

Topika State Journal

An Independent Newspaper. By FRANK P. MAC LEONNAN.

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Why the delay this year in the announcements concerning the prospects for next summer's peach crop?

Russia must be headed in the direction of some serious reverse, also why the announcement from Petrograd of plans to sew up the news?

So hurried and frequent are his trips from one front to the other that Kaiser Wilhelm, before long, is likely to meet himself coming back from one.

It is doubtless owing to the pressure of other business, says the Chicago Herald, that Berlin has not heretofore suggested that the Russian capital should be written "Retrograd."

Now that the much-needed public park is secured for the East Side of Topika, the people in that section possibly have more reason to hope that they will be provided with a sewer system some day.

All of the goosebone weather prophets are insistent that there will be plenty of severe winter weather in these parts before Spring gets on the job with both feet. But they are no better guessers than the groundhog or the government weather forecasters.

England is shaking over the American note to Germany, but premature merriment isn't the most substantial kind. It's the fellow who laughs last that has the best one, and it isn't at all likely that the first American verbal broadside at Germany will end the matter.

Canada has finally been forced to go on a war tax basis, but Canada is participating in the war. And, at that, she didn't put her war taxes into operation until several months after the United States got busy in this direction. But calling them "war" taxes in this country does not make them such in fact.

That the legislators haven't a very clear idea of the actual financial necessities of the state is evidenced by the fact that between the appropriations favored by the senate ways and means committee and those endorsed by the same committee of the house there is a difference of approximately \$1,000,000.

In framing a bill making it a penitentiary offense for a member of a legislature to go back on his party platform, Representative Stauffer of Douglas county, has seemingly forgotten the unwritten law among politicians that platforms are made to run on and not to stand on after the votes are counted.

Senator Davis' bill creating a revolving fund of \$25,000 for the aid and encouragement of county fairs should receive the most careful consideration of the legislature. Kansas' paramount interests are agricultural, and the county fairs are of immense advantage in promoting them. They are fine feeders, too, for state fairs.

Topeka's Western League baseball team has been saved for the city again by the narrowest of margins, but this will probably be the last year of its life here if it is not more generously supported by the fans than it has been. And, on the other hand, it is incumbent on the new management to develop a team that will merit such support.

A cheap edition of the statute books may be desirable, as Mr. Austin, the state printer, suggests, but surely not for the purpose of placing them within the reach of the plain people for personal and study. The average plug citizen is far from being a Philadelpha lawyer. Even the courts often have a difficult time in figuring out what many of the legislative enactments mean.

Instead of appropriating a considerable sum of money to place a statue of Ceres on the state house dome, as is suggested in one of the bills before the legislature, appropriations might better be made for repairing the eastern approach to the capitol. The condition is disgraceful to the great state of Kansas, and the longer the delay in making these necessary repairs, the more expensive they will be.

SPRING WHEAT BAD FOR KANSAS

Of essential importance to the agricultural interests of Kansas is the timely advice of J. C. Mohler, secretary of the Kansas department of agriculture, against the advisability of any general attempt to cultivate spring wheat in this state. He uttered it in the address he delivered at the annual meeting of the Kansas Grain Dealers' association which was held last week at Kansas City. And he voiced his sentiments in the premises most emphatically, as follows:

"Recently quite a number of inquiries have been received by the state's agricultural department about the advisability of sowing wheat this spring. Of course the present high prices on account of the war are responsible for these. So far as the secretary of the state's department of agriculture is concerned he is discouraging the sowing of spring wheat for Kansas. Kansas is not a spring wheat state. Not a few inquirers have suggested the sowing of durum or 'macaroni.' This has been most emphatically discouraged. What prestige Kansas enjoys as a wheat state is largely due to persistency in keeping the hard red winter wheats pure, and in improving their quality. This is the result of a third of a century's effort. The sowing of durum would place in jeopardy the quality we have been carefully preserving and improving for thirty years. It would endanger the entire wheat output of the state so far as quality is concerned. Once a mixture of undesirable grain is made with our Turkey wheats there is no telling how far reaching the bad effects may be. Kansas has no place for durum in its repertoire of crops. There is no place here for this alien grain, of a different character, belonging to a different season, and not reliably salable except by degrading prices."

"The chances are the farmer could make more money by planting his ground to corn, kafir or the sorghums. If wheat is to be \$1.50 next July or August, corn will likewise be high. Where a man can produce 20 bushels of spring wheat to the acre he may produce 60 bushels of corn or 40 bushels of kafir. Judging from the past we can expect trouble from the lack of moisture for a spring wheat crop. Spring wheats ripens later than winter wheat, and that is a disadvantage. Also, the seed is high and will cost \$2 or more a bushel. Generally it seems safe to counsel not to plant spring wheat in Kansas. Experience has taught that spring wheat fields were also the principal nurseries for the hateful chinch bug, and this of itself should make us wary about dabbling with spring varieties, of whatever name."

"Some inquiries also have been received as to results if winter wheat were sown in the spring. While I have not personally known of anyone actually sowing winter wheat in the spring, I am advised by Dean Jardine of the Agricultural college that winter wheat will not make grain when planted at this time of the year. It simply stands out all over the ground and does not joint."

EXTRAVAGANT UNCLE SAM.

The cost to the federal government of maintaining its printing establishment at Washington approximates \$5,000,000 a year, says Leslie's, and it continues: An experienced, capable printer, it has been estimated, could pay the government a rental of half a million dollars, do all the work now being done at a cost of another half million less than the government is paying and still clear for himself between a quarter and a half million dollars.

An example of the high cost of government printing was the printing of the information required for the introduction of the parcel post. The post office department at first advertised for bids on the work, but this was recalled on discovering that the law made it necessary for the work to be done by the government printing office. One commercial printing establishment had already prepared its bid, and later this was found to be less by \$10,000 on a \$26,000 job than the bill actually rendered by the government printing office.

Some time ago two battleships were built under identical specifications, one at a government navy yard, the other by a private company. The hull and machinery of the government constructed vessel cost Uncle Sam \$239,000 more than the hull and machinery of the one built in the private yard. Of course Uncle Sam is rich and can stand this sort of waste. Approop the advanced in rates granted to the railroads by the interstate commerce commission, coupled with the advice to the railroads to save their heads by more economical management, it should be said that the federal government operates the Panama railroad, and the rates are the highest railroad rates in the world.

LOVE VERSUS KNOWLEDGE.

"The things pupils love are more significant than the things they know." This statement from an article written by Dr. Frederick Bolton, dean of the school of education in the University of Washington, summarizes in a few words the attitude of the effective teacher, says the Kansas Industrialist.

While it is true that a deep and permanent love for the better things of life is not obtainable except through knowledge of those things, it is none the less true that one may know intellectually a great many things for which he has no love.

Even in the realm of ordinary business activity, Doctor Bolton's theory holds good. The young man who knows his work well yet has no interest in it aside from the money it brings him is not likely to advance far in his occupation.

The truth of the theory is still more apparent in matters that involve discriminating taste. It is not a man's knowledge that Hawthorne is a greater novelist than Harold Bell Wright, or that Shakespeare is a

greater poet than Walt Mason, that makes him read Hawthorne and Shakespeare. It is rather his cultivated love for the better things of literature. It is not one's intellectual knowledge that makes him listen to Mendelssohn or Bach or even McDowell rather than to the most blatant modern rag. It is rather his love for the better music. It is not knowledge that gives a man taste for honesty in business and fidelity in his personal life. It is rather his admiration of honesty and fidelity, his love for them.

Information is an excellent thing, and a necessary thing, but it is not an aim in itself. The things for which we care indicate our characters very much more than do the things which we know.

Journal Entries

Misery's love of company isn't often reciprocated. Too many people abuse the privileges extended to them. Property would have larger advantages were it not the handmaiden of extravagance. Fame of the lasting sort seldom comes to those who devote all their energies to seeking it.

If the average person's troubles were as burdensome as he imagines they are then he would be up against it. Luke Timmins fell off'n the water wagon so hard that he has been laid up in bed for three days. Lem Higgins says there are days when a feller can't lay up a cent. Gosh! Seems as though there ain't no other kind of days lately.

Jayhawker Jots

Told in the High School Bulletin, in the Liberal News: Miss Pfaff, in general science: "Why will water not burn?" Bryan Francis: "Because it's too wet."

This is how a Cawker City barber advertises: "The facial upholsterer and designer of features; whiskers trimmed in all languages; automatic hair cut and hydraulic shampoo; hospital in connection; no charge for ambulance; gas and chloroform."

One of the principal points a hog raiser looks to is bone, notes the Phillips County Post, and continues: When you hear one at the other line of a telephone who, after asking a favor of you, tells you it is none of your business when you ask his identity, you can put it down that bone was not overlooked in his breeding. What he needs is brains.

Among the Potato Hill Notes, in E. W. Howe's Monthly: In a certain town a young fellow who got drunk, had a fight, and was arrested. The circumstances were such that all the people knew about the arrest, the fight, and his black eye. The affair sobered the young man, who was lynched by a drinking man, and he never took another drink. That was seven years ago, and people still say about him: "You can't trust that man; he never has a sober breath."

The moral is that you can't afford to pay the enormous price exacted for folly. In the Reformatory Herald, the weekly paper published by the boys at the Hutchinson reformatory, is a column labeled "Tom," and "Jerry," from which the following observations were culled: "It's never too late to mend, but the later it is the harder it is. Most fellows think that reformation is a fine thing—for the other fellow. The less a man has to say about himself, the more he will hear about it."

For I suppose a hurricane might uproot my oak, but I cannot imagine any cataclysm that would uproot these prejudices from this woman's heart. It is as sure that certain races and nations are inferior to her own as she is that b comes after a in the alphabet. She could never be virtuous; she could never take one as a friend on the same footing as her other friends.

Now think of the warring nations. The old hate between a Frenchman and a German, between an Englishman and a German, between a Serb and an Austrian. What is it but one of these race or national prejudices run riot into a madness that is willing to kill to prove its superiority. Don't you think it would be a splendid thing for any of us to be virtuous, to be kind and unbecomingly, to make sure that we will never be seized with it, by trying to root out its germ from our hearts.

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

The Red Germ of War. "War is absolutely unthinkable to me," I heard a woman say the other day. "It seems inconceivable that these men can go out and kill each other."

If I should tell this woman that she carries the germ of war about in her heart, she'd be horrified and indignant. Yet it is true. What is the initial germ of war? It is just one thing, race prejudice. Of since different nations are not always of different races, perhaps I would better call it national prejudice.

Hating War But Carrying Its Germ About. Now I happen to know that this woman has several race or national prejudices as firmly rooted in her heart as the oak outside my window is rooted in the soil. Indeed more so. For I suppose a hurricane might uproot my oak, but I cannot imagine any cataclysm that would uproot these prejudices from this woman's heart.

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POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.] Some women act as if they had a monopoly on goodness. The hard part about an easy job is the getting thereof. Satan never offers to go into partnership with a busy man. Men love women less than they love to have women love them. Lazy people usually work overtime when it comes to giving advice.

But the income of every married man is already taxed to the limit. The more polite two women are when they meet the more they hate each other. Let us try to do right at all times. We'll not succeed enough to hurt anything. If some men had never been born, some others might have worked for a living. When a man says he is "blase" it means that his digestive apparatus isn't working as it should. The man who thinks a good deal of his wife's thoughts when they are alone.

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

The Day's News. J. Hamilton Lewis, so they say, giving the grim news today. Gayest of the world. He's going to shave off those pink

A thing we never could conceive; A thing we scarcely can believe. How he'll be called on for a speech his brain shrivels up till it is about the size of a peanut and he suffers every known disease from paralysis to pellagra.

There ain't no use tryin' to tell a feller how long after he has been to New York once. Luke Timmins fell off'n the water wagon so hard that he has been laid up in bed for three days. Lem Higgins says there are days when a feller can't lay up a cent. Gosh! Seems as though there ain't no other kind of days lately.

Not So Bad. I sit down to my perchpokes in the beanery each day. There's no hope put in my grub to split me away. There ain't no villain nihilist-a-fix'n' up me. And quiet life in this old town is good enough for me. I ain't no more now to be a millionaire. I don't care if I never move or travel anywhere. What's the use of wandering? The girls in this old town are swift enough for me.

Idiotical. To judge by the proud look upon the face of the young man who has just been admitted to membership in a Greek letter fraternity, you would think he knew a hard lesson in the genuine Greeks are engaged in running shoe shining parlors.

According to Lord Kitchener, this preliminary skrimish against the lead Europe into a real war in the spring. Another boost for buttermilk. Charlie Fairbanks is again mentioned for the presidency.

Senator Lodge says he is alarmed. Then the senator is in a perfectly normal condition. Copper has been discovered in Arizona. It is the average woman's ambition nowadays to dress as well as her housemaid does.

Get Busy. When you have passed away, my friend, Your friends will talk about you then And laud you to the sky.

You want your fame while you're alive And hearty and well fed. Till after you are dead.

The folks won't know how great you are Unless you put 'em wise: You want your laurel wreaths right now, Get busy—ADVERTISE.

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The Evening Story

Ghost Meets Ghost. (By Molly McMaster.)

There was not the slightest doubt as to the beauty and desirability of the small house. It nestled like a jewel among the velvety green of thick fir trees and faced the blue waters of the sound. In the winter it would resemble nothing so much as a cozy corner in the valley of diamonds. The gabled roof of the house would be under an elderdown of snow while blue-gray smoke would ascend from the great stone chimneys that supported each flank of the chimney.

Doreen sighed heavily as she walked away from the little Long Island home on which she had so set her heart. She had been asked by a couple from the city not two hours before. The lease was signed. The real estate agent had shown it to Doreen the while he lamented her keen disappointment.

"Never mind," he added, trying to mitigate her loss. "Fir Vale is haunted by fearful specters that walk about among those fir trees and perpetrate queer tricks on the minds of the tenants."

"But did you not warn this couple?" asked Doreen, with a shade of hope in her eyes, because she was not afraid of ghosts.

"Oh, yes, certainly I did, but they rather fancied the idea of seeing a real live ghost. They said city people seldom got a chance at anything so exciting."

Doreen sniffed at the cold-blooded lack of imagination and walked slowly back to her own cottage that lay back to back with Fir Vale and did not face the blue water of the sound.

She did not know that a second applicant for Fir Vale entered the real estate office even before her footsteps had died away in the distance.

It was not long, however, that Doreen after having been shown the lease signed by the fortunate couple from the city.

The woman won't consider themselves lucky by the time I have become a ghost and haunted them into ghastly fears of insanity and longings for specterless city flats, muttered Jimmy Barker as he made his frustrated way back to his own shode.

Jimmy boarded in a sort of farm house and was sick of boarding. He wanted Fir Vale and wanted it badly. It was the only cottage in the neighborhood that made Jimmy Barker hideous tricks.

The new couple had scarcely been settled in Fir Vale before the specter of imagination began to haunt about the first shadowed property. The couple within the cozy cottage heard the low murmuring of what they supposed to be the wind in the trees, and they enjoyed the comfort of the charming home they had taken.

Outside, however, a restless spirit floated about, fleeing from its own fright. It seemed to the ghost that he had been a hardy fellow in his garden been so charged with nerve-racking sounds.

Her diaphanous white robes, for it was a woman, seemed ever to be clutched by unseen hands. Twigs underneath her feet snapped, and from time to time a cone dropped from the branches overhead and dragged a swart, stiffed scream from the ghost's lips. In the pitch blackness of the fir trees that seemed a nest of green velvet in the light of day resembled nothing so much as pointed fingers.

Doreen realized with a shudder that she was undoubtedly the foe, and wished she possessed greater courage for her ghostly maneuvers for the success of her purpose. Certainly she was going to be so cowardly she could never walk just outside the windows of the cottage nor produce hollow, specter-like sounds on the doors.

During a deep sleep she was preparatory to making a brave effort at haunting, when she screamed and doubled up an unconscious heap in the pine strewn garden.

She stirred and tried to peer through the thickness of her veil, but all she saw was more white veils. "You are not a ghost, then?" she questioned when she felt reasonably confident of an answer in the negative.

"Great Scott—you gave me an awful fright," Jimmy Barker said, and mopped his brow with a portion of his ghostly raiment. "I thought you had gone off for good."

Doreen from her arms, and when he saw that she was quite capable of standing on her own feet a sigh of relief escaped him.

"What in the deuce are you doing prowling about this dank garden?" he questioned, wishing he could get a look at her face.

"And what pray, are you doing in this—it is not a dank garden?" she said with some heat. "It is a most delightful garden, and in the winter it is just a valley of diamonds," she said.

"Dippy!" thought Jimmy, and might well be excused for his conviction until Doreen spoke again. "If you want to know the truth," she told him with a soft laugh that Jimmy found most charming. "I am simply trying to haunt these people out of their new home. I want it so badly that I am going to try to get this property until they get out for fear of losing their minds."

Jimmy laughed and drew a trifle nearer to the other ghost. "Two hauntings would certainly move them quicker than one—don't you think so? Now, I have come here with the same evil intentions as yourself, so the best we can do is to join forces and do our haunting together."

Doreen certainly wanted the presence of a strong, muscular man such as she knew the second ghost to be in order to stifle her own fears and to make haunting a more pleasant business; yet she felt that it was not quite conventional to meet a strange man every night over the task of getting the city couple out of Fir Vale. However, the man would never see her face to face, and they would always be perfect strangers, so why hesitate?

"But you want the house as badly as I do," she said generously. "And we should carry about the red germ of war in his heart."

Kansas Comment

POSTAL SAVINGS BANK.

The government has on deposit in its postal savings banks a total of almost sixty million dollars. For the most part this is money that would not have gone into general circulation through national, state or private banks. It is held by people who feared banks and preferred having the money deposited with the postal savings bank was placed as a permanent investment, the depositors preferring a low rate of interest with the guarantee of the government behind it rather than a higher rate from the banks. But the postal savings did not result, as so many feared, in the withdrawal of money from circulation. On the contrary, it brought the money out from its hiding place, and set it into circulation in the form of checks of the sixty millions placed in the hands of the government through the postal savings banks, at least thirty millions came from the stockings, tea pots and holes in the wall.—Lawrence Gassett.

He laughed softly. "Neither am I," he told her. "But come," he added, pecking up his grewsome blue torch and taking Doreen by the hand. "If we wait this Fir Vale we must get to the business of haunting these people out of their comfortable nest."

He dragged her nearer the cottage and together they walked and flashed the blue lightning of a perfect pair of ghosts as ever walked.

Night after night they performed their most ghostly tricks, but the couple within maintained a comfortable and cheerful attitude. They were not to be frightened by the business of haunting these people out of their comfortable nest."

"It is very strange," Jimmy was saying on one of these trips to the fallen tree that nightly became more and more interesting in a girl have met in the world of society. Do you happen to know her—Doreen Woodward? I cannot tell her I love her because you always come in between us. I am losing my mind over the two of you."

"And I have met one Jimmy Barker at dances and on the beach and in society," laughed the girl softly. "Wonder if you happen to know him?"

"Doreen—darling!" "Jimmy—dear."

The veils of the ghosts were for the first time swept aside.—(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Vienna scientists in testing the food of the human system of food plants containing iron have been successful in making several vegetables absorb more iron from the soil than normally.

QUAKER MEDICATIONS.

[From The Philadelphia Record.]

No, Maude, dear; a bore doesn't necessarily have a sharp tongue. Even a clock may complain that time hangs heavily on its hands.

Don't make a mountain out of a molehill, or an acre out of a tooth. A literary man can always write poker stories to keep the pot boiling.

The eye specialist can't always help a man who is blind to his own interests. The woman who thinks only of dress sometimes allows her ideas to go to waist.

The fellow who stands in his own light must expect to be thrown in the shade. You can't keep a good man down, but that is no reason why a fellow should get up in the air about it.

Sillucus—What do you suppose is meant by the luck of fools? Synicus—I suppose the saying refers to those who are lucky at love.

Wigg—That fellow Talkalot says he has one foot in the grave. Waggon—Well, he does enough kicking with the other one to make up for it.

Tommy—Pop, what is foresight? Tommy's Pop—Foresight, my son, is something that comes to a man when he gets so old he has nothing to look forward to.

MR. DOG VISITS BILLY FIG.

Billy Pig's mother started off early the next morning after his return, for town, to buy him some clothes, and Billy Goat and Billy Pig were left to keep house.

Billy Pig sat in a chair by the window, wrapped in a blanket and a cloth tied around his head, because he had a dreadful cold from being out in all kinds of weather with the man who made him do tricks.

"I want to see Billy Pig," said Mr. Dog with his best bow. "He asked me to call and have dinner with him when I came this way."

"Oh, he did, did he?" replied Billy Goat in his best voice. "Well, he doesn't live here any more," he told, telling a story, of course, but knowing that if Mr. Dog was not treated severely he would stay to dinner.

"Well, could you give me something to eat?" asked Mr. Dog. "I have traveled a long way and I am tired and hungry and if you have an old coat or a hat or some old shoes I should be glad to have them." "I have a few old shoes," said Billy Pig. "When Mr. Dog found out he was not to play the part of a guest he did not hesitate to be a tramp and get all the cold he could."

"Come right in and I will see what I can do for you," said Billy Goat. "Somebody ask?" asked Mr. Dog, when he saw Billy Pig wrapped up, though of course he did not know who it was.

"No, not yet, exactly," said Billy Goat. "He waited his dinner and a few old clothes and, of course, he had a chop wood and the fence and build a stone wall and do a few other small jobs to pay for his food and things."

"He wasn't used to work, and it used him up. If he had been about noon time I am going to call the police and have them take him away. We can't have anyone about here who does not work."

Mr. Dog looked uncomfortable, and he said: "Well, if Billy Pig does not live here I guess I had better be going. I live a long way off."

"Good morning," he said, taking a look once more at the groaning bundle by the window.

"There! That is the last you will see of him," said Billy Goat. "When you mention work to those tramps they don't want a thing but to get away."

"I have had my lesson," said Billy Pig. "I will do my mother would hurry with my clothes and do the things I should do. I have been away some time and I know she needs some wood and lots of things due about the house and yard."

Madam Pig returned about dinner time with a red cap and a green coat and a pair of checked trousers for Billy Pig, which he dressed in very quickly and stood before the mirror to admire himself.

"Don't forget your promise to work and help your mother," said Billy Goat. "You are so dressed up I am afraid you will not want a work."

"Yes, I will," replied Billy Pig. "I will never again be the dressless fellow I was. I am going to aingle that man very hard before the mirror."

"I will help you," said Billy Goat, thinking of all he had said to Mr. Dog about working for what he was doing for him.

From Other Pens

MEDICINE BEING SOC