

Opoka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper. By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

Published July 1, 1876, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan., under the act of congress.

VOLUME XXXVIII, No. 183 Official State Paper. Official Paper City of Topeka.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week to any part of Topeka or suburbs...

TELEPHONES. Private branch exchange. Call 3550 and ask the State Journal operator for person or department.

FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full telegraphic report of that great news organization...

MEMBER: Associated Press. Audit Bureau of Circulations. American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY. Subscribers of the State Journal away from home during the summer may have the paper mailed regularly each day...

In coming out squarely and emphatically in favor of a woman suffrage amendment to the federal constitution, so that this big question can be settled as quickly as possible for all the women of the nation...

"Bon voyage, Deutschland!" This is probably the message and the hope of every American, who admires ingenuity, resourcefulness and integrity...

It is impossible, indeed, to fool any set, or class, or race of people all the time. There is pretty definite evidence in Germany these days that the "Big Army" leaders, the extreme militarists who have been in the German saddle for so long and so many years before the war, are losing their popularity...

Pobably the United States army officers on the ground know exactly what they are talking about when they suggest that the military forces of the Mexican de facto government are at least morally responsible and possibly directly responsible for considerable of the bandit raiding along the border.

WAR AND BUSINESS. "Fundamental conditions are little changed, the war still overruling all other considerations," writes Henry Clews, the New York banker, in his current weekly financial review, and he goes on: "That the struggle is drawing to its close every one believes, but the date and the terms of peace are as much a matter of guesswork as ever."

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pays its employees bonuses apportioned on a basis of their value as displayed from month to month. The minutest economies are a matter of daily study in every manufacturing and commercial house; the hunt for the first-rate man is unceasing. Executive ability, a special genius for buying and selling, need never go unrecognized. Recently a New York bank spent months searching for a bond-seller, and finally chose an obscure young man from a western town who fell by chance under the eye of a "scout" sent out to look for talent. But this eager search for the first-rate man, so marked in commerce and industry, only rarely touches our politics. It is only in politics that the second-rate man finds the broadest field for the exercise of his talents.

MORE IMPORTS—LESS REVENUE. At a time when there are most unprecedented demands on the United States treasury to meet the extra "preparedness" and other bills of the nation, and when the administration in power has a difficult problem to solve in the matter of raising the sufficient revenues, and also at a time when American business men are anxious over the competition this country must have when peace has been restored in Europe, it is as important as it is interesting to note that under the Underwood tariff law we are now importing more goods than ever before and receiving therefrom the smallest customs revenue.

When \$213,600,000 worth of goods were imported into this country in March, probably every one who gave thought the high record for imports had at last been reached. But April beat it by \$4,200,000. On that \$217,800,000 worth of imports we realized customs duties in the sum of only \$18,526,615.

In April, 1913, under the Payne-Aldrich tariff law then in force, we imported goods to the value of \$146,194,000, on which duty was collected in the sum of \$23,693,967.

In other words, on \$71,600,000 less imports under the Republican law we received \$4,768,000 more revenue.

The average rate of duty on all imports for the month of April, 1916, was 5.5 per cent.

For the ten months' period ended April, 1916, our total imports amounted to \$1,722,400,000, on which revenue was realized in the sum of \$171,765,333, or an average rate of duty for the whole period of slightly less than 10 per cent., the lowest average rate of duty ever recorded in the history of American commerce, one even lower than that which prevailed during the old-fashioned Democratic tariff-for-revenue-only periods which this country experienced under the Cleveland regime.

For the ten months' period ended April, 1913, under the Republican tariff law, our imports amounted to \$1,849,939,000, or \$174,361,000 less than for the similar period recently passed and just referred to. But the news were paid into the federal treasury on these imports in the sum of \$274,939,000, or nearly \$108,000,000 more than the amount realized for the 1916 period.

These figures and their comparison are significant, indeed. And especially in view of the fact that the Underwood low tariff hasn't so much as delivered a little parcel of the goods it promised in the matter of reducing the high cost of living. The cost of living is not only as high as it was under the last Republican tariff law, it is higher. Hence the tariff evidently does not cut such a figure in the cost of living, as some statesmen seem to think, and the experiment that has been tried in this direction has been exceedingly costly to the government in the matter of lost revenue.

And at a time when the country is sorely in need of all the revenues it can pick up from any and every source.

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the ultimate progress of civilization the outcome will be welcome, in the firm hope of a new era of peace and social advancement.

"A great many careful and experienced observers look for a period of excessive prostration among the belligerents after the war. That there will be a period of severe economic exhaustion, need not be questioned, but not a few of the prophets of disaster have underestimated the recuperative powers of the great nations.

"General business, though slowing down somewhat, is fairly active for the season. Steel and munition plants continue active and further big war orders are in prospect. The crop outlook is only moderately fair. Warm weather has helped corn materially and spring wheat is doing well, while cotton is suffering from too much rain. So are other crops in sections. The harvest is approaching and August is usually a month of deterioration for some important crops. The balance of the season is also somewhat critical; for if the moist, cool June and July are followed by a hot, dry August considerable damage will follow. Not much enthusiasm can be based on the harvest this year. The local monetary outlook is satisfactory. Bank resources are in good shape, and the financial situation has been greatly strengthened by the influx of about \$200,000,000 of gold which began in May. There seems to be a steady selling of foreign holdings of American stocks by the British treasury. While these offerings are readily absorbed, such a situation prevents any pronounced bull market, and tends to keep fluctuations within safe limits. Needless to say that the big profits and extra dividends which many industrialists are making are an important factor in the investment situation, such funds going largely into high grade bonds and strong boxes."

Rev. Hudnutt has struck a snap. He has dug up a barrel of old war sermons he preached in 1861-63, and is using them on the present generation. In spite of the war and lack of importations, Miss Amy Stubbs, our ladylike milliner, is making "genuine Paris hats" in the back room of her emporium as usual.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Power would be a greater thing if more men knew how to use it. Too many men blame their failures on the material furnished them to work with.

Regardless of the rhapsodies of the poets all is not sunshine and roses in the days of our youth.

The lilies of the field toil not, neither do they spin, and it isn't so long before they wither up and die.

It may be impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but a really good imitation is often the result of such efforts.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

A sage observation by the Valley Falls Farmers' Indicator: The lad who sticks to the farm in youth will find the dollars clinging to him in old age.

An impatient question from the Lawrence Journal-World: By the way, what has become of all the daylight saved by turning forward the hands of the clock some weeks ago?

Love may be blind, says the Neodesha Register, but it opens its eyes when the installment collector comes around for a payment on the ice box and the linoleum on the kitchen floor.

This sounds pretty good, anyhow. The Sabetha Herald reports that a locust was heard singing in its neck of the woods on Saturday, July 22, which, according to its intrinsic means that it will be only six weeks from that date until the first frost.

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On that lifted up thy hands in prayer, Robed in the sudden ruin of glad homes, And trembled feet which from green dreaming woke To bring forth forth the fruit of death. Thou pitiful, we turn our hearts to thee.

ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT

What Has Become of Them? The old-fashioned man who used to go home to lunch. Those neckties with hand-painted flowers on them. The party who used to take peppermint drops to church. The statesman who used to chew "Friede of the Gray Train."

Resort Conversation. I love the ogly-looking tall. A feller bears this time of year. Wherever he may chance to walk And there are several things near. The soft-boiled stuff appeals to me; Spring conversation, as it were, When some young swain believes that he Must murmur nothings sweet to her.

A full-grown boob, who's six feet tall, And I'll blubber baby-talk that you And I can't understand. The language of the bill and coo. Sings that daff, daff, for some suns. And throw no bricks at him, for we Were batty, too, when we were young.

Uncle Abner. Rev. Hudnutt has struck a snap. He has dug up a barrel of old war sermons he preached in 1861-63, and is using them on the present generation.

In spite of the war and lack of importations, Miss Amy Stubbs, our ladylike milliner, is making "genuine Paris hats" in the back room of her emporium as usual.

Amos Butts, our gentlemanly undertaker, also lively feed and sales tables, is about dining with business conditions. The last doctor who had loved out'n town eight months ago and nobody has died since.

The mewl that will kick you when your back is turned ain't much on fair play, but he is a gentleman compared to the man who talks about you under similar circumstances.

There may be several different forms of embezzlement, but there ain't one that can compare with being sent into a store to buy a corset for your wife.

Purdy has his whisks cut off at the sawmill today while trying to count the teeth in the saw. The pastor bled his ranches in the church whitewashed in order that the public may look at the back of a man's pants and tell whether or not he attended church.

When a feller wears a diamond solitaire ring on his necktie it is a pretty sure sign that he has been disappointed in love and doesn't care who knows it.

Deliver us from the friends, who come to tell us disagreeable things because they think it is their duty. They can spread more gloom in five seconds than the sciatic rheumatism and the yaller janders combined.

SIDE TALKS

A Dog in the Manger. "Doesn't it disgust you," said the Authorman's wife, "to see a nice thing like that on a creature like her? I declare, it makes me feel like throwing mine away."

She was referring to a nice-looking feather boa around the neck of a woman who, by her red, stubby fingers, her pleasant but rather coarse face and several other unattractive signs, evidently belonged to what the Authorman's wife calls "the lower classes."

No wonder she wanted to throw her feather boa away, since it is evident that the pleasure she finds in it is not in its becomingness or its intrinsic beauty, but in the fact that only people with some money can possess the like.

The unwillingness to see the "lower classes" enjoy themselves and find happiness in every normal, harmless way is one of the meanest dog-in-the-manger traits that men and women are capable of.

Not long ago, while the Lady-who-always-knows-somewhat and I were visiting a friend in a large city, we took a walk through the park in the country which was just being developed. It has been opened up by a land company, and has been bought by people of the "lower classes," who are building houses upon it. Some have little cottages built by carpenters, others are actually building their own little houses in their spare time.

"Isn't it a shame?" said our hostess, "that this beautiful land should go this way? It would have made such lovely estates."

She appealed to the Lady-who-always-knows-somewhat. The latter shook her head. "I'm afraid I can't agree with you, I'm afraid. It's beautiful it was to see those people building their homes and bringing their children out into the country. I suppose these little houses are better than the tenements they were living in. I don't know when I've been more touched by anything. It seems as if you could almost feel the love and hopes of the people who are building these little houses. And how happy the children are! And how happy they are fixing up their little gardens. It really seems to me something to be thankful for that there should be such a place for the people who haven't money as well as for those who have."

That's my idea of the right way to feel. It's a terrible thing to think that the good things of the world aren't more evenly divided. Copying anything but worse than grudging their share of pleasure to those who have less than we?—(Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

HOW BIG IS THE MESH IN YOUR SIFTER?



Are you just trying to save the dollars and allowing the dimes and nickels to fall through? Do you really need those flimsy silk skirts you are thinking of letting? Maybe fewer extravaganzas would do as well.

EVENING STORY

A Change of Mind. (By Earl Reed Silvers.)

Dick Stevens, looking at the letter in his hand, frowned darkly. "It's from my sister," he informed his roommate. "She's going to bring a girl home with her for the spring vacation."

"Well, what of it?" Jack Ackley stretched indolently on the cushioned window seat. "What of it?" Dick threw the letter on the desk. You don't know my sister, do you? Well, she's a highbrow girl, and whenever she comes home she brings along some bespectacled old maid who talks about new thought or hygiene or something else that I don't know anything about. And I'm always the one selected to entertain her. Imagine being cooped up in a town like Linden with an old maid in the same house with you and not a thing to do except to make her feel like a queen."

"I can't. We've never been separated on Easter, and dad is set on the idea of having us all together. I'm doomed, I guess."

"Can't you come the day after Easter?" "By George, so I can!" Dick looked up hopefully. "I'll go to New York on all right, I'll be looking for you."

Jack glanced at his watch. "You'd better hustle if you're going to catch that train."

"Why don't you come along as far as New York with me?" "I've got an examination to pass before I leave."

"Well, so long," he said. "See you next week." His eyes fell upon the letter lying on the desk. "Oh, yes," he added, "my loving sister told me to keep a lookout for Miss Mary Hughes at Poughkeepsie. She's the girl who's coming to see us and is expected to take the same train that I do. She went down yesterday."

"The name sounds like an old maid," Jack agreed. Then, as Dick turned to go, he added teasingly, "Well, have a good time, and give my regards to Miss Hughes. She'd love to see you."

Dick secured a Pullman seat at Albany, and gave his attention to a magazine until Poughkeepsie was reached. Then he looked out of the window. A Vasar girl, dressed in all their spring finery, were crowding on the train. Only two seats were empty in his car, and Dick wondered who was destined to fill them, especially as one was directly opposite his own.

Two girls entered the car. One had blue eyes, the color of the sky on a perfect June day. The other wore spectacles, and carried a book on "Modern Philosophy." The girl with the blue eyes sat opposite him, and the one with the spectacles took the vacant seat farther down the car. The train started, but Dick Stevens did not turn again to his magazine. "Modern Philosophy," he looked over at him and so he put the magazine away in his bag.

Then fifteen minutes went before anything happened. Finally Dick took a chance. "It's rather tiresome riding," he volunteered, wheeling in his chair. "Yes, it is." It really wasn't what she said that counted so much; it was the way she said it.

"Would you like something to read?" "No, thank you. It hurts my eyes to read on the train."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Heavenly Jam. One basket blue plums, one pound seedless raisins, four pounds sugar, one-half cup bread crumbs, 1 1/2 cups white sauce, one-fourth pound cheese. Select fresh, perfect peppers, not too pointed; cut off a thin slice from the top, remove all seeds and wash; parboil until tender to re-crumbs, sauce and cheese, cheese to be cut in bits; cover with buttered crumbs and bake until brown on top.

Quince and Cranberry Jelly. Cut in pieces one pound of quince, add one-half pound of cranberries. Cover with cold water and cook until soft. Drain. Measure the juice, boil five minutes, add three-fourths quantity of sugar, boil five minutes and pour into sterilized glasses.

The Table. Stuffed Peppers—Six green peppers, one-half cup bread crumbs, 1 1/2 cups white sauce, one-fourth pound cheese. Select fresh, perfect peppers, not too pointed; cut off a thin slice from the top, remove all seeds and wash; parboil until tender to re-crumbs, sauce and cheese, cheese to be cut in bits; cover with buttered crumbs and bake until brown on top.

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NUMBERING JOBS.

Ned was 9, Molly was 7 and Jane was 5, and they all three lived together in a beautiful little house at the end of the street and had just as good times as any little boy of 9 or girl of 7 or 5 could possibly want to have. And they didn't quarrel—well, at least they didn't quarrel often, and never very seriously.

But this summer it seemed as though nobody ever had the work they wanted to do. For of course they helped Mother and did their part about tidying up the yard and garden. If Mother told Ned to sweep the walk and Molly to empty the waste baskets and Jane to water the nasturtiums, Ned was sure to want an indoor job, Molly longed to work outside and Jane wanted to sort over the papers she might want to save for cutting before the waste baskets were emptied.

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BED TIME TALES

BY CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

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