Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.
By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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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.

MEMBER:
Associated Press.
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Members of the New York Bankers' club have launched a movement for the establishment of a world supreme court for the judicial settlement of all international disputes. Its promoters believe that it would prevent any such outbreak in the future as the present European war. But who would enforce the mandates of such a court? That's the important question. And it suggests that the League-To-Enforce-Peace idea is really the only workable one in the matter of preventing future wars, and a feature of which provides for some such intermediary tribunal.

State authorities should respond quickly and vigorously to the appeal of Attorney General Gregory that they take a hand in punishing those who may be responsible for factory explosions, intimidation of labor and other acts of violence against American industries. Mr. Gregory points out that the states are practically the only agencies that can deal with considerable of this lawlessnesses that is beyond the reach of federal statutes.

Greece would appear to be mighty close to the end of her neutral rope. The Entente Allies have issued an ultimatum to the effect that Greece must either assist Serbia or demobilize her army, and they threaten a commercial blockade of Greek ports, if Greece doesn't move one way or the other. And in the event of the latter happening, it probably wouldn't be long before Greece would have a war of its own with the Allies.

Representative Fitzgerald, chairman of the house appropriations committee, places his finger on the hardest problem confronting President Wilson and his advisers in respect to their elaborate preparedness for "defense" plans, by suggesting to Mr. Wilson that he develop plans to provide the means for paying the bills for the larger army and navy that are proposed. Even under present conditions, the Democratic administration is almost at its wit's end to provide sufficient revenues for the ordinary expenses of the government.

Germany's willingness to pay an indemnity for the American lives that were ost when the Lusitania was destroyed is, of course, another diplomatic victory for the United States. But it can be no more than a mere acknowedgment by Germany of the justice of the principles of law that are involved in such an affair. There can be no such thing as an adequate reparation, monetary or otherwise, for the murdering of innocents in any such fashion.

Lieutenant Merillat, U. S. A., and a former West Point football star, must have considerable money. A young woman is suing him for $20,000 for breach of promise.

Claimants for the high school football championship of the state are as numerous this year as ever. And, as usual, they will have to satisfy themselves with their ideas in the premises. So numerous are the high school football teams and so scattered are they over an extensive territory, that to determine definitely which one may be the champion is out of the question.

Nor does there appear to be anything unreasonable in the ruling of L. A. Congdon, the state hotel commissioner, that the Kansas hotel proprietors must keep the rooms in their establishments warm enough to be comfortable during the fall and winter months.

FARM WAGES IN NEW ENGLAND.

Farm hands in New England receive on the average $25.15 per month and board for 9 hours and 41 minutes' work per day, says the American Cultivator. This is an increase of 36 per cent in the last twenty years. The increase in wages in manufacturing industries during that time was only 23 per cent. This greater gain in rural wages has tended to check the urban movement of the rural population. According to United States government figures the average monthly wage for farm labor, board included, in Maine and Massachusetts is $25.50; in New Hampshire, $24.70; in Vermont, $26.30; in Rhode Island, $25, and in Connecticut, $23.90. Without board it runs from $42 in Massachusetts to $36 in Maine, with an average of $38.71. Day wages are highest at harvest time, a little over 30 per cent higher. Once harvest wages were 60 per cent more than at other seasons. The average wage rate with board during harvest time is $1.62 and without board $2.05.

While the statistics are not available, the football season which is fast drawing to a close does not appear to have been as productive of fatalities and serious accidents among the players as have the others which have preceded it. And this is the biggest boon that has been conferred by the new rules which have had such a marked tendency to make the playing more open.

"PORK BARREL" METHODS.

Congressman Taggart's announcement that he proposes to ask for a share for Kansas of any big appropriations that congress may make for increasing the military preparedness of the nation is rather discouraging. It would seem to provide all the evidence needed that an effort will be made by some congressmen, at least, to inject the indefensible "pork barrel" methods in the making of whatever appropriations may be necessary for the development of such military and naval plans as may be decided upon. There may be some plausibilty to Mr. Taggart's suggestion that government arms and ammunition plants should be placed safely in the interior of the country. But the best way to locate such plants would seem to be for congress to accept the advice of the military authorities as to where they should be placed, and not for Congressman Taggart and his legislative conferees to parcel them out amongst themselves for their districts or states. Just such methods are the ones that have dissipated a considerable part of the rather enormous military appropriations that have been made by the United States during the past decade and longer, and from which there has been no reasonable return. To satisfy the selfishness of members of the house and senate, expensive army posts that have no military value or strategic importance have been maintained in large numbers. Mammoth navy yards have been built in localities unsuited to their purpose and the real needs of the navy. In this way, the best interests of the nation as a whole have been subordinated to the desires of members of congress to bring home some of the "bacon." And Congressman Taggart's attitude would seem to indicate that this same old game will be played in congress when the appropriations for improving our army and navy come up for consideration. And what would appear to make Mr. Taggart's position all the more untenable is his personal opinion that a foreign invasion of these United States is merely a "troubled dream." On that theory we do not need either an enormous navy or a much larger army. At the same time Mr. Taggart seems convinced that our present military defenses are wholly inadequate. This suggests that the appropriations that their necessary development would entail are the things that appeal to Mr. Taggart most, and especially so in view of his announcement that Kansas must have a part of them.

More than just passing notice should be given to the observations of Dr. DeVilbiss, in charge of the child welfare department of the state board of health, that of the 40,000 babies born in Kansas each year no less than one in every nine dies through ignorance of their proper care. This doesn't jibe very well with the high degree of general intelligence that Kansans are supposed to possess. It is also the best possible evidence of the need that Kansas has for just such a state agency that Dr. DeVilbiss is conducting so well, and her efforts to reduce this infant mortality should be given the heartiest co-operation on all sides. When all is said and done, the baby crop is the most important crop in Kansas.

AN ABSURD LAW.

It is getting to be almost a misdemeanor to possess an American flag in Massachusetts; and Boston, with memories of Paul Revere and Bunker Hill and Lexington and Concord, is the chief exponent of a most absurd law, writes N. H. Windsor in Popular Mechanics Magazine. It is ruled that the use of the American flag as any part of the illustrated front cover of a magazine is a debasement of the flag to purposes of advertising. Even a glass paper weight, devoid of a single word, cannot be sold or given away, if it contains the flag. During the past few months three excellent magazines, of national reputation, were barred from circulation in Boston, under penalty of heavy fines—and what was the "offense"? On one a group of aged women were portrayed in the diabolical act of sewing an American flag; in another a Fourth-of-July girl had two small American flags in her hair, and the third showed the flag with patriotic quotations from the president of the United States printed below. In each instance the flag was used in a dignified manner. What more impressive than the bent form of white-haired motherhood fashioning with trembling fingers the stars and stripes? What more beautiful than young womanhood, with all the charm of grace and beauty, espousing the flag which has given more to daughters and mothers than any other flag on earth? What more appropriate than that the momentous words of the commander of the army and navy should find expression beneath Old Glory, to honor and protect which he has taken his solemn oath? At heart we are sound, but in our desire to avoid the semblance of devotion to royalty we have gone to the other extreme. For fear of appearing sentimental, we reluctantly arise when the national anthem is played; we see its folds break from the peak with covered heads and faint applause. Must we have another scourge of shot and shell to teach us the lesson of its worth? What we need in this great melting pot of nations is not less American flag but more of it. Let it fly from every school house, in every state; let it unfurl when our courts of law convene; let its folds drape our pulpits; give it a place in every shop, and office, and home. Let our girls wear it in their hair, and our boys wear it on their breast. Let it not be the emblem of a holiday, but let it find its response from the first words of first-born all the way through life, and with his last breath let him praise its grandeur and bequeath its trust to children's children.

Journal Entries

Even the happy hod-carrier has his ups and downs.

✤ ✤ ✤

One of the best ways to avoid trouble is not to help start it.

✤ ✤ ✤

The fine theory that it's hardest to practice concerns economy.

✤ ✤ ✤

People who make light of other folk's troubles usually magnify their own.

✤ ✤ ✤

Calling kitchen work domestic science doesn't do away with its disagreeable features.

The Evening Story

Horn of Plenty.

(By Wentworth Brown.)

The little cabin clung to the scarred hillside and pine trees clustered around it as if to protect the tiny home from the cruel blasts of the approaching winter.

In summer it was very lovely there. Birds nested in the deep pine woods behind the cabin and a robin had built in the tallest pine over the roof. But now the robins had fled and the woods were quiet save for the scolding chatter of blue jays and the occasional bark of squirrels. The grass had died under the touch of a blighting frost and the wind whistled keenly down the mountain.

Hester Prentice leaned against the doorway and looked sorrowfully at bleak hillside and the dark hole in the earth where her husband had delved for many months. A few flecks of gold had rewarded his efforts and although he still maintained an outward air of cheerfulness Hester read growing despair in his stooped shoulders and evasive eye, and only this morning she had noted with a little shock that his dark hair was silvered around the temples.

"And Dick is only thirty," she murmured to herself with a catch of the breath. "That awful mine! With its alluring promises that are never fulfilled it is sapping his life of youth and happiness. Such a mockery to call it 'Horn of Plenty.' 'The Vampire' would be a better name."

Tears clouded her blue eyes and for the moment she lost the cheerfulness that had sustained her ever since her marriage to Dick Prentice six months before. Family and friends had protested at her foolhardiness in risking everything upon the mining claim staked out in distant Montana. "There is Dick, you know," she had smiled confidently at them. "With Dick, I would go anywhere—take any chance in the world!"

So she had married him and the summer had been an ideal one, but November was upon them and Thanksgiving only a few days away.

Homesickness tugged at her heartstrings. Back there in New England they were making elaborate preparations for the great festival. They had written and urged the young pioneers to come home for Thanksgiving. Hester smiled bitterly. Why there was scarcely a bushel of flour in the house and the bacon was almost gone—what could one do with nothing coming in?

Dick's hopefulness had jarred on her nerves. Only this morning she had spoken sharply to him when he had made some remark about Thanksgiving. A pang of remorse now sent her hurrying down toward the shaft.

At the very edge of the opening she hesitated and peered within the tunnel. Dick was there—sitting on a keg, his head bowed in his hands; alone with his disappointment!

"Dick, Dick!" she cried, going to him and folding his head in her arms. "Come up to the house. Leave this dreadful place!"

His face was hot with fever and his eyes were bright.

"I believe I will come up for a while, dear," he laughed uncertainly. "This hole in the ground has rather got on my nerves, and if I could only sleep for a while—there—there, I've forgotten to cover that dynamite—"

"I'll come down and do that, dear," protested his wife. "You know I'll be just as careful. Come!"

Hester supported Dick up the hill and somehow got him into bed, and because they were twenty miles from the nearest town and there was no direct means of communication save through their neighbor, Lin Dowd, five miles away, she had to administer the simple remedies at her command until she could devise some way of getting word to the doctor.

Presently Dick was muttering restlessly in the little bedroom while Hester picked up his gun and went quickly up into the woods behind the cabin. If she could only make Lin Dowd hear the report of the gun he might suspect trouble and come to her aid.

Once in the dim aisles of the pines she started a wild turkey which fluttered up with a raucous squawk.

"There is our Thanksgiving dinner!" cried Hester. "What an idiot I am to think that one can't be happy and thankful anywhere in the world! Why, if Dick were only well again I would be the most delighted woman in the universe. But we will have a Thanksgiving dinner in spite of you!" she turned and shook her fist at the Horn of Plenty below. "I will make some mincemeat—squirrel will help some, although I hate to kill the darlings—and those wild grape preserves I made will be delicious! Why didn't I think of it before instead of grumbling? I am afraid Dick has noticed my downheartedness. Well, I won't give away again!"

With this resolution Hester lifted the gun and fired several shots in the direction of the Dowd place. She thought she heard a signaling shot in return, and, satisfied that help would soon be on the way, she went back to the cabin and discovered that Dick was sleeping quietly.

It was a lonely day for her, for Dick slept far into the afternoon. She completed her plans for Thanksgiving day, and while she stood in the dooryard watching the trail along which she expected to see Lin Dowd's mules come galloping at any instant, a great plan took form in her mind.

"If I could only blow the old Horn of Plenty to bits, Dick would admit defeat and go home with me. There he could have some chance in father's office and I would work, too, if necessary. This suspense is killing him."

She bit her lip thoughtfully as she went down the hillside to the mine. She was familiar with the workings and had often helped Dick, holding the hand drill and fetching and carrying for him faithfully.

She opened the door of the tool shed and rolled a keg of gunpowder into the mouth of the tunnel. There she inserted a fuse into the opening and carried the length to a large rock half way up the slope.

"There, you greedy old Horn of Plenty. You've swallowed all our hopes and our money. When you have vanished, perhaps we can begin over again somewhere else!"

Hester did not light her fuse then, nor for several days, because Dick required all her attention. Lin Dowd evidently had not heard her call for help and she was compelled to do the best she could alone and unaided.

On Thanksgiving morning Dick was much better. He said he felt as strong as a lion and would get up and eat some of the toothsome viands whose odors filled the cabin with reminders of Thanksgiving days in New England. Hester had actually shot and killed a wild turkey and she was jubilant over her skill. The turkey was roasting in the oven now while Hester put the finishing touches to her tinned vegetables and the pumpkin pies she had made.

"I suppose you covered the dynamite, Hester?" asked Dick suddenly.

"I forgot, dear," she replied, and she had also forgotten her intention of blowing up the mine. Thanksgiving preparations had driven despair and bitterness from her heart. "I will run down there in a few moments."

"I believe I feel able to go myself," began Dick, who had dressed himself and was trying his strength.

Hester made such protest that he compromised on walking as far as the big rock.

She stood in the doorway watching him with tender eyes. He paused by the rock, waved his hand and scratched a match to light his pipe. He tossed the flaming match end aside and Hester, watching it, saw it flame on the ground and then a sullen streak of red ran down the hill toward the shaft.

"The fuse—fuse!" she screamed, running toward her husband.

But she was too late! The quick fuse had accomplished its purpose. It reached the gunpowder—there was a deafening explosion followed by a detonation that shook the hillside as the store of dynamite tore into the earth.

She found Dick rising to his feet, white and stern-looking.

"What was that, Hester?" he asked.

Tearfully, Hester made her confession, and she had scarcely finished when they were confronted by another disaster—the little cabin they called home burst into flames ignited by the overturned cookstove.

Half an hour later, they faced each other amid the smoking ruins of their home. Below was a jumbled heap of upturned rocks that marked the site of the illusive Horn of Plenty.

Hester, wide-eyed and pale, was afraid to meet her husband's eyes. This was indeed a cruel Thanksgiving—her own fault, too!

A shout came up the hill. Lin Dowd had heard the roar of the explosion and had lashed his mules up the trail to the Prentice claim. They saw him leave the mules and come afoot up the slope. He stopped at the mine and studied the ground, then he came hurrying to meet them.

"Anybody hurt?" he asked anxiously, and finding that the young settlers were intact, he tossed his hat down on the ground and proceeded to execute a weird dance around the embers of their home. "Are you crazy?" demanded Dick at last.

"Almost," admitted Lin breathlessly, pausing to confront them. "You folks better come down to our house to dinner. Sarah's got a wild turkey with all the trimmings. You two will want to give thanks all the rest of your lives—understand?"

"We don't understand," replied Dick grimly.

"Come with me, then," Lin led the way down to the upheaval that marked the site of the mine. "Look at this—and this. The explosion has cut into the vein that you always believed was there—you wouldn't have found it any other way, and, well, I guess you're a millionaire for keeps!

"That Horn of Plenty mine has certainly overflowed with gold—and I'm darned glad of it—and if you folks can stop hugging each other you better come along down and get some Thanksgiving dinner!"—(Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"EAT 'EM UP, TIGERS"

Electric Sign at Columbia Ordered Down by Missouri President.

Columbia, Mo., Nov. 24.—The electric "Eat 'Em Up Tigers" sign that the engineering school at the University hung on the columns facing the university as a greeting to the Kansas football squad and visitors coming here for tomorrow's football game, was ordered removed today by A. Ross Hill, president of the University of Missouri.

All the men are in first class condition.

DEATHS AND FUNERALS

John Howard Brown, age 2 months, 22 days, son of Charles Brown, 813 East Tenth street, died today. The funeral will be held from the residence Thursday morning at 11 o'clock. Interment in Topeka cemetery.

H. Sargent Brownell, formerly of Topeka, died in San Diego, Cal., Tuesday morning, following a long illness. Friends in Topeka were notified of his death this morning by a telegram from his mother, Mrs. Charles H. Brownell, who had been with her son since Sunday morning. His father, who was in Dodge City, was notified of his son's death and left immediately for California.

Mr. Brownell, who was 36 years of age, went to California four years ago. The trip was made with a number of Topeka friends, the party offering entertainments at the Santa Fe reading rooms. Having relatives there, he decided to remain.

He come to Topeka from Emporia with his parents nine years ago and was prominent in local musical circles. He was an accomplished 'cellist and played in various local church choirs. He graduated from the Emporia high school and the College of Emporia, where he studied music.

His parents live at 611 Huntoon street.

LOCAL MENTION.

The divorce case of Henry Cauder against Mary Cauder, formerly Mrs. Poppleton, is being tried this afternoon in the second division of the district court. Monday a motion was filed in court to have her children placed in a home. The motion alleged that she was unfit to care for them.

The Rev. G. K. Hartman, pastor of the First United Brethren church, returned home Tuesday after helping in workers' institutes in Whiting, Scandia, Lebanon, Harlan and Salina. He spent Saturday and Sunday at Beloit, filling a pulpit.

G. E. Rigby's new store for candies, fruits and nuts, figs, dates. 108 W. 5th.—Adv.

Dr. C. C. Lull, county physician, left today for Lebanon, where he will visit relatives and spend Thanksgiving. He will probably return Sunday.

Johnson's Box Candy at Flad's, 607 Kansas avenue.—Adv.

The ladies' aid society of the First English Lutheran church will hold a bazaar and Christmas sale at the church beginning December 3. A feature will be the punch board managed by the Young's Peoples society. The committee in charge is Miss Esther Lindell, Miss Lillian Butts and Mark Troxell. Mrs. A. V. Lindell, president of the ladies' aid, will manage the bazaar.

A community Thanksgiving service will be held at the Seabrook Congregational church Thursday at 7:30 o'clock. The sermon by the pastor will be "How Much Thanks Could We Offer If We Were in Europe?"

For Jitney, phone 274. Day and night service.—Adv.

The choir of the First English Lutheran church will give a sacred cantata, "The Daughter of Jairus," next Sunday evening. Several special voices have parts.

For a popular priced suit or overcoat, made to measure, see Olof Ekberg, 708 Kansas Ave., 2nd floor.—Adv.

"Our Thanksgiving Chain and Its Links of Gratitude" will be the subject of the sermon to be preached by the Rev. M. F. Troxell, pastor of the First English Lutheran church, at the union services at the First Presbytrelan church, Eighth and Harrison streets, tomorrow morning. There will be special music.

Dr. and Mrs. Edsell of Fairhaven, Ohio, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. T. L. Tomlinson, and granddaughter, Mrs. R. L. Elliott, 1321 West Fourteenth street, en route to San Francisco, Cal., where their son, H. L. Edsell, is commissioner of immigration.

Glass and glazing, call 949. J. K. Jones Paint Co.—Adv.

Services will be held at the Westminster Presbyterian church for the southwest district tomorrow; at the East Side Methodist church for the east side district, and at the Second Presbyterian church for the North side district. The First Presbyterian church represents the central district.

The Rev. S. S. Estev, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, will go to Independence, Kan., Sunday, where he will fill the pulpit of the Rev. Floyd Pee, D. D., who will preach here.

Dr. Charles Lyngar, dentist, 809 Kansas Ave., phone 714.—Adv.

There will be no dearth of candidates for the office of sheriff of Shawnee county. There are already eleven or twelve avowed condidates, and today H. C. Ericsson, former sheriff of Wabaunsee county, and at present engaged in farming, announced that he too would be in the race.

The Fortnightly club met at the home of W. W. Mills Tuesday night. A. D. Gray of the Santa Fe gave a talk on "Preparedness."

Use Monarch Menthal Ointment for colds.—Adv.

People with china closets full of cut glass don't need charity, according to the ideas of the Provident association. An old negro man called Tuesday and wanted to have a house furnished for him to live in. He told where his daughter lived and an official visited the family, finding lots of house room, a china closet full of cut glass and only two women living in the house. But the daughter said that in spite of the apparent largeness of the house, there wasn't enough room for her father, so would the Provident association please furnish him another home?

Dr. J. W. Howard, Dentist, 809 Kansas Ave., Phone 714.—Adv.

The Rev. Benjamin Young, pastor of the First Methodist church, will preach to women tonight in his sermon, "The Woman Who Does Not Falter in Her Task."

Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock Thanksgiving praise services will be held at the First Methodist church. Friday evening at the same hour will be preparation service for teachers and workers, getting ready for the Sunday rally.

Use Monarch Auto and Furniture Dresser on your auto.—Adv.

Richmond P. Hobson, he of Spanish war fame, later kissed nearly to extinction by adoring woman, and still later congressman from Alabama, will speak at the First Methodist church, Sixth and Harrison streets, Friday, December 3. The state temperance union is bringing him here as a speaker and the program is in charge of Frank Stahl.

Miss Jessie E. Young will arrive tonight from Clay Center to spend Thanksgiving with her parents, the Rev. and Mrs. Benjamin Young, 500 Topeka avenue.

Plans are being made by the Y. W. C. A. for the jubilee celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. This will be observed all over the world.

Practically all offices at the Shawnee county court house will be closed tomorrow on account of Thanksgiving. A few of the offices will be open for a short time in the morning.

Shooting craps cost Albert (Boots) Henderson and W. Franklin, both negroes, five dollars each this morning in police court. The two men were surprised at 316 East First street, by Officer Furgason recently and arrested.

Topeka whisky isn't the only kind of corn extract that will make a man batty, according to a discovery made by Shawnee county officials. When Ed. Hart appropriated a suit case and overcoat belonging to an Ellis farmer and jumped from a train at the junction in North Topeka, there was a quart of Kansas City "skee" in the grip. The police say Hart got outside of the entire contents of the bottle. Since Hart has been at the county jail as a guest of the county for the last two or three days he has been "seeing things," officials say.

The annual meeting of the Old Settlerss' association will be held in the First Presbyterian church December 4. All old settlers are invited to be present. Captain Joseph G. Waters is president of the association.

Painless dental work at moderate prices at the White Dental Parlors, 809 Kansas Ave., Phone 714.—Adv.

A tailor on Kansas avenue between Third and Fourth streets told Detective McGovern that two skirts had been stolen from the clothesline behind the shop. The detective kept an eye open and when a waitress emerged from a restaurant next door hugging a bundle of unusual proportions, he stepped up to her and asked to see it. "I—I won't," she declared. Detective McGovern showed his star and demanded to examine the package. It proved to be full of ham, bread and other edibles, which she was carrying off from the restaurant. The girl was not arrested.

The Y. W. C. A. cafeteria will be closed tomorrow.

Suits and overcoats dry cleaned 75c. Topeka Laundry Co. Phone 3653.—Adv.

The meeting of the Domestic Circle club of the Y. W. C. A. has been postponed until next week.

The fire department was called this afternoon to extinguish a small blaze in the backyard of the home of A. C. Klingaman, 314 East Sixth street. The damage was trifling.

GOING AFTER RECORDS

Auto Drivers in Tomorrow's Races All on Their Mettle.

Ed Lauer, former dirt track champion of Iowa, whose laurels were plucked from him last summer by "Wild Bill" Mackerell, is going to try to "come back" tomorrow in the Thanksgiving auto races at the Topeka fair grounds.

The dust is surely going to fly at the fair grounds tomorrow, and there seems no doubt that the track record will be smashed. All the cars entered are comparatively new and of high power, built especially for racing, and the drivers are men with records for fearless driving.

The contests will begin at 2:30 o'clock sharp. Tickets are on sale at Stansfield's drug store, and those who wish to avoid the rush at the fair gate tomorrow should buy their tickets now at Stansfield's.

Marshall's band will be an additional attraction. It will give concerts before and during the racing events. Only one admission price will be charged and the grandstand and bleacher seats will be free to everybody.

ON NEW COMPLAINT

Crosby Chiles Is Again in Trouble With the Authorities.

The office of W. E. Atchison, county attorney, launched a new offensive against Crosby Chiles, well known around police headquarters, today when a warrant was issued and filed in the court of Topeka, charging Chiles and an unknown man with "lifting" $27 from the person of D. B. Gilbert, an express driver, age 65.

Chiles was arrested some time ago by Detective Tom Morgan on a charge of distributing a bunch of bad checks of small denomination. He has been held on that charge. Then Gilbert appeared and entered complaint. Information in the hands of county officials is to the effect that Chiles sent Gilbert out to Fifth and Golden avenues, after some "baggage." When Gilbert arrived at the place, it is alleged, a confederate of Chiles, rapped him over the head and obtained $27 from the expressman's pockets.

LANDS IN BULL PEN

H. B. Newell Starts Out to Capture Arthur Houser.

Armed With Handcuffs and Deputy Sheriff's Commission.

H. B. Newell, alias Jack Dempsey and would-be captor of Arthur Houser, western desperado and all around bad man, was unceremoniously landed in the bull pen at the city jail Tuesday night by Chief Parsons's men after he had "worked" Governor Arthur Capper and Sheriff L. L. Kiene for a deputy sheriff's commission ,a pair of handcuffs and a star.

Newell says he is a teamster. His trail that led to his undoing began at the time of the Francis Kiene-Laura Bailey alleged holdup and attempted assault at Willow park several weeks ago.

Newell, according to the police, went to Governor Capper and told the executive that he knew where Arthur Houser, wanted for the holdup, could be found. His story to the governor resulted in Capper's writing a letter to Sheriff Kiene asking the sheriff, it is alleged, to give Newell a commission.

Newell called on the sheriff. He got the commission. Then he went to Chief Parsons and asked for a star and a pair of handcuffs. Parsons, citing that he was not distributing paraphernalia for the sheriff's office, did not grant the request. Newell went back to Kiene and got the equipment and sallied forth, it is alleged, to capture the bold, bad Houser, dead or alive.

He was not seen for some time, according to the police. A few days ago, Chief Parsons received a report that Newell was not conducting himself properly with a certain woman, and on this report the chief ordered him picked up.

Tuesday night Detective Alba and Driver Richardson walked into the Pope drug store, 422 Kansas avenue. "'Tis he," quoth Richardson. "Si," said Alba. Newell was pinched. At the station he was booked for investigation. Chief Parsons says the charge will be changed to vagrancy and on that charge he will be tried before Judge Yates, czar of police court.

The police say that the man has admitted that he has not worked at manual or any other kind of labor for three months.

SIGN FALLS ON HIM

R. A. Smith Is Severely Injured as Result of the Wind.

R. A. Smith of 305 East Sixth street was injured this morning when a heavy sign belonging to the Hinkson-Crawford Advertising company struck him on the left foot after being blown from its position on top of the one-story building at 911 Kansas avenue. Smith was given emergency treatment by Dr. Dorothy B. Nicoll. An X-Ray picture taken later in the morning by Dr. W. D. Storrs showed that one of the bones in the foot had been broken.

The young man was taken to his home by R. K. Hinkson, who was present when the sign fell.

COMPLIMENTS PARSONS

Dr. Crumbine Writes a Letter to the Police Chief.

A letter of appreciation for the way the police department has been handling pure food violations, was received by Chief Harvey Parsons from Dr. S. J. Crumbine, secretary of the state board of health.

C. Baker and T. A. Stich, a huckster and a teamster were fined $10 each in police court Tuesday afternoon for violation of the food act, it is alleged, by selling bad eggs in North Topeka. The two were pinched by Detectives Abbott, McGovern and Tom Morgan.

As there are only three pure food inspectors in the state, the enforcement of the pure food laws rests largely with the police of different cities. The board of health secretary commended the chief for his quick work.

Bed Time Tales

By Clara Ingram Judson

THANKSGIVING EVE.

'Twas the night before Thanksgiving, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, save only a mouse!
The pies were all set in the pantry with care,
Cake and plum-pudding—all were right there!

And up in his attic corner Mr. Mouse smelled every one!

"Yum, yum! But that smells good!" he exclaimed in delight. "I wonder what it is?"

"Don't get excited," cautioned Mrs. Mouse. "That's a Thanksgiving smell! It means that there are goodies galore downstairs—where we can't see them!"

"Where I am going to get them, you mean," corrected Mr. Mouse, starting for the head of the stairs. "I like food that smells such a smell as this is and I mean to have some!" And down the stairs he went.

Of course he went slowly and cautiously, for Mr. Mouse was not one to run needless risks—he knew that true bravery meant to avoid all the dangers possible—but he went—straight—for—that—pantry—and its smell! Down the stairs; across the hall; through the dining-room; and into the pantry!

The sight that met his eyes was even better than he had hoped for! Such pies! Such cakes! And a plum-pudding that was good to look at! His eyes fairly pulged with delight! And you may be sure that he lost no time looking—he began nibbling at once.

Up in the bare, cold attic, Mrs. Mouse waited impatiently. "Something must have happened to him," she declared to herself over and over again. "No food, no food that I ever saw, would keep him downstairs this long!" The more she thought about him (and she simply couldn't help thinking!) the more alarmed she became, till at last she could stand it no longer; she resolved to go down and see for herself what had happened.

So down the stairs she crept; across the hall; through the dining-room, and into that pantry! And then she saw—all that Mr. Mouse had seen; and she smelled all the good odors he had smelled; and she immediately began to eat—all that he had not touched!

Together they nibbled off the edges of the pies.

Together they nibbled off the edges of the pies; they sampled the cakes, and they ate a neat little hole right into the side of the big plum-pudding. Then, when they were so full they could hardly walk, they climbed back upstairs and went to sleep.

Hardly had they left the pantry when morning came; and soon afterwards the mistress of the house walked into the pantry to get food for breakfast. How do you suppose she felt when she saw all her carefully made goodies so spoiled?

So if you have any Thanksgiving pies in your pantry tonight put them where Mr. and Mrs. Mouse can not find them! They'll be smelling and they'll be looking—so hide the goodies tight!—(Copyright—Clara Ingram Judson.)