

## NOVEMBER THE SIXTH

BY CHARLES COKE WOODS

It will be America's judgment day. It will not be a criminal at the bar, but two candidates for the Presidency of the United States. These men are to stand before the bar of the ballot on the sixth day of November.

Every voter is to be a judge on the bench. He is to perform that day a duty of solemn dignity. Every voter is to pass upon a man for the Presidency. All the days, weeks and months of campaigning will culminate on that crucial day. If every voter should stay away from the polls that day, as some thoughtless voters may, nobody would be elected. It is not a day for monarch or potentate, but a day of the people's power. They will be the rulers on the throne. The barefooted beggar's vote will count that day as much as the millionaire's. Every American citizen will stand on the same level on Tuesday, November 6, 1928. Every American girl or boy who has reached the legal majority will have as much voting power that day as President Coolidge. Voting will be the duty and dignity of American citizenship. Election day will be one of America's great days of destiny.

This is the first time in history that the Constitution of the United States has been definitely attacked by a nationally organized force. Tammany's leader has become sufficiently bold and aggressive to come out in the open and announce his opposition to the moral soul of the Constitution. Demagoguery threatens the overthrow of democracy. The demagogue is a double dealer everywhere and in every age. To the wet he is wet, to the dry he is dry. The demagogue travels double and appears to be going both ways. He is like the mirage, a grove of trees, a lake of water, or a city—that is not there. He is never really all there. He is only half there.

But a man of destiny will stand at the bar of public opinion on November 6. Like Robert E. Lee this man of destiny considers "duty" to be the greatest word in the language. With him it has not been a preachment, but a practice. He has written his record in shining letters of service, a record that has been read around the world for a quarter of a century. The people know him. He knows the people. They know the quality of service to expect from him in the future by the samples of service he has given in the past. He has all the marks of a man of destiny. Herbert Hoover has not been thrown upon the nation's horizon by the irruption of some political corruption. His nation's conscience has called him.

The man of destiny may be brought to birth in a floorless cabin in Kentucky, or in an obscure community of Iowa. He may be unmothered and unfathered by death in early youth. The outrageous and apparent cruelties of misfortune may overtake him while the dews of youth are yet on the grass. The windy tempests of trouble may beat him blind. The darkness of despair may blot out all his stars. The music of the morning may ravel out into the stifled sobs of the evening, but the voice of destiny keeps calling through the shadows. On the long desert stretches the hot sands may blister your hero's feet, the steep hill climb may waste and wear his body, the mountain winds may rush like maddened tigers in his face, but a something leads him on and through and up. It is the divine lift and pull of destiny.

Often your man of destiny neither foresees nor foreknows his future. But he feels flashes of the unfolding truth. Grant was not a boy when his country's call found him. In the humble work of hauling tan bark he was not aware that he had in his half-hidden soul the stuff of a great general. The boy Garfield stumbling along the old canal tow path did not know he was a President in the making. But to him the destiny voices were calling. Least of all did Abraham Lincoln dream that he was born to be a man of destiny. His humble mind did not dare so great a hope. At 40 the truth of his destiny had not found him. Then his growth began to break the cocoon of mystery. His giant greatness walked out before the gaze of a wondering world. God called and the people called and he answered. And all the nations know the greatness of his answer. Assuredly was he a man of destiny.

For more than a quarter of a century another man of destiny has been slowly but surely climbing over the world's rim. The farthest-sighted minds saw him first. Schemers were too busy with their schemes. They were too close to the things of dust to see the things of destiny. Mere political scramblers were too busy with their superficial scrambles to discover this mother-lode of gold. But Herbert Hoover could not be hid. America found him. And he has found the heart of America. If God has called him to the great people to put him in that place, by the same token called the people to put him in that place. Let every voting citizen who takes his or her citizenship seriously vote for Hoover on November 6.

### No Hurry

Weary Traveler: I want to catch the last train to Tipperary—how far is it to the station?

Native Rustic: About a mile and a half, sorr. Shure ye've got plenty of tolme and no need to hurry at all, sorr, if ye run like blazes.—[Passing Show.

### R-r-r-venge

"Where are you going?"

"To the next village to post a letter."

"Why not post it here?"

"The postmaster won't buy his eggs off me now and so I won't post my letters in his box."—[Lustige Kolner Zeitling.

Gen. Wolfe's last words were: "What!" Do they run already? Then I die happy."