

WASHBURN VS. OTTAWA

Dope Points to Victory for Blue in Today's Track Meet.

The Washburn track team invaded the Ottawa camp today. Dope pointed to a victory of the Blue over the Baptists, who beat the State Normal 55 to 44, but were in turn beaten by Baker.

Coach Elmer Beag took with him fifteen point men. He is depending upon Gates, Gage, Kennedy and McHenry in the sprints; Rogers, Louthin, Hamilton, Shoup and Hutchinson in the distance runs; Vance and Blevins in the hurdles; Eblevux and Wycoff in the sprints; Kennedy and Wycoff in the discus; Wycoff and Rogers in the javelin; Wilcox in the high jump; Jarrell and Jones in the pole vault; Kennedy in the broad jump and Rogers, Kennedy, McHenry and Gages or Shoup in the relay.

If Washburn wins today it will place her on a par with Baker in track. Having beaten Ottawa and the College of Emporia, and being at even odds with Baker, the Blue should take the quadrangular meet on Washburn field next Saturday. That will give the Ichabods a clean sweep for the conference championship to be decided at Emporia the following week.

JAYHAWKER SURPRISES EAST.

Bradley of K. U. Is Winner of Pennsylvania Pentathlon.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 30.—A new world's record, the defeat of England's best collegiate distance runner, three rings, including Oxford-Cambridge, left at the post in the star race, and the winning of the pentathlon by Bradley of the University of Kansas, were the outstanding features of the opening day of the University of Pennsylvania relay carnival here today.

The victory of Bradley in the pentathlon came as a surprise to eastern followers of athletics, his victory over Bartels being one of the sensational upsets of the day. Bradley scored thirteen points. Bartels, of Pennsylvania, who won the pentathlon in 1918, finished second with 15 points, Hamilton, Missouri, third, 19; Yount, Redlands university of California, fourth, 21; Hammond, Kansas, fifth, 23, and Cann, New York university, sixth, 29 points.

Bradley performed consistently despite the fact that he did not win one of the five events making up the pentathlon. He finished second in the broad jump, javelin throw and 200 meter race; third in the discus throw, and fourth in the 1,500 meter run.

WASHBURN WINS FROM BAKER.

Ichabods Run Away From Methodists in One-Sided Game.

The Washburn baseball club won its third straight game of the season from Baker Friday afternoon by a score of 18 to 4. The game was played on the Methodist diamond. Boies, Blue third baseman, started the hit-and-run idea when he made a homer in the first with one man on. Joeng pitched the entire game for the Ichabods, allowing Baker eight hits.

Score by innings: R. H. E. Washburn 10 002 200-18 17 3 Baker 4 000 000-04 8 8 Batteries—Lewis and Wyman; Johnson, Meredith and Taylor.

MISSOURI TIGERS WIN FIRST.

Take Opener of Series With Jayhawkers by 4 to 3 Score.

Lawrence, Kan., May 1.—The University of Kansas lost the first baseball game of a two-game series to Missouri, 4 to 3, in ten innings here Friday afternoon. R. H. E. Missouri 10 003 000-14 8 8 Kansas 4 000 000-04 8 8 Batteries—McLain and Messick; Uhrnau and Gray.

BLUE DISTANCE STAR



Washburn's star distance runner; strong in the javelin throw. With Rogers in the mile and two-mile runs and the relay, the Ichabods may expect victory in these events against any track team in the state. "Bill" recently set a new record for Washburn in the half mile, stepping the distance in 2:03.1.

BILL HART'S CAMPFIRE STORIES QUESTION BOX OF AMERICAN BOYS

Campfire Stories—No. 2

Lives there a boy who doesn't try to kill a snake the minute he sees the reptile? After a boy grows older he finds that even snakes have their use in the world, the same as everything else; but the point I wish to emphasize concerns rattlesnakes. Boys never fool with a rattlesnake, even at the end of a big stick. I learned this lesson when I was twelve years old, while riding with an Indian boy playmate. We had dismounted from our ponies beside a stream of water. In running down the steep bank to the stream I came upon a big, ugly rattler lazily sunning himself on the rocks. It was then that I did something that my Indian friend would never have done.

I picked up a rock and threw it at the rattler. These snakes are regular bulldog fighters. And this one happened to be coiled and ready for me. At about the same moment Mr. Rattler, who apparently didn't like me any more than I liked him, struck back. He hit—and I didn't. My Indian playmate revenged me quickly, however, when an arrow from his bow aimed at the rattler's ugly head to the ground, where he writhed and twisted, and then lay still. At first I did not believe I had been bitten, but the Sioux boy soon discovered a tell-tale scratch on the calf of my leg. Boys here is where nature's king saved my life. The Indian boy put his lips to the wound and sucked it, spitting the blood out from time to time. Then he took my handkerchief and bound it above the wound—NEARER THE HEART. He knotted it, ran a short stick thru the knot, and then twisted the stick until the knot was very tight. Boys, if you are ever bitten by a snake, do this first, because it prevents, in a measure, the deadly poison from getting into circulation.

Despite this primitive first-aid treatment I would never have lived had not the Indian boy carried me double the distance to the nearest settlement. My father's remedy—a whisky—because the poison of a rattlesnake bite stimulates the heart, makes it beat faster. I grew drowsier, however, and it is doubtful if I would have survived had not the Indian boy brought an old and wise squaw to the ranch. She set up her tripod of sticks and hung a kettle over a fire. In this kettle she cooked herbs known only to the primitive people. After she had done so with this terrible concoction I felt better. But it was two or three days before I fully recovered, and I had learned a great lesson. Boys, don't fool with snakes. They are something like you; you never can tell when they are going to go off unexpectedly.

The little story brings to mind the wonderful value to man of the teachings of nature. Boys, I sure wish every white boy of your age had the fine clear physical training that the American Indian youths of my boyhood days enjoyed. As I have said, there were no gunner examples of physical manhood in the world than the Sioux Indians among whom I grew up. They obeyed the laws of the great teacher—nature.

WHERE THEY PLAY TODAY.

Table listing sports teams and their locations: National League (St. Louis, Cincinnati, New York, Brooklyn), American League (Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Detroit, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Washington), Western League (Joplin, Wichita, St. Joseph, Sioux City, Des Moines, Tulsa), Western Association (At Fort Smith, Pawhuska, At Paul, Chickasha, At Henryetta, Okmulgee, At Drumright, Springfield).

BASEBALL RESULTS

Table of baseball game results: National League (New York 10, Philadelphia 4, Batteries—Beaton, McCarty and Snyder; Causey and Wheat), American League (Philadelphia 9, Washington 5, Batteries—Perry, Kinney and Perkins; Erickson, Courtney, Zachary, Schacht and Pichtaich), Western League (Cleveland at Detroit, postponed, rain. Only three games scheduled), American Association (Milwaukee 4, Minneapolis 0, Kansas City 1, St. Paul 4, Indianapolis 3, Columbus 0, Louisville at Toledo, postponed, wet grounds).

STANDING OF THE TEAMS.

Table showing team standings: National League (Cincinnati, Brooklyn, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Detroit, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Washington), American League (Boston, New York, Batteries—Hoyt and Walters; Mays and Ruel), American Association (St. Paul, Columbus, Toledo, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Louisville, Kansas City, Indianapolis).

Question Box—No. 2

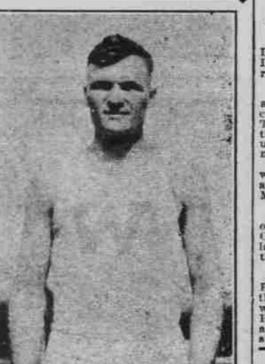
Many of your boys have requested me to describe the training of an Indian boy to hunt and track animals. Indian boys are born hunters. At a very early age their wise fathers started the lessons which were to make the boys mighty hunters and brave warriors. These lessons were mental as well as physical, for the real Indian boy knew all the legends and myths and the wind to the brilliant golds and blues and reds of the late spring flowers.

I remember my Sioux Indian boy playmate teaching me how to hunt and track small game. Fish, rabbits, squirrels and birds were our best sport in hunting. Wise in woodcraft were those boys whose daily lives were spent in following the teachings of the great hunters of their tribe. Catching fish thru the ice of the Missouri river in the middle of winter is one bit of Indian strategy which is particularly prominent in my memory. The Indians taught me how to light a fire, not only with a flint and sticks, but by rubbing two spongy pieces of wood together until by combustion we got fire.

Here is a cunning trick that boys of today can use in hunting such small game as rabbits: We used to snare rabbits by selecting a small, slender sapling, take a twisted horsehair noose and tie it to the top of the little tree. Then we would bend the sapling down to the ground and fasten the whole thing with a slip-knot after adjusting the noose cunningly. Rabbits have little "run-ways" or trails. Bre'r rabbit would eventually come along and possibly would stick his head thru the horsehair noose—and in a second the astonished little animal would be dangling high in the air as the sapling snapped back into place. And so, when the wise little Indian boys would show up, they had usually won another triumph in outwitting nature. This is the secret of living in the great outdoors. Man must be craftier than animals, else he cannot exist. Indian boys were taught to study the habits of the animals which they hunted.

The Indians were famous for their strategy, not only in their warfare, but in hunting and everything else they did. For instance, imagine stalking buffalo attired in wolf skins. The disguised hunters would crawl close enough to the huge animals to easily kill them with bow and arrow when they leaped to their feet and threw off the skins. The Indians knew that the buffaloes were not afraid of a few wolves. Such was the wisdom of the redskin hunters, and the boys that I knew on the Dakota plains taught me much that has been of great value to me all my life.

ALL-AROUND ATHLETE



Charles Kennedy.

An all-around athlete, invaluable to the Ichabods, Star football, basketball and baseball player. In track he is strong in the broad jump, discus dashes and relay. Kennedy is among the "old timers" at Washburn, and is showing better form this season than ever before. The Blue will stand high this year.

WARNING

A word to the wise is sufficient. The one who is wise will take this little warning from me. You had better care for piles if you are suffering in any way, as it is a disease that constantly grows worse—so my advice is care for yourself now. Come to me for a free examination and I can tell you just how long it will take my treatment to make you sound and well. Remember the treatment is painless and is a permanent cure. Write for my free booklet on rectal diseases. DR. C. S. WOLFE, 809 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kan.

TOPEKA GIRL IS "LEAD"

Miss Jess Evans, 709 Topeka Boulevard, Has Principal Role in K. S. A. C. May Fete.

Manhattan, Kan., May 1.—Miss Jess Evans of Topeka has the leading part in the Aggie May Fete, which will be given on the campus of the Kansas State Agricultural college at Manhattan, May 8.

As "Spring," Miss Evans not only dances for Fun, the Greek god of all nature, but brings along with her Wind, Rain and Sunshine, the early and late Flowers of Spring, and the Butterflies and Bees. In all, Spring has nearly 300 followers who are to be decked out in all the colors of spring, from the soft greys and tans of the early days to the brilliant golds and blues and reds of the late spring flowers.



Miss Jess Evans.

Miss Evans is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Evans of 709 Topeka boulevard. The family moved to Topeka from Goodland, Kan., where Miss Evans attended high school. Miss Evans is a junior at the Kansas State Agricultural college and is specializing in physical education and esthetic dancing. She is an athletic type of girl, and her boyish spirit and sportsmanship have made her a strong circle of friends.

WILD CAT WELL COMES IN.

Sevens County, Okla., Well Is Producer at 1,955 Feet.

Oklahoma City, Okla., May 1.—Oklahoma oil men today were enthusiastic over the bringing in of an oil well of 1,955 feet which resulted in the burning of the derrick when the rush of oil and gas was ignited. The well was put down in Stephens county, Oklahoma, an undeveloped section. Two weeks ago the derrick struck oil in Young county, Texas, at a depth of 1,850 feet.

The two discoveries have created a great sensation among oil men as both wells are in undeveloped territory which it is believed will yield big production.

Johnson Makes Recount Appeal.

New York, May 1.—The petition by Sen. Hiram Johnson for a recount of the entire presidential preference vote in New Jersey's primary was before Chief Justice Summers of the state supreme court today. He was expected to hand down a decision on the appeal immediately.

IN THE SQUARED RING

London, May 1.—Ted Lewis beat Kid Doyle's seconds tossed the sponge in the ring in the fifth.

Toledo, O., May 1.—With a hurricane attack that quickly and completely crushed Frankie Magee's defense, Carl Tremaine, Cleveland bantam, knocked out the Port Wayne fighter after one minute and 15 seconds of fighting here last night.

Tremaine twice knocked Mason down with his left and then put him away with a right hook. Tremaine weighed 116 and Mason 106.

Dayton, O., May 1.—Blockie Richards of Dayton, got the decision over Harry Coulton of Buffalo, in a 15-round bout here last night. Coulton hit the floor four times. Three of them in the fifth.

Boston, May 1.—Jimmy Murray, the Roxbury boxer, who was knocked out in the last minute of the tenth round of a bout with Dave Powers of Hallowell, today, Powers was arrested by police inspectors and held on a technical charge of manslaughter.

Days of Real Sport

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The young man who has not felt the call of the sea, who has never known the "wanderlust"—that restless hunger for the sight of strange foreign lands and stranger people—he does not exist. But how many men neglect their opportunities and grow old without ever having wandered very far from their own home towns.

What have such men gotten out of life? What have they looked back on but a monotonous round of uninteresting toil? How they must envy their more fortunate or perhaps more daring—fellows, who have traveled and seen and done—who have lived life to the full.

How the "stay-at-home" must regret his lack of enterprise, as he sits, one of an interested group, while some ex-Marine spins yarn after yarn (and true yarns they are, too) of his adventures on tossing seas and under tropic skies.

The Marine and the Wide World

At the moment you are reading this there is hardly a country on earth where there are not United States Marines, doing men's work—yes, and playing, too, as real men play—storing up health and memories that will last them to the end of the chapter. There are Marines down in Cuba, picturesque old Cuba, almost as Spanish today as when the red and yellow flag of Spain floated over Morro Castle. In Haiti—the queer little republic, where the colored folks speak French, Marines are helping to snap bad little habits on the wrist when they misbehave. That's life—life with just enough danger in it to make it worth the living. There are Marines walking the streets of London and Paris. They are hearing red ukuleles on a real beach at "Waikiki." They are in the Philippines and "somewhere east of Suez," where Mr. Kipling tells us "there ain't no ten commandments and 'somewhere a thirst." Maybe it isn't as bad as that, but the Orient is mighty interesting.

The Marine Corps wants only GOOD men, but they don't have to be giants, just ordinarily healthy. Don't say, "I can't pass the test," until you've tried. The doctors are kindly and courteous. Give them a chance to look you over. Send for booklet.

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