

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL

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Cheer up! It has even been worse in sunny Kansas. During March, 1876, a snowstorm raged incessantly for 48 hours.

If names were live things and could fight each other, wouldn't Przemysl and Przasnysz be able to stage a perfectly beautiful scrap?

Kansas roads are like the famous little girl who, when she was good, she was very, very good, and when she was bad, she was horrid.

Probably nobody is praying more fervently for the arrival of gentle spring and the good old summer time than the operators of the jitney buses.

Conditions in Kansas during February may have been the mildest of which the weather bureau has any record for that month, but they were also the meanest.

On the basis that every snowstorm is worth one or two or several million dollars to Kansas, the state's nest must have been feathered to the tune of a billion dollars or so during the past three months.

Incidentally, the Kansas farmers who were wise enough to do the bulk of their plowing in the fall are the ones who will obtain the largest advantage from the unusual amount of moisture which has saturated the state during the past few weeks.

In obtaining the services of Harrison Parkman as its postmaster, Emporia robs her state of a most efficient fire marshal. Purely political considerations, however, would probably have removed Mr. Parkman from the latter position before very long.

Good news for the opinionated citizen who does jury duty once in a while. The senate sent to the death cell the resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution providing for a verdict in civil cases on a vote of three-fourths of the jurors.

Another military or naval feat that was generally held to be impossible before the European war began is evidently about to be accomplished. The experts accepted it almost as a foregone conclusion that a passage could not be forced through the Dardanelles.

And the United States will have to plead guilty to the charge that republics are ungrateful if the only road that is to be given to Colonel Goethals for the building of the Panama canal is an elevation to a major generality coupled with the thanks of congress.

Billy Sunday has declined a call to Paris because, he says, "there is enough hell in the United States to keep your Uncle Fuller busy." It is also probably true that there is much more money circulating these days in the cities of the United States than there is in the French capital just now.

Hearings have begun on the application of the western railroads to the interstate commerce commission for permission to increase their freight rates. And the case they should be able to present should be even stronger than the one on which the eastern roads were granted their increase.

The eastern roads tap a far more profitable and voluminous freight territory than do those operating in the west.

Turkey has every reason in the world to be disgruntled with her Teutonic allies. They urged her into the war to help them by creating military diversions in other arenas than the big battle grounds in East Prussia, the Carpathians, and France and Belgium which would demand the attention of troops of the Allies that might otherwise have been used in the major engagements. But now that Turkey is so hard pressed, neither Germany nor Austria is disposed to lend her a hand. They have enough troubles of their own, no doubt. However, the Turks cannot well be blamed for being somewhat sore at the lurch in which they have been left.

AN IDEAL COUNTRY SCHOOL.

High ideals in sanitary requirements for rural schools are proposed in a bulletin that is distributed through the United States bureau of education. The bulletin comes from the joint committee on health problems in education, composed of members of the National Education association and the American Medical association.

The general ideal proposed is that "the country school should be as sanitary and wholesome in essential particulars as the best home in the community."

"The school should be located in a healthful place," declares the committee. "Noise should be eliminated; children should not be obliged to walk farther than two miles or ride more than six; playgrounds should be ample and well drained; and the school ground should include a real garden or experimental farm, with trees and plants grouped artistically around it."

The school house, according to the bulletin, should be as nearly fireproof as possible. Doors should open outward. A small room for consultations and emergency purposes, and one for workshop, instruction in cooking and preparing refreshments, should be provided.

In the matter of ventilation and heating, the bulletin gives specific suggestions. "Fresh air should be provided through window board ventilators except where the furnace or jacketed stove is used, in which case adequate inlets and outlets should be provided. Every school should have a thermometer and temperature in cold weather should be between 68 and 68 degrees Fahrenheit."

Light should be abundant. "The best arrangement," says the bulletin, "is to have the light come only from the left side of the pupil and from the long wall of the classroom. The school room should receive direct sunlight sometime during the day, but the main windows should not face directly south. East or west facing is desirable. In providing shades for windows dark ones should be used at the top of windows to control light on bright days."

"There should be no dry sweeping or dusting," says the committee. "Floors and furniture should be cleaned with damp sweepers and oily cloths. Scrubbing, sunning and airing are better than any form of fumigation."

The common drinking cup should not be tolerated. Care should be taken that drinking water always comes from a safe source; drinking fountains, located just inside or outside the school house, with sufficient pressure for running water, should be provided. That water for washing should be easily accessible and should be utilized always after using the toilet and before eating seems little enough to ask, but many schools are found to be lacking in this respect."

The bulletin speaks at length upon sanitary toilets. If there is no water system, separate closets for boys and girls should be at least 50 feet from the school house in different directions. Copies of the full set of requirements may be had free by writing to the commissioner of education, Washington, D. C. County superintendents of schools and county boards of education may obtain a sufficient number to supply all their teachers and school committees.

WHO PAYS FOR ADVERTISING?

Among the interesting articles in the Standard Magazine for March are "My Reminiscences," by the late Thomas J. Barratt, a pioneer of advertisers. These reminiscences comprise some of his adventures, views and experiences as an advertiser, and a paragraph or two from them on the subject of who pays the cost of advertising, follows:

"Certainly not the consumer; certainly not the retailer. Here is the real truth of the matter. Money wisely spent in advertising increases sales and profits to such an extent that sufficient capital is provided for the operation of the enterprise naturally resulting from buying and manufacturing in larger quantities. The bigger volume of trade the cheaper is the relative production. In fact, as all leading advertisers know, production is cheapened in a much greater degree by the money spent in advertising. Were it otherwise there would be no use in advertising."

Much as we advertisers love the newspapers, to whose revenues we contribute so handsomely, we only perform this service because we get more out of the publicity they give us than they get out of us—with occasional exceptions, perhaps, which are soon rectified. But what is of still greater importance is that, in ratio with the cheapening of production there is a cheapening of the advertised article to the public."

SOCIAL LEGISLATION.

The new states have not hesitated to experiment, writes Professor William F. Ogburn in the Popular Science Monthly. It is well to see these experiments in summary. Oregon was the first state to adopt the recall, the direct election of senators, the presidential preference primary, to pass an extensive ten hour law for women and to put into effect the minimum wage law for women. California and Washington were first to adopt the eight-hour law for women. California was the first state in scientific budget making. Washington was first to abolish private employment bureaus and is first in the efficiency of public schools. Oregon was third to provide for the initiative and the referendum and was first to develop them. Oregon was second to adopt the direct primary and California was second to put into effect a law requiring the reporting of industrial diseases. There were only two states to precede the Pacific coast states in creating mothers' pensions. In adopting other social legislation, while not the first, second or third states, Washington,

Oregon and California were in a small leading group to legislate effectively on home rule for cities, child labor, hours of labor on public works, factory sanitation and inspection, employer's liability, eugenics, prohibition, prison reform, public utilities, municipal ownership, the social evil and woman suffrage. The success of these experiments may be interpreted by observing the extent to which other states are following their example. To see the new social order of the Pacific coast, social legislation should be looked at in its entirety. This social order is distinctive. No other group of states possesses such a wealth of social legislation.

Journal Entries

A man doesn't need much of an excuse in his own mind for going to the bad.

Children who reciprocate by helping to care for the old folks in later years are the exception.

Words of encouragement don't cost any more than the other kind and yet people are chary about dealing in them.

The fellow who tells old jokes is unbearable enough but he's a boon companion compared with the chap who tells original ones.

It may be a blessing to have to struggle for the necessities of life, but it's a curse to have those necessities travel around in an affective disguise.

Jayhawker Jots

As the University Daily Kansan points out: Neither a cigar nor a woman can be judged by the wrapper. I don't know what the name of the rule that there's nothing in a name. A former Clay Center couple, now residents of Twin Falls, Idaho, are the proud parents of a little boy named Life. Life is rich with compensations, declares the Edmond New Leaf, and while the size of the loaf of bread may decrease, see if the size of the hole in the doughnut does not increase.

For a while the education state Tom and Jerry enjoy considerable popularity, says the Leavenworth Labor Chronicle and Resubmissionist. We refer to the Bokkin brothers—Secretary of State Tom Bokkin and Warden of the Penitentiary Jerry Bokkin.

I met a little fellow the other day about 8 years old who wanted to sell me a magazine, and he turned away, writes a contributor to the Iowa Register. As he did so, I noticed a nice, neat patch on his clothes right where patches usually are on boys' clothes. I asked him about it and he said it was because of the patch. Whenever I see a patch like that I let my imagination go, and can picture a woman—neat woman with a rather tired look about her, one of those tired but happy looks, and she is sitting by a worktable putting a patch on her little boy's pants. She seems to take a great pride in the work and as she comes to the end of the round seam she goes slower, as if she wished to prolong the excuse to handle the garment.

It is my personal experience that after a hearty meal a hearty pie or pudding is really more than the stomach requires. We eat it because we are used to it. I don't think you would find yourself hungry or dissatisfied if some light little top-off were occasionally substituted.

The best thing to eat candy is directly after a meal. In a family where there are children why not occasionally substitute a dish of fudge or molasses for the regular dessert. The children will probably be glad to make it themselves.

Globe Sights

Think it over; maybe you are yourself at fault.

The winter there has been a scarcity of doodle bugs, chinch bugs and jobs.

A good business opportunity also depends a good deal on who takes advantage of it.

On the other hand, there is a good deal of criticism of the strategy employed by the under dog.

A patriarch living with his sixth wife should devote very little time to arguing about Mormonism.

There are acres of diamonds everywhere, but no ordinary or half-hearted effort will uncover them.

It seems that most straight forward testimony is confined to the patent medicine advertisements.

Possibly the sawsmith who figured love is blind had never tried to put over anything on his devoted wife.

A man who goes into business for himself is bound to be his own boss, doesn't know the public very well.

Boys are resourceful, and will try a great many schemes of amusement before they resort to playing school.

Speaking of wasted time, the puncturing of a tire is a good deal of time and appointments with those who are not.

Such sympathy as you haven't devoted to the Belgians might be extended to the delivery horses, many of which need it.

Ab. Adkins says he is fairly familiar with Home Rule, although he doesn't do much in that line, owing to his wife and daughter.

In our effort to learn one thing each day, let us inquire if anyone ever learned to dance from the magazine pictures showing how?

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOLLTON.

Optimist and Pessimist. The optimist says: "Go ahead; there's not a chance to lose."

The pessimist says: "Wait a bit, and you'll see how right I am."

If there is any good in it, the chance will surely keep."

The optimist sees but the sun, the pessimist the rain.

The optimist prepares for fun, the pessimist for pain.

The optimist pulls forward, and the pessimist pulls back.

The one throws wide the throttle and the other sands the track.

This world would be monotonous if folks were not to souse-keep.

With no one 'round to raise a fuss 't would be a tiresome game.

The optimist with his glad song, the pessimist with his woe.

We really couldn't get along unless we had the two.

No Such Thing

To the Editor: I notice an article on the woman's page about an "astral" lotion for blabberness. Can you tell me where it is to be obtained?

Mistake. Should have read flabbianness. Anyone who can invent a remedy for blabberness will give away more money than Carnegie and Rockefeller ever had and have more left than the pair of them.

Ever Have an Operation?

Dr. Carroll, after spending much time on the battlefields, says the gunmakers have beaten the surgeons. We don't know where it is to be obtained.

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

On Simplifying. "Where can I simplify my work?" and "How can I get rid of the food rut I am in?" are two questions which, overdriven, monotonous-wearied housewives frequently ask themselves.

Though meal-servers, another expert I want to make one suggestion which, it seems to me, would help answer both these questions.

Consider your dinner and at the same time vary your desserts without working a hardship to your family.

Many housewives seem to feel that the dinner should be a simple affair, and in direct ratio to the cost, and the time it takes to prepare it. I don't think this is necessarily so.

Suppose, simply, instead of a pudding or pie, you try serving toast and honey or marmalade, and tea or coffee, and see if your family does not enjoy the change.

Whipped cream is a luxury in the average family. Cookies and cocoa with plenty of fluffy white cream isn't such a luxury, either.

A very simple though rather expensive dessert for children is sweetened white of egg beaten up stiff, and orange juice.

It is my personal experience that after a hearty meal a hearty pie or pudding is really more than the stomach requires. We eat it because we are used to it.

Mrs. Bissel pulled the flushed face down to her shoulder and kissed the quivering lips.

"Take my advice, honey," she murmured. "Leave the matter to fate. You'll get it all right. I'll be right with you. You know that no sane person could object to Paul as a son-in-law!"

Two days later Jacob Bissel lounged in the retiring room of his favorite club and talked to his old crony, Peter Laidlaw.

Peter was talking about the splendid country mansion he was building down on Long Island and he invited Jacob Bissel to drive down there in his car and see it.

"Not another one just like it in the world," boasted Laidlaw as they motored down to Bluffton the next day. "My architect is a corker."

"Everett, did you say?" demanded Bissel sharply.

"Yes, but old Everett's boy—smart little rascal, too. Wanted to pick his own college and worked his way through by his own efforts."

"Good—I want you for a neighbor," said Everett's pleasant voice responded.

"This is Jacob Bissel," said the magnate rather pompously. "I wish to consult you concerning the plans for my new country house at Bluffton."

Whereupon Mr. Bissel was disagreeably surprised to learn that for some reason Mr. Everett was not eager to do business with him. He respectfully referred Mr. Bissel to his secretary, who advised the irate gentleman to state the offices of Everett & Co. at 4:30 that afternoon.

TO DAN CUPID.

Dear Dan—Where are you nowadays? We used to like your sportive ways. You took pot-shots at high and low.

We even took it in good part though you and then a flying dart struck stinging home. 'Twas pleasant when the tiny wound was healed again.

But now the arrows are so rare I can't seem to find any more! Perhaps you need today, my son, a modern rapid-fire gun.

The times are changed. No longer slow, but you are never still, you know. So you add beads to your string. You'll have to hit them on the wing!

But whether bow or gun you wield, we hope to see you take the field. Without you and your sportive play.

When you your mother Venus see, with kindly words remember me. And while this mortal life endures, I'll sign myself, sincerely yours,

The Evening Story

Fate and Peter Laidlaw.

(By June Galeau.)

"One of the Lansing county Everetts," barked Jacob Bissel, clattering the brass furnishings back mahogany desk. "Never did a stroke of work in his worthless life, I suppose!"

Marjorie surveyed her parent calmly.

"He worked his way through college, dad."

"Humph! Spent all the Everett money."

"But you are unfair to Paul Everett, and yet you judge him by the standard of your antipathy toward his uncle."

"And wants to marry my daughter," said Mr. Bissel, frowning.

"Why is it, Marjorie, that every time I run across to Europe for a little vacation you manage to get into mischief of some sort?"

"I entered training for a hospital nurse, and I'd hardly got that idea out of your head and went on a hunting trip to Europe."

"But, dad, he is coming this evening to see you!" protested poor Marjorie.

"Without a word Marjorie left the room and closed the telephone. But she could not reach her lover, for he had already left his office, and the clerk who answered her call said that Paul Everett had not returned where he was going or when he would return.

Marjorie found her mother sewing placidly in her own sitting room and she told her the case before her.

"My dear child," soothed Mrs. Bissel, "it is one of those things you must leave to fate. Your father is a very obstinate man. If he dislikes the Everetts, why he won't consider that perhaps Paul is different from his objectionable relatives. Somehow, some day, he will change his mind."

"I cannot force him. I learned that twenty years ago."

"It is so ridiculous for father to object," complained Marjorie. "For Paul Bissel, you know that no sane person could object to Paul as a son-in-law!"

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"Take my advice, honey," she murmured. "Leave the matter to fate. You'll get it all right. I'll be right with you. You know that no sane person could object to Paul as a son-in-law!"

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Exactly at 4:35 Mr. Bissel panted into the handsome offices of the architect and was informed by polite secretary that Mr. Everett had just left for the day.

"I had an appointment with him at 4:30," protested Mr. Bissel.

"It is 4:35, sir," Mr. Everett never waits for any one."

"The young puppy!"

chortled Mr. Bissel as he turned away.

But the next day he made another appointment and kept it, and found Paul Everett a most exasperating young man to deal with.

Everett was not eager to make plans for Bissel's new house. His coldness was most disconcerting, and Peter Laidlaw smiled tantalizingly at Jacob Bissel and constantly reminded him of the wager.

And in the end, for no special reason, Paul refused to consider accepting Bissel's patronage.

"A most unbusinesslike proceeding!" roared Jacob Bissel, as he stamped up and down his office. "I'll never build that house until he makes those plans!"

So he wrote a curt note and asked Paul to call at his office the next morning, and when Paul came, cool and imperturbable, he still declined to accept Mr. Bissel's business.

"I am not accustomed to being turned down, Mr. Everett," raged Jacob Bissel. "Is it a matter of money?"

Paul shook his handsome head.

"It's rather a personal feeling," he said with engaging frankness. "You see, my uncle used to know you, Mr. Bissel, and he never liked you—had some old business grudge, in fact."

"I do not!" flared Mr. Bissel, growing red around his ears.

"Then?" suggested Everett delicately.

"Then," repeated Jacob Bissel. "Well, young man, it's no use—I may as well give in and tell you to come around and see me tonight at my house."

"About Marjorie?" asked Paul.

"About Marjorie," conceded Marjorie's father.

"Then, Mr. Bissel," said Paul practically, "suppose we go over the plans for your new house, eh? I think we can make Peter Laidlaw's mansion look like a chicken coop."

"Now you're talking," said his future father-in-law.

Marjorie and her mother credited the whole affair to a kindly fate, but Paul only laughed and said:

"Fate's all right—only you've got to get out and hustle her along," he said. "And in this instance Fate's right—her name is Peter Laidlaw."

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Politics—"What is your attitude in regard to our present form of government?"

"The same that I entertain towards my automobile. I don't care anything for it, but I don't know how to fix it."—Puck.

Customer: "Here, waiter. Where are melon and some rackets, I've had had time." "Dum-dums, half a bombshell and one of 'em!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The only friends we can trust are the ones who never ask us to trust them.

"What's the matter with my labor theories?" "They won't work."—Baltimore American.

Kansas Comment

APPEARANCE OF PROSPERITY.

One of the reasons why advertising has grown so enormously of recent years is that merchants realize that a business must carry an atmosphere of prosperity. The man who enters a business office with soiled clothes, and an unkempt, and muddy boots, is not apt to get a job. This may be due to superficial judgments, but people have to make the best use they can of exterior indications. Similarly, the public judges of a merchant's success by exterior signs. A business man who does not advertise conveys an impression of passiveness and indifference.

The public values enterprise in retail trade higher than almost any other one quality. Liberal advertising is to a merchant what good clothes and a clean cut appearance are to a salesman. It suggests that a merchant is prosperous, that he has in the past succeeded in pleasing the public, that he is alert enough to meet the bargains for his customers. It shows that he has such confidence in his goods that he is willing to spend money to place his goods above the rest.—Marysville Advocate-Democrat.

From Other Pens

NEWSPAPER RIGHTS. Concededly the first duty of a newspaper is to its buyers and readers. If it helps advertisers to get their readers' money by subterfuge and chicanery, it does wrong and hurts itself.

A reputable newspaper avoids such a course as much as possible, for the interest as from a sense of duty. The law assists it in this state by imposing a fine on the sellers of goods who advertise in false and misleading ways as to quantity, quality, value or reasons for selling. But, on the other hand, if the state were to try to transfer the right of quality of truthfulness to the publishers of the advertisement, hostile politicians working through prosecuting officials could effect a much paternal legislation, of existence, and the liberty of the press would end. The injury to the community would be immense, the benefit trivial and unimportant. Such is the effect of much paternal legislation. The federal government has already pried into the business affairs of newspapers to a greater extent than in the affairs of other private enterprises. An attempt to make newspapers "public utilities" was proposed to the people of Colorado, who voted it down. It is not surprising that the printing of news about court proceedings are threatened in Albany. It is time for the press to stand up and fight as a unit against statutes that have no utility save as instruments of persecution by political foes of a particular newspaper.—Brooklyn Eagle.



THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TONIGHT BY MRS. FAWALKER

GRETCHEN VON DOLL—Part II

Caroline thought it was time she interfered, but when she tried to step she found to her surprise she could not move, and then she heard Marie's voice and forgot to wonder why she could not get to the doll house.

In the kitchen was Maggie, a doll cook and it was to her that Marie was speaking. "Maggie, I want you to go and take the baby out in the carriage, and take her out of the doll house, but her arms were not long enough."

"It is you who are ignorant, madam," she said. "Gretchen says, 'If you had the least bit of politeness you would not treat a guest in your home in the manner you have.'"

"Guest," repeated Marie, almost dropping the baby, and Caroline reached to catch it, but her arms were not long enough this time, either.

"Yes," said Gretchen, "I came all the way across the ocean to you and you try to make a servant of me. I would have you know that Gretchen is the great Von Doll family, and we stoop to no one."

"But your cap and apron," said Marie. "You are a German girl, and I thought you were the nurse for baby."</