

Topika State Journal

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You "old men" of forty, or thereabouts, with your stiff joints and leathery skin, with a debility that shows promptly at the slightest unusual physical exertion, and with a pretty firm conviction that the heavy hand of age has already descended upon you, take a stand at De Wolf Hopper's camp in the movies, at his vigorous sprints and remarkable all-around agility. And De Wolf Hopper is fifty-eight years old.

As Colonel Roosevelt most pertinently asks, why should the United States have one policy for Haiti and another for Mexico?

England failed to reach Bagdad, but the Grand Duke Nicholas and his Russian hordes are less than one hundred miles away from it and are traveling strong. What the Entente Allies appear to need is a few commanders of the type and ability of the Grand Duke Nicholas.

According to the Atchison Globe, a new form of sport consists in betting on whether the next crisis will be Mexican or German.

At least a few of the thirty volunteer American aviators who are doing service with the French army corps around Verdun might come in handy along the Mexican borders these days or with the Pershing command in Mexico.

The United States army of itself is unusually poorly equipped with aeroplanes for military service, and most of the few that were available when the pursuit of Villa was undertaken were so worthless that they were used up long ago and scrapped.

England is reported to be ready to prove that her blockade measures are strictly in accord with the principles of international law, but she'll never be able to do so to the satisfaction of Germany.

It is beginning to look as if the Savages are not getting to be favored with anything that has a semblance to good weather for any of their games at home. And the Topeka fans are so anxious to show the team that they appreciate its class.

From the number of Glenn Feiners England is executing, it is apparent that it is determined that if there should ever be another revolution in Ireland it will have to be conducted by a brand new set of leaders.

Idaho has finally become a competitor of California at least in the matter of experiencing earthquakes. The old Mother Nature plays no favorites at that. Every state in the Union, or some of its localities, gets swatted more or less regularly with one sort or another of her convulsions.

Washington has apparently re-lapsed into its comatose condition of Watchful Waiting in respect to the Mexican situation.

TARIFF PREPAREDNESS. Addressing the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers recently, Frank A. Vanderbilt, of the National City Bank of New York, and one of the recognized business experts of the country, said:

"We must buy abroad an increasing volume of things that we can never economically produce. We must pay for them in goods and it should be our ambition to pay for them in finished goods which represent the higher achievements of labor rather than in raw materials."

This being so, then the mills turning out those finished goods must have protective tariff rates of duty or pay their workmen the European and Oriental rates of wages. The greater the development of our manufacturing industries by the policy of protection, the larger will be the consumption at home of the products of the American farm, and the greater will be the volume of our raw materials worked up at home.

Protection to native industries was the settled policy of Great Britain up to 1846. By that time science and invention had made it possible for her to produce more cheaply than any other nation, the policy of protection was abandoned, and a world-

TEKAS AND CALIFORNIA.

This morning's Capital publishes the following item about the editor of this paper. The compliment, of course, is appreciated:

"Editor MacLennan's able editorial of a month or so ago on good roads and other attractions in California told one side of the story, and a tempting side, which impressed many people. Several eminent citizens commended it to us as what was needed. Another side appears in the Los Angeles Times."

Here is the comment this paper has to make at this time: Just now the State Journal is engaged in an effort to secure three per cent interest on city and county balances. These balances are now running around \$600,000, which are on deposit in banks of this city.

The State Journal is also being prosecuted by J. B. Larimer, who is devoting his time and energies in an effort to secure \$25,000 in cash for his client and discredit the State Journal because it published a statement, based on official reports of the labor commissioner, the city electrician and others officials, to the effect that Grand opera house in this city is unsafe. Mr. Larimer is an elder in the Presbyterian church. His action, of course, is worthy of our attention. He has compelled the editor of this paper to engage lawyers and devote much time to defending himself at a time when the city and county need all the help and all the time the State Journal can give them to secure their just dues.

If Mr. Larimer wants to stand before this community and his church as declaring the Grand Opera House safe for public entertainments when fire inspectors and the city electrician and Governor Capper's labor commissioner officially declared it unsafe for our women and children, it is all right with us. The responsibility is all on Jeremiah B. Larimer's head, not ours.

This paper is also trying to awake the state to Preparedness, the one great issue before this country today.

In regard to "Taxes in California," which is the heading in the Topeka Capital over the item above quoted, the State Journal will give that subject due attention as soon as some other matters are a little better in hand.

THE RURAL CREDITS PLAN. In the American Review of Reviews for May, Paul V. Collins has an interesting article entitled "Farming and a World Crisis," in which he explains some of the essential features of the rural credits legislation that has been undertaken in congress. Excerpts follow:

Each of the local Federal Land bank will issue charters to local Farm Loan associations in its district; or, in the absence of such an association in an neighborhood, may appoint a local bank, or other agency, to fulfill the functions of such an association. The intent, however, is to encourage the organization of these local Farm Loan associations of the farmer-borrowers, themselves.

which will make it independent of the local banks, and give the borrower, co-operatively, control of the financing of the farms in their neighborhood.

Any ten, or more, farmers who want to borrow on first mortgages on their farms, may organize a local Farm Loan association, chartered by the Federal Land bank of the district. Only farmers, who want to borrow, can belong to a loan association, and, after such an association is organized, no one can join unless he is voted in by the existing members.

About the only excitement experienced in the office of the Federal Land bank, is when the postoffice or depot is robbed.

Some people who profess to dislike bagpipe music readily adopt a flogan, says John MacDonald, in his Western School Journal, an essential part of bagpipe melody.

Related by the Great Bend Tribune: A little boy was told by his teacher to read something from a primer. The boy read as follows: "This is a worm doughnut. Step on it." The teacher looked at the book and this is what she found: "This is a worm. Do not step on it."

"The hopper time has come and the red legs do appear," quotes the Garden City Telegram, and it advises: And it is now that the up to date farmer will hunt the patches where the gang hoppers have hatched, and hope their ground with poison mixture. As Paris green is higher than before the war, it will be a little more difficult to kill the hatch and there will be no later hatch.

Musings of the Village Deacon in the Osborne County Farmer: It doesn't seem to me that a financial report is any more of a "Hon." before your name. . . . No trick at all to get rich. All you have to do is to discover the secret of how it is easier to save money than to spend it. . . . Every husband fondly imagines that some day he will be able to tell a lie his wife will believe. . . . When Mrs. Henry Jason is in a particularly good humor, she always compliments Henry on the meal he has just cooked and offers to wipe the dishes. . . . A good rain at the right time is worth more to the country than any political victory. . . . No office with a decent salary to it ever wore itself out chasing a man.

Globe Sights BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Most of the resolutions are not only passed but forgotten.

There is never so much going on as the rumors would indicate.

When some men make a note about a matter that's the end of it.

Most people talk about observing economy and let it go at that.

Those backing the losing team do most of the kicking on the umpire.

If procrastination was a real thief an Atchison house would have been stolen a thousand times.

If you are enjoying easy sailing some one is furnishing it, and very often that some one is your employer.

People may agree on many topics, but the ins can always rely upon considerable opposition from the outs.

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Commencement Time. I remember, I remember the day that I sat school.

I got a nice diploma for making every rule. I was the wisest mortal who ever left the place.

There was no person like me in all the land. I had old Homer faded and Solomon as well.

The real reach of my knowledge would take too long to tell.

And I was downright sorry; it really was a shame.

That I should have to go out and teach For I was tender-hearted and could not bear to see the children suffer.

The look of jealous anger when people heard of me.

The teacher, to assure me, was kind enough to give me a diploma.

The other folks would manage to get along some way.

I could not quite believe him. You see that was before I was a teacher.

I'd taken me that toddle outside the college door.

Then I set forth to conquer the poor old world with wind and weather charming and 'Twas several long years ago, how many, I don't know.

But still don't mind owning the world as I conquered yet.

I remember, I remember the day that I quit school.

Since then I have been learning how not to be a fool.

Uncle Abner. If you have a gold watch that will not run you can easily make it do so by melting it.

Amry Tibbs, who is out west, is not expected to live. The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."

There is only one harder thing to listen to than a soprano with a cold in the head, and that is a phonograph with sand in the groove.

There will never be a shortage in the crop of funny looking derbies.

There are a few old-fashioned fellows who try to make both ends meet.

A woman cares more about the price of lace curtains than she does about the price of beefsteak or coal.

A convict out in Minnesota has become a poet. He has written a number of verses.

There is many a man called a merchant prince when he is in reality a merchant quite.

Whisky will never harm you if you don't swallow it.

It begins to look as if the shiny Prince Albert coat has come to stay.

Lem Higgins says he nearly died of strangulation once when he was a young man, but the governor's pardon arranged just in time.

Signs of the Times. There is many a singer in concert who would make a bigger personal hit if she would appear exclusively as yell-mistress of a Vassar football crowd.

It takes the English a long time to see a joke, and yet they see a good many American newly rich society people.

A man with red hair, a wooden leg and a bareleg is never much of a success as a fugitive from justice. Even the detectives are apt to recognize him.

An average of seven oil stoves that won't smother invented in this country every day.

Talking machine discs can be used as pie plates. This is about the most satisfactory use to which they can be put.

But Truth Gets There Eventually. Scandal travels 1,000 yards per second.

Prof. Snow, head of the University of Wisconsin's physics department. Professor Snow passes his calculations upon the speed of light.

Flattery has the second greatest speed, the professor finds, traveling from the mouth of a flatterer to the ears of the flattered.

Truth, however, he declares, is slowest of all, moving only about two and a half yards per second. The calculations are based on the speed of the sound of an alarm clock, which is zero.

Evening Chat BY RUTH CAMERON.

That Little Member. We drifted into a talk the other night about mistakes and someone said, "If you could undo three mistakes in your whole life, what would they be?"

That is what you might call a leading question, isn't it, one that most of us would hesitate to answer fully? But I was glad it was asked, because when I put it to myself I discovered two that I would like to undo.

One was the one I made when I met that two out of the three mistakes that would give the most to undo were sins of the tongue.

Ask yourself that same question and see if you do not find the tongue the greatest offender.

Of the unspoken word, thou art wiser, but the spoken word is master of thee." A class of high school girls asked me for a motto the other day, and suggested that I do not know of any better reminder for a group of young people.

To be sure I hate secretive folks, but so few err on that side.

Most of us, when we are hesitating between making a confidence and withholding it, end by making it.

Don't. For, nine times out of ten, when the mood of self-revelation that made you so free spoken has passed, you will want to recant the word in a flash; alas! all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot get that spoken word back again.

On the other hand, if by any chance you should regret not speaking, you still have it in your power to speak. Instead of being silent, you have an open future.

The same is true of angry words and unkind and untrue things. You never regret not saying them, whereas, over and over again, we regret having spoken them. Bitter words are hard to forget. Even when the quarrel has been made up, we still remember the harsh things our antagonist said to us in the heat of the moment and sometimes wonder "After all, is that what he really thinks of me, and is his friendliness merely a pretense?"

If you can learn to shut your lips at the right moment, you have learned one of the biggest lessons in life. And always remember that if you don't speak you still have the future in which to change your mind and do otherwise.

Give not thy tongue too much liberty. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard, thin. If spoken, thy sword is in another's hand."—(Protected by The Adams Newspaper Service.)

WHY.

"Why does a chicken cross the road?" And certainly an answer's owed To all these questioning eggs.

Perhaps she likes (as women do) To copy the road's trail, And so she crosses, only to Double-cross it later.

Now some may greet these views with And theories deride; They say she crosses 'cause she wants To reach the other side.

Yet this enigma, you'll agree, From woman's nature draws Its answer, for it seems to me She crosses just because.

—Pinecone Tiger.

The Evening Story

The Lost Pin. (By Shirley Morris.)

The girls, six of them, looked cautiously up and down the aqualittie street before venturing forth. The house they were leaving bore on a doorplate the portentous words "Mme. Cecile, Psychologist. Your Future Foretold."

"Come on, girls, it's all right," whispered Lois Marlow. "We don't know anyone in this part of town anyway."

So with much giggling and subdued joking they observed wonderful things they had just heard the madie their way to Forty-second street. Then they breathed more freely.

"Wasn't it a lark!" cried Catherine Barr. "I'm terribly anxious to know who the light-haired Adonis is I am to meet this summer, and Peggy, want to know what she told you about the pin you got for Easter, and how you'd lose it and have it returned by your future husband?"

"Yes, I saw it. I really didn't think I felt as though her eyes were looking clear through me. You see, I have it on, pinned to my waist, and, you know, she did see it through my coat?"

"Let's see!" in chorus. But the plain looking jacket revealed nothing and the mystery remained.

"Well, I may as well meet him that way as any other, I suppose," sighed Peggy, resignedly.

"The crowd separated. "Come along with me, Lola," begged Peggy. "I have to stop in Tukli's to see about a brass candlestick for mother."

"I can't today, dear! I've got to dress and go to Graystone's to tea."

"Goodbye, then."

Tukli seemed to be deserted, but finally an old man appeared, and after Peggy stated her errand, he retreated into the mysterious region in the rear of the store from which he had emerged.

Peggy, still feeling uncanny from her recent experience had a sensation of unreality among the assemblage of ancient and Oriental curios. Gods grinned at her, dragons threatened and evil clocks with their eternal secrets, mocked.

She wandered up and down the dim aisles, wishing something, anything would happen to break that disquieting silence. She came to an old mirror and stopped, regarding herself curiously. She was so pretty, fluffly-haired and with rather nervous eyes and a mouth impressive and tender, with an upward curve at the corners.

"To be big goodie, she thought, as she reflected in the glass, to believe in such nonsense as that old faker told you! Take a long walk before you go home and get it all out of your system!"

She drew the pins out of her sailor hat and started to gather in some of the other pins.

"What a goodie!" she thought, as she walked to walk you need a little grooming, milady. Better stop in a shop and buy a veil, too. It's windy."

The old man opened a door and a man came in. Looking around hurriedly for a salesman, he saw nobody at first, then, spying a girl in recesses patting her hair, he called out:

"Please tell Mr. Tukli to deliver the lamp I ordered to this address." He held out a card and Peggy took it. He said, "I've got to go. I'll be back in an hour."

So she said simply, "Certainly."

The customer turned to leave, but whether his eyes were accustomed to the dim light of the old man's shop, or whether the mirror showed a profile that caught the unwary he hesitated and looked deep into the serious blue eyes of the girl.

"That is what you might call a leading question, isn't it, one that most of us would hesitate to answer fully? But I was glad it was asked, because when I put it to myself I discovered two that I would like to undo."

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"A SMALL HOT BIRD."

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