THE MAN AND THE MIRACLE

By ALLISON BURR.

"Nell, I've invited Wilbur Kirk and his mother for the week end." Mrs. Ames gave her niece a sidewise glance.

"Dear Aunt Lucy, I wish I could make you see how impossible it is for me to like Wilbur Kirk in the way you want me to like him."

"And I wish I could make you see that he is far superior to any young man who has paid you marked attention since you came out last fall."

"But, auntie, even if I saw all the superiority that you seem to see in him, it would make no difference. It will be something more human than such superiority that will win my heart."

Mrs. Ames shook her well-waved and tightly-netted gray head as Nell started down the boardwalk toward the post office with a handful of letters to mail.

As Nell came out of the little frame post office she caught the tinkling sound of Hawaiian stringed instruments playing a lilting melody that was soothing to her restless mood. Following the sound, she went down the boardwalk and found the musicians were stationed in the center of a large refreshment pavilion which she often patronized.

The bustling manager found Nell a small table where she had a glimpse of the water front. With the menu card in her hand she sat for a moment dreamily listening to the music and watching the frothy little white caps follow one after another to the water's edge. She had quite forgotten about ordering anything until she became conscious that a man had paused expectantly beside her table.

Without looking up she gave a careless glance at the menu card, and asked: "Do you still serve that delicious peach miracle?"

"I beg you pardon," said a man's full-toned voice, and, looking up, she saw, not a waiter, as she had expected, but a much-tanned young gentleman in a blue serge suit that covered a well-proportioned figure six feet in height. It was Nell's turn to beg pardon now, and she did it in a state of very pretty embarrassment.

"This seems to be the only seat left," said the young man, indicating the vacant chair at Nell's small table. "Have you any objection to my occupying it?"

"Not at all," said Nell, and she began studiously to scan the menu card.

Suddenly a ball of well-frozen pink ice cream tumbled from a tray and went rolling across the table straight for Nell's lap. When it was on the very edge of the table the sunburned hand of the tall young man opposite shot across the table and grabbed it firmly. While the penitent waiters replaced the cloth Nell and the young man laid aside reserve and laughed lightly about the awkward incident.

"A moment ago I asked you whether you served peach miracle," said Nell, "but you've made it very evident now that you can even stop a miracle already in progress."

"Is that pink stuff 'peach miracle?'" he asked.

"Yes."

Nell decided that silence would be more embarrassing than conversation, so, as they ate their ices, they chatted and enjoyed the music together.

"That music certainly strikes my ear pleasantly," said the young man, "for I've been four months in a mining camp where a metallic graphophone grinding out ragtime was the only thing that even pretended to be music."

Immediately Nell attributed the sunburn to the outdoor life of a mining engineer and drew a pleasing picture of the young man opposite in corduroy and puttees. And, as other women have done, she had jumped to the right conclusion.

Nell was sure now that she had met the man of her dreams and she could have wept because her ice cream was all gone and she had no further excuse for remaining, as the musicians were silent for the moment.

When they rose from the table Nell extended her hand to the young men as a gentle way of saying that their acquaintance was at an end.

"I shall not forget your coming to my rescue," she said sweetly.

"And I shall not forget you," he said. Her eyes fell before the wistfulness in his and she withdrew her hand and left the place without either of them speaking another word.

When she reached her aunt's cottage Mrs. Ames was enthusiastic over a telephone call just received from Wilbur Kirk saying that he and his mother would motor out that evening instead of waiting until Saturday morning.

"There they are!" exclaimed Mrs. Ames later as a car drew up at the curb.

"I'm afraid we're dreadfully late," said Mrs. Kirk, when they were all inside the drawing room, "but we stopped at the hotel for a little visit with my nephew, Jack Ainslee, who is just in from South America. Jack insisted upon being a mining engineer instead of a minister or lawyer, as I wanted him to be, and when I see his fine physique and his tremendous manliness, I'm glad he had his way about it. By the way, Mrs. Ames, I've asked him to call tomorrow."

"So glad you did," said Mrs. Ames effusively, and Wilbur wondered why Nell turned suddenly to the window just then and gazed outside. He would have wondered even more if he had heard her ecstatically murmuring something about "another miracle."

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SOLILOQUY AT SHADOW LAWN.

Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?
I had a friend—McCombs, but he left me,
Left me slowly but surely, when I did not need him.
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

Once I had Bryan; he was my friend
In my hours of struggling in that great convention.
But now he's gone. Left me with "God bless you!"
Upon his lips. Gone, are the old familiar faces.

I had a friend; a truer friend had no man.
Like an ingrate, I wounded my friend acutely;
And he, good Colonel Harvey, left me. Left me
To muse on the old familiar faces!

At my right hand sat my friend
Who was the strong arm of my Administration—
Garrison, upright and honest—but he too has left me;
Left me, when I deceived him—gone are the old familiar faces!

At Shadow Lawn, where new friends swarm around me,
Earth seems a desert I am bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the friends who've left me;
But all, all are gone—the old familiar faces!

CHARLES LAMB, 24.

In New York Sun.

Editorial Comments

If the Democratic leader who advocates putting dyes on the free list to encourage the industry were a surgeon his method of setting a broken limb would be to amputate the patient's leg at the neck.

Optimism is what makes the Democratic party, which has fooled some of the people only three times in fifty years, and has never yet fooled all of the people some of the time, think that it can now fool all of the people all of the time.

President Wilson hasn't been able to figure out yet whether he is going to be on the stump or up one.

If the paper shortage becomes much more serious the first thing we know the machinery of the State Department will be coming to an abrupt stop.

Then, too, according to the Democratic campaign book that among the more important enactments of the Wilson Administration may be mentioned Magna Charta and the Ten Commandments.

Secretary Redfield converses glibly in terms of billions until it comes time to make a campaign contribution when it is disclosed that all he really knows about mathematics is $100.

Everything has gone up under Wilson except the price of dead Americans.

Senator Jimham Lewis has purchased a new volume of "Unfamiliar Quotations" and expects to be able any day now to give us the classical derivation of "pitiless publicity" and "strict accountability" in the original Babylonian.

Add famous sayings of history: "I will surrender on this line if it takes all summer!"

The Democratic revenue bill, as completed, is regarded as so perfect that the chances are that the taxpayers of New York, Massachusetts and Illinois will be able to build 3,000 more miles of good roads in Alabama next year.

Mr. Hughes is talking to the women of the land in the homely language of the fireside and we expect to witness an impressive rallying of the sex on the first ironing day after the first wash day in November.

WILSON STRIKES WHEN THE IRON IS COLD.

President Wilson refused to speak in Independence Hall on the one hundred and twenty-eighth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence in that hall, and he so refused because inasmuch as over one hundred of our men, women and children had just been murdered on the high seas he regarded it as "the very moment when he would not care to arouse the sentiment of patriotism." Mr. Wilson has a positive genius for striking when the iron is cold and fearing to strike when the iron is hot. If one hundred and twenty-eight years ago Washington and Jefferson, and the other men who signed the Declaration of Independence had felt the same way about patriotism, and the same way about fighting as Mr. Wilson does, we would never have had a country. Had Lincoln felt the same way, there would be no such thing as the American Republic now in existence.—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

FINNEGAN'S PHILOSOPHY

Pitiless Publicity.

"I see Mr. Hughes wud like to know fwhat's to come to 'Pitiless Publicity.' Meself could tell him. 'Where's "Pitiless Publicity"?' says Hughes. 'In the Ash Can,' says I. 'T'was all right on the stump, but in Washin'ton 'tis differ. The Harp that wanst through Trenton's halls'—I mane Tumulty. Whin he bursts into song now he picks his chune!

"'Tis not that Prisidint Wilson is less public than Candydate Wilson—He's less pitiless. 'Tis like the showman. He tells ye all, an' more, about th' illyfant, but he has mintal res'vashune about the spotted baby.

"So it is wid Wilson. He's sof'ned the hard heart iv 'Pitiless Publicity.' 'How about the Postmasters?' axes the refawrumers. 'We'll niver tell ye,' says the C'mishun. 'For why?' says the League. 'T'wid embar'ss th' Administhrashun,' says the C'mishun. And the people laughs. 'Ye fired th' Hid iv the Cinsus,' says Hughes. 'Ye lie,' says Redfield. 'He raysined widout bein' axed,' says he. 'Ye lie yerself,' says Durand. 'Ye towld me ye'd fire me, an' ye gev me place to a pol'tician,' says Durand. 'Ixac'ly fwhat I said,' yells Pink Whiskers, 'I was goin' to fire ye annyway, but I niver axed ye to raysine,' says Pinky. An' the people roars.

"'Tell us about all thim Dishurvin' Dimmycrats,' says the people. An' Washin'ton is swep' be a storm iv silence.

"But doan't ye think there's no publicity at all. Teddy himself was none gunshy with the papers, but he cud be quiet, too.

"'We'll grab some land in Vinzueely,' says the Ambassydure. 'tem'prily,' says he. 'Ye'll not,' says Teddy, 'ye'll agree to arbitrate,' says he, 'or,' he says, 'in tin days Dewey'll be there,' says Teddy.

"'Me Ry'le Masther will niver consint,' says th' other. 'Thin,' says Teddy, 'I'll sind Dewey at wanst. There's no use waitin',' Teddy says. 'Howld 'em,' says the Ambassydure. 'We agree,' says he,—an' divil a bit did we know how it was for a dozen year.

"'We'll have Ferdy Carey alive, or the Bashi Bazook dead,' says Teddy, an' back comes Ferdy. An' the papers says 'On demand iv the State Department Ferdy Carey has been released.' An' that's all.

"How is it now? The greasers slaughtered twinty at Santy Isabel. 'Another Mexican Crisis,' says the headlines, 'Twinty Americans killed,' they says. 'The Prisidint Calm,' says they. 'Ates Bacon and Eggs. Plays Goluf,' says the headlines. An' the paper goes on:

"'The Prisidint's appytite at breakfast was good, th' leader iv the nashun gettin' outside iv' grape fruit, bacon an' eggs, hot biscuit an' coffee. Whin Docther Grayson announced the bill iv fare the tinshun over Mexico was much relaved.

"'The Prisidint is solvin' in privacy the fateful question, "Will me throat last?" The answer is waited wid feverish anxiety.'

"Mondah, the papers says 'Nashunal Disaster? Sore Throat Feared, Panic at the Capital. The Prisidint Calm.

"'Conste"nation was spread among all classes today be the report that the Prisidint awoke with a sore throat. Strong men fainted before they cud reach the nearest saloon. There is talk iv appintin' a day iv prayer. It is hoped that Senor Arre-ye-on-though will claim that the dead Americans raysisted Ixicushun. A high author'ty states that this wud end the crisis. The Prisidint made but wan remark: "Av they'd not been there they'd not iv been kilt.'"

"Choosdah, they says, 'Hope revives. No sore throat. Bitten by insect. Prisidint calm. All Phrases Iv Matther to be considered.

"'The anxiety in the Capital was relaved today be the followin' bulletin:

"'"The Prisidint has a slight perforation in the cuticle over the inferyure maximary caused by a insect bitin' him whin asleep. The patient was too proud to scratch. (Signed) Grayson."

"'It is reported also that Gineral Scott will go to the border to bury the dead, and apologize to the insurgints. He will axe Carranzy, whether he wud accept a loan if offered. This is considered the thrue s'lution iv the difficulty.'

"Winsdah the Prisidint goes motorin', Thursdah he writes a note and Gineral Scott starts for the border. Fridah the headlines says 'Peace in Europe near. Prisidint studyin' terms. Will he stop the war? Another note expected. Capital excited over report.'

"But we're comforted be bein' towld the Prisidint will not be bethrayed into hasty ackshun.

"Sundah, he's considerin' th' Armenyan question, an' Mondah he advises Grandmothers about suckin' eggs. And another crisis is past.

"So it goes ivry day. As I was sayin', there's a'plenty publicity, but 'tis not the brand iv 1912."

Evidently Mr. Wilson has made up his mind about something. He refers in his acceptance speech to "the sovereign authority of Mexico." He may have decided to whom he was referring. Less than two years ago he was not sure whether it was the soldier-bandit Villa or the grocer-grafter Carranza.

The Administration ought to be able to take a comfortable rest. It has turned pretty much everything over to commissions from the Mexican question to the tariff. The talent for shirking responsibilities comes handy sometimes.

COL. ROOSEVELT APPEALS FOR THE ELECTION OF MR. HUGHES.

I appeal to my fellow citizens that they shall elect Mr. Hughes and repudiate Mr. Wilson because only by so doing can they save America from that taint of gross selfishness and cowardice which we owe to Mr. Wilson's substitution of adroit elocution for straightforward action. The permanent interests of the American people lie, not in ease and comfort for the moment, no matter how obtained, as Mr. Wilson would teach us; but in resolute championship of the ideals of national and international democratic duty, and in preparedness to make this championship effective by our strength. President Wilson embodies in his person that most dangerous doctrine which teaches our people that when fronted with really formidable responsibilities we can shirk trouble and labor and risk, and avoid duty by the simple process of drugging our souls with the narcotic of meaningless phrasemongering. Mr. Hughes, to the exact contrary, embodies the ideal of service rendered through conscientious effort in the face of danger and difficulty. Mr. Wilson turns his words into deeds only if this can be achieved by adroit political maneuvering, by bartering a debauched civil service for congressional votes on behalf of some measure which he had solemnly promised to oppose. Our own self-respect demands that we support the man of deeds done in the open against the man of furtive and shifting political maneuvers; the man of service against the man who whenever opposed by a dangerous foe always takes refuge in empty elocution. — From the Speech of Col. Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

GREAT GROWTH OF HUGHES NATIONAL COLLEGE LEAGUE.

Thirty thousand college alumni have enrolled so far in the Hughes National College League, 511 Fifth avenue, New York. The oldest living graduate of Brown University which graduated Governor Hughes, enrolled this week. He is Rev. John Hunt of Springfield, Ohio, ninety-three years old, Brown, 1842.

The league challenged the Woodrow Wilson College Men's League this week to join it in "having any reputable audit company in this city check up immediately from the original cards your actual enrollments of Princeton alumni and ours, your total enrollments and ours, and your enrollments from any college you may select and ours."

The college men in the National Guard along the Mexican border are joining in droves, according to the officers of the league, and many have written in to signify their discontent with the Administration's handling of the Mexican situation.

William R. Moody, son of Dwight Lyman Moody, the famous evangelist, wrote to the league offering his assistance in East Northfield, Mass., and said:

"I am among those who feel very strongly that it would be a National disaster to have the present Administration continued another season, feeling deeply the humiliation to which our country has been subjected in the sight of the world, by the lack of any foreign policy, and by the vacillation of its dealings."

MR. WILSON TOOK PLEASURE IN EXTENDING THE HAND OF WELCOME TO CARRANZA.

One of these "uncivilized" acts was committed on September 29th, when some of Carranza's soldiers captured an American trooper, killed him and cut off his head and ears. Exactly twenty days later, on October 19th, Mr. Wilson expressed "pleasure" in informing Carranza that he recognized him! Since the recognition, Carranza's troops by his orders have treacherously attacked and murdered American soldiers on at least two occasions. If the acts above recited—which are merely samples of the course of conduct Carranza has already pursued—do not constitute "intrigue and assassination, treachery and violence," then the words have lost their meaning. Mr. Wilson took "pleasure" in "extending the hand of welcome" to Carranza, whose own hand is red with the blood of murdered men and women of his own nation, and whose hands, unlike the hands of Huerta, were also red with the blood of murdered Americans, of murdered American civilians, and of murdered American soldiers wearing the American uniform. But President Wilson cared as little for the deaths of these men as he cared for the honor of the uniform. He with "pleasure" "extended the hand of welcome" to the man guilty of their murder.—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

Political Jottings

The Wilson Keynote.

In his kneeling to the demands of the trainmen, in his sacrifice of the sacred principle of arbitration on the altar of peace-at-any-price, we see, in review, the whole philosophy of the Wilson theory of government and nationality.

"It is better to run than to fight."

That theory is at work in American government today for the first time.—Boston Journal.

The Wilson Waltz.

In view of recent events the following formula overheard on a hotel veranda may be of interest: The Wilson waltz, one step forward, three steps backward, hesitate, then sidestep.

The Administration is depressed by the reflection that under no circumstances can it postpone election day.

Wilson insists that he will never recognize government by assassination, but he hasn't cut off relations with those who have assassinated Americans.

The first President and the first Congress that ever submitted to a hold-up.

And, by the way, nobody will ever be able to claim this was a regular Democratic Administration unless we have a bond issue before March 4, 1917.

Betting on Hughes and Wilson is dangerous both to Democrats and Republicans. In one of the New England states such a bet was made a few days ago. The officers heard of it and they arrested the Republican on a charge of robbery and sent the Democrat to an insane asylum. Be careful.

One thing we must all admit. The President is never too proud to sidestep.

A surplus of $5,200,000 from the postal service during the fiscal year ending June 30, is reported by Postmaster-General Burleson. With the department more than paying expenses, it would seem that the executive officials could afford to keep on the payroll members of the National Guard, who responded when the President called out the Organized Militia for duty on the border.

President Wilson seems to have founded his diplomacy on a rock which is off its base most of the time.

The Eastern witsmiths persist in referring to the Secretary of the Navy as Miss Josephine Daniels. No wonder the Woman's Party is camping on the trail of the Administration!

Mr. Wilson forgot to mention the pledges of economy in the 1912 platform.

"In his diplomacy," says Ollie James, "the President has sounded a new note." What, another one?

It begins to appear that that single-track mind system will have to be temporarily double-tracked. A few weeks hence, of course, it will be side-tracked.

WILSON FORMERLY ASSAILED THE LABOR UNION.

The President is now a candidate for office and speaks well of labor. Until he became a candidate for office, and as long as he was President of a University, he, with entire safety, ignored or assailed the Labor Unions, indeed, he was then their bitter, ungenerous, and often unjust critic. At the People's Forum on February 25, 1905, he said: "Labor Unions drag the highest man to the level of the lowest." In an address at a dinner in the Waldorf-Astoria on March 18, 1907, in speaking of the capitalists, he said: "There is another equally formidable enemy to equality and betterment of opportunity, and that is the class formed by the labor organizations and leaders of this country." In a letter written January 12, 1909, he said: "I am a fierce partisan of the open shop." In June of the same year, speaking at Princeton, he said: "The usual standard of the employe in our day is to give as little as he may for his wages. Labor is standardized by the trades unions and this is the standard to which it is made to conform. I need not point out how economically disastrous such a regulation of labor is. The labor of America is rapidly becoming unprofitable under this regulation. Our economic supremacy may be lost because the country grows more and more full of unprofitable servants." I have no question that when Mr. Wilson thus spoke he expressed his sincere convictions. Less than two years later he was in public life and immediately his attitude changed. There is no reason to believe that his convictions changed.—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN PUT RIGHTEOUSNESS BEFORE PEACE.

The supporters of Mr. Wilson say that the American people should vote for him because he has kept us out of war. It is worth while to remember that this is a claim that cannot be advanced either on behalf of Washington or of Lincoln. Neither Washington nor Lincoln kept us out of war. Americans, and the people of the world at large, now reverence the memories of these two men, because, and only because, they put righteousness before peace. They abhorred war. They shunned unjust or wanton or reckless war. But they possessed that stern valor of patriotism which bade them put duty first; not safety first; which bade them accept war rather than an unrighteous and disastrous peace. There were peace-at-any-price men in the days of Washington. They were the Tories. There were peace-at-any-price men in the days of Lincoln. They were the Copperheads. The men who now with timid hearts and quavering voices praise Mr. Wilson for having kept us out of war, are the spiritual heirs of the Tories of 1776, and the Copperheads of 1864. The men who followed Washington at Trenton and Yorktown, and who suffered with him through the winter at Valley Forge; and the men who wore the Blue under Grant, and the Gray under Lee; were men of valor, who sacrificed everything to serve the right as it was given them to see the right. They spurned with contemptuous indignation the counsels of the feeble and cowardly folk who in their day spoke for peace-at-any-price. — From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

"IGNOBLE EASE" AND PEACEFUL SLOTH ARE NOT PEACE.

There is nothing that we of this country so much need as to practice the doctrine of service. As a people we need the sterner virtues even more than we need the softer virtues. Material prosperity, bodily ease, money, pleasure, are all desirable; but woe to us if we consider them as the be-all and end-all of our private lives or of our collective national life! Woe to us if our material prosperity brings in its wake lethargy of spirit and deadness of soul! Let us in our lives apply the great doctrines of duty and of service. Above all let us realize that lofty profession is a mischievous sham when it is not translated into efficient performance. Among the companions of Lucifer in Milton's mighty epic there was none among the fiercer fiends so dangerous as he who

"With words clothed in reason's garb,
Counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
Not peace."

—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

MR. WILSON YIELDED PARTLY TO FEAR, PARTLY TO HOPE OF POLITICAL PROFIT.

President Wilson yielded to the dictation of the heads of the Brotherhoods, and made no effort to find out whether the demand was right or wrong. He made no effort to find out whether it could be complied with without raising freight rates. He made no effort to find out all the equities in the case; those affecting the men, those affecting the stockholders, those affecting the shippers. He took his orders from that one of the parties in interest which he most feared. He insisted that the law be passed without inquiry. And then he deferred the operation of the law until after election, which, of course, could only have been done for political reasons. * * * The question at issue was not that of an eight-hour day at all. The question was whether President and Congress should enact a law, without investigation and without knowledge, to give increased wages to a certain portion of the body of wage earners. The labor leaders on this issue, without regard to the right or wrong of the matter, first coerced the President, and then with his aid coerced Congress. The question at issue was not one of the hours of labor. It was one of wages. And it was settled by the President and Congress without investigation and without knowledge. The settlement was due partly to fear, and partly to hope of political profit.—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

SHIFTY WILSON ON COLONEL'S BODKIN

Elusive Balancer on String of Words Pinned Down by Proof That in Fifteen Public Utterances He Took Forty-One Different Positions on Preparedness.

EACH STAND CONTRADICTED FROM 1 TO 6 OF THE OTHERS

Democratic Candidate Said That Our Army Was Ample and That We Did Not Have Enough Troops to Patrol the Border; That We were on the Verge of a Maelstrom and That There Was No Critical Situation; That the National Guard Would Not Do and Then That It Must Do.

In the fourteen months extending from December 8th, 1914, to February 10th, 1916, there were fifteen messages, letters and speeches of President Wilson which I have read. In these fifteen messages, letters and speeches, during those fourteen months, President Wilson took forty-one different positions about preparedness and the measures necessary to secure it; and each of these forty-one positions contradicted from one to six of the others. In many of his speeches the weasel words of one portion of the speech took all the meaning out of the words used in another portion of that speech; and these latter words themselves had a weasel significance as regards yet other words. He argued for preparedness, and against preparedness. He stated that our army was ample; and that we did not have enough troops to patrol the Mexican border in time of peace. He said the world was on fire, and that sparks were liable to drop anywhere and cause us to burst into flame; and he also said that there was no immediate danger. He said that there was no sudden crisis; and then again that he did not know what a single day would bring forth. He said that we were on the verge of a maelstrom; and then that there was no special or critical situation. He said the danger was constant and immediate; and also that we were not threatened from any quarter. He said that there was no fear among us; and also that we were in daily danger of seeing the vital interest and honor of the country menaced and the flag of the United States stained with impunity. He said that we were in very critical danger of being involved in the great European struggle; and also that there was no need to discuss the question of defense, or to get nervous or excited about it. In one and the same speech he said that a sufficient number of men would volunteer, and that if they did not he would be ashamed of America; and he also said that he did not know of any law which laid upon them the duty of coming into the army, if it should be necessary to call for volunteers. He said that we needed 500,000 volunteers, and that if there was any legitimate criticism of this demand it was because it was too small; and as soon as Congressman Hay objected to the plan, he promptly abandoned it. He said that the National Guard was not the proper body upon which to rely; and then not only changed his own mind but forced his own Secretary of War out of his cabinet, because this Secretary possessed less flexible convictions and was unable instantly to reverse himself when going at full speed.—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

WILSON DEEMED IT FUTILE TO STAND FIRMLY.

President Wilson seeks to justify himself on the ground that it was "futile" and dangerous to "stand firmly." This is an appeal that can with equal truth be made by every soldier who runs away in battle. He further alleges his belief that the cause he championed "has the sanction of the judgment of society in its favor." I remember thirty-odd years ago in the Black Hills a local vigilance committee which was in doubt about hanging a suspected wrongdoer. While they were discussing the matter, there appeared over the neighboring divide a frowsy, elderly horseman in a linen duster, who promptly galloped towards them waving his arms and shouting "Hang him! Hang him!" The leader of the vigilantes at once asked the frowsy stranger what he knew of the facts, whereupon the stranger answered: "I do not know anything about the facts, and I never saw the man before; but there's eleven of you and only one of him, and I believe in majority rule!" This is merely a picturesque paraphrase of what Mr. Wilson calls action under "the sanction of society." It exemplifies the principle upon which President Wilson has acted in those public matters, internal and external, where he was threatened with the use of force.—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.