

Mayor Moores' Campaign Methods || Pictures from Photos by The Bee Staff Artist



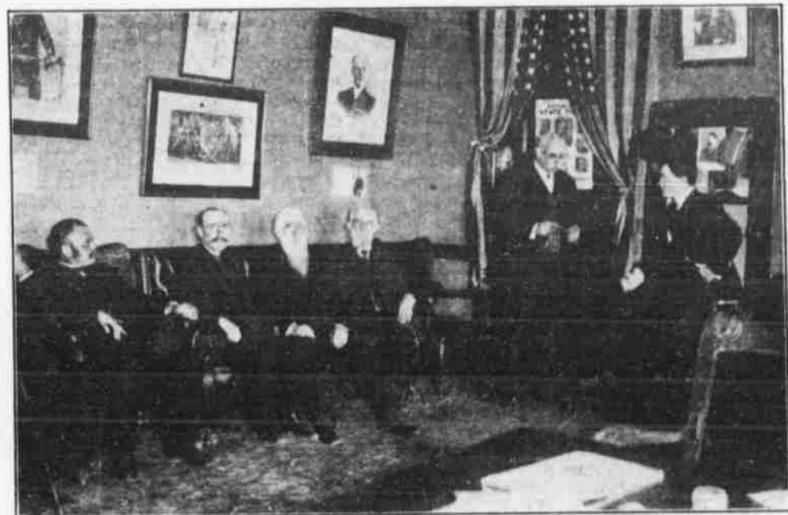
OFFICIAL BUSINESS GETS PROPER AT TENTION.



INTERVIEWERS GREET HIM ON THE CITY HALL STEPS.



CONSULTATION BETWEEN THE MAYOR AND CHAIRMAN COWELL OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.



ANTE-ROOM OF THE MAYOR'S OFFICE, WHERE A THROG IS ALWAYS WAITING.

THAT man who undertakes to tell how Frank E. Moores conducts "one of his campaigns" tackles a very difficult task. To begin with, Moores recognizes no chronological boundaries in campaigning. He is at it all the time—as much the month after an election as the month before it, except in the respect that when a battle of ballots is approaching, he organizes the forces that previously have been scattered and without discipline.

Campaigning has come to be accepted as a term meaning "making friends," and Mayor Moores, acquiescing in this, doesn't see why there should be any attempt to crowd all the work into one particular period. For a man of his temperament and disposition, it is something which may as well be made part of the daily routine of both official and private life, year in and year out. Moores likes to do it. He did it before he ever entered politics and he did it after his election. He could not quit if he tried. No man who is naturally genial and sympathetic ever becomes otherwise so long as he keeps healthy—and Moores' health is distinctly a preferred risk.

Once upon a time the present mayor of Omaha was a cabin boy on an Ohio river steambot. The captain was an austere man who believed in doing as much as possible to make subordinates uncomfortable. He worked Moores an average of nineteen hours per day and he swore at him the other five. The lad learned then the difference between a kind word and one with knots on it. He swore a mighty oath if ever permitted to become a full grown man he would first bruise the person of



MAYOR MOORES' BUSINESS FACE.

that particular captain and then devote all the rest of his days to doing kindness for other people. The first part of the pledge never was carried out because the navigator died while still too strong to be licked, but the other part of the obligation has been pretty constantly observed.

And that is precisely why it is hard to talk of "a" campaign with Moores in mind. Having had no specific beginning and being still without ending, adjectives implying distinction among several of a kind won't apply to Moores' campaigning if the word be accepted in the broader sense. His is not a one-night-stand show but a continuous performance.

"But," some one may suggest, "admitting that whatever he does he does the whole year through leaves still unanswered the main question, What is it that he does?"

And this isn't much easier answered than the first query because it is so limitlessly comprehensive and involves such a multitude of little things. Moores never has been an agitator. Except in movements for the relief of victims of a great and sudden calamity such as the St. Louis cyclone or the Galveston flood he never has been a "leader." No great new theories of government have originated with him and he never has required that his party adopt a platform based upon some hobby of his own. What he has done, then, is to prove a real friend to any man who chose to have him as such. Content to let other men champion each great "cause," he has simply championed the people. Where other men have preached charity, Moores has practiced it. Where other men have prayed

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