

THE STATE JOURNAL

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By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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Weather indications. WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—Forecast till 8 p. m., Sunday—For Kansas—Fair, preceded by showers in the extreme southern portion today; cooler Sunday morning and probably in the extreme southeasterly portion in the afternoon; northerly winds.

The cause of real reform is not lost in Kansas; it is only deferred by the Populist eruption.

The governor's sentiments are commendable, but one can't run a campaign on sentiment; it takes sense.

Now Lewelling would only withdraw—but the governor never did anything political and never will.

Governor LEWELLING goes on with his campaigning with machine like regularity, but his heart is in his boots, or it ought to be.

One term governorships are the best thing. There never yet has been a Kansas governor whom anybody wanted to give a second term to—very bad.

SENATOR JONES' flop freshens the drooping spirits of Populists in other states, but nothing can win smiles back to the faces of Kansas Populist leaders.

JOHN W. BREIDENBACH tries to say good things about his candidate for governor, but does he really mean them? We fear he's not a real, glittering success as a bluffer.

Isn't it a little easier to vote for Judge Johnston with two railroad passes in his pocketbook, than for George Clark with four? But really it would be better if the candidates hadn't any.

The Leavenworth Standard appropriated one of the STATE JOURNAL'S "Stories About Town" yesterday. Those stories are original, written in the Journal office, and we want credit for them.

We are all for free silver coinage in Kansas; it took some of us a long time to see the light; in fact some people had to be hit with a brick, but everybody in Kansas now stands on the same platform.

WHILE all Republicans are remarkably foot loose this year as regards their political affiliations, it doesn't mean that the Populist ticket will win their votes. It doesn't seem to be winning the votes it had before.

S. M. SCOTT is for free coinage, 16 to 1; so is Charles Curtis; as Curtis has already been to congress and voted as the people wished, why propose sending someone else there who may prove a disappointment?

It appears that Gov. Lewelling and Mrs. Lease each discovered the other to be insincere at the same time. But they made the mistake of quarreling with each other instead of combining to "do" the people as many another pair of politicians has done.

MR. OVERMYER is quoted in a dispatch from Warrensburg, Mo., as saying that "negroes are too ignorant to take part in this government." This may have pleased the Missourians, but David Overmyer has generally been credited with too much sense to say such things.

DAVID OVERMYER wants history rolled back fifty years, but that can never be. We shall never return to old things. Even after the Republicans return to power, things will not be done as they were under Bill Higgins. If the attempt is made, the people will put the Republicans out again.

If Chairman Leland wanted to call a silver conference and give Major Morrill his ideas of what ought to be said in the campaign, we see nothing harmful in that. The letters to Dick Blue published in the Journal of Thursday, indicate nothing that isn't perfectly legitimate in a political campaign.

WHAT the Populist party needs in Kansas is a Governor Tillman—a man who has backbone enough to enforce the laws. Gov. Tillman's force of character carried every county; but three in South Carolina. The people fall over themselves running after a man of grit, and even a bad cause sometimes wins because of the popular admiration for a man of backbone.

THE SOLID SOUTH.

Arkansas has again gone Democratic. As one after another of the southern states hold elections, the Populists see their hopes in that direction fade away. The Republicans tried many years to break the solid south without success. They tried it recently in Alabama by uniting with the Populists, but with the same result. Past experience and present indications justify the prediction that the solid south will never be broken as long as the Republican party is in existence. The ruling classes have but to flaunt the bugaboo of negro supremacy in the faces of the people, and they forget principle, violated party pledges and every other wrong and outrage, and vote the Democratic ticket.

Lately the oligarchy which controls the politics of the southern states has become a little doubtful of the continued success of this method, and they have been changing the registration and election laws.

In Mississippi they have a literary qualification which requires that the voter in order to be registered must be able to understand a clause of the constitution when read to him, and the registration officer is the sole judge of this qualification. This enables the party in power, which is of course the Democratic party, to shut out enough objectionable voters to insure the result in their favor. Arkansas has also passed a new registration law and the result was seen in last Monday's election.

No good can ever come out of the Democratic party. This has been demonstrated by the present administration. The only hope for the country lies north of Mason and Dixon's line. The Republicans and Populists should get together. They do not agree, but they are at least both progressive, and they try to be honest in their election methods.

Washington, Sept. 8.—Forecast till 8 p. m., Sunday—For Kansas—Fair, preceded by showers in the extreme southern portion today; cooler Sunday morning and probably in the extreme southeasterly portion in the afternoon; northerly winds.

KANSAS PARAGRAPHS.

Mae Suffecool will teach school in Thomas county this winter.

Those who are real well acquainted with Quenemo call her Quinny.

The barber shops at St. Marys have agreed to close on Sunday, and they stick to it.

The course of study in the Quenemo high school has been lengthened one year.

It is said that cattle on the Piney ranch near Laclede are dying with Texas fever.

It cost the Hoxie Dramatic Company \$3.30 in excess of receipts to show the people of Cuby "actin' as actin'."

Nortonville is celebrating the hard times by erecting five brick business houses containing eleven store rooms.

Thomas McAboon of St. Marys has been appointed to a position in the government printing office at Washington.

At Louisville Mr. Eggees was married to Miss Witts. The lady was perfectly contented to assume the yolk of matrimony.

A Westmoreland man who planned a Sunday school picnic was killed before it took place. He saved himself, others he could not save.

When the farmers in Sheridan county see a Russian thistle they fall to and hew it down, take it to Hoxie and leave it at the Sentinel office.

A dancing class is being organized at Alma. If it will persist in staying hot Alma people can't help it. The young folks must learn to dance.

The methodists of Eureka are figuring on building a new parsonage. It will probably depend upon how much of a reduction in salary the minister will stand.

Scranton people after they get up and brush themselves off and wonder what struck them will be able to explain matters if they remember that the ordinance prohibiting bicyclists from using the sidewalks didn't pass.

The Eureka Herald complains that there isn't one drug clerk in a hundred that knows how to draw a glass of soda water. Perhaps that is true, but just think how nicely they comb their hair down over their foreheads.

A Kansas paper says if Prof. Stryker's questions in arithmetic were like the following, there would be some sense in them: A boy 10 years of age has a little sister who weighs sixteen pounds, and he gets tired of holding her in five minutes. When he is twice as old how long will it take him to get tired of holding some one else's sister who weighs 125 pounds?

If all the preachers were as brave as some of the preachers are, in denouncing the industrial and political evils of the age, the evils would be righted sooner. Of course the preachers would be dismissed from their churches by their angry and ignorant congregations, but real Christianity requires just that kind of sacrifice. If all the ministers stood together, however, the churches would be mighty short of preachers.

GEORGE CLARK, who wants to be associate justice on the supreme bench, is an awful nice fellow; everybody says so; but with four annual railroad passes in his pocket, will he be a safe man before whom to try a railroad case?

THEIR NEW CHURCH.

The North Topeka Christian Church is Completed and Ready to Occupy.

The North Topeka Christian church have just completed their new church, located on the southwest corner of Grant street and Central avenue, and at the west end of Kiowa street, one block west of Kansas avenue.

It is a plain substantial frame 40x90 feet. The entrance is at the northeast corner. The pulpit and baptistry are on the south side twenty feet from the west end. The inside of the building is finished in hard oil, with paneled ceiling overhead and plastered walls.

The windows are plain ground glass except the middle north window which is a beautiful memorial window in memory of Mrs. E. I. Pettitt. Mr. T. E. Harding, of Chanute, superintended construction of the church. The erection of this church was a remarkable event for a weak church during these hard times.

To the women and to Mr. Ingels, the pastor, is very largely due the success of the enterprise. This church was built almost wholly with donated labor.

THE WANING WABASH

REVERIES AND REFLECTIONS OF A PHILOSOPHICAL HOOSIER.

He Returns Home, Inspects the Crops, Draws Comparisons and Uses Massachusetts to Flume Indiana Progress and Intelligence—Expert Testimony.

[Special Correspondence.]

DANVILLE, Ill., Sept. 6.—Never, no, never, since first the white man stuck a plow in the fat soil of this wonderful valley has there been promise of so good a crop, all things averaged, as now gladdens the granger's eye. Of course there have been years in which this or that crop did better. There was one year in which wheat yielded as bounteously, three or four when corn was as good and many when fruit was better, but for an all around year, in which every product does well and some have beaten the record, no year in our history equals this of 1894.

Wheat, midsummer fruits, early vegetables, hay and small crops—these are already made and harvested, and the prospect for the autumnal yield is simply wonderful. Equally encouraging to the farmer are the prevailing high prices for corn, hogs and hay. Once more one sees the long lines of wagons hauling old corn to the country depots, once more the dollar of the daddies jingles musically in the pockets of the sons and rings with Wagnerian harmony on the counters of the country merchants, and all things indicate not obscurely the dawn of a better day.

The Poetry of Maise. I stood the other day on a commanding point overlooking the broadest section of the Wabash river bottom lands. Five miles to the north and seven to the south, from the Opudu bluffs on the west to the maple clad hills on the east, stretched one vast cornfield, broken only by the river channel—

A mighty maize, but not without a plan. In all that area there was not a stalk less than 10 feet high and many over 16, but for the most part a single field would average 12 or 13 feet, and the tassels were just at their loveliest. The wind blew softly from the south, and as the vast yellow sea waved and sparkled in the morning sunshine the spectator was thrilled with joy and felt that most sublime of all poetry—the poetry which cannot be uttered.

But where is the Wabash river? Well, it has not vanished entirely, as many smaller streams have done, but it has shrunk to a mere branch—can be waded by a mere boy at almost any point north of Terra Haute. The people say that there has never been a year when so small a rainfall was so well distributed for the farmer, but this drought, following the great drought of last year, has dried out the earth down to bedrock. Last winter's rain and snow were not sufficient to thoroughly wet the earth, and now the rain goes straight down wherever it strikes. "This year's drought," says an old observer, "came just too late to hurt the corn, just early enough to save the wheat and hay and at exactly the right time to leave a dry season for the fruit and meat. If a committee of grumbling farmers—and they are the grumbling people in the world—had the ordering of it, they couldn't have bettered it—that is, with so more rain to go on." Just the same the fishing runs are dry, and the fish are dead. The swamps have burned over and killed the moccasin snakes, and the Wabash is shrunk to a rivulet.

The Shrunken Wabash. Fifty years ago the Wabash was navigable for good sized steamers four months in the year and sometimes six. Early in March large Ohio river boats began to land at Terra Haute, and a month later the trip to Lafayette was made with ease. The history of navigation on this river is the history of civilization condensed. It was first the canoe made by the Indian of a seasoned log hollowed by fire, then the canoe more gracefully shaped with the help of the white man's hatchet, then in rapid succession the progge, keelboat, flatboat, or "broadhorn," and finally the steamboat.

It was in 1816 that the first steamer went down the Ohio. The word had gone through the settlements that it was to come, and the pioneers flocked from far and near and camped on the river banks to see the painted wonder moving without oar or sail. Soon after the first steamer landed at Terra Haute, but by 1835 a regular trade was established, and the whistles of the Plow-boy, Fidelity, Victory, Republican, Blue Wing and many other noted boats grew familiar to the valley farmers. One year 60 boats went up to Lafayette and returned with big cargoes of corn, wheat and whisky. That was the maximum. Now it is only in rare seasons that a steamer ventures north of Terra Haute, and then the captain studies the clouds and at every landing posts himself on the state of the inflowing streams. I have breasted the waves made by a stern wheeler 40 miles above Terra Haute on the first Saturday in July. This year a 10-year-old boy could wade the river at the same point. Six transit gloria Jovis Pluvium in occidente, delecta sylvia—or words to that effect. The English of the locality has it thus: "Things ain't like they used to be when we was boys."

The gain, however, far outweighs the loss. Forty years ago all this country was as malarious as the Kongo basin (climate aside), gnats, mosquitoes and green-head flies rose from the mucky bottom by billions (an obsolete Hoosier numeral), and for six or eight weeks in every summer the nights were as hot as the days, and the days were often hot enough to melt the scalp off an Alabama negro. One-third of the adult population could not read and write intelligently, and when the south wind blew softly after a rain the gnats were so thick that in local phrases, "you could write your name in 'em." Now the percentage of illiteracy is lower than in Massachusetts, the nights are delightfully cool in the hottest weather,

malaria is unknown, the mosquito is described in scientific articles as an almost extinct insect, and there are thousands of voters who never saw a case of ague. Since 1840 the average duration of life has increased 12 years, and while the population has more than doubled crime has decreased one-third, intemperance one-half and illiteracy 70 per cent. Selah!

Glory of the Departed. To crown the whole, we have had "General" Corey with us, and by a queer coincidence everywhere he has spoken abundant rains have fallen. He has been driven from the stand at every place by rain! All nature has therefore put on a new aspect. The after harvest pastures show a shining growth and all the woods and cornfields a deeper shade. All the valley smiles with more inviting promise, the slopes of the Wabash attract to a more restful shade, the fall fruits suggest more pleasurable autumnal evenings, and plums of more alluring purple glow amid leaves of a deeper green. Can any man describe his native valley impartially? Perhaps not. As I gaze on these scenes I find expression only in Montgomery's lines:

There is a land of ev'ry land the pride, Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside, Where brighter suns dispense a clearer light And milder moons enamour the night. Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found? Art thou a man—a patriot? Look around! Oh, thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam, That land thy country and that spot thy home. J. H. BEADLE.

NEGRO COLONISTS. Eager For Greener Fields and Newer Pastures.

[Special Correspondence.] PITTSBURG, Sept. 6.—It is a common belief that the American negro is not much of a pioneer, and yet a very casual inquiry and research will disclose the fact that, when the conditions of his being in the country prior to the war of the rebellion are considered, he is as eager in the race after "greener fields and pastures new" as are any of his fellows of whatever race or nationality.

After the war large numbers of freedmen followed the Union soldiers to the north and west, increasing the negro population of those sections to a marked extent. In 1866 some 350 men, women and children settled in Grant county, Wis., building the town of Grant, not far from Lancaster, the county seat. In 1877 a colony of them from Tennessee and Kentucky settled in Graham county, Kan., and founded the town of Nicodemus, located on the south fork of the Solomon river. The town of Morton City, in Hodgman county, Kan., was founded by another colony in 1879. A colony of negro veterans purchased a large tract of land in 1882 in the Mouse river valley, Dakota, and built the town of Arnold. Butler is the name of a town about 13 miles south of Chicago, in which there is a large cotton factory, the whole plant owned and operated by colored men. On the opening of the Sac and Fox Indian reservation for public settlement in 1890 fully 1,500 of them secured claims in that portion of the Indian Territory, and the town of Langston was the result. In 1892, when the Cherokee strip was opened up, hundreds of them were among the claim getters, and the town of Liberty was founded.

None of these efforts was makeshift in its nature, and while their fame has been and may continue to be of the "inane, inglorious" kind they serve as a complete refutation of the charge that the negro is not a pioneer. The agitation to settle in Africa has also borne some fruit, and every little while small companies of them leave the country for the far distant shores of Liberia. Repeated efforts have been made to colonize large numbers of them in the Mexican states of Sonora and Chihuahua and in Brazil, South America, but without success.

The latest move is an attempt to settle a "model colored colony" in Paradise valley, Maricopa county, A. T., about 14 miles north of Phoenix, the capital of the territory. Only self-sustaining colored men are invited to become members. The plan is called the "Douglassville Colony and Farm Village," and it embraces 2,500 acres of land under the canal system of the Pennsylvania Irrigation company, divided in tracts of 20 acres each, with a village site of 40 acres located in the center of the plan. Each colonist will have a residence lot in the village 30 by 200 feet, on which he is expected to erect his residence, barns, etc., thus creating at the start a community of 600 people, and no farm will be more than one mile from town. The high altitude, healthful climate and fertile soil of south central Arizona, coupled with the fact that statehood is yet to come to the territory, with all the opportunities to engage in industrial, commercial and political pursuits which a new country offers, are held out as inducements. The plan is receiving the hearty commendation of the leading men of the race, who hail it as a practical solution of a perplexing race problem. J. L. B.

Photographs of Lip Speech. What is regarded as the greatest triumph of the photographer was the recent successful experiment by Professor Dameny of Berlin in making photographic plates of "lip speech." By making successive negatives of the movements of the lips of a rapid talker he managed to arrange photographs printed from them in such a manner that deaf mutes who were familiar with "lip speech" could plainly interpret every word that the speaker had uttered.

California Fruit. The orange output of California will be about 12,000 cars this year, it is estimated. An effort is made to control shipments and prices. The shippers of green fruit and table grapes will also be organized by another year, with a view of regulating shipments, apportioning the amount of fruit for canning and drying, etc.

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