

The Strenuous Work of Executive Committees

WHAT THE TWO BIG CAMPAIGN MANAGERS WILL DO NEXT MONTH.

MAILING DEPARTMENT



NO DOUBT Mr. Cortelyou for the Republicans, and whoever may be chosen executive chairman for the Democrats, this year, will begin the active campaign with due respect for the task which is before them. No doubt, too, each will acquire increased respect for his job in the months that will intervene between now and election day.

There are many old and wise politicians who believe much less really depends upon the work of the executive committee and its chairman than is popularly supposed; that the election is really carried by a sort of psycho-political underflow, so to speak, and that unless the voting public is very delicately balanced at the beginning of the campaign, the committee's efforts are really not of much consequence.

But even these men admit that two or three technical blunders, half a dozen ill-considered speeches—or even one, for that matter—are sufficient to turn an almost certain victory into a disastrous defeat, as Blaine was defeated in 1884 by Burdick's famous "three R" outbreak. Beyond peradventure the executive chairman whose campaign is not crowned with victory this year, will find his subsequent political career a thorny one. He will be almost as much of a permanent "has-been" as an ex-President are popularly supposed to be.

It does not follow, however, that the winner will march on to great political preferment. William F. Harry, of Pennsylvania, was the last Democratic executive chairman to win a campaign, by electing Cleveland in 1892, but he has never cut so much of a figure in political life since as he did that year. Mr. Cleveland rewarded him with nothing, the overwhelming Republican sentiment of Pennsylvania precluded his getting anything direct from the people, and the world at large has heard little of him in the last dozen years.

Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, his opponent, on the other hand, who was the last executive chairman to lead the Republican forces to defeat, while never holding a Cabinet place, or other position of National importance, has served his state a good part of the time in the Senate at Washington, and has stood much higher in the councils of his party than Mr. Harry has in the councils of

his. Mr. Hanna's career after the executive chairmanship of our successful campaigns was more satisfactory, perhaps, than that of any man who has ever filled the place. William F. St. John, who led the Bryan campaign in 1896, died of grief and disappointment, and John K. Jones, of Arkansas, who conducted the Bryan campaign in 1900, has not had much power in public affairs in the last four years. There has been a good deal of change in practical campaigning in Presidential years since 1884. The executive committee's work is more extensive than formerly. Its employees are more numerous, and it has to spend several times as much money as it used to. There is a widespread opinion that a large proportion of the average campaign committee's expenditures are along lines that may not be discussed in print, but this is certainly the legitimate expense of every executive committee, nowadays, are quite large enough to tax severely any fund the loyal members of its party are likely to advance.

Mr. Hanna had a good deal to do with the raising of the funds for the two campaigns which he conducted, but it is probable that Mr. Cortelyou will confine himself more strictly to the executive side of the work. Cornelius N. Bliss, who will be treasurer, as he has been for three campaigns, will have direct charge of the money getting, but Mr. Cortelyou will have the absorbing task of deciding how to spend it. This is bound to be puzzling as well as absorbing.

Will Establish Seven Bureaus.

As far back as 1892 the committee funds were so big in mere bulk that the putting of them where they would do the most good involved business acumen of the highest order, and the selection of a lot of lieutenants, each of whom was an expert in some practical line. Ever since that year the evolution of the executive committee's work has been advancing in the same direction. Entirely aside from the subtleties of political management, Mr. Hanna had to select a staff of "document" men with which they will have to flood the country.

Bureau of distribution, for the circulation of these documents.

Bureau of translation, to put into Polish, Hungarian, Yiddish, Scandinavian,

the more effectively will the campaign be run.

Besides, there will have to be an editorial council, or document committee, or something of the sort, to decide upon and put into form the general facts which the committee as a whole believes should be fed out to the public, and the arguments which should be used to drive them home.

This, of course, is one of the most important tasks before the executive committee. Naturally, each committee has its own way of going about it. In the Bryan campaign it is understood that the candidate himself had the final word on all the great documents; Mr. McKinley's voice was certainly a potent factor in deciding what should be put out in his two campaigns, and there is at least a possibility that Mr. Roosevelt will have something to say about the Republican documents this year. But no matter who else has a finger in the "document" pie, the chairman must necessarily exercise the guiding hand if he is to be chairman in fact as well as in name. Mr. Hanna understood this very well and exercised his prerogative accordingly.

Campaign Text-Book.

The campaign text-book is beyond all others the most important document of the campaign, and its preparation involves the most anxious care. It must present practically all the strong points of the party and the candidate. It must be packed with facts and figures, and the facts and figures must be so accurate and so well arranged that the opposition candidate can pull them apart or refute them. The book must not only present the strong points of its own party and

candidate, but it must select the weak points of the opposing party. It must be well indexed, too, and it must cover all loopholes, since it is to be used as a book of reference both by the speaker who goes forth to convince the voters and the editors of the party papers in all parts of the Republic.

Generally the text-books are the product of many trained minds. Senators and Representatives, famous political leaders and writers, financiers and tariff specialists all take a hand, each furnishing something for the chapters about the subject on which he is best informed. There was a text-book one year, however, which was produced almost entirely by a politico-journalistic genius, who shut himself utterly away from the world for the space of a fortnight while he turned out the work.

No one in authority except the chairman meant to have the text-book got up in that way, and there was much grumbling about it while the book was being put together. The grumbling became a howl of dismay soon after the first copies were received at headquarters, when it was discovered that the genius had forgotten to include the index. The howling was redoubled when it was seen that one of the chapters took ground on a certain important question in diametrical opposition to the published and known views of the candidate on that subject. Naturally, there followed the most frantic efforts to prevent the opposition from getting hold of an early copy, an index was added, and the book was reissued. The arrival of the first copies of the text-book at executive headquarters is a

red-letter day in every campaign. Until then everybody in the bureau of publicity and the bureau of oratory is working somewhat in the dark, because the keynote has not yet been struck. As soon as the books come in there is a general re-energizing of forces, so to speak. Copies are hastily sent away to the intending speakers and to the newspapers, and every one feels that the real work of the campaign is about to begin.

Naturally, each executive committee is almost as anxious to get hold of the opposition text-book as it is of its own, and it has happened that advance copies have found their way into the enemy's camp through the liberally tipped hands of employees in the printing offices where the books were turned out.

Must Be Adjustable.

Unlike most of the documents, the text-book is not always circulated generally among the voters. Thus a party may have a definite financial policy which it is desirable to give chief prominence in one state and a definite tariff policy which should be made the all-important feature of the campaign in another. The text-book will emphasize both of these policies alike, but it would be folly to force finance upon the voters in a state which cared only for the tariff, or to crowd the tariff down the throats of voters in a state where money was the chief issue.

The wise executive chairman, then, may need to see that the text-book, emphasizing all the party's policies, goes only to the party leaders who are well rooted and grounded in the true political faith, reserving for the general run of voters in each state those documents that enforce the doctrine with which they are most in sympathy. It is a political tradition that an important state was all but lost to one of the big parties in one of the most recent important elections because "money documents" were sent to a state which was hungering for one strong tariff meat, while two or three originally doubtful states were carried overwhelmingly by the same party because of the right sort of "literature" was sent to them.

It is in matters of this sort that Mr. Cortelyou and his Democratic opponent will be able to show the possession of political genius, or the reverse, and it may be that the battle will be lost and won this year along just such lines. The

instruction of the speakers for each part of the country must be based on the same principles, of course; it would be absurd to assail the voters through the eye with one line of talk, and through the ear with another.

Hanna's Excellent Judgment.

It was in sending out the right matter-notebook to the judgment of his department heads in the conduct of his enterprises, because, as he said, they were on the ground and knew more in a minute about their departments than he could learn in a year, and he never went counter to the judgment of a state committee chairman with reference to the political literature the state should have.

The work of the executive chairman has been both complicated and simplified within the past few years by certain changes with regard to "headquarters." In the old days the executive committee of each party used to establish itself in a private house on Fifth avenue in New York. Mr. Hanna established one headquarters for the East in a centrally located business skyscraper in New York.

For the West he established another headquarters in a Chicago business building, and throughout the campaign he divided his attention between the two. This made it necessary for him to spend much time on the railroad, and added somewhat to his personal fatigue, but it did away with the old jealousy between the West and the East, and it kept the campaign rolling all the time both East and West. Both Bryan campaigns were also run on the dual headquarters plan, and it has probably come to stay in Presidential campaigns.

Washington has often been urged as a good place for executive committee headquarters, but has never been accepted by either party, though both of them choose Washington invariably as headquarters for the Congressional committee.

OSBORN SPENCER.

ODDITIES AND CURIOS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

Vacations.

NO one needs a vacation. Vacations do more harm than good." Russell Sage said the other day, and since the appearance of that astonishing statement there has been a great deal of vacation talk among city men.

"Permit me," said a city man, "to throw the light upon one side of the vacation question. I am a bookkeeper, and my salary is \$28 a week. My hours are from 8 till 5 with an hour off at noon, and for 50 weeks in the year I work at my desk regularly.

"Then, in July or August, I take two weeks of rest—a vacation. I kept a diary of my vacation last year, and from it I have compiled a number of facts. These facts I have arranged in tabular form, and now I'll run them over to you."

- "Weight at beginning of vacation, 165 pounds.
- "Hour of retiring during vacation, 3 to 4 A. M.
- "Hour of rising during vacation, 8 to 9 A. M.
- "Average amount of sleep, five hours.
- "Number of cigars smoked daily, 13 to 17.
- "Daily quantity of alcoholic stimulant, 5 to 8 glasses whiskey, 7 to 15 glasses beer.
- "Daily average of alcoholic stimulant, one-half pint whiskey, three quarts beer.
- "Daily average of cigars, 15.
- "Daily income, \$4.50.
- "Daily expenditure, \$10 to \$12.
- "Daily saving, minus \$5.
- "Daily amount of exercise, none.
- "Weight at end of vacation, 158 pounds.
- "Average daily loss of weight, one pound.

"Now," said the bookkeeper, "contrast with that table a table of my workday life."

- "He turned a leaf and read: "Weight at beginning of year's work, 150 pounds.
- "Hour of retiring, 10 P. M.
- "Hour of rising, 7 A. M.
- "Average amount of sleep, 9 hours.
- "Number of daily cigars, 15.
- "Daily quantity of alcohol, none.
- "Daily income, \$4.50.
- "Daily expenditure, \$3.
- "Daily saving, \$1.50.
- "Daily amount of exercise, 30 minutes.
- "Weight at end of year, 165 pounds.
- "He closed his leather book, he said, "My health is excellent. I sleep like a top. I am temperate in everything. I gain steadily in weight and steadily my bank account increases."
- "The absolute freedom of my two weeks' vacation undoes me. I sit up all night. I smoke and drink to excess. I feel poorly all the time. On my return to work, I am pale and weak and thin, and my bank account is pale and weak and thin.
- "I don't know how many young men there are who, like me, injure instead

of improve themselves on their vacations. But all such young men will, I'm sure, admit that there is some truth in Russell Sage's claim that no one needs a vacation; that vacations do more harm than good."

Superstitions of Pennsylvania Dutch.

A YOUNG woman in a Bucks County tavern, cut off a lock of yellow hair and threw it into the fire.

It burnt with a feeble and dull flame, and soon went out.

"Oh, dear," she cried. "That is a sign that I won't live long."

Then she explained gravely that another superstition of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

"If a lock of your hair burns bright and long," she said, "you will have a happy life of 70 years or more; but if it burns weakly and soon goes out, your life will be both sad and short."

"To test your sweetheart's humor, make him stir the fire. If he stirs it to a hearty blaze, he is good-humored. If he makes it smoke and fade, he is hard to live with."

"If you walk backward, the errand you go on will be a bad one. To cure warts, rub a black snail over them, but the snail must afterwards be impaled on a rose thorn."

"To prevent cramp, wear an eskin garter about the left leg below the knee."

"The first person to enter your house on New Year's day will, if he is light-haired, bring bad luck to you; if dark-haired, good luck."

"If the fire goes out on New Year's eve, trouble is foreboded."

Lack of Humor in Birds.

BIRDS have no sense of humor," said a writer of nature books. "This fact impressed itself on me last month in Canada."

"I had taken, to facilitate my nature studies, a cottage on the outskirts of a Canadian village. My cottage fronted a cemetery, and a day or two after my arrival a stonemason erected over a new grave a cross cut to look like wood.

humorist. He had brought his friends to the cross to see them peck it till their bills, like his, were sore. He was going to play a practical joke on them.

"His joke succeeded perfectly. The birds pecked and pecked till, then, then harder and harder, till, finally, they were hitting it with all their strength. A good chattering filled the air, a shrill twitter of amazement, perplexity and pain."

"Suddenly the twitter became angry, and all the birds flew at the humorist, who must have announced, just then, his little joke."

"And he, a terror-stricken fugitive, darted off at top speed. But they soon surrounded him. They filled the air with their cries of rage, and they pecked it till their bills, like his, were sore. He was going to play a practical joke on them."

"I looked up. The birds were directly over my head. In the clear blue of the sky I saw the poor little humorist in the middle, and the others, in a circle around him, darting in, one at a time, to punish him with bill and with claw."

"In a little while he fell. He fell beside me. I could have caught him in my hand. He was bleeding and torn. For a moment his wings quivered. Then a glaze spread over his tiny eyes. His joke had not been appreciated, and the humorist was dead."

A Talking Book.

THIS is an interesting novelty," said a dealer in toys. He opened a child's picture book to the picture of a cow, and at the same time he pulled a slender silk cord. The cow's mouth opened and a sonorous "moo" was given forth. A cock was on the next page, and when his cord was pulled he flapped his wings and cried "cock-a-doodle-do."

And thus the dealer, turning the pages, showed lions that ruffed their manes and roared, dogs that stood on their hind legs and barked, cats that arched their backs and meowed, snakes that wriggled and hissed, and children that turned their heads from side to side and said "papa" and "mamma."

The dealer said the book came from Paris. There was a bellows inside each picture, that, on being compressed by the silk cord, caused the proper sound to issue forth.

"This is a fine book for a child to have," he said. "Unfortunately, though, it is too expensive for any but rich children."

Paper Fields.

THE strawberries seemed to spring from a soil of paper. As far as the eye could reach white paper spread, and through holes cut in it the bright green strawberry plants sprouted in straight rows.

"This waterproof paper," said the farmer, "is an idea of my own. The paper is spread over the whole field, and a hole is cut in it, just the right size, for each plant."

understand, in addition to shaving and hair-cutting, facial massage, scalp massage and the various operations—conducted with fire, with creams and with oils—that are supposed to make the hair grow, and, furthermore, with his thick, bright locks and his face as firm and unlined as a child's, he must be a perfect proof that his massages, singings and creams are good things that actually ward off age.

"Another advantage is that the soil's whole strength is concentrated on the strawberry. None of it is wasted on grass or other useless growth of any kind. With this scheme, you can crop a quarter larger, and on berries a quarter bigger. I am a modern farmer, and besides my strawberries I raise seedless apples and seedless watermelons on the farm, while on my Florida plantation I raise seedless oranges."

A Blood Test.

"OUR tests for blood used to be primitive," said a coroner. "Suppose, for instance, that you lay in jail under an accusation of murder, and there was a stain like blood on your sleeve. Well, we'd have cut out, in the past, the piece of cloth containing the stain; we'd have laid it on a watch glass; we'd have added a little water, and after the soaking we'd have added a little concentrated sulphuric acid. Then an odor would have arisen, and by that odor the nature of the blood would have been determined."

"For instance, if it had been human blood, an odor of humanity—such an odor as any huge crowd has—would be given off. If it had been sheep's blood, the sharp, sweet, oily smell of wool would have arisen. A frog's blood would have given off the smell of marshy reeds; a bab's blood, a baby smell; a pig's blood, the acrid odor of a pigsticker."

The coroner smiled.

"At least," he said, "it was claimed that these various bloods gave off these distinctive smells. Whether they really did or not is more than I can say. I propose to experiment some day and find out."

"Blood tests in the past, correct or incorrect, did no great harm. They were not considered infallible. A man was never hanged on the unsupported evidence of a blood test."

Barbers Have It Hard.

MANY barbers, to escape wrinkles and baldness, have their faces and scalps massaged two or three times a week. If a barber is bald or wrinkled he cannot obtain work in a first-class shop nowadays; for all the first-class shops have become beauty parlors in them as much time is given over to massage and scalp treatment as to shaving and hair-cutting, and the operators, therefore, must have unlined faces and good hair, otherwise they are living examples of the futility of the expensive treatments that they give.

In the past if a barber was good with the razor and scissors, that was all that was required of him. But today he must

understand, in addition to shaving and hair-cutting, facial massage, scalp massage and the various operations—conducted with fire, with creams and with oils—that are supposed to make the hair grow, and, furthermore, with his thick, bright locks and his face as firm and unlined as a child's, he must be a perfect proof that his massages, singings and creams are good things that actually ward off age.

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Blind Boys' Football.

FOOTBALL and many other outdoor games are played by the blind, certain changes being made so that in each game the sense of hearing takes the place of sight.

In football, for instance, a tiny bell is fastened to the ball, and by the bell's tinkle the ball's location is determined. The blind delight in races of all sorts. They do not run toward a tape, as the seeing do, but toward a bell that jangles briskly.

It is odd to see the blind at their games. They play gravely and they maintain a profound silence, for, if they made a noise, the voices of their guiding bells could not be heard.

Quakers' Attempt to Convert Pope.

A PHILADELPHIA Friend has an odd little book that describes the unsuccessful attempt of two Quakers, in 1660, to convert the Pope. The names of these zealots were John Perrot and Charles Baylie. They were imprisoned in Rome for their pains, but in their confinement they were kindly treated, and as soon as they promised to leave Rome they were released.

The Philadelphia's little volume, which was printed in 1661, only contains 16 pages. The first 10 pages are by Perrot, and the final six are by Baylie. The following paragraph (Baylie's) is a sample of the style:

"From whence I was carried to the Pazarrella, which was the Prison of Mad Men; and the Lord said unto me, Thou shalt speak to the Pope. . . . And by the way I met the Pope carried in great pomp; as it was the good will of the Lord that I should speak unto him, men could not prevent it; and when he came nigh, the people being on their knees each side of him, I cried to him with a loud voice in the Italian tongue, To do the thing that was Just, and to release the Innocent, and whilst it was speaking, the man which led me had not power to take me away until I had done."

The Pope was not affected by that loud cry, and Charles Baylie was returned to prison, where Perrot already was. Their release was thus described:

"Soon after, the Lord, by an out-stretched arm, wrought our deliverance, being condemned to perpetual galley-slavery, if ever we returned again unto Rome."

John Perrot, the Philadelphia Friend says, thought it his mission to convert not only the Pope, but the whole world, to the Quaker faith. He wrote "epistles" to the Turks, the Greeks, the French and the Spanish. He journeyed to Turkey and Greece, and in each of these countries he was imprisoned. He was a headstrong, rash man. That is why, no doubt, his missionary work was unsuccessful.

Horseflesh and Beef.

AMERICAN meat inspectors, when it is their ambition to know their business thoroughly, often take a course in Paris.

"In Paris," said a meat inspector, "you can learn all about horse flesh. That is an important matter, for horse flesh, you know, is now used to some extent in America."

"Here are some means of distinguishing between horse flesh and beef: "Raw horse flesh is a brownish red in color, whereas in raw beef there is no brown. Raw horse flesh is soft and tenacious; touch it, and the finger sinks in, while, as you withdraw the finger, the tissues rise with it and cling to it, as though intermixed with glue. But raw beef is not soft nor tenacious in this way. Raw horse flesh, furthermore, has an odd, metallic smell."

"Cooked horse flesh is denser than beef. Perrot, and the final six are by Baylie. The following paragraph (Baylie's) is a sample of the style:

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Gaskill's Compendium.

THE bank clerk, a man of 59, took up a fine pen and wrote his name with innumerable shadings, flourishes and hairlines.

Regarding the signature, which like some sort of decoration, he signed, "I got my picture in a magazine for writing like that 20 years ago," he said. "Now, if I wrote like that, I'd lose my position."

"A business hand, in my youth, was composed of flourishes. Everybody wrote after the manner of Gaskill's Compendium. Gaskill, a millionaire, taught penmanship by a kind of correspondence system. He advertised more liberally than any one of his time. All the magazines each month had before and after specimens of the writing of his students, together with

photographs of the students themselves. And, in a word, this school of penmanship, under the name of Gaskill's Compendium, was as popular and successful as is the foremost of the present day. . . .

"What a change! All that is gone. "A modern business hand is plain, like print. It is up and down, and there is not a flourish in it. Flourishes, which were the very soul of Gaskill's Compendium, it abjures."

"What I often ask myself is, 'What has become of Gaskill's Compendium?' of a certain famous, some other quarter of the globe—a quarter friendly to its flourishes and shadings—or is it dead? I suppose it is dead, killed by the plain hand that arose in protest against its too ornamental manner."

Coffee a Disinfectant.

"DRINK plenty of coffee if there is sickness around you," said a physician. "Coffee is a good preventive of typhoid fever and cholera."

"This has been proven. Cholera germs and typhoid germs have been thrown into coffee, and the aromatic drink has not once failed to kill the germs within an hour."

"Do not neglect, among your other precautions, to drink three cups of strong coffee at each meal."

Stitch Your Own Veils.

Every day sees something new in chiffon veils. The plain ones, shaded from a pale champagne color to a golden brown, or from the palest pink to the fashionable American Beauty rose color are both pleasing to the eye and becoming. These veils, to be really good, must not be plain-hemmed. They must be hemstitched by hand.

The very wealthy pay from \$12 to \$15 for a veil finished in this way, but the woman who is clever with her hands buys the veiling by the yard at small cost and hemstitches it for herself. The machine-hemmed veil is to be avoided as one would the plague by the housewife who prides herself on her get-up."

A Sample of Mnemonics.

Washington Times.

The wife of a distinguished Congressman is enduring some good-natured jest over the recent failure of a theory which she has held as to the uses of memory systems. Not long ago at a large dinner she was telling of a remarkably gifted man whom she had lately met, but whose name had escaped her.