

Busy Newspaper

Man

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HERE'S A
SKETCH OF ROBERT
WICKLIFFE WOOLLEY, DIREC-
TOR OF THE MINT, BY EDWARD
B. CLARK, HIS OLD JOURNALISTIC
SIDE PARTNER, NOW DEAN OF
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS.



By EDWARD B. CLARK.
ONE of Washington's humorists de-
clared once upon a time that the rea-
son so many newspaper men are ap-
pointed to positions in the United
States treasury is that the scribes' heart
desire is for once in their lives to
get next to a lot of money. One gets
next to much money in the building
containing Uncle Sam's strong box,
but he doesn't get hold of any great
amount of it, although the salaries paid are in a
general way more than fairly comfortable.

Robert Wickliffe Woolley is one of the latest
of America's well-known newspaper men to be
appointed to a position in the treasury depart-
ment. As someone else has put it, Woolley makes
more money than any other man in the United
States, but the personal difficulty is that he is
not allowed to keep the proceeds of his manu-
facture. He is the director of the mint, and every-
body knows that the province of the mint is to
turn out money for the multitudinous uses of the
people of these United States.

There are not many newspaper men in the
country who are better known than this present
official, of Uncle Sam's government. Woolley
looks about thirty years old, but he can add quite
a number of years on to that and give no lie to
the date of his birth. He has been a reporter, a
sporting editor, a managing editor, an editor, and
a writer of magazine articles, and today he can
pick up any one of his old jobs and do it justice,
and if the whirligig of politics in time shall thrust
him forth from the portals of the treasury de-
partment, he probably and very naturally will
turn to tread in the old accustomed ways.

The writer of this has known Woolley for a
good many years, and worked with him side by
side for a considerable length of time on a great
Chicago daily. Woolley was then a sporting
editor. He is an outdoor man, who loves the things
which all full-blooded Americans love, and, more-
over, he knows how to write about them, whether
it be as a close finish on a Kentucky track or a
14 innings "so far" 0 to 0 at the National league
grounds in New York city. Woolley loves sport
for sport's sake, but it must not be supposed for
a minute that sport ever occupied the major part
of his time.

From boyhood until this day the present direc-
tor of the mint has been a student of sociological
conditions, of economics and of the ways and
means of legislation to get for the people what
seems to the progressive-minded the things which
they ought to have. Convictions that certain
lines of procedure were the right ones to follow,
and a determination to follow them, have given
Robert W. Woolley many strenuous and exciting
hours during his long newspaper career.

It is not necessary to explain to the people of
the United States what a political ring is, nor is
it necessary to explain what an invisible govern-
ment is. Certain brave spirits in newspaperdom
have been fighting rings and invisible government
for years, and it has made no difference to the
courageous ones whether the ring was composed
of men of their own party, or whether the in-
visible government likewise was tinged with a
partisan color of a hue ordinarily deemed ad-
mirable by the crusaders. The director of the
mint is a Democrat, but he has fought Democrats
when they were trying to exploit the people for
selfish ends.

Not long after he entered newspaper work the
director of the mint had a "time of it," which
tested his courage and the sincerity of his con-
victions. I am not going to mention the name of
the place where a certain thing happened, but
unquestionably the scene of it will be recognized
by many and the details will be remembered by
men who have not yet arrived on the borders of
middle age.

Down in the South, and not very far in the
South, either, Robert W. Woolley was once
managing editor of a newspaper of prominence
in a city of considerable size. The chief editor
of his paper and the mayor of the town were
engaged in a row, for the mayor, it was believed,
was connected with a municipal political combi-
nation which, as the editor viewed it, was far
from being an institution intended to benefit the
people of the community. Finally the lie was
passed, and the lie is, or was, anyway, a sure
fighting word in certain communities.

One morning Mr. Woolley went down to the
newspaper office and found the mayor of the town
and his son, each with a gun in hand, holding the



The Building Is Uncle Sam's New Money Fac-
tory, and Below Are Employees Counting His
Millions.

entire business office force of the newspaper
prisoners behind their counters. The intruders
were threatening to shoot anybody who attempted
to leave. Woolley had no gun. He entered the
office and proceeded to address some remarks
made up of words ordinarily considered of the
fighting kind to the armed intruders.

Woolley reached for a telephone, took it off the
receiver and was laughed at by the gunmen, who
told him that they had cut the wire. Woolley
stood there with the receiver in his hand for a
minute while red-hot verbiage was exchanged.
Then Woolley walked straight by the two armed
men and went out of the door, and neither one
cared or dared to interfere with him.

Later it developed that while the receiver was
off, although the wire had been cut, the chief
editor of the paper at his home had taken off
his own receiver to call up the office, and found
he could not get it. But as only one wire was
severed he heard a large part of the conversa-
tion in the office by means of the uncut wire
connected with the office telephone. What he
heard afterwards was used in evidence, for
court proceedings were brought.

Now, it is just here that an ordinary newspaper
man would have become disgusted with the pro-
fession which he was trying to follow and would
have thought that the whole world was out of
joint. The mayor of the town and his son were
editors of a rival newspaper. This rival stood,
of course, for the municipal ring, and it was
things which appeared in its columns which had
caused the other editor, Mr. Woolley's chief, to
put the lie in print. While things seemingly were
still at white heat between the two camps the
mayor and his rival editor, whom he was ready
to shoot, or be shot by, made up their differences,
combined the two papers, and thus Woolley, who
had dared everything for his chief, was forced
out, and in the parlance of the street, was "left
to hold the bag." In other words, Bob Woolley
stood for right and principle and then lost his
job.

There was a celebrated law case in Kentucky
that attracted world-wide attention. After the
municipal ring episode and Mr. Woolley had lost
his place as managing editor, he became a re-
porter and he handled this case. There came
down from Chicago at this time two newspaper
men who since have become widely known—Eugene
Bertrand, now of the New York Herald, and
William E. Lewis, the editor of the New York
Telegraph. They had been sent down from Chi-
cago to work on the matter Woolley had in hand,
and they became acquainted with him. They
found out a lot of things about him which ap-
pealed to their newspaper sense. They also dis-
covered that he was fond of American sports.
They went back to Chicago and a short time
thereafter Woolley, who knew nothing about their
interest in him, received an offer from the Chi-
cago Tribune to become a reporter in the sport-
ing department of that paper. He went to Chi-
cago, and it was not long before he became the
sporting editor of the newspaper whose staff he
joined.

From Chicago the present director of the mint
went to New York, and for a long time was em-
ployed on the New York World. A little later, as
somebody else has put it, "he yielded to the tem-
ptation of a beautiful fruit plantation in Texas."
The fruit was not altogether golden, as far as the
proceeds from the sale of the crops were con-
cerned, and Mr. Woolley went back into the news-
paper profession.

For six months, which he has described as
"six eventful months," he was the editor of a
newspaper in a southern town, whose locality
I shall not give here, because of certain circum-
stances connected with the case. There it was
another crusade against a municipal ring and
another case of being compelled to edit with a
revolver in the hand and also to walk with a gun
exceedingly handy. The ring eventually was
broken into bits, but meanwhile Mr. Woolley had
lost his newspaper.

For a short time thereafter Mr. Woolley was
the editor of the San Antonio Light in Texas.
Then he went back to New York and entered
upon a really notable career as a magazine writer.
He was sent on many assignments throughout
the country for some of the best magazines in
the United States, and then he became one of
the Washington correspondents of the New York
World, a position which he held for about two
years. Then again Mr. Woolley turned to mag-
azine work, and in the year 1911 he became the
chief investigator of the congressional commit-
tee appointed to look into the affairs of the United
States Steel corporation. This committee was
known as the Stanley committee.

Because of its wide-reaching effects, it is prob-
able that a magazine article entitled, "The Plun-
derers of Washington," was the most notable
contribution to the "news and information of the
day," which Mr. Woolley ever wrote. This article
was preceded by an intimation that anyone men-
tioned and who chose so to do might know that
he had recourse in the courts. In other words,
the information upon which the article was based
was tested in advance. This article was called
by the press of the time "fearless." It dealt with
some of Washington's big bankers and real es-
tate men and with a good many officials.

Woolley was writing just as he wrote when he
was attacking municipal rings in smaller towns
of the country. It is not too much to say, per-
haps, that the article largely was responsible
for a complete change in the manner of men ap-
pointed to positions of high trust in the munici-
pal government of the city of Washington, for
Washington in a way has municipal government,
being under the rule, of course, of congress, but
having a board of District commissioners as
responsible heads.

In the year 1912 Mr. Woolley was the editor and
compiler of the "Democratic Text Book," and was
chief of the campaign of publicity bureau of the
Democratic national committee. He also com-
piled the text book of 1914. His political affilia-
tions at this time, however, newspaper men be-
lieve, did not have anything to do with his ap-
pointment to office. His efforts along liberal and
progressive lines had attracted the attention of
Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Woolley was appointed
first as auditor for the interior department, an
office which, despite its name, is under the control
of the treasury department. Then he was given
his present position as director of the mint. He
is filling it.

I am writing this article with feelings of per-
sonal admiration and liking, perhaps even of af-
fection, for I have known Woolley for years. He
is a tried man. He is one of the newspaper fran-
ternity, and after nearly a quarter of a century of
close acquaintance I know that I can say that he
is an honor to it. Robert Wickliffe Woolley lives
just outside of Washington in Fairfax, Va. It is
this little town which has possession of the wills
of George and Martha Washington, and some
parts of the bill of rights of George Mason. It
is a good place for a Democrat of strongly pro-
gressive tendencies to live.

Mr. Woolley married Marguerite Tresholm of
Winchester, Virginia. They have four children,
all girls. The family life is of the kind ac-
counted ideal. In the books Mr. Woolley is put
down as Robert Wickliffe Woolley, but newspaper
men from coast to coast and from the Canada line
to the Gulf know him much better as "Bob."

SAFETY FIRST IN ALL THINGS.

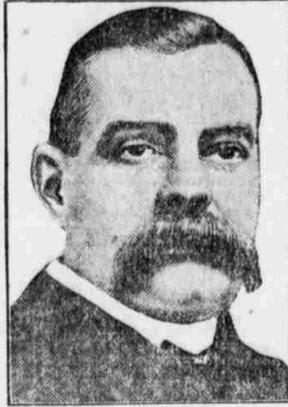
"Why do you always carry your umbrella, even
when it is not raining?"
"So someone else won't carry it when it is
raining."—Pennysylvania Punch Bowl.

A MARINE JOY RIDE.

Motor Boater (to passenger)—Did you see me
cut down that fisherman in the skiff?
Passenger—Sure! Say, this is almost as much
fun as automobiling.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

CHOSEN PRESIDENT OF SWITZERLAND



The annual presidential election
took place recently at Berne, the
Swiss capital, quietly and systematic-
ally as usual. No speeches and no
advance campaigning preceded this
important event, and yet, democratic
Switzerland is unanimously confident
that the honor of the presidency has
been conferred upon a man worthy of
this distinction.

The president-elect, Camille De-
coppet, a lawyer by profession and
statesman and orator of repute, is at
present vice president of the republic
and head of the military department.
He was born at Susevaz, near Yver-
don, canton of Vaud, on June 4, 1862,
and started his political career in 1889
when he was elected member of the
national council. In 1900 he became
a member of the council of states and
in 1906 he advanced to the presidency
of that body for the year 1907. With
his election into the federal council

in 1912 he attained the highest political degree which a Swiss statesman
can look for, culminating, as it does, in the vice presidency and presidency
of the confederation.
The office of president of the Swiss confederation provides by no means
a lucrative income, compared with the high-salaried government positions in
this country. Up to three years ago the yearly income of the chief magis-
trate of the republic amounted to \$3,000 only, and it was then raised to
\$4,000, which sum is now considered a very good salary.

CLAUDE KITCHIN'S ROOMMATE

Once, during a national conven-
tion, Claude Kitchin, Democratic floor
leader of the house, found the hotels
overcrowded and was compelled to
share a room with a very nervous indi-
vidual.

"He was the most nervous man I
ever knew," says Kitchin. "For ex-
ample, after we had gone to bed, he
called across the room, waking me
out of first few minutes' sleep, and
inquired:

"Have you got a match in your
clothes?"

"I told him I hadn't, and he called
my attention to the fact that the hotel
was old fashioned and had gas instead
of electric light in the room.

"One of us might get sick in the
night," he suggested, "and what would
we do without a light?"

"Maybe there's a match in the
box on the dresser," I said.

"That's just the trouble," replied
my roommate. "I looked before I turned the light out, and there was just
one match there. Supposing that one match wouldn't light?"

"Why don't you get up and try it, and get it off your mind," I suggested.
"Ah," he exclaimed, "that's a good idea!" And so he struck our only
match, satisfied himself that it was a good match and went back to bed
where he slept like a log the rest of the night."



EFFICIENT MISS KERFOOT



Twelve billion stamps! This is
the size of last year's stamp business
handled by the bureau of engraving
and printing in Washington. Yet the
size of the order is not the most im-
portant thing about it. The amazing
feature is this: The entire work of
drawing the stamps, balancing the
separate orders and shipping them
was carried on under the supervision
of a woman, and, thanks to this wom-
an's efficiency, without a single dis-
crepancy.

Miss Margaret Kerfoot, chief of
the division which fills and ships or-
ders to the 64,000 post offices through-
out this country, is the efficient wom-
an in the case.

She has been working in the bu-
reau of engraving and printing for 22
years, and though the figures of last
year's stamp output and her record-
breaking infallibility are startling
enough to deserve especial mention,
she may, nevertheless, be found any day in her huge basement office of the
bureau's new building on the Speedway, filling stamp orders with a remark-
able aversion to error.

Her record for perfection is a matter of pride, not only to herself, but
also to Director Ralph of the bureau.

DILL TO PAY OLD DEBT

The day Congressman C. C. Dill,
from Washington state, rises up in
congress and makes his maiden speech
it's going to cost him 25 cents, plus
compound interest thereon for 14
years. The congressman, this session's
youngest, has owed that quarter ever
since he was sixteen. His creditor is
Mrs. Fanny Bell, Mount Gilead, O.,
and she has his note to prove it.

Dill lived on a rented farm near
Fredericktown, O. Mrs. Bell was the
wife of the owner. On one corner of
the farm was the Salem M. E. church,
and one day a box social was an-
nounced for Saturday night at the
church. Mrs. Bell asked young Dill
if he was going. Nope, didn't have
the necessary quarter, he explained cheer-
fully.

"I'll lend it to you," she said.
"Don't know when I can pay it
back," he demurred.

"Pay it back when you make your
first speech in congress," she suggested. The farm had accepted the money
and drew up the note.

Five or six years later he fell into the camp of Tom Johnson and became
one of his secretaries during his gubernatorial campaign. After the cam-
paign Johnson asked him what he was going to do.

"I'm going to congress," said Dill.
"All right," said Johnson. "You go out West and pick out some good,
growing town and stay there till they send you."

Dill went to Spokane, Wash., and now he is in congress.

