

walked steadily on, his eyes bent on the ground, his ears muffled by the driving storm and the bitterness in his heart. He had not heard. His dog trudged steadily along by his side, his wet tail and shaggy coat dripping and heavy with rain.

Emmeline ran on down the road. "Raymond! Oh, Raymond, come back!" And now the wind brought her voice to him, piercing the subconsciousness of bitter thoughts. "Raymond! Oh, Raymond, come back!"

He turned slowly and moved towards her. There had been few times when her will had not dominated his. Besides, she was still his "woman." He saw her flying towards him in the rain. He hurried towards her. She flung herself into his arms. She tore the papers he had given her into bits. She laid her damp hair under his cheek.

"Ray! Ray," she cried, "I've been a wicked, unforgiving woman, but there's never been a minute I hain't loved you! I've loved you so, I've hated you, Ray! But I've always loved you!"

He held her in his arms as he had in the old days; as he had dreamed of holding her—and wakened. The red gleam in his eyes smoldered up. "It's for good and all this time, Emmeline!"

She clung to him, sobbing, penitent. She kissed him passionately on hair, beard, lips, all her reserve gone, her fierce pride thrown to the stormy winds that blew the fringe of her shawl into her eyes.

"For good and all, Raymond, till death do us part, and—and—beyond."

And a new heaven opened for Raymond and Emmeline Rickard as Emmeline's "bill" lay scattered in little bits in the road.

A BUTTERFLY IN A TENEMENT YARD.

With thy bright hues from fields of green,
From country scent of woodland things,
Why comest thou with sun dipped wings
To habitations foul and mean?

With eager motion to the ground
The infant from its mother slips,
And stretches grimy finger tips
To where thy wide wings circle round.

Oh, little lives that may not greet
The pageant of the countryside!
The world, so wonderful and wide,
Is narrow for your tiny feet.

They laugh and dance, but much is hid,
Their larger life lies prone and stark;
We crush their souls out in the dark
As cruelly as Herod did.

Hid from them are the sky and green,
The marshaled beauty of the plain,
The grass that sparkles in the rain,
God's face, and all His broad demesne.

I know it was not His intent,
Else would He not, when fields are fair,
Have sent His flower of the air
To die within this tenement;

To die that these, His little ones,
Might have a moment's dream of wings,
Of birds and flowers and leafy things,
And the lost world of summer suns.

Joseph Dana Miller.

The Printing Press in Politics.

BY LUTHER B. LITTLE.

THE VAST FLOOD OF "CAMPAIGN LITERATURE" SENT OUT BY THE RIVAL POLITICAL PARTIES IN A PRESIDENTIAL YEAR—HOW THE DOCUMENTS ARE PREPARED AND DISTRIBUTED, AND WHAT IS THEIR ACTUAL EFFECT UPON VOTERS.

Presidential campaigns in the United States are conducted on a tremendous scale. It is said that four years ago the Republicans alone spent thirteen millions of dollars in a little more than four months.

No department of this vast machinery receives more attention from the managers of the two great parties than the "literary bureau." While it continues, it is the greatest publishing business in the world.

Thousands of men are kept busy in writing and distributing campaign literature, which is sent forth in hundreds of millions of pieces to all parts of the United States. Moreover, carloads of documents inserted in the official record of Congress purely for campaign purposes at the direction of leaders of both parties, are printed and distributed at the expense of the government—one of the greatest abuses of privilege in the country.

The average person, to whom campaign documents are almost as familiar as newspapers, knows nothing of the machinery which produces them. It is one of the most remarkable chapters in the modern complexity of politics.

HUNDREDS of millions of pieces of printed matter in the form of campaign literature are sent to the voters of this country in a Presidential year. Like the seed in the parable of the sower, they fall on all sorts of ground. Some fall by the wayside and are sold as old junk after the campaign is over. Some fall among the thorns in the camps of the enemy, and a hostile political committee springs up and chokes them. Some fall into the stony ground, where there is no organization to distribute them properly, and they wither away to become wrapping paper during the next four years. But some fall into good ground and bear fruit, if not a hundred fold, at least enough to warrant all the labor and expense of the sowers who scatter them broadcast.

The average man takes some stock in what he sees in print. This inherited tendency lies behind the whole idea of sending out campaign literature. It is

designed by the party managers to instruct the ignorant, to convince the wavering, to awaken those who lack interest, to arouse to greater zeal those who are already at work.

The stump orator, the brass band, the waving banners, the cheers, the personal canvass, must be supplemented by something which reaches the individual and is convincing. Ask the average man for his authority for any one of the statements he makes on the way down town. He will answer, "I read it in the paper."

He read it. He believes it. The value of the campaign document is explained. Here is revealed why expert political managers spend so many thousands of dollars on the output of the printing presses.

EARLY CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.

In the early days some of the campaign literature was as dignified, as