

LET us take the case of that sagacious assemblyman—call him the Honorable Mr. Whosis—though that is not his name. He boasts that he is the only man in the New York legislature who can prove that he is sane. It seems that at some critical crossroads in the existence of this oracular personage, it became necessary to call in some sort of commission of experts to look over his skull and the contents thereof. When the doctors had finished rummaging around in that complex wilderness they gave him a paper addressed to all and sundry certifying that he was not crazy.

Now, when the debate gets thick and blustery, the great legislator upon occasion will stoutly proclaim that he knows what he is talking about, that he is an absolutely sane man, and he will ostentatiously draw from his pocket his certificate and challenge his opponent to do the same. To date no one has been able to meet that defiance.

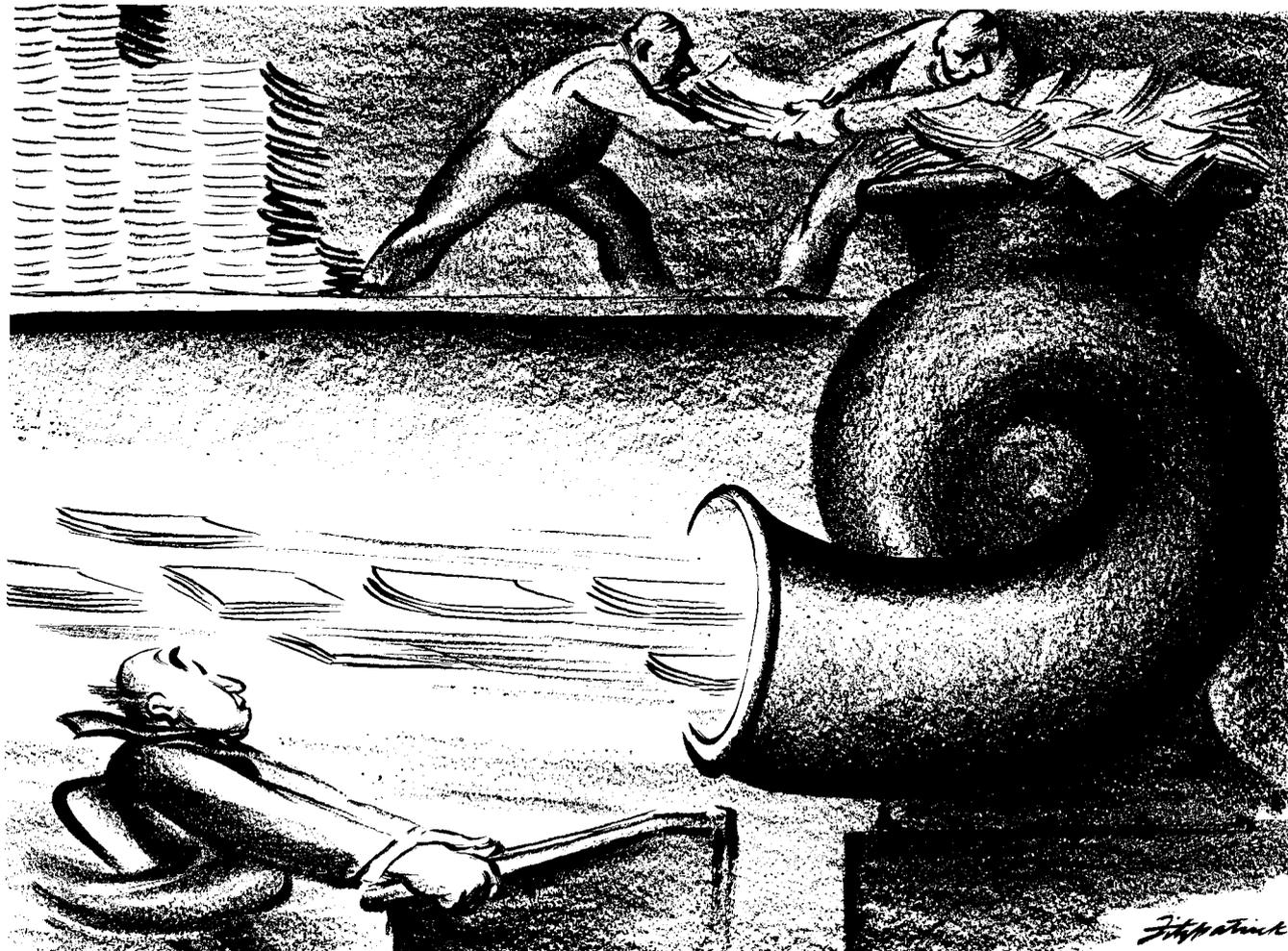
This, of course, is not to say that the great legislature of New York State is *non compos*. It is possible that every last man of them could successfully run the gantlet of a lunacy commission. But when all the 150 noodles in the New York Assembly are mixed together, whether the resulting brain-hash can be accurately described as sane is a point which will have to be settled by observing the animal in action.

Governor Herbert Lehman, the Democratic leader of New York State, and Mr. W. Kingsland Macy, the Republican leader, are in singular agreement on one point. It is that this curious body of law-mongers is a privately owned, controlled and operated industry. They have both come out for what might be called the public ownership of the state legislature. Mr. Macy, who is the chairman of the Republican State Committee, denounced his own party leaders in the legislature. He charged that his own party is run by electricity; that the power behind the throne is super-power and that the G. O. P. elephant is just a watch charm for the power interests of the state. Aided by the Democratic governor and a set of fortuitous revelations in Washington, he has provoked an investigation of the alleged machinations of the power trust.

As matters stand now it looks as if Mr. Macy will succeed in wrecking either himself or the G. O. P. in New York before the war is over, and in sending a shiver through the body of the already sorely crippled national party. This is the biggest fight in New York State politics since Conkling and Platt lunged at Garfield or since Roosevelt declared war on Odell.

Let us, then, have a look at the boys in action—the bad boys of the New York Assembly who have been the unwilling cause of such a rumpus. After all, they are pretty much like the same boys in Pennsylvania, in New Jersey, in Illinois, in numerous other states. They behave perhaps very much like what Honest John Kelley, Dick Croker's predecessor, used to call the "law carpenters" of your own beloved but harried commonwealth.

It is February. The legislators have been in session since January 3. They are supposed to be at their labors in that monstrous Capitol building in Albany which was begun nearly sixty years ago and which still stands as a classical example of an immortal piece of graft. It was designed to cost \$12,-



Adjournment week means a frantic rush, with laws being enacted at a rate of one hundred a day

Misrepresentative Government

By John T. Flynn

CARTOONS BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

000,000. By the time the grafters got through with it the state had shoveled out \$25,000,000 for one of the most hideous public buildings in America, which had begun to crack even before it was finished. It is a fitting temple for much that has gone on under its roof this last half-century.

They Call It a Session

I observed above that the Assembly is supposed to be in session. As a matter of fact, there is but a handful around. The members swarm into Albany from New York City, Buffalo, Syracuse, Rochester, Utica and the sticks on Monday evening. They meet, a lot of bills flutter upon the Speaker's desk, a few motions are made and they adjourn. Almost all of them go back to their home districts where they practice law, sell insurance, real estate, jewelry and what not and sit around the district clubhouses drawing inspiration from "the people." They do not return to Albany again until the following Monday night.

Meantime the Speaker, the majority and minority leader, a few committee chairmen and a dozen members or so linger in Albany. Through the week they will sit making what they call "legislative days." The Speaker is on his rostrum. Clerk Hammond is at his desk. Majority leader Dunmore and

minority leader Steingut, a small Brooklyn real estate person, are in their places. A few members doze at their desks. The whole comedy could be broken up by a point of "no quorum." But no one ever does that.

The Speaker calls up a bill. It is read by its title and first section, passed to a second reading by unanimous consent, the second reading is dispensed with and it goes, by unanimous consent, to a third reading, when the clerk reads the title again and the last paragraph. Then the Speaker calls for a vote, the bill is passed by the necessary "majority" (which is really back home) and is ready for the governor's signature and a place on the statute books as part of the law of the land for 13,000,000 New Yorkers. Thus the legislature drones along for from eight to ten or more weeks.

Then come the pressing days of April. It is now time to think about adjournment. Bills—thousands of them—have piled up on the Speaker's desk. Committees have given no attention to them. Only a few weeks remain to deal with all the vast and troublesome business of the state.

Now all of the great minds are in their places. There is an immense pothole, confusion, milling about. Newspaper-men, pages, clerks and lobbyists, delegations of indignant citizens circle around. The Speaker is at his desk.

There is a telephone on it. The Republican leader is at his desk with a telephone. The Democratic leader is at his desk with a telephone. These three telephones communicate. These three worthies can talk together without rising in their places and making speeches to the other nonentities, who do not count.

Madhouse Legislating

When these three gentlemen are on the telephone the Assembly is in session. They are the Assembly. The clerk—Mr. Fred Hammond of Syracuse, who is said to be even more powerful than any of these three—is at his desk. He is calling up and reading bills. There is noise, occasional wrangles, disorder. But in the midst of all this the legislature is passing laws to govern a sovereign people *AT THE RATE OF TWO A MINUTE*.

If there is in this cockeyed world anything crazier than this madhouse method of lawmaking, I cannot imagine what it is.

It is a little appalling when you pause to consider that these champeens and tri-bunes of the pee-pul are dealing with the affairs of the vast Empire State, which has a population as great as that of Austria, Finland and Denmark combined; which spends as much money merely on state business as Austria spends on her national government,

including her military organization, and nearly half as much as the great nation of Spain spends on all her national concerns. And yet here are these vital matters affecting a population of 13,000,000 people and expenditures of a third of a billion dollars, controlled by a confused and unthinking group of small-bore salesmen, real estate and insurance solicitors and politically ambitious lawyers, who give only a fraction of their attention during a few hectic weeks to problems which would tax the minds of our ablest citizens over a whole year.

A Travesty on Government

A list of the foolish bills introduced in our state legislatures would fill Joe Miller's joke book. In a single year bills were introduced to require every child in the public schools to sing the Star-Spangled Banner at least once a day; another to require all teachers in all schools to display the American flag waving over their desks; another prohibiting the sale of liquor to workingmen except on Saturday night; another requiring all movies to carry at least ten minutes of a program on patriotic subjects and another requiring every bull going through a village at night to display a front and rear light.

I have always been a devout believer in parliamentary government. But

parliamentary government as exhibited in our state legislatures represents American government at its lowest and most unintelligent ebb.

It is this legislature of New York which has split the Republican party in the state wide open. For twelve years the Grand Old Party in the Empire State has been running down until now it is missing on all eight cylinders.

The chairman of the Republican State Committee—W. Kingsland Macy—was selected for his job to go out and bring back into the party that great army of deserters who have gotten into the habit of voting for Democratic governors. He is a lawyer, small, incisive, astute, opinionated, scrappy, a man of wealth who can afford to give his time to the job of bossing the big New York elephant with the four left feet.

When Macy was made leader he was foolish enough to suppose that he was to be the boss. But he soon found out about that. He went to convention with a program but found someone had arrived ahead of him with a different program which the convention was all ready to swallow. Then he went to the legislature in 1933 with another program. But there too he discovered that orders had arrived ahead of him and that the legislative leaders were polite but uninterested in him and his program.

That hurt Macy's pride. Like Banquo,

he muttered that they had put a barren scepter in his hand and on his head had placed an empty crown. Macy found himself upon the throne, but a certain gentleman named H. Edmund Machold, he decided, was running the show from the adjoining woodpile. Then and there Macy decided on war—war to the knife and knife to the hilt—on Machold.

Who'll Run the Show?

The explosion came after the election of the legislature last November. When Macy found on election night that the Grand Old Party had saved control of the Assembly he decided to strike. He aimed his blow at the clerk of the Assembly—apparently a very unimportant office. Macy decided that Fred Hammond of Syracuse, who has been clerk since 1914, must be ousted. Hammond, he declared, was the tip of the tail that wagged the snout of the dog—the snout being the Speaker. The Speaker controls the legislature. The clerk controls the Speaker and the Assembly, and Macy's arch-enemy, H. Edmund Machold, controlled Hammond. Just how Machold controlled Hammond, Macy refused to inform me. But how Hammond dominates the legislature after a fashion is simple enough.

The clerk of a state assembly can be a very powerful person. This is so in many legislatures. Few people could

tell you the name of this apparently humble official in their own state legislature. But legislatures have plenty of machinery. They are, indeed, all machinery. And the clerk, if he knows his business, with his hands on this machinery can exert a more powerful influence in the blocking of legislation than any member of the body.

The clerk of the New York Assembly has always been a formidable individual. Strangely enough, when Charles Evans Hughes as governor launched his battle for a utilities commission in New York, it was Ray Smith, also of Syracuse, clerk of the Assembly, who led the fight against him. The bills in opposition to Hughes' bills were called the Ray Smith bills. The clerk controls the patronage of the Assembly. It is little enough—about 200 or more jobs for a few months and runs to some \$400,000 in wages. It is a lamentable commentary on a legislative body that one of its employees can pretty nearly control it with such a pitiful amount of spoils. But the clerk can also exercise what amounts to the power of life and death over the local bills in which the members are so interested.

Macy demanded when the Assembly gathered last January that Hammond be shelved. Speaker McGinnies and the legislative leaders decided to stand by Hammond. And for five weeks the Assembly of New York did absolutely nothing but scrap over this clerkship. In the end Hammond won. Macy declares it was by a trick. But whatever the method, Hammond sits at his clerk's desk and the old leaders run the legislature.

Former United States Senator Wadsworth, who thinks he may be nominated as President, and Ogden Mills, who says the nation needs another President like William McKinley and thinks he is a close enough resemblance, together with all the Old Guard Republicans, have looked on dismayed. But apparently they are slowly taking their places against the warlike chairman of the Republican Committee. But the going is getting pretty hot on both sides. For Macy has chosen as his battlefield the power issue. New York has been treated to the spectacle of the chairman of the Republican party in the state denouncing his own party.

Macy's case is put thus: The legislature, he asserts, is dominated by the power trust, and H. Edmund Machold, Mr. Macy's predecessor as chairman of the Republican State Committee, is the agent of the power groups in this control. Machold served for twelve years in the Assembly. He was one of the rare exceptions among the members in the matter of ability. He was pleasant, likable, adroit as well as able, and rose to be a dominating figure in the Assembly. Then from 1921 to 1924 he served as Speaker and absolute ruler of the body. When he left he joined forces with Floyd Carlisle, head of the Niagara Hudson Power Company, in some of his up-state ventures. Then in 1925 he was made chairman of the Republican State Committee.

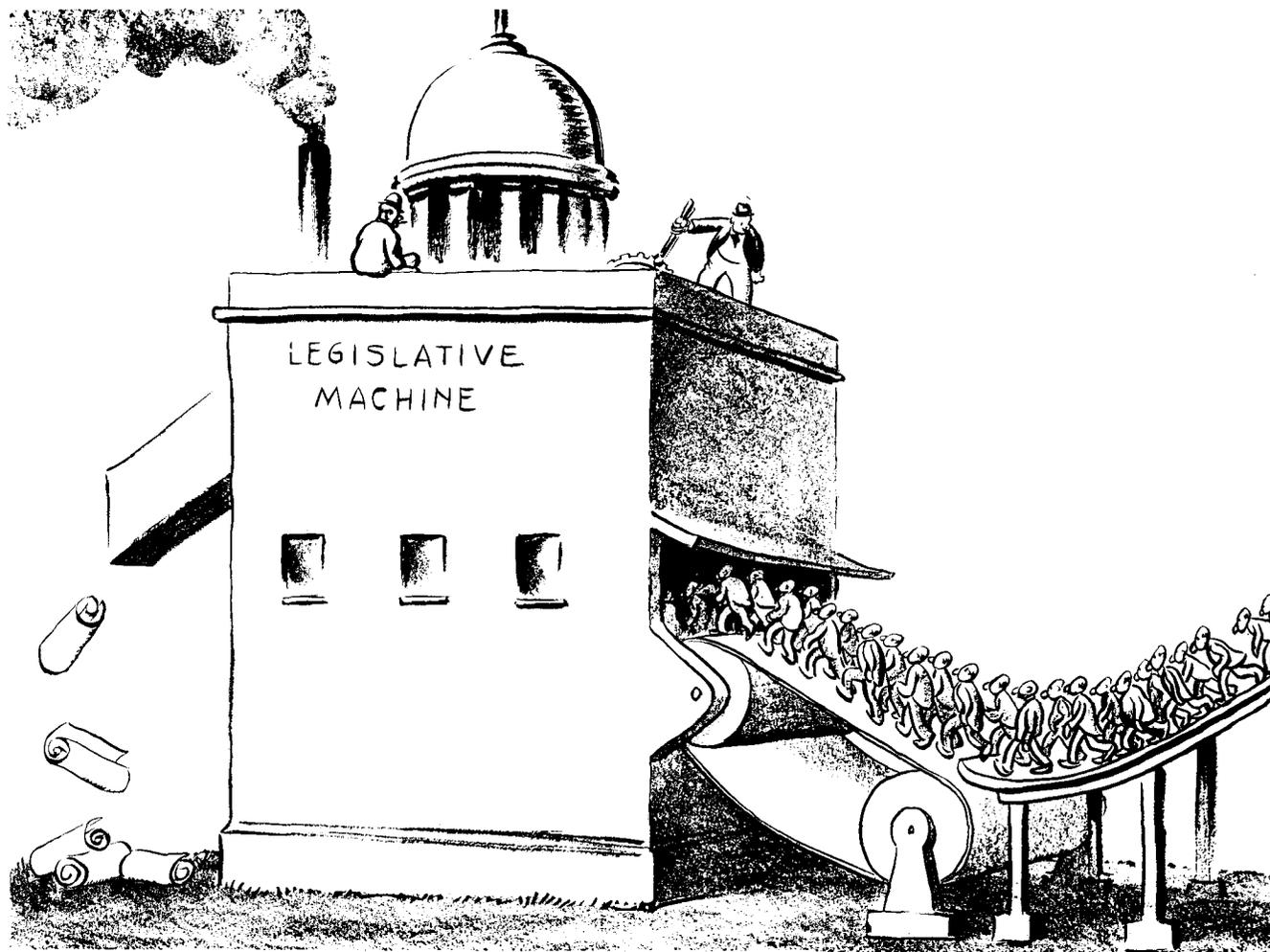
When he gave up that post he resumed his Carlisle connection and became a high official in the Niagara Hudson group. Macy charges that Machold made McGinnies Speaker and held Hammond in as clerk and that he dominates these men and that through them he is able to dictate to the legislature of the state. Thus the power

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Three men do it. They run the New York State Legislature with the greatest of ease by means of a device that makes it simple to get local bills passed but almost impossible to pass a law of general

state policy. When it's geared up and running right, toward the close of the session, this three-man machine passes laws at the rate of two a minute. It's a highly ingenious device for misrepresenting the people

Individual representatives are fodder for New York's closely controlled state legislature





There wasn't the least possibility of a mistake. What I saw was perfectly clear

In a Glass Darkly

The uncanny story of a man who saw the shadow of coming events

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

I'VE no explanation of this story. I've no theories about the why and wherefore of it. It's just a thing—that happened.

All the same, I sometimes wonder how things would have gone if I'd noticed at the time just that one essential detail that I never appreciated until so many years afterwards. If I had noticed it—well, I suppose the course of three lives would have been entirely altered. Some how—that's a very frightening thought.

For the beginning of it all, I've got to go back to the summer of 1914—just before the war—when I went down to Badgeworthy with Neil Carslake. Neil was, I suppose, about my best friend. I'd known his brother Alan too, but not so well. Sylvia, their sister, I'd never met. She was two years younger than Alan and three years younger than Neil. Twice, while we were at school together, I'd been going to spend part of the holidays with Neil at Badgeworthy and twice something had intervened. So it came about that I was twenty-three when I first saw Neil and Alan's home.

We were to be quite a big party there. Neil's sister Sylvia had just got engaged to a fellow called Charles Crawley. He was, so Neil said, a good deal older than she was, but a thoroughly decent chap and quite reasonably well-off.

We arrived, I remember, about seven o'clock in the evening. Everyone had gone to his room to dress for dinner.

Neil took me to mine. Badgeworthy was an attractive, rambling old house. It had been added to freely in the last three centuries and was full of little steps up and down, and unexpected staircases. It was the sort of house in which it's not too easy to find your way about. I remember Neil promised to come and fetch me on his way down to dinner. I was feeling a little shy at the prospect of meeting his people for the first time. I remember saying with a laugh that it was the kind of house where one expected to meet ghosts in the passages, and he said carelessly that he believed the place was said to be haunted but that none of them had ever seen anything, and he didn't even know what form the ghost was supposed to take.

THEN he hurried away and I set to work to dive into my suitcases for my evening clothes. The Carslakes weren't well-off; they clung on to their old home,

but there were no men servants to unpack for you or valet you.

Well, I'd just got to the stage of tying my tie. I was standing in front of the glass. I could see my own face and shoulders and behind them the wall of the room—a plain stretch of wall just broken in the middle by a door—and just as I had finally settled my tie I noticed that the door was opening.

I don't know why I didn't turn round—I think that would have been the natural thing to do; anyway, I didn't. I just watched the door swing slowly open—and as it swung I saw into the room beyond.

It was a bedroom—a larger room than mine—with two bedsteads in it, and suddenly I caught my breath.

For at the foot of one of those beds was a girl and round her neck were a pair of man's hands and the man was slowly forcing her backwards and squeezing her throat as he did so, so that

the girl was being slowly suffocated.

There wasn't the least possibility of a mistake. What I saw was perfectly clear. What was being done was murder.

I could see the girl's face clearly, her vivid golden hair, the agonized terror of her beautiful face, slowly suffusing with blood. Of the man I could only see his back, his hands, and a scar that ran down the left side of his face towards his neck.

It's taken some time to tell, but in reality only a moment or two passed while I stared dumfounded. Then I wheeled round to the rescue. . . .

AND on the wall behind me, the wall reflected in the glass, there was only a large Victorian mahogany wardrobe. No open door—no scene of violence. I swung back to the mirror. The mirror reflected only the wardrobe. . . .

I passed my hands across my eyes. Then I sprang across the room and tried to pull forward the wardrobe and at that moment Neil entered by the other door from the passage and asked me what the hell I was trying to do.

He must have thought me slightly barmy as I turned on him and demanded whether there was a door behind the wardrobe. He said, yes there was a door, it led into the next room. I asked him who was occupying the room and he said some people called Oldham—a

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