

# THE ART OF PRESIDENT-MAKING

## TWENTIETH CENTURY METHODS CONTRASTED WITH THE PLAN OF WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON AND LINCOLN, WITH A TWIST TOWARD TAFT'S MANAGER

BY ROBERT LEE DUNN

RESIDENTS are made not born. That is the truth today and like many other statements of fact, is exactly the opposite of what would have been the truth not many years ago. Presidents were born for the job then. The manager, the manipulator, the advertiser, in short, the president-maker, had not so much as been heard of.

Washington never had a press-agent. No bill boards half an acre in extent compelled even the chauffeur in his motor-car to note that for the Nation it was either Vote for George or Go to Grass.

There were no private wires in any of his 9000 headquarters that may be seen in clusters throughout the Eastern States today. He did not even have a telephone in the house so that Ohio could find out how he stood on the inland waterways. No, our first president would be a shocking back number were he to appear today.

But in his own time he was as right as possible. He created the job of president and then received it from the hands of a grateful people, as naturally as did any of the Georges with whom he had dissolved political relations, never accept their inheritance by birth.

Jefferson did some rather mean work, muck-raking and personal, but it was to put Hamilton out of business rather than to advertise himself. He was a "knocker," but he never rang up a manager in Albany to know how the delegation stood.

Nor did anyone else do much "business" before Lincoln's time. Lincoln had a remarkably clever manager—himself, and put Seward's nose badly out of joint in Chicago just before the Civil War. Seward saw the virtue of advertising and worked it thoroughly, worked it hard. He expected to win by it and perhaps he would have won had he kept an eye on what his rival for the Republican nomination was doing while he was advertising himself.

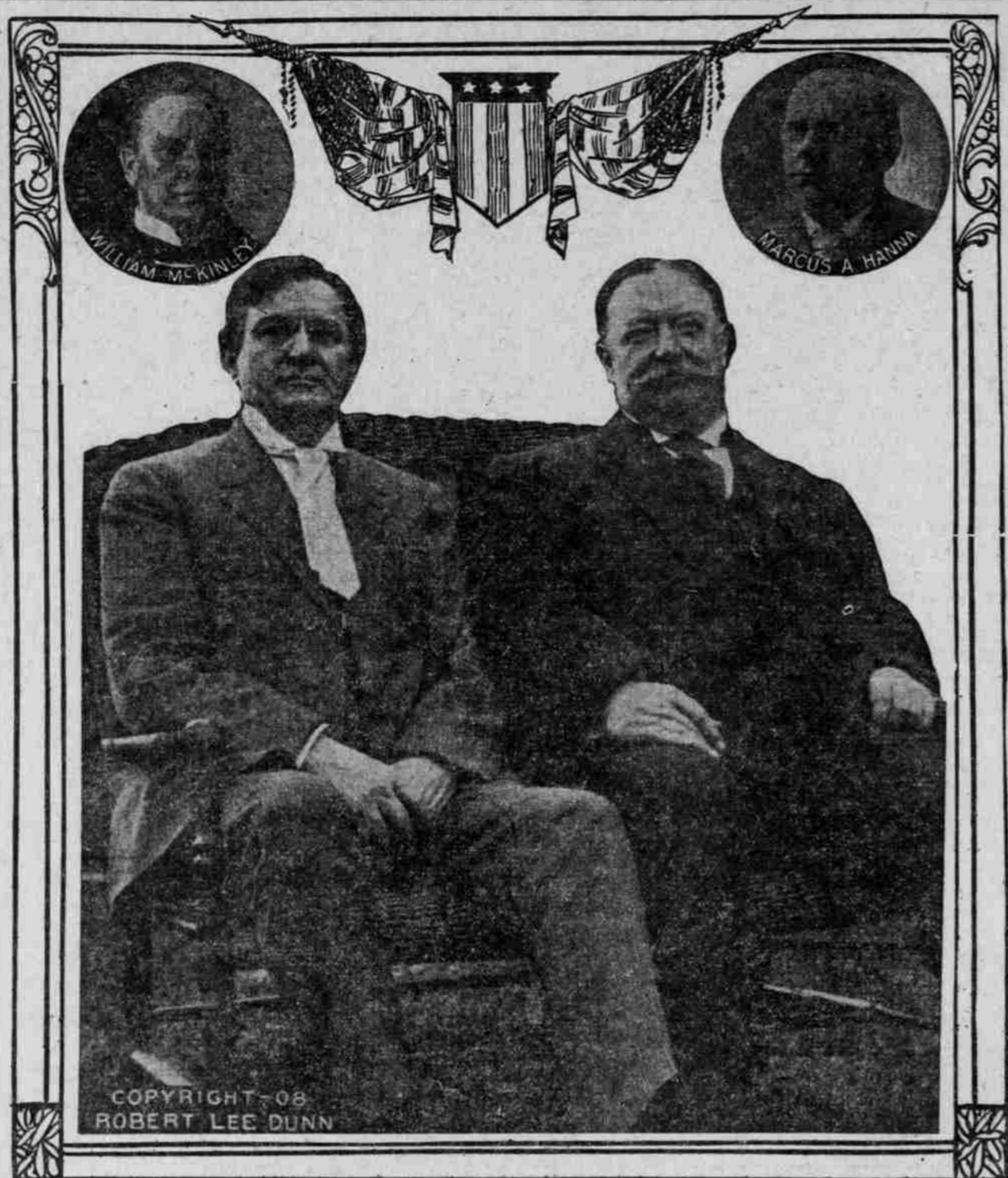
He had a procession and a band of music with songs and banners and he made the whole town sit up and take notice that he was in his midst. In this way he created much enthusiasm and was so sure of obtaining the nomination that he began to purr.

Lincoln saw how affairs were going, but was undismayed. He had no objection to Seward's winning over all the enthusiasm there was outside of the Convention Hall so long as he himself was popular inside. He therefore bothered not at all with the band and banners and parade, but made a "rodeo," as it is called in the West, that is, he rounded up his supporters and gathered them in such numbers into the galleries of the hall where the convention was to hold that they very nearly filled it.

When Seward arrived jubilant with his parade, the members of which were looking for an easy victory and some chairs to sit upon after their 35 miles on foot along the city streets, there was no room for them. They had manufactured much enthusiasm, but it had to remain outside, where it was altogether impotent, so far as influencing the convention was concerned. Instead of chairs for the pedestrians, there was only the hard, hot Chicago curbstone, and the procession is reported to have been one of the tidiest that ever happened.

The Lincoln crowd had it all their own way, and when their man was nominated, on the third ballot, they made such an uproar that the cannon on the roof which were being fired to notify the world that a decision had been reached, could not be heard in the hall below.

That was almost 50 years ago. Managing has developed tremendously since then. It is made of three things, organization, advertising and persistence. It begins long before convention time and it never lets go. So important has managing become that as a general rule, men who stake money on the result of a Presidential election do it not because of their knowledge of the personal abilities and the worthiness, or otherwise, of any one



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ARTHUR I. VORYS.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

of the candidates, but because of their faith in this or that manager. To them the candidate is a figurehead. They are not betting on him, but on the machine that is pushing him along.

The more effective this machine becomes the greater the brain in control. It needs a master-mind in these days to keep the parts in order in such smooth running. The first man to show up masterfully as a President-maker was Marcus Aurelius Hanna, whom no one outside of his own state knew when he went into the business of politics. Hanna had a great mind for organization and great patience for detail. He had what Goethe declared was an essential to success, that is, a capacity for taking infinite pains.

He put his heart into his work and made it impossible for the Republican Convention to nominate any man other than McKinley. After he had nominated him he elected him. But he did not return. He knew beforehand that his man would be elected, and as soon as he knew he

began work "laying pipe" for another campaign four years ahead. He felt sure his man was good for a second term, but he would take no chances. Not for a day did he abate his vigilance. He watched everything and everybody and was undoubtedly the best-informed man politically that this country had ever seen. That he was such is due to the fact that he knew how to organize. Among his many achievements was the invention of the political stymograph, which recorded almost automatically the pulse of the people. He never missed a throb. He had reports on respiration and temperature as well, so that those who did not know of his methods looked upon him as a political clairvoyant.

When the time for the next convention drew near many thought enthusiasm for the cowboy-Rough Rider Governor of the Empire State, might stampede the convention and that McKinley would not be in it. But Marcus Aurelius, his cap-

acious mind as filled with wisdom as ever was that of the ancient Emperor whose cognomen he bore, only smiled as he sat in his headquarters in the Hotel Walton in Philadelphia. He knew there would not be a stampede, and he knew where the feared cowboy would be when the business of the convention was over. He was the only man living that did not think that. Happy for him that he could not see further into the future at that time.

But the knowledge that he did possess was marvelous. It made the work of managers who had preceded him in the business of President-making look like minus quantities. The hard work, the splendid generalship and the well-kept organization was, and discovered the genius of the manager to the whole world, but fate intervened before the full realization of his achievement and against fate all the worlds that ever were or ever will be, are as things that

never happened. Then heart failure, the only ailment of the great manager had ever known, came upon him and he passed away leaving a new order and a new law in all that pertains to politics in this land today, an order and a law that were his own creation.

His mantle has fallen upon Vorys, Arthur I. Vorys, also of Ohio, and he is worthy to wear it.

Vorys' rise to importance in National politics has been phenomenal. Never before was one made so rapidly and from so humble a beginning. He worked in a lumber mill in his youth, where he ran an engine until he had the misfortune, as he certainly considered it, to mangle his left hand. This meant that he must give up manual work. Necessity thus forced him to depend upon his brain, and he should be thankful to necessity, for the sawmill would never have led to the opportunities that so soon were to come his way.

He found a lawyer who gave him a chance to read law in his office, and before long was admitted to the bar. There he made good from the first and in two years had more than a purely local reputation. Being in Ohio, of course, he took an interest in politics, and having ability, became a local leader. Growing in prominence and good repute, Governor Nash was so impressed by the young man's integrity and ability that he appointed Vorys Commissioner of Insurance.

Here again he made good—so good that three more administrations saw him still on the job, holding it down whether Republicans or Democrats were in power. He was appointed four times consecutively and might have continued to use it permanently, but law makes four the limit.

So back to the law office he went with a reputation that any man in the state might envy. It was while quietly working there, with his eyes open seeing all that was going on and studying especially things political, that his attention was attracted to William Howard Taft, our great Secretary of War. Taft looked good to Vorys and when some of the friends of Mr. Taft talked with the ex-commissioner about Taft as a possible Presidential candidate, Vorys declared he believed him to be the man. He knew there was the Foraker crowd to battle with and he knew the Foraker machine to be in admirable working order with trained men at hand, expert in the business of running it, but to Vorys that only made the game more interesting. It was two years before the convention would meet and he figured that in two years he could put the Foraker machine quite out of business and make Ohio a Taft state. If that could be done, he declared, it would help the Secretary's friends immensely in carrying on the campaign in other states. He saw the way to do all this, he said, and being asked to take command of the campaign for Taft he cheerfully consented.

His foresight is now demonstrated. Those who first went to him almost doubtfully, now look upon him as a wizard. The campaign is still several months away, but what marvel Vorys has already accomplished! Foraker is out of the running and his machine is in the refuse pile. Ohio is solid for Taft and in the country at large the Secretary of War has now three-fourths of the number of delegates necessary for nomination. There is still several months before the history of National politics. Vorys has done what he said he could do and vastly more. His position is now with him and his friend Henry A. Williams, the prominent lawyer, who is associated with him in his work of purifying Ohio politics, has recently been elected chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. Nothing can stop the Taft movement now, and Vorys has done his part.

He is a born manager. He understands men and knows their ways. He has a wonderful memory, not only for the personal qualities of those whom he meets, but for the details of political organization such as are often so trying to the patience of the ablest men. Moreover, he combines with his sense of duty and his integrity, the saving grace of humor.

the aid of Mrs. Sage," he says. "She backed me liberally with her checkbook, and in addition to this, she interested other persons of wealth, whose attention was drawn to our movement mainly because of the fact that it had been able to win her."

"Mrs. Sage is a woman of great influence, for it is recognized that in addition to being the possessor of great wealth, she is also a woman of a very high mind, she is also notable for her hard common sense, and would naturally have nothing to do with any project not honestly handled in the interest of the public. Her name was our strongest card among the wealthy men and women who helped us without letting the fact become publicly known."

The character of support that Mrs. Sage drew to the aid of the cause would probably surprise the public could the full list become known. For all its careful, pleasure-loving manner, for all its sportiness and swagger, the metropolis has learned to its sorrow the cost that gambling imposes on the community.

The metropolitan season of racing, with events on three tracks, the stay covering a period of several months, is always the producer of many crimes on part of employees, who without the temptation of the race track would never be drawn into the commission of one act at various points with the interests of their employers.

There is a polite fiction that it is interest in the horse, man's noblest friend, etc. that acts as the excuse, but the bookies know better than that. It was the desire to win cash that draws the 20,000 and 30,000 crowds to the big handicap and produces the amazing horse racing mara.

The cheap skate in the least important race on the programme is more of a hero to the masses, pleasure-loving animal than the most magnificent animal in the Futurity, which fails to make good the hopes the public has supported with its money.

Mrs. Sage has ever been opposed to betting. It is said that it was her influence that operated to keep Russell Sage firm in his resolve not to play the market.

He was a dealer in cash. He had it to lend, providing he could secure a remunerative rate of interest. The operator who borrows cash from Sage might use it to gamble with. That was his business. The financier had put out his cash in legitimate transaction. It was up to the other man's conscience if he used it to play the market.

The motive may not have been one of morals in this Sage rule business, but it certainly was sound common sense. The crashes and panics never affected adversely the fortunes of Uncle Russell.

The President is not only a good churchgoer himself, but deserves the thanks of at least two Washington preachers for his aid in boosting the size of their congregations. With his predilection for having everything in sight reformed, it is no more than natural perhaps that his church also should bear the magic label. It is Grace Reformed, a rather small, gray stone building on Fifteenth street, not quite a mile from the White House.

Grace Reformed is not a fashionable church. The congregation is unassumingly modest in size if it were not for the President. He fills certainly two-thirds of the pews on the sabbath days, for the preacher may have to look for a few years after March 4, 1909.

While the President fills dozens of the pews by the mere fact of his expected presence, he occupies his own seat in solitary grandeur. Once in a while he goes with his wife and family to the church, but he is usually inclined to reciprocate the attention. St. John's rejoices in the local title of "the church of state," and always receives the new President of the United States, though it had not been in demand for a good many years when Mrs. Roosevelt became the Lady of the White House.

Whether he goes to his own church or not, on one by Theodore Roosevelt, unless it is some friend or great acquaintance, which rarely happens, he is never seen in the church. At Grace Reformed, two secret service men always accompany him, but do not sit with him.

Every Sunday morning, as early as 10 o'clock, the sightseers begin to gather in front of the gray building in Fifteenth street. Most of them are tourists who only chance to see the President is to catch him in the church, and who are willing to wait an hour outside if need be and to spend another hour or more inside for the possible privilege of a glimpse of the man they call "Teddy."

The sexton is posted on the steps and forms the crowd into a double line which often reaches to the flatterings of a hundred yards or more before the doors are opened. It is lucky for the multitude that the President's church is not as large as the cathedral, for it were crowded by its own members, outsiders would have to submit to that period of painful suspense and waiting "until after the singing of the first hymn, the regulation familiar to the church tramp."

At Grace Reformed the doors are opened long before 10:30 and people are admitted to the interior. Just as they get up to the gallery, they're the best seats. Of course that means the best seats for getting a view of the President.

It is interesting to note that the multitude is not standing in line because of a consuming desire to hear the Gospel as it is expounded in Grace Reformed Church. Even the preacher can cherish no illusions on that point when people who have fought the crowd and wheeled the ushers into giving them a front seat calmly and conspicuously get up and walk out when the service has proceeded for fifteen minutes, it becomes evident that the President won't be there.

They make a mistake to wait so long. The President does not straggle in fifteen minutes late. On the other hand he doesn't waste a quarter of an hour by getting there fifteen minutes too soon. In fact, the gallery, tired of craning its neck at every person who goes up the aisle below, has already begun to open and murmur to declare that he isn't coming at all, when there is a sudden shock of expectancy. Even before the rapid strides of the four men who have just entered have brought them into view of the gallery, those upstairs have whispered: "Here he is."

The four men are the usher, the President, and the two Secret Service men. It is a question whether the usher could keep up that gait very long, but he does nobly in the short distance between the door and the second left hand pew from the front, that being the Roosevelt seat. One of the Secret Service men quietly slips into the end of a pew across the aisle and about five rows back of the President. The other takes an end seat across the aisle several rows further back.

In fact, they helped him, for then interest rose higher. It is by such the same system that Mrs. Hettie Green built up her fortune. It is a game that never loses, providing the securities are all right.

The big fortune that came to Mrs. Sage is unhampered. It is hers to dispose of in such manner as in her judgment will do the most good.

Having all her life been associated with a man who barred gambling as bad business, and knowing from her own observations the risks all right, she was in sympathy immediately with the first concerted effort to do away with it.

The history of New York's big anti-race-track legislation movement, which seems destined to remain a burning issue till it is no longer permissible to wager in any form a dollar on the chance of running, pacing or trotting horse began when in 1896 Dr. Wilbur Crafts, Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau, discovered that Governor Frank Higgins had been one of seven Senators who voted against the Percy Gray law when it was passed in 1882.

With such a man for Governor it looked like a hopeful chance to make a fight. In concert with various reform organizations, such as the Young Men's Christian Association, the Women's Temperance Christian Union, etc., strong pressure was brought to bear on Governor Higgins and stirring up the state till the Legislature for the purpose of dealing with the matter.

But Governor Higgins, while personally opposed to gambling on the races, was too thoroughly a part of the Republican organization of the state to stir up a question that might bring political trouble. The election of Governor Hughes brought to the Governor's chair a man equally opposed to the custom, but more willing to take action.

Meantime the Reform Bureau had been carrying its work to all the tracks, telling about gambling and its effects, gathering information and stirring up the state till the issue became one of first importance.

Then Governor Hughes called the attention of the Legislature to the need of an amendment to the Percy-Gray law, and what are known as the Hart-Agnew bills were introduced into the Legislature for the purpose of giving up the fight to "playing the ponies."

Meanwhile a citizens' anti-race-track gambling campaign committee was formed in New York City with Dr. Walter Land, executive secretary of the New York City Federation of Churches, as chairman.

In this way all the forces interested in supporting the Agnew-Hart bills were handled to the best advantage. This organization has been made permanent, and will never give up the fight to secure full enforcement of laws to drive the bookie out of business.

so accurately does he time his arrival that the service is by this time beginning. Probably during the 93 minutes which follow he gives the nearest imitation of absolute repose of which he is capable in his waking hours. He does not pretty well, considering his temperament and the fact that several hundred human beings are concentrating their attention on the back of his head.

If he makes a move it is followed with the keenest interest by scores of eyes. If he scratches the back of his head, if he smoothes his hair, if he adjusts his eyeglasses there is a rustle of attention. It is enough to make a stoneman wriggle.

Sometimes the disappointed surprise of the observers, the President does not wriggle. He's not absolutely quiet, but he's quiet for him!

When he sings, he sings—he doesn't look at the book notes in succession. So far as his glance and the page are concerned, it's a chronic case of eyes on the back of his head.

Apparently he never bows his head for prayer except when he enters and takes his seat. He reads the prayers with uplifted head, but he does not bow his head even when, standing with the rest, he repeats the Lord's prayer.

When he comes to the sermon he is in a model of attention. If he doesn't listen he at least looks as if he were doing so. The desk is at the right of his platform, but the President has to turn his head somewhat to face the preacher. Apparently he does not miss a word.

The service concludes with singing, followed by the benediction. Before the singing is over the President has put his hymn book in the rack and has picked up the book for the benediction. During the benediction he gets one foot into the aisle and his hand on the end of the seat ready for a quick start. At their posts the secret service men also have got half way into the aisle and are alert.

The instant the amen is pronounced the President has started. Before people have raised their heads he has swiftly but quietly passed the Secret Service men, who at once close in behind him.

They are at the door before any one but the vigilant gallery knows it. Down the steps they go and out to the walk lined with another curious throng which has wanted a glimpse of him, but not enough to stand in line for one. By this time the gallery has precipitated itself down the narrow stairways and with the other agitated sightseers is debouching upon the street. The President has reached the corner. Behind him are first his coat tails flapping furiously; next the Secret Service men, looking after the President for fear of length of days, but for length of legs; next the populace, men, women and children, black, white and middle, striding, running, making up hot ground with sporadic rushes, skirts billowing, feathers flying, more coat tails flapping.

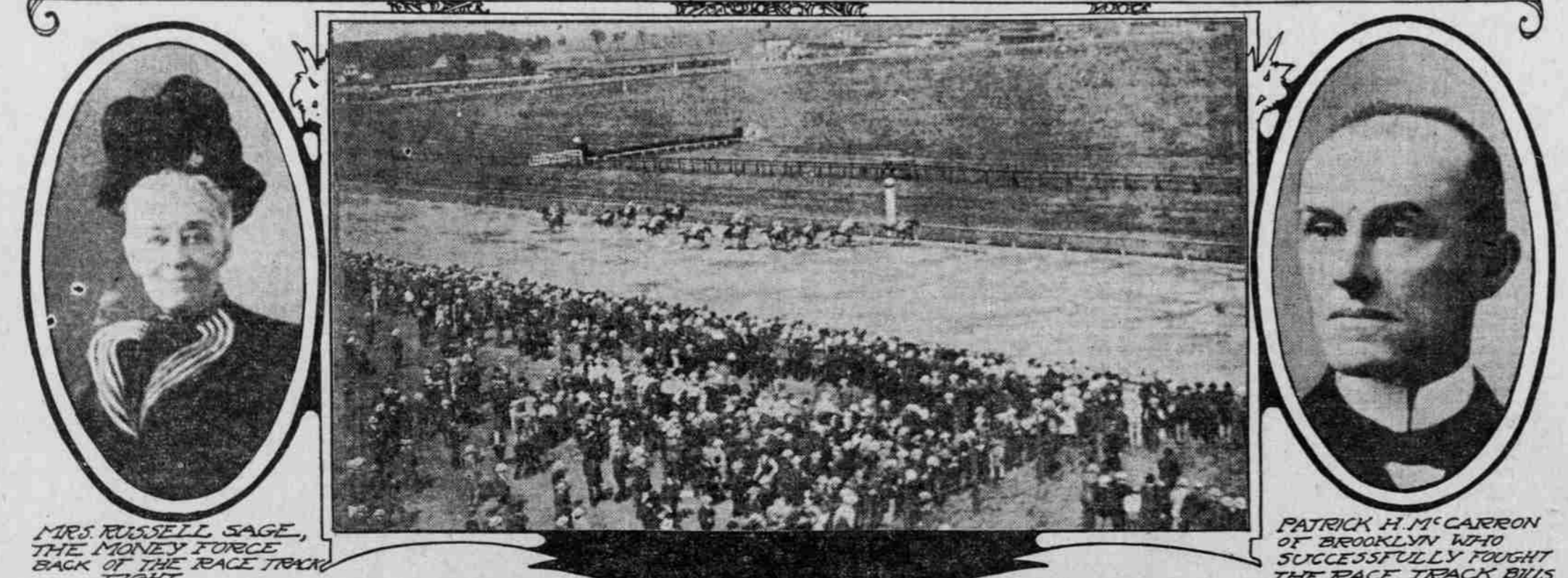
At the corner the President cuts diagonally across without regard for crossings, and takes a short down Rhode Island avenue to Sixteenth street, whence it is a straight run to the White House, gleaming in the distance. Remember this itinerary if you meditate meeting the President on his way to or from church. He always takes the same route.

# WOMAN WHO FURNISHED MONEY TO FIGHT GAMBLING

BACK of the fight against race-track gambling in New York has been the purse of one of the wealthiest women in the world. The race-track promoters, who, threatened with a loss of their profitable calling, swarmed to Albany to save betting, inveighed at Governor Hughes, who is a pronounced foe of betting, they cursed

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE THE FINANCIAL POWER THAT CURBED NEW YORK RACE TRACK PROMOTERS

flooded the state with literature in order to swell the agitation to proportions that would make the legislators hesitate to ignore it for fear of offending their constituents, money was ever ready. The amount could be big or small, it was always forthcoming. It was generally understood that powerful church organizations with wealthy congregations were furnishing these sin-



MRS. RUSSELL SAGE, THE MONEY FORCE BACK OF THE RACE TRACK FIGHT

SHEEPSHEAD BAY ONE OF THE MOST NOTED TRACKS AROUND NEW YORK

PATRICK H. MCCARRON OF BROOKLYN WHO SUCCESSFULLY FOUGHT THE RACE TRACK BILLS IN THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE

Rev. Albert Sidney Gregg, who represents the International Reform Bureau, they directed their speech against religious associations that descended on the capital to make their protest against what they termed the "great evil," but in the midst of their bitter complaining they missed entirely the factor which had done most to make their trouble.

This was the long purse of Mrs. Russell Sage, widow of the famous financier. From the time the fight was launched against race-track gambling, Mrs. Sage took a prominent part in the battle. Not publicly, of course, for that is not the habit of this philanthropist, who ranks with Mrs. Fenfield, Mrs. Hettie Green

and the widow of "Silent" Smith as one of the richest women of the world. She asked none of the glory. It was enough to know that the work was being forwarded. She was willing to stay in the background and let others reap the credit.

But the signature on the bottom of her checks was what gave the movement its power. The powerful lobby that worked against the anti-racing bills found out early in the day that it was up against the real thing. When it was a question of bringing a protesting delegation to Albany, or of

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"I could have done nothing without