

Well, It Is Over.

Teddy and Charley have had lunch together. It was a private dinner. It lasted two and a half hours and even the waiter was not allowed to hear these two men—one just brought to life and with the ceremonies of the grave still clinging to him—the other the man who agreed to assist in the crucifixion—tell each other how Love welled up in the depths of their mighty hearts.

Two hours and a half with a corpse just from the slaughter house. Two hours and a half of the love feast with the man who wrecked the republican party and gave us a president now denounced by him.

Because Roosevelt led two million men astray—because he deliberately set about to elect himself and allowed the party that had made him all he was to go against the rocks, many people thought Roosevelt should side step. But we behold him breaking bread with those who politically killed him. His desire to come back—his clutching at the last straw presents a sorry spectacle as we view it. It is perhaps politics for these men to say that inasmuch as he has come into camp they must extend the glad hand. But when it is remembered that he didn't come into camp voluntarily, but that he played his cards to the last ditch and only surrendered when he was whipped to a frazzle, to use his favorite phrase, self-respecting men should not rush headlong to cheer him.

It pains us to read that Taft has said he doesn't care anything about who is for Hughes—that he is for him and that he would speak from the same platform with Teddy provided Teddy was conducting a Hughes meeting. That may be politics. If it is it proves the oft repeated adage that politics makes strange bed fellows.

Roosevelt has gone so far as to say that he will take the stump for Hughes. How he could go out before the world and defend the party he wrecked and applaud the men he denounced with all his bitterness of vocabulary we cannot understand.

Perhaps it is well that there are some things that should not be understood—and if it is this is one of the things.

Mr. Grissom Hopeful.

Mr. Gilliam Grissom running for Congress in the Fifth district has returned from a week among 'em, and reports that his chances for election grow brighter every day. Well, in this old world were it not for dreams there wouldn't be much worth while. Major Stedman sees that he will be elected and it is a cinch that one of these gentlemen will be disappointed.

And where does Mr. George W. Perkins come in? Why wasn't he invited to that private dinner?

A Query.

The News and Observer, ever thoughtful, wants to know p. d. q.:

From time immemorial the private secretary of the Governor of North Carolina has been appointed to a place on the staff of the Governor with the rank of Colonel. Shall it not be Colonel May Jones, Governor Craig?

Why on your life 'twill be Colonel May Jones. And why not? If journalism hath its Colons no less renowned than war why shouldn't the suffragists have their military titles if they find a woman big enough to wear 'em. And by my halberd—don't you know that a woman who succeeds a Colonel in office also automatically becomes a Colonel herself. Allow us, Colonel Jones, to salute you!

Will It Be Recalled?

When Mr. Hughes ran against Mr. Hearst, and defeated him, Mr. Hearst's able New York papers printed day after day horrible, picturesque and vivid scenes of Mr. Hughes' Whiskers, and referred to the Judge as an Animated Feather Duster. Wonder if such scenes of shame and glory will be repeated? Wonder if William Alstorandolph Hearst will take a big part in the forthcoming campaign. He has been right much of a Preparedness man and also and on to Mexico enthusiast.

To Be Sure?

The 'steemed News and Observer wants to know:

Disappointed, chagrined, that it has found no June Bugs in June, the Greensboro I. cord now declares there's "no such thing" as a mad dog, especially "a mad dog in Durham." But why attempt to bowl down a mad dog in Durham?

Well, there would be use were there such a thing as a mad dog. But in these times when unuzzled men who are mad are doing all the damage why not go after the real thing and let the little dogs prettily wag their tails whenever they are fed?

The Governor's Dilemma.

And so Governor Craig has appointed a woman as private secretary. This is not surprising when it is understood that Miss Jones is an experienced and wholly capable woman.

But Governor Craig, not being a regular democrat, or, at least not standing on his party platform which demands equal suffrage, is opposed to women voting. He certainly cannot offer as an objection that he thinks woman's place is the home for, gadzooks! he takes one from the home and puts her in his office to do a man's work.

He cannot argue that woman is intellectually incompetent to perform the man's job, because the gentleman whom Miss Jones succeeds was a brilliant newspaper editor—a man of great ability.

Governor Craig cannot imagine that a woman should not be mixed up in politics, because he has appointed a woman to a position that a politician had a right to expect.

It is just one of those things that happen. The men who have been opposed to woman suffrage have never had a real excuse. The two great parties have declared for universal and equal suffrage and the man who is a simon pure democrat must stand on that platform or he isn't regular. The medicine has been prescribed and all democrats must take it with a straight face—or flunk.

We congratulate the Governor upon his wise selection.

Atrocious.

While the Old World is bathed in blood and tears—while the New World stands trembling in the balances wondering if it, too, must unsheathe the sword; with Mr. Carranza wearing whiskers and Mr. Hughes and Charley Fairbanks doing the same thing—the wonder grows why atrocities multiply. But they do. Recently the esteemed Winston Journal made decided improvements in its news service—putting on the full morning report of the Associated Press and naturally Colonel Santford Martin felt good over it. The many friends of the Journal commenced to write him congratulatory letters—letters telling him that he had done something worth while. And he printed them. All of this was in order. All of this was what most any appreciative man would have done.

But this morning among other things, on the front page of his interesting paper he hands out some verses written by Rev. D. P. Waters. Feeling in a fiendish mood; feeling that he would as soon fight as eat; feeling that we have a right to further perpetrate the atrocious rhymes we proceed. The first volt runs like this:

The Winston Journal is good and true. A cleaner sheet don't come to you. It stands for truth and all that's right, you'll find it thus both day and night.

You see where the parson got and held the divine afflatus firmly by the back of the neck in that first verse. He understands that often what is true and right in daylight often goes to the bad when night gently pulls her curtains down and pins them with a star. He reads his Journal in the morning and then looks at it again through the long vigils of the night and finds it stands right there all the time.

The next verse hits the bull's eye. It isn't so much about the paper as it is about our friend the Colonel, who edits it. It says:

The Editor does all he can. To make his neighbors better men. While in some cases he may fail, You never hear him raise a wail.

Unreservedly, we pronounce that The Stuph. Then the next verse. It is graphic. It is spell-binding. It is Idealism on the cob. It is word painting regardless of grammar or first base. It is just a genius loose on the home stretch with eyes shut and his tail over the dashboard, telling us that if we get the blues we are liable to bust a sock or rend a shoe. It is Caution speaking in a whisper. It is Philosophy asserting its conclusions. It is ne plus ultra, Kalamazoo and—well, the word we want to employ does not occur to us, but Wonderful half way expresses it. It reads:

The most of men who's working hard To bless the world and serve the Lord. Will sometimes get what we call "blues", Which tears their socks and rends their shoes.

And the next verse. O, tragic Muse—O, Pegasus—O, all men who know true Art and worship at the shrine of Poesy and Song list to this heart throbbing:

And then they'll raise a hue and cry And make you think they're going to die. Unless you knew it was not so Right into spasms you would go.

Think of where Truth, Eternal, causes one to escape the entrance into Spasms! To think that such ethereal things are of the earth—that they have been turned loose in Winston.

But we must hurry in our chore. Sadly we take our departure from this sparkling fount of inspiration and information. The last two stanzas—the last two throbs follow:

The Journal keeps itself in line—The Wire Service just makes it fine. The news we'll get right up to date Both in and out of our own State.

It goes to earth's remotest bounds To kings and queens whose heads are crowned. To bear the news of this good land And tell the world for truth to stand.

Imagine for a moment, O, reader if thou art calm enough to control your contending emotions, kings and queens in far-off lands—aye, the remotest bounds of the sad old earth getting up early in the morning before they have had time to take off their pajamas and put on their crowns, reaching out for Colonel Martin's Album of Song. Why, Maria, it is scandalous!

A Great Problem.

Lost in the interest of the war news of today is the great question confronting the nation regarding the unsolved problem concerning the strike threatened by railway employees if the railways refuse to grant the demands made by those operating trains.

A vote is being taken. The employees refuse to arbitrate. The railways insist that it is a physical impossibility to meet the demands made. If it should happen that a general strike is ordered there will be the most confused lot of people this country ever saw. To stop the railway trains in America for even one day means the loss of millions of dollars—not to the railroads alone but to all people. When Grover Cleveland was president he saw to it that the mail trains ran. The railroads are appealing to the government to take the case—to settle the difference between employer and employee. It is a grave question and right now it is a most critical situation. Let us all hope that both sides will do what is best. Evidently arbitration is the only way out.

Judge Buxton Looks Ahead.

At the meeting of the State Bar Association former Judge Buxton, of Winston, made some timely remarks concerning the ease with which men secured a license to practice law, and suggested that there should be some reform along this line.

This is doubtless true. Too many men unfitted to practice law are given permission, and therefore the profession suffers. True also with doctors. In what we are pleased to term the "learned professions" it stands to all reason that a man should be learned. But the growing tendency is to admit a half hundred who make a centre rush for the sheepskin—and the result is the general public is fleeced. The profession of law is high and honorable—and those who are really entitled to be called lawyers should see to it that none but learned and honorable men are given authority to hang out their shingles. We understand that a young lawyer is only in the making. But there should be rules which will prohibit every Tom, Dick and Harry from applying for and securing a license to practice. We know what Judge Buxton meant and people generally know what we mean—although it doesn't appear in so many words.

The New York Sun.

With Frank Munsey buying the New York Sun a distinct publication will doubtless pass. The Sun will no doubt continue to "shine for all" as it has been doing for so many years, but it will be a changed newspaper. The distinct personality of the Sun—a personality given it by Charles A. Dana, has in a large part been preserved, but now that it goes to one cent; that a newspaper man who prints papers for news and revenues has charge it will get in the game on another plane.

There is genuine regret to many people in this announcement. The hope is that the editorial page of the Sun will continue to be a distinctive feature. Through all the years it has never had an equal—it has been "the Sun" and that explained it. The Sun no doubt has been the organ of the moneyed men—and because of that the "common people" were uninterested. But they should have been deeply interested. It has always been our contention that we should protect banks, railroads and all legitimate interests. Instead of making pounding bags out of them we should let them have their right of way. Do not let them exceed the speed limit, but if they are big enough to go sixty miles an hour let them go. The fellow in his Ford will get there after awhile—but the man with a million sees bigger things than the man with thirty cents. The man with thirty cents and a grouch has stopped right there. Then he is envious of the man with a million. We are all in the game to make money and we should applaud the fellow who knows the game best. But we stone him. The Sun stood for the interests and ably defended them. The fact that it has passed into other hands shows, however, that the interests didn't care much about the support of the Sun. Had they they would never have let it get away.

Should We Allow It?

Colonel Wade Harris has been in Colorado—out where the Rocky Mountains do a continuous stunt in Majesty every day; out where Pike's Peak rears its snow covered head defiantly to the sun the year around; out where the scenic beauty is not surpassed anywhere in this world of woe—out there drinking in the charms and beauties of Nature and writing stuff back to the Observer about it, while we less fortunate devils toil and paste and write and sweat and cuss. Should a man be allowed these special privileges? Should one newspaper man be thus allowed to put it over the remainder of the crew? Verily, we say not.

Why, They Don't.

The Durham Herald says:

To hear them talking of raising the pay of soldiers, pensioning their families and the like, one might think that the people would not have it to pay.

It was only yesterday that an old gentleman who had borne the brunt of life's battle for nearly seventy years came to this office and protested against the state paying anything. "Them fellers up there at Washington has plenty of money," he said, "let the general government pay the soldiers. That's what the general government is for."

And the old patriarch assured us the people shouldn't have anything to do with paying soldiers. He insisted that if "them fellers" in Washington wanted a war "them fellers" should pay the bill. And we dare say that a great many well intentioned people never stop to think that the "general government" is simply the people in the country.

Handed It To Them.

President Wilson didn't mince words when he told the audience at the Press Club in New York that he didn't want war with Mexico, and that his political fortunes would not be considered in what he did. This was the right kind of talk, but there will be many to doubt his sincerity. Take it from this on and the democrats will not give Hughes credit for anything and in turn the republicans are not going to accept Wilson. It is a fight to a finish and outside the tariff end of the platforms we do not see a bit of difference in what they are talking. Both candidates are clean men—both in earnest. Wilson does not stand pat. He changes his mind too often to suit many people, but those who defend him say a wise man changes his mind and a fool never does. However the lines are being drawn. When Bill Taft says he will speak for Hughes from the same platform with Teddy, if the line up is that way, take it from us that the boys have on their fighting clothes and before November there will be something doing. Both parties are going to it with determination.

Osborne Exonerated.

It is good news to know that Thomas Mott Osborne has been fully exonerated of charges preferred against him concerning his management of Sing Sing prison while warden. It was a political frame-up—a crowd that didn't want Osborne to continue. He has fought his battle and he has won.

Thomas Mott Osborne is a sincere man; a strong man and he battles for the underdog. The story of how he went into prison for a week—went in under an assumed name and lived the tortures of the hell hole where human beings were helplessly confined; of how he saw where reforms were necessary and proceeded to inaugurate them reads more like a romance—like the wildest fiction than it does like truth.

Osborne's work in Sing Sing will result in great good to humanity over all the world. Not for a day or a year, but for all time, and those who are interested in penal reform; those who want to see the meanness of our kind at least humanely treated will rejoice to know that Osborne made good in the charges against him.

The talk about Hughes beating Wilson or Wilson beating Hughes amounts to nothing. What must be done is to ascertain the questions to be settled and then discuss them intelligently and vote on them. There is a world of difference in opinion as to the tariff question.

Wonder what Teddy told Mr. Hughes about his Heroic mould. Wonder if Teddy confided to the Judge that he had always felt this way about it.

In The Harness.

We receive the Lexington Herald carrying the name of T. J. Henderson, as editor and manager. The paper looks bright and of course Henderson will edit it. If he will take our advice—advice given freely but worth while because we gained our knowledge by bitter experience John will not undertake to regulate the universe. He must keep within the bounds of reason. If he discovers a ring in Lexington he must let it ring. If the people want it broken let them take the initiative. Let the fellow who is more interested than an editor proceed. In these days the paper that sees good in all parties; that recognizes harm in all of them; that understands a paper's mission is to print the news and sell it—well, that paper will prosper in any intelligent community.

There will be strong "party" men who think an editor should shout for party and live on half rations; there will be men who know how to run a newspaper, although they never ran one expressing their opinions—but the editor who bravely goes to it and doesn't attempt to please any faction will find a whole community back of him. And as we want to see Henderson succeed we proffer the above advice in a kindly spirit.

He Might Have Known.

Jesse Clement, a Salisbury man, has been arrested, charged with having thirteen gallons of whiskey in his possession. Think of it—a man defying the Fates in that manner. Didn't he know that thirteen was an unlucky number and why didn't he drink a gallon just as he was apprehended. This might have saved the day.

Ford All Right.

Henry Ford has again been slandered. They told the story on him that if any man in his works started to join the army a vacancy at once occurred. Ford comes out and says any man who wants to fight for his flag in his employ can go fight and when he returns his place will be there for him. This is the way we thought it was—but the world likes to invent troublesome stories and give a man the trouble of denying them in hot weather.

Must Be Done.

If the government has a right to make railroad rates, to say what is too high and what is too low, in a word, if in determining what a railroad shall charge for its services the government can say the final word, it must, perforce, come in and say what wage the railroads shall pay. There is no other alternative. It will not do to say that the government can fix a rate, based on certain cost today, and that tomorrow that cost can be increased because of demands of labor, and that the railroad shall lose money.

If Uncle Sam can say a certain toll must be charged—that it shall not exceed a certain amount, then he must assume the authority to say that labor shall not demand more than a certain amount. Labor must go to the maximum and minimum rate the same 'as freight.

This would only be fair. If Uncle Sam says to railroad conductors you cannot charge to exceed a certain rate then there would be no trouble. But as it is now a rate is hammered down because of popular clamor; the interstate commerce Commission looks over the facts and finds a rate too high. It finds it so because the cost to the railroad is a certain figure. Accordingly the rate is lowered. And just about when the lower rate goes into effect, presto, here comes the long procession of laborers and says it must have a raise.

To grant the demands means to operate at a loss. The law should be that rates should be fixed, based on a certain wage scale, and if the wages were raised by threats of a strike, then the railroads should be allowed to raise their rates in even proportion. This would be nothing but fair. It would be business. And when that happens the talk of strikes will cease. The railroads are willing to increase wages provided they can increase rates to pay the increase. When every commodity used is going up—when labor is demanding more for its services communities are insisting that rates be lowered. All of which is a physical impossibility. Indeed it works a hardship on the general public. It means decreased service—or it means bankruptcy to the roads.

The present great problem before the country is more serious than the Mexican situation. We do not know what the government will do, but it is a safe bet that it will not allow the big strike threatened to be pulled. And the strong arm of Uncle Sam is the only thing that can stop the strike and the general demoralization that must follow.

Or Any Other Days.

The Editor of the esteemed Raleigh News and Observer, as he laid down his palm leaf fan, turned on the electric fan and pushed his shirt waist down further in his trousers remarked:

We arise to remark that in these July days we strenuously object to having a place in the sun.

Now as we understand it, and old man Flamarion is our authority, if a man were to find himself suddenly lodged "in the sun" he would be cooked to a crackling in less than a hundredth part of a second—indeed were one to approach the sun to within a million miles of it there wouldn't be a decent grease spot left of the late lamented—and here is the Observer man objecting to finding lodgment right in the ball of fire. It may be, perhaps it was the intention of the aforesaid perspiring editor to explain that he wanted to be in the shade. That would be a horse of another color. But to become a sun spot—never!

The Lynchers.

It reads all right to see that the state of North Carolina is making some attempt to punish the men who hanged the old negro, guilty of nothing much. But it will read a great deal better if the machinery of the courts is so applied 'hat those who participated in the cold blooded exhibition of savagery are placed behind the prison walls for a period of—well, say a period of twenty years. That would indeed, be a step in the right direction.

We Rejoice.

Caring nothing for the contemptuous remarks of Colonel Britton of the News and Observer who attempted to lay violent hands on our June Bug campaign; caring naught for what the critics said when we undertook to exalt and bring from its debasement the beautiful gold plated insect known as the June Bug, we labored on. And reward is our. Mute, glorious reward. In the mail last night was a little box and in the box was a June Bug addressed to the editor. The box had been duly perforated and the June Bug lived.

We took him home and sat on the porch and talked with him. He talked freely about the Mexican situation and predicted that if Hughes was not elected Wilson would be. He thought Carranza would stand a better show in the world to come if he would cut off his whiskers before they were ignited; he believed that the time had come for the Mexican situation to be cleared up, and said the tariff would be paramount.

Then we took the gold plated beauty and put him down in the grass on the lawn, bade him good by and told him to seek anew another mate; to remain under the tree where a friendly jaybird builds her nest—and if the days seemed long and he had nothing else to do, to watch The Record grow. And he was delighted to have regained his freedom. The lady—the chirography is not to be mistaken—who sent us the June Bug will please accept our thanks.

How About It?

Looks like it is about time for Mr. Hughes to dine with George W. Perkins and let George tell him just how he delivered Teddy to the enemy. No doubt the work done by Mr. Perkins was highly gratifying to the Old Guard and the wonder is: Did Teddy know that George had set the bear trap?

Peace At Any Price.

How soon we slip from our moorings. Those who have been talking of peace at any price are today wondering why Congress does not declare war. They see the dead American soldiers on the alkali plains of Mexico—and the primal law, the first law, looms large in their minds. They say there must be reprisal. They say that this country must go into Mexico. And peace at any price has disappeared. And the cry today throughout the Nation is on to Mexico, and every man living under the flag will sustain President Wilson when he says the word.

The Pay Of Soldiers.

Judge Walter Clark writes a letter to Congressman Kitchin in which he tells him why soldiers should be paid a decent wage. All of us agree that any man is worthy of his hire, but Uncle Sam and all other Uncle Sams have always insisted that a soldier live on half rations. Any Nation wanting to maintain an army should first of all undertake to pay the soldiers enough money to live on.

No use to wonder why any longer. Vice-President Parker is going to run it bull moose no matter about the other fellows. There is the real hero Teddy talked about!

Looks like it is hard to get up much enthusiasm about the election. They are all talking about Americanism and a tariff commission. But it is politics if you look deep enough down.

The Butter On Their Bread.

It is apparent that the "big fish" in the Bull Moose party are taking no chances. The "small fry" seem to be the ones who are disconsolate. In reading of the things which happen we see, as an illustration, this news note in a New York paper:

Among those who called for this purpose were H. P. Gardner of Maine, F. P. Corrick of Nebraska, and E. W. Austin of Tennessee. Mr. Gardner is Progressive national committeeman from his State. Mr. Corrick is chairman of the Nebraska Progressive State committee and was also secretary of the Bull Moose convention in Chicago. Mr. Austin has also been a Progressive leader in his State. Austin's coming was gratifying to Mr. Wilcox, adding to the many assurances he has received both personally and by letter of the intention of Progressives to follow the advice of Col. Roosevelt.

These fellows who had switched; who were willing to wreck the republican party and who contributed largely to its defeat were brave and defiant until after the Chicago convention. They were in the game to play politics, to get place and pie. But as soon as Teddy threw up the sponge, was crucified by the Old Guard, then these recreant ones rush to the new man, Mr. Wilcox, and extend the glad hand. They want assurances, no doubt, that in the event of Hughes' election there shall be a place for them. And that is politics. That is the game.

But the million or two privates; the million or two deluded ones who strayed from the path and followed Teddy, all the consolation there is for them is the assurance that they can come back if they feel like it. Perhaps a large percentage will return to the fold. Perhaps they will feel that it is their duty—but we cannot, to save ourself, see how a man could continue to follow Roosevelt or endorse anything that he endorsed, politically, after his treatment of his blind and reckless followers. But if they can see it, doubtless it is exclusively their business. Truly, it is no serious concern of ours.

Not Making Much Noise.

Big Business hasn't as yet made much noise. Big Business is just as much, and no more interested in good government than little business. Each is dependent upon the other. The hope is that in this campaign Big Business will calmly tell the people what should happen and then let the people go to it. There will be no cry of a full dinner pail. There will be no great slush fund raised. The election is going to be clean and we predict but little excitement. The middle west will decide the whole business. The Solid South will remain solid. The north will be questionable ground; but the middle west—agricultural, will go one way or the other solidly. There is where the battle must be fought. We insist that the Tariff will be the question out that way.

The Asheville Times, more or less esteemed, says it patted itself on the back. Well now why didn't it pat itself on the front. The front page is always the first seen.