

Topeka State Journal
By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization for the exclusive afternoon publication in this journal.
The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

The Omaha Bee drags out the word "holocaust" and puts it into service in a reference to the recent hotel fire.

The income tax law soon will be in operation, but there are a lot of people who will have no cause for worry.

President Wilson is said to have sworn but once in six months, but wait until the office seekers get after him.

It will not be necessary to refer to Taft as the former president. Just call him Judge. It is an honorable title and probably one that he would approve.

The woman who spanked Carnegie when he was a boy is receiving a pension of \$10 a month. Probably any attempt to discipline him after he grew up would not have been similarly rewarded.

It is said that women will wear sleeves this year so tight that they will not be able to shake hands. Even that may be regarded as an improvement. For some years they have worn no sleeves at all.

Reforms come slowly but many of them finally arrive. A man has been fined by the police judge for spitting on the floor of a street car. Probably the offense will not be repeated. The price, \$15, is high.

Judge Taft can look back on his handling of the Mexican crisis as on a duty well done. It was his business to protect the lives and property of Americans in the disturbed country and he did it without a fight.

The Journal of the American Medical Association has discovered the prevalence of "autoleg." Presumably, says the Denver Times, it is a bit longer than its mate, due to the unselfish efforts of auto agents, supply dealers and old John Doe.

Untroubled by the experience of Pennsylvania in that line, Indiana is about to pass a law prohibiting the cartooning of candidates for office by newspapers. By communicating with former Gov. Pennypacker Hooster politicians might learn something to their advantage.

The state will not go into the life insurance business—not yet. But an idea of that kind once started is likely to keep bobbing up until something is done along that line as in the case of publishing the school textbooks. The people want time to think over these modern innovations. They can't be hurried.

Governor Hodges has performed no more commendable act since his inauguration, than his refusal to sign the "garnishment bill." It took hard work to get the law into its present shape. It has been on the statute book 20 years and to change it in the manner proposed would be to take a step backward.

Senator Davis' bill providing for the lending of money by the counties at 6 per cent interest on long time seems to be needless and uncalled for. Farmers now can borrow all the money they can give good security at 6 per cent and the lenders are not particular about repayment as long as the interest is kept up.

It is announced that President Wilson's secretary of the treasury will have authority to change the designs of the half dollars, dimes and half dimes, because in 1915 the present designs will have been in use for 25 years. The secretary has the right, it appears, once in 25 years, to make changes without the sanction of congress. Some of the treasury officials favor the change in these coins because they consider the present designs inartistic.

A lecture train to teach dairying will be run on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway lines in southeastern Kansas, March 11-15. The agricultural college will furnish lecturers. R. W. Hockaday, industrial commissioner for the "Katy," will be in charge of the train. The itinerary will include Junction City, White City, Council Grove, Emporia, Burlington, Neosho Falls, Humboldt, Chanute, Parsons, Coffeyville, Oswego, Chetopa, Columbus, Galena, Walnut, Fort Scott, Erie, Moran, Kincaid, Paola and many intermediate points. The train starts at Junction

City and completes its five day tour Saturday afternoon at Paola. Four lecture cars will be used on this train—one car for children, one for women, and two for men. The speakers will be Miss Frances Brown, Miss Florence Snell, Mrs. Mary Simmons of the extension division, O. E. Reed, professor of dairying, A. S. Neale, G. C. Wheeler, C. D. Steiner and H. L. Kent of the extension division.

THE RECALL IN ACTION.

For the first time in the history of California the recall is about to be applied to a judge, and it is to be invoked because of his abuse of his judicial power. A police judge in San Francisco named Weller reduced the bail of a prisoner held for a statutory offense against a minor. The guilt of the prisoner seems to have been clear and the offense especially flagrant. The extension of clemency of any sort was most unwarranted and wholly unjustified. The prisoner had committed the crime under circumstances that aroused against him the indignation of all right thinking men and women. Nevertheless the obliging judge reduced the bail to the sum proposed by counsel for the prisoner, and being released, the defendant promptly fled from the jurisdiction of the state and concealed himself from justice.

This so excited the indignation of the women of San Francisco that they invoked the recall. Only 7,000 signatures were required to make the petition for a recall election effective. More than twice that number were secured. Accordingly a special election will be held, and there does not seem to be the slightest doubt that this judge will be removed from the bench.

THE DEAR DEPARTED.

No finer tribute has been paid to the Republican party and its record of the past sixteen years or to the outgoing administration, than that of the New York World, a Democratic paper.

In an editorial directed to the ins it says of the outs:

"This once invincible organization has a wonderful record of achievement which its successor must not belittle. During these sixteen years the Republicans have established the gold standard, carried on the war with Spain, kept faith with Cuba, and carried on the war with the Philippines and Porto Rico, constructed the Panama canal, given us postal savings banks, rural free delivery, the parcel post, new railroad rates, laws to some extent the principle of international arbitration, and, during the administration now closing, enforced vigorously the laws of the civil and criminal laws against trusts.

"To Mr. Taft personally belong the credit of upholding in the face of many obstacles ideas of lasting value, and also the credit of his proposition in favor of Canadian reciprocity. By the one he has given the people of all parties lessons of lasting value in the subject of governmental extravagance. By the other he conducted a campaign of education against the folly and waste of carrying on the war with Mexico, which cannot fail to add much to public enlightenment."

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

The announcement of the national child labor committee's annual conference, to be held at Jacksonville, Fla., March 12-16, shows an entirely new feature of such a conference a meeting for children. The national child labor committee has prepared stories of child labor in the glass, cotton and coal industries, which will be told by children, while stereopticon slides are shown. In the eight annual conferences heretofore, there has been no attempt to interest children who play in the contentions of children who work, but the committee says it is coming to realize the need of including in its campaign the little citizens of the future.

GLOBE SIGHTS
BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

It is hard for a staunch patriot to see how his candidate can be defeated.

When a Mexican makes chile, it is as hot as the sun in the sky.

You never really know men until you have had business relations with them.

As a rule there isn't anything in an open letter that would warrant sealing it.

Not tipping the porter is one way to show an impression that he owns the Pullman car.

Mother has a watchful eye, but the children are clever at felling when she isn't looking.

What has become of the old-fashioned patriot who thought men should vote as they thought?

The latest thing to believe is that the people who don't agree with you may be right about it.

Politics is often as foolish as the old-fashioned torch-light parade which used to go with it.

A considerable portion of the famous "touch system" isn't devoted to operating a typewriter.

Then there are the sort of great men you might not notice if they didn't have a clear name for their kind.

It takes something more than Mary Gaudin's recipes to produce an atmosphere of "refinement," of which the poets prattle.

"I differ from most people in this respect: after I've won a place of prominence in the Hall of Fame or the big leagues,"—Rufe Haskins.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]
Spring poets will soon be in blossom.
Yet the Lord may not love a cheerful giver of advice.

A woman who writes a letter by the length of an actor from a frost.

A man can have a high old time without investing in an airship.

Even a fur lined overcoat may not protect an actor from a frost.

Many a man has discovered that he cannot borrow money on his popularity.

When some people know their duty they manage to get it off by asking aid.

It is better to pay doctor's bills than to have the undertaker collect his from your estate.

Before marriage she sits up late with him; after marriage she may sit up late without him.

The great trouble with the better half is that she is seldom satisfied with doing things by halves.

The man who agrees with everybody is almost as unpopular as the man who doesn't agree with anybody.

Nature plans well for the needs of humanity. What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.]
Appearances are so deceitful a girl past 28 can be fooled by her own age.

Maybe the devil didn't himself make the piano in the flat below, but he surely bossed the job.

The bigger a woman gets around the waist the smarter it is for any man not to let her think she thinks so.

Blubbish looks like a perfect poem. "Stobbs"—Yes, but if you try to kiss her, you'll find that she is not a Miss Yellowleaf.

"A great many young men have an entirely false idea about marriage. Miss Castigate, yes, but the world them actually expect to have their own way about it."

beatable, but no great matter. The charm lay in the telling.

But because he came across none there is no reason to say that no such new stories exist, or ever will exist. Despite all the clear-starching and glossy ironing of life, it is still raw and crude and lumpy, in places, and those so close at hand that no pioneering is necessary. Any newspaper, any day, is full of red-blooded occurrences; of the tales of money, mystery, adventure and love, which someone has said are all that is necessary for literature. The fine, flabby tales are such because they do not recognize this new material and these new conditions, but go on telling the same old stories of the same old people in the same old environments.

If far-away, new scenes are needed, our islands give them with new problems and new people. Some writers have already discovered this. A great writer will get a great story from them, despite Professor Perry's dictum.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

The Junction City Union is putting in a big new press.

Many Kansas papers would be short on interesting reading matter if it were not for Bert Walker.

John L. Gilmore in the Wilson County Citizen: "Neodesha has another whistle. R. L. Toot recently moved to that town."

The Presbyterians of Concordia have subscribed \$15,000 for remodeling the church. The Kansas notes two subscriptions of more than \$4,000 each.

John L. Baxter is the new editor of the Kanopolis Journal. He is the son of the former editor, William Baxter, who has recently acquired the Wilson Evening Globe.

When Maxine Newkirk missed the word "accommodation" by spelling it "accommodation," Joelle VanNess of Waverly won the championship of Coffey county and the \$25 cash offered by Democratic editor of the Republican, for the best spell.

"If you helped pay that \$6,000,000 dividend of the American Tobacco company," says the Jewell Republican, "it was not because the congress or the state or the county commissioners voted it onto you." Evidently the Republican takes no account of the revenue tax.

A man living near Sedan, advertised his suicide so widely he failed. He called a neighbor and said: "This is the last time you can ever talk to me." The neighbor telephoned for an officer and the man was found at home half dead of morphine. He was revived by a neighbor and said: "This is the last time you can ever talk to me."

The Salina Union, noting that a taxidermist had gone to New Mexico to look for fossils wants to know why that good money was wasted for a railroad ticket when he could have gathered the greatest on earth at Emporia. Now whom does Burton mean? And what does a taxidermist want with fossils anyway?

Prosperity item from Junction City: With a purchase of a 640-acre farm near Solomon Jacob Bolter, who lives near Junction City, has increased his central Kansas land holdings to more than 1,600 acres, the greater part unimproved and all worth more than \$100 per acre. He settled as a boy in Geary county on a rented farm.

FROM OTHER PENS

MR. LEISHMAN'S ERROR.
John G. A. Leishman, ambassador of the United States to Germany, denies only a part, and the smallest part, of the charge that is made against him. He has been sued by American professors for losses sustained by them in carrying out their official transactions on margins in Wall street.

Mr. Leishman's most emphatic disclaimer do not cover the main point. He says that he has not abused diplomatic privilege, but he has. He has refused to accept service in court proceedings. Almost as a matter of course he has refused to accept the charge that he attempted to use on the stock exchange for his own profit the official knowledge that came to him. But his exceedingly careful not to deny gives an impression that he owns the Pullman car.

If we can think of a president of the United States or a chief justice of the United States betting on the ups and downs of the stock market, perhaps we can reconcile ourselves to the fact that the American ambassador in Berlin is thus engaged.

It is a pity that the ambassador of personality, party and obligation of the Pittsburgh steel interests should extend for a single day a shame that has become international. New York World.

WHERE ONE TARIFF TAX GOES.
The one-dollar freight rate on lemons" shipped from California to New York has been sustained by the commerce court. The one-dollar freight rate on lemons is one of the many jokes of the Payne-Aldrich tariff.

By that act the customs tax on foreign lemons increased in order to enrich the California growers. It is a thing that looked like a great victory for home producers at the expense of home consumers. But the tariff on lemons immediately increased their freight rates so as to absorb the new bounty, and this proceeding which is now sustained.

Those who hope to profit by the tariff must take more than a superficial view. If a railroad can appropriate the rate by increasing its rates, why maintain costly political agencies to boom tariffs?—New York.

NO ELECTIVE POSTMASTER.

The proposed remedy would be much worse than the evil attacked. Elective postmasters would be more political and less efficient than appointive postmasters. What is needed is the placing of postmasters under civil service so that they can devote their attention to public duties and not to politics.

Senator Brewster is father of this remedy. He is in a very embarrassing situation for a militant progressive Republican. He does not seem to realize that in this he is progressing backward. Some short ballot legislation should be introduced to labor with him.—Chicago Tribune.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]
There is quite a difference between a close and a tight mouth.

When we speak of a delicate situation we generally mean an indelicate one.

How can there be safety in numbers when we are told that too many cooks spoil the broth?

It is quite possible that the world is happier because one half doesn't know.

The pessimist divides his time between wanting what he doesn't get, and getting what he doesn't want.

Blubbish looks like a perfect poem. "Stobbs"—Yes, but if you try to kiss her, you'll find that she is not a Miss Yellowleaf.

"A great many young men have an entirely false idea about marriage. Miss Castigate, yes, but the world them actually expect to have their own way about it."

KANSAS COMMENT

A DIFFICULT TASK.

A society of New York ladies tailors has decreed that the skirts for the coming season will be six inches narrower than the ones now worn. The skirts and the fashion magazines. This may not be attempting the impossible, but it will be a difficult task. A fashioned now the ultra-fashionable skirt permits the wearer to sit down with some difficulty, and she even walk in a poor, weak way, but it is so difficult to afford considerable handicap, and bar her from Marathon matches. That, however, is the present status of the skirt which already sufficiently narrow gauge to go a long way towards putting the petticoat manufacturers out of business.

And a reduction of six inches is surely some shrinkage from the present restricted custom of building a garment. The wearer to sit down, and she will have to be equipped with castors if she is going to get anywhere. It is the same with our well-known common carriers, and she may have to take her meals from the mantle when she is on a long haul. On further consideration of this six inch reduction, it is hard to figure how she is going to get on with a shoe horn. A puzzling problem it is, indeed.

In fact, if the decree is enforced, there doesn't seem to be answer other than that the woman herself will have to do some shrinking on her own part after getting out of the furnace.

The actions of the officials and bringing them to the attention of the public. The actions of the officials and bringing them to the attention of the public.

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PATENT-GOVERNMENTAL DEVICES

You can't make men good by passing laws. By law you can check intemperance and gambling, but something more is required than mere statutes to curb the desire of the man to comply with the letter and the spirit of the law. And it is likewise so of cities. Municipalities are made up of men, they have in any way the strength and the weakness of men. It is well to remember this when planning for municipal reform. Neither the commission government plan nor the federal plan nor any other patented device automatically make cities better. You can't adopt a new charter, and then sit back supinely and expect a revolution to occur. No matter what form the reform takes, it is imperative in order to bring about reforms: Good men, honest men must be chosen to office. The whole citizenship must watch closely the actions of their officials and bring upon them the full force of an active, wide-awake, democratic public opinion.—Wichita Beacon.

THE EVENING STORY

For Various Reasons.
(By Ellen Randall Pearce)

Enid guided wistfully out of the doctor's office window.

"It is out of the question," she said finally. "I cannot possibly take singing lessons."

Dr. Vane's eyes rested on the delicate profile of the girl who had entered his office for medical advice.

"A throat specialist would tell you the same thing—give you the same advice," he told her by way of confirming his professional opinion. "Your voice is organically perfect—it is merely sensitive, delicate. The little tinkle you have is only the effect of particles in the air that touch the sensitive membrane."

The doctor sympathetically when he saw the relief leap into Enid's eyes. "A few—a very few lessons in correct singing would strengthen that throat pipe which has no effect on it. His job so that even the fumes of a corn cob laugh was so spontaneous that Enid found herself echoing it. Her laugh was a ripple, musical and rich. The doctor listened.

"I have only indulged in singing as a form of expressed happiness," Enid told him. "My voice is perhaps not of the quality that would appeal to a vocal instructor."

Enid laughed a trifle ironically. "All voices appeal to some instructors—those who need the money."

"That is just the drawback," Enid said frankly, but not ungraciously. "I have to work from 8 o'clock until 6 in the basement of a department store. I could not practice vocal trills while showing a customer a washboard or a garter."

"Hardly," laughed the doctor, and watched her arise to slip into her too scanty jacket. "Will you promise me, however, to sing on all occasions and the troublesome throat as well as expressing happiness?" He held her gaze while she spoke, and knew without her answer that she would follow him to the best of her ability.

After Enid had left, Dr. Vane fell into deep thought. He had opened an office in the poorer district, that he might, in a small way, give his help where it was most needed, and also get ample experience in his profession. He sighed heavily over his inability to help the girl who had just left his presence.

He thought of the extraordinary beauty of the girl's face, and the doctor had difficulty in banishing it from his thoughts.

After her interview, in which a lurking fear had been forcefully dispelled, Enid felt more buoyant than she had for days. When she reached her tiny room that looked out on the crowded court of a tenement, she burst into a room of her own. After all, the world was a beautiful place.

"He is wonderfully helpful—even in his steady, fearless glance," thought Enid, and remembered the color of Dr. Vane's eyes.

While she sang lightly a window somewhere in the court above opened cautiously. Guido, an Italian musician, listened to the song, and he was almost as poor as the girl, yet his fund of music made him a king among kings. He lived in the tenement building that came from the perhaps heard music that came from the tenement building.

In his way he was a philanthropist—longing always to help the struggling musician. Also, he had his reputation to make as a vocal soloist. Guido played the piano in a small Italian cafe in order that he might have three meals a day. His diploma, won on the continent, for vocal instruction, hung in the small room. The tenement was a room of tenement, and the tenement was a room of tenement.

"I could teach that voice to sing—singing wonderfully!" thought Guido as Enid's song crossed and entered the court with its purity of tone. He put his head out the window and made sure of the one from which the song came. After that he went down to Enid's door.

"But I know nothing about music!" exclaimed the astonished girl when the Italian spoke of his longing to teach her. "And I have to work all day in order to support myself."

Guido fixed his dark eyes thoughtfully upon the beautiful face and altogether charming picture that Enid presented.

"I could teach you one or two simple songs immediately, and you could sing at the cafe where I play," he told her. "You would earn more than you do selling washboards and garters. I should be joyful, and Enid, too, was inspired by his enthusiasm.

"Could I possibly do it?" she whispered under her breath, but the Italian heard her.

"But it will always be near to help you. Come to my studio now! We will have a lesson. You will work no more in the basement!"

When we speak of a delicate situation we generally mean an indelicate one. How can there be safety in numbers when we are told that too many cooks spoil the broth?

It is quite possible that the world is happier because one half doesn't know. The pessimist divides his time between wanting what he doesn't get, and getting what he doesn't want.

OUT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Out in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
Just when I've nearly tucked
This blanketed room beneath me,
There comes the alarming thought,
With possibilities dire:
I have forgotten
To fix that blamed furnace fire.

I scramble out in the cold
With every nerve fibre quaking;
My nasal appendage is blue;
My elbow and knees are aching.
I stumble over rug and chairs
And make a terrible noise
By falling downstairs head first—
I've tripped on a pile of toys.

I strike a tin railroad train.
And slide over the hard oak floor
On elbows and shoulder blades;
My head bangs against a door
When I reach the basement depths,
I'm sick and I'm sore and lame,
I open the furnace mouth
And seek for the tongue of flame.

I find that the fire's all right;
That it's just as it ought to be
To last through the entire night
And that's where the joke's on me.
I remember when I was a kid
I fixed the blame thing all right—
I'd fix it and then forget
I've tripped on a pile of toys.

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