

Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN. [Entered July 1, 1875, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan., under the act of congress.]

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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.

Winter weather has been on the boards so long that the Fourth of July will arrive before you are expecting it. And almost immediately thereafter will come the advice to do your Christmas shopping early.

No wonder Attorney General Dawson sings the famous Missouri "houn' dawg" song whenever he has a chance. His experiences of the last few months have been such as to put him in entire sympathy with its sentiments.

One more rumor comes from Washington that "Tama Jim" Wilson is about to resign as secretary of agriculture. There have been as many rumors of this sort in the past few years as there are hairs in Mr. Wilson's head.

Kansas farmers usually have their oats planted by this time of year. Nor are many of the potato growers in the state going to get their crop of spuds set out by St. Patrick's day, which is the extreme limit for potato planting among those inclined to be superstitious.

Forty-six of the labor leaders and others, indicted at Indianapolis on charges connecting them with the terrible dynamite conspiracy in which the McNamars played such a leading part, pleaded not guilty the other day. And Sam Gompers has failed to pronounce them "innocent." Sam has either lost the power of speech or he is wisening up a bit.

President Taft has laid out something of a difficult row for his campaign managers to hoe. He insists that they confine their attacks on the opposition to a discussion of the issues of the campaign. The difficulty in this lies in the insistence of the opposition to lay most of their stress on such state issues as the initiative, the referendum and the recall.

People who turn up their noses at the conquests of the North and South Poles as being fruitless enterprises, seem to overlook the fact that as get-rich-quick schemes for the successful explorers, they are almost in a class by themselves. So enthusiastic are the people of Norway over Raold Amundsen's exploit that they are going to pay off a \$18,000 debt that has been standing against him for some time.

A true primary provides the means for making nominations by a direct vote of the people. Has anybody in Kansas a sufficiently elastic imagination to deem the plan for a preferential presidential primary suggested by Mr. Dolley, or any of the other plans that have been put out, as providing the means for the selection of delegates to the Republican national convention by a direct vote of the Republicans of the state? As a matter of fact Mr. Dolley's plan is about as complicated and indirect as it well could be.

Henry Allen, the genial and versatile editor of the Wichita Beacon, has been passing most of his time in Kansas of late. And yet, he goes up into North Dakota and tells the voters there that T. R. is the choice of the people over the whole United States for the Republican presidential nomination. Nor does Mr. Allen gain his purported information on this score from the sentiment expressed by the great majority of the newspapers of the country. The preponderance of newspaper sentiment is just the other way. So where did Mr. Allen get this information? A good guess would be that Governor Stubbs provided it.

A number of Topeka men have moved their Laredo and Penates to San Diego, Cal. They have written home frequently to friends that they had at last found a veritable Garden of Eden, where severe weather and climatic disturbances "so common" to Kansas were unknown. Not a few of these friends, undoubtedly, have looked with envious eyes in the direction of San Diego during the last few weeks when they have been up to their knees in snow most of the time. But San Diego was swept by a gale of terrific force the other day. Yachts in its harbors were tossed up on the land. In the city, itself, telephone, telegraph and lighting wires were blown down in all directions. Has Topeka suffered in like fashion even during the unusually heavy weather that has prevailed this winter? Well, haadig.

CHAPTER CIV. [Political Activity.]

Topeka is the scene today, as it has been many times in the past, of the assembly of the prominent and representative Republicans of Kansas, brought here by the meeting of the Republican State Central Committee to adopt a method, fix a time and set a place for the selection of the four delegates at large to represent the state at the Republican National Convention to be held in Chicago on the 18th of June.

The sentiment among the committee-men and the Republicans here with whom seems to be overwhelmingly favorable to the renomination of President Taft; there seems to be a very general belief that he has made a good president and is entitled to re-nomination; that if this should be refused him, the party would stultify itself, repudiate its own policies and platform and give ammunition to the Democracy; the assembly here today shows a remarkable trend toward Taft and an overwhelming opposition to a third term and an appreciation of the fact that the President of the United States has proven himself all that Roosevelt said of him when he was nominated for the presidency, namely:

"I do not believe there can be found in the whole country a man so well fitted to be president. He is not only absolutely fearless, absolutely disinterested and upright, but he has the widest acquaintance with the nation's needs without and within, and the broadest sympathies with all our citizens."

It would be as emphatically a president of the plain people as Lincoln, yet not Lincoln himself, would be freer from the least taint of demagoguery, the least tendency to arouse, to appeal to class hatred of any kind, or to lead a mob to have a clean man who combines all these qualities to a degree which no other man in our public life since the civil war has surpassed."

There was a fixed determination among the committee-men present to decline to sanction, in the absence of a law, any state wide referendum primary, for which neither expense nor safeguards could be provided, but to favor the legal and customary proceeding, alike fair to both factions, the convention plan for electing delegates—the plan promulgated by the national committee, where no primary law prevails.

Whatever the political enemies may say of his excellency, our governor, that he lacks, no one can charge that he is wanting in that fine trait which often gives accomplishment to desire, and described with that graphic word, nerve. The governor displayed this faculty to the fullest when he sent that presumptuous telegram to President Taft last evening, implying that federal office holders were controlling the various congressional committees which yesterday afternoon took action, looking toward the election of delegates to the Republican National Convention.

Let the reader not be misled in the first place when it comes to political activity, perilous or otherwise, depending upon whether you are friendly to Taft or to the exponent of the third term. Our governor can give his opponents cards and spades and beat them in taking part in this sort of a game. That he cannot actually beat them in results is because his opponents insist upon a square deal, have the power to see that such is dealt, and the ability to win in a fair political game.

The reader may gather the idea from our governor and his bank committee, who is chairman of the Republican state central committee that federal office holders were in the majority at these congressional committee meetings where the conduct so angered Governor Stubbs, that he felt impelled to take his pen in hand and write our president at length over the wire, charging him with being a beneficiary of a deep, dark conspiracy of federal office holders.

There is one good thing about political activity in Kansas just now. It has brought the governor back to the state from the Atlantic seaboard and intervening points where he managed national politics in assailing the nation's chief and the national leader of the Republican party.

This present state activity has also kept our governor from going up into North Dakota on affairs of the nation. Let us be thankful that the governor is here during this crisis, for although he has found no word of commendation to extend to President Taft, the committee meeting this afternoon will formulate words which the governor may read for profit and for information.

In regard to this federal patronage which controlled the congressional committee yesterday, a careful investigation of the membership of the First district congressional committee which closed the remarkable fact that out of the entire number there was only one little lone federal officeholder who participated in the work of the committee, Mr. Weltmer of Hiawatha. He is a federal officeholder, one of the newest in the state. He was appointed statistician for the forestry department, to succeed the late Major T. J. Anderson of this city. All the rest of the committee-men who were using such disreputable methods to influence the election of delegates favorable to you, President Taft, were simply practical business men, professional men and farmers.

There was one other federal officeholder of this committee, but he resigned last year, although he did not succeed in getting himself off the official list until during the last twenty-four hours. This is Postmaster Biddle of Leavenworth. To succeed him was chosen Mr. E. E. Brewster, a business man of Leavenworth, but Mr. Biddle's name was still being carried on Chairman Dolley's list, so Brewster, a few hours ago, went up to Chairman Dolley with his credentials, in order that

BY THE WAY BY HARVEY PARSONS.

People will not go to the Auditorium to see a free show, and they balk at paying regular theater rates for the very highest class of Auditorium entertainment; therefore, next week's high grade entertainment for the price of a cigar ought to prove the happy medium the people have been looking for.

Let us look at the complexion of the congressional committee which met at Hutchinson yesterday afternoon to take action, as Governor Stubbs put it in his telegram, "in favor of disfranchising a vast majority of the Republicans of this state." Well, after a careful investigation of the complexion of this committee, only one federal officeholder can be singled out of the fifteen committee-men who were presented to carry out "these thoroughly disreputable methods to influence the election of delegates." It is lone federal officeholder is Mr. Frank Milliken of Dodge City, register of the United States land office.

Indeed, at the meeting of the Seventh district committee at Hutchinson yesterday, the notorious activities seemed to be confined to those who held patronage from the governor rather than from the president. It was of so little effect, however, that so far as results are concerned, it might be classed as political inactivity, to the governor's evident disappointment.

Let us look at the Third District Congressional Committee which assembled at Cheryvale yesterday afternoon under the control of your Mr. Taft, political managers," and on account of which Governor Stubbs hurried this question over the heated wire to the president. "Do you approve the use of federal patronage to control the election of delegates to a national convention?" Well, there we see eighteen members of the committee representing the Republicans of the Third district at the meeting. Do you think a majority of them were federal office holders before whom "patronage was dangled," to induce them to follow "thoroughly disreputable methods" to influence the election of delegates?" No, not a majority, not even a respectable minority, only one lone man was a federal office holder at that important meeting, Mr. Booth, postmaster of Chetopa. Think of it!

Here out of three committees there was a total of three men, and so far as this writer knows, none of them even, although they were all of sufficient standing and integrity to be entrusted with important federal office, was in any conspiracy or league to use "thoroughly disreputable methods" to influence the election of delegates favorable to you, President Taft."

A review of the committee-men from other districts might be attended with like results.

Under all the circumstances, was it not well that Representative D. L. Anthony was here and sent President Taft a message, "I trust you will pay no attention to the telegram of Governor Stubbs, charging participation of postmasters in First district committee meeting today. No postmasters participated, etc.," at the same time adding what Governor Stubbs overlooked in his telegram, a statement that three congressional district committees "unanimously endorsed you for renomination and re-election."

But why speak of the past? Why go into reminiscences when there is so much to do today in the present? Right at this moment the Republican state central committee is meeting, adopting resolutions commending the fine administration of President Taft, and endorsing him for renomination and re-election.

As governor of the state, and as chairman of the Republican state central committee, it is to be hoped Messrs. Stubbs and Dolley will send a joint wire to President Taft this evening to the effect that the good deeds of his administration have been recognized, and that the Kansas state committee endorses and favors him for renomination, and is taking the only reputable method under the circumstances to secure delegates which shall represent the real sentiment of Kansas at Chicago in June.

Speaking of political activity, it certainly comes with poor grace from Governor Stubbs to criticize President Taft, for while the latter has been by action and word sowing the seeds of integrity, law and confidence, and attending to his high official duties as president, our governor has been sowing the seeds of distrust from the Missouri to the Atlantic.

In writing the president that there was a movement in Kansas against presidential primaries, why did not our governor let the country know that there was no law in Kansas providing for the holding of presidential primaries, the expense thereof, nor the safeguarding of time? That is the real reason the people who are assembled here are opposed to primaries. Few of them are federal officeholders, but the majority of them are business men, and they know it is not a business proposition to hold a state-wide presidential primary in Kansas at this time.

Speaking of caucuses, what is known as the Insurgent wing of the party was the first to hold a caucus on this presidential primary matter. It was held at a time before the state committee had opportunity to act upon the question today. It was held last night in the state house. The caucus showed a shortage of votes favorable to a third term for a president.

Chapter XC next.

"Irish Flats" writes to the Meade Globe that when Mr. Dolley informed President Taft that a great majority of the people of Kansas are opposed to his nomination he was "talking through his hat." "He can't prove his statement," insists "Irish Flats," "for money, marbles or chalk."

LITTLE-WOOLLY-DOG.

Little-Woolly-Dog, With hair so curly, Up with the sun—soon so early, Living your life in the world's hurly-burly.

Little-Woolly-Dog, With tongue so pink, Eyes that softly shine and blink, Of this great game, what do you think?

Little-Woolly-Dog, You show us how To be content with what is now, Your philosophy is good—we must allow— Little-Woolly-Dog.

Rob. M. Campbell.

THE EVENING STORY

"Then You'll Remember Me" (By Dorothy Douglas.)

Alice Lange arose half impatiently from her desk and took up a position by the window. She gazed with unseeing eyes into the great court at the rear of the apartment building and nibbled the end of her pen thoughtfully.

"I want to marry him and I don't want to," she told herself with unsmiling eyes. "If only he could learn to love music I believe—I am positive I would marry him. Music is the greatest bliss of my life and Jimmy is unutterably bored if any one save Harry Lauder is singing."

Alice heaved a sigh and turned again toward her desk. A spotted bill of monogram paper lay ready for her answer to Jimmy Blake. She dipped her pen in the ink and again nibbled the end of it. Suddenly her head turned and she listened.

A voice of wonderful baritone grandeur had burst into song. The pen in Alice's hand dropped in differently and she stole into her room by the open court in a desire to draw nearer the man's voice.

Fortunate was her window was partly open and Alice sank down on her couch in an abandonment of exquisite enjoyment. In the recess of her mind was the thought that a new tenant had moved into the apartment and that she would have the pleasure, if stolen, of hearing him sing often.

Her critical ear told her that the voice, though of warm, rich timber, was lacking in the minor technicalities and finish that would have put him on a level with the great Caruso.

"He is no doubt studying night and day," Alice decided, "and I will hear him practicing." Then over her enjoyment of the music came the certain knowledge that windows were being opened in many of the apartments on the court.

This yearning she suddenly. The man was a street singer and those people were throwing him money. Alice jumped up and thrust her head far out of the window.

There he is, and I can see only the top of his head. The man had been singing the more popular arias from the operas and when he had finished the Flower Song he turned to the crowd and began to pick up the many little white packages that had been thrown to him.

In a panic lest she be too late she rushed to her desk and took the first envelope she came to. Into the envelope she thrust a bill with a yellow back and threw it hastily out of the window.

The man would have been gone a moment later, but he heard the girl's voice calling "Here!" He turned back, picked up the envelope, and when he saw the denomination he looked quickly up at the window and for a moment his face looked into his sensitive, emotional face.

With his hat still in his hand then he sang the most beautiful of the "Rohemian Girl" arias. "Then You'll Remember Me." There were tears in the girl's eyes and an ache in her throat when his voice so poignantly sweet sobbed its last appealing line. "Then you'll remember me."

After he had gone Alice did not return to her desk. Instead, she sat for a long time dreaming of the street singer's voice.

"No," she decided finally, "I cannot marry Jimmy Blake. He was to roam the Elysian fields and pluck the flowers of greatest fragrance, and Jimmy—" Alice smiled wistfully, "Jimmy would only tell me I am moonstruck and take me to the performance."

And when Jimmy received the note that Alice sent him he went out to the race track and came back through Elysian fields that swayed fantastically and had a tendency to rise up and make his great gray racer turn turtle were not possible to roam in when there was one other to share them.

She had spent many vain hours in an effort to locate the man whose voice had seemed to change the entire course of her life, but he had disappeared apparently and no search could find him. Alice even went so far as to follow the example of a London society and had organized a great concert, at which all the street musicians had an opportunity to perform before a critical and philanthropic audience.

But she came home from the venture tired and disheartened. There had been no voice with even a tenth portion of the sweetness of the one she sought. For a time she sat back and wished she had married Jimmy Blake. Then one morning in her mail she received a ticket for the opera. There was no message with the orchestra seat well toward the stage. Alice pondered over the mysterious gift, but not deeply for she had often been the recipient of boxes from some of the singers. But later in the afternoon when a box of violets arrived in the same anonymous way she felt strangely A week later a well-known baritone had expressed his love for her, yet he was not in the habit of sending gifts without his card.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

A soft answer was never known to turn away a book agent, says the Atchison Champion.

Our people may not like this winter, says the Coldwater Talsman, but when you mention wheat it never fails to bring a smile.

The Newton Journal says if some men loved their neighbors as themselves, they would have everybody's hide kept full of booze all the time.

Jim Furney, who lives near Pratt, has some hens that are helpful for a fact. He sold no less than \$58 worth of eggs during the winter of 1911.

Why is it, inquires the Marquette Tribune, that the dinkiest, dirtiest, dingiest buildings in a town are always located along the railroad tracks where the tourists all get a full view of them?

A prominent and successful physician said to the Pratt Union recently, when discussing the impassable condition of the roads: "That gives folks who get sick a chance to get well before the doctor gets there."

What's the fun of eating, the Lawrence Journal-World wants to know, if you have to dose yourself with medicine to make the tongue is good, but the taste in the stomach is better.

That considerable progress is being made by the students at the Olathe high school is evidenced by the following note appearing in the Olathe Mirror: Several new yells have been added to the school's already classical collection.

A boy or young man who works for a living, follows a career, and knows what to do with his money is far better off, rightly argues the Florence Bulletin, than the one who gets eighteen or twenty a week and some bootlegger or professional gambler.

An observation by Sinful Peck of the Hawatha News-Democrat: "If the girls manage to smoke, let 'em smoke out on the street like the rest of the sports. At the present rate they are likely to burn down half the barns in town before they acquire the habit."

As the weather man on the Lyons Republican has figured it out: There have been only sixteen colder Februarys in 39 years than the one just passed. This month was one of the warmest in years, only 11 clear days during the month—and they didn't want to be.

KANSAS COMMENT

DISGRACING A GOOD CAUSE. It is a pity that causes so good and just as equal suffrage should be disgraced as it is in England. Just now that government is warring with grave problems that have nothing to do with suffrage. Two women choose this as a fitting time to make another of their disgraceful demonstrations. Mrs. Fankhousler, who was wisely kept out of Kansas, has been sent to jail. It is the place for her. She lacks that refinement that carries success with it. This woman leaves mean well but they have been sadly inefficient in leadership. They are unwise. There is some danger that it will drive half-hearted supporters of equal suffrage to the other side in Kansas but it should not do so. Suffrage is a principle, not a condition of government. The leaders are women of the highest character and finest tact.—Lawrence Journal-World.

ENGLAND'S NEXT PLUNGE? The failure of the government to avert the national strike of the coal miners is gloomily predicted by the British press. The owners have agreed to the principle of a minimum wage for a stipulated period, but this is only a fraction of the battle. The real conflict is over the interpretation and application of this principle. It is further complicated by necessary differentials in various districts.

According to opinion in the lobbies of parliament, "the next step will be a resort to legislative enforcement of the minimum wage." This effort to establish a legal wage is attempted, will be a further plunge into state socialism by the ministry. Granted that, as the government intimates and public opinion appears to hold, the British coal miners are underpaid—is this the only way out? Are the mineowners so absolutely persistent in their refusal to accept public opinion and governmental argument that they are ready to invite remedial legislation so radical? It is possible some of them will do so. Suffrage is a principle, not a condition of government. The leaders are women of the highest character and finest tact.—Lawrence Journal-World.

FROM OTHER PENS

ADVERTISING TALKS BY WILLIAM C. FREEMAN

John H. Pray & Sons Co., Boston, printed an advertisement in the Boston Herald of February 27, 1912, which was 3 1/2 inches by three columns, which read as follows:

This is a declaration of conviction, courage and red blood. There is a fight on against untrue and misleading advertising. Every merchant is either a progressive or a standpat advertiser. The consumer is a chap who always pays, is vitally interested in the outcome. The standpat platform: Let us alone. It seems almost useless to include price and comparison of value in any advertising law that would be enforceable. The progressive platform: Misleading advertising illuminated lying. Knowingly untrue or misleading advertising of price, worth or value, is a misdemeanor subject to penalty. Every newspaper in Boston and Massachusetts is also either a progressive or a standpat advertiser. The standpat newspaper platform: Everything is "grist that comes to our mill."

The progressive newspaper platform: Loss of public confidence in the statements made lessens the value of advertising. It is almost useless to include price and comparison of value in any advertising law that would be enforceable. The progressive platform: Misleading advertising illuminated lying. Knowingly untrue or misleading advertising of price, worth or value, is a misdemeanor subject to penalty. Every newspaper in Boston and Massachusetts is also either a progressive or a standpat advertiser. The standpat newspaper platform: Everything is "grist that comes to our mill."

Some states have drastic laws against the "Jack Rabbit promoter" who advertises a hole in the ground as a producing mine. A broadening of this law to include untrue statements regarding the worth and value of merchandise is demanded. We stand squarely on the progressive advertising platform.

The above is a gem by itself and indicates what is going through the minds of merchants throughout the country who stand on a platform of plain, old-fashioned honesty in their advertising, advertising and the conduct of their business. (To be continued.)

SAYS UNCLE GAV

Hold on, young man; hold on! If you let that fellow with the rattling tongue and the legs that are air-trap work on the high speed bicycle, fool you into adopting his methods, you're done for, so far as ever amounting to anything is concerned. True by sedulously imitating his methods you may be able to make a few thousand dollars a year, but you'll be a man who is keeping on bluffing as hard as he does you'll not be in great danger of starving. You'll always be in demand with people who need bluffers, and there are a good many of them. You can go through life a noisy, loud-mouthed, glib-tongued, slap-him-on-the-back-in-the-barroom, \$2,000-a-year sort of a success.

But if you have really made up your mind that you want to be just that much of a success, and to associate with people of just that cast of mind, go ahead. If you have the kind of a mental make-up that goes with it, you'll probably be happy, and you'll find plenty of your chatterbox, feather-brained kind of bluffers to share your joy.

But before you decide to go in for noise rather than substance, think a minute. The loud mouth is always in the limelight. He generally monopolizes the conversation, and usually effects this result by turning it to his own doings. There are a few people always who will take his word for it that he is a great man and a success, but over at the edge of the group you will invariably find the quiet-voiced, smooth-spoken chaps who are the thinkers, who, if he pays any attention whatsoever to the little fellow does it merely for the latter's undoing. Since he doesn't have the most of his time talking, your quiet man usually has time to think; and brain power, not wind power, rules the world. The yapper does the more dignified and substantial man a great service by keeping the attention of the crowd away from him while he accomplishes his personal designs with a minimum amount of hindrance. It is for you to choose whether you will be among the noisy mob, or among the quiet workers—the parrots or the real doers of deeds.

I sometimes think that the Creator made the human unit in two parts—a man and his voice; that if the voice is large the man must be small in order that the two may dwell together. At any rate, many a man has let his voice crowd him into insignificant positions.—(Copyright, 1912, by W. K. Williams.)

GLOBE SIGHTS BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE

One sure rule of health is that you can't be in a hot place. There are several ways of spolling a child, including a club. Calling a guess a prophecy doesn't greatly increase its accuracy. The more people do their best as they try to do, and not the same ones. It is an unusual man who doesn't blame his blunders on a cruel fate. Be good-natured, but not enough so to make everyone impose on you. Life Dottie's idea of a statesman is a delegate who gets all of his expenses paid. Next to his hunting coat, a man's night shirt is the worst looking garment in his wardrobe. A grouch is another contagion which should be subject to the general rules of quarantine. The mere fact that a man needs exercise is no sign he will feel friendly toward the land of the living. It sometimes occurs to a renter that he pays too much for the privilege of fusing with the land of the living. There are few people are sufficiently built-headed to warrant risking a long conversation with an agent.

DAFFYDILS BY U. NOALL

If an ingenue made a hit would a star shoot? (Be a little more liberal with your applause, boys, the actors will work harder.) If the dog drinks does the catpup? (Ding, dong, dell, pussy's in the well.) If Horace Greeley's hen got loose would Peter Cooper? (Handle that man gently. He's full of prunes.)