

THE CHANUTE TIMES

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McCune Drug Store, Wall Paper, House, Barn and Carriage Paints. Phone 828, Street No. 111 W. Main

THE TOPEKA FIRE.

On Thursday morning of last week the Copeland hotel at Topeka was found to be in flames. It was nearly 4 o'clock in the morning when the fire was discovered and the guests were all in bed. The bell boys and porters hustled through the corridors arousing the sleeping inmates as fast as possible.

The fire seemed to start in the kitchen and spread with amazing rapidity to the elevator and stairway, shutting out all means of escape except on the few fire escapes and jumping from the windows. In a very short time the corridors and rooms were filled with smoke and guests who were not perfectly familiar with the interior arrangement of the building were in a very bewildered situation. Many improvised ropes of bedding and slid down them to safety, others, on the south side, threw mattresses to the roof below and jumped out on them. In this way Mrs. Billy Morgan broke her leg. Farmer Smith and others in descending on their ropes of bedding fell and were seriously hurt, as were a number of others in various ways.

The sad feature, however, of the whole affair was the death of Ike Lambert of Emerica. He was the only person out of probably near a hundred who lost his life. He occupied a rear room on the fourth floor. While the firemen were getting ready to raise a ladder to his room he was seen at the window but before the ladder could be raised he stepped back and was seen no more. His charred and blackened body was dug out of the debris in the basement.

The hotel was entirely destroyed and now remains but the blackened walls of that once famous hestery. This hotel had become famous among the Republican politicians of Kansas. It was within its walls that many dark political conspiracies were hatched. It was here the political fortunes of men were made and broken. The Republican leaders of the state met here to consult, to conceive and to plan. Candidates were named here and campaigns fought out within these walls.

We presume the hotel will be rebuilt in a more modern style.

Ike Lambert who lost his life in the fire was one of the leading criminal lawyers of the state, just in the prime of life. He came to Kansas when a young man and located at Emporia. Like many another young lawyer, he had an uphill fight for many years, but, by sheer merit he triumphed and his days of poverty were over. He was popular and well known. He was a cheerful benevolent man, full of good deeds and kindly thoughts of others, and will be missed outside of his immediate family circle.

Hotel Fire Notes.

The loss in the hotel fire in Topeka is put at \$100,000, with 30 to 40 thousand insurance.

The guests generally lost their baggage and most of their clothing.

Our J. B. F. Gates was one of the guests of the 4th floor. He got down on the fire escape. He saved most of his night shirt. Think of the figure he cut.

Speaker Dolley, a regular guest of the Copeland, stopped somewhere else at night for the first time in his life when in Topeka.

When Billy Morgan jumped out of the window he carried a spittoon in his arms to keep from being blown away.

Farmer Smith's rope, as usual, was a little short.

For Sale or Trade.

I have a fine new Kingsbury piano that I wish to sell for cash or trade for stock. It is a high grade instrument and has been out of the factory but a short time. I have no use for the instrument at present and will give any one wanting it a very satisfactory deal.

—W. S. FINCH.

LAND FRAUDS.

Washington, Jan. 18.—Startling information of alleged wholesale and astounding frauds upon the public lands has come into the possession of Secretary Garfield through special agents in the field. The allegation is made that approximately \$110,000,000 worth of lands in states, principally west of the Mississippi river, have been fraudulently acquired within the past two years by corporations and individuals. With a view of recovering these lands, Secretary Garfield today sent letters to Chairman Hale and Tawney of the Senate and House appropriation committees, respectively, asking for an appropriation of \$500,000 which, if granted, with that already asked for will give the department \$1,000,000 for that purpose. The specific purpose of the appropriation requested is for preventing depredations upon public timber, protecting public lands, examining swamp lands, etc.

It is stated that there is reasonable prospect of recovering much of this alleged fraudulently acquired land if the appropriation is promptly made.

Secretary Garfield also submits a statement of H. H. Schwartz, chief of the fields, view, showing over 32,000 distinct cases of alleged land frauds, demanding further investigation. The number of such cases awaiting investigation by states now pending is as follows:

Oregon, 1,462; California and Nevada, 1,409; Washington and North Idaho, 1,325; Montana, 31,665; Colorado, 8,621; Arizona, 596; Wyoming, 21,865; Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, 5,894; Missouri, Louisiana and Arkansas, 1,593; Utah, 1,497; Oklahoma and Kansas, 1012; New Mexico, 1,205; and Florida, Alabama and Mississippi, 1,960.

A summary of most of the larger cases affected by charges of fraud or illegality now pending, are submitted, but the details of identification and names of parties are omitted because, it is stated, this would embarrass further inquiry into such cases.

The additional appropriation is required, the secretary says, on account of the increased demands on the field service of the land office, due to the transferring to that division of much work which has been in the past by the secret service and the special service of the Department of Justice. Topeka capital.

The Wreck.

In the big wreck on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad last week some thirty people were killed and a great many more hurt, many of them very seriously.

Two trains on the same track tried to pass, one a passenger and the other a freight, each going at full speed. Still the slaughter goes on and no steps seem to be taken to check it. These collisions are absolutely unnecessary and inexcusable. These wholesale killings could be avoided by the roads and the managers should be held criminally responsible when they occur. If the officers of the roads knew that a good long term in the pen faced them whenever such accidents occur, the accidents would be very rare.

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE.

We have received a copy of the new magazine. It comes up to expectations. It is neat and attractive.

It has articles from several of the best writers in Kansas. Our own Esther Clark is represented by a poem.

It has a good advertising patronage and seems to be born to live.

The Chanute council of the United Commercial Travelers of America will be installed January 30th.

A LITTLE LAY SERMON.

They are building a beautiful church out in Westport, one of the finest religious edifices in the West, to cost a quarter of a million of dollars. It is interesting to one who is fond of analogies to watch the progress on the building from day to day as he rides past on the cars, and to speculate on the analogy between erecting such a building and building human character. It is particularly interesting to glance through half-closed eyes as the cars whizz by and notice how every day of good working weather sees the work just a little nearer completion, even though it be by but a few stones or timbers. Most interesting of all is it to watch the pile of strangely shaped stones that appear to the casual observer to be of no possible use or value. Yet they disappear one by one, each finding its way into its proper niche, none utterly useless and each being absolutely necessary to the completeness of the structure. Indeed, each has a cabalistic mark or a number designating to the builder just the particular place for which it was designed and into which it will fit. No other stone in all the huge piles will fit into just that place, and this is the real significance of the larger analogy between the erection of a building at Hunter avenue and Broadway and the great plan of this world's affairs—and, for all we know, of all worlds' affairs. Nothing is useless or thrown away except the unprepared and the unfit, and there is a melancholy pile of stony chips which cannot have any place in the beautiful edifice, yet serve a humbler though less indispensable end in being useful for concrete and paving and small foundations.

If the stones could speak, some of them would probably be very much like human beings. The big, handsomely carved ones that fit into the fretted fronts or other conspicuous places would glory in their prominence even in ministering to the magnification of God. Some of these relegated to obscure places, away down in the basement, or so high up that they are lost to sight, would probably complain because they are not given more conspicuous opportunities to glorify God and would envy their fellows. Some of

them, like some of the sweet, retiring and faithful human beings with whom the world abounds, would gratefully accept the designation, whether humble or in the eyes of the multitude, whether cornerstones and keystones or only modest blocks away up there near the tree-tops. And by their patient and uncomplaining acquiescence they would teach the great lesson of the world's mighty building plan, that the blazoned pillars and the carved arches are all tight in their places, but that they are utterly valueless without the vast numbers of the tiny stones and the plebeian brick hidden away behind the mortar in the supporting walls. The world rests upon the shoulders of the many, the average men, not on the Atlantes that imagine they bear it on their backs and must, even in mythology, call on mortals for help to bear the load.

Perhaps the greatest lesson of all is that nothing is useless in this world, but that only the fitted get into the midst of things most worth while. The world is strewn with chips that do not seem to be of much account. Even the builders don't throw them away, for there is a sign reading: "Broken Rock for Sale." Into the great universal plan every human being fits.

There is a sort of untheological foreordination that has a place for every soul from the beginning of time, the difference between this predestination and the horrible selfishness of the theological brand being that there is no limitation placed on the "saved." It is inspiring, too, as one goes by the building on days when work is impossible, to reflect that there is no layoff or lockout in the carrying on of the great plan of things. We can't even go on strike. Every day and every hour and every moment of time the work keeps up and is a little nearer its ultimate beauty. The great humane task before us is to save as many of the chips as possible and to minimize the waste. The building ships are for the most part an economic loss and from humanity's standpoint it cannot spare any that can be turned to higher uses.

Topeka, Lawrence, Atchison, Leavenworth and St. Joe were without gas all day Sunday caused by a break in the pipeline near Ottawa.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

It is evident that the members of congress, that is some of them, act differently now that Roosevelt is about ready to step down and out, from what they would act if Ted still had a couple of years to serve. They wouldn't greet a message with a wild whoop of hilarious laughter. Not on your life.

But they understand perfectly well, or they think they do, that the president has reached the point in his official career where he can't do them much damage and they propose to show him that they aren't afraid to laugh. They have wanted to do something to show their independence for some time but the fact is that the average congressman has a good bit of rabbit blood in his veins. There were a lot of congressmen who haven't liked Ted for years but just the same they were ready to come up and eat out of his hand when he indicated that he would like to have them feed in that manner. Now that he only has six weeks longer to serve and no more favors to bestow they show their teeth.

It also looks to us right now as if the Washington correspondents also had made up their minds to give the president the worst of it at the close of his administration and create the impression in the minds of the reading public that he had lost prestige and popularity.

So it becomes evident again that the biggest of 'em have their troubles as well as the least. To the man in private life who has never held an office it may seem that the man who is elected to a high office such as president, senator, member of congress or governor is a mighty fortunate individual. They see him go into office with considerable pomp and ceremony and his waiting rooms are filled with anxious applicants for jobs and other favors. It looks to them as though the man must be happy to have so many kow tows to him and running after him. Sometimes he gets swelled up with his own importance and possibly feels as if the people simply couldn't get along without him.

But there comes a time when he is going out of office instead of going in. Then it is different, mightily different. There are no crowds of people sitting round waiting for a chance to speak to him now. He is as a garment that has gone out of fashion, a last year's bird nest that is left empty and dry on the bough. Never does he realize with such force that man born of woman is of few days and also few in the hill. What doth it avail a man that he has been elevated to a high office when the term has expired?

Here is where the philosophy and sense of a man is tested. If he is made of the right sort of stuff he will take his medicine gracefully and smile as if he liked the taste. He knows that it is a part of our system of government that one citizen is as good as another so long as he behaves himself and that when a man has had his day at office holding he must not expect his fellow citizen to furnish ships on which he may ride or carry him on their shoulders after he has returned to the ranks. He must be content to just come down and be a modest plug citizen along with his neighbors, but the experience must jar him considerably. —Mail and Breeze.

COLLISION.

A head-on collision between a passenger and freight train on the Missouri Pacific near Coffeyville early Sunday morning. No one was killed but 23 persons were injured, several of them quite severely.

THE COIN HUNGER.

About the worst thing that can happen to a man is to be possessed of the idea that money is the only thing that knocks.

It is a pleasant thing to have money enough to secure the comforts of life, with a few sesterces salted down in the cellar for a windy day, and it is a pleasant thing to spend money, and send it to the heathen, and throw it at the birds; so there is no use denying that money has its uses.

But that man is unfortunate who makes a deity of money, and who kneels at the throne of the dollar, and burns incense there, and he should be pitied rather than condemned for his heresy; for, like the Holy Rollers and Donkshobers, he is at last where he belongs, and is willing to go naked or walk on thorns for it.

Miserliness, like drunkenness, is a disease, and there should be institutes for its cure, and the scientist who produces a double chloride of let her go Gaiagher, that will restore the skinflint to normal generosity will have done as much for the race as the late Leslie E. Keeley accomplished.

A few days ago a citizen of a town in northern Kansas was adjudged insane, and will soon be taken to the asylum, if he hasn't gone there already. All his life he has pursued the samoleon with flying feet. He has had no other ambition, no other thought. A primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more. A year ago he made a bad investment, that looked extremely good to him at the time. The tightwads generally come up against such a Waterloo sooner or later. The investment went sour on him, and he lost a large slice of his fortune. He had plenty left; the wolf couldn't come within ten miles of his door without losing a leg; he had a fine farm left and money in the bank. But that knowledge didn't comfort him. The money that was gone worried him, and worried him, so that he could not sleep; and he moaned around town mumbling to himself, and saying anathema marathas of those who got his money, and finally his little old gold standard intellect turned turtle, and a bughouse commission sat on him, and an asylum for him.

If there isn't a lesson in that for the people who nail down every dollar they get, then there is no use in having instructive things happen. —Mail and Breeze.

Ground Ear Corn for Cattle.

Investigations made by experiment stations do not show that corn cobs possess much feeding value, but, for some reason, the practical feeder is finding that what is commonly called "corn and cob meal" makes a great deal better ration than corn meal alone. It is also a whole lot better than ear corn fed without grinding.

We have made tests of this thing and feel pretty certain of results. Since owning a grinder, we have practiced feeding our milk cows corn and cob meal. Once in awhile the ground feed will run out before we can drop other work to grind more. At such times we feed broken ear corn. A shrink in the milk is forthcoming. Anything that will make more milk will make more beef.

Cattle feeders are finding that they cannot afford to feed whole ear corn, at least after corn begins to harden on the ear enough to shell. It takes some time to grind corn and cob meal enough for a yardful of steers, but it certainly pays to do so. One feeder says he can make \$5 in eight hours with his sweep grinder, that is, the grain he grinds in that time goes enough farther to be worth that extra. —Mail and Breeze.

DON'T GET A DIVORCE.

A western judge granted a divorce on account of ill-temper and bad breath. Dr. King's New Life Pills would have prevented it. They cure Constipation, causing bad breath and Liver Trouble, the ill-temper, dispel colds, banish headaches, conquer chills. 25c at Oriental Drug Company.

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