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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.
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Oil will smooth troubled waters. But it has not done that in Mexico.

And it would be interesting to know how the Mexicans pronounce the name O'Shaughnessy.

It may not be as easy to figure out what to do with General Huerta after he is out as to get him out.

Patrick Boyle, just elected mayor for his sixteenth term, might well be called the Porfirio Diaz of Newport, R. I.

The Progressive party has been presented with a magnificent Argentine horse by the Buenos Aires Equestrian society.

Lord Cowdray, who has those big concessions in Mexico, is said to be an accomplished linguist. Well, money talks.

It makes it pleasanter all around to have the suffragists feel free to move on congress without chaining themselves to the railings.

Considering the amount of current it produces, it would seem hardly necessary to spend public money illuminating Niagara Falls.

Considering everything, the candidates for congress who failed to be elected are probably less sorry now than they were last March.

At least Mrs. Pankhurst took back with her enough of the sinews of war to enable her to fill every mail box in Great Britain with acid.

The popular and conscientious man is the one who has already received by mail a package labeled: "Not to be opened until Christmas."

A Los Angeles man called in a doctor to treat him for nerve trouble, and before he departed borrowed a dollar from him. Quick cure, that.

Mrs. Pankhurst went back with only about $20,000 American dollars. Madam Bernhardt can do better than that, even if she is a grandmother.

North Carolina Methodist ministers who are to be allowed to go on smoking "without encouragement" will not need it if they are like most smokers.

Perhaps in refusing to see a Chicago beef baron, President Wilson understood his secretary to say that a man with a meat bill was at the door.

The reason a lot of people can't find Opportunity, points out the Cincinnati Enquirer, is because old Op usually goes around disguised as Hard Work.

If the parcel post, the new tariff law and the currency law fail to reduce the high cost of living, perhaps it may occur to Uncle Sam that he ought to produce more food.

Why don't the Maine guides adopt something like the expedient of the Pennsylvania farmer who has hung signs on some of his cattle reading: "Don't shoot me; I am a cow."

An eastern paper has raised the question: "How many buckwheat cakes can a man eat with impunity?" But most folk probably prefer to eat them with maple syrup or honey.

Sensational case of disappearance in New York. The missing man is wealthy and prominent, but the closest investigation fails to indicate that he has done anything wrong.

Of course, the recent state good roads congress helped materially to spread the gospel of improved highways, but the recent rains throughout the state did more to impress most forcefully upon the public the need and advantages of such roads.

Announcement from the Constitutionalists that there will be no further bloodshed in northern Mexico presumably indicates that all of Huerta's followers in that section have been executed, or rather murdered.

Kaiser Wilhelm is said to hold that "a real man wears a mustache." But one of the difficulties in this direction is that so few men car wear real mustaches. Most of the efforts to grow such appendages result in the production of something that looks like the back of a fuzzy caterpillar out of its proper environment.

WORKSHOPS FOR THE FEEBLE.

It is so hard for well people to make a living that the casual thinker will not believe it possible for sick men to work effectively and without harm. When the invalid is poor we perform but the natural part of charity if we give him medical treatment and save him from the necessity of work. Yet experience has shown that in many chronic illnesses effective and remunerative work may be accomplished with physical and moral benefit to the workers. In a recent issue of The Journal of the American Medical Association, Dr. Herbert J. Hall of Marblehead, Mass., discusses this question and reviews the efforts that are being made to help the invalid to become self-supporting. We do not have to search long for suggestive examples of work among handicapped people. The blind have thriving industries, the cripple schools have for a long time been engaged in teaching their pupils trades adapted to severe limitations. One of the most refreshing activities of modern institutional life is to be found in the schools for feeble-minded such as that at Waverly, Mass., where, under Dr. Fernald, there is an effective system manned almost wholly by patients who in the old days woud have been idle. In the insane hospitals all over the world the patients are more and more generally given work to do in connection with the farms and households, and lately in workshops like that of Dr. Tuttle at the McLean Hospital in Waverly and at the Hans Schonow under Dr. Laehr in Berlin. Besides all this activity in charitable or semi-charitable institutions, there has of late years been a remarkably effective use of modified work as a remedy in the sanitoriums for the treatment of nervous exhaustion among people of means who have overworked and overworried or who are suffering from the effects of too much idleness. These industrial experiments have all been so hopeful in the results, so beneficial to the workers and so surprisingly productive that it seems almost certain that important developments may be expected from outpatient industries.

In sanitorium work with nervously exhausted patients, it has been found that among persons of education, and taste the ancient handicrafts offer a most interesting and profitable means of remaining strength. Some modification of this crafts-work system will be easily available for hospital shops. Crafts work is a vague term and may be easily misunderstood. It means, generally speaking, work by hand instead of by machine, and it includes almost any useful and ornamental product, from a rug to a coal scuttle. The important difference is that the crafts work at its best is confined to products that can be made better by hand. The world is beginning to appreciate that a great many articles of daily use are best produced in this slow way. It is true that the finest work of the craftsman, the goldsmithery and silversmithery, the wonderful dyes and weaves that make inimitable fabrics, can be done only by highly trained workers. But there is an enormous mass of routine and preparatory work in the crafts, and this work can be done perfectly well by handicapped persons if they are carefully directed and controlled.

Men are thrown out of employment for very trivial reasons—it does not follow that they are good for nothing because they fail to fit the particular job they happened to find available. The new system will gather up these sick and discarded workers and adapt them to work which will be graded and controlled to meet any degree of handicap. There will be some agreeable surprises for those who bring this plan to pass. Many a woman considered unfit by the great industries, many a man injured or worn out by the grind of the factories, will prove to be highly efficient under conditions that are slightly altered to meet the especial need. The wasteful policy of the regular industries may or may not be necessary, but it is likely to necessitate a secondary system of labor. Some day it will be impossible for society to support the number of sick and idle; then the new system will come in earnest. Hospital workshops of varied kinds may become nearly or quite self-supporting. Hand-weaving, metal-working, wood-wood-carving, leather-working, pottery, basket-weaving, and cement-working have all been tried.

Last year five persons working in the pottery established by an Eastern hospital made and sold six thousand dollars' worth of pottery. The money value of handicapped labor has been demonstrated again and again in institutional life. Last summer a small group of men patients at the State Colony in Gardner, Mass., produced forty thousand dollars' worth of supplies from the hospital farm. On the Pacific coast, within the past two years has been established a pottery in connection with a hospital in which, under expert guidance, a group of convalescent tuberculosis girls are paying their expenses—a dollar a day—while they are under sanatorium treatment. We are beginning to see the possibilities of a principle, which, given systematic application, may change the face of charitable affairs, a principle which may be expected to restore many discouraged and enfeebled workers to full efficiency. There are many trades and crafts which may be adapted to this purpose. There are pathetic limitations to such a plan and many a willing worker could not succeed; but is evident that a great deal may be accomplished in helping to make the chronic invalid and the half-sick person self-supporting.

ANOTHER DEBT TO BASEBALL.

Mr. A. G. Spalding has discovered an explanation for American victories in our extraordinary interest in baseball. He says, in the World's Work for December: "I believe the secret of our success is to be found in the kind of training that comes with the playing of America's national game, and our competitors in other lands may never hope to reach the standard of American athletes until they adopt our pastime.

"The question, 'When should the training of a child begin?' has been wisely answered by the statement that it should antedate his birth. The training of baseball may not go back quite that far, but it approaches the time as nearly as practicable, for America starts training of future Olympic winners very early in life. Youngsters not yet big enough to attend school begin quickening their eyesight and sharpening their wits and strengthening their hands and arms and legs by playing on baseball fields ready at hand in the meadows of farms, the commons of villages and the parks of cities all over the land. Baseball combines running, jumping, throwing and everything that constitutes the athletic events of the Olympian games. But, above all, it imparts to the player that degree of confidence in competition, that indefinable something that enables one athlete to win over another who may be his physical equal but who is lacking the American spirit begotten of baseball."

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Just because a thing is cheap it isn't necessarily a bargain.

◆ ◆ ◆

More of the arguments are deserving of settlement by well-thrown bricks.

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And it frequently happens that much of the optimism is not justified.

◆ ◆ ◆

Occasionally a criminal lawyer is most properly characterized as such.

◆ ◆ ◆

To become proficient in the new dances one must be not only a clever acrobat but a contortionist as well.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Some of the gossip that gets by us is the talk about ourselves, as the Parsons Sun says.

Pointed out by the Macksville Enterprise: The best loafer is the fellow who has failed at everything else.

You will note, remarks the Ottawa Herald, that after a man has been held up, he invariably reports that the highwayman was "a big fellow."

The Altoona Tribune tells of a minister who told a boy that he must be born again, but the boy didn't want to be born again, "for fear of being born a girl."

Many a good woman, says Miss Carlson of the Lindsborg News, looks as if she were suffering from a broken heart when in reality it is only a case of too small shoes.

As the Florence Bulletin suggests, a cheery greeting, a pleasant smile, a word of encouragement may do wonders toward helping a fellow being over the rough places of life.

As the Solomon Tribune says: An empty brain and a tattling tongue are very apt to go together. The most silly and trivial items of news or scandal fill the former and are retailed by the latter.

In spite of the high prices being paid for all kinds of agricultural produce, points out the Winfield Courier, there are still millions of young men willing to work for $2 a day provided they can wear white cuffs and a biled shirt.

The tango has come to stay, insists the Leavenworth Post. Of course it's a beautiful, graceful dance—not a thing wrong about it. We admit it. There's no use trying to start an argument about it. It must be right because everybody is doing it, to the tune of "Too Much Mustard." Hot stuff, eh?

"You Kansans," Charlie Blakesley in his Kansas City Starbeams quotes a Missourian as saying, "always have your brass bands going and your flags flying. We in Missouri get tired of your cocksuredness. Tell me what you have decided about the hen, for instance. Does she 'sit' or does she 'set?'" "We don't bother about a thing like that," retorted the Kansan. "What concerns us is, when she cackles, has she laid or has she lied?"

GLOBE SIGHTS

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Every one is enthusiastic at first.

So many men are just raw material.

Also, what has become of the red bandana?

The older you get the more you hate snow.

You can always figure on a smaller crowd than you anticipated.

Why fear death? After death no one will find fault with you.

It is consoling to think that the suspects probably outnumber the guilty.

It is easy for a defeated man to imagine that the country is going to ruin.

To a boy who has no coal bill or rheumatism, winter is always too short.

Short Jenkins: "I don't believe in ghosts, but I do believe in many other foolish things."

If you are hunting trouble, questions may prove a fairly effective brand of ammunition.

You can't tell how much sympathy there is in the world till a good looking woman comes to trial.

When the medal for unsatisfactory commodities is awarded, it probably will be won by an apology.

The girls may not know it, but the truth is an ardent lover frequently gets over it after marriage.

No man is as important as the Marshal of the Day used to look to you when you were a boy attending the celebration.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Laugh and grow fat, and you will find the laugh is on you.

Filling your coal bins with ice is one way of getting them thoroughly cold.

Mighty few men's trousers get baggy at the knees from pocketing their pride.

Many a fellow kisses a girl just to prevent himself from getting out of practice.

It's a pity the people who quarrel over trifles haven't something worthy of their talents.

A man often wishes he could change his luck as easily as a woman can change her mind.

The fellow who gets there with both feet generally flatters himself that he is a human centipede.

The prodigal son was a black sheep, in spite of the fact that he had the fatted calf turned into him.

"A man and his wife are one," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, marriage is a singular thing," added the Simple Mug.

Blobbs—"Do you think we shall ever really have painless dentistry?" Slobbs—"Yes, when we are born with acheless teeth."

BY THE WAY

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

It is with grabjous delight we read of the Washington pussy cat that beat it for parts unknown with a thousand-dollar collar. Any one who puts a thousand-dollar collar on a cat is entitled to lose both collar and cat.

The visiting English journalist doesn't like Kansas laws. He speaks of laws collectively, but being English, he means the prohibitory law.

You are cordially invited, by the Morning Squash, to "send in your best ear, properly tagged." Be sure, however, it is your best one; don't send the one that was frostbitten last winter.

Those heroic strikers in the Colorado coal mines were getting but $4.50 per day—hardly enough to keep their starving little ones in imported cheese and some of them had such large families it is said they had to use domestic champagne.

The greedy Irish lumber barons must have put the blackthorn forests on the fritz. Otherwise the Ulster Irish would not be importing guns to fight the English.

Mr. Bryan says the people sometimes make histakes. He says he recalls several mistakes they have made in the past 20 years. It was the general idea that Mr. Bryan could recall but three.

Coming down town Saturday morning, Jack Supp saw a light spot in the east, and turned in a fire alarm for the Colored Industrial Institute. Later he said he knew the morning sun was in that direction, but wasn't suspecting anything of the sort.

Now some expert has picked an all-American football team from present baseball stars; but he would have poor luck putting them in the field now. They have been kicking on umpires so long they have lost the knack of booting a bacon rind.

It is reported that the inhabitants of Wyandotte county use five and a half gallons of booze per capita annually. But it is not a fair statement. We are reliably informed that there are two people in Wyandotte county who do not drink.

We are all apt to be best posted on subjects that concern us personally. A man is particular about the size of his hosiery, but classifies a lady's as "large, medium or small."

The principal reason the study of palmistry is so popular with the young is that it furnishes an excuse for holding hands.

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

The Lost Auto.

Lying one day neath the auto,
Sweating and soaked with oil;
I worked at a cranky engine
And my only reward was toil.

I know not what I was saying,
As I tinkered and wrenched and tore;
I doubt not 'twas something quite savage.
It may be I even swore.

My patience gave out on that engine,
With a hammer I hit it a thump
That jarred loose some thingamadinkus
And started it up at a jump.

Before one could twinkle an eyelid,
Before there was time for surprise,
That car tore away down the highway,
And I lay glaring up at the skies.

I sprang up and madly I followed,
But soon gave it up in disgust,
For that runaway car quickly vanished
In a thick snorting cyclone of dust.

I sought it in byways and hedges,
In highways and in busy streets;
And, though I made thorough inquiries,
With never a trace did I meet.

Perhaps in some future existence,
In worlds far beyond mortal's ken,
I shall once more make search for that auto,
But I doubt if I find it then.

According to Uncle Abner.

Mrs. Pankhurst must have a good many coming-out parties for her daughters. There is always one of them coming out of jail.

There ain't no place that is much gloomier than a bank when a feller wants to borrow money.

The minister who has managed to keep peace in his choir has certainly earned his way to glory if any man has.

One favorabble sign of the increase in civilization is that there ain't so many chumps running around with their hair parted in the middle as there used to be.

It only takes two people to make a quarrel, but it takes several million people to make a panic.

Mr. Elmer Jones was smokin' a seegar the other evening when he was making love to Miss Amy Pringle and the business end of the cigar struck her celluloid comb which she had in her hair. Miss Pringle lost five artificial rats of real hair, and Elmer, who was a hero, extinguished the flames by throwing his coat over her head. No insurance.

Expensive.

Expenses all figured,
The deer hunter found
His venison cost him
Forty dollars a pound.

Many a woman has mistaken her husband for a deer.

I love her in the springtime,
I love her in the fall,
But in the good old winter time,
I love her best of all.
I love her in the winter time
Because it's then she makes
Our married life a dream of joy
With good old buckwheat cakes.

Why Street Car Conductors Go Crazy.

"Here is a plugged quarter. It's all I have and I couldn't get rid of it anywhere else."

"My friend, Mrs. Jones, told me she lived only two blocks from the car line. Let me off there, please."

"Please hold my baby while I look for my nickel."

"Say, fire some of them women out of the smokers' seats. I have paid my fare and I want to sit down."

"Hold the car five or ten minutes. My wife and family are coming. I ran ahead to stop you."

"I left a small parasol in your car last June and I would like to have you give it to me now, please."

"When you get to the end of the line, please wait till I do an errand, for I must ride back with you."

HUSKIN' TIME.

You may talk of jolly April and of May time at the prime,
With the buds a-burstin' open, and the little honeybees
Wadin' ankle-deep in sweetness and a-singin' up above
Where the breezes are a-blowin' and a-whisperin' o' love.
But there's somethin' more appealin' in the rustle and the chime
When the katydids and crickets are a-callin' "Huskin' time!"

There's the labyrinthine summer with its blooms a-runnin' wild,
And the brooks a-laughin', laughin' like a happy little child,
And you think it 'most completeness, but it isn't after all,
For there's somethin' more appealin' in the rustle of the fall,
When the katydids and crickets in the pastures are a-chime
With the sweet content of heaven, and you know it's "Huskin' time!"

O the harvesters are happy with their brown arms full o' sheaves!
And there's somethin' in the color of the corn that interweaves
With the hazy hangin' distance, that no poet has expreast,
It's a sense of satisfaction like the blessed boon of rest:
And there's somethin' most appealin' in the rustle and the chime
When the katydids and crickets are a-callin' "Huskin' time!"

—Herbert Randall, in the Hartford Courant.

THE EVENING STORY

Mr. Mudge, Tinker.

(By Jane Osborn.)

Mr. Mudge sat working over his drawing board with his coat collar turned up and his feet tapping the floor in an effort to keep warm. A lusty wind blew outside and drove stray flakes of snow through the crevices of Mr. Mudge's one window. For the fifth time that morning he went over to his radiator and, kneeling down, felt each individual pipe in search of the welcome glow of heat that should have been there, and for the fifth time he felt only the cold metal.

Then he made a surprising discovery. He had only half a radiator, the other half was in the next studio, and the partition that made two small rooms out of what was originally one had divided the radiator in two. Unfortunately for Mr. Mudge, he did not possess the end that turned on. He crouched down and looked through the space where the partition did not fit close to the pipes and saw a few glimpses of ferns, rugs and hangings that convinced him that the next room was tenanted.

Mr. Mudge didn't stop to smooth down his straw colored hair, and he didn't stop to adjust his bow tie, which had reversed its normal attitude in his interview with the radiator. He didn't stop to put on his cuffs nor to take off his working coat, nor even to take his odoriferous pipe out of his mouth. A rather indifferent "Come in, please," answered his rappings at the door, and he entered a room as comfortably furnished and warm as his own was bare and cold. The owner sat over her desk and took only a quick look at the man.

"How is your radiator working?" he asked.

The girl smiled without looking at him. "Quite satisfactory," she assured him coolly, and then Mr. Mudge, who though not of a very sociable disposition, usually felt at ease wherever he happened to be, went over to the radiator and examined it.

"You needn't touch it," she told him. "It is warm enough in here, isn't it? I thought maybe the radiator wasn't turned on. You don't mind if I let a little more through to the other end, do you?"

The young woman was engrossed in her reading. "Really it is quite satisfactory," she said. "Please let it alone."

Mr. Mudge made a few remarks about the extreme cold and the workings of radiators, but the young woman did not seem to be interested. "I would have sent for the agent if I had wanted to have it dickered with," she said curtly. Mr. Mudge blinked at her from his position on the floor by the side of the radiator, stayed long enough to warm his hands and then went out, still unnoticed. Back in his cheerless room he thought it over. "She looked agreeable enough," he thought to himself, "but for cold, unadulterated squelch, for a frost that would congeal the last spark of hope, she takes the blue ribbon."

For days Mr. Mudge went on working in the cold, cheerless office. Then he bought an oil stove, which he burned when he was not too busy, or too absorbed, or too lazy to light it. It never occurred to him to complain to the agent about the lack of heat in his room. There was a tone of finality in the words of his haughty neighbor that put this idea out of his mind.

He met her again at the studio of a mutual artist friend in the same building, who asked Mr. Mudge to come in for a cup of tea. Mr. Mudge, who did not care much for sociability, went only because it was a cold day and the tea party suggested a way to get warm.

He found Miss Thislow—that was the name of the cold hearted neighbor—and he was hurried over to her side and introduced to her as a sort of specialty. People always did, for some reason that Mr. Mudge couldn't make out, regard him as a highly desirable social asset. He had a homely way of telling the truth and a discerning sympathy for other people's points of view that made people seek him out in a crowd. Miss Thislow this time gave him her undivided attention, and Mr. Mudge told her, to begin with, that his studio adjoined hers.

"I call mine an office," he said, "because it is the place where I earn my daily bread, making pictures for other people to laugh at, but I judge from what I have seen of you that you call yours a studio—besides, yours looks like a studio and mine doesn't."

"When have you seen mine?" she asked. "You can't see much through the chinks." Mudge did not answer her question, so she went on to tell him that her little studio was only a hobby. She really didn't do much painting or drawing—it was just a headquarters for her when she came to the city—a quiet spot where her brothers and sisters couldn't disturb her.

She begged Mr. Mudge so insistently and Mudge found her entreaties so effective that he told her, though he hadn't intended to, where he had met her before. "Why," gasped the girl, "I thought that was a plumber. You certainly looked like a mechanic, and they are so annoying the way they keep coming in to tinker the pipes and things."

"You were certainly not very kind, whoever I was," said Mudge.

Mr. Mudge and Miss Thislow, by mutual tacit consent, saw much of each other after that, and Miss Thislow not only turned on the radiator full blast, but she invited Mr. Mudge to come to her studio whenever he chose and share her tea and cheerful decorations.

"Anyhow, Miss Thislow," Mr. Mudge told her one day after he had explained with characteristic honesty that he found her fascinating, and at the same time a distraction and a comfort, "anyhow, I am never going to ask you to marry me, even if I thought there was the slightest chance that you would ever say yes, because I know that some time when you had got very used to me, and I turned up with my tie on crooked and my hair ruffled, you would treat me the way you did when you thought I was the plumber. You would find out that I was only a tinker after all, and you would hand me another frost and I couldn't stand another. That first one kept me freezing for weeks. No, you are in spite of your present kindness a snob and an aristocrat."

Miss Thislow protested, yet Mr. Mudge was firm. "I am no more a snob than you are," she said. "I know you would do the same. Suppose your scrub woman came in some night when you were busy and insisted on getting in your way. It isn't a question of democratic principles at all, it is a matter of being bothered."

Mudge was insistent and the argument went on for several days. Then one evening, when Miss Thislow had gone home early—she was expecting to meet him for the theater later in the evening—Mudge sat alone absorbed in work. There was a knock at his door and he looked up to see the cleaning woman slopping in with her pail of water. Without waiting for his permission she began to sop around the floor.

Mudge said nothing, but drew his feet under his chair and changed his position several times to make room for her. Sometimes he would look down at her bent, shabby figure, anxious to see the face of the woman who aroused his pity. "I come in early tonight," she said, "'cause I wanted to get home—take care of the baby. It's sick and my old man comes home—drunk, and might go for it."

Mudge said nothing and the woman went on with her tale of woe.

Just as she had turned to leave, Mudge, who had been debating between the theater with Miss Thislow and the performance of an act of charity, caught her by the arm and stopped her.

"See here," he said, slipping $5 into her soapy hand. "It is tough luck and you are putting up a good fight. I know the money doesn't go far. Where do you live? Perhaps if I come over and talk to your 'old man' I could straighten him up. I have done that sort of thing once or twice before. I had an engagement or I should have offered sooner. Hurry along with the rest of your work and when you are ready come back and I will go home with you and see what I can do. You have a pretty rough time of it, don't you?"

The scrub woman turned her bent figure away from him for a minute and then faced him for the first time, dropped the little shawl that she had worn over her head and stood up straight in her shabby clothes.

"Mudge," she said, limply, "look at me. I was just doing it to prove that you were a snob. I thought you would hand me a few dollars with a my-good-woman air and tell me to go on, just as I or any one else would have done. You are a dear and I am not worthy of you—" She stopped quickly, and Mudge took her two soapy hands in his.

"You don't mean—you couldn't ever mean that you would be willing to marry me?" Mudge gasped.

"I think that must be what I mean, though I never knew it till I played scrubwoman."—(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

EVENING CHAT

BY RUTH CAMERON.

"But This Is Different."

It is an epigrammatic and hence popular saying that although no man is far-seeing enough not to make some mistakes, the wise man does not make the same mistake twice.

It sounds plausible, doesn't it, but I doubt if there ever was a man that wise.

Mistakes are such insidious, deceitful things. You see if you knew when you were making them that you were making them, then you wouldn't make them and they wouldn't be mistakes.

But you never do know. Yesterday's folly allures you in a totally new guise today; and it is not until tomorrow, when you will have already embraced it, that it will shake off its disguise and you will realise with disgust that you have made the same silly mistake again.

A little neighbor of mine is a very energetic young person who wants what she wants when she wants it; and wants it moreover with all her heart and soul. Occasionally she comes to grief when she has gotten her own way—even as you and I—and then she is deeply penitent and is sure that she won't be so wilful next time. But when next time comes, of course she doesn't recognise it.

On a very unpropitious day last summer she teased her mother to take her on a promised outing. Her mother warned her that it would surely rain, but in the end her teasing prevailed, and they went. It did rain, long and hard; they both caught cold and her mother was quite ill. Margaret was wild with remorse and was sure this lesson would last her the rest of her life. A few days later I heard her begging her mother to let her go for a long walk with two girls who are considerably older than she. Her mother objected on the ground that she would get too tired, but Margaret persisted. Finally her mother reminded her of her experience in having her own way the week before and of her promise to be more reasonable next time. "But this is so different, mother," she protested, "this is quite another thing."

"I know it, my dear," said her mother, "it's another thing you want to do. It's always another thing. But it's the same headstrong will that makes you so determined and it is the same headstrongness that will get you into trouble again. And then you'll be sorry and say you will be more reasonable next time. And when next time comes you will say, 'but this is different'."

Isn't that the way with all of us? Aren't we always saying to our conscience or to some external mentor, "but this is different. I admit that was a mistake, but this is different." And then "this" turns out to be another mistake and again we promise ourselves that we will be wiser next time. And again the eternal cycle rolls.

I guess the only way to avoid the mistakes and failures that our particular faults lead us into is to try to understand these faults, and to be always watching for the "nigger in the wood-pile," no matter how inoffensive and different each new wood-pile looks.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Some men's religion is only skin deep.

As a cure, no patent medicine can equal a sinecure.

A wise widow may pose as a man hater for a purpose.

Some girls are born blondes and some others acquire blondness.

No girl is as thoughtless as a young widow can pretend to be.

Be sure you're right before telling the other fellow he is wrong.

A woman with a secret sorrow is interesting—until she turns it loose.

If a girl isn't married at 25, it's up to her to cut out flirtations and get busy.

Nothing pleases some of us more than being able to convey bad news to others.

Nothing makes a girl so tired as sitting close to the plaster for hours at a ball.

Every man should like his wife's relatives, but we have yet to see a moving picture of the man who does.

A bachelor who is looking for variety can find it exchanging a little of his own coin for a marriage license.

The man who can pass a dog fight on the street without stopping to rubber possesses a brand of dignity that is seldom met outside a lunatic asylum.

KANSAS COMMENT

STILL MAKING PROGRESS.

The people of the present generation seem to have gotten the idea that they have so far outstripped their fathers in inventions and modes of living that there is little left for the next generation to do except to enjoy the fruits of the present-day achievements, but once in a while something happens which so completely upsets this theory that we stand in amazement and wonder what the next few years will bring forth. After three weeks of patient experimentation the beats of the clock in Eiffel tower in Paris were distinctly heard at the United States naval observatory at Washington and these beats were compared with the beats of the clock at Washington. The American and French commissioners who have been conducting these experiments to determine the difference in longitude between Paris and Washington and the velocity of radio signals through space, were greatly encouraged and promise even greater things in the near future. We have discovered the presence of some of the great forces which are stored up in nature and are only just commencing to learn their possibilities. It would be folly for us to endeavor to forecast what the next few years will bring forth but it is safe to predict that the advancement will be far greater and more rapid than it has yet been. The young man and young woman who are using their best endeavors to fit themselves for these new and changed conditions will not be long in appreciating the wisdom of their so doing.—Beloit Gazette.

COST OF BOUNDARY LINE.

The cost of putting a mark on a map, in the Balkan country, is so vast that thinking people wonder why we are not farther away from barbarism. The cost is in lives and in money. And the reason for this terrible cost in human life and in property is the result of a controversy about where the dividing line between nations shall be. It is stated that a half million men, in the Balkans, were either killed or wounded or died of disease in the war with Turkey and the worse war between the Balkan neighbors that followed. The cost, in money, to these nations, was a billion and a quarter dollars. And all that was accomplished was the slight shifting of a boundary line that will have to have a number of future shifts before any settlement can be reached. Is it a cause for wonder that sane people are thinking over the proposition of Winston Churchill, the British statesman, to declare a naval holiday and to teach people to think more of peace and less of war?—Hutchinson News.

FROM OTHER PENS

OIL IN MEXICO.

An interesting report of the United States geographical survey on oil production in Mexico says that the business reached large proportions only about the time the Madero revolution began. In 1907 the total output was only about 1,000,000 barrels and by 1910 it had increased only to 3,300,000. That was the year in which the Madero revolution began. The following year the oil output increased to 14,061,000 barrels and last year it was 16,558,000 barrels. The report confirms the statement that the Standard Oil company has been very little interested in Mexico during the last two years. It says that 95 per cent of the Mexican oil was handled by the Doheny interests of the United States, said to have headquarters in California, and the Pearson syndicate, headed by Lord Cowdry. The Waters-Pierce company figures in the report principally as a purchaser from the producing companies. The business centers around the port of Tuxpan, where one United States warship is now stationed and whither others have been ordered. The administration's idea that investors in a foreign country should take their chances and not expect protection from their government appears to apply only to American, and not to foreign, investors. Probably it received a diplomatic hint that the United States must protect British interests or permit Great Britain to protect them itself. The report of the survey as to the sudden growth of the industry in 1911 and its concentration largely in the hands of the Pearson syndicate tends to bear out the story that a short time before his forced resignation Porfirio Diaz turned over most of the oil business of the country to the Pearsons, excluding the Standard. If the Standard had any hopes of being able to do business in Mexico, they would naturally have depended on a change of government. According to the New York Sun, a Standard representative already has bought from Carranza a concession for a pipe line in Sonora. That, however, is very remote from the field which the British syndicate is working. According to a San Francisco dispatch, two of the principal oil companies in California have been taken over by a British syndicate which is planning to transport the oil through the Panama canal to European markets. This may not have any connection with Mexican affairs, but it looks as if the British oil men had begun to encroach strongly on the field which the Americans hitherto have regarded as their own.—Buffalo Express.

AUTOMOBILE SLAUGHTER.

Ten times as many people are annually killed by automobiles in New York as in London. The population of London is half again as large and its activities are as great, widespread and incessant. London cries out constantly against the dangers from motor buses and taxicabs, yet in 12 months it witnessed but 21 fatalities. During the same time New York saw 234. Why the difference? London's police commissioner tells us. "In London," he says, "we hold a man accountable when he kills." "Influence," he adds, "does not take precedence over public welfare." In American cities pull, indulgence, privilege and misplaced sympathy all unite to favor the terrible development of recklessness and irresponsibility. One law for all, and that law well enforced—such is the remedy for this great and growing evil.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Hostess (to Young Guest)—"You won't have another piece of pie, Bobbie; why, you must be suffering from loss of appetite." Bobbie—"No'm; I'm suffering from a promise to my mother."—Boston Transcript.

"My gas meter is out of whack." "What's the matter with it?" "It beat. It doesn't register correctly." "That's what they all say." "But it doesn't register half the gas we use." "Then it's lying on the wrong side! We'll send a man right out."—Houston Post.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a demagogue?" "A demagogue, my son, is a brilliant and convincing speaker, who wanders away and gets ideas with which you disagree."—Washington Star.

Jack—"Did you tell her that she was necessary to your happiness?" Tom—"No; I tried to persuade her that I was necessary to hers."—Boston Transcript.