Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.
By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

[Entered July 1, 1875, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan., under the act of congress.]

VOLUME XXXVII.....No. 66

Official State Paper.
Official Paper City of Topeka.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week to any part of Topeka or suburbs, or at the same price in any Kansas town where the paper has a carrier system.

By mail, one year.....$3.60
By mail, six months.....1.85
By mail, 100 calendar days.....1.00

TELEPHONES.

Private branch exchange. Call 3520 and ask the State Journal operator for person or department desired.

Topeka State Journal building, 800, 802 and 804 Kansas avenue, corner Eighth.

New York Office, 250 Fifth avenue. Paul Block, manager.

Chicago Office, Mallers building. Paul Block manager.

Detroit Office, Kresge building. Paul Block, manager.

Boston Office, 201 Devonshire street. Paul Block, manager.

FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization, for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.

The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

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American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

Italy's demands on Austria as the price of neutrality are so enormous that Austria is likely to tell Italy to fight for them.

It would also require a stretch of the imagination to suggest that the Kansas legislature is going out in a blaze of glory.

Dispatches from Washington state that England's embargo against German shipping will be opposed to the limit—with words, probably.

Russia's orders that all reservists report to their colors seem to confirm the reports from Berlin of the Russian casualties in the eastern arena of the war.

Harvard's students must become expert pedestrians if they would hope to profit by their opportunities. The new Harvard library has 60 miles of shelves.

As a legislature works. Up in Wisconsin, the senate wrangled off and on for a cou, le of weeks over an anti-tipping bill that had been a law of the state for fourteen years.

And the uncertainties of life are emphasized again in the news from New Jersey about the man who hunted a job for seven months and was killed the day he found it.

Here's a sad suggestion from the goosebone weather prophets. They declare that if the weather was cloudy in the middle of March it will be more or less cloudy for the succeeding hundred days.

There is also reason for rejoicing in Kansas that a special session of the legislature is not in order. There is no telling but it might do some of the good work it left undone at the regular session.

Another prophecy that probably will not be fulfilled is the one of the London expert that financial exhaustion on the part of one or more of the European belligerents will end their war by July.

Golf is evidently not the only old man's game. The members of the Creve Coer Club bowling team of Peoria, contestants for the bowling championship of America, average 63 4-7 years old.

The unusual in everything seemingly develops in New York. Along comes a woman there who sues her husband for a separation with the understanding that she pays him alimony to the tune of $200 a month.

While many sections of the country are rehearsing their "hard times" Kansas is able to report a new record for deposits in her state banks. And out here in Kansas there is still plenty of room for whosoever will may come.

New York city also produces an economist of the practical order in the shop girl who insists that it is a simple problem to live on a wage of $6 a week. If you want more clothes, all you need to do, she points out, is to eat less; and vice versa.

More evidence of the hard times that prevail in these United States is to be found in the fact that the army has its full quota and that recruiting stations are thereby being closed. There is no rush of enlistments in the army when men can find work to do.

In cutting down the import duties of this country by $100,000 a day, the English embargo against German shipping will furnish the Watchful Waiters at Washington with a reasonably good excuse for extending the "war taxes" when they have a chance. They certainly didn't have one when they inaugurated their first "war tax" measure.

Roque Gonzales Garza is neither a new brand of cigars nor a croquet expert, as the name might suggest to the uninitiated. It merely designates the gentleman who is the latest to enter the lists among the provisional presidents of Mexico. When the time comes for its organization, the Society of Ex-Provisional Presidents of Mexico will have no lack for members.

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITIES.

At a recent meeting of the New York Section of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, George Otis Smith, director of the United States geological survey, delivered a significant address on the war's opportunities to make America mineralogically independent. Excerpts from it follow.

"For more than half a year we have watched the adjustments and readjustments of American industries to meet new conditions. Six months ago the United States geological survey suggested, by the publication of Bulletin 599, the extent to which America's mineral reserves could be drawn upon to meet the emergency and indeed to strengthen the position of the United States as a world power in industry and commerce. Today, as a nation, we face an even greater crisis in our commercial relations, so that a discussion of national independence is especially opportune.

"As a nation we began with a declaration of independence leading to an experiment in statecraft—popular government on a large scale in a string of colonial settlements connected only in a crude way by post roads and coastwise sailing vessels, and perhaps even more feebly united by bonds of common race or creed. Yet that political independence was the breath of life in the new nation, and the ideal then set up attracted the best human material from all lands. Thus we may say was developed America's greatest resource, a progressive citizenry.

"The other element necessary to make America great is material resources—the earth and the fullness thereof. I do not discount the wealth of our forests, which have contributed so largely to our foreign and domestic trade since colonial days, nor do I disregard the bounty of our soil, which enables us in these days of waste and war to feed the peoples of Europe as well as ourselves, yet I believe the mineral wealth of the United States is in largest measure the foundation of the marvelous growth of the last few decades. Industrial America!—think to what degree the industries of America are based on our ores and mineral fuels, or figure, if you will, the percentage of railroad tonnage that originates at the mine.

"Not only is our country a world leader in the output of such essential minerals as coal, petroleum, copper, zinc, iron, lead, phosphate—and in three of these it exceeds all other countries put together—but as far as such things can be measured or estimated we are blest in the possession of the largest reserves of many of the more important of these minerals. No other country can, in any sense, compare with the United States in the degree of industrial independence afforded by the possession of these mineral resources. The raw material is at hand to enable us to win and maintain supremacy as a manufacturing nation.

"Yet under this 'most favored nation clause,' the catalogue of our mineral resources is not the complete list of minerals essential to modern civilization; a few items are missing, others are present apparently only in insufficient quantities, and the quality or locality of the deposits of still other minerals may be unfavorable to present-day utilization. Thus it happens that the nation is not wholly independent, in its mineral industry, and no problem better deserves the attention of the American mining engineers than this, 'How can we fill these gaps and thus make America more truly independent?'

"The catalogue of the products of our mines, quarries, and wells is long. The list of what we lack is short. We are wholly dependent on other countries for only four principal items—tin and nickel, potash and nitrate. Among the minerals of which the United States has a deficient supply are manganese, platinum, gems, and asbestos. Still other minerals it has heretofore been more profitable to buy abroad than to produce at home, such as chrome ore, barytes, flint pebbles, magnesite, mica, and graphite.

"These deficiencies create problems relating to three different types or classes of minerals. In the first class, tin and nickel only seem to present a hopeless outlook; and as a matter of fact the whole world is poor in tin. Especially is this scarcity felt in certain of the countries now at war, where the shortage due to cessation of imports is intensified by the increased use of tin in canning army supplies. But we look to South America for tin ore and make its importation a foundation for profitable commerce with Bolivia. For nitrate we can continue to rely upon Chile, but we should develop our independence in respect to this mineral by the manufacture of nitrates from atmospheric nitrogen. Opportunities for cheap hydroelectric development will invite capital as soon as congress will legislate. For potash the outlook is less certain; thus far only one potash-rich brine has been found—that of the Searles Lake deposits, in California—where potash occurs in even greater quantity than that at first estimated by the geological survey, but the problem of its commercial extraction has not yet been fully solved by the chemical engineer.

"The deficiencies of the second class, like manganese and platinum, are stimulating to the geologist and the engineer, the one to discover, the other to develop. The recent find in southern Nevada of rich platinum-bearing gold ore constitutes a notable addition to the world's supply of this too rare metal.

"The third class of minerals, those which it has paid better to buy from foreign producers, probably furnishes the largest incentive for the effort to secure mineralogical independence. Here especially can the geologist and engineer co-operate. Magnesite, mica, and graphite, for example, are common minerals, of which large deposits have been found in this country, yet up to the present time they have been large items of import from Austria, Canada, and India.

"As an encouraging instance of mineralogical independence, you may recall that only about ten years ago this country imported its sulphur from Sicily, whereas now, by reason of the work of one engineer, the United States leads the world in the mining of sulphur. Can not further success be expected in the utilization of mineral resources hitherto practically untouched?

"The substitution of certain minerals of domestic origin for those bought in foreign markets will bring us face to face with the problem of standardization. Price is not the last word with the manufacturer-consumer. This is a good time to drop any ideas we may have of industrial superiority and to copy for a while the industrial spirit of Germany, which systematized processes and standardized products until they won markets in every continent by sheer superiority.

"The outlook for successful endeavor by the American engineer seems very bright."

Journal Entries

Most of the horrors of old age are in the imagination of youth.

✤ ✤ ✤

When a man is on easy street, the road without a turn is never too long.

✤ ✤ ✤

If some people were as bright as they think they are, there'd be no work for the sun to do.

✤ ✤ ✤

Many men waste all kinds of valuable time sitting around and waiting for opportunity to visit them.

✤ ✤ ✤

A big difference always exists between the salary a man thinks he deserves and the one he gets.

Jayhawker Jots

As the Yates Center Advocate observes: Most men would be ashamed to preach half what they practice.

The Marysville Advocate-Democrat suggests that the present generation may be justly termed the automobile race.

The Anthony Bulletin thinks that if we paid more attention to the Kansas primary schools and less to the Kansas primary law we would help in the making of better Kansas citizens.

Excellent advice from the Lyons News-Democrat: If you have a weak heart and are easily affected by the unkind things people say of you and your acts, there are several offices and jobs we would warn you to fight shy of. Never try to be a governor of the state, county attorney, county superintendent, teacher, preacher or editor of a newspaper.

Observations by Editor Young of the Oakley Graphic: Mark it down with the other bunk when a fellow says, "I am not afraid to say what I think." . . . .The most effective conversation is carried on by making gestures something like these $ $ $ $.....The styles in ladies skirts are exceedingly short this year and this is figured as a discrimination against bow-legs.... A Persian grafter came into this dump with what he said was a soapstone bust of Abe Link. When you are busted what do you want of a bust of Abe Link, we ask.

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Waste is the poor relation of haste.

Anyone can start a boom in an off year.

Don't get the notion you need a stimulant when rest is needed.

When it comes to dodging taxes there are very few dead ones.

Fear of being found out is among the greatest Influences for Good.

A boy's notion of thoroughness is the way his mother washes him.

Comparatively few of the Boy Scouts live on farms where there are chores to do.

There is the Blue Pencil for writing and there should be a Red Fist for a lot of talking.

A boy is apt to pay more attention to his father's ultimatum than to his mother's protest.

The loafers have various excuses; some of them may be waiting for Opportunity to knock.

Higher education teaches us that the faculty will stand a good deal from a competent athlete.

There is no such thing as a free country, and it probably is a good thing for you that there isn't.

Some of the girls should neglect their piano practice long enough to take a course in domestic science.

We gather from a manager that the worst case of artistic temperament is that possessed by a left-handed pitcher.

Ab. Adkins, who is quite a student of political economy, thinks some of the spring styles should be declared unconstitutional.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

One way for a woman to keep her age is not to give it away.

The time to take chances is when you have nothing to lose.

It is generally easier to establish a reputation than to live up to it.

Many a man will stand his ground in an argument, even when he hasn't any.

When you can't get in a word edgewise, there is no danger of cutting remarks.

If it takes nine tailors to make a man, where does the self-made man come in?

The man who puts up a good front isn't so apt to be talked about behind his back.

When a man has an ax to grind we are always suspicious of getting it in the neck.

A woman can generally manage to keep a man guessing, even after she marries him.

In making the cocktail of life it is just as well to remember that business and pleasure won't mix.

Muggins—"I suppose even Henpeckee has something to be thankful about." Buggins—"Yes, I dare say he's glad he isn't a Mormon."

Hoax—"See that little fellow over there? He can lay anybody out." Joax—"He doesn't look like a pugilist." Hoax—"He isn't. He's an undertaker."

Blobbs—"Poor old Talkalot has been taken to a sanitarium. He has lost his reason completely." Slobbs—"Well, I dare say he's glad it wasn't his voice."

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

The City Guy.

"I've got an idee," said Farmer Brown,
"It's purty expensive to live in town.
It's a nickel here and it's ten cents there,
Fer you can't git 'round th'out payin' fare.
And a feller must dress purty dog-gone cute,
Fer he can't get by with a ten-buck suit,
And if he don't keep himself in trim,
There ain't much business comin' to him.
If a feller ain't dolled up purty slick
He loses caste and he loses it quick.
He must wear a collar and tie, by gum,
Or they put him down for a ten-cent bum.
He's got to have callin' cards printed, too,
Fer that is the way the town folks do.
He must look prosperous, that's the eye,
And the man that don't never will get by.
Fer you can't make good with a business stunt
Unless you're there with a good strong front.

His Allowance.

A young lady of our fair city, who was about to be married, sat in the gloaming with the young gentleman of her heart.

"There is something that I think we should talk about," said he. "It is the matter of an allowance."

"Yes, mother and I have figured it all out."

"That's fine, my dear girl. How have you figured it?"

"Well, we have taken your salary as a basis, and we think that $3 a week will be quite enough."

"Oh, no; that wouldn't be enough."

"Oh, yes. Three dollars is quite a lot for an allowance. You have no expensive habits, you know, and if you come home to lunch every day, $3 a week ought to do you very nicely. I will take care of the rest of your salary."

Good News for the U. C.

The ultimate consumer need not be down-hearted, for while some commodities are going up, others are coming down. It was somewhat of a poser when he was confronted by the fact that there has been a heavy advance in the price of sugar, but the glad news has just been announced in London that there has been a sharp decrease in the price of radium, which is now only $80,000 a gram, the lowest since it was discovered by M. and Mme. Curie.

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

Half Truths.

A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.
—Tennyson.

Like all proverbs "half a loaf is better than none" is almost as often untrue as it is true.

Half a loaf is sometimes worse than none.

For instance, half a truth is often much more dangerou to a right understanding of things than a downright lie.

For a half truth is more insidious, more plausible and harder to fight than a downright lie.

When I was a newspaper woman I was once sent to investigate a strike in a mill where a kind of bagging was made. I was told to get both sides of the case, and went first to the employer. He told me a most plausible story. The operators, he said, received more per roll than any other workers in the state.

I went to the employees and asked them if that were true. It was half true, but see what a different aspect the other half gives to the situation. They did receive more per roll than any other workers in the state, but the rolls wre half again as long and they had to work with material which was so coarse that it continually broke their machines, and interrupted their work.

As an argument that the country was really prosperous some one cited the fact that one of the big shops in this city had the largest sales this year for any January in its history. I reported this to the man-who-thinks. "That is interesting," he said, "but January, I believe, is the month of sales; might not that mean that more people waited for the sales this year than usual? I should like to see their record for November and December before accepting that for an argument."

Now, of course, the before Christmas sales may have been as large as usual. Indeed, I hope so, for I am the last one to want to be pessimistic about the condition of the country. Pessimism breeds the need of pessimism, I think, and optimism helps bring good times. I only quote the case as an example of the way a half truth may lie.

Again, it is a favorite argument against woman suffrage that in Colorado, one of the oldest women suffrage states, there are no proper laws regulating the work of women in factories. Those who bring this argument forth forget to mention the other half of the truth, namely, that there are scarcely any women working in factories in Colorado.

In the wild statements that are flying backward and forward anent the war there are plenty of downright lies, I fear, and on top of them innumerable harmful half-truths. Beware of half-truths. When you hear a statement do not accept it as final and sufficient to base an opinion upon unless you know that it is not only the truth and nothing but the truth, but also the whole truth.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Blessed be the little flat in which there is no room for trouble.

Ambition is all right if a man has energy to back it up.

A self-made man is often the only one satisfied with the job.

As soon as a sick shoemaker is able to work he's on the mend.

It takes a nervous woman to demonstrate what nerve force really is.

The mantle of charity covers a lot of amateur theatrical performances.

After a lively race for a husband many an heiress marries a run-down nobleman.

The man who doesn't secure the services of that great teacher, experience, may live to a green old age.

Unless a man can see a slight improvement in himself it's impossible to make him believe the world is growing better.

SONG OF THE FISHERMAN.

There's a sound that rings in my ears today
And echoes in vague refrain;
The ripple of water o'er smooth-washed clay
Where the wall-eyed pike and black bass play,
That makes me yearn in a quiet way
For the old home haunts again.

Back to the old home haunts again,
Back where the clear lake lies,
Back through the wood where the blackbirds brood,
Back to my rod and flies.

I wish I could paddle my boat today
Through watered-logged grass and reeds
Where the muskrat swims and the cattails sway
And the air is cool and the mist is gray
And the ripples dance in the same old way
Under the tangled weeds.

Back on the old oak log again,
Back by the crystal brook,
Back to the bait and the silent wait,
Back to my line and hook.

I wish I could wade by the water's edge
Where the falling leaves drift by,
Just to see in the shadow of the ledge
Where dark forms glide like a woodman's wedge
Through drifted piles of dark marsh sedge,
And hear the bittern cry.

Back where the tadpoles shift and shirk,
Back where bullfrogs sob,
Back just to float in my leaky boat,
Back to my dripping bob.

O, it's just like this on each rainy day;
Always the same old pain
That struggles and pulls in the same old way
To take me off for a little stay
By the water's edge in the sticky clay,
To fish in the falling rain.

Back to my long, black rubber boots,
Back to my old patched coat,
Back to my rod and breath of God,
Home, and my leaky boat.
—E. B. Widger, in the St. Louis Republic.

The Evening Story

Little First Foot.

(By Molly McMaster.)

Upon the first morning of the New Year Dean Richmond had awakened to find a small black kitten prowling inquisitively about her studio home.

"Good luck!" was Dean's first thought, and the kitten, realizing that she was being summoned, strolled over with humped back to receive a caress.

They were friends at once. Dean lived alone in the Bohemian section of the city, where the stables had been converted into wonderful studios with trailing vines rambling over windows and springing up through cobblestones. Dean was an editor on one of the better magazines, and left her studio each morning sharp at 8:30 o'clock.

The black kitten which Dean called First Foot was a waif of the feline world who was willing to live wherever she was most affectionately received. She was black and sleek and a daintily clean little lady kitten. It would not have been difficult for her to find lodgings in the Bohemian section where black cats were considered the best of luck.

The little collar with which Dean immediately made her ownership certain was black leather. The name inscribed on the tiny silver tag was "First Foot," since she had been the first little visitor to put foot over Dean's threshold in the new year.

First Foot's maintenance was rather simple. Milk was left on the floor each morning, and the door was arranged with a bar locking it a few inches open so that the kitten could come and go at will. Dean had employed the slightly open door since she had taken the position as editor and was forced to leave her studio during the day. Her provisions, which she ordered as she went to business, were slipped within and her studio was nicely aired instead of stuffy as was her office. Having little of value in her possession Dean worried not a particle as to who might be desirous of entering her studio. The Bohemian settlement, if burglars were discriminating, was the least likely to be troubled in any case.

First Foot completed a most happy domicile for Dean. Coming home tired, her head swimming with plots and stories, it was good to see the black kitten rise, stretch, yawn and come forward purring by way of greeting. The absolute lack of intellect expected from the companionship made it a delightful rest after a day's toil.

First Foot had been a part of the studio life for some five weeks before she brought down the wrath of her mistress upon her own sleek head.

Upon picking the kitten up for her evening nap in Dean's lap the girl had smelled tobacco. Upon examination she made the discovery that her pet was reeking of the noxious fumes.

"You disgraceful little lady," admonished Dean while she went to the kitchen for brush and soap and toilet water. "You have been visiting the den of some gentleman."

And since First Foot continued to revel in brushing and fondling it was evident that her reputation bothered her not one jot.

That proved to be only the first of the visits for each night Dean found her erstwhile perfumed pet reeking of tobacco smoke. There was no good in scolding. First Foot purred happily on during the tirades and Dean finally accepted the tobacco as part of her troubles. She did, however, tie a huge pink bow on the neck of her cat and saturated it with Wild Rose scent.

"The guilty man may take a hint," was her inward hope.

But the guilty man did not take the hint. Each day when the small black cat came silently into his den he arose, stroked her head and felt that the day was well begun. After that he put milk in a saucer, placed the saucer on his writing table and wrote many stories while First Foot lay on his table, sometimes slightly amused at the swiftly rushing pencil and more often sleeping.

When John Rogers finished a particularly good story and determined to try it on the editor of the "Goodyear Magazine," he talked long and earnestly to First Foot.

"We need the money badly," he said. "If we are to buy our typewriter we must sell this story. If you don't bring me luck I will lose my faith in omens."

It was John Rogers' habit to dip First Foot's paw into the inkstand and make her imprint on his manuscript. So far the sign seemed to have been lucky. Rogers had sold many stories since the advent of the cat. The small black cat's paw became rather well known in editorial offices. "Eccentricities of genius," was the thought it had evoked.

So that the story, having passed through the hands of the readers and found its way to the editor of the "Goodyear," Dean Richmond found herself smiling at the imprint of a cat's paw on the manuscript awaiting her judgment.

She immediately thought of First Foot, but did not connect the two cats in her musings. The story was excellent. The cat's paw had worked the charm and Dean put the story among accepted ones.

In the evening she was reminded of the peculiar sign on the manuscript she had received and only half consciously found herself examining First Foot's paw. Her amazemnet was very genuine when she discovered that her pet's foot was sticky and that close scrutiny revealed dried ink on the little toes.

"So," mused Dean, "the person who blows tobacco smoke all over my lovely kitten and the author of 'Stagnation' are one and the same being." She fell to speculating as to the man's personality. "He assuredly is human and I would say—rather charming." For a long time she pondered over the strange happenings of the world. It was not especially a work of the fiction world—this straying of her cat to the den of an author, but it was a trifle extraordinary that the man's story should come to her hands; that her perfume was no doubt as obnoxious to the author's senses as was his tobacco to her own. The little cat's paw on the manuscript was a link in the chain that was to draw author and editor together.

After a night's sleep Dean decided to fling a trifle of the mysterious into her dealings with John Rogers. Undoubtedly he knew as little of First Foot's mistress as she knew of him. It would be a bit funny to send a note on First Foot's bow if only to see what happened.

When John Rogers received the little black visitor that morning he glanced amusedly at the extra large pink ribbon on her neck.

"You have an extravagant mistress, little lucky lady," he said. "She would never do for the wife of a struggling author." If the cat disagreed she could not say so. Rogers petted First Foot and dislodged the note Dean Richmond had concealed in the bow.

"The plot thickens," laughed he, and opened the letter. "The editor of 'Goodyear' will see you tomorrow at 10 o'clock," he read aloud. "I'm hanged! How in thunder—!" Rogers ran his fingers through his hair and gazed questioningly at First Foot, who only went to sleep, having delivered her message.

Nonplussed, but willing to be enlightened, Rogers went down to the editorial rooms of the "Goodyear Magazine" fully expecting to meet a man.

Dean Richmond was, however, ultra-feminine and rejoiced when Rogers's card was handed to her. She was femininely curious to meet him. She had broken a strict office habit for the first time in her career and had put a drop of scent on her blouse.

It was the perfume that reached Rogers's senses while they were discussing the merits of his story and the size of the check he was to get.

"You," he said suddenly, and it semed accusingly, "are the mistress of First Foot."

"I am," laughed Dean, "but how do you know?"

"The kitten reeks of that same scent," he told her.

"It is far better than reeking of tobacco," flashed Dean.

Rogers flushed guiltily. "My pipe is rather strong." Then, "You must live near, very near to me," he added quickly, and there was a shameless suggestion of joy in his eyes.

"Yes—it is strange, isn't it?"

"Delightfully strange," agreed Rogers. "I wish First Foot knew the extent of the luck she had brought me. I sell a story for $250 and realize that I have a neighbor whom I——"

"I am very busy," Dean said swiftly, trying to overcome the timidity that had swept her lashes down.

Rogers only laughed and watched the color sweeping stealthily into the cheeks of the editor of "Goodyear."

"First Foot is a lucky cat," he ruminated on the way home, "and I once informed her that her mistress would not make a good wife for a struggling author. Humph!" a soft, whimsical smile played about Rogers's lips. A smile of self contradiction.—(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Kansas Comment

BE AMERICANS FIRST.

If the American flag is in such good repute abroad that ships in danger fly it for safety, let's not discredit it here at home by partisan plays. We are not called upon to fight the battles of Europe in America. Nor are we going to help one of the countries over there win from any other. If any man here is so full of war spirit that he can not keep neutral, let him go back to the old country and get his fill of fighting. As the screws tighten in the war zone, things will happen which will more and more put American neutrality to the test. We ought to meet this increasing tension with united determination to defy any attempts to make our government take sides. Back of these efforts to sway our government is only one purpose. That purpose is to get us into this war. Watch for it! Note its development! Nail it! Swipe it!—Wichita Beacon.

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HOW RARE CONSISTENCY IS.

President Wilson vetoed the immigration bill because, he said, there had been no mandate from the people calling for a reversal of the traditional policy of this country in relation to the admission of foreigners. And yet the president fought to the last ditch to pass the shipping bill which provided for a complet reversal of the traditional policy of this country in the matter of government ownership of merchant ships. Where was his "mandate" for that? We sadly fear that the president is like the rest of us—he thinks the people demand the things he is for and he is sure they are dead against the things he doesn't like.—Iola Register.

From Other Pens

A POETIC DIET.

War poetry at its best is only passably good. Only the very exceptional production gets into this classification. War is epic, but today there are no epic poets. Most war poems are insufferably bad. Some Englishmen and Germans of considerable note have, since the beginning of the present war, tried their hands at poetico-military work with notable unsuccess. Their output has been almost invariably painful. Months ago the Toronto Mail and Empire began to publish a daily war poem. Apparently it had a large stock on hand which it wished to dispose of in order to avoid hurting the feelings of its contributors. Having started the practice, it has kept steadily at it. The habit, one fears, has become established and cannot be broken. While the war lasts the people of Toronto must have one of these metrical horrors served up with their eggs and bacon. It is an unmerited infliction for Toronto.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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SILENCE MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

The Japanese premier says: "Efforts recently have been made to invent some plausible reason for a disruption of the relations between Japan and America. These attempts have failed, the mischief-makers now look to China as a field in which the two powers may be made to clash. I see no reason for such a sonflict." That is a frank and friendly statement. Why should it not be accepted in an equally frank and friendly spirit? The habit of perpetual suspision is an abominable trait in an individual and is still more to be condemned in a nation. It is dangerous and unpatriotic to try to make suspicio n the attitude of the United States toward any foreign country. We should, at least, wait until some nation gives offense before looking upon it or thinking of it as hostile to us. —Buffalo Express.

The Selfish Princess.

Once upon a time, in the long, long ago, there lived a very beautiful princess whose name was Delightina. Her mother had named her that because of her own delight in having a little daughter. And for many years Delightina gave her parents so much pleasure that she seemed truly named.

But, unfortunately, her parents loved her more dearly than wisely; and they gave her everything she could possibly wish for—which is a bad thing for anybody, even a princess.

She lost all her pretty grateful ways and only thought of her kind parents as givers. She spent many hours thinking up things to ask for, but never gave one fleeting thought to what she could do for them.

"I do not want your three wishes," replied Delightina crossly, "I only want three dogs."

This was very bad for her and the kind fairies who watched over her, determined to show her how ungrateful and hard she was becoming. They resolved to change her ways.

So one day when Delightina was out walking with her three pet goats, the fairy queen disguised herself as a beggar and appeared on the road before Delightina. "Oh fair lady," cried the beggar, "give me a crust of bread and I will give you three wishes."

"I do not want three wishes," replied Delightina crossly, "I only want three dogs instead of these tiresome goats." And instantly the goats vanished and three dogs ran along side of their mistress.

Delightina walked along with them, but she found them hard to manage. So when she saw the beggar again by the roadside, she said, "I do not want these dogs, I want three squirrels." (Squirrels were very rare in that country and Delightina had never had any you see.)

Immediately three squirrels ran by her side in place of the dogs, and the princess walked on without a "thank you."

But the squirrels ran and frisked about so much that they were not as good company as Delightina had expected them to be; so when she again saw the beggar in the road, she ran to to him and said commandingly, "Take these squirrels away, and bring me three birds!"

At once the squirrels were gone and three beautiful birds flew around over her head. Delightina was much pleased at first, but in a few minutes she tired of looking upwards and she called to the beggar who was resting near by, "After all, I don't want birds, give me back my goats!"

Instantly the birds vanished, but though Delightina watched carefully, no goats came to take their place. "Where are the goats?" she asked impatiently.

"They are gone forever," repled the beggar and she threw off her disguise. "And you have had your three wishes. Now give me my bread!"

The princess had no bread and she was very frightened for she recognized the fairy queen and knew she had been very rude to her. "Dear me, what shall I do?" she cried.

"Give me three years of your life," replied the queen and the princess had no choice but to obey. So for three years she lived at the fairy palace and learned lessons of kindness and self denial and then she went back to her own home and lived happily ever after.—(Copyright, 1915—Clara Ingram Judson.)

Tomorrow—A Foolish Sparrow.

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