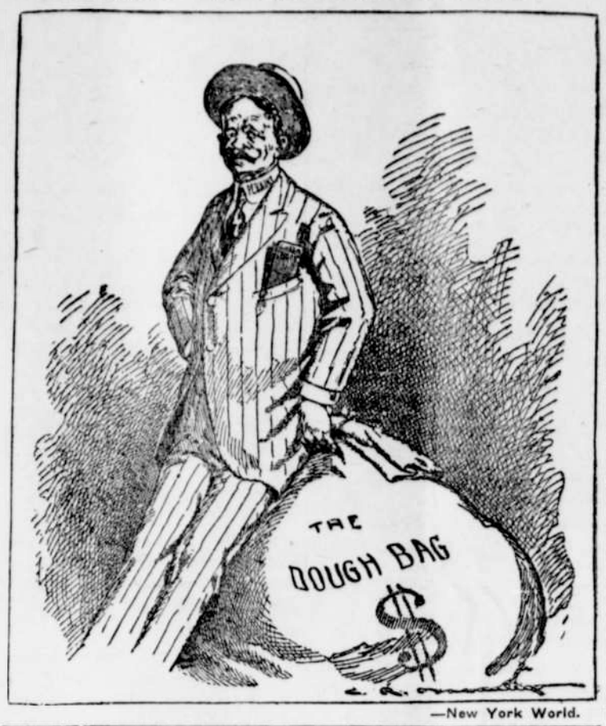
ALSO AT ARMAGEDDON.



—New York World.

ROLLA WELLS IS EARLY ON THE JOB

Democratic National Treasurer Is After Small Contributor.

THE PEOPLE TO HELP.

There Is to Be No "Tainted Money" Used In Electing Wilson and Marshall.

New York.—A small, smooth shaved, middle aged man with a coat of tan that gave evidence of much outdoor life recently came into the Waldorf carrying a suit case early in the afternoon and registered as "Rolla Wells, St. Louis, Mo."

The smooth shaved little man, who is to be the watchdog of the Wilson campaign money from now on, was asked for vital statistics, whereupon it was learned at first hand that he is a banker and ex-mayor of St. Louis, is fifty-six years old, was graduated at Princeton in 1876, or three years before Governor Wilson was graduated; that he has two sons who are Princeton men and a grandson who some day will be a Princeton man; that he had no notion of seeing New York this summer until the Wilson organization selected him as its treasurer and that just at present the one thing that sticks out in the appointment in his mind is that the new job cut in seriously upon a most beautiful vacation which he and Mrs. Wells had been enjoying in a camp at Little Traverse bay, Michigan.

Mr. Wells believes in getting at his desk at 8 o'clock in the morning.

"We are going to raise our campaign fund through the small contributions," said Mr. Wells.

"I am sure that a large part of the money will be raised by popular subscription.

"The people have confidence in Woodrow Wilson, and they will give what they can of their means to elect such a man president.

"I am a great believer in publishing broadcast, before and after election, the various contributions made.

"There are men who can well afford to give the committee $5,000, but I want to assure the public that we are not going to have any tainted money.

"We are appealing to the people, and we are relying on them to help elect Wilson and Marshall.

"I have two boys who have been graduated from Princeton, one five years ago and one seven. But it is not because ours is a Princeton family that I like Governor Wilson. He is a great big man and the type that we should have in public life."

Woodrow Wilson says this is not a time to be afraid to "speak out in meeting." That he was not afraid is demonstrated by his logical speech in accepting the Democratic nomination.

Roosevelt was willing to crawl from the White House to the capitol in 1908 if he could help his friend Root. Today he would like nothing better than meeting Root up a dark alley.

The Democrats are depending on the small contributor to help elect Wilson and Marshall. The appeal is being made to the people, and the people are responding.

Wilson will make the most accessible president who has ever occupied the White House. He is typically a Democratic man.

Farmers have awakened to the folly of the so called blessings of a protective tariff.

A PROPOSAL.

To the Summer Girl, Who Sets One's Heart Awhirl.

[From an admirer who isn't too exacting.]

Summer girl, oh, summer girl, you have set my heart awhirl! With your lips so cherry red you've completely turned my head. To your alabaster brow I make everlasting vow, and the gold glint of your hair is my joy and my despair.

Summer girl, oh, summer girl, you are fit for belted earl! (If the earl I chance to see you can bet he'll belted be!) You are fit to grace a throne, for Love's empire's all your own, and no monarch would disdain such a queen to share his reign.

Summer girl, oh, summer girl, you oyster you're the pearl! Who can dance like unto thee? Every step is poetry. When you laugh or when you sing 'tis like angels murmuring. When the gardens you pass by, roses weep in jealousy.

Summer girl, oh, summer girl, who'd not love thee is a churl! Who'd deride thee is a crab, with a spirit drear and drab. Who, indeed, could criticise one possessed of azure eyes like to those twin orbs of thine, with their depths so crystalline?

Summer girl, oh, summer girl, at thy feet my all I hurl! I care not how many swains lie imprisoned in your chains, let me have for my small part just one-twentieth of your heart. Let me be your fiance every other Saturday.—Judge.

The Gentler Sex.

Senator Luke Lea, who recently saved his wife's life by surrendering himself to the formidable operation for transfusion of blood, was congratulated in Washington about his marital devotion.

"Yes," he said, "we still marry in the old fashioned way down in Tennessee. The mariage de convenance hasn't reached us yet. We're not at all, we Tennesseeans, like the Gobsa Goldes.

"Gobsa Golde, at the age of fifty-four years, married a beautiful chorus girl of seventeen. That was ten years ago, and the other day a caller said to Mrs. Golde, 'I really believe you're fonder of your husband now than you were when you first married him.'

"'Why, of course I am,' Mrs. Gobsa Golde replied. 'My husband is richer now than he was then.'"—Kansas City Star.

Militant Tactics.

"But what shall we do if the police interfere with us?" asked the novice.

"Police!" sneered the suffragette leader. "If the police dare to disturb you knock their helmets off, pull their hair, claw their faces, scream and howl at them. They won't hurt you."

"But suppose some ugly drunken men should try to tear our clothes, throw missiles at us and threaten us with bodily harm?"

"Oh, in that case you'll call on the police to show themselves gentlemen and protect you."—Buffalo Express.

For One Thing.

"It is said that Indians never laugh. Is that true?"

"I believe so."

"What is the explanation—or is there any?"

"Well, for one thing, their women never come out in the latest styles from Paris."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Motives Obscured.

"If we women had the vote matters would be simplified."

"I don't know," replied Miss Cayenne. "They might be more complex. When a man sent us candy and flowers we wouldn't know whether he was leading up to a proposal or merely electioneering."—Washington Star.

The Friend of the People.

Mr. Pompus (to butler)—I'm expecting a deputation at 12 o'clock to ask me to stand for the borough!

Butler—Yes, sir.

Mr. Pompus—Perhaps it would be as well to remove all the best umbrellas from the hat stand!—London Opinion.

A WONDERFUL INDIAN BOY.

James Thorpe, One of the Heroes of the Olympic Games.

I want to tell you a few intimate facts about James Thorpe, the twenty-five-year-old Indian boy who, at the conclusion of the recent Olympic games, was presented to King Gustav of Sweden and heard that monarch say, "You, sir, are the most wonderful athlete in the world." It was no idle or merely polite compliment, but a plain statement of fact, and every one of us sons of Uncle Sam should rejoice that the honor has fallen to a real, dyed in the wool native—an American redskin!

Four years ago, when Thorpe entered Carlisle, he was just an unknown Indian. He had never competed in athletic track sports, though he had played a little football and baseball. He did excel as a hunter and was known among the "home folks" as an excellent shot. Long trips on the trail and weeks of camping out and roughing it added speed and endurance to his natural wonderful physical make-up. Today he is the winner of both the pentathlon and the decathlon, recognized for over 2,000 years as the most important events in the Olympic list.

As an all round athlete he is supreme, his record eclipsing even the great performances of the wonderful Martin Sheridan. Thorpe is a Sac and Fox Indian, was born in Oklahoma, and it was from Sprague, in that state, that he entered Carlisle. He stands over six feet in height, weighs about 178 pounds stripped and is "hard as nails." At Carlisle he soon distinguished himself by his athletic prowess, but on the football field was looked upon as a marvel. Coach Warner says he is the best halfback he has ever seen, and the whole football world knows of his wonderful ability to kick goals. He is the captain of this year's eleven. Thorpe is also a crackerjack player at hockey, tennis, lacrosse, handball and basketball and on the baseball field can not only cover most any position, but has pitched well enough to have received offers from the major leagues.—Ed A. Goewey in Leslie's.

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