

# BLIND GORE, OF OKLAHOMA

The following editorial is from the Philadelphia North American:

The best of all modern story tellers wrote many stories of a soldier called Mulvaney. And one of the best of Kipling's stories finished with this saying of Mulvaney's:

"God's been good to me! I've seen a man this day!"

Now, to our newest state, let the message go from the oldest states that Oklahoma has shown to us a man.

There were days in Washington last week that tried men's courage and their personal and political standards of right with a test of rare severity. Duty has compelled the North American to censure every congressman and every senator who made possible the passage of the vicious Wall Street currency bill. But only those acquainted with the truth can conceive the pressure put upon the men who succumbed sufficiently to aid in working a wrong to the whole country.

The mere fact that Roosevelt and his loyal friends and the leaders of the democracy alike were deluded into the belief that if they did not help in the passage of a bill that is a legislative crime they would be guilty of doing hurt, not to a party, but to the nation, is enough to show the strength of the influences brought to bear upon those men in Washington.

There is hurrying and scurrying in Washington now. There is surprise and wonderment at the uprising of resentment in consequence of the passage of the iniquitous currency bill, for which republicans and democrats must share the responsibility.

But in the crisis of last week a few men saw clearly. And one of these few men was a blind man—Gore of Oklahoma.

An evil thing was done at the dictation of the stock exchange gamblers of New York by grace of the ignorance of some men we have honored and the cowardice of the majority of both parties in congress.

But there was a Horatius to hold the bridge. And there was one to "stand on either side." The Horatius was LaFollette of Wisconsin, who is by temperament a leader of forlorn hopes. Though he dragged himself from a sickbed to talk eighteen hours, he enjoyed the experience.

Then Stone of Missouri, atoned for many past sins of "practical politics" by coming to LaFollette's aid. But they were only two. And it was

when, both exhausted, they were stealing a well earned hour or two of sleep that blind Gore of Oklahoma, rose and spoke.

It was not a wise, practical thing for him to do. If he is to remain a senator, he must be re-elected next March. The deliberate sharing of that filibuster, in opposition to the leaders of his party, was absolutely foolhardy. He did it in the face of all political practicality.

He had not talked long when the word went into the cloakroom that a great speech was being made. And, soon afterward, there was no more thought of yawning, and there was a quorum, with no more need for a false counting by Fairbanks to accommodate Wall Street.

The blind man was doing very well in his effort to make his countrymen see the light.

So Gore of Oklahoma, spoke hour after hour. And those of the men he was fighting, who were real men, must have looked upon his blind face and honored and admired him.

He was speaking against time. He was making a filibuster. But, all the while, he was speaking greatly.

He did not know whether it was this day or that day, or dusk, or dawn. He is a blind man. But his other skilled senses surely caught the signs of compelled attention, comprehension and approbation.

And so, knowing that, even though blind, he had done such a thing as no new senator had done before, Gore of Oklahoma delivered his peroration and sank into his seat, certain that some one of the half dozen senators pledged to relieve him would rise and take up the fight where he left off.

And are you proud, gentlemen of the democracy of the senate, that you sat silent in your seats while the understanding of your cowardice drifted back of the darkness of the eyes of Gore of Oklahoma?

And do you think, gentlemen of the majority, that the men of this country, who cast the votes, and do the work, will be more kindly disposed toward the followers of an Aldrich and a Fairbanks because they gagged Heyburn, the western republican, at the moment he rose to stop the trick of your stealing away the work that a blind man had wrought?

Of course the law is the law. But there will come a day of reckoning for the makers of some laws.

Now it may be a mere coincidence, though we think it a consequence.

But when Gore of Oklahoma went away from the cheat that he thought was a triumph in the senate—when Aldrich and Fairbanks "bilked" a blind man—he went to a noted oculist in Washington, who had told Gore months ago that the knife might make him able to see.

Gore laughed at the idea then. He had been blind so long that he did not feel that he needed any eyes except those of his wife. But now he is in the dark room of a Washington hospital.

We are inclined to think that he is actuated by the wish to see just what an Aldrich or a Fairbanks or the democrats who deserted him look like.

The North American watches the happenings everywhere. So Gore of Oklahoma is no novelty. We heard, a year ago, and told our readers then, of the freakish thing that the newest state was about to do. A boy, blind from his fifteenth year, talked day after day to mass meetings, and asked the people who heard him to send him to the senate of the United States.

To us in the calm, conservative, sedate east, it seemed a circus sort of thing for a blind man to mount the stump and tell his fellow-citizens how a woman had come into his life, and ever after had been his eyes.

The election of Gore and the growth of Oklahoma we looked upon merely as queer but inconsiderable phases of national development. All was freakish and uncouth. But now in candor, let it be said that a blind westerner has operated in the room of the hospital seeing the green of things growing and the gold of the sunlight matters not, so far as his life-work is concerned. He may still rest in the blackness to which he is accustomed, with that one little woman's eyes his sole link with the thought of the world. None the less will this man have done his work in a world made up of

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"Neither children nor gods, But men in a world of men."

No more need be said. Gore's eyes failed him once. That once was when he felt himself safe—when, heaven knows, he should have felt safe, a senator among senators, in his helplessness and his greatness.

Surely that was the one time when his wife did not feel that she was needed. It is not a pretty picture to keep in memory that our elder statesmen gave to us last week.

But as for Gore of Oklahoma, blind or seeing matters not. The bond of manhood holds taut through all times and all peoples. Over the mountains and the rivers and the plains the message of the east goes to Oklahoma:

"Send back this blind man to the senate! America needs Americans! Praise God! We've seen a man this day!"—Philadelphia North American.

### WHO. INDEED?

"Who is that stout gentleman in the boss's room?" said the clerk in the war office to the private secretary.

"Why, that is Secretary Taft. Didn't you know him?"

"No. I've only been here two years."—Life.

### CONTEMPTIBLE

Of all the silly campaign stories now making the rounds, that originated by the New York World with respect to an alleged contribution by Thomas F. Ryan to the democratic campaign fund of Nebraska in 1904 is the silliest. Among other things it is alleged that it was in return for this contribution that Mr. Bryan supported Parker.

It has now been definitely ascertained that the money sent to Ne-

braska came out of the general fund of the democratic national committee to which there were many contributors; that it was a proper disposition of the money and that Mr. Bryan had nothing to do with its disbursement.

Nobody but a simpleton would make the charge that Mr. Bryan's support of Parker was in return for the contribution mentioned. Well informed democrats know that Mr. Bryan became Judge Parker's supporter when the nomination was made, and that he did magnificent work for the ticket Judge Parker himself attested.

Mr. Bryan is not a man to sell his support and that the American people know full well, and they will discredit any charge to that effect, whatever its origin.

But, in the name of heaven, what is the occasion of criticising the democratic campaign fund of 1904? Is it to institute a comparison with the republican campaign fund? Long ago the democratic committee challenged the republican committee to an itemized showdown, from the big sums fried out of the trusts by Cor-telyou to the sum that Mr. Roosevelt himself wheedled out of his "dear friend" Harriman. But at no time have the republican managers been willing to take the public into their confidence.

It may be that some few tainted dollars found their way into the democratic fund. It is difficult to keep them out at times, but it is a

matter after his blind westerner has operated in the room of the hospital seeing the green of things growing and the gold of the sunlight matters not, so far as his life-work is concerned. He may still rest in the blackness to which he is accustomed, with that one little woman's eyes his sole link with the thought of the world. None the less will this man have done his work in a world made up of

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And Mr. Bryan and those who will conduct the campaign for him will see to it that only clean money is received this year. The World was engaged in a hopeless and ungracious task when it challenged Mr. Bryan's availability. It has gone so far along that line as to array itself in opposition to the democratic party which stands for policies the World supports and in favor of the republican party which stands for policies the World execrates. But the attempt to besmirch Mr. Bryan by charging him with a disgraceful dicker is nothing short of contemptible.—Houston (Texas) Post.

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