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 BY FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.
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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.
 The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news gathering organization for exclusive publication in Topeka.
 The news is received in the State Journal building over wires for its sole purchase.

Railroad and telegraph communication with Port Arthur is again cut off. The censor can now take a rest.

Dispatches from St. Petersburg indicate that the Japanese have neglected to inform the Russians where they intend to fight next.

Speaking of ability to sign big checks and have them cashed, what's the matter with Uncle Sam who signed one the other day for \$40,000,000.

The Democrat reorganizers' grievance appears to be that they believe Mr. Hearst is trying to buy the nomination and thus interfere with their plans for buying the election.

Russians accuse their adversaries of firing on a Red Cross train. It is apparent that Russia is not yet ready to abandon her first attempt to carry on the war with words as weapons.

Newark News: It begins to look as if the convention would be obliged to chloroform a statesman, nominate him for vice president before he "comes to" and then sandbag him into an acceptance of the distinguished honor.

The oil business of Texas is becoming quite a factor in the market of the world. Petroleum shipments, mostly in the coastwise trade, at Port Arthur, Sabine Pass, and Galveston, for March amounted to \$95,786 barrels, comprising thirty-six cargoes, of which twenty-seven were shipped from Port Arthur, seven from Sabine Pass, and two from Galveston.

Receipts of wheat at eight primary markets for the crop years to the end of March totaled 196,490,127 bushels thus far this year, in contrast with 213,378,934 bushels last year and 197,513,925 bushels for the preceding year. Totals reported from eleven primary markets give receipts of grain of all kinds as 160,923,097 bushels for the first quarter of 1904. Last year the corresponding total was 159,937,712 bushels.

Cheaper freight rates on California fruits have caused a heavy increase in shipments to the east. Shipments of oranges and lemons from southern California November 1, 1903, to March 30, 1904, amounted to 13,665 cars in the current season, compared with 10,206 cars last season and 10,541 cars in the preceding season. The average weekly shipments were, respectively, 617 cars, 484 cars, and 479 cars. Efforts on the part of shippers to reduce rates to the east have resulted in a 6 per cent. reduction in refrigerator charges on citrus fruits.

Russia's failure so far appears to be due to her inability to induce Japan to fight the Muscovite way. The situation is a reminder of a story of Ben Hill of Georgia. Before the war in a speech intended to fire the southern heart, Hill declared to his neighbors that they could whip the Yankees with broom straws. After the war was over Hill was making a speech in the same locality and to some of the same people. One of Hill's hearers interrupted the speaker with: "Before the war you said we could whip the Yankees with broom straws." "We could," replied Hill, "but they wouldn't fight that way."

The Minneapolis Journal comments upon a recent decision of the supreme court of Kansas as follows: "The Kansas supreme court has knocked out a state law making it a misdemeanor to discharge an employe because he belongs to a union. This reminds one of the rule of the unions that a man must be discharged because he doesn't belong to the union. If a man may be discharged because he belongs to a union and a man must not be employed because he doesn't belong to a union, who's going to do the work? The two propositions need but to be put together to show how unfair they both are."

THE TOPEKA STRIKE.
 [From the Atchison Globe.]
 An Atchison woman is having a lot of trouble. For years she has had a particularly good washwoman. The two had trouble over nothing, the other day, and there is a strike on. No disagreement as to the wages or hours; just foolishness. The woman has tried several washwomen since, but they have spoiled the clothes, and it was necessary to throw even the colored shirts back into the wash. The washwoman wants to go back, but is mad, and won't do it. The washwoman will probably picket the house next, and throw things at it. Although the washwoman has always been treated well, and really likes her former employer, she may conclude to cut her clothes line, and finally, if

the quarrel becomes as fierce as quarrels usually do, may slap her face. The two women who are quarreling really think a good deal of each other, for that reason, they will fight hard, if they get at it.
 Over at Topeka, some of the Santa Fe shopmen are on a strike. The strikers really like their employers; they like the town; there is no dispute as to wages. The trouble seems to be an outside man who walked in there, and concluded he wanted to see the Topeka men fight. The union is important, but what's the matter with the conservative union men controlling the union? Why don't the Topeka union men say to the visiting union man:

"We have been treated pretty well here; we like our employers, and they are fair with us; we like the Topeka men, with whom we have worked in peace for years. We are good union men, but we think we ought to have something to say about a senseless strike, simply to amuse the boys. When we have cause to strike, you show us, and we'll strike, but not before."
 Why do men engage in so many useless, senseless, dangerous, damaging quarrels?

GRAIN RATE POINTERS.
 A series of interesting and valuable experiments regarding the actual cost of the transportation of grain have recently been made by the Intercolonial Railway of Canada, and the results are extremely interesting when compared with the rates paid by the grain producers of Kansas.

The tests were made and placed before the Canadian parliament with a view to showing what the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific would mean to the immense wheat-producing areas of the Northwest. The Intercolonial is a road of heavy grades, necessitating expensive operation of trains, and the results would be better upon a road of medium grades.
 The tests showed that the Intercolonial can haul wheat over its entire length, a distance of 828 miles, for only 2.27 cents per bushel. Applying this to showing what the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific would mean to the immense wheat-producing areas of the Northwest. The Intercolonial is a road of heavy grades, necessitating expensive operation of trains, and the results would be better upon a road of medium grades.
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By putting a large portion of the expense of paving on the property owners, the tendency to overdo the paving business will be at once checked.

While changing the paving laws, the legislature would well devote some attention to the question of repaving. The city ought to have some right to determine when a pavement is worn out, and ready to be replaced. As it is now, a worn out pavement may lay on a street for years; it may become utterly beyond repair; it may become dangerous to traffic, and cost the city a lot of money in damage suits, but the city has no power on earth to compel the property owners on the street to repave. If the city has to be responsible for the condition of its streets, it ought to have some authority in beginning and carrying on repaving.

A DAY'S WORK.
 [From the Atchison Globe.]
 Much as we admire the people, some of the men who work by the day are pretty slow. We know a man who was lately hired to cut the grass on a certain lawn. He worked two days and a half, at a dollar and a half a day. The man who owned the lawn concluded to cut it himself, next time, and went at it. A neighbor noticed him running the lawn mower, and came over and helped, as a sort of amusement. The two men cut the lawn in three hours, and did a good job. Afterwards they played seven-up for an hour, and won five games apiece.

These men were workers; they had been accustomed to hard work all their lives.

If you expect to succeed, you must get a move on you. If you work all your life for a dollar and a half a day, and are worth no more, you can't get rich. And it is a fact that it is no harder to earn ten dollars a day than it is to earn a dollar and a half. Do your work well, inspire confidence; be reliable; help at the place where you are employed, and it won't be long before you are advanced. Every particularly good man in a gang of men receives extra pay on the side. You may not know it, but he does; and when a foreman is wanted, he receives the promotion.

This is the plain truth; if you do not know it, it's your fault. This is the age of the worker. If you hope to get into the game, you must be a worker. Paul Morton, the big man of the Santa Fe, does a good deal more work than the section men. And he works with his head as well as with his hands. If you hope to get along, you must do it. When a task is entrusted to Paul Morton, his employers know he will do it pretty well; they know he will not neglect it, and play penicuke in a saloon. His employers know that he is reliable, and intelligent, and honest, and that he would rather have a good reputation than a bad one. Result: Paul Morton makes more than a dollar and a half a day. We don't know how much more, but he certainly makes a good living.

Quit talking about the world being against you. The plain truth is, the world is waiting to applaud good men and women. You are deceiving yourself when you say you have "no show." Paul Morton had no more chance for promotion than you have; we used to know him when he was a little old boy up around Nebraska City, a town as far off the main road as Atchison. But the directors of the Santa Fe found him at Nebraska City all right; the big employers of labor will find you at Atchison, if you are a good workman, a good citizen, and have good sense.

Good sense is somewhat rare, but it may be acquired. Quit accepting every fool story you hear. Accept the plain, simple facts; facts that have been proved by centuries of time. The most important of these facts are: For your own sake, believe yourself, be industrious, polite, reliable, kind, honorable. It's the easiest way. Paul Morton works pretty hard, but his work is easier than that of the idle, dissipated man who is always in the way.

We are not trying to be impudent to the man who earns only a dollar and a half a day. But we are trying to do justice to the man who earns more than that—and a vast majority of the men do. American men are petted too much; they are told that their misfortunes are the fault of oth-

ers. It isn't true. The plain truth will do no harm. A falsehood that you harbor in your mind will injure you as surely as a falsehood that you utter.

WHAT OF THE INDIAN?
 At Topeka, commencing May 30, there will be a week's celebration of the semi-centennial of the year when Kansas became a territory, or when she ceased officially to be a part of the "Indian country," says an editorial written in the Kansas City Journal. It should be understood that the term "Indian country" is not applied in the sense of describing a region largely populated by red men, but as an official division of the United States established by an act of congress in 1834. The bill provided that all that part of the United States west of the Mississippi and not within the states of Louisiana and Missouri or the territory of Arkansas "shall be taken for the purposes of this act as Indian country." The act contemplated a reservation for the Indians of all the territory included in what is now Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Colorado, Oklahoma, the Indian Territory, Wyoming, and Montana; or, as understood in those days, all the territory west of the Mississippi to the Pacific ocean to which the United States laid claim under the Louisiana purchase or by discovery.

Such was the magnificent domain set apart for the Indians as late as seventy years ago, and undoubtedly the popular understanding at that time was that little or none of it would be wanted for white settlements. But inside of a very few years the white pioneers were pressing upon the borders of this Indian empire. By 1853 it was surrounded on every side, except on the north, by growing states and territories. On the west, Oregon, Washington, California and New Mexico had come into existence. On the south, Texas was an entity of enormous proportions. Kansas and Nebraska were being invaded by hardy pioneers and bills were pending to give them a political identity. In 1854 the pressure on congress became so great that Kansas and Nebraska were organized as territories, and the dominion of the red man was correspondingly reduced. Still later the whites encroached more and more upon the Indian country and bit by bit it passed into territories and states until of a domain big enough to swallow all Europe the only distinctive Indian country left, aside from a few scattered reservations, is the little spot on the map bearing the name of Indian Territory. And that, too, will soon pass out of existence as an organization different from the political divisions of the white territory, becoming a state, or part of a state, at the next meeting of congress.

A ROAR.
 Der telephone
 Is making a noise:
 "Hello, who you,
 And vots der score?"
 Is getting late
 End bridle night
 Und vile I hate
 Dis rot to write

JAYHAWKER JOES.
 Here is really a funny item: "Wichita is talking of piping in gas."
 Mr. Bass is one of the best fishermen at Atchison.

One of the most populous townships in Clay county boasts of 57 stands of bees, 123 dogs and 60 mules.

Ottawa is a great strawberry and cream town. Some 340 cases were eaten there one day this week.

The street carnival at Ottawa appears to be a success. Two gold watches were stolen the first night.

Emporia modestly claims that it was the best town in the state if it only had paved streets and electric lights.

Brighter days are coming to Leavenworth. A notorious negro saloon there has been closed with the permission of the police.

Blue grass 22 inches in height is growing along the streets of Anthony. That puts that town out of the "short grass" section.

The "keg beer party" season has opened at Fredonia. The first session was on the bank of the creek, by the pale moon's light.

Jim Peterson had a steer killed by lightning out at Crystal Springs. Jim admits that's a trifle better than if it had been the owner.

Hutchinson will hereafter pose as a health resort. A well has been dug to the water of which is said to cure every ill that flesh is heir to.

Cherokee should have your sympathy. A brass band of sixteen pieces has been organized which will shortly be increased to twenty-four.

Six young Franklin county married couples are preparing for the world's fair by getting out every morning at daylight and strolling over town.

Ablene has the proud distinction of being the only town visited by the Santa Fe officials that didn't ask anything of the Vice President.

The state prohibition convention didn't make as much stir as some other Emporia gatherings; but there was more prayer and less tobacco.

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 [From the Atchison Globe.]
 How the women do pick on an "airy" woman!

We have noticed that some people can get over the way they want to pray. We notice that the people who are looking for lost kin don't seem to live in St. Louis.

"I feel so tired today," a man said the morning after the excursion, "that I'd trip on a pin."

In every crowd you will hear women saying: "I wonder how the children are getting along."

Speaking of jealousy: Did you ever hear a piano player talk about a mechanical piano player?

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No wonder women don't mind attending receptions and remaining all night; they can sleep all of the next day.

One man with a sneer can often make an impression that her husband will break down from too close attention to his office.

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 [From the Philadelphia Record.]
 Hands up—the clock at noon.
 Off-handed—The Venus of Milo.
 When the moon is full it may be the result of rubbing the dipper.
 Scribbler—"Have you read my last novel?"
 Cynicus—"I hope so."
 Some men ask for work as though they were afraid they might get it.
 Even the weather man must sometimes admit that he has seen better days.
 The tiger naturally feels out of spirits after he has finished the bottle.
 "This gives me quite a turn," remarked the worm when it was trodden upon.
 Wigg—"Sphedde says he is working for all he is worth." Wagg—"Well, I

When You've Got a Ralse in Pay.
 [From the Council Bluffs Nonpareil.]
 [There's a lot of satisfaction when you've got a raise in pay.
 And you whistle in a happy and self-important way.
 You sort of feel like getting down and bucking to your work.
 For it's rising now in value and is worth ten times to stilt.
 And you feel a little bigger and you hanker for the fray.
 Sort of confident and eager—when you've got a raise in pay.
 It may be just a little, but it seems to be a pile.
 And you change your figures over and you add 'em with a smile;
 A little more to lay away, a little more to spend.
 And if you're open hearted—why, a little more to lend;
 And all the parties you have built for some far distant day.
 Seem to move a little nearer when you've got a raise in pay.
 For the little extra money, however small it is, is step between necessity and luxury.
 And all the rose-lined paths of ease you've poked some day to win.
 And you wish you could pass by and seem to say: "Come in."
 You spend it ten times over in your mind and you wish you had a little deeper than you ever did before.
 And you work a little harder and you think a little more.
 For works just a pleasant thing and life is light and gay.
 When you want up another round and get a raise in pay.

Through train service between Topeka and Pittsburg, Kas., and Carthage, Mo., via Missouri Pacific.

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In his travels he goes to the homes of people who come by and sell the meat shop he works for. There makes no difference to the butcher boy. He is enjoying life, gets good wages, is satisfied married, and doesn't want any of these things beyond his reach.

He stopped one morning not long ago at a home on a street where lives a wealthy merchant. The merchant's wife was giving the order for meat when the butcher boy spied a fine china closet and china rail loaded with expensive dishes. "Dollars, but there cost less than a dollar, perhaps, unless it were the butter dishes, and any eight or a dozen dishes would have cost more than his week's wages, covet it!"

"Those are pretty dishes," he remarked as he wrote down an order for lamb chops, two choice lobsters and a standard roast.

"Yes, sort of pretty. I don't like them, though," said the yawning woman, who felt bored at having to order what she would eat.

"Why, a nice set out at the house," said the butcher boy. "I gave them to my wife as a Christmas present. They cost \$5 for the set."

For dinner and for supper that day the wife of the merchant ate standard roast and lobsters off those Haviland and Deifs and the next morning another set of those expensive, and colored dishes were used to serve lamb chops.

The wife of the merchant did not have any appetite for the meats. They didn't taste especially good to her, but she ate a bit.

For supper they had half a pound of hamburger steak and for breakfast some chuck steak. They ate the platters clean of the bolts, hamburger and chuck steak and enjoyed the meals. Wouldn't Mrs. Merchant with her handsome china and no appetite envy them if she knew this?

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