Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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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 to any address at the rate of ten cents a week or thirty cents a month (by mail only.) Address changed as often as desired. While out of town the State Journal will be to you like a daily letter from home.

Advance payment is requested on these short time subscriptions, to save bookkeeping expenses.

Oyster Bay has now resumed its place on the map. And the Outlook office has attained one.

It seems that every time anybody starts an aeroplane on any kind of a trip these days, some existing record is broken.

"Why keep a dog if you can't keep him so that he will not go mad?" is a pertinent inquiry from the Chicago Record-Herald.

Nevada should wipe out its divorce laws before it arrives at the conclusion that the holding of the Johnson-Jeffries fight there will soil its good name.

The point has been reached now where the clergymen of Chicago have found it necessary to defend that town as being a field for ministers of the gospel.

"This automobile speeding nuisance has got to stop," is a recent declaration of Chief of Police Jenkins. And if Mr. Jenkins and his policemen will stop it, the people of the city will be disposed to award them a few medals.

Mme. Lillian Nordica has taken the stump in the interests of woman's suffrage. But she is devoting her energies to addressing meetings of women. In all probability she could do more for the cause by singing lullabies to the men.

It is to be wondered what the people of Washington, D. C., will have to say to Colonel Roosevelt's remark in his formal home-coming address that he had just been "in the capitals of the mightiest and most higly polished of civilized nations."

Undoubtedly many of the people who are planning to take a trip in that German dirigible balloon, which is to be the equipment on the first real "air line" that has ever been operated in the world, will bide their time until they see how the first trip turns out.

With Colonel Roosevelt on his job as contributing editor to the Outlook it is likely there will be a big boom in the circulation of that publication. Or rather, there will be a big demand for the first copies of each issue of this magazine among the politicians and their friends to see what he has to say.

The sultan of Sulu will make a mistake if he doesn't dispose of those $250,000 worth of pearls he has in his possession before he lands in the United States. The duty he would have to pay to get them in here would not leave him much of a bank roll to devote to improving the condition of his people.

Two Chicago policemen have been discharged from duty and sent on their way because they stopped to watch a fight instead of separating and arresting the combatants. This is reminiscent of the Topeka policemen who hid out on an occasion while a man was running amuck with a gun up and down Kansas avenue.

From the variety of testimony which has been introduced in the trial of the famous bleached flour case it is likely that the jury will have to flip a coin to decide whether or not the bleaching of flour is deleterious to it. And by the way, several other verdicts of juries have been arrived at in the same fashion.

Crop killers are now busy in the northwest. Soaking rains are sorely needed there, as they claim. And while they are waiting for them to come along they have been successful in boosting the price of spring wheat in the markets. But there will probably be a far different story to tell when the time comes for the harvest of the spring wheat in the northwest.

An omnibus public buildings bill carrying items aggregating $19,288,500 is now on its way through congress. The chances are there is quite as much "pork" in it as there was in the rivers and harbors bill which went through without much discussion and no protest. Any old thing seems to go in congress when it involves the expenditure of the people's money.

A KANSAS RECORD.

Kansas has been in the habit during late years of bragging about her crops, and not without good reason. But there is not a single one of them in which she can take more righteous pride than that which constitutes at present the inmates in her jails and poor houses—because of the paucity of their numbers.

According to the last bulletin issued by the state board of control on the conditions which prevail in the charitable, eleemosynary and correctionary institutions of the state, there are no less than 28 county farms in the state which have no inmates at all. And there are only 512 paupers in all the poor farms in the entire state, a state which has a population of more than a million and a half people. Not only that, but there are 53 counties in the states wihch have no prisoners in their jails under sentence, 51 with no prisoners awaiting trial and 34 with no prisoners of any kind in their jails. There are only 233 prisoners under sentence in all of the county jails and only 215 awaiting trial.

Surely these statistics show a remarkable absence of crime and poverty in a community of the size of Kansas. In all likelihood, there is not another state in the Union which can come close to making such an excellent showing. Indeed, it is scarcely possible that there are a million and a half people gathered together in any one section of the world who are as free from distress of all kinds as are Kansans.

What better advertisement could a state present to the world than that conveyed in these figures? They tell of a land of peace and contentment, of a land of plenty where there is enough for all who are willing to work for it, and where the environment is of the kind that is conducive for working. And there are many people who believe, and not without good reason, and this environment is fostered in a great measure by the prohibition law, which is enforced in a fashion to make it worth while.

ROOSEVELT AGAIN?

One of the interesting polls on the popularity of Colonel Roosevelt with the rank and file of the people of the country and their idea as to whether or not it would be wise to again elevate him to the presidency was taken by The World's Work. Its results are being given publicity in the July issue of this magazine which has just been placed in circulation. The World's Work picked out about 1,000 men on its subscription list, divided equally among all the states in the Union. There was no clew to the political faith of these men, and their occupations and points of view were unknown. Letters were sent to them by The World's Work asking specific questions concerning their ideas about Mr. Roosevelt and his future as it concerns this country. Replies were received from 426 men from every state and territory and from the District of Columbia. They came from men of all kinds of occupations and professions.

The questions were:

I. Some men regard Mr. Roosevelt as a spectacular and disturbing force in public life, and they think that talk of him for the presidency again is folly or worse. Do you hold this opinion?

There were 382 answers to this question—353 no; 29 yes. In other words, nearly 13 to 1 were favorable to considering him for the presidency again.

II. Others—some who admire Mr. Roosevelt and some who do not—think that he ought not again to be considered for the presidency because he held the office for seven years. Do you hold this opinion?

There were 379 answers to this question—310 no; 69 yes. That is to say, only 1 in about 4½ persons regard the "third term" or any other reason as a good reason for keeping him out of the White House again.

III. Other men regard him as a great moral force, as a quickener of the nation's energy, as the preserver of our national wealth, as the necessary leader of the people who are denied a square deal because of the undue power of privilege and capital, both in industry and in government; and they think that he, better than any other man, can restrain the "predatory rich" and so use the powers of the government as to give every class its proper privileges and no more than its proper burdens. Do you hold this opinion and are you in favor of his becoming president again?

To this direct question whether they want him for president again there were 375 answers—292 yes; and 83 no. In a word, about 3½ to 1 are in favor of his election again. Among these there are of course a considerable number of Democrats.

In addition to these direct questions a number of general inquiries were made, and the answers to them throw light on the general drift of opinion.

One of these questions was:

"What proportion of Republicans and Independents in your community wish him again to be president?"

The answers to this cover a wide range of opinion, but in the total they show a large preponderance of favorable opinion—as nearly as can be estimated from the answers, which took many forms, about three-fourths of the Republicans are thought to favor him.

Another question was:

"How is he regarded by the Democrats of your community?"

Almost without exception the answers show that Mr. Roosevelt is most highly thought of by the Democrats. Many answers show that a large number of Democrats will vote for him. Especially are such expressions of opinion frequent in the south.

Another general question asked was this:

"If you think that Mr. Roosevelt should not again be president, how could he best use his continued popularity for the public welfare?"

The answers to this take a wide range:

U. S. senator from New York	103
Speaker of the house of rep	17
Member of the house of rep	16
Writer and editor	32
Governor of New York	7
Head of a university	4
Secretary of state	4
Private citizen	7

One or two think that he should be chairman of the interstate commerce commission; at the head of the Panama canal; preacher; mayor of New York city; permanent head of the house of governors.

From the reading of all these replies and letters one gets several very definite impressions, says The World's Work. In New England they show a sort of hesitancy of opinion—with a leaning toward Mr. Roosevelt rather than an enthusiasm for him. In New York the replies reflect public opinion pretty accurately—"big business," as one man expresses it, is afraid, but the common man believes in him. In the middle west there is a very strong Roosevelt feeling, with a minority earnest in opposition to him. In the Rocky Mountain and Pacific states the pro-Roosevelt enthusiasm is almost universal.

"If the national Republican convention were to meet now," thinks The World's Work, "there is hardly a doubt that Mr. Roosevelt would be nominated—whether he wishes to be or not."

But the national convention does not meet for two and one-half years yet, and perhaps by that time the people generally will have grown less enthusiastic in their Roosevelt hero worship, and will have discovered that there is another man quite competent to handle the affairs of the nation in as satisfactory a way as any human could.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Women ought to make good judges, they're such experts at getting in the last word.

* * *

To be disappointed in love is not half as bad as to be disappointed in marriage.

* * *

Why is it you never hear of a girl being sued for breach of promise? Lots of them are guilty of it.

* * *

There's one kind of current literature the women keep abreast of—the dry goods stores' advertisements.

* * *

A fellow will soon find out he does not need to know how to propose if he exhibits the slightest inclination that way.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

The Hutchinson News is always worrying about something. Noting the prediction of scientists that the end of drudgery is to come, it wants to know who'll get out the Congressional Record.

The Leavenworth Times is particular to exclaim that the steam roller which Leavenworth has decided to acquire is the kind that is used on pavements and inanimate things, and not the political variety.

The Minneapolis Messenger believes there is a farmer in nearly every county in the state who has given up raising hogs and now breeds coyotes for the price their scalps will bring at the county clerk's office.

There is one nice thing about a wife's jawing her husband, says the Hill City New Era, and that is if she is a constant jawer he gets so used to it that it don't hurt as much as it sounds as though it would.

Instructions for preparing the cheaper cuts of meat for the table, says the Ottawa Republic, begin much in the same way of the celebrated recipe for cooking hares. It is first necessary to find the cheaper cuts of meat.

Ottawa is rapidly passing the stage of a town that needs the road drag for its streets. But you will be greatly surprised at results if you should have the alley back of your residence put in good shape with a road drag. A weligraded alley need be dragged but twice or three times a year and it will then answer the purpose of a brick paved alley.—Ottawa Herald.

Man is a curious animal. He will take the chance of his life and run across the street ahead of an automobile and watch it go by. He will loaf around town all day and then make a rush for the bank or postoffice after they have closed. He locks the stable after the horse is stolen and sends for the doctor after the child is nearly dead with pneumonia, but he will order his supply of tobacco a week in advance.—Altoona Tribune.

The Saline Journal credits a Kansas exchange with the following: "I say old man, can you tell me what is meant by the Rule of Three? My girl asked me about it last night. Never heard of it before." "Well," said the man at the next desk, with a frayed collar, and an incipient bald spot on his head, "if you can wait till you're married and live with your wife, her ancient maiden sister and their mother, you will know the Rule of Three, all right."

GLOBE SIGHTS.

[From the Atchison Globe.]

The women believe it is a sin for a man not to be busy.

Every man who departs from Nature is courting trouble.

Most clever men use their cleverness in looking for victims.

A man forgets his good luck next day but remembers his bad luck until next year.

People are always expecting circus men and politicians to finally do what they promise.

A man will walk quite a ways in hot weather to create a thirst for something cold and expensive.

A souvenir spoon is the ugly kind that are of no use, and which you give the person you love, or greatly admire.

Advice to the girls: When you ride horseback, don't wear puffs, which are apt to bob up and down in a funny way.

A man who is afraid of his wife approaches her as a little country dog approaches a big town dog that looks somewhat cross.

When a man talks a great deal about "standing on his record," it is usually because he believes there are a few details that have not become public property.

"What's the matter?" a man said to a friend; "it seems to me you are very quiet here lately." "I've been talked about," he friend replied; "that's why I am so quiet here lately."

As soon as the hot weather permits a quorum to gather, the Lancaster Literary society will attempt to decide which a man hates the most: flies, or being told to close the screen door quickly.

When you walk around town in the evening, those who sit on porches and see you pass, will gossip about you. Sure. Therefore when you walk out, wear a mask, so people of porches won't know you.

KANSAS COMMENT

BACK TO THE FARM.

The cost of living: the cause? Scientists and economists, cranks and politicians have tried to solve the question, but the people continue to pay high prices. Certain conditions come about now and then in the history of nations and all the precaution possible and all the explanation cannot alter that condition. It is about that way with this much mooted question. The potent fact is that we are paying high prices for the necessities of life. Some people profess to think we never paid such prices before and that we will never see reasonable prices again. That is all buncombe. History abounds with facts of high prices in other days in this country—and they came down again. We believe there are many contributing causes for the increased cost of living, and one of the chief is an increased notion of personal necessity to keep pace with things around us. But the principal cause of high prices of food and everyday necessities, we believe, is the same as makes the oil market go up or down—supply and demand. There is an inexorable law of nature that the cost of a thing is governed by the need of that article, and the supply. Two months ago there was every indication that the price of Midcontinent petroleum was going to advance, in fact the market was marked up three cents a barrel. But just at that time, between this field and the newly created channel of outlet to greater markets in the south, was suddenly developed a tremendous production of high grade oil—to supply the very market this field expected to bring it relief, and quite naturally the possibility of an advance here lessened. And so we might look to some such cause in the matter of the cost of living. We are told by authorities on statistics that in the United States while the volume of agricultural products has increased 36 per cent, the consumption of such foodstuffs has increased 60 per cent. In other words, our population is increasing almost twice as fast as is our output of food supplies, and there you have the inexorable law of supply and demand at work, and you can not get away from it. There is now a tendency to return to the farm, and this is well. The farmer is an independent personage. In all this furore of high price discussion, the farmer sits in his big automobile and chuckles gleefully. He has better things to eat, lives better in every way, has an easier life than the city banker. The farm; get to it; be independent by following the course of nature; till the soil, live in the free open air, sell the things men can not get along without, sell in the highest market, and you will have outclassed the economists and the scientists, because you will have solved the great problem to your own advantage, for you will be controlling the supply and being paid for the high priced stuff instead of paying for it. There is no patent on this idea, and others are entitled to use it.—Independence Reporter.

STOPPING THE PAPER.

The old-fashioned man who stops his paper because it criticises him lives in Ottawa and is city marshal. This is a great joke among newspapers but irate subscribers take it very seriously and are astounded to see the paper issue day after day. The fact is no paper pays any attention to the stopping of any one subscription. If the general results are good that is all that is desired. People stop the papers every day and will continue doing so but the papers continue issuing every day just the same.—Lawrence Journal.

DON'T FORGET THE OTHER SIDE.

When the farmer complains of the tariff making him pay a high price for products not on the farm, it would be well for him to remember that never before in the history of the country would a bushel of wheat or corn, or a hundred pounds of beef or pork, buy as much as it will today.—Larwrence World.

FROM OTHER PENS

FARMS AS LIFE-SAVERS.

In view of the constantly recurring calls from economists in all parts of the country for the people to "return to the soil," it is interesting to know that living next to nature wards off disease and death, although it is a little more conducive to suicide than living in the cities.

According to statistics recently compiled by the government, the principal factor in favor of the farmer is his freedom from tuberculosis, due undoubtedly to his outdoor life. In 1908, for instance, in the 18 states covered by the statistics, the white plague was responsible for 19.3 per cent of the total deaths, while only 15.6 per cent of the farmers who died that year were victims of the disease.

Even more marked was the disparity in the case of Bright's disease. Only 5½ per cent of the farmers' deaths resulted from it, while it claimed some 8 per cent of the total deaths. In the case of heart disease and pneumonia, there was also a difference in the death rate favoring the farmer. On the other hand, owing probably to unsanitary conditions on many of the farms, typhoid fever claimed more victims among the farmers than among city folk.

On the whole, however, the statistics would seem to show that life on the farm is a little safer than life in the city. The figures probably will not have any great effect in stampeding city folk to the country. The chances that persons living in the city are compelled to take seem to increase its glamour and lessen the lure of the farm.—Washington Post.

MARRIAGE AS CRIME PREVENTIVE.

Science is merely "organized common sense," in Huxley's words, and, therefore, what the experience of life teaches the average man is pretty apt to be formulated as a scientific "law" by same savant. It has been a truism for ages that to marry is to "settle down," to become steady and "responsible." Now, Dr. Bertillon, on the basis of very elaborate French statistics and studies, has promulgated certain "theories" concerning the relation between marriage, family life and criminality. There is nothing strange or new in these theories, but they are interesting simply because they are now demonstrable by facts and figures.

Crime, Dr. Bertillon shows, is not as "rife" among married men as among bachelors; the bringing up of a family imposes "beneficent burdens" and creates a desire for respectability and an honored name. Widowers revert to the criminality records of wild bachelors—including "Apaches." Childless widowers are the worst offenders of all; they stand highest on the criminality lists. This shows the value of woman's control or companionship. The presence of children is wholesome and deterrent, but the best moral condition of all is complete family life, with a wife and mother to guide the household and inspire—or curb—"the old man."—Chicago Record-Herald.

PISCATORIAL.

When the split bamboo is varnished and
the fly hook's filled with flies,
When the east winds have quit blowing
and no clouds are in the skies,
When the rubber boots are mended and
there's something in the flask,
In the language of Ike Walton, what remains for man to ask?

When the troutlet in the streamlet sees
the hooklet floating by,
And the manlet's nose is blistered as the
hot sun mounts on high,
When the lunchlet o'er a clifflet quite by
accident is lost,
Think ye not that hopes of triumph are
behind the angler tossed?

Still those hopes will spring triumphant
'neath the fisher's rain-soaked vest,
Though he turns home empty handed
when the sun dies in the west,
Still he decorates the bushes with his
choicest brand of flies,
For the fishing microbe's in him, and it
bides there till he dies.

—Denver Republican.

THE EVENING STORY

The House That Jack Built.

(By Gerald Prime.)

There was a sudden jolt, followed by a tilt and dragging over an uneven surface, a weird prolongation of the air brake exhaust and then the train came to a dead stop. Startled, but not especially alarmed—for she knew practically nothing of the perils of railway traveling—Janet raised the window and took an observation.

There was no station or even a siding or water tank in sight. Janet withdrew her decidedly attractive head in time to see that most of her fellow passengers were leaving the car, bent on investigation into the cause of stoppage. The young man who had been sitting across the aisle since the train left Erie Junction was not among them. He still sat motionless. What he was actually doing was amusing himself over the evident mystification of his fair neighbor.

Her curiosity was more insistent than her disapproval of his conduct, so she asked him, in a tone that was meant to be expressive of a profound indifference to his opinion on any subject other than the business in hand, "Do you happen to know what is the matter?"

"I'm sorry to say I don't," he returned very politely. "I'm waiting patiently until some of those who went to make the usual inquiries return to the car. It's quite possible we may have come in contact with some stray animal you know."

"If I were a man"—she began impatiently, but stopped before she had finished the statement she had been tempted to make.

"Permit me to congratulate you on your escape," he said, with a really effective bow, but with no attempt to indicate the special good fortune to which he referred.

"I believe I'll go, anyway," she said, conscious that he found her amusing.

"If you will permit me," he said, rising quickly and taking her hat from the rack, "I will go with you."

His manner was so respectful and so entirely what it should be that she could not run the risk of appearing prudish by declining. Besides, there really was no reason why he should not go with her on this tour of investigation. It was broad daylight, there were numerous other persons in the company and she was abundantly able to take care of herself, even though she were traveling alone.

She nodded a good natured acquiescence and they left the car together. As soon as they reached the ground they were told by a returning investigator that it was a case of derailment and that a brakeman had been sent to the nearest telegraph station to summon a wrecking outfit from the city.

"I wonder how long it will be," was Janet's first inspiration.

He smiled agreeably. "I don't quite know how to explain it," he said, "but I was wondering the same thing." Then they both laughed a little, and he continued: "Suppose we go and ask the conductor."

The only thing about which the conductor was positive was that it couldn't be less than three hours. He was too competent a railroad official to commit himself to any opinion more definite. It was his air of indefiniteness that made Janet feel a trifle uncomfortable.

"I shouldn't like to get into the city after dark," she said. "I have never been there."

"It isn't far from here," her new acquaintance said, reassuringly. "If you were on the top of the hill yonder you would have an excellent view of it."

"Then I believe I will go up and get it," she said. "I will if you will promise not to go on and leave me," she added, addressing the conductor.

"In fear of that, miss," he said, this time quite positively. "Some of the other passengers are already up there. When we're ready the engineer will give warning with the whistle."

"And if you will permit me," said her companion, "I will be your guide and point out some of the interesting features as they come into view. It is my home, and I'm familiar with every part of it."

It was a courteous offer and Janet was keen enough, despite her lack of years and experience, to recognize its honesty. Her firm resolution to risk no chance acquaintance lost all its purpose in the presence of such transparent sincerity.

"It's very kind of you," she said, with a smile which implied acceptance of his offer to accompany her, "but I should think it wouldn't be much of a novelty to you."

"It is—under the present conditions," he laughed. "Besides, it is really worth while. The city is at its very best when viewed from the hilltops."

They started off together. It was not a tiresome ascent, for the path was well defined and made circuitous to avoid steep climbing. It was shaded deeply almost the entire distance, and when the summit was reached Janet felt no fatigue whatever. Along the way her companion had made most of the conversation, preparing her, with a wealth of interesting detail, for her first glimpse of the city beyond.

It came suddenly—a spacious panorama of low-lying fields and groves and water, and, beyond, the glittering outline of granite and marble that loomed skyward.

"Isn't it glorious?" he asked, but Janet, under the firm domination of the spell, made no attempt to answer him. Hat in hand, her cheeks flushed with the exercise and the excitement of the situation, her dark hair put into charming confusion by the hilltop breeze, with eyes for nothing but the strange, new picture before her, she stood and looked her fill of it.

"It's beautiful," she said, finally, 'but, do you know, I feel afraid of it." He fancied that she shivered.

"It won't hurt you; I'm perfectly sure it won't," he said, soberly. "You are sure to like it."

They seated themselves on the side of a huge bowlder and he pointed out to her all the more striking features of the view. Then, almost before she knew it, and influenced by she hardly knew what, she found herself telling him all about herself—how she was Janet Marion, only child of a country doctor, who was dead; how she had made her home with a distant relative, attended the academy in her town and, finally, had grown weary of the monotony of the life, and had made up her mind to go to the city and fit herself for the profession of trained nurse. She even admitted that she was free from all anxiety in money matters; that her father had provided for her generously, and that she had evolved the scheme of becoming a nurse to escape from the humdrum of her life.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself," he said, when she had finished. Then he took a card from his pocket and handed it to her. It bore the legend: "John Ware, Architect."

"Now I know why you are so fond of the city," she laughed. "You have built some of it."

"Hardly enough to account for my preference," he admitted frankly.

"Can we see anything—any building you have designed—from here?" she asked, ingeniously.

"No," he said with a sigh that might have been pathetic had it not been for the merry twinkle in his eyes.

"I have never experienced the felicity of creating a skyscraper or even a cathedral. My genus has been wasted thus far over suburban houses built to catch the eye of the prospective buyer who wants something startling in architecture—and usually gets it. What will you say when I tell you that I have only built one structure that I am proud of? It is my own little house, and nobody likes it but its designer. It is so different from the others that it goes by the name of the 'House that Jack Built.' I'm Jack, you know."

The two sat on the hilltop talking until the engineer sounded the return to the train. The conductor's estimate of the time necessary to get in motion again was wide of the mark; in rather less than two hours they were at the Union station, and Ware and Janet were saying good-night.

"I should like to see the 'House that Jack Built,'" she laughed as they separated.

"Should you, really?" he asked, a glad light in his eyes.

She nodded. And in time her wish was gratified. More than that, she became its mistress.—(Copyrighted 1910 by Associated Literary Press.)

Hard-Boiled Eggs.

In Indianapolis the other day a saloon patron became enraged because he didn't get a hard-boiled egg with his drink, and proceeded to shoot up the barroom in wild west style. Some 30 men were in the saloon when the bombardment began, but they didn't stay there very long after the first shot was fired. Several of them dived over the bar, regardless of glassware and liquids; one tried to get inside a stove; another climbed a stack of beer cases; the rest of them sought egress by front doors or back doors, whichever they happened to be nearest when the enraged citizen began his pistol practice. Strange to say, no lives were lost, but the property loss was considerable to the bar owner. No one was hit by the flying bullets, and the shooter himself fled when he had exhausted his indignation and his cartridges.

This will be a solemn warning to barkeepers not to allow the supply of hard-boiled eggs to decline to the vanishing point. Men who have acquired the habit of getting their meals at the free lunch counter naturally become irritated when noting the absence of favored dishes. All of them, it is true, do not get mad enough to start a "rough house" or to fire bullets into the mirrors and furniture. There are those, however, in whom a brainstorm of murderous proportions is stirred up by the mere realization that an anticipated delicacy of the season is non est inventus.

A barkeeper is expected to be somewhat of a diplomat, but what art of diplomacy can prevail against the rage of a man who feels that he has been deprived of a constitutional right when he fails to get the hard-boiled egg that is supposed to be forthcoming with every drink, "except a schooner?" Nothing softer than a policeman's club can soothe the turbulent spirit of such a patron. The policeman being always somewhere else when trouble breaks out, the only safe policy for the barkeeper is to buy eggs in large quantities and boil without ceasing.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cottonseed Flour.

Analysis shows that cottonseed flour contains 37 per cent more protein than wheat flour, and though it is deficient to the extent of 44 per cent in carbohydrates, the lack easily can be remedied by the use of vegetables or sugar. In Germany potato flour has been used for some time, and there are doubtless many new forms of food awaiting only necessity or ingenuity to bring them into common use. The high price of meats has already brought out the fact that, in nutritive value, the cheaper cuts contain as much as and in some instances more than the high priced cuts, and that there are ways of cooking which make them as appetizing as the higher grades. And if we get a new and cheaper flour also it may be worth in the end all the hardship caused by the advance in living expenses.—Leslie's.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the Chicago News.]

The best way to understand women is not to try.

If a man is really a dead one he is in a grave condition.

Fortunately for most of us, a lot of temptation doesn't tempt.

Telling the average man to use his own judgment is poor advice.

Many a man acquires a lot of friends by keeping his advice to himself.

No, Cordelia, you can't travel by mail, even if you do stamp your feet.

How a man does enjoy giving his wife money—for about a week after marriage!

Employes in the government mint never object to being paid in their own coin.

After all, women haven't much the best of men when it comes to indulging in useless talk.

The father of triplets is certainly in a position to realize that it is the little things that count.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Aviator Hamilton has still to discover the original air serpent.

A bar-gain counter—The saloonkeeper figuring up his receipts.

It is also true that a man may be loved for the enemies he has not made.

Blobbs—"Bjones is a well-meaning sort of fellow." Slobbs—"I don't like him, either."

A man is never as good as some people think he ought to be, or as bad as other people think he is.

A fashion item says that the fashionable glove for women is dogskin. In the words of the poet, I love my glove, my dogskin glove, but oh! you kid.

Mrs. Newlywed—"I want a nice, young chicken. I don't want one with any fat, and I want it so tender it will melt in your mouth." Butcher—"You don't want a chicken. You want an egg."

BY THE WAY

Local milliner advertises "hat's ½ off." Having been up against the full size, or unexpurgated edition of that public disturbance, the female hat, we are fully satisfied that above mentioned milliner is entitled to a vote of thanks.

Lay your sins on the Lord, if you have any. Stubbs is laying his on Dave Mulvane and Mort Albaugh, and they will have about all they can carry without yours.

"I see by the papers," says Filling Fuller, "that a guy out at Junction City saw a deer run across the road. I saw one gallop across the state house grounds at 2:30 one moonlight morning. Then I cut down my daily ration to four drinks, and had no further trouble along that line."

The sultan of Sulu is coming this way with $250,000 worth of pearls. From which we may gather the sad thought: Alice overlooked a bet when she had a chance to marry the Sult. of Su. Nick Longworth hasn't $250,000 worth of pearls to his name.

Roosevelt paid $500 duty on the junk he brought back from Africa. Let's see: at one dollar a word and two dollars for hard ones, he can fix that by adding about half a column of description of "dawn on the veldt" to one of his rhino stories.

Governor Gillett's name has shrunken since he first broke into the national limelight. The A. P. spelled it "Gillette" at first. It is stated on good authority that the Gov. of Cal. has also shrunken in the estimation of a large number of more-or-less Native Sons.

On account of the extremely warm weather and the existing price of groceries, we find it necessary to again abuse the public confidence with

OUR DAILY CLASSIC.

"Drifting."—Thos. Buchanan Read.

O, happy ship,
To reach the slip
And safely end Great Teddy's trip:
O, happy crew,
It's up to you
To celebrate it with a few.

The crown department of Servia is looking for American cash. Old King Hum, desires a rich widow, the prince desires a rich girl, and the princess desires a rich American—one connected with a trust preferred. Our idea of a good investment of American capital would be to take it to Servia for the privilege of becoming "one of those present" at the next royal Servian killing. Perhaps they want Americans to share the throne because it is now considered bad form to kill nothing but native royalty upon these state occasions.

The two new battleships authorized by congress should not get upon the nerves of the tax payers. They are to cost but $6,000,000 each—a mere bag-o'-shells.

The Hon. Warden Codding claims to have saved two bones per head on state convicts during the past year. Therefore, a number of those who have escaped just and deserved conviction may naturally feel that their stock has taken a slump of $2 per share.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Nervous and Inexperienced Host (rising hurriedly at the conclusion of a song)—Ladies and—er—gentlemen, before he started to—er—sing, Mr. Bawnall asked me to apologize for his—er—voice, but I—er—omitted to do so—er—so I—er—apologize now!—London Opinion.

Where It Won't Work.—No, Agnes, the gyroscope will not enable you to keep your balance at the bank.—Puck.

"What is alimony, ma?" "It is a man's cash surrender value."—Town Topics.

Traveler—But, waiter, I only ordered two eggs. You have brought three, two eggs. You have brought three. Obviously one might fail.—Leslie's Weekly.

Salesman—Shirt, sir. Will you have a negligee or a stiff bosom? Customer—Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starchy things.—Boston Transcript.

She—There goes Mrs. Strongmind. She says her husband never spoke a cross word to her but once. He—Yes; you should have seen him the next day.—Home Life.

Physiology Teacher—Clarence, you may explain how we hear things. Clarence—Pa tells 'em to ma as a secret and ma gives 'em away at the bridge club.—Cleveland Leader.

"It's an Ill Wind That—" —Chauffeur—What are you doing, Anne-Marie? You've let all the air out of the tyres. A.-M.—Yes; master had them blown up at Landerneau, so I am getting a breath of my native air.—Pele Mele.

The Retort Courteous.—The Lady of the House—I hope you are habitually truthful, Bridget? The New Maid—Yis, mum, I am on me own account. I only tells lies to th' calliers, f'r th' missus.—Cleveland Leader.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the New York Press.]

It's good luck not to risk much money on your luck.

A woman has a natural genius for being understood by all men except her husband.

If a man chews tobacco he can get just as mad as anybody else with people who chew gum.

The time a young man thinks he amounts to most is when he can't get anybody else to think so.

If a man happens to remember the year some horse won a big race he thinks he knows all about breeding thoroughbreds.