Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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Lost, Strayed or Stolen—The Dove of Peace.

Youth will be served, says the philosopher. Yes, and sometimes right rudely, in tennis.

London's militants may be depended on to give Mrs. Pankhurst an even more enthusiastic funeral than Miss Davidson's.

Panama has just been paid $250,000 by Uncle Sam on the theory that it's cheaper to pay rent on the canal than to move it.

Neither have the Parisians enhanced their reputations to any extent by the ovations they are giving to Jack Johnson.

One great trouble with the "supposedly" unloaded pistol is that it is usually pointed at somebody else than the supposer.

Czar Nicholas may yet occupy a permanent place in history as the man who ordered the destruction of Tolstoi's unpublished works.

Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., retired, is reported beleagured in Sofia. But the photograph galleries may be open there.

Why not abolish women's skirts entirely? More pronounced slits in them is the decree of the recent New York fashion show.

That deadly monotony which is said to constitute much of the horror of prison life isn't particularly prevalent at Sing Sing.

What with the Roosevelt trial and the copper strike, the upper peninsula of Michigan has established itself as a regular source of news.

Sending 125 of the most mutinous convicts to another prison may be one way of impressing those that are left with the might of authority.

An Ohio man prefers to be broke rather than bankrupt. Some people will doubtless consider him a man of strange and extravagant whims.

Two men at Niagara Falls risked their lives to save a dog and then gave it to a woman. Which inspired the valor, the lady or the spaniel?

A Chicago professor says baseball fanatics use up 95 per cent of their mental energy in the watching or reading of games. Not in some towns.

Those who like to worry will get more or less satisfaction out of the announcement of the federal public health service that pellagra is spreading.

Napoleon's spirit is probably much peeved that aeroplanes were not invented long ago. Another French aviator has made a flight over the Alps.

And the suspicion that a Chicago man was beaten to death in a patrol wagon for refusing to give the policemen money presupposes that he was a brave man.

Speaking of forehandedness, one of the big steamship companies is advertising a tour around the world and via the Panama canal. It is to start from New York in July, 1915.

Dispatches from Washington state that President Wilson is getting harmony on the currency bill. In other words he is taking the trouble personally to tell the recalcitrant Democrats where to head in.

No doubt about it. Secretary of the Interior Lane is right in his opinion that the prospects of rich picking in Alaska are excellent. Two groups of capitalists are eager to build railroads there.

Joyous news for the mixers among the microbes. Comes now a German professor who declares that kissing, instead of being harmful, is highly beneficial in more ways than one, and is the very best thing for the nerves.

FINANCIAL TENSION RELAXES.

"During the past week or ten days there has been an encouraging relaxation of the tension in banking circles, both at home and abroad," writes Henry Clews, the New York banker, in his current weekly financial review, and he continues. "Both call and time money are easier, and good borrowers now find less difficulty in securing accommodation than for two or three months past; although bankers are still in a very conservative mood and inclined to impose a decided restraint upon any undue optimism. At the west there has also been some diminution of monetary pressure, and there is no longer any fear of inability to meet necessary demands for crops and trade during the approaching autumn. All fear of a monetary crisis the coming autumn has now been safely passed. In Europe the situation is also better, although there is still much need for caution. So eminent an authority as Sir Feilx Schuster, of London, has estimated that the recent losses of the Balkan war amount to $1,200,000,000. This is a fabulous loss for so short and relatively insignificant a struggle, and is eloquent testimony of the tremendous cost of modern warfare. The same high authority also predicts a rapid recovery from recent depression and very emphatically says the greatest danger now confronting the money market is too great a rush of new securities. There has been a very severe and wholesome curtailment of new capital applications, but many have been only postponed and are still very urgent. It is incumbent upon bankers to firmly delay these requirements as far as practicable, yielding only to those demands which are most necessary and imperative. This, of course, means a further slowing down in some lines of trade, also a temporary contraction of new enterprises. This is unwelcome, but is the only preventive of disastrous consequences after a period of prolonged over-activity.

"The home business situation is gradually improving. At this period of the year the crops are a most important factor. In this respect the situation is somewhat spotty, as during the past week some sections of the interior have suffered from excessive heat and drouth. Remembering that the conditions on July 1 were somewhat better than the government report indicated, the prospects at the moment are for crops decidedly above the average. The present outlook is for a 720,000,000-bushel wheat crop, a yield of 3,000,000,000 bushels of corn and a heavy cotton crop. The next week or ten days, however, will be a critical period for corn and other grain crops; hence it is premature to assume too much confidence regarding the outcome. Our merchandise markets are generally in sound condition. Prices have frequently declined, firm money having forced more or less liquidation. This is the period of summer quiet, and many mills are taking advantage of such conditions to partially close for overhauling and repairs. The steel industry shows more activity than might have been expected, considering the recent financial depression. The great textile trades are of course somewhat embarrassed by the prospect of tariff changes. There is a steady and satisfactory inquiry for all classes of fabrics, yet neither importers nor manufacturers are able to make future plans until the tariff is finally adjusted."

PRISON SCHOOLS.

That even prison life is yielding to modern humanitarian impulses is indicated in the number of prisons that are maintaining schools for the benefit of prisoners. Out of 55 prisons in the United States and Canada reporting to the United States bureau of education, 44 have schools. In 33 of these a civilian head teacher is in charge. Altogether there are 27 evening schools, 19 day schools and 8 correspondence schools. Both academic and trade subjects are taught.

In arguing for schools in prisons, Dr. A. C. Hill of the New York state education department, who has prepared a bulletin on the subject for the United States bureau of education, points out that there are three ways of handling a man whom the courts have pronounced unfit to remain in society: First, he may be put to death at once; second, he may be slowly killed in a destructive environment; third, he may be placed in a favorable environment and restored to normal health, if possible."

Prison schools represent an attempt to apply the last of these methods, according to Dr. Hill. "Schools in prison are the expression of the highest conception yet formed of the proper way to deal with men and women segregated from society for violating its laws," he says. "They are an outgrowth of the belief that the door of hope must never be closed to any human being. They stand for opportunity. They are humanity's offer of help to overcome the inertia and despair that settle down upon a man disgraced and deprived of his liberty."

Prison libraries form an important factor, and special attention is given to them in the bureau's bulletin. Dr. Hill notes that there is usually plenty of books, but that the quality of the reading is seldom satisfactory. He cites the opinion of H. H. Hart of the Russell Sage Foundation, that "not one prison in ten has a suitable selection of books. Most of them are composed of one-third unreadable books and one-third trash."

In his conclusion Dr. Hill urges that better methods and greater efficiency in character building are needed all along the line, back to the school and the home. He believes that "public effort should be directed more fully to providing the right kind of education for the thousands of neglected children whose environment is such as to make the development of bad and dangerous characters almost inevitable. The hopeful sign of the times is an aroused public sentiment that is demanding a full knowledge of the facts and a vigorous use of the best means of checking moral degeneracy at its source."

JOURNAL ENTRIES

No matter how small a town is, it generally boasts of a Child Musical Prodigy.

✤ ✤ ✤

In the olden times girls existed only to marry. Now too many of them marry only to exist.

✤ ✤ ✤

And the persons who sing in jail are not the ones who deserve to be put there for singing, or attempting to.

✤ ✤ ✤

A woman's idea of carelessness on her husband's part is for him to allow the coffee to boil over after she has expressly ordered otherwise.

✤ ✤ ✤

After all, human nature is pretty generous. Occasionally you find a country community where they say: "Yes, she's the banker's daughter, but she ain't a bit stuck up."

JAYHAWKER JOTS

People waste enough in years of plenty, insists the Anthony Bulletin, to keep them in comfort during the years of scarcity.

According to the Norton County News, the man who declares that the world owes him a living never works hard enough to do the collecting.

When you toss out one of your old shoes, says Mrs. Kelley in the Toronto Republican, and somebody else comes along and tries to put it on, you are pretty sure he has some at home just like it.

It's the opinion of the Dodge City Globe that the greatest man in this country is the man whose kids have their noses flattened against the window pane for a half hour before he is due at home in the evening.

An amende honorable in the Palco Enterprise: The report in last week's paper that the Willie Blazier team of mules had the glanders and had to be killed was a mistake. The mules are healthy and all right in every way. We were simply misinformed.

Another grasshopper story, this time from the Glasco Sun: The grasshoppers are said to be so fierce over south and west of us they are eating the red paint from the danger signals on the Golden Belt automobile route. Tourists claim that the grasshoppers are actually so thick on the posts along the roads that they cannot read the markers.

Another one has started and promises to become a worthy successor to "How much wood would a wood chuck chuck, if a wood chuck would chuck wood?" Many heretical versons of the new teaser are going, but the real version is as follows and must be strictly adhered to by the faithful. Bill had a billboard and Bill had a board bill, and Bill's board bill bored Bill till Bill sold Bill's billboard to pay Bill's boardbill, and then Bill's board bill no longer bored Bill.

GLOBE SIGHTS

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

There is a good deal a detective never detects.

Friends money gets you are not always a bad sort.

There is more counterfeit dignity than counterfeit coin.

If a poor man has rich kin, he marvels at their good health.

You don't need to have much of an appetite in order to eat too much.

Some tobacco is so mild as to arouse suspicion that it isn't tobacco.

Fashion note: There is no change in summer elbows. They are as dirty as ever.

Beef is getting so expensive that cows are becoming proud of their high foreheads.

Long search for a satisfactory boarding house has also been known to serve as first aid for Cupid.

After she has been married awhile, a bride begins to refer to her lingerie as underwear, or more definite terms.

Farming won't be an ideal existence until some crop is discovered which requires as little cultivation as weeds.

A loyal church worker is apt to regard everyone who doesn't belong to her church as a dweller in Outer Darkness.

Ab. Adkins says he is so unlucky he never found a horseshoe, but once located a mule shoe on the business end of a mule.

The fishing season doesn't last long enough to give some men an opportunity to get in all the loafing they feel is essential for their health.

"My idea of a mechanical genius is fairly filled by anyone who can open tinned meat with the little key sent along for that probable purpose."—Rufe Hoskins.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Money makes the man who makes the money.

The man on crutches has a lame excuse for begging.

The street paved with good intentions is too slippery.

A willowy maid is a skinny girl with an obese bank account.

What does the spinster do for somebody to button her up the back?

Every man wants to climb twice as high as he can ever hope to get.

The gay deceiver never deceives any one so much as he does himself.

Getting engaged costs more than getting disengaged, but it is more fun.

Experience isn't much of a teacher when it comes to investing in gold bricks.

The chap who insists on getting what is coming to him never stops at that.

How many men do you know who let their religion interfere with their business?

Speaking of vanity, there is nothing on earth that can get so completely stuck on itself as a sheet of postage stamps.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

The nursery is one sort of a bawlroom.

Some men are more polished than their shoes indicate.

Is it possible for a man to be on his uppers and still well-heeled?

Every man at some time of his life has told some woman he was not worthy of her.

The average man divides his time between plans for the future and regrets for the past.

The men who regard drinks and cigars as necessities are apt to look on their wives' bonnets as luxuries.

The baseball player is often put out of the game for kicking, but it isn't that way with the football players.

Sapphedde—"Present me to Miss Peachley." Buggins—"It's no use. I've heard her say she wouldn't have you for a gift."

BY THE WAY

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

As we understand it, the federal authorities are under the impression that the New Mexico sugar mine was salted.

But, as has been heretofore remarked by the attorneys, that case will be tried in the courts, and not in the newspapers, so we will say no more about it.

Scientists and those who run hotels in that vicinity, are viewing with alarm the fact that the leaning tower of Pisa is leaning more than it used to, but after looking up the passenger fare to Pisa, we have decided that the condition of the famous one-legged smokestack is of supreme indifference to this department.

After thinking it over for a week, the authorities have decided that the missing Iola business man had no business pinching the boob bride, and have issued a warrant for him. And until his name is revealed, every Iola business man will go around with a bunch of alibis in his hip pocket.

Some people go to church every Sunday morning. Others merely remain in bed an hour later, and get their extra sleep that way.

It is suspected that Henry Lane Wilson said more than "tut-tut" when he discovered that a secret report was to be made on his actions. But then, playing both ends against the middle is more strenuous than playing golf.

Having discovered a fireproof fluid, it is to be hoped that Harrison Parkman will soak his whiskers therein. His work leads him frequently into the vicinity of conflagrations, and it would be a sad blow to lose that hirsute pride of Kansas.

Swat the bumblebee! A Kansas lady was stung three dozen times in the backyard, and being stung by a bumblebee is no joke, whether in the backyard or on the front porch.

Jack Johnsing announces that he is gone for good, and it is a consensus of opinion that he couldn't go for anything else.

Which makes it unanimous, so to speak.

Those Mexicans should have a care! If they shoot two or three hundred more unarmed Americans, the government might become peevish and speak real har-r-r-rshly to them.

By this time Doc Callen may be satisfied that Frank Cumiskey's goat is like the mountain goat of the Rockies—hard to capture. Scouts who have returned from the Crawford county hunt, report that the anti-Cumiskeys didn't get close enough to Frank's ibex to find even its tracks.

SAYS UNCLE GAV

Have a care how you lightly assume to know your own faults and look as kindly as possible upon those disagreeable persons who insist upon pointing them out. Your outspoken enemy is ofttimes a better friend to you than yourself. He shows you your weak points and upon occasion pricks them. He does this merely for the pleasure of seeing you jump, but if you're clear-headed enough you'll treasure his jabs as warnings when your anger is past. Your enemy does you a service that you cannot well perform yourself. You may think you know your faults, but the sober truth is that you detect only about one in a hundred if somebody with a mean disposition doesn't puncture them now and again. There was once a king of Tang who was urged to behead a crusty old mandarin.

"Why?" he asked his favorite who made the suggestion.

"Because he is constantly reciting your majesty's fancied faults and inflaming the common people, whereas all who know your majesty are aware that your majesty is faultless."

"You impart wisdom although you do not speak it," said the king. "Kindly summon the prime minister."

"Bring this mandarin to court," he directed the minister. "Command him to be always at my call. Say to him that upon peril of his life he is always to speak what is in his mind and naught else. As for the flatter"—indicating his erstwhile favorite—"behead him."

"Is it thus your majesty rewards his enemies and punishes his friends?" demanded the unfortunate. "Why should I die and this defamer of the king live?"

"You die," said the king, "because I dare not trust one who is more blind to my faults than I myself. I would have this enemy always at hand that he may warn me of the faults I cannot see."

The old king may have been a trifle harsh in his measures, but he had the right idea. Distrust the friend who flatters—he is your worst enemy. Keep your ears open for what your enemies say of you. If they speak the truth, they are your friends.

The eyes of the mind, like the eyes of the body, turn outward. It is only occasionally that a fault sticks out like a boil and is noticed by the man who possesses it.

Beware of him who boasts that he knows his faults. He is a fool. He has learned neither the difficulty of detecting one's own shortcomings nor the universal disposition of mankind to regard their own vices as virtues.—(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Millard had two goats, a large one, Billy, and a young one he called Boy. His fathered ordered a goat wagon for him. After examining the wagon Millard thought it didn't suit as to size.

"Papa, I can't use it," he said decidedly. "Billy wouldn't wait for it and Boy couldn't keep up with it."

Helen, aged 7, was showing a visitor how fast she could run, when she suddenly stopped and said, "But I can't show my best running unless something is happening back of me."

Billy, aged 5, had often heard his parents talk of the time required to digest certain articles of food. One night, wishing to defer his bedtime, he asked, "Mother, may I sit up half an hour longer to decide my supper?"

Patty is the owner of a puppy. The little girl who sold him gives these directions: "Dust div him a wink and don't wop him."

Baby May had several times crossed the room and made an effort to close the door. Each time upon reaching her little chair and turning around she found the door had swung open. Finally she walked over to the door and, opening it wide, said, "Des walk in, Mis'er Wind."

Little June was sitting on her father's lap, and when he began to whistle she exclaimed:

"Oh, papa, don't do that; you might draw your breath all out of shape."—Pictorial Review.

A CHILD'S GARDEN.

What a garden's Nancy's!
Twenty feet by nine!
Scarce they can, one fancies,
Spare a plot so fine.
All along the borders
Daisies white and red,
Gold and blood-red wallflowers,
Dwarf flowers and tall flowers—
What a magic pleasure there is spread.

Oxlips, pansies bloom there,
Many a flower beside,
Proud of finding room there,
Towers fair London Pride.
All the dainty darlings
Of the spring are there.
Tossing blue and white skirts,
Pink skirts and bright skirts,
Columbines are dancing in the air.

Nancy tends her garden,
Dibbles, hoes, and rakes—
Muscles she must harden
With the pains she takes.
They may tell of gardens,
Fair as man can see,
Yet what ever man see,
Nancy, my Nancy,
Ours shall be the garden still for me.
—Marshall Steele, in the Pall Mall Gazette.

THE EVENING STORY

Paying His Debt.

(By Carl Jenkins.)

Why should there be one ear of red corn while thousands around it are yellow?

The chemists gave it up long ago but the answer is as plain as the tail on a dog.

There is only one ear of red corn to every fifty bushels grown. When a farmer heaps fifty bushels together and holds a husking-bee, attended by thirty or forty young folks, it is well understood that the young man who finds the red ear is privileged to kiss any girl present.

Nay, more if he is coy and backward, he will be led up to it whether or no. It is called Cupids Rule and must be obeyed. If the red ear be found by a girl she can't go kissing, but she can conceal the discovery until she can slip it to the young man she prefers to be kissed by.

At Farmer Graham's husking-bee the red ear was found by his son Joe. He turned pale as he saw the color of it. He tried to hide it, but it was given away, and the girl he kissed was Minnie Davis. He did it blushing harder then she did. George's father chewed tobacco in church, and his mother went barefoot to camp meeting, but the boy was almost too shy to buy a washbasin from a tin peddler. That red ear was the turning point in his young life. He was told, even by his mother, that he was destined to marry Minnie Davis, and that he must set his mind to it.

Almost with a rope around his neck he went a-courting and had reached the stage where he could talk of 'taterbugs and whippoorwills when along the highway one day came a party of gypsies. His mother gave them a custard pie to tell the young man's fortune.

"The girl you love will be false to you as a wife," was the solemn information. "Your house will burn down. Your cattle will die. You will at last commit suicide by jumping down the well!"

That fixed George. He stopped courting and he didnt send excuses. It wasn't a case of jilting exactly, but it was case enough to cause lots of talk and wonder. The story got around that George was consumptive, and had been told by th doctors not to marry.

And then came another happening. A fruit tree agent was taken ill and was at Farmer Davis's a month. During that time Miss Minnie was his nurse. In time he learned all about that red ear of corn and the gypsy prophecy. He also became aware that the mail was forlorn. When on his feet again he determined on a plan. The farmer's charges were so small that the agent felt heavily in debt. He went over to Farmer Graham's and got speech with George and said:

"I have come to see you because your case is like mine."

"Did you find a red ear of corn when you were a young man?"

"I plumb did, and I kissed a bonnie maid."

"And you fell in love?"

"You bet!"

"And you were going to ask the girl to have you?"

"I was. I had the night picked out and my boots all greased."

"But ther didnt no gypsies come along?"

"Didn't, eh?"

"And you had your fortune told?" almost whispered George.

"I gave 'em a blind calf for telling it!"

"And—and——?"

"They told me about forty times worse than they did you."

"But did you go ahead and marry the girl?"

"You bet your sweet life I did, and she's made me one of the best wives a man ever had."

"And not a thing happened?"

"Yes! I found a pot of gold while digging a cellar."

"Jerusha!"

"There is only one point where our cases differ," said the agent. "Her folks were not mad at me, Mr. Davis and his wife would like to see you hung, and at the same time they are glad there was no marriage. They don't want no such nincompoop as you in the family. As for Minnie, I think she loves you, but she will do as they say. You might possibly get her to elope with you."

"But them gypsies."

"Oh, their prophecy won't count if you elope."

"Then I'll do it!"

"Don't say a word to any living soul, but leave all the plans to me."

The agent was still making his temporary home at the Davis farm, and after a private consultation with the farmer and his wife the mother wandered out into the orchard where the girl swung in a hammock and said:

"Minnie, they say that that Graham idiot is struck on one of the Bebee girls.

"Do you mean George?" was asked.

"Of course."

"But don't talk that was about him! He's as smart as any young man around here!"

"But look how silly he's acted!"

"I've heard you say you believed in the gypsies."

"Well, I must have been talking in my sleep. If pa or me ever hear of your even looking at the Graham house as you ride by we'll be mad 'nuff to turn you out doors!"

"I shall look if I want to."

Then came the father, who stood around and coughed for a spell, and then asked:

"Minnie, did you ever meet Mr. Scott in the village?"

"No."

"He's the cooper, you know."

"Why, if that's the one, he's 60 years old."

"Sixty-three, dear."

"And what about him?"

"He wants to marry you, I think."

"Marry me!" exclaimed the girl, as she rolled out of the hammock. "Father, have you lost your senses?"

"But you see, Graham's idiot——"

"I won't hear another word!"

"Mr. Scott is a very nice——"

It was three days later when the fruit tree man had a chance to say to Miss Minnie:

"George doesn't believe in the prophecy any more, but his folks want him to marry another. He says he loves you, but ——"

"What?"

"If it was my case there'd be an elopement and let the old folks go hang."

"I wonder if——"

"I shall see George this afternoon and tell him so. I shall also tell him that at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon I shall be at the school house with my team. You understand—with my team!"

The morrow came. The father said he had to go to town, and the mother said she'd go calling on Mrs. Schemerhorn after dinner. Mr. Graham also had business somewhere, and his wife also had call to make.

The lovers took advantage of it. They arrived at the rendezvous almost simultaneously. The fruit tree man was there, also Squire Pelham.

"Take hold of hands, my children," commanded the latter.

"What for?"

"To be married. There can be an elopement without marriage, but there hadn't orter be."

The ceremony was over in five minutes, and then the fruit tree man said: "There always ought to be a bridal tour with a marriage, unless the contracting parties are lame in both legs. My rig is at the door. There are fruit trees aboard for Mr. Phillips, seven miles down on the county line road. You can deliver them for me and make your bridal tour at the same time. Fourteen miles is a purty good tour. Tell Mr. Phillips the varieties are Seek-No-Further, Wine and Northern Spy. When you come back drive right to Minnie's house. I'll be there."

That bridal tour wasn't a tour of Europe, but it was a grand success, and when the newly-weds drove up they found the four parents at the gate to welcome them.—(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

EVENING CHAT

BY RUTH CAMERON.

Finger Tip Brains.

There are a great many different kinds of brains in the world.

Some people think there is only one kind. Thereby they prove how little of the subject under discussion they possess themselves.

A man of this class, one of those unfortunate products of our colleges, who have evidently spent their college life in living to learn instead of learning to live, was speaking of a successful young business man about his own age, who had just been elected to public office. "It's a shame such men should represent us," he said, loftily. "I know this man and he is absolutely unpolished, and hasn't any brains to speak of."

Now, the man in question went to work in this city several years ago as an errand boy. He was fifteen years old. He had a grammar school education and no more. Today he is,—no, not a multi-millionaire, far better than that,—he is the owner of a small but prosperous, honest, and constructive business. He has made his money by genuine production. He has made it slowly; there are no enormous profits in his line, and no opportunity for graft,—for him at least. His success has meant constant watchfulness, constant planning, constant seizing of opportunities, constant application to all kinds of business problems.

Tell me, business men and women, do these things require brains or not?

Personally, I think the winning of an honest business success means an amount of brains to which the average college professor might well take off his hat.

No, of course they are not the same kind of brains which this man's critic has, or thinks he has.

But they are brains just the same, and valuable brains.

A young friend of mine wanted to take up hair dressing and the care of the scalp as a profession. Her family were horrified. They wanted to educate her to be a teacher or a librarian just as her sisters and aunts had been. "Have you no more brains than that?" they protested. They expressed a painfully common idea that manual work and brain work are wholly distinct things and that manual work is lowering.

Could anything be more absurd?

Work in which the hands must carry out the orders of the head requires a different kind of brains, to be sure, but not any less than straight head work. I am sure the lady who makes my hats has more brains in the tips of her deft fingers than many college girls I know have in their whole heads.

No work is lowering that is done well; no brains are to be discounted if they are honorably employed. Not to acknowledge that there are many kinds of brains in the world, and an urgent need for every kind, is to prove one's own lack of any kind.

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Ambition.

Let others work and lose their health
In piling up the sordid wealth,
But that is not my wish.
Let others burn the midnight oils,
Devising ways of grabbing spoils;
I'd rather sit and fish.

Let others solve the problems great,
Affecting the affairs of state;
None of that on my dish.
Let others hew the nation's path
And bear the thankless public's wrath,
I'd rather sit and fish.

Let others lead the strenuous life
That's full of worry, toil and strife,
But that's not my ambish.
Let others wear their lives away,
By living five years every day;
I'd rather sit and fish.

According to Uncle Abner.

More things can happen to an oatmobile in five minutes than kin happent to a hoss in five years.

It looks as though the crop of wild oats is going to be as luxuriant as ever this year.

It looks as though Woodrow is goin' to disappoint a lot of folks—a lot of folks who were sure he wasagoin' to fizzle out.

A man who goes to the office to have an electric lighting bill explained to him finds out for the first time how little he really knows about everything under the sun from the ethics of the drama to the nebular hypothsis.

A pedestrian who does not give a woman in an electric time to change her mind three times at street intersections is a candidate for the hospital.

What has become of the old codger who used to dye his mustache and try to make out that he was only thirty-five years old?

The difference between a journalist and a newspaper man is that the newspaper man has a steady meal ticket.

Lem Scroogs of this place has been in Philadelphy only two or three years and has made several hundred thousand dollars. He works in the mint.

KANSAS COMMENT

POLITICAL BREACH OF PROMISE

The third term mayor of Cambridge, Mass., classic home of historic Harvard, is Irish, 40, and a bachelor. Last time he ran he told the women he wouldn't change his race and couldn't change his age, but would solemnly agree not to run again before he had changed his bachelorhood. His blarney got him by, but did he marry? Did Barry marry? Divil a bit! So now he's running again and a lot of indignant women are after his scalp for political breach of promise. Thereby showing up another value in this growing enlistment of women's interest in public affairs. For with votes for women political bachelors will have to go. In their restraint of matrimonial trade guilt will be personalized and he who would bear the honors will also have to wear the chains. When Penrose of Pennsylvania was once reproached for not having taken a wife, he said he was ready to marry whenever "the organization" would pick out the woman. Mayor Barry can't escape by that excuse, for the Woman's Homestead association, Bostonese home boomers, say they're ready to help him choose if he's unable to do the choosing unaided. So we guess, Mr. Mayor, it's up to you.—Wichita Beacon.

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AUTOMOBILE SPEED.

The Kansas legislature repealed the speed limit for automobiles and made the provision that "no person shall operate a motor vehicle outside of cities and villages at a greater speed than is reasonable in the specific circumstances, nor at a rate to endanger life or limb," and it declares that a rate higher than twenty-five miles shall be presumptive (not conclusive) evidence of want of proper care in case any one's person or property is injured. This is a very sensible amendment. It cuts out the possibility of blackmailing automobilists by threatening them with prosecution for exceeding the speed limit. It is sensible, too, in this, that what is reasonable speed under some circumstances is not sensible under others. There are many places where the old limit of twenty miles an hour would be dangerous to life, and there are circumstances under which twice that speed might be proper. It is up to the automobilists, however, not to abuse the liberty given them in this law. Should they do so the next legislature may feel called upon to make another change.—Leavenworth Times.

FROM OTHER PENS

VACATION FATIGUE.

The remark is frequently made that vacation outings are "not half as restful as staying at home, except for business." It is true that one may sit in an easy chair at home with less fatigue than on climbing Bear mountain. But the vacation weariness is really recreative by the radical change of muscles and nerves involved. There is a fatigue that is deliciously refreshing, strange as it may seem. There is a getting leg-weary which completely obliterates all consciousness of brain weariness. It is illness, by mistakes in diet or excessive exertion, that is almost the sole danger of an outing. Nearly everything else is so helpful—indeed, one might say so necessary in a vacation—that all should embrace the release. Get tired through and through and sleep by the inexorable mandate of nature. Indeed, the alm should be to get too tired to worry, or mourn, or even think. Fatigue is sometimes regarded as an actual enemy by the ambitious man. It seems to block his way, and he rages against it. But one might as well rage against the necessity of breathing. For it is one of the few inexorable things in this world. Man has invented many things that, for the moment, defeat fatigue. A luxurious railway train seems to laugh at going on foot. But fatigue has wings and overtakes the train. One tires of the easiest chair. One tires of the telephone, tires of every labor-saving device—for the reason that fatigue springs out of our person and is always and everywhere a part of us in its season. The demand for rest is the definition of the finite. Every sundown proclaims a vacation, and softly curtains the world to that end. We may trim our lamps but the lamps burn out. There is nothing but "must stop." Suppose we do it here, with good wishes for your vacation!—New York Mail.

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DEBATING THE TARIFF BILL.

It is understood in Washington that the tariff bill just reported to the senate will be passed without substantial amendments. Neither the Republican nor the Progressive critics of the measure will attempt to obstruct action or to delay it by time-killing and record-breaking speeches. Still, if any senator or group of senators has data to prove that the Democrats have here and there cut too deep, have deprived industries of needed protection, have violated their own pledges of moderation and reasonableness in revision, it is his or its duty and right to present such data. We cannot have too little of the alarmist oratory of partisans who talk with an eye on the next election. To tell us that the Democrats are cruelly wronging the farmers because they have voted Republican, or that the Democrats are going to be rebuked a year from next November, or that the president has dictated to congress, is to tell the intelligent citizen nothing he cares to hear. Let us have no foolish, futile, irrelevant or melodramatic speeches "for buncombe." Let us have facts and figures bearing on the fairness and reasonableness of particular rates. Is the pending bill too radical? If so, let senators show just where and why certain reductions are too drastic from the viewpoint of downward revision. Revision is the order of the day, the benefit of the doubt should be given to the long-suffering consumer, and the burden of proof is on the critics of the bill.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

"He never seems to question a thing his wife says." "No, he never argues with her." "I wonder why?" "I suppose that she has told him not to."—Houston Post.

"My dear, I see you are having some clothes made for your poodle." "Yes; it is the latest fad." "Well, I serve notice right here that I don't button any dogs down the back."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The innocent bystander soon loses his innocence, or ceases to bystand.—Judge.

"Aren't you going to say your prayers, Willie?" "No, I'm not. I am tired of praying for this family without getting any results."—Life.

The Crank—"This is the last time I'll ever camp out." The Enthusiast—"Well, you shouldn't camp out unless you can enjoy yourself without being comfortable."—Puck.

Doctor—"I sent that patient of mine to your place to cure him of consumption." Farmer—"Then you sent him to the wrong place, doctor, to judge by the way our victuals are going."—Baltimore American.

After the motor-car smashup—"John! Oh John! Where are you?" "Don't know, Maria. I'm scattered about here somewhere."—Life.

Tom—"I don't know whether she sings or not." Jack—"She doesn't. I've heard her."—Puck.

Griggs—"I hate to play poker with a hard loser." Briggs—"It's a hanged sight better than playing it with an easy winner."—Boston Transcript.