THE OBSERVER

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1916.

THE ELECTION.

The campaign which just closed gives one ample opportunity for speculation.

Doubtful states have held the center of the stage for two days.

What was the secret of Mr. Wilson's remarkable run? Why did Mr. Hughes lose good solid Republican states.

President Wilson's strength is due to many reasons.

First of all the majority of the American people —whether they voted for him or not—have confidence in his honor and integrity as a man. No one has arisen who has dared to attack his personal character or who has uttered a reproach against his patriotism. Woodrow Wilson, in his public utterances, his messages to congress, his speeches has risen frequently to heights of moral grandeur to which men in public life, cast in ordinary molds, seldom rise. He frequently hits a moral keynote to which the American people and especially the women of the suffrage states respond as a drum to the blows of its drummer. To touch in this way the hearts of the American people requires rare discernment. That quality Mr. Wilson has. It is a sort of sixth sense. The ordinary politician has it, who can tell what the temper of the public mind will be upon certain issues. So in a larger way Woodrow Wilson is a finished politician.

Mr. Wilson profited to a great extent from the misunderstanding of the American public as to the personality of Mr. Hughes. The latter could not get close to the people—they did not warm up to him. They pictured Hughes and Fairbanks as two companion icicles. Mr. Wilson on the other hand had lived down his reputation as being merely an intellectual machine, geared up in a sanctum sanctorum, and had aroused a belief that his nature was warm and sympathetic and that he had a heart which beat for the common people. And that means a great deal in politics.

Three arguments had weight in advancing Mr. Wilson's candidacy:

"He kept us out of war."

"He passed progressive legislation."

"He promoted prosperity."

These were hard arguments to answer. The country was at peace—which was Fact No. 1. In answering that fact Colonel Roosevelt blustered and attacked Mr. Wilson's foreign policy. "Why didn't you protest at the invasion of Belgium's neutrality? What about the widows and orphans left sorrow-stricken after the Lusitania horror? What about the Americans slain in Mexico?" he questioned. To these appeals the American people turned a deaf ear. They did not want war with Germany. They did not want war with Mexico. The Republican party—listening to Mr. Root, Mr. Lodge, Colonel Roosevelt—became a war party.

The people believed if Roosevelt had been president—if the Republican party had been in power—that war would have resulted. Criticism of Mr. Wilson's peace policy, therefore, from a political standpoint was a blunder.

"He passed progressive legislation." This is Fact No. 2. True, progressive legislation was passed —a good deal of it with the aid of Republican votes and against the wishes of reactionary southern Democrats. But the Rural Credits bill, the Child Labor bill, the Adamson bill, the Federal Reserve bill, the Shipping bill, the Alaska Railroad bill all were passed in Wilson's administration. Some of them are experiments—but on the whole the people have approved of their principles and it was folly to attack all of them en masse as was done by certain campaign speakers. The greatest mistake of all was the fierce fight made upon President Wilson for his support of the Adamson bill. The American people have not the patience to study the merits of a labor controversy. Sufficient to them was the fact that President Wilson by his intervention had averted a great railroad strike, which would have been a national calamity and a source of loss and inconvenience to the public. Incidentally he had aided the railroad men in their efforts for better conditions under which to labor—shorter hours and more pay—and had shown sympathy for the worker. The whole Republican campaign management from Mr. Hughes down to the office boy unlimbered their 42-centimeter guns to assault the Adamson law. In so doing they immediately took up the railroads' fight and allied themselves with capital against labor and then arose the cry of "invisible government" and the charge that the "Old Guard" was behind Mr. Hughes in an assault upon labor. This was another blunder. It alienated progressive Republican voters—and it was their votes which lost states like Kansas.

"He promoted prosperity." Many parts of the United States are enjoying unusual prosperity. Manufacturers are busy. Farmers are getting high prices. Labor is employed. Theirs not to reason why. Prosperity is a condition and not a theory. Wilson is president. Since we have prosperity, give him his share of the credit.

So. Mr. Hughes' campaign—not very adroit, well conceived or well managed—failed in many states.

The present presidential race reminds an old timer of the Hayes-Tilden contest.

Editorial Comment.

Americans Who "See America".

If a writer places the battle of Bunker Hill on the wrong day or the wrong landscape, some grammar-school child is going to show him up and the parents of the child will then get down the history books they studied years before and verify the statements of their children. As an editor told me, when I sold him an article on the unknown Hittites, "Any one can write articles about the Hittites, but it takes a good man to describe New York to New Yorkers." I agree with him absolutely. It takes not only a good man but a brave one to describe New York to New Yorkers.

A New Yorker and I were discussing the wonderful lightning effects of the Panama-Pacific Exposition last fall, and in the course of the conversation I learned that she had never crossed the river to Jersey City at night, nor had she ridden across the Brooklyn Bridge when the jagged skyline of Manhattan was touched with the spirit flames of modern science. Californians read of Broadway and New Yorkers talk and think of the Rockies, and it is only the prosaic Iowan or the man from Idaho who gazes across his own bit of earth and says, "Well, I call that a pretty fair crop."

Imagine an American, who has visited the ruins at Baalbek and Fatehpur Sikri describing the railway stations at Albany or St. Paul! Imagine the collector of volumes on the land of Dickens, Shakespeare or Heine buying books about the Ford factory or the home of Shredded Wheat! We know all about the Gothic, the Perpendicular and the Elizabethan styles of architecture, but when we buy a dining-room set we judge it on the basis of how much down and how long at a dollar a week.—The Christian Herald.

The Chinese Attitude Toward Christianity.

Among Americans who are welcome in China, the capitalist is most often mentioned. China may desire many things eventually, but her immediate need, according to these men, is money to develop the great national resources, with which the great republic abounds. There is no prejudice against American teachers and missionaries, and in spite of the fact that one student replied that our workers are of great use to China, "if supervised by our (his) people," most of the replies showed a true appreciation for what the teachers and missionaries have done. One student says, "To the American teachers we owe much for their introducing modern ideas to the young Chinese students."

These men are not on their way to America. They are on their way back. Some of them went to live among Christian people, with the belief that Christianity was the great mainspring of world progress. None of them mention it as they return to their own people after absorbing the benefits which America could offer them. This is a common experience. A graduate of a mission school, who has come to regard Christianity as the giver of a more abundant life goes to a Chrstian country, there to admire material civilization and to deplore the race prejudice, alcoholism and divorce, which affect him more strongly, perhaps, than does our Christianity.

The point is simple if analyzed. These men have a deep respect for Christianity, but it was not a gift of America to them. It came from God, and not from the United States. There is no confusion of church and religion, religion and state, in their minds. America and God are not synonymous terms any more than Chinaman and heathen should be synonymous with us.—The Christian Herald.

Managing the Boy.

A boy early develops personality of his own, which, if properly encouraged and trained, proved of inestimable value to him through life.

If crushed by harsh treatment and overbearing discipline, the boy's spirit is broken so that he proves a failure. If improperly developed it gives to the boy overbearing, pompous spirit, which makes him disliked by all.

The successful development of the boy's personality depends largely upon the home treatment he receives.

It is something that must be cultivated and encouraged and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, it must constantly be curbed, or rather, it must be directed.

A mother, as the most important home factor in the situation, must recognize the boy's rights as well as her own. The two should never conflict and overlap.

A boy soon grows conscious of his natural inheritance of certain rights which other boys possess and if these are constantly curtailed and disregarded he is apt to grow stubborn, deceitful and secretive.

Toward mother in particular he shows his disposition. He may not break out in open rebellion toward her, because of certain chivalrous tendencies, but he will secretly decide that he knows best.

The mother and the boy should be close to one another. There should be an understanding of confidence that can only come through consideration of the parent for the boy's inclinations. She should suggest and help him in doing those things that build for a better manhood. It's the little things that count.—Western Farmer.

Time To Settle.

This is the time of year to settle debts. The crops are harvested, much of the stock sold and money should be coming in now, if ever, at least for a large part of our people. Start the dollars to working. The others toward a settlement. Make account you settle may start twenty your dollars work as hard as you work to get them.—Pine Valley Herald.

It Pays to Advertise.

Last week we announced that stories about deer killing did not go unless there was some substantial proof of the hunter's prowess. During the past week Dr. Belknap and Leighton Vernig have each assisted in cutting the high cost of living with a choice piece of venison.—Grant County Journal.

WIT AND HUMOR

[illegible] Imera [illegible]
(Birmingham Age-Herald.)
[illegible] Mrs. Dubson like the [illegible]
[illegible] not at all pleased with [illegible] Mr. Dubson, "but I [illegible] encouraging sign."
"[illegible] was that?"
[illegible] quite content for a [illegible] two days longer than [illegible] h record."

No Directions.

Little Edward's garden, according to a story in Harper's Magazine, had just been completed, each tiny row had had its seed-envelope fastened on a stick, picturing here a radish, there an onion, etc., but, alas! a heavy rain had already washed away the envelopes. Edward was in tears. When questioned, he exclaimed:

"Oh, Mamma, the pictures have all been washed away. How will the seed know what to grow up into?"

The Best Sticker.

A Washington business man, says the Saturday Evening Post, desiring to test the relative efficiency of two makes of mucilage, handed the bottles one morning to his shiny-faced negro messenger.

"Here, John," he said; "try these and see which is the stickiest."

John did not show up at the office again until about noontime. He approached his employer's desk somewhat cautiously and gingerly deposited thereon the two bottles of mucilage.

"Well, John,'' asked the boss, "which did you find the stickiest?"

"It wuz lak dis, boss," was th ereply: "Dis one gummed up ma mouf de most; but de other one, de taste lasted de longest."

The Man With the Straw Hat.

It is said that Mr. Asquith has only once been known to laugh outright when on a public platform. The record-making occasion was at a political meeting in Scotland, described by Tit-Bits. The Premier was constantly being interrupted, one of the chief hecklers being a farmer wearing a large straw hat. Suddenly from someone in the hall came a very persona remark concerning Mr. Asquith.

"Who said that?" he demanded, quickly.

There was sudden silence. Then a man in the audience stood up, and, pointing to the farmer with the straw hat, shouted:

"It was him wi' the coo's breakfast on his head!"

The reply was altogether too much for Mr. Asquith, and he had to join in the general roar of laughter.

Sufficiently Logical.

A teacher in the primary department, Harper's Magazine tells us, had been holding forth on the three great divisions of nature—the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. When she had finished she put this question:

"Who can tell me what is the highest form of animal life?"

A little girl bounced from her seat and with the certainty of being right exclaimed:

"The giraf, mum."

"I'm a Blooming Bulrush!"

The conditions in the trenches, as described in Tit-Bits, were dreary in the extreme after the drenching and long-continued rainfall, but the irrepressible spirits of the "Pals" were not yet entirely quenched when the order came to leave the trenches.

"Hurry up out of this, my gallant soldiers," was the cheery call of the sergeant to his waist-deep and rain-sodden men.

"Soldiers!" came the derisive answer from one of them. "I'm not a soldier; I'm a blooming bulrush!"

Restaurant Slang.

A down-town city restaurant, described in the Ladies' Home Journal, has made its reputation upon one waiter who has never yet been found wanting in translating an order into a language of his own, and he and the cook understand each other absolutely.

"One order of peasoup," one customer will say.

"Splash of split peas," cries the waiter.

"Couple of doughnuts and a cup of coffee without cream," another will order.

"Two submarines and a mug of murk—no cow!" orders the waiter.

"An order of ham and eggs," says a customer.

"Roast two on a slice of squeal!" the waiter shouts into the tube.

"Beef stew and a cup of tea for me," a new arrival says.

"Bossy in a bowl—boiled leaves on the side!" sings the waiter.

"A dozen raw oysters," orders a busy business man.

"Twelve alive in the shell!" shouts the waiter.

"Where's my eggs on toast?" complains a man who has been waiting.

"Rush the biddies on a raft!" cries the waiter.

"I want a rump steak rare," orders another man.

"Slab of moo—let him chew it!" the waiter calls.

"I want a bowl of tomato soup," ordered one man, "a plate of beans, bread and butter, a piece of apple pie and a glass of water."

The waiter seemed puzzled for an instant; then he shouted into the tube:

"One splash of red noise, platter of Saturday nights, dough well done with cow to cover, Eve with the lid on and a chaser of Adam's ale!"

A Dangerous Drink.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver, we read in Everybody's Magazine, was lunching one day—it was a very hot day—when a politician paused beside his table. "Judge," said he, "I see you are drinking coffee. That's a heating drink. In this weather you want to drink iced drinks, Judge—sharp iced drinks. Did you ever try gin and ginger ale?"

"No," said the Judge, smiling, "but I have tried several fellows who have."

Did Not Wish to Intrude.

Here is a story, says the New York Globe, of a London recruit who had mounted guard for the first time.

The colonel had just given him a scolding because of the state of his equipment. A little later the colonel passed his post. The recruit did not salute. The indignant colonel turned and passed again. The sentry ignored him.

"Why don't you salute, sir?" the colonel roared.

"Ah!" said the man softly. "I fawncied you were vexed with me."

Among the Reformers.

The reformer heard of a case which interested him more than the ordinary, so he sought out the reformed one, the San Francisco Argonaut reports, and asked: "You stopped smoking because she asked you to?" "Yep." "And you stopped drinking because she asked you to?" "Yep." "And you stopped swearing because she asked you to?" "Yep." "And you gave up your poker parties and went into refined serious society for the same reason?" "Yep, yep." "And yet you never married her!" "Well, you see, after I'd reformed like that I found I could do better."

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