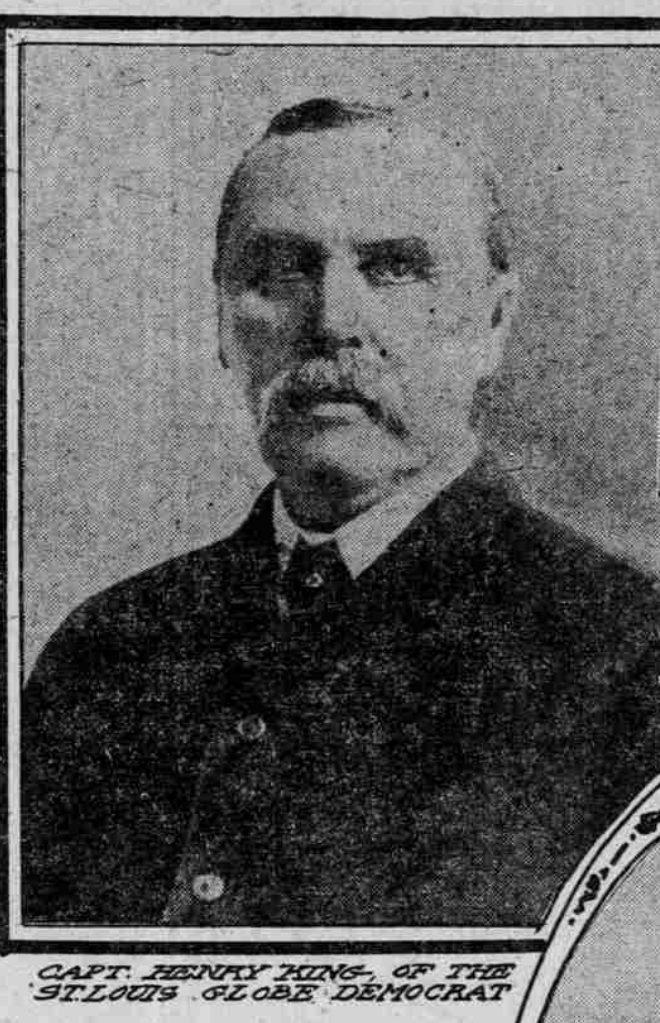


# Picturesque "Old Guard" of Newspaperdom

## MEMBERS WHO KNOW FROM ACTUAL EXPERIENCE THAT THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD



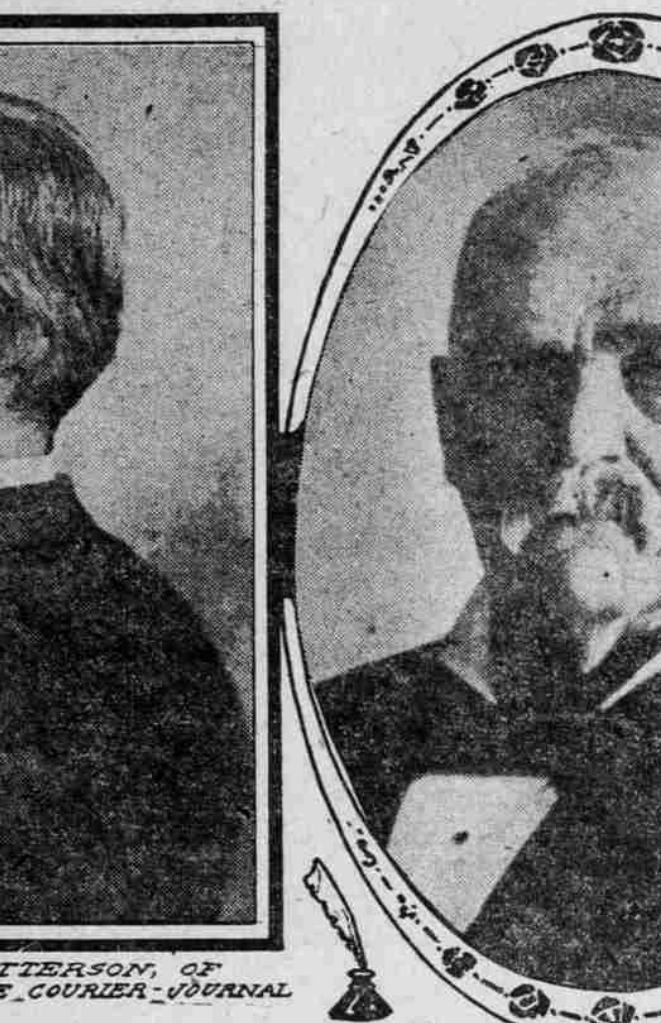
ALDEN J. BLETHEN OF THE SEATTLE TIMES



CAPT. HENRY KING, OF THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE DEMOCRAT



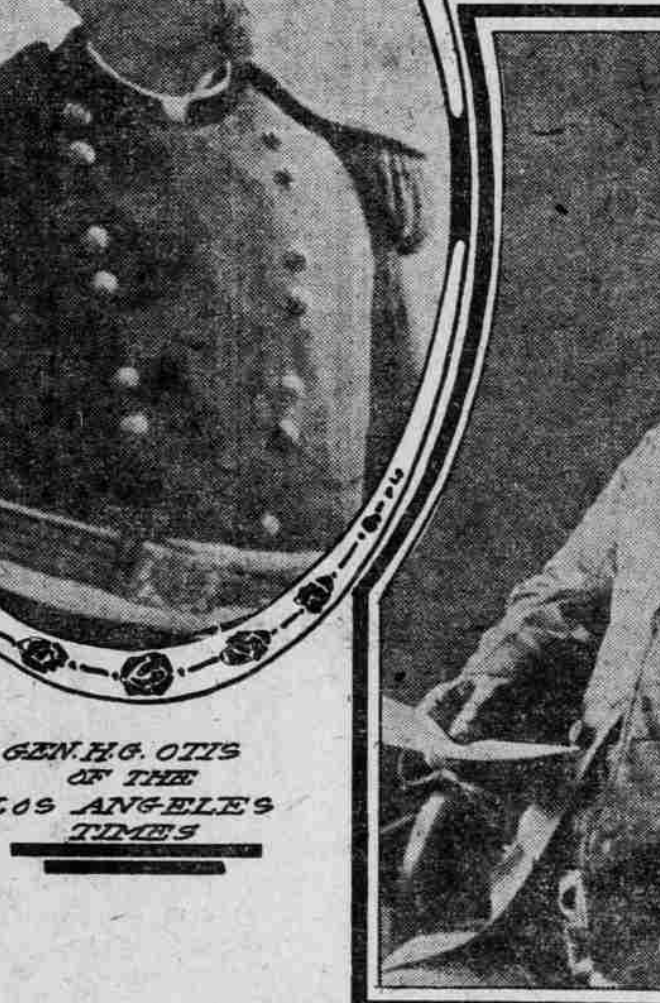
HENRY WATTERSON, OF THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL



HARVEY W. SCOTT OF THE PORTLAND OREGONIAN



GEN. H. G. OTIS OF THE LOS ANGELES TIMES



GEN. FELIX ANGUS OF THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN



GEN. CHARLES H. TAYLOR, OF THE BOSTON GLOBE

BY JOHN S. HAINWOOD.

**P**ROMINENT among the interesting and picturesque present-day "Old Guard" of newspaperdom, which will soon be much in evidence on the "fringe line" in the fast-approaching Presidential campaign, are a half-dozen men who, from actual personal experience, know whether the pen is mightier than the sword.

Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, a truly National character, who was 16 when he wrote his first widely-copied editorial, and became so excited over his success that he couldn't sleep at night, was a staff officer for the Confederacy, and toward the end of the contest its Chief of Scouts.

Captain Henry King, editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, was in the service of his country all through the Civil War. During that time he was on the staffs of Generals Grenville M. Dodge and James B. McPherson, and so was in the thick of the fighting. He started his newspaper career as an apprentice in a "country" office, and, during the years of the Civil War, his whole life has been passed in newspaper offices.

General Charles H. Taylor, of the Boston Globe, whose first newspaper position was that of errand boy in Boston, enlisted as a private in a Massachusetts regiment when he was only 16, and during a charge on the Confederate stronghold of Port Hudson, was severely wounded.

General H. G. Otis, of the Los Angeles Times, who is proud of the fact that he gets out the bulk of all bulky Sunday newspapers, received promotion for gallantry displayed in battle both in the Civil War and in the Philippines.

General Felix Angus, a power on the Baltimore American for the last 40-odd years, was a dashing Zouave under the Third Napoleon and Garibaldi, in their battles for a united Italy, and a little later he was performing daredevil deeds on numerous Civil War battlefields.

And Harvey W. Scott, of the Portland Oregonian, at 14 an emigrant farmer boy in Oregon, and today looked upon in that state as its leading citizen, as a private, fought Indians in the widespread outbreak of 1855-1857.

**General Felix Angus.**

The war record of General Angus, one of the comparatively few members of the "old guard" who is not a native of America, shows a thrill at almost every turn. As a member of Garibaldi's famous Flying Corps, adventure was constantly his portion until the French and their Italian allies had won a united Italy. He dramatically began his defense of the North by saving the life of General Kilpatrick at one of the first contests of the war, Big Bethel, June 10, 1861. For this bit of gallantry he was promoted to Second Lieutenant in Duryea's Fifth New York Zouaves, in which he had enlisted as a private at the outbreak of hostilities. He was wounded three times, once when he led his regiment in a charge on Port Hudson, and again by a saber during a hand-to-hand fight with the Texas horsemen in Western Louisiana. He volunteered to lead the charge at Ashland Bridge, and for his intrepidity in that thrilling work he received complimentary mention in the report of the general commanding. When the expedition to Sabine Pass ended in disaster, Angus, by this time having won a captaincy by his gallantry, was put in charge of the steamer Pocahontas and ordered to proceed to the blockading fleet off Galveston and notify them of the Federal failure. During the first night out the old hulk ran aground on an unlighted coast and, when dawn came, the artillerymen on board discovered themselves well within the range of the Confederate shore batteries. Angus, quickly taking in the situation, ordered the horses overboard, and though his own mount was a particular pet, overboard he went; and when all the animals had been cast into the sea to drown, the boat's bottom left its bed of mud and Angus took his command to safety without the loss of a single man.

All through Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Angus displayed his accustomed gallantry. He was in the heat of battle in all the important contests as Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel of the Second Duryea Zouaves, which he had helped to recruit while waiting for his first wound to heal. Sheridan,

when ordered by Grant to send his best infantry regiment to Fort Delaware to guard the Confederate prisoners held there, sent Angus' Zouaves. Thus, when Angus was breveted Brigadier-General of Volunteers a few weeks before the war's close, he had clearly won the honor both in the Southwest and in the Virginia.

Late in 1864 Colonel Angus married the daughter of the then senior proprietor of the Baltimore American. Shortly after the close of hostilities he resigned his commission and entered the business office of the paper. From that day to this he has been not only one of the leading newspaper men south of Mason and Dixon's line, but one of Maryland's most famous residents. As the head of a Republican paper in a state that has generally been strongly Democratic he has been compelled to take part in many hard battles; and his opponents admit that General Angus has always been able to give as good as he received.

Today he is in his sixty-ninth year, which milestone he will reach on the birthdate of his adopted country. He came here from France, his native land, the year before the Civil War broke out, to take a position in New York. When Lincoln called for volunteers Angus had not yet got a good hold on the English tongue, but before he had been a "Yank" many months he was giving commands in a voice that had no trace of accent or doubt in it.

General H. G. Otis, now in his seventy-second year, and for the past quarter of a century in California Journalism, began his gallant soldier's career as a private in a volunteer Ohio regiment in June of '61. Mustered out over four years later, in the meantime he had been wounded twice, won a captaincy and breveted major and then lieutenant-colonel for "gallant and meritorious conduct" on the field of battle. One of Colonel Otis' fellow fighters in the Twenty-third Ohio was Major McKinley. At that time the two struck up a friendship that lasted until the latter's assassination.

It was this friendship for President McKinley, as well as a desire to respond to his country's martial call once more, that led Otis to get into the scrimmage that began in 1898 and made us a colonial power. Appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers in May of that year, by his bravery at Calocan, in the Philippines, where he led his brigade to the capture of that town, he was breveted Major-General less than a year later. He was then 62. A few months later he returned to his editorial desk, to resume his warfare with his pen.

The General's pen, by the way, has been about as productive of dramatic incidents in the life of its owner as

were the two swords he carried in his country's cause. A man who has never been afraid to say what he thinks, he was once forced to resign as editor of his paper because he had said some pretty hard things of a leading citizen of Los Angeles. At the time he said what he did very few persons believed the General's accusations; later on, however, they were proven true. At another time a rival editor sought out the General in a theater box and when he would not apologize for making certain derogatory remarks of his visitor, there was trouble straight way. One of the General's recent fights was with the labor unions; and so determinedly was it waged by both sides that it attracted the attention of the entire newspaper world and much lay attention as well.

Before he went to Los Angeles and took hold of the struggling weekly that he has developed into one of the leading papers of the country, Otis got his newspaper training as forerunner in the government printing office, as editor of the first Federal soldiers' paper, the Grand Army Journal, as Washington correspondent for an Ohio daily, and as head of a paper in Santa Barbara. He was one of the men who nominated Lincoln the first time, and he has been active in the councils of the Republican party since war days. Despite his three score years and ten he is exceedingly active, and like the old-fashioned editor, keeps his hand and eye on every department of his paper.

Captain Henry King, the veteran editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, left a newspaper office to go to the war and when the war was over, although fortune pointed in another direction, it was to a newspaper office that he returned. There are many older editors than he, but few have seen as many years of continuous service. With the exception of the four years in the army it has been practically lifelong.

He was but a small boy when he was apprenticed to the Quincy Whig at Quincy, Ill., and he stayed with the Whig until he became its editor. That is a habit of his. He stays. When the Civil War broke out he did not quit; he took a vacation, enlisted as a private in an Illinois regiment, got into the thickest of the fight before some people knew it had commenced, and stayed with the army until the shooting was all over and there was nothing more to be done. Then he returned to his job at Quincy.

After four years of war, however, Captain King found the fine old Illinois town a trifle dull. He had been in the midst of alarms and rather liked them. Just about that time Kansas went into the alarm business in a large and exceedingly attractive way. King went to Kansas and grew up with it; stayed with it during its days of stormy poli-

tics, of ravenous grasshoppers, and withering droughts. He became the editor of the Topeka Capital, the most influential paper in the state, and was one of the most potent factors in the development of the lusty and ranting commonwealth. He would have been in Topeka yet, no doubt, but Fate had one more move for him, just one. Fate in this instance was impersonated by Joseph B. McCullough, who invited Captain King to become associate editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. That was in 1888, 20 years ago, and he is still with the Globe-Democrat, its editor-in-chief since 1897.

One who served The Oregonian for many years, asked to write a sketch of Mr. Scott said:

"Not long since, a visitor in Portland from Melbourne having heard his host mention Mr. Scott as a distinguished citizen, asked how the editor had earned his title.

"He does the thinking for Oregon," was the witty reply. "And he's been doing it ever since I came here, 40 years ago."

"Mr. Scott is a journalist—this word is not misused when you speak of him— who preserves the ideals set up and the traditions honored by Horace Greeley, Charles A. Dana, the first Samuel Bowles and Henry Watterson; yet he keeps his paper abreast of the rapidly changing spirit of the times. While he has added all the 20th century features that popular taste demands, the editorial page retains the old vigor, the intellectual richness and the abounding catholicity that have ever marked him for distinction in American newspaperdom.

"All his life he has been a student. From every source he sought knowledge of the motives that have stirred men to action. He knows every movement that has resulted in mankind's uplift and every great National and racial error. He is quite as familiar with the history of civilization as Buckle himself. In Mr. Scott is combined by heredity and severest mental training the pungency and humor of Scotland, the philosophy of the German school, the literary quality ancient Jewish writers and of Paul, and the poetry of Shakespeare. Very much of his store of knowledge and his view of things, great and small, that affect the welfare of the world, he has given to his readers. This is his life's labor; he will probably keep it up the next ten years. He has an ample fortune, but he can't break the habit of hard work that he began as a child on a backwoods farm in Illinois 50 years ago.

"When ex-Senator H. W. Corbett, the first president of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, died, Mr. Scott was unanimously chosen as successor. To him fell the burden of making the fight before Congress for an appropriation. He performed that work perfectly, and then

over the loud protests of the directors and the city generally, he resigned, leaving to others the glory of the later success. He couldn't divorce himself from his daily work. In recent years he has made a deep study of the mysteries of Ancient Free and Accepted Masonry and is now Grand Orator of that order in Oregon.

"It has been said of him by a family friend that he never retires without reading a chapter from the Bible or an act from one of Shakespeare's plays. He is on intimate terms with the classic writers of every age.

"Mr. Scott opposed states' rights and hated slavery, therefore he naturally affiliated with the Republican party. He was its voice in Oregon when the state had more Southern sympathizers than Union men, and he has fought its battle every campaign since. His first notable effort was on the assassination of Lincoln. No editor or publicist in the land wrote more ably and effectively against the free silver fallacy than he. This craze seized the people of Oregon. They were swift to punish Mr. Scott for stoutly opposing financial error and dishonesty. His paper lost so heavily in subscriptions and advertising that disaster, if not bankruptcy, was threatened. He fought back still harder. Some estimate of Mr. Scott's influence may be made from the election returns in 1896, when Oregon stood solidly for the gold standard—the only state west of the Rockies so distinguished. He appealed to, as he did before and ever since that great crisis, straight to men's reason. His habit of thought bars him from indirection.

When McCullough died in that year there were many who said his place could not be filled; that his successor whoever he might be, would rattle around in his chair like a ten-penny nail in a desecrated tomb; but when Captain King entered the vacant place he occupied it fully and completely. The paper was not the same, for Captain King is a man of strong personality, and has ideas of his own; but it was none the less enterprising, forceful and brilliant, and he has kept it well abreast of the advancement of Journalism.

He, like Otis, is a newspaper man of the old school who believes in moving forward with the times, and he wants to work the throttle himself. He dictates policies, writes editorials, orders news, glances at proofs, and personally directs every department of his paper. From noon to midnight every day of the year he is at his desk and busy. But his office door is always open and any man or woman boy or girl who wants to see him may do so without the formality of a card. A certain sternness of countenance and parsimony of words are the safeguards of his time, but there

are many who have found that his heart is as tender as a woman's, and there are few men with a keener sense of humor.

Harvey W. Scott.

At the age of 70, sound in body, in the intellectual vigor of 50, Harvey W. Scott, editor of the Portland Oregonian, continues to put his impress daily upon the great newspaper that he created. His vocation and his diversion are hard work. To this he has been trained since childhood.

At 14 he came "the plains across" from Illinois with his father, a farmer who settled in the wilderness of Oregon in 1852 and began conquering it with axe and plow. The sturdy boy, a giant in frame and muscle, did a man's share in winter and attended for a few months the poorly equipped school. As a private, at 17, he fought Indians in the widespread outbreak of 1855-57.

The war over, young Scott determined to obtain an education. His father was still working to make a home for the large family. The boy had to face a task of paying for his education himself. At half a century's distance it is not easy to see his struggle for a handful of money in a sparsely settled frontier where everybody was poor. But he had ambition and courage. He worked in saw mills, taught school, chopped wood, worked on farms, helped his father, employed his spare hours in reading history, the Bible and Shakespeare and at 21 entered Pacific University—the oldest west of the Rocky Mountains—and at 23 received his diploma as its first graduate.

Two years thereafter, while reading law and serving as librarian in the Portland Library, he was engaged as editorial writer of the Oregonian by its owner and publisher, Henry L. Pittock, with whom he is associated at the present day. Some twelve years later he bought a large interest in the enterprise, which he still owns.

"Note his personal resemblance to the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck and he were born fighters, and in no battle did they quail. Early in the 80's a bunch of Denis Kearney's sand-lot disciples invaded Puget Sound from San Francisco. They drove all the Chinese out of Tacoma and burned their habitations. They then invaded Portland. Mr. Scott took up his sword and declared that this outrage must not be repeated on Oregon soil. He was in imminent danger of assassination; The Oregonian building was menaced by dynamite. But within a week he had so aroused the civic pride, conscience and loyalty of Portland that the town was literally under arms. Merchants, bankers, capitalists and professional men in one group, Civil War veterans in another, the police in still another, slept with their rifles in their

hands. The irresponsible jawsmiths didn't hold a "mass meeting," which was to be the signal for attack on Chinatown, but slunk back to San Francisco like whipped dogs. In this local crisis, Mr. Scott stood simply for law and order.

"Public speaking is not to his taste, though on all great occasions, he is invited to make an address, and he seldom declines. He has little of the art of oratory, yet a few weeks ago when he attended as an honorary pall-bearer the funeral of the oldest reporter of The Oregonian and was called upon by the minister without previous note or hint, to say a few words, he made the most impressive address I ever listened to; and it was my good fortune to hear Ignorance nominate a blaine, and Wendell Phillips speak of Daniel O'Connell.

"Mr. Scott is deeply religious, though he has no patience with man-made creeds that are held up as the epitome of divine truth. He is easily the most profound theologian of the Pacific Coast, and nothing gives him more delight than patient confers with a churchman. He never fears his adversary; the stranger who throws down the gauntlet, usually feels sorry for himself when it's all over and he retains all his life a wholesome respect for the editor's wisdom and skill in polemics. Mr. Scott has done his full share toward freeing the human mind from superstition, but always with true reverence for God.

"It is embarrassing to write an estimate of a conspicuously prominent man when you are restrained by the thought that he may read it; still Oregon will bear me out in saying that measured by the highest intellectual standard, by the most rigid rules that may be applied, and what we call character, and by his influence upon his fellow citizens, Harvey Scott is the foremost man of Oregon."

General Charles H. Taylor.

The first newspaper job of General Charles H. Taylor, like Scott a private in war, yielded him \$2 a week. He left the Boston Traveller, on which he had been printing reports, to go to war, and when his fighting days were over he returned to that office. In the evenings he studied shorthand, and when William Lloyd Garrison renounced his allegiance to the anti-slavery fight, he had become so expert with it that he was able to take down the speech verbatim. Then, because the Boston paper was "big game" on the speech worth giving space to, young Taylor, then 20, sent his copy to New York and received by return mail a check and an offer from the paper.

The first year of his majority Taylor earned \$4000 with his pen, a feat truly unusual in the history of writing.

Like Otis, Scott, Watterson and other famous members of the "Old Guard," General Taylor "made" the paper with which his name has been connected so long. He began his career in the "old guard" when it was only a year old and in danger of going under, and he but 27. He started in with the idea of turning out a paper for the falling masses and not for the Harvard professors, a policy which speedily brought him success. Today he is recognized in newspaperdom as one of its leading lights, and his name is a great name to people who want to read. General Taylor gets his military title from his service on the staff of Governor Russell.

Henry Watterson.

As every reading American knows, Henry Watterson has been one of the country's most-talked-about men for a quarter of a century. Indeed, he even has been mentioned seriously several times for nomination for the Presidency. Of course, his editorial utterances have been read by countless thousands. It is doubtless true that no other editor now living has his editorials so widely read by laymen or followed so closely and commented on so frequently by newspaper workers. He, too, is distinguished among the "old guard" as its best public speaker. As an after-dinner orator he is excelled by few, and his oration delivered at the Chicago World's Fair gave him the reputation of being possessed of a silver tongue as well as a wonderfully gifted pen.

After Watterson had returned from the war he and two other young fellows resurrounded the Nashville Banner with \$4000 raised by the father of one of the partners plucking a hole in his farm. And legend hath it that the first week of business the partners made enough money to lift the mortgage and purchase a good stock of supplies besides. At any rate, in less than a year the Banner had the inside track in Nashville and there were no longer eight, but just three dailies in the city.

Watterson's success in Nashville secured him the managing editor's chair of the old Louisville Journal. He had not been in that city long before he set about to bring his paper and its bitter rival, the Courier, together. He succeeded the year he went to Louisville and became the real editorial power behind the combined enterprise, though he did not succeed to the title of editor until a year or