THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: OCTOBER 25, 1908

THE GREAT ROSEWATER . VS' ABBO

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 II. LITTLE (in the Chicago Record-Herald. ISGUIDED 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 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

WE WERE HALTED BY A ALE YOUTH.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CAM-PAIGN COMMITTEE.

RULE L

in case of riot, mutiny campaign songe. eedition, less majests, eratory or other oper attach mend in general alarm to Fort Abbot and turn out the entire garrison. If the gar rison is not in the fort bunt bim in AT The army must use ammunition

ingly. Fire one cigar at a time.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CAM-PAIGN COMMITTEE.

RULE L For ingrowing grouch, poetryitus, malignant indignation or sore and inflemed feelings switch on Resewater patent spotlight smile. Turn off when not in use. "Break door m case of emergency



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.

"I don't know as it's actually necessary for me to see Mr. Hitchcock if somebody eise could straighten me out in a little difficulty our county committee got into over speakers for our big rally.

Somebody stepped up and said: "This way, please. You want to see Senator Dixon," and the visitor from Indiana walked out in a dazed manner, but perfectly satisfied. And Mr. Rosewater had not spoken a word. Mr. Rosewater turned the smile down to thirty-two candle power and rested.

Somebody from the speakers' bureau came in with a troubled look. "Let's see the poem," said the pacificator

He took it and read aloud:

"Who is the greatest man in all the world? William Taft. Who has our proud Republican banner now unfurled? William Taft. Who stops all the tongues from lyin'? Who will send Nebraska Bill home cryin'?

Who won't do a thing to Bryan? William Taft, William Taft.

"Nothing doing," said the pacificator.

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, lastduch, 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 tall end ably back to the reservation. 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 sinile and smile and all visitors.

The Glad-Hand Brothers.

To the headquarters come the visionary, the peevish, the disappointed, the importunate, the aggressive, the aggrieved, the committees and headquarters of delegavain, the ambitious. And nine-tenths of ilons. Typewriters were rattling like mad them would go back to whence they came and crowds of the unterrifted were standwith gnashing of teeth and yeips of impo- ing around the corridor. There was a fetent rage and a yearning in the heart for verishness in the atmosphere, a sense of an awful revenge, but for the glad-hand hurry and excitement, when suddenly a brothers.

headquarters with scowling face and tells been clicking like corn planters on rocky der the door. what he is going to do for the ticket in No- ground commenced to purr like a bunch of We admitted to Mr. Abbot that we should vember 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, "Sic 'em, Vic!"

In both cases the result is the same. The individual who came in breathing fire and soothing atmosphere all about. When we slaughter goes out with his face wreathed in glad smiles and telling how many times saw him the artist was with difficulty prevented from running up and handing him he intends to vote the ticket on Novemhis watch and pocketbook. ber 3.

Neither Mr. Rosewater nor Mr. Abbot was originally selected as a glad-hander, democratic bureau of publicity he could hands were working nervously and it was Each gradually drifted into this very impor- make a great living conducting delegations tant work because of his peculiar capability from the railroad depots down to the lake front to see the hole made by the explosion in this line.

Finding Abbot's Niche.

In the case of Mr. Abbot it was first the three shells. But, coming of puritannoticed when a wild-eyed man from Montana came charging down the corridor from of getting rich appeal not to Mr. Abbot, the democratic headquarters purple with wrath and declaring the national committee had grossly insulted him by refusing to its hour of need. adopt a plan he had proposed which he

knew would result in Bryan's carrying every state in the union and balf of Canada. The indignant person was going to take the first train to the west, and there his hand as he guided us through the wishes to speak to you." he intended to go on the stump and work crowded halls, "is the department of labor, for Taft.

He happened to pass Mr. Abbot in the and right ahead is the department that Mr. Mack. "How do you do, Mr. Smith. hall. Some fifteen minutes later scouts looks after our work among railroad men." from headquarters who had been sent out We had turned the corner and were walk- date which you should have known was cautiously to find out how Mr. Abbot was ing down a corridor still bristling with sign impossible. I am surprised----boards, but no eager crowds stood about. hurt came back and reported that Willis J. and the stranger had their arms around Ail was sad and still and lonely. It seemed conversation with you," interrupted the each other's neck and the stranger was saying. "Willis, you're perfectly right. The o'clock on a January morning. "Is this the Cave of Silence?" asked the committee is right. Everything is right. And nobody is going to work any harder artist. out in Montana for William J. Bryan than .

nice little me." end of our campaign committee.' They commenced to notice Mr. Abhot closer around headquarters after that and world," I said to Mr. Abbot. finally he became the official pacifier.

Down in the republican camp Mr. Rose- other place as lonely and quiet as this, and water ross to the surface in the same way. that is the financial corner of the repubdepartment, his greatest work is his smile. next block."

to see. It begins instantaneous at both nounced that Herman Ridder, national right thing. It's just what I intended, and knew that this remark belonged encars and leaps together in the middle of the treasurer of the democratic party, was and----all in an instant. The result is al- within. The artist, who is kind-hearted, "That's yours," whispered Mr. Abbot to

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 peace-

-------In the Democratic Camp.

In studying the work of the respective and unofficial heads of the glad-hand comsmile and put out the warm glad-hand to mittees we first visited the democratic headquarters in the Auditorium hotel. It

was in the rear on the second floor. Sign boards stuck menacingly out of every door along the corridor, announcing all kinds of

gentle calm seemed to settle down on When anyone comes into the democratic everything. The typewriters which had wiped away a tear and slipped 10 cents unmalicse kiltens. Angry voices changed to like to gaze upon the classic features of gentle, well-modulated, pleasing tones, the Mr. Mack, the chairman of the national harsh jangle of a dozen telephone bells committee. Mr. Abbot said to follow him

changed to the soft notes of an Asolian and he would conduct us fearlessly into the presence. A colored doorkeeper, who harp, and all was happiness. looked like Governor Hughes in burnt the patient stranger. Willis J. Abbott had entered. cork, arose to bar our way, but, recognizing Mr. Abbot is pleasant-faced, with a gentle manner, and a mustache and a gnatee Mr. Abbot, made a low salaam of fealty of cerulean hus that helps cast a warm, and loyalty and suffered us to pass.

Find One Lonely Spot.

A door was thrown open and there right was in his shirt sleeves, surrounded by in the fact. out of each side of his mouth at once. His Mr. Abbot; "that's on the other wire. stenographers, and was dictating letters If Mr. Abbot were not at the head of the

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 or over to Randolph street to see the englfront of us who had apparently been standneer turn the Masonic temple around. Also ing there waiting for a chance to speak to

OTHER CICEROS AND

like you-"

at headquarters-"

us by the sleeve.

confidence."

see me.

the patient stranger.

chat."

DEMOSTHENESES

he would do nicely with the little pea and the national chairman for some time. "You've been waiting an hour, haven't teal ancestors, these questionable methods you?" whispered Mr. Abbot to the patient visitor. and his persuative personality is diverted "I was admitted to this room on Monday

to the greater use of saving the nation in last," said the patient man. "I've been standing, here ever since." Mr. Abbot looked pained. He leaned over

the table and said: "Mr. Mack, here is Mr. Smith, who "Here," said Mr. Abbot, with a wave of

"It will be impossible for Mr. Bryan to and across the hall is the speaker's bureau be there on the date you name." dictated You are entirely unreasonable in naming a

"I did not arrange a date until after my

like a country graveyard at half past 2 patient Mr. Smith, who commenced to look peavish.

Some Unassorted Conversation.

"Oh, that's the letter he is dictating." "No," answered Mr. Abbot pathetically, "this is the headquarters of the financial said Mr. Abbot in gantle tones. "He will have to talk to you between bites. You "Seems about the guletest place in the can readily plok out your part of the con- dates without trouble. I am kept so busy versation after a little practice. Listen that is about the only opportunity I have "Yes," said Mr. Abbot, "there is only one carefully."

"If there is no train out to Syracuse around 1 o'clock," went on Mr. Mack-in While he is still at the head of the press lican national campaign committee in the fact he had been going on steadily all the time-"you must arrange for a special. I The Rosewater smile is worth going miles We passed one office door which an have your letter and you've done just the

tirely and solely to me.

WHO IS THIS MAN

MITCHCOCK ANYWAY?

had the pleasure of meting you, Mr. Mack. Good afternoon." "Your dilatoriness has caused me great

uneasiness," said Mr. Mack as we went out. "That's dictation," said Mr. Abbot

"I suppose if we drop in an hour later we'll be just in time to hear Mr. Mack dignant poetess lady, "the last line of that say, 'Glad I met you; call again,' mean- verse is: ing us," said the artist.

Mr. Abbot. "It won't make any difference whether you're there or not.

Mr. Abbot was at this point dragged much for your courtesy." 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 who had the greatest speech ever undelivyou, please?"

cused himself and was immediately pre- ters in the Harvester building. sented to the lady who gave every appearance of being exceedingly cross.

"I have been up here repeatedly," the indignant lady, "with poetry that the magazines would pay money to get, but I won't sell it to them. I will give it free During the entire time I have been chairfor the sake of the democratic party and

man of this committee I never received all I ask is that the committee shall send such an insulting proposition. It is fools me around the country to read my poems at the bigger meetings of the campaign." The patient Mr. Smith's eyes were stand-

before us sat the national chairman. He ing out and he was beginning to grow purple asked Mr. Abbot, gently. "Tut, tut, what a careless old committee."

"I wish to make spacches during "No, sir," said the indignant lady. "But campaign," I said firmly, I'll show them. It won't take much trouble "Senator Dixon has that matter in

to change the name of Bryan in these charge," he answered in a resigned tone. poems to W. Taft, the same number of He led us into an outer office of the poetic feet, you see, and I'll make them speakers' bureau, where other Ciceros and sorry. It will cost Mr. Bryan his election, Demostheneses were sitting around dreamthat is what it will do."

ily looking at the wall. We waited for a met Mr. Rosewater, the republican pacifiand make a report on them to the comcator.

"Mr. Abbot," said the indignant lady, "you have a good face and I know I could point. I am certainly glad to see you and these headquarters. But the way these we sat in his office and watched him in the glad of this opportunity for a nice little people have treated me has made me sus- act of soothing the angry brenat. pect everybody around here. This may be

away from me and send out two dozen peo- are prominent. ple to read them on the stump." "If that thing proves the great success

know it will," went on Mr. Mack. "That's yours." said Mr. Abbot nudging gently. "Par be it from----"I know," said the indignant lady, "But

of I'll just read you three or four right now said the citizen from Indiana, exploding "You are worthy of no further trust and you can see for yourself. It isn't only like a Russian battleship. the poeres in themselves, it's my rendering "And I'm glad you dropped in here to

"My dear madame," began the troubled Indiana, I want to tell you, and I'm not democrats to get hold of it."

ner. "L'sten," she commanded. -

Tough on the Pacifier.

She pulled a roll of manuscript out of a darned old czar, but let me tell you----" refloule and before the helpless pacifier. The stranger stopped and lookel em- afraid he won't come back until alter the could give a signal of distress she began barrased. Mr. Rosewater hadn't said any- election." to read:

Send us help." the people cried, Cowering like a wounded lion "The robbing trusts are murdering us, Send, oh send us Peorless Bryan."

"Fine, fine," murmured the Pacifier.

"Now I thank you very much. I see what theater. We bowed low and said: " Giad to have you are capable of and-"

SCOWLING FACE AND TELLS WHAT HE IS "Tell him-oh, it's a her; well, tell her that I've got to send it to the poetry de-GOING TO DO partment in New York. Let's have the next one."

The Great Song Idea. "This one," said the young man from the speaker's bureau, "is from that fellow that "Oh, but listen to the next verse," said 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 artist, who is something of a poet himself. 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."

"That will get 'em sure,' said a voice at "Oh, do you think so," smiled the poetess. the door. A tall man with a most determined expression had entered. "Everybody knows those songs. Print a revised copy of literary merit. I will leave the poems with Sunday school songs, with the changes I you, Mr. Abbot. And I thank you very have made, and Taft is as good as slected. Listen to that last song."

The distinguished person lifted up his voice and sang:

We left the pacifier talking with a man Sweet hour of Taft, sweet hour of Taft, When Bryan makes me nearly daft, I'll hie me to the G. O. P. and think of ered concealed on his person and went thee down to the republican national headquar-Sweet hour of Taft.

"Great," said Mr. Rosewater, "T'll send these with your kind permission to the trance and demanded whom we wished to poetry burcau in New York. They have

onsult. We said we wanted to see Mr. charge of these matters. The distinguished stranger looked as "Nature of business?" asked the palethough he didn't like this plan, but the Rosewater smile was suddenly turned on "We wish to ask him it he thinks the at full voltage and he suld he supposed that Cubs will win the pennant again noxt would be all right and marched happily away, singing, "Onward, Bill Taft The pale-faced youth never batted an Enldforg !

The next visitor was a man who was inused to cranks they do not cause him any dignant because the speaker's committee surprise whatever. He disappeared and rehad refused to adopt the greatest camturned with a worried looking man who paten invention of the age. He ant down in front of Mr. Rosewater and explained the it in full

Man 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. You half hour to see Senatar Dixon, and then see, here is a little machine in which these two arms are slapped 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 hunch of these machines Mr. Rosewater sinked induigently and 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. from Indiana. All citizens from Indiana 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 mobilause they could start those machines going and, say, there'd be the greatest demonstration you ever saw." "Worderful," said Mr. Rosewater, throwing sixteen volts into his smile. "I sup-"I've had enough of this. I'm not a pose you have that idea full protected by of them that makes them great. Listen." child. I've got some influence down in patents. It wouldn't be a good idea for the

going to be played with any longer. Who "Great Scottl" said the inventor. "I The indigrant poeters grabbed Mr. Abbot is this man Hitchcock, anyhow? He's never thought of that. Say, keep it dark, by the collar and dragged him into a cor- harder to see than the Jaywob of Khani- Th bustle right around and get a patent." putrah. I don't have any trouble seeing the He grabbed up the great applause proprovident when I go to Washington, but ducer and evaporated.

this fellow Hitchcock swells up like some "It takes so long to get things patented," said the affable Mr. Ros-water, "that I'm

thing as yet, but he had turned about And thus by a literal application of the slowly so as to show his full face to the Biblical saying, that a soft answer turneth excited citizen from Indiana. Then he away wrath, do both the pacifier and the switched on the smile which burst suddenly pacificator seek to lay up treasures of upon the visiter like a spotlight in the good will and gladness against the fateful first Tuesday after the first Monday in

The visitor wriggled and finally: "Of November.

the poetess:

HAND

"Give us food," the people cried "Food our stomachs for to fil Then the door of hope it opened-

'Our noble Bryan said 'I will'

The Other Trouble Camp.

A pale youth at the door barred our en-

Mr. Rosewater in Action.

The first candidate was a prominent mau

He came in with a yelp of rage like

Hitchcock, and I don't get to see him."

"I've been here a dozen times to see

Hitchcock at once.

year," sa'd the ar lat.

said, "Well, well, well."

faced youth, writing on a card.

"Splendid," said the Pacifier.

"Nothing of the kind," snapped the in-

COMES

"He'll say it when he gets to it," said

"Well, I thought there must be some one around here that could appreciate real

Facing the Angry Poetess.

Mr. Abbot with a Chesterfieldian bow ex-

"And won't the committee let you go?" eye winker, but wrote it down. He is so

"Not for you, not for you," whispered

------Close Shave for Bryan.

"You leave these poems with me," said At this moment Mr. Abbot dashed in and the pacifier gently. "I will read them over

"Our fool friends make us more trouble mittee."

"He's dictating," whispered Mr. Abbot. "I cannot speak too strongly on this trust you if you were not connected with

"That yours," said Mr. Abbot plucking a plot, for all I know, to get my poems

"My dear madame," began Mr. Abbot hyena with his foot in a trap.

"That's yours," said Mr. Abbot kicking pacifier. "If you-"

the artist. "You must leave immediately. "Dictation." said Mr. Abbot. "And you ought to make both these

"He's dictating," said Mr. Abbot.

for this pleasant little talk."

"Yours," said Mr. Abbot.

"Smith," said Mr. Abbot.

"Be here tomorrow without fail."

"And I am certainly glad to see you."

"I felt Mr. Abbot walking on my feet

"I want to thank you for the intelligent

way you have carried out my suggestions,"

went on Mr. Mack, "and the only com-

plaint I have is that I don't see you oftener

"That's yours," whispered Mr. Abbot.

Presented to the Chairman,

pesented us to the national chairman.

than our enemies," said Mr. Mack.