



Mr. Hughes Addressing a Crowd of 15,000 Workmen at a Big Detroit Automobile Plant.

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Hughes Is Proving an Effective Campaigner

His Vote-Getting Methods Compared With Those of Wilson and Roosevelt by One Who Has Seen All Three in Action

THOSE who saw the Republican nominee for President run along the uncertain platform of the railroad station at a ranch town in North Dakota recently to shake hands with a youthful cowboy mounted on a fiery little mustang found it difficult to conjure up the picture of a solemn visaged Justice of the United States Supreme Court with the name "Charles E. Hughes" beneath it.

It was for Mr. Hughes himself to provide the key to the situation, to explain the mystery surrounding the change which had come over him since he left the bench to journey forth into the country and win a place among political orators and campaigners such as Roosevelt, Wilson and Bryan.

"When I was a Judge," he said, "I was 100 per cent. Judge. When I am a candidate for office I am 100 per cent. candidate."

Certain it is that no candidate has developed with more rapidity into 100 per cent. campaigner than the Republican nominee. Men talked of him as an effective orator when he was sent into doubtful States of the Middle West in 1908 to turn the tide in the proper direction for William Howard Taft. Lately many have recalled the Hughes of 1908 in order to compare him with the Hughes of 1916. The Hughes of today has not suffered by that comparison. In fact, it is conceded pretty generally that, after two weeks among the people, he is running at top form.

The explanation for this is simple. It is not supplied by the nominee, although he may realize it. Mr. Hughes is playing in a bigger game than ever before in his career, and he has come into closer touch with the American people—closer, probably, than he believed he could come. He admits with the utmost frankness that he has found the sturdy and uninflated cheering of the people of the Middle West and West, when directed at himself, inspiring. Mixing with them—and Mr. Hughes has actually mixed—has done him a world of good.

Mr. Hughes has arrived at a happy

medium between the methods employed by Colonel Roosevelt and President Wilson when those skilled campaigners go out upon the stump. In other words, he is a bit more spectacular than Wilson and less spectacular than the Colonel. He nearly stole the Colonel's style soon after the opening of his Western tour, when he jumped upon the concrete roof of the players' bench at the baseball park in Detroit, after announcing, unprompted, that he wanted "to shake hands with the boys." All that was lacking to complete the picture was a certain vigor of action and vocal eruption on which the Colonel has a corner. The well-known "How are you?" spoken with a rising inflection on the last word, was the best Hughes could do.

The surprising thing about it to everybody who witnessed the picture was that Mr. Hughes could do it at all without appearing ridiculous. And he didn't; he just looked for all the world as if he were enjoying himself to the full for the first time in his life. Onlookers felt like shouting: "Hey, that stuff belongs to Teddy!" But after they watched Mr. Hughes for a time and saw him pose for a picture with Ty Cobb, the Georgia peach, who, by the way, was easily the more embarrassed of the two, the inclination to call out derisively passed by. Then everybody felt like saying: "Gee, look at Hughes!"

And so it has developed that in this campaign, unless the jovial Mr. Taft may be listed as an exception, Mr. Wilson is the only political orator of the first magnitude who is cleaving to the line of absolute decorum. According to the dope sheet, and working from the most spectacular in deeds, if not in words, down the scale, they ought to run about this way: Fortissimo, Roosevelt; forte, Hughes; piano, Taft; pianissimo, Wilson.

Mr. Hughes finds himself sorely handicapped in any effort to out-Roosevelt Roosevelt. To begin with he does not possess the Colonel's tremendous physique and vitality, which send that doughty political warrior hurtling about the country like a runaway locomotive

that has solved the secret of perpetual motion. Whiskers also count heavily against him, as they assume a certain measure of dignity in action. Then, too, the nominee's vocabulary, while comprehensive and capable of handling almost any situation that arises, lacks a certain explosive power that none except a Roosevelt could attain. Hughes can be vigorous in both word and action—this campaign has proved that much—but he never can be picturesque.

The mixture of Hughes and Roosevelt, which is to be put before the American public during the remainder of the campaign, ought to prove an effective one. Roosevelt proved himself the same vigorous campaigner as of yore in his recent fight in behalf of preparedness and Americanism—there wasn't a detail lacking—and Hughes has developed beyond the hope of his most ardent admirer. Where Roosevelt is needed to take the voters by the scruff of the neck and shake the ballots out of their systems into the Republican melting pot he has promised to go. The campaign as conducted by Hughes himself lacks little in vigorous utterance, biting sarcasm, and systematized attack upon Democratic policies and Democratic leaders from the President down to the Tammany leader—the nominee has been a surprise to himself in that regard. It will be Roosevelt's job to add the final touch in the Roosevelt sections where that touch is needed.

Any one who thinks of Mr. Hughes as the quiet type of orator has drawn an entirely inaccurate picture. Hughes, in action as a political orator, is as far removed from Hughes the Supreme Court Justice as Bryan is from the Presidency, a simile employed because it relieves the mind of all doubt as to the nominee's present status.

Where the President seeks to get home his point by persuasive utterance and graceful gesture, the Republican nominee waves eloquent arms or smashes one open palm against another, ending with a vigorous body movement which gets head, shoulders, arms, and hands into the sentence along with his

voice. All of the calmness of thought, all the restraint which the first glance at the man suggests, are put aside once he is under a full head of steam.

President Wilson, in his trip last January in behalf of his preparedness program, made extemporaneous speeches and was then at his best. Many who heard him expressed the belief that the enthusiasm of the crowds carried him away; that in some utterances he went further than he would have gone had he prepared his manuscript in advance. But he got nearer to the people than ever before, and in watching them seemed to sense what they wanted to hear.

Mr. Hughes went into this campaign without a word prepared on paper except his address of acceptance. That address was a disappointment from the viewpoint of the finished orator, because he read it and stuck relentlessly to the text. The concentration of mind attendant upon such a delivery robbed the orator of much of his power.

Once out upon the stump, free to think as he went along, free to build his talks to the American people as the situation demanded, Hughes was a different man. The first volley of applause at Detroit awakened him to the full sense of the power of words to stir. He forgot all about the years spent upon the Supreme Court bench; he forgot restraint; he forgot that it was nearly seven years since he had raised his voice to win approbation—he let loose his faculties and powers.

There had been some talk of advance manuscripts for several of the speeches after that. It was dropped. In his mind he sometimes sketched briefly what he was going to say, and sometimes many of those thoughts were forgotten in the exhilaration of delivery. Mr. Hughes found his brain working rapidly as of old, his gift for the selection of words coming back with renewed power. After one brilliant bit of oratory in a Western city he was asked how he came to frame the declaration.

"I don't know myself," he replied.

Perhaps Colonel Roosevelt, of the three, is the most accomplished orator in that regard, although both Mr. Hughes

and Mr. Wilson are close upon his heels. One of the best illustrations of Roosevelt's activity of mind was found in an address he made in a Middle Western city during his preparedness campaign in May.

He had read that President Wilson had said he was in favor of universal training which was not compulsory. In his address delivered, perhaps, fifteen minutes later, the Colonel coined the expression "weasel words," to describe the President's utterance.

"What made you think of that expression," he was asked later.

"It's hard to explain what made me

think of it," he replied. "Thirty years ago I knew an old guide and he told me about the habits of the weasel. If you placed a weasel alongside an egg, he told me, the weasel would bore a hole in it and suck out all the meat. That was exactly what President Wilson did. He favored universal training for military service, but not compulsory training. He used words in favor of a good thing but he sucked all the meat out of them by the words which followed his declaration. I don't know what made me think of it at the moment; it just popped into my mind."

Mr. Hughes presents a distinguished appearance on the platform. He dresses plainly and wears his clothes well. His physique, while by no means ponderous, is that of a sturdy American citizen. He stands erect, with shoulders well back. His smile is cordial.

While in action these qualities are at their best. He never forfeits dignity, but rather mixes it with vigor. His voice is full chested and far reaching. He puts everything into his voice when he is endeavoring to make a point tell with his audience. He jumps into a breach at full tilt and keeps hammering

away until he snaps off his sentence and awaits the applause with a set to his head and shoulders which predicts another outburst.

Mr. Wilson more often begins his argument in persuasive tone, building it up skillfully until the moment for the final smash, and his style has proved effective in all addresses where the situation was one to his liking. He uses words with a cunning and nicety that mark him as a master at his trade and obtains unquestioned forcefulness of utterance by the style of oratory he has chosen.

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