

# "AND NOW -----!" SAYS WATTERSON

The following editorial written by Henry Watterson appears in the Louisville Courier-Journal:

### AND NOW—!

"I do not know," said Edmund Burke, "the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." Neither does the Courier-Journal. The result of Tuesday's election shows conclusively that a great majority of the people of the controlling section of the union are well content with things as they are; that it is better to endure the conceded shortcoming of the party in power than embark upon an unknown sea of continuous agitation; that Bryan meant this whilst Taft meant est; in short that a dollar, though tainted, in hand, is worth a bush full of patriotic abstractions.

The idiosyncrasy of the time is commerce. As in the last century it was liberty reaching out after institutional freedom—and measurably attaining it—is it now materialism reaching out after markets. The average voter of better education and intelligence takes no thought of the hereafter, and is even more indifferent to the heretofore. He is completely engrossed by the present. That which Bacon calls "the wisdom of our ancestors," makes as little appeal to his reverence or reason, as that which Burns calls "light from Heaven" makes to his imagination. He would not exchange the current crop reports, with a rising price list, for all the books that were ever written upon political economy. He either carries the fool of the vicinage with him, or else raises enough dust to blind his eyes and disarm his suffrage.

We need take no account here of the agencies of organization and corruption, though both may be seen clearly enough. They show so plainly in the nomination and election of the successful candidate as to make it apparent that whole segments of the people are no longer appalled by anything, however immoral and wrong, that does not touch their pockets. Even those that preach the simple life in the magazines of the east are deaf to the drum-taps of conscience. Nay, he that shrieks "righteousness" from the highest places is found often practicing fraud in the lowest; so that the language of the religion of literature and journalism and commerce, is cant.

It is the part neither of common sense, nor of upright manhood, in the vanquished to kick against the pricks. Let us hope and believe that, despite its pharisaism and defilement, politics is not war, nor party lines yet lines of battle. The electorate has declared for a high protective tariff; it has declared for an invincible armament, embracing a navy unsurpassed upon the seas, along with a corresponding military establishment upon a fixed war-footing on the land; it has recorded a vote of confidence in the chieftains of the two branches of the national legislature, as they are known to be constituted and controlled, and has given them carte blanche to make billion-dollar congresses the rule and not the exception.

The country is rich. It is in the aggregate growing richer. It is quite rich enough to stand it. However unequal the distribution of its wealth, the system, which is able to keep up a lobby in each of the houses at Washington, will have no reason to fear that its orders will not be executed as well in the matter of impost duties laid to protect their vast accretions of capital as in the matter of government contracts made to fatten the party-workers. Are we not a world power, and are these outlays not essential to our dignity?

Yet each mishap has its compensation. In the personality of the elected president the people may be said to be in possession of an anchor to windward. Judge Taft owes his election to his own character. Of this there can be no manner of doubt. From first to last he was grievously handicapped by the president. It was the belief that he is not as Roosevelt—that though his platform faced two ways, he could be relied on to face but one way, and that way the reverse of the spectacular performances and agitations barren of result, to which the president has accustomed us—that weighed with the commercialized instinct of the middle classes of society as well as the overpowering interests of massed wealth, the honest yielding themselves to the dishonest, and making common cause against a change of parties in spite of all argument in its favor.

That the republican party can not compose the irrepressible conflict between capital and

labor is as certain as that the old, historic democratic party could not compose that between freedom and slavery. But neither the chiefs of the system, nor the victorious party leaders need trouble themselves about that just yet. With such men the rule is "sufficient unto the day," and "eat, drink and be merry, though tomorrow ye die." Just as fifty years ago a little more of moderation and a little less of party spirit might have averted our sectional war, ought it to be plain to thinking men that the course of over-confidence on which we are launched must inevitably lead to conditions equally baffling to the statesmanship of the future. Pray Heaven that they be not so ruinous and tragical: but that, under God, it shall be the destiny of the republic to vary the experience of human kind and to work out without bloodshed the problems of popular government to some hitherto unknown and benign conclusion.

Looking back over the circumstances of the campaign now ended, the Courier-Journal has nothing to regret, or retract. We have given expression to our true beliefs, accepting alternatives, not of our own making, with good grace and putting forth our uttermost in the cause of the right as we were able to see it. We had great confidence in the election of the democratic ticket. In no political battle that we recall has it seemed to us that so much to condemn appeared upon a single side, or was so plainly visible. We believed that there was virtue and intelligence enough in the voters to see this, and to resent it at the ballot-box, though only as a rebuke to overlordism and partyism, quite lost to the sense of good citizenship and fidelity to the state.

The result shows that we oversized the spiritual and undersized the material in the hearts and minds of the people. They were deaf alike to precedents, to reason and to eloquence; for nothing could surpass, as nothing has ever equaled, the personal canvass of Mr. Bryan; its wondrous lucidity and power of statement; its splendid intellectual and physical endurance; its unanswerable argument. Nor did Ignatius of Loyola sweep through a world of incarnate evil bearing the Cross of Jesus to triumph with greater force of inspiration and truth than did the heroic son of Nebraska traverse a land gaping with curiosity, but too busy over its work and play to consider any danger to the immortal soul of its constitutional fabric.

There is something yet better than being president of the United States, and that is the real sense of duty done. Tilden will live in history, when Hayes is forgotten, or execrated. History will say of Bryan that in three great popular movements, clouded sometimes by errors of judgment and obstructed always by corruption—as we now know by insurmountable corruption—he led sublimely; that he set before his countrymen the standards alike of God and truth; and that he went down beaten with clean hands and high repute, carrying with him the homage of patriotic men.

In the national government the oligarchism of privilege finds itself stronger entrenched than ever before. Its fortress is unassailable. It can never be driven out short of its own dissolution, or some dire cataclysm, bringing ruin in its train. Yet, vanquished as the democratic party is, it has not been so one with itself in many a day and it owes renewed loyalty to the public service. This should be maintained equally in defeat and in victory. There must be a systematic and enlightened opposition. How this shall arrange itself and who shall lead it, will appear in good season.

Old time democrats will wait and keep their powder dry. If they should despair, if they should break apart, the country would be exposed to political anarchy leading through radicalism and excesses of every sort to practical irresponsibility on the one hand, unregenerate debauchery backed by resistless force on the other hand. We may be a power for good though beaten and in opposition. Seven millions of votes are never to be despised in case they hold together. Many states remain to us. The constitution of the United States has not been abolished yet, nor institutional freedom, nor wise and upright administration, and these are still worth fighting for.

So, amid the unneighborly and unpatriotic vociferation of the republicans, the jubilation and intolerance of the nondescripts flocking to the winning side—the blatant bullying of the leaders alike of predatory wealth and of plund-

ering politics—let us sit steady in the boat, sustained by our own rectitude and holding to the oars of what we conceive to be good government in the nation and in the state.



### THE CHRISTMAS STAMP

Here is a chance to at once help a good cause and at the same time participate in a particularly happy observance of the greatest of all seasons:

To the Editor of the Houston (Tex.) Post: I have just read, with much interest and pleasure, that a Christmas stamp is to be on sale very soon, which should have and doubtless will have its thousands and tens of thousands of purchasers. The stamp was designed by Howard Pyle, whose reputation as an artist is world-wide. It bears a wreath of holly and the appropriate words, "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

They are issued by the American Red Cross society and the profit from the sale of these stamps is to be used in the fight on tuberculosis. The price for one stamp will be one penny, and it is estimated that if every man, woman and child in this country will buy just one of these stamps the total amount thus raised will provide the white plague workers with nearly \$1,000,000.

These stamps will be used as adornments for Christmas packages and will be on sale, in any number, singly, in sheets, or in books, in every state of the nation during the next few weeks.

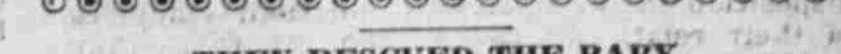
As an evidence of what may be accomplished in this way the Woman's National Daily says that about a year ago it was decided, as an experiment, to put the stamp on sale in the state of Delaware. At that time the only hospital for consumptives was maintained in a few shacks in a woodland meadow near Wilmington. The stamps were put on the market eighteen days before Christmas. Fifty thousand were printed. They were sold in one week. Nearly 400,000 were finally disposed of, and Delaware is now in a fair way to owning a hospital for consumptives, and is supporting a tuberculosis nurse and a free dispensary.

Since the recent international congress on tuberculosis such startling facts have been published to the world, with regard to the ravages of this dreaded disease, as have aroused the nation in its determination to fight and root out this white plague which is carrying away by death, in this country alone, nearly 140,000 of our people every year.

Men throughout the world who know tuberculosis best are confident that not only can its present fearful ravages be limited, but, with proper care, the disease can be eradicated, and it is to this great and important work that the American Red Cross is now directing its attention and efforts.

But no war can be waged without funds and the opportunity will be given the people of Houston and elsewhere this year for providing themselves with these Christmas stamps at a very small cost, and at the same time enable them to take part in a noble warfare.

Houston, Texas. WILLIAM HART.



### THEY RESCUED THE BABY

Guthrie, Okla., November 11.—James Williamson, who is homesteading a claim on Hackberry creek, dug a well twenty-two feet deep and eight inches square, then left it open Sunday. His eighteen months old baby backed into the hole and shot to the bottom, feet first.

The people of the community were holding religious services when, rushing into the building, Williamson halted the preacher and told of the accident. Every man in the congregation went to the Williamson home and with shovels and spades they worked in relays for nearly nine hours until a hole was dug big enough to permit the child to be rescued. Baby Williamson was not at all hurt, but very hungry.