

Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

Entered July 1, 1872, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan., under the act of congress.

VOLUME XXXVIII.....No. 55

Official State Paper. Official Paper of Topeka.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week in advance, to cities, towns, or suburbs, or at the same price in any Kansas town where the paper has a carrier system.

By mail one year.....\$2.50 By mail, six months.....1.50 By mail, 100 days, trial order.....1.00

BELL TELEPHONES. Business Office.....197 Reporters' Room.....157

INDEPENDENT TELEPHONES. Private branch exchange, Call 107 and ask the State Journal operator for person or department desired.

Topeka State Journal building, 300 and 302 Kansas avenue, corner Fifth and Sixth. New York Office: 250 Fifth avenue, Paul Block manager.

Chicago Office: Steger building, Paul Block manager. Boston Office: Tremont 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 on the exclusive arrangement published in Topeka.

The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

Now has long since ceased to be a thing of beauty in Kansas.

Conditions are normal in Santo Domingo. The revolutionists have broken loose again with great vigor.

Evidently there is going to be enough moisture in and on the ground to satisfy even those fond of floods.

It is beginning to look as though another international column of fighting men will have to be started on its way to Peking.

So divergent has been the testimony in the famous Kimmel case that the jurors will have to be excellent guessers to arrive at a just verdict.

New Jersey is to forbid marriages by justices of the peace. It's getting harder all the time for a certain class of public officials to turn an extra but "honest penny."

Commissioner Lane of the interstate commerce commission, is reaching out for the impossible. He wants express rates so simplified that anybody can understand them.

Presumably, Colonel Roosevelt was not the special representative of The Outlook who obtained the instructive interview from President Taft as to how the tariff should be revised.

Evidence abounds that the establishment of a new republican form of government doesn't necessarily bring peace to the country so blessed. Look at Portugal, and at Mexico and at China.

And the Kansas newspaper that was among the foremost in the country in the support of the little giant of Wisconsin printed this headline recently: "LaFollette Thinks He's in the Race."

Nothing more ridiculous in the way of political prophecy has ever been uttered than the statement of Governor Stubbs that President Taft's name will not be presented to the Chicago convention.

What explanation has Governor Osborn to make? The first two delegates that have been chosen by the Republicans of Michigan to represent them at their national convention are instructed to vote for Mr. Taft.

Judge Burnette of the state tax commission, hit a prominent nail square on the head the other day when he declared that there is no way to reduce taxes until the people are willing to live as they used to live.

When Governor Stubbs called on Colonel Roosevelt the other day it's to be wondered if he took with him the opinions of the great majority of the Kansas newspapers, daily and weekly, on the colonel's candidacy? Probably not.

In all probability the Democratic national convention will continue for a month. It will surely take that long for the enthusiasts of the various candidates to make the nominating and seconding speeches, so numerous are these candidates.

Dr. Wiley, the versatile, has passed out something new in the way of political nomenclature. He styles himself as a "whole Democrat," which means he is democratic enough to believe that women have a right to vote as well as the men.

With the prospects of plenty of fried chicken for the inmates of the boys' reformatory some of the "good" boys of the state will cast envious eyes in that direction. Mayhap a few of them will insist on breaking into the institution.

Labor leaders are opposing the proposed cut in the tariff schedules on steel. It might mean lower wages for the steel workers. This is only more evidence no one is at all anxious for a tariff reduction on anything that will possibly affect his immediate interests.

A Philadelphia Solomon has decreed that money in a husband's pocket belongs to the wife and that she has a right to extract it whenever she pleases. This is not likely to increase the activities of wives in this direction. They well know that a search of their husbands' pockets would reveal nothing of more value than a few stubs of matches and a half-chewed plug of tobacco.

THE BIGGER CROP CLUB.

This is an organization that is being promoted in Kansas by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway company, through its colonization department. Its object is suggested fully in its name. And members in the club become such by merely sending to the Santa Fe a certain agricultural bulletin that the railroad company has issued and which is entitled "Bigger Crops in Kansas and How to Grow Them." The fact that this bulletin is available is being advertised generally by the Santa Fe in the daily and weekly papers of the state.

Nor is this bulletin filled with the ideas of railroad me as to how bigger crops can be grown. The information in it comes from such experts as Professor W. M. Jardine, of the Kansas State Agricultural college, who tells about wheat culture. Professor E. G. Shaffer provides the information on corn growing. Professor A. H. Leidegh does the same for alfalfa. Other informing articles in the bulletin are: "The Sorghums and How to Grow Them," by Prof. Leidegh; "Important Animal Enemies of Alfalfa, Corn, Wheat and Sorghums," by Dr. Thomas J. Headlee; and "Sugar Beets in Western Kansas," by Mr. C. O. Townsend, consulting agriculturist United States Sugar and Land company, Garden City.

The publishing and dissemination of this practical bulletin by the Santa Fe is significant. It shows that the men at the head of the transportation company realize that the territory served by them is not producing anything like the maximum in any of the crop lines, and they have determined to supplement the splendid work being done by the State Agricultural college, and are going to try to get the results of the patient work done by the college before the largest possible audience. This bulletin will also keep in the minds of the agriculturists the informing talks given by the professors at the agricultural college and other experts on the several demonstration trains that are run over the state from time to time.

Naturally the Santa Fe is interested in bigger crops in Kansas. Bigger crops mean more freight business for the Santa Fe. But aside from this, it is also the fact that in this Bigger Crop club movement which the Santa Fe has launched, there is also the possibility of everybody in the state benefitting. Bigger crops in Kansas not only mean more money for the farmers, they mean better and more stable business for everybody in the commonwealth, regardless of what his business may be.

And that there is plenty of opportunity to grow bigger crops in Kansas is a fact that is, or should be known to every one. For instance in his practical article on wheat culture in this Santa Fe bulletin, Professor Jardine shows that while Kansas stands first among the states in the total production of wheat, she is only thirty-second in the average yield per acre, which is but 12 1/2 bushels per acre, as against, for example, 18 bushels per acre for Nebraska. And this, notwithstanding the fact that the soil and climate of Kansas for wheat growing are unsurpassed anywhere.

THE UNREST IN EUROPE.

While, therefore, the peoples of Europe declaim against war and groan beneath the accumulating burden of armaments that are needed both to wage it and to avert it, no nation even dreams of disbanding its naval and military forces, no statesman sees any real chance of limiting them by mutual agreement, no publicist who does not blind himself to the facts can hold out any valid hope of escape from the vicious circle, writes Sydney Brooks, in Harper's Weekly. By common consent the nations of Europe seem resolved to bleed themselves white rather than bleed out of the game, believing, and no doubt rightly, that the first one to throw up the sponge will blot itself from the roll of great Powers and expose its territory and national life to the predatory ambitions of wealthier and more steadfast neighbors. Armaments, moreover, breed armaments; no power really believes that other powers are arming merely for defense; each suspects itself to be particularly menaced; and the spectacle does much to act as a deterrent, unquestionably also to foster apprehensions and ill-will and mutual recriminations until an atmosphere is propagated of such heated antagonisms and detonating fears that even war seems preferable as a relief to the excruciating tension. And at the present time Europe has some special reasons for disquietude. The last few years have witnessed more than one gross infringement of international law, and of that kind which is morally defective in itself, which is still supposed to regulate the relations of governments. The Italian raid on Tripoli following on Austria's seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina is all the proof that is needed that in the Europe of today force rules as undisputedly as in the Europe of Charlemagne. The conscience of nations has been blunted by the idolatry of mere strength; "the public law of Europe" is a phrase that has lost its old and vital significance; and the new doctrine of "compensation" which has exploited so adroitly in Morocco is little but "the good old rule, the simple plan" under a high sounding name; international politics has drifted from its moorings, such as they were, in law and morality, and now resembles nothing so much as a series of floating mines.

Dorothy Arnold Mystery.

The suspicion, though soon disproved, that a young woman in a Philadelphia sanitarium was Dorothy Arnold revives interest in a case of mysterious disappearance whose romantic features make it, perhaps, the most notable in recent history.

It is now nearly fourteen months since Dorothy Arnold vanished from sight in broad day, while walking on Fifth avenue. In that time no trace of her has been found, though this country and a part of Europe have been ransacked by private detectives and the police. A hundred clues have been run down without definite result so far as the public has been informed, and speculation has re-

mained divided as to whether or not she is living. But whether alive or dead by accident or design, the failure in either event to learn what has become of her has served only to deepen the mystery.

Tens of thousands of people, purposely or by reason of nervous breakdown, disappear and are never found. But that a young girl, untrained in deception and sought all over the world, could so long elude detection with the craft of a professional criminal or perish undiscovered under conditions which must have involved the sharing of the guilty secret by more than one person, is equally extraordinary.

The disappearance of Dorothy Arnold parallels the mystery of Charley Ross, and with details of baffling secrecy that invest it with an even greater popular interest.—New York World.

The value of a straw vote is not much, but it may be a cushion filling. Ours is getting thin. Let's take a vote on Malon Burget for governor.

Personally, we beg to differ with the theory that the leading members of the press are unanimous in their treatment of the Roosevelt candidacy.

When a man is a trifle sick he feels sicker if he has any other worries on his mind.

Nothing is more difficult to mend than a cup of happiness which has begun to leak.

More persons wouldn't have such a hard time in getting along if they only knew what they wanted.

It's a long and tiresome road to travel if there isn't just a little excitement along the way.

There's safety in assuming that the restaurant patrons most popular with the proprietors are those with hearty appetites.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

An opinion by the Gridley Light: If there was a city named "Bust" and it had a newspaper we suppose it would be called the "Developer."

The reporter who intends to land some one a hot bunch, always gets busy with a pipe before the victim can hand him a cigar.

A woman's idea of the proper way to get her right to cast the ballot, is to slam a silk hat down over the wearer's ears, or break a window.

We hold that putting the Pittsburg on a silk hat is much more fun than breaking windows, and less dangerous.

A late spring is an advantage to some things. As soon as the last snow melts, the veteran chancier will get his, under the disguise of "spring chicken."

Instead of congratulating the bride or groom, the congrats should be tendered the minister—the only one who gets any cash out of the transaction.

Navy, Evangeline, one may not always purchase hair pins and chewing gum at a store, which advertises "typewriter supplies."

It isn't instinct that teaches a woman to catch her husband in a lie, it's experience.

SAYS UNCLE GAV

If you wish to rise more because the piece above you looks easier, save yourself the pains. You're better off where you are, although it be the bottom of the ladder. We advance this as a consolation to those who are only responsible for their own misdeeds. It is our capacity to assimilate labor that determines our condition. It is no harder to climb the ladder—may, not so hard—than it is to stand up in a rush, there is that is ours when we reach the top.

The light work is all at the foot of the hill. You've got to do a real man's job out right, and when you have reached the heights, you must be a giant or collapse under the weight of your responsibilities. The easiest job in any office is the one that is least regulated. Responsibilities increase by geometrical progression going up. Enough the grades of stenographer, clerk, chief clerk, manager and general manager to ownership.

Sometimes high positions come by favor, but they do not then constitute advancement—the spell graft. Usually, however, they are earned and difficulties of which cannot even be guessed by the envious laggards below. In the great army of industry there are few "snaps," and those who do hold "snaps" do not wear shoulder straps. Advancement comes only through the accumulation of responsibilities and responsibilities come when you ask for them, not when you ask merely for bigger pay and an easier task.—(Copyright, 1912, by W. E. Williams.)

GLOBE SIGHTS

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

[From the Atchison Globe.] Don't you hate spend enthusiasm on one who won't share it? Some men will work harder for revenge than they will for a salary.

As a rule, a man isn't very busy if he hasn't got a happy ending to his story. Every boy knows a lot of cures for warts that aren't in the medical books.

Girls hate so bad to wash dishes that it is a wonder so many of them get married.

Evenings are so short that no two orators should try to speak at the same meeting.

Don't you soon be time for Doc Robinson to take off his coat and appear in his spring suit.

Drunkness isn't much of an excuse for a man, although it is offered for a good deal of it.

It is natural for a man to fight against the use of spectacles, but it isn't natural to fight to win.

There are several more definite ways of determining old age than the respect youth is supposed to show it.

Don't you many school essays consist of selecting a subject and seeing what the encyclopedia has to say about it.

Chorus girls will never look right in their costumes unless they will appear satisfactory in full dress.

Generally speaking, people aren't so anxious to hear from you as to warrant an immediate delivery stamp.

Jude Johnson, who doesn't know how to sign a check, wants to run for the legislature and introduce a bill affecting the ability of prices.

There is nothing in any business that so discourages customers as uncertainty about the ability of prices.

At the beginning of a season, a business starts with a flourish of trumpets—new stocks, new styles, new everything. Those customers who buy at the beginning of a season and for a few weeks during the season are very naturally disgruntled when they find "reduction sales" of the goods they bought at regular prices just a few weeks before. They ask themselves "is it fair?" and their invariably answer "it isn't."

There are occasions when "reduction sales" are legitimate—at the end of seasons to get rid of surplus stocks—for it is better to get rid of them than to keep full lines of everything, and be as careful as they may, there are always some left-overs, which they cannot profitably carry over.

But the one price plan is the one that wins and retains the confidence of customers. Then when occasion a tremendous reduction occurs they get a tremendous response. (To be continued.)

DAFFYDILS

BY U. NOALL.

If they call Richard Dick, why don't they call Duppe Jack? (Jerry! Duff the electric chair.)

If the chauffeur gets full does the gasolene get full? (Don't mind that fellow. There's a puncture in his brain.)

If bread is made of flour and water would you call the wind a flour? (Please tell your troubles to the cook.)

BY THE WAY

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

Senator Bristol rises to make a few remarks concerning the election of Senator Ike Stephenson. Senator Grava Errol, the rest, who wrote to Senator Long for a job with big pay and few duties.

But you will have to admit that March came in more like an Angora goat.

The value of a straw vote is not much, but it may be a cushion filling. Ours is getting thin. Let's take a vote on Malon Burget for governor.

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JOURNAL ENTRIES

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ADVERTISING TALKS

BY WILLIAM C. FREEMAN

The Musical Courier, some time ago, printed the following very sound advice to piano dealers:

"Now go on and get his name, and if you have ever tried it and failed the trial was not a conclusive test for you because, as success outside of yourself. Try it again.

"There are some piano houses making money and success with one price. Probably you are going to lose money because you were not conscientiously with it, you were not sincere.

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JOY OF THE WORLD.

What is it makes the old world fair? 'Tis not alone the skies of blue.

The fragrance of the summer air, The clover blossoms wet with dew.

All these might be, and still the heart Would miss the joy that is worth while.

No soothing balm to ease the smart, If we could see no loved one smile.

The splash of rain upon the pane, The roses blooming by the wall.

Would to the world come back in vain To bring brighter, far and near, There were no smiles of loved ones true.

Awaiting us at close of day, If these we missed, how grim the view!

How rough would be our dreary way!

'Tis not alone the sun on high, Nor summer breezes blowing sweet.

A perfect tretch of cloudless sky With clover blossoms for our feet.

That makes the world a beauty spot, An ever sleep it brings worth while.

Their charms would quickly be forgot If all alone we trudged each mile.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE EVENING STORY

(By Temple Bailey.)

When I went to take charge of Mrs. Duffell's case, I had been up for nights with a pneumonia patient. I tried to beg off, when Dr. Hearn telephoned that he wanted me, but he was insistent.

"No one else will do," he said. "I need some one who has imagination."

I saw his reasons for wanting me, and I came into the big room and looked at the little woman lying among the pillows.

The bed was so big and she was so tiny that she was almost lost in all the whiteness. There was a pink silk curtain coming down from the mahogany canopy, but even these gave no color to the thin face with the big eyes.

"He doesn't love me any more," she said, "but he loves me as I am."

"I'm very sure he does," I said soothingly, "but he can't, for he's so young."

"Can't he?" she asked eagerly. "How do you know?"

"The fairies told me," I said, "now you go to sleep and don't think any more about it."

I saw at once that she was like a child, and so I talked more about fairies, and how they always made everything seem out right, and at last I saw her eyes close, and when Dr. Hearn came she was asleep.

"How did you do it?" he demanded. "She needed comforting," I said.

The doctor nodded. "I can't make it out. He seems to be perfectly devoted, but she says that he's hating her from her, and she's just very strong. She is in a neurotic condition, and I thought your whole-ness was what she needed. That's all."

"I saw the husband that night. He was tall and dark and strong, and when he bent over my little pale lady and kissed her it seemed as if his arms were helping her from his vivid personality."

But she turned from him. "Please don't," she said.

"He drew back and I saw the desperation in his eyes. 'What shall I do with her, nurse?' was the question those eyes seemed to ask, though his lips did not move."

I gave her a little nod, which seemed to reassure him. "All right, dearest," he said, "but tomorrow morning I shall send for you, and then—you'll let me kiss you?"

"She looked up at him sharply. 'What makes you say that?' she asked.

"I interposed. 'It will be the happy ending of the fairy tale.'"

She put her hands over her face and began to cry, weakly. "There can't be any happy ending," she said.

I motioned to him to go away, and it took me an hour to get her quiet. I gave her an alcohol rub and a glass of warm milk and put her water bags on her head, and still she shivered and shook, and at last I thought I'd try mental suggestion. So I took both of her hands in mine and said quietly: "You are going to sleep."

"How can I sleep," she cried, "when he loves me one else?"

"Then I saw what was troubling her and I bent over her and whispered: 'You are going to sleep, and you must help him to break the charm.'"

She sat up in bed. "How can I help?" she asked, feverishly.

"You must kiss him three times in the morning, and every time you must say 'I love you.'"

"And then he will be just the same," she said, "as he used to be. He won't be hiding anything from me."

"He will be just the same," I said.

In a little while she was asleep and there was the faintest shadow of a smile on her lips.

Then I went to look for her husband and found him sitting in front of a dying fire in the library.

"What are you doing here?" I asked abruptly. "What are you keeping from her?"

"For a moment he stared at me, and then he