Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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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.

"Manana" has a new meaning in Mexico. It now signifies more shooting and more running away.

Rubber backing for the armor on battleships? And think what the cost of automobile tires is already?

Incidentally, the recent cold snap was just what the coal men and the plumbers needed to refill their purses.

Although the Mexican revolutionists declare that all they need is arms, they seem sometimes to be more in need of legs.

"You are hundreds of jaw movements short." No, that isn't a message to John Lind, but a chewing gum advertisement.

Sex in suffrage may not be a national question, but it will be recalled that "race, color or previous condition of servitude" was.

A pertinent query from the Washington Post: When young society men cannot tango would it be proper to refer to them as wall nuts?

Maybe the lady who is expected to marry her son's chum only wants to make sure that her boy will continue to have a suitable playmate.

Egypt's khedive has just seen his first baseball game. And probably there are Americans who used to think they would like to be the khedive.

A Berlin judge has ruled that it is not a crime for a man to sneeze. But it will be safer for him not to do it in the presence of a military officer.

Old Man Winter has been holding gentle Spring in his lap so much this season that the prospects of a permanent alliance between them are excellent.

St. Louis has an ordinance regulating the size of the whips the teamsters use. Why doesn't it go a step farther and regulate the size of the language they use?

Neither will the consumers be of a disposition to waste any of their sympathy on the cold storage speculators in butter who are suffering such heavy losses these days.

As far as these parts are concerned, Old Sol has succeeded in putting at least a temporary puncture in the six weeks' winter weather prognostication of Mr. Groundhog.

President Wilson cannot be accused of not giving fair warning if the American merchant marine should now insist on coming into existence and paying Panama canal tolls.

There are a lot of Americans who don't know much about the Declaration of Independence and the constitution that can tell on the instant what Ty Cobb's batting average is.

Great commendation is due to the Kansas City policemen who so successfully dispatched the wild wolf that got in their midst without wounding and killing a score or so of innocent bystanders.

President Wilson is said to be greatly interested in the fall elections. And in the many districts where the farmer vote is predominant, the results are likely to provide him with much food for deep thought.

Neither is there likely to be any criticism of the rules of reason for the marking of election ballots that have been applied by the state supreme court. They are also further evidence of the sound sense that permeates this bench.

If that gentleman who has paid $4,000 for a pair of George Washington's pistols is as cautious as he should be, he will carefully examine them for loads. Else there may be an expensive funeral or two in his family before long.

More evidence that circumstances alter cases. In the matter of Panama canal tolls, President Wilson has reached the conclusion that an organic pronouncement of his party is neither always proper nor binding. His neat little sidestep to the suffragists will boomerang a lot to plague him before his term of office shall have expired.

CHILDREN OR COTTON?

"Cotton is a curse to Texas children," remarked the superintendent of one of the Texas schools to Lewis W. Hine, special investigator for the National Child Labor committee. And why is it a curse? This question is the theme of an article by Mr. Hine on "Children or Cotton," in the "Survey" of Feb. 7.

"Come out with me at sun-up," says Mr. Hine, "and watch the children trooping into the fields, some of them kiddies four or five years old, to begin the pick-pick-pick, drop into the bag, step forward; pick-pick, drop into the bag, step forward, six days in the week, five months in the year, under a relentless sun. The mere sight of their monotonous repetition will tire you out long before they stop. Their working day follows the sun, and not until sundown will they leave the fields. Ruby, aged seven, stopped working long enough to say, as I stood by her, 'I works from sun-up to sun-down, an' picks thirty-five pounds a day.' Imagine the number of feathery balls that must go into the bag hanging about her neck to tip the scale at thirty-five pounds!

"The result of a few years of this incessant grind, long hours, physical strain, lack of proper food and care, and lack of mental stimulus? What can it be but physical degeneration and moral atrophy? We have long assailed (and justly) the cotton industry as the Herod of the mills. The sunshine in the cotton fields has blinded our eyes to the fact that the cotton picker suffers quite as much as the mill hand from the monotony, overwork and hopelessness of his life. It is high time for us to face the truth and add to our indictment of King Cotton a new charge—the Herod of the fields.

"One of the most pitiful things about the situation is the indifferent acceptance of conditions by people generally. I heard very little anxious comment except from school teachers. Ruby's father, who said, 'They git five months' schoolin' and it ain't 'nuff,' stood out among all the parents I interviewed as a rare exception. It is quite possible that the Texas farmers are not so indifferent to the exploitation of their children as appears, for they are literally 'up against it.' They are transient renters, weighed down by debt, illiterate, and dependent upon the crops.

"But I place first and foremost in any program of change the restriction of child labor. Children must be left free to go to school. At a recent conference of the Texas State Board of Charities and Corrections, all were agreed that compulsory education is the greatest need of Texas today. Patriotism demands that we save the children. We must begin at once—lay the foundation for the farmer of tomorrow by a longer period of childhood today, with better preparation for work and better training for life."

THE SOULLESS CORPORATIONS.

Interesting data, not heretofore published, on what the United States Steel corporation is accomplishing with its safety and welfare plans, are given, according to the Iron Trade Review, in a bulletin just issued by the department of safety, relief, sanitation and welfare of the Steel corporation.

The aggregate expenditures of the Steel corporation in 1912, for improving the conditions of its workmen is shown to have been $6,166,364, divided into $2,587,516 for accident relief; $595,649 for accident prevention, $1,068,253 for sanitation and miscellaneous welfare work, $914,956 for pension and approximately $1,000,000 for employees' stock subscription plan.

The death rate of the H. C. Frick Coke Co. in 1912, it is shown, was 1.88 per 1,000,000 tons of coal produced, which compares with 3.50 in Scotland, 6.52 in South Wales, 4.52 in Great Britain, and 4.29 in the whole United States. The Frick company produced 531,328 tons per death. This compares with 285,000 in Scotland, 153,000 in South Wales, 248,000 in Great Britain, and 233,000 in the whole United States.

During the season of 1913, there were 6,296 cultivated gardens, or 91 per cent of the total possible number in the mining towns of the H. C. Frick Coke Co. The estimated average value of each vegetable garden was $27.50, which meant a total saving of $173,140 to the employees of that subsidiary company.

A total of 101 children's playgrounds have been provided by the subsidiary companies of the United States Steel corporation.

Had to Listen.

The late A. L. Williams, general attorney for the Union Pacific railway, was once on a trip with a party of friends in a private car, and while in Denver one of the party, a man of convivial habits, came in the car late one night and found Mr. Williams playing solitaire. The convivial one was enough under the influence of liquor to be talkative, and proceeded to tell Mr. Williams a long story of his domestic unhappiness.

The next morning, when sober, he mentioned the fact that he had talked too much the night before, and requested that anything he might have said would not be repeated. Mr. Williams, in order to relieve the man's embarrassment, said:

"That's all right; I never listened to you, and have no idea what you said."

That night the man returned in the same condition. Looking sternly at Mr. Williams, he said:

"Now, durn you, you said you didn't listen to me last night, so I'm going to tell you the whole story again and you've got to listen.—London Tit-Bits.

Tip for Young Husbands.

The younger man had been complaining that he could not get his wife to mend his clothes.

"I asked her to sew a button on this vest last night, and she hasn't touched it," he said. At this the older man assumed the air of a patriarch.

"Never ask a woman to mend anything," he said. "You haven't been married very long, and I think I can give you some serviceable suggestions. When I want a shirt mended I take it to my wife and flourish it around a little and say, 'Where's that rag-bag?'

"'What do you want of the rag-bag?' asks the wife. Her suspicions are aroused at once.

"'I want to throw this shirt away. It's worn out,' I say, with a few more flourishes.

"'Let me see that shirt,' my wife says; then, 'Now, John, hand it to me at once.'

"Of course I pass it over, and she examines it.

"'Why, it only needs'——; and then she mends it."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Journal Entries

Frequently it's the case that the fool has no money from which to be parted.

The man who really has something to say can usually present it in a few words.

It is also true that many who are called fail to get up until they are good and ready.

Everybody is inclined to be most generous in the amount of sympathy he gives to the poor.

Not a few of the political leaders march so proudly and so far in advance of their procession that they don't know what's going on behind them in their own ranks.

Jayhawker Jots

There is one great difficulty with the people who borrow money, explains the Garden City Telegram. They never know whom to pay it back to.

People are heard howling about hygiene, remarks Mrs. Tom Thompson in the Howard Courant, who should give a daily bath and clean clothes further trial.

Some of these times, thinks the Neodesha Register, a real reformer will suggest that when a man holding one office becomes a candidate for another and proceeds to abandon the duties of the office he has in order to make a campaign for the office he wants, the honest thing for him to do is to resign and let the salary go to some man who can be put in the place and do the work.

A farmer in Labette county has for a number of years gathered the hedge balls in the fall and scattered them out on a high spot of ground to avoid as much moisture as possible so they would dry out instead of rotting. By the following fall the balls would be dry and hard, and make the finest kind of fuel, giving out much heat and burning for a considerable time. Others have tried the experiment and are pleased with the results. This is not generally known among the farmers, whose hedges are often filled with balls, and they can be put to this use until science finds a more valuable means for their use.—Baxter Springs News.

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Cheese with holes in it costs more.

What has become of the algebra you once learned?

People never know where on earth they caught their colds.

The man who has to grin and bear it doesn't grin very cheerfully.

As a rule, a Dismal Failure is apt to blame everyone but himself.

We have always felt that we would hate to be shot by a veiled woman.

Gold bricks come in divers packages, and most of us invest from time to time.

Every town hopes some day to have a convention hall, whether it needs it or not.

There is something the matter with a man who handles horses, and doesn't like them.

A newspaper is always supposed to add that a good time was had at a church social.

Considerable handwriting is illegible which lacks the saving grace of being "swell."

There is such a thing as getting the frost a shade too heavy on the distinguished pumpkin.

These are the joyous days which reconcile a man to the tedious monotony of an indoor job.

There are also a large number of white slaves who wouldn't welcome an emancipation proclamation.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Not all men of single ideas are bachelors.

Generating hot air is easier than getting up steam.

It is better to be on pleasure bent than on duty broke.

Some people's only aim in life seems to be to throw mud.

A smart woman can learn things from a man that he doesn't even know.

One can lead a double life on a single salary, but it is a lot of trouble.

A multitude of sins show through the charity that is supposed to cover them.

Wisdom of the man who knows it all is valuable, but so is the hole in a doughnut.

Some people would cry over spilled milk even if they don't like milk in any form.

A reformer never believes in himself as much as he wants others to believe in him.

Some men try to hide their light under a bushel, while some others make a fireworks display.

If we were permitted to choose our neighbors they would probably turn out just as unsatisfactory.

It sometimes happens that the spinster who says she is "glad of it" is able to make everybody believe it but herself.

It has been said that women never love as deeply as men—probably because there is so little to furnish the inspiration.

LIVE INSECTS FOR JEWELS.

Wriggling Beetles Now Adorn Necks of Fashionable Paris Women.

An amazing use of live black beetles has just been achieved in Paris. Recently, at the Parc Monceau a woman, in an extremely decollette dress was the cynosure of all eyes, not on account of the scantiness of her costume, but because the whiteness of her skin was relieved by a procession of crawling black beetles, which were fastened by tiny gold wires to a string of beautiful pearls. The woman appeared to be happy, but the insects would doubtless have preferred to be free to scamper on a kitchen floor.

Unfortunately, the fashion is now gaining ground, and other live insects and reptiles are to become the vogue. Apparently pearls and diamonds have for a time lost their sway over the most susceptible feminine hearts.—Paris cable to the Brooklyn Eagle.

"Farm products cost more than they used to." "Yes," replied Mr. Corntossel. "When a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raisin' an' the zoological name of the insect that eats it and the chemical name of what will kill it, somebody's got to pay."—Washington Star.

By the Way

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

Perhaps the fad for putting the lid on things in Topeka is responsible for Harrison Parkman's action in ordering a perforated lid for the Baptist Church.

Lincoln may have split rails, but he didn't split hairs.

And were he on the job now, he wouldn't be the principal speaker at a Bull banquet.

Hondo Murphy, who will strain a point anytime to say something complimentary, notes that, according to her pictures, Sylvy Pank doesn't wear a rat.

There is no occasion for having an undesirable hanging around the daughter of the house. The remedy is easy; to queer him with the heiress, give him your unqualified endorsement.

Every once in a while we note an exception to the rule that thrift is its own reward. Col. Goethals canned his commissary general for having too much in excess of his salary in the bank.

Utah officers now admit that Lopez, the Mexican murderer, left the Apex mine. He left the Apex mine because he had no further use for it.

From reports, one might gather that Jimmy Garfield had found the Moose party to be like a boarding house described by John Sarsfield Gilvie, companion of our youth. The beds were good for sleeping purposes, but danged poor eating.

If the negro shot a perfectly good cook, (scarce article), "in the heat of passion," steps should be taken to put him in cold storage for quite a while. A good cook should not be shot in the heat of passion, in the alley, the forenoon or anywhere else.

If that's what she wants, we will admit that Rose Pitonof, the Boston swimmist, has a good shape for a fat lady, and it will not be necessary for her to pose a new Sept. a. m. each week to prove it.

In reference to the Denver encounter of O'Donnell and Bonfils, O'Donnell gave as his excuse for drawing a gat his belief that Bonfils was armed. But had Bonfils had his golf stick with him, it would not have been concealed.

Major Iron-Jaw Brown says he is still on the firing line, but has not sighted the main line of the enemy. "I feel certain, however," says the Maje, "that sharpshooters are on the job and are getting my range."

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Ambition.

When he made just three plunks a week
He thought if he made five
He'd surely be the happiest
Young business man alive.
He finally got five a week,
But wasn't happy then,
He never would be satisfied
Until he pulled down ten.
When he got ten a week he thought
His compensation mean;
He knew he'd reach his heart's desire
If he could get fifteen.
He got his fifteen, then he knew,
A person could not thrive,
In this expensive day and age
On less than twenty-five.
He finally got twenty-five,
The sum he'd thought so nifty,
But found he couldn't be content
And live on less than fifty.
He got his fifty one fine day,
And then he found out that
He never could be happy quite,
Without one hundred flat.
He made some wise deals after that
And gathered in a million,
But was he happy? No, indeed,
He had to have a billion.
And it is safe to say that if
He really got his billion,
Old age could find him fighting to
Accumulate a trillion.

Uncle Abner.

When you hear any feller say that he never had the slightest desire to raise chickens you kin make up your mind—but what's the use? There ain't any such feller.

It is surprising to know how many of them genuine Russian court dancers was never outside of this country.

Bud Hicks of our town has been accused of every crime on the calendar, but there must be some good in him, for he has never been caught wearin' a red necktie.

The old sojer who never brags is generally the one who was in the hardest battles.

Grandpa Bibbins says he kin remember back to the time when anybuddy that used a fireless cooker was accused of witchcraft.

Elmer Spink is laid up and unable to attend to his duties down at the feed mill. Last Sunday he hired three fellers to peel a mustard plaster off'n his back which he put on last fall and they had to use dynamite.

Oh, Grief; Oh, Sadness.

I used to be a hero,
They pinned their junk on me,
My breast adorned with medals
Was glorious to see.
They thought that it was winter
Whene'er I walked around,
My medals rattled gaily;
Like sleighbells did they sound.
I was the only pebble
Upon the sandy beach,
And I was the headliner
A yell, a scream, a screach.
I used to be a hero,
'Twas pleasant, I'll allow,
But the sheriff took my auto,
I'm a down aud outer now.

Human Welfare News.

The Sunday Evening club of Chicago has secured prices on land for the erection of a great downtown auditorium seating 5,000 people to be used seven days a week as a free center of educational and religious activities.

New York has established the first of a number of branch art galleries in its public schools to bring art exhibitions to people who are unable, because of distance, to visit the Metropolitan Art Museum.

Girls are admitted to the Junior Chamber of Commerce organized by the boys in the Sacramento, Calif., high school.

Salt Lake city recently created a civic art commission, the duties of which are to consult with the city commissioners upon all matters, plans, proposals, etc., affecting the artistic adornment of the city.

SWEET STAY-AT-HOME.

Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent;
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep
A gentle motion with the deep;
Thou hast not sailed in Indian seas,
Where scent comes forth in every breeze;
Thou hast not seen the rich grape grow
For miles, as far as eyes can go;
Thou hast not seen a summer's night
When maids could sew by a worm's light;
Nor the North Sea in spring send out
Bright hues that like birds flit about
In solid cages of white ice—
Sweet Stay-at-Hime, sweet Love-one-place.
—William Davies, in the Living Age.

The Evening Story

On the Upperlevel.

(By Izola Forrester.)

The 12:37 train in from White Plains was late. Also it came in on the upper level of the Concourse instead of the lower at the Grand Central station.

Ordinarily the change would have been a mere matter of official routine, bnt it made all the difference in the world on this particular Monday, for Miss Anne Titheradge didn't know her way to the house where she was to act as maid of honor at 2 p. m. sharp.

Wanda had written an excited sort of bridish note at the eleventh hour, telling her Tod Davis would meet her with the closed electric and drive her up. That was all.

She walked slowly over the great marble inclosure, pulling off her gloves a bit nervously.

"Yes, please, two suit cases," she said absently to the red capped porter who approached. She reached for her checks, and found them gone from the mesh bag on her arm. There was nothing else missing, not even the twin gold pieces in the inner purse that she had planned to slip into the toes of the little pearl embroidered boudoir slippers, her gift to Wanda. Now even the slippers were missing, too, in the smaller suit case.

"I must have dropped them back in White Plains," she said, perplexedly. "Don't you think they'd let me identify the contents of the suit cases? I can, easily."

There were ever so many essential and necessary things that she must have for the wedding in those suit cases, all her lingerie, her gloves, and general dainty accessories. The hat and dress were down at Wanda's, fortunately.

The porter led her down to the baggage room, and she waited for the load of suit cases to arrive from the White Plains train. It was tiresome. The hands on her watch moved almost recklessly, it seemed to her. Then, just as she saw the familiar White Star label on her larger one, and the old Venice hotel tags on the smaller, a tall young man leaned over the counter and pointed out the larger bag.

"There she is," he said. "Hand it out, will you?"

"That's mine," said Anne, haughtily if hastily. "And the little darker one beside it, too, please."

"Checks," suggested the attendant laconically.

But the stranger had wheeled about aggressively, and swung off his cap at sight of Anne's flushed, lovely face.

"Why, Miss Titheradge—Anne—Great Scott, I am in luck. Where are you going?"

It was Bruce Crittenden. At the very sound of his dear old throaty bass, she had wanted to turn and run, straight up the long incline out of his reach. But there was no way out. And it had been only four weeks since she had left him in Bermuda. Deep blue skies, cliffs of coral, little lifting sails that called one out to sea, and over at her elbow this man, Bruce Crittenden, wooing her as she had never been wooed in all her joyous, victorious debutante two years.

He had taken her two hands in his, crushing them till her rings pressed into the flesh painfully, but she smiled up at him bravely.

"I thought you were going on to Egypt, and then to China, wasn't it, and then the islands? Those really are my suit cases that you were trying to run off with, and I'm due at Wanda Isham's wedding at 2, please."

"Come on. We'll get a taxi. I've got to talk to you. Where are your checks?"

"Lost, but I can tell them what is on top." Still with the flush in her cheeks, Anne told the man behind the counter that if he would just raise the lid of each a trifle, not too high, please, he would find in one a pale pink crepe de chine negligee gown, and lace boudoir cap with pink satin rosebuds around it. And beneath, a quilted Chinese mandarin coat of white silk, with gold bees and butterflies on it. And in the other one a toilet set in ivory and gold, monogram "A. R. T." Was that enough? Quite enough, they told her, smilingly, and Bruce swung the suit cases over to the waiting porter, with his own, which he had discovered.

"Queer we even have suitcases that look alike," Bruce exclaimed, tucking her arm under his. "Lord, but it's good to be with you again. Why didn't you write to me?"

Anne's chin raised ever so slightly, but significantly.

"Why should I? You had too many ports in your world tour."

"Now, what do you mean by that, Anne? Anne, dearest—" He stopped near the information booth and set down the suitcases deliberately, Anne watching the globe clock with tantalizing fixity. "Anne, if you don't look at me I'll kiss you before everybody and swear you just got off the Western limited and are my wife. Didn't I show you in every way a man could down there in that golden land of enchantment that I was crazy about you? We are engaged——"

"On probation," she put in, firmly. "You didn't stand your probation well. You broke your word."

"How did I? You needn't watch the clock, because I won't let you go now. Go on. Finish it."

"All right. Have it if you want it." She turned to him suddenly. "Wanda told me you had been engaged to her before she met Crosby Hayden, and she threw you over. I—I may be different from other girls, but I don't want——" She stopped, flushing under his indignant gaze.

"So that is it. And for an idiotic twirl of a few weeks up in the mountains two years ago, you'd smash all our hopes of a lifetime. Where's your aunt?"

"Why, up at White Plains," said Anne in surprise. "I am staying on for the spring with her, and then we join uncle in London."

Bruce turned to the attendant in the booth and asked a question. Then he picked up the suitcases, sent the porter away, and made for the taxi stand entrance.

Anne followed with a strange, frantic feeling that something was going to happen, and she could not possibly stop it; in fact she didn't know whether she wanted to or not. And suddenly they came face to face with Tod Davis, nervous, red faced, perspiring freely, and worried looking. He almost seized Annie in his arms.

"Why, there you are, Anne. I've been all over this confounded place seven hundred times, and through the tunnels and runways until I feel like one of these western steers out in the stockyards seeking a blind doom. Hello, Bruce. Back again?"

"Just leaving," said Bruce, pleasantly. "You'd better hurry up to Wanda's, and tell her so she'll have time to get one of the other girls to act as maid of honor. Anne's going west."

"Oh, Bruce," Anne began, quickly, but Bruce's hand closed over hers and she stopped.

"But it's after one now," Tod gasped. "You look as if you were going to elope."

"We are, old man, we are," smiled back Bruce. "Going to be married in Jersey in about half an hour, and catch a limited that won't stop until it hits the shoulder of the Rockies. I was on my way out to Nevada when I stumbled over Anne's suitcases, and I thought they'd better go along."

"You must have come in on the upper level," Tod said to Anne. "If I hadn't missed you you'd have been all right."

Anne raised her lashes laughingly. "I'm rather glad you did, Tod."—(Copyrighted 1914 by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

A Hint for Married Folks.

A woman who had been married but a year or two was bemoaning the fact that she could not persuade her husband to take her point of view on a certain topic.

She wanted him to accept an invitation to spend a forthcoming holiday with a party of friends. She was anxious to accept not only on account of her own pleasure, but because a man whom it would be desirable in a business way for her husband to meet, was to be one of the party. Her husband was unwilling to go because he didn't like big parties and because he had planned a week-end fishing trip for that holiday.

The young wife was confiding her difficulty to an older woman who had been married for many years.

The older woman listened sympathetically and then she inquired: "When did the invitation come?"

"Last night."

The older woman smiled. "Did you say much to your husband about it?"

"Say much?" echoed the younger woman, indignantly. "I should say I did. I talked of nothing else the whole evening. It's perfectly absurd. He has been wanting to meet that man for months and he has no right to throw away this chance and he knows it. And yet the more I talked the more obstinate he became."

The older woman smiled again. "It's a way they have," she conceded. "My dear," she added, "will you permit me to give you a bit of advice—a page from my own book?"

Now, the older woman is a thoroughly successful wife. She manages a very difficult man with a skill that would make any animal tamer world-famous. Her home is a model of harmony and peace, and yet these boons are not bought at the price so many women pay for them—a slavish submission.

So, naturally, the younger woman was delighted to hear one of her secrets.

"My dear," she said, "I have found that one thing a wife must learn to do is to drop the seed in a man's mind and then let it alone.

"When I want to persuade my husband to do anything I don't try to do all the persuading at one time. Instead, I put my idea into his head (if possible I make him suggest it himself), say a few words about it and then drop the subject. Later I take it up again on some auspicious occasion and say a few words more, always taking care not to say enough to make him obstinate. Almost invariably he comes around to my point of view and does what I want him to sooner or later. Sometimes the seed even bears fruit without my saying another word.

"I wanted a larger dining table once. I told him so and he said it wasn't at all necessary. I didn't say much, but the table happened (lots of things 'happen' when they should if you have your wits about you) to be rather crowded several times after that, and when Christmas came he gave me a beautiful new table.

"Yes, my dear, plant the seed water and take care of it if necessary, but don't try to do the whole thing yourself. Give it a fair chance to grow. That's one of my rules. You can take it or leave as you think best."

The young wife thought best to take it and found it of inestimable value.

The same privilege is accorded to my reader friends.

TRAGEDY OF SUPERSTITION.

Devoted Wife Gives Life That Husband Might Complete Studies.

An extraordinary tragedy of superstition is reported from Burdwan, where a man named Vahamidan murdered his wife with her own consent in the course of a secret ceremonial.

Vahamidan had for some time been learning the principles of Tantric worship from a monk. To complete his studies he needed a dead body. After several unsuccessful attempts to procure one, he proposed to his wife that she should aid him in his secret studies by surrendering her life. He assured her he would restore her as soon as he had finished his worship.

At midnight the devoted wife accompanied her husband to the cremation ground, and there, with her consent, he cut her in two and began his worship to the goddess Kali. His devotions concluded, Vahamidan spent several hours trying to restore the woman to life.

He was found by the police, uttering loud lamentations and beating his breast in self-condemnation near the spot where lay the mangled remains of his wife.—Calcutta cable to New York Sun.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

No, Maude, dear; a lone widow isn't always alone.

The man who has no imagination seldom falls in love.

Even the egotist may have the wool pulled over his I's.

Many a man wastes his time telling other people not to waste theirs.

The only time some people get busy is when they meddle with things that don't concern them.

He—"A woman has no sense of humor." She—"I suppose that is why she so often takes a man seriously."

Quantity doesn't always count. A little charity to the living is worth a wagon load of flowers to the dead.

You never can tell. The size of the family Bible doesn't always indicate the amount of religion there is in the family.

Tommy—"Pop, what are magnifying glasses?" Tommy's Pop—"Magnifying glasses, my son, are the things reformers wear in their search after vice."

Miss Giddithing—"So you don't believe in early marriages?" Mr. Blunt—"I do not. A fool is often a grandfather before a wise man thinks of marrying."

"Experience is the best teacher," quoted the Wise Guy. "That's right," assented the Simple Mug. "A man never realises hiw little he knows until experience drums it into him."

Mr. Gnaggs—"You women think too much about clothes." Mrs. Gnaggs—"I don't agree with you. If Eve had had more clothes to think about she wouldn't have cared so much for apples."

Kansas Comment

THE DREAMER'S DREAM.

Ten years ago and American workmen bore the expenses of industrial accidents or divided their damages with lawyers. It was a dreamer's dream to hope that one day all these accidents would be paid for without lawyers, as accidents to machinery are paid for. In thirty American states the workingmen's compensation law is in force. Here is one sample law and the way it works: Wisconsin's workmen's compensation act of 1911 was held "the greatest piece of legislation yet put forth in the state." It followed two years' legislative investigation and was he last of many tentative drafts submitted to general criticism. But it was improved by amendment last summer, and the chairman of the state industrial commission now reports it working better than ever. The act is optional, but 88 per cent of the employers have accepted it, rather than take their chances under the law. The estimate is that 6,636 cases were settled during 1913, at an average of $62.8: each, or $417,374 as the total. Adding medical charges, "we have $626,061 as the probable cost of compensation for 88 per cent of the industrial accidents of Wisconsin in one year." The amount paid injured workmen is more than three times what they received under the old law. Yet cost to capital is the same, for through litigation "the injured workmen did not receive 25 per cent of the sum paid by employees." Old line insurance rates have been twice reduced during the year.—Emporia Gazette.

TOO MUCH LAW.

The law, the law. What is "the law" anyway? Talk with an ultra socialist he will tell you the law is something invented by a bunch of grafters to make a rich man richer and a poor man poorer. Of course, any man with a bit of reason in his system knows that the above is absurd. The only trouble with the law is that there is too blamed much of it. In orde to settle a two horse power proposition you have to use six hundred horsepower of law. Where a gill of common sense ought to be used in fixing a matter the wiseacres will soak it with fifteen or twenty hogsheads of law and red tape and both sides get the worst of the deal. Law ought to be plain common sense. At present the law, in many instances, consists of fees, court costs and several bales of red tape.—Osborne Farmer.

From Other Pens

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

One of the stand-pat Republican newspapers of St. Louis has materialized the ghost of government ownership of railroads, telephones and telegraphs, and is greatly disturbed.

It is not improbable that, some time, the national government will control all utilities having to do with interstate commerce. It may be in the next generation, possibly in this one.

For the present, the stand-patters may dismiss their dread of government ownership, and the reason is—TAXES.

In 1912 the railroads, telegraph and telephone companies paid in taxes something like $110,000,000—the figures are taken from statistics gathered by the United States government. With the income tax law in effect, these public service utilities should pay not less than $125,000,000 a year in taxes.

Uncle Sam pays no taxes, and so, under government ownership the individual states would lose not less than a hundred million dollars income. It is unlikely that the ghost will become a reality until some means are divised by which this huge loss to the states can be offset.—St. Louis Star.

GREAT THINKERS INEFFICIENT.

Until now it has always been supposed that the reason great thinkers are so often absent-minded was because they are so engrossed with their scientific pursuits.

The real reason, however, seems to be an entirely different one. Dr. Gustav Fisher of Jena invites attention to the fact that the world's greatest thinkers, with few exceptions, were poor or indifferent pupils in their school days. The reason for this is that great thinkers usually have poor memories. It is extremely difficult for them to memorize.

This difficulty is so pronounced that mental arithmetic, aptitude at which depends largely on ability to memorize the multiplication tables and the results of various additions and subtractions, is an art in which no great astronomer has ever been proficient. Conversely, prodigies at mental arithmetic are rarely able to do any independent thinking, even upon commonplace subjects.

Upon the ability to memorize depends what science terms associative memory. This is the power to bring two subjects quickly into relation with each other, making for all those qualities which are now usually summarized under the popular term "efficiency."

Judged by these standards, the great thinker is woefully "inefficient." He cannot remember isolated facts quickly, nor can he remember superficially correlated facts very quickly. The joke which the average man and woman will understand very quickly the great thinker will understand very slowly, not because his attention is wandering but because it is laborious work for him to let his associative memory recall just why the thing which is so obviously funny to the average minded is out of perspective, or out of proper proportion, or incongruous. For, according to Bergson, laughter is occasioned only by things which are not in proper relation to each other.—New York American.

Humor of the Day

"Did you say I had no sense of humor?" "Nothing of the sort. I said you had no sense." "Oh, that's all right then."—Houston Post.

Bix—"Does your wife ever go to the club for you when you are out late?" Dix—"No, but she goes for me when I get home."—Boston Transcript.

"How is your Emerson club coming on?" "Fine. Mrs. Fritters took up the afternoon showing us how the Castles dance the 'Hesitation.'"—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Mary—"The doctor says this illness of mine is caused by a germ." Agnes—"What did he call it?" Mary—"I don't remember. I caught the disease, but not the name."—Judge.

"A wife gets a third of her husband's property, doesn't she?" "No." "Why, I thought the law gave that to a man's wife." "No; only to his widow."—Baltimore American.