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By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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to tell anyone else how to vote. It is wholly unnecessary that the governor should do so.

WAR BOWS TO TRADE. That commercial and financial considerations constitute the most potent force in the preservation of the peace of the world is again pointed out conclusively by Henry Clews.

"For various reasons it would seem as if the Balkan troubles had almost exerted their full effect on this market. There is no well grounded reason to apprehend any grave disturbances between the great powers resulting from the Balkan outbreak.

Anyhow, this country owes a vote of thanks to Felix Diaz. He didn't start his revolution at Juarez.

Nor do the young Turks appear to be as fierce and successful in battle as did the old-fashioned variety.

Speaking of moonlight nights, could there be any finer ones than those which have prevailed herabouts of late.

Apparently the worst part of the campaign is about to come. Reading, Pa., turned out 3,500,000 cigars last week.

Even the baseball lemons come high. The Philadelphia National League club is for sale and the price mark is one million dollars.

It is true that the old-time dollar went a great deal farther than the modern dollar. It is also true that it was harder to get.

Twelve per cent of the students at Princeton are working their way through college. The others, probably, are working their dads.

Incidentally, Columbia university seems to be continuing a most successful career without anything that savors of a football course.

All of the wisecracks among the oldest inhabitants are shaking their heads these days and mournfully sighing: "We'll pay dearly for this one weather later on."

percentage of reduction below the Dingley bill is shown in the larger free list and in the lower percentage of the tariff collected on the total value of the goods imported.

"Nor are there so many folk who bow gracefully to the inevitable.

Some people are so constituted they'd refuse to be happy if they had the opportunity.

Among the expensive diplomas in the school of experience is the marriage certificate.

Few persons are willing to take blame for anything if there's the slightest chance of shifting it to other shoulders.

The "battle" at Vera Cruz was very crude, thinks the Ottawa Republic.

A man doesn't have to aim very high to hit the dollar mark, points out the Fort Scott Republican.

Kansas, reports the Ottawa Herald, has raised a little of everything this year, including a handsome number of mortgages.

Now there is a demand, points out the Leavenworth Post, for the man who can make four ears of corn grow on a cornstalk.

"This is the time of the year," points out the associate editor of the Englewood Leader-Tribune, "when candidates for office begin talking to death what little chance they may have had."

The greatest tragedy of married life is not divorce, says the Ottawa Herald. It is when Pa breaks his suspenders, the baby wakes up crying and the biscuits fall—all on the same morning.

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

When Grandma was a Girl. They had no rats and Marcel waxes or wasplike figures then.

No bachelor maids, no culture clubs, no time spent in the gym.

No suffragets, no cigarettes, no cooking, "hot water" was vile.

No bonnets trimmed with cocoanuts and lettuce were in style.

No brainstorm shooting by a weak and sentimental churl.

No incompatibility of temper told in court.

No cases of desertion and no suits for alimony.

No family skeletons exposed, no records to unfurl.

In fact, folks were quite sensible when grandma was a girl.

From the Hickeyville Clarion. Deacon Pringle, one of the pillars of our church, was over to Chicago last week and was taken by a long cold.

William Tibbitts, who had bought many of them, says it must have been some slicker who wasn't any relation to the deacon at all.

THE LEAVES GIVE THANKS.

All the cheerful little leaves. Were lying mute and slain.

I wept because the sky was gray. Because the leaves were dead.

But while I was lamenting The woods began to sing.

"To the thousand thousand summers. But the snow is very gray.

Below its rags and rust. Laid down, lie down, oh brothers.

With a little feeling of escape she went a block or two out of her way.

"Well!" exclaimed the big, bland young fellow, "how did you manage to get past me?"

"Oh, I do like you; but that's all. You're not to talk about any thing else, you know," turning a corner a chill wind struck them.

"I won't, then, but it's hard work. Look here's a moment, I must break my promise this once.

"I'm fair—I told you I could never do it. It is you who are unfair not to accept my decision."

"Remember—that I do care, and always will. I'm a reality—don't give me up for shadow, Mavis."

The next day Mavis deliberately mourning for Henry Morton, making no pretense of pride to herself.

THE EVENING STORY

To Be Decided. (By Joanna Single.)

Despite the holiday flutter of anticipation in the office, dusk and depression came together for Mavis Corey as she closed her desk.

"Mavis is that the man? Were you saying your pride, or do you mean—"

"Keith," she said tensely, motioning away the waiter with his ice water.

"You're looking fine, Mavis," he said, not familiarly, for he still had the manner of a gentleman.

Keith Lowry was very still and conventional a moment as he served the salad. Then he spoke in a tone which might have been that of the weather.

"It is true that I am an alien. But my son—my son is Themistocles."

"A mother came to me the other day complaining bitterly about her eighteen-year-old daughter."

It seems that when the mother was a little girl she loved books and studied dreamed as her most precious dream that some day she would go to college.

And so it was that when this woman was a little girl she had some such experience in their lives can know how much tragedy is wrapped up in that simple word.

"The extent to which father and mother enter into their children's lives is but a question of degree."

There is a woman who lives near me whose little daughter has a very fine voice and is a very good singer.

KANSAS COMMENT

VOTING AWAY FROM HOME. According to a law passed at the last session of the legislature, any qualified elector may vote away from home.

Keith turned his head a little, and the manner of a gentleman, but with them. Tall, good-looking, careless, he came straight to Mavis, who seemed not to see his outstretched hand.

"You're—looking fine, Mavis," he said, not familiarly, for he still had the manner of a gentleman.

Keith's eye blazed blue fire, and the girl spoke in a little flurry.

"What is it, dear?" whispered Keith, who shook her head at him.

"You're looking fine, Mavis," he said, not familiarly, for he still had the manner of a gentleman.