

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL

By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN. [Entered July 1, 1875, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan., under the act of congress.]

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So sudden and unexpected has been the drop in eggs, it's a wonder most of them haven't been broken.

It occurs to the Chicago Record-Herald that "things are getting so high that it is almost a compliment to call a man one."

Once in awhile a Washburn athletic team wins a game. But it's a noticeable fact that all such victories are won over other Washburn teams.

And here's another advantage that Kansas has. There is no danger within the broad confines of this state of anyone being wiped out of existence by snowslides and other avalanches.

People along the Ohio alley are experiencing quite as disagreeable floods as those which prevailed in France recently and which drove the French into a frenzy of excitement. But the folk along the Ohio are used to such things.

New Yorkers are flaring on honoring the ex-president by renaming one of the avenues of the town "T. Roosevelt avenue" or "T. Roosevelt parkway." There is already a Roosevelt street in New York, but it was not named after the doughy colonel.

News reports of the other day carried the information that Eldorado, Kan., Grand Forks, N. D., and Fort Pierre, S. D., rejected the adoption of the commission form of government at special elections which were held to decide this question. It will be a case of live and learn with these communities.

The proposition to amend the federal constitution so as to permit the levying of a direct tax on incomes has finally been ratified by both branches of the Illinois legislature. It received an unanimous vote in the senate and the vote in the house was 89 for to 8 against. And Illinois is a state where many millionaires reside and where incomes are large.

Battling Nelson is reported to be cheerful, notwithstanding the severe beating he received when he lost the lightweight prize-fighting championship of the world. But, then, it must be remembered that he got \$12,000 for his pains. Almost any man would be cheerful in defeat if he could come out of it with such a comfortable bank roll.

Some way must have been found to evade successfully the law in New York state which makes it unlawful to bet on horse races. The racing associations there have apparently taken on a new lease of life. In their announcements for the coming season they are offering purses and stakes which are thousands of dollars larger than those which have been hung up during the past couple of years.

Now that the feasibility of airships as engines of war has been established, it is natural that apparatus to destroy them should attract the attention of men. According to the Lokal Anzeiger, an invention in connection with projectiles to be fired from balloons and airships has just been made by Herr Wagner, landlord of the Railway hotel at Emsdetten, near Munster, in Westphalia. The projectile is so constructed that when it leaves the cannon four knives in the casing open, thus giving the missile greater destructive power.

Certain of the public officials of Chicago believe that their town will run against financial ruin if the present agitation to make it a "dry" city is successful. The same opinions have been held by officials in Kansas cities over the prospects of a strict enforcement of the prohibitory law which would prevent them from illegally collecting revenue from "joints" and saloons. But when such an enforcement of the law has been brought about, they have been able to raise money in other ways, and have seen their towns grow more prosperous and become better places to live and do business in.

The enthusiasm among the progressive Kansas citizens will probably reach the point before many hours have passed where an explosion induced by joy will be inevitable. Experts have told the authorities at Washington it is perfectly feasible to equip the old Missouri river with a twelve foot channel from the mouth of the Kaw to St. Louis. Unfortunately, though, between the feasibility of a plan and its accomplishment there is generally an extensive chasm. But if other sections of the country can get millions for the improvement of waterways there's no good reason why Kan-

sas City and its surrounding territory can not do likewise. And in their efforts to get this improvement the Kansas City folk should get all possible aid from the people of Kansas, and especially those in the eastern half of the state. The turning of the Missouri into a waterway worth while will be of considerable advantage to the people hereabouts.

TOPEKA SHOULD BLOOM. Spring may not be here according to the idea of the man who arranged the calendar. But the warm sunshine of the past few days and the sweet and balmy breezes, which would be quite good enough to eat if there was only a little more substance to them, lead one to think so. Anyhow, they make it plain that spring and summer are not so very far off. And this suggests the idea that the days are even now not so very distant when the time will be at hand for the making of gardens of all kinds.

Topeka, the beautiful, can be made more so during the coming month. Building experts say there is a great majority of them take advantage of the opportunities that they are favored with. A general planting of flowers around the houses, in the front and back gardens, even in the parkings, is all that will be required to transform the town into a veritable bower of loveliness.

Nor will the expense or the labor required be great to do these things. Flower seeds and the more common variety of bulbs are about the cheapest things that can be found on the market. It doesn't take so many of them, either, to work a wonderful transformation in the appearance of the average house. There are plenty of species of vines which almost grow over night that, with proper stringing, will make a bare and rather bleak looking porch most attractive. Then there are the canna with their large leaves and showy flowers which can be planted against the houses, or in their place the dahlias with their fine foliage and conspicuous blooms. Along the fences are fine places for hollyhocks, of course there are many other varieties of plants that will fill in just as acceptably in such places, and there is no end to the different kinds of smaller plants that will make flower beds worth more than a passing glance.

It is surprising, too, how little care and labor such flowers need to get excellent results with them. And those results are more than worth the efforts it takes to get them. Few cities in the country have the chance that Topeka has to be transformed into one huge flower garden, that would leave an impression on visitors which would never be forgotten. And the people of the town should not fail to make it one.

THE ERA OF HIGH PRICES. "It is a good sign that nobody seems prepared instantaneously to announce the cause of high prices," says Success Magazine for March. "We have had too much quack doctoring of economic ills, and it is well that all the authorities are this time withholding judgment."

There has been allegation that folks have been hurrying to town to live until the farms don't realize enough to feed us all. The answer comes promptly, however, that of most primary agricultural products we are raising more per capita than ever before. We must look further. Combinations, big and little—of manufacturers, of transportation, and of merchants—are charged with large responsibility. The universality of the complaint points the need of finding a universal cause; and more and more serious attention has been given by economists to the increasing supply of primary money metal—gold—as the universal cause. Without doubt, the increasing output of gold is an important factor, but there is an underlying cause in the changing conditions of living. We may call it extravagance, but it is not merely that. It is the effort of the people to appropriate their share of the advantages, the comforts, the luxuries, if you will, which modern conditions of industry, invention and science have made possible.

"At one side we see the powerful few, with multitudinous devices of organization, overcapitalization, patent-protected monopoly, subsidies, tariffs, privileges of all sorts, seeking to control production. On the other side are the millions, insistently reaching out for means to supply new needs, to indulge new ambitions, to gratify new tastes. The capitalist, who exploits his industry by the process of overcapitalizing it in order to squeeze more profits from it; his employees exploit it by enforcing demands for higher wages. The joint burden is laid on the consumer."

"The present phenomenon in economics finds its parallel in the earthquake. Pressure forces readjustments in the earth's crust from time to time. The pressure exists all the time; it is as steady as gravitation; there are regions of weakness in the crust, and when the pressure has been borne as long as possible there is suddenly a slip and readjustment in the crust. This slipping and readjustment come suddenly with terrific force. Very similar is the present readjustment of price conditions to the long-accumulating pressure of economic and social conditions. The pressure has been there right along; the slip and the earthquake have come suddenly."

There isn't anything in the theory that children will grow up to be grateful for the things they get. It is a fair, healthful country, but people don't live long enough for that.

Lysander John Appleton says that he and his daughter, Mayme, take quite different languages when they attempt to define "Romance," that he can't believe they belong to the same family.

It has become of the old fashioned door bell that pulled, and that sounded all over the neighborhood, giving the neighbors opportunity to get to the door to see who it was. That little modest button that pushes and is heard only in the house, deprives the neighbors of one of their greatest joys and rights.

KANSAS COMMENT

WHERE LIFE IS CHEAP. Your Oriental is something of a philosopher. He knows he must die, and doesn't spend a great deal of time as to how it happens. Perhaps this is because there isn't much in his life at present. As his fathers were, he will be, and in his time, he will be a rule, isn't desirable. But the Orient isn't the only place where life is cheap. In America, where the greatest inducements to a life is really about as cheap, population considered.

Within the past few weeks numerous fatal mining accidents have been recorded. Mining experts say there are fewer physical causes for accidents in American mines than those in Europe. Yet four men in a thousand are killed in the United States to where one is killed abroad.

Our railroads kill and maim 75,000 in a year, which is more than five times as many as are killed by the railroads of Europe. Yet it is safer to ride a year on an American railway than to spend the same length of time in the tobacco and street cars of New York.

Tennessee, with two million people, records more murders in a year than all the other states in the United States, and fewer of the murderers are brought to justice. And the record of the states, in proportion is not very different in Tennessee. While these things continue, there is less reason for this Yankee pride of superiority than you may imagine.—Athens Globe.

FARMERS IN SESSION. A most important meeting has just closed in a session of the Farmers' Union. This is not a political organization, but one for mutual benefit for the producers.

Many a girl is never troubled with suitors until she is possessed of a fortune and then they're not of a desirable kind.

Money may not be able to purchase the real thing in the way of happiness, but it must be confessed that it can provide many attractive substitutes.

Not a few men will hesitate in responding to the call of the weather bureau to make a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Chinchbugs. It notes that half the papers in the state are advising the farmers to burn all the chinchbug-infested farms, in order to destroy the bugs.

A girl who is trying her best to set a day for her wedding, and stick to it, says that she has the hardest time of any girl in the state to get her hair done. The time she isn't sure of herself and half of the time she isn't sure of the man.—Wichita Beacon.

John Brassfield has been sick for some time and has been getting sympathy from his family by hinting that death loves a shining mark. He still has the family fooled, you know. "Certa inly death loves a shining mark," said Bill Sincellar when he heard it, "but what has John to fear?"—Vindland Vine.

Something of a note of warning to his friends and foes, if he has any of the latter, has evidently been sounded by Bert Walker in his Osborne Farmer in the following paragraph: "I have every day to read in my daily paper an account of some old bachelor being acquitted on the grounds of justifiable homicide for snuffing out the light of some chump who had asked him why he didn't get married."

Charles Finch, editor of the Lawrence Gazette, and also an epicure of note, writes concerning the English language: "There is a scientific article going the rounds of the papers that is partly a joke. People think it is a joke, but it is not. It is a warning to the English people; that is, there is nothing smaller or more plentiful in the way of birds that is better. The writer of this got the idea of eating English birds. The birds in the French market of New Orleans. There, seated in one of the thousands of stalls, was an old auntie bird who apparently had a basket of a lark with a bushel basket filled with the sparrows while she patiently plucked off the feathers and laid the birds in piles of half a dozen or more. She said the market was good, that she sold all she could dress, and that many people who had money were buying anything they saw. She frequently patronized her English sparrow stall. A trial showed that the birds were most excellent eating, and that a pie of them was equal to any big pie I have had. If one is in a hurry he must not be particular about the bones. It is to be feared, however, that they will not become popular here for the reason of the inclination of the American people to be in a hurry, and it takes about as long to get the feathers off a sparrow as off a chicken."

GLOBE SIGHTS. [From the Atchison Globe.] Do you know how far down it is necessary to go to arrive at brass tacks? Our idea of affluence is having money so abundant you feel like investing part of it in a parrot. There are a lot of cheap people in the world, but everything else seems to have gotten out of that class. Some men seem to imagine they are like Milwaukee, and must depend upon beer to make them famous. If there are party guests at a house, the man of the house isn't the host; he is only the husband of the hostess. Ever remark how many things you do in a hurry that you don't do in a hurry, no pleasure, no profit and no sense? And you cannot possibly avoid them. Daysey Mayme Appleton, who makes rules of her own governing English, was heard to tell recently of a cashier who is petite in his accounts. After a man passes fifty, he is pretty fortunate if he doesn't find more acquaintances on the tombstones in the cemetery than he finds on the door plates in town. There isn't anything in the theory that children will grow up to be grateful for the things they get. It is a fair, healthful country, but people don't live long enough for that.

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THE EVENING STORY

Expressed Sentiment. (By Stanley Barton.) Mystery appealed to Don Werner. One evening while on his way home he stopped in at an express company's auction—a yearly function held by these corporations to relieve themselves of unclaimed packages—and at a trifling expense, secured a substandard leather bag. The bag was locked. Chance led him into the auction room. His imagination did the rest. Now, as he plodded home, he was in the grip of excitement. His wearisome day at the office—his books forgotten in a commission house—was forgotten. He anticipated a pleasant half hour in examining his treasure.

His romantic mind conjured up all sorts of probable reasons as to why the original owner of the bag had not claimed it. He thought of the trolley accident, everything possible came in for its share of supposition.

In this leather vehicle there might be deposited a fortune. He thought of thousands of dollars—Don's heart quickened at the thought; an unrequited love, leaving a vast estate to a properly favored relative, or the discovery of an absence of it without a penny; shares of mining stock in a Western hole in the ground that had suddenly developed into a bonanza.

A strenuous five of Don's twenty-six years had been spent in the heart of the West. He was alone in the world. His father and mother were both dead. Akron, Ohio—his birth place—had seemed too small to the ambitious youth and he had sought the big city.

Others had done this before him. The majority of them had returned to the States, where they had flitted, when a proper conception of the smart competition existing in the metropolis had been disclosed to them.

Young Werner proved of sterner stuff. Perseverance finally won him a fairly remunerative position with a large advertising agency. He had been consistent with his almost phenomenal ability.

He was a youth fair to look upon—large, well built, with a strong, virile type. He had few close acquaintances in the city. He was naturally reticent. He made no cronies. His dreams were the growth of a rich ambition to become as big and great as some of the princes of his world.

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With the aid of a jack knife, he speedily forced the lock of the leather bag, tingling with the great expectations his imagination had wrought up.

A look of disappointment gradually swept the optimism from his eager face. He had found a few dollars in tenets. First, came a well folded pair of trousers of good material. Even had Werner cared to annex these, he would have found them too small for a smaller man. Two night shirts followed; three shirts, size 15—Werner wore size 16—a bundle of collars, a pair of socks, a Turkish towel, a modest comb and brush, and last a book. No mysterious papers met the eyes of the searcher. He turned the pages of the book. It was a volume of poetry. Werner was not satisfied. Unreasonable, he had expected something—some feminine intuition had told him that there was something in the bag.

He sat down on a convenient chair, and picked up the book. It was an ancient volume of verse, published in the good old firm long since gone to its dust, and stiltedly uninteresting. There was no owner's name on the fly leaf. He turned it rapidly, the youth turned the page. The obsolete type made a dim impression on the yellowed paper, and he was about to close the book when he came on the faded picture of—

Never in his most imaginative moments had Don Werner conjured up such beautiful pictures. The man who had awakened in him the feelings that this picture maiden inspired. He closed the volume, carefully replacing it in the photograph, and with a sigh retired.

The next day Don Werner started his employer by demanding a long overdue vacation. At first he was the objective point. He suddenly had an inexplicable hunger to see the old town—to renew old acquaintances. His next day he found him in the Buckeye state.

At the best hotel in Akron he dined alone. There was a noticeable scarcity of women. The winter holidays had called them home. At the small table at the right of Werner sat an elderly man alone. As the waiter came with a pretty girl who was piloted by a smug waiter to a chair beside his neighbor. She was more than pretty; she was handsome, and looked like a million dollars and she was even other than this. She was a reincarnation!

"Hello, Werner." A heavy hand slapped the returned one on the back, and he turned to recognize and eagerly greet his boyhood's chum, Fred Lison. "You've got a fine girl," said the neighbor and then the elder Lison had moved to some Eastern town, entered business, and prospered, rumor had said, although Don had low trade of the day. Young Lison was a well put up chap, big and broad, blue eyed, brown haired and well groomed. "Don't you remember me?" Don asked. "You've extended hand enthusiastically."

A few minutes' swift dialogue, in which the fortunes of each were made clear to the other, ensued. "So you are located in New York?" came from the elder Lison. "Is it to be an even crowd of old friends? But come back into the hotel. My uncle and cousin are here with me. I want you to meet them."

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"Miranda, would you believe that the Lord's Prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than a dime?" said Simon. "If a dime is as large in the engraver's eye as it is in yours, I think that he would have no difficulty at all."

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HUMOR OF THE DAY

Miss Elder—The idea of his pretending that his hair was gray, Miss Peppery—Very well, Bridget. Keep to the right. Misses keep to the left.—Harper's Bazaar.

Adam had just blamed it on the woman, when she said she was going to New York. He had just agreed he had done his best.—New York Sun.

"Cook—I'll be havin' yea, mum. Mistress—Very well, Bridget. Keep to the right. Misses keep to the left.—Harper's Bazaar.

Bacon—I see the London suffragettes have adopted colors. Egbert—What are they? Black and blue?—Yonkers Statesman.

He—Now that we are married, pet, do you love me enough to cook for me? She—Enough, darling? I love you entirely too much for that.—Boston Transcript.

"A statesman never looks really impressive," said the student of human nature, "unless he has a distinct and unshakable touch or a bald head." "I suppose," replied the suffragette contemptuously, "but you're not a statesman, are you?" "I'm a politician," replied the student.

The Lady With the Feather—No, I said, this is too much. I've allowed you to buy me flowers and chocolates and to take me to theaters and dinners; I have even granted you the liberty of hiring a motor for me—and then you think up another silly reason why women should not go into politics.—Washington Star.

Reuben—When he kissed me last night I asked him to tell me one. Belle—And I told him he was a fool. He repeated it—Yonkers Statesman.

The dean of a western university was told by the students that the cook was turning out food not fit to eat. "Why not?" exclaimed the dean, "you ought to place a much more important value on your meals!" They came to me in just the same way about your lectures!—Argonaut.

Cincinnati Tourist (who, for the first time, has just entered a restaurant in Paris)—I'm a tourist. The waiter (who has reached the table some minutes before the tourist)—Yes, Cincinnati Tourist—What did you order? St. Louis Tourist—Lentils.—How do I know?—Chicago News.

Lawyer—Am I to understand that your wife left your bed and board? Uncle Ephraim—Not exactly, boss. She dun tuck mah bed 'n' board along with her.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS. [From the Philadelphia Record.] The Irish choropodist should be resigned to his fate. Stretching the imagination won't make both ends meet.

It is hard to make money and frisk at the same time. Even the man with a rosebud mouth can give a withering smile. The man who can bottle up a little sunshine for a rainy day is a corker. It's a mighty good resolution that you give up any length of time without spoiling.

No man likes to be interrupted in the middle of a sentence unless he is serving a sentence in jail. A man called called, but few have chosen, paraphrased the father of a family of old-maid daughters. As an illustration of the fact that women can endure more pain than men look at the number of ribbons. Blobs—There are 48 different materials used in constructing a piano. Blobs—Yes, and I'll bet 45 of them are nobles.

Ms. Maude, dear; just because a man's suspenders are out of sight we wouldn't say that he has no visible means of support. Muggins—That boy of yours seems to be a hustler. He's never idle. Bugins—I guess that's right. When he hasn't anything else to do he eats something.

Some one who has the heart is," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, but it doesn't follow that a girl is homeless just because she is heartless," added the Simple Mug.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS. [From the Chicago News.] A clothcap is a kind of sheet anchor. How a woman does enjoy being tired, if it is from shopping! Our love for other people's money is also the root of much evil. A man can have most of his vices overlooked by inheriting a fortune. Yet there is always a fighting chance against marriage being a failure. The sermon never seems long to the woman wearing a new hat to church. Policeman, like rainbows, are tokens of peace, usually appearing after a storm. There are various kinds of vehicles in which people may be driven to desperation. Many a man is useful to provide a roof for his wife to give pink tea and bridge parties under. Some parents train their children successfully by using a warning instead of a good example. A New York dressmaker duns delinquent customers by sending them small bunches of forget-me-nots. A woman loses all interest in an argument after convincing herself that she can't convince you she is right.

RELECTIONS OF A BACHELOR. [From the New York Press.] The acts of the coldest people cause the rest of us to be interested in what he means is he's afraid of it. People don't get nearly so top-heavy from having brains as from thinking they have them. A woman can even stop enduring her hair to bear how near a neighbor's family is to being broken up.