

companionship, but I shan't dare venture it. Yet I am not poor, just a hard-working man with a meager purse.

There are plenty of good girls; certainly there are! The trouble lies within ourselves. We demand that others be patterned in our own image. We mustn't be too particular. We lie plenty ourselves. I should love another person because of the difference between us.—P. M. H.

WILSON FOR PRESIDENT.—

These are strenuous times, full of chaos. Therefore there can't be too much vigilance, so as to come to a sane understanding in our choice for president.

We have seen the capitalistic choice; the reasons for their wanting Hughes are obvious.

Do not think you are growing wise by reading the trust press, for they are misleading and will openly misrepresent your prospective candidate; they have done so in the past, but I know that people forget, and there are many who believe the press to be truthful, which it should be.

I care not a rap for tradition, neither do I care for one party more than the other. But one man has stood the test. With the world upside down, I cannot look at the past, but the present. Wilson has been our president almost four years. I know of no man with a greater mind, cooler headed, more patient, more considerate than he. Pres. Wilson has had one of the most trying times that has existed in this country for many years, but I must say he has magnificently manned the great ship through hail and storm, against sneers and hisses.

He is a man with the American spirit, he disbelieves in a wholesale slaughter of the human race when it can be avoided. He knows the Mexican situation; that is something that we do not know.

The capitalists do not want him because he endeavors to help the

working people. A president is not able to do everything and it is an utter impossibility to please everybody.

Think of the hazardous four years he has had! Why throw him down now? Wilson for president four more years!—Charles O. J. Lindholm.

WIDOWS.—It is much easier for a widow to marry again than it is for an old maid to marry the first time.

A widow has had experience. She knows man's every like and dislike. She knows that he is not divine, but human. When a widow sets her cap for a man, he has slim chance of escaping.

A widow lands on a man's weaker points. She strives to please, to sacrifice for him, to ignore his shortcomings, to love and be loved. Love is a business with her. It is a trade she learned and worked at until her husband died or left. She loves her new woe for what he is, as he is. She knows how to run a home. If her husband died it is a recommendation and all subsequent woers feel that they would like to be loved to death also, since it is the most pleasant way to die.

Most men who leave their wives and secure divorce neglected her until she just had to love somebody else. Because a husband secures the divorce is in itself a recommendation; it shows that she loves to be loved.

The grass widow has twice as good a chance to remarry as a sod widow, and the latter has the old maid beat a thousand ways from Sunday. If Eve had been an old maid Adam would not even have fallen.

The old maid is too particular. Her ideal is in the heavens and she constantly tells a man about her ideal until the man gets tired of listening. Nobody is more capable of lecturing men than an old maid. Read Dorothy Dix, Helen Oldfield and other writers of that hopeless