



THE CRADLE OF THE INFANT WEST.

Coincidental with the metropolitan development of Wichita is the inevitable swing southwestward that the great path of commerce is taking. The old way, the direct westward way, is to become a by-path. As sure as grass grows, cattle fatten, wheat ripens and population thickens in fertile regions, the great arteries of trade will turn southwestward in Kansas and in this part of Kansas and make directly for Mexico and the Pacific coast. The business of the Orient, the trade with China and her millions, the vast transoceanic which this country is to have with Mexico, but now in her commercial swaddling clothes, are to pass this way. The Isthmian canal, multiplying the importance and magnitude of Gulf American ports and Pacific Mexican ports, will change the trade channels of the western world. The mountain states to the west must find other aids to development or languish. It is population that counts, and it will be through regions of population and possible population that the great east and west railroads will find business, through them they will determine main lines, and the regions themselves which will grow great by their position on the great channel, will profit.

Population makes good. The rocks of Colorado, the slits of valleys in Montana, the granite of Wyoming, the lava beds of Idaho, with all that irrigation which is to accrue from the never-ceasing tide of westward emigration is to be in the southwest, in the great Arkansas valley, in the valleys of the Cimarron and the Canadian and the Red, in the valley of the Pecos, in the valley of the Rio Grande. This stretch is the cradle of the yet infant west. Here will live the millions who will produce that which is to be shipped out, and need that which is to be shipped in.

At the entrance of the great path to the southwest is Wichita, growing rapidly, in the midst of the richest wheat country on the great artery, the center of a vast corn region, on the edge of the vast cattle country. Wichita is the first to feel the development of the growth of the southwest; she is to be its great beneficiary among the cities in it. She is to be the entrepot of a tremendous transcontinental traffic. Here traffic from the northwest, from the north and from the southeast and east will connect with the current of trade to the southwest.

It is little wonder that Wichita is growing rapidly; little wonder that her people feel the nearness of a great development.

Within three years three great fingers will reach out over the valleys of the Arkansas, the Canadian, the Red, the Pecos and the Rio Grande. These will be the Rock Island, the Santa Fe and the Orient. And they will spread out from Wichita.

TOM JOHNSON AND BRYAN.

Tom Johnson of Ohio now essays the role of the coupling-pin between the eastern and western wings of the Democracy. Johnson never was for free silver, and never mused up the dust much in front of the shrine of Bryan, but he knows a political ace when he sees it and knows how to play it.

Johnson is an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for president. He figures on his personal wealth and his freedom from free silver ideas making him acceptable to the eastern Democrats. But he realizes, also, that Mr. Bryan by being ignored in the preliminaries for 1904 could be turned into an annoying and possibly dangerous factor for the Democratic nominee. With that in mind, Mr. Johnson had his state convention the last week endorse Mr. Bryan and the Kansas City platform. The Kansas City platform is dead. Democratic state conventions have left off re-affirming it in the knowledge that it is buried forever. It is so deeply buried that Mr. Johnson felt secure from offending the eastern Democrats who he knew would look upon its endorsement lightly as a good joke. But he knew it would please Mr. Bryan and thought perhaps that it would tickle some of Mr. Bryan's following.

Governor General Taft does not believe that the Filipinos will be ready for self-government for two generations. The third generation will not break away from the United States. "You bet he will, Reddy. My, I wonder how he looks. Say, ma, has he got red hair?" "No, I reckon it's gray now, like mine, though maybe he hasn't changed as much as I have, seeing he hasn't a lot of young ones to worry his life out. He couldn't hold a candle to your pa when we was all young together, but maybe he's improved some." "Dorothy Atkinson, stop putting on airs. If you don't believe you can go to meet your new pa tomorrow?" "He ain't our pa yet," winged in Dorothy, whereat her mother shook her, increasing the force of that good woman's face to a dark purple hue, while she renewed the threat, "Wait till your new pa comes!" At the next station the man in the back of the car sneaked out and took the first train back to Omaha.

Newport society has dropped golf. It was always a game which could be played cheaply. Newport could stand that. But when it became common, Newport cut it out.

The census reports show that only one lightning rod factory is left in the country, thus marking the passing of one of the prettiest architectural ideas the country ever had.

Tom Johnson had the Ohio Democrats endorse Bryan and the Kansas City platform. Mr. Johnson can see where Mr. Bryan can come in mighty useful in 1904.

The last census reports show that we of this generation are living longer than our forefathers did. And we have cut several seconds off their clip, too.

The people who now insist on remaining on the island of Martinique might well look into the muzzle of an unloaded gun and have it over with quickly.

A good many criticisms have been passed on Aguinaldo, but it is about time to acknowledge that he seems to be above the lecture platform.

If the average general had made the fuss of getting off to the Philippines that Miles is making, Aguinaldo would have won the fight.

The new play, "A Modern Magdalene," which is being madly received, is said to present scenes that would make Paris scream.

War may be hell, but the imitation of it as put up on the Atlantic coast isn't much more ferocious than a Sunday school picnic.

That trolley threw President Roosevelt forty feet. But the trolley caught Roosevelt with his guard down.

such a storm as wiped the town out may not occur again in a thousand years. The people who live in valleys which have been washed away by mountain cloud-bursts no doubt feel secure and would balk at the idea of moving to the plains of Kansas and undergoing the danger of being twisted into a bow-knot by a passing tornado. The landlubber pities the sailor in all the risk of storm and collision, and the sailor believes the people on land are dodging perpetually the menace of runaway fires and falling buildings. The people of the north dread the fevers of the south and the people of the south can not understand how any human being would subject himself to the rigors of the north.

We have a way of exaggerating other folks' perils and forgetting our own, when the truth is we are all walking on thin tissue paper stretched over a bottomless pit, and death is ever at our elbow, whether we walk or drive along the avenues of an inland city, sail far out at sea or dwell beneath the snort and bellow of an angry mountain.

KAISER'S VISIT TO POSEN.

The kaiser is to be congratulated upon the conduct of his visit to Posen, says the New York Evening Post. He came not with the promised army division, but with the usual escort; and he came bearing a notable gift. When the present fortifications have been razed and thrown into a park, the citizens of Posen will have occasion to remember gratefully the imperial visit of 1902. The great popular enthusiasm which the Tribune's correspondent naively reports must be criticized in the light of the admirable dispatches printed in the Staats-Zeitung. It appears that the Germans of all the surrounding region have been pouring into Posen for some days past, so that the kaiser's ovation is not only very strictly German origin, but in part at least of careful prearrangement. Signs of Polish discontent, in the failure to decorate native establishments and in the general absenteeism of the local nobility, were painfully apparent. It should be said, however, that the emperor has performed a somewhat delicate duty most gracefully, avoiding alike the evils of a great military progress and that appearance of a slight to which the omission of his stated visit would have given rise. In this matter he has been more happily inspired than was the king of England in omitting a visit to Dublin because of renewed agitation by the league. Of course, long-standing prejudices like those which prevail in conquered Poland and Ireland are not removed solely by official civility and liberality. But tact goes far in these matters, as in others. One can only wish that the emperor would use at Berlin that sweet reasonableness towards the German Poles which he so readily assumes at Posen.

EDWARD ONE, SEVEN AND NINE.

Certain Scots, with the characteristic argumentative and casuistic tendencies of their race, have started a curious discussion in Great Britain concerning the number which should be affixed to King Edward's title. They say that he is properly Edward VII, for only the Irish and the Welsh.

Scotland never had an Edward for a sovereign. Therefore, argue these Scots, the present monarch is Edward I in their country. In England, they say, he can be the seventh King Edward only by a tacit admission that the English are a subjugated people whose early sovereigns must be ignored and denied, to flatter the pride of the Norman conquerors. This argument is based on the fact that two Saxon kings bore the name of Edward in their British realms.

As for Ireland and Wales, it is clear that the amiable gentleman now reigning is their seventh King Edward. Those divisions of the British Isles were not in the kingdom dominated by England until after the Norman conquest, but they were annexed in time to have sovereigns of the name of Edward before the monarch now living.

All this is unimportant, but it is entertaining as a sample of Scottish sticking over little facts, and also as a reminder that the United Kingdom is what its official name signifies and not merely a country, always one and undivided, which grew naturally to its present proportions.

Last Sunday at Lexington, Ky., a minister hauled a skeleton out from behind the pulpit and delivered a sermon on it. The congregation didn't like it and made no bones of telling their pastor so.

Governor General Taft does not believe that the Filipinos will be ready for self-government for two generations. The third generation will not break away from the United States.

The claim that the prehistoric skeleton found in Kansas was that of a woman should lead the scientists to dig for the other skeleton. He must have been around somewhere.

John R. McLean says that David Hill could have been nominated for president in Kansas City in 1900 if he had wanted it. If David is smart he will not want it in 1904 either.

The Count and Countess de Castellane are on their way to this country, and as the Duchess of Marlborough is already here, we will have to enlarge the center of the stage.

Newport society has dropped golf. It was always a game which could be played cheaply. Newport could stand that. But when it became common, Newport cut it out.

The census reports show that only one lightning rod factory is left in the country, thus marking the passing of one of the prettiest architectural ideas the country ever had.

Tom Johnson had the Ohio Democrats endorse Bryan and the Kansas City platform. Mr. Johnson can see where Mr. Bryan can come in mighty useful in 1904.

The last census reports show that we of this generation are living longer than our forefathers did. And we have cut several seconds off their clip, too.

The people who now insist on remaining on the island of Martinique might well look into the muzzle of an unloaded gun and have it over with quickly.

A good many criticisms have been passed on Aguinaldo, but it is about time to acknowledge that he seems to be above the lecture platform.

A FORFEITED STEPFATHERHOOD.

Elmer Harding picked up an envelope addressed to the firm of which he was senior partner, and which he found lying upon his own desk, the letter itself being placed on the floor for future reference. Something about the handwriting recalled a memory that was haunting and elusive.

"A woman's first evidently," he said to himself, and tucked the envelope into a pigeonhole only to keep thinking of it to the utter exclusion of more important topics. Then he took it out of its hiding place, and examined it carefully.

"Where have I seen that handwriting before? It is so familiar as a breath of the old lilac tree that stood at the door of the south porch at home. I wish those vagrant memories would not come disturbing me with their vague hints of happy past. I must find out about this letter."

He touched a bell and the head clerk responded to the summons.

"Where is the letter which this contained?" asked Harding, as he held up the empty envelope.

"I will bring it. The woman who wrote it wanted us."

"Oh, did a woman write it? Pretty good business handwriting, Simpson?"

"Yes, and she's a good business woman, too. I should say. Her husband bought a block of buildings on the south side, and intended coming to the city to live, but he died suddenly, and the widow prefers to remain on their farm, near Omaha. So we are commissioned to sell the property here. I'll fetch the letter."

The explanation, however, had satisfied Harding that he had no personal interest in the matter, and he took the letter when it was handed him in a perfunctory manner, and did not even take the trouble to read it. As a mere matter of form, he glanced at the signature and gave a start. He knew then why his middle-aged heart had thumped so violently at sight of that handwriting, why memory had evoked sweet perfume and wafts of incense out of a dead past. Here was a name to conjure with, Rose Atkinson! She who had been Rose Boynton, the flower that all were praising, and the only one that had ever bloomed for him. Rose of the prairie, rose of his heart. And she married that red-headed chump, Ed Atkinson, while he, Elmer Harding, was setting ready to start in business and then go back and ask her to marry him. He knew he had no one to blame but himself, he felt sure it was with Rose as a case of a bird in the hand, but for long years he was sore and aggrieved over his defection, as he chose to consider it. And now she was a widow.

He read the letter then and found it a concise, well-worded business epistle, quite unlike anything he would have expected of Rose, who had been diffident and undecided in the old days. It hurt him to think of her as a business woman when he remembered the sweet girlhood of her early youth, the ripple of her Roman gold hair, as he had loved to call it, the music of her merry gurgling laugh. Then he looked in the little mirror over his desk and saw the promontory of knowledge from which he had departed, the lack-luster eyes and the heavy double chin.

"You're a fool, Elmer Harding," he said, pulling himself together with a sigh, "if she did not love you in the old days she would not look at you now, and he gave his mind to business for the rest of the day.

But on the next day he wrote her a letter, friendly, with an apparent business motive, but filled throughout with gentle reminders of the past, and asking her as an old friend, to answer it and tell of herself. He had informed her that he had never married and was devoted to old bachelorhood.

He waited for an answer with a feverish interest that gave new zest to his life, and when he found it awaiting him at his apartments—he was too shrewd to have it addressed to the office—he trembled like a love-sick boy as he opened it. The letter was cleverly written, leaving much to the imagination of its reader. Facts were merely touched on. "Several children," a good farm and money in the bank were her portion. She would not speak of her loneliness, but he would understand. She alluded to the "dear past" in contrast to her present widowed state and hurriedly closed her letter as if memories overpowered her. Elmer Harding reverently kissed her signature and murmured:

"Dear little Rose! That slight, fragile creature, struggling with the care of a growing family! Why, she is nothing but a child herself. I wonder if she has kept that perfect color she had, like the flower for which she was named. Dear, shy, sensitive Rose, how I would like to see you!"

Other letters were exchanged, and finally a meeting between the two was arranged. Mr. Harding had business in that part of the country. Sentimentalist though he might be, he was enough like his fellow men to be able to conjure up business on the Desert of Sahara if necessary, and he wrote to Mrs. Atkinson that he would be in her neighborhood and call upon her at such a time, but the little god of prudence restrained him from making any open avowal of marriage until he could see his dear one face to face. But he was a very impatient lover.

He reached Omaha a day in advance of the time he was expected to look an immediate outgoing train for the town on the border of which the Atkinson farm was located. There was one car a day, and Harding seated himself in the back of it, pulling his hat over his eyes, but closely observant of surroundings. A noisy crowd was entering, and he watched them, as, besides himself, they were the only passengers. A tall, stout woman and a half a dozen half-bred children, loaded with parcels and luggage baskets, struggled in and were soon haggling over seats.

"Here, you children get into your seats and stay there! You, Ed, let your sister alone. Wait till I get home—I'll teach you not to scarp in the cars. Elmer, stop eating them grapes."

"My name ain't Elmer," said the boy, with a grin.

"No, it is, and don't you forget it. Your new pa won't take no back talk, if I do. He'll soon size you up."

"Will our new pa pull our hair the way our old pa did?" This from a precocious girl with a fiery shock of red hair.

"You bet he will, Reddy. My, I wonder how he looks. Say, ma, has he got red hair?"

"No, I reckon it's gray now, like mine, though maybe he hasn't changed as much as I have, seeing he hasn't a lot of young ones to worry his life out. He couldn't hold a candle to your pa when we was all young together, but maybe he's improved some." Dorothy Atkinson, stop putting on airs. If you don't believe you can go to meet your new pa tomorrow?"

"He ain't our pa yet," winged in Dorothy, whereat her mother shook her, increasing the force of that good woman's face to a dark purple hue, while she renewed the threat, "Wait till your new pa comes!"

At the next station the man in the back of the car sneaked out and took the first train back to Omaha.

MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

They Mistook His Business.

FUN OF THE WORLD.

An Irishman whose face was so plain that his friends used to tell him it was an offense to the landscape happened also to be as poor as he was homely.

"How are you, Pat?"

"Mighty bad! Sure 'tis starvation that's starin' me in the face."

"Begorra," exclaimed his neighbor sympathetically, "it can't be very pleasant for either of ye."

The front bell rang furiously. A head adorned with shaggy and unmanageable whiskers was thrust out of the chamber window, and a voice that fitted the beard inquired, "Who is it?"

"Oh, 'tis Mr. Higgins!" came a shrill voice from the shade of the doorway below.

"Please come to No. 4 High Street just as quick as you can, and bring your instruments."

"I ain't no doctor—I'm a carpenter," Dr. Higgins lives two doors below, and the window was coming down with a slam, when "Please, sir," said the little voice, "it's you we want. Pa and ma is shut up in the foldin' bed and we can't get them out."

He had a most enviable appetite for plain, nutritious food, said Mr. G. W. E. Russell last night, in his charming discourse on Mr. Gladstone at the Cambridge Summer meeting. "The word reminds me," writes a correspondent, "of a luncheon party at Hawarden Castle a year or two before Mr. Gladstone's death. He was then, by medical orders, on very simple diet indeed, and while we others partook of all sorts of dainty dishes, he ate his boiled fish and milk pudding without a word or sigh, giving us meanwhile one of those most delightful sparkling monologues to which Mr. Russell refers. Towards the end of the meal, however, I noticed that Mr. Gladstone took a little of his smiling serenity, and once or twice looked round somewhat furtively to see if the man behind his chair had departed. When this event had at last taken place, the old man arose with a twinkle in his eyes, went to the sideboard, out himself a substantial 'crust' of the loaf, helped himself to a plentiful supply of cheese, and while he toyed with hot-house grapes and peaches, he ate the 'forbidden fruit' with the relish of a schoolboy."

The example of the Illinois newspaper which has begun the issue of the Bible as a serial in a process that will require about fifty years, recalls the Texas editor who came across the Ten Commandments somewhere and was so struck with their excellence that he clipped the passage and ran it under the head of "Gems of Current Thought."

When the fretful critic, Cumberland said of a performance of "The School for Scandal" that he was surprised that it evoked such immediate laughter, as it did not make him even smile, Sheridan, the wit, orator and playwright, is said to have remarked: "Cumberland is truly ungrateful, for I saw a tragedy of his played a fortnight before at Covent Garden, and I laughed from beginning to end."

Queen Victoria, on her last trip to Italy, visited a church at Assisi, where she met a very devout monk, who escorted her through a chilly corridor. His hand was shaken and she asked if he did not feel the draught, wearing the tonsure in the way his order did. His reply was not in Italian, as she expected, but in perfect English, tinged with Celtic brogue: "No, madame, I don't suffer at all that way. You know, we Irish are a hot-headed race."

Around his successive homes at Bridgeport, Conn., P. T. Barnum was found of putting something that suggested a show. Quietly marked cattle, sacred cows, or an elephant, were frequently among the stock to be noticed in his fields. On one occasion he had an elephant engaged in plowing on the sloping hill where it could be plainly seen by the passengers on the New Haven and Hartford Railroad. Of course, the newspapers all wrote the matter up, and as a result he received a letter from a farmer asking how much hay one elephant ate, and if it was more profitable to plow with an elephant than with horses or oxen. He replied tersely: "If you have a large museum in New York, and a great railroad sends trains full of passengers within eyeshot of the performance, it will pay, and pay well; but, if you have no such institution, then horses or oxen will prove more economical."

An American chief named Arthur Robinson has set Paris laughing by his repartee when arraigned for trial. All the papers publish pictures of "the humorous Yankee."

Robinson appeared in the Criminal Court and asked that the trial be postponed because his attorney was ill and unable to be present. The judge said he could grant the request because two postponements had already been allowed.

"Have you confessed repeatedly that you were sentenced in the United States for petit larceny; that you stole this man's pocket book and struck the officer who arrested you?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, Your Honor," Robinson replied.

"Then what could your lawyer say in your defense?" demanded the Court.

"That's just what I'm curious to know," the Tankee said, grinning.

He got six months in jail.

Origin of a Famous Song.

Bizet, the composer of the world famous opera, "Carmen," and Halvey, his librettist, once occupied apartments whose outer doors opened on the same landing. As soon as he had finished an air Bizet would hasten to submit it to his neighbor, who subjected it to the most severe criticism. From morning to night the piano resounded in the composer's apartments. One night Bizet finished a dramatic bit in which he flattered himself he had successfully sketched the pride of a triumphant leader after a successful ball fight. But Halvey listened in silence and showed not a moderate enthusiasm. Bizet, somewhat piqued, asked the cause of his coldness.

"It's good, I admit," said Halvey. "In fact, it's too good. It jacks movement—it locks snap—in short, it's not popular enough."

"Not popular?" shouted the pleased composer. "Do you want me to write for the slums?" He went out by a back door, but soon returned and in an hour returned with another air. "Listen to this," said he, "here is my melodrama written down to your popular level." It was indeed the song of the torchbearer, and the only one which on the first night received an encore, and seemed to move the first-night audience from its torpor.

Single Beds for Real Beds.

From the Family Doctor.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

It required Bill Cross and a Texas band two days to rib up enthusiasm at St. Dorado. The band did it.

The Democratic convention at Hobart resolved in favor of strongest laws to bring about a good road movement.

Denberg of Enid says fusion will triumph in Garfield county by one vote to 800. Isay is dealing in large margins.

The first thing the Santa Fe knows the farmers of Kay county will be running yacht races in that sixty-acre lake it has built.

Dr. Roger Hall of Madford is sojourning in the Rocky Mountains and he writes home saying that he killed a bear. He will send the affidavits later.

Herz Gratts of Pond Creek has committed a deliberate act of self-effacement from the public eye. He has demanded of the Villetts never again to mention his name.

The Oklahoma man, says Uncle Bill's "Illiteracy" that southern Oklahoma is like the march of a conquering hero. Presumably it has reference to his library.

With a Carnegie library and a Methodist university, there is good reason to believe that the power of the Democratic influence in Oklahoma City will not survive long.

The new superintendent of schools at Hobart has a record of making an average of 80 per cent on twenty-one branches of education. Hobart, evidently, means to build up an educational reputation.

The most striking evidence of Oklahoma prosperity so far presented is the report from Grant county that a newspaper man was robbed of \$15 there. His picture should be sent to the St. Louis fair.

Oklahoma is a great rejuvenator of attenuated fortunes. A Caldwell man who lost every penny he had in the '90 boom went to the strip without a dollar and now pays taxes on \$25,000 worth of property.

The Rentrow Tribune has enlisted in a cause which it will not desert until success is achieved or the editor is laid away in the bosom of mother earth. It wants a county high school for that town.

The End Wave fell into that one of all errors which makes both sides of a case mad, and it is explaining. It puffed the Modern Woodmen as they appeared in the Labor Day parade, but called them the Woodmen of the World.

The Indians in the Chickasha nation take twenty-four hours to vote. They start by finding who the candidates are and then they go way off and sit down to deliberate. They call out their votes when they are ready to cast them. There is no secrecy whatever.

If anything like an earthquake is heard in Grant county, or vicinity, on November 4 at 6 o'clock mountain time, the people need not get alarmed. About that time P. C. Simons will be playfully mopping the earth with his opponent for county attorney.

The Garber Sentinel thinks that printers' ink is more valuable from a commercial standpoint in Oklahoma than hot-air, and that those who have in their charge the appropriation of campaign funds should not forget it. The tendency is to sugar the orator and salt the editor.

The Bridgeport Banner prints a very lively article showing that out of twenty Democratic candidates only one has contributed fifty cents to its support. "Come up, gentlemen," it concludes, "if you want red editorialials giving the Republicans biases. We're hell on wind and bluster—in fact we live on it." That certainly ought to make the boys dig up.

The Garber Sentinel thus describes the various uses of campaign funds: "Campaign funds for which the candidates are solicited by county committee committees of the several political parties, are used to reimburse the services of speakers, the publication of proper literature and, also, to pay for necessary refreshments in the shape of intoxicating drinks in an effort to successfully appeal to the stomach where brains are not sufficiently in evidence."

Perhaps by this time Baldwin has got over the idea that he was such a warm number that the icebergs would melt at his approach.

From the present prospects Bill Crockett the night of the election will know what has happened to him almost as early as Hespered Emerson will.

Dame Fashion is powerful, true enough, but she isn't the whole show. The Kansas mosquito is now overruling the elbow sleeve in women's dresses.

Already thirteen men nominated for the Kansas legislature by the Republicans are doctors. This rather forebodes a law making appendicitis compulsory.

Interest is greatly heightened in the Gray county convention to be held September 12, and which will consist of fifteen delegates by the stipulation that eight of them will probably have a bite.

The Topeka Capital is calling: "All that's out in free," in order to get Davy Nation to divulge his hiding place. But as long as Carle is in his hiding distance, you can bet that Davy won't do it.

Professor Williston has decided that the skull found near Lansing was that of a woman. But he will be more certain when the rest of the bones are found and the toes are seen to have been pigeon.

One of the real humorous incidents of the year's politics in Kansas is the frequency with which public conventions nominate men for office who are not present. Every politician knows what that means.

The Topeka man who will ride in the back seat with President Roosevelt will probably tremble the whole length of Kansas avenue for fear the President will say: "My, what a lot of drug stores you have in this town."

The stage will soon be occupied by the Kansas who will assert in fear and trembling that these big rains we have had this summer, mean that we will be swamped good and hearty by a drought later on, in order to make up the annual average.

The Rock Island has selected as the name for its second round limited train "Golden Gate Limited." It will be a fine train and people who have passes will not only be prohibited from riding on it, but will not be permitted within one hundred feet of the depot while the train is in town.

John Jenkins, living near Caldwell stopped his dog while the other day to rest. Presently his dog surprised by mistaking a sandstone one him, take his and curl up. The sun struck the dog full and the reflected rays did the rest. He held a bunch of hair in the reflection and it took fire.

"Stand back," cried the Poland-China, as the herd of huge mags made a wild rush for the basket of corn the farmer had just dumped into the pen. "Stand back, you mags. There's no corn here. Don't eat none. Kansas raised 200,000,000 bushels of corn last year, and there are 75,000 less hogs in the state than there was last year."

J. D. Buxton, fusion candidate for congressman at large, when he reached Billville to speak, found no audience. Buxton must know what the means, for Billville has attended Political meetings in groups where the vast audience charged off day, consumed themselves with fried chicken, and washed it down by drinking in the precious words of the speaker.

There has been talk of taking the appointment of fourth class postmasters out of Joe Brown's hands and giving it to the most ardent postmaster avowed. That anything of the kind will be done is doubted from Washington. It must be embarrassing to Joe Higgins when he gets to his office door to knock it to have to take a scoop there and clear away the rumors.

A man at Enterprise has found a way to get the justice hot. The average Kansas justice will smile like a June day at the usual Prohibition attacks on his business. This Enterprise man knows it. So he gets a big mousetrap in front of a hotel and delivers an address attacking the quality of the Hyper deposited within, on the great hotting anger of the proprietor.

"We witnessed a fierce combat between a snake and a weep a few days ago," writes the Beaverton correspondent for the Kiowa County Signal. "The weep would watch the snake in slithering the snake and then try to a snake. The snake would crawl to the ground, but would not strike while the weep remained there. The weep made several false attempts to fly and finally descended the snake to strike. The reptile in striking became attached to the snake and could not get away. The weep then flew away and in a few moments returned, bringing with him several of his friends, who settled upon the snake and stung him to death."