

WILSON WINS WAY BY MAGIC ORATORY

Election Comes as Climax to
Corporation Control.

ELEMENTS ARE UNITED

Tumulty Recalls Modesty of Col-
lege Professor and Popularity
Won in First Speech.

BY JOSEPH P. TUMULTY.
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Chapter V.
No campaign in New Jersey caused
so great an interest as the gubernatorial
campaign of 1919. The intro-
duction of a Princeton
professor into the political
melee in New Jersey had
given a novel
touch to what ordinarily
would have been a routine
affair. The prologue to the
great drama, the various scenes
of which were now to unfold
before the voters of the
state, had been enacted at the
demonstration of the democratic
old guard of the state.

New Jersey had long been noted
throughout the country as the
"mother of trusts" and the nesting
place of privilege. Through their
alliance and partnership with the
political bosses of both parties, the
so-called corporate interests had
been for many years successful
against the greatest pressure of public
opinion, in blocking the passage of
progressive legislation.

Liberal-minded men in the state
had for many years been carrying on
an agitation for the enactment into
law of legislation that would make
possible the following great needs:

1. The passage of a direct primary
law.
2. The passage of an employers'
liability law.
3. The regulation of public utilities.
4. The passage of a corrupt
practices act.

These were matters within the
scope of state legislation, and to
these were added an agitation for a
fifth reform, which, of course, could
be accomplished only through an
amendment to the constitution of the
United States, the election of United
States senators by vote of the people.

Special Privileges Obtained.

In the old days, in New Jersey, now
happily gone, the days when the
granting of special corporation charters
was the vogue, a sort of political
suzerainty was set up by railroad
and public service interests. Every
election was, in its last analysis, a
solemn referendum upon the question
as to which corporate interest should
control legislation—whether the
Pennsylvania railroad, whose master
mind was the republican leader of the
state, United States Senator
Sawall, or the public service interests,
whose votaries and friends were Senator
Smith of New Jersey and Milan
Ross Sr. of Middlesex county.

While these corporate interests
fought among themselves over the
matter of a United States senatorship
or the governorship of a state, they
were as one in their determination, bitter,
highly organized opposition to the
passage of what in this day we
call by the highly dignified name of
social welfare legislation. The voices
of those liberal-minded men and
women of the state, who year after
year, fought for this legislation, were
like voices crying in the wilderness.
An illustration of corporate opposition
was the unrelenting attitude of the
special interests of the state to the
passage of the employers' liability
act. Every decent, progressive,
human man in the state felt that the
old, barbaric, feudalistic doctrine
should be changed and that there
should be substituted for it more
humane, wholesome, modern doctrine.
Nearly every state in the union had
already recognized the injustice of the
old rule, but the privileged interests
in New Jersey could not be moved
in their bitter and implacable
opposition to it, and for over half a
century they had succeeded in pre-
venting its enactment into law. Pro-
gressives, or new idea republicans,
high in the councils of that party,
had fought with their democratic
brethren to pass this legislation, but
always without result.

Humane Laws Sought.

At last there came a revolt in the
republican party, brought about and
led by sturdy republicans, Everett
Colby of Essex and William P. Martin
of the same county; George Record
and Mark M. Pagan of my own county,
Hudson. Out of this split came the es-
tablishment in the ranks of the republi-
can party itself of a faction which
called itself the new idea branch of
the republican party. The campaign for
humane legislation within the ranks
of the G. O. P. was at last begun in
real fighting fashion. It was the
irrepressible conflict between the old
and the new, between those who be-
lieved human rights are superior to
and take precedence over property
rights. The conflict could not be
stayed; its leaders could not be re-
strained. These men, Colby, Record,
Martin and Pagan were the sowers
of the progressive seed which Wood-
row Wilson by his genius for leader-
ship and constructive action along
humane lines was soon to harvest.
His candidacy, therefore, admirably
fitted into the interesting situation.

When the convention which nomi-
nated Woodrow Wilson had ad-
journed, a convention wholly domi-
nated by reactionary bosses, it
seemed as if progress and every fine
thing for which the progressives had
worked had been put finally to sleep.
Behind the selection of the Princeton-
ian and his candidacy lay the old
guard who thought the professor
could be used as a shield for their
strategy. They were, of course, both
democratic and republican, had wit-
nessed the scenes enacted at the
democratic convention at Trenton
with breaking hearts. They were
about to lose hope. They did not
know that the candidate had at the
last served notice on the old guard
that if he were nominated he must
be a free man to do nobody's bidding,
to serve no interests except those of
the people of the state. But the old
guard had not published this.

Elements Brought Together.

The republican candidate, nomi-
nated at the time Woodrow Wilson was
selected, was a most kindly, gen-
tial man from Passaic, Vivian M.
Lewis, who had just retired as bank-
ing commissioner for the state. By
clever plays to the progressives he
had, at least temporarily, brought to-
gether the various progressive ele-
ments of the state. This movement

apparently was aided by the demo-
cratic candidate's reluctance in the
early days of the campaign to speak
out boldly against the domination of
the democratic party by the bosses or
the old guard.

At the time the secretary's an-
nouncement was made I was in the
rear of the convention hall trying to
become reconciled to our defeat. I
then wandered my weary way to the
stage and stood close to the band,
which was busy entertaining the
crowd until the arrival of Dr. Wilson.
I wanted to obtain what newspaper
men call a "close-up" of this man of
mystery.

What were my own feelings as I
saw the candidate quietly walk to
the speaker's stand? I was now to
see almost face to face for the first
time the man I had openly and bit-
terly denounced only a few hours be-
fore. What reaction of regret, of
pleasure, did I experience as I be-
held the vigorous, clean-cut, plainly
garbed man who now stood before me
cool and smiling?

Wilson's Words Recalled.

My first reaction of regret came
when he uttered these words:
"I feel the responsibility of the oc-
casion. Responsibility is propor-
tionate to opportunity. It is a great
opportunity to serve the state and
nation. I did not seek this nomina-
tion. I have made no pledge and have
given no promises. If elected, I am
left absolutely free to serve you with
all singleness of purpose. It is a
new era when these things can be
said and, in connection with this, I
feel that the dominant idea of the
moment is the responsibility of de-
serving. I will have to serve the
state very well in order to deserve
the honor of being at its head."

"Did you ever experience the elation
of a great hope, that you desire
to do right because it is right, and
without thought of doing it for your
own interest? At that period your
hopes are unselfish."
"This in particular is a day of un-
selfish purpose for democracy. The
country has been universally misled
and the people have begun to believe
that there is something radically
wrong. And now we should make
this era of hope one of realization
through the democratic party."

Modesty Is Impressive.

I had another reaction of regret
when he said:
"Government is not a warfare of in-
terests. We shall not end by his
man, how modest, how cultured!
Attempting none of the cheap 'thou-
sands' of the old campaign orator, he im-
pressively proceeded with his thrill-
ing speech, carrying his audience
with him under the spell of his
eloquent words. How tense the
moment! His words, spoken in tones
so soft, so fine, in voice so well
modulated, so heart-stirring. Only
a few sentences are uttered and our
souls are stirred to their very depths.
It was not so much what he said, as
the simple, heart-stirring way in
which he said it."

The great climax came when he
uttered these moving words: "The
future is not for parties 'playing
politics,' but for measures conceived
in the largest spirit, pushed by
parties whose leaders are statesmen,
not demagogues, who love, not their
office, but their duty and their op-
portunity for service. We are re-
newing a renaissance of public spirit,
a reawakening of sober public opinion,
a revival of the power of the people,
the beginning of an age of thought-
ful reconstruction that makes our
thoughts hark back to the age in
which democracy was set up in Amer-
ica. With the new age we shall show
a new spirit. We shall serve justice
and candor and all things that make
for the right. We shall not be over-
disciplined and made ready for this
great task? Shall we not forget our-
selves in making the instrument of
righteousness for the state and for
the nation?"

Then the great ending. Turning to
the flag that hung over the speaker's
stand, he said in words so impressive
as to bring almost a sob from his
hearers:
"When I think of the flag which
our ships carry, the only touch of
color about them, the only thing that
moves as if it had a settled spirit in
it, in their solid structure—it seems
to me I see alternate strips of parch-
ment upon which are written the
rights of liberty and justice and
strips of blood spilled to vindicate
those rights, and then—in the cor-
ner—a prediction of the blue serene
into which every nation may swing
which stands for these great things."
The speech is over. Around me there
is a swirling mass of men, whose
heads have been touched by the great
speech which is just at an end. Men
stood about me with tears streaming
from their eyes. Realizing that they
had just stood in the presence of
greatness, it seemed as if they had
been lifted out of the selfish miasma
of politics, and in the spirit of the
Crusaders, were ready to dedicate
themselves to the cause of liberating
their state from the bondage of special
interests.

As I turned to leave the convention
hall there stood at my side old John
Crundall of Atlantic City, like myself
a bitter, implacable foe of Woodrow
Wilson in the convention. I watched
him intently to see what effect the
speech had had upon him. "Sixty-
five years old and still a damn fool!"
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



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