

MORNING

My dear Mr. Hanley:

In June when I came to Oregon for my annual nature romp they told me that you were running for the Senate. "He will win, of course."

"Win!" said they—"they" are my Big Business friends, Oregon's bankers, railroad officials, newspaper owners, managers, editors—"he'll be the joke of the campaign."

"Joke," William Hanley of Oregon a joke in Oregon?" and each of "they" hastened to add: "Merely a political joke. Bill Hanley personally is all right; there is not a man in the state who stands better with the people of Oregon as a business man, citizen, doctor, man, than the sage of Harney, but as United States Senatorial timber—" I was puzzled, and I laid down my perplexities to one of my old penman friends, a far-severing student of public affairs, a man whose pen gallops abreast the present hurrying times in the big dailies and magazines of the East as well as of the West.

He laughed. "I am surprised you should be puzzled. You know Bill Hanley and you know Big Business, the Oregon end as well as the eastern end. Well, there's your answer. Then, too, you know the decision of Big Business to make its last ditch stand at the coming election. You know that the word has been flung west, south, everywhere in these United States, to regain control of the United States Senate, regain control at any cost, and balk President Wilson's death—to special privilege-reforms, and there again you have your answer."

"Think a bit and you will comprehend that Bill Hanley is the last man in Oregon that the powers you have named, The System, want in the United States Senate in these fitful times, so we public opinion shapers have all had our orders:

"Play up Chamberlain and Booth to the limit but keep the underground knocker pounding steadily 'Bill Hanley's only a Senatorial joke.'"

Since then I have been told, if once, at least fifty times that Bill Hanley was the Senatorial campaign joke, always by the same band of people, never by the earnest, honest, times-trusting voter who is lying awake nights wondering what the present unrest clouds portend—never by the poor devil with the head whose every body, mind and soul effort is jacked to the breaking point in an endeavor to make his yearly income meet his annual living cost.

Do you know, Mr. Hanley, that you ought to be proud of the title, "The Joke," in this campaign, the result of which is to keep out of the way of the people of Oregon's, the people of America's, affairs?

In my researches and public work I have run across many of our countrymen who at the beginning of their public careers were adorned with the title, "The Joke."

"You're a joke," was The System of his day's answer when Abraham Lincoln asked the privilege of leading his bewildered countrymen back from chaos to everlasting stability. Then the martyred emancipator's "gaunt figure,"

"homely face," "store clothes," "country speech," which later were deified by his people and his country, were a joke. When United States Supreme Court Justice Hughes then discovered new Yorker, dared to announce that he would pilory the Life Insurance thieves he was met with the System's chorus, "The Joke." When Wisconsin Trust LaFollette into the public glare, with the prediction that he would be heard from later, a loud, guffawed "The Joke" shook the rafters. When in his early days the great Roosevelt showed those teeth, which afterwards won the national blue ribbon for hitting into entrenched special privilege dollar hypocrites, "The Joke" was deafening. And a brief yesterday, when the present commanding figure of all the world's commanding figures, Woodrow Wilson, asked the privilege of applying his "pedagogic crudities" to the ship state's steering apparatus, he was heralded "The Joke of the Twentieth Century." In all ages and in all climes the first appearance in humanity's battle lists of a people's real champion has been met with contemptuous outbursts of "The Joke," British Royalty nearly burst its sides laughing when J. P. Morgan's uncouth figure came to London town, and "The Petit Joke" was the title grinning Europe gave to the egotist-puffed little Corsican who had been his head, and Adah's apple of Europe. Even the meek carpenter of Galilee was hailed as "The Joke" of His age by The System of His day, when He started forth to put Christianity on the map of Unbelief.

Indeed, you should be proud to be "The Joke" of this Senatorial campaign.

For four months, in between playing with the cattle, tossing alfalfa and sucking in this wonderful Oregon ozone, I have been watching, studying, acid testing this Senatorial catch-as-catch-can, hoping I might find opportunity to take a hand for the good of the state to which I have brought my children and my capital—the state, which after looking the country over, I decided was nearer the garden spot of the earth than any other—hoping I might assist in sending to the Senate the one man who, in my opinion, Oregon most needs to guard her interests in the present snarly times.

I think that I understand the Oregon Senatorial game—that I realize what you are up against in your desire and efforts to do something for your state and her people; but, how to assist you is another proposition. Scores of times during the months I have been looking on, I have been tempted to offer you my services in some practical capacity, stumping, writing, banner or pike-carrying, but—here are a few of my impediments:

I am a life-long Republican, don't know how to be anything else; my father was a soldier, in the saddle with Sheridan, from the opening to the closing of the Rebellion, when he came home to die of his many wounds, and to the sons of such fathers, the grand old party is something more than "politics."

At the same time I believe that Woodrow Wilson is one of our greatest Presidents, that his administration has done

Personal

This page was written without the knowledge of Mr. Hanley or myself. It is a voluntary offering of Mr. Lawson, who even insists on paying for its publication. Its contents should mean much to the voters of Oregon.

Mr. Lawson, for the past quarter of a century, has been a commanding figure in the financial, political, and sociological affairs of the country.

His was the first voice raised against the practices of the mighty Wall Street Brigands.

In his work "Frenzied Finance," in 1904, the world was told for the first time the astounding tales of Trust, Banking, Life Insurance, Corporation trickery and pilgaging, which today are common knowledge. His revelations were printed in all languages. So astounding were they at that time that their author was called a madman, and his predictions, which have since come true to the letter, were held up to the scorn and ridicule of America and Europe as crazy vapors.

Mr. Lawson, because of his boldness of statement, was repeatedly sued civilly and criminally by the biggest lights in the American political and financial world. He threw down the gauntlet to the most powerful and vindictive business and financial combinations, particularly the Standard Oil and its Wall Street allies, and whipped them to a standstill, compelling the abandonment of every suit brought against him. In the middle of the fight he carried the war into the very citadel of what he terms "The System," and single-handed shook Wall Street to its foundation. He then started after the Life Insurance crooks, and at a personal expense of over two million dollars and with the aid of a committee which he formed of the Governors of seven states in a remarkably short time, drove to exile and prison, the powerful Life Insurance crooks and brought about the reformed methods in Life Insurance under which it is conducted today.

During both Roosevelt administrations his work and advice entered largely into "Roosevelt policies." With great personal effort he helped carry Massachusetts and secured Roosevelt delegates to the Chicago convention.

Mr. Lawson's political efforts have always carried weight from the fact that he does not hesitate to strike out straight from the shoulder for any man or party whose work he considers in the interest of the people, and from the fact that he never asks office or accepts favors from the successful candidates whom his efforts have aided.

Mr. Lawson's reputation for fearing none, asking no favors, accepting no rewards, and doing his own pen work at his own expense, has made his services much sought but rarely given. This offering of Mr. Lawson to Mr. Hanley, from the fact that Mr. Lawson is doing all possible to assist Democratic President Wilson in his reform work, doing his best to elect his son-in-law's father, Republican ex-Congressman Samuel McCall, Republican Governor of Massachusetts, while at the same time maintaining his friendship and loyalty to Progressive Roosevelt, is a valuable, as well as unique contribution to Oregon's Senatorial campaign, and I earnestly commend it to the voters of Oregon.

CLARKE LEITER

Mrs. and Miss Oregon Voter

Copy of one of scores of letters I receive when in Oregon:

Dear Mr. Lawson: Here is my situation and I want some advice from you. I have read all your books and magazine articles and I am already a subscriber to the "Morning Oregonian." I have three years ago after reading what you said of opportunity in Oregon, I sold my machine shop in Iowa and brought my wife and children to Oregon and bought this ranch for \$14,000. I paid \$4,000 cash and had \$10,000 left. I am paying 10% interest. I would like to see if I could not get it I cannot reduce it \$1000. What can you do for me? I have a mortgage of \$10,000 on the place and I know Mr. Hanley and can't get it I must reduce it \$1000. The people only get 4% interest on the billions they have in the banks. I have looked this up and it is so, and why can't I borrow my \$10,000 mortgage at 4%? My place is worth all I have paid into it, \$17,000 and it must be good for the \$10,000. If I had paid 4% interest instead of 10% I would have \$1800 on hand now to reduce the mortgage.

My space forbids me to give the entire letter of this fearful-of-the-future, honest, industrious citizen of Oregon, whom I am morally responsible for BRINGING TO OREGON AND THE CLUTCHES OF THE OREGON END OF THE SYSTEM—The System which is so fast driving our nation on the rocks of dissolution and destruction.

I receive annually hundreds of thousands of such letters and inquiries from all parts of the country, letters and inquiries wherein the very bloom of American man and womanhood plead with me for answer to the question: "WHY IN THIS LAND OF GLORIOUS PLENTY, MUST WE, WHO LABOR—AND LABOR SUCCESSFULLY—BE ROBBED OF THE FRUIT OF OUR LABOR BY THOSE WHO DO NOT LABOR?"

If it were possible at election time for me to put one out of each thousand of my inquiries into the hands of every voter of the United States, the next Senate and Congress would be composed almost entirely of MEN OF THE MIND, HEART AND SOUL CALIBRE OF WILLIAM HANLEY with the result that, as the result of the above, would in the next ten years, with the proceeds of their efforts, free their ranches and farms from all mortgage. Believe me,

Most sincerely yours,
THOMAS W. LAWSON
Prineville, Oregon, October 21.

AND A BRANDING IRON, A MARK WHICH FOR DECADES TO COME WILL BE POINTED TO WITH PRIDE BY EVERY CHILD OF THE WESTERNER AND WITH SNARLY VENOM BY EVERY EASTERN DOLLAR BILL AND TRUST HIRELING AS "BILL HANLEY'S OF OREGON, WORK."

Trusting the following product of my somewhat rusty pen will meet with your approval, and that it may accomplish a task of the prayers I put into it.

Believe me as honored to sign myself,
Your friend,
THOMAS W. LAWSON
Prineville, Oregon, October 21.

TO VOTERS OF OREGON

There is unrest, fear-for-the-future abroad in the land—north, east, south, west.

There is idleness, poverty, misery—as never before.

Anyone who speaks to the contrary speaks falsely, for the evidence is everywhere.

The labor horrors of New Jersey, Virginia, Massachusetts, Michigan, Colorado, California, Illinois, and elsewhere, the impeachment of the governor of the Empire State, the impeachment of federal and state judges in Pennsylvania and other states, the impeachment of United States Senators and Congressmen, the exposure of the Standard Oil's buying of Senators and Congressmen and the Sugar Trust's continuous and contemptuous robbery of the United States government; the wholesale corruption of the ballot box, the in-the-daylight murders of officials and private citizens of our largest cities and the brazen display of vicious and degrading beastly immorality by our new-made dollar royalties are un-undoable proof, not only of the country's condition, but of the fact that never before in the country's history has a like condition existed.

Everywhere, in every walk of American life the evidence is overwhelming that the United States is sick, dangerously sick.

(I am not talking of the condition brought on by the European war, I am dealing only with the condition which was with us before the European war was dreamed of.)

This sickness was not germinated in the acts of the Wilson Democratic administration; it was with us before Wilson and his Democratic Congress were elected.

Whoever states to the contrary, states falsely.

Bad as is the nation's present sickness, it would be worse if the government were still in the custody of the administration which preceded Wilson's. Wilson and his Democratic administration have helped state the rapidly increasing sickness of the nation which existed when the Wilson Democratic administration took the helm from the old Republican regime.

The truth of the above cannot successfully be denied. The underground evidence is overwhelming to those who have had, and still have, access to it.

I repeat, there is unrest, fear-for-the-future, idleness, poverty, misery as never before, in the United States, and it has come when the prosperity of the country was never so great.

It has come during a decade when the production of the whole country has averaged yearly over three billions of dollars more than the whole people consumed while producing it.

I will repeat this astounding statement—for ten years, while the United States was enjoying unprecedented prosperity—prosperity so such an extent that after the hundred millions of inhabitants of the United States had paid for all they had produced and consumed, there still remained a balance—a profit—of three billion dollars each year, or thirty dollars apiece for each man, woman and child in the country, or one hundred and fifty dollars for each family. And yet during these ten years unrest, fear-for-the-future, idleness,

A Final Word to the Mothers, Wives, Sisters, Daughters of Oregon

class-hatred-bred revolution in the United States. "That we are too law-abiding, too meek, etc." Oregon voters know what happened in Europe over night, and Oregon voters have but to look back upon the horrible happenings in our country during the past five years to know that anything CAN happen in the United States, and at the drop of a hat, when the people of the United States awaken to a full realization that they are being robbed to the unbearable point, and that their government cannot or will not stay the special privilege class who do the robbing.

When ten years ago, I filled a thousand pages with detailed tales of nefarious pillaging of the American people by the great, most looked-up-to individuals and institutions; and after I had been harried and hounded to the limit of civil and criminal prosecution in an endeavor to prove the falsity of my awful charges, and when ridicule and vilification had been exhausted to show the absurdity of my assertions, simultaneously in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, at great Washington birthday gatherings, three of The System heads proclaimed that they would prove to the world the untruthfulness of my charges and when they had finished their eloquent arguments, the plth, and conclusion was—the crimes I had exposed were impossible to commit because the American people would never stand for their committing. Their violent arguments were hardly cold when the two most prominent criminals whose practices I had exposed, Standard Oil and Sugar Trust, were convicted by different courts up to the Supreme Court, of not only all I had charged, but crimes much more nefarious. And to show how in the United States the impossible can quickly become not only the possible, but the commonplace, both these robbers of the people publicly in the court and before Congress, confessed to crimes many times blacker and more sneakily cowardly than what I had charged them with.

I REPEAT, THERE IS A REVOLUTION ABOUT READY TO BURST IN OUR LAND, AND IT WILL BURST UNLESS THE CAUSES WHICH HAVE INCUBATED IT ARE REMOVED, and they can only be removed by men to whom Almighty God has given the mind, heart and soul to realize what they portend and to fearlessly destroy them.

Can Senator Chamberlain or Mr. Booth do anything to save the United States Senate to dissipate the about-to-burst revolution? Can they? Is there any possibility of their doing the right thing if they do not even see the coming of the revolution, to say nothing of seeing the causes which have created it?

What does it matter to the voters of Oregon whether Senator Chamberlain is sent back to the Senate or Mr. Booth is given the honorable title of Senator? Millions of just as good men will never be given the Senatorial job or title. But it does matter to Oregon voters, if revolution is on the way, that they have in the Senate their best equipped men to stay it, to dissipate it, and to destroy the cause of it.

It is my intention in this page to give some facts which will help Oregon voters decide whether either Senator Chamberlain or Mr. Booth is qualified for the job which awaits the next Senator from Oregon.

Before doing so I will generally state a bit of the course of American elections is that the voters, the ones most vitally interested in the election results, do not bring to the subject the same horse-shrewdness which they apply to their private affairs. Almost invariably they are influenced in the casting of their ballots by the clap-trap and candidates and their campaign handlers.

To illustrate. In the present election the most important thing to every man, woman and child in Oregon is the election of United States Senator.

There are three candidates: Senator Chamberlain, Mr. Booth and Mr. Hanley. The election of the one best fitted for the job, as against the election of the one worse fitted, should be of more import to every voter of the state than the doing of any one thing, public or private, which any voter will be called upon to do between now and election. And yet, what are the conditions which

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