# LAWSON TO HANLEY

#### 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, relived officials. 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, doer, man, than the sage of Harney, but as United States Senatorial timber-

was puzzled, and I laid down my perplexities to one of my old penman friends, a far-seeing student of public affairs, a man whose pen gallops abreast the present hurdling 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 com-ing 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 con-trol at any cost, and balk President Wilson's death - to - special - privilege-reforms, and there again you have your

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 fidgety times, so we public opinion shapers have all had our

"'Play up Chamberlain and Booth to the limit but keep the underground knocker pounding steadily 'Bill Han-ley'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 brand of people, never by the earnest, honest, times-distrusting voter who is lying awake nights wondering what the present unrest clouds portend -never by the poor devil Oregon family 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 have a vital bearing on the people of Oregon's, the people of America's affairs? America's, affairs?

In my researches and public work I have run across many of our country-men 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 an unknown New Yorker, dared to announce that he would

pillory the Life Insurance thieves he pillory the Life Insurance thieves he was met with the System's chorus, "The Joke." When Wisconsin thrust 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 biting into entrenched special privilege dollar hypocrisy, "The Joke" privilege dollar hypocrisy, "The Joke" was deafening. And a brief yesterday, when the present commanding figures of all the world's commanding figures, of all the world's commanding figures, Woodrow Wilson, asked the privilege of applying his "pedagogic crudities" to the ship of state's steering apparatus, he was heraided "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

bursts of "The Joke." British Royalty nearly burst its sides laughing when Joker Oliver Cromwell's uncouth figure came to London town, and "The Petit Joker" was the title grinning Europe gave to the eagle-epauletted little Corsical who later buried his heel in the Adam'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. 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 suck-ing in this wonderful Oregon ozone, I have been watching, studying, acid test-ing this Senatorial catch-as-catch-can, ing 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. snarly times.

narly times.

I think that I understand the Oregon that I realize what 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 from his many wounds, and, to the sons of such fathers, the grand 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

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.

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 pillaging, which today are common knowledge. His revelations were printed in all ianguages. 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 vaporings.

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 ha

and I earnestly commend it to the voters of Oregon. CLARKE LEITER

more real good for the nation—for the people—than all the administrations, since Lincoln's, combined. I mean it—more real good than all the administrations, since Lincoln's, combined.

Also I have worked, from the first to the dastardly Chicago convention which robbed him of the Republican nomination, beside the great Roosevelt, for whom I have always had, and yet have, unbounded admiration.

Also I am enlisted in my home state, Massachusetts, for the election to the Governorship, of the country's greatest living statesman, dyed-in-the-wool Republican, Sam McCall, upon a rock-ribbed Republican platform. And if to these difficulties I add that I know mathing of meeting politics and amount of the state of nothing of practical polities, and am strong in my convictions that one of the crying crimes of the times is the hot-airing of the people at elections, I know my unfortunate predicament will be clear to you.

Talking of hot-air—I have faithfully analyzed the vast volumes reprinted in the Oregon press during the present campaign and I have been surprised that such horse-sense people as Ore-gonians will stand for it. It may be of interest to the people of Oregon to know that Senator Chamberlain is a bully mixer, eats with his fork, wears a boiled shirt at dinner parties, talks

like a gentleman in Congress and out, and wants like Hell to retain his job. That Mr. Booth would die rather than beat up his family or kick a dog—that he only wants to sit in the Senate to correct the inaccuracies of the daily scripture reading, and that his anxiety for election is solely on account of the prettiness with which that fact could be embroidered into his obituary, under the caption, "He mellowly rounded out his successful career with a United States Senatorship."

These things may be important, but, surely any good nickel-a-line-professional-pen-pusher could work them up to an Aurora Borealised finish without ringing in, day after day, the thread-bare "tariff," "protection," "free trade," etc., gold bricks, which, at every election for a half century, have been exhibited for the befooling and befuddling of to-bestricked vaters.

I do not personally know either of your honorable opponents, but from what their press agents have said, I do know that both are all right for ordinary times and honors; that one would make a rip-roaring Fourth of July orator, club chairman, or South American Ambassador, the other a first class church warden, state charitable commission chairman, or brilliant president of a world peace society, and that

#### Mrs. and Miss Oregon Voter

May I have a word with YOU? An carnest, straight from the shoulder word on matters of heart-beat interest to YOU.

This word costs ME time, effort, and money to formulate and get to YOU.

I cannot possibly receive anything of value, tangible or otherwise, in return for MY expenditure—YOU may receive, because of it, something of value to YOU.

This being so, is it asking too much of YOU to read it carefully and give its contents YOUR best consideration?

This is all I ask. All? No, one other thing—tear out this page and pass it along to some other Oregon woman

In asking this small service let me

In asking this small service let me illustrate.

Suppose YOU had come over 3000 miles to Oregon to rest up from twenty-houra-day body and mind drudgery! Suppose during YOUR rest-up YOU could not shut out from the natural beauties of YOUR rest-up place the suffering and misery of others! Suppose in the middle of YOUR rest-up YOU saw an opportunity to do something towards alleviating the suffering and misery of others and suppose YOU took up YOUR pen—went back to the drudgery YOU had fled from and formulated this page and personally paid the money necessary to get it where it might help the suffering and misery which had roused YOU to action. Suppose these things, then would YOU hesitate to ask the beneficiaries of YOUR effort to do their bit in making it effective? Would YOU! Mull it over and perhaps it will give YOU the same pleasure to pass this page along to some pleasure to pass this page along to some other Oregon voter as it does ME to take up MY pen in the interests of tens of thousands of Oregonians, who, like the following, suffer in the midst of God's bountiful stores because men like God's bountiful stores because men like William Hanley are kept from seats in the law-making halls of the people that GOOD FELLOWS may hog the public crib, that SUCCESSFUL MONEY-MAKERS may satisfy their laudable ambition for a perch on the ladder of fiamboyant fame—perhaps it may impel YOU TO SECURE SOME MORE PAGES AND SEND THEM TO OTHER VOTERS.

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 have always believed in your true interest for us strugglers, who are not so fortunate as you are in worldly goods. Three years age after I read what you said of opportunities in Oregon, I sold my machine shop in Iowa and brought my wife and six children to Oregon and bought this ramch for \$14,000. I paid \$4000 cash and had \$2000 left. I am paying 10% interest, \$1000 a year on the mortgage. Now my \$2000 has all gone in intercovements and I owe \$1200 for improvements and the mortgage is due and they say I must reduce it \$4000 and I cannot get it. I cannot even roduce it \$1000. What can I do? You say in your writings that she people only get \$% 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% interest on the \$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. 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 BOR BY THOSE WHO DO NOT LA-

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 writers of such letters as 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

either would, with honor and distinction to his state, grace an old-time, by-the-lief-of-Wall-Street United States Senate. But what these qualifications have to do with the selection of a member of the do with the selection of a member of the 1915-1921 United States Senate, which will have to deal with the raw red Hell condition, which forty years of System robbing of the nation and the people, has fastened upon the country, is beyond my figuring out. I itch, however, to do something to help send you to the Senate, where I KNOW YOU WILL MAKE A MARK, NOT PERHAPS WITH A MANICURED THUMB NAIL OR AN OILED TONGUE TIP, BUT AT LEAST WITH A STAKE DRIVER

AND A BRANDING IRON, A MARK WHICH FOR DECADES TO COME WILL BE POINTED TO WITH PRIDE BY EVERY OPEN-FRONTED ERNER AND WITH SNARLY VENOM BY EVERY EASTERN DOLLAR WOLF AND TRUST HIRELING AS "BI 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 tithe 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,

There is idleness, poverty, misery—as never before.
Anyone who speaks to the contrary speaks falsely, for the evidence is every-

The labor horrors of New Jersey, Virginia, Massachusetts, Michigan, Colorado, California, Illinois, and elsewhere, the impeachment of the governor of the 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-day-light murders of officials and private light 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 royalty, are un-put-downable proof, not only of the country's condition, but of the fact that never before in the country's history has a like condition

Everywhere, in every walk of American life, the evidence is overwhelmingly 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 ad-ministration; 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 stay 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-Whoever states to the contrary, states

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

it has come when the prosperity of the rountry 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 to 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,

poverty, misery increased.

THERE IS ONE UNALTERABLE
BAROMETER OF THE AMERICAN
PEOPLE'S CONDITION, WHICH AT
ALL TIMES IS BEFORE THE EYES OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE COUNTRY-COST OF

For years and years the cost of the American people's living has steadily increased out of all proportion to their income until now it is at the breaking point—beyond the power of being met by the American people from the income of their labors. Hence the condition of unrest, fear-for-the-future, idleness, pov-

while the country has been at its maximum prosperity, and that maximum greater than any presperity in the world's history, the cost of the American people's living has been steadily mounting out of all proportion to the increase of the American people's total income, until THE COUNTRY IS FACE TO FACE WITH REVOLUTION AND THAT PROPORTION PRESENTED THAT REVOLUTION BREAKING THROUGH IN SPOTS IN A MORE BRUTAL AND VIRULENT FORM THAN EVER BEFORE IN THE HISTORY OF THE MODERN WORLD. Indeed, this is a terrific statement and one that at first hearing arouses good Americans to a frenzy of denial; but it is truth. For instance, nowhere in modern history can there be found surer indications of coming revolution than the Los Angeles dynamiting and the Colorado labor massacre.

I would say flatfootedly to the voters of Oregon, that THERE IS A CLASS-HATRED-BRED REVOLUTION BREWING IN THE UNITED STATES, WHICH, IF NOT STAYED, WILL BURST FORTH AT ANY TIME IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE AND WITH A BRUTAL VICIOUSNESS WHICH WILL, BY COMPARISON, MAKE THE FRENCH REVOLUTION APPEAR A NURSERY CHARADE.

APPEAR A NURSERY CHARADE. And right here I will say: I am no socialist, anarchist or other propagandist, whose political, economical or social creed compels such alarmist language. I am merely a plain citizen, whose breeding, education, environment and worldly passessions compel worldly possessions compel a conservative visioning of all uncertainties which may affect his country's welfare.

Then, too, my loyalty to the past thirty years' production of my pen com-pels me to as smooth telescoping of coming events as lies within me—under coming events as lies within me—under no circumstances can I afford to risk my reputation for sound diagnosis. For it must be remembered that I was the one who five, ten, fifteen, twenty years ago predicted in public speeches and writings the Hell conditions which are now with us; that I, as long ago as 1904, set forth in my writings and lectures, the coming of the revolution which is in sight and named the causes which would produce revolution, and, that the causes were the ones that since then, have in the Courts of Justice and the halls of Congress and through state and municipal investigations, been exand municipal investigations, been exposed to the whole country in all their coarse, brutal, mean viciousness.

Then another thing I would say to Oregon voters: "Do not let anyone brush

away my statement of coming revolution with the argument, 'We cannot have

class-hatred-bred revolution in "That we United States. 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 terrible 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 realiza-tion that they are being robbed to the unbearable point, and that their govern-

ment cannot or will not stay the special

ment 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 their 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 faisity of 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, simul-

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

In my public work three-quarters of my support comes from women. Of 450,000 correspondents in connection with my writings and public work, over half are women. In analyzing the cause, for up to the publication of my Frenzied Finance American women took but little interest in finance, and none in finance reforms, I settled beyond doubt two things: women are more honest to a cause than men—intuitively they can separate truth from bunk. I ask the judgment of the women of Oregon.

If this page is truth of course you women will see to it that Mr. Hanley is over-lmingly elected—the women of Oregon can elect the next Senator if they earwhelmingly elected—the nestly set out to do it.

If there is a single material error, or a single unsound conclusion in this page, ignore my plea and curse me out to your heart's content; I can stand it, for it does not make a picayune's difference to me personally, who of the three is elected.

not make a picayune's difference to me personally, who of the three is elected.

Please do not show any mercy in the analysis of this page, for bear in mind that there can be no excuse for my error or unsound conclusion. This sort of stuff is my daily diet, I have spent my life in it; I know the political, financial, economical game from the upper side of its hair-part to the under side of its instep. Then, too, keep the terrific seriousness of this Senatorial election before you. If this page is sound to you, your state, your country, needs Mr. Hanley in Washington before things get worse; things are getting worse every day—you women folk know that because your butcher, your grocery, your clothing, your fuel and your rent bills show it. Your daily paper, your women's journal, your magazine tell you, in shrieking language, that things—rum, white slavery, factory slavery, store slavery, immorality of all kinds—are getting worse, and their getting worse has a big, big bearing on the big, big question of the hour: "Will high cost living bring revolution?"

"They" may tell you that Mr. Hanley is not perfect; don't let that trouble you.

"They" may tell you that Mr. Hanley is not perfect; don't let that trouble you, none of us are; but you can put it down as gospei truth that he is much better than most of us. I wish I was as good as Mr. Hanley, and I bet that Senator Chamberlain and Mr. Booth do, too; if we were we would be worrying less about our future

Perhaps "They" will tell you that Mr. Hanley is not for prohibition; do not let that worry you either. I know the man-animal from his soul-cellar to his heart's cupola, and I can tell you that some of the best specimens I have ever bumped into are on the other side of prohibition; however, don't let Mr. Hanley's notions about Rum Regulation disturb you. I will go bail for them, and as you probably know, while not a tectotaler, I am a frenzied throw-every-drop-of-the-damned-stuff-intothe-ocean Anti Boozeite.

the-ocean Anti Boozeite.

Do not let "Them" tell you that Mr. Hanley is not sufficiently "polished" to represent Oregon in the Senate. No one doffs his bonnet to "polish" lower than I do, and when I tell you women of Oregon who do not know Bill Hanley that he is as "polished" as a thousand-year-old crown jewel inside, it is a safe wager that he is "polished" enough for the United States Senate. Abraham Lincoln had no more outside "polish" than Bill Hanley, and yet history speaks of him as the most "polished" public man of his time. Think of Oregon, big, manly Oregon, the foundation of which was only laid day before yesterday, and by men who slaved for their women, idealized their children and went broke for a friend or their plighted word, men who signatured with "their mark" and who considered an oftener-than-a-four-times-a-year bath or the wearing of a boiled shirt, ample ground for a lynching bee,—think of Oregon raising the "polish" question!

Do not let sentiment influence your Senatorial vote, for it will not really be a hardship if neither Senator Chamberlain nor Mr. Booth go to the Senate. Most of you never had a Senatorship in your family and probably neither of these two worthy gentlemen will shed tears if they miss landing this one. Senator Chamberlain has already had a lot of fat public jobs and Mr. Booth has a fine business to fall back on if he takes a cropper.

if he takes a cropper. Assuring you that I make this plea for Mr. Hanley only because I know that his election at this time will be another spike in the System's coffin of the brand President Wilson has been driving, and giving you my word that neither Mr. Hanley nor any of his people have any hand in this page or even know of my intention to write,

Believe me, most earnestly yours.

THOMAS W. LAWSON Paid advertisement by Thomas W. Lawson

taneously 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 untruthfulnes of my charges and when they had finished their elaborate arguments, the pith and considerable arguments. elaborate arguments, the pith and con-clusion was—the crimes I had exposed were impossible to commit because the American people would never stand for their committing. Their violent argu-ments were hardly cold when the two most prominent criminals whose practices 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 people publicity in the court and before Congress, confessed to crimes many times blacker and more sneakingly cowardly than what I had charged them

with.

I REPEAT, THERE IS A REVOLUTION, A BLACK, BRUTAL 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.

heart and soul to realize what they portend and to fearlessly destroy them.

Can Senator Chamberlain or Mr. Booth do the right thing in 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 Chameberlain 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.

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 generalize a bit. The curse of American elections is that the voters, the ones most vitally interested in the election results, do not bring to the subject the same horsesense shrewdness which they apply to their private affairs. Almost invariably they are influenced in the casting of their ballots by the clap-trap of the candidates and their campaign handlers.

To illustrate. In the present election the most important thing to every man,

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

Oregon voters have allowed to cloud the making of their decision? Senator Chamberlain's and Mr. Booth's names are mentioned a hundred times to Mr. Hanley's one, and the affairs and views of each have received many, many times as much illumination as Mr. Hanley's. This means that the voters of Oregon will know on election day many times as much of each man as of Mr. Hanley. This means that a large majority of Oregon voters will go to the polls under the impression that their only duty is to decide between Senator Chamberlain and Mr. Booth.

Is this right, is it fair to the people of the state, to the state itself, is it a square deal for the dead and gone who toiled and suffered that Oregon, the Nation, all the people should have the advantages of the great scheme of ideal government which they created and bequeathed? Let us see what these election methods

result in. No state in the union has a better stock of statesmen raw material than Oregon, yet a visitor from Mars to Washington in the past two years, the most vital two years in the past fifty, in search of the ten greatest law makers, would depart with the first and second ten without knowing that Oregon was one of the United States. I mean by this no disparagement to the West, or its able representatives, for number one on the Martian's list would be Senator Owen of Oklahoma, with Borah of Idaho a close second.

Does any student of affairs who has absorbed the mental atmosphere of these real statesmen or who observed the campaign of the inexperienced-in-politics college teacher, Woodrow Wilson, helieve that any of the three would allow such a campaign as the one I have been watching in Oregon?

Some cute politician may say that the reason for Candidates Chamberlain's and Booth's prominence over Candidate Hanley, is their better equipment for the office, to which I answer: The study of public men and public affairs is my profession. I know the statesmen of yesterday, and day before yesterday, I know those of today! I have studied Senator Chamberlain and Mr. Booth and Oregon affairs and I know Mr. Hanley. Have seen him in action cast as well as west, and I am absolutely unbiased in my views of all three. With my knowlresult in. No state in the union has a better stock of statesmen raw material

Oregon affairs and I know Mr. Hanley. Have seen him in action east as well as west, and I am absolutely unbiased in my views of all three. With my knowledge of the men and the job awaiting Oregon's next Senator, I am firm in my conviction that I do Mr. Hanley no favor or his opponents any injustice, when I unqualifiedly affirm my belief that at the end of Mr. Hanley's first year in the Senate he will crowd Senators Owen and Borah for first place on the list of real statesmen doers.

An American political campaign, of all life activities, brings to the surface all there is in a man. Woodrow Wilson's campaign for nomination and election were inspiring human interest educational courses. Any red-blooded man or woman would give over business or social affairs to follow in their wake. The same can be said of the great Roosevelt. The campaign atmosphere fairly sizzled with all the important questions which affected the American people and the nation. I should dislike to be compelled to choose between a thirty days' sentence to the present (Continued on next page.)