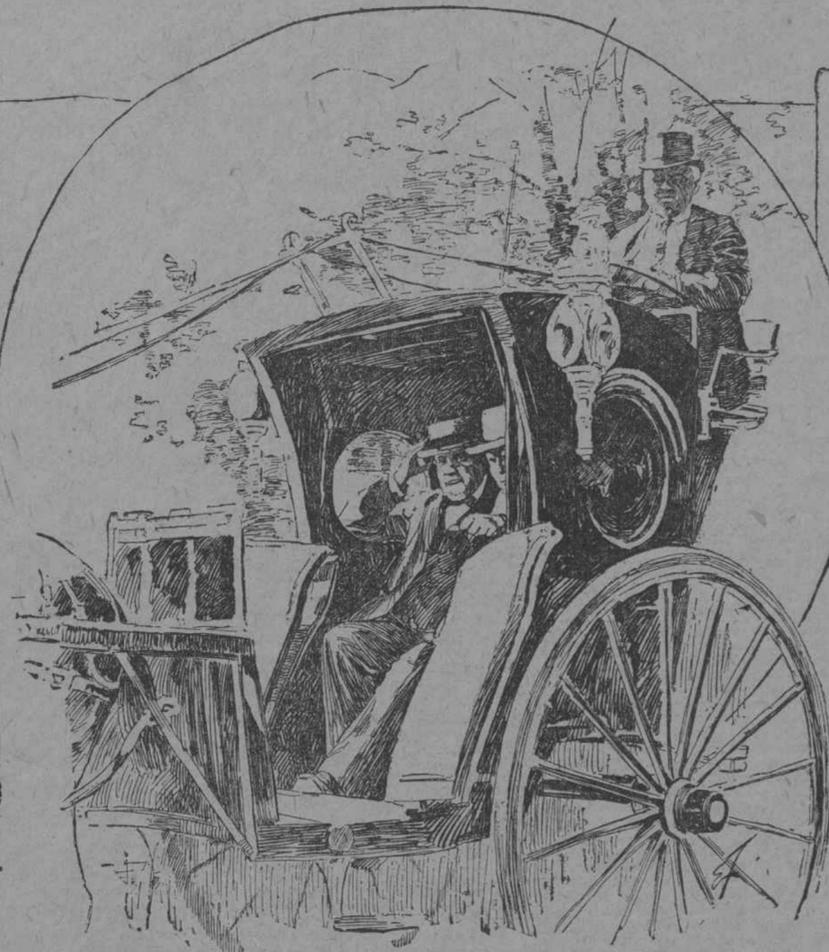
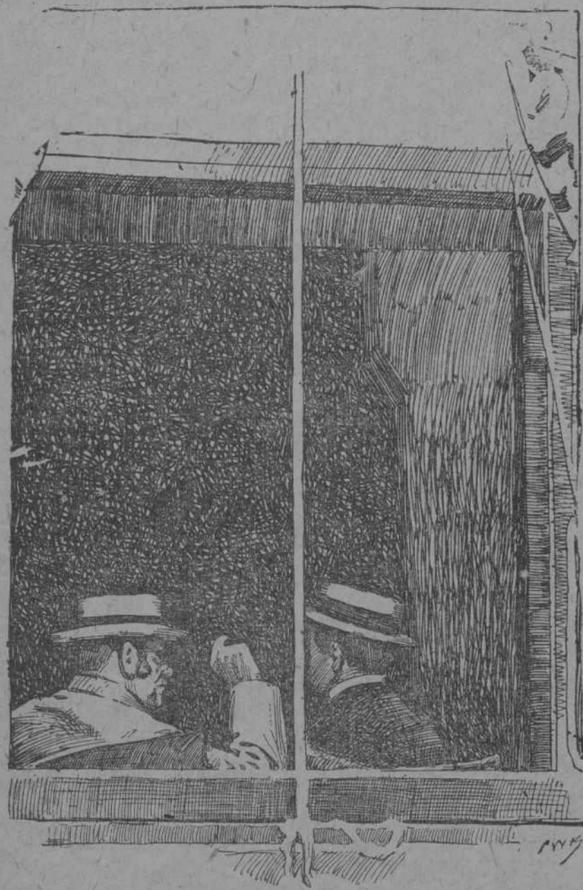


HOW MANAGER MARK HANNA SPENT SATURDAY IN THE METROPOLIS.

From snap shot photographs taken for the New York Journal.



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS WITH THE GREAT REPUBLICAN BOSS. SHOWING HIM EATING, DRINKING, SHAVING AND ATTENDING TO BUSINESS.

Mark Hanna's day consists of twenty-four hours. This arrangement must be satisfactory to him or the Hotel Waldorf people would have it changed. They are very considerate of Mr. Hanna at the Waldorf. He sleeps, eats, drinks and gets shaved there, and never forgets to tip the waiter. When Mr. Hanna is not at the Waldorf he is either at national Republican headquarters or at the Lawyers' Club, in the Equitable Building, where he sometimes takes lunch, or en route to one or the other of these places. At the Waldorf and at headquarters the impression prevails that everybody is trying to get at Mr. Hanna, which is manifestly impossible. There is much disappointment in consequence, which, it is thought, the following schedule of Mr. Hanna's doings during a sample day while he is engaged in learning the manners and customs of a great city will go far to assuage.

The appended schedule applies to yesterday up to 5 p. m., when Mr. Hanna left the city to spend Sunday with his sister, Mrs. H. Walter Jones, at Englewood, N. J.

He Rises.

[7 A. M.]

No alarm clock is required to arouse Mr. Hanna from his slumbers. Neither does he leave a "call" at the clerk's desk on retiring. Mr. McKinley's manager is not made of that kind of stuff. He is a man of method. When he sinks upon his pillow he says to himself: "I will rise at seven." Therefore, upon the sharp edge of the hour of 7 a. m., Mr. Hanna's eyes open, and without any preliminary yawning or stretching, he gets out of bed. This bed is located in room No. 712, which fronts on Thirty-third street, and is quite an ordinary room, with bath attached. There is no valet in attendance. The great man turns on his own bath, and sits on the rim of the tub while the water rises to the proper level. The sound of running water stimulates his mental mechanism, and it is at this moment that some of his most subtle political combinations are mapped out. Having bathed—the exact manner of which function is shrouded in mystery—Mr. Hanna dresses himself in his neat, light sack suit and starts for the scenes of the day's activity.

He Gets Shaved.

[7:30 A. M.]

Mr. Hanna does not shave himself. He goes down the elevator to the second floor, where there is a small tonsorial establishment, lately unknown to the multitude, but now fairly on the road to fame. Here Mr. Hanna puts himself in the hands of "Dan,"

who is at once proprietor and head operator. When Mr. Hanna stretches himself out in the chair, Dan's first act is to close the door. The shaving of Mr. Hanna is more than a ceremony, it is a rite. It is performed reverently, with deft touches, and at its conclusion Mr. Hanna vouchsafes his approval in the shape of a silver half dollar. Dan indulges his conversational inclinations but sparingly, though when Mr. Hanna, upon the first of these great occasions, refused a silver quarter tendered in change, he remarked significantly that he hoped nothing would happen in November to reduce the purchasing power of this popular coin—a sentiment which appeared to please Mr. Hanna not a little.

He Eats Breakfast.

[8 A. M.]

Sometimes Mr. Hanna eats breakfast in the cafe, at others in the garden opposite the clerk's desk. In case the faithful Perkins, secretary of the National Committee, is not present, Mr. Hanna breakfasts alone. It is his only solitary meal. It is a frugal meal. There is a cantaloupe, then some eggs, boiled, or some chops, and some coffee—and a stack of letters and telegrams. If Mr. Perkins is present, he assists with the latter part of the menu—meaning the letters and telegrams—having little time left to give to the edibles. The programme is completed within an hour, and the Republican boss has breakfasted.

He Circulates in the Corridors.

[9-10:30 A. M.]

The report that Mr. Hanna picks his teeth as he emerges from the breakfast room should be denounced as slanderous,

He does nothing of the sort. If he can escape the strong-minded ladies who lie in wait for him he will smoke a cigar meditatively for a quarter of an hour before circulating through the corridors to meet those citizens of his country who have made their peace with Mr. Perkins and the hotel attaches. While this informal levee is in progress the faithful Perkins is gathering into a bag the mass of telegrams and letters that have accumulated since the night before, and toward 11 o'clock he separates his chief from his admirers in the corridor, and together they start for headquarters in a Broadway cable car.

He Attends to Business.

[11 A. M.—1 P. M.]

At 11 a. m. yesterday Mr. Hanna was ushered into the innermost apartment at National Republican Headquarters by the assiduous Tom Carter, Colonel Swords's chief deputy sergeant-at-arms, and at once fell upon the stack of correspondence which Mr. Perkins poured out of the bag on to the table. For a full hour the Perkins notebook and pencil were kept busy, while without, the line of cranks grew constantly longer and more persistent. It is Colonel Swords's duty to sort out these cranks, assisted by Tom Carter, passing on to the inner sanctum only the most prepossessing ones. Yesterday the champion crank of this political season gained entrance to the great room, though sedulously concealing the object of his visit. He shook hands warmly with Mr. Hanna and then tried to sell him a rubber stamp. Mr. Hanna said he was not buying rubber stamps just now, and during the remainder of the day the man who could get past Tom Carter had to

be a genius. This sort of thing kept Mr. Hanna busy till 1 o'clock, when he went back to the Waldorf for lunch.

He Goes to Lunch.

[1 P. M.—2:30 P. M.]

While the band played Mr. Hanna took lunch in the garden at the Waldorf. A placid-looking man with gray chin whiskers sat beside him at the table. At first sight these whiskers seemed sensational, inspiring the belief that Tom Carter had allowed a Populist to get at Mr. Hanna. Closer investigation, however, showed that the whiskers were acquired, not constitutional, and that their owner was Roswell G. Horr. During the meal Mr. Hanna and Mr. Horr talked confidentially until a man with a large red mustache arrived. Then the talk became general of necessity, as the red-mustached man took Mr. Hanna by the buttonhole and tapped him on the chest, and acted otherwise in a most familiar manner. Mr. Hanna didn't seem to mind it, but Mr. Horr was plainly annoyed. The red-mustached man was from Ohio, also. Before ordering his lunch, Mr. Hanna glanced curiously at a guest of the Waldorf who was lunching on consommé au gluten and cannelons de volaille in jelly. Then he ordered cold roast beef, with a lettuce salad. Afterward he took some coffee, winding up with cantaloupe. During the repast there was a constant procession of messengers bringing yellow telegrams in blue envelopes. These Mr. Hanna read casually without change of countenance. Guests at neighboring tables noticed that he seemed familiar with the use of the finger bowl. Having finished his repast, Mr. Hanna and a young man in a straw

hat, who had been waiting impatiently in the rotunda, went into the reception room for a few minutes, as will be seen from the accompanying snapshot of them taken through the window. Another snapshot shows Mr. Hanna, accompanied by Mr. Horr and his whiskers, taking a cab back to headquarters.

He Resumes Business.

[3 P. M.]

On arriving at headquarters in the afternoon Mr. Hanna found awaiting him an unexpected pleasure in the presence of Mr. Platt, who was once almost as great a man as Mr. Hanna is now. With Mr. Platt were Mr. Hackett and Mr. Lauterbach, both of eminent political standing hereabouts. They at once went into executive session with Mr. Hanna—a session that was only interrupted by the arrival of the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, of Cincinnati. To the amazement of the onlookers Tom Carter interposed not the slightest obstacle to Mr. Butterworth's progress. Few of the onlookers knew that Mr. Butterworth was also from Ohio. When this important session broke up it was time for Mr. Hanna to make his regulation, short, daily speech to the reporters and start for Englewood, N. J., an above mentioned.

He Dines.

[6:30-7:30.]

If Mr. Hanna had not gone to New Jersey he would have dined at the Waldorf, and he would not have dined alone. He would have had for neighbors at his table a number of great people—from Ohio, mostly. He would have dined simply on a roast with two vegetables, and would have taken no wine or dessert. He would

have finished with a cup of coffee and a cigar, as on previous days—for Mr. Hanna is a man of method. And then he would have met more people in the corridors, and kept on meeting all who came at him till 10 p. m.

He Works in His Room.

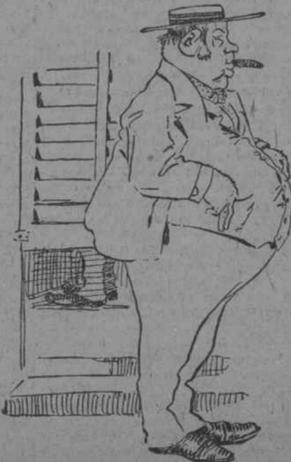
[10-11 P. M.]

At 10 p. m. Mr. Hanna goes to his room, accompanied by Mr. Perkins with his note book and pencil, and then for one hour the nation's destinies are mapped out in a style of which only Mr. Hanna and the ever faithful Perkins know the secret.

He Goes to Bed.

[11 P. M.]

At 11 p. m. Mr. Hanna dismisses Perkins and his friends and gets himself methodically to bed. He goes to sleep at once, having fixed his mind upon the fact that he will awake at precisely 7 o'clock the next morning—and if one could say with equal certainty what Mr. Hanna's dreams are made of there would be no part of his twenty-four-hour day left unaccounted for.



Davenport