

sharply. "People are looking at us. My gracious! how you could even touch such an old greasy object I don't see! Do try to walk along like other children, and don't give me such a start again."

Dolly glanced back over her shoulder, though the compelling hand drew her onward none too gently.

"Oh, Johanna!" she said, "he hasn't put it on yet. The wind is blowing his hair every way. It's wavy and silvery-black like Dad's, only longer. It looks so funny puffing up that way, and he walks in such a funny way, and the boards flap like—like queer sort of wings!" Then she gave a short, uncertain laugh that broke. "No," she went on hastily. "Oh, no! that isn't the word at all, Johanna. He isn't at all funny. I'm just sorry for him."

"I think he looks a bit mad," said the woman irritably. "Most likely he's an old tramp, or drunkard escaped from the Island, and just going around with those advertising boards to make enough money to indulge a depraved taste for liquor. But I should not mention such things before you, Miss Dorothy. After this we will take out Bijou and walk in the park."

"Bijou does not like his leash," Dolly objected, "and he wants to run away; and, anyway, dad said you were to take me in whichever direction I liked, and I like this way. But Bijou can go when we go to the park."

"Your father indulges you too much," said the woman, bending against the wind. The child danced along beside her again, and they were lost in the crowd.

The sandwich-man tramped up and down his beat and watched the passing faces—but with a difference. He saw in fancy a small, crimson-skirted figure running along the dangerous street after his dilapidated hat. The dread and horror of the moment stayed with him. The child's face came back to him. The words she had used to argue her case with the austere nurse, the kindness of the little action, the sweetness of her defence of it, roused old feelings in him. It was so long a day since anyone had gone out of their way to do him a good turn. He could not shake off the impression of the passing incident. The next day, and the next, as he tramped along, he found himself keeping a keen look-out for a child with fluffy yellow hair and rose-tinted face—a child guarded by an angular and unmellow nurse. He knew the child would smile when she saw him, would recognize him again, would single him out from all that careless throng. It was so long since anyone had recognized him, or had smiled at him, or had singled him out. God knew how long!

On the third day she came again, the nurse holding her by an unyielding hand-clasp, but it was as he knew it would be, when the little maid saw him she nodded and dimpled, and more, she drew the resisting nurse towards him with the strength born of sudden impulse and indomitable determination of youth.

"Good morning!" Dolly called to him, coming close. "Isn't it just a beautiful morning? See! I got these roses from the old, old woman at the corner; they are a little wilted because she has had them so long in the sun, but here is one for you if you would like it." She held the rose up to him.

"There's no wind to-day, is there?" she said, smiling confidentially, as though the memory of the wind-storm gave them a bond in common.

The sandwich-man took the flower and smiled down at her. His thanks were not fervent or eloquent. Something gripped at his heart and tangled the words on his lips. He held the wilted red rose in his knotted hands and looked after the little girl and the woman as they went down the street.

"I do hope you are not always going to stop and speak to that old character, Miss Dorothy!" the nurse complained.

"I'm afraid I am, Johanna," said the child. Then she laughed, "I think he likes me to, Johanna."

"Likes you to!" exclaimed the woman. "What has that to do with it? It is very bold to speak to street vendors. I shall have to tell your father, I fear."

"Dad won't mind," Dolly returned, skipping along. "I just know he won't. I told him myself that I was friends with the silly boy who winds up the tin rabbits and the boy who sells guinea-pigs and the cross-eyed man who has shoestrings on a board. The sandwich-man is just as gentlemanly as any of those, Johanna—and I like him better."

Johanna said no more. Long experience had taught her her inability to change Dolly's point of view.

As the days went by, what had been a chance acquaintance bid fair to ripen into friendship. The man with his advertising boards kept always to

the same beat, and Dolly insisted on taking her walks abroad in that direction for several weeks.

Sometimes after purchasing flowers she gave him one, or she would merely stop a moment to pass the time of day, though occasionally the conversation lengthened into a five-minutes chat. Now and then, when they were out very early and the street was comparatively empty, she insisted on Bijou, who unwillingly accompanied her, showing the sandwich-man what he could accomplish in the way of sitting up on his hind legs, holding a nickle on a nose little fitted by nature to hold anything, and playing dead dog, which he did in anything but a corpse-like way.

The man at such moments forgot the thronging

people, the horrible boards, and his stumbling, crippled feet. He asked no questions of the child—he did not even know her name or where she lived—but something in the warm beauty of her had changed the current of his thoughts.

One morning, when Dolly and the nurse met him at the busy corner, the child's face was marked by tears, and she waved her hand as though she wished him to stop.

"We have lost Bijou!" she called. "Johanna and I have hunted up and down. Oh, if you see him will you please bring him to our hotel? He pulled his leash away from Johanna and ran, and ran. I did not know he could run so fast, and then he

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HEARING WOODROW WILSON.

I HEARD Woodrow Wilson make a speech the other day. It wasn't much of a speech, and it wasn't a political speech; so you might say that it was hardly a fair test of his capacity as a public tribune. But it seemed to me to sufficiently reveal the man. It was an address of welcome to a hall full of war veterans, and they must have applauded him as much as two or three times after the salvo of cheers that greeted his appearance on the platform. He talked to them about the nobility of service to the community which they had typified in risking their lives for their country; and he told them at length of an essay, written by a friend of his, in which he said that peace would only become as glorious as war when its emblems became as beautiful. That is, you never went into a home and saw a spade or a hoe up over the mantel-piece, and heard that family say—"Our father bore that implement as a soldier of labour"; but you saw a sword or a musket there, and were told of the hero who carried it as a soldier of his country. I don't think that they applauded that at all. It was a fine, scholarly, Sunday-school superintendent sort of an address—not a word mispronounced and not a slang phrase. We were all very much edified; and the heat of the room ceased to be noticeable before he stopped.

IMAGINE what "Teddy" would have done with that crowd of Cuban war veterans! I doubt whether he would have entertained them with an account of a friend of his who wrote an essay glorifying the humble spade. But they would have felt more as if they were at a reunion of soldiers, and less as if they were attending the "commencement exercises" of a Young Ladies' College for "gentlemen's daughters." Woodrow Wilson is now out West to counteract the effect of Roosevelt's tour through that rough and unformed section of the country; and I should think that every unregenerate son of strife who hopes for "Teddy's" election, would rejoice hilariously at the news. If Woodrow doesn't make a vote a minute for the Rough Rider all the time he is in the "cow boy" country, he will not be doing himself justice.

ANOTHER thought that has occurred to me frequently while watching the Wilson campaign, is that if Big Business succeeds in electing him President in its effort to "do anything to beat Roosevelt," it may be mightily sorry for its investment one of these fine mornings. Woodrow Wilson looks to me exactly like the kind of a man who would work a problem out on his College black-board some evening after school had "shut," and then calmly regard all rude and unscholastic persons who reached a different conclusion through experience as the true College man always regards the "outer barbarians." They would be simply wrong—that was all. He might be patient with them; but he would be unconvinced unless they could work it out by logarithms and show him that he had skipped a mathematical cog somewhere in his calculations. And when convinced in this fashion that he was right, he would go straight ahead and do the "right," though "the heavens fell" or Pittsburg blew up. Now Roosevelt may be Radical, but he is a practical man, and he would not treat the problems of the Presidency as if they were quadratic equations.

OF course, I know how wicked it is to want Roosevelt elected, and how insane it is to imagine that he has a chance; but there are an awful lot of wicked people in the wicked United States and insanity seems to be spreading. My impression is—gathered from personal enquiry and the statements made to me by men who have travelled in many parts of the American Union—that the American people have not yet made up their minds. As a man said to me about Maine—"They are just thinking it over." You must remember that a revolutionary new condition of things has arisen. The Republican party, which has never gone into an election since Lincoln without being certain of victory—though they missed twice on Cleveland—is now certain of defeat. Whatever else happens, Taft cannot be elected. That is universally regarded as decided. Now what effect will that have on the rank and file of the Republican voters? We know what the effect will be on the "machinists." They will try to keep the "machine" as little damaged as possible with a view to future operations. But what about the mass of the electors who cannot look so far ahead?

WELL, they will see Wilson, a Democrat, running against Roosevelt, a Republican for all practical purposes. He has been twice a Republican President. Just the other day, he was a candidate for the Republican nomination. In some of the States, the Republican organization is supporting him as naturally as if he were the regular Republican nominee. He is the only Republican who can be elected. Will the average Republican consent to ensure the election of a Democrat by voting for Taft or will he prefer to vote for a Republican who may possibly win? In other words, will his fidelity to "regularity" be sufficient to overcome his natural passion to "beat a Democrat"? There will be no enthusiasm for Taft to draw him in that direction—there will be no hope of victory—there will be only a dubious and challenged "regularity." On the other hand, there will be the attractive personality of "Teddy," some hope of victory, and a Progressive platform. Of course, those who hate the Progressive platform, and who organized the nomination of Taft in order to kill it at all costs, will vote against it. They will quite possibly vote for Wilson to make sure. But they must be very few in comparison with those who like the platform, whatever they think of "Teddy's" sincerity.

"BUT doesn't that elect Wilson?"—you will ask. He will get the solid Democratic vote, and he will get a lot of Republicans and Big Business people who want to "beat Roosevelt"; and isn't that a majority? Will it not, in any case, be more than Roosevelt can get? Most certainly, if—the "if" is—will Wilson get the whole Bryan Democratic vote? He will if Bryan can "deliver" it; but can he? That vote has been fed on advanced Radicalism for years—it is in favour of everything Roosevelt advocates, except leaving the tariff up—it will like "Teddy" far better than the cautious and "conservative" Princeton President. It would stick to Bryan if he were running; but will it stick to Dr. Wilson? This is, I think, one of the most important questions of the campaign. Another is—will ordinary business men prefer a theoretic college man who regards the tariff as "unconstitutional" to a practical public man who learns from life and not from text-books?

THE MONOCLE MAN.