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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.
The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

A report comes via Washington that the situation in Mexico is critical. Is that any different from what it has been off and on for two or three years?

Present indications are that Jack Johnson is soon to be counted down and out, the White Hope having finally been developed in the strong arm of the law.

All fiction, even of the dime-novel variety, was outdone in a restaurant in St. Louis the other night when a man and a woman duelled to their deaths with knives.

More power to the arms of the receivers of the Kansas Natural Gas company. It did not take them long to decide on plans that will materially increase the gas supply.

More evidence that the Turks are not nearly as fierce fighters as their looks would indicate is found in the ease with which the Balkan allies are pushing back the sultan's army.

However, the decision of the dining car superintendents to increase their receipts by making a special charge for bread and butter will not bother the old-fashioned tourists who carry their eats with them in commodious lunch baskets.

In the minds of the superstitious, the results of the election are probably as good as settled. President Taft has been presented with a 6-leaf clover. The one recently given to Colonel Roosevelt was only of the 4-leaf variety. And Governor Wilson hasn't any.

If facility at letter-writing was much of a political asset, the Progressives in Kansas would always be assured of a victory. And isn't William Allen White the busy boy in this direction these days. If the campaign were to continue much longer, he certainly wouldn't have any words left for that new novel he has planned to write.

After Chicago had invested $450,000 in voting machines and had contracted to spend an equal sum for additional machines, the supreme court of Illinois stepped in and decreed that it would be unlawful to use such machines at the election. But Chicago's taxpayers are just as complacent easy marks as are those the country over. So what's the odds!

If the Women's Home Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church happened to be backing some political cause, it wouldn't have the slightest difficulty in raising that fund of $225,000 it desires to continue its work along effective lines. The capitalists of the land would fall all over themselves in getting their names on the subscription list.

That impenetrable veil which is said to conceal the most interesting operations of the T[illegible]an war will be lifted in a jiffy as soon as the American war correspondents arrive on the scene. And if the censors refuse to permit them to send out the facts concerning the struggle, they will provide the reading public with matter just as interesting, probably more so.

And the news that seven governors have given endorsement to President Taft's plan for the establishment of co-operative banking institutions for farmers also calls to mind the fact that the famous society of seven governors who egged Mr. Roosevelt into becoming a presidential candidate for a third term has been in a state of innocuous desuetude for some time.

Isn't it a trifle strange that men who are willing to run for office on the Republican ticket in Kansas make campaign speech after campaign speech without even so much as mentioning the Republican party? They are asking for votes because of their adherence to the new Progressive party and its principles, but they expect to get these votes through the medium of the Republican ticket.

At last there seems to be a good joke on some of the famous European scientists. They have expressed positive opinions that "cave painting," recently unearthed in Wales, belongs to the Aurignacian age of some 18,000 years ago. Less scientific investigations appear to prove that this supposedly marvellous memento of prehistoric man is nothing more than some rough daubs of paint applied by a boatman some 18 years ago.

BULGARIA THE KEYSTONE.

The fate of the Turks in the war now in progress will be determined by the outcome of the battles between the troops of the sultan and the forces of Bulgaria. There will be much bitter and bloody fighting in the mountains on the border of Montenegro. It has already cost many lives on both sides. Important engagements will take place between Servian and Turkish troops, and the Greeks will give and take their share of the hard blows struck. But Bulgaria will be the key of the situation.

This is made certain by the size and strength of the Bulgarian army. It is larger than the combined forces of Servia, Greece and Montenegro, counting only trained soldiers in every country. If the Turks can defeat the Bulgarians decisively they will be too strong for the allies as a whole. If they can break the Bulgarian lines and overrun Bulgaria they will hardly be stopped except by the great powers of Europe.

On the other hand, if the Bulgars can hold their frontier or force their way into Turkish territory and stay there, it ought then to be comparatively easy for Servia, Greece and Montenegro to clear the country southwest of Bulgaria and south of Servia and aid the Bulgarian army in driving the Ottoman forces back toward Constantinople. At the outset the scene of action is much nearer the sultan's capital on the Bulgarian frontier than it is anywhere else. The Turks feels that there is their chief and most imminent danger and there they are using their strongest army.

For these reasons it is necessary to watch the course of events on the borders of Bulgaria to ascertain how the war is progressing. It may be fierce and thrilling in other regions, but the crucial test will come somewhere between Adrianople, the Turkish stronghold on the road from Bulgaria to Constantinople, and Sofia, the Bulgarian capital.

MEDICINES IN CANDY.

"'Hurrah!' cries the schoolboy, and he shouts with glee."

No, it is not, as the poem in the old reader phrased it, over the coming of the first snow. It is the dawn of tasteless medicines that is back of his joy. Going are the horrors of sulphur and molasses, that always tasted like sweetened grit. Going, too, the gagging and grimaces when castor oil was administered by loving but heroic mothers. Going is all the agony attendant on doses of quinine and senna and wormseed. Faith, the matter is so inviting that grown-ups can cheer lustily, too, in the joy of their emancipation.

Don't start in to make the welkin ring, this very minute, though. This is one of the "not yet but soon" reforms. It will come just as soon as the wisely mercantile chemists can carry out the formulas which Professor Bernard Fantus, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in Chicago, gave to the world in the columns of the last Journal of the American Medical association. In that article he declared that "ancient medicine was nasty" and then proceeded to point out how fully twenty of the most nauseous remedies could be made as agreeable as candy, by the use of his formulas.

In his experiments Professor Fantus has turned his back on the milk sugar which has heretofore been used as a base in medicine and has adopted the cane sugar of every-day life. By this change and the helpful assistance of a friendly disposed confectioner, he has made tablets which even the wariest child would take without question.

Once Du Maurier, as great a novelist with his drawing pencil as he was with his pen, drew a picture of two children confabing. The earnest one, mindful of past treachery, solemnly warned the other. "If nursie asks you if you want a spoonful of nice, nice jelly, don't take it."

The Fantus tasteless candies, though, will not bring about such uncanny wisdom. On the contrary, children may really cry for them.

EPIDEMICS AND PUBLICITY.

Communities in which epidemic diseases prevail sometimes attempt to conceal the facts. This short-sighted policy is adopted under the erroneous idea that concealment will do the community no harm and will prevent damage to business and other interests, but that knowledge of an epidemic will reflect on the community in various injurious ways. Buffalo and Los Angeles, during the past summer, have had epidemics of infantile paralysis; notwithstanding the unsatisfactory experience of San Francisco a few years ago in regard to the concealment of plague, a few misguided business men, politicians, and unfortunately, a few physicians, opposed the efforts of the health departments in promptly suppressing the epidemic, wishing to resort to the old exploded method of concealment of conditions. Concerning this, Public Health Reports of September 20 has the following comment:

"During the course of the outbreaks in both Los Angeles and Buffalo there was an effort on the part of certain residents to belittle the importance of the epidemics and the active measures being taken by the health departments, with especial reference to the publicity being given regarding the presence of the disease and the number of cases occurring. However, in neither case did this prove a material embarrassment to the health authorities, who received earnest support of both the practicing physicians and the citizens in general.

"The impression that publicity regarding such matters injures municipal interests is based on a fallacy. The existence of an epidemic cannot be concealed very long, and the absence of frankness in regard to the situation under these conditions produces a fear and suspicion that it takes some time to overcome.

"There is nothing that inspires so much confidence in the ability of a community to cope with a sanitary problem as frankness and honesty at all times in stating existing conditions. It shows that the community has the situation in hand and that it has sufficient confidence not to be afraid to inform others as to what is going on. The ethics of concealment of epidemic conditions is of course indefensible."

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Nor is it often the case that a real choice cigar is given away.

* * *

Refusing to take "no" for an answer is also another easy way to become unpopular.

* * *

Some people waste a lot of gray matter figuring out what they'd do in certain emergencies.

* * *

While the foolish man waits for opportunity to knock at his door, his wiser and more successful neighbor has been out hunting for it.

* * *

If there was a way by which men could get the necessities and the good things of life without working for them it would have been discovered long ago.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

This is a great season for working reports Keith Clevenger. Even the cider is working.

Henry Luck, who was arrested recently at Kanapolis for horse-stealing, didn't have much.

The position a man gets away from home, points out the Oakland Blade, is never as good as his folks say it is.

The Dickinson County News suggests for a Bull Moose emblem, particularly suited for Kansas: The double cross.

As Hum Dinger, of the Newton Kansan-Republican says: We can't all be cracker jacks. Some of us have to be all-day suckers.

A revised version by the East Beaver Valley correspondent of the Herndon Nonpareil: "The frost is on the pumpkin" so get your fodder shocked.

A lawyer is always looking out for the costs of his client declares the Lincoln Sentinel, until it comes to his own fees and then he knows no limits.

Up to the time a boy is 17 or 18 years old, says the Troy Chief, he thinks his dad is the smartest man on earth. After that time he thinks the old man is the second smartest man on earth.

Hanch Glover is quoted by the Howard Courant as having said: "The brave deserve the fair, all right; but it is usually the coward who is afraid to run and make his get-a-way that has to take 'em and support 'em."

It often happens, says the Norton County News, that the man whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower goes to Europe in a cattle boat, and that the man whose father crossed in steerage goes over a first class saloon passenger.

Editor Duval of the Norton Courier concludes a polite request for his delinquent subscribers to pay up with the following jingle, partially expressed in sign language: As we pass up or down—Through country or town.—There's no friend so true—As a $ or $$.

GLOBE SIGHTS
BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Why is it that little people want to be the most important?

How carefully the barber combs your hair the wrong way!

There is a good deal in knowing when to quit, but some people know it too well.

It takes almost as much money to carry a stock of meats now as it does a stock of jewelry.

A boy who has an old man's way isn't very healthy; neither is an old man, as a general rule.

A conscience is a great institution, but don't forget that fear of getting caught also helps some.

Time teaches many lessons, including the fact that the clove is no disguise for a beery breath.

So often you hear a butterfly say something like this: "Of course, Father stayed at home."

Neither should a girl take great interest in powder puffs until she loses her zest for dolls.

There are so many mean dispositions that most of the horrors are exaggerated a good deal.

Although comparatively thoughtless, most people have figured out who pays the deliveryman.

You are used to monotony, but think how prison life must pall on an adventurous bank robber.

POI. TED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Self-neglect is worse than self-love.

Sometimes a woman's face is her husband's misfortune.

Beware of a meek looking man or mule. It may not last.

Many a fool man commands respect by merely looking wise.

Most people who live according to their convictions are convicts.

No matter how good a cigar may be it is sure to meet its match.

Many a married man spends the rest of his days wondering why he did it.

Perhaps a girl's red hair is for the purpose of keeping her temper warm.

If this old world was what it ought to be the reformers would be out of a job.

Most people manage to get stuck on themselves without the aid of any adhesive.

The probable explanation is that Methusaleh lived before patent medicines were invented.

But when a friend tells you something for your own good it's a sign that the pleasure will be all his.

The microbe of insanity is said to attack only the brain; therefore it stands to reason that most of us are immune.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.]

A girl catches a man by making him think he is catching her.

The best way for a girl to daub color on her cheeks is with a mustache.

If, instead of walking, a woman waddles she knows she does it gracefully.

It's a pity it isn't against the law to save money for then everybody would do it.

There's a kind of man who can poohpooh Cromwell and Napoleon because they didn't have steam heat.

BY THE WAY
BY HARVEY PARSONS.

The engraving on the Roosevelt certificate is almost as good as that on a gold certificate, but the real value of the Roosevelt certificate may best be ascertained by trying to pay for a cheese sandwich with one.

As a rule, the surgeon is not content with taking the case, but he wants to tinker with the works.

When Tip Thatcher got married, he announced that he would rule his own house or know the reason why. He has compromised on knowing the reason why.

The greatest difference between an old fool and a young one is that the old one has been at it longer.

Lives of professional politicians remind us that there is a vast difference between a job and a job of work.

Friend R. C. suggests that the Greeks who are chasing Moslems should be pinched for promoting the Turkey trot.

However, the latest reports indicate that it is no longer a trot but a fast lope.

Reformers may get some consolation out of the epidemic of holdups in Kansas City. The victims might have spent their money for Demon Rum anyway.

What has become of the old fashioned vaudeville team—tramp with red nose and one tooth and cop with a yard of inflated bike tube for a club?

We observe that our late friend Ponce has a regular job now. He is playing center on the University Kansan team.

Now that the pipe line is in the hands of a receiver, let us hope that we will get more gas and less wind.

Sometimes a geek brags about the fact that he always calls a spade a spade when the fact is that his vocabulary is so limited he can't think of a synonym.

SAYS UNCLE GAV

It is a feverish and futile life that is governed by bugaboos. The habit of accepting fear of rebuding for actuality is an insidious form of insanity that may not get you locked up, but it will spell ruin, just the same.

He who fears to attempt never attains. The form of opposition, multiplied ten times by his cowardice, becomes to him a huge and grisly ogre, while others find it but a stimulating foil. Opposition has not defeated him, but his fear of opposition has. The habit of substituting fear for the fact has undone millions.

They who cower in the shadow of misfortune have grappled to themselves with hooks of steel the greatest misfortune of all—utter helplessness. Having assumed that they are unable to manhandle the evil that threatens, they have magnified it until they suffer pangs out of all proportion to the reality. They have not learned and are not likely to learn, that there is nothing so impalpable as hard luck and that evil grappled with is evil subdued. Fear has conquered where the fact could have been overcome.

Most of our troubles are imaginary. Nine-tenths of them fade when faced. To shrink from them is to surrender, to increase them beyond their actual power to harm. For he that fears sets his body and brain against each other, and the end is moral and mental dilapidation.—(Copyright, 1912 by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Singing Is Not Declining.

I notice that Mme. Sembrich has stated that the art of singing is on the decline, but I believe that in making this statement she is speaking from her own point of view as a coloratura soprano, just as Mr. Frank Damrosch in his recent letter spoke from his point of view as a teacher. I should like to express myself in my capacity as a dramatic soprano.

I do not believe that the art of singing is declining because of emphasis on dramatic interpretation. A singer is not a creator, but an interpreter, and she is compelled to interpret that which composers have written and which enlightened public opinion has found acceptable. A singer and her style must be modified by the epoch in which she lives. The forms in which "Traviata" and "Lucia" are written would not be used by the composers of today. These operas will be revived but less and less frequently as the modern style of operatic composition gets a firmer hold on the attention and tastes of the public. This is what I think Mme. Sembrich really means by the decline of singing.

But to my mind these operas are worth prolonged and arduous study, not as an end but as a means. The end should be to apply the art of bel canto gained by that study to the singing of modern dramatic music. This training corresponds to the training in classic literature given our young men in the universities. Of such lack of proper schooling for our singers we have had many tragic examples of late in Europe, where audiences have impulsively tended to forgive deficiencies in operatic singing if they are counterbalanced by vigorous and persuasive acting. But these singers cannot last without bel canto. The art of bel canto will survive because artists cannot survive without it. It is necessary for the self-preservation of the singer, if nothing more.

Few years ago Lilli Lehman and M. Jean de Reszke proved that the art of bel canto could be applied to Wagner, and I myself believe that the art of bel canto can, ought and must be applied to the most "modern" operas, the composers of which seem to regard the voice as an orchestral instrument combinable with the others.

We must bear in mind that the art of singing is not empirical. The laws that govern correct singing were found out long ago, and form the only method of singing that exists. There is neither an Italian method nor a French method, nor even a modern method; there is just the right method. There is no need to imagine that because a singer is forced to adapt herself to the kind of opera of the time, and because the full resources of the voice are not exploited as such, the art of singing has died out.—Letter in the New York Times.

DAFFYDILS
BY U. NOALL.

If the Giants started a laundry would they clean up the Sox?
(Officer!! Dust off the electric chair!)

When the fog horn blows why don't the Armour Institute?
(Get out the bloodhounds! There goes the boob that put the toe in toast.)

If the prisoners in a jail divided into rival factions with which one would the homocide?
(Aw, take the handcuns off! I won't run away.)

PIXY WOOD.

The vat-like cups of the fungus, filled
With the rain that fell last night,
Are tuns of wine that the elves distilled
For revels the moon did light.
The owlet there with her "Who-oh-who,"
And the frog with his "All is right,"
Could tell a tale if they wanted to
Of what took place last night.

In that hollow beech, where the wood decays,
Their toadstood houses stand,
A little village of drabs and grays,
Cone-roofed, of fairy-land.
That moth, which gleams like a lichen there,
Is one of an elfin band
That whisks away if you merely dare
To try to understand.

The snail, which slides on that mushroom's top,
And the slug on its sleepy trail,
Wax fat on the things the elves let drop
At feast in the moonlight pale.
The whippoorwill, which grieves and grieves,
If it would, could tell a tale
Of what took place here under the leaves
Last night on the Dreamland Trail.

The trillium there and the May-apple,
With their white eyes opened wide,
Of many a secret sight could tell
If speech were not denied:
Of many a pixy revelry
And rout on which they've spied,
With the hollow tree, which there, you see,
Opens its eye-knots wide.
—Madison Cawein, in the Century.

THE EVENING STORY

Heart of Joy.
(By Maude J. Perkins.)

Joy drew rein at the dip of the butte above Bon Ami ranch. She would have to pass it on the way down to Ripping Ford, or take a roundabout trail that would land her in town at night.

Back at the home ranch lay Piute Joe with a fractured shoulder and his ribs ripped like shavings. It was the aftermath of a steer fight. And while she didn't particularly care for Piute or his code of life, he was too good a foreman to let die without even a running chance. So while her father had sworn and tried to pacify Piute with frequent applications of rye extract, Joy had saddled Babe and ridden after a doctor.

Down near the bars she could see Steve. He was bridling a pony and whistling. Babe cocked her ears, and whinnied shrilly, nosing the air. Steve looked up, and waved his hat in the air in swift salute, and Joy dug her little high heels in the mare's sides.

She would show him that she had no intention whatever of calling at the Bon Ami. She gathered the rein short and Babe merely danced and twirled, then headed on a run for the corral. In front of the bars she stopped short.

Steve came slowly toward them, his eyes full of keen enjoyment of the situation. Joy was scolding the pony and punching her with her knees, but Babe never stirred. Instead she went further, and played the traitor outright by nosing out to Steve as he neared them.

Then Joy lost her temper. She would not stand there and allow him to talk to her. Rising in the stirrups she lashed Babe for the first time. Babe danced lightly laid her ears back and took her medicine, but stood her ground.

"Did you want her to go along, Joy?" asked Steve.

"Do you think I'd turn in here of my own free will, Steve Carteret?" flashed back Joy. "I'm going to town, and took the short cut."

"Pretty late for a town trip tonight, girl. Anything wrong?"

Joy hesitated, her face turned from him. She didn't want his help or advice.

"Doc Cassidy's here now. Just happened along, and I thought if you needed him—"

"Oh, we do." Joy forgot her own anger at the remembrance of that agonized figure stretched out on the bunk at home. "Piute's been gored by a steer. Father's afraid he's all in this time."

"Piute's an awfully disturbing party to be doing any favors for," said Steve, carelessly. "I hope that steer ain't got in ahead of me. I'd like to finish Piute myself."

"Why?" Stormy and bitter Joy waited, sitting very straight in her saddle, her face rather white, her hands ice cold, as they gripped the slack reins. For the first time she met Steve's eyes, and there shone in them the full memory of their last meeting. She had told him then plainly that any man who rode down to Pasaveras Saturday nights couldn't travel the same trail with Babe and her.

"Who says I ride there?" Steve had asked.

"I heard you did."

"It's a lie, Joy."

"Then where were you Saturday night?"

"I can't tell you that, girl, dear. It was private business."

"Where's your nugget pin?"

Steve's hand had reached for his tie. The pin had been Joy's birthday gift to him, and it was gone.

"I can get it back. I kind of mislaid it."

"Kind of mislaid it! You know, Steve Carteret, you gave it to Dolores Pasaveras Saturday night."

"Piute told you that, didn't he?"

"What does it matter who told me, as long as it's true?"

And suddenly Steve had reached for her and held her close in his arms, his face near hers.

"It ain't true. You know it ain't, Joy. Piute's been trying to steal you away from me ever since he came here as foreman."

"Then tell me where you were Saturday night, Steve; please tell me."

"It ain't any affair of mine, Joy, so I can't tell it. Piute knows about it, too. He's a friend of the fellow's, same as I am, and I thought we all stood together on it, but I guess Piute was dealing double. I can't tell, though."

She had asked Piute himself the next day, as she sat mending a snapped stirrup strap.

"Steve's just trying to square himself," Piute drawled lazily, comfortably, shifting his cigarette. "I see him let Dolores take the pin herself out of his tie, and I bought it from her afterwards, just to prove he was there. I knew you wouldn't take my word for it."

"Maybe I don't even now. Hand me that rivet punch, will you, please?" said Joy with dignity. "Steve's a mighty good friend of mine."

"Mighty good friend to Dolores, too," laughed Piute, and he dodged the iron rivet punch just in time to save his head. "You little cat," he muttered. "You know it's the truth just the same."

And Joy had her doubts. Somehow she had managed to convey to Steve those doubts without going into details, but she had not told him of Piute's proof.

"That's why," said Steve, quietly now, and without explaining, and she knew what he meant. Babe headed for home at the swift jerk to her bit, but after her came the steady hoofbeats of Steve's big broncho.

"I won't ride with you," Joy called back, but Babe, the traitor, slackened speed for her old mate. And suddenly they were shoulder to shoulder, and Steve's big warm hand gripped hers.

"Yes, you will, girl. You'll take the long trail with me some of these days, and you know you will. Remember what I used to call you, 'Heart of Joy?' That's what you've been to me, you know, ever since I first saw you chasing the wind on Babe, here."

Then she turned her face toward him.

"Piute's got that nugget scarfpin of yours, and he showed it to me. What did you give it to Dolores Pasaveras for, Steve?"

"I didn't. I gave it to Piute himself."

"He said you were at the dance with her?"

"And you believed that?" Steve let go her hand. "I'll make Piute tell you where I was that night, if I have to grip his soul's coat tails on the way down to——"

"Steve!"

"But I will," sang out Steve. When they reached the home ranch, Joy slipped from her saddle, and almost ran to the bunkhouse where the foreman lay. Her father was there, and some of the men. Piute opened his eyes and grinned feebly when he saw her, with Steve shouldering in his way behind her.

"Reckon you win, Steve," he said, hoarsely.

"Tell her where I was that night," Steven bent over him doggedly.

"The pin's over yonder," muttered Piute. "You can have it back."

"Yes, I can have it back, but I want more back than that."

He stooped and raised Piute's head. "You're perched right square on the edge of eternity, Piute, and you're going over it, do you know that? Going easy, too, and decently, when by rights you ought to be swung out on a rope's end. Suppose you pay a last tribute and tell the truth."

There was a dead silence in the place. The boys stared at the face on Steve's shoulder, and forgot to drop their hats. Whenever a party passed over or a pretty girl showed up, hats were removed at Ripping Ford. It was an unconscious custom. But Piute was an exception.

"One of the men at Steve's ranch stole money and everything he could lay his hands on." His eyes were closed. The words came slowly from his lips. "His wife was sick down east and he wanted to send after her. Steve rode out after him that night with a couple of other fellows. Old Pasaveras bought up a lot of the stuff, and I saw the pin on Dolores and got it from her."

Joy's father and the doctor came in, and the voice from the bunk was silent.

"That's why I couldn't tell you, girl," whispered Steve, one arm around her. "The poor fellow was scared to death. We found him hiding toward dawn in the hills, and he's working back on the ranch now, and the wife's with him. When are you coming home, honey girl?"

Joy's lashes raised, and she smiled up at him wistfully. "I—Iguess I could next week, Steve."—(Copyright, 1912, by McClure's Newspaper Syndicate.)

EVENING CHAT
BY RUTH CAMERON.

How very, very large are the little things of life!

We were talking the other day about a woman who had carried herself wonderfully through a terrible ordeal of threatened disgrace imminent to the one she loved most dearly, and then had utterly failed in forbearance and graciousness towards a thoughtless but repentant friend, and some one said:

"She is one of those people who are splendid when there is any big occasion to be met but failures in the little relations of life."

Let some big trial, some great test demand their energies, and they immediately rise to the height of the need. But when the great moment is past, and it's just a case of enduring and forgiving the little pin pricks of everyday life, they fail ignominiously.

They are big enough for the big things but not for the little things.

And yet after all who can blame them? For who does not know how very, very large are the little things of life?

How the little annoyances sting us! How the little disappointments loom like life tragedies! How the little temptations to temper and injustice and unreasonableness overcome us! How childishly we give in to the little weaknesses!

"The little ills of life," says Thackeray in one of those wonderful asides that are half the charm of his books, "are the hardest to bear, as we all very well know. What would the possession of one hundred thousand a year, or fame and the applause of our countrymen, or the loveliest and best beloved woman—of any glory and happiness or good fortune, avail to a gentleman, for instance, who was allowed to enjoy them only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside of it? All fame and happiness would disappear and plunge down in that shoe. All life would revolve around those little nails."

When a lover in the ecstacy of the wonderful passion says to his beloved, "I would be willing to die for you" she thinks he has expressed the acme of devotion, and only realizes that there is something bigger than being able to make one big sacrifice when she finds that he is not willing to live for her, in other words, that he is not big enough for the little things.

"Help me this day to be big enough for the little things."

How is that for a morning prayer?

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Wigg—"Scribbler is a novel writer, isn't he?" Wagg—"Not very."

Hope is an airship. Disappointment is a parachute that lets him down easy.

You don't have to take a course in physical culture to carry other people's burdens.

The fellow who is sowing his wild oats can generally be depended upon to raise the deuce.

"Love maketh a light heart," quoted the Wise Guy. "Also a dark parlor," added the Simple Mug.

Most of us are willing to concede the superiority of our friends when it comes to making mistakes.

The Cynical Bachelor rises to remark that the only man who can truthfully say his wife is an angel is the widower.

A girl may allow her mother to pick out a husband for her, but she asserts herself when it comes to selecting a trousseau.

Hoax—"I can't drink whisky. It makes me crazy." Joax—"Then why don't you drink beer?" Joax—"Beer makes me froth at the mouth."

Blobbs—"I suppose there are times when all doctors have to give superfluous treatment." Slobbs—"Yes, I once knew one who prescribed a nerve tonic for a man who turned out to be a book agent."

KANSAS COMMENT

WANTED: A HERO.

We should hardly go so far as to say the novelists are all suffragettes even that the female fiction factories are all out for Votes for Women. But the books lately drifting this way have surely displayed the dainty dago hand of women working for the Cause. The heroes who aren't entitled to be called that, were weak sisters, who broke when the burdens were heaviest, and left them to be borne by a woman of great fortitude and high purposes. None of the clinging vine heroines of the sort we used to know nor heroes of sturdy oak who went triumphantly to the finish with the ivy about their neck. The latest and, it seems to us, the best of these books we've been browsing through is "The Soddy," by Sarah Comstock, Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers. It is an interesting tale of some country God forgot, a drouth-stricken land where pioneers hung on by their frazzled forelocks while crops and prospects were swept away by hot sun and hotter winds. To this desert desolation came Dexter Hayden, with much hope and little capital. He showed better than the average at the start, a clean, hopeful, hardworking young man, who seemed destined to do things worth while, but three crop failures and a prairie fire broke his proud spirit and puny purse, and he went east where they might pay real money for his efforts. Not so the prairie princess he had won and wed. She stayed on in the face of heavy odds, to redeem the land she loved by irrigation from the underflow of a river which apparently ran only on rare occasions. Months passed, and unto them a child was born, which was the magnet to draw the husband back. He came as she held by a hair between life and death, and life won, and they lived happily ever after, as they should. A fine story of woman's devotion to a man, full of the pathos of parched plains, and brightened now and then by the quaint humor of pioneers. A tale worth while surely to those who have seen Kansas rise triumphant from drouth and desolation of divers kinds. She knows her west, does Sarah Comstock. But the fact remains that mere man gets the short end of it, which, with due regard for the brave women who also stayed, doesn't accord with the facts in the case, and suggests somewhat the suffragete in action.—Atchison Globe.

THIS IS MURDERLAND.

Those tender hearted persons who contend that the extreme punishment for murder is too severe, may be interested in the statement that the ratio of executions in this country is one to eighty-six crimes. They may also find food for reflection in the statement of a Massachusetts judge who has investigated the subject, who says that there are more murders committed in this country than in any ten other civilized countries, excluding Russia. Last year there were nine hundred more murders than in the year before.—Ottawa Republic.

FROM OTHER PENS

POLICE INEFFICIENCY.

Belligerent members of the Chinese tongs in New York are becoming almost as impertinent and dangerous as the white gun-men of the city. Until recently they were a menace to persons outside their race only when those outsiders interfered in matters purely oriental, or possibly as they were unskillful in their shooting, but in their last outbreak they completely smashed tradition by killing any one who happened to be in sight and finally by openly defying the police, even going so far as to deliver a volley at them. It is impossible to escape the conviction that the police themselves are responsible for this condition of things. The Chinese are an observing people and those in the New York settlement must have noted the constantly increasing inability of the bluecoats to deal with Manhattan brigands. It can scarcely be outside their knowledge than at the Zelig funeral gunmen with drawn revolvers threatened newspaper photographers in the very presence of police officers and that the latter, far from attempting to make arrests, frankly confessed their inability to deal with the situation and advised the photographers to retire. It is beyond reason that orientals should hold in great fear or respect peace officers as impotent as this, and it is small wonder that they evidenced their contempt by a little wholesale murder and open resistance to representatives of the law. The fact that the police afterward showed some unwonted activity and actually nabbed four of the orientals may perhaps convince the tong men that they were guilty of a slight error of judgment in supposing that they were to be treated with the consideration given white gangsters. It ought to create much interest among the citizens of New York as a whole, who assuredly must be inquiring among themselves why it is easier to catch a yellow gunman than a white one.—Detroit Free Press.

SAILING VESSELS AS FREAKS.

Sir Thomas Lipton is at hand if the Americans want to give him another chance at the America's cup. As three times loser, he wants it more than he ever did before, for the very reason that he has tried for it so determinedly and lost it. He has come over this time without a challenge in his pocket, because the last time that he instigated a challenge there was objection to changing the rules to meet his views. He is as loud against racing machines and in praise of yachts of a good practical type as ever he used to be. However, the moderns can turn upon him now in these days of motor boats and tell him that the day is close at hand when all sailing vessels will be recognized merely as freaks. What would he think of that?—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Extremes.—"You refused the earl, Amalie, dear?" Young Widow—He's too old for me." "But his title?" "That's too new for me."—Die Muskete, Vienna.

"Why don't you play bridge?" asked the solicitous friends. "It is easy to learn." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "but it is so hard to forget."—Washington Star.

The Quarrel.—"You said, when you proposed, that you'd rather live in eternal torment with me than in bliss by yourself." "Well, I've had my wish."—London Opinion.

Consolation. — Husband—What! The fifth summer hat! This is outrageous. Wife—Never mind, dear, fall will soon be here.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Helping Him.—Tramp (while the young magistrate helplessly turns over the pages of his lawbook)—Please allow me to assist you, page 317, the third section from the bottom.—Fliegende Blaetter.