

SEEKS REVIEW OF STORAGE DECISION

K. C. SOUTHERN ROAD PETITIONS COURT, PROTESTING SERVICE COMMISSION RULING.

NEOSHO WRECK QUIZ STARTS

Railroad Makes Formal Report of Disaster, in Which Only Five Persons Out of 77 Escaped—9,450 in State Institutions.

Jefferson City. A petition was filed in the Cole county circuit court by S. W. Moore and Cyrus Crane of Kansas City, of the legal department of the Kansas City Southern Railroad company, asking for a review of the team track storage case, recently decided against the railroads by the public service commission.

It was held by the commission, in brief, that a charge for team track storage of cars could not be maintained by the railroads, as under the view of the commission it is in the nature of demurrage, the charge for which is fixed by statute.

It is contended by the Kansas City Southern that a team track storage charge is not demurrage, but is a legitimate charge to cover detention of cars by shippers and to prevent consignees from using cars for storage and warehouse purposes on the side tracks.

The Kansas City Southern asks for a court review of the ruling of the commission, in order that the legal limits of the statutory demurrage may be judicially defined.

Neosho Wrecking Quiz On.

An investigation of the wreck near Neosho on the Kansas City Southern railroad, in which 39 people were killed and 25 injured, was ordered by the public service commission and is being conducted by Commissioners Frank P. Wightman and A. B. Shaw.

A report of the wreck was received from the Kansas City Southern by the commission, but no report has been received from the Missouri & North Arkansas.

The Kansas City Southern report was formal in character and contained no details beyond those published in the newspaper accounts.

9,450 in State Institutions.

In a report filed with Gov. Major by the state board of charities and corrections are figures showing the census of the various eleemosynary, charitable and penal institutions.

The census covers June. There were 4,597 persons in the four state hospitals for the insane, 2,513 males and 2,084 females. During the month 40 were discharged. Hospital No. 2, at St. Joseph, had the greater number, 1,538, and No. 3, at Nevada, the next largest, with 1,282. The Fulton hospital had 1,069 and the Farmington hospital 613.

The Missouri colony for the feeble-minded and epileptic, at Marshall, had 473; the sanatorium for consumptives, at Mount Vernon, had 143 patients; the school for the deaf, at Fulton, had 398 students and the school for the blind, at St. Louis, 115 students. The federal soldiers' home, at St. James, and the confederate soldiers' home, at Higginsville, registered 591. Reform schools, 729, and in the penitentiary were 2,484.

The total number registered at state institutions was 9,450, and the discharges numbered 161.

Service Commission Ruling.

In a ruling prepared by Chairman Atkinson of the state public service commission, in a complaint filed by the mayor and other citizens of Webb City against the waterworks company there, it was held that the commission not only has power to regulate the rates of these utilities, but also, when public conditions demand as much, require them to extend their systems.

Beer Inspection Revenue.

State Beer Inspector T. S. Mosby is surpassing his record of last year in the collection of beer inspection fees. At the close of business in his office \$1,297.67 more had been collected for the first seven months of this year than was collected by Mr. Mosby during the same period last year, and last year broke all previous records in the history of the office.

New Duties for Commission.

The new barge line operating on the Missouri river will come under the jurisdiction of the Missouri board of public utilities, and in order to meet water competition the railroads may withdraw their request for an increase in freight rates.

Missouri Board of Health Wins.

The Missouri state board of health has won its fight against William H. Harris, director of the government census, and presumably all will be peace between the two departments in the future.

Nolen Escapes Trial.

State Land Reclamation Agent John H. Nolen will not be tried on a charge of hunting without a license, as the charge against him was dismissed. The question of the legality of a state license remains unsettled.

Request for Murderer.

Gov. Major issued a requisition upon the governor of Oklahoma for the return of William Rosse Francis, who is charged with the murder of Mary Henderson of Columbus.

Missourians in Europe.

Several Jefferson Cityans, including Mayor Cecil W. Thomas and wife, Rudolph Dalmeyer, his wife and daughter Mathilda, Mrs. E. Simonson and Jacob Moerschke and son, Ernest, are among the tourists who may be detained by the war scare.

Senator Stone Nominated.

Nearly complete returns from the Missouri primary out in the state show the wisdom of the Missouri Democratic congressmen in remaining in Washington to support President Wilson instead of returning home to fix their fences.

Everyone has been renominated, it is believed. Senator Stone was renominated by a great plurality. A statement issued for him at Jefferson City places this at 106,000.

Support Given Elvins Bain.

Polite Elvins, Republican candidate for the United States senatorial nomination, had the promise of the support of 29 out of 28 of the Republican city committee, but lost St. Louis by a decisive vote to Thomas J. Akina.

It is conceded that Judge James T. Blair of Maysville, De Kalb county, one of the supreme court commissioners, has won the nomination on the Democratic state ticket for judge of Division No. 1 of the court.

Chairman D. C. McClung of the Democratic state committee won a complete victory in the fight for control of the Democratic committee in Cole county and will be returned a member of the state body and re-elected its chairman.

A very small Republican vote was cast in the primary out in the state and the Progressive vote, in the light of the primary figures, appears to have dwindled to practically nothing.

Official returns of the primary will not be cast up by Secretary of State Roach until some time next week, as none of the returns can be opened until the last county has reported.

The following list gives the names of the successful nominees for congress so far as at present can be ascertained:

First District. James T. Lloyd Democrat
Abner S. Smith Socialist

Second District. William W. Tucker Democrat
T. D. Jones Republican
William Tamm Socialist

Third District. Joshua W. Alexander Democrat
James H. Morrow Republican
James C. Brown Progressive
George Cook Socialist

Fourth District. Charles W. Hoover Democrat
National Sisson Progressive
Fritz H. Moser Socialist

Fifth District. William P. Borland Democrat
Camron L. Orr Republican
James De Witt Carpenter Progressive
George C. Grant Socialist
Karl Oberhelmer Socialist-Labor

Sixth District. Clement C. Dickinson Democrat
G. A. Theilmann Progressive
Charles H. Harrison Socialist

Seventh District. Courtney W. Hamill Democrat
James J. Alford Republican
A. B. Lavan Republican
E. T. Debraun Socialist

Eighth District. Percy W. Shackelford Democrat
William H. Merritt Socialist

Ninth District. Champ Clark Democrat
Frederick Meier Progressive
Charles Lemar Socialist

Tenth District. Walter L. Henney Democrat
John H. Renny Republican
M. Spindler Socialist
Joseph Schneider Socialist-Labor

Eleventh District. Joseph J. Brown Democrat
Thomas J. Brewer Progressive
James De Witt Carpenter Progressive
Arthur Hebrack Socialist-Labor

Twelfth District. Thomas Huey Democrat
Columbus Bradford Progressive
No opposition.

Springfield Banner City.

The Missouri state bureau of labor is out with a series of bulletins setting forth the advantages of various Missouri towns as manufacturing centers, and this week it is Springfield.

With a population of 35,205 in 1910, Springfield has made enough gains since then for it to be stated that the population is now in the vicinity of 40,000. A period of 14 years has seen the manufacturing output of the factories of this flourishing Ozark center increase from \$4,126,871 in 1900 to approximately \$8,250,000 in 1914.

In the bulletin it states that the figures gathered in 1913 show that the manufacturing then was worth \$5,107,837. In 1890 the total worth was only \$3,062,095. The gain since 1890 is a little over 100 per cent, which would be a remarkable showing if it were any other city beside Springfield, but it was to be expected of this metropolis because of the thrift and energy of its inhabitants.

M. P. Inspection Deferred.

Because of the movement of the wheat crop now under full swing, J. F. Murphy, general superintendent of the Missouri Pacific, requested the public service commission to postpone its inspection of the company's lines until later. The commission made an order postponing the inspection until Tuesday, Sept. 1. Frank Wightman, member of the commission, had arranged to inspect the right-of-way and track of the Missouri lines this week and had mailed his schedule to the operating officers of the road.

To Beat Unit Law.

Secretary of State Roach is checking up the signatures on the petitions for the submission of the two road amendments, the origin of which is surrounded by mystery. So far his clerks have discovered only inconsequential errors, none of which will affect the validity of the filings.

Lumber Firms Slow Pay.

Ten lumber companies, fined a total of \$125,000 by the Missouri supreme court in the ouster proceedings instituted by former Gov. Hadley when he was attorney-general, are delinquent in the payment of \$67,500 in fines.

Under an order the supreme court entered on July 2, the companies were directed to pay one-half of the amount of their fines within 30 days. The 30 days have elapsed. Fourteen other companies, with a total of \$226,000 in fines against them,

Major Avoids Peace Move.

Gov. Major declined to permit the use of his name as one of a committee of international arbitrators to seek to bring about peace in Europe. The request came from The Chicago Examiner in a long telegram.

Dairy Prospects.

In a labor bulletin from the state bureau of labor the many advantages of central Missouri as a dairy center are set forth. Springfield, for instance, shows an annual output along this line of several million dollars.

Dress for the Nearly Grown Girl



A ONE-PIECE dress, with a skirt showing a long Russian tunic, is having here as an unusually good model for the slender and immature figure of the nearly grown girl. This dress is designed for the carefree figure and leaves nothing to be desired as a model for the miss who is finishing her school days. The skirt is set on to the bodice and has a high waist line. The bodice is supported by a light underwire and thus the weight of the garment is hung from the shoulders as well as the hips. Firmly woven light-weight serges and other close weaves are appropriate for this dress. Supple materials that fall gracefully are the best choice.

Costumes for the Afternoon



ONE can find enough of the new things every week to write a fair-sized volume on late fashions. Sometimes the makers of fashions take just one idea and develop it to such an extent that it takes column after column of newspaper space to describe the variations that have been rung in upon that idea.

Take the ruffled skirt, for instance. When the minaret tunic was first introduced it was a shock because women of fashion had grown so accustomed to the straight line from hip to ankle that the cutting in half of the figure did not suit at all. After much grumbling and criticism, however, the idea was accepted and even declared to be pretty. So much of the very inevitable is accepted with grace and change of heart.

Taffeta is fulfilling amply the prophecies made concerning its popularity, and as an infinity of ways have been found of diversifying its appearance it is not becoming wearisome on account of repetition.

The photograph shows two of the very latest styles in afternoon dresses. At the left is a model of white crepe with embroidered border. On the right the costume is of embroidered voile, with rose silk girdle.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

JED HAWKINS' LUCK

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

Boom-boom-boom-boom-boom! Stridently there hammered out upon the air the measured beat of a big bass drum. Stalwart, free-armed, Jed Hawkins stood at his task as resolutely as a maestro at the baton stand.

Before him, propped in a low tree crotch, was a home-made sheet of music, its sparse notes big as eggs. This was his "score."

Over the neighboring fence old Seth Brown protruded his broad tanned face, set all in a capacious grin. "What ye think yer doin', Jed?" he propounded.

"Practising" was the terse, serious reply. "You call that music!" derided Brown.

"'Twill be, when it mixes in with the rest of the band."

"What band?"

"The village band—I've joined it. There's just as much system to a drum as there is to a flute. Nature's music isn't all bird song—there's frog croakings, too."

Seth Brown went on his way, chuckling. The lonesome bogmings of the big drum were dismal. Besides, he had a poor opinion of Jed Hawkins. In the first place, his pretty daughter, Nellie, liked Jed. In the next place, she had her pick of several richer swains.

"I'll admit Jed is stiddy," ruminated the practical old man, "but he's slow and poky. Well, it will take him so long to save enough to get married on, that Nellie will get tired waiting and marry some one else."

"Slow but sure" was the way Nellie put it to herself. "Dear fellow! He loves me and that's enough, and I'll wait fifty years for him, if I have to."

"A little extra money—everything counts," reflected patient, honest Jed. "The band gets four dollars a head an evening for playing at dances. Next winter it will be three times a week—boom-boom-boom-boom-boom! and Jed proceeded industriously to beat out the notes of his score.

"Well, dear," challenged him, and he turned to face his loyal sweetheart.



Stood at His Task Resolutely.

bright-faced and cheery as usual—"how are you getting on?"

"I can play the whackers where they're marked to come in," explained Jed. "I reckon I can fill the bill."

Nellie had been to the post office. She carried the weekly town newspaper in her hand. This she opened and held it before the face of her lover, her dainty forefinger indicating a great black type advertisement.

"Look, dear," she directed and Jed read it in his slow accurate way.

"A thousand dollars reward," he said. "I'll find the child for nothing, if I could. Poor little tot! No clue, eh?"

"No," replied Nellie. "the paper says that Ida Strong has been kidnaped and probably carried to a distance. Her parents are frantic. They only hope that, once they get safely in hiding, those who stole her will offer her for ransom."

"They're rich enough to pay a big one," remarked Jed. "How well I recall the little one. Only a week ago I gave her a pretty red apple and rode her on my shoulder down the square."

"When is your first band playing?" asked Nellie, changing the subject.

"Saturday night. It isn't a very select dance, or I'd ask you to go. It's over at Jung's Corners. They're a rough lot around there, you know. Their shindigs generally break up in a row."

"Take care of yourself, dear, won't you?" said Nellie softly.

"And the four dollars—yes, indeed! The first nest egg for a home. Give me a kiss of it, Nellie."

She gave him a dozen, and was proud of the artless but earnest young fellow who fairly worshipped the ground she trod on.

A great clumsy carry-all conveyed the rural band over to Jung's Corners on Saturday evening. Jed had not exaggerated the conditions prevalent with that community of lawless roysters and rude river men. There were ten members of the band. They placed their instruments in a small room back of the dance hall and sat around until the crowd arrived.

Then when the last number was played off the program, they again stored their instruments and accepted the invitation to supper from the proprietor of the place.

Jed noticed half a dozen fights in progress as he was the first of the party to go after his instrument. When he got into the poorly lighted store room he rolled his bulky drum near to the door. It was quite heavy and he usually asked some one to help him when it had to be carried. Just then he paused and bent his ear sharply. A thin piping wail proceeded from beyond a door in one corner of the

room. It was bolted. Jed unsnapped the bolt.

"Gracious me!" he ejaculated, and well he might. In a wretched adjoining apartment a little child lay sobbing on a pallet.

"Ida Strong!" gasped Jed and then he advanced towards the child. The light from the dancing hall permeated the room. "Don't you know me, Ida?"

"Oh, yes, sure I do!" palpitated the little one, patting up her thin waving hands. "Oh, Mr. Hawkins! Please take me away from here. I've been locked up for a week and I heard them say they were going to take me further from home tomorrow."

"Do just as I tell you," whispered Jed, an exciting thought coming into his mind.

Then there were some strange and rapid movements in the room and then, as the cornet player appeared and took up his instrument, Jed sang out.

"Help me get this clumsy old baggage of mine to the wagon, will you?"

"Say! it's pretty heavy, isn't it?" propounded the man as he took hold of one side of the drum.

"Rather bulky, yes," nodded Jed. "Go easy—that's it," and he gave a great breath of relief as the big drum was hoisted aboard the carry-all.

He sat well back in the wagon near to his precious drum, when they got started on their homeward road. Jed was nervous, for he bent his ear many a time anxiously as if seeking for signs of pursuit.

There were none and as the horses reached the top of the last hill overlooking the home town, he pulled the drum towards him. He unstrung its great moon-faced top.

"All right, little one!" he hailed, and the child he had secreted in the big, roomy drum put out her arms and climbed into his lap.

His companions in the carry-all stared at child and man in open-mouthed wonder. Their eyes goggled as he told of his unique plan to rescue her.

"You see, some of that lawless gang down at the Corners had her hidden away in Jung's place," explained Jed. "And you get a thousand dollars," shouted the leader of the band.

"Yes, the reward is yours," chorused half a dozen voices.

"Not so loud and poky, after all," commented Farmer Brown, when he came to know that Jed Hawkins had fairly won the price of a home for his pretty daughter, Nellie.

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NOT THEIR STRONG POINT

Literary Taste of Schoolboys Seems to Be Chiefly Remarkable for Its Absence.

Literary taste is rather an inherited birthright than an acquired possession. It may be cultivated and improved wherever it has been implanted, but to plant it in the nature of the ordinary schoolboy calls for both genius and patience.

The author of "The Romance of Northumberland," in commenting on the literary associations of Flodden Field, is led to reflect on the reaction of the schoolboy to literature.

Cogitation of the youthful British Philistine to read inspiring verse can, I presume, do no possible harm, and some of the seed may fall on fertile ground, take root and prosper.

The dismal task, moreover, seems occasionally to be rewarded by mental revelations that from a teacher's standpoint would easily redeem a wasted hour.

A friend of mine, not very long ago, was giving a lesson in English literature at a well-known public school to one of those forms where stodgy youths who have long outlived all intellectual ambition are apt to vegetate in cheerful apathy, until their waxing stature or downy chins make the situation a reproach to themselves and intolerable to their preceptors.

The subject was "Marmion." On the suggestion being made to one of the most invincible dullards that he should give his view as to what Scott meant by "The battle's deadly swell," he replied with reasonable promptness and with sublime innocence of any humorous intent that he supposed it was Lord Marmion.

Doctor Moss of Shrewsbury, where Milton is apparently the time-honored subject for written compositions, related at a public dinner recently an incident equally good in its way. It appears that the day after the late Lord Tennyson's death, a Shrewsbury master, while carving at dinner, remarked on the melancholy event to some senior boys sitting near him, when a youth of neither scholarly nor industrious habit, somewhere down the table, looking up with a truculent and vindictive expression, fervently exclaimed: "I wish it had been that beastly old Milton!"—Youth's Companion.

Where the Fabians First Met. Clifford's Inn, by Temple Bar, which was recently sold at auction in London, has already undergone a good deal of reconstruction, though this has not so far materially damaged the last of the clostral retreats behind the frontage of Fleet street. When the old buildings disappear, as seems inevitable, there will go a good many sets of chambers associated with famous men—among them the rooms occupied for many years, while his books were slowly making way among the discerning, by that pure eccentric Samuel Butler of "Crewton."

It was, by the way, in the little old hall of Clifford's Inn that the weekly meetings of the Fabian society were held for at least a decade and a half. It was there, indeed, that the old gang—Sidney Webb, Bernard Shaw, Hubert Bland, Graham Wallas, Sydney Olivier and the rest—finished and practised the debating game which in the nineties made so powerful a band of controversialists.—Manchester Guardian.

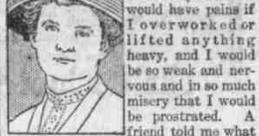
After the Honeymoon. Nuwedd—I was worried for nearly three years for fear I wouldn't get you.

Mrs. Nuwedd—What are you thinking of now, dear? Nuwedd—Thinking how foolish I was to worry.

WOMAN WEAK AND NERVOUS

Finds Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Creston, Iowa.—"I suffered with female troubles from the time I came into womanhood until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would have pains if I overworked or lifted anything heavy, and I would be so weak and nervous and in so much misery that I would be prostrated. A friend told me what your medicine had done for her and I tried it. It made me strong and healthy and our home is now happy with a baby boy. I am very glad that I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and do all I can to recommend it."—Mrs. A. B. BOSCAMP, 504 E. Howard Street, Creston, Iowa.



Tons of Roots and Herbs are used annually in the manufacture of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is known from ocean to ocean as the standard remedy for female ills.

For forty years this famous root and herb medicine has been pre-eminently successful in controlling the diseases of women. Merit alone could have stood this test of time.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, mosquitos, house flies, etc. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't rust or break. Will not hurt anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers sell. Express paid for \$1.00.

SIMPLY DEMANDING HER OWN Recent Discoveries Show That Woman Has Retrogressed Since the Days of the Pharaohs.

In the days of the Pharaohs—no less than in the days of the Roman empire—woman was on a plane of equality with man. There is this, perhaps, nothing exorbitant now in her demand for the vote. She is only asking for a little of her own back.

Sir Gaston Maspero has unearthed some Pharaonic papyri which throw an interesting light on the Pharaonic consideration of woman and marriage. In those days mankind evidently favored a kind of trial marriage, and this marriage woman entered on terms of perfect equality, or even, perhaps, on terms of superiority.

This was the usual Pharaonic marriage contract, as deciphered by Sir Gaston Maspero: "Thou takest me to be thy wife and thou givest unto me a dowry. If it so hap that I tire of thee or that I cast my eyes on another than thee, I will return unto thee a part of thy dowry and will go where good seemeth unto me."

Five-Year-Old's Disapproval. Five-year-old Herbert, born of a bookish family, had learned to read so early and so easily that he scarcely remembered the experience. When his little sister began her studies Herbert watched her progress with interest. One day he confided to his mother:

"Ruthie showed me her new lesson book today, and it's the queerest thing you ever saw! Why, it just says, 'Is it a dog? It is a dog. Can the dog run? Yes, the dog can run,' and a lot of silly things like that. 'Course I didn't like to say so, but I don't think much of that book, mamma. It didn't seem to me that the style had a bit of Jutee!"

He who strikes while the iron is hot doesn't always succeed in making warm friends.

Success is the one sin some people refuse to forgive in their friends.

We Do the Cooking

You avoid fussing over a hot stove— Save time and energy— Have a dish that will please the home folks! A package of

Post Toasties

and some cream or good milk—sometimes with berries or fruit— A breakfast, lunch or supper

Fit for a King!

Toasties are sweet, crisp bits of Indian corn perfectly cooked and toasted— Ready to eat from the package— Sold by Grocers.