

THE ST. JOSEPH OBSERVER

FRANK FREYTAG Editor and Publisher

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National Democratic Ticket

For President—JAMES MIDDLETON COX For Vice President—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Political Announcements

FOR CONGRESS

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Representative in Congress, Fourth Congressional District, Missouri, subject to the will of the Democratic voters at the primary election, first Tuesday in August, 1920.

Lewis C. Gabbert announces as Democratic candidate for Congress, Fourth District of Missouri, subject to the primary, August 3rd, 1920.

I am a candidate for the nomination for Representative in Congress of the Fourth District, subject to the Democratic Primary Election, Tuesday, August 3, and solicit the vote and support of all Democrats for the nomination to this important office.

FOR GOVERNOR

Dr. N. D. Reynolds, 218 South Tenth street, hereby announces himself as a candidate for governor, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary, August 3, 1920.

COUNTY JUDGE FIRST DISTRICT I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Judge, first district, subject to Democratic Primary, Aug. 3, 1920.

BRAVE TALK BY HONEST LEADER

"A political platform is a promissory note, and it must be paid every cent."

That is what Gov. Cox told a number of his democratic friends as he walked up the steps of the Ohio state capitol the other day—and he meant every word that he uttered, and if all parties and all candidates would hold as a firm rule to that attitude toward their platforms it would go further than anything else toward establishing firmly the confidence of the American people in their government.

A cynical politician said, a good many years ago, that platforms are made to get in on. The utterance struck a popular chord, not because the people approved the fact but because they appreciated the candor with which it was admitted. For the lamentable truth is that party platforms have come to carry little weight because of the disposition of parties and candidates to crowd into them anything that is calculated to win votes and then promptly to forget or ignore them after election day.

It is this that has done most, perhaps to disgust so many good citizens with politics. They see in it only a great game—a scramble for the offices and for the patronage and power that go with the offices. They lose faith in the sincerity and good faith of parties and party leaders.

And that last faith was restored to a great extent when Woodrow Wilson and the democratic congress were in power, for the pledges of a notable programme of reform and construction that were made in the Baltimore platform of 1912 were notably fulfilled. The president, like the great and faithful leader he is, stood firm at his post, demanding that the important measures promised the nation in the event of a democratic victory, be given them. And they were given.

Governor Cox may be depended upon, we believe, in this respect at least to follow in President Wilson's footsteps. He is that kind of man, and he has the record to prove it.

In his little talk at the Ohio state house Governor Cox said to his democratic friends:

"When I first met you here you gave me the grating of confidence as we faced the responsibility of bringing to the life of Ohio the new day made possible by our new constitution. I am proud to look you workers in the face and remind you, and myself as well, that I have never broken a pledge or covenant with the people of the commonwealth. Now I remind you that in January, 1913, I said that every mandate spoken by the people must be carried into effect by the general assembly." I also said that a political platform is a promissory note and it must be paid every cent. It was."

Governor Cox then recalled the predictions made at the time that if the program pledged in the democratic state platform were carried out the party would lose the state by 100,000. He recalled that his response to that had been: "But we

will not lose our self-respect or the confidence of those who placed the responsibility of that trying hour." In that spirit, the democracy of Ohio, under his leadership, made good. It kept the faith. It fulfilled its pledges. It regarded its platform as a promissory note, and paid it, every cent.

That is something for the American people to think of, and what he said a little further on in the same talk will prove refreshing and inspiring—for he said this:

"The Almighty does not always—in fact, not at any time—take us into his confidence. He gives instead a conscience and we attempt to obey the mandates of that conscience. We have been rewarded with victory in Ohio because we have stood for the things in which we believe, and we shall do precisely the same thing in national affairs.

"I hope I do not mistake the spirit that is within me when I say that I have something more than a belief, I have a firm conviction, that the new order and new day, the guarantee of continued progressive government, will be adopted by the people of the nation and that the election of Mr. Roosevelt and myself will be but an expression of the people of the nation that their well-being lies in the golden dawn of tomorrow, rather than in the twilight of yesterday.

"I said to you that I would continue to face the sunrise and never the sunset. That will be my constant purpose. Then when I hand back the standard consigned to me it will be as clean as I give you back the standard of the commonwealth in January, 1921.

"I made mistakes because I did not wait for the lights of tomorrow to direct me. I was obliged to act by the lights of today. One hundred million times more would I rather keep moving in a great emergency and make human mistakes, than be guilty of inaction as a result of timidity or cowardice."

That is the talk of a brave man, of an honest leader, and of a sincere progressive. It is the talk of a man who values his reputation for integrity and good faith in public life the same as in private life; a man who sees no difference in the binding nature and obligation of his political platform and his personal note for the payment of a sum of money.

The better the record of James M. Cox becomes known, the better his character and principles are understood, the more strongly will he appeal to forward looking and intelligent Americans as a man to be trusted with power and as a leader who can be depended upon to continue to lead toward the rising sun.

HAS CHANGED HARDING'S HABITS

As the late lamented Col. Granville G. Adkins, civil war day philosopher of St. Joseph, used to say, "Strange clothes change men's habits," so this homely saying seems to hold good in the case of Warren G. Harding, whose nomination by the kops has not only changed his habits, but his general manner of living.

Now just to show that this is true and that Harding is now one of the great common people, he has begun passing out stogies, apparently indifferent if the impression be thereby created, that he has been a life-long addict of the stogie habit. And the familiar cigarette, whether Turkish, Egyptian or Virginia, is given a badly-needed vacation. To be known as one who is tolerant toward the use of tobacco in this, its cleanest and mildest form, might lose the votes of others besides Lucy Page Gaston. Contrariwise, a pipe, or a plug of chewing tobacco, might be regarded by the tobacco progressives as going too far along the way of reaction. So Senator Harding smuggles into his household a rash order of stogies, puts them in evidence, and is careful to see to it that the newspaper boys do not omit mention of them in their reports.

Similarly, it would hardly do for a newly-made presidential nominee to go home in the style and fashion long familiar to him in his capacity as a senator. With Spartan simplicity not to say severity, all luxury and ostentation are eschewed. The good wife packs the home-fried chicken in a shoe box to furnish sustenance en route. The nominee empties with his own hands the pan under the lee box, carefully locks the back door and tucks away the key, and before the automobile—a judicious compromise between a Ford and a Packard—shugs away at a decorous 15 miles an hour, kind and cordial good-byes are exchanged with a couple of serving girl representatives of the colored population.

Could a picture be painted more common and democratic than that?

Could anything be more carefully calculated to please that middle-class Americanism which reads the newspapers most industriously—and incidentally, casts the most votes in November?

Friends and neighbors, it is Art—

Art with a capital A. In Marion, among his fellow Marionettes, it is possible that to complete the picture the candidate will substitute croquet and quilts for golf, Palm Beaches for flannels, drink nothing more deleterious and taboo than coca-cola and profess entire ignorance of the meaning of three kings and a couple of deuces as he indulges in an occasional evening's diversion at authors. If he is daring he might even venture as far as euchre and casino.

The quest for the elusive vote is a great game and Senator Harding is playing it in the approved manner and fine form.

OUR LOUD SHIRTS

That celebrated coat of Joseph's which caused his brethren to put him in the well, was a tame and modest affair, compared with what you can see every day on Felix or Edmond—or for that matter any other St. Joseph street—for this is the era of the Rainbow-Drummel.

If our Puritan Fathers could only see us now! Those staunch old worthies were raiment as gloomy as their conscience. If a lad in one of the new lurid brown Kollege Fyt suits with red stripes had dropped into the Town Meeting at Old Salem, they would have grimly fed him to the Indians.

In the brave days of 1776 how the redcoats of the hated Hessian stood out in the streets of Boston! Today in Boston a crimson overcoat would have to go some to be noticed among the glaring greens, the bilious buffs and peculiar purples.

In our grandfathers' time the well-dressed man appeared to be all set for a funeral: Tall, black stove-pipe hat (a sinister canister indeed), lugubrious tin, long, black coat, uncreased black trousers, Dardovills were pepper and salt. But no one permitted his socks to be exposed to view.

Shirts, a couple of decades ago, were strictly quiescent. A bit of starched board glimpsed 'neath the cravat and a projecting quarter-inch of severely circular cuff—afflicting the wrists like two tin cans—this was the limit of shirt assurance. If a pattern was indulged in, it was a shy recurrence of lines and dots. An anchor or a horseshoe the size of a green pea was considered violent. From an inch below the scarf-pin all was shrouded in waistcoat.

If a man took a girl out rowing he might with due apology remove his coat and unarm his detachable cuffs; if he removed his waistcoat, he was no gentleman.

When the youth of today nonchalantly divests himself of his pinch-back coat, it is a dazzling unveiling—much hue and cry—as when the curtain goes up at a musical comedy.

HOW WILL THEY EXPLAIN IT?

One of the things that is going to tax the gop campaign orators to the limit this fall will be to make the necessary explanations of their failure to accomplish anything constructive during their more than two years control of congress. The country is just beginning to realize that republican promises of 1918 and the republican record of 1919 and 1920 do not correspond at all. The promises of 1918 were actuated by a partisan desire to get control of congress—the record of congressional control up to this time is an emphatic admission that the party does not possess the vision and competence that it boasted about in 1918.

It will ever be thus, so long as the party is controlled by Penroses and Fmoots. A party is only as strong as its leadership, after all, and when that leadership is vested in men who are out of sympathy with the desires of the people, and out of touch with their needs, the record of accomplishment will be weak. The democratic party has had strong, sympathetic leadership in both houses, and in the White House, and knowing this the country is not likely to swallow stories of the republicans that their leadership is superior. The records can be read by all, and upon them the parties must stand or fall.

THE BUNKEST OF BUNK

speech into the phonograph from his front porch the other day he said: Let us hesitate before we surrender the nationality which is the very soul of the highest Americanism.

For "Americanism" insert "Trustianism," and it would be far more fitting.

Let's hope this is not a sample of what Mr. Harding is going to keep on dispensing to us from his front porch this fall—providing fear of Governor Cox does not force him off his front porch into a country-wide invasion of the hustings.

For it is buncombe—or, in the shorter and uglier word, "bunk"—of the first water.

What Mr. Harding means, of course, if he means anything more than the construction of a sentence that sounds well and is of the sort

that can always be depended upon to evoke thoughtless applause, is that joining the league of nations would be to sacrifice American nationality. Just as rendering allegiance to the government of the United States is to sacrifice your individuality.

About thirty nations have joined the league of nations. Every one of these nations—Great Britain, France, Sweden, Poland, Holland, Norway, Denmark and the rest—values its national identity as highly as we value ours. To not a single one of them, apparently, did it occur that in joining this organization of civilization to resist the causes of war it was sacrificing its nationality.

Bunk, Mr. Harding; bunk pure and simple! And any man who knows enough to get as far as you have in politics knows it to be bunk.

SOCIALISM AND ITS PROPHECIES

Present developments go far to show what prophecies of earlier years amount to. For instance, ten years ago the United States Steel Corporation had 24,500 stockholders on its book. This year its stock is held by no less than 87,250 individuals.

Since 1916 the number of stockholders in the New York Air Brake company has increased 154 per cent; in the Railway Steel Spring company 106 per cent; in the Willys-Overland Automobile company 266 per cent; in the American Car and Foundry company 91 per cent. The list of tremendous increases in the number of corporation stockholders could be continued indefinitely. There are today certainly two or three times as many people owning stock in industrial corporations as ten years ago.

An interesting feature of this situation lies in its application to the theories of socialism and the predictions of its leaders. It was the teaching of Karl Marx, founder of modern socialism, that the middle class of small property owners would gradually grow smaller and finally almost disappear. When that time came, Marx predicted, socialism would be established and capitalism would disappear.

As late as 1898, at the socialist convention in Stuttgart, Kautsky, the great socialist leader, said: "If capitalists are on the increase and not the propertyless, then the development is setting us back further and further from our goal, then capitalism intrinches itself and not socialism, then our hopes will never materialize."

Consider these predictions, in connection with the great increase of corporation stockholders in the United States, and form your own conclusions.

DID THEIR DUTY WELL—THEY SAY

"The senators performed their duty faithfully. We approve their conduct, and honor their courage and fidelity."

Who said this? Why—it was the republican senators, unblushingly handing themselves a halo in full view of the audience. It is about the worst case of self-adulation on record.

The senators ran the convention. They wouldn't let anybody else get a look-in. They must be temporary and permanent chairman, chairman of the platform committee, nominee for president and vice president and everything else.

The republican party met at Chicago to render a verdict upon the record made by its servants in Washington. The senators were to be commended or disapproved. But they took no chances. They would, like Judge Marshall a short time ago, be judge, jury, bailiff and court reporter. They manned every post of honor and of power. They deliberated upon their conduct at Washington and then said solemnly that they were amazed at the nobility of their acts. A grateful country, meaning by that term the small but select senate coterie, contemplates with awe, reverence and affection the greatness, the wisdom and the fidelity of the senate.

The senators are overcome with fond adoration in the presence of their own apostolic sanctity. They admit it. They adjust the halo to their consecrated brows and look around for applause. Up the hour of going to press the response is the silence of the grave. What estimate must the senate place upon the intelligence and the character of the American people?

The reduction of nearly a billion and a half of the national debt in the past year is an achievement that is to the credit of the Democratic administration, and in the present time when war burdens have been laid on the people, will commend to them the care exercised by the administration to lighten the heavy but necessarily laid on burden. It is also to be noted that none of the republican organs are giving the democratic administration any credit for this important and highly commendable achievement.

For the past ten years all that has been heard from the St. Joseph Gas Co. is the continued wail that it "is not making expenses," or that "we must have more money." Now it is

trying to extort from each user of gas \$1 per month to be used for conducting its business and paying its overhead expense. If a business concern were to ask the public to pay its clerk hire and operating expenses through the medium of a "service charge," it would be laughed out of existence—and yet the St. Joseph Gas Co. has the effrontery to ask just this thing. If the company does nothing except to lose money as it is always claiming, it should close up shop and get out of business—as any properly conducted business institution would do. The proposed service charge and increased rate asked for is an outrage on an already overburdened public.

If the suffragists would have the Tennessee legislature ratify the amendment, it would be far better if they would cease their threats and attempted intimidations. Men do not do things with much celerity when they are threatened—and many of them are now beginning to think that if the women already before they have suffrage, act as they do, what will they do when they have the ballot.

When Supt. Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League ordered Senator Wadsworth of New York to get off the ticket, because he would not accede to the threats and demands of the League, Senator Wadsworth told Anderson to go straight to — and stayed in the running—and will be re-nominated.

One of the best things that is happening, is the "tightening up" of money, and many a St. Joseph squanderer and spender will soon realize that it would have been well during all of these prosperous times to have saved a few dollars instead of squandering it all on unneeded luxuries.

A few more such rotten shows as that of Yankee Robinson, which "exhibited" here Saturday, and there will be no one go to the circus grounds in the future. It was so rotten that it smelled—but still grabbed in the gullibles half dollars.

Sugar and booze robberies are now the fashion in St. Joseph, and the old fashioned thief who stole money or jewelry is now looked upon with contempt and scorn.

John D. Clark, the veteran Republican boss, says he is not for Seiden P. Spencer—not by a jugful—and this means that Missouri's misfit senator will have hard sledding here in what should be a stronghold for him.

The withdrawal of Col. Garrett—who never did have a ghost of a chance—from the gubernatorial contest gives Mayer the needed additional strength to put him over the top.

Dr. Eva Harding, a Sunflower state socialist storm center, has crossed to the great beyond and there will now be more quietude in that state.

Much "medicine" was mixed at the big Agency picnic Saturday, and many a candidate will wish after Aug. 3, that he had not attended.

There is plenty of talk about moving coal to prevent a shortage this winter. The proper way to move coal is—to move coal—and stop talking.

The rain of Sunday and Monday put another ten bushels per acre on Northwest Missouri's already high promised average.

Now that the police and firemen's salaries have been raised, we should have more adequate protection from the public's guardians.

Little Willie Hays has finally persuaded Gov. Lowden to go on the stump. Wonder if he will carry his money bag with him?

Drownings around St. Joseph are almost as common now as price boosts—and not noticed any more.

With St. Louis labor organizations lined up for Judge Mayer, the skies grow brighter each hour.

If some proper means were found to stop Howat's mouth, there would be coal mined in Kansas.

What the Missouri Editors Are Saying

Might Still Tempt Him Senator LaFollette finds both old parties unsatisfactory. Maybe the Committee of Forty-eight can still tempt him.—Kansas City Times.

Do Not Need Help The editor of The Leader and T. A. Ward have been appointed as the committee on entertainment for the Spanish girls' orchestra on their visit to this city. No, we don't need any

help and hereby publish the fact far and wide.—Craig Leader.

Why They Complain

The people who allow the hoe and the spade to rust while the phonograph shows signs of hard wear are complaining bitterly about the high cost of living.—DeKalb Tribune.

But Still They Get It

Walking delegates of the unions are said to get \$75 per week, but considering the price of shoes that isn't so much for walking.—Platte County Landmark.

Or There Would Be None

The Prohibition party isn't satisfied with either of the old parties, which is perfectly natural. If it were, there wouldn't be any Prohibition party.—Kansas City Times.

Is Very Much in Doubt

A row is on over who shall be commander of the faithful, although what he is to command and who are faithful seem to be left in doubt.—Kansas City Post.

Both Entirely Uscless

The Prohibitionists put out a ticket this year, and they will be kept as busy explaining why they did so as the W. C. T. U. are in giving a reason for further activities when their object has been accomplished.—Worth County Times.

He Is Tied Under the Bed

What has become of the old-fashioned standpat Republican orator that used to make the rounds of the country schoolhouses quoting the price of wheat and "corn under Republican and Democrat administrations"?—Clinton County Democrat.

Will Not Help Them Any

The fact that the boy campers got lots of experience in building fires does not prove that they can do anything when they get home in preparing firewood for the kitchen stove.—Worth County Times.

Down to Mayer and Atkinson

The race for the Democratic nomination for governor is narrowed down to Atkinson and Mayer. Both are good men, good Democrats, stand for the Constitution and the rigid enforcement of all laws, and no mistake would be made in the nomination of either one of them.—Boonville Advertiser.

It Has Never Happened

The Negro Republican State League held a state convention at Hannibal last Wednesday to devise ways and means of getting out the full negro vote at the general election. Who ever heard of a Republican negro staying away from the polls on election day?—Boonville Advertiser.

Catches 'Em Coming and Going

According to a Guthrie paper, a restaurant man there, after feeding the public for twenty years, has quit the restaurant and has opened an undertaking shop, hoping to get one more whack at his patrons as they are shuffling off this mortal coil.—Clinton County Democrat.

Endorsement Is Questionable

Now it is said that Mayor Cowgill of Kansas City has endorsed John M. Atkinson for governor. The trouble about this is that his endorsement does not cut any ice or bring any water over the wheel. In fact, it is a question whether his endorsement is not a liability instead of an asset especially in Kansas City.—Moberly Democrat.

It Means What It Don't Mean

When former President Taft, a strong friend of the League of Nations, can support most heartily the Republican platform declaration concerning the League, and Senator Borah and Johnson, irreconcilable enemies of the League, just as warmly declare their entire approval of it, we are persuaded that the plank means precisely what it does not mean, or does not mean what it means, or perhaps both.—Henry County Democrat.

Ten Minutes a Week

A Chicago woman has asked the court for \$10 a week alimony pending a suit for divorce. She asserts that her husband earns one dollar a minute. She probably figures that she is entitled to alimony according to the amount of time her husband would have devoted to her if there was no trouble in the family—ten minutes a week.—Kansas City Times.

Why DuPont Favors Harding

When we remember that the DuPonts are the makers of powder and that war makes the powder industry thrive we wonder if that Mr. DuPont who is so conspicuous in the campaign management for Mr. Harding is not prompted, slightly at least, by business interests in seeing the senate oligarchy enthroned in the White House and the league of nations defeated? It might be so.—Gallatin Democrat.

Ray County For Mayer

St. Joseph and Buchanan county, situated in the northwestern part of Missouri, has not for years had a governor, and the counties in this portion of the state have undoubtedly rallied to the support of the party during the years gone by. Is it not a fact that northwestern Missouri is entitled to some recognition from the balance of the state? Is it not possible that St. Joseph, as well as St. Louis, produces fit gubernatorial material? The citizens of Ray county will, at the August primary, have an opportunity to vote for a candidate in Judge Mayer who is from our own section of the state and a man upon whom we may depend to discharge well the duties of chief executive of Missouri.—Richmond News.

Should Read the Files

Some Republican newspapers not over a thousand miles from Bethany are using considerable space telling their readers of the friendship that existed between Harding and the late Theodore Roosevelt. If those newspapers would only quote from the files of Harding's own paper issued about 1912—when Roosevelt was the third party nominee—they would probably have a different comment to make.—Bethany Democrat.

Long Time to Find It Out

The Kansas City Star complains that the trouble makers in the Republican party "still refuse to get out and relieve the party of the load they impose on it." Sounds like the Star had just learned that disgraceful conditions existed in its party. Hasn't it learned that these same conditions have existed in the Republican party for 10, those many years? And if it has, why hasn't it been vigorously denouncing the Babler's and Cole's and Morses in previous elections? There is a suspicion in the minds of some folks that the Star's condemnation began at the point where these gentry were caught with the goods.—Glasgow Missourian.

Down to Two Candidates

It looks now like the race for governor in Missouri has narrowed down to two candidates—John M. Atkinson of University City and Charles Holt Mayer of St. Joseph. Wallace Crossley of Warrensburg has withdrawn from the race and Frank Farris of Eolia and Col. Rubey Garrett of Kansas City do not look like winners. Atkinson and Mayer are both honorable and capable gentlemen. Either of them would make the state a good executive and the Democrats will have no trouble in electing either Atkinson or Mayer. They are both good, conservative party men.—Milan Standard.

Get a Job of Piloting

Three E. McJinsey, candidate for governor on the republican ticket, is going to beat the democrats to it by putting his campaign in the air now and not waiting until the election comes off. He will make the campaign in an airship over the state in the next two weeks. Don't know whether he can survive the air or not. He is not wasting his time, however, as he might be able to get a job as an aviator when defeated this fall if he is lucky enough to secure the nomination. We suppose the Lowden fund will be spent for this purpose.—Mound City Journal.

Worked His Jaw Bone

The "Farmers and Laborers ticket," which is supposed to be the Third Party ticket this year, composed of all the elements of discontent and disloyalty that could be assembled after a fine-tooth campaign throughout the whole country, nominated a lawyer from Salt Lake for President. This lawyer never farmed or labored in his life. His only implement of labor so far has been the jaw bone of an ass. He couldn't tell a load of hay from a manure dump. He never was known to have worked a day in his life, still his nomination is a great improvement over that of either LaFollette or W. R. Hearst.—Boonville Advertiser.

No One Disturbed by Them

From the denunciations of the two old parties made by the 48ers in Chicago last week, it would seem that representative government will be at an end in this country unless the new party is successful in November. If we accept their charges it is really surprising that the government has existed this long. The predictions they made of what will happen unless they are put in power would be awful to contemplate—if true. Sensible people, however, are not disturbed by their ravings. They claim to stand for rule by the people, but they really advocate class rule and class rule is nothing more than Sovietism. If elected to power, execution of their program would paralyze business in 30 days.—Missouri Cash Book.

Dr. William Roy Dobyns, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, has received a call to Birmingham. He has not yet accepted.