Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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

VOLUME XXXVI.....No. 32

Official State Paper.
Official Paper of Shawnee County.
Official Paper City of Topeka.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 15 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.....$3.00
By mail six month.....1.50
By mail 100 days, trial order.....1.00

TELEPHONES.

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New York Office: 200 Fifth avenue, Paul Block manager.
Chicago Office: Mallers building, Paul Block, manager.
Boston Office: Tremont Building, 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.

Neither must it be forgotten that the success being attained by the Socialistic endeavors of General Villa is achieved at the point of a gun.

As the Washington Post suggests: The Missouri thief who stole a brace of live skunks probably will be made known by the company he keeps.

In all probability no one in town envies Commissioner Porter his job of "tasting" the 11-cent meals that are served to prisoners in the city jail.

The Ohio man who laughed himself to death the other day over a funny story must take some paper that we don't get, says the Boston Transcript. Here, too.

If the pictures of James E. Gaffney, the alleged "bagman" of Tammany Hall are good likenesses, he doesn't look the part. But then, looks were ever deceiving.

Once again has the mellifluous Castilian bark of the Peruvians been stilled while they have taken up the business of attempting to bite each other to death.

In line with what were the reasonable expectations in the premises, Yuan Shi Kai is taking the necessary steps to make China a republic in nothing but a name.

This short session of congress that the Democratic leaders are figuring on may also be construed as indicating that their political fences are getting sorely in need of repairs.

If Shawnee county can afford and thinks it necessary to allow 50 cents a day per prisoner for the meals served the inmates of the county jail, the city of Topeka should certainly do as well by the unfortunates confined in the city prison.

Another shortage of meat is threatened. If this thing keeps up it won't be long before there won't be any reason for worry over the meat supply. It will be nil. And there is no possible excuse for worrying over something that doesn't exist.

Banks also have the human tendency to holler at the mere possibility of being hurt. They kicked up a great fuss about the currency bill, while it was being enacted into law, and already 6,012 of the 7,501 national banks in the country have applied for membership in the new federal reserve system.

It will be reasonable for the suffragists to assume that when the Democrats in the house of representatives voted down the proposition to create a committee on woman's suffrage, they had advice along that line from President Wilson, or at least they were clever enough to size up his attitude in the premises.

Why this fierce squabble between the railroads and the Kansas City Stock Yards company as to which of them shall pay the cost of the needed improvements at the stock yards? They surely must be wise to the fact that the money for these improvements will eventually come from the pockets of the people, who as a matter of fact, pay for everything.

As far as purely political considerations are involved, the Democratic party, through its representatives in congress, has undoubtedly made one of the blunders for which it has long been famous in turning a deaf ear to the suffragists. They already have the right to vote in several important states, and it is unreasonable to suppose that they will give enthusiastic support to the state and local candidates of a party whose national representatives deny them so much as a hearing.

The Democrats in the house have gone on record as declaring that the woman's suffrage question is one for the several states and not the federal government to determine. This is also the stand that has been taken by the Democratic party in respect to presidential primaries. Yet President Wilson has urged congress to pass a national law for presidential primaries, and in another breath he has insisted that it is beyond his province to submit any proposition to congress which has not received the organic endorsement of his party.

CANCER AND RADIUM.

A timely warning against blind faith in the cure of cancer by radium was addressed to the public recently by representatives of the American Society for the Control of Cancer speaking at a meeting in Soldier's Memorial hall in Pittsburg, Pa. This meeting had been arranged by the Twentieth Century club and the Pittsburg Academy of Medicine, with the co-operation of the American Society for the Control of Cancer as one of a series of public meetings in various parts of the country, at which representatives of the national organization will endeavor to spread the message of hope for the cure of cancer which is still to be sought only in early recognition and competent surgical treatment.

The delegates of the new national society who spoke at Pittsburg expressed the combined opinion of the executive committee, including some of the foremost surgeons of America, who base their views on enormous and widely distributed professional experience. According to this view, the radium treatment of cancer is as yet a matter of experiment, and the successful results have been obtained chiefly in the treatment of external cancers, particularly of the skin. Even granting that in the course of time radium may prove of much greater value than has been the case in the past, it was pointed out that a sufficient quantity of radium and the required experience in its use will not be available for some years, and in the meantime it is practically certain that large numbers of people are likely to be deluded by false hopes. The first principle in cancer treatment is the extreme danger of delay; and thus far a thoroughly qualified operation seems to hold out the only hope for a cure. Of the thousands of cancer cures brought forward from time to time practically none yields satisfactory results, and the warning cannot be made too strong against public faith in the frequent announcement of cancer cures by other than surgical methods.

According to the opinion expressed by these speakers radium has probably been shown to exert a definitely curative effect on certain of the moderately malignant and superficial cancers of the skin, mouth and other readily accessible mucous membranes, provided that it is applied while the disease is still local and in the early stages.

Radium definitely relieves suffering when used in the advanced stages of deeper-seated cancers; but in those cases it improves only the visible or tangible manifestations and exerts no effect upon the disseminated disease as a whole. It is believed that there is as yet no proof that radium has finally cured any one case of advanced and disseminated cancer.

Europe, where the popular furore about radium appeared earlier than it did here, has already been devastated by the appearance of great numbers of dishonest and fake, money-getting, radium-cure establishments conducted by individuals who possess little or no radium, and have no knowledge of its use. These people promise cures, but are, in reality, unable to obtain even those palliative effects which are possible from radium. Much harm has also been done there by honest and educated enthusiasts, who have been led to premature confidence in the curative effects of radium by the excitement of witnessing the temporary relief of symptoms and decrease of tangible tumors which it undoubtedly produces even in advanced cases.

Statistical evidence to support the advice and warning to seek early operative treatment was presented by Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, statistician of a prominent insurance company, who made one of the chief addresses. According to Mr. Hoffman the recorded experience of the best hospitals goes to show that earliest possible operation for cancer seems to offer the only hope for cure. These records are distinctly encouraging, and prove conclusively that at least the initial loss of life in such operations is very low. The statistics of private practice also prove that the risk of recurrence is gradually becoming less, while the percentage of distinctly favorable results is increasing.

WHY TEACH FARM FACTS?

Some persons do not understand why agriculture should be taught in the public schools, says the Kansas Industrialist. Even some teachers of agriculture cannot give satisfactory reasons why all children should study it.

"Often," says H. L. Kent, principal of the school of agriculture at the Kansas Agricultural college, "persons who are expecting to give talks on agricultural education write to me asking for reasons why agriculture should be introduced in the elementary and high schools. I would class these reasons under two heads: First, for practice; and, second, for culture. The practical courses—those intended to give one knowledge with which to farm—to be taught in schools in the country and small towns, where agriculture is the main industry and support of the schools, while the cultural courses—those meant to broaden the child—should be taught in the larger places.

"Agriculture is the greatest and fundamental industry of the United States. On it depends the prosperity of country and city alike. The population is steadily getting larger, and something must be done to increase the farmers' production. Social and economic conditions demand that he be educated, if he is to keep from sinking to the level of the peasant of Europe. Few farmers ever reach a college, and this means that they must receive their agricultural training in the high schools and other secondary schools. It means more income to the farmers, and this reason alone ought to be sufficient for introducing such courses. The literature put out by colleges and the experiment stations will never accomplish what it should until the farmers have an elementary knowledge of the scientific side of farming. And to meet the demands of the highly developed and complex industrial conditions, we must have a diversified system of education. The old narrow curriculum must give way for a broader and more practical education that is related to the child's needs and environment.

"From a cultural standpoint, a course in agriculture, which will not be so long as the practical courses, is very valuable to the child. In the elementary schools, it gives the child a wider and more intelligent view of the things of nature and his relation to them. And agriculture is preferable to many things as a cultural study because of its closer touch to man and his everyday life. We all should understand where and how our food supply is produced. The training and culture received from the study of the things that have a practical bearing on life should not be overlooked in a liberal education."

Journal Entries

Two may be able to live as cheaply as one lives extravagantly.

Too many people measure their happiness by the size of their bankrolls.

Home may not be merely four square walls, but they help a lot to make one, especially in the winter time.

It takes second fiddlers to produce harmony. And that's why it's so difficult to develop the political variety.

If it is permissible to call a head a noodle why isn't it appropriate to style what's in many of them as noodle soup?

Jayhawker Jots

Attention is called by the Minneapolis Better Way to the fact that "the easiest way out often leads into a blind alley."

One of the student societies in the Bunker Hill high school answers to the name of Kalaphernean, which is quite as mystifying as the names of the Greek letter fraternities that are supposed to be under the ban in Kansas.

Miss Winifred Nelson, reports the Up Creek correspondent of the Augusta Journal, has proved herself qualified to vote when she attains the required age. While her father was sick, and her brothers in school, she dragged two miles of road and left it in excellent condition.

How some of the old-fashioned signs fail, as pointed out by the Blue Rapids Times: Two flocks of geese and one of ducks flew over town Wednesday morning, going north, and a few hours later the mercury dropped 50 degrees, which shows how much the geese know about the weather in Kansas.

A Kansas farmer was asked by a Telegram reporter: "How many million bushels of corn has the mild winter been equivalent to?" The reply was: "There is no way to tell; we didn't have any corn and we haven't needed any." This, of course, is comparatively speaking, but it shows the attempt nature is making to atone for last summer.—Drovers Telegram.

The wind was howling at one o'clock this morning and the temperature was below freezing, relates Editor Cady of the Augusta Journal. Had it not been, this story would never have been told. Had the cold wave struck the burg three hours sooner, the world would never have been the wiser. It became necessary for the writer to go to the office and "bleed" Betsey—Betsey is the engine you will remember when she is troublesome and Genevieve when good. A man came running down the street and as he approached we asked him what was the matter. "Oh!—ah!" he ejaculated between his pants, "I am going to have a child and I've got to hurry." After walking a couple of blocks his reply began to "soak in" and we smiled, then chuckled, and snorted and wanted to yell.

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

No woman will admit she snores.

A man hates snobs because he hates to be snubbed by them.

You ought to do a lot of things yourself which you don't do.

There is some curiosity to know just why John Lind went to Mexico.

After a man reaches thirty he doesn't care if skating is poor.

If a man isn't good for anything else, it will be said of him that he is good-hearted.

If man doesn't understand woman, it may be added that woman is also fooled occasionally.

It is hard for a man without any to appreciate the saying that money should earn money.

It is also pertinent to remark that a woman isn't so crazy about a uniform unless there is a man in it.

Why is a free-flowing fountain pen disposed to behave that way in the pocket of your fancy waistcoat?

Some men have Strong Wills and won't join their wives' church; but, it may be added, they rarely quit smoking.

Possibly, in reply to a recent query, the blushing bride is blushing because of the timidity shown by the young man in c. b.

Ground Hog day, with its multitude of legends and inspiring lessons, made Jude Johnson so sentimental he threw away his cud and went home and kissed his wife over the wash tub.

'Twas the night after Ground Hog, and all through the house, not a person was stirring, not even a louse, when right down through the chimney came big gobs of blow, proving that the old Ground Hog's a treacherous foe.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

The less you say the more it counts.

But those who can play the piano usually refrain.

No, Cordelia, not every man who keeps books is a bookkeeper.

A love affair is like a well—easy to fall into and difficult to get out of.

The man who takes himself seriously may be considered a joke by others.

The applause of the public seldom goes to the officeholder who gets his price.

Platonic love, like perpetual motion, is all right as a theory—but it won't work.

Some men will pay a $50 cigar bill without a murmur—and then get real fussy over a $2 bill for gas.

The summer girl who can keep half a dozen young men up in the air at once is the real thing in jugglers.

If you think the average woman is weaker minded than the average man you are entitled to another thing.

It may be more blessed to give than to receive, but in most cases the average man would rather pose as the catcher than the pitcher.

By the Way

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

We have been waiting patiently to hear the squawk of anguish from congress. You know, congress was kicked on the shins, recently, by a local lady politician.

In reference to the custom of chasing high school students across the street and up and down stairways about half a dozen times each day. Jack Supp says the pursuit of education not only has its ups and downs, but its hithers and yons.

With East Lynne at bat and Ten Nights in a Bar Room up, it is to be presumed that the local company will follow with Unk Tom's Cabin. Which should be some hit, if properly cast—the husky Sport as Unk Tom and Neil Anderson as the fee-rocious Legree, f'instance.

It is the opinion of Hondo Murphy that the electric light company should sell its product by the karat instead of killowat.

The inspired reporter who announced that Shawnee county had the best jail in the state should be advised; that no jail is best. Some are just worse than others.

A California paper advertises "Gaby Delisa Brilliant," a dopus guaranteed to restore color in faded fabrics. Which merely confirms our suspicion that all of the exponents of simplified spelling do not write country correspondence for Kansas papers.

Something has happened to New York. Sticking a millionaire for smuggling and a ward heeler for selling a nomination are not normal procedures—for New York. Is there an alienist in the audience?

As a matter of caution, let's amend it to read: "A man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she says she is."

Willard's manager says he shows improvement. If improvement has taken a place in the Kansas Whitehope, said improvement will find ample room to stretch.

Nix, Josephine, none of that stuff. It was a parrot, not a chicken that bit the Mayor. Shame at you for suggesting it. The Idear!

As we understand it, Will Waggener, like Dodd Gaston, was arraigned before a "not unfriendly justice."

It may be, of course, that the Chicago man who made his wife get up at 2 o'clock each morning, wanted to give her time to comb her hair before breakfast.

The job of innocent bystander becomes more hasardous in Mexico each day. The removal of the embargo on ammunition is a guarantee that still more of it will be in general circulation from now on.

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Unpopular Song.

(Written for the Motion Picture theater.)

FIRST STANZA.

A man once said unto his wife, unto his wife he said,
"I couldn't bring home gasoline today,
The best that I could do was to bring three loaves of bread,
It pains me much those hateful words to say."
"You are a wretch," the lady cried, "to go and spend your dough
For luxuries like bread. You go too far.
Why don't you buy necessities, for very well you know
We've no bensine to run our touring car."

CHORUS.

We'll starve, we'll pinch, we'll dodge our debts,
But one fact we will know,
All else we'll gladly sacrifice and suffer no regrets,
For our car hag got to go.

SECOND STANZA.

The lady went and pawned her ring, the wedding ring, you know;
She sold the baby's highchair with a smile,
She pawned the parlor rug as well, the kitchen range also,
Accumulating quite a little pile.
She went to a near-by garage where gasoline was sold,
She laid her wealth down at the keeper's feet.
He filled her car with gasoline and then with joy untold,
She gaily honked and started down the street.

CHORUS.

We'll wear punk clothes the year around,
Our pleasure 'twill not mar,
We'll starve, but we are surely bound
To run our touring car.

Hopeless.

They've got him in a padded cell,
He raves from morn till night,
He has a pencil and a slate,
And writes with all his might.

He sets a lot of figures down,
Then rubs them out again,
Upon his face there is a look
That is akin to pain.

He's had this slate for seven months,
The pencil squeaks and squeaks;
He concentrates upon the job,
And never sanely speaks.

They're watching him both day and night,
Their care is never lax,
He's trying but to figure out
His income tax.

Uncle Abner.

There never was a time in the history of this country when there wasn't somethin' wrong with the tariff.

When a feller gits old enough to know better, it is too late fer him to take advantage of it.

Lem Purdy says any feller who wears a collar and necktie on week days is a dude and will bear watchin'.

There ain't nothin' colder in this world than a pair of clippers when a barber slaps 'em on the back of your neck.

The greatest thing that can happen to any cat is to some day have his internal economy stretched on a Stradivarius violin.

Some fellers get by with brains, while others let their hair grow long.

A feller that can't control his temper, can't control nothing else in this world.

Beware of the feller that slaps you on the back. He is always the first one to slap you in the face.

Hickeyville Items.

Elihu Bibbins, our pop'lar and congenial druggist, has just received eight barrels of whisky by express to sell for medicinal purposes. There must be a good deal of sickness in our village, as he doesn't expect it to last more'n two or three weeks.

Jed Frink, our inventive blacksmith, expects to make a fortune out'n a new invention. He claims to have gotten up the only automobile tire in existence that can't be punctured by nails, glass or anything else. He makes it out'n wrought iron.

Hank Tumms' wife stuck her gum on the front door knob over to Deacon Pringle's house when she went to call the other day and when she tried to git it off her tongue frome fast to the door knob and she was held a prisoner. Deacon Pringle was in favor of thawing her loose with bilin' water, but Hank Tummis, who was called to the scene, said there was no hurry, as that was the first time since they had been married that his wife's tongue had been out of commission.

THE PRODIGAL'S MOTHER.

Ah! could I let the love flame of my heart
Shine for thee through the darkness of the night,
A ray to pierce the clinging mists of doubt,
And for thy storms of soul a steadfast light!

Could I but see its light to guide thee home—
And not this feeble candle in my room
That strikes scarce further than a beckoning hand,
So frail and white, outstretched into the gloom.

Could I but set my heart, a beacon high,
Its quenchless fire aglow in darkness far,
To make a path of radiance for thy feet—
And brighter than the splendor of a star!

Ah! could love's steadfast light but lure thee home
To warmth, and rest, and tranquil surety!
The dawn breaks cold; the night is nearly spent—
I am a-weary waiting, child, for thee!

—Mary McMullen, in the New York Times.

The Evening Story

Spending-Money.

(By Ella Randolph Pearce.)

Mr. Lemuel Wallace kissed his wife good-by in his usual gallant early morning manner, walked jauntily as far as the door and turned with a reflective glance.

"I gave you a two-dollar bill yesterday, didn't I, Chrissie?" he questioned. "How much was the gas tubing?"

Young Mrs. Wallace knew what was expected of her. She quickly produced a handful of small change from her bag. "Seventy-five cents change." She counted the money into his ready palm and stood looking at him a little wistfully. "I'd like to keep a quarter, Lem."

"What for?" inquired her husband, with elevated eyebrows. "You're not going out today."

"No-o. But I'd like to have a little change handy." Her face was reddening, and she looked away. "Oh, never mind. Go on."

Lemuel slowly dropped the coins into his pocket.

"I can't see why you're always asking for money," he said peevishly. "It's—it's irritating."

"Always asking!" echoed his wife, stung into vexation. Then her eyes brightened, and she stared mutinously at the man before her. "Well, if I am always asking—I never get it!"

"But, Chrissie, what do you want money for?" pursued the surprised husband. "I pay all the bills, don't I? And buy you good clothes? And take you out whenever I can, don't I? Yet, you're harping on 'change lately—what do you want with my change?"

"My change," mimicked Chrissie in the childish way that made her gentle anger seem unimpressive—more amusing than anything else. "Oh, go along, Lemuel Wallace!"

She pushed him across the sill and shut the door. Then, with tears leaping to her eyes, she fell into her chair at the table.

"He'll never understand—never, never! And I can't make him! I was hoping he'd forget about that $2 bill. I wanted to see how it would seem to have a few pennies in my purse. He thinks I'm just joking, or set on having my own way. And Lem's awfully stubborn himself about some things."

Within a week, the disagreeable matter came up again. Lemuel, rising from the breakfast table, counted out $1.10 with which the laundry bill was to be paid.

"I'm going to your mother's for luncheon," reminded Chrissie.

Another dime was carefully laid on the table. Chrissie glared at it with eyes full of extraordinary resentment.

"That's enough for your carfare," said her husband.

Then the long brooding storm broke.

"Lemuel Wallace, I don't want your money. A dime—a single, stingy dime—and I had to ask for that!" Chrissie choked as she winked back the tears. "Suppose I lost my last nickel and had to walk home! Suppose I wanted to make a small purchase on the way. Or your mother asked me to go out with her, or to donate to one of her pet charities. I won't be humiliated in this way! And—I won't ever ask you for money again! It's—it's awful!"

Her husband regarded her with an expression in which astonishment and hauteur were blended. "You have very strange ideas, Chrissie—and foolish," he said coldly. "I suppose that comes of your having been a wage earner before your marriage. I am willing to give you all you need; but this idea of 'spending-money,' as you call it—why, it is becoming a veritable bone of contention between us. It is spoiling our lives, Chrissie."

"Then why don't you let me keep my self-respect?" asked Chrissie, pitifully. "You pay my bills. You give me pennies when I ask for them—but you make me feel like a pauper and a beggar. Lem, Lem, think it over. Try to be fair with me! Other wives crave dresses, jewels, entertainment for their friends; but I—I—" She laughed hysterically, and her tones were shrill. "Why, Lem, the happiest moment of my life would be when I could hear my husband say, 'Keep the change, Chrissie!'"

The speech, with its provoked sarcasm, stung deeper than the speaker had intended. Lemuel Wallace flushed angrily and stiffened with unexpressed displeasure. Chrissie flung herself upon him, half laughing, half crying.

"If you would only understand, Lem! I didn't mean to hurt you. But I'm right. I know I'm right."

He firmly thrust her aside, and went out, a figure of righteous indignation and offened majesty. But Chrissie's words rankled. Of all she had said on that detested subject the ridiculous remark about keeping the change struck deepest. It showed him up as a man of miserly instincts and petty exactions. Of course it was all nonsense that a married woman needed a regular allowance; that, with her material wants provided for she should have any use for money; but perhaps—perhaps it would be worrying to a woman of spirit to have to ask for such trifling sums as her occasional small needs might require. "Though I never refused Chrissie," reflected Lemuel defensively. "And she certainly is most unreasonable."

Peace reigned in the Wallace home, but the shadow of past discord vaguely lingered. The fact itself of Chrissie's silence on the subject of spending-money produced uneasiness in the mind of her husband. After awhile there seemed to be something wrong with the little mistress of the house. She was less animated; less playful than usual. She became given to periods of meditation, and sometimes refused to go abroad evenings, pleading fatigue or a headache—Chrissie, who had always been so keen for pleasure and active gayety!

When Lemuel questioned her, she asserted that she was quite well, and there was nothing the matter, nothing at all. Lemuel became so concerned that he talked the matter over with his mother, who was never antagonistic to Chrissie's interests. Finally, one afternoon, being freed from duty at an earlier hour than usual, he ran into a large store with the intention of buying some delicacy with which to surprise his dispirited little wife. Chrissie was especially fond of crystallised fruits.

Passing the line of demonstration booths presided over by agreeable and diplomatic salespwomen, the image of his wife loomed large in his mind, for it had been from the confines of a similar booth that he had taken Chrissie when she gave up her position as a dispenser of Gaillard's cocoa to become Mrs. Lemuel Wallace.

Therefore, when he saw the Gaillard sign with a familiar face beneath, he paused abruptly with a feeling of meeting a phantom of his own vivid fancy. Then he stepped swiftly forward.

"Chrissie!" he uttered hoarsely to the young woman at the end booth. "What are you doing here?"

She flung him a look of warning and defiance over a row of tiny blue and white cocoa cups, but her voice was appealing, soft and coaxing.

"Don't make a fuss, Lem. I'm demonstrating cocoa again. Mr. Gaillard was glad to get me back on my own terms. I've simply got to have some money of my own, if I have to earn it."

"But, Chrissie—why, no wonder you're tired out all the time. You look fit to drop now."

"I haven't neglected you or my home, Lem." She spoke proudly. "I've been here four weeks. The demonstration closes tonight. And now Mr. Gaillard wants me to go on the road——"

"I guess not!" Lemuel was doing some quick thinking. There was a gleam in his wife's eyes he did not like. Yet never had she seemed lovelier to him. He was feeling somewhat dazed and uncertain, but the sight of Chrissie bravely serving a sample cup of hot cocoa to a matron on the other side of the booth helped him to a decision. He beckoned to her as the matron moved away.

"I'll take a pound box," he said, practically. Then he reached into his pocket and fished out a $5 bill, crackling it between his fingers.

His eyes hypnotically held Chrissie's inquiring glance as he pressed the bill into her outstretched, trembling hand.

"Keep the change, Chrissie!" he whispered vibrantly. "And tell old Gaillard tonight you've served your last customer. Now, hurry, dear; for I'll be waiting for you outside."—(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

In Regard to Old Furniture.

A letter friend asked me to say what I think of the craze for old furniture.

Well, then, the craze for old furniture is something I have no use for, but the taste for old furniture I most heartily approve.

I believe it was about twenty-five or thirty years ago that old furniture was first discovered in America. I don't know the exact details of the discovery, but I suppose that good taste, which for many years had been buried alive under black walnut and marble revived and reasserted itself in a few people of discrimination, and they began bringing down from their garrets the quaint old highboys, the stately secretaries, and the simple, dignified chairs and tables of the mahogany period. The ideas of people of discrimination are always imitated and distorted by people without discrimination. Old furniture was the newest thing in home decoration. Wherefore, the horde of undiscriminating novelty seekers seized upon the idea and distorted it and the craze for old furniture came into existence.

People who are afflicted with this craze fill their houses with old furniture not because they appreciate its intrinsic beauty nor because it belongs to their ancestors and hence has associations for them, but merely because it is "the thing"; and, like all people who are frantically striving to do "the thing" without understanding why, they make themselves and "the thing" ridiculous.

"I can understand why people like their old furniture, which has been handed down to them as heirlooms," a friend of mine often says to me, "but I cannot see what anyone wants with other people's old furniture."

That is a point of view with which I partially sympathise, but not wholly. Of course, it's much nicer to possess family heirlooms and one prizes them far more highly than what one buys, but if your supply of heirlooms is small, I don't see why it isn't all right to eke it out by buying a few pieces. And right here let me put in a word for the reproductions. There are a great many people who would rather have the most rickety piece that is genuinely old than a sound and perfect reproduction. Myself, I wouldn't. That is, unless the old piece came from my own ancestors or had treasured associations with some person whom I admired. If it were simply a choice between a rickety old piece from some unknown garret or a sound new piece with the same color and beauty of outline I would take the new every time.

I have heard recently that black walnut furniture is becoming antique, and as such will be much sought after in the future. May the powers forbid. There would certainly be no justification in its intrinsic beauty for bringing back this old style. Not that the wood in itself is unbeautiful, but the things they made of it. The funeral marble topped tables, the slippery hair cloth chairs and sofas, and everywhere that thoroughly unbeautiful fussiness of line and decoration.

To love the old because it is beautiful is one thing; to love the ugly merely because it is old is quite another.

And that's what I think about the craze for old furniture.

"My efforts to keep a diary convinced me of one thing." "Wat's that?" "That there are mighty few days in the year on which a man does anything really worth recording."—Detroit Free Press.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Some people who marry for money repent for love.

It's a good plan to compel respect, but don't do it with a club.

"Rome wasn't built in a day," is the favorite motto of the lazy man.

Good intentions are all right in their way, but many an alarm clock refuses to go off.

The people who always tell the plain, unvarnished truth sometimes make a lot of trouble.

The man who throws bouquets at himself doesn't always get the most flowers sent to his funeral.

Have a good opinion of yourself. You can't expect others to have a keener sense of appreciation than you have yourself.

Blobbs—"Would you marry a girl for her money?" Slobbs—"Well, I should consider it very unchivalrous to allow her to remain an old maid."

Wigwag—"Bjones boasts that he doesn't know the meaning of the word fear." Henpeckke—"Oh, well, Bjones is still young enough to get married."

Mr. Gnaggs—"I wonder what would happen if people should advertise every time they lose their tempers." Mrs. Gnaggs—"There wouldn't be much else in the newspapers."

She—"Women are more logical than men." He—"Perhaps you are right. A man wonders after he has made a fool of himself over a woman, but the woman takes it as a matter of course."

Kansas Comment

WHAT CAUSES HOG CHOLERA?

Hog cholera is caused by a germ that exists in the blood. It is an organism apparently so small that the most powerful microscopes do not show it. However, it is easy to demonstrate its presence by inoculating a small part of the blood from a sick hog into a well one, which produces the hog cholera. Hog cholera is a disease which seems to be stopped to a degree by the frosts of winter, although frost cannot be said to stop a case after it has taken hold of its victim. However, it seems to prevent the rapid spread of the disease. The result is that in spring time the affection is as a rule at the lowest ebb but increases rapidly from that time until fall. Hog cholera does not seem to affect any particular breed of hogs more than another, and while generally the careless farmer is more apt to have the disease among his hogs than the careful one, the disease sometimes occurs where the conditions are sanitary. It is hoped that the work may be extended gradually until the disease is completely controlled or eliminated. The fact that hog cholera is carried not only by the hogs themselves, but by birds, dogs, streams and even by the feet of men going from one farm to another shows how necessary it is that the serum campaign be thorough and that farmers exert their best efforts to assist in the work of eradicating it. —Winfield Courier.

IS IT INEVITABLE?

Recently in an article boosting the stock of Gen. Leonard Wood, the somewhat celebrated chief of staff of the army, the statement appeared that a war with some great world power is inevitable, and that the chief of staff understands how unprepared we are for such a struggle. Heading General Wood all that is coming to him, and admitting that he, better than most, appreciates the comparative strength and weakness of the army, there doesn't seem any adequate reason for worry, nor to think that a war with a world power is inevitable. A century has passed since our last clash with a world power, Great Britain, which we won. A century and still another is likely to pass without such an occurrence, despite our close proximity to Mexico, and the things Hon. Hobson sees in Japan. It boosts the military to praise it as the guardian of the nation, but, as a matter of fact, there isn't much danger of hostilities until the people want to fight, and they are becoming more sensible about such matters.—Atchison Globe.

From Other Pens

THE WAR ON GOMPERS.

There is more than appears on the surface in the fight which the convention of the United Mine Workers has been making upon Samuel Gompers and the executive council of the American Federation of Labor. In spite of the personal nature of the attacks, the fight is not one against persons but against policy. It is not the vices or virtues of the leaders of the A. F. of L. that really concern the miners' organization, but the policy for which Gompers and his colleagues stand sponsor. The attack on Gompers at the convention of the United Mine Workers is the opening skirmish of what is likely to prove a bitter war for the control of the labor movement in America by Socialists and in the interest of Socialist policies. For years the Socialist members of trade unions have fought Gompers and his "cabinet." The trade union elections of recent years have been placing Socialists more and more in important positions in the labor movement. The miners' union is exceedingly socialistic. It was the Socialist spirit in the miners' organization which a few years ago forced John Mitchell to retire from the National Civic federation if he was not to forfeit his membership in the union. Industrial unionism, which is the Socialist brand of unionism, opposed to the method of organization of trade unionism, has been forced to the foreground by these newer and more radical leaders. One of the charges made against Gompers at the miners' convention was that he had placed obstacles in the path of industrial unionism. The denial which this charge evoked from him is an admission how far the American Federation of Labor already has gone in its concessions to Socialists. Apparently, however, the Socialists are not satisfied with concessions. What they want is complete control of the workers' minds and votes.—Chicago Tribune.

BUSINESS AND POLITICS.

The tariff isn't working out the way it was advertised to work. It is surprising its friends as well as its foes. During the debates preceding its passage Republicans confidently predicted as soon as the lower schedules were effective this country would be flooded with cheap goods that would glut the market and close our mills. The Democrats admitted there would be considerable increase of imports but the effect would be stimulative rather than depressive and the cost of living to the consumer would drop. They also contended that the increase in imports at a lower duty would more than make up for the loss of revenue caused by lowering duties. The first two months of the tariff's operations show both partial mistaken. The flood of imports hasn't appeared. Customs house records for November and December show fewer imports than for September and October, the two last months under the Republican tariff, and fewer than for the corresponding months of 1912. Ocean transportation companies that made great preparations for carrying an enormous quantity of goods into this country are complaining of dull times and idle bottoms. The cost of living hasn't dropped. On the other hand, the steel mills of this country are putting on more men and starting up plants that have been idle for several months. The boot and shoe industry announces it is prepared to meet all competitions and even increase its markets. The purchase of raw cotton by American textile mills for delivery the first four months of this year already exceeds by 107,000 bales the record of last year, which was in itself the highest record up to that year, and the number of active spindles in these mills at present is the greatest ever known. There is no use to attempt to analyze the "why" of these facts, but the thing is sure: they prove that an artificial tariff wall does not necessarily mean the highest prosperity, nor its removal mean a collapse of all industry. They also prove that politicians do not know much about business.—Sioux City Tribune.

Humor of the Day

"Uncle, we want you to give the bride away." "Very well. I'll announce to the gathered assembly that she's thirty-two."—Boston Transcript.

"Maudie, I would like to have a tete-a-tete with you." "No, indeed, Peter! I never take anything to drink in a public place like this!"—Baltimore American.

"He never spanks his son, does he?" "No, he's an efficiency crank." "What's that got to do with it?" "He says the upward stroke is lost motion."—Houston Post.

Ettie—"That girl absolutely threw herself at Bob." Nettie—"Oh, well, I guess she knew he was a good catcher."—Judge.

"Bobbie, if you eat any more of that candy you will surely be sick." Bobbie (keeping on)—"I would have been sick anyway when I was only half-way through what I've eaten already."—Life.

"Dat ol' man o' yoh's is a purty good provider." "He shows his sense," replied Aunt Chloe. He wants to keep me busy occupyin' dis hare akillet as a utensil instid of a weapon.—Washington Star.

"My dear, there's too much caloric in this soup." "There! I told the cook you would rather have it seasoned with parsley."—Baltimore American.