

HANNA'S WORKSHOP.

THE MAN WHO IS CONDUCTING MCKINLEY CAMPAIGN.

He Looks on Platt and Quay as the Master Political Babies. *Thus Ohio's Favorite Son is as Good as Nominated.*

Talk With the Shrewd Boss.

"Platt and Quay are the merest political babies."

It was Mark Hanna, the great McKinley chief and panacea of protective tariff politics who said this. I had called on Mr. Hanna at the rooms of the McKinley propaganda on lower Superior street, Cleveland. The discussion had fallen on Platt and Quay.

"They are political babies," reiterated Mr. Hanna—"mere children in politics. Their methods show it. I had been led to believe both Platt and Quay astute, farsighted politicians. They are nothing of the sort. They have so far conducted it in end of this like 10-year-old children."

"Only the other day," said a newspaper man, who was present, "when I was traveling in the east Platt, discussing the situation, said McKinley's can-

vass was in the hands of amateurs, conducted in an amateur way. 'We will show them,' said Platt to me, 'before we're through that they are not contend-

ing with pygmies!'

Mark Hanna smiled the wide smile of one who regards a present enterprise as already a success. Hanna believes Mc-

Kinley has already won his fight that to nominate him now is only a formality and that in fact everything is over but the yelling.

But to Hanna and his McKinley workshop at Cleveland. There are five spacious apartments with a multitude of desks and a crowd of clerks. At Hanna's elbow a long distance telephone with a cable to link unto the neck of a swan offers itself to the ear and lips of Hanna. At the other end in Canton, something like 65 miles away, is Mc-

Kinley. They hold frequent and long and earnest and no doubt momentous confabs. McKinley and Mark Hanna, every day.

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marked to Hanna, "McKinley ought to get Illinois' oughtn't he?"

"He's got it now," broke in Major Dicks, who is Hanna's chief lieutenant in his McKinley campaign. "McKinley's about got Illinois now. He'll get the delegation."

"If McKinley hasn't got it now," ob-

served Hanna with much complacency,

"he's getting it mighty fast. You can put that down."

I got a recent letter from ex-Senator Ingalls. "I remarked, willing to do my share toward elevating the gravity of the crowd. Ingalls has been lecturing through Michigan, Wisconsin and Min-

nesota. He closed his letter by saying he

regarded the contest for the St. Louis nomination as all one way and practical-

ly closed. "Everybody I meet," wrote Ingalls, "is for McKinley."

"They are," retorted Hanna, "and the battle's all but over and won. An-

other week's work and it's as good as

done." McKinley will be practically nominated."

"The wires tonight," said the news-

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"Harrison is out of it and not a can-

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"There's no doubt of that. And such

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At this point it should be understood that Mark Hanna and Major Dicks are just now synonymous of McKinley politics. What one says the other says. Mark Hanna and Major Dicks are the Siamese twins of the McKinley team. Mark Hanna is round, ruddy, rough and abrupt of manner. Major Dicks is dark, with voluminous Paderewski hair. He is pale, smooth shaven, well poised, soft of step and talklike. They are a great contrast, and a fine pair to hold before the draw in this game of "White House winning" or Mark Hanna and Major Dicks. The last, by the way, was Mc- Kinley's state manager and chairman of the state electoral committee during Mc- Kinley's run for governor two years ago.

"Didn't Tysk Reed try to steal Illinois?" I asked glibly. "When he made Joe Cannon chief of the appropriations committee, and H. C. Smith of foreign affairs?"

"Yes, I did," said Major Dicks, with a smile which showed a row of white teeth through the lisp of a Steinway. "Yes, he did, and in that connection I was very fully in attendance to the fact that the Cannon and H. C. Smith districts have a great deal for McKinley. When Reed made his mistake was in declaring his anti-tariff policy in the Republican caucus at the beginning of this congress. He didn't want the house to do anything. It must be quiet—no tariff, no nothing. That's where Reed crippled every chance he had. The people wanted something done. That was no time for doing nothing. And that's when Reed killed himself."

Major Dicks at this crisis looked about with a severe searching air, as one who dared contradiction and who was able to settle a few things himself.

"Speaking about Harrison," I said,

"General Michener, who is his political

guardian ad litem and has been these

many years told me that he personally

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name be used or make any try for the nomination."

"No, he won't want it," Harrison went, said Major Dicks meditatively.

"What's General Michener doing in this mess?" I asked. "What's he and Block of Five, Dudley, his partner in Washington, trying to bring about in the way of a nomination at St. Louis?"

"Oh, they are in the combine against McKinley," replied Major Dicks airily.

"What combine is that?"

"Platt, Quay and the rest," was Major Dicks' answer. "Michener himself, I believe, professes to be for Ali-

son, I think."

"When will you be east again?" I asked Mr. Hanna, giving the overworked Major Dicks a rest.

"I'll not be east until McKinley's nominated," said Hanna. "I shall stay here until about a week prior to the convention. Then I'll go to St. Louis."

It is understood that Mark Hanna is so sure of McKinley's success that he has taken deliberate occasion to insult Platt and Quay and others of what he calls "the combine."

He wants no trades with them, and he does not propose to leave them any chance to come to McKinley's aid at the last moment and then make the claim that they aided in his nomination. Hanna, should Platt or Quay offer his aid to McKinley, would decline it. He does not want them about, nor does he propose to have any partners in the glory of carrying McKinley to victory. Hanna is to have all that for himself. Meanwhile Ohio is crazy for McKinley, and the band plays on.—A. H. Lewis in New York Journal.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

Antecedents About the Late Journalist John A. Cockerill.

Mr. J. B. McCullagh of The Globe-Democrat and Colonel Charles H. Jones of The Post-Dispatch, now the great editors of Missouri, were not better known than Colonel John A. Cockerill.

Colonel Cockerill went to St. Louis in the early eighties to take charge of Joseph Pulitzer's Post-Dispatch, and as an energetic manager and brilliant har-

ographer had no superior in that part of the country. Under his guidance The Post-Dispatch became the most influential afternoon newspaper in the west, and literally coined money for Pulitzer.

Cockerill was a great mixer. He went everywhere and knew everybody. He was absolutely fearless, and the bitterness of his invective led to many a fierce hatred against him. The old Post-Dispatch building in Market street, opposite the Grand Opera House, was the scene of the killing of Colonel Alonzo Slayback, as the result of a Cockerill editorial. Colonel Cockerill was acquitted on the ground of self defense. Slayback entered the office with the expressed purpose of assaulting Cockerill. The latter was sitting at his desk when the infuriated Slayback entered. As Slayback rushed in Cockerill drew a revolver from his desk and fired.

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THE EIGHT HOUR DAY.

GOMPERS PREDICTS SHORTENED TIME FOR 600,000 MEN.

Can't Foresee Any Great Strike as the Result of the Demand, but There May Be Some—Say There Will Be No Peace Until the Eight Hour Day Comes.

Samuel Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labor, who has been visiting the large cities in the east in the interest of the eight hour work-day movement, was asked by a reporter what would happen on May 1, that being the day set for the enforcement of the eight hour day by the labor unions. He replied:

"I will venture to say that more than 600,000 workmen will, beginning some time in May, work an hour or more a day less than they work at the present time."

"Will there be great strike to enforce the eight hour rule?" asked the reporter.

"Most of these 600,000 will get the eight hour day without striking for it," was the reply. "I do not want to predict that there will or will not be strike. Once movements of this kind are started, there is no telling where they will end. I do not know at the present time that any great strike is contemplated or will be necessary."

"What branches of trade will lead in the movement?"

"I cannot say that at present. The data are at the headquarters of the federation, and I cannot speak certainly

about them. The building trades generally have the eight hour day in the larger cities. Some of them, though, still work nine hours, and these men very generally will demand and will get without strike the eight hour day.

There are some local unions in this trade unattached to any national organization. These unions will make the demand, and I think that they will get it."

"Are these unions in the cities you have visited?"

"Some of them are. There have been many conferences lately in all the cities between the representatives of the trades unions and the employers in reference to the eight hour rule. The men have been met in a spirit of fairness. The result of these conferences will be seen in the large industrial centers about May 4, which is the first day in the month. The day's work will be lessened, but there will be no decrease of pay."

"Does it extend to all trades?"

"Oh, no; it does not. In many trades the hours of labor have been ten or eleven a day. In many of these the hours will be cut down to nine. The eight hour day will not be asked for in these trades."

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