

# CAMPAIGN GENERALS AND THEIR STAFFS

## CONTRASTS IN THE PERSONALITIES OF THE NEW NATIONAL CHAIRMEN AND THEIR SUBORDINATES

BY JOHN EMFRETH WATKINS.

The political commanders-in-chief have their tents pitched and have posted the rosters of their staffs. Revell now sounds every morn at headquarters and each camp bristles and bustles with active preparations for war.

Frank Harris Hitchcock, the Republican General, is 36 years younger than Norman Edward Mack, the Democratic commander-in-chief, the former being 40 and the latter having reached the half-century milestone the day before commissioned to lead the Bryan forces in the coming battle. Hitchcock is a bachelor, a Harvard graduate and a lawyer; Mack has a wife and two pretty daughters, is a self-made man and a journalist. There is a possibility that the Republican General, who was born in Ohio, may become President some day, but his Democratic opponent, no matter how successful his battle, nor how great his popularity—never can, because, like his predecessor, Mr. Taggart, he is of foreign birth. By way of further contrast in their lives, these two conspicuous figures in present-day events, moved in opposite directions when small lads. The boy Hitchcock went north, from his native beach, Amherst, Ohio, to Boston, where he entered the school which prepared him for Harvard, while the lad Mack left his birthplace in Ontario province, Canada, and went south across the American frontier, to seek his fortune in the United States. When Hitchcock was still a towhead in knit skirts Mack was sweeping out a country store. After working for a time in Bradford, Pa., during the early oil excitement in that region, he went west, starting an advertising business in Detroit and pushing it further in Chicago until 1874, when he settled in Buffalo, and there, in 1879, started the Times, through which newspaper he has made a fortune.

### Hitchcock a Singer.

A few months after his graduation from Harvard, in 1881, Hitchcock came to Washington as a Government official, although but 24. Having left the Roosevelt alma mater a trained statistician and economist, he became chief of the division of foreign markets in the Department of Agriculture, and soon made a reputation as an expert on foreign trade and the tariff. While at these duties by day he studied law in the Columbian University by night and after being admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia at 27, and of the United States Supreme Court at 30, he left the Department of Agriculture to become chief clerk of the new Department of Commerce and Labor, under George B. Cortelyou, the first Secretary. He and Cortelyou were close friends, although the latter was the elder by five years. Both had burned the midnight oil to study law, while working for the Government and both were musical, Cortelyou a pianist, and Hitchcock possessed of a fine voice, which in the early days had been heard in amateur comic operas given by the Columbia students. So when Cortelyou was chosen to general the Roosevelt forces four years ago, he took Hitchcock with him as secretary to the National committee. This was his apprenticeship in politics, and so successful was he with the details of management that he served later as secretary of the committee which arranged the Roosevelt inaugural ceremonies.

### A Fanatic on Classification.

Hitchcock is almost a fanatic on classification, on having a place for everything and everything in its place, on indexing and card cataloging and docketing and the latest system of saving time in office routine. It was due to his peculiar genius in this line that President Roosevelt put him on the famous "Keep commission," which waged a crusade of house-cleaning from department to department and taught Uncle Sam's clerks how to save more than half their time in filing and answering correspondence. When Cortelyou took up the Postoffice portfolio he took Hitchcock with him as First Assistant Postmaster-General. His later role as the "steam roller man" in the Taft fight against the "allies" for the Presidential nomination is well known to the public. He is a perfect specimen of the sanguine temperament typified by his sandy, almost rufous, hair. In politics he is no power, and since receiving his commission as commander-in-chief of the Taft forces, has continued to part his hair in the middle, to wear kid gloves and carry a cane.

### Calls Wife "The Commissioner."

Mr. Mack, during these years of Hitchcock's rapid and precocious rise with the party in power, has been achieving success, no less marked, in private endeavor. The one-time poor country-store clerk has in less than 30 years elevated his journal from an ill-paying Sunday sheet to a prosperous daily, and now dwells in a handsome mansion on Delaware avenue, Buffalo's most fashionable residence street. Mrs. Mack, who was formerly Miss Harriet Taggart, and whose father, like Grover Cleveland, was once Sheriff of Erie County, is a graduate of the Buffalo Seminary. An enthusiastic worker in women's culture clubs, was on the board of woman managers of the Buffalo exposition and the only woman member of the New York commission to the St. Louis World's Fair. Her husband playfully calls her "the commissioner." She is a personal friend of Mrs. William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Mack is a born politician, and when 24 was a delegate to the last Cleveland convention, as well as to each one since. He succeeded Frank Danforth as National committeeman from the Empire State at the time of Bryan's second nomination. A sample of his ready wit was given the other day when some one asked him what a "bonanza" was. "A bonanza," said Mr. Mack, "is a hole in the ground owned by an infernal liar."

### Chairman Hearst and Jones.

Just midway between the ages of Hitchcock and Mack is William Randolph Hearst, the National Committee chairman of the Independent party, which has grown up from its independence Leagues throughout the country. Mr. Hearst is now 45, and, like Hitchcock, he is over six feet tall, is of the blond type, and is a Harvard



SECRETARY UREY WOODSON.

man, and has had quite a notable record for precocity. Although born on velvet, his father having been a millionaire California Senator, Hearst has not let the grass grow under his feet, nor has he attached himself to the idyllic rich class. He was editor of the San Francisco Examiner at only 23, and bought the New York Journal when 22, his political clientele having been built up largely through the chain of newspapers which he has built across the country—in Boston, Chicago and Los Angeles, as well as in the two cities named. He was first elected to Congress when 29, nominated for Mayor of New York City when 42, and for Governor when 43. The accompanying photograph shows him with his wife, who was Miss Millicent Willson, and their child.

### New Men, New Methods.

With new men come new methods in the present campaign. Chairman Hitchcock, having the bachelor's freedom of foot, has given himself a roving commission for the entire Fall, and will not settle down permanently at headquarters after the fashion of his predecessors. His "pull-together" plan of having "sure state" politicians help campaign in neighboring doubtful states is brand-new to politics, as is his scheme of combining the National and Congressional literary bureaus of his party in one central bureau under one "editorial director." Another of his novelties is the card catalogue of every political helper in the field. His Democratic opponents are also fast in introducing novelties. Their scheme of limiting campaign contributions to \$10,000 is also new, as will be their publication of the names of all contributors giving more than \$100. And another novelty is their advertised farmers' fund, through which agriculturists are invited to contribute from \$100 down.

### Father of the "Nebraska System."

The secretaries of the National committees are adroit men. William Hayward, who has just succeeded Elmer Dover in that capacity at Republican headquarters, is only 31, and as head of the Republican state committee of Nebraska has been the youngest state chairman in the country. In this latter capacity he has become famous as father of the "Nebraska system," new to politics, and which, from the state organization, reaches successively down through well-organized district, county, precinct and neighborhood organizations. By an elaborate system of reports the state chairman thus keeps in closest touch with the work of every party organization in his commonwealth. This system naturally attracted Mr. Hitchcock, and he has asked Hayward to instruct the other state chairmen in the method. In Mr. Hitchcock's old place as secretary, Hayward will have charge of the party's Chicago headquarters while the Republican general himself is in the saddle.

Urey Woodson, secretary of the Democratic National committee, held the same position under Chairman Taggart, four years ago. He is 40—13 years older than Hayward—and is a Kentuckian by birth and residence. He was a country editor for 30 years previous to taking charge of a Paducah daily seven years ago. He has been the Blue Cross member of the Democratic National committee since the first Bryan campaign.

### The New Barrel Keepers.

Each party now enters the field with a new barrel keeper, that of the Democrats being Charles N. Haskell, first Governor of the infant state of Oklahoma. He is still another of Ohio's contributors to National politics, having been born in the Buckeye state 45 years ago. Like Chairman Mack, he is of the self-made type, having worked



TREASURER HASKELL.



CHAIRMAN MACK.

up from plowboy to country schoolmaster, and thence to country lawyer. Later he took down his shingle and became a railway contractor, going seven years ago to Indian Territory to build several lines of railway. He got interested in the statehood movement, and was elected member of the constitutional convention of the new state, of which Indian Territory formed a half. His executive ability was so felt in the convention that he carried off the Governorship, and now Mr. Bryan is tickled to have him as his campaign treasurer, because he is the executive of the only state which guarantees bank deposits, a system which the Democratic platform advocates for the Federal Government.

The new Republican treasurer, George Rumsey Sheldon, is, like Chairman Hitchcock, a Harvard man, and since his graduation has been a New York banker. He is 61 years old, is an officer or director in 11 big business enterprises and belongs to many clubs, including the New York Yacht Club, Racquet and Tennis. He was a delegate to the second McKinley convention and was National committeeman from New York when Roosevelt was nominated.

### Du Pont Heads Speakers' Bureau.

It is quite appropriate that the Republican general has selected as his chief of artillery Coleman du Pont, of the celebrated Delaware family of gunpowder makers. Experience with explosives will



CHAIRMAN HITCHCOCK.

the Courier-Journal he is only 65 years young, and these days he thinks nothing of dropping into headquarters and dictating four or five thousand words at a clip. Having waded in the gore of political battlefields since the dawn of youth first writs and invite you from the 15th to the 30th would be rude. You are asked to stay as long as you like; or else you ask yourself to stay as long as you like. Or even—to face all the contingencies—you neither ask nor are asked; you simply go. And, having arrived, you remain, for the one unfailing commodity of an Australian country house is welcome. Everything else may give out. If you stay long enough there is sure to be a time when there are no servants, no milk, no vegetables, no meat but mutton, or even no water, but the thought of guests going away will never enter the minds of the host and hostess.

Good nature, gayety, informality—these are the leading notes of life in every Australian country house. One morning—after a moonlight picnic perhaps—you do not wake for your early tea. You sleep, and it gets cold. The servant, guessing what has happened, comes back later with another cup, but still you do not wake. She returns; it must be five times, for when you wake up you find five cups of cold tea standing in a row on your bedside table.

When people prove unamiable there is one explanation—dyspepsia, which is easily accounted for by the climate, the large amount of meat eaten, and the abnormal quantities of tea consumed. In the Blue Mountains, three hours from Sydney, are many beautiful country houses, mostly bungalows with wide verandas all around, where Sydney people fly in February and March to get away from the dreadful heat of the city by the harbor, and here you will find the house of the famous Mr. Dash, who once behaved so badly to a household of guests.

Feeling ill one day, he went to see a doctor. "Dyspepsia," said the doctor. "What you need is cheerful company, bright conversation and laughter." "Then I'll run up to Burradoo to-night," said Mr. Dash. "My daughters have a lot of people there; they'll cheer me up."

He arrived at his country house that night in a violent temper, swore at the man, the horse, the garden, at the dried-up look of the country, at the giving out of the ice, at the heat—everything. At dinner the guests, who were all youngish, sank into deeper and deeper silence, appalled by the awful look on Mr. Dash's face as he served the corned beef thick, and asked why there was nothing but beef and mutton and a turkey and curries and a pigeon pie to eat on the table.

Reader and reader grew the silence. Nobody could summon up a whisper. Suddenly Mr. Dash began on the table with his fist, his eyes blazing with indignation. "Laugh and talk, can't you—you!" he cried. Even in gay Australia you cannot escape people into cheerful conversation and laughter.

Breakfast, when a good many steaks and chops are eaten, is at half-past eight, but you may be as late as you like. It is even possible that the servants are busy with other things, and you will come down so late that the servants are busy with other things, and you yourself a chop or bacon and eggs, and make fresh tea. No one will think anything of it. Nothing is locked up, and you may take what you like without asking. It may be that you will have to help wash up afterward. Yes! Even in the most luxurious country houses this may happen. Servants are always an uncertain quantity in Australia, and every Australian girl and woman knows that she may be called upon to "do things" even when she goes to stay with friends.

But nobody minds. Nobody minds anything, in fact. The Premier's wife is ironing her blouses in the wash-house. Lord M., the young Englishman, is cleaning his boots in the scullery. Four ladies and six men are washing up in the kitchen. The Premier is feeding the fowls. The daughter of the house is rolling out pastry. Half a dozen people are clearing away the breakfast table and making beds. The three maids have all gone off without notice. The hostess is driving around in a buggy trying to find others. She will have hard work to find them, but she has wired to the Registry office in Sydney to send up three more by to-night's train. Let us hope they come. Let us hope they



CHAIRMAN HEARST AND FAMILY.



I. COLEMAN DU PONT.

Eighteen years his junior is his rival, Francis Curtis, the "editorial director" of the merged Republican literary bureaus, who is as much of a Yankee as "Marse Henry" is a Southerner. Born in Connecticut 60 years ago, he went through Yale two classes behind Mr. Taft, worked on trade journals five years, was a New York World reporter one year, founded an educational magazine, edited the American Economist four years, the Republican Magazine another four years and afterward a newspaper in Birmingham, N. Y. His pen has turned out also a half hundred political pamphlets and handbooks used in recent campaigns. He was the official editorial writer of Roosevelt's campaign against Parker and was in charge of the literary bureau of "Sunny Jim" Sherman's Congressional committee two years ago. He is also the official historian of the Republican party, having turned out two volumes on its career.

### Prize Political Essays.

One of the novelties of this campaign has been Mr. Curtis' enterprise of offering a \$100 prize for the best essay on why the Republicans should be continued in power. This competition closed July 18, at which time the editorial director was snowed under by thousands of compositions on this theme.

A real, sure-enough boom-ladle on Commander-in-Chief Hitchcock's staff is Major Beecher B. Ray, U. S. A., who while on temporary leave of absence from his military duties is directing the "Industrial headquarters" of this campaign, as he did those of 1904 and 1906. Being himself a member of the Order of Railway Conductors, he is alleged to have compiled a valuable directory of a half million of railway employees. He will mail campaign literature to these gentlemen and later to other industrial workers. Washington, D. C., September 4.

## Sketch of Country Life in Australia

You Can Ask Yourself to Be Guest at Ideal Host's House, and Remain as Long as You Like.

IN Australia a month's visit to a country house would be nothing. Two months—three months—six months—as long as you like—would not be considered too long, other things being equal. Nobody thinks of dates. To write and invite you from the 15th to the 30th would be rude. You are asked to stay as long as you like; or else you ask yourself to stay as long as you like. Or even—to face all the contingencies—you neither ask nor are asked; you simply go. And, having arrived, you remain, for the one unfailing commodity of an Australian country house is welcome. Everything else may give out. If you stay long enough there is sure to be a time when there are no servants, no milk, no vegetables, no meat but mutton, or even no water, but the thought of guests going away will never enter the minds of the host and hostess.

Good nature, gayety, informality—these are the leading notes of life in every Australian country house. One morning—after a moonlight picnic perhaps—you do not wake for your early tea. You sleep, and it gets cold. The servant, guessing what has happened, comes back later with another cup, but still you do not wake. She returns; it must be five times, for when you wake up you find five cups of cold tea standing in a row on your bedside table.

When people prove unamiable there is one explanation—dyspepsia, which is easily accounted for by the climate, the large amount of meat eaten, and the abnormal quantities of tea consumed. In the Blue Mountains, three hours from Sydney, are many beautiful country houses, mostly bungalows with wide verandas all around, where Sydney people fly in February and March to get away from the dreadful heat of the city by the harbor, and here you will find the house of the famous Mr. Dash, who once behaved so badly to a household of guests.

Feeling ill one day, he went to see a doctor. "Dyspepsia," said the doctor. "What you need is cheerful company, bright conversation and laughter." "Then I'll run up to Burradoo to-night," said Mr. Dash. "My daughters have a lot of people there; they'll cheer me up."

He arrived at his country house that night in a violent temper, swore at the man, the horse, the garden, at the dried-up look of the country, at the giving out of the ice, at the heat—everything. At dinner the guests, who were all youngish, sank into deeper and deeper silence, appalled by the awful look on Mr. Dash's face as he served the corned beef thick, and asked why there was nothing but beef and mutton and a turkey and curries and a pigeon pie to eat on the table.

Reader and reader grew the silence. Nobody could summon up a whisper. Suddenly Mr. Dash began on the table with his fist, his eyes blazing with indignation. "Laugh and talk, can't you—you!" he cried. Even in gay Australia you cannot escape people into cheerful conversation and laughter.

Breakfast, when a good many steaks and chops are eaten, is at half-past eight, but you may be as late as you like. It is even possible that the servants are busy with other things, and you will come down so late that the servants are busy with other things, and you yourself a chop or bacon and eggs, and make fresh tea. No one will think anything of it. Nothing is locked up, and you may take what you like without asking. It may be that you will have to help wash up afterward. Yes! Even in the most luxurious country houses this may happen. Servants are always an uncertain quantity in Australia, and every Australian girl and woman knows that she may be called upon to "do things" even when she goes to stay with friends.

But nobody minds. Nobody minds anything, in fact. The Premier's wife is ironing her blouses in the wash-house. Lord M., the young Englishman, is cleaning his boots in the scullery. Four ladies and six men are washing up in the kitchen. The Premier is feeding the fowls. The daughter of the house is rolling out pastry. Half a dozen people are clearing away the breakfast table and making beds. The three maids have all gone off without notice. The hostess is driving around in a buggy trying to find others. She will have hard work to find them, but she has wired to the Registry office in Sydney to send up three more by to-night's train. Let us hope they come. Let us hope they

stay, at any rate, till the next holiday, for the Australian domestic has one dreadful habit—she leaves when a holiday comes around.

Hence the story of Lady F., a chief Justice's wife. One night the chief and she were giving a dinner. Among the guests there was a young Englishman. Suddenly there was a lull in the conversation.

"Awful pause!" said the boy Englishman lightly to his hostess.

Her hands were on the table at that moment.

"So would you have if you'd done your own washing and ironing," was her strange and unexpected reply.

After breakfast you may be called to catch the horses in the paddocks, and then you can go riding as long as you choose. "Do as you like," is the only recognized order of the day. There will be golf, tennis, croquet, polo, kangaroo hunting, rowing on the creek (but no punting), moonlight rides, billiard, and pinnacled galore. And there will be gayety and laughter, music and song, dancing and bridge, night and day, and day and night. And all day long there will be tea. Tea at 7, tea for breakfast, tea in the sitting-room or veranda at 11, tea for lunch, tea with dinner.

And yet there will always be more girls than married women. Girls in fact abound in a country house, for Australia is pre-eminently the land of the girl. Everything is for her. Married women, unless very beautiful or very dashing, are put on one side when girls are present. An Australian lady who had been living for years in Italy paid a visit to Sydney last year and afterward confided to her Italian friends how kind she was to get back to Italy. "In Australia," said she, "I was left out of everything because I was married. It was always Ethel who was asked, never me. If by chance I did go I was sorry. I had something to eat and then was left alone, while all the young people talked to each other. It's nice to get back to Italy, where a married woman is the only one who counts."

And all day long and all night the front door will stand wide open, and the strange folk who come drifting in are never turned away empty-handed. —LORRAINE MACK in London Mail