

Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN. [Entered July 1, 1875, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kas., under the act of congress.]

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HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY. Subscribers of the State Journal away from home during the summer may have the paper mailed regularly each day to any address at the rate of ten cents a week or thirty cents a month (by mail only).

Anybody familiar with mint juleps will be disposed to excuse the colonel on that score.

The trial at Marquette affords one more evidence that anybody who wants a fight out of the colonel can get it.

Profiting by a contemplation of what has happened to the colonel, Mr. Bryan is taking no chances while the supply of grape juice holds out.

The roaring of guns prevents the hatching of chickens near New York and the Chicago Post suggests putting ear muffs on the hens.

A Brooklyn jury awards \$7,500 for the loss of three fingers. Considering the number of times they have saved a man's life, says the Washington Post, it is not a cent too much.

A New York millionaire while exhibiting a huge "souise" in Jacksonville, Fla., declared that he was the only original Jack Johnson. He must have taken a serious dislike to himself.

The expensive ditch-digging machinery of the Panama canal will not be of any use in digging that canal across Nicaragua. The handiest tool for the Nicaragua enterprise would be a pair of sharp scissors, as the whole thing is on paper.

Saturday last was a red-letter day on the Isthmus of Panama. The steam shovels, which have been eating their way through Culebra hill from east and west, met at grade, and the cut is complete. There is still a lot of dirt to be removed but the cut has been made.

Nobody knew how wide spread was the habit of taking mercury tablets until that Georgia banker died as a result of his experience. Since then there has hardly been a day that the dispatches have not carried a story of the swallowing of the poison by some one.

The Mahin law, which has been of great benefit to Topeka officers in the enforcement of burning thirst, is not doing so well in Smith Center, the home of Senator Ike. Smith Center is only 20 miles from the nearest Nebraska saloons, and the automobile roads are in excellent condition.

Missouri refuses to view with alarm since some enterprising newspaper statisticians have counted them and found but 112 Japanese in the whole state. The count has not been completed in Kansas but it is probable that the subjects of the Mikado are still fewer than in Missouri.

Ottawa puts on a town fair, and gets away with it without a rain, up to date, although it was cloudy and threatening every day of the show. It is such an unusual experience that Ottawans brag about the phenomenon and weather and forget to brag about the rather fifty little show in progress.

Harrison Parkman is a "bear" to work. The duties of his office as state fire marshal would satisfy the cravings of an ordinary man, but he has cut out a larger slice of trouble for himself by starting a state-wide "safe-and-sane" Fourth of July crusade.

The late Lew Schmuicker, who was buried at ElDorado this week, held an enviable record among Kansas newspaper men. Schmuicker had friends galore and no enemies. And the Schmuicker method should be food for thought to "cubs" who are just starting in the game. This is the secret in a nutshell: Schmuicker was a fearless writer, and he slammed where slams were required, but he never slammed a man by reason of personal enmity, and would rather abandon a punitive campaign than to resort to the bushwhacking methods of the ordinary liar.

WASHBURN COLLEGE.

Washburn college, like numerous other educational institutions of the United States, is not self-sustaining. To keep up an institution of the calibre of Washburn would make it exclusive. The country boys, who have graduated from Washburn into law, medicine or other professions or arts, would still be following a cultivator, but for outside donations to Washburn college. To be self-sustaining, Washburn would require a prohibitive tuition fee, and would be thinly patronized by pampered pets of the rich. The boys and girls from ordinary families would derive no benefits from Topeka's leading educational institution.

But the fame of Washburn is such that it is constantly within the sight of the philanthropists of the world; its value as an institution is known and appreciated. Donations and endowments from known and unknown sources have supported and improved the college until it ranks in the first division of sectarian colleges of the nation.

This year, the college has in sight about \$250,000 in endowments, which puts it in excellent shape, and unannounced several improvements. The endowment last year of \$250,000 from Andrew Carnegie, who does not want to die rich, and has the best idea for getting practical results from his money. He has spent years in proving his theory that money spent in the education of young people gets better results than money spent in paying the grocery and beer bills of the old down-and-outers.

A young man, just out of high school, may go to an endowment college, pay a moderate tuition fee and acquire a science or profession that would be prohibited to him if that money were left on his own resources, and compelled to collect a tuition that would make the school self-sustaining. He does not lose his self-respect, because it is not a "charity" institution. He graduates into the world of business, science, profession or art, and is in a position to help himself and others.

With the first signs of a slowing down of certain phases of business activity in eastern centers—a check noticed in orders for the future rather than in the actual handling of merchandise of any kind—came indications of widening exports. The instant Americans began to buy, the standard producers felt less concerned than they had been for many months with the problem of supplying the demands of their customers, they began to push their foreign trade, with immediate results.

In April the value of the exports of domestic merchandise was \$20,000,000 in excess of the figures for the corresponding month of 1912. Imports fell off more than \$18,000,000 in the same time. The surplus of exports over imports was less than \$14,000,000 in April, 1913. Last year the surplus was \$52,000,000. For the ten months ending with April the excess of exports over imports was almost \$582,000,000, a margin which has been surpassed but twice in the history of the country.

Such facts tell an impressive story of immense national resources and a wide margin of safety in the foreign trade of the country. Any serious decrease in domestic trade would quickly be followed by so great an expansion of the exports of American products that many lines of industry would find the loss at home wholly or in large part offset. It is evident, also, that there would be a rapid accumulation of credits in Europe which might be drawn upon for gold in case of any monetary stringency on this side of the Atlantic.

This change, in turn, would tend powerfully to stimulate large use of capital in the United States in new undertakings, with a trade and industrial revival the natural result. National prosperity rests on a wider and surer basis now than ever before. Foreign trade goes farther than at any other time in the country's history to insure great and continuous business activity.

SUBSIDIES ARE UNPOPULAR. But little has been said, recently, about that thinly venerated subsidy graft, the scheme to give the American merchant marine a free pass through the Panama canal. Last winter a few congressmen, backed by a lobby of ship owners, were waving the flag and spreading eagle feathers in their attempt to skin the government out of millions. They were using an "American improvements for Americans" talk as ammunition in the battle of hot air. They proposed that all American vessels pass through the Panama canal without paying tolls, and the foreign vessels be held up for an excessive fee. And they had the nerve to use the word "American" in connection with their demand.

When England and other maritime nations protested against the idea, and suggested that it would be no more than fair to open the canal to the world, if the merchant marine of one nation couldn't afford to pay tolls, the lobby came back with a regular shower of stars and stripes, pleas of patriotism and a lot of other bunk. They advised war with England and a lot of other foolishness. They called attention to the sea-rand old flag, but they neglected to touch on the vital points of the question; they neglected to admit that the canal was not digged by the ship-owning gang, but by Hi Haskins, of Punkin Center, Wisconsin, Jay Sisselburg of Last Chance, Arkansas, et al. The Panama canal, now, and when it is finished, belongs to the American people, and not to a few marine trusts.

Years ago this country knocked out a ship subsidy scheme, and it is not probable that it will stand for a subsidy, sugar coated, at this time. The taxes paid into the national treasury by the merchant marine holdings would not build one gate of the Gatun lock, or remove one slide from Cule-

bra cut. It would be just as reasonable for a shoe factory to demand that its products be shipped to consumers free of cost, because it was an American shoe factory; or for any person to demand the free delivery of an unstamped letter, because he was an American citizen.

It is not a question of subservience to foreign nations. It is merely a matter of reason.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

The Emporia Gazette suspects that Andy Carnegie's clamor for universal peace might be traced to the fact that Andrew no longer manufactures armor plate.

From the rhymeful University Kansas Farmer, the editor writes: "Here's a knock which makes us glad—the knock of opportunity."

Mrs. Belmont declares that Mrs. Emmaline Parkhurst is "the greatest woman of the age," but omits to state what the age of Mrs. Parkhurst is, says Frank Hartman of the Frankfort Index.

Don't get peevish if a high school senior offers to show you how to make a great success of your business. Just smile and be charitable because you know this week a senior is exactly two sizes larger than the world itself.—Atchison Champion.

The Coffeyville Journal hands this bouquet to Tom Cordry: "The last issue of the Kansas Workman was printed in Eric by Sam Wells and was edited by Thomas Cordry. As a result of long and careful cross breeding and fertilization he has produced a hope vine that will produce hops of such magnitude that a single acre will produce a vessel with some cracked ice and a little filtered aqua pura will produce a schooner of most delicious and exhilarating suds."

GLOBE SIGHTS

Over confidence is neglecting to cut the cards.

Probably the one who keeps count of the complaints is the busiest person.

A drunk man usually wastes a good deal of time telling how sober he is.

You have to prove it in the Bush League before breaking into the Big League.

Considering the number of inquiries, there is a good deal that isn't found out.

A boy in a beautiful home frequently will be a poor orphan and could go as he himself pleased.

Sometimes a modest individual gains a reputation for hauteur because he refrains from talking when he has nothing to say.

This is a great country to prate of the nobility and importance of education and pay a teacher about half what a plumber gets.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to say, "Look at the pretty, nice dress the baby is wearing. I expect the attention of the baby to keep it from crying?"

Possibly, as the saw says, faint heart has become a dress in the other hand, it may have kept a man from getting away.

In the Philippines, in case you are thinking of the plain dress, people have many holidays as if they worked in the postoffice.

A suff advocates a system requiring bachelors to dress in raincoats to distinguish them from married men, but the married men wouldn't stand it.

Heard on the street: "So he said he was a doctor, wasn't he?" "No, he didn't say any such thing. He said he knew you when he was a little boy."

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.] When a woman reigns at a tea she never reigns but she pours.

Marriage is a tie, but some people regard it as a silk knot.

Many a fellow takes advice that he doesn't know what to do with.

BY THE WAY

The Mumm wedding looks like a good thing for the groom. Being the manufacturer of a popular brand of high-priced headache, he gets part of the newspaper space. As a rule, the groom is ignored.

And furthermore, a trained and experienced observer might observe that when the pair were interviewed, she gave a description of her trousseau but the foxy groom-elect took up his space in advertising his booze.

This Walt Mumm may be extra dry, but he doesn't overlook an opportunity to advertise.

The colonel candidly admits that he never drank a high-ball or cocktail in his life. Hon. Muskegoe Red also prefers it barefooted.

Go ahead and swat the fly, and swat him a plenty, but be sport enough to give him a sporting chance to move his position—if he chances to be roosted in a second-class cut glass pitcher when the swat idea strikes you.

The social surveyors want the city to contribute \$500. Theirs is a laudable ambition. It is to commercialize a bowl-out of the lower crust that is too poor to start a libel suit.

The golf-ball is loaded with a dangerous liquid. Some say the high ball can give the golf ball cards and spades.

At the hour this paragraph was written, the big auto race was more than half finished, and the waiting undertaker was still waiting. If they can get a record, regardless of speed shown by the rival cars.

The married man who has any household accomplishments is a blamed fool if he tips his hand.

When House and Cain went fishing, they returned not with the much-esteemed fish that they got away. When asked for the score, they merely stated, in a superior sort of way, that they got some fish and a large number of bites. And as the chiggers were on the job, they brought back the bites as evidence to support a part of their testimony.

And it is hinted in some circles that they could prove the entire statement. Rumor hath it that House purchased a nickel tin of sardines at Cedar Point, and, failing to cut it open for the crowd, was constrained to bring "some fish" home with him.

SAYS UNCLE GAV

Don't be too sure that you are altogether a creature of free will. As a matter of hard, brutal fact, most of us are governed in big things by fixed ideas that amount to obsessions. When the fixed idea comes in free will files out of the window, and only a severe course of introspection will reveal its absence. Sometimes a severe fit of remorse or a mental shock will bring it back, but usually it is gone for good. Your course in life depends upon your obsessions.

The commonest fixed idea is that loosely described as conceit. The boy who early in life gets the notion that he knows it all is done for if he that does not put him into something that will jar him loose from the incubus that has cast a blight upon his existence. Next in frequency is the obsession of failure. Some men have been known to put themselves into a series of hard knocks too severe for their developing stamina.

Richard was examining a latch on the rusty iron-bound oak door that led from the stone stairs to the inside of the tower.

"Not afraid of ghosts are you, sonny?" he said laughing.

"Don't let's go in anyway," said the boy. "We can dry off on the balcony here."

"And we can walk back at low tide," added Richard. "Let me see; that will be some time in the middle of the night. You will have to go to sleep early, or you'll be hungry when you wake up."

The boy accepted the suggestion, and before many minutes had passed he had thrown himself down on the stone floor, unwilling to admit even to himself that he came faintly the sound of a woman's voice from somewhere within the tower.

"Gee! but wish you hadn't said what you did about the spooks and this place being haunted. I wish it wasn't getting dark."

The small unglazed windows of the tower let in a few rays of the fast-fading light of day and Dick could see the outlines of a huge stone fireplace in its simplicity, reminding him of the architecture of a thousand years ago. He also saw a rough oak table in the middle of the room.

"Great Scott," he gasped, seizing up a chair and running to it. "The door has opened, and crackers, too," he muttered, laying hands on a paste-board box.

"You're sure anything in the line of food looked good to him, but he hesitated before calling his nephew to join him in the meager feast that it would afford. Who had been eating in the tower? Was it the owner of the voice which he had heard so distinctly a few moments before and, if it was, where was she?"

These queries were stopped short and a sickening sense of dread came over him as a heavy door on the opposite side of the wall swung open.

Slowly and gracefully the figure of a woman walked toward him. A majestic figure dressed in white, crowned with a wind-blown aura of reddish hair that caught the last golden rays of the setting sun, she looked as if she could not possibly belong to any one but Miss Madeline Reynolds.

Even more intense than his first feeling of embarrassment. To face the incomparable Miss Reynolds even in this extremity, in his shirt sleeves, shoeless and collarless—he had left these accessories at the water, was unpardonable. He felt her eyes, though he could not see them distinctly since her back was against the light.

"How long have you been here?" she asked.

"A few hours, I should say," said Dick. "I was watching you stop by the sea water. We were caught in the tide, you know—my nephew and myself."

"Aren't you hungry?" she asked, stepping toward him and revealing a dozen different graces of girlishness and womanliness that Dick adored. "I'm myself, I'm myself, I'm myself. If I had known you were coming I would have waited for you. I will go and get your cousin. You

An Epidemic.

The office boy's grandmother dies at least three times a week; The bookkeeper develops ills Of which he's apt to speak.

The ribbon clerk abruptly jumps His job at 3 p. m. He says he's got the mumps And he must go to them.

The boss does not feel well himself, And thinks he needs fresh air; He goes out to the baseball park And finds his help all there.

THE EVENING STORY

Tide-Bound. (By Cora A. Dolman.)

They had climbed down in the twilight from the ragged coast to the smooth broad shore beneath, which spread for a quarter of a mile toward the ocean beyond. One was a man, Dick Beauchamp, and the other a boy of 12, was Roderick, Dick's nephew.

"Uncle Dick," the boy called out against the sound of the wind and waves, "hadn't we better turn around? Mother said I was to be sure you came in by 8. She told me she thought as long as you are over increasing stream burnin' you would want to see Miss Reynolds to-night and I wasn't to tease you to stay away. That Miss Reynolds is cross at you, she told me."

"Oh, Miss Reynolds—" Dick began in an offhand way, and then, looking out to sea he interrupted himself. "Curious sort of tower that—light-house or something. Funny place to have it, though, out there on the sand."

"Isn't it funny?" said the boy. "Come, let's go back to the hotel."

"Forget that," replied the plunking resolute out in the direction of the tower. There was a sudden look of annoyance in his face. "Turn around, boy," he said suddenly, not for Miss Reynolds, you know, but for the tide, it's coming in fast."

The two turned quickly about, while the flood of the incoming tide swept around before them and formed an ever increasing stream between them and the rocks. "Hurry, Uncle Dick," said the boy. "My feet are soaked."

"Something more than soaked feet," grunted Dick. "You'd better swim, or you'll lose your footing if you try to walk."

By this time they had both been swept up in the incoming tide, and, with a sudden sense of fear gripping at their hearts, the two were battling against a current that rushed with rising force toward the coast. In a second Dick had taken in the situation, called out in confidence in the plunking, "Make for the open, quick!"

He swam up to place a strong reassuring grasp on the boy's arm, and, with a sudden sense of fear gripping at their hearts, the two were battling against a current that rushed with rising force toward the coast. In a second Dick had taken in the situation, called out in confidence in the plunking, "Make for the open, quick!"

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KANSAS COMMENT

HARD ON K. U. This is proving a disastrous year for Kansas University. It really gets almost every year that one or two of the school's professors accept calls to other schools. Probably not a year passes that a large number of them do not receive calls to better salaries and Kansas pays, but this year an unusual number of them are accepting the calls and are going.

There is something wrong about this. Many of them who leave the institution to go elsewhere for better salaries go to schools in states that are no richer than Kansas and can afford to pay no more. A part of the wrong, therefore, is not paying sufficient salaries. Kansas has not kept up with the procession. There should be a maintenance tax provided for the University and it should be a liberal one. Our great school should not be dependent upon the whims of a legislature for its support.

We respect, however, that the lack of salary has not been the only cause that has concluded to the exodus of professors this year. We suspect that the meddling of the politicians has had more to do with it. The placing of the state in liquidation under a board promises ill for the future. The board at present constituted is a good one but the temptation of a \$3,500 salary is too strong and in the future the places will be filled by politicians who care more for their party than for the education of the youth of the state. Unless some change is made, the future of the University more and more and it is quite possible that the salaries of the professors will be drawn by those who have shown activity in propagating the doctrines of parties rather than by those noted for scholarship and teaching ability. Such a prospect is not pleasant for the scholar to contemplate and hence those who have opportunities to move then they have been before—Leavenworth Times.

THE MOTORCYCLE EVIL.

An esteemed exchange complains of what it is pleased to term the motorcycle evil. The terminology is proper enough but it would be more specific if he had called it the motorcycle evil for like most evils, this one depends upon the individual rather than on the machine.

In central and western Kansas the motorcycle has become a menace to the transportation problem and fills a place purely utilitarian. As the years go by and its portability increases, the machine is becoming more popular and the efforts of riders of good judgment is doing much to minimize the prejudice that was often greatly exaggerated. The present years when it resembled nothing else so much as a portable Fourth of July celebration going at the rate of 35 or 40 miles an hour.

The evil of the motorcycle, as has been suggested, is not in the individual and a few reckless and obstinate riders can do much to prejudice community opinion. The machines, which as long as they are as safe as the present time, will not become extinct. Suppression of the irresponsible and reckless motorcycle is not such a desirable thing to eliminate the evil.—Salina Journal.

FROM OTHER PENS

A SISTER'S LOVE. The world is filled with good emotions and good impulses, but seldom does an act display itself more luminously or more beautifully than in the exhibition of a sister's love. The other day a woman journeyed from New York to Washington to call on President Wilson. She was garbed in the robes of a Dominican nun, and in spite of her 62 years, she was as fresh and as beautiful as a face that flashed with remarkable intelligence. She had no letters or petitions or passports, and nothing to depend upon but her own personal appeal. She came to intercede for her brother, who is confined in the federal prison in Atlanta, having been convicted of a crime which she thought was a story which at least all literary people will take a profound interest in. This woman is known today as Mother Macpherson, and her brother was known as Miss George Hawthorne. She is the second daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who is connected to America's greatest novelist. She was born in 1851, and in 1871 she was married to George Parsons Lathrop, who, as a writer, second only to the author of the "Scarlet Letter," she collaborated with her husband in all of his literary efforts, and when he died in 1898 she concluded to devote her life to suffering humanity. She established a home for the care of those who are suffering from cancer, one of the loathsome of diseases. After a time she discovered that it would be better for her to devote her life to the service of the unfortunate, and in the carrying out of this purpose she joined the Dominican sisterhood. When her husband was her own and what her fortune left her was given unreservedly to the work and she then she has received assistance from other sources, but she not only has a hospital in New York, but also a country home for the care of the suffering people, outside of New York. In a number of ways she has abandoned the world, and all its allurements, which, for her, must have been great, because she had already achieved fame in literature, her sisterly love overrode the bank of her brother, Julian Hawthorne, who came forth from her retreat in an effort to relieve him of at least a portion of his physical suffering. No mother ever believed that her son could be anything but a noble "boy," but this exhibition of sisterly devotion and love is a lesson to the world which should be noted and have its effect. It was a pathetic and a very unusual spectacle to see a modest and self-sacrificing nun in Washington making a plea for the same old and noble affection which enriches the world, because it is one of the greatest assets of the human soul. Wilson will do it, not to know that everyone who knows him feels that he will do whatever he thinks is right; and no matter what he does, he must admire and respect the faith and devotion of this sister, who came into the world in order to render her brother whatever little assistance lies in her power.—Memphis News-Scimitar.

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