

DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES

BY WILLIS J. ABBOT,

MANAGER OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL PRESS BUREAU IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS
OF 1900 AND 1908

"AND so we say to you, you shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"

Since the last words of that speech were spoken in 1896—a speech which subdued a hostile audience to his will—William Jennings Bryan has held the fortunes of the Democratic party in his hand.

To-day, for the first time since 1896, the Democratic party is approaching a national campaign in which the power of no one man will be all-controlling for either success or failure. In 1912 the national convention of that party will probably harken to arguments in behalf of at least half a score of possible nominees.

Beyond question the next national convention of the Democratic party will be asked to pass upon the Presidential availability of the following men—all, save one, widely known among Democratic politicians:

Judson Harmon, Governor of Ohio.

Thomas R. Marshall, Governor of Indiana.

Joseph W. Folk, former Governor of Missouri.

David R. Francis, former Governor of Missouri.

Champ Clark, minority leader of the House of Representatives.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University.

William J. Gaynor, mayor of New York.

Don't think that I have made any effort to arrange these statesmen in the order of their probable preferment. There is quite time, during the coming two years, for the last to become first, or the first to become last, and even for some in the middle of the ladder to climb to its topmost round. Nor is it certain that there may not be hidden

in the political paddock some dark horse ready for the race, though I cannot guess his name or his colors.

One would hardly consider either Mr. Bryan or Mr. Hearst a dark horse. These gentlemen are more inclined to be bright and early in the field. To change my metaphor, neither one would think of hunting the nomination without a brass band, and a full retinue of shouters. As yet, no such political parade has put in its appearance, nor is the clash of brass to be heard, even faintly in the distance.

Personally, I am thoroughly convinced that Mr. Bryan will not be a candidate, though in accordance with his almost immemorial custom he refuses to state that fact explicitly. Neither do I believe that, if a candidate, he could secure the nomination, or that his influence will be all-dominant in the convention.

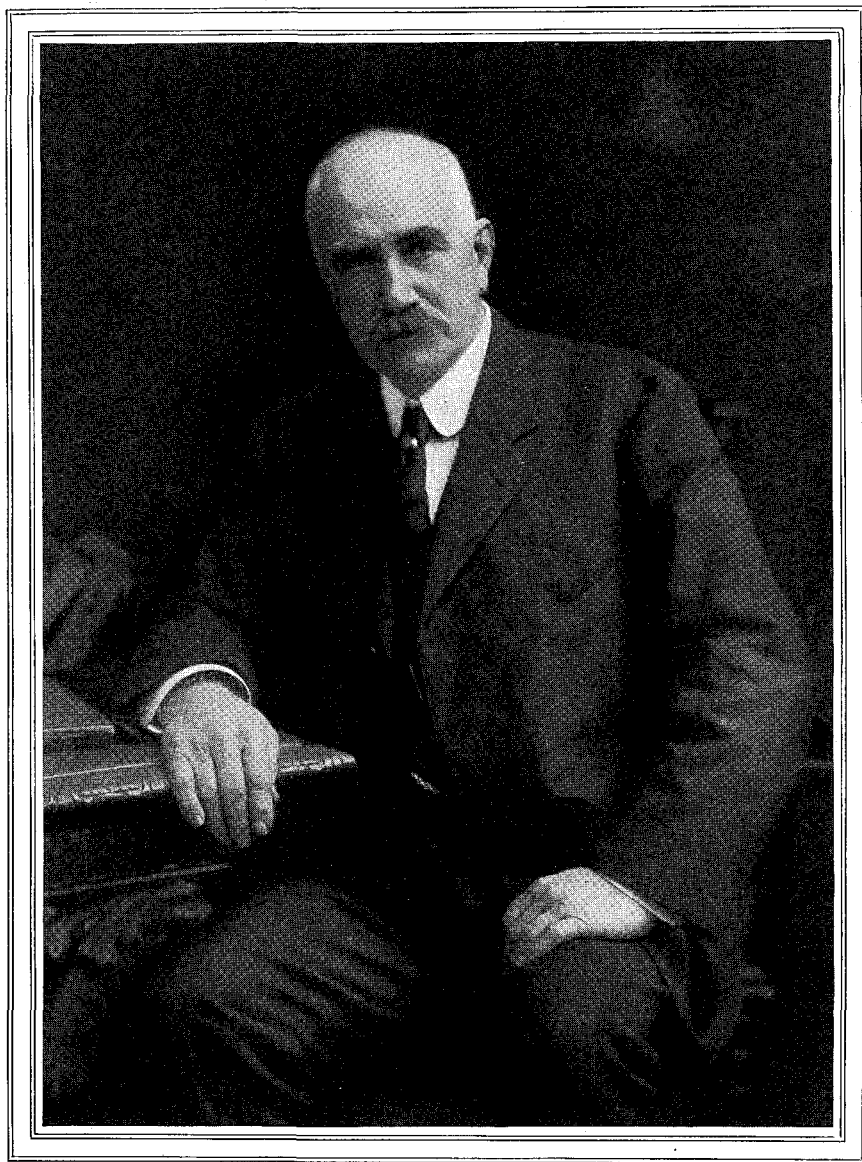
In 1904, Mr. Bryan was neither an open nor a receptive candidate. He frittered away much of his influence in the convention of that year by giving his support to ex-Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, whose nomination was recognized as impossible by the convention, by Mr. Bryan's friends, by Mr. Bryan himself, and, most of all, by the complimented Cockrell. There is reason to believe that the Bryan tactics in the next national convention will be much of the same sort.

JUDSON HARMON, OF OHIO

Within three weeks after the publication of this article the Presidential candidacy which seems most promising to-day will have received its decisive impetus or its crushing blow. The reelection of Judson Harmon to the Governorship of Ohio would, as political conditions are to-day, be almost equivalent to his nomination for the Presidency. The

chances of his election in Ohio seem good, though the very fact that, if elected, he will almost certainly be the Presidential candidate opposed to Taft in 1912—if it shall be Taft—is bringing to his opponents within Ohio substantial aid from Republicans with-

mon problem—as there are, indeed, wherever political interests clash. Some say that he aspires to be a second Grover Cleveland. Doubtless there are some millions of Americans who would hold this a lofty and admirable aspiration, but there are some hun-



JUDSON HARMON, GOVERNOR OF OHIO, WHO, IF REELECTED ON NOVEMBER 8, WILL BE THE LEADING CANDIDATE FOR THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

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out the State. But at the same time it helps to solidify his own party, for the prospect of being in at the making of a promising Presidential candidate is one not lightly overlooked by the politician.

There are some malign factors in the Har-

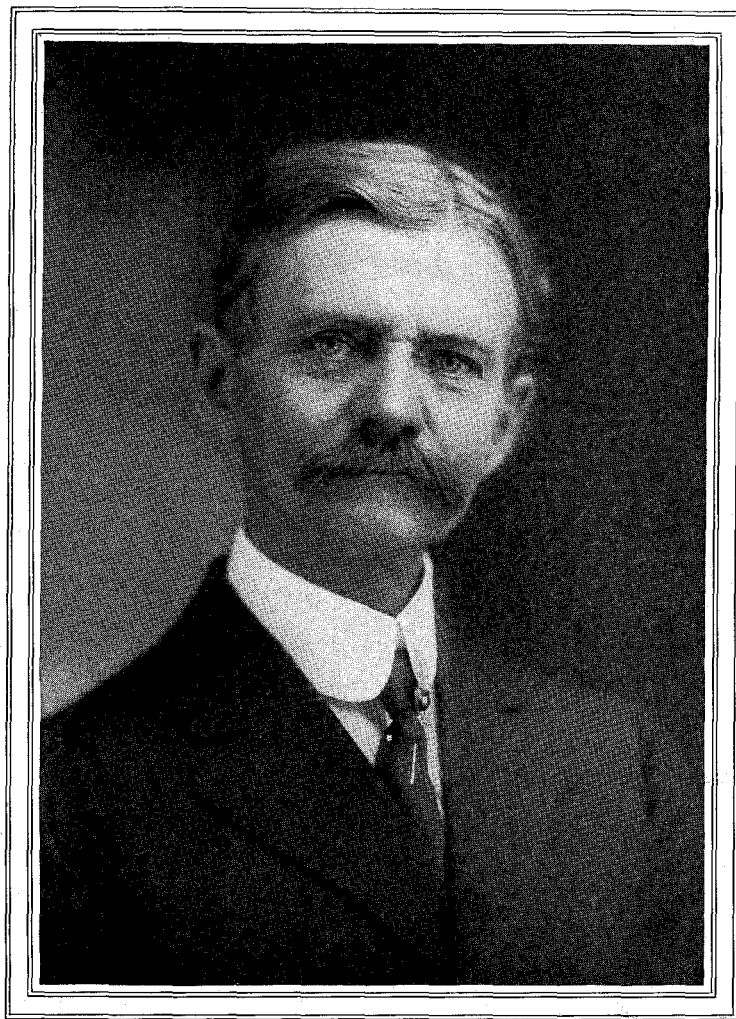
dreds of thousands, mainly in the ranks of active politicians, who hold Cleveland's name to be anathema, and his methods in office to have been disastrous to the Democratic party.

Harmon was in the Cleveland Cabinet,

and was lukewarm in the historic battle of 1896, though in each succeeding Presidential election he gave the Democratic ticket active and hearty support. Indeed, in his successful campaign for the Governorship, he accompanied his every appeal for votes with the insistence that his own election was of

the effect of this attack upon the Governor's political fortunes—those who do not hold it negligible declaring that it has been rather advantageous.

Harmon has given Ohio a fighting administration, never seeming to imagine for a moment that the fact of his being the sole



THOMAS R. MARSHALL, GOVERNOR OF INDIANA, THE "FAVORITE SON" OF A PIVOTAL STATE

From a photograph

vastly less importance than the success of the Presidential ticket.

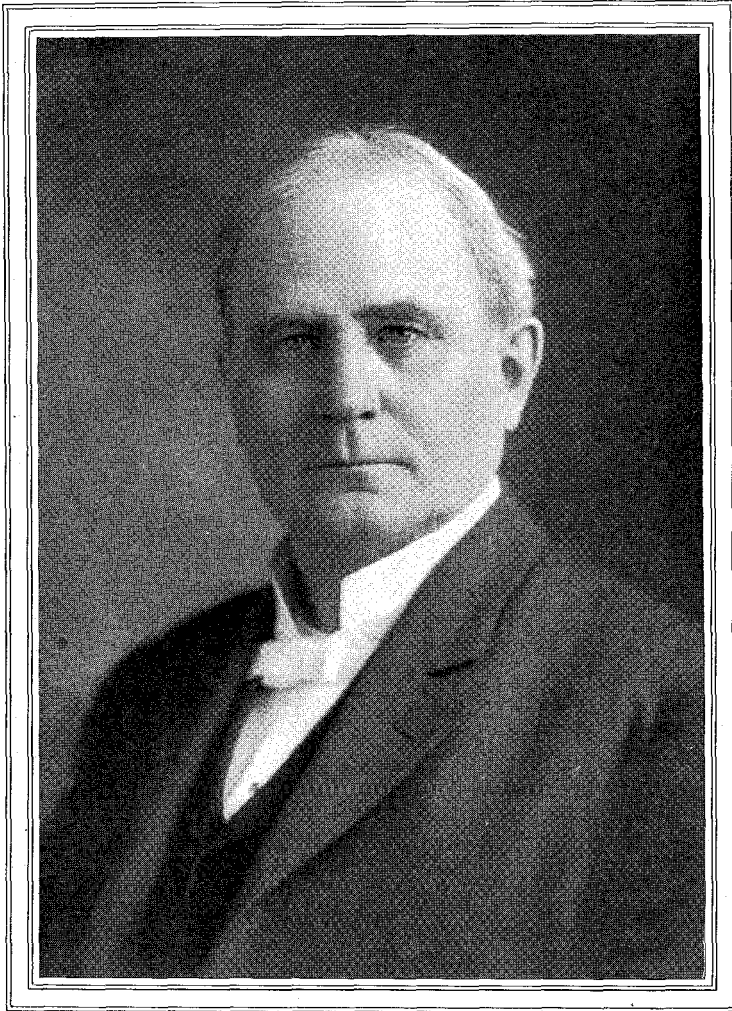
Friends of both men, later, found cause to deplore the fact that Mr. Bryan returned this loyal support with an attack upon Governor Harmon, based on a difference of opinion concerning the wisdom of nominating a candidate for United States Senator in the Ohio convention. Politicians in the Buckeye State, however, are little divided as to

Democrat in the State administration, except the treasurer, relieves him from one iota of his responsibility to the people. To the Republican Legislature he has calmly put up recommendations for the new legislation he desired, leaving acceptance or rejection to the lawmakers. Out of a situation which might well baffle a less experienced politician he has managed to extract much legislation of advantage to the State.

Of course, there was an effort in the Republican Legislature to do as much as possible to "spike Jud Harmon's guns." The curious result of the election, too, gave him about as little patronage wherewith to reward the faithful as it furnished him with legislative support. Except in State boards, and

Nevertheless, in the distribution of his meager spoils Governor Harmon has succeeded in making some powerful enemies.

Besides the charge of "Clevelandism" they hurl at Harmon the equally terrifying epithet "railroad man." Well, he was. Years ago he was appointed receiver of three



CHAMP CLARK, OF MISSOURI, WHO WILL BE SPEAKER IF THE DEMOCRATS
CONTROL THE NEXT HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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to some degree in the treasurer's office, he has had no appointments to distribute. It was through his distribution of the few he had that he aroused the cry of "Clevelandism" so hateful to the spoilsman's ears. Yet he has faithfully adhered to the principle laid down in his inaugural address:

Proper political activity is no disqualification [for office]; quite the reverse, but it does not dispense with fitness for the work done.

practically bankrupt railroads—the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, the Pere Marquette, and the Toledo Terminal. The first thing some receivers do is to cut down wages; the first thing Harmon did was to borrow eight hundred thousand dollars to pay the road's debt to their employees. If the damning epithet of "railroad man" is to be applied to him, it ought to be set forth in all its horror.

When he was elected Governor, he at once presented his resignation as receiver; but Justice Horace Lurton, of the United States Supreme Court, looking over the Harmon work and finding it good, though uncompleted, refused to accept the resignation. For nearly eight months Harmon was both Governor and receiver. Then he turned over the three roads to their stockholders, restored to credit, reorganized, and on the high road to prosperity.

At the most critical moment in his political career—for, as I have said, his reelection to the Governorship is essential to his nomination to the Presidency—Governor Harmon encountered two stumbling-blocks. At Newark, Ohio, an overzealous private detective employed by a temperance society shot the keeper of a “blind pig.” A mob of citizens, opposed to intemperate methods of enforcing temperance, straightway lynched the detective. The mayor and sheriff of the town, showing sympathy with the mob, made little effort to apprehend the lynchers, and were removed from office by the Governor.

Later, in Columbus, there was a savage street-car strike. The strikers enjoyed the sympathy of a large portion of the citizens, and apparently of the mayor and sheriff, who failed to keep order. The Governor thereupon called out a portion of the national guard—a duty which every Governor seeking reelection dreads, and which many shirk.

Each of these incidents exposed Governor Harmon, at the outset of his campaign, to the danger of estranging a large group of voters; but he grappled the nettle and has seemingly not been stung. Perhaps the frivolous may smile at the fact that United States Senator Dick, just now a candidate for reelection, happened to be a brigadier-general of the troops, and was likewise called into action. But a little politics is permissible, even in Ohio.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA

Neighbor to Ohio is Indiana, where they are always playing politics. Indeed, politicians, poets, playwrights, and novelists seem to be the chief products of the State. Just now, most impartial observers think, public sentiment is setting toward the Democratic side—which, in view of the State's past record for wabbling, doesn't mean so very much. One of Indiana's United States Senators is a Democrat; so, too, are eleven out of her thirteen Representatives. And in the person of Thomas R. Marshall she has

a Democratic Governor of Presidential capacity, whose term in office does not expire until 1912, and whose path, therefore, is not beset with the pitfalls that impede the Harmon progress.

It is a curious commentary upon the rapidity with which political reputations are made in the United States that in the 1909 edition of “Who's Who in America”—the edition which until a few weeks ago was the latest—the name of Thomas R. Marshall did not appear. To-day he is Governor of a great State, and one of the men most mentioned where Presidential politics are discussed.

Make no mistake about Marshall. Geography, good fortune, and his own ability have made him a prime factor in the Presidential problem. His State is “doubtful”—a fact full of promise to a strong man seeking political advancement. Indiana has gone Republican in every Presidential election since 1892; prior to that time it swung from one party to the other, every fourth year, with the regularity of a pendulum. In 1908, Taft carried the State by more than ten thousand, while Marshall carried it by more than fourteen thousand—which would seem to justify me in ascribing to the Governor no mean political skill.

An eminently democratic Democrat is Marshall, and one who speaks his mind freely on mooted questions which many public men dodge. He frankly avows himself a believer in tariff for revenue only, and doesn't even shy at those terrifying words, “free trade.” If Neighbor Harmon claims copyright on the phrase, “Guilt is always personal,” Neighbor Marshall can point with pride to his slogan:

“There is no place this side of Tophet where a man can afford to be dishonest, or where he can afford to let his individual greed stand in the way of the continuance of the republic.”

There is no mistaking the fact that “Tom” Marshall is a man not afraid to speak his mind, without regard to political results. His whole manner in conversation is frank, open, forceful, and convincing. Slight, not over tall, with clear blue eyes, and a good thatch of iron-gray hair, there is in his simplicity a certain suggestion of the farmer, though he never farmed.

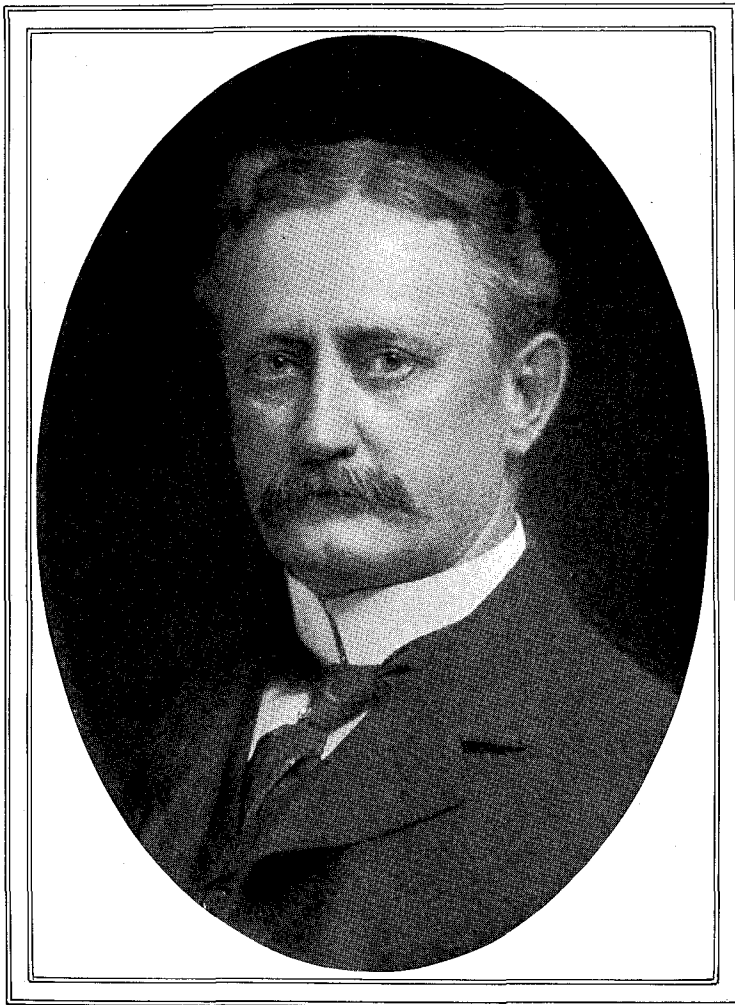
Nowadays it is a distinct sacrifice for a public man to refrain from claiming birth in a farmhouse and education in a “destrict school.” Look at the biographies in the Congressional Directory, and you will be im-

pressed by the singular similarity among the early lives of our statesmen. But Marshall repudiates the farm myth, and will not even adorn himself with the favorite romance of early days of penury and want.

"I never was rich and never expect to be," he says, "but I never suffered for lack of necessary money, and cannot point to any

the wolf at the door, this frank common sense of Marshall's is refreshing. It is on a par with the man's whole attitude. Somebody asked him about the railway bill, then being debated in the United States Senate. This is the way he went after the pet contention of the Democrats and insurgents:

"I suppose if I say that 'physical valua-



DAVID R. FRANCIS, FORMER GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI, AND THIS YEAR
A CANDIDATE FOR A UNITED STATES SENATORSHIP

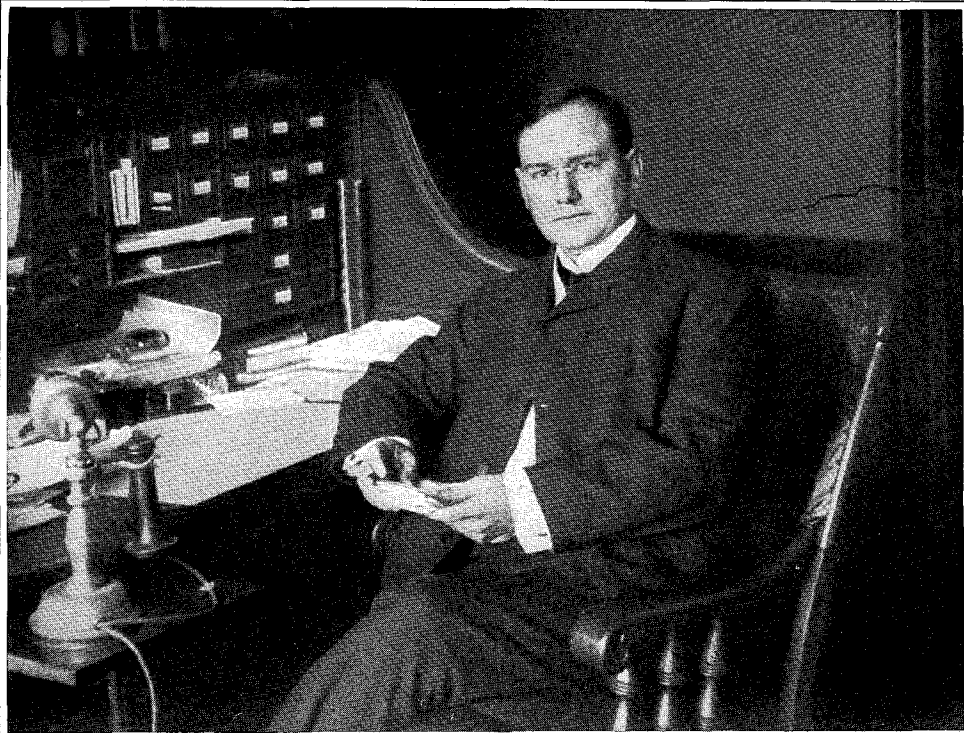
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early privations which tried my soul. My salary as Governor is a little more than I earned in my law-practise, but I do not see that it makes me more prosperous. I spend it just the same, and shall be content again with the law-practise when I return to it."

To one who knows the average politician's fondness for talk about his boyhood days on the farm, and his early struggles against

' is nonsensical or unnecessary, I shall convict myself of a Democratic heresy. But we cannot absorb the past. We can't squeeze water out of the stocks without inviting disaster, though we can prevent more from being poured in."

According to Marshall, the crying national issues to-day are "Cannonism and special privilege"; but as both of these are inex-



JOSEPH W. FOLK, FORMER GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI, AND ONE OF THAT STATE'S THREE
DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES

From a photograph by Moore, Columbia, Missouri

trically interwoven with the tariff, he holds that to be, after all, the paramount issue in American politics. In dealing with it he minces no words. The tariff has made graft legal and undermined our political morals. It is the root of all our government ills, according to his view. He is not afraid to attack it in short and ugly words. If denouncing it as robbery, and declaring for a tariff for revenue only, will drive Democrats out of the party, he says:

"Let them go. More Republicans will come in to take their places. It's a time of party disintegration, anyway."

A year or two before the Denver convention, Mr. Bryan suggested to some of his friends that a platform be prepared so brief that it could be printed on a postal card. When the committee on resolutions had done its perfect work, the convention adopted the longest platform on record, containing about five thousand words and almost half as many issues. Of Marshall's passion for clear and succinct statement of political truths I believe it is not too much to say that he would regard as a sufficient platform for himself, or

for any political leader, the three following planks:

A tariff for revenue only.

Honesty and economy in government.

Strict independence of the legislative and executive branches.

One of Governor Marshall's closest friends said to me, the other day, when I asked what he considered the Governor's dominant characteristic:

"His simplicity."

From my own knowledge of the man, I think the answer was correct. Simple and direct in statement, as he is simple in his life, Marshall gives to the observer the impression of a man who wants to do what he thinks is right, but who would never attempt to do it by indirection. I cannot conceive of him drawing his political code from Machiavelli, nor do I believe that there are any charms for him in that doubtful maxim: "The end justifies the means." When his State presents his name to the next Democratic national convention, as it doubtless will, there will be no "weasel words" in the nominating speech, nor, should he be nomi-

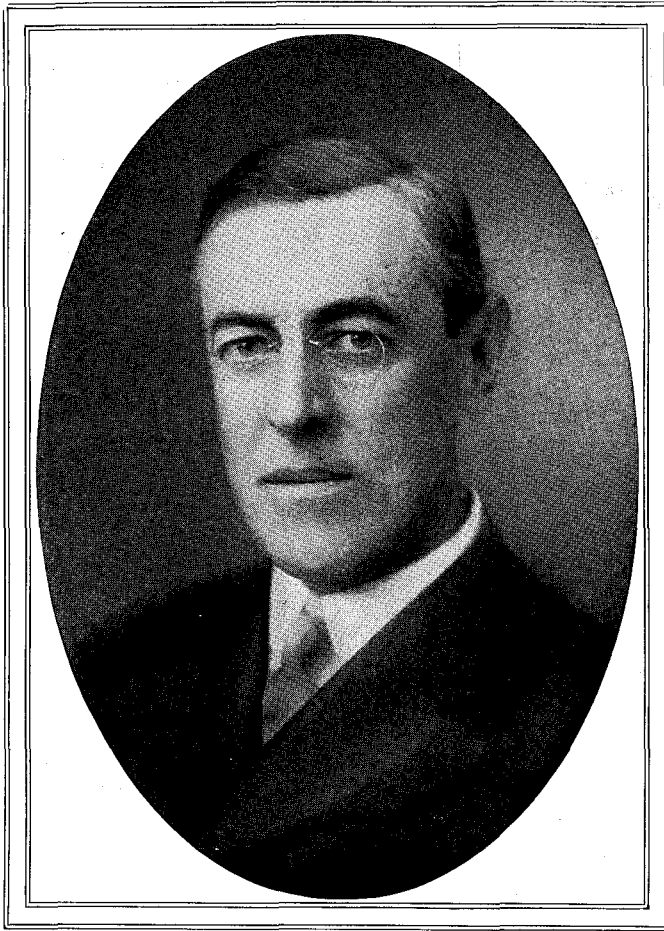
nated, any equivocations in his speech of acceptance.

SPEAKER, PROBABLY; THEN WHAT?

If you would judge Champ Clark, of Bowling Green, Missouri, by a biography penned by his own hand, you will find these the milestones along his pathway to prominence:

er if that minority becomes a majority, and who is talked of for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Being "talked of" doesn't insure the Presidency, or even a nomination; but it has its advantages, and it has helped to make Champ Clark one of the most successful figures on the Chautauqua circuit.

It has only helped, though. Long before



WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
WHOSE NAME MAY BE PRESENTED BY NEW JERSEY
FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

From a photograph by Maffett, Chicago

Was president of Marshall College, West Virginia, and for twenty-two years held the record for being the youngest college president in the United States; worked as a hired farm-hand, clerked in a country store, edited a country newspaper, and practised law.

Perhaps that is enough about the early struggles of the quiet Missourian who is the leader of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives, who will be Speak-

he was minority leader or a Presidential possibility, he was a drawing card on the lecture platform, where his fine vein of humor and his inexhaustible store of political reminiscences made the people hear him gladly.

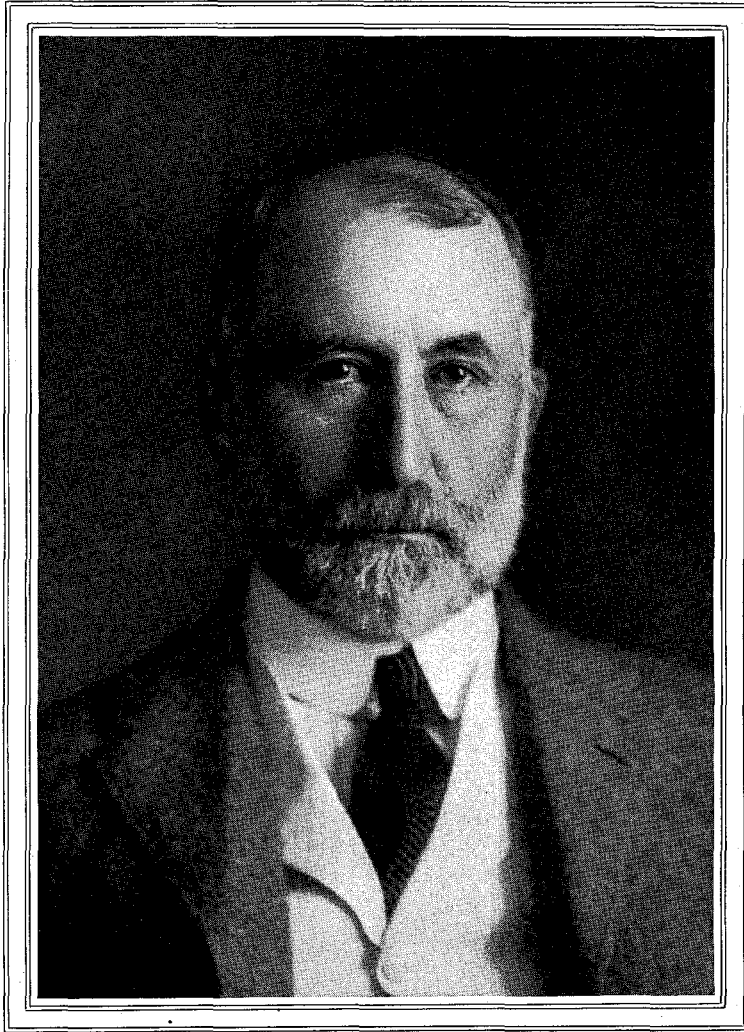
During his sixteen years in Congress, Champ Clark has made a host of friends and no enemies. Perhaps that very lack of enemies is indicative of the personal char-

acteristic that will stand most in the way of his nomination. Talk about Clark with the average Democratic politician of national standing, and he will say:

"A good fellow, an able Representative, a fine orator, a tactful politician, but—well,

tracy. Clark's whole public life has been spent in the House of Representatives. He honors that body, and, if Democratic, it will honor him next year with the Speaker's chair.

Men say that for that position—next in



WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, MAYOR OF NEW YORK, WHO MAY BE THE EMPIRE STATE'S CANDIDATE IN THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1912

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York

he lacks force. He could not break a stubborn Congress to subjection to his will, as Cleveland did or Roosevelt. He's not one of the Cleveland or the Roosevelt school. For him the soft word without the big stick."

It would be difficult to imagine a more perfect test of the time-honored theory of the complete independence of the Congress from the President than would be made if Champ Clark were elected to the chief magis-

power to the Presidency itself—he lacks force. They contrast his disposition and methods with those of Reed and Cannon, not always to his advantage. But—and this is worth noting—there has been no minority leader of the House of Representatives, since the Democrats passed down into the minority, who has been able to get such coherent, united team work out of his followers as has Clark.

Bailey, one of the ablest men ever sent to either hall of Congress, always had to face an organized opposition within his own party ranks. John Sharp Williams, keen of intellect, swift at repartee, master of all the strategy that makes a hard-fought battle on the floor of the House a thing to watch and to admire, could not weld his forces into a solid phalanx. Clark, phlegmatic rather than nervous, with the face of an evangelistic clergyman and the manners of a Southern gentleman of the old régime, has held his party together as did none of his predecessors.

Is he likely to be the party nominee, or even to figure largely in the national convention? Who can tell? There are two other aspirants from his own State, strong men both. Perhaps it is safest to class him a "possibility" without further effort at prophecy.

FRANCIS, A BUSINESS CANDIDATE

Whatever Missouri may desire to be shown, it is this year showing the rest of the country the curious spectacle of a State with three possible Presidential candidates. Please mark that I say "possible" not "avowed." Champ Clark's candidacy, however dear to his own heart and to those of his friends, who are legion, is hardly an open one; neither is that of the gentleman of whom I have now to speak.

Just at the present moment, David R. Francis is an active, avowed, open candidate for the United States Senatorship from Missouri, to succeed William Warner, who had announced his retirement. Francis may succeed in this, his immediate ambition; but it is not his ultimate goal. This fact he knows well enough, but, being a man wise in his own and other folks' esteem, he does not proclaim it from mountain tops, nor even whisper it secretly to his intimate friends. For him a Senatorship is at stake, and an avowed candidate for the Presidency—one Joseph W. Folk, of whom more hereafter—is a power in the State of Missouri whom it were unwise for a Senatorial candidate to antagonize. Nevertheless, while the Senatorship looms large in the immediate present, it cannot be doubted that the Francis vision peers beyond it to a greater prize.

Francis is rich. His business career has been an uninterrupted record of success. At one point, perhaps, it trenched dangerously on his political prospects, for time was when the Missouri farmers were wont to speak disparagingly about "grain speculators"—a phrase which applied closely to some of Mr.

Francis's commercial activities. This feeling was allayed during his Governorship and obliterated by his masterly presidency of the St. Louis World's Fair, in the service of which he toured Europe, was decorated and bemedaled by sundry crowned heads, and won the plaudits of his fellow citizens for a most successful essay in the administration of a great public enterprise.

His political life has been as successful as his business career. As mayor of St. Louis, he fought the public service corporations to a standstill, though as a man of large affairs he might well have been allied with their managers or stockholders. From the Governorship he went to the post of Secretary of the Interior. Perhaps this promotion is one which he would be willing to blot from his record. It was in the dark days of '96, and Hoke Smith had indignantly retired to Georgia from the Interior Department rather than obey the Cleveland orders to smite Bryan hip and thigh. From rock-ribbed and regular Missouri Francis went to Washington, obediently lent voice and vote to the futile Palmer and Buckner ticket, and has been wondering about it ever since.

The progress of his Senatorial candidacy, however, seems to indicate that the antagonisms bred of that action are rapidly being forgotten. He might well reach across the Mississippi, Desplaines, Wabash, and other confluent streams, and, gripping hands with Harmon, also of the Cleveland Cabinet, warble: "Let ancient errors be forgot." As a matter of fact, only people with sinister purpose now recall them except to wave them lightly away.

FOLK, THE FIRST IN THE FIELD

I have spoken of ex-Governor Joseph W. Folk. Out of office, a private citizen, a candidate for his State's support in the next Democratic national convention, he is quite as much of a national figure as the two present Governors or the next possible Speaker.

No man in the United States whose public service has been bounded by his own State has had so much national fame as Folk. For two years magazine after magazine carried articles, always eulogistic, usually just, about Folk. There is little left to be said about him, but there is something to be said about his chances of securing the nomination that he covets—just as every other public man in the Democratic party covets it.

Born in 1869, he is the youngest of the men mentioned in this brief survey of possible Presidential candidates. His activities

in life have been richly rewarded with public approbation, with public esteem, and—what I think quite as significant—with enemies in public life. He is not at all rich; indeed, to a great extent he has been estopped from accumulating riches, because in his public career he has had occasion to offend, if not to prosecute, the men in his community who might have directed his steps toward the golden fields. Nevertheless he has wealth beyond computation in his national reputation as a fighter for the right, a relentless administrator of the law as he found it.

There is no use longer in telling of his forcible suppression of the race-tracks in St. Louis, when Governor; of his crushing out bribery, political corruption, and lobbying at the State capital. Of his relentless prosecution of certain political bosses in St. Louis, when he was circuit attorney, the stories are legion. Probably nobody is more tired than he of the anecdote of the boss who really gave him his nomination and later said wearily:

"I made that young feller circuit attorney, and now he's trying to send me to the penitentiary!"

In Folk are two or three predominating characteristics. Honesty, of course, ranks first, but there are plenty of honest men in politics, despite the cynics. He stands for the right as he sees it, and for the law as it is written. "Honesty is the best politics," he once said, and the phrase really expresses his political creed, though as a matter of fact he is honest, not for politics, but because he cannot help it.

His next most striking quality is caution. He never rushes in where angels or others fear to tread. But for his hesitancy and caution, he might have been the Vice-Presidential candidate of the Democracy two years ago. Probably he now blesses those two qualities for his escape.

Finally, he is a good loser and a forgiving soul. Whether victorious or defeated, he is the first to welcome into a new friendship the men who opposed his ambition.

A NEW SCHOLAR IN POLITICS

New Jersey has not had a Presidential candidate since the days of "Little Mac," and I'm not quite sure that for political purposes that warrior did not date his candidacy from New York. Nor am I sanguine that out of the determined effort in certain quarters to "boom" Dr. Woodrow Wilson there will come anything more than a lot of eulogistic articles which the professor may

treasure as a collection of obituaries written before his death.

Dr. Wilson, president of Princeton University, is distinctly a success. Woodrow Wilson, literary student of American political methods, is an authority—witness his books, "Congressional Government" and "The State"—on the academic phases of American politics and political ethics. But alas, there will be but few Princeton graduates in the nominating convention, and of nine hundred and odd delegates fewer yet will have read those illuminating works.

California seems on the point of electing a famous baseball pitcher United States Senator; and if Princeton really pines for political power, something might possibly be done with one of the Poes, of football fame. But to the mass of makers of candidates the college president does not look promising—despite Champ Clark's assertion that he held the record for youth in that office.

Nothing that I have set down thus lightly should be construed as a reflection upon Mr. Wilson's qualifications for the Presidential office. President Roosevelt was essentially a literary man, his brief military career being wholly incidental to his political ambitions. Jefferson and John Quincy Adams were as near college presidents as habits of thought and intellectual interests could bring them. Garfield was a college president for a time. There is no precedent barring the educator from the White House. Moreover, Dr. Wilson has studied deeply and written well of American political problems. What better phrase could be drawn from the writings or speeches of a Democratic aspirant to the Presidency than these words of his about the present tariff law:

The wrong settlement of a great public question is no settlement at all. The Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, therefore, which its authors would fain regard as a settlement of the tariff question, is no settlement at all. It is miscellaneously wrong in detail, and radically wrong in principle. It disturbs more than it settles, and by its very failure to settle it forces the tariff question forward into a new and much more acute stage.

The forces back of the Wilson candidacy are nebulous, save one—the brilliant editor of the *North American Review* and *Harper's Weekly*, Colonel George Harvey. But despite the clamorous championship of this inspired journalist, I find nothing between the Rockies and the Alleghanies to convince that President Wilson is more than the vaguest of all the Presidential possibilities.

So come we to the easternmost of all the

men whose names are linked with the Presidency in places where men talk politics—William J. Gaynor, mayor of Greater New York.

SHALL THE LAST BE FIRST?

It has been said that the New York mayoralty, like the Vice-Presidency, is the graveyard of political hopes. I suppose a man can make a small personal graveyard out of any field given to him to till, if he so chooses. Some recent mayors of New York—it were cruel to mention names—have done so most successfully. But Gaynor does not seem to have proceeded on the theory that the mayoralty was either a stepping-stone to the Presidency or a toboggan-slide away from that lofty post. In it he recognized only an opportunity to do good service to a community in which he had lived all his life, and which he had already served in high judicial station. Gaynor's present national status should be an inspiring revelation of the value and profit of doing the immediate duty as it arises without thought of the future. A year ago Gaynor was hardly known out of New York; to-day men in all political centers are seriously discussing his availability. And, though it may perhaps seem bad taste to refer to it, the recent attempt upon his life has greatly extended his national repute.

One reason why the New York mayoralty has so often been a graveyard is that Democratic mayors have usually been elected by Tammany, and have been subservient to that organization. Gaynor was neither. As he put it himself in an admirable phrase:

"No boss ever made me, and none can pull me down."

Nominated against Tammany's will, Gaynor has played fair with that organization, but has not played into its hands. Van Wyck was a mere puppet in Croker's hands. McClellan started his administration in the same way, and only broke with Murphy on a matter of personal pique and pride. I do not suppose that Tammany loves Gaynor as it would love him had he handed the city over to its rule. But I happen to know that where his acts run counter to the Tammany wish, it is not for any personal reason, or through malice, but because he believes the city can best be served that way.

With a record of long and effective judicial service, Gaynor, when nominated, had to face the opposition of almost the united press of New York. He had cleaned up the dives of Flatbush, he had defeated a deal

by which certain politicians would have robbed the city of more than a million dollars, he had torn down the McKane domination of Coney Island and sent that defiant boss to Sing Sing. But when he asked the votes of the people, the dignified *Outlook* could only say of his past service:

At best it is the record of a sentimentalist who can be used as a tool of the vicious and disorderly by designing politicians.

To-day, Gaynor's detractors have made a complete about-face. Only one group of newspapers attack him, and they are animated by the personal hostility of their proprietor.

It is said that Mayor Gaynor lacks the saving sense of humor. Well, neither Cleveland nor McKinley enlivened public utterances with playful jests. And I discern a certain grim humor in his final retort to his journalistic critics. During the campaign he received from his friends, almost daily, information in the way of clippings and letters seriously reflecting on the personal reputation or professional integrity of the newspaper editors who were cruelly maligning him. When all was over, and he had won, he sent this unused ammunition to those who might have been its targets.

Gaynor is a cautious man. None ever more scrupulously observed the Shakespearian injunction, "Beware of entrance upon a quarrel." Few know how often he refused the mayoralty nomination, or how long he hesitated before accepting it. Once in the fray, however, he fights, as he fought for victory, and now fights for executive independence.

His political creed? I could not better state it than in these, his own words:

No one, however rich, need ever be afraid of the people. The people are not revolutionary by nature. They are never dishonest. Even in the French Revolution, when they destroyed prisons and fortresses, not a bank was looted. The Bastille was torn down, but the Bank of France remained undisturbed.

So six men's names make up to-day the roster of possible Democratic candidates for the Presidency. By the 10th of November, one or two may perhaps have disappeared. Others may be lost before the next Democratic convention, and new and even unknown ones may come to the front.

Years pass away swiftly in politics. Only the other day I picked up a magazine of 1906, and saw in it the portraits of six "Presidential possibilities." To-day only one of the six—Theodore Roosevelt—is physically or politically alive.

THE MAN FROM OMAHA

A ROMANCE OF THE WYOMING SHEEP COUNTRY

BY G. W. OGDEN

IN the desert where Widow Mackey dwelt, where nothing green that a man's hands cherished ever came to blossom unless a stream of water was led to its roots, every inch that a man, or a woman, lived was contested every day. The eternal threat of the desert came to be reflected in their faces, after a time—each face a map of the land itself, which you could read if you knew the desert and its hard way of giving what it gave, its soulless way of taking what it swept away from men's hopes and buried in its sands.

When Johnnie Mackey died he left a situation cut out for a strong, rough man to be taken care of by Malvina and the girl—the girl, who always had been blamed for being a girl in a country where men are so badly needed; who had grown tall and slender without either Johnnie or his wife noticing it. Their fifteen years on the Wyoming range had been absorbed by sheep. Ten thousand sheep had been their ambition, fifty thousand pounds of wool a year had been their dream. They realized both; then Johnnie got a cold on his chest, and lasted three days.

It was a hard life for a woman, with the railroad thirty-three miles away. Herders are mainly morose and erratic fellows, likely to come moping in some morning in mid-winter, or, perhaps, in the lambing season, when they are needed out with the sheep as never before, with their possessions done up in a roll, leaving on short notice. At such times Malvina felt, more than others, the need of a hard-fisted, strong-worded man.

Looking out of the tangle of her difficulties, one day, the widow thought she saw a clearing by means of Annie.

"You've got to marry, Annie," said she, very abruptly, very peremptorily. "You and me, we've struggled through the lambin' and the shearin' without the help of a man that

can be counted as a man, and we can't do it again. You've got to marry, Annie; that's all there is to be done."

"Yes, mother," she admitted placidly. "I reckon I will."

"There's Wallace," prompted Malvina. "He's just pinin' for the chance."

Annie shook her head.

"It won't never come," she smiled.

"And Haddix. He'd give his call on kingdom-come if you'd let on favorable to him."

"He makes such a terrible noise on the fiddle," shuddered Annie. "I'd rather have that Shoshone policeman that used to come to spark me last summer."

"Well, you cut them two fellers out of the band, and I don't know where you're goin' to turn. Men ain't so plentiful in this country that a woman can pick and choose. Cut them two fellers out, and what's left? Herders, and a wanderin', good-for-nothing cowboy once in a while, that's all. Beats how it comes, with all the settlin' that's goin' on in this country, with neighbors every ten or fifteen miles, that men *is* so scarce! I could have been married myself, time over, if I'd been livin' in any other place but this."

"You, ma?"

"Of course; I'm not so very old. But I don't see what objection you've got, really, to Haddix. I think he plays 'Little Brown Jug' as purty as I ever heard it come out of a fiddle. Look around you, look around you, and think 'em over, that's what you do, girl!"

Not that Annie hadn't looked around her. There was Wallace, big, but withal indefinite, as so many big, soft men are, master of many sheep, a little gray at the temples, yet not old. Ungainly on foot, almost too heavy for a horse, Wallace, who lived twenty miles away, was not a frequent visitor.

Haddix was flat and bony, but he had a