



HIS NEW ISSUE.  
—From New York World.

## IT CAN'T BE DONE!

**T**HERE is no cause for Democrats and Progressives—lovers of peace and opponents of the horrors and crimes of war—to feel other than the greatest confidence in the re-election of President Wilson.

Friends of his Republican opponent have been making vociferous endeavor to impress the voters of the country with a fictional strength for Mr. Hughes' candidacy.

President Wilson has the Democrats of the country enthusiastically behind him.

He has the friends of preparedness and peace.

He has every Progressive who really holds policies above prejudice and deeds above vague promises.

He has the women voters of the states where suffrage is an accomplished fact, who hold their country first in their esteem and who are able to see more in the support President Wilson has already given suffrage than in the opportunist espousal of their cause by a candidate who before never has shown by his acts even the most condescending sympathy.

There are but a meager few states where Mr. Hughes' champions can give him more than a doubtful chance of securing electoral votes.

No issue has been joined by the speeches of the Republican candidate which is of sufficient worth to merit serious consideration.

Behind Mr. Wilson there is a long record of deeds done and legislation enacted which puts him far up abreast of the times and popular demands.

For President Wilson to be defeated there must develop such a reaction from present sentiment as would be startling indeed.

He has the record of achievement.

He has the shibboleth of peace.

He has the accomplishment of preparedness.

He has a Congress which has stood nobly behind his policies and has written laws that the great masses of voters will surely endorse.

He has been direct, diligent, assertive and dominant.

No public man ever cherished loftier ideals or did more to win to them the public approval.

Beat him?

**IT CAN'T BE DONE!**

Beat him, and restore to power in the Government the old order, the Republican reactionaries, the guardians and agents of privilege and prerogative?

Beat him, and blot from the statute books laws that register a century of progress?

**NO, INDEED!**

Beat him, with the harvests ripening into such wealth as the country never knew before?

Beat him, with the Government's credit the talk of the world?

Beat him, with labor employed, wages good and happiness the outward semblance of nation wide contentment?

Beat him, with the vaults of the banks of the country bulging and legislation already enacted which is the guarantee of low interest rates?

Beat him, with his neutrality achievements, which have made us the one nation secure from the criminal effusion of the red blood of the sons and fathers of the land?

Beat him, when law is highly respected, when the national honor is respected, when the flag has been made the signal at once of preparedness and peace and our people home loving, God fearing and ready for higher achievements in the future than were ever chronicled in the past?

## IT CAN'T BE DONE!

**Falsehoods.**

Falsehoods not only disagree with truths, but they usually quarrel among themselves.—Webster.

**He Saved It.**

Tommy came back to school after a siege of toothache and a visit to the dentist. "It's too bad you couldn't have saved the tooth," said the teacher sympathetically.

"Sure I saved it!" was Tommy's triumphant reply. And he fished the trophy out of his pocket.—New York Press.

**Britain's Roman Walls.**

Agrippa's walls were built about the year 80 to defend Britain from the Picts and Scots. The first extended from the Tynes to the Solway Firth (eighty miles), the second from the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh, to the Firth of Clyde, near Dumbarton (thirty-six miles). The former wall was renewed and strengthened by the Emperor Hadrian about the year 120 and by Severus about 208. Tourists to England and Scotland may still see many remains of these ancient walls, particularly of the southern one. In many places the foundations are still intact, with here and there a piece of the wall itself, evidencing the faithfulness with which they were built.

Australia yearly produces 225,000 tons of cane sugar.

Bananas can be ripened in a room kept at 110 degrees.

**Talked Too Much.**

"So you're home at last," said the farmer as his wife drove in the yard.

"Oh, yes," replied the wife.

"Horse looks tired. Did you speak to him?"

"Oh, yes. I talked to him all the way home."

"Well, I'm afraid you've overdone it."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Lincoln Told a Story.**

At one time a friend complained to President Lincoln that a certain cabinet officer was administering his office with unusual energy with the hope of securing the presidential nomination.

"That reminds me," said Mr. Lincoln, "that my brother and I were once plowing a field with a lazy horse, but at times he rushed across the field so fast that I could hardly keep up with him. At last I found an enormous chin fly on him and knocked it off. Now, I am not going to make that mistake a second time. If the secretary has a chin fly on him I am not going to knock it off, if it will only make his department go."

## THE LITTLE LACEMAKER

By SADIE OLCOTT

"I wish my son would marry and settle down."

These words were spoken by Mrs. Maluwarding of Baltimore to Mrs. Stetson of Providence while the two ladies were listening to the orchestra at the Casino at Luzerne, Switzerland.

"My Alice," replied Mrs. Stetson, "will be out of school within a few days, and I shall have the matrimonial problem for her on my hands."

"How I wish," rejoined Mrs. Maluwarding, "that I could get her for Dick."

"I should be very happy at the alliance, I assure you; but, from what you say, your son will not marry."

"He will fall in love with some innocent country girl, unsophisticated and uncultivated."

The result of this dialogue when concluded was a scheme to throw together Alice Stetson as a Swiss lacemaker and Dick Maluwarding. When Miss Alice returned from school the plan was proposed to her not as one to make a match for her, but as a lark. She was by no means averse to it. Dick was on the way from Italy to join his mother, and when he arrived he found domesticated with her a very pretty girl dressed in the attractive costume of the country, filling an order for lace. Alice, who took the name of Gretchen and was supposed to speak only German—the language of eastern Switzerland—sat in a chair before a board on which she worked the threads. A real lacemaker had taught her to do the simplest kind of work, which was all that was needed.

Upon his arrival, seeing the little lacemaker at work in his mother's boudoir, he went up behind her and watched her work. Believing her to be unconscious of his presence, he said:

"Fraulein, your delicate fingers are well adapted to such fine work."

Gretchen turned and, seeing a young man bending over her, appeared to be very much disconcerted and made no reply, proceeding with her work. Maluwarding, thinking that the girl did not understand English, repeated what he had said in German.

"Ach, herr," she replied, "you flatter me."

Dick heard his mother approaching and, not caring to be caught chatting with her employee, walked away. But Gretchen was always there—that is, when Dick was there—and it was as impossible for him to keep away from her as for a bee to ignore a flower. Alice may have just left school, but she had a woman's natural spiderly instinct in catching a fly. She waited till Dick began to say tender things to her, then mildly reproved him for talking thus to one so far beneath him. The next stage was that she listened to him, but reminded him that if his mother came to suspect that he was saying them she would discharge her employee at once. Here forbidden fruit came in to make it all the more interesting for the young Lothario, and it was not long before he endeavored to steal a kiss.

The lacemaker put him away with a look so reproachful that it made him feel as if he had been stealing pennies from a Salvation Army children's fresh air fund. He stammered an apology, but she told him that if he respected himself and wished her to respect him he must not speak to her again unless in the presence of his mother. However, on his promise not to try to steal any more kisses he might occasionally say a very few words.

It must be admitted that Dick was at a disadvantage. Miss Stetson was a lady, quite a beauty, with a very soft voice and softer eyes, and to crown all she was dressed in one of the prettiest national costumes in the world. Within three days she began to interfere with Dick's day dreams, and as for his night dreams he was unable to sleep. He tossed about in bed, lamenting the fact that the lacemaker was only a poor Swiss girl with whom an alliance would be impossible. Now and again he would resolve to throw common sense to the winds; then would bring himself up with a round turn, wondering if he had become insane.

One morning he entered his mother's boudoir, expecting to find the lacemaker, but instead found the room vacant. It seemed as if some one had turned off a thousand candle power electric light. Mrs. Maluwarding came into the room, and Dick asked:

"M-mother, what's become of your little lacemaker?"

"Oh, she finished the work I gave her to do and has gone home!"

Dick said nothing further, but his mother watched his woebegone expression with satisfaction.

The next evening at the Casino Mrs. Maluwarding introduced her son to her friend, Miss Stetson. Miss Stetson in propria persona was chatting with a handsome American gentleman. When Dick was introduced she bowed graciously. Dick was dumfounded. As soon as he could speak to his mother without being overheard he asked what it all meant. He was told that Miss Stetson was a girl of the new woman order and had learned to support herself by making lace. When she took a job she adopted the position and costume of an operative and preferred not to be recognized as a lady.

When Alice's attendant left her and Dick joined her, in her eye was a merry twinkle. As for Dick, the great relief in his heart found expression in his radiant countenance.

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**Hard Headed.**

Advertisement.—Lost—Walking stick by gentleman with an ivory head.—Boston Transcript.

**Always the Way.**

Mr. Flatbush—Has the new girl come yet?

Mrs. Flatbush—Certainly she has come. Can't you smell something burning in the kitchen?—Yonkers Statesman.

**The White Whale.**

One of the creatures that inhabit the northern seas is the beluga, or white whale. It frequents the Arctic ocean, enters the numerous bays and inlets and sometimes travels up the fresh water streams to a considerable distance in search of food. It preys upon fish, and owing to its ability to swim very rapidly it is able to capture the largest of these. It is pure white in color and quite large, often reaching fifteen to eighteen feet in length. It has a large mouth, containing a number of very sharp conical teeth. It swims by doubling its strong tail back under its body and driving itself forward with a powerful stroke.

**Conversational Pitfalls.**

First Girl—You remember Kitty Fowler, don't you? Second Girl—No. First Girl—Oh, you must remember Kitty. She was the plainest girl in Blankville. But I forgot—that was after you left.—Boston Transcript.

**The Thrifty Swiss.**

Beggars are few in Switzerland, and four-fifths of the adults there have bank accounts.

**Powder Dust.**

She—I'm tired reading these silly books where a smile always creeps slowly and softly over the heroine's face. He—But if it went any faster it might stir up a terrible dust.—Princeton Tiger.

**The Price of Love.**

Says an advertisement in the London Express: "Mary—Waited three hours at appointed spot until questioned by suspicious policeman. If this is the price of love it is too heavy a one for me to pay. Farewell. Potts."

**Bird Musicians.**

C. O. Bartrum informs us that he has heard the major triad sung as an arpeggio by a blackbird. E. B. Hawes has heard a blackbird "singing two triplets in succession, beginning with the fifth and going down."

M. L. Hovenden reports that a thrush had been heard at Stratham singing the first line of the tune of "The Campbells Are Coming." F. G. Highe of Castleacre, Norfolk, has heard a thrush "which frequently repeats the arpeggio of the major triad," and H. C. M. Barton has heard a thrush "distinctly whistle the three notes of the minor subdominant chord, followed by the three notes of the tonic of the relative major," all perfect.—London Mail.



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