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. 264

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.....$2.60
By mail, six months.....1.50
By mail, 100 days, trial order.....1.00

BELL TELEPHONES.

Business Office.....137
Reporters' Room.....577

INDEPENDENT TELEPHONES.

Private branch exchange. Call 107 and ask The State Journal operator for person or department desired.

Topeka State Journal building, 800 and 802 Kansas avenue, corner Eighth.

New York Office: 289 Fifth avenue, Paul Block, manager.

Chicago Office: Steger 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.

Presumably Italy now wishes that she had had her differences with Turkey settled at The Hague.

Russia must want a portion of Persia pretty badly, when she's willing to go to war to avenge an alleged insult to one of her vice-consuls.

Unusual progress is being made in the McNamara trial. After several weeks of effort four of the twelve jurors have been obtained.

There seems to be merit in the suggestion of some of the Western league magnates for a shorter schedule. Why prolong the agony for the tail-end teams?

Everything comes to those who wait. Something of a stringent ordinance is being planned to regulate effectively the operation of automobiles within the limits of Topeka.

The Manchus are getting no more than a taste of the same medicine they doled out when they took the government of China by force a few centuries ago from another clan of Chinmen.

What a cruel world this is in places? Municipal judges at Chicago will have to worry along on annual salaries of $6,000. The voters of the Windy City, heartless things, refused to increase their Solomons' pay.

One of Italy's warships successfully shelled another defenceless Turkish town the other day. But just wait until the Italians land a body of troops there. The Turks will more than even things up with them.

Farmers who were lucky enough to gather in some corn this year are smiling. The total crop is a short one. That means higher prices for it. As for the consumers, well they can twirl their thumbs a little faster, if they want to.

A Missouri girl may be the best milkmaid in the country, according to a decision reached recently at the national dairy show at Chicago. But this does not put Kansas out of the running for being the home of the prettiest milkmaids.

If the Panama Canal is to be ready for traffic in 1913, New Orleans and Louisiana will have a fine chance to stage a Panama canal exposition on their own hook which will beat out by two whole years the official one to be held at San Francisco.

Nor has the cause of muck-raking been strengthened in any material way by the episodes surrounding the consolidation of the Hampton and Columbian magazines and the recent arrest of the publisher of the Hampton-Columbian on a charge of having used the mails to defraud.

Champ Clark is elated over the results of the recent elections. But you don't hear any hosannas of joy going up from Woodrow Wilson & Co., although it is likely that Colonel George Harvey will be able to explain away the Democratic reverses in New Jersey and New York in a perfectly satisfactory manner to himself. Colonel George is a clever gentleman, even if he does need the services of a valet.

Armour & Co. have adopted a plan for the pensioning of their employees, whereby, on reaching a certain age, they will be retired on pensions that may amount to half of their regular wages. A more remunerative system would be for Armour & Co. to give their superannuated employees all the meat and meat products they and their families need. Then the worked-out employees would be on easy street for sure.

We may all be pardoned, says the Manchester Guardian, for giving up the puzzle of Chinese names, and yet this little vocabulary may help the newspaper reader through the rebellion: King means metropolis; Fu, provincial capital; Chu, a second class city; Kien, a third class city; Kiang, a river; Ho, a stream; Hai, a lake or sea; Tao, island; Chan, a mountain; Ling, a pass; Ta, big; Siao, little; Kouan, fortress; Wei, camp; Men, carrier; Pei, north; Nan, south; Si, west; Chang, upper; Pai, white; Hei, black; Yang, blue. Nanking, therefore, as has been noted already, is southern metropolis; Peking, northern metropolis.

CHAPTER XIX.

[This Chapter XIX at the request of William Allen White is made agricultural, but incidentally somewhat political, and on account of promise in yesterday's Chapter XVIII, greased a little with Rockefeller's Standard Oil, which is probably the best oil on the market owing to the fine organization, equipment and world wide facilities, including the so-called "economies of administration" enjoyed by "John D." and his associates.]

At noon today the writer received a letter from William Allen White, author of "Court of Royville" "A Certain Rich Man," "What's the Matter with Kansas," etc., etc. This letter now has a bearing on these "Reminiscences." As Mr. White's letter was not marked "private," "personal" or "confidential," we violate no confidence in printing it herewith.

"Emporia, Kan., Nov. 9, 1911.

"Dear Frank: Walter Hughes and Laura French are on a vacation and Walt Mason just came back today. So I haven't had time to keep the run of your articles. I don't care what you or any one else says of me. I'm sorry you've got tied up with the stand patters. They're on their last legs. Taft means well but he is out of the possibilities for President. Nothing but a complete face about can save him. But it's all right. Life is too full of beautiful things to get excited about politics. I refuse to read anything you say about Taft or La Follette or Stubbs or me. But if you have any thoughts on agriculture—fine: I'll read them with care. Bang away. 'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head; but spare your country's flag.' Love to Mary and Anna. Sincerely, W. A. W."

To this letter the writer penned the following reply today:

"Dear Will: Thanks for your beautiful letter. Have not written a word about you that you or your wife need fear to read. I could not abuse you if I wanted to. In your office and your (our) town are some of my Lares and Penates that I have never been able to move away and never will. I know you are awfully busy. Here, too. You have many times misrepresented my position about Cannon, but that is another story and I will tell you about it when I see you. Will have agriculture story today, as you suggested, and as 'we strive to please' our valued subscribers, like the Whites, in Chapter Nineteen. Watch for it. On sale in Emporia upon arrival motor car tonight. Am tired out with you stand-patters and never was. Am a progressive conservative independent Republican. Please show Mary and little Bill our daily page in colors. Big hit with Topeka kids. Sincerely,

"F. P. M."

White is one of the best fellows in the world. The other day one of our reporters in an item called White "narrow" minded. Do you know the adjective is a vicious part of speech, sometimes? We sometimes think adjectives ought to be abolished. It is the adjective which gets a newspaper man into libel suits. It is the adjective which is responsible for nearly all the crime not checked up to liquor, riotous living and angry passion.

You can call a man a prevaricator, or say that he is mistaken, and even go so far sometimes as to good-naturedly call him a short but ugly word, but if you put before that short but ugly word an adjective which will be here represented by —— things are likely to pop.

Now we wouldn't have had White called "narrow" minded in the State Journal for a ten dollar bill, but in our rush in trying to hold our newsboys and keep the organization of the paper intact, we overlooked that proof and the copy slipped through unexpurgated. It is herewith and hereby retracted. We never said White is "narrow-minded," because it would not be true and we try to tell the truth. White is "minded" all right; that is, sometimes. He is not always minded in politics, but that is another story. But White is really broad-minded and broad-gauged and a man of high ideals. He is a busy man.

He lets politics, and book-making and office holding mix. He is a regent of the University; a good one, too; he is an author; a first class one; he is a newspaper man; a fine one, when he gives his attention to the paper. He has Walt Mason and a brilliant lot of capable assistants; but when White writes a heavy editorial, he often sails in without being sure of his facts. He thinks what the facts ought to be, and seems to write his comments accordingly.

In his letter quoted above, he shows he is a very busy man. We are awfully sorry he has not had time to read these chapters, for though he says it who ought not, he is missing some good political horse sense and when White says that he declines to read any thing we write about Taft or La Follette, or about William Allen, himself, he throws valuable information to the winds. This information, too, all for 2 cents daily, in colors.

White has been so busy writing a new book which is likely to be a bigber "Best Seller" than "A Certain Rich Man," which is said to be making White a large royalty, and appears to be making White that "Certain Rich Man" himself.

White comes home from Colorado where he has buried himself three months, writing a book, rushes off to Lawrence to attend a meeting of the board of regents of the University of Kansas, takes a whack at the Street Railway, Heat, Power & Light company of Emporia and then proceeds to attack national politics.

This must have been about William Allen's frame of mind, on the last day of October when he hurled on an unexpected world his now famous editorial "One Weary President," referred to and commented upon in these "Reminiscences of a Newspaper Man in Topeka" in chapter XI.

But we said we were going to make this Agricultural and here goes—

With all of our troubles now comes this old farming "slander" of White's, or his Good Man Friday, Walt Mason, who does a good deal of the devilment around the Emporia Gazette office when White is away, and sometimes too, when he is there.

This writer, be it remembered, is a farmer by choice, but a newspaper man from necessity. He admits he is not very much of a farmer, that he understands the newspaper business better; but we do have a farm of one hundred acres five miles west of Topeka, and raise fine alfalfa, prairie hay, cows and other live stock, pigeons, fruits of all kinds, vegetables too numerous to mention and get pure milk and real cream enough to supply the family, and permit the better-half to make all of the butter we eat.

Now, the people of Topeka know all about these things: but here is what White is scattering broadcast over this land. Now, what White and Mason write are widely quoted, and we cannot offset their "scurrilous" articles by any words of ours in our limited editions, and with "no state-wide circulation," according to our esteemed morning contemporary in Topeka:

Since White and Mason started the criticism of our agricultural pursuits, they have declared that we put hay on hay-berries, and straw on strawberries, that out at the farm we are now engaged in crossing the burning bush with the tomato vine in hopes of producing hot tamales.

Now what do you think of that!

But here is what White Mason says in black and white, but still rather highly colored:

"A Pastoral.

"The sun was rising in the West, and shed its beams on Cedarcrest, where pensive goat and sportive cow were perched upon the cedar bough. There Frank MacLennan watched his flocks, and slugged the gentle sheep with rocks, and droves his hens to lakelet's brim, that they might dive, and bathe, and swim. The pigs were climbing elms and firs, the hired man gathered cockleburs; a doctor passed on horse's back and all the ducks called loudly: "Quack!" The fruit tree agent asked to stay all night; the horses whinnied "Neigh!" Peace hovered o'er the prairie wide; the cattle lowed, the horses highed; and sounded through the village smoke, the bark of watchdog, elm and oak. And he who owned these rustic scenes, had seeded down his farm to beans.

"WALT MASON."

But we almost forgot about Standard Oil. To be brief, about three years years ago, Mr. Rockefeller or his associates, took the advertising of Standard Oil including Mica Axle Grease, Blue Flame Lamps, Parafine, Reo Lamps, Perfection Oil Burners, Frank Miller's Harness Dressing, Polarine Oil, etc, etc., out of the hands of N. W. Ayer Newspaper Agency of Philadelphia, and undertook to deprive the Ayer agency, and any other agency, of the commission of 15 per cent to which they are accustomed to be allowed by newspapers for advertisement placed.

The Standard Oil engaged a man named Perrine, gave him a desk, and apparently told him that he must save the fifteen per cent the Standard Oil had been obliged to pay through Ayer's and other agencies, and fifteen per cent is quite a sum of money concerning the big Standard Oil advertising; they told this man Perrine that he must not place any business with the newspapers unless they granted his commission.

Right here and then the State Journal objected. We are perfectly willing to pay a commission of 15 per cent to a recognized advertising agency. We thought this was unfair to Ayer's and Ayer's is the very best advertising agency in this country, bar none; that is our opinion, based on years and years of service from this excellent concern.

We declined to give Mr. Rockefeller the commission we would give Mr. Ayer, because Mr. Rockefeller was not entitled to it any more than he would be to buy a copy of tonight's State Journal at one cent.

This is the wholesale rate to newsboys and news stands and is not granted to individual purchasers.

This man Perrine, by the way, used to represent "Sozodont" and when the writer some years ago used to go around New York city trying to get some advertising to help out expenses, he tried to approach this man Perrine down on Greenwich street, but Perrine was surrounded by so many "flunkies" and so much red t[illegible] that we could hardly get within a mile of him.

He had certain hours and certain days apparently in which he would see common newspaper men from Kansas and other eastern and western states. Now, we could not wait around two or three days just to accommodate Mr. Perrine's arbitrary schedule, so it was not very often that we saw Mr. Perrine, but we saw people "just as good."

As a rule, we are opposed to substitutes, but if we could get a substitute for Perrine, we took it, and took it quick.

That is the reason we do not carry Standard Oil advertising and have not carried it for three years and will not carry it until Rockefeller and his associates quit their parsimonious way to deprive the N. W. Ayer & Son Newspaper Advertising agency of their rightful commission.

By the way if Governor Stubbs should be foolish enough to call a special session of the legislature to aid LaFollette at a cost to us taxpayers of $50,000 to $100,000 we won't do a thing to the governor, whether his name be Stubbs or Capper, or Hodges, or Ryan.

(Chapter XX Tomorrow.)

KANSAS COMMENT

EXPANDING THE CRANIUM.

Remnants of another prehistoric man have been found, this "first settler" antedating all others, even the human creature of 20,000 years ago, whose skull was found in the limestone stratum of Kansas. We know not of what value such a discovery may be, unless it is to inspire in us hope of the improvement our descendants may make in themselves in the next 20,000 years, since so much has been achieved in the last 20,000.

We admit there is great room for improvement; and 200 centuries is a long time to practice on checking one's undesirable foibles, and overcoming habits which tend to a less robust physique.

Sometimes we seem to be going backward, but taking us by and large, before, behind and sideways, there is the ocular and physical proof in these prehistoric skulls that our efforts as a race have succeeded in establishing a front elevation of the forehead far beyond that of the first man.

As we aspired for more brains, we got them; that is the influence of mind over matter; anybody can do it. We venture to say that by severe application, a limited ribbon-like forehead can be lifted noticeably from the age of 18 until a man knows so much he begins to think he knows it all; after that his case is hopeless. In this, prehistoric man had the advantage. None of him ever thought he knew it all.—El Dorado Republican.

POST-SCRIPT

Fond Du Lac, Wis., Nov. 10.—Leonard Eake, 15 years old, who wrecked a Soo line train at Fremont September 4 and caused the death of four and severe injuries of three others, was today sentenced to the state industrial school. In his confession he told of wrecking the train out of revenge because he had been refused a ride on a hand car by a section foreman.

Chicago, Nov. 10.—Mrs. Jane Quinn, whose husband was found shot to death in bed last week, today was held to the grand jury to answer a charge of murder by the coroner's jury. She was taken to the county jail.

Chicago, Nov. 10.—The fourth annual convention of the Association of Railway Electrical Engineers, which closed today, elected F. R. Frost, Topeka, Kan., president.

New York, Nov. 10.—The suspension of the stock exchange firm of Balland Whicher was announced this afternoon.

Rieman H. Duval, a director of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, is in the city on a tour of inspection today. Mr. Duval visited the shops and general offices of the company.

Chicago, Nov. 10.—Action toward the threatened strike of shop employees on the Illinois Central railroad system was postponed today despite the practical breaking off of negotiations between company officials and the so-called federated committee. The federated committee decided to let the strike situation mark time until the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor which opens in Atlanta next week.

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 10.—A temporary injunction was issued today by Judge Humphrey in the United States circuit court restraining the striking employees of the Illinois Central railroad from picketing the shops and from using any method of intimidation.

Kansas City, Nov. 10.—J. J. Swofford, formerly president of the Swofford Bros.' Dry Goods company here, was indicted today on a charge of using the mails in a scheme to defraud. The indictment charges that Mr. Swofford sold through the mails $200,000 worth of unindorsed stock of his firm to various persons. The dry goods company is now defunct and it is charged Swofford concealed the real condition of the business and assured buyers that the stock would pay big returns when it was practically worthless.

Minot, N. D., Nov. 10.—Threshing in northwestern North Dakota where thousands of acres of flax and wheat lie in the field untreshed is at a standstill as the result of the heavy fall of snow. The thermometer this morning registered 9 below zero.

Sterling, Ill., Nov. 10.—Efforts to check the spread of hog cholera in Whiteside county have proved unavailing and it is now estimated that before the week ends the value of animals killed will reach more than a million dollars.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

A big-hearted man is also likely to have a lean purse.

* * *

Most of the near-geniuses are that way in their imaginations.

* * *

Some people are so poor they have to make the same automobile do for two or three seasons.

* * *

The nearest approach to perpetual motion is to be found in the piano player at one of these continuous moving picture houses.

* * *

To become popular with some people you must admit you're in the wrong in every argument you happen to have with them.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Excellent advice from Verd Napier: "Learn first to keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. Other wisdom will come naturally."

One by one the simple joys of childhood are taken away, moans the Salina Journal. The board of education at Ottawa has purchased steel desks for the new schoolhouse and nothing less than acid will have any impression on them.

Waterville enters M. J. Scott and wife in the contest as one of the oldest married couples in the state. Last Saturday, October 14th, was the 62nd anniversary of their marriage and they are still hale and hearty. All their children, four sons and four daughters, are still living, and enjoy the pleasure of visiting them often.—Waterville Telegraph.

A Walkerton school girl was told to write an essay of two hundred and fifty words about a motor car. She submitted the following: "My uncle bought a motor car. He was riding in the country and it balked in going up a hill. My uncle tried to make it go but couldn't although he spoiled a $25 suit trying. I guess this is about fifty words. The other two hundred words are what uncle said as he was walking back to town, but they are not fit to write down."—Le Roy Reporter.

Some comment on the fashions by the Downs News: "A fashion note says that belts, gloves and neckties of rattlesnake skin will be worn a great deal by women this winter. We knew the poor rattlesnake would come to it sooner or later. It was about the only varmint left that women didn't wear. Think of a woman going arrayed in a silk worm dress, seal skin sack, ostrich feather hat, goat skin shoes, whalebone stays, kid skin gloves, horsehide belt, tortoise shell comb, fish scale trimmings, stuffed canary birds, clam shell buttons, Spitz dog muff, camel's hair underwear, mink tail collarette, alligator hide purse, and now a rattlesnake necktie. Solomon in all his glory wasn't such a menagerie as one of these—and yet we love them no matter what they wear."

DAFFYDILS

BY U. NOALL.

If K. U. had a conflagration would Washburn?

(Get out the life net, boys, she's going to jump.)

If a restaurant is dirty would you call it a violin?

(Aye Tom, but death lurks in the valley below.)

You may string beans, kid goats and con-glomeration, but you can't bull frogs?

(I'll get you yet Turner Morgan if I have to follow you clean to Rio Janeiro.)

If the senorita were invited to take a trip to the North Pole and refused would the hidalgo?

(Pass me a lemon, lads, I want to squeeze her.)

NANCY.

As blossom flies when the wind is blowing,
Butterfly light, dipping and glancing,
Fluttering white, rosily glowing,
So she comes, dancing.

Fair, rare, s a wind-blown flower
Fragrant sweet upon April's bosom,
Blooms her exquisite life this hour—
A flying blossom.

Blow, sweet wind, from the land of fancy,
Flower of youth on your wings advancing;
Blow, blow me the heart of Nancy
When she comes, dancing.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE EVENING STORY

Avis.

[By Kate Cleves.]

Marshall Bowman came into the moonlit veranda and looked around at the occupied chairs. Siva Smith was nowhere to be seen and an amused voice nearby proclaimed Marshall's predicament.

"She's in the angle seat, Marsh," and Marshall acknowledged the information with a sheepish grin and disappeared around the corner of the house.

The informing voice had not added that Fen Purdy was sitting in the angle seat with pretty Siva Smith, and when Marshall discovered Mr. Purdy it was something of a shock, for Marshall Bowman needed advice and sympathy at that moment and Siva was the one person to whom he turned when his affairs needed a sympathetic understanding and untangling.

Fen Purdy was leaving her, reluctantly pleading a waiting partner for this dance and Marshall slipped into the vacant seat.

"My dance, I believe, Siva," he said eagerly. "Do you mind sitting it out?"

"Frankly, I'd much rather dance," said Siva in her fresh, clear voice, "but I know you've got something on your mind, Marsh, and you want expert advice, so out with it and let the seeress relieve your anxiety."

"For the last time, Siva," he apologized; "I won't bother you again with my affairs, only you see, this is something that no one but a girl can tell me—a girl like you!"

"Oh, I see," said Siva a little coldly, then as she saw the troubled look on his face her voice softened to the tone that always thrilled him, so full of womanly sympathy and understanding of him, was it. "I'm always glad to help, Marsh, but you know I'm only a girl and I haven't had experience enough to make me an expert on all matters."

"I'm in love, Siva," he said in a low tone, and looking away from her. "Don't laugh!"

"I'm not laughing," said Siva after a little pause. "Love is a serious thing, Marsh."

"That's what troubles me. If I only knew how to reach her——" he paused helplessly.

"Better tell me all about it," said Siva in a toneless voice, that he was quick to notice.

"I am boring you!" he cried.

"No—no—go on, Marsh," she said almost impatiently. "I'm engaged for the next dance and you must get this over now. Who is the girl?"

"I don't know," admitted Marshall.

"Don't know?" echoed Siva.

He shook his head ruefully. "I've never met her and don't know her real name, but I'm sure—dead sure—Siva, that she is my future wife, that she is the one being who has been created for me. In fact, to use that overworked word, she is my affinity. Why, every word she writes is a direct message to me alone. It finds its mark here in my heart. Don't laugh, Siva. I've never talked this way before and I know you think I'm a fool," he ended lamely.

"Nthing of the sort, Marsh—Tell me more—does she write to you?"

"No—well, she writes poems and they are published in one of the magazines, not one that I usually take, but I happened to read one some months ago and do you know, Siva, it struck an answering chord in my heart and I've read every one since then."

"Yes, Marsh," said Siva steadily, although her eyes were shining strangely and her little white ringless hands were tightly clenched in her lap.

"That's all—only tell me how can I meet her?" he asked.

"You would probably be disappointed," she said pityingly. "Very likely she is some middle-aged woman, who is pouring out her disappointment in life through the medium of poetry. Every soul has to have some outlet," she ended musingly.

"Never!" protested Marshall vigorously. "She is young and full of the spring of life. The same fire runs in her veins as in mine, and I know, Siva, that she is for me—her messages are for me!"

"Conceited!" said Siva, rising from her seat and leaning against a vine-draped pillar with her back to the moonlight.

"Oh, Siva, I am disappointed in you," he cried; "I thought you'd give a fellow some advice instead of treating me flippantly. You must know I'm not gushing—I don't mean to be——"

"Forgive me, Marsh," said Siva quietly. "You want to ask me how to approach the sort of a girl you know she is?"

"That's it, exactly! She writes under a single name, 'Avis,' but she must have a surname, and she must have a home somewhere, and I want to meet her and some day marry her."

"You are in earnest, Marshall?" asked Siva in a shaking voice.

"I am," he said solemnly.

"Then I will arrange it so you can meet Avis—and I hope you won't be disappointed, but I'm afraid you will. Here comes Fen Purdy—this is his dance. I must go."

"Ah, but you're a brick, Siva—the next dance is mine, and we'll dance it, eh, not sit it out?"

"As you please," murmured Siva and was gone.

Marshall arose and went to one of the open windows, leaning against the frame and looking in on the dancers. Now that he had intrusted his secret to Siva Smith, he felt that there was more reality to it than the mere dreaming of the identity of the poetess whose verses had won his love.

Strangely contented, he watched the pretty scene within, glowing every time Siva Smith passed him, Fen Purdy's black sleeve against the pale pink of her gown. Siva's hair was bronze brown with golden lights and her eyes were the same and her face was beautiful—surpassingly lovely tonight, with her lipes curved into a happy smile and her brown eyes shining with inward joy.

All at once Marshall was jealous of Fen Purdy, who had fallen helplessly in love with Siva. Purdy was rich and handsome and Siva was so desirable! Why had Marshall never thought of that before? By the time the dance was over Marshall Bowman knew that he was in love with Siva Smith, that he always had been and that he would tell her of it os soon as he could reach her side.

He claimed her at once and took her out to the angle seat. "Siva Smith," he said solemnly, "I know you'll think I am a fool, but I've just discovered that there is somebody I love more than Avis."

Siva uttered a low cry and her hands fled to her heart.

"What is it, Siva?" he asked alarmed.

"A little pain near my heart—I have it often. Pray tell me of your new love."

"Not a new one—only, Siva, dear, I've been watching you dancing in there and I find that you are the girl of my heart after all. I don't suppose you could learn to like me a little?"

"I? Why Marsh, I never thought you cared for me."

"It came to me all at once that if you married Fen Purdy and I married Avis, my paper lady, that I would be wretched all the days of my life. You've been my confessor for so long, dear, you know all my sins—you couldn't care, could you, Siva?"

And Siva told him she could care and she had cared for a long time. "How about poor Avis of the poems?" she asked him after a while.

"Ah, I can't marry both you," he laughed happily, "and I choose you."

"If you marry me you will marry Avis, too," said Siva softly. "Oh, you blind Marshall! Transpose the letters of her name and you get mine! I wrote those verses to you—and found you after all."

"We found each other," amended Marshall tenderly.—(Copyrighted, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

EVENING CHAT

BY RUTH CAMERON.

"Oh, dear," sighed the lady-who-always-knows-somehow, "I'd just love to go. There's nothing I'd like better than to slip off to the woods on a day like this. But, my dear, I've promised to meet Mrs. L. in town—you know we are on that fair committee together—and buy some decorations."

"Why, big sister," said Molly, "didn't I hear you say that she broke an engagement with you the other day because she had a chance to go autoing with some rich neighbors of hers?"

"Yes," said the lady-who-always-knows somehow.

"Then, why on earth don't you telephone her and break the engagement today for the same reason?"

"I shouldn't like to do that," said the lady.

"But if she does things like that to you," protested Molly, "why shouldn't you do things like that to her?"

"That," said the lady-who-always-knows somehow, "is just exactly the reason why I shouldn't."

"I don't see that," said Molly.

"Why, you see," said the lady, "it's quite evident from her doing that sort of thing that she isn't used to people who have much sense of honor and obligation. Now, isn't it all the more incumbent on me for that reason to show myself that kind of a person? It always seems to me that when people are rude, thoughtless or mean to me, that is just one more reason why I shouldn't be that way to them."

Don't you think that the lady's ideal in this matter is a beautiful one?

I do.

How often we say or hear others say, "She does this or that to me, I don't see why I shouldn't do it to her."

Why that's just exactly the reason why you shouldn't!

Being rude to people who are rude to you, being ungrateful to people who have shown you ingratitude, meeting thoughtlessness with thoughtlessness and meanness with meanness—why, this is to fight fire with fire. And despite the old notion that it is good to do that, I've always found that water is a much better agent for putting out flames.

Haven't you?

Perhaps you can afford to show "yellowness" towards big people who are too big and fine to be affected by the contagion.

But the smaller people are, the bigger and whiter you ought to show yourself to them. They need the stimulus of your example. They need the support of your point of view.

She was impolite to you—why shouldn't you be to her?

He was dishonest and over-reaching in his dealings with you—why shouldn't you treat him the same way?

Dear sir, dear madam, you have stated the very strongest reason why you should live up to your highest ideal of yourself in your dealings with this person.

Here's wishing you the strength to do it!

ADVERTISING TALKS

BY WILLIAM C. FREEMAN

I don't know whether I ever before quoted the following poem from Frank Stanton's pen for the purpose of making an advertising application, but whether I have or not it is worth printing again:

This old world we're livin' in
Is simply hard to beat,
We get a thorn with every rose
But ain't the roses sweet?

We are living in a wonderful business age. The United States offers greater opportunity for business development than any other country. We haven't yet commenced to realize on our possibilities. "It is mighty hard to beat" us, though, in the development we have made.

"We get a thorn with every rose"—sure enough, for no success is achieved without many a struggle, many a pricking of the thorn of disappointment and discouragement.

The advertiser, just beginning—the advertiser, old in the business—both say, "That advertisement didn't pay; it lost me money." That's the thorn pricking. It pricks often in advertising; don't forget that.

The merchandise you offer looks good to you—you think you have selected stocks wisely—you think you have manufactured something that people will jump at.

The old world looks pretty good to you—you are content with your merchandise and yourself—you think that "it is mighty hard to beat" you.

You reach out with a beautiful advertisement. That will fetch them, you say. You pick the roses you have mentally pictured! They are there, all right enough, but before you get through picking them, how many times have things gone wrong—how many thorns nipped you?

If one gives up because of the thorns in business, if he does not keep on going after the roses—how will he ever realize Mr. Stanton's words, 'But ain't the roses sweet?"

You bet they are.

The advertisements that seem unsuccessful are the thorns, but if you keep on, everlastingly—keep on picking and pricking, then you can say to yourself, "Ain't the successful advertisements good, though?"

No firm lives that can always put out a pulling ad., but if it puts out enough of them, they will bring more roses than thorns.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Poverty is no disgrace—if your credit's good.

Even in the darkest hour there are only sixty minutes.

Some men quarry for money and some others are married for it.

It's surprising how easy it is to kiss a girl that won't let you.

When a woman wants to puzzle a man all she has to do is act natural.

Some women never get homesick because they are not home long enough.

In case you should ever become a ghost have you decided whom you will haunt?

And many a man treats a stranger better in a barroom than he treats his wife at home.

Once in a great while there is a father who would be glad to have his son follow in his footsteps.

We have often wondered how many wives Solomon had annexed before discovering that there was nothing new un-

BY THE WAY

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

"Everything," says Hon. Stubbs, "was against Guyer." Including, we may presume, the methods and list of speakers used in said unfortunate Guyer's campaign.

Why a "bouncing" baby? The expression savors of the rubber doll, rather than the live specimen.

Reader has it figured that writer of this colyum is a close and constant student of the classics, because quotations, correctly quoted, frequently appear in said colyum. Our answer is hereby filed with the clerk: Have read a majority of said classics in the dim Past, remember many quotations in a general way, but keep on our desk a volume of condensed Coleridge, potted Pope, kippered Kipling, etc., by which our first guess at desired quotation is verified. That's all. Haven't read a classic from Apology (sometimes called Preface) to Finis since Walt Mason's first collection was issued in book form.

One J. Finney, who is advertised as the probable successor to Woodrow Wilson as president of Princeton, is an oldtime football player. He may not be fully qualified for the job of president, but if he played the college game in the old days before its emasculation, he should easily qualify as the Professor in Jiu Jitsu.

Hon. Hopkins questions the right of Hon. Finley to run for congress in the Big Seventh. Several gents of Mr. Hopkins' brand also questioned the right of perfectly good Republican aspirants to run for congress in the Second district. But, why worry about it? Another Democrat congressman from Kansas wouldn't be such an awful calamity.

Country school ma'ams are as a rule, fresher and more attractive than the city specimens. The answer is that the country girl teaches school to fill in the vacancy between graduation and matrimony, and the city girl who bites on the great educational gold brick usually makes it a Life Work.

The preacher who officiated at Col. Jack Astor's last matrimonial party, has been forced to resign; but then, unless the "big fee" story is an absolute fake, he could afford to resign.

Hon. J. G. Cooper, local Lothario, has had lots of trouble, and it is our prediction that he will continue to be in hot water until his bank account runs dry. Death is not alone in its preference for a shining mark. Women and lawyers are Death's rivals.

The man who unexpectedly receives a small legacy, is in doubt, for a time, whether to buy a home or an automobile. He usually compromises by buying a home, and then mortgaging same to buy the honk-wagon. There by, of course, returning within a few short months to his starting point.

A man can have the time of his life doing something that he knows any other man would be a blamed fool for doing.

Heard at a Concert.—"She doesn't sing with much feeling." "Not for her audience."—Exchange.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Miss Orange—Do you know Poe's "Raven?"

Mr. Black—Why, no; what's the matter with him?—Harvard Lampoon.

"How do you happen to be wearing such a nice straw hat?" asked Wiggins.

"Easy," answered Higgins. "I have no wife to lemon up my last year's lid."—Buffalo Express.

"That man has broken more records than any one else I ever heard of."

"A runner?"

"No; he owns a graphophone."—Stanford University Chaparral.

"Marks is having a hard time contesting his wife's will."

"I didn't know she was dead."

"She isn't."—Boston Transcript.

"Well, how does it feel to have a niche in the temple of fame?"

"Quite natural," replied the new celebrated poet. "I've always lived in a hall bedroom."—Milwaukee Journal.

Willing to Prove It.—"It's a good thing you're so much bigger than I am. I would have given you a good one for daring to say that one cannot establish absolute equality among men."—Pele Mele.

"I suppose you shaved your horse's tail to keep him cool, eh?" "No; my wife did it to give her a new switch for her hair."—Pele Mele.

Gallant C. O. (returning to scouts' camp)—Now, then, I won't have this talking going on. If it doesn't stop at once I shall have you boys put in the guard tent. Small Voice (after long pause)—Please, sir, this is the guard tent.—Punch.

Farm Profits.—"How has the old place been paying this year?" "Fine," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Me and 'Mandy got enough summer board money to keep us in condensed milk an' canned meat for the hull winter."—Washington Star.

Oh, Maud!—"Maud is very conscientious. The other day when her riding suit came home it didn't fit at all. It needed taking in, but she wouldn't send it back to be fixed." "Why not?" "She said it would be inducing the tailor to contract a bad habit."—Boston Transcript.

Inside Information.—Unwelcome Caller—Are you sure your mistress isn't in? The Maid—I hope you don't doubt her word sir.—Boston Transcript.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Faith may move mountains, but it won't always do away with a bluff.

No man is thoroughly alive to the situation unless he is in dead earnest.

Football goes to extremes. A player must use his head as well as his feet.

Be sure you are right, but it isn't necessary to be sure everybody else is wrong.

Theatrical people are often shiftless, but you can't say that of the scenic shifter.

Some men wouldn't be satisfied to get to the top unless they could push some other fellow off.

Cheapness is seldom a recommendation. A seat in a crowded car is worth two in an empty one.

After a woman reaches a certain age she may be excused for putting off till tomorrow the birthdays she could celebrate today.

There may be men who have no enemies, but we never hear of them. In fact, it's a man's enemies who generally boost him into prominence.

Wigg—"I hate people who boast of their vices." Wagg—"So do I; almost as much as those who parade their virtues."

Blobbs—"Bjones says he has the best wife in the world." Slobbs—"Well, that's one point upon which Mrs. Bjones agrees with him."

Blobbs—"I know a magician who can turn water into wine." Slobbs—"That's nothing; I know a bartender who can turn beer into a kettle."

Hook—"Guzzler says he doesn't believe in drowning his sorrow in the flowing bowl." Nye—"No, nothing less than a hogshead would do for Guzzler."