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## OHIO'S FIGHTING SENATORS.

Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 29, 1897.—The senatorial election will occur at Columbus in a few days, and it will then be finally settled whether Mark Hanna is to succeed himself as senator of the United States. From what I can learn there seems little doubt as to his election, but there are plenty of Judases in Ohio politics, and if the Foraker faction can defeat Hanna without bringing opprobrium upon itself it will undoubtedly do so. I have heard nothing but Foraker and Hanna since I came into the state. In Cincinnati every one lauded Foraker, with only here and there a shout for Hanna. Here the majority are for Hanna, but a number of jealous rich men question his ability and incline toward Foraker.

It is wonderful how strong both men are in the hearts of the people. I could find twenty men in any Ohio city who would roll up their sleeves and fight for either Foraker or Hanna. Foraker is the typical fighter. He believes in winning by aggression. His whole life has been a fight. When he was ready to go away to school the war broke out and he entered the army. He was hardly old enough to be a soldier, but he fought his way through the war, taking active part in the battles of Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Atlanta and a dozen others, and being the last man of his regiment to be mustered out. He carried his animosity with him after the war closed, and when he was governor protested against giving the rebel flags back to the South. Foraker has backbone as stiff as the Corinthian columns at the front of the Capitol at Washington. He does not give up and he keeps on fighting after the battle is over. He wanted an education, but he served throughout the war, and when it was closed entered college, going first to the Methodist University at Delaware, Ohio, and afterward to Cornell. Hanna is also a fighter, but he fights in a different way. He plans his campaigns, organizes his forces, studies human nature and diplomatically molds everything to his will. The reason for this lies somewhat in his education. He started life in his father's store in Cleveland, but times were hard and business poor. Later on he invested his savings in an iron mine, became interested in a variety of different enterprises and by diplomacy, push and honesty succeeded in making a great fortune. Like Foraker he is a man of strong friendships. This is shown in the way he has stuck to McKinley. Like Foraker he is a good fighter, and, like him, he seldom forgets an injury, and will keep up his campaign to the last.

Both Hanna and Foraker are astute politicians. Both have their forces well organized, but Hanna knows more about organization in a day than Foraker does in a month of Sundays. Foraker has friends who manipulate the machine for him. One of these is Charles Kurtz of Columbus, Gov. Bushnell is another and George Cox, the big

liquor dealer of Cincinnati, was until recently the third. All these men, however, cannot compare with Hanna in this respect. I doubt whether he has his equal in the world. I spent some time at his headquarters here and looked over the books showing how he ran this last senatorial campaign. The whole state was divided up into sections. Every man of importance was known. Every vote was counted. Every newspaper editor had been lined up, and the wires reaching from the Perry Payne building extended to every hamlet of Ohio. Scores of clerks were kept constantly busy. Two hundred and fourteen daily papers and all of the weeklies published in Ohio came to the headquarters. A corps of readers clipped these, summarized their matter and presented it to Hanna's lieutenants. A close touch was kept with every county, and the correspondence was such that it amounted to hundreds of letters a day.

Hanna's presidential campaign for McKinley was managed as no campaign was ever managed before. The whole United States was divided up just as he divided up Ohio. He knew as much about any one of the counties of Lower California or Upper Maine as he did about the different parts of northern Ohio. He not only knew individuals, but he knew public sentiment, and he spent vast sums to change it. His correspondence was so enormous that for a time it was said he spent as much as \$60,000 a week for postage, and I have seen it stated that 30,000,000 documents were sent out in one week by mail. All told, the amount of money at his command is said to have been more than \$1,000,000, and I have no doubt that this money, as far as Mr. Hanna was concerned, was spent legitimately. He skipped nothing. A letter was never sent where a telegram would bring the news more quickly, and much of the business was done by special wires and long-distance telephones. In this work he was aided very largely by President McKinley. The President is one of the shrewdest of politicians. By means of the telephone he and Hanna were side by side, though one was in Cleveland and the other in Canton. Every day or so Hanna would get on the train, taking a lot of papers with him, and go down to Canton. The ride is not more than an hour or so. During the journey he would have two seats to himself and would sort over these papers, so that he had them just in the shape in which McKinley would understand them most quickly. He would proceed at once to business, and together the two in a couple of hours would go over the whole field, and by evening Hanna would be back in Cleveland with a new set of directions for his subordinates. He is, you know, a good judge of men, and he picked out a force of organizers which needed only his general direction. He does not believe in doing things he can get others men to do. In this way he saved himself for the big things and was able to throw all his force where it would do the most good.

Still Hanna did too much. His illness today is the result of overwork. During the presidential campaign he put in more hours than a newspaper reporter. His head was kept going night and day and he gave up the quiet evenings which he was wont to have with his family. During the senatorial campaign he traveled in a common car. He spoke several times a day for weeks and went right down among the people. He wanted to show them, he said, that he had not horns as one of the New York papers had stated, and that he was a plain, common sense fellow after all. All this time he was affected with rheumatism and trouble with his heart. He got up to speak night after night when he knew he should have been in bed, and he made a campaign which would have worn out a much younger man. As it is, you know, he is now over sixty and his life race has been made at a two-forty pace. He is of that nature that he can't do things by halves. If he goes into an enterprise it must be with all his might. He is bound to succeed if he dies with his success. Foraker on the other hand works equally hard. He is, however, a much younger man and his muscles are like iron. Campaigning is an old thing to him. It is as natural for him to speak as to eat, and his frame is packed full of personal magnetism which carries his audiences with him. Foraker thinks on his feet. He jots down from time to time before making a speech the things he wants to say. This clarifies the matter in his mind, and when he takes the stump his magnetism, enthusiasm and oratorical power do the rest. He never makes two speeches alike. He once told me that every great speech was to a large extent the inspiration of the moment, and that the surroundings as a rule make the speech. Speaking with Hanna was very hard work. When he arose he was nervous. You could see that he felt out of place. There were drops of sweat on his bald head, his eyelids quivered and his trousers seemed to bag at the knees. His ordinary gesture was something like the motion of a pump handle, and it was perhaps ten minutes before he got into sympathy with his audience. Then you took note of the honesty of the man. You began to see that he was simple and plain in his statements, and as he went on you felt the effect of his arguments. There was no straining for effect, but his speeches were filled with common sense from start to finish, and I think they really have more effect than Foraker's pyrotechnic efforts.

Both Foraker and Hanna are consumed with ambition, but Foraker, I believe, strikes very much above Hanna. Foraker wants to be President of the United States. This is the desire of his life, and there is no doubt that he will attempt to overthrow McKinley in 1900 if there is a fair chance of his succeeding. Both McKinley and Hanna know this to be a fact and they fear Foraker. They know that Foraker has wonderful elements of success. They appreciate how close he