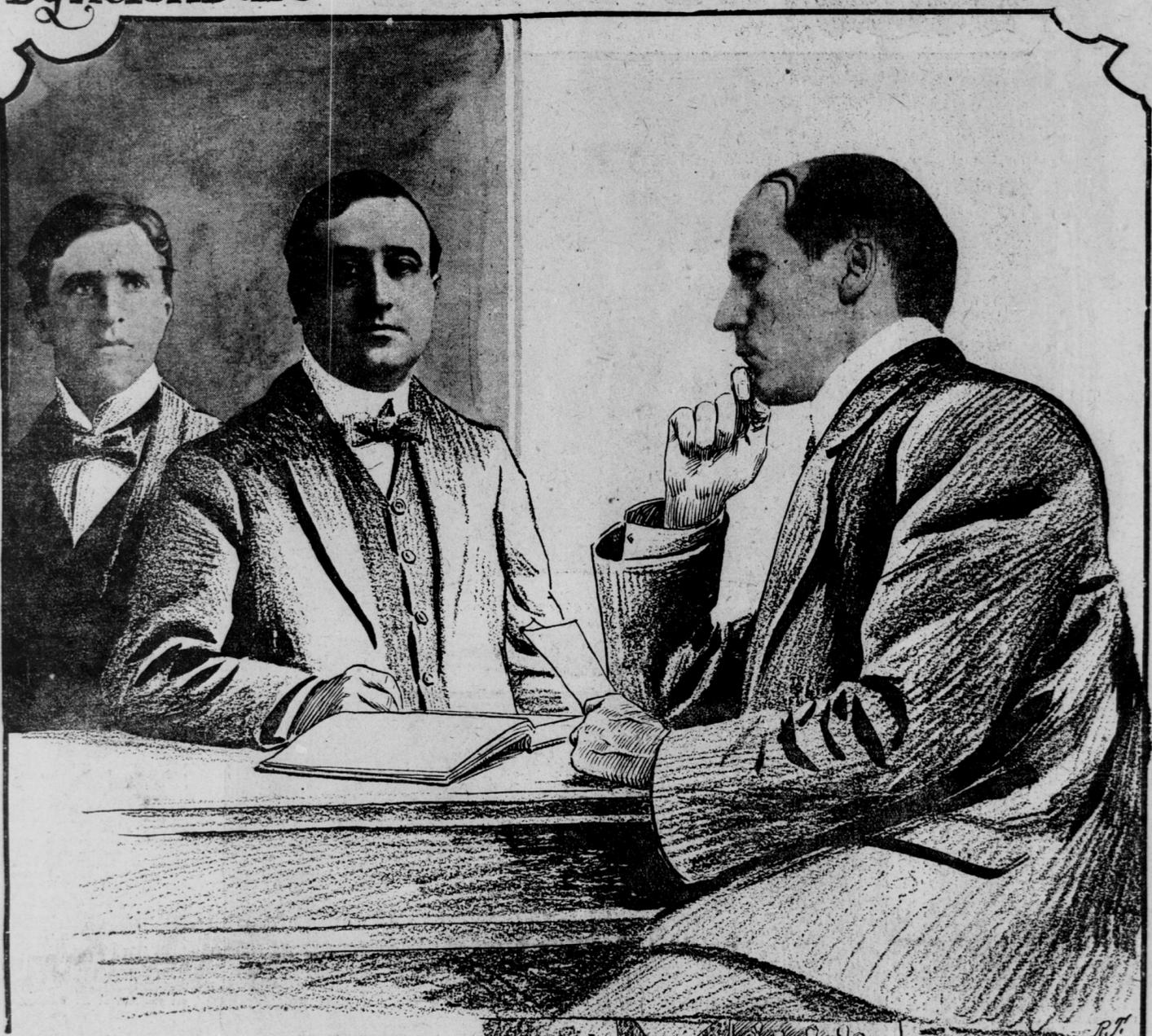


# With PARTRIDGE for Mayor—His busy day.

By Helen Dare.



ON the stage of the Alhambra last Tuesday night some half dozen men made speeches—pretty good speeches, too, clever, forceful and effective, that held the interest and attention, and at times excited the admiration and enthusiasm of that big audience that by its very size showed the interest San Francisco is taking in her own well-being.

What those speakers gave us who listened was oratory, well-intentioned, well-prepared, well-delivered—but still oratory. They had spared no effort and slighted no talent to be ingenious and effective. They had decorated their arguments with the posies of rhetoric and the spangles of wit. Their speeches were speeches to persuade and inflame, made according to the time-honored pattern of campaign speeches—the accustomed weapons in the game of politics.

We felt—we who listened, and I've a notion I speak for you if you were there, as well as for myself—that each speech was a performance and we were entitled to our critical attitude.

Then after the orators and their oratory—and I'm not drawing an invidious comparison, for both are a legitimate part of this greatest of games—there came a man down to the footlights, a young man of slight figure and lean, wiry build, with earnest, clean-cut, serious face. He came with a firm, light step, quietly and without flourish. He stood quite still, waiting, through the storm of greeting, and when silence fell he spoke.

He had not spoken ten sentences before we—all of us in that assemblage packed solidly from wall to wall—saw that he had no gift of oratory as an art; that he was not going through the campaign tricks of a candidate, as it were, and giving us a sample speech, but just a straight talk.

We saw that he wasn't trying to persuade or beguile—only to convince.

His voice wasn't strong nor of elocutionary quality, but there was in it a note of passionate earnestness that carried his words to every listener in the topmost gallery.

His gestures were not frequent, nor dramatic, nor particularly illustrative—and certainly not mirror-practiced. They were rather unimportant, in fact even a little inadequate for any other sort of a man.

His sentences were not flowery, but well-balanced, incisive, conveying his thoughts accurately, unequivocally, absolutely without ambiguity.

In his words as in his attitude there was no flourish.

In the big auditorium there was no murmur of comment, no rustle of movement. The listening silence was so intense that it seemed almost as if all those people breathed in rhythm. The critical attitude was suspended.

While that slight young man talked it was as if heart met heart and mind met mind in naked, trusting, honest contact.

All speciousness and suspiciousness, all expediency and pretense and trumpery were stripped off and cast aside.

In all the vast assemblage there was not one, I'm sure, that did not recognize and accept him as absolutely honest, sincere and genuine.

And the slight young man was John S. Partridge, of course.

I am, perversely, beginning at the end of my story, for my story to-day is of a day—a busy day—with the candidate for Mayor, of a day's doings in practical politics, and the big meeting at the Alhambra was, of course, the last event of the day chronologically.

But it is the first in importance, and I would not have you miss the picture.

In that meeting between John S. Partridge and the people of San Francisco—as many of them as could be squeezed into the Alhambra—there is significance.

It shows the power of personality.

It shows above all that however art

John S. Partridge in Conference With the Fusion Leaders—Chairman Ryan and Chairman Hickey.

and grace and skill may charm, the real grip of man on man lies in his truth and sincerity.

I wonder how many in that audience with the tonic spell of his honesty upon them went home thinking that if John S. Partridge is not elected Mayor of San Francisco it is not John S. Partridge we need feel sorry for, but San Francisco?

When the speechmaking was done and the applause had died out and the shuffle of departing feet was ebbing and I went to John S. Partridge in the box, where his family and personal friends were waiting to take him home, and asked him to tell me just how he meant to make his fight for the mayoralty, this is what he answered me:

"I'm going to talk to the people in words of one syllable, so that even those who are against me will have no doubt about where I stand."

"I'm going to give the facts as I know them myself, and let the people draw their own conclusions."

"Railing, abuse, mud-slinging don't impress anybody."

"I mean business."

"I want the people to trust me, and the day has gone when you can make men believe in high-sounding phrases."

"The great thing in a fight like this, where the issue is one of principle, is to be right with yourself, and then you can't help being right with the people."

He doesn't want to be elected at ANY price, you see. He has a price of his own, and it does not include the sacrifice of any friend's political principle. He is not going around button-holing his friends and imploring them to "Vote for me, for ME—your friend John Partridge. Never mind politics—but vote for ME."

On the contrary, he is saying: "Don't vote for me unless you believe in the principles I stand for. Don't give me your vote merely on personal grounds."

That's a most unusual candidate, don't you think, a queer sort of a politician? But that is John S. Partridge, reform candidate for Mayor—not only on the platform, but from early morning until late at night of the day on which I follow in his wake to see him do politics.

It is a day that begins early in the morning, at half-past eight, in his office.

He does no politics in his own modest home in the Mission. He has not even a telephone there by which politics can be thrust in upon its peace and quiet; but no sooner does he set foot beyond its doorstep, at 8 o'clock, than he becomes the candidate for Mayor. The first man passing on Guerrero street recognizes him as such, and wishes him well, or buttonholes him to advise him—or ask something of him. So does the next man he meets on the corner, and the man on the car he comes down town on, for all the Mission knows him.

At his law offices in the Call building the real day's work of campaigning begins—with the people waiting to tell him what is being done for him, and what isn't being done, what should be done and what shouldn't be done. They follow each other as closely as beads on a string, and the string runs through all the hours of the day and as many of the night as the candidate and his lieutenants are accessible.

The places of meeting may shift from the law offices on the tenth floor of the Call building to the corridor, to the elevator, to the street, to the personal headquarters in the Spreckels Annex next door, to the Republican League headquarters at 636 Market street, to the street car, street corner, or anywhere where one man may grasp the hand and engage the ear of another, but the succession of men who have the infallible recipe for the winning of the election is without intermission.

What a great game is this game of politics!

And what a big place it has in man's life!

How absorbing is the interest in it! How eager the zest!

I find at the two headquarters arrangements for the campaign are as complete, as minute and detailed, made with as much care and forethought, as in a great military organization.

There are committees for everything.

There is the topmost committee of all, responsible for everything, the ten men, five from each party joined together in the single issue of clean gov-

ernment, on whom it devolves to see that the work of all the committees is done.

There are the committees on organization, on finance, on printing, on advertising, on music, on meetings, on the hiring of halls, who are to see to it that every voter is accounted for, that money is in the treasury, that there are posters on the fences, announcements in the papers, bands to play at meetings, quarters to warble when eloquence wanes, speakers for every meeting and meetings for all the speakers, halls to hold the public that must appraise its candidates.

Politics, it seems, when you come to examine the game closely, is not all oratory and hurrah and brass bands, and pictures in the papers.

It's a wonderfully adjusted fighting machine in which results are not left to impulse and inspiration, but are sought for with mathematical precision.

The Republican League, for example, starts out with the knowledge that there is a registration of 98,000 voters this year, but it doesn't generalize from that. It knows there are eighteen As-

sembly districts, so it has eighteen Assembly district committeemen. So have the Democrats. The thirty-six committeemen are responsible for the precincts in their districts. Each has under his direction the political captain of the precincts. The precinct captains must in their turn account for the voters, not collectively, but individually.

So minute and careful is the organization that it is possible to put a finger on every one of the 98,000 voters—to say who he is, where he is and what he is.

With such care is the game of politics played on the inside, and it takes an army of secretaries, clerks, committeemen, political colonels, captains, lieutenants and diverse and miscellaneous workers to play it.

Many of them, perhaps most of them, are on the salary lists of the finance committee.

And that is why I say what a great game is this game of politics. What a big place it has in a man's life! How absorbing the interest in it! How eager the zest!



At the Alhambra—Congratulations on His Speech.

For no ordinary employer ever got such service out of an employee.

The spirit of the political worker is the spirit of the fox-hunter, the polo player, the football player. He doesn't know what overtime is; nor what fatigue is; nor loss of interest.

Outside of the regularly enrolled workers with their duties apportioned and defined are the volunteers, working for sheer love of the game and not, it is true, entirely without hope of reward, for human nature is human nature, especially in politics.

The candidate, I see, as I follow in the wake of Mr. Partridge, doesn't float into office on the crest of the wave of his popularity in the rosy glow of red fire. He has, I should estimate, at least twenty-four hours in his working day, and every minute of every one of them is preoccupied by demands upon his attention.

There are the important committee meetings and conferences to be attended, to the speeches to be prepared and delivered, the relations between opposing party fights to be diplomatically preserved from rupture, the large and important matters of the business of the campaign to be decided upon, and, between them, a running fire of trivialities.

Mr. Partridge must receive and give his attention to the organizer of a Partridge club. It is a club of Lowell High School boys, now voters; boys who were schoolmates of his when he was winning his education; boys who were pupils of his when he was fighting his way into the law by teaching there. It is a fine compliment, paid in a fine spirit.

Then there is the tailor who has two wagons on which, if Mr. Partridge will provide them, he will display Partridge banners every day and all the time up to election day—and so elect Mr. Partridge. He will do this, and elect him—Oh, he'll elect him, sure, that way—if Mr. Partridge will give him the contract to clean his clothes for a year.

Then there's the man from a hall room in an obscure block, whose whole exterior advertises the failure, and the derelict, who can deliver the votes of two professions, and one quarter—the Portuguese or Roumanian or whatever it is, in solid blocks—if only the candidate for Mayor, or the league or anything or anybody will assure him a salary, just a

small salary to cover expenses during the time necessary to land the blocks of votes.

There's the photographer who wants Mr. Partridge to pose for him in impassioned oratorical poses—and promise to pose for no one else.

There's the man, careful kindly soul, who wants Mr. Partridge to come into another room with him where in privacy he can show Mr. Partridge how most effectively to sit when facing the audience from a platform. He thinks Mr. Partridge is not sufficiently attentive to his posing—which, heaven be thanked, is perfectly true.

And another photographer.

And a solicitor who wants advertisements for a church fair programme—only about \$50 worth of space.

And come one to sell him tickets to a church fair.

And some one else to invite him to speak at a Sunday school social.

And another man with more advertising space to sell.

And a quartet for hire.

And just a pleasant friendly man dropping in to say he'll vote for him, and get his friends to because he believes in him.

And a man who makes soap—with another scheme to elect him which involves the distribution of Partridge cakes of soap among the unpersuaded voters—neat little cakes with a Partridge picture that won't come off, being protected by some sort of varnish that keeps it from lathering away.

More church fair tickets.

More invitations to speak at socials.

More schemes to insure election.

More blocks of votes in inside pockets of frayed and shiny coats.

More men to shake hands and wish him well.

And sandwiched between are the meetings to arrange with committees about advertising and about speaking, the conferences with the district leaders, the formal meeting of the joint campaign committee, the visits to district headquarters, and the big ratification meeting at night.

There's the intermittent visitor, too, who has telling points for him to incorporate in his speeches, jotted down for handy reference on the backs of old envelopes.

There's the man who wants to teach him elocution to improve his speechmaking, and the man who can supply him with a new set of gestures that will bring down the house every time.

And there's the Spring Valley case in court. Even on his busy day Mr. Partridge finds the time in that cool unhurried way of his to attend to this duty.

One of the provisions he has made is that when he is elected—WHEN is the word, remember—he is to retain the privilege to go on with the Spring Valley case.

On his busy day there is a witness to be examined in this case, and he slips quietly away from between the demands on his time to the court room in the new Postoffice building to do that.

Out of the myriad distractions of campaigning he steps and bends his mind in that still courtroom to the careful consideration of the the minutiae of expert testimony. The witness is suffering the effects of recent illness, and the humanity of Partridge is expressed in the gentle consideration of voice and manner as he asks him his questions, but the vigilance of the alert lawyer is in the questions.

He doesn't see all the people who make their demands upon his time, of course. It is beyond one man's capacity to do that, but with all that he sees and in all that he does he is the simple, unselfconscious man, giving his attention wholly to the matter before him.

In the day's doings, in all this meeting of people, I make a discovery for myself, and it is that John S. Partridge is not what is called "a good mixer."

He is not what is best described in handy slang "a hot-air artist."

He is too sincere to acquire popularity by the oily, easy glad-hand method.

He is not beguiling, but he is convincing.

I noticed that the many men who came to shake hands and wish him well did not slap him on the back, but they did give him ready respect.

If he is not a good mixer he yet has tact and courtesy and kindness. He is receptive, listening with keen interest to the other man's opinion, never supercilious, never self-sufficient—and never subservient, and the men who came to shake hands with him seemed to give him their ready respect, because they could respect themselves in giving it.

The men who came, too, were not of the usual type peculiar to political headquarters—that sleek, slightly shabby type, loose-cheeked, furtive-eyed, soft-handed and whispering, but very much of the same clean, clear-cut, aggressive, energetic type that the candidate for Mayor is. They looked like men who have homes and families and regularity of barbers and pay days. They came in as though they came for a definite purpose, and they went away as though they had some place to go and something to do when they got there—a new type of political rallying around a new type of candidate.