

NOMINEES OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY



HOW REPUBLICANS SELECTED HUGHES AND FAIRBANKS

Story of the Chicago Convention and Its Numerous Interesting Twists and Turns.

BUT THREE BALLOTS NEEDED

Efforts for Harmonious Action With Progressives—Amusing Scenes in the Coliseum and Among the Boosters in Hotels.

By E. W. PICKARD. (Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.)

FOR PRESIDENT CHARLES EVANS HUGHES. FOR VICE PRESIDENT CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS.

Chicago.—As exclusively predicted by 497,365 persons, the Republican party in convention assembled in Chicago selected Associate Justice Charles E. Hughes as its standard bearer in the campaign of 1916.

Contrary to the expectation of almost everybody and to his own desire, Charles Warren Fairbanks of Indiana was chosen for the second place.

If that is not a safe and sane ticket for presentation to the sovereign voters of the nation, the Republican leaders who devised it don't know how to make one. They put it forth in the full confidence that it will command the suffrages of a majority of the electors next November and that it would receive the indorsement of Colonel Roosevelt and most of his Progressive followers.

The nomination of Mr. Justice Hughes, which was accomplished on the third ballot, was received by the throng in the Coliseum with a demonstration that was as safe and sane as the candidate. Everybody stood up and cheered.

Saturday afternoon Mr. Hughes sent a telegram to Chairman Harding accepting the nomination, and at the same time he resigned from the Supreme court of the United States.

Justice Hughes' letter of resignation, sent to the White House by messenger, contained one brief sentence. It said:

"I hereby resign the office of associate justice of the Supreme court of the United States. I am, sir, respectfully yours,

"CHARLES E. HUGHES."

The selection of Mr. Fairbanks for the position which he once before filled with distinction required only one ballot, and soon thereafter the convention adjourned sine die, leaving the Indiana delegation glued to the long distance telephone endeavoring to persuade the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash to accept the honor thus summarily thrust upon him.

Final Session Was Interesting.

The story of the final session of the convention, on Saturday, is rather interesting because of the way in which its developments were concerned with the course pursued by Theodore Roosevelt and with the doings of the Progressive convention in the Auditorium. All night long the conference committees of the two conventions had been closed in a room of the Chicago club, and the first thing Chairman Harding did was to call for a final report from the Republican committee. Mr. Smoot of Utah informed the convention that his committee had submitted to the Progressives the name of Justice Hughes, even as the Bull Mooseers the day before had submitted that of T. R.; that the Progressives had then received from the colonel a long telegram, which he read, earnestly pleading for harmony and united action, and suggesting that they offer to unite with the Republicans on Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts,

whose character and record he warmly eulogized. This recommendation, Senator Smoot said, had been received by the Progressive convention and laid on the table.

Of course that put an end at once to the hopes of picking a nominee on whom both conventions could unite, and Chairman Harding directed the call of the roll of states for the third ballot. Friday evening two trial ballots had been taken for the purpose of giving the favorite sons their chance, and no one of them had shown the strength necessary to win. Hughes advanced from 253 1/2 votes on the first ballot to 328 1/2 on the second, and if the managers of the favorite sons had not forced an adjournment, the justice could have been nominated that evening.

Ballot That Nominated Hughes.

So, when the third ballot was begun Saturday morning, there was no doubt of the result. Alabama, first on the list, started the flop with its 16 votes, and the others followed suit with an almost unbroken regularity. Now and then there was an interruption as someone rose to withdraw the name of a candidate. Sherman, Fairbanks, Cummins, Root and the rest followed one another into the discard. Weeks of Massachusetts withdrew himself, and a Roosevelt delegate from the Southwest pulled down the name of the colonel, speaking for all the Roosevelt men in the convention.

Before half the states had been called Mr. Hughes had the necessary 494 votes, New Jersey giving him 27 that carried him past the mark. Here and there a recalcitrant was found, but they were few and far between. As announced by the chairman, the ballot stood: Hughes, 949 1/2; La Follette, 3; Lodge, 7; Roosevelt, 18 1/2.

Alexander P. Moore of Pittsburgh moved that the nomination be made unanimous, and Senator Lodge, who had voted for Roosevelt, seconded the motion. The question being put, there was a roaring chorus of "ayes," and Chairman Harding smilingly announced that there were no "noes."

Former Senator Burkett of Nebraska was Mr. Fairbanks' only rival for second place. Unlike the Indiana statesman, he had been making an earnest campaign for the honor, but the result did not justify his hopes, for Mr. Fairbanks was given an overwhelmingly large vote.

Moose Nominate Roosevelt.

At the time all this was taking place in the Coliseum, the Progressives in the Auditorium were joyfully nominating Theodore Roosevelt. At the very moment when the news of Hughes' nomination by the Republicans was flashed to the Bull Moose convention, Chairman Robins was announcing that the colonel had been unanimously nominated, by acclamation, as the standard bearer of the Progressive party.

The convention went wild, and it was some time before it could be calmed down enough to be told what had been done in the Coliseum.

The ardent admirers of the Man of Sagamore Hill did not take kindly to his suggestion that they combine with the Republicans to nominate Lodge. "Name Roosevelt today," had been their shout from the early morning hours, and when the colonel's appeal to them to back Lodge was laid before the convention it was met by a storm of hisses and cries of "No, no." The Mooseers were determined to nominate Roosevelt, and nominate him they proceeded to do, with a mighty shout.

After a recess, the Progressives nominated John M. Parker of Louisiana for the vice presidency, by acclamation. Governor Johnson of California and Raymond Robins were presented for the nomination, but both withdrew in favor of Parker.

First Day Deadly Dull.

"I'm representing a paper in Tombstone, Arizona," said a man at the entrance to the press section of the Coliseum.

"Come right in; you will be right at home," said another man on the inside.

And there is the first day of the Republican national convention in a nutshell. It had all the aspects of a well-conducted funeral, except that instead of flowers there was the pro-

fuse decoration of the great building with flags and bunting. No marked enthusiasm, no lively processions of delegations seeking their seats, no spontaneous demonstrations when the notabilities of the party entered.

Senator Warren G. Harding, selected as the temporary chairman, evoked applause when he stepped forth to accept the gavel.

Mr. Harding had been chosen to sound the keynotes, and of course he did sound several for the party at large, notably on adequate national preparedness, protective tariff and straight Americanism. But first and foremost he sounded what was meant to be the keynote for the party in convention assembled and for the Bull Mooseers several blocks north in the Auditorium. That keynote was harmony.

Harmony fairly radiated from Mr. Harding's countenance; it oozed from his outstretched hands; it flowed in a stream down among the delegates—but there it seemed to stop. He spoke no harsh words of the "erring brothers" of 1912, but exuded enough harmony to make it perfectly easy for them to slip back into the party without a bit of friction. He didn't swat the Bull Moose with a club, or scold it, but stroked its ears and sought to remove painlessly its horns and massage its snout into the semblance of an elephant's trunk. How well he succeeded the closing events of the two conventions demonstrated. Truth to tell, there was every evidence that Senator Harding had no desire to stir up anything much with his address, for the old-line leaders had not yet discovered just how they could save the party by accomplishing the defeat of the Democrats next November.

What are the Progressives doing and going to do? was the question heard continually, and now it was answered in part by the reading of the invitation from the convention in the Auditorium for the appointment of a conference committee to meet one to be appointed by the Progressives. The invitation was accepted gladly by the Republicans, for they earnestly desired peace and unity. Some wisecracks shook their heads when the chair appointed four gentlemen who had been classed as ultra conservatives, but the name of Borah was looked on as a saving grace, and the committee went to its delicate task, the convention adjourning until Friday.

Hopefully assembling again next morning, the delegates were told that the Progressive committee had been able to suggest little more than the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt by both conventions, because the leaders

An Undercurrent of Fear.

Beneath the smooth surface of events in the Coliseum was apparent to the close observer a distinct undercurrent of fear—fear of what the Progressives would and would not do. The latter had gone into convention with the frankly and loudly expressed intention of nominating Colonel Roosevelt and no one else. Moreover, they intended to force his nomination on the Republicans. The Republicans were split into two great camps. One, the "allies," was made up of the forces supporting the dozen or more "favorite sons." The other included the seasoned men whose purpose, seemingly, was the prevention of Roosevelt's nomination. To bring this about, they were willing to support Charles E. Hughes.

The "allies" were ready to give each of their candidates a fair chance, and then proposed to combine on one—but which one they couldn't determine.

Meanwhile, in the Auditorium, the radical Progressives were clamoring to nominate the colonel at once and let the Republicans indorse him or go through the experience of four years ago, and only the strenuous efforts of George W. Perkins and a few other wise ones held them in check to await the peace negotiations that were to come later, and come in vain.

No wonder that fear ruled. It looked as though the man down at Oyster Bay held in the hollow of his hand the fate of both parties, and he sat there nearly as silent as the associate justice. To be sure he did send word that he would be pleased to come and address the Republican convention if it desired to hear him, but no such desire was manifested.

So the first session moved quietly to its conclusion, and the only really spontaneous burst of enthusiasm was that which greeted the announcement by Sergeant at Arms Stone that a thousand automobiles, provided by Mayor Thompson's committee, were waiting outside to convey the delegates to their hotels.

What the Women Won.

On Thursday, though the rain continued unabated, the convention added a touch of color to its mourning garb state of mind, in recognition of the progressive platform that was presented by the scholarly Senator Lodge in behalf of the committee on resolutions. To be sure there was nothing startling in that platform, nor anything very unexpected, if you except the plank on woman suffrage. And there was where Senator Lodge developed an unexpected vein of sardonic humor. "The Republican party," he read, with some flourishes inserted, "favors woman suffrage"—he paused, and many of his hearers, especially the women, cheered loudly for a minute—"but recognizes the right of each state to settle this question for itself," concluded the senator. Louder than ever was the shouting that greeted this, but it was derisive, and all cluttered up with laughter.

And yet the women had won a genuine victory in obtaining even this qualified indorsement of their cause, and felt well rewarded for their effort of the day before. That effort, their parade down Michigan boulevard, was an exhibition of nerve unequalled during the week, unless one except the candidacy of certain of the presidential aspirants. The rain and wind swept across the boulevard until the marchers could scarcely keep their feet, to say nothing of carrying their numerous banners, and yet they marched undaunted, over five thousand strong, leaving a trail of wrecked umbrellas and banners all the way to the Coliseum. It was a much more impressive exhibition of their faith than if ten times as many had made the march on a fair day.

Strong Platform Adopted.

Returning to the convention and its platform, it should be noted that the plank devoted to preparedness called for nearly all the most ardent advocate of national protection could ask—a navy strong and ready, an adequate army and a system of military training for reserves—and this plank was re-

ceived with manifest approval. So, too, was the reference to the Democratic plan to relinquish the Philippines. Altogether, it seemed the platform should enlist the support of almost any Republican, however progressive he may be.

Senator Lodge concluding, forth came a brave young man from Wisconsin, of the name of Gross, and presented a minority report. It contained the well-known views of Senator La Follette on economic and social questions, and especially did it contain a plank calling for an embargo on the shipment of munitions to the warring nations of Europe. Mr. Gross was plucky, but didn't get very far, for his report received only a few scattering votes from his own Wisconsin delegation.

Close under the lee of the speaker's rostrum all this time sat one William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska, and at each strong point made by the senator from Massachusetts he would crane his neck around for a good look at that gentleman, and sink back in his chair with a grim grin. Just what he thought he refused to say out loud.

During a pause in the proceedings "Uncle Joe" Cannon and Chauncey Depew were brought forward, one at a time, to entertain the audience, and they did it with a characteristic mixture of story, joke and old time patriotism. Then Senator Borah was introduced, and some real fireworks were expected, but while he spoke well and inspiringly, he held himself well in command.

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Mrs. Charles E. Hughes.

could not deliver anything like their full strength if any other man were named. To this the Republican committee made no response, only asking that it be continued.

Candidates Are Named.

Time was growing short, and the leaders now proceeded to the presentation of candidates. Mr. Hughes was first on the list, because Arizona yielded to New York, and Root followed. The demonstration for neither was up to expectations, and Weeks received no more applause. Illinois and Ohio and Indiana woke things up a lot for Sherman, Burton and Fairbanks, respectively, but the audience was waiting, because the word had gone around that Senator Fall of New Mexico was to place Roosevelt in nomination, and everyone was eager to see what would happen then. Fall made a stirring speech, and the galleries rose to the occasion, though most of the delegates merely looked on curiously. It really was the big noise of the convention to date.

Back in 1912 when the handsome Mrs. Davis acted as cheerleader for the Roosevelt demonstration she set a fashion which every candidate seemed to think it necessary to follow this year. Each of them had a lady yell leader in one of the galleries. Some of them were pretty and some of them were only energetic. Mr. Root's cheerleader just opened her mouth at frequent intervals—in fact, when she got the signal from Job Hedges—and let out a series of piercing shrieks. Later she "changed her vote on the second ballot," for then she was found to be emitting similar screams in behalf of Colonel Roosevelt.

Mr. Fairbanks had, perhaps, the handsomest of these lady shouters in the person of Mrs. English of Indianapolis, daughter-in-law of W. H. English, who was Hancock's running mate long years ago. Wrapped in one American flag and waving another, she made a striking figure, and her early stage training stood her in good stead.

Among the Boosters.

To one who had frequented the Michigan boulevard hotels during the evenings of the convention week it was not surprising that there was not an enthusiastic demonstration at the Coliseum when Hughes was placed in nomination. Never before was there so little boosting of a leading candidate on the surface. "There comes the man with the Hughes badge," said one onlooker, and there was little exaggeration in the remark. Everyone else had headquarters, bands, glee clubs, badge distributors, and all the rest of the machinery of boosting, but not so Hughes. The work for him was being done quietly behind closed doors.

All sorts of devices were resorted to by supporters of favorite sons. In the Fairbanks region at the Congress hotel women sold carnations for that tall sycamore. "Can't I sell you a flower for a dime?" one of them asked a husky negro. "What for?" "Why, for Fairbanks." "I should say not; he ain't worth a dime to me," was the reply.

These negroes were among the amusing features of the hotel lobbies, for they were forever getting into acrimonious dispute with one another. "Don't you try to tell me nothin'," said a big colored Indian to one from a Southern state. "You darkeys from down there are on the market as soon as you get here, every time."

"Is that so?" was the sharp response. "Well, you tell me when did Indiana ever send a colored delegate?"

Lots of Times.

"But when, I asts you?" "Lots of times, I tells you." "But, I asts you, when?"

And so it would go on interminably. Wednesday night was the liveliest in the hotels, for the boosters were out in all their glory and as yet uncurbed. In the Congress a swarm of cowboy-hatted Sherman shouters took possession of the lobby and at intervals the T. R. paraders would undertake to march through them, carrying large "Teddy" signs. Every such attempt was the signal for a near riot, and those signs were soon smashed by umbrella-handle blows.

Then the Sherman boys produced a baby elephant and a goat labeled "Teddy's." The little pachyderm was as once banished to the baggage room, where its trunk was checked and its manager ordered half a ton of hay from the Pompeian room. As for the goat, it was run out in a hurry, and the hotel management issued an edict that no more live stock should be brought into the place. So thereafter the crowds were content to go "milling" about the various rooms, here watching movies of Roosevelt parades, there listening to speakers tell of the virtues of Burton or Fairbanks, and elsewhere collecting badges and buttons. "For the Lord's sake take them," the boosters would urge. "They won't be worth a darn next week." Which was necessarily true of all but one variety, then unknown.

Black Mark for Chicago.

Mention has been made above of Mayor Thompson's committee, and credit must be given it for doing much to entertain the delegates and other convention visitors. In addition to big flocks of free automobiles, there were many and varied forms of entertainment, parades of firemen, fireworkers, and the like, so far as the wretched weather permitted, and on Thursday night there were dances in a dozen of the leading hotels to which all were invited. So far, so good. But a big black mark must be placed against the mayor and his political friends for the outrage of Friday afternoon. At that time, just as things were getting interesting, an immense swarm of ward-healers and political henchmen swept down on the Coliseum, armed with green tickets or sergeant at arms badges, and so thronged the building that the police and firemen finally closed all the doors. The doorkeepers were given orders to honor no tickets whatever, and hundreds of newspaper correspondents and men and women who had paid as high as \$250 for admission tickets were rudely thrust aside. The order came when a great many were outside the hall for lunch and they were unable to get back to their seats.

To make a bad matter worse, while holders of proper credentials argued and battled with the police in vain, shouting their indignation and trying futilely to send word to Sergeant at Arms Stone, the ward workers were slipping in by the hundred, entering through the emergency hospital door, where Doctor Robertson, the city health commissioner, and his aids were stationed.

Mayor Thompson appeared at the Coliseum shortly after the doors were closed. "Who ordered the doors barred?" he was asked. "Sergeant at Arms Stone," he replied. "How does the fire department figure in this outrage?" the inquirer asked.

"Mr. Stone asked for protection. He said there were 3,000 too many people in the building already."

"What do you know about the green tickets?"

The mayor walked away.

From a casual inspection of the crowds in the building Friday it seemed that there must be thousands of men wearing the badges of sergeants at arms, and at noon one alder-

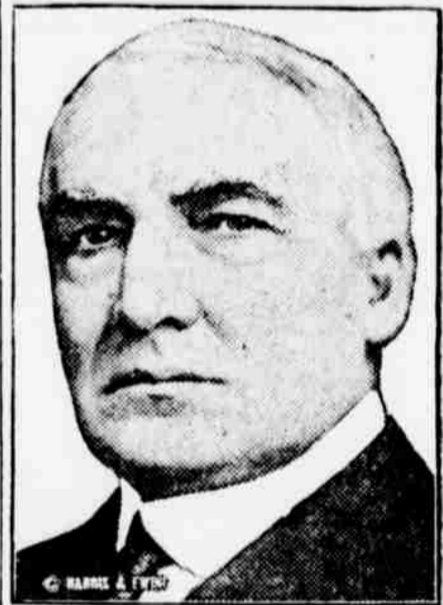
man was standing in the alley handing them out to his constituents by the score. When the doors were closed some 5,000 wearers of these badges still on the outside set up a mighty roar. That let many of them in while ticket-holders still were waiting in the rain.

Even "Jim" Preston Locked Out.

The newspaper men had a good laugh at "Jim" Preston, superintendent of the press gallery of the senate and in charge of the correspondents' quarters at the convention, for he was one of those caught on the outside, and howled for half an hour before the police would recognize his right to enter. Jim is a favorite with the correspondents, but his plight made lighter that in which many of them found themselves.

By the way, some of the aforesaid correspondents were national figures and attracted almost as much attention as did the notable men on the platform and among the delegations. One of them, of course, was William J. Bryan, representing the Commoner for himself; Sam Blythe was there, too, and so was Arthur Brisbane, and William Allen White, and Angus McSweeney, and many another whose names are perhaps more familiar to the general public than their faces, but who are usually to be seen when anything big like a national convention is going on. They do not wax especially enthusiastic over the usually factitious demonstrations in conventions, but nothing gets away from them, and it is noticeable that the statesmen are always glad of a chat with them.

These correspondents are not especially patient when important matters are brewing. Often they are importunate, and it fell to the lot of Jim Preston to placate them and look after their needs. This he did as no other known individual could do. Always



Chairman W. G. Harding.

ready to give assistance and information, he permeated the press section and earned the blessings of the newspaper boys as he has done before on like occasions.

Downtown in the hotels music played a large part in the efforts of the various clans of boosters. Nearly every headquarters had its band or orchestra and the Burtonites brought a big glee club from Columbus, Ohio. Sherman also had a large band of singers, and "Marching Through Georgia" became his official song. The Fairbanks men, naturally, adopted "On the Banks of the Wabash," and its strains could be heard far into the night.

One individual appeared carrying on his chest a small organ on which another played popular airs, and as they proceeded through the crowds they soon collected a string of snake dancers.

Citizens Were Hospitable.

The citizens of Chicago tried hard to uphold the reputation of the city as the convention city of the country and to make up for the rough deal handed out by the weather man. There were numerous fetes of one kind or another planned for the pleasure of both man and woman visitors, and though the continuous rain caused the abandonment of some of these, most of them were highly successful. Notable among the entertainers was the Hamilton club, which kept virtual open house throughout the week, with free refreshments and the services of famous singers and vaudeville artists. On Wednesday night the Hamiltonians invited all visiting newspaper men to partake of their hospitality, and the same night the Press club gave a midnight dinner and entertainment for the correspondents.

The Progressives even more than the Republicans indulged in social pleasures, partly because there were a good many women among their delegates. And the women's party convention and gatherings of suffragists all contributed to the society aspect of the week.

Before the convention opened there was the greatest demand for tickets ever known on a like occasion. The prices soared until \$300 for a set looked cheap and often was refused. The opening day was so lacking in popular interest that the price began rapidly to drop and tickets for the Thursday session could be had for \$1.50 each. Then things livened up, and on the expectation that a candidate would be nominated Friday the price of the pasteboards jumped up again. The shameful flooding of the hall with green tickets by the local politicians rather discouraged those who had paid out considerable sums for genuine admission cards, but on Saturday morning the trade was brisk and the prices good.

It did not take long for the people to find out that there were livelier scenes in the Auditorium than in the Coliseum, the early days of the convention, and the demand for Moose tickets was large.