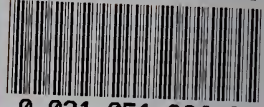


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# A Path Pointer



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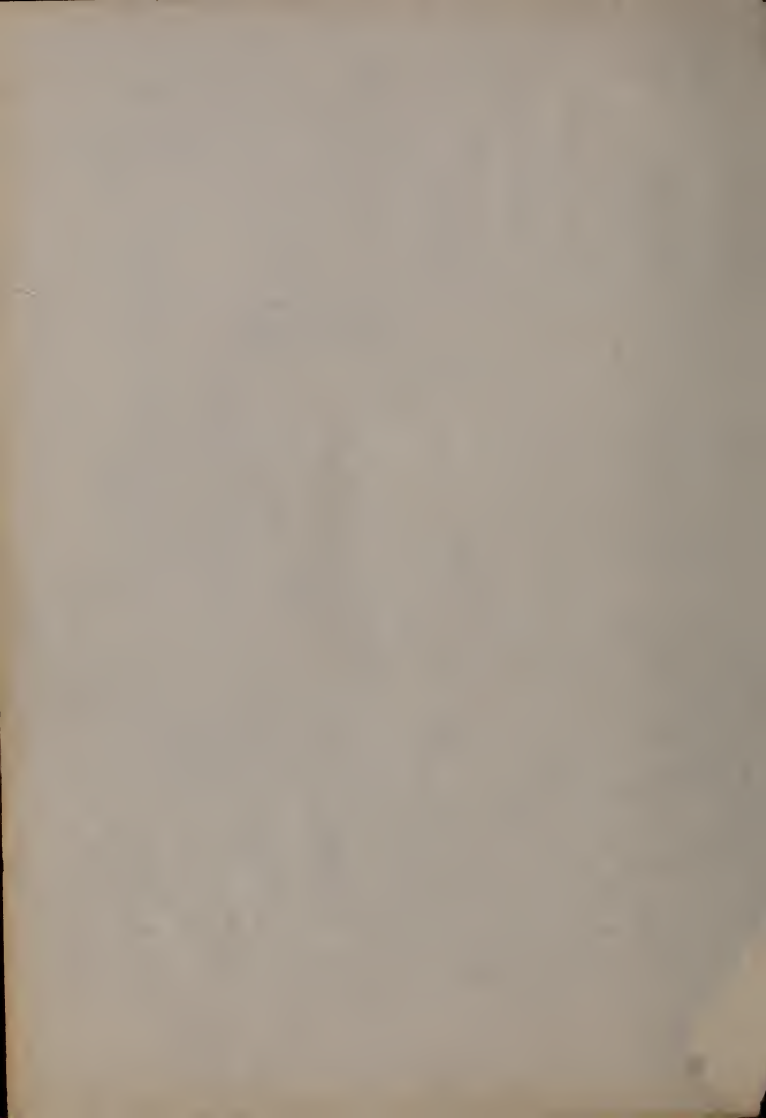
By  
Thomas W. Lawson



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*THE Fool yelleth, "Teddy is not Great but Lucky" and his cousin, the Nizzy, chirrup, "Any Republican can beat Wilson."*

*The Sage sayeth, "Roosevelt has Done more than any Modern," and his brother, The Thinker, echoes, "Yea, More than any Ten Moderns."*

*And History from its mountain-top observatory Tablets: "Ages will come, Ages will go, but Ye shall grow cockeyed Looking for such Another."*

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FIRST  
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OF  
THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
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OF  
LONDON

BY  
JOHN  
STOW  
1597



A  
Path Pointer  
For  
Delegates  
To the  
National Republican  
Convention

*By*  
Thomas W. Lawson  
Boston<sup>11</sup>

1916

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1916

# Foreword

**I**N Crisis times, back into the ages beyond printed memory, it has been the job of certain men to Path Point their fellows.

It is not necessary that a Path Pointer be a three-eyed, tripled-tongued, ten-league booter in statecraft, politics, and fame wizarding. Armed with an honest, fearless, unselfish, back-there, here-now, out-yonder visioned Path Pointing pen he is qualified and equipped.

It is bill-board knowledge that Path Pointing is my life work profession.

My public penwork of the past three decades lanterns the fact that I have no selfish interest in who is to be president during the coming four years — perhaps the most vital four years in all history. And the further fact that I have never held public office should be its own bell-ringer to my oft publicly repeated pledge that I never will hold office. And to a still further fact that there is no favor in the gift of any President that I would accept. Yet by the same token it is of heart, soul, and guts import to me, as to all country-loving Americans, that the next President be one whose name will be a raw-red slung guarantee that he will surely steer the nation from its present Crisis and on through all others that may be birthed in the coming four years of hair-hung uncertainty. This is my excuse, and only reason, for preparing and submitting this Path Pointer for the consideration of the men, the Delegates of the National Republican Convention, whose selection for a helmsman of the nation for the coming four years of God-only-knows-what-kind of Ship of State weather will be the hero of a wedding or a funeral.

In submitting my Path Pointer I ask for that sit-up-and-take-notice consideration to which its unselfishness and its merit entitles it.

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

DREAMWOLD, June, 1916.

## Lest Delegates Should Not Read

**T**HAT no delegate may confuse this Path Pointer of mine with the usual slush-mush, twelfth-hour 'tween-me-you-and-God heart-to-heart of the secretly hired and to-be-handsomely-paid pro-bono-publico professional booster, I will tell you here what its facts, logic, and conclusions will attempt to prove. This is submitted that delegates may intelligently decide whether the reading of its every word before casting their first vote in Convention is a duty they owe to their country, their party, their Convention, and themselves.

### A Duty

**E**ACH delegate to this Convention should shed at its start the usual "personal ambition," "geographical location," "favorite son," "party hero reward" ideas and make up his mind to be guided entirely by the determination to meet the present Crisis by nominating the man whose name, the day after Convention, will mean to the whole country that he **WILL BE ELECTED**. In arriving at this determination, delegates should use extreme care not to confuse the man who **MAY BE ELECTED** with the one whose nomination **WILL MEAN TO THE COUNTRY IN JUNE** that he **WILL BE ELECTED IN NOVEMBER**.

In ordinary times the Republican Party might, in June, take a chance and nominate any of its good presidential timber and wait until November to find out whether it had selected a winner, but in this 1916 Crisis no chance can be taken of presenting to the nation in June a man about whose election in November the people can have serious doubt.

The one powder magazine which must not be put under the present Crisis is **FIVE MONTHS OF UNCERTAINTY**—between June nomination and November election.

## What this Path Pointer Proves

**A**N exhaustive country-wide study of present conditions show:

*First.* That the next president will be Roosevelt or McCall or — Wilson.

*Second.* That Roosevelt should receive the Republican nomination.

*Third.* That Roosevelt should be the next President.

*Fourth.* That if Roosevelt receives the Republican nomination, he will win at the polls — in a walk.

*Fifth.* That if Roosevelt loses the Republican nomination “in a row” and goes to the polls on the Progressive nomination alone, he will probably win over both the Republican and Democratic nominees.

*Sixth.* That, if for any other reason than “a row,” Roosevelt cannot be the Republican nominee, McCall should be the Republican Convention’s choice. He is the only man, other than Roosevelt, whose nomination will mean to the American people and Europe’s heads in June that he will be elected over Wilson in November.

*Seventh.* That with Roosevelt’s endorsement of McCall’s nomination, he, McCall, can swamp Wilson at the polls.

*Eighth.* That when for any reason other than “a row” it becomes evident that Roosevelt cannot receive the Republican nomination he, Roosevelt, will endorse McCall.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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## Roosevelt, McCall, or Wilson

**T**HIS country is face to face with a Crisis.

*War with Europe.*

*War with Mexico.*

*The maintenance of present prosperity during the European War.*

*The maintenance of prosperity after the European War ends.*

*The adjustment of the country to conditions which will follow the ending of the European War.*

Because of this Crisis it is essential to nominate a man whom the American people and European heads *will know in June will be elected in November.*

It will not do, as in other years, to nominate a man who *may* be elected, for owing to unprecedented conditions growing out of European war, the Mexican Mix Up, and the Democratic Administration, five months' uncertainty as to whether the nation is to be kept on the Wilson course or is to be put on an unknown course may create conditions which may bring most disastrous results *before election.*

The Republican Convention may nominate a man who has the making of the best president possible — a second Washington or Lincoln — *yet if at the time of his nomination it is not known he will be elected or if at his election the country will have to guess from election in November to inauguration in March what course he will lay,* such uncertainty may bring our present prosperity to a disastrous smash and our European and Mexican war situation to a crisis more acute than at present.



The American people and Europe's heads know, actually know, what Wilson's course will be if he is re-elected, yet while they know, from his present course, that he is not a really dangerous skipper, they have concluded, rightly or wrongly, that he must give over the helm of state to another — one whom the American people will choose for the express purpose of bettering President Wilson's present course.

This means that if a man is nominated whom the people are sure will do better than Wilson, they will so signify their approval of his nomination as to make it evident in June that they will elect him in November.

It also means that if an "unknown" or a "badknown" is nominated, they will, in the days following his nomination, create by their disapproval an uncertainty which will at least keep the present Crisis in the air until after election.

The above means that Wilson being a *known factor*, no one should be nominated by the Republicans who is not *known to be at least a better course-layer and steerer than Wilson*, and this means that the only man whose nomination will meet the present Crisis in June instead of November will be the one who is *now known* to the American people to be superior to Wilson in those qualities which are necessary to meet the present Crisis.

What are the qualities the American people *must know in June are possessed by the man who is to beat Wilson* and put the nation on a better course than the one President Wilson is now steering?

Intense Americanism.

Unquestioned and unquestionable honesty.

Proven courage.

Everywhere acknowledged great ability.



Commonly known vast experience in statecraft.

And these individual qualities encased in a rigid, never compromising, broad, right-not-might religious humanitarian code. And the whole atmosphered in a healthy adoration of Nature and her works, and in a heart-throb love of man, his kin, and his kin's pals.

Why must a man nominated by the Republican Convention possess the above qualities, and in addition to possessing them, have the American people know on nomination day that he does possess them?

Because the American people will believe on nomination day, five months in advance of election day, that only to a man possessed of these qualifications should be entrusted the presidency of the United States in the present Crisis.

Which means that if the American people think on nomination day that they have had foisted upon them a candidate about whose possession of these qualities they have doubt, such doubt may, between nomination and election day, be the principal factor in the re-election of President Wilson. This in turn means that there will be so much uncertainty about the Republican nominee's election as to produce such unfavorable conditions as might decide the American people on election day to take no chances of swapping horses during the present Crisis.

In other words, the nomination of an "unknown"\* or "a badknown" might be the principal factor in re-electing President Wilson, and the shadow of this event might in itself climax the present Crisis. All of which means that no "unknown" or "badknown" must, under any circumstances, be nominated.

\* (Wherever I use the word "unknown" I mean one who, because of his past being unknown to the whole American people, will not when he is nominated be known to surely possess the above absolutely necessary qualifications, and where I use the word "badknown" I mean one who because of his past is known to the people as not possessing all or any of the above necessary qualifications.)

How can the possession of these necessary qualities be known on nomination day not only to convention delegates, but to the whole American people?

Only by the unusual, remarkable public and private career of their possessor.

Which means that the public career of the man who possesses them must be long and full to overflowing with opportunity for personal benefit and that such opportunity has been continuously resisted. That his long public career has been an unbroken chain of *promises fulfilled, pledges kept* and *goods delivered* to his country and his people with at all times and upon all occasions absolute fearlessness and uncompromising integrity. That his public career has been an unbroken series of unrelenting vigilance for the rights of all — the rights of all according to a standard outside his own, the standard of the law of his land, and that his public and private career has been clean, manly, brave, and ever beyond the slightest breath of public or private suspicion. That if he entered upon his long public career with scant supply of worldly goods, it must be common knowledge that at every stage in his career up to nomination day he has not added to it but instead has continually added to his stock of mental and moral assets until upon nomination day he towers above his fellows in ability and integrity.

Ordinarily it would not be of vital import for the country actually to know on nomination day that the Convention's choice would be elected, but this year, owing to the Crisis, it is almost as important that the people know in June that the nominee will be elected as that he will later be elected.

If the people know in June that the Republican nominee will be elected the Crisis will be dissipated. If the people have doubt of the Republican nominee's election, such

doubt may in June culminate the Crisis, at least to the extent of deciding the people not to swap horses but to re-elect President Wilson.

Why is it vitally necessary for the people to know in June that the Republican nominee will be elected in November? Because of the peculiarity of the existing Crisis.

The people fear there may be war with Europe, that there may be war with Mexico, that the present prosperity may disappear during the present European war, that the war's end may smash prosperity, that the adjustment of the country to the conditions which will come into existence at the war's end may destroy prosperity.

Fearing these things, the people know that there is one condition which will prevent their eventuating — the continuation of prosperity — therefore, they want to know at the earliest time possible whether their present prosperity is to be continued or destroyed, and the earliest time possible for them to know is nomination day in June.

If the Republican Convention nominee's name is an assurance to the American people that present prosperity will continue, their Crisis will disappear, but if the nominee's name causes them to make up their minds that present prosperity may any day disappear, then their Crisis will become so acute that rather than make it more so they will decide to re-elect President Wilson, hoping he will do no worse than he has done.

How does present prosperity affect all these things the people fear?

Present prosperity is giving work to all Labor and at good big wages. It is giving good big returns to Capital and to the investments of the great middle class. It is

manufacturing new wealth as never before — it is bringing the Utopia so long prayed for by the American people.

While present prosperity lasts all classes of the American people will be satisfied and happy and will pull together as one man in facing European or Mexican war or in doing any of those things which will keep the country out of trouble during the present European war, and they will adjust all things American to any condition which will follow the ending of the war.

While present prosperity continues the people will not only pull together but will back the Government as one man. This being common knowledge, the Government will not dare steer any but the best course.

But if present prosperity goes to smash, there will be such dissatisfaction amongst all classes as to make doubtful the success of any important government action.

Now we have the very nubbin of the great question of these Crisis-laden times: *Continuation or destruction of present prosperity.* We may howl preparedness, moan peace, froth at the iniquity of the Democratic Wilson administration, or roll our eyes to the Christlike wisdom of the G. O. P., but it all resolves itself into: *will present prosperity continue or precipitate itself to hell.*

It is a sad commentary on freedom environed civilization that the American should measure all things by the selfish yard-stick of material comfort and bodily pleasure, but it is a fact, proven beyond doubt by the attitude of the American people when they found themselves in the midst of the world's most awful catastrophe. Summed up, the American people and the nation for a sliver of a second stood aghast, then their yell of exultation resounded from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from bleeding Canada to raped Mexico, and out over the waters of

the oceans until it carromed off the highest peaks of Old World culture into the deepest, dankest morasses of Old World barbarism: "Get busy; now the time; there the opportunity to get the stuff; go to it."

Hoddy-doddys, children and epauleted nincompoops may believe their country is all worked up through fear that the battle-crazed hordes of Europe or the human hyenas of Mexico may ravage the land which, when it was its poorest in preparedness, was the equal of the Old World's war legions. Not so, the grown-ups and the sane; they know that the frenzied agitation which is whirlwinding the country is because we may be compelled to give over the luxurious comforts and obeses pleasures which cycloned into our midst from the Old World's blood-soaked agony.

When in 1904 in my opening chapter of "Frenzied Finance" I said: "Nearly all the big evil of this land has had its birth and continues its life in the thing I will name 'The System'." The American people, never having heard of the monster, gaped and thought I was joking. That was because the world at that time was as ignorant of the American "System" as the "System" of Mars or hell, but it lived to know "The System" and its yellow-black "finance" as it did the professional thieves' pick-pocketing and burglary system, until to-day "Wall Street," "Stock Gambling," The "System," "Frenzied Finance" are household words in every hamlet in the land, household words to designate all that is low, mean, tricky, and cowardly in wholesale fraud.

From the beginning the civilized people of every time and clime have been in dense ignorance of that mysterious power which company fronts under the banner "Finance"—that power which makes and unmakes monarchies and republics, ordains war and decrees peace, that mysterious



power which to-day is working overtime to continue anarchy in Mexico and push ahead to the farthest distance possible the end of Europe's bloody cataclysm.

I call attention to these things to make clear what I must make clear to the delegates of this Convention, if they are to intelligently follow my Path Pointing, and to that end, at the risk of repetition, I will say:

I am going to show them what they have not been shown before — a concrete crystalized situation which, when once seen, will make their task of selecting the next president a comparatively simple one. In other words, if the Convention believes it must select a soldier president who will take the country through a European or Mexican war or both, it will face in one direction, say, General Leonard Wood's direction; but this is not the direction it will turn if it is obsessed with the belief that it is going to select a diplomat president who will, by the making of foreign alliances, pilot the nation through any possible war, Elihu Root, for example; but if it believes there is to be no war and that the next four years' problem of the nation will be the spending of billions for the preparing for imaginary wars, then it will look in another direction for an honest, able, radical people's watch-dog of the Senator Cummins, Senator LaFollette type.

But if it can be shown that there is an underlying situation which, if properly handled, will take care of any other situation, War, Peace, Preparedness, etc., which can possibly come from present conditions, then it should be evident to the intelligence of the Convention that it is not a soldier, a diplomat, or a statesman-inventor-of-radical-remedies-to-meet-flipfloppy-conditions it wants for the country's next president, but a calm, tried, and proven statesman, one who can be depended upon to surround

himself with a force of experienced experts in government running, who would at any and all times do the right thing.

It is such an underlying situation that I will endeavor to show that all delegates may see and understand. I admit my task is a difficult one from the fact that the majority of delegates are necessarily unacquainted with the workings of the world where this situation starts and bottoms—the world of Finance.

It will be recalled that at the beginning of my work, "Frenzied Finance," my critics' cry was "wasted energy, the people can never be made to understand 'finance'," yet at the end of four years of "Frenzied Finance," which has been printed in all the languages of civilization and has been read by more people than any other modern print, those self-same critics admitted that I had made "finance" sufficiently clear to the American people to enable them to start their great "life insurance," "trust," and other vital reforms.

*At the beginning of the present European war, it was clear to students of cause and effect finance that the greatest problem of the American people was incubating, and that before the war ended the American people would be in the throes of the very condition which now, in the form of an over-towering crisis, confronts them.*

In "Frenzied Finance" in 1904 I said, "The great question of the times is the control and regulation of the thirty billions of paper wealth which has come into existence during the past few years." Again in 1912 in "The Remedy," "the control and regulation of the new eleven billions of paper wealth which has been manufactured since 'Frenzied Finance'," I pointed out that this forty-odd billions of new wealth had gone, largely, into the hands of the capitalists who manufactured it,

and that it called for the collection of an additional tribute from the whole American people of over two billions annually, and that this tribute was being collected in the form of high cost living. I pointed out that the great problem of the American people was to prevent the additional manufacture of wealth to be lodged in the hands of the privileged few. I warned that the country might temporarily stand the additional burden of another twenty or thirty billions, *but that while ever the opportunity existed for the privileged few to manufacture additional wealth, they would upon all occasions be found working overtime to get control of the federal government that their monopoly of the making of it might not be interfered with.*

Never in my wildest flight had I dreamed that any condition could possibly come into existence that would admit of the American people increasing their paper wealth even another twenty billions in *a single decade.*

But this war, the greatest and most unexpected event of history, came, and this is what it did to the United States — *increased its paper wealth over night the greater part of fifty-six billions of dollars.*

In 1904 in "Frenzied Finance" my carefully prepared statistics showed that the total wealth of the United States was one hundred and twenty billions, calling for the collection from the people (5 per cent the going rate of capital return) of six billions annually.

In 1912 in "The Remedy" my figures showed that the total wealth had increased another eleven billions to one hundred and thirty-one billions, calling for an additional tribute of five hundred and fifty millions.

THE FIGURES ISSUED BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT WITHIN A FEW WEEKS GAVE THE TOTAL WEALTH OF THE COUNTRY AS ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN BILLIONS.



There has been an increase of at least fifty-six billions of wealth during the last few years.

This additional wealth calls for the collection of an additional two billions, eight hundred thousand dollars.

BECAUSE OF THE RECENTLY-MANUFACTURED FIFTY-SIX BILLIONS OF PAPER WEALTH, THERE IS TREMENDOUS PROSPERITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

To understand why, one has but to imagine the American people finding an Aladdin Lamp and rubbing from its magic fifty-six billions of money and starting out to spend it.

From the beginning of its spending would begin great prosperity. Everything would increase in value, including Labor, until from the prosperity it had created would come another fifty-six billions of paper wealth, the spending of which in turn would further increase prosperity, and this would continue until — and there's the rub — for when prosperity halts comes trouble, and with trouble a slump, first in the form of a contraction of the manufactured paper wealth, then in the value of everything, particularly Labor, and then — hell.

The great question of the day, of the next four years, is to keep the already manufactured fifty-six billions of paper wealth permanent, and see that it does not contract, thereby contracting all other forms of wealth including Labor's wage.

Here is a thumbnail picture of actual conditions:

When the European war started there was over fifty billions of quick-made paper wealth in the hands of its makers, frenzied financiers. It was drawing annual interest of 5 per cent, two billions five hundred million dollars, and because of its existence high cost had almost made living prohibitive. With the war came a quick

contraction of this wealth, to the extent of billions. Had such contraction continued, there would have been terribly bad times in the United States. Bad times had already started.

The factory, the mill, the other hives of industry were wholly or partially shutting down. Values of everything were slumping. Stocks and bonds were falling. The Stock Exchange had closed and idle labor was rapidly increasing, when presto — fighting Europe called upon us to supply it with two things: necessities of war and existence, and the money to pay for them. *Instantly the alert Yankee saw his opportunity and shamelessly boosted the price of his goods and cold-bloodedly Shylocked his loans and — prosperity, vast, undreamed-of, spread throughout the land and is still spreading.*

The mill, the factory, the other industries went upon double, triple, time. Our vast crops multiplied a hundred and two hundred times in selling price, rail and other transportation values soared. Shipping, which had been for years struggling to make both ends touch, rose and rose until the earnings of a fortnight topped those in the longest year in two decades, and disused sailing hulks sold and re-sold at the price of the finest steam craft just off the ways. Out of this miraculous prosperity came over-night fifty-six billions of new wealth.

#### Illustration:

Automobile companies with a doubtful million dollars value were grabbed at ten millions and instantly re-capitalized at fifty or a hundred millions. All values increased as though MAGIC had supplemented cause and effect, and Labor, seeing the magic harvesting, demanded and received twenty, fifty, a hundred, and two hundred per cent increase of wage.

This is the situation to-day. Everywhere in the United States is evidence of the spending by its overnight-made owners of the income and principal of this vast wealth, — fifty-six billion dollars, an amount three times as great as entire America in 1860. Million-dollar palaces are being built by men who were born in three hundred-dollar shacks and who lived their lives in five hundred to five-thousand dollar homes. Hundreds of men are ordering three to five five-thousand-dollar automobiles at a time, who never piloted a Ford, and tens of thousands are buying two to five-thousand-dollar cars who never shook the reins over an ass or a Willie Goat, and hundreds of thousands are buying Fords and its twins who day before yesterday tearfully kissed each of their trolley nickels before parting with them.

Everywhere throughout the land is standing-on-toes evidence of the glory-halleluiah prosperity which is Maypoling lucky America. Even the nearest-the-ground laboring people are enjoying prosperity never before dreamed of until the dinner-pail without a phonograph, kodak, automatic college-cream freezer and movie season-ticket attachment is taboo.

Let delegates ponder this situation and they will realize that the great flaming question of the country is not "*war or no war,*" "*preparedness or no preparedness,*" but a "*continuation of marvellous prosperity.*" The American people want prosperity to continue and increase. *They must have it continue.* Ice-cold-hot-coal chills Marathon their spines at the mere thought of present prosperity taking wing, much less taking a header or being bombed to hell.

They will realize that if the Convention makes the mistake of nominating a man about whose election or White House policy after election there is the slightest

doubt, that the majority of the people of the United States may, the day after nomination, sullenly snarl, "We don't dare swap horses, we will re-elect Wilson because this prosperity which we must have was born during his administration, therefore there is less chance of its taking wings or a header, or being blown to smithereens under his helmsmanship than the new 'unknown' or 'bad-known' whom you nominated when you might have selected a sure winner."

And once delegates realize this situation, the awfulness of taking a chance must loom to them as looms the cloud-burst or cyclone to the shepherd of the hills or the life-patrol of the coast. And when it does loom they will surely say: "WHY SHOULD WE TAKE THE CHANCE WE TOOK FOUR YEARS AGO, WHEN THERE ARE MEN, HERE AND READY, ABOUT WHOM AND THEIR POLICY — PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE — THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT, ABSOLUTELY NO DOUBT."

Suppose the Convention should really nominate Justice Hughes (at present the favorite), a good man, an able man, but a man about whose presidential policy no human can know until after it is decided upon — and right here I want delegates to understand that I have neither the desire nor the intention of "knocking" Hughes the man, Hughes the life insurance investigator, Hughes the statesman, or Hughes the Supreme Court Justice. I respect the man, the statesman and the judge, but, knowing him, I say I do not think there is in all the country another man with the honesty, the ability, and the conscientiousness of Justice Hughes who would be as "risky" a nominee, particularly after the course he has adopted during the past six months of presidential election agitation.

I will illustrate:

No man knows the Public-Man Hughes better than I do.

Single-handed, I started the big life insurance campaign, crusade, reform. I gave to it long effort, never-sleeping energy, and enormous money expenditure. It was a self-crucifying task—a job as popular as the ravaging of a public school or the Sunday burning of an asylum for blind children.

All the world had been taught that their life insurance guardians were winged, haloed, annointed, and at the very start I was compelled to bill-board them the blackest, meanest, cowardly scoundrels unjailed — and by-the-bye that is what later they were publicly proven to be, what later they publicly confessed to be, so much so that the legions of robbed and raped policy holders chided me for being over mild in tagging them. I regret to recall those out-of-mind days and do so only that delegates may know how well I know Public-Man Hughes.

It is only necessary for me to point to the environment of the beginning of the life insurance crusade to have delegates know that I must have known the man upon whom, at the most vital time, depended the success or failure of my body, soul, and pocket work. I did know him as none then or since have known him, for I watched his every move, its shadow and its shadow's shadow, that I might steer my course to go with it, dodge it, or give it battle.

I will give two examples of the working of Justice Hughes' mind and heart on the field and in the tent:

He was conducting the life insurance investigation in a masterful manner. The air was full of his success. The whole world was his audience. He had "The System's"



supreme masters shackled, balled, and floor-ringed to his grill. His power was absolute. He was ripping the reputation guts from the lieutenants and captains of the smug thief chiefs. I had collected and supplied ammunition. At last the day came when the investigation was to be climaxed with the crucifixion of the head devil of "The System." I had supplied the cross, hammer, and spikes, and they had been acid-tested and trip-hammer-tried and pronounced by Investigator Hughes as 100 per cent effective.

The long-awaited-by-the-public moment had arrived with axe and head-basket ready and there was nothing left to do but strike and thereby set back the all-powerful System an eon, when—*Investigator Hughes closed the investigation and used the head basket for the floral offerings of a gratefully hysterical public.* The record shows that scores of lieutenants and captains of "The System," men whose main crime was loyal obedience to their devil chiefs, went to exile, prison, insane asylums, and death, but no record shows that anything disagreeable happened to any master thief.

Again. The investigation made Hughes Governor of New York and the world waited to see him complete his life insurance reform task. The reason the people of New York made him Governor — the principal reason — was to look on as he bagged the big thieves who had ruthlessly robbed helpless policy holders.

It is public record that I carried on the crusade during the beginning of Governor Hughes' term single-handed up to the day when the System was again whipped and shackled. At a personal expense of over two million dollars I had secured the proxies which at the annual elections would give control of the companies and from the inside get the evidence of their looting. That I might

not be accused — as I was — of wanting possession for personal benefit, I formed a committee of eight Governors, including Governor Cummins of Iowa, to take charge of the proxies and everything connected with the rounding up of the insurance end of "The System" thievery. Again, complete victory for the people was in sight. It looked as though nothing could stay it, for "The System" had been met at every turn and unhorsed, when zip — the result of all my work was annihilated by a simple but painfully efficient short arm jab. GOVERNOR HUGHES ENACTED A NEW LAW, POSTPONING ELECTIONS EIGHT MONTHS, CANCELLING ALL PROXIES AND COMPELLING NEW ONES. AND THE INSURANCE CRUSADE WAS AS DEAD AS A SEVEN-YEARS-IN-COLD-STORAGE ROOSTER'S EGG.

I would have delegates understand that neither of these episodes in Justice Hughes' public career reflect in any way upon the honesty and conscientiousness of Investigator or Governor Hughes. On the contrary, both, to my mind — not only now after long years of aciding but when my mind was still warm in its crushed gloom and when I was hot under the neck-band because of bombed hopes and busted dreams — show Justice Hughes' tremendous hold-fast adherence to his ideas, opinions, and principles. My only reason for reciting these episodes now is that delegates may know that, while they add to Justice Hughes' already established reputation for Supreme Court qualities, they show his absolute disqualification for the nomination of the 1916 Republican Convention.

A study of Justice Hughes' doings in the life insurance affair and of the effect of them, for be it recalled that life insurance to-day is in the same control as before my crusade and the Hughes investigation began, would show not only his disqualification for the presidential job,

but also, if he were nominated and a record of his doings used as a Wilson campaign document, that there would be no other campaign work needed to re-elect President Wilson.

This nation-wide situation, which calls for treatment such as can come only from a President who will surround himself with lieutenants to be consulted in all emergencies and who will be allowed the fullest scope in the conduct of their departments of the government, is one that demands a personality the direct opposite of Justice Hughes', for if he is anything, Justice Hughes is a man who *acts first and consults afterwards*.

Before inventoring the list of waiting-to-be-called candidates, I am going to attempt to finally brass-tack this fifty-six billions present prosperity section of my subject, but from another angle:

When prosperity reigns in America, "Big Business" drives.

"Big Business" had been having a jolty time of it up to the beginning of the European war.

With the advent of present prosperity, "Big Business" set its eye on its old driving seat on the National coach.

"Big Business" decided that the new fifty-six billions must be made permanent.

That with it permanent, prosperity would be permanent.

But neither could be permanent if Washington continued to meddle with "business," "finance."

"Big Business" decreed that Washington must not meddle during the coming four years.



That Meddle-With-Big-Business-Wilson must be replaced with a safe and sane good man, good to "Big Business."

"Big Business" would have preferred to have gone at its job with its old-time knock-down and drag-out method, but —

"Big Business" knew — better than any — that times had changed, that the people were sitting up, and —

"Big Business" spread the word by underground publicity "If we attempt to force a rank one, Wilson will have a walk-over."

Then "Big Business" mandated, "Get our kind of a candidate, if possible; if not, take Teddy."

"Big Business" has been working overtime to get things right to nominate and elect its good man — good for "Big Business."

"Big Business" might, no one can tell, have preferred a "Big Business" nervy bounder, one who once he was in the White House would turn it into some sort of a sure-thing skin gambling game for the wholesale grafting on the people, but —

"Big Business" knows the day for White House skin game gambling is past.

Now it happened that as "Big Business" mandated "get our kind, but if impossible, take Teddy," the greatest living statesman decreed that he would take charge of the White House during the coming four years.

And he mandated, "see to it that they get no one safer and saner than I," and Roosevelt saw that his mandate was obeyed.

Both "Big Business" and the Colonel have superb organizations in the field, both are splendidly equipped

and have money in the millions to spend, give away, or burn up; therefore, there is a magnificent show in store for the country when the Convention blooms in Chicago next week. The Colonel is out to win. He has burned every bridge. "Big Business" is out to win but it has not burned its best bridge — Roosevelt.

Teddy should win. To us students who "student" the game for the pure pleasure of studenting, it does not seem possible for him to lose, but if for any reason he should lose and the Convention should refuse to nominate the only other man who to-day fills the requirements of "Big Business" in combination with the people's requirements and should go "off at a tangent" on some other man, this is what can, and probably will, happen:

*The day after nomination the country and Europe will awake to the fact that a man has been nominated whose White House policy may or may not be.*

"BIG BUSINESS" WILL START FOR SHORE.

There will be the devil to pay in the Stock Market — that fifty-six billions of new-made wealth will crumble like a card house.

Values will contract all along the line.

Prosperity will have disappeared like uncorked fizz bubbles. Labor will take to the public square and rampage.

There will be dissatisfaction, disgust, sullenness, up and down the line.

*European schemers will begin to figure the benefits of repudiating Europe's billions of American indebtedness.*

*American-Mexican schemers will take renewed courage and —*

THERE WILL BE AS MERRY A HELL HIKING THE AMERICAN HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS AS CAME IN UPON POOR BELGIUM BETWEEN NIGHT AND MORNING TWO YEARS AGO.

Delegates may think I am overdrawing the picture, so I point to the many pictures I have drawn in the past, pictures which looked even more absurd than this one, but which, a few months later came into life with a rush.

So I earnestly say to the delegates of the National Republican Convention, in that way which one American citizen has a right to say to any delegate:

When you find yourself tempted in Convention to do the fool thing, read this particular section of my Path Pointer.

Never was there a prettier situation — prettier for the country, for the people, and for the Republican Convention — than that which will confront delegates in Convention *if they are in a wise mood*, and by the same token, there never was an uglier situation if delegates *tackle it in a bad mood*.

It may be that the destiny of the American people and the nation will be toe balancing a needle point in the National Republican Convention next week.

It would be silly to predict the above outcome of next week's Convention were it not for the fact that the coming of the European war and what has happened since has shown the world that even the wildest predictor may be proven a nursery yarn spinner ere a second sun sets upon his prophecy.

*The over-night-come fifty-six billions of wealth to which I have been referring brought more prosperity to the United States than any ten single events in our history and the disappearing-over-night of that self-same fifty-six billions of dollars can set America farther back in forty-eight hours than any five years' war, and THAT FORTY-EIGHT HOUR FATE TRICK CAN BE CONCEIVED, BIRTHED, AND MATURED IN NEXT WEEK'S CONVENTION.*

It would be neither fitting nor horse-sensible to finish this Path Pointer without resting its tip for a chipping of time on each of the different halo-hunters for whose acrobating the 1916 National Republican Convention was tented.

Of the two most important candidates, Roosevelt and McCall, I will say but little, for National Convention time is a poor time to paint the lily. Of the other candidates I shall be even more brief.

*Theodore Roosevelt* is not only the best known man in American or European public life to-day, but he is way the best all-round public service man on earth.

In the past it has time and again appeared as if Theodore Roosevelt was specially made for many important parts in life. *He* certainly was particularly created for *this* 1916 presidential job and the *job* certainly was made for *him*.

HIS PECULIAR AND EXCEPTIONAL QUALITIES PUT HIM SO FAR AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS FOR THIS 1916 PRESIDENTIAL JOB THAT IT APPEARS PURE PRESUMPTION ON THE PART OF ANY AND ALL OTHERS WHO HAVE ENTERED THEMSELVES IN THE RACE.

For this 33-sided 1916 Crisis hole, this remarkable 33-sided man was most certainly made. However many virtues his enemies and critics may deny him, and however

many vicious qualities they may accord him, surely they should agree to a man, that with him back in the White House during the next four years, every one of his countrymen and every one of his country's well-wishers should say from their heart's bottom, "If America is not safe with him at the helm, it would be with none." We can conceive of Convention delegates in ordinary times looking into their mirror after refusing to vote for Theodore Roosevelt, but in these 1916 Crisis-laden times, no, we cannot believe it possible.

*Samuel Walker McCall*, Governor of Massachusetts, twenty continuous years congressman from the most typically American district in the United States, the Harvard University district, author, lecturer, orator, and all-round greatest statesman in America. One could write on and on, filling volumes and volumes with glowing pictures of his great ability, his profound learning, his splendid oratory, his superb pen, his rugged honesty, his simple, spontaneous courage, his subconscious fearlessness, his retiring modesty at medal-giving time, and his may-I-to-the-weak-I-will-to-the-strong all-round, manly goodness.

And then, too, one could fill more volumes with his deeds in the walks of life where stalk the big and the wise. But it is merely for the fitting-in of one picture of Sam McCall that I have pre-empted this space: NOMINATED, HE WILL BE ELECTED; ELECTED HE WILL PRESENT TO THE COUNTRY THE GREATEST CABINET OF THE GREATEST AMERICANS, HEADED BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT, ELIHU ROOT, AND THEIR KIND; AND AT THE END OF HIS FOUR YEARS, IF GOD SPARES HIM, HE WILL HAVE WRITTEN INTO AMERICA'S HISTORY ONE OF ITS MOST HUMANELY DISTINGUISHED PICTURES; AND WHEN HE RETURNS TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE THE CROWN THEY GAVE HIM, ITS BRIGHTER



DAZZLE AND SOFTER GLOW WILL BE SEEN THROUGH A MIST OF LOVE TEARS, FOR SAM McCALL DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE AN ENEMY.

Quick and careless on the trigger as a French duelist, Sam McCall makes big, strong foes, but he doesn't know how to make an enemy.

President McCall would not enter the White House to the bass-drumming of "The Conquering Hero Comes," rather to the sweet bag-piping of "Auld Lang Syne." He would not set the White House afire or turn it into an ice factory, neither would he bathe on the roof or bag his trousers kowtowing to the embassies of foreign or American royalties, but shades of the nation's earlier days! what lawn minuettings and quilting bees the American people would have with as true a type of American as ever occupied the historical home of presidents. And then, too, it would be decades and decades before the Presidents who would follow would lose the habit of atmospherizing in the Yankee sweetness which Sam McCall and his wife, sons, daughters, and grand-children, would have left behind to distinguish the days when the Executive Mansion held the sort it was built to hold.

*Hughes.* If he were five times the Hughes he is, if all his good Hughes points were multiplied and all his bad Hughes points contracted to oblivion, the fact that he has, himself, taught the American people right here in the present campaign to believe in the sacrilege of dragging the Supreme Court through the mire of politics, might in twenty-four hours after the nomination, regardless of the form it took, create such a revulsion of feeling throughout the land as to make President Wilson's election assured.

The American people will never get from their memory vision the picture of our great Dewey. One day the people paid a premium to kiss his coattail and the next a

double premium to kick it, because they did not understand him, had never been chummy with him. No man ever was chummy with Charles Evans Hughes.

*It is well-nigh incredible that with victory in its lap, the G. O. P. will risk awakening the morning after nominating Hughes to a nation-wide howl, "What! This to us! We admired him, believed in him, and he solemnly told us he would not allow our highest court to be dragged in the mire of politics, and all the time he was playing us for monkeys."*

One Hughes guess is as good as another. My own is that the nomination of Hughes while he is on the holier-than-thou Supreme Court pedestal which he voluntarily built for himself would bring a quicker and more disastrous revulsion than the three R's of Burchard did for Blaine.

*Ford.* But for the fact that Barnum preceded the Tin Devil Moses of the Lakes, the Tinker of Michigan would have a splendid chance of election. But 'twas ever thus when a made-while-you-wait easy money halo collides with a still-born ambition.

If Barnum had bogged his ambition after uttering his truism, "There's a sucker born every minute and none ever die," he would have been elected president of the United States, but when he shoved its flight by offering the printers of the Bible a million dollars for adding his truth-kid to the ten commandments, the American people beat up his popularity with slap-stick and bladder. So with Henry the Only. If his ambition had confined itself to jiu jitsu-ing his million-a-minute income, instead of halo-ing him to the supreme supervisorship of heaven and its suburbs, he would now be well in the lead in the presidential marathon. Now it is an even bet that Michigan Moses will have to wait until 1920 before garaging the White House.

'Tis sad 'tis so, but 'tis, for 'tis seldom that our country has opportunity to secure such an all-round experienced President. Its last opportunity was when Andy of Homestead dropped off the Convention special to establish a string of Saint Carnegie libraries.

*Root.* Unquestionably the ex-Senator is the all-round wisest man in public life to-day, also the most virtuous, to-day, but — and that “but” would make of his nomination a Wilson re-election insurance policy.

*Burton.* No man can say to a certainty that ex-Senator Burton would not be the man of the hour. His career shows presidential qualities but it also shows an uncertainty of election that would bring a ten point break in the Stock Market the day following his nomination. And the Stock Market to-day is the truest barometer of presidential uncertainties.

*Sherman.* Ditto.

*Fairbanks.* It's too bad Congress cannot establish some sort of new office to take good fellow ex-Vice Presidents like “Cocktail Charlie” out of the way of reckless automobile drivers who never do seem to know ex-Vice Presidents from other highway hikers. If 1916 were a wet year, the genial ex-Vice President would have the call. Unfortunately for Indiana, this year's Convention is to be a deadly and dry affair.

*Cummins, La Follette, Borah.* The career of each is a guarantee of White House material, fine fibre, knot free, planed on both sides, presidential material, but, sad as it is to say it, under present procedure, there is no way to occupy the White House without first securing a nomination.



*Hadley, Wadsworth, Harding.* If Missouri, New York, and Ohio were the whole United States, these statesmen would have to shake dice to decide which.

*Estabrook, DuPont, Knox.* In all sporting events there are certain entries solely for the purpose of filling the also-ran holes.

*Willard, Cobb, Weeks.* Unhappily for these three specialty artists, the 1916 contest is for President of the United States. If it were for the prize ring, Jess would have them all beaten to a solar plexus knockout. If for the Fan's Union, Ty would make the plate without a slide. And if the contest were for the Presidency of the Stock Exchange, Stock Gambler John would have all contestants skun to a sure thing finish, but why make crack-lipped delegates grin?

Queer about conventions, while the impression is widespread that they are serious affairs, there never was one yet which certain would-be candidates did not mistake for a circus thimble-riggery.

The raciest of them all up to the 1916 Convention was that of 1888. A certain statesman who had early in life, in Wall Street, corralled a large bunch of snatch-it-quick-and-fly coin (by the usual methods), and had bought his way from alderman to Washington, demanded the nomination on the ground that he had expended an enormous amount of cash and over a year's work in securing delegates which had, previous to the opening of the convention, escaped from their corral in the suburbs of the Convention city. His frank eloquence in pleading his cause was fast carrying the Convention off its feet when he made the mistake of threatening to sue the party for his entire expenditures unless they gave him the nomination.

Rumor has it that the 1916 Convention will carry off the palm for freak presidency hunters. One Eastern I-want-to-be-a-President political bounder has called in his 126 press agents, 87 dough-kneaders and a fair-sized army of bottle-luggers, photo-toters, and billboard applauders and is training them for uniformed convention "he-wants-to-be-a-President" warbling.

## A Sam McCall Episode

Side show episodes in long, active, public careers often expose shadowgraphs which otherwise might never wink at the moon. We are not going to close this Path Pointer without giving one of the simple episodes in Sam McCall's long episode-loaded career to show his broad philosophy and gentle forgiveness.

Massachusetts had been getting ready for a decade, oh yes! almost two decades to present to Sam one of her nicest gifts, one of her two United States Senatorships. Sam wanted that Senatorship. There isn't any use trying to disguise the fact that Sam wanted it, just as any red-blooded country boy wants a collie pup at Christmas time. Sam had laid awake nights dreaming of the day when his grateful State would say, "Sam, my boy, it's yours. You earned it, you fit it, it fits you, it's yours."

Everybody up-state, down-state, along the Cape shore, and in behind Nantucket and over New Bedford way, knew Sam wanted it and was laying awake nights dreaming about getting it.

Sam had said and re-said, over and over again, his little speech of acceptance. He had said it so many, many, many times, that at last he could choke down his cud, and tuck it away behind his adam's apple, and sniff back

his sobs, and so hold his head to one side when he said it, that the dropping tears would not slobber up his coatlaps and waistcoat front.

And the day came for that Senatorship to be handed to Sam by the legislature of the dear old Commonwealth, that old Commonwealth legislature which, for a long hundred years, had been handing Senatorships to fellows just like Sam McCall.

All the Bay State's first citizens were up on Beacon Hill, at the State House, in all their best bibs and tuckers. All the fellows who had come late from up in back of Pittsfield, Westfield and other hill towns, that it is so hard to get away from on time, were standing on their tiptoes on the outer edge of the crowd, trying to get a squint at Sam, just as he reached out to take that Senatorship, and many were their whispered guesses: "Sam can't stand it, he surely will break down and make a holy show of himself bawling like a lost-in-the-wood sheeptender."

Well, the legislature was just handing the Senatorship to Sam, and Sam was just reaching out to receive it, in fact he had just cocked his head so as to save his coatlap from catching his acceptance speech tears, when some fellow fetched him a crack across the back of his neck with a blackjack. Sam went down like a firkin of lard off the tail board of the store wagon, and of course when he crumpled up he let go the Senatorship. The fellow with the blackjack or some of his friends or anyway somebody snooped it.

They threw water on Sam, soaking his best suit and boiled shirt front, and beat up his hand-palms, and stood him up and shook him back to where he was before he met with the accident.

Sam certainly had lost that Senatorship that he had been wanting for so long, and some other fellow sure got away with it, not even giving Sam a chance to make his acceptance speech. And with all this done to him like a flash hitting a barn, Sam McCall said: "Fellow citizens, I suppose you are sorry to see a fellow lose something that belongs to him, when that something is over-valuable to him, but you are not as sorry as I am, but what's the use of crying over spilt milk? I am not going to, and I am not going to let you, my friends, waste your time over my spilt milk, but I am going to tell you this:

"You noticed that he hit me from behind, darn him! When a fellow is hit from behind with a blackjack he hasn't much show, but perhaps you did not notice that as I was falling I grabbed a handful of hair out of the blackjacker's head. Here it is and I am going to save it and match it with every head coming my way that looks like a blackjacker's and some day I am going to fit that hair, every blamed spear of it, right back in the holes I yanked it out of and I am going to fit it back with a bung starter and a cold chisel. I am going to do it if it takes a month or a year, or until next election or all other elections until there is a record ice-cutting year in Hell;" and Sam McCall went home and forgot about losing the Senatorship, but not about the fellow who hit him on the back of the neck with the blackjack.

# Republican National Conventions

1892

MINNEAPOLIS, JUNE 7, 9, 10, 11

	First Ballot.
Total vote . . . . .	904½
Necessary to a choice . . . . .	453
Harrison, Ind. . . . .	535 1-6
Blaine, Me. . . . .	182 1-6
McKinley, Ohio . . . . .	182
Reed, Me. . . . .	4
Lincoln, Ill. . . . .	1

Harrison nominated on the first ballot.

1896

ST. LOUIS, JUNE 18

	First Ballot.
Total vote . . . . .	906
Necessary to a choice . . . . .	454
McKinley, Ohio . . . . .	661½
Reed, Me. . . . .	84½
Quay, Pa. . . . .	61½
Morton, N. Y. . . . .	53
Allison, Ia. . . . .	35½
Cameron, Pa. . . . .	1
Blank . . . . .	4

McKinley nominated on the first ballot.

1900

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 25

William McKinley of Ohio was nominated for President and Theodore Roosevelt of New York for Vice President, both by acclamation. Every vote in the Convention was cast for McKinley, and 929 of 930 votes for Roosevelt, who was a delegate and did not vote.

1904

CHICAGO, JUNE 23

Theodore Roosevelt of New York was nominated for President, by acclamation.

1908

CHICAGO, JUNE 16

One ballot was cast June 19, as follows:

	First Ballot.
Total vote . . . . .	979
Necessary to a choice . . . . .	490
William H. Taft, Ohio . . . . .	702
Philander C. Knox, Pa. . . . .	68
Charles E. Hughes, N. Y. . . . .	67
Joseph G. Cannon, Ill. . . . .	58
Charles W. Fairbanks, Ind. . . . .	40
Robert M. LaFollette, Wis. . . . .	25
Joseph B. Foraker, Ohio . . . . .	16
Theodore Roosevelt, N. Y. . . . .	3

1912

CHICAGO, JUNE 18-22

One ballot for the candidate for President was cast June 22, as follows:

	First Ballot.
Total vote . . . . .	1,078
Necessary to a choice . . . . .	540
Actual vote . . . . .	728*
William H. Taft, Ohio . . . . .	561
Theodore Roosevelt, N. Y. . . . .	107
Robert M. LaFollette, Wis. . . . .	41
Albert B. Cummins, Iowa . . . . .	17
Charles E. Hughes, N. Y. . . . .	2

\* 344 delegates withheld their votes and 6 delegates were absent.

Figures from *World Almanac*.



# FIRST BALLOT

DELEGATES	Roosevelt	McCall	Hughes	Root	Fairbanks	Sherman	Ford	LaFollette	Cummins	DuPont	Knox	Harding	Burton	Borah	Estabrook	Weeks
Alabama, Un.	16															
Arizona, Un.	6															
Arkansas, Un.	15															
California, Un.	26															
Colorado, R. 2 Un. 10	12															
Connecticut, Un.	14															
Delaware, DuPont	6															
Florida, Un.	8															
Georgia, Un.	17															
Idaho, Un.	8															
Illinois, S. 56, Un. 2	58															
Indiana, Fairbanks	30															
Iowa, Cummins	26															
Kansas, Un.	20															
Kentucky, F. 10, Un. 16	26															
Louisiana, Un.	12															
Maine, Un.	12															
Maryland, Un.	16															
Massachusetts, R. 4, Un. 32	36															
Michigan*, Un.	30															
Minnesota, Cummins	24															
Mississippi, Un.	12															
Missouri, Un.	36															
Montana, Cummins	8															



Nebraska, Cummins	16
Nevada, Un.	6
New Hampshire, Un.	8
New Jersey, R. 2, Un. 26	28
New Mexico, Un.	6
New York, Un.	87
North Carolina, Un.	21
North Dakota, LaFollette	10
Ohio, Burton	48
Oklahoma, Un.	20
Oregon, Hughes	10
Pennsylvania, B. 20, Un. 56	76
Rhode Island, Un.	10
South Carolina, Un.	11
South Dakota	10
Tennessee, Un.	21
Texas	26
Utah, Un.	8
Vermont, Hughes	8
Virginia, Un.	15
Washington, Un.	14
West Virginia	16
Wisconsin, LaF. 15, Un. 11	26
Wyoming, Un.	6
Alaska, Un.	2
District of Columbia, Un.	2
Total	985

Hawaii, the Philippines and Porto Rico are entitled to two delegates, each, without the right to vote.

\* The Michigan primaries were carried by Henry Ford. R-Roosevelt, F-Fairbanks, LaF-LaFollette, S-Sherman.

## DELEGATES

Alabama, Un.	16
Arizona, Un.	6
Arkansas, Un.	15
California, Un.	26
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Wyoming, Un.	6
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Total	985

47

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## Apology

I TRUST delegates will overlook the mistakes and slipshod-ness of this little Path Pointer. I only idea-ed it on the eve of Convention when it looked from the Press as though the Convention might make the vital mistake of nominating Hughes, about whose policy, owing to his Supreme Court position, the country knows nothing.

Delegates may not be "up" in book-making, so I will tell them that the writing, printing, and making of 5,000 copies of this book in a jiff — in time to distribute them to all delegates at the opening of a hustle-bustle Convention week — is no hen-scratching job.

Again, I want to say that no one, directly or indirectly, had aught to do with this Path Pointer's conception, making, or distribution. Neither Roosevelt nor McCall had any knowledge of my work, and neither they, nor any one else, is in any way responsible for the Path Pointer or any of the facts or flippancies contained in it.

I will have been amply repaid for my work and expense if my word-waif is read by all delegates. Considering the conditions under which it has been made, it is impossible to have a larger edition than 5,000 copies in time for the Convention. 2,000 of these will be distributed to Republican delegates and alternates, 2,000 to the country's newspapers, and the balance to libraries, etc.

I am making an effort to finish a second edition of 10,000 in time for distribution on Thursday of Convention week. If they are finished in time, I will distribute them from an advertised distribution office to the holders of Convention tickets, upon presentation.

Copies may be had after Convention week upon written application to

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