Forward With Wilson, or Back to the Good-Old-Days?

George Amos Dorsey

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The issue of this election is told in the picture of the "Shady Lane" of Wall Street and the "Shadow Lawn" of the Nation's Summer Capital.

With Wilson in the White House you know where you get off— with Hughes in the White House you wouldn't know when you'd be thrown off.

The Republicans promised the workingman a full dinner pail—Wilson gave them three square meals a day, eight hours' work, and the highest wages known to history!

Wilson gave the farmer more than the G.O.P. ever had imagination enough to promise.

Why go on? You know what Wilson gave you. You know whether you are working or whether you are fighting. You know what kind of a job you've got. You know whether you are getting more wages now than you did four years ago. You know that we haven't had a panic in four years. You know what has been done to the old Payne-Aldrich tariff.

Don't you feel the change? Don't you realize that we were headed toward the Tenantry system of Europe? And don't you realize that now the land is going back into the hands of owners?

You know that Wilson won't make war on Mexico to please Hearst and others who are similarly interested in that country. You know that he won't make war on Germany just to please Roosevelt, Root, Lodge, and Morgan.

You know that this Administration has done more for American business, big and little, high and low, every kind of business but crooked, than has been done in any forty years of American history. Do you want the impossible? Wilson has achieved it again and again.

When the Great War broke out, American public opinion almost unanimously said: "Wilson can't possibly keep us out of it. Europe won't let us stay out of it. They can't afford to let us wear good clothes and a straight nose, and keep both eyes and both legs «and all ten fingers and a house over our heads. They'll drag us in whether we want in or not. Misery loves company and they'll see to it that we get in." Wasn't that the argument that was passed from mouth to mouth in July and August of 1914?

Well, we're still over here, where we belong, minding our own business, sawing wood, working over-time, better paid than ever before; and little old Mexico is quieting down and her children will soon be in school and we'll have a neighbor we can be proud of and do business with, and look back with pleasure to the days when we big-brothered it!

And we're keeping our heads clear and our pockets and our stomachs full, and we'll be ready to lend a hand to battered, bruised, bleeding Europe when she tires of the fruitless, bootless game of cutting each other's throats.

There is just one line in which Europe today surpasses us: she has more noise, more hospitals, more cripples, and more fresh graves!

If you don't know Wilson and what he stands for, it's because you have been too busy with your own personal prosperity. If you don't realize how safe you are in his hands for four years more, it is because you have felt so

secure during his present Administration that you haven't felt the need of bothering about your safety.

Yes. You know Wilson. You can see him. You can feel him in your business. You can sense him in your homes. Do you want to go on with him, or—go Back?

Make no mistake. That's what it means. That is what Hughes stands for. Go back—to the Good-Old-Days.

That's the issue of this campaign, the only issue. It has been variously labelled. It has been called Promises vs. Achievements, but hang it all! Mr. Hughes doesn't even make a specific promise! He has wasted some twenty thousand miles of perfectly good railway travel trying to find an issue and he hasn't got one yet. And the reason he can't find it? He's like the man that can't see the woods for the trees!

You see, when the G.O.P. lost that old full-dinner-pail argument, it received an awful jolt. That was the sure vote-getter in the Good-Old-Days; that was their idea of prosperity—a laborer with a tin can with two thin ham sandwiches in it. And they fooled the farmer by sending him packages of seed, and pamphlets telling him, as old David Lubin puts it, how to blow his nose and not to plant watermelon seed in the dark of the moon in January.

Since the farmer's paid off his mortgage, and the laboring man owns his own house, the old battered dinner-pail issue is canned.

It isn't an Issue that is at stake, it's a matter of DIRECTION. The voters in the United States on November 7th are to decide which way they are to go—ON or BACK. You know what "on" means. Where it leads to, and that at the end of it is more prosperity, more decency, more victories without war. And "BACK"? Where does this Hughes trail to the Good-Old-Days lead? What do they mean, these Republican spell-binders, by the Good-Old-Days of Republican Progress?

For thirty years the G.O.P. has been the party of reaction, the leader of retrogression.

And they fed us with "high moral ideas." So they were, in the Good-Old-Days when public lands were fed by corporation-owned Congresses to the railroads they represented; when these same corporation directors would drown their stocks with water, and juggle freight and passenger tariffs to make the water sell; when they wrecked their own railroads one day and bought them in at their own price the next, owning both judges and prosecuting attorneys; when they named boards of aldermen for cities, legislatures for states, and elected their own corporation lawyers to the Senate; when corrupt Bosses and secret conferences picked State Governors; when legislatures handed out subsidies as department stores today give out green trading stamps!

In the Good-Old-Days when every county seat and every state capitol had its lobby and every corporation its "efficient" representative in the nation's congress; when every important contract was conceived in graft and born in corruption; when panics were rigged up with as little trouble as a foursome at golf; when the mortgage writers worked their fingers off every day in the year; when big business wrote its own tariff schedule; when the rich sidestepped taxation and corporations were immune: when there was one

rate of interest for the poor man and another for the rich; when no depositor's money was secure in any bank; when the railroads rebated and damned the public—THOSE were the Good-Old-Days, those good old days!

Money talked. Wall Street ruled. When the telephone line was busy between Wall Street and the Treasury; and Mr. Morgan's Checkbook-Perkins had the pass-key to the White House.

Who wants the Good-Old-Days? Same-Old-Crowd—the Crowd that used to put up the money; the Crowd that is backing Mr. Hughes! Is there any doubt about it?

The Democratic Congress some time ago smoked out the contributors to Mr. Taft's campaign. You can make your bet in advance that the big contributors of the Taft campaign are not writing any checks to help re-elect President Wilson!

If you have mouths to water, prepare to water them now. For this is a tale of glue.

There were nine contributions to that Taft campaign from directors or presidents of life insurance companies. Mr. Dryden of the Prudential alone turned in over $68,000.

The Morgan interests seem to have been especially interested in Mr. Taft. Thus, in the list of contributors appears Mr. Stotesbury of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company who contributed $100,000. The firm itself subscribed $150,000; and our friend, Mr. Perkins—the original George W. of the firm of Morgan, director in the National City Bank, the International Harvester Company, the International Mercantile Marine Company and the United States Steel Corporation—Perkins, the Progressive, contributed $30,000. Imagine a man wanting to contribute $30,000 to the election of Mr. Taft being a Progressive! Or, what is more difficult, imagine such a man working to keep Woodrow Wilson in the White House!

The impression prevails that the Rock Island Railroad went into the hands of a receiver not long ago. Did the fact that its then President, Robert Mather, contributed $25,000 to Mr. Taft's election have anything to do with that receivership?

Here are a few other Friends of Progress "touched" for Mr. Taft's campaign fund and the amounts of their subscriptions:

American Can Company, Makes dinner-pails	$10,000
C. N. Bliss, Penn. R. R.	7,500
M. C. D. Borden, Dir. Lincoln Ntl. Bank	10,000
Andrew Carnegie, Librarian	10,000
T. Coleman du Pont, Powder Manufacturer	5,000
John F. Dryden U. S. Steel Director	25,000
H. C. Frick, Dir. U. S. Steel Co.	50,000
M. Guggenheim, Copper Magnate	50,000
A. D. Juilliard, Textile Tariff Beneficiary	10,000
G. T. Gould, R. R. Director	100,000
E. H. Harriman, Railway Magnate	150,000
R. F. Howes, Dir. Int Harvester Co.	20,000
C. S. Mellen, Pres. N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.	50,000
Roswell Miller, Pres Q M. & St. P. R. R.	20,000
Penna. Railroad (By C. N. Bliss)	50,000
H. H. Rogers, V. P. Standard Oil Co.	10,000
W. Emlen Roosevelt. Bank Director	5,000
I. N. Seligman, Wall Street Banker	10,000
James Speyer, Wall Street Banker	25,000
James Stillman, Pres. Ntl. City Bank	20,000
H. McK. Twombley, Railway Director	10,000
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Railway Director	25,000

Oil Sugar, Steel. Life Insurance, Tobacco, Binder Twine, Dollars, Copper, Silver, Gold, Millions, Wall Street Bosses, T. R., Money, Powder—face, gun and, bug—Banks, Magnates, Railways, Subsidies, Rebates, Wool, More Money, Billions, Steal Common, Gas, Street Railways, Franchise, Interlocking Directorates, Invisible Governments, G.O.P., Money Trust Big Interests, Trusts, "Crooked Alliances of Crooked Politicians for Crooked Business." Shake 'em all up in a hat. Draw out any five names and its a hundred to one that all five "supported" Mr. Roosevelt for President, "supported" Mr. Taft for President; "supported" Mr. Hughes for Governor; and are "supporting" Mr. Hughes for President.

When that Crowd "supports" a man they know what they support and where to get it!

That Crowd is a Friend of the Workingman!

That Crowd talks about High Moral Ideas!

That Crowd "protects" the Farmer!

To that Crowd add: Boss Penrose, Boss Gallinger, Boss Cannon, Boss McKinley, Boss Evans, Boss Calhoun, Boss Crane, Boss Smoot, Boss Lodge, Boss Root, Boss Barnes, Boss Taft, Boss Perkins, and Ananias Roosevelt!

Now, add them all up, and we have—Hughes's BACKers, the G.O.P., the BACK to the Good-Old-Days.

By the way—the same E H. Harriman who subscribed $150,000 to help elect Taft, "raised" a quarter of a million dollars to elect T. Roosevelt in 1904. Mr. Harriman himself, in a letter to Mr. Sidney Webster, declared that as a result of this $250,000 "at least 50,000 votes were turned in the State of New York alone, making a difference of 100,000 votes in the general result!"

Oh! What a difference a few raisins make! One man's "raise" makes a difference of 100,000 votes in one state!

His name was Harriman!

News item: "New York, October 2.—The treasurer of Women's Hughes Alliance Committee is Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey."

Will her billion dollar special train of fuss, feathers and femininity lately in the West on a round-up be able to make a difference of 100,000 votes? Not so's you'd notice it. The West has growed up!

Also on that Committee. are Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, daughter of the late Cornelius.

The Vanderbilt family, by the way, invented that noble sentiment—"The Public be Damned!"

Also on that Committee is Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury. Mr. E. T. only gave $100,000 to elect Taft Wonder what he is putting up for Hughes!

Stotesbury is the Philadelphia partner of Morgan, Munitions & Co.

Also on that Committee is "Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who has undertaken to raise half a million dollars to defeat Wilson"!

Also on that Woman's Committee are Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mrs. John D. Archbold of Standard Oil, Mrs. J. Ogden Armour of the Beef Trust. Mrs. George B. Cortelyou of the N. Y. City Gas Trust, Mrs. H. P. Davidson of J. P. Morgan & Company, Mrs. Herbert Satterlee, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan; the treasurer of the Train Committee is Miss Belle Greene, secretary of the late J. P. Morgan, and the Chairman of the Membership Committee is Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan.

That makes it unanimous. Morgan & Company is for Mr. Hughes and Mr. Morgan will probably be able to vote all his butlers for Hughes.

Mr. Morgan gave $20,000 to elect Hughes Governor of New York. Suffering Shades of Wall Street! Is the issue plain now?

Can MONEY defeat Wilson?—That is the one question you and I have got to decide.

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On that Committee is also Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, owner of untold millions in Mexico—and Mother of Willie. If we were in Mexico we would finance Wilson's campaign ourselves!

$15,000,000,000.00 ..... ad infinitum!
Fifteen Billion Dollars!

Did you know there was that much money in the world? Come closer. That—that fifteen billion bucks—represents the combined holdings—capital stock, surplus and deposits—of just ten of the Committee of One Hundred that "arranged" the Kiss, Make-up, and Eat-Your-Words meeting between Roosevelt and Hughes at the New York Union League Club in October. Ever hear of George F. Baker? Mr. Baker alone in that list is director of corporations and banks whose, aggregate capital stock and deposits exceed FOUR AND ONE HALF BILLIONS of Dollars!

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Can all the money in the world defeat Woodrow Wilson? If it can, then civilization is bankrupt and it's time to go to war, turn all Hell loose, move the White House to the Union League Club, New York, and transfer the U. S. Treasury to Morgan's vaults in Wall Street! When that Good-Old-Days comes back, Terrible Teddy will be Secretary of War, Root will be Secretary of State, duPont will be Secretary of Munitions, Guggenheim will be Secretary of the Interior, Choate will be Attorney General, Perkins will be Secretary of the Commerce, Lodge will be Secretary of the Navy, Taft will be Chief Caddy, J. Pierpont Morgan will be Secretary of the Treasury, and John D. Rockefeller will be Secretary of Labor! And Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey, Mrs. Robert Bacon, Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. Bernard H. Ridder, and Mrs. Reed Smoot will "receive"—as the First Ladies in the Land!

On with the campaign, let the money be unconfined!

"Nothing but money!" Have you a moth-eaten gold brick that looks like Anything-to-Beat-Wilson? Then quick, men! You can cash it in at the Republican National Headquarters!

"Nothing but money!" Got a few thousand feet of impossible film—of Mexican horrors, for example? You can collect big money for it over in the camp of Willcox, Bacon, Choate, Bliss, Parsons, Perkins, Penrose & Co. Anything that bears a shadow of a resemblance to Any-thing-to-Beat-Wilson is worth money to the gang that has no issue, no national exigency, no slogan, no war-cry, no appeal, no promise, no nothing, but MONEY, with which to buy Anything-to-Beat-Wilson!

Back up! Let us be fair. That gang has one thing more—words—words of mud—worlds of mud. Or rather—all there is left. You see, a lot of mud was used up four years ago when those Kilkenny Cats fell out and started calling each other kettles

and teapots. But all the mud left over from T. R.'s bombardment of Bill Taft and his Bosses, Mr. Hughes and his minions have hurled at Wilson. And they never touched him!

But the cats came back—as per Union League Political Exigency program. And T. R. is again on the stump shouting, blazing away My-Policie's, If-I-had-been-Presidents, Liars, Mollycoddles, at the rate of 400 squirts a second.

And Mr. Hughes trails along in the rear platituding about

Honor!
Nation!
Justice!
Liberty!
Patriotism!

Shades of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Garfield! Was there ever such a spectacle in American Political History?

Ghosts of Captain Kidd and all the Jolly Rovers! Did the world ever see such an alignment of Free Booters, Pirates, Plunderers, Bosses Big and Bosses Little, "Thieves, Corrupt Politicians, Pickpockets, and Second Story Men," Bondholders, Big Interests, and Public Utility Looters as are lined up and are now trying to find Anything-to-Beat-Wilson!

And thank God for it! It had to come. It s been a long time on 1 the way. Since Lincoln reunited these states into one indissoluble Union, there has been one burning, blazing issue:

Is this a Government of the people, for the people, by the people;

or

Have we, as Roosevelt said Taft Believes, "a special class of persons wiser than the people, who cannot be reached by the people, but who govern them, and who protect various classes of the people from the whole people"?

That is the question. Is this great land of ours to be ruled by the people or by "crooked alliances of crooked politicians for crooked business?"

Our democracy is the issue; our personal liberty is at stake; our Republic is in danger.

Choose, Mr. Voter, and vote right! Vote for your own opportunity —for your wife's happiness—for your children's honor—for your nation's glory—for the world's peace. Vote för your very life itself!

Woodrow Wilson should be elected by every vote in the Electoral college. It should be unanimous.

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