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BY FRANK P. MACLENNAN

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The railway men's unions are asking the government to buy the railroads and give them to the men who do the work. In case extensions become necessary they would have the public build them and turn them over to the same group of persons. One of the troubles that have beset the railroads in the past is that they have been operated in many instances in the interest of bankers. It is doubtful that there would be any improvement visible in operating them in the interest of another class of citizens. What the country needs is railroads operated in the interest of the public as well as the bankers and the working force. But unless a change in the situation come soon it is not improbable that the roads will be for sale cheap. Ever since the government took over the railroads there has been manifested by the administration a determination to make of the railroad problem a political issue. The campaign of 1920 soon will be here and perhaps it is just as well that the issue between the public and the other interests be fought out. With the people in their present temper there is little room for doubt regarding the result.

A former Oregon state official wants a fee of $50,000 in addition to his salary of $4,000 as nominal receiver of the Home Telephone company. How does it happen that a $50,000 man is holding a $4,000 job.

In this country, if the politicians are to be believed, somebody always is oppressing the people. Once it was the railroads, then it was Standard Oil, later the gas companies and now it is the packers.

President Wilson's statement ought to convince every unbiased mind that there is imperative need for setting up a league of nations. It is an integral part of the peace treaty; indeed, it is the very cornerstone of the Versailles settlement. Of course, says Forbes' magazine, there is room for criticism. The charge that Wilson is an idealist who refuses to get down to brass-tack realities contains a large measure of truth. That he exhorts rather than explains must also be admitted. Yet when all is said and done, he rendered invaluable service in composing the momentous differences which had to be reckoned with in Europe. Without his presence at Paris, it is extremely probable that the peace makers would still be wrangling and quarreling, without any treaty within sight. America is not the only nation which is called upon under the league of nations to give up something which national pride would prefer to hold on to. But the object sought to be attained is so infinitely important and desirable that it is worth almost any sacrifice.

Until jobs cease to hunt for men and men begin to hunt for jobs, there can be little change in existing economic conditions. When that time arrives the complaint of high cost of living will change to one of hard times.

The railway shopmen are too wise to trust their demands for an increase of wages to a congressional committee. These demands were submitted last January. Why was not a committee appointed then? Not that this matters because it is improbable that a report would even now be ready. If the shopmen are to receive an increase they want it while they are living.

Judge Gary is rapidly becoming America's foremost optimist, says Forbes' Magazine. Here is a sample of his latest utterances: "The people of this country are rich and growing richer. It is estimated the wealth of this country is equal to one-third or more of the total wealth of all countries; that there is held by the banks $15,000,000,000 or $16,000,000,000; that the money in circulation is about $56 per capita, as against about $34 before the war. What is it to be supposed will be done with it? Why, invested and expended in order to increase wealth. Perhaps you and I will get some of it, and if so we will expend or invest it, for we are like other human beings. There is still room in this country for the optimist, but little space for the pessimist. If the tax assessor and collector will only permit us to retain a little fairer percentage of our earnings we shall be happy. Patience and confidence are justified, and with these great prosperity is assured."

PLATFORM PLEDGES.

As an illustration of what value may be placed on party platform promises it may be noted that both parties pledged budget reform in their 1916 platform.

The Republicans promised the establishment of "a simple businesslike budget system."

The Democrats promised "as a practical first step toward a budget system a return by the house of representatives to its former practice of initiating and preparing all appropriation bills thru a single committee chosen from its membership in order that responsibility may be centered, expenditure standardized and made uniform, and waste and duplication in the public service as much as possible avoided."

Both platforms conceded waste, riotous extravagance and confusion, the party in power attributing it to "system" and the party out of power charging "shameless raids on the treasury."

For the 1912 to and including requests for 1917 the national government's admittedly waste-swollen expenditure base of 1911 was exceeded by $500,000,000 after excluding war, navy and postal service. War found the departments untrained in methods of careful estimating. President Wilson after eight months of war preparations without proper budget estimates asked—unsuccessfully—budget reform as a minimum essential for proper spending plans and proper fighting plans.

The president's message of 1917 expressed the opinion "that it will be impossible to deal in any way but a very wasteful and extravagant fashion with the enormous appropriations of the public moneys which must continue to be met if the war is to be properly sustained unless the house will consent to return to its former practice of initiating and preparing all appropriation bills thru a single committee." The results have proved that Mr. Wilson was right, but nothing is being done, except that it is proposed to appoint a committee to frame a budget system which is practically the same as doing nothing.

In business circles there appears much concern lest we may not continue to find a foreign market for our goods, owing to the inability of the foreigners to pay. It might be a good thing if we were forced to stop exportation for a while. It would tend to bring prices to home folks down to a reasonable basis. As long as there remains European demand for our products, we must continue to pay the increased prices which that demand creates.

WAR ON THE PACKERS.

The Kenyon bill to regulate the packers is to be taken up August 18. It calls for government control of the packing industry. If the packers be guilty of making exorbitant profits off the needs of the people, if they be guilty of not paying a just price for the raw product based on the selling price, or if because of their bigness they have by divers methods succeeded in stifling competition they should be brought to justice. But the notion that all big corporations are rotten to the core just because they are big; the idea of closing our eyes to the economic saving effected and the lower price to the consumer thru such saving in methods of manufacture and distribution is unworthy an intelligent people.

For years we have railed at the Standard Oil trust. We had it dissolved and treated it to every form of vituperation, of hostile legislation, of legal extermination, and yet it survived and its business grew. Why? Because while we were going thru all these contortions the Standard Oil company kept right on producing a better article and selling it at a less price than its competitors.

Behind almost every attack on big business is a desire on the part of somebody for votes. The packing industry is the last aggregation of "big business" that can be attacked—for votes. The railroads, the banks, Standard Oil and United States Steel were popular targets once—but now for the big packers.

The crusade on Standard Oil broke many small concerns, bankrupted thousands of producers, separated Standard into a dozen corporations, but made them all rich. The crusade on the big packers because they are big is un-American and a demagogic appeal to the mob spirit.

But the element of justice and fairness does not enter into politics. Politics means appeal to prejudice.

If authorization of investigations by the Federal Trade commission into the price of sugar and shoes is the best the house can do in the direction of solving the labor and cost of living problems, it might as well have taken a recess as originally planned. Of all the plans for not doing a thing ever invented, nothing equals an investigation by a commission. Such investigation consumes much valuable time and rarely obtains any information of value.

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL INFORMATION BUREAU

FREDERIC J. HASKIN, Director, Washington, D. C.

NEW YORK'S DRUG CLINIC.

New York, Aug. 4.—That those individuals who are in the grip of the drug habit but who are denied by law the right to purchase narcotics may have a chance to "taper off" and be cured, New York has established a clinic for the sale of these enslaving stimulants and for the study of their victims. That clinic may be written down as one of the tragedy centers of the metropolis, for about it revolve thousands of addicts, from stations high and low, who, tho they seldom demonstrate the agonies alleged to accompany the shutting off of their supplies, are none the less the nation's largest group of these children of sorrow.

This clinic looks just like any other such institution. It is a large room, with immaculate white walls and a white tiled floor, white benches, tables and medicine cabinets. It has the usual number of rooms for examination purposes and several plain business desks presided over by sympathetic women who win the confidence of most of the drug addicts. The people who file in as soon as the clinic is opened at noon, and sit patiently on the benches waiting for their turns to come, look very much like any other people—sick people—of the same classes. Undoubtedly, nearly every class of society sends its representative here. There are well-groomed men and women, and men and women in tatters—laborers, merchants, clerks, chorus girls, domestics, housewives, mothers with babies in their arms, dancers, chauffeurs, butlers and criminals. But there are many more in rags, than there are of the elite of the nation. The drug habit has brought them to rags. These latter are still able to find doctors who are willing to risk arrest for a sufficiently attractive remuneration.

Over three thousand drug addicts are supplied with drugs by the clinic every day. It is estimated, however, that altogether there are 75,000 to 100,000 drug addicts in the city of New York. This means that thousands are still finding a more secretive method of obtaining it. Chinese, for example, are conspicuous by their absence in the clinics. However, this must not be regretted too much just at present, because the clinic is handling about all the business it can. From 12 o'clock noon until 10 and 11 at night an unending stream of humanity passes in and out as rapidly as the doctors and drug dispensers can take care of it, which is painfully slow. Some of the addicts must wait two or three hours for their dope, especially upon their first visits when their histories must be taken down and they must be given physical examinations.

The health department is acquiring better methods of handling them as it goes along, however. It has no precedents to aid it. This is the first clinic of its kind ever established, and it had to be established quickly in the face of a great emergency. About three months ago the government started arresting doctors and druggists and raiding their premises on a large scale, so that many of them became afraid to dispense narcotic drugs at all. This meant that large numbers of drug addicts were suddenly left without a source of supply, which caused the city to tremble for its safety. For it is a fact that a man suddenly deprived of morphine may die, and before he dies he will kill, if necessary, in order to get the drug.

It was this situation which led to the establishment of a drug clinic where drug addicts, upon registration, might obtain drugs at a fair price, in accordance with the Harrison federal law. This law provides that drugs may be sold to drug addicts only in graduating doses, starting with a maximum of 15 grains and reducing the amount each day until they reach what is known as the irreducible minimum—that is, the smallest dose on which the patient can get along. The intention of the health department is to get each patient who attends the clinic down to this minimum dose and then send him to a hospital to be cured. Under this plan, the department is firmly convinced drug addiction can be effectively stamped out.

It is a plan, moreover, which one might expect to find popular with New Yorkers, inasmuch as it has been shown that morphine is responsible for much of the city's crimes, but unfortunately it has encountered opposition. It has been charged that the health department was ignorant of what it was doing; that dope fiends were dope fiends and would never be anything else, and that it was foolish to attempt to cure them. A series of hospitals offered by the Rockerfeller foundation for the treatment of drug addicts were refused by the mayor. And doctors are neglecting their practices to hold meetings and denounce the state narcotic commission and the Harrison law.

At one of these meetings held last week, the commissioner of health, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, who is making a brave fight for the preservation of the drug clinic, made a speech in which he gave the assembled doctors a frank outline of what the health department was doing and expected to do. The doctors, in turn, complained that they were being greatly abused by the Harrison law. One doctor, in particular, a well-built young man with an honest and straightforward manner, told of several cases where innocent patients were suffering on account of the provisions of the law. He had a patient who was afflicted with cancer, he said, who must be kept under the influence of morphine to avoid the most horrible suffering, and yet he (the doctor) was afraid he would be arrested if he continued to increase the doses of the drug. This account brought forth a sympathetic mugmur from the audience. It was obvious that he had made a great impression. It was therefore something of a shock to discover, by an examination of the records at the drug clinic the same afternoon, that a surprising percentage of the drug addicts coming up for examination were giving this man's name as their doctor.

A history is taken of every patient attending the clinic, first at the place of registration and then at the clinic, in order to check up on any discrepancies. The principal details are then written down on a yellow card, which contains the photograph of the addict, and this card must be presented every time the patient comes for his drug. These histories are the greatest human interest documents ever compiled by a city. They reveal the interesting fact that the most popular drug is heroin, which is a derivative of morphine; that approximately 90 per cent of the addicts contract the habit thru evil associations, and that at least 70 per cent of the male addicts are between the ages of 17 and 26. Only 40 per cent of the addicts are women. It is also interesting to know that drug addiction is especially common among chauffeurs and truck drivers; that hundreds of married couples attend the clinic, and that women with babies in their arms are frequent visitors.

The chief motive in taking the drug, of course, is to obtain a stimulant—a false strength. Dance halls are one of the principal channels of the traffic. Here come young people, tired from a hard day's work and fall easy prey to the drug peddlers. Often they take their first dose without knowing what it is. A young salesgirl is tired, and her partner says: "Here, take this—it will jazz you up." A young clerk may be lacking in pep, and a woman secretly slips him a dose.

Many take the drug to help them to do their work. The other morning a steeple-jack confessed that he never would be able to climb without a liberal dose of heroin, and a truck driver insisted that he could not do his work unless under the influence of the drug. When asked how he contracted the habit he said that one day when he had carried three heavy trunks upstairs he was "all in." The next trunk looked as big as a mountain to him. He told the other man on the truck that he would have to quit, but the man handed him a powder and told him that that would help him. It did, and so he kept on taking the powder—a little more as time passed to keep up the stimulation. There was also a presser who holds down three jobs, working nearly twenty-hours a day. He says he has to do it to support his family, and he takes heroin to keep up.

It is a peculiarity of drug addicts that they feel no embarrassment concerning the habit. Most of them at the clinic resent having to go thru so much red tape before they can get their dope, but they do not resent the publicity. Any one of them is perfectly willing to discuss his case with you, including all the morbid details. One very young, good-looking and well-dressed girl exclaimed when she was asked how she had contracted the habit: "Why, in the show business, of course."

They also exhibit an amazing amount of docility as long as they are supplied with the drug. While most of them are not particularly interested in being cured, they are willing to consider it. They do not oppose the idea of being sent to a hospital, and hundreds of them are already there, taking the treatment. So far, the cure has been successful in only 2 per cent of the cases, but the best medical authorities believe this is because the patients have not been given the treatment for a sufficient length of time. The great need is for hospitals and progress is being made toward providing these. The experience of New York is of vital interest to the whole country, for with the enforcement of nation-wide laws against the use of narcotics there are addicts in every city requiring treatment.

Yestidday aftirnoon wen I was going out ma gave me a letter to mail, saying, Now for mersey sakes keep looking at it till youve mailed it, its a very important letter and it simply must be mailed this aftirnoon.

Yes mam, I sed. And I took the letter out in the street and kepp wawking along looking at it till a fire engine went past with all the fellows running after it, and I quick stuck the letter in my blouse and ran too, being a falts alarm, and wile I was eating supplr I thawt, G, gosh, G, I forgot to mail it. Meening the letter, and I quick got up, saying, I'll be rite back.

Are you finished? sed pop.

Not all the way, I sed, and pop sed, Then stay rite heer till you are, I don't like this chasing away frum the table and back agen all the time.

Yes sir, I sed. And I sat down and started to eat agen; and pritty soon I thawt G, she's looking at me as if she mite remember it eny minnit. And I quick got up agen, saying, I'm throo.

Wat, no dizzert? sed ma.

I don't feel much like dizzert, I sed.

You don't look much like it either, jumping up and down like a Jack-in-the-box, sed pop. And I quick ran out and mailed the letter, thinking of dizzert all the way and then I went back and sat down at the table agen not saying enything.

O, youve decided to return to our mist, have you? sed pop, and I sed, I feel more like dizzert now.

Well, if you dont take the cake I dont know who does, sed ma. And she gave me my dizzert, being chocklit cake as if ma had ment to say a joke, which she hadent, and wen I was about half way throo my cake, she looked at me all of a suddin like sumbody remembering a letter, saying, Ware did you go?

Wen? I sed, and ma sed, You know wen, and I sed, Wen, jest now? and ma sed, Out with it, you went to mail that letter, dident you?

Mam? I sed.

Now it won't be delivered on time, and juest for that youll jest leeve the rest of your dizzert and get up frum the table, you take the cake, sed ma.

Meening I dident take it.

Wich I dident.

DINNER STORIES

W. R. Buckner, the memory expert, tells a good one on himself. A few weeks ago he alighted at the station of a small Oregon town, where he was scheduled to deliver a lecture on his system of "remembering things," says the San Francisco Chronicle. The aged darky in charge of the decrepit hotel van approached him and inquired how many trunks he had.

"I don't use any trunks," said Buckner.

"But you is a travelin' man, isn't you?" inquired the Jehu.

"Yes—but I sell brains."

"Well, suh," sighed the old driver. "Ah've been totin' salesmen from dis depo' fo' nigh twenty years, an' you'se de fust one Ah ever struck what didn't carry no samples!"

"If I was rich, darling, would you love me more than you do?" asked the hopeful young man.

"Well, I might not love you any more, but I should look forward to our wedding day with a great deal of more impatience than I do at present."

EVENING STORY

On the Edge of Things.

BY WILL T. AMES.

All her life Florabel Warner had been on the edge of things. To begin with, she had been on the edge of the inheritance of a fair chance in life—and straightway her mother elected to handicap her with the name she had since borne, and then her father failed in business and died, leaving his daughter to the impending fate of double orphanhood. For Mrs. Warner, as might have been expected of one who would name a child Florabel, had some time since developed an interesting Victorian case of tuberculosis, alias "a decline," which sent her to her grave and Florabel to an institution for bereft children.

Then a rich woman, who was taking stock of orphans with a view to adoption, had finally decided on selecting Florabel when the latter, bored by an interminable interview between visitor and matron, yawned and exposed to the quick eyes of her almost foster mother the unusual fact that she had two rows of teeth from the first molars back. Double rows of teeth are weirdly uncanny to some persons of nervous temperament. Mrs. Etherby was rather nervous. It was all off.

Then, when Florabel did have the good fortune to be taken by a tender-hearted woman of small tho sufficient means, it was her luck that that good but sentimental lady should fall victim to the brilliant campaign of a gentleman who forgot to mention, until after their marriage, that he was the widowed father of an active family of four. The family he brought to live with and at the expense of the late Mrs. Curtis and present Mrs. Breen. Breen spent most of his time shooting pool. It was short commons all around.

Furthermore, when Florabel, to whom a high school education had become as the road to all happiness, finally obtained the frightened consent of her overburdened foster mother, she failed in her examinations by failing an even one per cent under the stipulated average. After that she almost got a place at a milliner's, but was five minutes too late. And now that she was an usher in the Imperial Picture Palace, and head over heels in love with the head operator, along must come this Peters girl, just at the very hour, almost, that Red Morse was all primed up to the point of declared responsiveness, and just walk off with Florabel's fellow as easy as anything. "I never saw anything like it in my life!" wailed Florabel in the solitude of her tiny room. Which was quite untrue, since she had never seen anything greatly different.

Florabel was almost eighteen by this time and had been steering tottery old gentlemen and obstinate old ladies into flashlighted seats for the better part of two years at the Imperial Palace. In the course of those years she had learned how to dispose of the freshies in the briefest possible time. There were so many of them, and so many times did they make precisely the same speeches and undertake precisely the same advances, that it had become a matter of sheer automatism for Florabel to ask if they'd like to have her call the cop for them to tell the story to their love to; she never remembered one of these incidents for two minutes.

But one day there came into the theater, just after the opening of the doors, "positively the freshest thing I ever saw in all my born days!" as Florabel described him to the girl on the next aisle.

The freshest thing was a young man in a palm beach suit and straw hat, whose necktie was a screaming chorus of color and who bore in one hand an undisguised suit of overalls and in the other an equally frank tool kit.

A swell in a morning coat on Fifth avenue, carrying an umbrella, would not have been a better study in contrasts. He was red-headed and short, and across his face, from above his right ear to the opposite corner of his chin, was a noticeable scar. He breezed past the doorkeeper, whose protests he regarded not at all, and made directly for Florabel.

"Hello, sweetheart," he said without preliminary of any sort; "you'n me's going to have a dish of chop or sumep'n in your relief time—d'you know it? Surest thing. But where's the way to the gun position? I'm from the Jumbo Projector company, an' I've got to put the mash into one of your machines. Tell me where to go and when you're off."

"I ain't ever off to smarties like you, mister. What do you think I am, a tramp? I can feed myself! Take that door at the end of the right aisle, and when you get up there, if I was you, I wouldn't be so fresh or you'll come down thru the air. There's a grown-up man up there."

"Oh-ho Thataway? All right, chick, but you've got a date, remember."

It was then that Florabel described the visitor to the girl in the next aisle. She was genuinely indignant at the youth's unwarranted familiarity, but such is the psychological expertness of the theater usher that the girl on the next aisle said to the girl on the third aisle within three minutes thereafter: "Betcha she goes with him!" And she did.

Joseph Jefferson Hines combined the brazen effrontery of a sideshow barker with the courage of a bearcat and the direct efficiency of a kick in the stomach.

"Listen, infant," he began while they were waiting for their chop, tea and rice cakes in the Far Orient restaurant. "I'm the busiest thing on this side of the water. I'm some little projector tinker, and I'm out on this circuit on week trips. They gimme all anybody can do in seven days every time I start out, and I have to do it in five. So I don't have any time for fooling. I lamped you the minute I got inside the door, an' I says, 'There's my girl'—just like that."

"Well, you had your nerve, I'll say!" protested Florabel.

"Sure—had it trained. A guy don't put in five months shooting the inside works of a perfectly good war with a movie camera without getting up some gall. I'll tell the world!"

"Mercy!" Florabel was pink with excitement right away. "You don't mean to say you were one of those crazy loons that made battle pictures over there?"

"Surest thing. One-four-seven Signal corps. That's where I got my beauty mark—part of the tripod did that when a shell busted under the machine."

"Goodness gracious!" was all that Florabel could say, but the look of her was the look of a girl who had met her hero.

"I guess it was all that rough stuff over there," continued Joe, with a new seriousness in face and manner, "that makes a fellow, as soon as he gets back begin to figure on a regular home, and—say, do you know what makes me in such a hurry?"

"I sure don't," answered Florabel, just a little disappointed at this sudden switch from a subject that all at once had been growing absorbingly interesting.

"I'm working on a patent that will take the last bit of flick out of the flicker. I tear around and get two days at home, down in the Bronx, every week. It's just about done and I know how to get the cash for it. Then it's me for that home. I've been looking for a girl. You're her."

Something jumped up into Florabel's throat and almost choked her. All unexpectedly here she was right on the edge of things again. But pessimism came with black wings to sit on her soul. No use for her to let this go any further. It would only mean re disappointment. So she jeered at this wonderful cheeky, slap-dash hero.

"Not a chance, Mr. Man," she laughed, while far inside her spirit wept.

"Somebody beat me to it, eh?" asked Joe. "Thought so when you talked about the 'real men' up in the projector coop. Is it Morse?"

"It might be!" Florabel's manner carried implied confession without spoken statement.

Joe looked at the girl with a strange, pitying expression in his eyes—not at all fresh or slap-dash, was he now.

"Girlie," he said, "I'm mighty sorry to be the messenger boy, but there's bad news for you. Morse has got a wife and kid in Pittsburgh. I know them well. She used to be a theater usher, too."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Florabel. She thought of the Peters girl and she chaged her mind. "Yes, I do, too." Then, as she realized suddenly that something she had been on the edge of was good indeed to have escaped from her pessimism vanished.

"Soldier man," she said, and she was pinker and prettier than ever, "there isn't anybody else—not really."

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HEART AND BEAUTY PROBLEMS

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I was to have had a date with a certain young man. I waited until 9 o'clock for him, and then, when he didn't appear, I went out with another young man.

The former came about fifteen minutes after we had left and since then has been quite angry that I had not waited for him.

(1) Was 9:15 too late to keep his date?

(2) Should I have waited for him?

(3) Who should apologize?

L. S. M.

(1) Nine-fifteen was too late for him to keep his date. He should have let you know in some way that he was coming late or that he could not come at all.

(2) You should not have gone out with another man. If you had gone to bed that would have been different.

(3) He does not owe you an apology. Some time if you and he meet and talk, you might say that you are sorry you didn't wait for him.

SANDRA THE JEALOUS

By JANE PHELPS

THE WEDDING AND HONEY-MOON.

CHAPTER X.

I was married at home. We had trimmed the living room prettily with autumn leaves and flowers. The pastor of the church, we always had attended, married us. The same one who had christened me.

I felt awfully solemn. I almost broke down and cried. I had to swallow a lump in my throat every time bfore I made the replies. And I am sure no one a foot away could hear when I promised to love and obey Everett—yes, that was in the service when I was married.

But it was over at last, and everyone was kissing me and calling me "Mrs. Graham." Then we had refreshments. Just chicken salad and dainty sandwiches, cakes and coffee. Afterward I changed into my blue serge tailored suit, and the next thing I knew we were on the train. The reason I didn't realize anything much until then was that I was crying so hard at leaving mother, dad, and the boys, that I didn't know what happened.

"Dry your eyes now," Everett said as he helped me off with my hat and then turned on the spigot for me. We had the drawing room so no one saw my red eyes—no one but Everett.

After I had bathed my face we talked a little, then it was dinner time. I wanted awfully to go into the dining car. I never had eaten on the train. But when I timidly suggested it, he paid no attention but ordered it served in the drawing room.

After dinner he was real nice and kind, but he didn't say much about being happy because I belonged to him, or about loving me. I hardly spoke. I felt strange and embarrassed—thought perhaps he did also. Altho he shouldn't. He had been on a wedding trip before, and I hadn't.

We went to a lovely hotel in New York. I was perfectly delighted with everything. Yet sometimes my pleasure was just a little spoiled because Everett would correct me for showing my feelings too plainly; or because he in a way ignored me.

One evening we remained in the hotel. Everett had a slight cold, so had ordered dinner served in our room. We had been to a play the night before, and had shopped all day. Everett had bought me loads of pretty things to wear, dresses, wraps and hats. I knew he was ashamed of my country made trousseau, altho he did not say so. I didn't see where I was going to wear all the things he gave me, but he told me not to worry about that.

I was also tired from our strenuous shopping, and glad to stay quietly in the room with him; but I was excited, and wanted to talk of what we had bought, of the wonderful shops, etc. When Everett settled himself in a big arm chair after the waiter had taken the dinner table away, I climbed upon his lap.

"Don't be undignified, Sandra," Everett said.

"Don't you want me to sit on your lap?" I felt the tears coming.

"Not particularly. I wish to read. Neither do I want to see you cry. Red eyes and swollen faces aren't attractive to a man."

I drew in my breath in little sharp gasps. His tone, more than his words, had seemed to stab me. It hurt me so. The tears dropped in spite of all I could do to hold them back. As I rose unsteadily from his lap, one fell on the back of his hand. He brushed it off angrily.

"For heaven's sake, Sandra, stop crying. If there is one thing I hate more than any other it is a crybaby. When you feel that you must shed tears, please take yourself where I cannot see you." He unfolded his paper and commenced to read.

In all my eighteen years, I never had been spoken to so harshly. I tried desperately not to cry, but I could not hold back the tears, and sobbing loudly I rushed into the bedroom and closed the door. I thought Everett would come in and try to comfort me when he saw how terribly I felt, but he didn't come near me. I had made him too angry.

I was asleep when he came to bed. But I had heard the clock strike 12 before I sobbed myself to sleep.

(Tomorrow—Everett is unreasonable.)

The George Matthew Adams Daily Talk

THINGS THAT MAKE A WOMAN GREAT.

First, it's her gentleness, her all-bearing courage, her open and feeling heart, her desire for justness, and her broad-thinking mind.

And when a woman is a mother, she becomes one of the queens of the race. For no one quite understands like a mother.

But every true woman is beautiful. There is about her an art so well concealed, so well expressed, and a spirit withal so quietly modulated, that to be inspired by her qualities of patience, courage and love is to be accorded great honor.

For these are the things, somehow set apart in a woman's character, that make her great.

And then these is a woman's intuition, her inseeing power, which places her among the leaders of time. Her quick and accurate arrival at essential truths, her sweetened sympathy, her magnificent bestowal of deserved praise—these lift her high and merit her place.

There is no human like unto a strong gentlewoman.

To such a woman, there could be no homage too great. For to her there is given by nature a refinement of poise and an intelligence so ingrained that by instinct alone she is able to tread her way straight toward the right.

Wherever there is suffering, wherever there is need, you will find some noble woman ministering gladly and well. It is the privilege she loves most. No wonder that we think of angels as women figures!

At her desk in offices, behind counters, out on the farm, in hospitals, before wash tubs, as teachers or as home builders, the womanliness of a woman serves to prove her greatness and her depth of soul.

The things which make a woman great are but the things which she alone most supremely possesses—and always will.

Just Folks by Edgar A. Guest

THE NEED OF THE WORLD.

The world is needing you and me
In places where we ought to be;
Somewhere today it's needing you
To stand for what you know is true,
And needing me somewhere today
To keep the faith, let come what may.

The world is needing me and you
To share the tasks it has to do.
It needs high-minded men to stand
Against the thoughtless of the land;
Men who will scorn to stoop to wrong
To win the favor of the throng.

The world needs humble men to toil,
Men who will till a patch of soil,
Men who behind their work can see
More than its gold and silver fee
And choose to serve where best they can
Their country and their fellowman.

The world needs honest men today
To lead its youth along the way.
Men who will write in all their deeds
The beauty of their spoken creeds
And spurn advantage here or gain
On which deceit must leave its stain.

The world needs men who will not brag,
Men who will honor Freedom's Flag,
Men, who, altho the way is hard,
Against the lure of shame will guard.
The world needs gentle men and true
And calls aloud to me and you.

The world needs men of lofty aim
Not merely men of skill and fame
Not merely leaders wise and grave
Or learned men or soldiers brave
But men whose lives are fair to see
Such men as you and I can be.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Menu Hint.

BREAKFAST.

Berries and Cream
Broiled Bacon
Fried Potatoes
Rolls Coffee

LUNCHEON.

Potato Soup Tomato Salad
Brown Bread and Butter
Iced Cocoa

DINNER.

Young Onions Radishes
Lima Bean Croquettes
Parsley Sauce
Macaroni Buttered Beets

Tried Recipes.

Riced Cheese Potatoes—Potatoes, one-quarter pound of cheese, tablespoon butter, one teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper.

Cook as if for mashed potatoes. Instead of mashing run potatoes and cheese thru ricer at same time. When done put lump butter on top and salt and pepper. This is very good and makes an attractive dish.

DOROTHY DIX TALKS

BY DOROTHY DIX
World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

December and May—2.

Another burden that the elderly wife assumes is amusing the young husband. He must be diverted. He must be kept interested to keep him satisfied, and the old wife is confronted with the awful problem of whether it is better to rise him with a pretty girl of his own age, or tread the measure with him herself.

Of course the latter course is the less dangerous expedient, but alas, after forty, we are no longer so young as we once were. We don't take the same interest in views from high points that we did when we had less avoirdupois, and more breath. We see more rheumatism than romance in watching the moon rise over the water in damp places. We begin to appreciate the point of view of the Orientals, who hire other people to do their dancing for them.

Nor do these burdens end the load that the elderly wife of a boy husband voluntarily shoulders. She has to be eternally explaining why she did it. The reason ordinary husband and wife married each other is a conundrum so deep and inscrutible to the onlooker that he gives it up without hazarding a guess. But when an apparently sane, and sensible middle aged woman turns cradle snatcher, and kidnaps a boy for a husband, it piques the popular curiosity.

It is a psychological problem that every beholder tries to solve, and nobody ever does solve it, so it is continually put up to the bride to answer—a proceeding which is very apt to get upon her nerves.

Certainly the middle aged woman who marries a young boy pays a high price for her pet, and there is only one kind of woman who should undertake such a foolhardy speculation, and that is a woman who has no jealousy in her system, who possesses a large fund of humor, and who has a deep and well filled pocket book on which she has a death clutch.

A woman who expects to get any happiness out of such a marriage must be able to see her boy husband dancing and chatting, and playing love games with pretty girls, without being torn into shreads by the green eyed monster, and wondering if he is not contrasting her embonpoint with their slimness, her staid matter of fact conversation with their chatter, her middle aged heaviness with their high spirits.

She must be able to smile instead of gnash her teeth when people mistake her husband for her son. Above all, she must have enough sense to keep her money in her own hands and to realize that her chief charm is a golden one, and that her husband will never grow tired of her as long as she is the source from which all blessings flow. For it is most curious that boys never fall in love with impecunious ladies, or marry women old enough to be their mothers, unless mother's name is good on a check.

Nor should the woman object. Romance is a gift that the gods bestow only on the young. When we grow old, we have to buy it. And it is up to the middle aged woman to decide if the brand she buys with her young husband is worth the price.

Dorothy Dix

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ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

BY ROY K. MOULTON

More Rules for the Dry Spell.

The young shall no longer be taught the history of the Bourbon kings. If necessary to refer to them at all they shall be called the Ginger Ale kings.

The word "still" shall be stricken from the English language and the word "quiet" shall be substituted in all cases.

Noah Webster shall not be allowed to use the word "moonshine" in his dictionary and no poet shall use the word in any capacity. The word "moonlight" shall be used instead.

Nobody shall be allowed to refer to a cotton gin as gin. The full word engine shall be used.

The people of London are blawsted discouraged with their telephone service, according to a recent cable. One business man became so jolly well angry at his telephone that "he took his pistol out of his pocket and shot the instrument to bits."

What would these Londoners do if they had our telephones to contend with? They would not jolly well take pistols out of their pockets and shoot the blawsted machines to bits, but throw them out the bally, bloomin' hoffice windows. That's what we do, so 'elp us.

No matter what they do in London, we have got 'em skinned here by several degrees.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. What is the average working life of a woman stenographer?—F. S.

A. A recent investigation of the length of time a woman remaining stenography works at it fixed the time at about three years.

Q. Now that the war is over is one supposed to stand for the Star Spangled Banner?—K. L. M.

A. Yes. One is expected not only to stand but to stand at attention—upright and still with the hands at his sides. To move about, to slouch, to lean on the back of seats, is but little less discourteous to the national anthem than to remain seated.

Q. Are flying machines to be used for patrolling forests for the prevention of fires?—G. H. J.

A. The army flying field at San Diego is this year co-operating with the Forest Service in acting as fire lookouts. A captive balloon is used to overlook a certain area while regular flights are made in airplans and dirigibles. The dirigible and the captive balloon are regarded as having great possibilities as fire lookouts.

Q. Do oysters yield pearls?—T. N. F.

A. Pearls of value are never procured from oysters. They come from the pearl clam, a bivalve as big as a dinner plate.

Q. What is the highest price ever paid for a dog?—E. M.

A. As far as we are able to ascertain, the third dog, "Cengnar," owned by Tom Lawton of Egypt, Massachusetts, brought the maximum price. Mr. Lawton paid $13,000 for Cengnar. Dr. Sylvester Judge of Washington, D. C., is the owner of a bulldog for which he paid $6,500.

Q. Has a method been devised for eliminating the pucker from the persimmon?—E. D.

A. Yes. The department of agriculture has found that the persimmon sealed in an air-tight cask, loses the acid which causes it to pucker the mouth when eaten.

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Topeka State Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name and address and enclose 2-cent stamp for return postage. Be brief. All inquiries are confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual.)