

Topeka State Journal An Independent Newspaper. By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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

VOLUME XXXVIII, No. 195

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 or at the same price in any Kansas town where the paper has a carrier system.

TELEPHONES. Private branch exchange, Call 3530 and the State Journal office for person to person.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day's news report of that 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 their paper mailed regularly each day to any address at the rate of ten cents a week or thirty cents a month.

Regulating railroad rates has been in order in this country and its several states for years now. The people in this section of the land are pretty familiar by this time with the efforts of public authority to regulate gas rates and the rather sorry failure it has been for so many years not only so far as the people, the gas consumers, are concerned but also as this attempted gas rate regulation has affected the gas company, nearly to the point of prostrating it.

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suggesting ways of increasing output or lessening expense, it certainly would pay the farmer. And the best farmer would be most anxious to have this help.

SCHOOL ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

The all-year schools of Newark, N. J., are commended in a special report by W. S. Deffenbaugh, specialist in city school administration of the federal bureau of education.

Mr. Deffenbaugh finds that time is saved, street loafing is largely prevented, and health is conserved by eliminating the long summer vacation.

The children in Newark who have attended school for the past year or two on the all-year school plan speak enthusiastically of it. The bureau investigators asked the pupils in the seventh and eighth grades to write compositions telling why they attended school during the summer.

Nearly all the pupils stated that the schoolroom was much cooler than the streets and their rooms at home; that they were glad to have something to do besides running in the streets, and that they hoped to gain a grade or two by the time they were old enough for their work certificates.

Parents who were interviewed favored the plan because their children were able to get more schooling than otherwise. One parent said:

"If there were no summer schools we would not know where our children are. They would leave home early in the morning and run all over the city. Now we know that they are safe in the schoolroom and in no danger of being run over by automobiles or street cars."

The attempt was made to find out how much time the children actually saved thru the all-year schools. Of 271 pupils in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades, 25 made no gain, 67 showed a gain of one-third of a year, 53 a gain of two-thirds of a year, 67 a gain of one year, and 53 a gain of one and one-third years.

It was found that the pupils in the all-year schools not only made more rapid progress thru the grades, but maintained as good scholarship as the pupils in other schools. Many of the pupils were able to enter high school as a result of the time gained in the all-year school, and these pupils have had no difficulty in keeping up with their work. It is expected that many more pupils will now complete the elementary grades at 12 years of age, enter high school and attend for at least two years. Once in high school, they are likely to remain even after the compulsory age limit is passed.

One criticism that has been directed against the Newark all-year schools is that the pupils in these schools must do ten months' work in nine months in order to gain three months a year and thus complete the eight grades in six years. It should be understood, however, that the regular ten months' course has been modified so that a pupil may complete it in nine months, and all essentials have been omitted. Furthermore, less reviewing is needed in September for the children who have had only two weeks' vacation than for those who have had two months' vacation. The month that is usually taken at the beginning of the fall term to review pupils in the work of the preceding grade is not necessary for pupils who attend continuously or with only short vacations.

In regard to the health of the children who are kept in school during the summer months, Mr. Deffenbaugh reports:

"The medical inspectors of Newark report that the health of the children who have attended school all year has not been impaired in the slightest degree. The regular school medical and nurse service continues in the summer, so that the health of the children in school is better cared for than that of those not in school. Good health habits acquired during the regular term are not broken up by a long summer vacation when the children not in school are beyond the influence of the school physician and the school nurse. The physician and nurse both report that the children who have been out of school during July and August come back in September in poorer physical condition than those who have attended these two months, and that even the children who have been away to a summer resort are in no better physical condition than those who have been in school, since their recreation is likely to have been of a dissipating nature. One school physician stated that if the children could go into the country and live a normal life with plenty of exercise he would favor this to keeping them in school, but since conditions are such that none of the children who are in the treatment districts can go to the country, the best place for them for four or five hours a day is in the schoolroom, in the school playgrounds, and in the school shops and gymnasiums."

THE BILLION DOLLAR TOY. Theodore Newton Vail is the man who has put all Americans—north, south, east and west—on speaking terms, writes E. C. Forbes in Leslie's, and Mr. Forbes continues:

It has cost much brain-sweat, foresight, imagination, enthusiasm, courage—and a billion dollars.

Nearly forty years ago when Alexander Graham Bell's crude invention was but a toy Vail conceived a picture of America covered with telephones, every citizen in telephonic communication with every other citizen, no matter how remote.

A few months ago, a great engineering association, instead of calling a national convention in one city, conducted its proceedings by telephone

in a score of cities at once, a motion being proposed by one city, seconded by another and adopted by all simultaneously.

Was ever youthful dream more gloriously fulfilled? "How did you succeed in doing so much more than the average man attempts?" I asked Mr. Vail.

"By never being unwilling, when young, to do another man's work, and then, when older, by never doing anything somebody else could do better for me. I was always fond enough of detail to thoroughly master what I was undertaking—and then hated detail enough to not both with it when I got to the treatment of the general subject."

The United States today has twice as many telephones as all the rest of the world. Our farmers alone have more than the entire population of England, France or Germany.

Today there are 9,250,000 Bell telephones in the United States, or roughly, one for every two families throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Between 26,000,000 and 27,000,000 telephone talks are held every day, or at the rate of 9,000,000,000—nine billion—a year.

The American Tel. & Tel. has some 19,000,000 miles of wire, enough to stretch from the earth to the moon eighty times, enough to circle the earth 740 times, enough to string 5,500 wires between New York and San Francisco.

It has assets of over \$1,000,000,000, making it one of America's two "billion dollar" industrial corporations.

Its receipts pour in at the rate of \$5,000,000 every week. It pays dividends of well over half a million dollars weekly to over 100,000 stockholders, of whom one-third are Bell employees and one-half are women.

It has growing 150,000 employees and with growing business is swelling the number by one thousand a month.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

As a rule, the pay of genius is in no way commensurate.

A question about two sides to it is not a very important one.

Some men never conservative until an opportunity is presented to them to get into a fight.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Most every man is a sucker, points out the Le Roy Reporter. It's only a question of being tempted with the right kind of bait.

Here's an analysis of human nature, via the Madison News: If it's your neighbor's baby it squalls. If it's your own, it cries.

Bill Silvers is quoted by the Toronto Republican as having remarked: "Heard a man say to his boy, 'You keep your mouth shut and learn something out of 100 men who see them do it'."

Nature knows how to keep things balanced all right points out the Lansing News. Under the new style about seventy-five out of 100 women are wearing skirts with stripes that go up and down, and about seventy-five out of 100 men who see them are going "round and round."

A little dissertation on names by the Howard Courant: Elizabeth is a good name for a girl, but the new style diminutive of Elizabeth, is about the worst ever—sounds like a Ford. Two young men named Elizabeth, one named a Lizzie to a state office.

The Democrats have nominated a Margaret for a state office, and she has the good sense to sign it that way—not Margie.

GLOBE SIGHTS

[From the Atchison Globe.] Never look for gratitude from an artistic temperament.

One cannot admire a man who goes crazy over a good cause, and then get into temptation without being led. The gasoline engine, like a strong bluff, is a great institution when it comes to a man.

It is proper to be courageous, and all that, but no man should try to whip a tornado.

It is so easy to convince the average man that he has many of the qualifications of a statesman.

The children will soon be going back to school, and Mother may be able to get a little much needed rest. Among other measures of economy, it may be said that cold feet saves a good deal of money from time to time.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.] Love isn't so blind that it can't distinguish between a pedigree and a bank account.

About the only exercise some fellows get comes from turning over new leaves.

A woman is apt to change her mind several times before she marries, and then some.

The minister had to leave home on a long preaching tour. Just before leaving he called his family around him to say good-bye. When he came to Bobby he said: "Old man, I want you to be a good boy and take care of your mother."

ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT BY ROY K. MOULTON

The New Cult. (William H. Crane, the actor, has established a new cult, whose principal aim is to eat. He has cured himself of dyspepsia, which he suffered thirty years, by eating everything he wants every time he wants it.)

Now says William Henry Crane: When you have got a little pain, When dyspepsia shakes your frame, Don't prepare to quit the game, But eat.

When you've got the tummy ache, Don't give up for mercy's sake; Grab a good big sirloin steak, And eat and eat.

Don't go 'round forlorn and sad, When you're feeling bad, But eat. Don't make up your mind to die, And eat. When your dizzy head aches, Just for heaven's sake, Buy a plate of pork and beans, And eat and eat.

Give the lumbago and the grip And stay at home, When you're feeling bad, But eat. When you're feeling bad, Don't make up your mind to die, And eat.

The Return Courtroom. Hogan had died. Casey, a friend of Hogan's, had been away and arrived in town on the day of the funeral. With his satchel in his hand, he passed Hogan's house, just as the pallbearers were carrying the casket out to the hearse. Hogan had been a very large man and the pallbearers were straining every muscle.

Casey stood aghast, but finally approached one of the pallbearers. "Who's in there?" he demanded, pointing to the casket.

"Hogan," panted the pallbearer. "What is Hogan dead?" he asked. The pallbearer turned upon Casey disgustedly and said: "For the love of Mike, you don't think we are just rehearsing this, do you?"

"Josh Hayrake has quit the farm and gone to the city. Get mad at the old man because he kept making him feed the chickens."

"What's Josh doing in the city?" "That's the funny part of it. Josh is a waiter in a cafe. He writes you oughter see some of the chickens he has to feed."

SIDE TALKS BY RUTH CAMERON.

"As If I Were Her Age." "Why, she insisted on my coming in and she showed me all over the house and made me sit on the sofa and talk to me just as if I were her age."

As I write that, it sounds to me like what a little girl might say if some grown-up lady were talking to her just as if she were grown-up, too.

But it isn't. The speaker was an old lady. While calling on one of her own friends in the city, she stopped at the home of one of her grandchildren's newly-wed friends to leave a message, and instead of being treated with the courtesy due her, she had been met with the warm friendliness that some natures are quick to give.

No long preaching on how much it means to the old to have the young folks not merely treat them courteously, but to treat them young, would have impressed me half so much as the sparkle in that old lady's eyes, and the note in her voice as she told of her call.

She had evidently had a memorable afternoon. "Some day I'm going to tell that warm-hearted girl how much she gave to this opening her heart and home to her visitor."

Youth is so rich in life and sprits that it scarcely realizes how much it gives—or withholds.

Some day I'm going to tell that warm-hearted girl how much she gave to this opening her heart and home to her visitor. Older people love to warm their hands at the blaze. They cannot get the warmth into their blood as they used to do, but at least they can feel its glow, and that is something.

Another old lady in my own household spoke of a young girl who to some one calls me up on the telephone. "I love to answer when she calls," she said. "I have the loveliest talks. She isn't a bit better than I am. I don't ask how I feel because they know they ought to."

Children's delight in being treated like their elders is infinitely touching. The old folks' pleasure in being treated like young people is infinitely touching.

It makes one ashamed that one has not given far more of what is so little to give and so big to receive.—Adams.

DINNER STORIES

Once an old lady was being shown over Nelson's ship Victory. As the party approached the spot where Nelson met his death, the attendant pointed to the brass plate fixed in the deck and said:

"That is where Nelson fell." "The old lady was impressed, but not in the right way. "No wonder," she said. "I nearly tripped over that thing myself."

The minister had to leave home on a long preaching tour. Just before leaving he called his family around him to say good-bye. When he came to Bobby he said: "Old man, I want you to be a good boy and take care of your mother."

Bobby promised. All year long he looked preternaturally grave under the heavy responsibility thus suddenly assumed. When night came and he was called to his prayers the young guardian said:

"Oh, Lord, bless father, and brother Tom, and sister Alice, and Aunt Mary, and the little Jones boys and me, but you needn't trouble about mother, for I am going to look after her."

FORM OF CONFLICT.

It's a season sentimental. When the breeze warm and gentle 'Midst the roses far and near are softly strayed.

But the sentiment has vanished As the candidates for office are arraying. They are people philanthropic As they stand in the toppling column.

They discuss and call each fellowman a brother. It's their generous ambition To improve each man's condition—To give the people something one another.

Now with motives elevated, Mighty men are sagging one another. For a purpose that must rank as duty seem, And the words of strong affection For mankind from every section.

There are hits all mild and mystic Of a future altruistic. But the candidates are naming one another. —Washington Star.

EVENING STORY

The Red Plush Barrier. (By Jane Osborn.) It was a funny thing about Tom Barrow and Martha Brooks, and it was just because every one in town had known them since they were babies that not even the most conventional or the most prudish really took exception to their housekeeping arrangements. Probably every woman in the town knew the side of both the circumstances which would have done exactly the same.

Martha Brooks was old Mrs. Barrow's niece and Tom Barrow was Mr. Barrow's nephew and, both having been left orphans in their childhood, they had been brought up with all the intimate but not intimate circumstances which would have done exactly the same.

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YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM IT.—By Brinkerhoff.

You'll Have to Go Back to a Derby.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A Sewing Basket. An economical little basket for embroidery work may be made by taking a four-quart-section peach basket and covering it with any kind of cloth desired, gathering the sides of both the inside and outside at top and bottom and sewing straight pieces on the bottom of the basket.

Then sew on the inside of the basket on one of the short sides a three-by-one-inch pin cushion with small rosettes or ribbons, that matches the covering, at each end of the strip. Sew a pocket with rosettes on the two upper corners on the other short side, for scissors and thimble.

Take two strips of wood, each eight and one-half inches long, sixteen inches wide and one-half inch thick, and cover with cloth. Put in each strip five brass-headed tacks, driven in only halfway and about two inches apart. Then have four rubber bands for each strip, and by slipping one end of a band over one tack, winding it twice around your spool, which the whole skein or embroidery thread at once is wound on, and putting the other end over the next tack, the spool will be securely fastened.

Repeating this process, you will have eight spools on the two strips of wood. Then to the two outer tacks of each strip the pieces of ribbon, which are tied together and sewed to middle of basket at the top on long sides of basket. Also sew rosettes where ribbons are tied together.

The strips of wood then hang as a picture and can be turned over to the outside of the basket to take things out of it.

Hamburg and Biscuits.—One pound hamburger steak, add three pints of water, one onion, salt and pepper to taste. Put baking powder biscuit in pan so they are touching, then pour around the hamburger mixture. Bake till biscuits are done.

Potato Salad.—Boil one dozen potatoes; when cool cut in squares; add four hard boiled eggs, two onions, one tablespoon celery seed, sugar, salt, vinegar to taste. Add one pint sour cream for dressing.

Lemon Custard Pie.—Four eggs, one lemon, one cup sugar, three tablespoonfuls corn starch, butter size of egg, one pint boiling milk. Beat grated lemon, sugar, melted butter, yolks of eggs and corn starch. Mix well, then add the boiling milk. Let this cool, then beat in lightly the beaten whites. Bake in rich pastry. This makes two pies.

Warm Weather Custard.—Two eggs and four tablespoons sugar lightly beaten together; one pint milk added to eggs and sugar. Fill four or five custard cups (according to size) and grate nutmeg on top of each cup. Cover cups with small inverted saucers, after placing in granite kettle, with about an inch of boiling water. Cover kettle, place over blaze and allow to boil just ten minutes. Remove and cool. Equally as good as baked custard and requiring not more than twenty minutes in preparation and cooking.

BED TIME TALES BY CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

MRS. TOMMY PLAYS HOSTESS

At first Tommy Tittle-mouse was afraid that his cousins would bother him. He thought he would want to run in and out the back way all the time and that he would have to stop each time and say "By your leave." But Mrs. Tommy reminded him that, as he had forgotten all about the back entrance until by chance it occurred to him, he should not be so nervous. He cared for and with you there was always that barrier of red plush and the heavy vines. So I rented a wing of an old farmhouse up the road and, manlike and fool that I was, I thought I'd fix it up satisfactorily as a sort of bachelor paradise where I could spend my leisure time reading and smoking, alone or with my friends, if course I didn't want any one to let me know how I was getting on. I'd offend you to know how I disliked the atmosphere of the old place. So far I have had a failure of my own making. I wanted it to look like—well, just about like this—books and fireplace and shaded lights and sun-dials and how could a man alone make a home for himself? If I'd only known you didn't care for the old things I might have done better.

"Might have what?" Martha came to the rescue. "Might have suggested doing the old house over and making a real home. What I really mean, Martha, is that I might have asked you long ago to be my wife. I've thought of it a hundred times and even tried to tell you, but always those red velvet hangings and the damp old vines that kept the house so dark and cheerless seemed to come up between us. But here—Martha won't you forgive me for not understanding you before and won't you make me happy and cheerful?"

Martha's expression was one of archness mingled with newly awakened sympathy and understanding. "Well," she added, "in spite of those red plush barriers I think I have been just a little bit in love with you for ever so long." (Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)