



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

Looking Backward

"Well, here we are again!" as the clown says in the Christmas pantomime.

The exigencies of a wonderful political campaign have demanded more than usual space and time and attention—and the results certainly have justified it all. And now that the day we long have sought has at last arrived—the day when we have at last elected a really democratic president—we can "back to our nuttens," as our English friends would say.

The Architect of this department wants it distinctly understood that he is a young man yet, but he has participated in eight presidential campaigns as a voter, and can vividly remember three others. He can recall many incidents of the Grant-Seymour and Grant-Greeley campaigns; he carried a torch in the Hayes-Tilden campaign, sang with a glee club during the Garfield-Hancock campaign, and cast his first vote at the election of 1884. But this 1912 presidential campaign was the most peculiar, the most interesting and the most satisfactory of the lot. It was peculiar in that there was no parading, no torch-lighting, no excitement; it was interesting in that it presented more new political angles, saw the breaking up of a great political party and new and totally unexpected political alignments. And you have one guess as to why the Architect calls it the most satisfactory.

Did you ever stop to recall some of the political arguments of other campaigns. During the campaign of '96—and that was some campaign, believe me—I heard an old friend of mine arguing for the gold standard. He hadn't been outside the limits of his own village for twenty-five years, hadn't possessed a hundred dollars at any one time during that quarter of a century, yet his favorite argument in favor of the gold standard was that "we must have money good in Europe." During the campaign just closed a near neighbor, who has no trade and works by day's labor when he can get it, argued long and loud for Taft because he wanted a high tariff, and he wanted a high tariff "because it protects American labor." And a quarter of a century ago most of us carried torches and spilled smelly kerosene all over ourselves to prove that we were good party men. It really was a whole lot easier to carry torches than to think for ourselves—and a lot more satisfactory to the party bosses.

Because he took a healthy American boy's interest in politics the Architect used to take greatest delight in listening while his mother told stories of some of the political campaigns of her earlier days. Mother never would have qualified for an operatic role, but she could sing all the old songs that she helped her whig brothers and other relatives sing in the famous Tippecanoe campaign. He can even now close his eyes and see that sweet-faced mother swinging to and fro in her favorite rocking chair, and with the ears of memory hear her singing "Wait for the Wagon," and "Keep the Ball a-Rolling On." The Architect greatly fears that the electorate of that day was much given to tarrying too long at the hard cider barrel, and arguing more enthusiastically

with bare knuckles than with logic. This impression was gained from hearing his mother's stories of incidents of the Tippecanoe campaign that came within her ken.

Twelve and eight years ago the lithograph printers had a snap. They printed huge portraits of the presidential candidates, and we voters got them from political headquarters hung 'em up in our front windows. You could get a pretty fair poll of a community by just going around and spotting the pictures in the windows. You couldn't do it in the campaign just closed. Campaign lithos and campaign buttons were a drug on the market. People wouldn't use 'em. They just wouldn't stand on the corners and argue and quarrel about politics. They persisted in going about their business, thinking it all out for themselves. It was a mighty famous orator that could muster a corporal's guard for a political address. And the result proves what we've been maintaining all along. And that is, that once the people got to thinking it out for themselves we'd win. And didn't we?

A few years ago nine out of ten voters would throw back their shoulders, thrust out their chests and piously exclaim: "I never scratch my ticket! I never bolt! I vote 'er straight!" How many times did you hear that during the 1912 campaign? Not often, but about that proportion would just as proudly exclaim: "I scratch my ticket, and vote for the best men, regardless of party." Good! That's another reason why we won, isn't it?

When the Architect first began taking an active interest in politics it was quite the proper thing for the orators of the dominant party to wave the old flag in one hand and the ensanguined garment in the other, using his teeth to extract tall feathers from the proud bird of freedom and directing his eyes towards the palladium of our liberties. The palladium of our liberties was a favorite weapon of the campaign orators of the old days. But wouldn't such an orator get the merry ha-ha if he orated today? Forty years ago the favorite political orator was the one who would muster up the harshest epithets to hurl at the opposition, and often a number of his auditors would be enthused to the point of hurling bricks the next time an opposition torchlight procession went by. The Architect remembers stopping a brickbat with his head one night in '76; and he remembers with what joy he waded into the supposed author and promoter of that brickbat's flight when they met up the following day. The fact that the Architect underestimated the prowess of his antagonist doesn't detract any from the fun of recalling the incident thirty-six years later.

Perhaps some of the friends of this department wonder why the Architect hasn't been moved by the splendid victory to imitate Silas Wegg and drop into rhyme. Perhaps he will later. Just yet, however, he hasn't fully recovered. He is yet a bit dazed by the victory. But he did manage to beat Mr. Metcalfe to that old "don't begin countin' yet; this is me again," story on the morning after election. The Architect and Mr. Metcalfe have worked to-

gether for something more than twenty years, and this is the first time we've had a chance to celebrate a national victory. Heretofore we've done all our shouting before election day. After election day we'd each try to be the first to tell the other the old chestnut—which is this:

Pedestrians upon a busy street in a large city were startled one afternoon by the sound of crashing glass and the dull thud of a man's body falling from a second story window to the pavement. Rushing to the man's side they exclaimed:

"Are you hurt? What's the matter?"

The victim of the accident arose, carefully brushed the dirt from his garments and replied:

"No, I ain't hurt. You see up there's the headquarters of the Smith campaign club and I'm a Jones man. I went up there and they threw me out of the window. But you just wait. I'm goin' back up, and you count them Smith men as I throw 'em out."

Darting back into the building the man disappeared. In a few moments there was a sound of crashing glass, and with a dull thud a man landed on the pavement.

"That's one!" shouted the crowd. The fallen man arose, slowly and painfully, and remarked:

"Don't begin countin' yet. This is me again!"

And "Met" and the Architect, for the first time in their newspaper relationships could really begin counting on the morning after the recent election.

So "Here we are again!" And here's hoping we'll meet regularly every week for many a long day to come.

A LIGHT VOTE

After all the campaigning done by the most prominent men in the different parties including the candidates themselves, after all the newspaper and magazine space given to the cause, the vote of Nov. 5 was light. Why?

In the nation Governor Wilson received the largest popular plurality ever given a candidate. Yet the vote was light. The total vote for the three leading candidates—Wilson, Roosevelt and Taft—ran only about 500,000 more than that given the two leading ones—Bryan and Taft—four years ago, and since 1908 two states have been admitted and some 1,300,000 women enfranchised.

In Wisconsin the vote was 100,000 short, not counting the natural increase; the vote in Milwaukee was behind that of last spring, 23,000 registered votes staying away from the polls.

What's the answer? Are the people growing tired of running their own government? Are they too busy with their personal affairs? Are they disgusted with the all year around sledge hammer campaigning? Are they surfeited with oratory and had so much heavy verbal ammunition used on them that they are fire proof?

Something is the matter. And that something whatever it may be, is the greatest danger facing this nation today. Notwithstanding that the voters chose for their president the best man of the five; that they chose the best principles, the fact that so many of them have neglected their privilege and duty and shown no interest in its affairs, is a great and positive danger. Americans should regard this light vote with grave concern. There is no danger so great as that of neglect.—Milwaukee Daily News.

A HARD ONE

Representative Dudley M. Hughes, of Georgia, is called a former states-

man and devotes much of his time to the agricultural interests of his district. He has requests for many new kinds of seeds, and a time ago received this letter:

Dear Dad: I am Yopp's been tellin' me of a new seedless tomato the Guvment is growin'. I'm writing to you in hopes you will send me some of the seeds.—Saturday Evening Post.

Women as Policyholders

On November 1st, 1912, The Midwest Life had 2,800 policies in force carrying \$4,488,000 of insurance. Of the total number insured 250 were women, and the amount of their insurance was \$315,000. This proportion shows that one policyholder out of every eleven is a woman.

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Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1638 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

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