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.]

VOLUME XXXVIII.....No. 112

Official State Paper.
Official Paper City of Topeka.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week to any part of Topeka, or suburbs, or at the same price in any Kansas town where the paper has a carrier system.
By mail, one year.....$3.00
By mail, three months.....90
Saturday edition of daily, one year.... 1.00

BELL TELEPHONES.
Business Office.....107
Reporters' Room.....577
INDEPENDENT TELEPHONES.
Private branch exchange. Call 107 and ask The State Journal operator for person or department desired.

PERMANENT HOME.
Topeka State Journal building, 800 and 802 Kansas avenue, corner Eighth.
New York Office: 250 Fifth avenue, Paul Block, manager.
Chicago Office: Hartford building, Paul Block, manager.

FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.
The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY.

Subscribers of the State Journal away from home 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.

Think of what a disaster it would have been if that wreck of a Buffalo Bill show train had twisted off Col. Cody's goatee.

"Susie" and "Baldy," two simians in the New York zoo, are not the only monkeys who have shaken hands with a president of the United States.

Once more does evidence come to the front that there is nothing in a name. Mr. and Mrs. Love of White Plains, N. Y., have just been divorced.

Don't forget to subscribe your mite to the fund which is being raised for a big public Fourth of July celebration which will be of the safe and sane variety.

Misery loves company. Says the Atchison Globe: Still, Wichita can take it from Atchison that it is possible to be a rattling good town without a professional ball club.

Oklahoma bank robbers are even niftier than those who have operated in Kansas. Two of them recently tapped a bank safe at Albany, Okla., in broad daylight and got away with $2,000 in cash.

It's a good thing for his reputation that Dave Leahy is known to be in Kansas. Else that story from Wyoming of an enraged bull chasing a girl to the top of a narrow flight of stairs would surely be charged to his account.

Mr. Carnegie says he is paying no attention to the steel business these days. Presumably the dividends on the $200,000,000 or $300,000,000 worth of stock and bonds of the steel companies which Mr. Carnegie owns, are coming in with unerring regularity.

What have Hobson and his jingo friends to say to this? Japan, it is stated on reliable authority, is anxious and willing to participate in negotiations for a general treaty of arbitration with the United States similar to those which are being negotiated between the United States and England, and the United States and France.

That the field for missionary work of the home variety is a large one is made evident by a report submitted to the general assembly of the Presbyterian church. It shows that in the state of Colorado alone there are one hundred settlements having populations all the way from 100 to 1,000 which are without Christian ministrations of any kind, either Protestant or Roman Catholic. Similar conditions prevail in a dozen other states.

Now that peace has been declared in Mexico, there is more fighting and plundering than ever by many bands of revolutionists in several sections of the country. It is insisted that they are in such out of the way places that it has been impossible to inform them of the peace pact. Still it doesn't seem to be difficult to get news from them of their depredations. And it ought to be as easy to get word to them as it is from them. But the chances are that easy plundering is more to their liking than peace.

Jobbers are demanding a cut in the price of steel bars. And a report has it that representatives of the United States Steel company and a number of the so-called "independent" manufacturers are to hold a conference soon to determine whether or not such a reduction shall be made. Unless this report is erroneous, it would seem to supply the government with some valuable evidence that there is a combination among the manufacturers of steel bars which is an unreasonable restraint of trade and therefore illegal.

All kinds of trouble is brewing between Spain, Germany and France because the latter has sent a huge army into Morocco to quell a local revolution there. The dispute in Morocco was a strife between rival factions in that country for the control of its government. It was analogous to the recent disturbance in Mexico. President Taft has acted wisely and well in this Mexican situation. Suppose he had taken the same action in respect to the revolution in Mexico that the government of France has taken in regard to the fracas in Morocco? Well, there is no telling just what or how much trouble would have ensued.

TAXING CARS AND POLES.

There is nothing unreasonable in the suggestion of the city commissioners to levy a special tax on the trolley cars and also on the poles of the telephone, telegraph and electric light companies. It is about time that Topeka was getting something in the way of revenue on the valuable franchises under which these concerns are doing business. A provision exists in the franchise of the street railway company compelling it to pay a certain per cent of its net earnings into the city treasury. But the city has yet to receive any money under this provision. Since it has been a part of the railway company's franchise the books of that concern, or its financial report to the city, have failed to show anything in the way of net earnings. It was an error of judgment for the city to attempt to levy this sort of a franchise tax in such a form. In other cities the tax of this character is fixed at a small per cent of the gross earnings of such corporations. Thus is a city assured of a fair revenue from such a source. But it will be impossible for Topeka to change the franchise of the street railway company in this respect until its life has expired, and that will not be for some time yet. In the meantime a tax of $25 on each street car in operation, as is proposed, ought not to be burdensome to the street railway company. And the revenue to the city, while not exceedingly large, would be worth while. Other cities tax street cars in this fashion and in some of them the tax is $50 per car.

As to the suggested tax of 50 cents for each of the poles used in the city by the telegraph, telephone and electric light companies, there should not be much in the way of protest against it. Topeka is about the only city of any size in the country that does not levy a tax of this sort. The franchises that were given to these companies by Topeka contain no provisions for recompense to the city for the valuable privileges they enjoy. There is no sufficient argument against the proposition that the city is entitled to some revenue each year from such franchises. The day when franchises of this sort were given away for nothing by municipalities is properly of the past. And it is likely that Topeka will not make any mistakes of this sort in the future when the time comes for the renewal of these franchises.

Taxing the poles of the telegraph and telephone and electric light companies may also be the means of encouraging these concerns to put more of their wires underground, and especially in the business section of the city. This would be accomplishing something that would really be worth more to the city than the 50-cent tax on each pole.

RAILROAD STATION PARKS.

Vinland, Kansas, is not a very large town, nor is it on a very important branch of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system. Yet in the vicinity of the railroad station there is one of the prettiest parks on the entire Santa Fe system. It is a good sized plot of ground covered with bluegrass. There are a number of evergreen trees in it that are abount twenty-five years old. It is a civic asset that any town would be proud to have.

And the story of its establishment may contain some valuable suggestions to other cities of Kansas and their public-spirited citizens, along not only the lines of the Santa Fe but of the other railroads that traverse the state. This plot of ground at Vinland originally belonged to W. E. Barnes, a nurseryman of that place. He got the good idea that if it were fixed up in a park the Santa Fe might be willing to provide for its maintenance. He submitted this idea to Division Superintendent McLellan of the Santa Fe. Mr. McLellan fell in with it without the slightest urging. And so this park came into existence at the gateway of the little city of Vinland.

It must strike the travelers along the line as an oasis in a desert. It must give them a fine impression of Vinland. And there is no good reason why the railroads and the people in most of the other cities of Kansas should not get together in beautifying the vicinity of the railroad stations with parks of this sort. They would help to make the trips of all travelers through Kansas more memorable occasions. They would be big advertisements for every locality in the state that had one. With the railroads and the people of Kansas working together in this and all other particulars much more can be accomplished for the commonwealth than if they work at cross purposes with each other.

ANOTHER TAFT TRIUMPH.

One of the large accomplishments of President Taft's administration that has recently been endorsed by the supreme court of the United States, and to which the attention that it deserves has not been paid, is the corporation tax. Its import and real significance is set forth in admirable fashion in an editorial which appears in the current issue of Human Life, as follows:

"The decision of the supreme court whereby the constitutionality of the corporation tax was affirmed is a Taft triumph. Big business may no longer be conducted in secret. The government now has access to corporation books. It is a step toward that government supervision which will bring to an end the abuse of corporation power. The Payne tariff bill carried this tax as a rider. Republican leaders were against it. Senator Aldrich prophesied that the law would be repealed within three years. But, as the country knows, Senator Aldrich spoke only the desires of the interests. The people and their wishes have still to be reckoned with. And with the latstands the supreme court. 'One and God make a majority,' said some wise man. The people and the supreme court hold the power now that the matter is out of the hands of congressmen. From now on the government may possess every financial secret of big business. It may find out how the tariff laws operate, what necessarily exists for protection, exactly how much profit has been made, the amount of water there may be in capital accounts, and whether there have been violations of the customs, the interstate commerce, and the anti-trust laws. Competition regulates small business. Big business that has stifled competition has no regulator except the government. The corporation tax, if the law is administered in justice and honesty, will regulate big business without harm to big business and with great benefit to that sacred and to-be-revered personage known as the ultimate consumer."

JOURNAL ENTRIES

An instrument of torture—a cornet in the hands of a novice.

* * *

Any one who doesn't think it pays to be decent has never tried it.

* * *

Credit may often go where it is not deserved, but it doesn't stay there very long.

* * *

Many people hope for ships to come in that they have never even tried to send out.

* * *

All the wisdom in the world was never bottled up in one cranium regardless of what some individuals seem to think.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

"Gasaway," the Gas Gulch correspondent of the Wilson County Citizen, remarks that "paint and powder don't fool any one, except the one who has it on."

Mrs. Ruth E. Kelley in the Toronto Republican: Eve tempted Adam and he did eat and has been eating ever since. Perhaps it was Eve's punishment that she must evermore pander to the masculine appetite.

In the next world, says the Minneapolis Messenger, some special devils are going to be appointed to take charge of the punishment of those cheerful gossips who, under pretense of sympathy, learn all about their victim's misfortunes and then gloat over them.

While, up to the time of going to press, we have had no communication from John D. Rockefeller or John D. Archbold upon the matter, we feel reasonably safe, says the Toronto Republican, in assuring the People that these illustrious citizens are heartily in favor of the recall for supreme court judges.

A tramp print got ditched here one day last week and blew into the office, put out a fine line of Booster, Complimentary and Helpful Talk, gave us a cigar, said he was sorry we didn't have a rush of work and departed without hitting us for a meal, in fact his parting message was, "Take care of yourself." Surely this old world is getting better.—Florence Bulletin.

Explanations from Dr. Crumbine would appear to be in order. Says the Waterville Telegraph: Four families of gypsies were in town Tuesday, and everybody had a chance to have his or her fortune told. The women and children thoroughly canvassed the town while the men remained with the wagons. The healthy and hardy appearance of the dozen or more half naked and grimy looking children is a convincing argument that the germs Dr. Crumbine is fighting have no injurious effects on gypsies at least.

The story is told, relates Miss Anna Carlson in the Lindsborg News, that a visiting minister stepped into a local barber shop some time ago. It had been raining, the minister had come a long distance and his coat was splashed and smeared with mud. He ordered a shave and removing his coat gave it to the boot black of the shop with a request that it be cleaned. The boy took the coat and put in half an hour of hard work cleaning the garment after which he handed it back to the preacher, who said—Thank-you. The next day a commercial man who had also come down the road past Jericho stepped into the same barber shop. He also had a mud-besplashed coat which he handed over to the boy to be cleaned. The boy worked ten minutes on this coat and on returning it the drummer handed him thirty-five cents in change. It is easy to see, even at this date, which one of the two professions represented will have the biggest pull in influencing the future life of the boy.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

[From the Atchison Globe.]

The man who preaches tolerance has a pretty fair creed.

Sometimes a confidential adviser isn't so much so as he seems.

Another man's meanness is about the weakest excuse for your own.

Some people's economy and conservation run largely to saving exertion.

Something done today is better than half a dozen things planned for next week.

The trouble is, when you are cross and disagreeable you can't run away from yourself.

There is this to say for the lightning liar: no one wants to put on a demonstration to prove that he is.

Beyond the fact that it has plenty of pockets, there isn't a great deal to be said in favor of the vest.

No, Clemintine, it isn't public spirit which prompts a man to try to make every other man's business his own.

Anyone can tell you how to keep cool in hot weather, but no one succeeds very well in applying this liberal advice.

As a rule, the family horse will work more faithfully at swatting flies than it does at pulling the family surrey about.

A farm hand's idea of a good man to work for is one who doesn't have a woodshed for him to work in on rainy days.

You may have noticed that a horseman who is driving a colt he has just broken, seems rather proud of his accomplishment.

Spontaneous combustion has also been relieved of most of the blame since cigarette smoking became a national pastime.

However, it is not necessary for Daughter to graduate in order to make her confident that she knows more than her parents.

KANSAS COMMENT

LEARNING TO LOAF.

The closing season of the public schools is now at hand and hundreds of boys and girls are being turned out to pass the summer vacation at some useful employment or idleness and loafing. But the ones who will make the greatest success are those who will find some occupation during the summer months. If the boy or girl does not acquire the habit of work in early life, the chances are they will not do so later. Part of the fault lies with the parents who permit their boys and girls to spend their valuable time in idleness. The days of serving apprenticeships may have had their hardships, but that was better, both for the individual and for society, than spending the time in idleness, which is the mother of crime. And how about the graduates? About nine-tenths of them imagine that with the closing of commencement exercises they are equipped to take up the most important business positions or professions and they waste their time looking for "snaps" instead of beginning at the bottom and working themselves up. Don't loaf the days away; do something and apply yourself honestly and faithfully to your work and you will in the long run be the gainer thereby. —Linn County Republic.

KEEP A SCRAP BOOK.

Every farmer should be interested in keeping a scrap book. It is not hard to do so. Have the book indexed with places for poultry, stock and general farm subjects. When you find something that you think valuable, cut it out and paste it in its proper place. There is no need of having magazines and newspapers accumulate, if you don't want them to, if you just cut out the articles you want and file them in your scrap book. When the farmer is too busy with his work, his wife or daughters can see that the interesting things are pasted. Then, too, if the farmer or his children write on agricultural subjects or are correspondents for papers, the scrap book will be a convenient place to keep these articles.—Sterling Bulletin.

FROM OTHER PENS

A PROTEST DESERVED.

The Court of Appeals of the Methodist Church, sitting in Toronto, has decided on inquiry from British Columbia, that there shall be no woman delegates to the church conference.

This kind of ruling is not new in many of the churches. Yet it appears to be absolutely without support in equity, no matter how strongly based it may be in ecclesiastical law. It is admitted we believe, that the body of the church membership is composed of women. They do the work, they supply the enthusiasm, they have the most to do with keeping up the social side. If the church needs a new carpet the women are looked to to supply it; if the organ needs repairing, let the women find the funds. If there must be a donation party for the minister, the women manage it. If there must be a fair to raise funds for something or other, the women supply most of the work and nearly all of the supplies and sell whatever is sold. If there must be a church supper to stir up general interest, the women are quite competent to run that. But they do not know enough to know anything about ecclesiastical law or theology or whatever it is necessary to know to entitle one to sit with the male rulers of the church.—Buffalo Express.

THE MODERN OFFENSE.

Every day or so we see an item in a paper telling of the trouble a man gets into by trying to kiss some girl he has no business to. Only last Tuesday a man in Chicago was arrested for abruptly kissing an 18-year-old damsel, and was fined $20 and costs. The court would have made the fine greater, but the man plead that he had an aged mother to support, and so could not stand a great fine.

The interesting part about this matter is that only lately it has appeared as an offense. It didn't use to be that a fellow was arrested for disorderly conduct when he attempted to kiss a girl. Whether he didn't try then, or she was not so particular as now, it would be hard to discover. But, however that may be, this lesson is evolved, that the ancient and reversed rule still holds sway in human affairs that it takes two to make a bargain, and any act in defiance of that law is akin to piracy on the high seas.

There is another branch of this momentous matter. In law there is such an offense as an act to provide a breach of the peace, and it may be a question how far the senoritas with their saucy hats and other fascinating adornments are responsible for the men's reckless invasion of the regions of propriety. Either the female contingent will have to stop being so irresistible or the men will have to take to the woods.—Ohio State Journal.

A WILL AND A WAY.

It is not always easy to detect tax-dodgers, or, in any event, to bring them to justice, but the Bavarian government appears to have proved, to its own satisfaction, at least, that where there's a will there's a way; and it is now investigating income-tax dodging as revealed in the wills of wealthy decedents. As an example of the cases which have come to light is cited that of Chevalier von Klemm, a member of the Bavarian Reichsrath, who, at his death, left $10,000,000. For 20 years, it is said, the returns made by him to the government accounted for property varying in value from $625,000 to $1,000,000. His heirs are now held to be liable for $900,000 back taxes. Whether wealthy and unscrupulous Bavarians have been accustomed to overlook the fact that their tax-dodging sin would find them out in the testamentary disposal of their property, or, in a spirit of selfishness, have resolved to cheat the government out of its tax during their lives and leave their heirs to get out of the net as best they might, is not clear. At any rate, it appears that the government of Bavaria has a way of looking after such things, and that way lies in the will.—Manchester Union.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.]

Some men could have a good opinion of themselves for going to jail.

A girl gets almost as excited over her first engagement as she did when she first put her hair up.

A man doesn't seem to have a chance to win at speculation even by betting against his judgment.

It seems as if any man would rather talk about how a thing ought to be done than know how to do it.

Even a man who can remember to post letters for his wife when he is home can't remember to write them to her when he is away.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

From cradle-croon to shrouding dirge
The ceaseless current flows along
With now and then a merry song,
Like sunlit foam on waves' gray surge.

Sinewy arms and steady brain;
Throb of the heart and urge of thought;
The world's vast fabric slowly wrought
'Mid cosmic ages 'rise and wane.

And then, at last the setting free,
When, in transfigurement sublime,
Life's record, which men christen Time,
Becometh Love's Eternity.
—William Struthers, in the Boston Transcript.

THE EVENING STORY

Bennett's Bad Dream.

(By James William Jackson.)

When a man reads suddenly in the newspaper that his father has failed in business for many thousands of dollars and is a fugitive it gives a man a start. Bennett involuntarily clutched the arm of his friend Marcy as they sat at the restaurant table. Then he released his fierce grip to read the article again.

Marcy rubbed the jabbed arm soothingly as he looked over on the paper. "Oh," he drawled, "I thought you had a fit." His glance fell on some bold headlines having to do with a fashionable debutante. "Oh, a woman, of course; who is she?"

Bennett did not answer and Marcy, having finished his lunch, was obliged to hurry away on an errand.

"You look absent-minded," he said as he left. "Maybe you tasted something in that hash that I missed."

Bennett was not long in following his wiry friend out of the restaurant, though with slower steps. He had an errand at his boarding house before he could return to the office for the afternoon.

He was in no hurry. The news had taken the spirit from him. He wished now that he had remained in the West with his father instead of bringing his few thousands of capital to New York in the hope of building up a business for himself.

In his room he paced the floor restlessly with hands behind his back. Finally he stopped before a hanging pencil sketch of a tall girl in a dress that may have been gray and a big hat.

"What would you do?" he inquired, standing in the attitude of a suppliant before his queen.

Bennett hadn't the remotest idea who the girl was, although he had made the sketch with considerable ability and a great deal of interest. A summer vacation in Maine. A tall girl in difficulty on the rocks with the tide rising. Bennett to the rescue. A smile of gratitude, a few words that fixed themselves and their tone on his memory. Separation. Next day a round of the hotels to find the girl. Futility; girl gone. That had been his romance.

Bennett had never been able to find any one who could remember the girl from his description; and yet his personally sketched drawing showed that he could describe.

He had hung his drawing and had worked hard. Some day he would find her and meantime he would make himself a higher, better and a richer man.

"What would you do?" he asked again. And he seemed to have his answer, for he bowed low. It was two years now since the seashore incident.

Down in the office he found a letter waiting. It was from his father—in Canada! Bennett had fought against the idea that his father could have done any wrong and was really a fugitive. Now he shook his head.

The old gentleman said nothing about business. The burden of his letter was that he lay ill in bed in the faraway country.

"I'll be getting along up there to brace the old man," the old man's athletic son affectionately mused, with a vision in his heart of the broken and depressed fugitive. "He used to put his arm around me when the world went against me. He used to pay for the window panes I broke. Now it is my turn to stand by him."

There passed across Bennett's memory the recollection of a poem he had recently read. In the first verse a father sailed the boat while his little son sat securely on the lee; in the second it was the stalwart son who sailed the old father on the lee. Bennett nodded his understanding of it.

The newspaper told him that Howells and Weston were the eastern creditors in the many-thousand-dollar smash-up. Bennett called up their offices in the late afternoon. Mr. Weston was out of town; Mr. Howells had just gone home. Bennett made an appointment to see the senior member at once, before he started toward Canada.

On his way up town Bennett ran across Marcy.

"Man alive," his friend commented briskly, "you look as grave as a tombstone. Have you got a funeral to attend or are you looking for a place to have another of those fits?"

Bennett did not stop to explain. Marcy was welcome to the unhappy news when he happened to run across it.

In Mr. Howells, Bennett found a courteous gentleman of middle life. His rich surroundings simply emphasized in Bennett's mind his own father's poverty.

"Anyway," he promised himself, "if Dad is wrecked he and I will hang together and paddle through life somehow on the wreckage."

The business with Mr. Howells was quickly stated. Bennett wanted to set forth the extent of his own resources and to place them at the disposal of his father's creditors.

Mr. Howells looked at him over kindly spectacles. "I lost a son years ago," he mused, gravely. "He would have been about your build now, I should think. I'm wondering whether he would have done for me what you are doing for your father."

Bennett could offer no opinion. The merchant looked him over carefully and continued:

"However, you give yourself needless anxiety. Your father is our western agent. The smash-up was an investment which he placed for us—which he warned us against, too. We can afford to lose the money and learn our lesson."

Bennett was ready to kick up his heels with a wild joy. His father's absence in Canada had nothing whatever to do with irregularity of business. Furthermore he had just telegraphed Mr. Howells that in view of the disaster he was well enough to try and start for home. Bennett had no need to make the trip. He accepted an invitation to stay for dinner.

A servant came in to tell the merchant that his automobile was ready. Mr. Howells apologized for a hasty errand. He had come home from the office with a wrong paper and must go for the right one in person.

"You won't mind waiting for me?" he queried; and Bennett bowed. He didn't mind anything just now. Besides, some one was coming in to entertain him meanwhile. Buried in a reverie of pleasant relief, however, Bennett hardly noticed the entrance of the young woman.

"My daughter—your jailer until I return," the merchant introduced, with a smile, holding the curtain aside for a moment before he departed.

Bennett looked up. She wore no hat; but the dress was still gray. It was the same tall figure, the fascinating mouth. But as he held her hand for an instant of dazed recognition he realized that if he were a thousand times more clever than his friends called him he never could do justice in a pencil sketch to the girl he had lost on the seashore and found in New York.—(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Daring Rescue at Sea.

The 55 passengers on the Atlantic Transport liner Minnewaska witnessed the thrilling rescue of a seaman. He was William J. Browning, 19 years old, of Whitstable, Kent, where the famous English oyster grows.

While the passengers were taking afternoon tea in the lounge on the upper promenade deck last week there was a series of shrieks on the ship's siren. The liner began to turn on her starboard helm and presently every one was pointing to a man bobbing on the rollers astern. Chief Officer J. G. Hutchison rushed for the emergency lifeboat No. 2, beside which a half dozen able seamen stood waiting.

It was Able Seaman Chadwick who had rushed up the bridge ladder and informed Capt. Thomas F. Gates and Second Officer Simmons that Browning had fallen overboard. Chadwick had hurled a life belt after Browning. Another life buoy was thrown from the bridge as the ship swung around. There was a confused sea on, with a heavy westerly swell. At times rollers hid the struggling sailor from view.

Browning struck the water feet first, after falling 65 feet. As he came up he noticed the life buoy Chadwick had thrown. Then he felt the suction of the ship's wave and he knew he would be sucked toward the vessel and chopped to pieces by the propellers unless he swam away.

The lad kicked off one of his boots. He could see Chief Officer Hutchison and the men standing by the emergency boat as the ship swung around. This gave him hope.

Browning struck out for the life buoy, which was 50 feet away. As he approached it rollers carried the life ring farther away eluding his grasp. He struggled on and seized it at last.

"I was nearly all in when I reached it," said the boy afterward. Once in the ring, he kicked off the other boot and then took it "cool and easy," continuing to swim enough to keep himself comfortable.

After the steamer, which had been going at a 15-knot pace had swung around to within 300 yards of the sailor, Chief Officer Hutchison's boat was cut away. The swells rose so high the boat could not be seen in the valleys. When Browning was pulled into the boat the passengers cheered. When he climbed to the deck they applauded again.—New York World.

Making Rubies to Order.

Making big rubies out of little ones "while you wait" is a new industry introduced in Fifth avenue.

In a laboratory at the rear of a show room, a little crowd gathered to witness what was announced to be the first attempt in this country to produce artificial gems by fusion. A. J. Van Exen, a Belgian, was the manager of the undertaking.

First of all was shown a bottle of pink material said to be ruby powder, made by crushing small ruby particles. The process of manufacture, as displayed, was simple. The apparatus, called a chalumeau, is an adaptation of the oxy-hydrogen blow pipe.

There were two small furnaces capable of producing enormous heat, each of which contained a retort. The powder of natural stone was put into a metal cup at the top of the retort and by means of electric tapping was forced through a tiny sieve and blown by oxygen down a pipe, falling into a gas flame intensified to 1,200 degrees Fahrenheit. The molten particles dropped through the flame upon a point, where they gradually build up a white-hot glowing cone. When cooled this showed itself to be what the manager called a "ruby in the rough."

Mr. Van Exen said that it took about one hour to make a one carat stone and four hours to build up one of six carats. A record stone of twenty-five carats required eighteen hours of continuous watching.

There was also an exhibition of the manufacture of sapphires, but these, it was explained, were merely synthetic, composed, not of sapphire particles, but of the chemical constituents of the genuine stone, aluminum, oxide of iron and oxide of titanium. Real sapphire particles when fused lose their color, but the "synthetic" stones became deep blue.—New York Herald.

Chivalrous Raphael.

All along the woman had maintained that her little Italian cobbler was sharp as a tack. The quickness with which he caught on to who Tetrazzini is and what she does upheld her contention. He had never heard of Tetrazzini and he did not know the meaning of sing, but all the woman had to say was:

"Italiano woman—sing—la, la, la, la, la, la," and a glow of comprehension lighted his eyes.

"Ah, schiamazzaree," he said. "Italiano woman do that."

"Yes; fine," said the woman.

But when she looked up "schiamazzaree" in an Italian dictionary and found that it meant to cackle like a hen, her opinion of Raphaello as a linguist and a cavalier underwent a revision.—New York Times.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

The modern Diogenes generally has a gold brick to sell.

With some girls the line of least resistance is the waist line.

Even the man with an iron will may discover that it gets rusty.

No, Maude, dear; all the stage robbers are not theatrical managers.

It is sometimes easier to find a four-leaved clover than to find the keyhole in a front door.

When a fellow tells a girl he loves the ground she walks on, does it mean that he wants the earth?

Why doesn't somebody write an article on how to build one of those $1500 bungalows at a cost of less than $5000?

"Why do you call this the poker trunk?" asked the prospective purchaser. "It holds four trays," explained the salesman.

"What a strangely interesting face your friend the poet has," gurgled the maiden of 40. "It seems to possess all the elements of happiness and sorrow, each struggling for supremacy." "Yes, he looks to me like a man who was married and didn't know it," growled the Cynical Bachelor.

"Have you any piscatorial diversion here?" asked the boarder from Boston. "I can't say rightly as we have," replied Farmer Punkinseed. "We ain't much on them new-fangled games up here, but my son kin show you where there's some good fishin'."

BY THE WAY

WE ARE AFRAID TO RISK IT; ANY JURY WOULD GIVE HIM A DECISION.

A gent sends in this one with the admonition: "If you print this and sign my name to it, I'll sue you for libel." There was a young man that I know
Who was bugs about Esperanto.
He wants me to mention
The coming convention;
He says every one wants to know.

Flat owners should advertise a free glove-stretcher or shoe horn with each flat. It would be an inducement to renters who have a grand piano.

School days are drawing to a close, and the time approaches when Mother must entertain the children 24 hours per day instead of 19, and seven days per week instead of two.

We object to the published statement that Charley Kerr, the rip-snorting legislator-druggist, is a tenor singer. His barking at good old Doc Goddard was decidedly soprano.

The rebels may be in charge of Mexico, but the federals are still in charge of the telegraph wires. Everything with a tendency to knock the insurgents gets publicity.

The name of the French gent who planned the city of Washington, is, literally translated, "Pete the Kid." In fact, it is one of the few names that look better in French.

The latest suggestion to raise city taxes is a novelty in this respect: It comes from Mayor Billard, a man who really pays taxes. As a rule, such suggestions emanate from the street-corner politician who has never owned a change of shirts.

The little Kansas towns have been given a new chance at fame and publicity. They can get their names in the paper by pointing out that they suffered the "lady mayor" malady before it struck Hunnewell.

When a man goes to answer the telephone and says: "Hullo—m——I——lk——goo——wha——hch——yeh——m——wa——sa," it does not follow that he is talking Esperanto. The chances are 12 to a dozen that some woman on the other end of the line is talking so blamed fast that he can't answer the questions she asks.

In looking over the headlines of a recent issue, we find: that the "Church is Losing Out; board of missions finds a decrease in membership." Also, that Taft is condemned by a church assembly for appointing a Catholic as Chief Justice. "To a disinterested bystander, the attitude of the churches, as shown by the second headline, is sufficient explanation for the condition shown by the first.

QUICK, DOC, PASS THE ANAESTHETIC.

The howling huckster does his worst,
(So-called his best,) to drive us to
That well-known antidote for thirst,
By whooping down the avenue:
STROR—brees!!!
Stror-BURRYS!!!
—HGP—

HUMOR OF THE DAY

"You say he's a professional man?" "Yes." "But I thought he followed the automobile racing?" "He does. He's a doctor."—Toledo Blade.

The Dog—Funny beings these humans are. They teach their children to walk on their hind feet just like performing dogs.—Pele Mele.

Found Lots of That.—Mr. Grump—I am never able to find anything in this house. Mrs. Grump—That's a fib on the face of it. You are finding fault this very moment.—Boston Transcript.

"Nothing is so bad that it couldn't be worse," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes," agreed the Simple Mug, "we can't suffer from insomnia and nightmare at the same time."—Philadelphia Record.

Gertie—How's my young brother getting on with your firm? Bertie—Well, what time he can spare from the adornment of his appearance he devotes to the neglect of his duties!—London Opnion.

"And who," asked the Sunday school teacher, "who was it that cried, 'Oh, king, live forever'?" "All the life insurance agents," suggested the small boy whose father was an adjuster.—Judge.

Griggs—After all, the difference between man and woman is one of wear and tear. Briggs—What do you mean? Griggs—Man spends his money foolishly on a tear and a woman on wear.—Oakland Mercury.

Oh, You Girls!—Nell—It's only a case of platonic friendship between Jack and me, I assure you. Belle—I am glad to hear that, for Jack has proposed to me. Nell—What! Oh, the horrid, deceitful wretch! Just you wait till I see him.—Boston Transcript.

The Difference.—He—In China a fellow never sees his wife till after they are married. She—How strange! In England it's the wife who never sees her husband after they are married.—M. A. P.

"I've took the pledge, Bill. I'm never goin' to touch another drop as long as I live." "Oh! Well, cheer up! Maybe ye won't live long."

Joshua had made the sun stand still. "Fine, but we bet you can't make Willie Jones do it," we cried. Herewith he acknowledged his limitations.—Harper's Bazar.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

When women compliment each other every boost is a slap.

An old bachelor says flattery is merely deodorized slander.

Every man wants his innings—likewise also an occasional outing.

If they don't hurt us, we can afford to laugh at the mistakes of other people.

Some men are too lazy to make anything but tracks toward the infirmary.

There's nothing less free than free lunch when you haven't the price of a drink.

Nothing is so wearing as an effort to get along with people who grate on your nerves.

Beware of the noisy man who shouts his patriotism from the housetops. It's a safe bet that he's a tax dodger.

It takes a woman to rub it in on another by saying to others: "Her furniture all looks as though she got it with trading stamps."