

Politics And Politicians.

A great political campaign like the one just closing is a distinct and important chapter added to history. There are influences in such a contest that touch the fundamental facts of government, and that reach forward to times and problems of which people now living can have no conception. When we elect a President we do something of world-wide and permanent interest, and contribute to the story of civilization and of the progress of nations certain material that is in the nature of things gravely and continuously valuable. It would seem to follow that the men engaged prominently in this sort of history-making should be secure against forgetfulness and retain a definite and denoting relation always to the record of events which they were largely instrumental in bringing about. But in reality such is not the case. Personal fame fades and disappears, while general facts and results are carefully preserved, and he is an uncommonly fortunate man in politics whose name survives after him for a single generation.

There have been not a few men of superior ability and effectiveness in American politics at every period of our national existence—men whose leadership was absolute and whose popularity was unquestioned and complete; and yet how many of them are today remembered in any true and sound sense? We doubt if the average citizen can give the names of the prominent politicians of any decade back of his personal experience and observation, to say nothing of what they did and in what manner they impressed themselves upon the affairs of the time. Very few of us could tell on the spur of the moment who have been candidates for President and Vice-President in the various elections since the foundation of the Government; and certainly it would puzzle even the best posted to name the principal Cabinet officers or ministers to foreign countries under the different Administrations.

One of the most unmistakable lessons of history is that political distinction is a possession of singular uncertainty, and that political success costs more and counts for less than any other in the world. So much depends upon circumstances, upon fluctuations of popular sentiment and accidents of time and place, that the man who follows such a career can never be sure of his footing and never safe as to his calculations. One day he is carried on the shoulders of an admiring constituency, and the next day perhaps he is scourged with curses and burned in effigy. However able and prudent he may be, he is bound to make mistakes, and mistakes in politics are promptly and sharply visited with punishment. When he triumphs he invites envy, and when he is beaten he provokes derision. The power that comes to him when he gets into office is just as apt to prove a detriment as an advantage; and yet without power he can command no following and unless he keeps himself in office he loses his connection with the practical side of affairs and passes out of sight.

The man who has made a business of politics for any considerable length of time will readily admit that he has not found it satisfactory, and that it would have been better for him if he had chosen some other occupation. At best, the profit is so unequally proportioned to the effort that it does not pay in any respect. The same amount of labor, care and perseverance applied to ordinary professional pursuits or business enterprises could not fail to yield abundant and gratifying returns. No one knows this better than the man who seeks office and wears himself out in soliciting votes and manipulating caucuses and conventions; but it rarely occurs to him to make personal use of the lesson. Once a politician always a politician is the rule. There seems to be a fascination in the matter which the victim is powerless to resist or break away from. The number of instances where men have voluntarily quit politics is very small; and in every community can be found those who insist upon following that kind of life long after there has ceased to be the vaguest chance for them to derive any benefit from it.

There is nothing to be said, of course, against the holding of office per se, nor is participation in politics to be discouraged. It is every man's right and privilege to accept an official trust; it may indeed become his duty to do so. The case is very different, however, when a man sets out to make a trade of office-seeking, or when he acquires such a taste for that sort of thing that he is unfitted for anything else. There are men in plenty all over the country who make themselves felt in politics, and render good service to their parties, without becoming so infatuated with the turmoil, excitement and maneuvering that it turns their heads and disqualifies them for legitimate pursuits. Such men are politicians of a proper and desirable kind, and their example is worthy of imitation. Every citizen is under obligation to assert himself in behalf of what he believes to be correct and wholesome political principles, and to give practical and earnest aid to the party which he thinks should be entrusted with the control of the Government. No fault is to be found with the man who stands up for his convictions; and no harm can come to him by reason of so doing. It is only when he makes politics a regular trade, and not merely an incident of his life, that he is in danger of being demoralized and undone—and against that danger every citizen should carefully guard who does not wish to fill his days with endless anxiety and tribulation, for which he can not possibly obtain a sufficient and satisfactory reward.

That was a novel election bet made at Chase City, Virginia, where one citizen with black hair and another with red agreed to exchange colors by the chemical process in the event their respective favorites failed to go under the wire. And at the present rate of dye stuffs it might prove after all a rather expensive wager.

Four editions of The Record in one day is going some, but the people wanted the news and The Record gave them the best obtainable.

Possums are fat—but they come high—in the 'simmon tree.

In The News.

Naturally one wants to know what is the news—but a day like this, and we take it that the news is something of a mystery.

In all the towns and cities—in the voting precincts of the villages—over all the Western World there are men casting their ballots, by Jinks, for the man of their choice.

Yesterday we said to a citizen that we expected to vote today and cast a vote for Major Stedman. He said: "Why don't you vote for Woodrow Wilson?" We asked him in what we thought was candor, why he didn't vote for Hughes.

"Away with Hughes," he exclaimed. And we said why not away with both of 'em—and he saw the point.

Under the law each man may walk up and register his vote. His solemn protest against right or wrong—whatever he thinks, decides the game. And we boast—exultantly boast of our free country and our free institutions—where every man is a sovereign.

And it is to laugh. To laugh long and loud and then laugh some more. A student who has studied the problems presented, finally, after weeks of fasting and maybe prayer, concludes that a certain man who stands for certain things should be chosen to represent an intelligent people.

He walks up to the polls and casts his ballot—say to protect Society; to assist in the forward movement of a world that ever goes onward and upward—and along comes some low browed vertebrate with nothing but a spinal column—who thinks he thinks and doesn't—and kills the vote of the man who really gave some thought and some attention for the betterment of mankind.

A man of affairs—the man who has lost countless nights of sleep in attempting to bring out a system for the economic conditions of the world; the man who has done something worth while; who has built a factory or invented something—done a stunt that you or I would call an achievement—and he thinks over what is best for mankind in general and he goes up to vote his sentiments—and another Weary Willie of another school of thought—an indolent vagabond who has had his poll tax paid by a scheming politician casts his ballot and renders the other one void.

And down the line. And yet the man who is elected to the greatest position within what we have foolishly and falsely termed the "gift of the people" feels that a majority of the creatures of the earth have called him.

It is a joke world wide and never ending. It has been on and will always be on so long as the people allow themselves to be deceived with what has been foolishly and improperly termed "popular representative government."

There is no such thing—and never can be until all of God's creatures who have a right to vote have the power to think.

Let's Get It Right.

We were waited on by a Committee, self appointed, no doubt, asking us to urge the police force of the city to do a lot of things—and we refuse to take the initiative.

We have just a half notion, and it is predicated on the belief that we know what we are saying, that the police force of Greensboro is at least an average police force. There may be some violations of law. Doubtless there are. We cannot expect here on earth and here in Greensboro all that has been promised in the divine realities of a Christian world. There is much to do.

We will say this, however, as a platform. If any responsible citizen knows of any shortcomings in any public official—knows where he is remiss in his duty—if he will get the facts; write his name to his article—we will undertake to publish his tale of woe, provided we can verify what he says. If he can't, let him proceed legally. A newspaper isn't the dumping grounds for the private griefs of others. It is not a clearance house for the pessimist who has the belly-ache. This newspaper is no Punch and Judy lay-out. It is here to serve the public; to buy news and sell it; to help boost the town and to try, when it can make lighter some heavy heart or make brighter some saddened home. It isn't going to undertake to turn a slop jar of indecency on some official simply because some saddened man or woman looks at things through the wrong end of the telescope.

Let us not only help—but let us, as nearly as we can; love one another.

The Difference.

"On the subject of Mexico," says the New York World, "Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Taft share a common purpose in their campaign speeches. In attacking President Wilson each seeks to mislead the public as to the record of his own administration. With characteristic recklessness, Col. Roosevelt declares that during the Wilson administration over 500 Americans and 300 Chinese have been killed in Mexico, and that while he was President no one dared harm a hair of the head of a single American in any foreign country. During the Roosevelt administration, while Mexico was at peace under Diaz, sixty Americans were reported killed. During the Taft administration, when the revolutionary troubles began, 386 foreigners, of whom fifty-seven were Americans, were reported killed. During the Wilson administration, which has been a period of incessant civil warfare in Mexico, 230 foreigners, of whom 119 were American citizens and thirty-eight soldiers and marines and the rest British, Spaniards, Germans, Japanese and Chinese, were reported killed. The figures are official. In the same spirit ex-President Taft says in regard to Mexico that President Wilson 'had a clean slate upon which to write when he came in.' No one knows the facts better than Mr. Taft. When Mr. Wilson became President, Mexico was in a state of revolution. In Mr. Taft's time, Madero, while a prisoner, was assassinated in the streets of Mexico City and Mr. Taft's ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, was accessory to Madero's overthrow. Neither of the ex-Presidents of the United States desires to tell the truth about Mexico."

For President in 1920: Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina.

How It Happened.

The Raleigh Evening Times, in explaining the justifiable error into which so many enterprising newspapers fell, in their commendable efforts to give an impatient public election news right off the reel and at the earliest possible moment, thus presents its own case:

"A stranger situation in national politics than that which confronted the country when Tilden was elected and denied his seat, or that which put Cleveland in the White House in 1892, when the early returns seemed to point conclusively to the election of Harrison, developed suddenly after midnight of Tuesday.

"Up to that hour every sign pointed to the election of Hughes by a vote which threatened to become a landslide. New York was clearly lost to Wilson, New England, it seemed, had gone against him by heavy majorities. Papers like the New York Times and the New York Herald, ardent supporters of the President and maintaining extensive news-gathering agencies, conceded his defeat. Only Chairman McCormick and the President's personal headquarters refused to be convinced.

"After midnight, slower returns coming from the Western States hinted the achievement of the apparently impossible—the election of Wilson without the aid of New York State. This has been dreamed of before in an election in which there are only two strong candidates, but it is yet to be realized in history. It has yet to be achieved. Miracles, political or otherwise, do not consist in hopes—but the hope is there, lively and growling, at this hour.

"The Times newspaper, personally democratic in this election in the nation and believing that the hope of better things in North Carolina depends upon the continuance of the democratic party as at present constituted, is nevertheless independent. It is mentally free. It does not hesitate to give the news as it can get it, without color of desire. It does not hesitate editorially to express an opinion on the facts at hand, as it sees the facts. In that spirit it has at times criticized President Wilson but always because it has considered that the tendencies which he at such times was encouraging would work against the benefits of the democratic principles he was put in the White House to conserve. In that spirit it made the calculated guess that Mr. Hughes would win by a large vote, and issued an extra on Tuesday night which announced his election as a matter foregone in all human probability.

"If The Times should be mistaken in these estimates by the happening of the miraculous, it will be glad to have been mistaken.

"It will grin in all good nature in the consciousness that its discriminating readers will give it the credit of a scrupulous care and energy to give them something besides the unsatisfying food of hope to feed on."

If It Ends.

If the war ends—and God knows that the end must come—what will become of the three million munition makers in America? Where will they turn their hands—where is employment to be offered them?

A most serious proposition, and yet we go along, buying twenty-four cent gasoline and joy riding to beat the band. Three or four million idle wage earners in America—nothing to do—and the Old World, with the war ended, sending to these shores cargoes of all kinds of goods and pleading for gold.

The United States, prosperous, has loaned Europe over a billion of dollars—and Europe, when she goes to pay must insist that we on these shores take her products or she cannot pay.

And even if we build a tariff wall high as the tower of Babel was proposed to be, even then, those goods must find here a market—and what will the three million unemployed do—and what will the employed do?

Patriotism is a thing we read about in books. The mail order house, with its wonderful buildings and its millions already made, testifies to the patriotism of the average man. If Europe will sell to this country things we need at fifty cents on the dollar—Europe will wrap up the goods. You know this. We know this—and there is no way around it.

The man who has the bargain sale, and offers real bargains, is the man who does the business. No doubt about this.

And when Europe wipes her face of the clotted blood; when she sees her depleted treasuries; when she sees and understands that her millions of dead never again will be producers—and that taxes are soaring out of sight—her cry and her demand will be for gold. And America—the Western World, with its hundred million people will be her oyster.

Take it from us—the man who is elected President will have on his hands a chore that will not be easily done.

Dr. Byrd.

As the annual conference draws near Greensboro is beginning to realize that she is about to lose one of her most popular and useful citizens in the person of Dr. C. W. Byrd, now closing his fourth year as pastor of the West Market street Methodist church. And the worst thing about it is that two other states are trying to convince him that he is more needed elsewhere than in this good state where he has labored so faithfully for many years.

Dr. Byrd has proven himself not only a good pastor but, as man and citizen, one always to be depended upon to lend aid and support to any movement looking to community betterment or having as its object the broadening of intellectual and spiritual life.

Under the rules governing the Methodist conference, which limit the serving of one congregation to four years, Dr. Byrd must sever his pleasant connections in Greensboro and seek other fields of labor in this or some other state. This paper, along with his numerous other friends and admirers, is hoping that his next charge will be not so far away that he cannot keep in touch with the things he has helped to set in motion and that he may be a frequent visitor to the city where the collective latch string will always be on the outside.

We are violating no confidence when we urge you to do your Christmas shopping now.

It is not Butler and Bonds but Cuba and bonds. Say, bud, swat the Cuban if he is running for office.

Eight Hours For Farmers.

The present prices of farm products would seem to indicate that this theory, advanced by Wallace's Farmer, had already been put into practice. Based on the declaration of the president when talking about the eight-hour day law which was enacted by congress to avert the railroad strike, that "The eight-hour day now undoubtedly has the sanction of the judgment of society in its favor, and should be adopted as the basis for wages, even where the actual work to be done can not be completed within eight hours," the Farmer argues it this way:

"It is fair to assume that President Wilson would not intentionally exclude the farmers of the country from the benefit of the eight-hour day. No labor is more necessary to the nation than farm labor. But, while there has been a gradual decrease in the hours of labor required of other workmen, there has been no decrease in the hours required of the farmer, except that caused by labor-saving machinery bought by himself.

"If the judgment of society sanctions the eight-hour day as the period of work, and as the basis for fixing the wages, the farmer is entitled to the benefit of this judgment. If this claim should be granted him, it would of course result in very greatly advancing the prices of agricultural products. The farmer has been working all the way from eight to eighteen hours, depending upon the time of year and the character of the work to be done. During the summer, his work begins at half-past four or five o'clock, and continues until anywhere from seven to half-past eight or nine. During the winter the hours are shorter, but, on an average, he probably works more nearly eleven hours a day than eight.

"If the eight-hour day is to be taken as the basis of compensation, then, if the farmer is to have a square deal as compared with laboring men, it will be necessary that the price of things he produces shall be advanced from 40 to 50 per cent. At the present time, the farmer gets less per year for his labor than any other class. The government investigations indicate that on an average the labor return to the farmer in the middle west is around \$300 a year, after allowing interest on the money invested in the farm and farm equipment, and after allowing a fair price for all the labor employed except his own. That seems like a small wage. The farmer has been getting ahead because he is a capitalist as well as a workman; but after we have reached a fair fixed value for agricultural land, then the farmer must depend more and more upon his labor, and less upon the increase in the value of his lands. Consequently, in this readjustment of working hours, the farmer is entitled to be heard."

Christian Science.

In all the strain and turmoil immediately preceding a national election, the Columbia, South Carolina, Record finds time to get away from the sordid things of earth and think of higher and better things. It delivers a little Sunday sermon in the following: "We have received from a Christian-Science practitioner in this state a denial of a news item said to have been published in The Record. We have searched for the item, which is said to have been a dispatch from somewhere in Oklahoma, but we cannot find it.

"The Record has not attacked Christian Science. We have not attacked any religious creeds or faiths. There is too little of any kind of religion in the world, and we believe in letting people have what they profess if it does them good. Almost any kind of church, if its beliefs are lived up to, will help man. Religion is a personal matter after all, and salvation is for the individual.

"Whether or not we could accept the doctrine of Christian Science, we could not readily criticize that belief or the people who compose that numerous denomination. They may be wrong, but one who visits their churches cannot doubt their sincerity or their profound earnestness, nor can he question their intelligence. And one who reads the writings of Mrs. Eddy cannot but admire their deep spirituality although he cannot accept the theory of divine inspiration.

"The most comforting passage in the Bible is this: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' And in religious literature there is a sweet comfort in the opening sentence of Mrs. Eddy's book: 'To those leaning on the sustaining arms, today is big with blessings.'"

Lynch Law Vs. Anarchy.

Editor Bob Gray of the Raleigh Evening Times, is right in saying that: "Because they invite anarchy is no reason why the I. W. W. should be treated to lynch law. Apparently that is what happened to them when they attempted to return to Everett, Washington, after having been driven out of the town by a sort of quasilegal vigilance committee. It does not carry the case that they fired first; the responsibility lies with the sheriff and his posse who endeavored to create a quarantine of force against an undesirable element.

"The I. W. W. evidently is composed of men who are either criminal or insane, or both. The remedy to be applied to them is one of law. To treat a mob with mob violence of that worst character which involves official aid is merely to confuse the issue and increase the danger. Recognize an association as a body, place its members under the ban, and the association itself is perpetuated by the color of persecution. To deal with the members of a class or a society effectively, it is necessary that it be robbed of its power by treatment of its members as individuals.

"The chief difficulty in the way of this evil of the I. W. W. that appears spasmodically in various parts of the country is that prejudice against the cult is swallowed in sympathy for the individual when he is brought to trial. The result is a tendency to encourage and incite anarchy, even in the methods of fighting it. The I. W. W. has a perfect right to visit Everett, once there, its individual members could have been held to a strict compliance with the law which would have taken all the fun out of their martyrdom and have saved the reputation of the community and the state.

"Lynch law plus anarchy equals anarchy."

This is good foot ball weather—and the Thanksgiving game is in the keeping.

Endorsed By The People.

The Raleigh News and Observer thus facilitates itself on the general outcome, as so far reported: "The democratic party of North Carolina went to the people on its record and the magnificent majority given its state ticket on Tuesday shows that the people endorse that record. The democratic party of the nation went to the people of North Carolina on its record, and the magnificent majority for President Wilson, the return to Congress of not alone democrats from nine districts represented by democrats but the capture of the sole district represented by a republican shows that North Carolina endorses the record of the democratic national party.

"The democratic majority in North Carolina it now appears will be in excess of 50,000. Not since 1900 has there been such a majority. And that it comes this year shows that the people are stronger than ever for the Democratic party, evidence that it has done those things which go to the service of the people. Honesty and service count and that is what is given by the democracy.

"There is great gratification in the success of Zebuon Weaver, democratic candidate for Congress in the Tenth District. This paper has held that while the Tenth District was classed as doubtful it was in reality a democratic district with the vote close, and that if there was a full democratic vote that Mr. Weaver would defeat Congressman Britt. And the reports tell of the defeat of Mr. Britt. Besides this there are a number of counties which in recent years have gone republican which elected democrats on Tuesday.

"It has taken work in accomplishing the splendid results which have come, and there is great credit due Democratic State Chairman Thomas D. Warren and Secretary J. R. Collier, of the Democratic State Committee, as well as to the various county chairmen. There has been work of the earnest sort all up and down the line, as shown by the majorities, and these show that work and organization count. The democratic party can well applaud the men who have been placed in charge of the fortunes of the party, for they have done things worthy of commendation."

Quite A Lot Of It.

We note by our exchanges and some cases have been tried in this town, that the crime of bigamy is on the increase. Over in Danville recently two front page stories were about a white man who loved not wisely but too well—and a nigger who had plighted his troth and took on a couple of forlorn creatures as his very own.

Under the law the man marrying two wives is supposed to be doing something approximating villiany. Despite the supposition we find a great many muchly married men. When Artemus Ward interviewed Brigham Young, he said to him: "Mr. Young, they tell me you are a married man?" "Yes, I have forty wives," replied Mr. Young. "You are the most married man I ever saw," remarked Artemus in a meek way, and let it go at that. But we doubt what Ward said. We have seen a man yoked up with one apple of his eye and he came near being the most married man we ever saw, than had he had a dozen wives of different minds and moods.

The world is undergoing an absolute transformation—onward and upward seems the motto of the Creator—and we are not keeping step in our domestic relations. The old rail fence which protected the hearthstone has gone to decay. The bars are down. A different age and a different time—changed customs and altered ideals are with the New Age—and we haven't kept up with the procession. In the old fields where a rail fence kept the cattle on their own domain man has allowed inventive genius to surround his pasture with a barbed wire fence—but the same old rails—decayed and decaying surround his home—surround his domestic life—and some of the young bucks are breaking through.

All right to tell us what to expect. All right for ministers to explain that if man would understand the divinity of the marriage compact there would be fewer divorces; no bigamists—but divorce courts and lawyers have gotten us far away from the sanctity and divinity of the marriage vow.

Easy enough it seems now, for the passing pilgrim to go down the pike and marry a woman at every stop. The man who undertakes the chore is sent to jail—the woman who jumps at the chance to harness up is pointed out as one who had been gold bricked. But seriously, she is as much to blame as the lame duck who came her way—she should stop and enquire—and not make unseemly haste. She should remember that

"There never was a goose so gray
But rather, soon, or late,
Some gay old gander came that way
And took her for his mate."

In the Danville case, if the reports are accurate as printed in the papers, all the man had to do was to tarry a short time in the town, and a half dozen buxom maids were ready to plight their troth. And what was the man, to do, poor thing—but harness up, and undertake to let the loaded dice of the gods direct him? Was the woman who hastily consented to become his wife to blame? We rather hold, that inasmuch as she must forever bear the burden, it is up to her to find out who is who before she consents to change her name.

They say that if you give a calf rope enough it will hang itself—but why hang the calf?

A Con-spiracy.

The Charlotte Observer in big black type unfolds a con-spiracy of the republicans to intimidate the voters and send them to the penitentiary. However, perhaps it is a scare. It wasn't long ago that Butler and Bonds was to be an issue. But neither Butler nor the bonds got in under the wire. The republicans cannot hope to do much in this state at this time. They are not together however much they make it appear they are.

The report that two Guilford county officers had been captured by the republicans grew out of one of those dreams of the baseless fabric variety.

The weather promises to be fair. But who ever heard the weather make a promise?