

### MAYOR APPEARS AS GLADIATOR FOR OPPRESSED RACE

#### Pen Sketch Shows Big Bill in Appeal for Negro Votes.

[This is the first of a series of impressionistic articles on the various mayoralty candidates.]

**BY EYEWITNESS.**  
**BY WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON.**  
I've seen Mansfield as gladiator in that incomparable scene where the duke, bending low, "tween two props of virtue," receives the lord mayor and citizens in the great hall of Baynard castle; and I've heard Arthur Forrest, perhaps the best, because the most specious, Marco Antony of our stage in our time, in the speech over the body of Caesar; and I've seen the elder Harrison in the blazing sunset of his last campaign, but for skillful demagoguery, flawlessly perfect to the time and occasion, I have never seen anything finer than the easy, fluent, winning, don't-give-a-dammy of Mr. Thompson's achievement before the audience of colored men and women at Eighth regiment armory yesterday afternoon.

The swift creation of a common understanding, the unforced flow of homely imagery, the brief, convincing lapses into grammatical mistakes, the bold playing upon that dangerous but ever responsive instrument, a race's sense of its wrongs, and the rousing of sympathy for one who, even while he roused it, seemed never to ask for it and always to be capable of bearing his burdens alone—all were mastery.

**A Great Entertainer.**  
He may be a bad mayor—I do not know, and to inquire into that is not the purpose of this sketch—but he is a great entertainer.  
He made them laugh, he made them listen, and he made them mad—always mad in his behalf—and he seemed to do it all without half trying. With a few passes that did not consume ten seconds he created a spirit of neighborliness between himself and those hundreds of another race that finally enveloped them both and sustained them both through the long hour of hard work for him and hard listening for them. He did that without seeming to truckle, but by the device of presenting himself as an ill-used man to a body of people whom he swiftly convinced that they also were ill-used. I'll swear that at the end of that hour there was not a black man or woman in the big building that did not think of him as one of themselves, or at least as one who ought to be.

**Entrance Is Artistic.**  
His very entrance was good. He came in while music was being played and he strode beaming down the wide aisle. His overcoat was flung back and the collar was turned up behind. The house rose at him and greeted him with a jubilant yell. He waved his hand in response—the hand that clinched the big gray sombrero so tellingly reminiscent of old Carter. Then he mounted the platform, wading vigorously in among the dusky notables, drawing off his overcoat as he advanced, and smiling out over the house—a wide, inclusive, glad smile, very winning and boyish.

For the rest, as I totted him down yesterday, he is thus: Sack suit of dark stuff, black silk scarf through which a modest pin is thrust; white shirt with soft collar; gold watch chain across his ample front (and when he enters the strain of waiting for the deluge of Ethiopian oratory to subside he took out the watch and furtively wound it); big, white, powerful hands resting clasped on his ample chest, while he waited his turn; forehead pretty good and not deeply lined;

### LATEST PICTURE OF PRESIDENT WILSON IN PARIS

Mr. Wilson Was Accustomed to Take Daily Walks During the Peace Negotiations, Leaving the Murat Mansion by Himself, with Secret Service Men Following as a Bodyguard.



cheek bones too high; eyes heavy and somehow sad, and look right at you; nose too small, but beautifully modeled; mouth lax and heavy and not reassuring except when he smiles, and then the smile irradiates the whole face in quite a wonderful way; chin not good, small and receding, with the flesh drooping around it, but upper lip long and firm—an orator's lip; complexion still florid as in the old days; eyebrows heavy and give the face strength; on the whole, a massive head, poised on a powerful neck; only adornment besides the watch chain and the scarfpin a heavy gold seal ring on the little finger of the left hand; handkerchief lying across one knee half an hour at a time, but not often used.

**Applauds Other Speakers.**  
When he rose to speak he stood firmly poised, the right foot a little forward, the body bending forward, and something of bulldog menace in his attitude. His first sentence sprung and buzzed and roared—both sounds combined—out into the audience like a buzzsaw going through soft wood. It was gravely spoken, with intense nasal inflection, and it instantly commanded silence and enforced a kind of startled conviction that here was a man who meant business. It was: "Mr. Chairman and my good friends, I'm glad to be here this afternoon to discuss with you some civic questions that are vital to you, your homes, and your community." He struck his gait from the first and it was neither slow nor swift. It was steadily expeditious. He never stopped for breath or hesitated for a word—never stopping at all, indeed, except for perhaps three gulps of water.

**Rails at Newspapers.**  
The substance of the speech is familiar. It comprised the usual railing at the newspapers on the ground that they lie about him, railing at Judge Olson on the ground that he is a meddling, self-appointed savior of this and that civic institution, and railing at Mr. Merriam on the ground that he is a "scratcher and nagger." The flow of words was steady and they were not so much simple short words as familiar words. His gestures were two—both

arms spread wide at shoulder height or higher to indicate that we were to be impressed, and the right fist driven hard into the palm of the left hand to indicate that now we were to be convinced. Both were splendidly effective. Every move he made was graceful and vigorous.

His language was vehement and familiar, like "The crooked, rotten, lying newspapers of Chicago are continually throwing a wet blanket on it. They would kill Chicago if Chicago could be killed. It's different in New York. Every newspaper in New York eulogizes New York. And so does every newspaper in Chicago eulogize New York. As I sat here listening to Ed Wright and he mentioned Judas Iscariot, it came to me in a flash—"This particular illumination was, of course, that the newspapers are Judases, but the delights that interested me more were that he dropped his g's and said come for come when he wanted to insinuate himself most emphatically into the confidence of his hearers.

**Varied Character.**  
Sometimes he was like nothing so much as that type of veteran rounder and cynic who stands at the end of the bar with his three drinks under his belt, his shrewd, withering scorn of pretense, his raucous voice and his boundless self-confidence, and tells the assembled listeners "just what he thinks of them birds." There is sometimes much crude sense in such utterances and always much vigor, but you do not identify them with the ad- tributes that give weight to the ad-

ministrator of a capital counting over two millions of people. But yesterday's audience did—and the mayor knew it.

He never paused to pick pretty or stately words but used the argot of the street and the bar, saying once "This scratching and nagging stuff—why, it's a joke. . . . This other fellow, though, he's a smarty. He knows he ain't going to get votes enough to win a gun and so, like always, he plays both ends against the middle. What d'ye think of that kind of stuff?"

**Picture of a Critic.**  
Once there was an almost awful desolation in the rough picture he drew of his critics—there he sits, my friends, there alone in his palace, surrounded by his tens of millions. I'm told he hasn't a relative in the world—just alone with his tens of millions and thinking how to get more. And so it is. That "and so it is" is one of his favorite tricks of speech. He speaks the words slowly, solemnly. The effect is tremendous—and it gives him time to catch breath.

He wound up with what he called "the nailing of the rungs to my ladder of achievement"—rung one, so much reduction in fire losses since his term began; rung two, so much improvement in water supply, and so on, finishing with a spacious gesture and a wild, nasal cry of "And so it is. Come on, bring on your ladders, you naggers and scratchers, and let's see how high you can climb. But if you can't get a ladder, then, in heaven's name, keep off Bill Thompson's ladder."

### IGOE SCORNS IDEA OF PLOT IN DRIVE AGAINST LOWDEN

#### Declares New Roads and Work Are Chief Duty of State.

Michael Igoe, minority leader in the house of representatives at Springfield, denied last night that the attack made on Gov. Lowden and his administration in the legislature last week had any relation to the presidential campaign next year.

Republican observers in Chicago, however, see in the legislative rumpus the "hidden hand" of the Democratic national leaders. Gov. Lowden, they said yesterday, is attracting attention, particularly in the east, as a probable starter for the Republican nomination for president. Some of the high mugs in the Democratic household down east are reported to have become uneasy over the Illinois candidate. A few are taking the Lowden talk seriously and would not be surprised if he should become the national standard bearer.

**Look for More Action.**  
Accordingly, say the Chicago leaders, it is up to the Democrats in the present legislature to make the campaign record against Lowden for use in the national campaign. They would not think it at all strange if the next few weeks should develop a red hot bombardment of the state administration trenches by the Democratic long range spellbinders. Last week's outburst, as they have it doped out, was only the starter of a big "gun attack" intended to furnish the Democratic national committee with first hand ammunition to be used against Lowden in the event of his nomination for president.

Republican chiefs construe this attack on the administration as a recognition on the part of the minority forces that Lowden is a probability.

Mr. Igoe, meanwhile, disclaims any underground connection with the national committee. "He insisted to a Tammany reporter last night before departing for Springfield that he was not playing politics if trying to put in motion the state machinery that would furnish employment to returning soldiers and sailors could be so defined.

**Igoe's Answer.**  
"My answer to the gentlemen connected with the state administration who are putting up this screen of politics," he said, "is that they had better busy themselves with plans for the building of roads and the making of all other possible public improvements without delay, so that labor may find employment. Otherwise they will soon realize that every man who has returned from the war and is without work has become a politician and is gunning for the scalps of those who could furnish work and have refused to do so."

"It is the patriotic duty of the state officials to do everything possible to allay the feeling of unrest which prevails in Illinois today. How can they expect business men to look with confidence upon the future when such officials are unwilling to do those things which indicate confidence on their part? Apparently some people do not know the war is over. Some other people are waiting for the price of labor to decline. They are afraid to make such a statement, but inwardly they

are hoping that the price of labor will be forced down.

"An overwhelming Republican majority exists in both houses of the general assembly, and we have finally come to know what efficiency and economy means under a Republican administration. If, however, economy is any part of the scheme, why are the Republicans unwilling to let the public know whether the people are receiving the full amount of interest earned by public money now held by the state treasurer?"

"The money in the road fund in the state treasury can only be used for the purpose of building roads. Is it possible that there is some connection between the delay in building roads and the money that is held by the state treasurer and deposited at convenient points throughout the state? The farmers are demanding roads and the automobile owners who have willingly submitted to an exorbitant tax are anxious to know why the roads are not built."

### FIGHT 'DRY' LAW IN EVERY STATE

New York, Feb. 16.—[Special.]—The fight to have the prohibition amendment declared null and void will be waged simultaneously in every state in the union, irrespective of whether the states have no referendum clauses in their constitution, according to Levy Mayer, who is preparing as chief counsel for the distillers of the United States to direct the fight.

Mr. Mayer flatly refused to discuss his plans, saying: "I shall positively refuse to discuss with any one, other than my clients, the kind of proceedings that are to be instituted, the time when they will be instituted, or the place where."

### UNCOVER LOST FAIRFAX GRAVES NEAR MT. VERNON

Washington, D. C., Feb. 16.—[Special.]—While making excavations for new barracks buildings at the great army engineering school at Camp Humphreys, near Mount Vernon, in Virginia, soldiers have uncovered the graves of Col. William Fairfax and his wife, Deborah Clarke Fairfax, also the brick foundation of Belvoir, the old home of the Fairfaxes, around which cluster some of the fondest memories of George Washington.

Before its destruction by fire in September, 1783, Belvoir was almost as much a part of the life of George Washington as was his own home at Mount Vernon, from which it was separated only by Dogue creek.

Col. William Fairfax was colonial agent of his cousin, Lord Fairfax of England, on whose lands, approximately 25,000 Virginia acres, he settled. Belvoir took in about 3,000 acres of the Fairfax estate, opposite Mount Vernon.

Col. William Fairfax had two daughters, the elder of whom, Anne, became in 1742 the wife of Lawrence Washington and the first chateleine of Mount Vernon.

Four years after this marriage George Washington went to Mount Vernon to make his home there, permanently with his elder brother, and this brought the influence of the Fairfaxes, especially of Lord Thomas Fairfax, his patron, into his life.

In 1773 Col. George William Fairfax, on returning to England, placed Belvoir in the hands of George Washington, who sold the chattels the next year, buying many of the pieces of furniture for Mount Vernon.

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