Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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It is pretty difficult to credit the dispatches which told that the pace became too swift for Colonel Roosevelt and he had to ease up a bit at Omaha for rest.

"The Prince and the Pauper" has been played by many American tourist to Europe this year. They went abroad in first-class staterooms with their jeans lined with gold and came back in the steerage with empty pockets.

Some further activity has been indulged in of late concerning the raising of the hulk of the battleship Maine from the bottom of Havana harbor. But as has been the case for ten years now this activity is in the talk line.

Attention men: Why submit the decree of fashion and discontinue the wearing of straw hats just because September has arrived? Lots of warm, sunshiny days are at hand. Remember also the criticism you have to make of women because they are such "slaves" to fashion.

Presumably Uncle John D. Rockefeller was not pressed very hard to pay that $5 fine and $3 costs which were assessed against him recently for automobile speeding. The Standard Oil company announces a reduction of 15 points in the price of all grades of refined petroleum.

Glenn Curtiss is not only one of the most successful of the aviators who have startled the world with their marvellous feats during the past two years, but he is also apparently one of the wisest. He will make his last flight in the air at the Harvard-Boston aviation meet.

Some of the best news that has come along in many a day: There is going to be no hurry about opening the campaign for state offices in Kansas. The people hereabouts, except the politicians, of course, are tired of politics. The recent primary gave them their fill, and a little bit more.

When it comes to making money the plum will have to be given to the government mints. The one at Denver is turning out $400,000 in gold coin a day while the one at San Francisco is making $500,000 of the same kind of currency each day. And none of this money is tainted, either.

Because Colonel Roosevelt refused to declare unqualifiedly that he is an "insurgent," but insisted that he is a "progressive" many of the shining "insurgent" lights in Kansas are expressing the opinion that "insurgency" does not properly define their attitude. It appears to them now that "progressive" is the world which fills the bill.

Of course, Topeka won't have anything like hotel accommodations for more than a portion of the 10,000 delegates who are going to attend the New Century convention of the Christian church to be held here in October. But the people of Topeka will be able to provide ample accommodations in their homes and they are going to do so.

Take a look at the daily programs for the state fair which opens its gates here next week and you'll become convinced that every day is going to be a big and interesting day at the most complete and largest agricultural exposition that has ever been held in Kansas. A season ticket, which can now be obtained at a reduced price, will come in handy.

Of all the gains in population made by the cities of the United States during the past decade, none is really more remarkable than that of New York. This city had its millions of people ten years ago and in that period they have increased in number by no less than 32 per cent. The metropolis of the new world now has a population of 4,766,883 persons, and is secure in its place as the second largest city on earth.

Mr. Hitchcock, the postmaster general, announces from Tucson that he has no ambition to represent the new state of Arizona in the United States senate. When Mr. Hitchcock started on his trip to Arizona and New Mexico the political analysts at Washington said he was going on a scouting expedition to find out what the prospects were for electing Republican United States senators in the new states. Maybe he has found out to his entire satisfaction.

LABOR DAY.

This is Labor's holiday. Throughout the length and breadth of these United States the laboring men and women are being accorded some of the recognition which they deserve. But there is no need to indulge in commonplace truisms, overworked platitudes, on labor and laboring men. Suffice it to say that anybody, who does not realize that honest toil in every one of its many forms is the rock on which is founded the prosperity and progress of civilization, is lacking in the most ordinary kind of common sense.

There would appear to be lots of room, however, for reflections on the condition of labor today. That it is on a higher plane in this land, that the laboring man comes nearer harvesting the full fruits of his efforts, comes nearer getting a square deal here in all things, than in any other country on the face of the earth is an admitted fact. And the conditions here would seem to be getting a trifle better all the time. Certainly capital and labor are better friends in this country now than they ever have been before. Plenty of evidence that this is so has come to the front during the past few years, and especially during the past 12 months. More differences between capital and labor have been settled of late through compromise and without strikes or through voluntary arbitration than ever before. This is a condition of which employers and employees, as well as all other people in the land, can well be proud. In augurs for continued peace and progress in the industrial world.

Labor unions, too, appear to be stronger today than at any other time in their history. They have accomplished much for the laboring man. It was only the other day that attention was called in these columns to the report of the national immigration commission which found the conditions among the miners in the central west as to hours of work, pay and environment to be much superior to those which prevail with the miners in the eastern states. And credit for these improved conditions was given by the immigration commission to organized labor. Mistakes are made by labor unions just the same as they are made by all other human agencies. But in the main, the labor unions of today are working along higher lines and accomplishing more for their members than they have been heretofore. And the controlling reason for this is that they are disposed to be fair.

The day is beginning to dawn when capital and labor are going to work together in harmony in this land. There may be a few upheavals of more or less severe proportions before the noon-tide of that day arrives, but it is on the way, and the laboring man is doing his part to help it arrive. The setting aside of a day to the honor of labor is most appropriate. It is no more than a fitting recognition of its due.

TAFT AND THE TARIFF.

Prominent newspapers the country over, regardless of their political predilections, are expressing a unanimity of opinion that President Taft's suggestions, in his recent letter to the Republican congressional campaign committee, concerning the need for further revisions of the tariff schedules, are a master stroke that will result in someactual achievements in the building of a tariff that will eventually do justice to all interests. Even the Hearst newspapers have their words of praise to say. And the New York Herald, which is independent of everything except the own sweet will of its proprietor, who never yet has had any personal political axes to grind, joins in the chorus. Some excerpts from the editorials in the large newspapers of the land ought to be interesting, and especially in Kansas where many of the prominent politicians in the limelight have done nothing but make light of the new tariff law and the sincerity of President Taft in working for a proper revision of tariff schedules downward. Such excerpts follow:

From the New York American:

Mr. Taft's letter is as exact and restrained as the drawings and specifications of a master builder.

His tone has the accent of business.

The president reviews the designs and detailed drawings of the contract made with the people in 1908, and reports progress.

The seriousness with which he takes the platform pledges of his party and his personal promises on the stump amounts to a kind of genius—a new kind in American politics.

There seems to be hardly any precedent for it in the list of governors and great officials, and Mr. Taft deserves, if not letters patent for the invention, at least some kind of decoration of sober political knighthood.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer:

As a straightforward political document without frills and furbelows, the letter of President Taft to Representative McKinley, chairman of the Republican congressional committee, printed this morning, is beyond criticism. There is no attempt at rhetoric or fine writing. In language that every one can understand, the president summarizes the work of congress during his administration, and the argument that a Republican majority should be elected in order to continue the work will be found difficult to meet.

From the New York Tribune:

President Taft's letter to the chairman of the Republican congressional committee states with admirable clearness the issues on which Republican candidates for congress can appeal to the voters. It is a fair and accurate summary of the record made by the Republican majority in congress at the last two sessions—a record of useful and progressive legislation never surpassed and seldom equaled. Mr. Taft takes no personal credit for the work done by congress, though no one will question the fact that his energy and patience were the prime factors in securing the redemption by congress of so many of the promises of the last Republican national platform. The country realizes that but for his steadfastness the record of legislative accomplishment at the last two sessions would have fallen far short of public expectation.

From the New York Herald:

The president admits that the Payne-Aldrich bill is not perfect, but he advocates the curing of its defects not by wholesale revision, with attendant disturbance of business, but by occasional changes in the duties on particular commodities if the researches of the standing tariff commissioners shall show that these can be altered for the benefit of the consumer without injury to the domestic producer. It is a safe and sane program, and one that must appeal to all thoughtful citizens as conducive to peace and general prosperity.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

The project of recision "piecemeal," with care and deliberation, after exact information has been gleaned by the tariff board, has already met with a generally favorable reception from antagonistic sources. Business men who foresee that further tariff revision must come recognize in the piecemeal method a means of avoiding the extreme disturbances which accompany revision of an entire customs law, while the eager revisionists can not well object to a process of thoroughness, accompanied by full information.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Trying is the first and most important step towards doing.

* * *

It is also an exceedingly wise umbrella that knows its original owner.

* * *

Many people who have the most to say against shams are adept practitioners of them.

* * *

To hear some persons talk about the fine points of automobiles you'd think they owned at least one.

* * *

A man with a vivid imagination has little trouble in being happy, or thinking his, which amounts to the same thing.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

The Atchison Champion has come to the conclusion that most troubles are imaginary.

Once more has the Lawrence World felt compelled to remark that "Korea has a Japan finish."

It occurs to the Blue Mound Sun that many pleasant friendships have been broken up by marriage.

They're getting rather Bostonese out Seneca way. The Tribune of that town tells of a young man who has decided to "study for the grocery trade."

If you should give some men the privilege of voting four times on election day, no two of their ballots would be marked alike, thinks the Osborne Farmer.

It is suggested by the Parsons Sun that the question propounded by a leading magazine as to "Who is King of America?" can best be settled by dividing the honors equally between Ty Cobb and Hans Wagner.

Noting that the name of the Kansas City police commissioner is Marks, the Leavenworth Times says: "From the number of robberies that have occurred in that town recently, it is inferred that his initials are E. Z."

A Kansas farmer living out near Woodston went away from home and somebody broke in and stole $1,500 worth of diamonds from the house. This should be a warning to Kansas farmers, says the Salina Journal. When leaving home, they should always shovel their diamonds into the hen house and lock the door.

Men talk now days with a great deal of freedom of what they would or wouldn't do, but did you ever notice these real sure fellows have a soft spot somewhere and all that is necessary is to find it and you can handle them as the potter does the clay. A great deal of this talk about what strong characters men possess is all foolishness. Remember Achilles and his heel.—Atchison Champion.

One of Arrington's prominent citizens is James Wagoner, who is told about in the Effingham New Leaf as follows: James Wagoner, the rising young acrobat of Arrington, gave his first public performance on the tight rope. He is also a trapese performer of ability and his friends hope by next year to see him performing upon the trapese, which he doubtless will unless some circus company has engaged his services before that time.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

[From the Atchison Globe.]

Any man who loves his enemies, will hate his friends.

Did you ever hear a polite bride and groom joke that was funny?

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who went "calling?"

Lots of people probably say of you: "I'd hate to have his disposition."

Some dead beats manage to line a lot of good people up in their defense.

There is one thing a woman has the most perfect confidence in: her own "taste."

One can get a lot of comfort out of an old overcoat when he can't afford a new one.

A man should not brag about how few baths he takes, or how small his laundry bill is.

When you try to act smart, people say: "He's putting that on;" but it's real with T. R.

The biggest failure in town is said to have broken the hearts of three unusually nice Atchison girls.

When an attempt at suicide fails, do you think the Big Bookkeeper charges it up to profit, or to loss?

A man sometimes imagines he is wonderfully popular, when he is really only useful to those who seem attracted.

We carry being peculiar to the point of not liking oysters. We got a rotten one, once, and have balked on oysters ever since.

When a Kansas man lands in Kansas City, the Union avenue bartenders say he pours out a drink of which so big that it overruns the glass, and musses up the bar.

An Atchison man keeps clean, but hates the trouble, and says the joy of living will never be complete for him until some one invents a capsule, which will give a bath.

A school of instruction, which would enlighten the public as to when a visit becomes an imposition, and when hospitality becomes endurance, might help some if anyone would attend.

"I have long taken the Atlantic Monthly, and greatly admire it, but I haven't seen another copy in years. The Atlantic seems to be as select and exclusive as the Outlook."—Parson Twine.

An Atchison woman will shortly sue for a divorce because her husband hasn't provided her with an automobile, and hopes she will get into the law books as the first women to bring suit on that ground.

KANSAS COMMENT

ENLARGING WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Miss Georgia Wren, a reigning belle in St. Tammany parish, Louisiana, yesterday started out to enlarge woman's sphere—and did it. Her methods may not be such as will be approved by all, but Georgia, as we understand it, was looking more to the end than to the means. As to her methods, it would seem that she patterned closely after the English suffragettes, but with more success.

To be sure, Georgia had this slight advantage: She is 6 feet 3 inches tall and in training. Her strength is in proportion and she was running with the belt of the governor off.

Well, Miss Wren yesterday ran short of pin money. Did she use any of the time-worn methods to replenish her purse? Well, hardly. No slopping about over the wash tub for Georgia; no waddling about a stuffy office taking dictation from a brute of a man; no putting a pretty pout on her lips and invelgling a man into matrimony—not for Georgia Despite her name there was no helpless fluttering; she depended on action.

So she went out and held up a few planters and autoists and got their money. If they didn't have enough money to pay for her trouble, she grew peeved and gave them a good thrashing, so they would remember to have more ready cash along with them next time. So many, many women depend on the wiles of their sex, you know, and there was no opportunity to pioneer in that direction. So Georgia undertook to be different—and was. As a result, woman's sphere was considerably widened down in St. Tammany's parish yesterday. And at last reports none of the sheriff's posses out after the widener had had any results.—Ottawa Republic.

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THE LOVE NAME.

Roosevelt has admitted that he did not like to be called "Teddy" and that for a long time he considered the nickname offensive. And yet that affectionate handle to his name probably contributed as much as anything to his popularity. If Roosevelt had been an austere statesman, full of dignity and forgetful of names, he would have gone into political history as the Hon. Theodore. But fortunately for his future, the people liked him, loved him, and you can't speak of any one you really love as an "Hon." or go to the length of a three syllable first name. "Teddy" caught the popular fancy and the laborer, the merchant, the sport and the preacher, could unite in an affectionate pronunciation of thediminutive. If Roosevelt had not been called "Teddy" it is doubtful if he had been elected governor of New York, or president of the United States.—Hutchinson News.

FROM OTHER PENS

OUR LUXURY IMPORTS.

This country imported last year $250,000,000 of diamonds, laces, tobaccos, wines and other luxuries, and on all these things there was a marked increase over the former year. It is generally regarded that this item indicates prosperity, for the reason that it shows that there is plenty of money, else so much of it would not have been spent on luxuries.

It used to be held by political economists, that spending much money on luxuries was evidence of prosperity, and that all people were thus touched by the kind hand of plenty. That doctrine is not widely approved now. A great deal of money is not a proof of prosperity, and the expenditure of vast amounts for diamonds and such things does not prove that the people generally have any more to eat or wear.

Might not a thousand dollar diamond gleaming on some fair woman suggest a shabby raiment somewhere? Does not a cellar full of old wines suggest in contrast a few lean larders? These are the questions that modern political economy is asking; and these make it seriously doubtful if the $250,000,000 luxury import is a national blessing.—Ohio State Journal.

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FOREST FIRE HEROES.

The forest rangers of the United States government have a protective organization which tries to care for the more pressing wants of men crippled or broken down in their work, and for the urgent needs of those dependent upon them. In ordinary times this organization is able to meet the demand upon it, in a moderate way, and at some cost of self-denial and sacrifice on the part of the rangers who contribute to its fund. In the face of a calamity such as that which has just visited several mountain states of the west the resources of the protective association must be swamped.

It is certain that scores of forest rangers have lost their lives in fighting fires. It is certain that many others will be broken in health and crippled for life. The heroism displayed by these men in doing their duty is one of the thrilling exhibitions of courage and devotion to the obligations of a dangerous calling which make all thoughtful men and women proud of America's heroes of peace. It is a splendid object lesson for the boys and young men of the country. Congress ought to recognize this fact by making adequate provision for the rangers crippled or broken in health, and by taking care of their dependents. It is only just that such action should bear witness, in some degree, to the gratitude and admiration of the country.—Cleveland Leader.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

"The good old times" probably saw just as many calamity howlers.

The penalty of a stolen kiss is frequently a life sentence at hard labor.

The latest wrinkle in clothes is often found in trousers that bag at the knee.

A fellow sometimes meets a girl who is so pretty he forgets to ask if she is rich.

All locksmiths are not bachelors in spite of the fact that love laughs at them.

A reputation for wit merely consists of cultivating people who think you are funny.

When a girl's lips are like a Cupid's bow, would you say she has an arrow mouth?

Many a man complains that he is misunderstood when he really ought to be thankful that he is.

When a fellow has to wait for an heiress to come of age he realizes that she is worth her wait in gold.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between an artist and an artisan? Tommy's Pop—An artisan, my son, can usually make at least three dollars a day.

Wigwag—Do you believe there is good luck in a rabbit's foot? Henpeckke—Not on your life. I carried one in my pocket the night I proposed to Mrs. Henpeckke.

OH, STRONG DESIRES!

Oh, strong desires that hurt the heart
With useless strife of blunted wings,
I weary of your travailings.
Why must you always surge and start
When I am nearest happiness?
Across the freedom of the sky
Like dazzling phantom gods you fly,
And seeing you, my joy is less.

When sometimes by an April brook
Beneath the birchen buds I kneel,
And, almost turned a dryad, feel
The thrill of that green life which shook
Old woodlands that the Hellenes knew—
When every breath is rare and good,
There sweeps a shudder down the wood—
Wild-hearted wonders pierce me through.

Or when beside the hearth I lie
And listen to the liquid flame,
While one I love most speaks my name
And in that peace my dreams all die—
Then from the shadow-pools beyond
Our small red-circled joy, there leap
Tall shapes fantastical as sleep,
To call us mortal, helpless, fond;
And blind my eyes with visions—vain,
Enormous, never known on earth—
A longing for immortal mirth
That mortal lips may never stain.

Oh, strong desires! Oh, worthless wings!
Star-reachings, heaven-fallings, why
Will you remind me I must die
To taste the utmost joyful things?
—Fannie Stearns Davis, in Harper's Magazine.

THE EVENING STORY

Archer's Engagement.

(Clarissa Mackie.)

Bert Desmond's hand came down on Archer's shoulder with a resounding slap. "Congratulate you, old man," he exclaimed, heartily.

"Thanks," said the other, with an amused smile, "but what's all this row about, anyway?"

"Your engagement, of course! Blake has just told me. She's the—"

"Blake's a silly old chatterbox. I'm not going to marry anybody—you might congratulate me on that fact," interrupted Archer.

"Funny, isn't it," mused Desmond perplexedly. "Blake told me plain as could be that Archer was engaged to marry—"

Archer interrupted this time with a laugh. "Oh, it must have been my cousin, Tom Archer! Go and congratulate him, Bert—you can't make a mistake, he's always engaged to somebody. Going down to the club house? No? Very well, so long."

Bob Archer went grinning on his way down to the yacht club while Desmond pursued a solitary walk along the board walk that led to the big hotel.

A girl seated in an automobile near by looked toward the shop before which she was waiting with a bored air. Through the folds of the white veil that swathed her face the color in her cheeks burned like a stain. Her hands were firmly clinched in her lap and her whole attitude betrayed restrained impatience.

Helen Dale had heard every word of the conversation between the two men. She knew that she was the girl who had been reported engaged to Tom Archer, but to hear her name linked with Bob Archer's had brought her such a pang of exquisite pain that she stood self-revealed on the instant.

So that was the reason she could not fall in love with the dozen men who had succumbed to her beauty and charm! She had claimed for herself coldness, aloofness, indifference to all men—and it was merely because she had given her heart, unasked, in the keeping of Bob Archer.

It was well known that Bob Archer did not care for women. Yachting, tennis and golf and his office satisfied all his cravings. He lived at a club and his vacations were spent in the open, wherever there was good healthy outdoor sport. Helen's tastes were the same, but Archer's companions were mostly men and she had met him seldom, then when he had made one of his infrequent appearances in the ballroom.

And Helen had fallen in love with him, unsought, undesired. A very agony of shame came upon her, but through it glowed a fierce joy that he had declared himself a confirmed bachelor. If he did not care for her there was nobody else.

Then it wa sthat Helen Dale's flirtation with Tom Archer came to an abrupt end.

A few days afterward Helen was swimming far out beyond the float that marked the limit of safe swimming. She was an expert swimmer and rejoiced in the cold salt water, the warmth of the sun on her uplifted face and the soft resistance of the waves against her strength.

Slender, graceful and muscular, she made a pretty sight, her white arms gleaming like marble against the blue sea, her crown of bronze tinted hair shining in the sunlight. Her eyes were fixed on a distant buoy she had marked for a turning point.

She did not see a man's form dive downward from a handsome yacht nearby, nor see his long strokes toward the same goal she was striving for. Helen was almost upon him when her attention was attracted by a low shout of distress, his brown arm shot upward and he sank before her eyes.

It was not until Helen had reached the spot and grasped him firmly by his thick hair that she recognized Bob Archer. In that moment of suspense she forget her tenderness for him, everything save the fact that he was a human being and that his life was in danger.

The cramp that had seized him had left him only half conscious. His eyes were closed and he did not struggle.

Before she could cry for assistance she had been observed from the yacht and a boat was hastily lowered and came to her rescue. She was entirely exhausted with the hard pull. Archer was a heavy man and had been a dead weight in the one hand she could spare.

Inside the launch she fainted and only revived when a distracted sailor dashed stinging salt water in her face and eyes. Then she sat up and looked anxiously at the inanimate form in the bottom of the boat.

"Is he—?" she asked fearfully.

"I think he'll be all right, miss," said the coxswain reassuringly. "He must have been took with a cramp, for ordinarily Mr. Archer is a fine swimmer."

Tears of thankfulness forced themselves to Helen's eyes and she made no reply. Once on board the yacht she declined the captain's urgent offers of hospitality. She did accept one of Archer's heavy ulsters and slipped it on.

When she was assured that he was recovering and would soon be up and around she asked to be taken ashore. The next morning she left the hotel with her mother and returned to her home in the city.

Helen Dale knew that Bob Archer must seek her out and express his gratitude for what she had done; that she might not meet him again she had fled.

Bob Archer awoke to a rather unpleasant realization the morning after the rescue. He who had always been independent of women was indebted to one for his life. He blushed to recollect that a girl had come to his rescue and he cursed his own weakness in succumbing to a mere cramp. But he set forth to the hotel, immaculate in white duck from top to toe, in his heart grateful to the plucky girl who had saved hi slife.

He recalled Helen Dale as one of many other girls whom he had avoided as mere butterflies. When he inquired for Miss Dale at the office the clerk informed him of her departure. There was no doubt in his mind that she had gone to escape his thanks. Well, she was the right sort—some girls would have been glad of the opportunity to play the heroine.

New York was not far distant, and in the evening of the same day he presented himself at the Dale house. So unexpected was his coming that Helen was taken by surprise. She came down to find him in conversation with her mother.

"I resolved you should not escape," he said, holding her hand in a warm friendly clasp. "I wonder if you know just how plucky you were yesterday."

"It was mere chance," evaded Helen, coloring. "Anyone else would have done it. It was easy, too, for your boat came quickly to the rescue."

"Nevertheless, if it had not been for you I would have lost my life," insisted Archer.

He remained for the evening and was surprised at his own pleasure in the occasion.

A day or two afterward he came again and took her for a spin in in his new motor car. Then he came again and again. He did not return to Seaside, but his yacht received sailing orders and proceeded to the city, where she lay at his disposal.

When the first crisp autumn winds were blowing Bob Archer awoke to the fact that he could not live happily without Helen Dale for his wife. What an ideal companion she would make—their tastes were similar and their love of the out-of-doors amounted almost to mania. A honeymoon spent on his yacht—

He clapped on his hat and made his way to the Dale house. Helen was alone in the library when he arrived and he sat beside her in the dim firelit room and told his tory. But in spite of the great joy in her eyes, she shook her head.

"I know how you feel, Mr. Archer. It is natural that you should mistake gratitude for love, and that you should offer me the life I saved, but—" Something in the flicker of emotion that crossed her face brought him close beside her.

"Helen, look at me!" he commanded, taking her hand sin his.

"What do you see there, darling—gratitude or love?" he asked softly.

Her glance fell before his gaze, and for the first time since her heart had gone out of her keeping she was radiantly happy.

"Love," she whispered, softly, and then, "I'm so glad I had the chance to save your life. We might never have known each other, Bob."—(Copyrighted 1910 by Associated Literary Press.)

Misguided Discipline.

One of the most foolish as well as the most fatal errors of discipline in the nursery is that expedient, resorted to by nurses ignorant of the simplest child psychology, known as letting the little one "cry it out." Some wee thing well under two years, perhaps a little over a year old, wishes to do, or not to do, something, and cries when thwarted. The nurse, or, sadder still, the mother, who poses as a "spare the rod, spoil the child" disciplinarian, assumes that the child is destined to develop an obstinate disposition; and henceforh there is on every occasion a battle, a most uneven battle, of endurance.

The little mite is told quite rightly that he will have nothing if he cries. And then he is jerked up into a cot, a corner or a high chair, and allowed to cry till he is tired. The strong-willed or so-called stubborn, child cries louder and louder; and if he is old enough he probably feels a kind of joyful revenge in having made his tormentor thoroughly uncomfortable for half an hour. He stops in the end, not, perhaps, without a final whipping. He is chastened, but not subdued.

The highly nervous, sensitive child cries first for disappointment, then for sheer fright at his own noise. Quite forgetting what he first wept for, he goes on hysterically "crying because he has cried." At length, unnerved and unhappy, he cries till he is exhausted, miserable, and thoroughly lonely. He stops, not because he wills to stop, but because he is thoroughly spent. And if he is shut away in his night nursery to cry it out he little by little gets his spirit broken. In either case such scenes are apt to ruin rather than mend a child's ways.

A little child should never be allowed to learn that he can cry for a long spell. From babyhood a fit of crying should be discouraged by quietness and firmness; by a force outside itself, the stronger will gradually molding the little embryo will, until it learns to control from within what must at first be controlled from without. Like the young plant, when he can stand alone the support may be withdrawn. A child should be trained, not broken.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Suicides of Children.

Following suicides of two young people in our state institutions, the Medical and Surgical Journal points out that child suicides are by no means uncommon. The census of 1900 showed that more of these crimes against self are committed between the ages of 40 and 44 than at any other period; yet between the ages of 5 and 14 there were 29 suicides in the census year, and between the ages of 15 and 19 the surprising number of 246. In Prussia 1,152 children took their lives between 1880 and 1903. "In about 10 per cent of the cases no cause could be found," and in very many instances the causes seemed trivial. Doubtless they did not so appear to the unfortunates, since all that we can learn of these youths warrants the conclusion that half of them were in some respect abnormal—indeed, of 284 cases studied by Eulenburg, 29 had pronounced insanity and 51 showed a feebleness of mental constitution. When one has named these significant facts, however, one must follow, as the Journal does, with the larger truth that "our knowledge of the child's mind is eminently incomplete." In the interest of justice, as well as charity, we must realize that the life of the child is not necessarily Elysian; that rather childhood is a period of intense feelings and repressions and often of black misapprehensions and emotions. The conditions underlying the painful occurrences which the newspapers sometimes have to chronicle are as well worth study, therefore, as any psychopathic problem that could be named.—Boston Transcript.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.]

All the leavings come to him who waits.

The reason statesmen can fake so much better than other people is they have so much more experience.

A woman can love a man because it's her duty to; a man can love some other woman because it's his duty not to.

What a man can't understand about his daughter's getting married is how she can want to do exactly what he wanted her mother to do.

BY THE WAY.

Women who broke into the high-flying class, have necessitated the coinage of a new word. It is "aviatress."

A Missouri editor died recently as the result of an acute attack of "Irate Subscriber." This is a disease common to the newspaper business, but it is seldom fatal. It usually just makes the editor "hot" or "tired."

One Santa Fe office employee decided that he was not advancing rapidly enough by his own efforts, so he is taking a course at the dental college to acquire a pull.

When "Farmer" Smith took charge of the local pension office, he failed to rire all the old employees and fill the positions with political parasites. This proves conclusively that Hon. "Farmer" Smith is not a good square-deal insurgent.

A Denver man fasted 57 days to cure deafness. The effort is undoubtedly successful, as most any one could hear a call to dinner after a fast of that duration.

There is a vast difference between being discharged by one's employer, and being discharged by the trial judge. Among the differences is that the discharge by the judge seems to be the only kind of discharge which is immune from translation to the slang expression, "fired."

The case recently unearthed in Kansas City of a 17-year-old youth and his 13-year-old affinity is enough to make parents chain their children to the table-leg, like a runaway poodle.

Col. Roosevelt, at a recent speech before college students, advised them to "hit the line hard." From which it is evident that the colonel has not glanced over the 1910 rules of the only ladylike game.

No, Proserpina: The "wet sheet" mentioned by the poet in connection with a flowing sea, is not the sheet used on an oyster bed.

An old gentleman at Baldwin, Kan., who has just passed his century mark, keeps a two-gallon jug of booze in the house, and takes a drink frequently. Just as soon as this old gentleman cashes in, so that he can not deny it, a hundred enterprising distillers will begin to advertise that it was their particular brand of booze which "kept him alive for more than a hundred years."

The bathing resorts may be good places for man to pick a woman with a real, guaranteed-under-the-pure-food-laws form of complexion,—but what's the use? To see the divinities dressed in wet bathing suits, it is necessary for Mere Man to expose his architectural short-comings in a similar garb. It follows that the girl he sees, sees him also, and Romance is off.

Some arrangement should be made whereby men could wear their tailored clothes, and view the bathing divinities from near-by wharves.

The Ohio State Journal paragrapher opines that a linotype machine can never be taught the difference between "conversation" and "conservation." This department has discovered a number of other short-comings in the linotype machine. We have one which frequently shortens a word by one or more syllables to make the sentence fit snugly into one line.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Marie—But if you love Tom, why do you go about with Jack? Madge—Well, you see, Tom is rather slow, and I'm using Jack as a pacemaker for him.—Tit-Bits.

"So you claim to be the oldest humorist in the world?" "I do." "On what grounds?" "I saw a bootjack once."—Pittsburg Post.

"This doesn't smell like the last gasoline I had," said the man who recently bought an automobile. "It's all right, sir," said the garage man, "you're getting used to it."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Do you," he asked, "think it was a superior intelligence that designed the great pyramids?" "No," she replied, "not unless they were designed by the wife of the man who had them built."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Albert—A dog that runs under a carriage is called a carriage dog, is it not? Egbert—Certainly! Albert—Well, what would you call a dog that runs under a motor car? Egbert—Why, a dead one!—Tit-Bits.

"That is the sword of my granduncle, General Dasher," said a host, who was conducting a guest through his gallery of relics. "He lost his arm at Waterloo." "Yes; it's a terrible place for losing things," responded the guest. "I lost a bag there only last week."—Strand.

Mrs. Frankfurter—Ach, goodness! Don'd you see dot your husband is vighting? Mrs. Casey—An' why shouldn't he? Ain't this his holiday?"—Tit-Bits.

"Were you a bull or a bear when you went into Wall Street?" "Neither. I was one of the fellows they were both after."—Detroit Free Press.

"Shall we give samples of cloth to ladies who are thinking of ordering bathing costumes?" "I guess so; but cut 'em small. We don't want 'em to use the samples to make the suit."—Washington Herald.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

You can't cut a wide swath with a short scythe.

It doesn't take a plated reputation long to tarnish.

It is a good idea to let others do your boasting for you.

When a man is his own worst enemy he doesn't try to get even.

Good intentions must be hot stuff if they are used for paving material.

Many a man who forgets to water his horse doesn't forget to beer himself.

A man who stutters may be able to speak a good word for himself occasionally.

Between 30 and 70 a woman tries to conceal her age—after that she begins to brag about it.

A married woman usually enjoys meeting another married woman who isn't happily mated.

It costs more than twice as much to live now as it did a hundred years ago, but it is worth the difference.

As a rule the woman who knows exactly how to manage a husband never has an opportunity to demonstrate her theories.