

GOOD MEN SPEAK.

Two More Leading Business Men Favor the Fall Festival.

MESSRS. MANSPEAKER AND BONEBRAKE

Record Themselves on the Right Line. Mr. J. H. Hawks Has Another Good Idea - He Will Cover the National Hotel With Electric Lights.

"I believe the business men of Topeka will rally to make next fall's festival a success," said W. W. Manspeaker today. "It will take money and lots of it but there is hardly a business man in Topeka who will not contribute to such a fund."

"We need something to attract people to Topeka and the festival idea is the right thing. I am of the opinion that the state fair scheme is worn out, anyhow, and that it takes a new plan to bring people. They will come if we have something new and novel and we can make the festival a grand success. The city will be better off for it and we will all feel better."

"It is my opinion that an organization of the business men of the city should be made as soon as possible. There is no use in waiting and the sooner we commence work the better. Keep the ball rolling and the festival will be a success."

P. I. Bonebrake, president of the Central National bank, is in favor of the festival, and thinks that it can be made a big success. "If there are good crops next year we can have a festival which will be a big success. Of course if there is a failure people would not come, but with good crops there is no reason why Topeka should not do something that will advertise us and make us talked about all over the state. It will be a great advertisement and I am heartily in favor of the scheme."

PRIMROSE AND WEST.

Their Minstrel Show Pleased a Large Audience Last Night.

A good audience gathered to hear Primrose & West's minstrels at the Grand last night, and it was very well pleased.

The troupe is large and the costumes are fine. The first part by the colored people was excellent and the opening by the entire company was the prettiest seen here. The singing throughout was excellent both in choruses and solos. Mr. Primrose gave "Standing on the Corner," in which he sang a new red tanned suit and gave a particularly graceful dance afterward. George Wilson was as funny as ever in monologue and the crowd roared at his fun. One of the few drawbacks to the performance was the introduction of one or two old numbers.

The drill, with calcium light effects on a dark stage by superbly costumed "granddiers," led by Mr. West, was indeed fine.

The dramatic views of old world scenes and others at the close of the performance was new, but depressed the crowd after so much mirth.

The scene shifting throughout the performance was somewhat careless. James B. Mackin will be at the Grand next Monday evening in "Grimes' Cellar Door," which is described as a musical farce.

A BEARDED TRAMP.

One From Humanity's Remnant Couster in Police Court Today.

There was a bearded tramp in police court this morning who looked just like "Old Hoss" Hovey made up. Hovey could double his fortune if he could grow black, short, scrappy whiskers like George Rogers'. George is a bum and never takes a bath. "I suppose I was a little drunk" said he to Judge Ferry this morning. "Have you a family?" asked the judge. "This nearly knocked Rogers off his seat, but after thinking a minute 'Yes, sir,' he said as he tried to catch a sob. "I'll let you off with \$5, then," said Mr. Ferry.

Wm. Barnes was taken in with Rogers from near the river last night, but he was sober and will try to prove at 4 o'clock that he is not a vagrant. He is just about as tall as Arthur Switzer, the base ball pitcher.

C. J. BELL'S HORSES.

The Sale For Them in the South Was Not Large.

C. J. Bell, who went to Atlanta, Georgia, with a car load of horses, seven weeks ago, did not meet with the success he anticipated, and he has been the entire time selling the car load. He found no difficulty in selling the cheap horses, but he made the mistake in taking some good ones on the assurance that there was a ready sale for fancy horses in the south. He still had four of the best ones when he wrote a week ago. "The best market for good horses is in the east, where a cheap horse cannot be sold."

TOPEKA Steam Laundry

Every variety of Laundry Work done promptly. Satisfaction Guaranteed. J. W. RIPLEY, Manager. 626 Jackson-st. Phone 153.

SKETCHES ABOUT TOWN

The paying teller of a big bank has a great many opportunities of studying the genus ignoramus in at least a few interesting details. That is largely the paying teller's business and hardly a day passes him the sacred monotony of which is not rudely shattered by some new exhibition of colossal foolishness on the part of some of the many people with whom he comes in contact.

There is the man to whom an intimation that he must be identified is an insult. He is a sort of cousin to the man who regards the presentation of a bill as a slap at his honesty and the man who regards a straight draft as utter ruin to his credit.

Such people seldom realize that the sum involved is rightfully the creditor's and that he has a right to ask for it at any time; they fail to see that the business of a country must be carried on on strictly business principles, and do not seem to be able to comprehend that the necessity of identification is as much a matter of protection to them as to the bank that asks it.

"I had a case the other day that I could not get smiling at," said Mr. of the Bank of Topeka. "He was a little dried up German and he had a check that he wanted cashed."

"I replied to his request with the usual salutation but he didn't know what 'identical' meant. 'I said you must know who you are,' I said by way of explanation."

"Slowly it struck him and a look of intense relief came with the clearing up of the mystery."

"Oh," he said, "Dot ish all right. Dis is me, and he was so vehement and honest that I said that I paid his check and he never heard of his name since."

"An Irishman came in here the other day," said Mr. Henderson of the First National bank, with a draft and wanted the money for it. The identification was easily gotten over, and having satisfied myself that the draft was all right I began getting the money and pushed the draft back for him to endorse.

"Put your name on it," I said.

"The Irishman looked at me with a cunning leer and took hasty possession of his bit of paper."

"No, I'll be frst," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"He laughed as though he thought he had won."

"A course ye'll cash it if I sign it," he said.

"He thought I was going to rob him, I guess, for he took the draft and went out."

"He must have met somebody who told him how foolish he was for in an hour he had got back with the draft and I cashed it. He was too much ashamed to come back himself."

Some people have strange notions of a bank teller's memory. Such a person went into a Topeka bank yesterday to identify a friend. The teller didn't know him and he was very much humiliated and very mad about it. "Why— you," he said, "I identified here myself less than a year ago."

Another bank teller in town who is also a teller of good stories but who is what is known as a "hunky" fellow and does not want his name printed, told this one:

"An old farmer came to my window one day this fall to have what must have been his first check cashed. He was slow of speech and almost as slow of comprehension."

"You must be identified," I said.

"He was blankly thoughtful for a minute."

"How'm I goin' to do it?" he asked.

"Get somebody that knows you to come here and tell me who you are," I replied.

"I know who I am," the farmer said.

"Well, but I don't," said I. "Don't you know somebody in town who knows you, and will say so?"

"After a moment's study his face brightened, as much as it could, probably."

"Bill know me," he said.

"Who's Bill?" I asked.

"My hired man," said the farmer. "He's out there on the wagon."

"Don't know Bill," I almost shouted.

"The farmer was quite at a loss."

"But I know him," he answered.

"Three or four men in line were getting impatient at the delay, though they were smiling. I was getting impatient too."

"That doesn't do me any good," I said.

"You can't identify Bill and Bill can't identify you unless you get somebody I know."

"And I can't get no money!"

"Not on that showing!"

"Well, that's a thundering way to run a bank," said the farmer and he picked up his check and went out mad."

"When I was at the other window," said this same teller. "A woman with a determined face and about \$30 that she had cashed out of an old stocking or a stove came in and wanted to deposit it. She pushed it under the window in coin, (denomination from coppers to dollars), with the exception of a bill or two."

"gun plays" and ill temper are allowed per force occasionally. In Bucklin there are two hotels. Either is bad enough, Mr. Wheeler says. It was his bad visit there and he had tried one of them before. His experience led him this time to refuse the proffered hospitality of his former landlord.

"I guess I'll try the other house," he told him.

"All right," said landlord No. 1, "but that fellow that you would starve me this morning that you would starve me to death and I guess he was right."

He did, did he? "snorted landlord No. 2. "Wait till I catch him."

A short time ago Mr. Wheeler received a letter from landlord No. 1. It was startling in its brevity and pathetic in its application.

"For God's sake," ran the letter, "write to me, and tell him I didn't say it. He's after me with a gun. I write this in the attic."

Mr. Wheeler's heart was touched, so he wrote to landlord No. 2 and said, "Now let them fight it out," he added to himself with a husky, fiendish chuckle, as he mailed the letter.

In the last few days Mr. Wheeler found that he had some important business to transact that would take him back to Bucklin for a few hours. He sent his partner and is watching the papers.

Two young men met on Kansas avenue one day.

"How are the folks at home, Jim?" one asked.

"Oh, they're well enough, I guess," said Jim, but that was a sudden something in his speech, he said it, and the questioner thought there were tears in Jim's eyes as he turned away.

"He guessed." What right had Jim to guess? Why didn't he know? Had the folks at home refused to tell him how, or had Jim been negligent about asking.

The latter was the truth, of course, and it was that remembrance of his cruelty, unremitted without a doubt, that brought the red and white to his cheek and the moisture to his eyes at his friend's sudden question.

It had been three months since Jim had written home. In his pocket rested soiled with wear, two letters from his mother which he had not answered. Two letters full of longing love and care and sorrow at his silence.

He loved his mother once. He loved her yet perhaps, but the cares of town life, with its glamour of useless, flitting friendships, its dissipations and its struggles, had made him careless of her.

In the little country home, perhaps, she is sitting waiting. None for a year from Jim and for death. Her life is almost run. Her usefulness is over, and worldly way and there is little left her now but the spirit and the glory of her mother's love that Jim in his selfishness had treated so very shamefully.

His last letter, written weeks— to her, years ago— lies ever at her hand. There are torn places in its creases, which have been worn there by much folding and unfolding, worn by reading, worn by her love, for it has been her only literature of late.

Jim is in the city, and is doing well. Of that much she is sure, for she hears of him at times, through friends that meet him, but that knowledge counts for so little with her, as she sits day after day waiting for the written evidence from Jim himself.

And yet, poor little mother, tears seldom dim her eyes, for she feels in her mother's heart of hearts that Jim is too busy, in his faithfulness to his employer, to write to her. Ah, what joy there should be that she can not see that Jim is busy in another way.

"I'll write to her tonight; a long letter full of affection that shall pay her for these weeks of waiting," said Jim as he left his friend astonished at his sudden going; and he did.

But Jim himself was the first to read that letter. He was called home the following day and he opened it with his own hands as he stood beside his mother's grave and wept with keener grief at his cruelty and called that hour the turning point in his blundering life.

How much better this world would be if young men could but keep before them always this little story of a true occurrence and the picture of their mother's love:

Write home, my boy; you don't know how the stars are shining. This crime science seems to her almost to be a sin. Did she forget or fail you when your baby steps were soiled? Suppose that now they're faltering beneath the care she's wedded. Smooth back the gray about those wrinkled eyes. Let her dear heart with often-prayed-for happiness be stirred. Now that you're home; yet to her heart 'twill be so very dear. Put just that spark of joy in the life so lonely and drear. She's earned it.

Alone within the simple home she sits and waits the postman's cry. The letter falls, and she turns her faded face away to sigh. And still her heart will always find for you a home in the mother's breast. Her boy would never be the one who'd so her mother love abuse.

Ab, how the boys won't be long the precious friend you've always known. You speak to thousands, but her going soon will leave you all alone. And when she's laid away beneath the blue grass and the silver bough. You'll wish you'd written oftener to her, my boy; so do it now. She sees it.

Kansas Patents.

Patents granted to citizens of Kansas for the week ending November 6, 1895, reported through the office of J. F. Beale, solicitor of patents, 938 G street N. W., Washington, D. C.: J. C. Dale, Manhattan, carpet stretcher and tacker; L. Dopp and M. Schlatter, Imanu, weather strip; John W. Fox, Chanute, locomotive ash pan; Chas. Newton, Kansas City, gate latch; S. F. C. O'Leary, Waverly, thread cutting device for work boxes.

Wichita Joint Employees.

Assistant Attorney General W. P. Campbell at Wichita has at last undertaken to close the joints in that town in a way that will work. He yesterday closed one of the principal joints on Douglas avenue by injunction proceedings. The owner of the building is made a party to the suit.

Mineral Water.

The finest in the west. Come and try it. J. W. PHILLIPS, 612 W. Eighth ave.

Just as well have the best work on earth. Topeka Steam Laundry does it.

TABULATED ELECTION RETURNS OF SHAWNEE COUNTY.

Table with columns for City of Topeka (First Ward, Second Ward, Third Ward, Fourth Ward, Fifth Ward) and various precincts (Creston, Hamilton, etc.). Rows list candidates and their vote counts.

IT MEANS NOTHING.

Ex-Senator Martin Sees Nothing in the Kansas Election

To Justify Any Conclusions.

Says the Populists Appear to Have Lost No Strength—Elections in Other States.

Ex-United States Senator John Martin, says he was not in the least surprised that the Republicans carried everything all over the country at Tuesday's election. To a State Journal reporter Senator Martin said: "It was just as I expected and just as I predicted. I said Kentucky and Maryland would go Republican and so they did and they will go Republican next year unless there is a decided change in the policy of the Democratic managers."

"Is there likely to be a change in their policy?" asked the reporter. "No, I can't say that there is; but it is too early to tell what may happen. I have been very much amused at an article in a morning paper purporting to be a Republican vote, in that it predicted that the average Republican care nothing for principle or platform; he votes for the nominees."

"Why, here in Kansas there are any number of Republicans who voted against the platform and have been asked to go to the polls and voted the ticket every year just the same, when there was a prohibition plank in it, as before. It was that way in Maryland and Kentucky. The Republicans, especially the negro Republicans, vote as they please. The average Republican care nothing for principle or platform; he votes for the nominees."

"As to the result in Kansas I can see nothing to result in the election in either Kansas or Nebraska to justify the statement that the Populist party has gone to pieces and I am not a Populist, either, I never have been a Populist and am neither the keeper of their archives or great seal and it is therefore nothing to me to know that the Populists have lost any very great strength. Even from the figures in the Capital the Populists have only lost five county offices."

"I hardly know what to think about Judge Horton's statement about prohibition, but I do know that a very large minority, if not a majority of the people of the state are opposed to our present law and as a matter of fairness I think the question ought to be resubmitted to a vote of the people and give them an opportunity to settle it once for all."

"Do you think the question should be settled if the question was submitted and prohibition should carry?" "I most certainly do; there would then be no grounds for the anti-prohibitionists to stand on."

Senator Martin went to the polls in a carriage to vote and that was the first time he has been out for several weeks. He is much better now, however, and says he expects to be able to go down town Monday.

WE ARE MUSICAL.

Mr. W. F. Roehr Says Topeka People Are Highly Cultivated Along This Line.

Topeka people are considered extremely cultivated along musical lines and always keep in close touch with the latest music.

A JOURNAL representative called on Mr. W. F. Roehr, 630 Kansas avenue, to learn some of the latest songs.

"A Knight at Play" and "Singer in the Gallery" are the very latest," said Mr. Roehr. "These are being sung with great success."

"I find that ladies who come to the store after music invariably select the latest—both vocal and instrumental."

"In purchasing mandolins, guitars, or any of the varied musical instruments that you may desire of me, the same good judgment is displayed."

"Yes, I think you may say the musical people of Topeka are up with the times."

And the JOURNAL desires to add for Mr. Roehr, who is rather modest, that his opinion, like his stock, is at par value.

The Topeka Cash meat market, 938 Kansas avenue, keeps a line of fresh meats, oysters, poultry and game. We do our best killing, make our own lard, Cash paid for fat stock. Henry Hoff & Co.

THEY VOTED ALL RIGHT.

The Suffragists Pledged They Did at Hamilton Hall Last Night.

It was a very good natured audience that saw the Elizabeth Cady Stanton entertainment at Hamilton hall last night. Fully 1,200 persons were in the hall and at least 800 of them had paid tea cents to get in. The women of the Equal Suffrage association had provided a good entertainment for their guests for the purpose of celebrating the 50th birthday of Mrs. Stanton and incidentally of furnishing money enough to pay the expenses of the delegates to the state suffrage meeting at Eureka.

J. Willis Good was not able to be present and his paper on "Woman in Business" had to be omitted. The Ladies club had probably gone to the minstrel show for it was not there and the Eureka Mandolin club furnished all the music.

Mrs. Mary A. Cornelius, president of the local association, read an address in which she reviewed the life of Mrs. Stanton. Dr. Lila C. Barnes read a paper entitled "Woman in Medicine."

Judge A. H. Horton's paper on "Women in Law" was largely to the effect that women should study medicine and education and leave the law alone. In speaking of the history of woman's right to practice law in America he said:

"In colonial times, about 1696, a woman was admitted to practice at the bar in Maryland. The next woman admitted to the bar was Mrs. Isabelle A. Mansfield of Iowa, in 1869. Up to 1891, twenty-three states had admitted women to the bar. Fifteen of these admitted them without requiring a change in the law. Kansas was among these."

"The first woman to be the first to make the venture in our own state belongs to Miss Mary Wattle and Mrs. Helen Comb, who entered into co-partnership for the practice of law in Leavenworth, June 17, 1871. Among others admitted to the bar in this state and prominent law are Mrs. J. M. Kellogg of Emporia, the wife of Hon. L. B. Kellogg, formerly attorney general; Mrs. Lilla Day Monroe of Waverly, the wife of Hon. Geo. Monroe, district judge of the Twenty-third judicial district; Mrs. A. L. Case, the wife of an ex-governor and prominent lawyer of this city; and Mrs. Ella W. Brown, of Holton."

Judge Horton further said that when women got to legislating there will not be any war. "There is now a man in our midst sounding the tocsin of war who will be very much out of place," he said. Of course this meant Eugene Ware, and the audience applauded.

"Women in Education," by Mrs. Margaret Hill McCarter, was well written, and "Women in Literature," by Miss Beulah E. Lovewell, was also applauded. John McDonald is certainly the lion today. He said so many nice things about the women. His address was "Woman in the Year 2000" and he made it all right by saying that he would not be surprised if there was a woman president that year.

"Doris," as sung by the 10 little girls as depicted by Miss Caroline Baum, was excellent and performed without a hitch. It was so good in fact that an encore was not responded to for fear of spoiling the girl's impression.

"Doris," as sung by Miss Baum was exquisite. She has a sweet, sympathetic voice and was encored.

Mrs. Kate Whiting Dana made her first public appearance since her marriage and recited "Concerning the Ballot." This was encored heartily and she told a story about a German who was opposed to suffrage at first but got around to it after awhile.

The pantomime, "Woman and the Ballot," was nicely done. The spectacle of Charlie Holliday, late re-submission candidate for chief justice, presiding as a judge at a suffrage entertainment was shocking. Mayor Fellows and Judge John Gutrie were the other judges and Charley McCabe and Frank Herald were the clerks.

The first man to vote was Hib Case, who came out and cast his ballot for Thomas Jefferson and Charley Holliday. F. L. Vandegrift followed and voted the same ticket, though it is believed he scratched Holliday.

It was in this pantomime that the Indian and the rest of the rabble were allowed to vote and Mrs. J. Ware Butterfield and Mrs. T. E. Bowman were not. Joe Waters was not able to be the Indian and M. T. Campbell took his place. Mrs. Luella Whipple McBarney did the posing as the goddess of justice and fixed things so the women could vote. The husbands were brought in in the last scene and the precinct was voted by families.

SUNDAY AT THE CHURCHES.

English Lutheran:—Preaching at 11 a. m., by the pastor Rev. A. E. Wagner, subject: "Luther and the Reformation."

In the evening the Sunday school will render a Home Mission service. Grace Cathedral:—Corner Folk and Eighth streets. Holy communion at 8 a. m. Morning prayer, litany and sermon by Rev. Canon Miner at 11 a. m. Evening prayer at 8:30 p. m. Rev. Canon Miner will officiate at the Church of St. Simon the Cyrenian at 8:30 a. m. and at the Church of the Good Shepherd at 7:30 p. m.

Rev. Irving Todd will officiate at Calvary mission at 4 p. m. Rev. Chaplain Hill is in Williamsburg for Sunday.

Church of Christ—Scientist, 210 West Sixth street. Services at 11 a. m. Subject: "Saul Chosen King." First Society of Spiritualists, Lincoln post hall, East Sixth street. Conference meeting 2:30. At 7:30 lecture by G. H. Brooks, of Elgin, Ill. Readings and tests at close of lecture.

At the annual reunion Niende Epworth League, 426 Jefferson street, Sunday afternoon, November 10, at 3:59 o'clock. Rodger Buss will speak, and the boy singers will be there. Everybody invited. W. H. Curry, pres.

St. Paul's A. M. E. church, Seventh and Topeka avenues. Preaching by the pastor, J. C. Owens, at 11 a. m. A sacred concert will be given at 7:30 by Young Peoples' Christian Endeavor.

First African Baptist church, on First street, will hold its second anniversary tomorrow under the pastorate of Rev. J. D. Oiden. Preaching at 11 a. m. At 8 p. m. subject, "Negro Highwaymen and our Duty as Citizens."

Rev. D. H. Tattman, of Abilene, Kansas, who is a leading minister and evangelist in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, will take charge of a union revival meeting to commence next Sabbath evening, November 10, 1895, at 7:30 o'clock in the Madison street Baptist church.

First Congregational church:—The pastor, Rev. L. Bakesley will preach tomorrow under the pastorate of Rev. J. D. Oiden. Preaching at 11 a. m. At 8 p. m. subject, "The Duty of Encouragement." In the evening, blackboard lecture on "The Tabernacle Offerings."

The meeting of the Topeka branch of the Northwestern Holiness union will be held at the Wesleyan church, on the corner of Third and Jefferson streets, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Rev. E. S. Farand will preach to the children at the Westminster Presbyterian church at 11 o'clock. Subject, "Be Sure Your Sin Will Find You Out." At 7:30 in the evening a service will be held in the interest of Y. M. C. A. work.

Episcopal Congregational church:—Rev. Allen Shaw Bush will preach at 11:15 a. m. A Sunday school will be organized at Mission Center at 3 p. m. Evening services at 7:30. Rev. T. E. Kirkpatrick, pastor Sunnyside Congregational church, Mr. W. H. Holmes will preach at 11 o'clock.

First Baptist church:—Rev. Thos. M. Rickman of Iowa will preach both morning and evening.

Fourth and Van Buren at 11 a. m. subject, "The Simplicity of the Christian Religion." At 7:30 p. m. subject, "Eternity." There will be preaching at 8 p. m. by the Rev. Mr. McCormick of St. Mark's A. M. E. church.

Brethren (Dunkard) church, Oakland:—Preaching a 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. tomorrow by Evangelist Young. Festal worship, Lord's supper and communion this evening.

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Prof. Wayland Meant 300,000.

Prof. Wayland, dean of the Yale law school, has been the innocent object of much journalistic incredulity and all because of a journalistic blunder. The professor is a well known authority on criminal statistics, and when the statement was published that he had declared the criminal population of this country to be not far from 2,000,000, the public was aroused and appalled. The professor's figures were doubted in the quarters, and in others the alarming state of things was the subject of profound comment. No one, however, seems to have guessed that the professor's figures were really 200,000, and that an enterprising reporter added a cipher, which temporarily revolutionized the subject of American criminology. If half the papers that commented vigorously take the trouble to correct the misstatement, Prof. Wayland will be more fortunate than most victims of such an error.—St. Paul Pioneer.

Explosive Letters.