

Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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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.

Even in politics, it's a long road that hasn't a turn.

Mrs. Jack Cudaly has more trouble than a cranberry merchant. She has "lost" her children again.

Presumably the favorite book just now with the Republican "insurgents" in Kansas is Paradise Lost.

Governor Stubbs is probably convinced by this time of the truth of President Taft's assertion that one man doesn't make a multitude.

It is incumbent on Mr. Dolley to write another letter to President Taft informing him about the real Republican presidential sentiment in Kansas.

Colonel Roosevelt's confidence in the protestations of the seven governors must have been badly shaken when he read the political news from Kansas in this morning's newspapers.

Senator LaFollette apparently is one of those men who does not know when he is licked. He has just announced in detail the platform on which he is campaigning for the Republican presidential nomination.

Governor Stubbs has finally been given a taste of that political medicine he has been so free to deal to others. And from the babyish howl he put up in his inexcusable telegram to President Taft, it must have tasted pretty bitter to him.

Today, March 15, 1912, is three weeks. It marks the end of the six weeks of winter weather that was predicted by the groundhog on February 2. Undoubtedly, though, some more winter weather will be thrown in for good measure.

It is reported that the liberals in Nicaragua attempted to blow up the train on which Secretary of State Knox was traveling through that country. Mr. Knox is having as ticklish a time on his South American tour as has the man who attempts to walk on eggs without crushing them.

Most agreeable, indeed, will be a change for the better in the weather conditions. Everybody will then have to find something else to talk about. The weather has been almost the sole topic for discussion on the part of most folk for many weeks. It is getting to be just a trifle monotonous.

For several years now the Kansas Republican state committee has been in the keeping of Governor Stubbs and his right bower, Mr. Dolley. But they could not control it against President Taft. They weren't even strong enough to rule out proxies, as they attempted to, an almost unheard of political procedure in a meeting of that sort.

Governor Stubbs is terribly wrought up over the activities of federal office holders and the use of federal patronage in the Republican political arena in Kansas. Governor Stubbs is a state office holder. So is Chairman Dolley of the Republican state committee, so are several of their willing assistants in their branch of the Republican party in Kansas. Apparently the governor thinks it is all right for state office holders to be as active as they please in state politics. Nor has he ever shown any hesitancy in the use of state patronage to further his political fortunes, or the fortunes of the "insurgent" cause. All this, though, as Rudyard Kipling would say, is another story, and especially to the thinking of Governor Stubbs.

Presumably when Governor Stubbs told Colonel Roosevelt that the Kansas Republicans were overwhelming for him, he was merely guessing. Anyhow, he has been out of the state so much of late that he could scarcely be expected to have a correct idea of the political sentiment of his brethren at home. The action of the Republican congressional committees, and especially the one in the Seventh district, a Stubbs and "insurgent" stronghold, ought to come pretty near to convincing the governor that he was in error on the Republican presidential sentiment in Kansas. And it is to be wondered what Colonel Roosevelt thought when he received the news of these Kansas congressional committees' meetings.

CHAPTER CV.

(Whose Ox is -roed?)

Among the political developments of the week those who do not take politics too seriously, and few should, have found much of amusement. The daily telegrams which our Governor is sending to our President in regard to the political activity of office holders are decidedly refreshing, in addition to being presumptuous. The governor's state appointees were certainly quite as active in political matters during the last week as those of the President, which leads one to ponder: Why is an oil inspector? Why is a bank commissioner? and why is a postmaster? and why are the interests of one in furthering the ambitions of our Governor altogether reputable and commendable and the interest of another in desiring the political success of our President altogether disreputable and condemnable?

Governor Stubbs is a fine gentleman, but nonetheless is President Taft. The governor plays the political game better than the president. The governor has no more at heart the welfare of Kansas than the president has the best interests of the nation.

In sending these telegrams, which of course are prepaid, the governor is playing politics. Why would he have the dear people believe that he is in the political game and not playing it? "That is to laugh," and that is one of the things which have made this week's politics less serious.

To the governor is attributed the authorship of the epigram "A dollar's worth of work for a dollar's worth of pay," applying it to the holders of political jobs in the exercise of their duties. Perhaps the governor is worth to the state twice as much as the state pays him. In that event, the state is getting a dollar's worth of work for a dollar's worth of pay when the governor is absent from the state, say half the time, saving the nation.

The Governor is quoted today in another column of the paper as saying that the blow which hit "Father Insurgent" yesterday, while a serious blow, is not a fatal one; that it has stirred him up to get busy at home. This leads one to recall the adage: "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"I believe there is only one thing necessary to carry 100 out of the 105 counties of the state for Roosevelt, and that is to organize and get busy and get a direct vote in the counties for state convention delegates." All of which reminds one that the Governor is always optimistic at home, however pessimistic he may be when he goes abroad into national conditions as they exist. When he thinks there is only one thing necessary to carry the third term movement in Kansas, he certainly shows that he is cheerful—at least as hilarious as one makes one's self by whistling through a graveyard.

When he still declares Kansas is for Roosevelt, he doesn't have the votes or the sentiment behind the statement. He is simply about four weeks behind. Kansas was strong for Roosevelt, before he was running for a third term. Now it is for Taft.

The assembly of representative Republicans in Kansas yesterday was a bigger straw showing which way the wind blows than all the straws blowing into a Missouri newspaper office.

Chairman Dolley's admirable conduct as presiding officer over the Republican state conference, of which he is the head, was certainly fine and showed Dolley to be of the right sort. The steam roller was running over his pet measure and man, but he still had the nerve and calmness to keep it in the middle of the road, knowing that it was crushing his fondest hopes while he guided it. While there was discord in the air and in the committee meeting, it was a harmonious discord; thanks to the chairman. None appreciated the chairman's fine quality, expressed under such distressing circumstances, than did the Regulars who were pushing the roller which Mr. Dolley, only in duty bound, guided.

(Chapter CVI Next.)

Ralph Faxon's serial editorials on Soft Water and The Concrete Bridge have run into chapter DCCLV and DCCXLV, respectively. In all probability Brother Faxon is the only newspaper man in Kansas who is smart enough to interpret Roman numerals of such complexity.

Why Salt Makes Ice Colder. Why salt makes ice colder sometimes and warmer at others is thus explained in the current issue of the Household.

Freezing ice cream is done by means of a freezing mixture, ice and salt in certain proportions. Any woman knows that salt of itself is not a freezing mixture. The more you add, the more it freezes. Why?

Why? Because salt of itself is not a freezing mixture. The more you add, the more it freezes. Why? Because salt of itself is not a freezing mixture. The more you add, the more it freezes. Why?

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lecting this immense potential for the manufacture of fancy habilliments and esoteric edibles? London's proportion of units is 1,507,692. Thus, cats collectively own a newspaper syndicate in the concrete form—or, to be more precise, among the bricks and mortar of that particular urban space under review—they are actually appalling. What share of the million dollars to the city at large must be infinitesimal. For here they throng in solid army corps. Desperate lodgers who at dead of night, softly creep along the summits of back-yard walls to discover and swing the necks of budding cockerels, describe the presence of a cat underfoot at every few inches as most discomposing. To tread on a cat, or even on two cats—s. o. one under each simultaneously—bags an amount of squirming, biting, spitting, scratching, and miaowing which, in these circumstances, tries the courage and agility of the doughtiest crusader. He will need every particle of the approbation and balancing power which a good conscience gives to succeed in the hollow enterprise. Let us leave this dark phase of existence as too horrible for further development. Readers can exercise their imaginative powers apropos to the uttermost. These simple indications suggest what felid multitudes infest that devoted spot, how it rings the night through with demoniac outcries, and eerie sing-songs, and weird screechings.—Westminster Review.

By watching carefully, one may occasionally pick a winner. It is not where it is least expected. The man who was "jobbed" in a murder charge has been released.

A Norton man thinks he has invented a safety device for aeroplanes, but the only safe safety device for aeroplanes is a two inch rope, with which the machine should be tied down to a solid tree.

It is a Chicago preacher—not a Williamsburg, Kansas, preacher, who advocates unity between the minister and his choir. No preacher who finally goes to her father, who disclaimed any knowledge of Marcia's love affairs. His manner proclaimed, politely enough, his unwillingness to be told of them. But Stephen Wright would be heard. He was not a man whom even a narrowly escaped father-in-law ignores.

It's so unfair! he protested hotly, summing up the situation, "and she walks her. One day she wrote her she loves me and promises to marry me. A few hours after I am called away by a telegram for a week—before I could even speak to you about the matter—the old man bowed in recognition—and on my return I find on my desk, re-enveloped and addressed to me in her hand, every one of the frequent letters she wrote her while away. Not one of them had she opened! Then I rush out to see her, and have a servant tell me that she is not at home to me, and never will be. I try to tell her she has refused to talk. I send Mrs. Townsend, her best friend and mine, to her, and am told she coldly refused to mention me. And now you, sir, say you will help me. You say: 'Women are always—in some way—unfair.' I know nothing about this. I am sorry for you, but I cannot interfere. I will tell you what you say. If she sends you any word I will write you."

The average man is perfectly willing to let his wife have the last word; all he wants her to do is to hurry up and say it.

Don't lightly determine to disdain conventionality. Don't try to slip the shackles of custom without counting the cost. The role of iconoclast is one for mobs or heroes. The mob may do anything with impunity, but he who attacks the established order alone and single-handed must be of that stern stuff which endures ignominy, ostracism and torture without a wince.

The price of freedom is at least loneliness. Often it is the lot of the outcast, or death. We do not kill our enemies today, but we sometimes hound the life out of them. Or perhaps we leave them to die of sheer hunger for comradeship. In these cases, if another, we make the lot of him who will have none, one conventionally unhappy if not hopeless.

If you long for mental or moral freedom, count the cost and measure your strength. The price you will have to pay has been called by one name or another since the world began, but it is always the same. It is the price of mental slavery.

Christ went to the cross. Socrates drank hemlock. Servetus and Savonarola died on the pyre.

Darwin narrowly escaped being executed by a majority of the intelligent people of a world that he loved. The people caught him, and his services paid the price for freedom of mind and conscience. What may you expect who have done no such work? Do not have any such messengers.

The day which we have just entered will bring new and startling events and births. On June 18, 1912, congress declared war against England. It was the last of the wars between us and that country. Committees have been appointed in the United States, England, and Canada to arrange for the celebration of the hundred years of peace between those countries. Observations will also be made on the war. Some of these will come in 1912. The most important, however, will be in the latter part of 1912, for it was on December 24, 1814, that the treaty of peace was signed at Ghent, Belgium. The battle of New Orleans, in which Jackson overwhelmed Pakenham, took place on January 8, 1815, two weeks after the signing of the peace, but several weeks before the news of the signing reached here in the slow-moving sailing vessels of that day.

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Sapped—Society is a terrible bore. Don't you think so? Mr. Clegg's sister Cutting—Some people's—Boston Transcript.

BY THE WAY

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

There are lots of mothers' clubs in the country, and most of the them are used in knocking on the fathers' clubs.

And the mother-in-law come in for an occasional swat, too.

Charley Elakely may hammer others or he will, but he's got to quit kicking our shoes and synonym for "art department" around. For his size, he's just as good as anybody's art department.

We read a portion of Gov. Stubbs' telegram to Mr. Taft, and noted that he charged federal officeholders with trying to disfranchise 95 per cent of the Kansas Republicans. We conceded, of course, that Hon. Stubbs is 95 per cent, but who ARE the other 5?

Only a portion of the telegram was read and then we had to quit because of a sore lip. As soon as the lip is well so a hearty laugh will not crack it, the rest of the telegram shall be read.

During Lent this department will observe the season of sacrifice by giving up Hobo Kemp's poetry and grap notes.

Of course this department never used either, but it's the kind of a Lenten sacrifice most people make, at that.

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"TONGUELESS" WONDERS.

You've heard of horseless wagons. An' you've seen 'em by the mile. An' you've heard of wireless telegraph. 'Till it's come to make you smile.

Also the wireless telephone—Not quite so common yet—'Till it's left to the wireless cooker. A crackerjack, you bet. But of all the wonders great and small 'till this world below.

The hunters tell of tall-less cats That roam the tangled wild. An' of a curious tall-less bird That sings 'em 'em 'em bird.

Of talk-less parrots by the flock That never say a word; An' horn-less lizards and tall-less toads That live beneath the rocks.

But of all the creatures great an' small That in this realm do well, The tongue-less man, he beats 'em all As near as I can tell.

They tell me of the work-less man Who lives by others' toil. They tell me of the worth-less tramp Too lazy to raise a boy.

That wither up the rye; An' printers tell of lice-less type An' of the pie-less pie.

The tongue-less man, he beats 'em all An' sets your heart aglow. S. E. LAWTON. Westmoreland, Kan.

THE EVENING STORY

Explanation. (By Louise Olney.)

Angry, hurt, bewildered, he had finally gone to her father, who disclaimed any knowledge of Marcia's love affairs. His manner proclaimed, politely enough, his unwillingness to be told of them. But Stephen Wright would be heard. He was not a man whom even a narrowly escaped father-in-law ignores.

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been ill. She was afraid he was too late about coming to see her. She was starting that night for the West to live with a widowed aunt. Yes, it was sad. It must be good-by. As the curtain fell she gave him a hand. It was cold as ice and she was white. He went back to his seat. Was all the world gone wrong?

The old man, who explained to everybody in the neighborhood the things to do in the play, stood in the center of the stage in this last act. Stephen found himself really listening.

A man is helpless with women," said the old man. "They fight each other and use him for a tool. They love and he believes them, and perhaps his which he dies ignorant of. Men come out in the open and explain. Women let pride or jealousy make fiends of them at moments, though they are angels when they themselves. You can't blame them—it is a sort of insanity, not to be straightforward. How they will let a man suffer for lack of a word or two!" There was more of it, all banal enough, all, to his taste, a little cheap, but perhaps with a grain of truth.

Then an usher handed him a folded note. He glanced up at the box, but Kate looked on. He forgot even to read it, reading her penciled note. It began without preface:

"Go straight out and see Marcia. She will be waiting for you, or perhaps she get there she will have a note from me telling her what this says to you."

Marcia! Marcia! I loved her. I was afraid you loved her. I cared myself, and could not bear to lose you. I told her we were engaged, and asked her not to come here, but she came. I told her she was her self-respect so that she could not forgive me for seeing you. Now I have told her she is to see you. I will tell her what you say. If she sends you any word I will write you."

The maid took his card. Then she silently led him to the library, opened the door for him, and closed it again. "Marcia," he called, "I have a message in his arm, 'Marcia.'—(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

EVENING CHAT

BY RUTH CAMERON.

"If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn."—Southey.

There is a certain type of person who is preoccupied in every walk of life, the home, the office, the pulpit, the social function, the school room; in short everywhere, he is preoccupied. He is the man who knows how to say what he or she has to say and then stop.

How few people we know who talk to the point. They speak in a roundabout way of the opposite of the point. A great writer has said that the smallest part of his art is in knowing what to write, and then to stop. In knowing what to leave out, and when to stop. Apparently most of us find the same difficulty in conversation—we have a certain thing to say, and then we talk about it, but we do not have difficulty in knowing when to stop. As the weary listener says, "I will tell you what you say. If she sends you any word I will write you."

That had been all. It was a prophecy that matched the dullness of the November day.

Stephen had gone home, grumbled hopelessly over the matter for a weary night, and in the morning had been called to his business to keep from thinking. He hated a mystery. A mystery between himself and Marcia was unbearable. A month passed, but he could not get the matter out of his mind. He tried to think that he could have done better, but his young life was unshadowed by anything darker than the merest usual follies. He had always been decent, but he had never loved any one but her. He had had a few ephemeral boyish fancies, such as he had had for Kate when she was a child, but he had never loved any one but her. He had had a few ephemeral boyish fancies, such as he had had for Kate when she was a child, but he had never loved any one but her.

Christmas cold and snow and good cheer all passed. Stephen Wright had been called to his business to keep from thinking. He hated a mystery. A mystery between himself and Marcia was unbearable. A month passed, but he could not get the matter out of his mind. He tried to think that he could have done better, but his young life was unshadowed by anything darker than the merest usual follies. He had always been decent, but he had never loved any one but her. He had had a few ephemeral boyish fancies, such as he had had for Kate when she was a child, but he had never loved any one but her.

On the afternoon of the 15th, Stephen, his face a little thin and drawn, left the overwork of the office and strolled out into the air. He began for the millionth time to wonder why Marcia had not written him. He had stopped her way lay heartbreak and a sort of madness. But he still wanted an explanation. He accepted dismissal; he went to her right. Perhaps when summer came she would remember and play and send him a word. He no longer had any pride in the matter. She could do as she would with him.

The sun was hot, though the wind was cold in shadowed places, and wandering about he could no longer find aught to worry him. He must find distraction. He turned aside to allow the passing of a group of young girls, shining-eyed, white-gloved, festive with violets on their open coats, matinee bound. He looked after them. Youth and beauty meant nothing to him but "Marcia," but he needed distraction. He turned aside to allow the passing of a group of young girls, shining-eyed, white-gloved, festive with violets on their open coats, matinee bound. He looked after them.

He bought his ticket, checked his coat and found his seat. The curtain was