

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL

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 organization for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.

Maybe because folks are apt to get tired of too much of a good thing is the reason Tom Johnson was defeated for a fifth term as mayor of Cleveland.

Sad newscamers from South America. The chicle supply is being diminished so fast that it is likely to be exhausted soon. What, pray tell, will the "muhs" do without their chewing gum?

Mayor Buzo of Chicago has named a commission of no less than 325 men to study how to make that town a better city. If numbers count for anything the results of the deliberation of this commission will certainly be large.

Eggs have now reached the fancy figure of 30 cents a dozen. With butter at 25 cents a pound, milk at 8 cents a quart and other things in proportion, a pound cake, or something of that sort, would be worth its weight in gold.

That New York multi-millionaire named Kennedy who died the other day must have been a remarkable man. He had numerous nephews and nieces with all of whom he was on the best of terms. And the nephews and nieces must be an unusual lot, too.

San Francisco has evidently had enough of reform inasmuch as Francis J. Heney, the great graft prosecutor, was turned down for re-election to the office of prosecuting attorney. But "Frisco" and the countr' in general are all the better for the activities of Heney.

A place has been found at last for Colonel Roosevelt when he returns to this country. He is to be given the presidency of the African Campfire club, an organization being formed by gentlemen in this country who have helped the big game of the world on the way to extinction.

Here's hoping that Governor Stubbs' return from his trip down the Mississippi will not disturb the quietude which has prevailed for the past week in Kansas. The political pot in this state can get along very nicely without it being heated to the boiling point for several months yet.

The Deep Waterways convention was unanimous in its decision that the lakes-to-the-gulf plan of river improvement be undertaken at once. All—-and please notice the "all"—that remains to be done is for congress to devise the plan and provide the money to do the work.

And the request of the Edison company to continue its work of tearing up the new pavement of West Eighth avenue and which also includes the cutting of a wide strip in the new asphalt pavement on Kansas avenue went through the city council without a single word of protest or inquiry as to the necessity for this work.

Hats will have to be taken off to the Chicago Record-Herald's expert political reporter who writes under the signature of "Summer." Twenty-four hours before the votes were counted in New York City's election he had an article in his newspaper forecasting the election of Gaynor and the defeat of the other men on Tammany's ticket by the fusion candidates.

Tammany's candidate for mayor of New York, Judge Gaynor, was elected, but at the same election a twist was put in the Tammy's tail that will make that animal's teeth ache for the next four years. Anti-Tammanyites were elected to almost all of the other city offices and the board which will have the spending of the \$200,000,000 that it takes each year to run the city of New York has an overwhelming anti-Tammany majority.

That sectional improvements make for a national prosperity is pointed out by the Philadelphia Inquirer in a brief but pointed paragraph as follows: "The United States is entering upon a new era. We have discovered that if a policy is good for one part of our country, it is good for the balance of the nation. Thus, if we improve the rivers of the West, they will help our fortunes in the East; if we deepen our harbors of the East and West, bringing in more commerce, anchoring more ships, we correspondingly increase the benefits in other parts of the nation."

Charles R. Crane, former United States minister to China for eleven seconds or thereabouts, must be some-

thing of a great man. He probably knows the inside reasons for his sudden dismissal from the post to which he was appointed and which must have caused him considerable humiliation. Yet he purposely dodges a dinner that was planned in his honor by some Chicago friends and where he would have had a chance to inform the public of the interesting details of his mix-up with the state department. The people all over the land would have been pleased to hear his story, too.

TOPEKA TEACHERS. Topeka are always glad to extend the hand of welcome to visitors to their city, whether they come in twos or threes, hundreds or thousands. But this pleasant task is the most agreeable when those who come here are the teachers of Kansas who have honored this city with their presence on several occasions. There are many good and sufficient reasons why this is so. Perhaps they can all be summed up in the statement that the teachers of Kansas, like their colleagues in every other part of those wonderful United States, are the salt of the earth.

That may sound a little bit like fulsome flattery, but it isn't. It's the truth, and the English language is inadequate for a proper expression of esteem in which the school teachers of this land are or should be held. There is a monumental labor, and almost a sacred one. In their hands is entrusted the molding of the intelligence and character of the youth of the nation. What they have accomplished in the past is reflected in the magnificent achievements of the United States of today. Their accomplishments in the future will be just as large and larger because with each succeeding year the profession of teaching is being raised to higher levels in each and every particular and in none more so than the personnel of the instructors.

It is just such assemblies as the annual meeting of the Kansas State Teachers' association which is bringing this desirable condition of affairs about. At such convocations as are now in progress here there is an invaluable exchange of views among the teachers which can not help but make for their own betterment. This means better schools. Better schools mean better citizens. And that is what this country and this state is in need of all the time.

Critics of the methods of public education of today and some of the results which are incident to it are not difficult to find. But this appears to be an age of criticism. Everything under the sun comes in for its whacks nowadays from more or less distinguished sources. It is safe to say, however, that the public education of today is better and more adequate in all of its details than it was a generation ago. Some frills have been tacked onto it which many discerning people think should be left to other fields of endeavor, but there is a tendency among school authorities at the present time to eliminate many of these, the usefulness of which is strongly to be doubted.

On the whole, as stated, the public school of today is a better institution than it was a decade or a generation ago and the indications are that it will continue to improve with each succeeding turn of time's cycle. It's the teachers who are responsible for this, and as a general proposition, particularly in the country schools, they are not as well paid as they should be for the great work they are doing.

HELP THE GIRLS. A fifteen days' campaign has just been started in this city to raise the money which will be needed to pay for the construction and equipment of an adequate home for the Young Women's Christian Association of Topeka. Every person in town who has been favored with a little or much more of our world's goods in excess of that required to provide the essential wherewithals for living—and in this number are pretty nearly all the residents of the city—should see to it that this campaign is brought to a successful conclusion.

Contributions to this fund will be money well spent. The returns from it will be rich even though they are rather indirect to the contributors. A substantial and properly equipped building for the work of the Y. W. C. A. of this city, will make for better conditions among the young women of this city, particularly those who are among the workers here, who are denied the privileges of home environment. Whenever we meet a polite man, we always resolve to be more like him. A polite, modest man is a great missionary.

The only way you can succeed in life is to rise above your handicaps. Everyone has a lot of handicaps, therefore, to let them discourage you is fatal. If you become impudent to those who are kind to you, you are guilty of the meanest trick possible, and should have a slave driver for you. Hundreds of years of practical experimenting, as well as wide scientific study of the subject, has demonstrated that a hide can't be turned into leather, and that a man can't be made a better man in the tanning business is certain he could do it in twenty-four hours.

It is said of an Atchison girl who got into Kansas City that she was afraid of speaking to the Wrong Sort of a Person, one who is not in the Best Society, don't you know, that she hasn't spoken to any one but the grocer and the ice man since she moved there three years ago. One has to be so particular about one's associates in a Strange Town.

An Atchison girl is trying to be a heroine. Her sweetheart is accused of a serious crime: everyone believes him guilty; she does, too, she wants to be a heroine, so she pretends to believe him innocent. When her friends tell her to drop the young man, she tosses her head and tries to look like a real heroine, but, unfortunately, she is short and fat, and has a very red nose, and so it is terrible for her to look proud, haughty, but heartbroken.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR. [From the New York Press.] The best man in a race is the man who runs it for the pure fun of running.

A girl, a moon, and a garden could make a man's sense, even if he had any.

One of the few things a boy learns thoroughly in college is for his father to keep on supporting him. You can tell a man who brings up his children well by how much more they are like their mother than like him.

The good that man does may live a long time, but it has a very short recognition while he is alive.

KANSAS COMMENT

THE PORK BARREL. President Taft said most emphatically that at St. Louis when he stated that he was opposed to the heller skelter style of appropriation for waterways. The river and harbor bill, which does not come in congress, has for years been called "the pork barrel," and the ablest, the smoothest or the most popular members would get appropriations for projects in their districts, each one saying he had a "piece of pork" in the barrel, and when they could log roll a majority, the bill would be passed and the money appropriated. Not all of this money was wasted. Most of it was used for needed improvements. But the method was all wrong.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

It's mighty tough on the company that's mighty tough. "Time aviates," is the way the up-to-date folk now express it.

Money, unlike a human, talks without giving itself away.

Babies almost always resemble the relatives who have the real thing in the way of money.

Funny, isn't it, that the man who cannot read his own writing is generally proud of that fact?

JAYHAWKER JOTS

The Hutchinson News insists that there was a big sensation at Kinsley the other day when a man who wasn't a farmer bought an automobile.

"Think three times before you speak," remarks the Lawrence World out of its great wisdom, "and thus give the other fellow a chance to make a fool of himself."

A demand is made by the Minneapolis Messenger that Mr. Coddington, warden of the state penitentiary, take the lecture platform and explain how he gets up good meals for four cents each.

New York surgeons are removing a piece of a man's skull for the purpose of curing him of kleptomania. The Wichita Beacon suggests that if this operation is unsuccessful they should amputate both of his hands.

The Emporia man who sold bad eggs offended the law, and has been fined, noted the Ottawa Herald, and it adds: "He also offended the aesthetic atmosphere which produces Emporia's poetry, and has been held in disdain."

Objections to the tariff and the state administration both fade into silence, says the Ottawa Herald, before the showing that an Allen county man has added 1,000 gallons of wine to his cellar, and the world's visible supply of joy, this year.

Great Bend has a rather novel system of informing the chief of police when his services are needed at night. It is described by the Tribune as follows: "A red light is located on the top of a pole at the First National bank, and if a call is made for the marshal central ascending stairs, the light is turned on, and he is needed at once turns on a switch which lights the lamp. If any members of the police force see the light, they call up central and find out what is wanted. The light is turned off when a deal of time is saved and the town is much better paroled than it could be without the use of the telephone."

The Atchison Globe related one of its imitable stories the other day as follows: Last evening, a certain married man was sitting under the light reading. He was behaving himself, and hadn't said a word to incense the three women who were with him. For awhile the women talked of the latest special sale, and of the best way to make a skirt. Then one of them took a small, real sorghum drink, and the other woman heard it, but said nothing. Then another one expressed her opinion of the men, which wasn't at all favorable and the third one said, "Still, the well-behaved man said nothing. But the women acted as though they expected him to reply, and, finally, he said, in a soft, timid voice: 'I have one God-like, virtuous, self-sacrificing thing that no woman can ever have.' Great excitement; the three women all together flung this question in his teeth: 'What is it?' The man hesitated a moment, and then replied: 'A wife.'"

FROM OTHER PENS

THE CAR SHORTAGE. The railroads are reaching out and are attempting to keep pace with the cars that are being built. They are not doing it. This is evidenced by the car shortage which has been felt in the west for the past two weeks and which is not being noticed by the people of so complete a linguistic fusion among so large a population.—New York World.

Out of the Mouths of Babes. Little Fred—Are you a lawyer like papa? Dr. Smith—Oh, no; I'm a physician.

Teacher—Now, remember, Nellie, that anything you can see through is transparent. Can you name something that is not transparent? Small Nellie—Yes, ma'am. A key-hole.

"Johnny," said a mother to an incorrigible youngster, "don't you know that the only way to get rich is to be a miser?" "Well, what if it is," he rejoined. "The face of the earth is dirty, but nobody makes a fuss about it."

Little Edgar (aged 5)—Uncle John, did you used to be a little boy like me? Uncle John—Yes, Edgar.

Little Edgar—Didn't you feel awfully queer for a few days after you got to be a man? Small Harold—Papa, won't you please give me 5 cents? Papa—Not now. Run along. I'm very busy.

Small Harold (holding his hands joined together)—Well, papa, just drop a nickel in the slot and see me go.—Chicago News.

A Modern Phase of Railroad Building. The opening of a branch line of the Lake Shore railway whereby Chicago is brought 80 miles nearer to New York is interesting as an important example of a new form of railroad construction.

A railroad as originally built is rarely the shortest distance between two points. Expenses of grading and construction of income to be derived from cities not lying on a direct route between terminal are responsible for many detours. It is only in the secondary stages of the road's development when competition has become keen and the reduction of running time and cost is essential to earning power, that physical reconstruction is undertaken.

Hotel Guests a Full Meal. Beer, barley, fish, coffee and a Cook were registered at the Stratford hotel yesterday, while all points of the compass were found at the Palmer house and Auditorium hotel.

At the Stratford there were A. G. Beer of Ashland, Ohio; O. S. Barley of Lansing, Mich.; J. F. Fish of Milwaukee and Mrs. C. C. Coffee of Louisville, Ky. Shortly after they had been assigned rooms, Eugene Cook of Kalamazoo arrived and Clerk Schaeffer told him the house was ready for dinner.

"Well," replied Mr. Schaeffer, "we have Beer, Coffee, Barley and Fish and you are Cook."

Thomas D. West of Philadelphia and Charles B. North of New York were at the Auditorium, while Henry East of Rochester and Mrs. H. S. South of St. Louis registered at the Palmer house.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Woman Gold Digger. Lady Sybil Grey is the latest distinguished gold digger. She accompanied her father, Earl Grey, governor general of the Dominion, on his recent trip to the Canadian arctic gold fields. Near Dawson City, the capital of the Klondike, she pegged out a claim for herself with all the prescribed legal formalities and christened it the Sybil.

Her first panning out produced \$20 worth of gold, which she considers a good omen, starting. During the long arctic winter Lady Sybil will work her claim by deputy, but she says she will return next summer to supervise operations and examine results in person.—Westminster Gasette.

THE PLAINS OF LARAMIE.

The Laramie plains they stretch afar, to the eye of setting sun, And wondrous are the table lands, all clothed alike in dun. And here long years ago ere man's plains was begun.

The Laramie plains they melt away like some vast, open sea; The winds that sweep across their wastes strike me as a stinging trea. And not a mile but has its hints of olden mystery.

The wandering herder and his sheep one night upon a crest, The sunset bell he heard, his message from the west, And then the plains are bare again, and night comes, and sweet rest.

The sunrise is a cloth of gold—now is a day and lucky is the wanderer whose roving eye shall see The golden sunset on the plains of Laramie.

—Arthur Chapman, in the Denver Republican.

Nation Is Homogeneous.

All travelers through the West and South have been struck by that "American" of the American people which has impressed President Taft during his tour of the country. In his address at Seattle Mr. Taft said:

"We all wear the same clothes, even to the latest fashions in the bonnets of the ladies; we all speak the same language and have the same ideas and aspirations. One of the things that strikes me is that the country is the exactly similar attitude of the people all occupy toward the questions that affect them in the same way."

A New Yorker has only to cross the continent to San Francisco, 4,000 miles away, humming Broadway's newest topical song. He will see clothes of the same cut as his own, the same hats and haberdashery. In the hotels are the palm rooms and Pompeian parlors he left behind. So entirely has one touch of fashion made the whole country kin that the same people appear simultaneously on Fifth and Michigan in the latest modish blossom out in Butte or Galveston.

As Paul reads the same "best sellers" as Boston. The whole country laughs at the same jokes, works out the same jigsaw puzzles, discusses the same public questions—"Salome," "The New York's mayors," the latest and candidates, prohibition or license, baseball, Sunday observance. It spices its speech with the same slang expressions that have become current.

Manner, morals, political views have all undergone a standardization which is one of the remarkable aspects of American evolution. Perhaps it is in this respect that the language that this development has been most noticeable. Outside of the Tennessee mountains and the back country of New England there is no true dialect. The same New York man in the Bostonian, and there are many foreigners who cling to the mother tongue. But we have nothing corresponding to the dialect of the cockney. History has done its work, and so complete a linguistic fusion among so large a population.—New York World.

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THE EVENING STORY

(By Jeanne O. Loizeaux.) Mary-Ansles handed her doctor husband his second cup of coffee, and listened while he told her what hospital he would be operating in that forenoon. He then began speaking of the children, and she said she would know he was worrying about the Preston case—Mrs. Preston was as likely to die as to live. He tried not to talk about it at table, but it irritated his wife to know that his work was everlastingly first in his mind. She felt herself growing unlovely in thought, though she sternly schooled her outward behavior to perfection. As they finished the meal she was obliged to remind him of the money he had forgotten, for two days, to give her.

"I'm sorry, my dear—I quite forgot," he replied, and wrote her a check double the amount she had originally asked for. He was a generous man. What troubled her was that he was as generous to the world at large as to his own family.

After he had given her a goodby and started for the office she went over the house with the maid, gave the little Robert a bath, and then dressed and sent him off to school. The baby had to be fed and dressed. By the time she had done the little things that require her hand, and had changed her morning gown, it was almost luncheon time. The baby was asleep, and she sat down deliberately in her own room to correct her own thoughts.

She realized that she was becoming irritable and jealous—yes, jealous. What was she to do? Not for her life the same kind of a man. Besides, she had made a very good marriage. What could she complain of? She tried to be reasonable. And it was not only the women who were everlastingly worrying about him, admiring and deferring to him, but she was voluntarily for his busy life, calling on his sympathy—it was the children, the men, the string of ailing human beings that filled his office and his life.

She had, after eight years of marriage, come to feel that the doctor's family was simply a secondary possession of her general public. Women called—she required to have a doctor. She knew the doctor's wife, his children, his house. Old ladies—and silly young ones—sent him ridiculous gifts. He seemed to obey his best. And other children as of his own. She hated herself for caring—but she did care! She wondered what she should do. Then the maid called her to lunch.

She waited ten minutes, fifteen, a half hour, then had the meal served, and the boy could get off to his kindergarten in time. The doctor, nearly finished when the doctor entered, dressed, pale, evidently exhausted. His wife rose to his need, letting him know that she was ready to do anything. Preston was coming to the hospital operation a success, but only by a miracle. He bolted his food, and was off again with scarcely a good-by. She thought that she had been infinitely easier for him to have him in town, and that he came home in deference to her wishes.

It was truly a black afternoon for the girl, for she was barely twenty-six. For the first time she knew herself that her life was becoming unbearable. In the two years before the doctor came, and even till a few months ago, when the baby appeared, it had been possible for her to get about with him—to lunch downtown at his convenience, to drive him about to church, to get him to the theater, to go to the races, to have fun, to be now and then. Now she was tied down by the children even when he could go. She felt bitter and alone, and thought that her life was for.

Several women called during the afternoon, friendly, but not near enough to her so that she felt them friends. They took occasion to intimate that the doctor looked pale and overworked, as if she were unusually unobsequious, and to pet Robert and pronounce him the picture of his father. They left her feeling like an unprofitable servant. The next morning she phoned her—very sweetly—and asked if she might "borrow" him for dinner that night, adding plaintively that she almost never saw her son any more. Mary-Ansles had to be civil, even kind, to bid the old lady get him to come if she could. By that time she had had one of her bad headaches.

She called the maid to take the children out, and tried to lie down, but she was too restless. She reflected that another woman would send her to bed, and she would be glad to be there. Dr. Ansles? She laughed bitterly to herself. He would come, all kindness, all concern, doing his best—as with any other patient! She preferred to suffer, but she would not know how busy he was. He had to go out to the new house they were building, besides his other work. In the afternoon she phoned her mother, who never saw him, she thought, and she began for the first time that summer to feel the heat, to be half hysterical, wholly unhappy. She realized that she could not live without him—nor with him.

Finally, at almost dinner time, she rose, bathed and dressed. Then the phone rang and she answered it. It was her mother, who was, as usual, kind, asking how she was, and the children, saying that he was really obliged on short notice to go to some medical banquet, and that he would not be home to dinner. She would not be back till late, and she was not to sit up. While she was listening, the tears fell down her cheeks. She answered pleasantly.

She made a pretense at dinner, and finally got the children to bed. Then she came down to the hammock under the trees. Her headache lessened, and she tried to think things over calmly, as a woman would. After hours she reached only one solid conclusion—that if she only knew that he really loved her, she would be able to live all the rest of the world together; if it was a grief to him to see so little of them, she could bear it. And then she fell asleep.

When she awoke she was, somehow, conscious that it was very late. The moon looked as if it had been up a long, long time. The woman rose and went to the door. She was not in bed before Robert came home—it would irritate him to find her waiting up for him like a reproach at his long absence. Things ought to have been dark in the house, but she entered the hall she saw that his door was lighted up. She heard his voice, carefully lowered. Whom could he be talking to?

She started upstairs and then stopped. She came softly back, stooping to remove her high-heeled slippers. She knew it was a base slipper to go, but she simply must know what he was saying and whom he was addressing in so heartfelt a tone—not his professional tone. She crept along the hall to a little turn where she could safely listen.

"That's all very well, Trafton," he was saying. So it was Phil Trafton, his bachelor friend, come from nowhere! "All very well," he continued, "but I've something to work for and it looks to me as if you haven't. I get as sick as you, as any other doctor gets of women—an ailing, whining, fawning lot. Half of them need a spanking worse than they need medicine. Some of them need a little common sense. We almost never see a woman that appeals to us—save as a burden—except the nurses, the business women, who, from my standpoint, are not really women at all. They simply serve my need in my work. It's different, now, when a fellow has a wife. It's the woman at home that counts with a man like me with any real man. I give you my word, woman-sounded as I am, that I never really give a thought to any woman but Mary—and my mother. And I almost never see them! I am straining every nerve to get the place where I can have more time with them. That's what I live for." He paused. The other man spoke in the quick way Mary remembered so well.

"You married men are all alike, and I suppose you are right. But I must say I know married men who would dare to bring a friend home at midnight, without permission, like this!" She could almost see her husband swell with pride.

"Mary never fails to welcome any one I want," he said. "There is no one I love. Say, Trafton, why not come on a trip with us? I thought it out today that I would ask Mary in Lawrence to go with me to the mountains for a two months' vacation. She needs rest worse than I do, and we could all have a good time, providing we can locate a reasonably good place." Trafton laughed. "Not for mine." He replied, "but thanks all the same. I don't fit in with married bliss, old man!"

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