

JERSEY'S OVERTURN MEMORABLE EVENT

Election of Governor Wilson General Upset.

OLD POLITICIANS STUNNED

Prophecies and Plans of Politically Wise Set Adrift or Destroyed by Happenings of Day.

BY JOSEPH P. TUMULTY. (Copyright, 1921, Dupleday, Page & Co. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement.)

CHAPTER VIII.

The final meeting of the gubernatorial campaign was held in a large auditorium in Newark, N. J., where the last appeal was made by the democratic candidate. It was a meeting filled with emotionalism such as had never been seen in a campaign before.



J. P. Tumulty.

The democratic candidate, Woodrow Wilson, had covered every section of the state, and it was easy for even the casual observer to note the rising tide in his favor.

Mr. Wilson's speech on this occasion was a profession of faith in the people. In the plain people, those whose names never emerged into the headlines of newspapers.

The peroration of his final speech, spoken in a tone of voice that seemed not only to reach every ear but in fact to touch every heart, included the following:

"I want to speak very plainly to this audience tonight. I have now been into every county of the state, and I have seen audiences that would move the heart of any man, thronging in numbers and rallying around, not a party, not a person, not a political cause, but to enjoy the experience of hearing the genuine interest of the entire commonwealth discussed.

CHAPTER IX.

A Party Split.

All the prophecies and predictions of the political seers and prophets of New Jersey, many of them of course feeling their own partisan pulse, were annihilated by the happenings of the first Tuesday in November, 1920.

There were many surprises in the Wilson victory. The democratic majority of 39,000 and we were wearing the laurels of victory. The old bosses and leaders chuckled and smiled; they were soon to have a holiday under the aegis of the Wilson administration.

Democratic Hopes Meager.

The suggestion that it was possible to elect a democrat to the United States senate was considered a form of political heresy. The nomination for the senate had been thrown about the state until, torn and tattered almost beyond repair, it was finally taken up and salvaged by that sturdy old democrat of Union county, Jim Martine.

This business pitched the governor-elect prematurely into the rough-and-tumble of "politics as she is," not always a saintly game. As I review in retrospect this famous chapter of state history, which, because of the subsequent supreme distinction of one of the parties to the contest, became a chapter in national history,

I realize the almost pathetic situation of Mr. Wilson. He had called himself an amateur in politics, and such he was in the practical details and involutions of the great American game, though in his campaign he had shown himself a master of political debate.

Difficult Problem Faced.

As president of Princeton, Dr. Wilson had proved that he was not averse to a fight. When a fight was necessary, and when it was distinctly his affair, but he may well have paused to consider whether the Smith-Martine business was his affair. One of his favorite stories in later years was of the Irishman who entered a saloon and seeing two men in a tangle of fists and writhing legs and bloody heads on the floor at the rear of the saloon, turned to the barkeeper and asked, "Is this a private fight, or can anybody get into it?"

It would not be strange if neutrality, aloofness, had presented a rather attractive picture at times to Mr. Wilson's mind. Why should he gratify a party take a partisan position between the factions which would inevitably win for him the enmity of a strong element within the party?

On the other hand, there was his distinct pledge to the people during his campaign that if they elected him his campaign would make himself the leader of the party, would broadly and not with pettifoggish legalism interpret his constitutional relationship to the legislature, would undertake to assist in legislative action, and not wait sulkily for the legislature to do something.

There was a real dilemma, doubtless much more acutely realized by the governor-elect than by the bores, including myself, who were clamorous for an immediate proclamation of support of Martine on progressive principles, and for an ultimatum of war-to-the-knife against Smith and the old crowd.

Harvey Urges Caution.

It seemed as if Mr. Wilson was hesitating and holding off, reluctant to accept the gauntlet thrown down by the challenge of the Smith wing. The leading democratic and independent journals of the state were most insistent that immediate proof be given by Governor-elect Wilson of his leadership and control over the party, and that a test should be made as to which influence, reactionary or progressive, was to control the destinies of our party in the state.

It was painfully evident to us that behind the scenes at Princeton the new governor's friends, particularly Colonel Harvey, were urging upon him cautious and well-considered action, and what, mayhap, might be called a policy of "watchful waiting," picturing to him the insurmountable difficulties that would lie in his path in case he exercised his leadership in the matter of Martine's election to the United States senate.

Disappointment and chagrin at the candidate's silence brooded over the ranks of the progressives of the state. In my law office in Jersey City I tried to convince those who came to confer with me regarding the matter that they must be patient; that ultimately everything would be all right and that Dr. Wilson would soon assess his leadership over the party and take his proper place at the head of those who worked to make the preferential an effective instrumentality as evidencing the people's will in the matter of the United States senatorship.

Delay Worries Friends.

Frankly, though I did not give expression to my doubts, I was profoundly disappointed at the apparently hesitant, uncertain attitude of the governor-elect. Feeling certain that popular opinion would be with him in case he decided to lead in this struggle, I was convinced that the delay in announcing his attitude toward the Smith-Nugent "defi" was dampening the ardor and enthusiasm of many of his friends.

SALES TAX PLAN IS BEATEN IN SENATE

Democrats Vote Solidly Against Smoot's Measure.

17 REPUBLICANS OPPOSED

Gooding of Idaho and Jones and Poindexter of Washington Vote for Amendment.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 3.—The sales tax was rejected tonight by the senate. The democrats voted solidly against the measure and were joined by 17 republicans.

The vote, 43 against and 25 for, was on a proposal by Senator Smoot, republican, Utah, for a 1 per cent levy, with exemptions provided in the case of sales by farmers of the products of their farms, sales by public utilities and those by the United States or any foreign government or any state or territory, the army and navy and hospitals.

Another Amendment Offered. The vote was regarded generally as decisive of the question of a sales tax at present, but immediately after it had been announced, Senator Smoot offered another amendment embodying a business sales tax of one-half of 1 per cent on gross sales in excess of \$4000 a year.

Discussion of the sales tax was comparatively brief. Senator Smoot was the chief speaker for the plan, which was opposed among others by Senator Jones of New Mexico, democrat.

Stamp Tax Accepted. The senate also accepted a proposal by Senator Pittman, democrat, Nevada, fixing a stamp tax of 1 cent for each \$20 or fraction of that amount of the value of capital stock, provided the entire value of the shares does not exceed \$100.

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BEEBE DENIES ALL GUILT

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realize the situation their son is facing. Pete is the eldest of nine children.

That William Painter, 19 years old, was shot by Beebe in the forenoon of Wednesday, October 15, on his father's farm while the father was in Lacombe, four miles distant; that John Painter, the father, was killed shortly after noon of that day when he returned home from Lacombe; that Beebe did the job alone and that he was laboring at the time under the impression that Painter had not paid for work done on the Painter farm, and particularly that he had a mania for a gray team belonging to Painter—summarize the theory upon which officers are building their case against Beebe.

Beebe's Story Recalled.

Beebe in one of his conflicting stories said the Painter boy lay in the feed shed between two mangers when he first saw him after, he said, the father had shot the boy. There is every indication that this is where the boy was killed and where his body lay until Beebe loaded it on a sled with that of his slain father and hauled them up into the woods, half a mile away, to bury them in a shallow but well-concealed grave. He has maintained that the elder Painter shot himself outside the house. Officers searched the place he pointed out in detail, using a rake to clear the ground. The ground was hard, but an trace of blood, rifle or pistol shell or any other indication of death at that place could be discovered.

Carson Beebe, Pete's father, told officers yesterday that the young man fell from a load of hay when he was 7 years old and struck on his head. He said this accident had caused him to be forgetful and absent-minded at times. He also said that it was the cause of the boy going blind. He was blind for 14 years, recovering his sight through an operation about two years ago.

Pete Beebe's appearance indicates that he is below normal mentally. But despite this fact and his father's statement of the consequences of the accident in his early youth, neighbors who have known the young man many years say that he believes his appearance and in many respects not only is normal but bright.

BUGLE CALL IS HEARD

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a mile. Every syllable penetrated clearly to every nook and hollow. Then the voice announced that the next words would be spoken in San Francisco. The faint whirr of the mechanism rose to a higher hum and a new, deeper-toned voice announced that chimes played on a phonograph record in San Francisco would come as clearly as if it were not a dozen feet away, the click of the phonograph mechanism came as the needle dropped on the whirling record 2000 miles away; the familiar introductory scrape began, then the bells boomed out, waking echoes in the cemetery pealing over the thousands of graves.

Jazz Must Go. Is America dancing hellward? Is jazz madness driving us to ruin? These questions are asked not by prudes, but by seriously thinking people who are concerned for the future of our boys and girls. Present-day indecencies of dress, of talk, of manners must stop! Jazz must stop! We must get Back to Pre-War Morals. John R. McMahon has written a series of articles that every mother and every father should read. They show the evil at its worst and point a remedy. In the same issue begins Zane Grey's great new serial story—The Call of the Cañon.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. On Sale Today at Pre-War Prices 15c. the Copy From Any Newsdealer or Boy Agent \$1.50 the Year By Mail Subscription. You can subscribe through any newsdealer or authorized agent or send your order direct to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Long experience accounts for the facility, judgment and expertness with which we examine, design and fit good glasses. The Biggest Value Is the New Nash "4" at \$1265. Cuticura Soap Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear.