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SOME NEWS WHILE AWAY.

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Interesting news from Mexico tells that Carranza is to retire from the head of the de facto government so that he can run for the presidency of the country at a general election to be called for the near future.

Hughes' searching analysis of the Democratic administration's handling of the Mexican problem. His judgment that it has been such as cannot be examined by the American people without a profound sense of humiliation is an obvious conclusion, and one that has been reached probably by most thinking Americans.

President Wilson and men who will vote for him on election day.

Indeed, the Hughes' categorical and deductive presentation of the man in which President Wilson has handled the Mexican matter is an exhortation that is as delicate as it is pointed, and it does the job so thoroughly that there, apparently, isn't any kind of a Mexican leg left on which the Democratic administration can stand.

More than that, Governor Hughes points out that there is little chance of there being any change in the Mexican situation until the vacillating policies that President Wilson has pursued towards Mexico are substituted by a firm, consistent and friendly dealing with the problem.

The Republican presidential candidates also show a keen appreciation of at least one of the important demands on this nation in the Mexican premises, when he suggests that it is our duty to relieve the sorry-stricken people below the Rio Grande from starvation and distress.

The Mexicans, or many of them, can never be expected to be in a mood to set their own house in order while such large numbers of them are in the throes of famine, and especially, as long as the latter see unmistakable evidence of the fact that the only avenue to a little food for them lies in their joining either the military forces of the de facto government, those of this or that revolutionary faction, or, as a last resort, those of the bandit chiefs.

Governor Hughes is equally forceful and explicit in his other and numerous criticisms of the Wilson administration, including its handling of our neutral end of the European war.

There are also force and directness in the attention that he gives to the other important questions of the hour, his exposition of the "preparedness" of the nation being unusually vigorous and conclusive, as is his reference to the fundamental stability of the principles of "protection."

And there is one significant observation in his address that it would be well for all men to ponder over, and especially those politicians whose stock in trade is the baiting of industries.

There is no forward movement, no endeavor to promote social justice, which in the last analysis does not rest upon the condition that there shall be a stable basis for honest enterprise.

Here is the big and little business problem as well as the labor and other kindred problems presented in a nutshell.

All in all, Governor Hughes' address of acceptance, and his keynote of the campaign, will be certain to take a foremost place among the finest efforts of all the presidential candidates in the history of the country. It is exceedingly patriotic. It rings clear and true.

And it would seem that if President Wilson is able to make the defense of his administration that is now demanded, as well as adequately effecting pronouncements of policies and principles for the future that will better meet the needs of the nation than those suggested by Mr. Hughes.

WHAT'S A CHUCK-HOLE CLUB? Farm and Fireside gives answer to this question. "It consists of four or five men or boys, one of whom has an automobile. Each member pro-

vides himself with a pick, shovel or spade; they climb into the car and fill every chuck-hole, bad bridge approach and any other bad spot in their neighborhood that does not require the work of a regular road gang. Each member agrees to fill at least one chuck-hole a month, and to encourage others to help improve the roads. Apparently there is nothing about the scheme which will not bear transplanting to any locality that is interested in better roads."

A REMARKABLE ADDRESS.

Governor Hughes' address, in formally accepting the presidential nomination of the Republican party, indicates that there will be plenty of thrills in the national campaign when it gets under way at full-steam ahead.

President Wilson is conceded by every one to be a past master in the art of presenting ideas and arguments in speeches as well as letters. He puts the punch of conviction in every utterance he makes. He is a craftsman in debate, being such an adept in phrase-making that almost everything he says has a plausible ring to it. As a pleader for the defense, and especially in defending himself, he is most expert.

But in Governor Hughes he has a foeman worthy of encounter in every one of these respects, and one who will be able to give as good as he receives, and in excellent measure.

And the Republican candidate for the presidency gets the jump in his New York speech of the other evening on his Democratic rival at the beginning of the campaign, and he appears to land with both feet.

He draws an indictment against the Democratic administration that is as clear, clean and incisive as it is comprehensive. It is as strong with facts as it is emphatic and logical with its contentions. It presents a defense for Woodrow Wilson to meet that will test to the limit all the brilliance of which he is possessed, and one that he is certain to have difficulty, regardless of his wit, to combat successfully.

Particularly vigorous is Governor Hughes' searching analysis of the Democratic administration's handling of the Mexican problem. His judgment that it has been such as cannot be examined by the American people without a profound sense of humiliation is an obvious conclusion, and one that has been reached probably by most thinking Americans.

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he is a much cleverer politician and party spokesman than he has yet shown himself to be, and that will be approaching a pinnacle of acumen and astuteness that have been possessed by few men.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Time does pretty well at flying but money does not. * * * History would be more interesting if so much were not eliminated from it. * * * Possibly every grouch is not a dyspeptic, but every dyspeptic is probably a grouch. * * * It is also pretty certain that the man who doesn't look for the best of it won't get it. * * * And the man who doesn't attend to his own business regularly is sooner or later without much of a one to attend to.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Even money can't buy happiness, asserts the Minneapolis Better Way. We know a millionaire who has corns. Expert testimony via Mrs. Homer Hoch of the Marion Record: "Some women have figures and some wear middles."

Gossip is defined by the Wilson County Citizen as the talking others do about you; never what you say about others.

There are lots of methods used to obtain publicity, points out the Wilson County Citizen. But perhaps the most effective is to try to avoid it.

One of the reasons why young folk grow dissatisfied with the farm, thinks the Haven Journal, is that too often Willie's pig grows up to be Dad's hog.

However, this fact to which attention is called by the Blue Mound Sun doesn't help much: A great many people who can keep a secret don't do it.

As Ruth Alexander Pepple observes, in the Erie Record: "It takes a primary election to make an ordinary modern man sit up and tell the people how really wonderful he is."

When you see a few people sleeping in the congregation just remember this fact, advises the Independent: "It's the preacher's fault. But you can't make the average preacher believe this."

The best that many of the Kansas newspapers have to say for suffering crops and humanity at large is that it has looked like rain in their vicinities on infrequent occasions during the last few weeks.

One of the Thinklets of Harry Stock of the Hays Free Press: A man without money is crazy for it, a man with money is crazy for more, and the man who has piles of money is absolutely crazy—so what's the use.

Nor is Hanch Glover the only fellow in such a boat. "I feel," Hanch is quoted by Tom Thompson in his Howard Courant, as saying, "that I am naturally charitable, kind and take interest in man's best interests. I hate to be worked and promoted like a soft soap."

Another excellent "safety first" program is outlined tersely but forcefully by Mrs. Tom Thompson of the Howard Courant: Some things always safe enough to do: Clean up, insist on safety, wear your seat belt, and clean town. These are women's rights, and they are children's rights, too.

Blasts from the Augusta Bugle: Dreamland is the only land where we all enjoy equal rights. . . . The more money a man has, the wiser he is. . . . Some go crazy with the heat while others don't need the heat. . . . A man who lacks faith in his ability never accomplishes anything. . . . Many a man's lofty ideals get no higher than castles in the air, and highballs. . . . Some people are so temperamental that they are temper with you if you don't cheer up to suit 'em.

Related by the Atchison Globe: A concealed merchant was weary of his penmanship and for reason. One day a Jew traveling man called on him and the merchant was using his pen to write a letter. The traveling man, who to be agreeable said, "You write a mighty good signature." "I ought to be a Jew," the merchant replied, "because my forefathers helped write the Declaration of Independence," snapped back the Jew, "you have nothing on me, for one of my forefathers wrote the Ten Commandments."

GLOBE SIGHTS

[From the Atchison Globe.] About the most attractive spot on earth is spot cash.

The key to the city doesn't unlock anything in particular.

As long as there is thin ice, there will be some one to skate on it.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who was afraid of yspstes? Some men fool themselves and think they are fooling every one else.

During winter like this a man hates his job but would hate to lose it.

There are not only two sides an argument, but both of them are likely to be wrong.

An egg gets old quicker than anything else, but some of the chickens stay young a long time.

Nearly every man would like to get acquainted with a novel hero long enough to hit him once.

Sometimes a farmer goes on the home-sneakers because he wants to get away from home.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.] What's the matter with the upstart doesn't always rise to the occasion.

The moving picture business is one industry that is never at a standstill.

Why get into a rut? Even the best of us would need the beaten track.

Procrastination may be the thief of time, but no man can catch up with tomorrow.

Success is usually a toss up between the man with push and the one with a pull.

You never can tell. Many a man who is blind to his own interests will be the first to see them.

Hospitality leaves that latch string out, but even then is apt to guard against the knocker.

There are exceptions to all rules. Silence is golden, but it isn't merely an admission of guilt.

Don't depend on others. For instance the only way to acquire friends is to make them yourself.

ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

The Summer Girl. She will fill quite a bill there is no doubt of it. She will dangle the men at her case. With no more deceits she will make them believe that the moon is composed of green cheese.

She will rule like a queen and with innocent men. Till she gives all the spinners a pain; they will swim. And will languish all day in her train.

Yes, the men will jump through, they will feel, they will fight for the chance of a smile, they'll lie down and roll over, played dead like a log.

Or carry her trunk for a mile. It is fair to suppose that they all will propose. They'll smoke the small good with wings. If the season is right and enough fellows.

She will gather a harvest of rings. Buy along toward fall, the gay beach Johannes all. She will come with a shrug and a frown; she will bid them adieu, and will catch the choo-choo.

And will make some mutt back in town. In Vaudeville. Shades of Davy Garrick and W. Shakespeare, what will come next? The champion bean picker of Caluga county, New York, has worked his stunt up into a vaudeville act.

He sits at his bean separator and differentiates between the good beans and the bad by tossing the good beans out into the audience and the bad beans into the audience.

He will also set fire to a paper mache summer house on the stage at each in every performance. He will put the fire out with milk cunningly alluded to and directed by himself as he sits beneath the eaves of his patient bovine and milks, gives correct impersonations of famous orators, and recites "Listen to the Mocking Bird" at one and the same time.

That is going some over a barrel. Bill promises to be a headliner. Inquirer—Nonsense! He lived almost entirely upon onions. This explains two things—his great strength and the reason for selling him to the desolate island of St. Helena.

G. R. F.—The legislature is so-called because it does about everything in the way of legislation. Young Writer—There is only one sure way of landing all of your stories in a magazine and that is to marry the editor's daughter.

Mildred—Take one quart of carbolic acid before each meal for a few days and your cold will soon disappear.

SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH CAMERON.

Danger Signals. "Seems as if I should scream if this car stops at the next stop," a friend said to me the other day.

We were riding into town on the trolley. "Why?" I asked in surprise. "What's the matter with the next stop?"

"Nothing at all," said she. "I just meant that I wanted the car to go ahead and not keep stopping."

"You're in a hurry?" "Oh, no, it just makes me nervous to have stopping. Every time it passes a street without stopping I feel relieved."

Did you ever get into such a state of mind as that, reader friends? I don't mean over the stopping of a street car, but over anything at all?

For instance, you ever get a feeling of distaste toward some perfectly inoffensive person? I know a man who has that feeling toward a woman with whom he is in frequent contact. He thinks it is little things which she does that exasperate him.

Some men fool themselves and think they are fooling every one else. During winter like this a man hates his job but would hate to lose it.

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MY CAPTAIN.

I'm going to take my captain's word. And with my best golden day. A green leaf for my sunny spear. My captain of the fields of life. Whose rosy cheeks are sweet— Oh, the captain of the ruddy face. And of the chubby feet!

I'm going to mark my captain's way. And with my captain's go. Comrade, that buds of boyhood know— And captain of the sunny smile. And of the rosy cheeks and eyes. Of April down the windy mile. And the path of deathless springs!

I'm going to bear my captain's sword. And with my captain's word. They sent him to me from the Lord. That is the Lord of Light— My captain of the sunny eyes. And of the rosy cheeks and eyes. With every step he goes! —Volger McKillope in Baltimore Sun.

EVENING STORY

The Man From Tuscite. (By Louise Oliver.)

One day the postman left a letter at the front door addressed to the Misses Fairchild and having for its postmark Tuscite, Ariz. The envelope indicated that the communication had come from the office of Franklin K. Powers, secretary and treasurer of the Grand Canyon Development company.

Aurelia stopped her sewing machine, and the hem of Miss Lawrence's new yellow net caught up into the machine and pulled out the contents.

"For goodness sake, hurry up!" urged Aurelia, unable to bear the suspense any longer. She was running her eye over the envelope indicated that the communication had come from the office of Franklin K. Powers, secretary and treasurer of the Grand Canyon Development company.

"My goodness, from the way you act you'd think somebody was dead and you had to pay the funeral expenses. I hope somebody has left us a gold mine or something substantial. I'm afraid about all in this hot weather fixing up duds for other people to go away to the seashore, and I won't have to think of anything but my own money! Here, you take it, I'm shaking all over!"

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