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SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1911.

NEW LEADER IN POLITICS.

Woodrow Wilson Hailed as "Possible President."

PROGRESSIVE AND A FIGHTER.

William Bayard Hale Throws Some Interesting Side Lights on Governor of New Jersey, Who Forced the Enactment of the People's Will Into Law, Despite Political Dictators.

"Woodrow Wilson, Possible President," is the title of an interesting article in the May World's Work by William Bayard Hale concerning the personality and record of the militant governor of New Jersey, whose success in obtaining popular reforms from an unwilling legislature has focused upon him the eyes of progressives of all stripes and parties throughout the country. Here are some of the things Mr. Hale has to say about the man who may be the leader of the fight against President Taft in 1912:

"There may have been fiercer political battles than that which was now joined between the Democratic old guard of New Jersey and its new governor, but few have been in their issue of greater possible significance to the political future of the United States.

"The quiet gentleman who had just emerged from the delectable groves of Princeton academy, his garments odorous with the vapors of Parnassus, his lips wet with the waters of Helicon—this long haired bookworm of a professor who had just laid his spectacles on his dictionary came down to the Trenton statehouse and 'licked the gang to a frazzle.'

"It appeared that he did know the difference between a seminar and a caucus, a syllabus and a New Jersey corporation; that he did know Hoboken and Camden politics pretty nearly as well as he did his Burke and his Bagehot and that, able to write a book on constitutional government, he was just as able to handle a governor's job, constitutionally or otherwise.

"This is the fact that makes Governor Woodrow Wilson a looming figure in the world today. This is the reason it was worth while to go to Trenton to observe the advent of a new type of man into the arena of politics."

Here is the pen picture of Governor Wilson as painted by Mr. Hale:

"Dr. Wilson's face is familiar—a high forehead, gray eyes, a long jaw, a very long jaw. He instantly recalls Joseph Chamberlain as that British statesman was in other days. The profiles of the two might be exchanged almost without detection. Dr. Wilson is of good height, sturdily built, with square shoulders. He stands erect and on his feet. If you want mannerisms you note that his hands seek his trousers pockets; that he changes his glasses with much care when he looks down at a document or up from it; that every time he has used his pen he wipes it carefully with a cloth taken from a drawer, which cloth he painstakingly replaces in the writing tile drawer. There is a certain trained precision of habit in matters of routine and a free spontaneity in others. There would be a gray [illegible] about him except for the [illegible] hands, a frequent sunburst [illegible] and a voice like music. But learn in the course of a few hours that a man with a stiff jaw and a sensitive mouth is pretty sure to be master in any situation. Governor Wilson is a man of positive opinion, reflected by an eager sense of humor. He moves and speaks with unfailing poise, with good natured certainty of himself."

The story of Governor Wilson's fight with the bosses and the special interests is interestingly told by Mr. Hale. Here is one of the governor's quoted statements, which gives a clear idea of his attitude on popular government:

"Back of all reform lies the means of getting it. Back of the question what you want is the question, How are you going to get it? We are all pretty well agreed, I take it, that certain reforms are needed. But we find that the first necessary reform is one that will render us able to get reform.

"We have been calling our government a republic, and we have been living under the delusion that it is a representative government. That is the theory. But the fact is that we are not living under a representative government. We are living under a government of party bosses, who in secret conference and for their private ends determine what we shall and shall not have. The first, the immediate thing that we have got to do is to restore representative government. There has got to be a popular rebellion for the reconquest and reassumption by the people of the rights of the people too long surrendered."

A Cool Soldier.

A French grenadier who was exasperated at some injustice that had been done him by a field marshal pointed his pistol at the marshal and pulled the trigger, but it did not go off. Without moving a muscle the veteran cried, "Four days in the cells for keeping your arms in a bad state!"

Love, Crime and Mystery

Greatest Detective Story

Of Modern Times

Will be published in the Saturday News Record

Beginning Soon

The House of the Whispering Pines

By Anna Katherine Green

Author of "The Leavenworth Case"

Watch for it. Read it Sure

DR. WILSON AS ORATOR.

Governor of New Jersey In a Characteristic Attitude.

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TRIBUTE TO THE TOILERS.

Humble Men Who Labor Are America's Might, Says Wilson.

In one of his recent addresses Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey paid an eloquent tribute to the toiling millions whose labor has given America its place among the nations. He said:

"You know how it thrills our blood sometimes to see how all the nations of the earth wait to see what America is going to do with her power—her physical power—her enormous resources, her enormous wealth, her power to levy innumerable armies and build up armaments which might conquer the world.

"But what has made us strong? The toil of millions of men, the toil of men who do not boast, who are inconspicuous, but who live their lives humbly from day to day, and this great body of workers, this great body of toilers, constitutes the might of America.

"What is the manifest duty of all statesmanship, therefore? It is to see that this great body of men who constitute the strength of America are properly dealt with by the laws and properly nurtured and taken care of by the policy of the country.

"Well, what hinders, what stands in the way? Why, you know that everything really worth discussing comes to the question of the corporations. Now, I do not want you to expect from me any invective against the corporations. I was bred a lawyer, but I do not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole nation. If you will give me the facts I can indict one man at a time."

LABOR MUST ORGANIZE

If It Is to Secure Justice From Organized Capital, Says Woodrow Wilson.

Few public men have taken such definite ground on the question of the rights and duties of organized labor as has Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. In a letter written to one of the labor leaders of his home state recently the governor said:

"I have always been the warm friend of organized labor. It is, in my opinion, not only perfectly legitimate, but absolutely necessary, that labor should organize if it is to secure justice from organized capital, and everything that it does to improve the condition of workingmen, to obtain legislation that will impose full legal responsibility upon the employer for his treatment of his employees and for their protection against accident, to secure just and adequate wages and to put reasonable limits upon the working day and upon all the exactions of those who employ labor ought to have the hearty support of all fair minded and public spirited men, for there is a sense in which the condition of labor is the condition of the nation itself. The laboring man cannot benefit himself by injuring the industries of the country. I am much more afraid that the great corporations, combinations and trusts will do the country deep harm than I am that the labor organizations will harm it, and yet I believe the corporations to be necessary instruments of modern business."

DISCARDING THE LABELS.

Woodrow Wilson Comments on the Breaking Down of Party Lines.

"The country is awakening to a degree of civic consciousness known before only in the period when the country was born," said Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey in a recent address. "We are scrutinizing the men who are conducting the government. We know we are living in an age of complicated conditions. From all our cities man after man tells me that never before have the citizens been so awakened to public questions—to the question of public degeneration.

"The interesting thing of our politics now is that men are not labeled. You cannot tell from the way a man voted last time how he will vote the next time. Men are beginning to find out that the safe line is the right line.

"The mere moral impulse in me is of no force unless it can be translated into action. It is immoral to propose for the United States something that is not of benefit to the whole United States. It is immoral to promote legislation for your business unless it is also for the interest of the rest of the country. Our government is not a paternal institution."

TRUXTON KING

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A Story of Graustark

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

(Continued from First page.)

decide to make a final desperate effort to seize their stronghold.

The dash of the 300 through the gates and down the avenue was the most spectacular experience in Truxton's life. He was up with Quinnox and General Braze, galloping well in front of the yelling troops. These, mounted carbineers, riding as Bedouins, swept like thunder down the street, whirled into the broad, open arena beyond the duke's palace and were upon the surprised ruffians before they were fully awake to the situation.

They came tumbling out of barns and sheds, clutching their rifles in nerveless hands, aghast in the face of absolute destruction. The enemy, craven at the outset, threw down their guns and tried to escape through the alleys and side streets at the end of the common. Firing all the time, the attacking force rode them down as if they were so many dogs.

After ten or fifteen minutes of this desultory carnage it was reported that a large force of men were entering the avenue from Regengetz circus. Quinnox sent his chargers toward this great horde of foot soldiers, but they did not falter, as he had expected. On they swept, 2,000 or 3,000 of them. At their head rode five or six officers. The foremost was Count Marianx.

Quinnox saw now that the Iron Count was determined to storm the gates and gave the command to retreat. Waving their rifles and shouting defiance over their shoulders, the dragoons drew up, wheeled and galloped toward the gates.

Scarcely were the massive portals closed and the great steel bars dropped into place by the men who attended them when a low, dull explosion shook the earth as if by volcanic force. Then came the crashing of timbers, the cracking of masonry, the whirring of a thousand missiles through the air. Before the very eyes of the stunned, bewildered defenders, dismounting near the parade ground, the huge gates and pillars fell to the ground.

The gates had been dynamited.

Then it was that Truxton King remembered. Marianx's sappers had been quietly at work for days drilling from the common to the gates. It was a strange coincidence that Marianx should have chosen this day for his culminating assault on the castle. The skirmish at daybreak had hurried his arrangements no doubt, but none the less were his plans complete. The explosives had been laid during the night. The fuses reached to the mouth of the tunnel across the common. As he swept up the avenue at the head of his command, hawk faced and with glittering eyes, he snarled the command that put fire to the fuses.

A moment later his vanguard streamed through the aperture and faced the deadly fire from the driveway.

At last they began to advance across the grassy meadow. When one man fell under the fire of the guardsmen another rushed into his place. Three times the indomitable Graustarkians drove them back and as often did Marianx drag them up again, exalted by the example he set.

"Gad, he is a soldier!" cried Truxton. "Hello! There's my friend Brutus. He's no coward either. Here's a try for you, Brutus."

He dropped to his knee and took deliberate aim at the frenzied henchman. The discovery that there were three bullets in Brutus' breast when he was picked up long afterward did not affect the young man's contention that his was the one that had found the heart.

The fall of Brutus urged the Iron Count to greater fury. His horse had been shot from under him. He was on his feet, calling to his men to follow him as he moved toward the stubborn row of green and red. Bullets hissed about his ears, but he gave no heed to them.

The commander of the guard gave the command to fall back slowly toward the castle.

Firing at every step, they crossed the parade ground and then made a quick dash for the shelter of the long balconies. Marianx, down in the parade ground, was fairly pushing his men into the jaws of death.

Truxton King's chance to pay his debt to Vos Engo came after one of the fiercest, most determined charges. The young count had been fighting desperately for some time. His weakness seemed to have disappeared. As the foe fell back in the face of desperate resistance Vos Engo sprang down the steps and rushed after them, calling others to join him in the attempt to complete the rout. Near the edge of the terrace he stopped. His leg gave way under him, and he fell to the ground. Truxton saw him fall.

He leaped over the low balustrade, dropping his hot rifle, and dashed across the terrace to his rival's assistance. A hundred men shot at him.

"It's my turn!" shouted the American. "I'll square it up if I can. Then we're even!"

He seized the wounded man in his strong arms, threw him over his shoulder and staggered toward the steps.

"Release me, curse you!" shrieked Vos Engo, striking his rescuer in the face with his fist.

"I'm saving you for another day," said King as he dropped behind the balustrade with his burden safe.

There were other witnesses to Truxton's rash act. In a lofty window of the north wing crouched a white faced girl and a grim old man. The latter held a rifle in his tense though feeble old hands. Now and then the old man would sight his rifle and fire. The girl who crouched beside him was there to designate a certain figure in the ever changing mass of humanity on the bloody parade ground. Her clear eyes sought for and found Marianx; her unwavering finger pointed him out to the old marksman.

She saw Vos Engo fall. Then a tall, well known figure sprang into view, dashing toward her wounded lover. Her heart stopped beating. With her hands to her temples she leaned far over the window ledge and

"YOU ARE SHOT!" SHE CRIED. "TRUXTON! TRUXTON!"

screamed—screamed words that would have filled Truxton King with an endless joy could he have heard them above the rattle of the rifles.

The corner of the building had shut out the picture. It was impossible for her to know that the man and his burden had reached the balcony in safety. Even now they might be lying on the terrace, riddled by bullets.

The old man roused her from the stupor of dread. He called her name. Dully she responded. Standing bolt upright in the window, she sought out the figure of Marianx and pointed rigidly.

"Ah," groaned the old man, "they will not be driven back this time!

"I FEEL AS IF A GRAVE PERSONAL DANGER HAS JUST PASSED ME BY."

They will not be denied. It is the last charge! God, how they come! Our men will be annihilated in—Where is he? Now! Ah, I see! Yes, that is he! He is near enough now. I cannot miss him!"

Marianx was leading his men up to the terrace.

At the top of the terrace the Iron Count suddenly stopped. His long body stiffened and then crumpled like a reed. A score of heavy feet trampled on the fallen leader, but he did not feel the impact.

A bullet from the north wing had crashed into his brain.

"At last!" shrieked the old man at the window. "Come, Miss Tullis; my work is done."

"He is dead, your grace?" in low, awed tones.

"Yes, my dear," said the Duke of Perse, a smile of relief on his face. "Come, let me escort you to the prince. You have been most courageous."

A group of terrified women were huddled in the far corner of a nearby room. The Duke of Perse held open the door for Loraine Tullis, but she did not enter. When he turned to call she was halfway down the top flight of stairs, racing through the powder smoke toward the landing below.

At every step she was screaming in the very agony of gladness:

"Stand firm! Hold them! Help is coming! Help is coming!"

A last look through the window at the end of the hall had revealed to her the most glorious of visions.

Red and green troops were pouring through the dismantled gateway, their horses surging over the ugly ground rifts and debris as if possessed of the fabled wings.

Her brother was out there, and all was well. She was crying the joyous news from the head of the grand stairway when Truxton King caught sight of her.

He was powder stained and grimy. There was blood on his face and shirt front.

"You are shot!" she cried, clutching the post at the bend in the stairs. "Truxton! Truxton!"

"Not even scratched!" he shouted as he reached her side. "It's not my"— He stopped short even as he held out his arms to clasp her to his breast. "It's some one else's blood," he finished resolutely. She swayed toward him, and he caught her in his arms.

"I love you—oh, I love you, Truxton!" she cried over and over again. He was faint with joy. His kisses spoke the adoration he would have cried out to her if emotion had not clogged his throat.

"Eric," she whispered at last, drawing back in his arms and looking up into his eyes with a great pity in her own. "Is he—is he dead, Truxton?"

"No," he said gently; "badly hurt, but"—

"He will not die? Thank God, Truxton. He is a brave—oh, a very brave man!"

Leaderless between the deadly fires, the mercenaries gave up the fight after a brief stand at the terrace.

The prince reigned again.

(Continued Saturday.)

GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE.

All Progressive Reforms Have That For Their Object, Says Wilson.

Discussing the progressive movement in politics, Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey said recently:

"If you will look at the proposed reforms, proposed by men in both parties, meant to serve the country in some special way, you will see that each particular reform has a definite object. For example, the question of the cost of living is a question which touches the great body of the people. It does not touch those exceptional persons whose income is abundant. It touches the whole body of the people. The question of direct primaries touches the accessibility of the offices by the people. It touches the means which they are to exercise to put the sort of men they desire into office. The question of the equalization of taxation means that equality which is justice, that fairness which will see that no man is taxed more than another man or upon a different basis from other men or other corporations. The question of corrupt practices in elections is a question of the attacks which have been made upon the virtue of the people.

"Every direction you turn you will see that what we are straining after is to bring the government back within the touch of the people and to use it in behalf of the people. Upon what sort of occasion, therefore, in what sort of campaign, should a man who remembers the long traditions of American government take greater pleasure and zest than in a campaign which has such objects?"

THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT.

It Is Pervading the Whole Country, Declares Woodrow Wilson.

How widespread is the progressive movement in American politics was eloquently expressed by Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey in a recent speech. The governor said:

"It does not require any great imagination to think that high thoughts and purposes in politics are running subtly through every household and every member of every household in this country. It does not need that you should touch elbows—actually touch elbows—with men in the street and men in the shop in order to know the great issues of human happiness that are involved in a great contest like this, for the question of the tariff is not a mere question of policy. It is a question of the rearrangement of the public interests as you touch every household in this country, and how any man in such circumstances can hold his head up after he has voted for a special interest without a just conception of the common interests I for one cannot comprehend.

"But whether men can comprehend it or not, help it or not, we all know that the 'mills of the gods grind slowly,' and they 'grind exceedingly fine,' and the men who now resist this great impulse of reform, the men who impede this great compulsion of public interest, will be ground so fine in some of these mills of the gods that their very dust will be imperceptible."

The Aspect.

"The school board, the police board and the jail board are all in the limelight at once for trouble."

"Yes, it certainly does seem as if our city public affairs were going by the board."—New York Journal.