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How woefully inelastic are our laws. The state board of health deems it necessary to force Kansas towns and cities to pass special ordinances placing a ban on the traffic and use of leech weed, so that this evil can be eradicated as promptly as possible, and the legislature can meet and enact a law on the subject.

On whom is this joke? One of the war horses in the service of Battery A, K. N. G., has been named after Governor Capper, who is exceedingly conspicuous as a peace protagonist.

A rather significant coincidence in the news of a recent day was an interview with a prominent English financier to the effect that Germany is practically at the end of her resources, both financial and material, that she is beaten and that the war will end by Christmas; and a story that came from Germany by letter to this country to the effect that Germany was not prepared for a war on such a tremendous scale as the one the European conflict has developed into.

Such carelessness. None of the Kansas newspapers has reported for a day or two that the Kansas National Guard is thoroughly prepared and ready for active service and could be mobilized quickly on short notice.

If Christmas sees the end of the European war it will be the happiest Christmas that the world has known since the first one.

You don't hear so much these days about the Safe and Sane Fourth of July movement, and for the very best reason that most localities, and especially in this section of the country, have long since adopted it, and it is now a matter of course with it.

No one will deny the patriotism of Thomas A. Edison, nor his acumen, either. And Thomas A. Edison thinks that Theodore Roosevelt is absolutely the only man who is best qualified to serve these United States in the presidential office during the crucial period in the history of the nation that is just ahead of it.

Nor is Kansas the only state that is the recipient of curious weather. Northwestern Nebraska, which isn't so very far north, experienced a drought of several weeks' duration that was finally broken a day ago, or the middle of May, and with a snowstorm.

And the May flowers that were helped on their way by the April showers still are having an unusually hard time of it to get on the job. This has surely been a Kansas spring of striking originality.

SOCIAL EDUCATION. We have condemned the method of taking dolls' direction from rulers; we have set up as judges on our own account, says the New Republic. Shall we then expect something called democracy in the abstract to work miracles in our behalf? Shall we always drift without a definite policy, relieving our nerves in critical periods, as we are now doing, by treating mutual resentments as if they were a substitute for a policy? Is there any meaning in the phrase "democratic control" of social affairs save as men

have been educated into an intellectual familiarity with the weak places, the dark places, the unsettled difficulties of our society before they are overwhelmed by them practically? Our universities must indeed lead the way. But unless the methods of critical discrimination which they foster extend into our secondary school and thence, indirectly at least, into the elementary schools, we shall find democratic control drifting to a course of inert drift alternating with periods of excited explosion. To make our school the home of more serious thought on social difficulties and conflicts is the real question of academic freedom in comparison with which the topic we have hitherto dealt with under that head is indeed academic.

AS THE PENDULUM SWINGS. Some concrete testimony of the way the pendulum of public sentiment is swinging towards the Roosevelt-for-president movement is presented by Henry C. Allen, the editor of the Wichita Beacon, in his article entitled "Roosevelt or Hughes" in the May 13 issue of Collier's. Mr. Allen writes: "Riding on a Pullman sleeper in an eastern state a few days ago my vis-a-vis, a modern-looking man, whom I had never seen before, looked over the top of his paper and growled: 'Looks as though they were going to nominate this man Roosevelt.'"

"Does it" said I, with the rising inflection of polite surprise. "He repeated his observation, adding a few words of rare adjectival strength. The prospect doesn't please you, apparently," I said. "On the other hand," said he, "I don't know but it does. This is the first time I have admitted it out loud, but I have about come to the conclusion that the country needs Colonel Roosevelt's vim and brains."

"During further conversation I learned that the man is a wealthy manufacturer of flouring mills from Kentucky, a traditional Democrat who supported President Wilson in 1912. I used the entire vocabulary of the anti-Roosevelt people four years ago," said he, "but I have just come from a six weeks' business tour through Vermont, New Hampshire, and other New England state and I have been converted to the need of Roosevelt. You catch it out of the atmosphere in those states."

"When I reached Kansas I found a letter from a man in Oregon who said: 'I suppose you've noted the growing strength of Roosevelt? If the rest of the country were anything like Oregon, it would be all over but the shouting.' This man was a real estate dealer in Portland."

"These two isolated cases from widely separated sections of the Union indicate the extent of the extraordinary change in viewpoint in view of the circumstances perfectly logical renaissance of Roosevelt. The demand for him is the one clear insistent note that rises above the tumult of the most chaotic hour American politics has seen for two generations. Undoubtedly there is yet a great sentiment for Justice Hughes, and today where men discuss the presidential possibility, the Republican viewpoint the talk is on the merits of these two men. And it's the oddest contest in history—this unmaned, undirected, unopposed contest between Hughes, who says nothing, whose followers do not know where he stands on any public question, even whether he would accept the nomination, and Colonel Roosevelt whose vigorous propaganda has reached from one end of the nation to the other."

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD. "How long is the feverish business activity of the last few months to continue?" Henry Clews, the New York banker, in his weekly financial review, and he continues: "During the first four months of the current year, bank clearings reached the tremendous total of \$78,000,000,000, or nearly 45 per cent more than the same time last year. Making allowance for the rise in values, an increase of nearly 40 per cent in New York's clearings which were more than half the above total and swollen by unusual financial operations—it is evident there has been a very considerable increase in the volume of American business. Perhaps railroad earnings are a better indication in this respect than bank clearings. The railroads have earned about 20 per cent more so far this year than a year ago, and the gain is only partly due to better rates on their achievements. Encouraging gains in the Export-Import last nine months were about 50 per cent ahead in value of last year and imports showed an increase of about 25 per cent over a year ago. New charters of concerns with not less than a million capital amounted to over \$1,000,000,000, or five times what they were a year ago. Such evidences of extraordinary activity could be multiplied indefinitely, and encouraging as they may be they unavoidably raise the question, when will a halt be made? Commerce continues on the flood tide, and there are no signs of weakness in the industrial fabric; albeit there are certain changes in tendencies and conditions which should not escape notice. First, commodity prices have risen to a point that means that the carrying season, the great expansion in loaning capacity of the banks brought about by large gold imports, the new banking law and other circumstances, especially the war, produced the much expected reaction. Bankers are now scrutinizing loans more discriminatingly since credits have been greatly extended and much larger sums are required to finance a given amount of merchandise than formerly. With commodities at such dizzy heights and exposed to a reaction, bankers are justified in exercising greater discrimination. Further, the cost of doing business has been tremendously enhanced by the rise in raw materials and the

elevation of wages. Such developments mean that the next twelve months will not see a repetition of the bulge in profits of the last twelve months. Again, foreign munition orders, which did much to swell both profits and exports, may be repeated, but on a decidedly smaller scale with the prospect of almost vanishing when peace comes. In many cases new enterprises have been deferred until costs of building decline. . . . The business outlook for the country as a whole is decidedly promising. The west is practically assured of another year of prosperity because of the high prices for all food and agricultural products. Labor in other parts of the world has been so diverted from production to destruction that this country is practically sure of another good export season for raw materials, particularly grain and cotton. For our mineral products there is also an unprecedented demand; notably copper, petroleum, iron and coal, all of which are bringing extraordinarily high and profitable prices. There is no cessation of the boom in the iron trade, except for the indisposition of the steel companies to accept further orders for 1917 owing to the uncertainty of securing raw materials. The railroads have been liberal buyers of steel products and in some portions of the country the building trades, though spotty, show much activity. The textile industries are in a satisfactory condition, although manufacturers have been somewhat embarrassed by adjusting themselves to higher wages and the loss of considerable of their export trade. The outlook generally, however, for textiles, clothing and food products is encouraging for the reason that wage advances have materially augmented the buying power of a considerable proportion of our population."

Another Spring Romance. The winsome bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goff of Onaway. The Gaylor girls are entirely too slow to let William get away like that. Of course, no one had any idea that William was thinking seriously of a love compact. But then it is in the gentle springtime that the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love. And while William was "peering over his shoulder" his aesthetic soul was fired with ardent hopes and bright dreams of domestic bliss. He exchanged hearty congratulations to the bride and groom and trust that the union will bring additions of joy and happiness and prosperity. —Otago County Advance.

Back to the Original. At last the family driving horse and the single buggy have come back into their own as a means of promoting the work of the little god, Cupid, among the young folks of both country and town. For quite a while the faithful Dobbin was turned out to pasture, the buggy being taken to the back shed, while the son and heir of the old homestead took his best girl over a couple of hundred miles of country roads every Sunday for a new seven passenger. But the high price of gasoline came along, and now the old horse jogs the highways again in peace and contentment, while the son and heir finds that hanging on to the wheel of a racing car with both hands ain't as much fun as it used to be. —Otago County Advance.

Journal Entries. Hastily spoken words are also great little breeders of trouble. Apparently it doesn't take a young widow long to become reconciled to the loss of her husband.

A boy who is slow may have the makings of a good chess player in him but that's not so much of a prospect.

Jayhawker Jots. After an official has been elected the second time, he is apt to get a feeling that he is a Man of Destiny. A man who can't live on a hundred dollars a month when he is getting it, can live on half that when his income stops.

Evening Chat. Keeping Everybody Happy. "This makes me feel as if I were going down to M—" a friend said in the other day, as we approached a railroad station. "I often need to come here at just about this time of day the summer we spent there."

QUAKER MEDITATIONS. [From the Philadelphia Record.] The man who realizes his own weakness adds to his strength. Watch your step, and you won't be so apt to be tripped up on a lie.

Globe Sights. BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE. Make friends even if you have to buy an automobile. Among the other unusual sights is a lawyer in a hurry.

On the Spur of the Moment. BY ROY K. MOLLTON. The Silver Comet Band. When our town's silver cornet band comes marching down the street.

The Little Toilers. Oh, brief is childhood's life. A little span—a day? Yesterday was playing in the sand. Today my hair is gray.

The Case of Jane Lawrence. (By Ella Dickson.) "If I had known about Jane Lawrence I never would have become president of the board of managers of St. Prisca's home. But then how was I to know? And really, Tom, some of the very best people are on the board."

The Evening Story. Tom Blaine, younger by ten years, was sitting impatiently waiting at her side. Besides being the wealthy widow's only brother, he was her attorney.

Household Hints. When white oilcloth is stained by coffee, try rubbing with common baking soda.

Things Worth Knowing. When using flavoring extracts in cake making, put the desired quantity of extract in either the milk or water used in the cake.

DO YOU LIKE TO MEND? Do you like to mend broken things? Or are you like most folks and think mending is a great bore and a waste of time?

POINTED PARAGRAPHS. [From the Chicago News.] Silence is golden, except when a counterfeit.

But the chicken hearted man crows in his sleep. Wife gives the undertaker more business than work does.

Perhaps a great glacier—a river of ice—crawled over the rocks and crumbled them apart. Other cracks and breaks she mends by letting water loaded with mineral matter trickle slowly over and over the cracks.

HOW FAR WILL THE ROPE REACH?



beyond me. Oh, yes, she was very sweet and lovely for a while and all my friends declared she was beautiful.

Suppose I could tell you where the girl was yesterday. Suppose I could prove to you that she left the house on an expedition to find the one whom she felt indebted for her little fling in the world of normal pleasure and happiness.

What's that? Didn't you know that Mother Earth did mending? Of course she does—beautiful mending, as you can see for yourself if you only look of time?

Perhaps a great glacier—a river of ice—crawled over the rocks and crumbled them apart. Other cracks and breaks she mends by letting water loaded with mineral matter trickle slowly over and over the cracks.

And, do you know, I think she likes to mend. For into her mended rocks she has put all her finest gems and her gold and silver.

There may be such a thing in the world as pure usefulness, but no body seems to be able to locate it.