coalition.~~

NORTH YAKIMA

I wish to repeat that everything contained in this narrative has been resurrected from memory without reference to records, consultation with any participants who may be alive, or benefit of clergy. Everything related has been recorded by that mysterious function of the brain which, for lack of a better name, we call memory. Concerning some events, some geography, and some characters, it is a trifle fuzzy as though the impression were not stamped deep enough, or had been dimmed by subsequent events, somewhat as one of those plastic rolls of the first phonographs that had not received the best of care. But despite the rasps and lack of harmony which may afflict the reader whose synapses were attuned or conditioned differently during these years, this is the product of my memory as is.

North Yakima in 1889-94 must have contained around three thousand people, more likely less than more. It was sired by a Northern Pacific townsite company and damned by most of the old pioneers who had been dependent upon Yakima City as a trading point. But the old had to make way for the new in spite of any stiff-necked attitude, for the inducements offered by predatory interests were too much for sentiment.

The townsite company offered to give an equal area in the new town to any property owner of the old if he would transfer his residence, and to move any of his buildings to the new location free of charge. This was accepted by most

of them and, eventually, the courthouse and countyseat were transferred. This left the old town with little more than its name, and I note recently on a road map that it has even lost that. But say what you will, the new location was an improvement over the old. It was located about four miles further north in a sagebrush flat near the junction of the Nachez and Yakima Rivers. The soil was sandy, containing some wash gravel mixed with valcanic ash, and the streets were never muddy. ²

The surveyors who laid out the town surveyed it with the railroad which made it almost with the compass. The streets were unusually wide, although there was no traffic problem other than run-away cayuses which had to be re-broke each spring.

The townsite was watered by a ditch taken from the Nachez, and what intrigued me at the time ~~was~~ ^{WERE} the narrow irrigation ditches on both sides of each street through which flowed clear, sparkling water to supply balm trees planted along the curbing. These were even along Yakima Avenue, the main drag, and I would guess these trees were five or six years old in 1889 as they were fifteen or twenty feet in height.

The business houses were located for one block on each side of Yakima Avenue on Front Street facing the railroad; for three blocks east on both side of Yakima Avenue; and for one block both north and south on First and Second Streets; and the depot set squarely in the middle of Yakima Avenue had

that street been continued west across the railroad tracks. The business houses were mostly frame, with an occasional brick building among them. The sidewalks were plank, and the awnings in front of the stores were mostly wood.

There was a power ditch from the Nachez which provided electric lights for the town, the streets being illuminated by the old fizzing carbon lamps. The business houses and residences still depended on kerosene, as I can recall Jerry Rochford toting coal-oil lamps from chandeliers in Allen's drugstore as he responded to banter from Jim Greer, the telegraph operator at the depot.

Most of the inhabitants had arrived with the railroad, and they might be called the first white-collar wave who had followed the daring, hardy, bewhiskered, horny-handed, hair-on-the-chest pioneers who started from taw and grubbed sagebrush between frolics with the Indians and branding of slick-ears. Even these tough hombres had begun to soften up and were trying to satisfy their desires with the unearned increment which came from the rise of value in land. But every one of them, be they first or second-wave pioneers, were more or less dominated by the spirit of adventure. Be they doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, they were always willing to take a chance.

Though it was twenty-five years after the Civil War it was not much of an exaggeration to say, "If you yelled, 'Oh! Captain,' half the men in town would come to you; and if you yelled, 'Oh! Colonel,' they all would come." But most

of these high-ranking individuals were either out-going or in-coming office holders. I recall but one general, General Milroy, who served in a supervisory capacity over Indian reservations; and but one major, Major Fred R. Reed. I know nothing of the military record of the general, but I feel certain that the major never cocked a canon.

Among the politically conscious at this time the best sellers were Edward Bellamy's LOOKING BACKWARD and Ignatius Donnelly's CAESAR'S COLUMN. Willian Randolph Hearst had been presented with the San Francisco Examiner by his dad and was trying to stimulate the circulation of that sheet by giving chances in a lottery to subscribers.

Most of the ^{MEN}~~males~~ of the community drank their whiskey neat, smoked two-for-a-quarter cigars, would shake dice, play poker or spit at a crack with their last dollar, and they were so tough at faro that the game could not exist. "Not enough pikers," was the explanation given by the gamblers for the high mortality among faro-banks.

The town was wide open for every game of chance, and there were no closing hours for the liquor emporiums. But, at that, the churches had a big play, and itinerant temperance exhorters such as Franklin Murphy and Scrap-iron Bill, always reaped a harvest of pledge signers.

The only taboo was on prize-fighting. On one occasion two ham-and-egggers tried to pull off a match in Mason's Opera House, were arrested by the sheriff, and the court arranged that they get their ham and eggs, if any, in the county jail

for thirty days. Yet, cocking mains could be pulled with impunity, and one or more were held in Sweitzer's Opera House. Pete Bellus and John Stome were the chief promoters of this form of sport and it was commonplace to see trainers carrying around and exercising game-cocks in the saloons.

But in spite of the thumbs-down attitude towards prize-fighting there was developed a local boxer by the name of Dick Case, who became the fistic idol of Seattle. He went places and did things to other fighters until he met a Negro by the name of Bobby Dobbs, of Louisville, Kentucky.

I saw Dick fight his first fight with a local plumber who, for a time had the local sportsmen bluffed. Dick took him in the second round in a ring pitched on the bank of the Yakima River below Old Town. The plumber had as a second a tough looking hombre who was said to be the boxing instructor of the Tacoma Athletic Club whose name was Professor Hibbs. He challenged Dick and the local gamblers finally made up a purse and accepted the challenge. It took Dick fifteen rounds but he put the professor back in the "C" class.

Faley Case, an older brother of Dick's was said to be a better boxer but he preferred the humdrum existence of mixing mortar for "Mud" Powell and "Scotty" Kremer to that of prancing around under the white lights of the prize ring and getting his ears knocked down.

A GEOGRAPHICAL APPROACH

Heretofore in the compilation of this narrative I have permitted my neurons to take me where they willed; not like the three-horse team of recent political vintage, but more like the ploughman who yelled at his oxen, "Gee! Haw! Get ap! Go any damn place you please, it's all got to be ploughed, ~~a~~ anyway." But it occurs to me, it might be better if I were to introduce a little more order and sequence. With that in mind I am going to ask the reader, if there be one, to permit me to take him by the hand and lead him along paths that once resounded with tread and voices of actors who have long since gone to their rewards. But he must not be afraid of ghosts, and he had better bring his rabbit's foot along. In doing this, we will begin our journey at the south end of the business section of Front Street.

Our first port of entry will be the blacksmith and wagon shop of Schiestle & Schorn. I do not know ^{WHO} ~~which~~ ^{WHO} ~~which~~ in the respective trades, but I imagine Mike Schorn was the blacksmith and Mark Schiestle, the wagonmaker. Both were Germans, and the latter was quite an expert with a rifle.

Next stop will be the Hotel Bartholet, run by John Bartholet as Boniface, later occupied by Mehler's saloon. Subsequently, John Bartholet built a three-story brick on North First Street, doing which he spread himself rather thin financially. This new hotel was later operated by A. H. Maguire and W. W. Atherton. ^h

Next we will pass several Chinese restaurants and a general store operated by an old timer. My memory refuses to divulge his name, but he wore either a long beard or moustache, was a republican, and had held office.

Next we come to the newspaper plant of the Yakima Republic. The paper was owned by Colonel Houlton, one editor *Holton* was named Sperry, and W. H. ("Billie") James was printer. Some years later James was business manager for the Sacramento Bee.

On the corner of Front Street and Yakima Avenue was the saloon of Shardlow & McDaniel, owned by Frank Shardlow and Jeff McDaniel. Their head bartender was a bald-headed Englishman by the name of Ed Lyons, known by his friends as "Baldy". On a certain occasion Ed got into an argument with his friend, Jim Cunningham, a rough-and-tumble fighting Irishman, and when the smoke had cleared away, Ed had a knob on his dome which made him look like a unicorn, and Jim had several of his ribs bashed in. Jim later married a squaw and took up his residence on the reservation.

Around this corner we come to the restaurant of an irascible, redheaded man by the name of Theodore Steiner. Theodore was not very big, but he would fight at the drop of a hat, and he had an unerring accuracy bouncing those heavy coffee cups off the head of anyone who tried to get tough in his place. He had a son and daughter, the latter being drowned while being transferred to a life-boat when the steamer Queen caught fire on its way from San Francisco to

Seattle. I have often wondered what became of the sixteen hundred dollars in drafts, bearing the signature of W. L. Steinweg, that she had about ten days before her ill-fated trip. But this was in 1903.

Next we come to the saloon of Colonel Taggert, a portly gentleman, who had been a wholesale liquor salesman before embarking in the saloon business. The colonel was a confirmed gourmet, much given to patting the most prominent part of his anatomy as he purred, " just had a fried chicken and a bottle of wine." It was related that some jokesters one time fed him a screech-owl which they made him believe was a pheasant.

In this block was the saloon of Andy Popovich, whose bartender was Nels Short, years later, chief-of-police. I believe that it was in this saloon that Tex ^{Bagwell} ~~Bickwell~~ or Beckwell plied his trade of gambling. Tex had a buckskin seat in his trousers and carried two guns. But notwithstanding his armour and his armament he was shot through the back with a Winchester by an assassin who leaned over a fence as he passed by.... Somewhere along here were Jodey Bland, with his highsoled shoe; Abbie Jordan with his pleasant smile; Dave Correll who had established his reputation as a gunman in Old Town. Dave told George Guiland and ^{me} I how to act should we get involved in a shooting scrape.

"Don't get in a hurry," said Dave. "The chances are the other guy will be as scared as you are and will miss you the first shot. Take your time and aim at his middle. That will give you plenty of longitude and lattitude and allow for bad shooting." As I never had occasion to apply the lesson, it, like much other instruction, was wasted on me.

There was related a yarn concerning Dave and his courtship

of an Ellensburg lady when, on one of his visits, a rival suitor appeared on the scene. This other Lothario was very much peeved and announced in a loud tone of voice that he intended killing Dave, the lady and himself. Dave was not much alarmed, though he pretended to be, for he was enough of a psychologist to know that he who did the most talking usually did the least shooting. He asked the lady,

" Did you hear what he said? "

" No," replied the lady. "What did he say?

" He said that he was going to kill you and me and himself.

"Now, I'll tell you what you do. You go out there and talk to him; and as long as he is going to kill all three of us, you see if you can't persuade him to kill himself first."

.... In this block was the drugstore of Doctor Taft and his son Rodney. This store must have been an oldtimer, and it was later purchased by the Janeck Bros..... Next was the jewelry store of Thomas G. Redfield. Tom wore a beard, and as he had but one good eye that must have made it