

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.

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

When it comes to jumping records, the mercury in the Kansas thermometers must surely hold all championships.

"Uncle" Russel Sage must be turning violent flip-flops in his grave. For a wedding gift, his widow presented the erstwhile Helen Gould with a massive bar of 200 diamonds.

Everything is probably as good as settled in the garment workers' strike in New York. Colonel Roosevelt has paid a visit to the strike district and interviewed a number of the strikers.

A "cold" electric light has been discovered. Inasmuch as it is as brilliant as the warm kind, it doesn't take a place in the same class with the natural gas served when wintry weather prevails.

Grand Opera apparently isn't that way for the members of the chorus. Those connected with the Chicago company have gone on a strike for pay at the rate of \$2.50 a performance instead of \$2.

If it had only been known before election that President Taft is partial to music of the rag-time variety, the result of the presidential vote on November 5 might have told a different story.

And the mercury in the Kansas thermometers is evidently bent on emulating the performances of the army of that famous King of France who did nothing with it but march it up a hill and march it down again.

There is as much comic as serious stuff floating around on St. Valentine's day. But just which variety will be assumed by the party that the Kansas Bull Moosers have arranged for that date is now a matter for conjecture, of course.

Should a tax be levied on every one who fails to cast a vote at the regular elections, it will take a couple of more weeks for the election boards to count the ballots; unless, of course, the legislature enacts some sort of a law to facilitate the count.

Things have been moving along famously in the legislature so far except in one most important respect. No bills of the veritable freak variety have been introduced as yet. Surely this is no more than an oversight.

Every two years, Kansas is advertised to the four ends of the earth by the peculiar mental machinations of one or more of its legislators in the profligate proposals to stick another spoke in the wheel of progress. A little ridicule has been bunched with this advertising, to be sure. But what of it? Every knock is a boost. The theatrical performance that is roared most viciously by the critics is always the one to draw the biggest receipts to the box office. Any old kind of advertising pays. And isn't there one or two sufficiently hardy and able to sacrifice themselves on the altar of their state's good, and provide a bill or two that will cause the whole world to smile again at Kansas? And while smiling, incidentally give a thought to Kansas that would not otherwise have been given. At the last session, the piece de resistance in this line was a measure that sought to prohibit chorus girls or any others making in the mould of Eve from appearing in public in skirts that did not reach below their patellas. Of course this resulted in the destruction of a lot of perfectly good dictionaries in the unseemly haste of inquisitive folk to find out just what the location of that portion of the anatomy might be. But the bill knocked down the persimmon in attracting attention to Kansas. Gentlemen of the 1913 session of the Kansas legislature—get busy.

SCIENCE VS. NATURE. The fact that today rubber may be made synthetically, and that the synthetic product is strictly comparable with natural rubbers, and that it may be made into automobile-tires and into all the multitudinous objects of rubber manufacture, has been verified by chemists working independently, and is positively beyond dispute. Professor Robert Kennedy Dunham, in Harper's for February, our interest in this wonderful achievement is enhanced by the fact that it required the labors of many men, of many kinds of men, and of different races of men.

In 1860 an Englishman, Greville Williams, isolated from the destructive dis-

THEY PREACH AND PRACTICE.

When a man insists on economy, his good faith can best be judged by the extent to which he is willing to have it applied to his personal affairs. The same is equally true of a political party. So when the Democrats, who have been preaching economy in the handling of public funds these many years, get into power, and their representatives in the legislature start the ball a-rolling by denying themselves the customary legislative perquisites, no one can rightfully question the sincerity of their professions in the premises. The action of the majority of the house in refusing its members the usual privilege of using telephones and the telegraph to their hearts' content and at the expense of the state; also cutting out the customary allowance of \$25 in cash per member for postage—such action speaks volumes for the Democratic intentions along economical lines. Republican taxpayers as well as those of Democratic faith can join in the general rejoicing. Let the good work go on.

PORRIDGE AND POTATOES.

These are perilous times for the Scotch and Irish. Their institutions are being attacked on many sides. In the case of the Scotch the danger is greater for the aggression is interna. "Porritch" is threatened. A news item from Edinburgh calls attention to the growing distaste of the Scot for his traditional oatmeal and expresses the belief that something should be done at once to check the evil. What leak means to a Holland dike this breach in the Scottish dietary means to the nation. The Scot is strong and healthy, canny and thrifty, because of oatmeal, he thinks. It is in the bone and sinew of the man and of the nation. Anything else might make citizen and state flabby, the old-fashioned argue.

It is not the "whusky" which gives spirit to the Scottish character, though one might have a different belief after the course of the St. Andrew's Society at Washington, which was given its choice of a drab banquet graced by women or one with John Barleycorn taking her vacant seat. Its members voted against the women.

It is oatmeal which has built him and kept him up. It is cheap, and that's no argument against it in his eyes. It is easy to prepare, which gives him more time for work and for theological discussion. And it is nourishing. If he will overlook these virtues and take to other and less historic food, then he cannot blame fate for his subsequent misfortunes.

In like manner Ireland is threatened. Some wild-eyed scientist has found a substitute for the potato and proposes to plant it here in place of the famous tuber. What folly! Aside from the iconoclasm of the idea—the blow at history and sentimental traditions—this new vegetable called the "dashen" doesn't come within hailing distance of the potato for taste. It is more meaty than a potato which is one item against it, and another opinion of it described the flavor as similar to that of a roasted chestnut.

That alone would cause Ireland and the Irish, no matter where they live, to rise in righteous anger against it. The Italians have supplanted the Irish in construction work to too good feeling. That doesn't breed a too good feeling. And now to seek to oust the potato for the chestnut is too much. Donnybrook Fair will be a mid-Sunday school picnic compared to the meeting of the Irish with the man who wants to palm the dashen off on them.

AN ACHING VOID.

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KANSAS COMMENT

PLEASING THE PEOPLE. Not long ago many writers on health topics handed down a decision that bread made of white flour was the origin of most of the ills that afflict the people of the nation.

Not long ago many writers on health topics handed down a decision that bread made of white flour was the origin of most of the ills that afflict the people of the nation. All the ills were dancing—all the world was gay—But darkness was the mountain-road, and there we lost our way.

THE EVENING STORY

A Tangle Untangled. (By Arthur W. Peach.)

As he entered the room he threw his hat on the bed and piled his coat on the nearest chair, dumping himself into another. His roommate looked up. "Well, Sid, what's wrong?"

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Work comes doubly hard to those who haven't peace of mind. And the day dreams that come true seldom amount to much.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Advice to young men, from the Staron Springs Western Times: If you wish to rise with the sun, do not sit up all night with the daughter.

FROM OTHER DENS

GET AWAY FROM MEAT. Argentina, one of the great beef-producing regions, reports a diminishing supply of cattle.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.] The door of adversity is always open. It takes a lot of luck to push a man up hill.

GLOBE SIGHTS

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE. One way to keep friends is not to need them.

DAFFYDILS

BY U. NOALL. Could you say every dog owns a ship because he has a bark?

THE ROAD TO FAIRYLAND.

"Did you know—know even the road you must go?" "Oh, a certain way to fairyland no man alive may know!"

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BY ROY K. MOULTON. Old Love Letters. There's one thing makes me hoppin' mad.

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BY RUTH CAMERON. "Ours" or "His" and "Hers." A young married woman was offering an older woman the loan of a magazine.

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HUMOR OF THE DAY

"I see here a man drowned his automobile. Ran it overboard in Staron Springs Bay." "I think I'd rather choke mine to death."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.] A girl will trust a man when he won't himself.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.] Singers seldom sing the praises of each other.

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