

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL

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HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY. Subscribers of the State Journal away during the summer may have the paper mailed regularly each day...

Mr. W. W. Rose, of Kansas City, knows something about the nature of the buzz saw.

King Hanson is said to be "intensely Democratic." Does this mean that Norway is likely to go for Bryan in 1907?

"Any monkey," says the Emporia Gazette, "can run a railroad organ."

Very likely Thomas Taggart wouldn't know what a resignation looks like, even if he should meet one in broad daylight.

Among other influences that are not heartily supporting Colonel W. A. Harris in Kansas this year, there is the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad.

How little most people know! A large number of the friends of the late Judge John Guthrie did not know till they read it in his obituary that the capital of Oklahoma was named after him.

Speaking of the improvement that was noticeable in the United States senate during its closing days, Fred Trigg calls attention to the fact that a formerly of-Kansas man was acting his chaplain then.

Senator Benson is evidently learning the ways of the senate. A Kansas man who visited the senate gallery recently says Senator Benson dozed during Beveridge's speech on the meat inspection measure.

Forty thousand people paid admission to see two engines bump into one another at Brighton Beach, New York. In Topeka the same sort of an event attracted only a few hundred people some time ago. It doesn't take much to make a sensation in New York.

It is barely possible now that James Monroe Miller, congressman from the Fourth district, wishes he had not been quite so hasty in reading out of the Republican party all who believe in tariff revision. He may need some of those tariff revision votes next November.

President Roosevelt apparently does not fear the charge of larceny in the least. Both Populists and Democrats allege that he goes right along picking up and appropriating good ideas wherever he finds them, no matter whose brand they bear.

Mr. Harnsworth, of London, says that Englishmen make better husbands for American girls than do Americans. However, Mr. Harnsworth will find it difficult to bull the market for English husbands while American girls retain their usual good sense.

William Allen White enters a denial to the charge that W. R. Stubbs and J. S. George are bolters. Of course they are not. But some way, the impression is general that they may forget to vote the straight Republican ticket this year—like many other good Republicans.

Emperor Wilhelm notified President Roosevelt by cable of the birth of a son to the crown prince and princess of Germany. Yes, in this country we never think of notifying the president unless it is at least twice, and we wouldn't wire him of the event unless the stork left triplets or better.

Gomer Davis confesses that he has been expecting it and isn't surprised. "Old John Rockefeller," he says, "is gallivanting around Europe, eating white strawberries, drinking all the soda pop he wants and going to all the side shows at the watering places, and spending as much as \$10 a day. Something must be done to meet this extraordinary outlay of cash—gasoline goes up one cent a gallon this week."

A SATURDAY SERMON.

He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him.—Proverbs 11:13

The wise minister sometimes calls in outside assistance when he sees the right kind. That is what is happening in this pulpit today.

My young friends, don't you know that you can't afford to gamble? You can't afford to spend any of your spare time playing poker, shooting craps or engaging in pitch at ten cents a corner and five cents a "set." Yes, I know you have read of men who got rich at it, but how many of them were there?

There is some curiosity in Kansas as to who will win the prize in the Dick Blue has picked out.

One would naturally suppose that Mr. Feder, the Democratic nominee for state printer, would be just the man to put in front of a job press.

The first load of new wheat brought into Abilene tested 61 pounds.

Out at Goodland where there are no buildings in the town, the Princess sails into the kitchen very grandly to make her fudge, she does not clean up the dish in which she cooks it.

An Effingham woman has a cow that not only furnishes milk for her own family but also brings in an income of \$14 a month.

Mr. Henry Durst has been elected secretary of the Chautauque assembly. It's a hard job to fill and make things run smoothly, but if anyone durst tackle it, Henry durst.

A sick man at Salina was so delirious that he got out of bed and attacked his nurse, a strong man, with a water pitcher. The nurse would have been severely injured had not assistance arrived.

A Kansas paper notes that there are from ten to twenty-five thousand pieces of type in every newspaper column and that it is extremely easy to make a mistake with one. And just to prove it, the paper makes a dozen errors in explaining the matter.

The Sterling Journal had hard work getting printed last week. The editor says that his printer, Frank, was so busy dodging farmers who wanted hands.

John Flemming, a Fort Scott young clerk in Bourbon county, lost a gold watch at the time of the recent Democratic caucus down there. He claims that he associated with none but Democrats, and while he would like to suspect the Republicans, his faith in democracy is wavering.

John D. Myers, of Holton, is home from Washington. He called at the White House and met President Roosevelt. Mr. Myers was not introduced by name, but by a newspaper man—W. W. Gardner, Washington correspondent of the Minneapolis Journal.

When he got into trouble with the supreme court, which has now adjudged that he is guilty of contempt, and he must pay a thousand dollar fine or go to jail.

Incidentally this final action in the Rose case ought to have a wholesome effect on every mayor, county clerk and other executive officer in the state of Kansas.

When, by the way, will Governor Hoch start something in Wichita, Leavenworth and other towns?

THE POPULIST CHAIRMAN. Tell it not beyond the Mississippi! Let it not be known in the effete east! The new state chairman of the Populist party in Kansas is a banker, but it mustn't be told to New York, or New York will be shocked.

But that isn't all. This new Populist state chairman is a brother of the Republican lieutenant governor of Kansas, who happens to be one of the wealthiest men in the state district—a plutocrat of the short-grass country—who owns twenty farms in a single township, to say nothing about a miscellaneous assortment of other real estate. And his name is Hanna!

How this information would startle those staid and sober New York journalists, Messrs. Puck and Judge, whose idea of a Populist is a gentleman dressed in overalls, boots and one "gaiter," with long, unkempt whiskers streaming in the Kansas wind, an Indian on his back and a bow in his hand, the government print paper money for him in unlimited quantities and whose chief outlook is the dark side of things!

The east really ought to revise its picture of the Kansas Populist. Chairman Hanna, banker and capitalist, is about as different from the east's idea of an advocate of Populism as could well be imagined. Still, John W. Breidenbach was the same. He was one of the shrewdest politicians and organizers the state of Kansas ever produced, and in the Wall street financial world he would have ranked as a leader. Incidentally, Mr. Breidenbach is now the president probably of more banks than any other man west of the Mississippi. As the head of a trust company he has quietly organized or assimilated banks in all parts of Kansas.

Chairman Hanna and ex-Chairman Breidenbach are by no means exceptions. Any number of Kansas bankers were once allied with the Populist movement or are imbued with Populist

KANSAS COMMENT

There is a warning. There is a warning. There is a warning. There is a warning. There is a warning.

Another kick. Oh no—Boddy Matye, dear—we never wish to sneer at anything in this world that helps to keep hearts tender, nor poke fun at things that are honest of all in human breast.

A GREAT SCOOPEE. The Topeka Capitalist is to be congratulated upon his great scoopee about Congressman Curtis fighting the railroads for 14 years.

A man who used to live in Emporia has been subbing for Chaplain Hale in the United States senate. Bill White and Dr. Messert are not the only Emporia people who can get their names in the newspapers.

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FROM OTHER PENS

HURTS THEIR FEELINGS. It is now claimed that the packing house exposures have cost the big Chicago concern \$200,000 within ten days.

THE SILK HAT. The ridiculous custom of wearing that shining funnel, the silk hat, will appear as quaint and quaint as the pocketbook as a custom of putting a bone through the lip or a ring through the nostril appears monstrous to us.—Paris Gaulois.

NOT THAT KIND. They may be able to prove most anything on old Senator Platt except that he has two wives at once. He says that he is not a fool. Chatanooga Times.

LONG WAR. Colonel Henry Waterson thinks that the battle between liberty and morals is bound to be a long one. It is already longer—many centuries long.—Buffalo Courier.

GETTING OUT OF THE COUNTRY. If that Standard Oil prosecution is delayed long enough the steamship companies may do a fine business in deluxe suites.—New York World.

NEVER! Notwithstanding current prejudices against Packingtown products, no can't get the country just now that it has not heard a good Depeve joke for such a long while.—Milwaukee Journal.

SAN ANTONIO SLOW. Out in the Southwest people are wondering what in the world is the matter with San Antonio that it hasn't heard of the failure of the ice crop, and that there is a man who is buying the artificial article at 15 cents the hundred pounds.—St. Louis Republic.

CRUCIAL. Without any advice from his physicians, we are convinced that Senator Allison won't be well enough to discuss the Iowa situation until after the crisis.—Detroit News.

AFTER HER WEDDING.

He's scarcely the man one would think that she'd choose. For a husband, and yet I'm inclined to say that she's chosen wisely.

Through none of his faults am I blind to, in fact, I'm sure. For one of his eyes he's too old.

He's got long as a bachelor married, and he's got long as a bachelor married. Of the fellow that Madeline married.

He feels most unworthy of her, but I'm told. Bear men far than he have that feeling.

When they wed one with love as untainted as his own, and one with a heart as true as his own.

Whose heart needs no lotion of healing. For the hurt it received in a past that's now dead.

A comrade of Fate kindly buried—But a something like suit seems to rest on his head.

Of the fellow that Madeline married. Though he knows many tongues have been wagging of late.

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THE EVENING STORY

Caught Napping. [By C. H. Sutcliffe.] Possibly the safest place in the world, but Gwen Masters was given to the unexpected, and she lay stretched at full length on a blanket on the shore of the lake.

The low sides of the tiny craft about out a view of the shores of the lake and the bright camps that spanned the green of the woods.

And there. Above rose the mountains in their majesty, and above all was the blue sky, flecked with tiny white clouds drifting daily on the shores of the blue as did the canoes on the placid waters of the lake.

It was a complete escape from civilization and she dreamed her day dreams comfortably until the sand man sprinkled her eyes and she dozed off.

It was her first day in camp after a hard year in the city, and the air was at once like wine and optimism. So soundly did she sleep that she never heard the chug-chug of a motor boat until the instant when the undergrowth struck the side of her canoe, overturning it completely and throwing her into the water.

The shock of the cold water roused her, and diving, she came up against the side of the little motor boat, now lying hand on the canoe, which was eagerly searched the water.

In an instant he had grasped her hand, and the next moment she lay gasping in the stern of the boat.

"I don't know what you think of me," he began, awkwardly, "and indeed I'd hate to know; but really, I had no intention of saying better to take me away from the lake."

"I don't suppose you did it deliberately," she admitted, "but it would seem to me that with a lake as large as this, you should have had no trouble in avoiding the canoe."

"That was just it," he said, appealingly. "I wasn't trying to avoid it. I thought the boat was adrift and I was going to win the thanks of the owner by returning it. Then just as I came alongside I caught a glimpse of you in the bottom, and it startled me so that I had no time to think of anything but to jump into the side instead of coming along as I had intended."

"I suppose that it was rather startling for you," she said, "but there are so few camps on the lake that I had no idea I ought to put up a sign to the effect that I was aboard."

"In yachting they fly the owner's flag," he suggested. "You might have a pennant made, say a white one, with a poppy on it."

"I think I had better do my sleeping or rowing after this," she laughed; "then I don't risk being awakened by a cold bath."

She shivered a little as she spoke, and her wet-soaked garments were unpleasantly cold. The man sprang to the wheel and came back bearing a blanket, which he wrapped about her.

"That is our camp over there," he said, indicating a tiny white dot a half mile up the lake. "The folks are all mountain climbing today, but I can get you some of my sister's things, and then I will take you to your camp."

"I think it would be better to take me right home," she objected. "It is not very far."

"It's a good three miles, and with this weather you would be chilled through before you got there."

"But I want to go straight home," she persisted, conscious of the moment after of the childlike nature of the words.

"I'm going to get you properly out of it," he said, firmly, "and I'm going to get you properly out of it."

There was a delightful mastery in his speech, and Gwen sank back against the cushions, finding it rather pleasant to be ordered about in this fashion. She had questioned it over her self, and she had decided to take her little sea-eyed young fellow taking the whip hand.

At close range the camp appeared to be a rather pretentious affair, and almost before she was aware of it she was in the Clearwater Lake. The tent was merely the annex to a commodious lodge.

As she launched against the ground she found it was free, the man impatient, verbose, with Slavick indignation and fury. From the balcony of the Democratic club in the Chamberlain an orator declaimed wild words.

Nothing so little detached in of cavalry came moving down the crowded street. The mob broke and fled in panic-stricken disorder. For a moment she had forgotten it was free, the soldiers rick by laughing, as she laughs at children. And the women, suddenly remembering they were free, screamed. "Death to them! Death to them!"

"The girls have a lot of fun," he said, "just step in and help yourself." He indicated the room and went off toward the boat.

She waited a few minutes later she emerged to find that in the meantime he had prepared a tasty lunch with the coffee pot bubbling over the camp oven.

"Coffee and bread," he said, "and I'll have a little of the full title and in mercy they call me Ted."

Gwen blushed redly. Lottie Nellis had been singing Crawford's praises to her for the last year. It was a rather inveterate matchmaker, and Gwen had taken a malicious pleasure in avoiding all the meetings Lottie had planned.

"She's a good girl," he said, "and she's giving Mrs. Nellis a lesson, and she's giving Mrs. Nellis a lesson, and she's giving Mrs. Nellis a lesson."

"How did you know my name?" she asked curiously.

"He pointed to the book drying by the fire."

"It took no Sherlock Holmes," he said, "to even things up, my name is Ted Crawford. I believe there was something said about Theodore when I was named, but I never could live up to the dignity of the full title and in mercy they call me Ted."

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POINTED PARAGRAPHS

But few men would insure if they were sure.

Work is the man who enjoys the work that he must do.

Did you ever know a man to perform all he promised?

Even officeholders have their trials—some of them have indigestion.

Lots of people are interested in the man whose principle is for sale.

Some things go without saying, but a woman's tongue isn't in that class.

After a girl gets to know so old she ceases to want to go on the stage.

A man feels like kicking himself every time he is found in the act of offering an opinion.