Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper
By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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Possibly those Reno county boys who are taking a domestic science course at the Nickerson high school and learning to bake bread and wash dishes intend to select perfectly modern girls for their wives.

England's soldiers may not have accomplished so far all that has been expected of them, but they have certainly been on the job and taking their medicine in frightful doses, as the British casualty list of 550,000 proves conclusively.

How modest of some of the erstwhile Kansas Bull Moosers who have accompanied their return to the Republican party with announcements of their candidacies for nomination for office subject to the Republican primaries. And it might be that this was their major motive in reaffiliating with their first political love. Chances that they would connect with elective offices by the Progressive party route were negligible.

Mr. Bryan is undoubtedly just as well pleased that Mr. Wilson decided not to mince words in such references as he might make on his western trip to the "peace at any price" advocates. He'll need have no hesitancy about replying in kind.

Few of the big dams that are built seem to be constructed to meet emergencies. Another of them has gone out and caused a flood that has destroyed many lives as well as much property, this time near San Diego.

Two winters this year of the variety that's been prevailing of late would be decided unacceptable to most folk, so the Groundhog had best be careful how he conducts himself on Wednesday.

As far as not a few folk in these parts are concerned, the snow has probably long since ceased to be beautiful.

There will be as much applause in some quarters over the president's nomination of Louis D. Brandeis for the vacancy on the supreme court bench as there will be criticism in others. And in the latter there will be more or less consolation over the fact that at most Mr. Brandeis will have but one vote in shaping the decisions of the court.

January, 1915 in these United States will also be notable for its floods. It's a most unusual time of the year for them.

Surely the last word in the premises has now been spoken. Bob Johnson, the evangelist, has endorsed the decision of the movie censors in placing the ban on the presentation of "The Birth of the Nation" in Kansas.

Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, has recovered his power of speech but he probably hasn't anything of importance to say. German authority does all of the real talking for the Austrians these days.

The plaintiff and defendant in a New York breach of promise suit are described respectively as a "vampire" and a "boob," notes the Detroit Free Press, and it adds: Were there no boobs at large, vampiring would be a unremunerative business.

Apparently the Du Pont Powder company will need all of the profits it can make out of the $320,000,000 worth of European war orders it is said to have received, to recoup the losses to its plants that it has sustained during the past few months. There was another big blow up and fire at one of its New Jersey plants the other day.

The Albany Argus' idea of an existing job is packing shells in a munition plant alongside a hyphenated American.

KANSAS' MESSAGE TO CALIFORNIA.

Frank P. MacLennan, of the Topeka State Journal, in responding to the toast "Kansas' Message to California," at the Kansas Day club dinner at the Los Angeles Union League club, Saturday evening, said:

"I am sincerely glad to be here on this birthday of Kansas, at this Kansas Day club dinner, and with so many friends; Kansas-Californians, a use of the hyphen which carries no thought of disloyalty to state or country; but a love for your former state, coupled with admiration for and devotion to your present one. I am glad to be here tonight, too, because as one of the founders of the first Kansas Day club—until tonight, have never missed a meeting in the twenty-four that have preceded the one now holding in Topeka. By being present here I can be present in Kansas in spirit, and I have wired them to count me, although not voting, present with them, with kindred spirits like you, far away.

"I am particularly proud, too, as a conservative Republican, to have follow me a great Progressive, your distinguished governor, Hiram Johnson; for it is a rare occasion when he follows any Republican; rather does he follow that great leader, who is also my friend, Col. Theodore Roosevelt; our most eminent American, our best informed politician, our most beloved citizen, and one who may yet again be the most important factor within and without the party in the affairs of the Republicans.

"But I am warned that I must not talk politics here tonight. The original Kansas Day Club, to quote from its charter, was an organization of young Republicans to enhance the welfare of their party, and give social pleasure at an annual gathering to be held on the day on which the state was admitted to the Union.

"Your club is formed on broader lines; and here tonight, on the 55th anniversary of the admission of Kansas to the sisterhood of states, and the 25th anniversary of the birth of the Kansas Day club, I like you and am glad to be with you, not as Republicans or Progressives or Democrats, but as former Kansans; thinking of patriotism rather than party, for patriotism should come before party, although it may well and practically come with it.

"It was said, long before Balboa discovered the Pacific that wise men from the east came; and to this day they are still coming. That is one of the factors which makes California great. Another one is that many of the wise men stay in the west, wherein you are doubly blessed. You will probably declare that ALL the wise men remain here. You recall that the original men of wisdom were cautioned not to return to Herod's country, and those who did return suffered in the wrath of that eastern king of Judea. I need not remind you, however, that the brightest thing in this world rises in the east; but also call your attention to the fact that it reaches its greatest brightness, its zenith, at midday, midway between the east and the west, over Kansas; and in going westward, constantly declines until on the horizon of the Pacific, it sinks into utter darkness.

"I am glad also to be here because I read of zero weather and snow and blizzards at your former homes. To be sure, you are having some disagreeable days, even here—too many of them. But I am told that the weather is 'unusual;' but you all heard that expression before you came here, and brought that with you, remembering what you told far easterners when they met untoward temperatures and high winds in Kansas, instead of the sunshine and brightness they had read about in the promoters' literature. I am then told, in apology, that it is the rainy season here; but I would like to say to you—if you will permit me to pick the season in Kansas, I can assure you the most delightful weather out of doors, for our Mays and Junes, Septembers and Octobers, and some other months are beyond compare. I am reminded by the continued absence of the sun in California during my stay that you have preserved the sunshine for us in the golden halo of your oranges, grapefruit and lemons, and would suggest as one of your needed industries, a canning factory that would seal and bottle the sunshine when you have it, conserving it for use on days such as these.

"I find that in California you have the adepts, the adopted, and the adapted. Some were born here and by a lifetime have become adept at sounding the praises of climate and products. Others come here, and in their adopted state have become almost equally expert in chanting the glories of the golden state. Others, like myself, come here and are followed by cloud-bursts, wash-outs and deluges, which cut the bridges behind us, marooning us here, so that we are unable to get back or get out. We must adapt ourselves to the circumstances. This, however, I have found a grateful pursuit. You are a cordial people; none can be more so. With all your failings and the failings of the rain, I must say you are a hospitable and sympathetic people. I have been detained here by my family's illness, fortunately now well past, and have found your hospitals excellent, and your sympathy most kindly. In fact, I think in my experience I have never received more sympathy than here; sympathy for us, because we do not live in California. Awaiting my return to that place which you formerly called 'God's Country,' I am liking your people and your lands. Am feeling so much at home that I may well be counted a Californian for the time being. A few days ago while being driven, over your superb roads, through your beautiful suburbs, there were pointed out to me through the rain-drops, the beautiful poinsettias, the thousands of rosebushes in bloom along the high-ways, bordered by hundreds of wonderful homes, and was told that there were many more of them back of the clouds in the canyons, and above them on the hillsides. A few days later, on one of those sunny days that came to you recently—like to me a rare day in June—I went over the same ground, in the same machine, with the same former Kansan, Mr. Fellows, twice mayor of my home town, Topeka, but this time accompanied by my wife. I began to point out to her the glory of the poinsettia and the beauty of the roses, and the double rows of them; the charming homes; and found myself saying, 'There are scores of them back there in the canyons and on the hillsides costing from $100,000 to $150,000.' I was talking like a real Californian, and such I was for the moment.

"I have marveled at the prominence and prosperity of my former friends in Kansas whom I have met here. One is the enterprising secretary of this club, Mr. Clarence H. Matson, harbor expert and ocean traffic man. Matson came here from Kansas, where they have only prairie schooners; not even the schooner which made Milwaukee famous. He came to this town where they have every schooner known to the land and the sea. Think of his former nerve, and his present knowledge! He was given the harbor assignment on the staff of the Evening Express. He studies the subject. He becomes an authority, and when the office of secretary of the harbor commission is created, he is found to be the most available and the most able man for the job. I always liked Matson. He was a reporter for me, and a good one at that, ready and conscientious. I liked him even for the enemies he made me. It was one of his articles which brought me three libel suits for $15,000 each, and the plaintiffs, distinguished officials of state combined and made it $45,000; backed by the best legal talent. But I stayed by Matson in that story, just as you have stood by him in your storms of flood and criticism; and both faiths in him were of avail and were warranted; for I won the libel suits and was acquitted, and you have won the harbor, which, I understand, last year made the remarkable showing of one-third the commerce of the great harbor to the north of you at the Golden Gate.

"I had told Matson that I was not well aware that Los Angeles harbored anything but tourists. He then proposed to show me, made me spend a day with him down at San Pedro, over and around the inner and outer harbors in a motor boat, along the cement docks and concrete warehouses, over to and upon the breakwater, and up into the lighthouse; proving to me that when you make a harbor to order, you have the latest and best there is, not depending upon the mere caprices of nature, as did San Diego and San Francisco.

"Here are but a few former Kansans who have brought messages and themselves to your state: J. B. Lippincott, engineer, who built your wonderful new water supply, with its tunnels, its syphons and its aqueducts; Handley of your public works; John Elliott, the collector of customs for southern California, the best gift from President Wilson; Harley Brundige of the Express and Tribune, who founded the Horton Headlight, whose effulgent rays still shine forth from the county adjacent to my own; Chapman, perhaps your most successful orange-grower, and Teague, recognized as your leading lemon-producer, and there is a long additional list of them.

"You boast of your gold and your silver and your wonderful fruits. Do you know that in one season Kansas grew one-fifth of the wheat crop of the entire country? and the value of that one crop alone exceeded the value of all those California products, and was the greatest quantity ever produced by any state or province. Kansas ranked fourth in the union in the total of all products, first in wheat and alfalfa per capita; with her per capita of $1,725 in wealth and with $134 in the banks for every man, woman and child. But you have one crop which is greater than all—the tourist crop. It is estimated that for one hundred days in the year you have 100,000 visitors in Los Angeles alone. If they spend a low estimate of $3 daily, that brings $30,000,000 to your city. But that is a mere bagatelle to the real crop which the tourists bring; for so many of them come back to stay. They first came, then they saw, and then were conquered by your charming climate and your great opportunities. In returning to permanently reside, they bring with them the savings of a lifetime to invest with you in your orchards, mines and fields; and develop them, and place their money with you for profit in its earnings of production, and the population they give you! The latter I have no doubt ere long will reach the coveted one million.

"California should teach Kansas a great lesson. We boast that our state is out of debt; the last outstanding bonds were burned on the first of this month. It is said that we have 75,000 automobiles; one for every six families. The crops for 1915 if equally divided would give $630 to each inhabitant. You have heard of our great wheat crop; of our high standard of literacy; of the fact that we have no saloons to waste our substance in purse or body; but we lack two great things you have that are most essential to progress and continued well being: highways and hotels. You have remarkable attractions for the traveler in your midst; unexcelled hostelries—1,600 of them, I am told, in this city alone—not counting the charming Glenwood Mission Inn at Riverside, and 1,400 apartment houses. You make of living to the transients, a joy as well as a profit. We need better hotels in Kansas. We must take more care of the stranger in our midst. But we need most of all your roads and highways. You teach us that what is good enough for the city man is none too good for the farmer. The farmer who makes his money in the soil and comes to the city to spend it, should have equal facilities with the agriculturist who makes his money in town and spends it in the country. Your country roads are like our city pavements. We are poor in roadways, and why is it? This is the lesson you teach us. We are not good spenders, but with all our wealth, we ought to be. You teach us that great things come not by accumulating money and holding it, but by spending it efficiently.

"For a generation Kansas has been without a saloon, and thereby have come more happiness, prosperity and comforts. A message to California is to abolish liquor, turn your grapes into juice which invigorates instead of wine which inebriates. It is said that 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.' You Californians, I am happy to say, seem to have them all."

Journal Entries

The better some humans are treated the worse they reciprocate.

✣ ✣ ✣

Most of the excellent prospects also have the disagreeable habit of petering out.

✣ ✣ ✣

Any number of piano players seem obsessed with the notion that noise is music.

✣ ✣ ✣

Too many people attempt to regulate their purses to their wants instead of their wants to their purposes.

✣ ✣ ✣

It is also possible for an unlettered person to stand well at the head of the class in the school of experience.

The Evening Story

Love's Wayfarers.

(By Izola Forrester.)

The pastor's wife was used to a taxi or carriage now and then driving up at any hour with a belated couple to be married. She was usually the witness, with Selma, the Swedish cook, hurriedly routed from slumber to act as a second one.

The old-fashioned Evangelical church stood on Brook avenue, convenient to the railroad station and to old city hall. Within its quiet enclosure was also the parsonage, built in quaint Dutch style, of stone with ivy over it and double-peaked roof. There was a very small study to your right as you entered and here the ceremonies took place.

The man was about thirty, good looking, well dressed, without a trace of nervousness in his manner. And the woman was past girlhood, with a rather worn face that had been pretty once. She had the look in her face and eyes of one who has gazed at fear so long that it has lost its terrors. The pastor's wife noticed one odd thing. When they waited in the little study, the woman drew off her gloves and slipped a wedding ring from her left hand and handed it to th man.

When they stood up together, side by side, she began to cry silently, the tears gathering in her eyes and falling down her cheeks. It was very disconcerting and not at all in keeping with the joy of wedlock. But the man put his arm around her, as he held one hand in his, and he patted her gently while the pastor read the words that bound them.

When it was over, and they stood for the usual conventional chat before leaving, the man said suddenly:

"You don't remember me, do you, Pastor Van Kirk? And yet you married us here in this same little room nine years ago. We came back to you for that reason. I had not seen my wife for many years until a few days ago. You don't even remember the name, and yet we caused you trouble and notoriety at the time."

And suddenly Mrs. Van Kirk leaned forward, her brown eyes full of interest and sparkle.

"I know, I know now, and I've been wondering all this time. You are the rich young man and the little nurse from Bellevue, aren't you?"

He laughed, and laid his arm around her shoulders again, and the pastor eyed them intently. Theirs had been the only exciting romance of all his years at the parsonage. And she had been so pretty, ah, but so pretty. He could see her now, with her blonde hair; a little damp from the spring rain as she put back her veil, and her eyes like stars when they looked at the man. And he had been very young, too, twenty-one, and very much in love. It was not until the day after the wedding that he had known who they were. Then it was spread over the front pages of newspapers and the little gray church had been subjected to notoriety. Names meant nothing to him. He had not recognized Spencer Morton as a famous name, he had not known he was uniting the only son of one of New York's greatest millionaires with Dora Bishop, a probation nurse at Bellevue.

And when the father had visited him, all he had made answer in his proud, calm way, was this:

"I pray God I have brought them to the gate of happiness."

Now he gazed at the two faces and asked:

"What happened? You have come back again. What for?"

"Because I was a coward," answered Morton quietly. "My father threatened to cut me off without a dollar, and I agreed to give up my wife if he would take me into the business as a partner. I believed I could make good and win him around, but when I told her what I had done, and went to the place where I had left her, she had gone. I did not find her again until three nights ago.

"Perhaps you remember how we met. I had been in an accident, and was taken to Bellevue, where no one knew me. I was unconscious and, later on, delirious, and Dora was my nurse. When my mother found me there and had me removed, I asked for the nurse to accompany me until I was well, and we loved. That was all. I did wrong to persuade her to a secret marriage. I was a coward. But for nine years I kept up the search for her. Do you know what it is to lie awake haunted by the thought of the one you love alone and unprotected somewhere? To have millions to do with and realize the uselessness of money, to learn that the only things worth living for are those that money cannot buy? And all these years while I have been searching for her she has lived in seclusion, cared for, yes, but believing I had died abroad. My father told her this."

"Your father?" repeated Mrs. Van Kirk eagerly. "He found her?"

"Yes, he found her," answered Morton slowly. "He died a month ago. I must not speak ill of him, but only this: Believing that she was acting as private nurse in a sanitarium out west, she was really a prisoner there. My father secured a divorce for me on the grounds of insanity in the state where she was confined. I never even knew of it. Money is the great lever, and he accomplished his purpose. But, two weeks ago, I found her. His check stubs gave me the clue, showing, as they did, his weekly payments for her care. And I went to her. My life lies in her hands from now on."

He paused. Mrs. Van Kirk, plump and impetuous, crossed the little room and put her arms around the little bride and kissed her on cheek and brow.

"There are so many years ahead," she said. "See, Rupert and myself have been married forty years. What are ten? Join hands and forget all the yesterdays. Follow the path of happiness with him now. The gate was locked before, and now it is ajar."

She followed them out to the sidewalk. A limousine waited at the curb, with two men in livery. The snow was falling and he lifted her in his arms into the car tenderly, raised his hat and smiled good night. The two watched the car out of sight down the quiet Hoboken street.

"Ah, love, how pitiful wealth is," Mrs. Van Kirk said, as they went back to the warm little study. "Years of pain just because he feared the loss of money—all his life he cannot wipe that look from her face."

The pastor shook his head doubtfully.

"She loves him greatly. Did you see her eyes? A woman's love is of God, all pitiful, all forgiving, all healing. They will find peace first together and then joy."

He drew a chair to the old-fashioned heater, and drew the shades, all but one. There must be a beacon to guide love's wayfarers to the right house through the darkness.—(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Jayhawker Jots

Courage is a quality, explains Ellis Clarke in the Ottawa Herald, that increases in the ratio of distance from the point of danger.

According to the Hutchinson News, the real question at the White House is not what Mr. Wilson will say but what Mrs. Wilson will wear.

It is said that Charles Chaplin will draw the modest stipend of $500,000 for his 1916 labors, notes the Wichita Eagle. And, it adds, for what he inflicts upon us.

Tom Foley has butchered his goat, reports the Atchison Globe. "I was attached to that goat, but this is a hard winter and I had to have something to eat," sighed Tom as he handed the Globe this touching little item.

Many explanations have been given, says the Salina Journal, why more married men answered the British call to colors than single men, some serious and some facetious, but no explanation is necessary. The married man always is the better citizen.

ALL PLANS MADE

J. M. Connell Will Direct the Presidential Train.

Schedule of Movements to and From the City.

Arrangements for handling the equipment—four private cars—on which the president and his party will enter and leave the city have been completed, according to J. M. Connell, general passenger agent of the Santa Fe.

The party will reach Kansas City on the Chicago and Great Western at 7:45 o'clock Wednesday morning. A Santa Fe diner will be attached and the equipment will be handled by No. 113 or a second section of the train. The train will be held at Lawrence for a few moments while the president delivers a short address. It is scheduled to arrive in Topeka at 10 o'clock.

The president and his party plan to leave the city on No. 10 at 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. On arrival at Kansas City, the equipment will be transferred to the Chicago & Alton for movement to St. Louis.

President and Mrs. Wilson are occupying private car New York; White House attaches are traveling in private car Sunderland and a private car with ten compartments is carrying the newspaper men. A steel combination car completes the equipment.

The party will be conducted from Kansas City to Topeka by J. M. Connell.

OLD TRIO GOT HIM

Wine, Women and Song Ruined Millionaire's Son.

Broke and Disowned, Chas. Hoskins Faces Term in Pen.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 31.—It is a high priced "fiddler" that Charles R. Hoskins, jr., will have to pay for a life in which the proverbial "wine, woman and song" predominated. Disowned by his millionaire father, and having squandered $100,000, Hoskins is now in a cell at the detective bureau waiting to be taken back to Globe, Ariz., to face charges of embezzlement and having passed bogus checks aggregating $20,000.

Once a student at Princeton university and a familiar figure around New York and Philadelphia lobster palaces and exclusive hotels, Hoskins was living at a 10 cent rooming house in South State street when arrested here Saturday night. He was "broke," a fugitive from justice, and his father had refused to help him.

"I always liked high life," he said in his cell today. "I eloped with a musical comedy star while a student at Princeton. She left me after a year we were divorced. Then in California I fell in love with my present wife. I quit drinking and settled down. My father bought me an interest in the G. W. Leonard Piano company in Globe. Life was sweet to me for a while. My wife bore me a girl. Our home was a dove-cot.

"But my old habits gripped me once more. I began drinking and gambling. I lost heavily. Finally I 'put over' some checks to cover my losses. I tried to recoup by speculating in war brides and lost again. I was involved, I understand, for about $20,000. Flight was my only recourse. I told my wife to go back to her parents in Pasadena with the baby. I have since been sneaking like a common thief about the country."

Hoskins is 40 years old. His father is secretary and treasurer of the William Hoskins company, stationery and printing supply dealers, in Philadelphia.

MAYOR WAS MAD

House Nearly Came to Blows at Kansas Day Banquet.

Dr. Dykes of Smith County Didn't Know "His Honor."

TROUBLE AT SPEAKERS' TABLE

Dykes Didn't Want Mayor and Wife to Take Two Seats.

Diners Expected to See a Combat at Any Minute.

It was all a mistake—that newspaper story about the great chunks of harmony visible during the meeting of the Kansas Day club. That might have been true at the business meeting and in some parts of the banquet hall Saturday night but there was one spot in the hall where there was anything but harmony. Angry words were spoken and but for the time and place there might have been a fistic encounter to record.

The yawning cavity where harmony should have been was at the speakers' table and involved no less important personages than Mayor J. E. House and Dr. Henry Dykes, of Smith county.

The mayor and Mrs. House were late at the banquet and there were just two places left at the speakers' table. President Walter Payne mentioned them to their seats which happened to be near Dr. Dykes. Dr. Dykes apparently entertained some doubts as to whether Mayor House "belonged" and expressed them. He knew who Mayor House is but didn't know him by sight.

Reservations Only.

"Have you invitations for seats at this table?" he asked.

"Something tells me I have," retorted the mayor.

"But you understand," said Dr. Dykes, "that this is the speakers' table and is reserved for those invited."

"If it's all right with you," came back the mayor, "I'll take a chance on it," and he and Mrs. House sat down.

Dr. Dykes was not satisfied and kept grumbling. House's ire continued to rise. He had the advantage because he knew Dr. Dykes by sight.

"Look here," the mayor cut into Dr. Dykes's grumbling, "do you think I'm going to let any hick from the Sixth district come down here and tell me where I'm going to sit at a table—in my own town?"

Wanted to Fight.

The Sixth district man came back with something equally pointed and diners in the immediate vicinity prepared to enjoy themselves. Before Dr. Dykes could completely recover his poise, House landed again.

"As a matter of fact," he told the Sixth district man, "you don't belong here at all. You haven't been a good Republican for twenty years to my knowledge. Don't try to tell me where to sit at any time or any place."

That ended the controversy and the diners, in disappointment, turned their attention in other directions. Later Dr. Dykes made an inquiry at another table as to the identity of the individual with whom he had clashed.

"I've been trying to school myself away from the fighting habit for twenty years," said the mayor this morning, "but I came near losing all that schooling in an instant. I never wanted to hit anyone so badly in my life."

STREET IS VACATED

Persons Using Sixth Under Viaduct Do So at Their Own Peril.

The ordinance calling for the vacation of East Sixth avenue, under the viaduct and across the Santa Fe tracks was passed by the city commission this morning. However, it is the understanding of the commission that the street may be used while the viaduct is out of commission.

The street the entire length of the viaduct is not vacated. The vacation begins at a point fifteen feet west of the Santa Fe main line and runs from there east across all of the thirteen tracks to the end of the viaduct.

People will continue to use this street until the viaduct is completed the first of May but they will do so at their own risk, following the passage of the ordinance. They will be trespassing on private property and if they are struck by a train the Santa Fe's liability will be placed in a different light.

DEATHS AND FUNERALS

SWAN ANDERSON, age 71, died Saturday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. O. Johnson, 620 Clay street. Funeral services will be held at 9:30 o'clock Tuesday morning at the residence. The body will be taken to Randolph, Kan., for interment. Mr. Anderson is survived by four sons, Ellis and Berner Anderson of Manhattan, Walen and David Anderson of Randolph, and two daughters, Mrs. T. Vickstrand and Mrs. C. O. Johnson of Topeka.

ELIZABETH WAYMEN, 6-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Waymen, died Saturday night at the home, 555 East Gordon street. The funeral was held this morning at St. Joseph's German Catholic church. Interment in Mount Calvary cemetery.

JONAS P. ANDERSON, age 71, died today at his home, 204 Tyler street. The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock Wednesday at the Swedish Lutheran church. Interment in Topeka cemetery.

GENEVIEVE CARPENTER, age 16, died Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Carpenter, 1316 Van Buren street. The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon at Penwell's chapel. Interment in Topeka cemetery. Two sisters and one brother, besides her parents, survive her.

MISS SYLVIA M. MICHAEL, age 22, died Saturday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Michael, Sardou and Freeman streets. The funeral will be held at 1:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon at the residence. Interment in Topeka cemetery.

"The idea of calling that man in the cage a paying teller," exclaimed young Mrs. Green. "Why I asked him to tell me how much my husband had in the bank and to please give it to me, and do you know he would either tell me nor pay me."—Boston Transcript.

NONE FOR PEE-PUL

City of Topeka Collects Emergency Taxes Illegally.

Supreme Court Will Not Recognize Fund for "Act of God."

SANTA FE RAILWAY FAVORED

City Must Pay Back $1,700 to the Big Corporation.

But Poor Taxpayers Must Forget and Forgive!

Because of a flaw in the law the city of Topeka is in poor condition to cope with any calamity that might be looked upon as an act of God. And because of the same flaw the city commission will allow a claim of between $1,600 and $1,700 put in by the Santa Fe railway—money collected in 1911 by taxation.

When the law was passed by the legislature, providing for the commission form of government in cities of the first class, it was provided that such cities might raise a fund of $25,000 by taxation to be used in meeting such catastrophes as floods, cyclones, general fires and other calamities coming under the head of "acts of God."

In 1911 the city commission levied a tax on all Topeka property sufficient to raise the fund of $25,000. The Santa Fe railway which owns a great deal of property in Topeka and which necessarily paid a good big part of the tax, objected. The money was paid in but the Santa Fe brought suit in the district court and carried it from there to the supreme court. The supreme court held recently that the law providing for the creatiin of the fund was defective.

The Santa Fe immediately put in its claim and there is nothing for the city commission to do but to allow the claim. The money was on hand for the reason that there has been no public calamity in Topeka since 1911. Every other taxpayer in Topeka is entitled to the return of his money under it. To the ordinary individual the amount would be too small to justify putting in a claim.

WILSON GIVES LIE

(Continued from Page One.)

make money out of the necessities of the nation, there are adequate means of defending ourselves and we will use these means. But I do not believe the impulse comes from those quarters. I do not believe that in those quarters there is patriotism lacking any more [illegible]re is patriotism lacking in other quarters."

The president's declaration was delivered from the rear platform of his private car at Racine, Wis., half an hour before he reached this city.

Calls for Mrs. Wilson.

When the president first appeared at Racine he stood bareheaded silently smiling down at the crowd. Mrs. Wilson stepped out beside him. The crowd applauded as he said:

"Here is some one, ladies and gentlemen, much better worth looking at than I am."

The thundering of a national salute by a cannon greeted the president as he stepped from his private car in this city. More than 15,000 persons were packed outside the station. The crowd was held back by infantrymen with fixed bayonets, and a troop of cavalry escorted the president to the hotel. Elaborate arrangements were made for guarding the president on his ride from the hotel to the auditorium where his program called for a speech on preparedness at 2:30 p. m.

Tot Hands Up Bouquet.

Waukegan, Ill., Jan. 31.—A great crowd, headed by 2,000 school children waving flags, greeted President Wilson when the train stopped here for five minutes at 11 o'clock. Residents of Waukegan were joined by citizens of North Chicago, Lake Forest, Zion City, Liberty and other north shore towns and united in cheering the President and Mrs Wilson.

Before the president spoke R. N. Magill, secretary of the Waukegan Commercial association lifted his small daughter to the platform of the president's car and she presented him with a large bouquet of roses. At the conclusion of the speech there were calls for Mrs. Wilson and the president stepped back into the car and escorted his wife to the platform. Mrs. Wilson carried Miss Magill's roses and smiled her appreciation of the cheers that greeted her. The train pulled out about six minutes after its arrival.

"POP"—AND WILSON DUCKED.

But It Wasn't a Bomb—Air Tube on Train Burst, Was All.

Chicago, Jan. 31.—While the president was standing on the rear platform shortly before the departure of the train, a sharp explosion was heard. Secret service men crowded to the platform and the president, apparently startled, entered the car.

A cloud of escaping steam showed that the connecting hose between the rear coach and the one next forward had burst. The president soon emerged and stepping to the platform walked to where the break was being repaired.

DEFEND MOHR WIDOW

Sister and Brother of Murdered Doctor on Witness Stand.

Providence, Jan. 31.—A sister and brother of Dr. C. Franklin Mohr today rallied to the defense of his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Mohr on trial for instigating his murder. After Eugene J. Sullivan, the woman's brother-in-law, had identified the letter in which Dr. Mohr admitted the validity of his marriage Mrs. Ella Hogan and Gustav D. Mohr, both of McEwensville, Pa., were called.

Mrs. Hogan, the doctor's sister, said that Mrs. Mohr expressed love and affection for him. Mr. Mohr, his brother, testified along the same line and added that he had received a letter from the doctor who wrote that Mrs. Mohr was "no good and the children she claims are not my own."

Deny Lamar's Appeal.

Washington, Jan. 31.—David Lamar, convicted in New York federal courts on charges of impersonating an officer of the United States with intent to defraud, lost his appeal in the supreme court today. The New York court is free to enforce penitentiary sentence.

REBELLION GROWS

Governor of Kweichow Province in China Forced to Flee.

Revolutionists Capture Two Important Cities.

U.S. GUNBOAT AIDS FOREIGNERS

People Uprising Over Return to Monarchy Gov't.

12,000 Federal Soldiers Join Rebel Attack.

Peking, Jan. 31.—The province of Kweichow is in full rebellion. The governor was forced to flee on January 16 and communications have been interrupted. It is reported Luchow and Tzeliutsing have been captured by revolutionists.

The American gunboat Monocacy is at Chungkin on the Yangtze Kiang, ninety miles northeast of Luchow. The commander has notified Dr. Paul Samuel Reinsch, the American minister to China, that all is quiet in the neighborhood and that a zone has been outlined within which the Monocacy will protect foreigners who are threatened.

Twelve thousand soldiers from the province of Kweichow are reported to be marching in company with Yunnaneze revolutionists upon Chung Kiang, where fighting is expected within a few weeks.

Began in December.

The inception of the revolutionary movement in China, which was first manifested on the Chinese cruiser, Chao-Ho, at Shanghai in the beginning of last December and which assumed more serious proportions when the revolutionists in the province of Yunnan announced the formation of a separate republic, was attributed to dissatisfaction with the purpose of President Yuan Shi Kai to restore a monarchy form of government.

The revolution has been reported as spreading over into the provinces immediately to the north and east of Yunnan. The president of the Chinese Republic association announced on December 20, from San Francisco, that the provinces of Sze-Chuen, Kwei Chow Kwangtung and Kiangsi would join Yunnan in revolt against the rule of Yuan Shi Kai.

A dispatch on January 22 announced the revolutionists had been victorious in a fight with the government forces at Suifu in the provinces of Sze Chuen. Luchow and Tzeliutsing are both in the province of Sze Chuen. Letters from the military governor and the civil governor of the revolutionary region in Yunnan addressed January 24 to the foreign legations at Peking, promised protection for all foreigners in the districts under control of the revolutionists.

Rebels to Peking.

London, Jan. 31.—The number of Mongolian insurgents has been increased by 20,000, according to a Mukden dispatch says Reuter's Petrograd correspondent. The dispatch adds that the insurgents who possess twelve guns are marching toward Pekin.

STAR WITNESS GONE

Coroner's Testimony Needed to Prove as Man Is Dead.

Proceedings in the first division of the Shawnee county district court were temporarily held up, shortly before noon today, when Coroner Rinehart, subpoenaed as a witness in the Baumgardner murder trial came up missing. Several efforts during the morning were made to locate Rinehart by telephone. About 11:40 the case was adjourned until 1:30 o'clock this afternoon to give the state time to find its star witness who will testify that Mart Baumgardner is dead.

Emma Baumgardner, a negro woman, is being tried before a jury on a charge of killing her husband, Mart Baumgardner, at their home in North Topeka on the morning of November 18. The killing of Baumgardner took place about 3 o'clock the morning after a wedding had been held at the place at 8 o'clock in the evening. Testimony introduced this morning was to the effect that the woman shot her husband when he started to abuse her. She also told this story to county and police officials the morning of the killing.

KILL NONCOMBATANTS

Berlin Report Says Anglo-French Air Raids Hit Belgians.

Berlin, Jan. 31.—Nearly 300 Belgian and French noncombatants in territory held by the Germans were killed by Anglo-French aviators and artillerymen in the last three months of 1915, said a semi-official statement this afternoon justifying retaliatory air raids on London and Paris.

"From September 1 to December 31, 1915, enemy artillery and aerial bombs killed 39 men, 131 women and 75 children in Belgium and occupied French departments," it was stated. In the same period, 182 men, 805 women and 106 children were wounded. All were of Belgian or French nationality.

Neighborhood Prayer Meetings.

The neighborhood prayer meetings conducted by the East side evangelistic party will be held at the following locations Tuesday morning at 9:30 o'clock: Mrs. Miller, Twenty-third and Pennsylvania; Mrs. W. A. Voight, 1192 East Sixth; Mrs. J. H. Dilly, 1011 East Eighth, Mrs. Sam Cunningham, 1206 East Eighth; Mrs. Harry Bates, 303 Kline; Mrs. Manuck, 919 East Eighth; Mrs. Hayek, 1517, East Sixth; Mrs. Webb, 623 Lime; Mrs. Frank Slisher, 520 East Eighth; Mrs. Bates, 208 Branner; Mrs. Grove Stitt, 1128 Kansas avenue; Mrs. J. C. Rickman, 219 East Euclid; Mrs. Cary Johnson, 916 Quincy; Mrs. J. E. Lock, 834 Jefferson; Mrs. Cronin, 630 Monroe; Mrs. F. H. Wilder, 616 Hancock; Mrs. T. P. Shields, 414 Lafayette; Mrs. A. Hogbur, 311 Leland; rMs. McBroone, 435 Liberty; Mrs. Carl Schatte, 122 Woodruff; Mrs. Kennedy, 420 Monroe; Mrs. Elliott, 415 Monroe; Mrs. Miller, 303 Adams, and Mrs. Johnson, 428 German.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

FOR QUICK SALE—One team ponies, covered wagon and harness, $65. Telephone 1033.