

THE GREAT GLAD-HAND CONTEST

ROSEWATER VS. ABBOT

Real Hand-to-Hand Conflict of the Campaign Has Narrowed Down to a Contest of Affability in the Entertainment of the Cranks and Poets That infest the National Headquarters of the Two Big Parties.

BY RICHARD H. LITTLE (in the Chicago Record-Herald.)

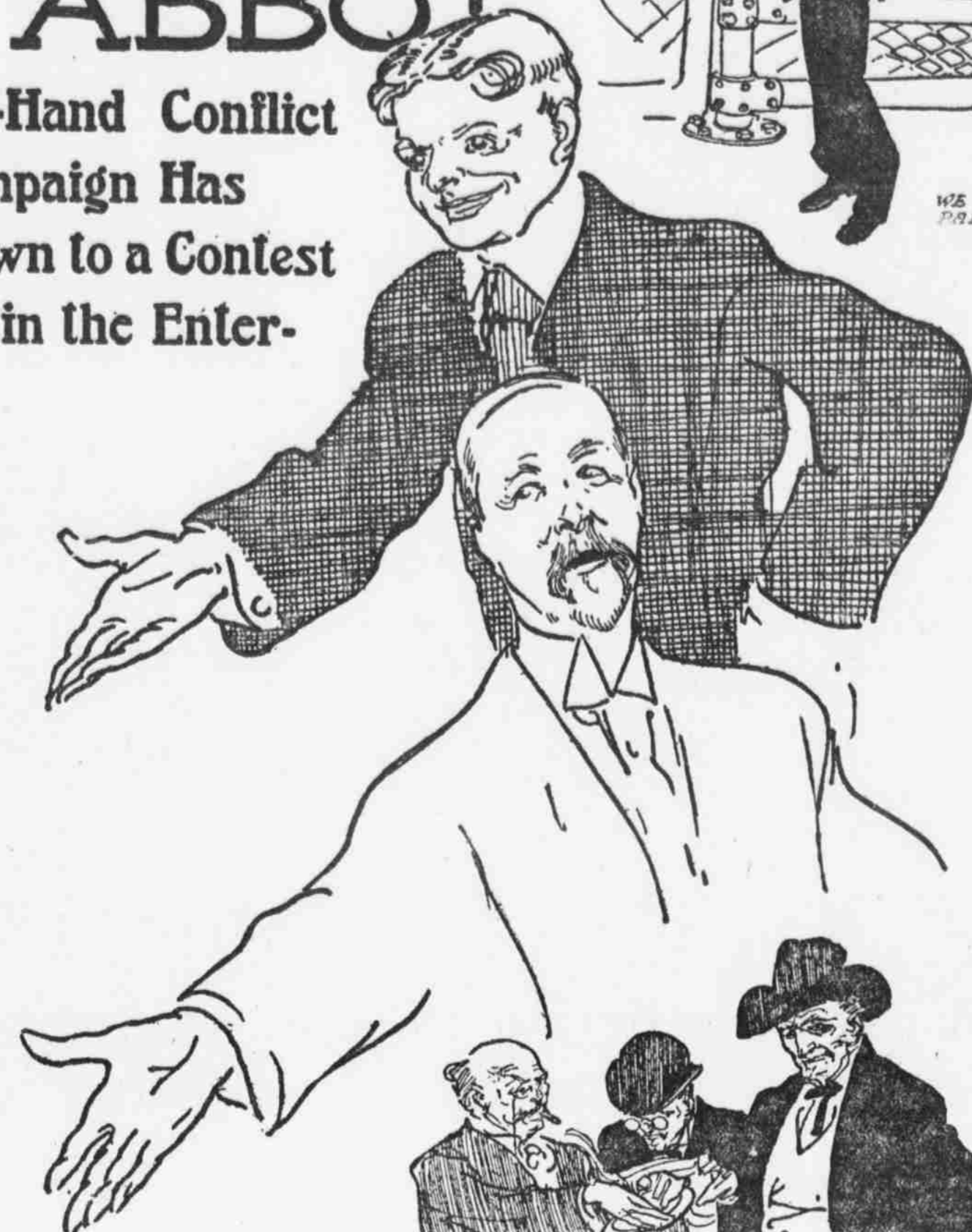
MISGUIDED persons who do not visit the national headquarters have a mistaken idea that the present great national contest is between one William Howard Taft and one William Jennings Bryan. Others who read much of the campaign news sent out through the press think the contest is between Norman J. Mack, chairman of the democratic national campaign committee, and Frank H. Hitchcock, who holds the corresponding position on the republican side. Persons who visit the headquarters for themselves realize that the struggle for national supremacy between the two great political parties has narrowed down to a life and death, last-ditch, no-quarter battle between Victor Rosewater and Willis J. Abbot.

These two do not harangue the multitude from the stump, they do not dash in parlor cars over the commonwealth and "beseech you, my fellow citizens, from the tail end of the train, neither do they sit sad, solitary and alone and map out the strategy of the campaign. They merely sit in their respective headquarters and smile and smile and smile and put out the warm glad-hand to all visitors.

The Glad-Hand Brothers.
To the headquarters come the visionary, the peevish, the disappointed, the importunate, the aggressive, the aggrieved, the vain, the ambitious. And nine-tenths of them would go back to whence they came with gnashing of teeth and yeaps of impotent rage and a yearning in the heart for an awful revenge, but for the glad-hand brothers.

When anyone comes into the democratic headquarters with scowling face and tells what he is going to do for the ticket in November and then makes a noise like sharpening a knife they send in a 4-11 call for Willis J. Abbot, who stands harnessed and waiting in a stall at the head of the stairs. When a similar person comes into the republican national headquarters and begins to moan they take the collar off of Victor Rosewater and say, "Sit 'em, Vic!"

In both cases the result is the same. The individual who came in breathing fire and slaughter goes out with his face wreathed in glad smiles and telling how many times he intends to vote the ticket on November 2.



ways instantaneous. The individual who comes up to headquarters with a mad on and bumps into the Rosewater smile always gives up, throws down his tomahawk, quits scalping the whites and hikes peaceably back to the reservation.

In the Democratic Camp.
In studying the work of the respective and unofficial heads of the glad-hand committees we first visited the democratic headquarters in the Auditorium hotel. It headquarters in the rear on the second floor. Sign boards stuck menacingly out of every door along the corridor, announcing all kinds of committees and headquarters of delegations. Typewriters were rattling like mad and crowds of the untrifled were standing around the corridor. There was a feverishness in the atmosphere, a sense of hurry and excitement, when suddenly a gentle calm seemed to settle down on everything.

The typewriters which had been clicking like corn planters on rocky ground commenced to purr like a bunch of maltese kittens. Angry voices changed to gentle, well-modulated, pleasing tones, the harsh jangle of a dozen telephone bells changed to the soft notes of an Aeolian harp, and all was happiness.

Mr. Abbot is pleasant-faced, with a gentle manner, and a mustache and a goatee of cerulean hair that helps cast a warm, soothing atmosphere all about. When we arrived he was sitting at a desk with his hands on his cheeks and his eyes on the floor. He was not at the head of the democratic bureau of publicity he could make a great living conducting delegations from the railroad depots down to the lake front to see the hole made by the explosion or over to Randolph street to see the engineer turn the Masonic temple around. Also the three shells. But, coming of puritanical ancestors, these questionable methods of getting rich appeal not to Mr. Abbot, and his persuasive personality is diverted to the greater use of saving the nation in its hour of need.

Find One Lonely Spot.
"Here," said Mr. Abbot, with a wave of his hand as he guided us through the crowded halls, "is the quietest place in the world." I said to Mr. Abbot, "There is only one other place as lonely and quiet as this, and that is the financial corner of the republican national campaign committee in the next block."

Other Ciceros and Demostheneses
wiped away a tear and slipped 10 cents under the door. We admitted to Mr. Abbot that we should like to gaze upon the classic features of Mr. Mack, the chairman of the national committee. Mr. Abbot said to follow him and he would conduct us fearlessly into the presence. A colored doorkeeper, who looked like Governor Hughes in burnt cork, arose to bar our way, but, recognizing Mr. Abbot, made a low salaam of fealty and loyalty and suffered us to pass.

Mack as the Busy Bee.
A door was thrown open and there right before us sat the national chairman. He was in his shirt sleeves, surrounded by stenographers, and was dictating letters out of each side of his mouth at once. His hands were working nervously and it was easy to see he was also dictating a third letter by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet on his fingers. A visitor stood in front of us who had apparently been standing there waiting for a chance to speak to the national chairman for some time.

Presented to the Chairman.
At this moment Mr. Abbot dashed in and presented us to the national chairman. "Our fool friends make us more trouble than our enemies," said Mr. Mack. "He's dictating," whispered Mr. Abbot. "I cannot speak too strongly on this point. I am certainly glad to see you and glad of this opportunity for a nice little chat."

Some Unassorted Conversation.
"Oh, that's the letter he is dictating," said Mr. Abbot in gentle tones. "He will have to talk to you between bites. You can readily pick out your part of the conversation after a little practice. Listen carefully."

Close Shave for Bryan.
"No, sir," said the indignant lady. "But I'll show them. It won't take much trouble to change the name of Bryan in these poems to W. Taft, the same number of people feet, you see, and I'll make them sorry. It will cost Mr. Bryan his election, that is what it will do."

Tough on the Pacifier.
She pulled a roll of manuscript out of a reticule and held the helpless pacifier could give a signal of distress she began to read: "Send us help," the people cried. "Covering like a wound of blood."

Facing the Angry Poetess.
Mr. Abbot was at this point dragged ruthlessly from us by a young man who whispered: "She's mad as a wet hen. Her family have a lot of influence, too. Her poetry is heart-breaking and we can't use it and she's simply wild. Fix it up, will you, please?"

Mr. Rosewater in Action.
Mr. Rosewater smiled indulgently and we sat in his office and watched him in the act of soothing the angry poetess. The first candidate was a prominent man from Indiana. All citizens from Indiana are prominent. He came in with a yelp of rage like a hyena with his foot in a trap.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE.
RULE I.
In case of riot, mutiny, campaign songs, sedition, law makers, secretary of other eyes attack send in general alarm to Fort Abbot and turn out the entirearrison. If thearrison is not in the fort shut him in the corridors.
SP The army must use ammunition sparingly. Fire one cigar at a time.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE.
RULE I.
For ingrowing growth, poetry, vulgar, malignant indignation or sore sad lacerated feelings write on Rosewater patent spotlight smile. Turn off when not in use.
SP Break door in case of emergency.

'WHO IS THIS MAN HITCHCOCK ANYWAY?'

had the pleasure of meeting you, Mr. Mack. Good afternoon. "Your dilatoriness has caused me great uneasiness," said Mr. Mack as we went out.

The Other Trouble Camp.
We left the pacifier talking with a man who had the greatest speech ever undelivered concealed on his person and went down to the republican national headquarters in the Harvester building.

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'COMES IN WITH A SCOWLING FACE AND TELLS WHAT HE IS GOING TO DO'

BEFORE THE HELPLESS PACIFIER COULD SCREAM FOR ASSISTANCE SHE BEGAN

course, I know Mr. Hitchcock is a busy man, but I'm a busy man, too, and I— The Rosewater smile glowed in greater intensity. Its voltage was now fully 16,000 candle power. The visitor took off his hat and mopped his brow.

The Great Song Idea.
"This one," said the young man from the speaker's bureau, "is from that fellow that has the scheme to get out a revised copy of standard Sunday school songs with the name of Mr. Taft used in the most appropriate places. These songs I have here are, 'Onward Will Taft Soldiers, Marching as to War,' 'Pull for the Shore, Bryan, Pull for the Shore,' 'What a Friend We Have in Bill Taft,' 'How Sweet the Name of William Taft' and 'Sweet Hour of Taft.'"

Men with Canned Applause.
"Here it is," said the inventor, proudly. "Greatest thing ever invented. I've got Edison skinned, if I do say it myself. Here's the greatest thing ever known. These two arms are slotted together by electricity. The ends of the arms are hollow and when they strike it makes a sound just like ten strong men were applauding all together. Put a bunch of these machines in any hall, you can work that many on one battery, and the chairman of the committee could control the whole battery with a little button held in his hand. These arms would be concealed back of the stage and at the other end of the hall and all around. Whenever the chairman or the speaker wanted applause they could start these machines going and, say, there'd be the greatest demonstration you ever saw."

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