Mark Hanna's Brilliant Daughter Mixes Pink Teas With Politics

As Chairman of Republican Women's National Executive Committee Mrs. Medill McCormick Occupies Unique Position in World Womanhood

Mrs Medill McCormick, Designated By Chairman Hays As Leader Of Republican Women's Executive Committee.

Mrs Hill McCarter, The Writer, Who Has Been Selected To Help At National Headquarters.

Will H. Hays Chairman Republican National Committee.

Mrs Nicholas Longworth, The Daughter Of Theodore Roosevelt, Is Actively In This Movement.

Mrs John Hays Hammond, Another Prominent Leader.

Mrs Raymond Robins, A Potent Influence In The National Affairs Of Women.

BY MAUD McDOUGALL.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—Mrs. Medill McCormick, daughter of the late Mark Hanna, United States Senatorator from Ohio, and in his day one of the wheelhorses of the Republican party, and wife of Representative Medill McCormick, prospective Senator from Illinois, has been picked by Will Hays, chairman of the National Republican Committee, to round up into the straight and narrow path of Republicanism the ever increasing number of women voters. He has named her chairman of the Republican women's National executive committee, and she has opened headquarters in Washington at 1623 H street and has started in enthusiastically on the work laid out for her.

On the face of it her position in the Republican party is analogous to that of Mrs. George Bass with the Democrats. But it differs in the one important particular that, whereas Mrs. Bass' position is purely advisory, Mrs. McCormick's is to be co-operative. It is not a mere empty honor, given with a view to "jollying the women along" and making them feel that they cut some ice, so that they will be willing to work for the party in campaign times.

"The Republican party has opened wide its doors and has granted us women full participation in party affairs," says Mrs. McCormick, "and now that the long-hoped-for opportunity has come, we women are eager to justify the confidence shown. I want to emphasize that we do not propose to organize the women separately; our plan as a National committee is to co-operate with the Republican National chairman in each state, and to aid him in perfecting his organization to include women, so that in meeting the reconstruction problems and formulating its policies, the party will have the benefit of the women's advice and counsel as well as the men's."

Her Important Role.

At the meeting of the National Republican executive committee in Washington this month Mrs. McCormick is to sit in with it, take part in its deliberations and help formulate its policies. In February she expects to call a conference of Republican women of the country, which will last about a week and at which the issues and plans of the Republican party will be set before the women. They will be urged to express themselves, to suggest things that are going to need doing and ways and means for doing them.

It is the first time in the history of this country, and probably of the world, Mrs. McCormick holds, that women have been asked to help pick the planks of a party platform, to help formulate its policies and will be asked to select the candidates, for which policies and candidates they will ultimately be asked to campaign. And so she is asking the co-operation of far-seeing women all over the country to help work out a programme for social and industrial reconstruction in the wake of the war.

Her theory is that most of the women—or at any rate many of the women—who recently have been or shortly will be given the vote have no particularly partisan ideas as to how they will use it. In the main they are not party women. They have the "open mind" which the President is fond of claiming. If the Republican party can convince them that it stands for the things that they believe in, they are going to be Republicans; if the Democratic party is the more convincing, they will join that. Mr. Hays agrees with her, and that is why he has asked the women to take an active part, not merely in electing Republican candidates, but in choosing them and in building the platform on which they will stand.

"We are asking Republican women everywhere to confer with one another and to send in requests, suggestions or demands as to how best to carry out our plans for National reconstruction. There are at present six members of the Republican women's National executive committee and the plan is to add three more."

The present members are Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, of California; Miss Mary Garrett Hay, of New York; Mrs. Margaret Hill McCarter, of Kansas; Mrs. Josephine Corliss Preston, of Washington; Mrs. Raymond Robins and Mrs. Medill McCormick, chairman. An Easterner would naturally criticise its makeup as being overwhelmingly Western. But the incongruity of putting nonvoting women on such a committee is self-evident, and it is the Western states that have been foremost in giving their women the vote. Mrs. Raymond Robins is on the committee as member-at-large, not as representing any section of the country, but for her knowledge of industrial conditions as they affect women. She is not on the committee as of Chicago, or of New York, but as of the Women's Trade Union League.

In establishing national headquarters in Washington Mrs. McCormick expresses her purpose of making it a Republican center that will serve as a clearing-house for the Republican women of the country. An important feature will be a bureau of information, to which women may refer party questions. She wants also to make it a sort of a club for Republican women of the congressional delegations, placing the headquarters rooms at their disposal as a meeting place with friends. But her cardinal principle is that there shall be no division in the ranks of Republican men and women. No separate women's organization is contemplated, but an organization which shall encourage the women and assure them that they are to be welcomed to work side by side with the men and to have their part in directing the party destinies. She regards the conference of leading Republican women from all over the country, which she proposes to hold here in February, as epochal in the party's affairs. Time will be given for the women to thoroughly thresh out the reconstruction problems, affecting the status of women, it being the first time that women have met together to consider ways and means of advancing the party's interests.

She Opens Headquarters.

Mrs. McCormick opened her headquarters about the middle of December with "tea and talk." There was nothing dry or official about the programme. In a pleasant, berugged room, with the sunshine streaming in upon the ferns and growing things in the bay window of what had been the drawing-room of one of the most fashionable and hospitable residences of Washington a generation ago, a couple of hundred women gathered to meet Mrs. Mcmick and her friends—Mrs. Arthur Ryerson, just back from six months' overseas service with the American fund for French wounded, and Mrs. Raymond Robins. They didn't, either of them, talk partisan politics. Mrs. Robins was full of the difficulties of readjustment of women who had thrown themselves into the breach when the nation's industries needed them and seemed now likely to be thrown out without ceremony and with scant regard to right or justice. Mrs. Ryerson was full of the things she had seen in France.

There were rows of little red-cushioned gilt chairs, as for any parlor gathering. There was nothing particularly political in the atmosphere beyond Mrs. McCormick's little preliminary setting forth of the purpose and plans of her committee. After the formal-informal talk the rows of little gilt chairs broke their formation and gathered into little groups for discussion and gossip and tea and delicious little sandwiches.

It was an interesting afternoon, and perhaps the most significant feature was the rallying of the clans of the old-time Republican families. As they arrived the women were asked to register in the "guest book." The first name inscribed thereon is "Alice Longworth, Cincinnati." Others are Mrs. Charles R. Davis, Minnesota; Mrs. Miles Poindexter, of Washington State; Mrs. P. H. B. Frelinghuysen, Mrs. James B. Reynolds, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mrs. William Hard, Mrs. Frederick Gillett, Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mrs. Robert Chew, Mrs. Fred Britten, Mrs. Irving Lenroot, Mrs. Julius Kahn and Miss Marion Oliver—rather a widely representative lot of Republican women, by no means all of them from suffrage states, not even all of the women who have been active in suffrage, but women who in their own circles have names to conjure with.

And where could Mr. Hays have found a woman better suited to organize the women and lead them into the Republican fold than Mrs. McCormick? She was Ruth Hanna, the daughter of one of the most astute politicians that even Ohio ever produced, the man who was generally regarded as having made McKinley President. Not only was she her father's daughter, but she was, according to those who knew the old Senator, very close to him, and though scarcely more than a schoolgirl his confidante in many of his political fights.

Since her marriage she has been constantly associated with one of the most aggressive of the younger politicians, a public-spirited young uplifter who has gone in headfirst for a political career, and seems to be making a "go" of it. Converted to suffrage by her husband, as he himself puts it, "at the cost of considerable time and money and argument," she has been a leader in every fight the National Women's Suffrage Association has waged—even its rather bitter fight against the National Woman's party.

If heredity and environment, combined with what should be a most illuminating experience, count for anything, certainly Ruth Hanna McCormick ought to know how to play the political game.

Moreover, she is a splendid refutation of the bromide that a woman cannot take an intelligent interest—even a voting interest—in public affairs without necessarily neglecting her household and her children. Every one who knows her at all knows that her two children are the biggest fact on earth to her, and the biggest factor in her life. With both Mr. and Mrs. McCormick the children are a passion. The moment he hits the front door in the evening, Mr. McCormick makes a beeline for the nursery, and there is one high old time with the youngsters. And neither politics nor parties, neither sociology nor society, in both of which, being a woman of catholic tastes, Mrs. McCormick takes an intelligent interest, is allowed to interfere with the hours set aside for the kiddies. While the kiddies, should occasion arise, interfere with any engagement their mother may have.

Runs Her Own House.

No home in Washington runs on more smoothly oiled machinery than that rather complicated home of the young Senator-elect from Illinois. Yet it is one of the few important official residences where no housekeeper is on duty. On the contrary, Mrs. McCormick has always insisted on running the house herself. And it is certainly an indication of rather unusual executive ability that, although she gives up several hours daily to her desk at Republican women's headquarters, she retains personal direction of her home, and of every smallest detail that affects her two children, Katrina, aged 6, and Medill, generally known to intimates of the family as "Johnnie," aged "2, goin' on 3."

Last Winter the McCormicks had a delightful home out on New Hampshire avenue, where, while they did no entertaining that she considered worthy of the name—certainly no formal entertaining—they acheieved a reputation as about the most delightful hosts in town. They had Sunday night suppers which everybody was quite crazy about, informal perhaps, but most enjoyable, where one was sure to meet the most interesting people that ever came to Washington, not as lions particularly, but simply as human beings.

She insisted strenuously that she was having no functions because she distinctly disapproved of functions when the nation was at war. Even when she and her husband gave a dinner for Lord and Lady Reading, very soon after their arrival, it must not for a moment be regarded as a function. They simply had the Readings—people whom they had met in London, and really liked a whole lot—in to dinner. Which gave rise to the question how one was to entertain at exalted functionary without making a function of the entertainment, or "When is a function not a function?" Answer: When it's at the McCormicks'.

Now the war is over and there may be "functions" at the house down on Jackson's Place, where they are living this season, about opposite the old Cameron house, which was the Washington home of Ruth Hanna's girlhood; though her present home was one of which she knew every nook and corner, and where she danced away many a happy evening of her girlhood, having been at that time the residence of Mrs. Richard Townsend, Mrs. Peter Gerry's mother, and as notable as the scene of brilliant entertaining as Mrs. Townsend's present Massachusetts avenue mansion is now. There will not, however, be the delightful Sunday night suppers. Mrs. McCormick decided to give those up when, in deference to the request of the authorities that men be dispensed with as household servants, she organized her household with only women servants, all of whom, incidentally, she brought with her from her Illinois home.

Mr. McCormick has been conspicuously identified with the class of young college men who have entered into the political life of the country zealously, and concerned themselves intimately with the public welfare. He is not old enough or radical enough to be called an iconoclast. But he has always done his own thinking. Mrs. McCormick is his feminine prototype. Not even her husband does her thinking. Nor does he want to. She is not at all a "pretty-pretty" type. She is dark-skinned, dark-eyed, with heavy dark hair, straight and slender, not very robust, but tremendously energetic, rather of the George Eliot type, "interesting," but of no set style of beauty.

Of course, she and Mr. McCormick have wealth—a good deal of it—but they are young and sincere and genuine, and their wealth does not scream or stare at the passerby. It fits in with natural grace and is quite overlooked in the realization that their purpose in life is the real thing, and their ideals are honest and fine.

Manages a Farm.

Mrs. McCormick is an accomplished horsewoman, probably the best in the official crowd in Washington. All her life she has had horses and loved them; in fact, as a girl, she was so devoted to them that her father used to display a mock terror lest when she grew up and came to choosing a career she would insist on being a jockey. Which is perhaps why, when she began to look around for a little diversion "from the serious affairs of life," she chose for her plaything Rock River Farm, the estate on the Rock River which these two energetic young people now call home. Her chief interest in the way of relaxation is the management of those 1500 acres, where she is developing a wonderful dairy, not as a commercial proposition, but for the sake of the sick babies of Chicago, thousands of whom have been nursed back to health on the pure certified milk produced there. There is no finer herd of purebred Holsteins in the country than those of which the McCormick farm boasts.

During the summer the family luxuriates there. The children love it, and learned to ride almost at the same time that they learned to walk. But even the best of riders sometimes come a cropper. And in the height of the campaign last fall Mr. McCormick's advisers did not know whether to smile or swear when he failed to show up at an important political meeting, and later explained that his little girl had had a fall from her horse, and of course, he could not bother about politics until he had taken her to the hospital, and assured himself that she was not seriously damaged.

The farm, while the McCormicks are on it, during the summer, which begins early with them and ends late, is the "social center" in every sense of the word of the surrounding country. Mrs. McCormick attends the sewing circles and the women's clubs in that section. She helped the young people last summer organize garden clubs. She turned over a good part of the farm to the land army for intensive cultivation and the training of women farm hands, and 35 women learned modern scientific dairy methods under Mrs. McCormick's personal direction. "As a girl," she says, "I spent much of my time on my grandfather's farm in Ohio, and now I am able to put to good use the knowledge I acquired at that time. I have always liked the country and my interest in agricultural problems is one of the big things of my life."

Her Special Training.

Also as a girl she spent much time with her father, learning the political game from a very shrewd teacher. And she grew up in official society in Washington, taking her place quite as a matter of course among the belles of the capital, meeting notables and nobodies with the courtesy that her position required. In fact, she has had a wonderful training for the job that Mr. Hays has asked her to undertake, and not merely Washington, but the whole country will watch with interest the functioning of the Republican Women's National Executive Committee under her leadership. It looks as if she was going to effect a truly alluring combination of pink teas and politics.

Rev. Lockhart Meets Oregonians on Way to England.

Former Portland Pastor Writes "World Gets Smaller Every Day."

THE fame of Oregon and Oregon citizens is by no means restricted to the borders of the United States, finds the Rev. E. B. Lockhart, former pastor of the Lincoln Methodist Church, who recently entered Y. M. C. A. work and sailed for England. He writes of meeting and hearing of several former Portland residents in New York.

It was as his boat was heading in for Liverpool along the coast of Ireland that this incident occurred, as related in his letter:

"A young woman turned to me and asked: 'Did I hear you say you come from distant Oregon? Look at this.' And she turned the edge of her steamer shawl so I could see the label, which read 'Made in Oregon City.'"

In New York Rev. Mr. Lockhart learned of the success of Miss Kathleen Lawlor, former soloist of the First Baptist Church in Portland, now singing in the Rutgers Memorial Church in New York, and of the triumphs of Hartridge Whipp, former Portland singer, who has died since Rev. Mr. Lockhart wrote.

"Did you say you were from Oregon?" inquired a woman who lives in the East. On receiving an affirmative answer, she asked all about Dr. W. W. Youngson, and then she said she was Mrs. Margaret McKelvie, a cousin of Dr. Youngson and a frequent visitor in Portland.

Rev. Mr. Lockhardt met persons who inquired about Bishop Walter T. Sumner, Judge Henry McGinn, Mayor Baker and other Portlanders. Most of these were encountered on the voyage to England. In a postscript to his letter he says:

"I have just met Lieutenant Carle Abrams, high in military influence at Winchester, England, a Salem man, well-known newspaper man and legislator. At officers' mess table I turned to the man next me and found he was Lieutenant Francis Trouchet, of Portland. He was wounded in France, but was well and happy. His wife lives on Hall street, Portland. This world gets smaller every day."

Auction Bridge.

(Continued From First Page.)

revoke and perhaps prevent the inadvertent play of a spade when a club is intended, or a heart when a diamond is intended, or vice versa. I repeatedly impress upon pupils the value of system if they would become good and efficient players, and that if their cards are systematically arranged and therefore easy of reference, any card can be drawn from the hand without taking the attention from the table where the play is going on, and developments are constantly unfolding.

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But to go back to my original proposition—the subject of bidding: Not long ago I dropped in a club where auction was being played, and at one table, during the play of four deals, after which time progression was made, neither side had scored below the line. It was quite as if they had been playing nullo, where the object is to lose, and the side which loses the most heavily is the victorious side. What is the moral to be drawn from this? Simply that the players had systematically overbid their hands. This is but one instance; countless numbers could be given.

There are three essentials to a first-round suit bid: Five or more cards of the suit, ace or king at the top, and a quick outside trick. One's object in making a bid is not always necessarily to get the bid and play the hand, but to give one's partner such inferences as will enable him, in connection with his own holding, so to act as to secure the greatest co-operation possible between the two. If, therefore, you make a first-round bid lacking any one of these essentials to the bid, and your partner, crediting you with a holding you do not possess, makes a bid or adopts a policy he would not otherwise have done, you alone are responsible for any disaster that may follow. And not only this, but having once deceived him—as Miss Irwin puts it—having once lied to him—you have caused him to lose all confidence in you, and thereafter in deciding his policy he will be guided by his own hand alone.

* * *

Now as to the first condition to the bid, the holding of five or more cards: A four-card suit, while, strictly speaking, a long suit, is the shortest long suit that you can hold, and if you bid on this number only, another player—the chances being two to one that it is an adversary—can easily hold the same number and cause confusion to your plans. Moreover, it is of the greatest importance that you hold a sufficient number of trumps as that you may exhaust the adversaries and still remain with one or more to be able to bring in your own or your partner's (the dummy's) suit. If you have four trumps only, this is generally difficult of accomplishment, and particularly so if, before exhausting the adversaries, you are forced and your trump strength is thus broken. Do not forget that the adversary is going to force you, and as often and whenever possible, as soon as he discovers your vulnerable point.

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Now as to the second condition, the necessity of holding ace or king of the suit: A second honor is also much to be desired, though not necessary to the bid unless the suit contains five cards only. Then it is absolutely essential, unless perhaps there are two outside tricks rather than one.

No matter how long the suit, never make a first-round bid on a queen or jack suit. Reserve all bids of this nature until the second round of bidding, if such develops. It is not claimed that a queen or jack suit, if sufficiently long, will not at times result in a good score, but the importance of a uniform system for a first-round bid that your partner may definitely infer as to your holding and be guided accordingly fully outweighs as a rule any loss that may occasionaly accrue from your failure to announce such suit when you had the opportunity. A first-round bid cannot mean one thing at one time and another thing at another. Your first bid, therefore, must proclaim ace or king.

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Now as to the third stipulation, the necessity for a quick outside trick: A quick trick means a trick on the first or second round of a suit, so the card held must be ace or guarded king. A king, to be sure, is not thoroughly dependable unless it be guarded by queen, and the more conservative bidders insist upon this being the condition. The majority of players, however, look upon the king as a trick when it is guarded by any card whatever. While the king-queen combination is an ideal one, too many good bids could easily be passed up while one is waiting for it.

Before bringing this to a close, I would explain that the longer and stronger the trump suit, the less the necessity for the outside trick. With seven trumps to the ace or king, for instance, few players will hesitate to bid, though there be no outside trick. With eight trumps, provided ace or king be included, only the ultra-conservatives would refuse to bid, though the rest of the hand could be entirely worthless.

I will continue this subject in my next paper.

In accordance with the American Forestry Association's plan, thousands of memorial trees for the soldier heroes of the great war will be planted by the states of the Union during 1919.

Alkali Makes Soap Bad for Washing Hair

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is just plain mulsified cocoanut oil, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats the most expensive soaps or anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.—Adv.

To Quickly Remove Ugly Hairs From Face

(Beauty Notes)

Beauty-destroying hairs are soon banished from the skin with the aid of a delatone pasie, made by mixing some water with a little plain powdered delatone. This is spread upon the hairy surface for 2 or 3 minutes, then rubbed off and the skin washed to remove the remaining delatone. This simple treatment banishes every trace of hair and leaves the skin without a blemish. Caution should be used to be certain that it is delatone you buy.—Adv.