

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL

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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's news from that organization for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.

One of the joys of the fall season is the chrysanthemums. Just stop and drink in the beauties of these flowers whenever the opportunity is afforded. They are inspiring.

It's a good thing for the pocketbooks of the men that their wives do not follow their example of betting hats in a promiscuous fashion on the results of election, or on any other proposition, for that matter.

There was no need or excuse for the Greek ship, the Fanaghyliardopolia, which arrived at the port of New York the other day, to have carried any freight. She would have done very well to have just brought in her name with safety.

It is just about time for the admittance to Christmas shoppers to do their shopping early. As a stitch in time saves nine so does early Christmas shopping, when the stores are not overcrowded, save the patience both of the customer and clerk.

The county commissioners have been petitioned formally to improve the Seabrook road for a mile south of that town. It probably needs it as do many of the other roads radiating from Topeka.

Certainly the Democrats made no mistake in one way through putting Norman E. Mack at the head of their national committee. He is going to make good the deficit, financial, of course, incurred by this committee in the campaign out of his own pocket.

Mr. Gompers announces that if he is adjudged guilty of contempt of court in the proceedings against him which are pending in this regard he will go to jail before he will pay a fine or permit the American Federation of Labor to pay it for him.

Where the Reuf trial has been resumed is likened to an arsenal with the armed guards that now infest and surround it. This is only another case of locking the stable door after the horse has made an exit.

The wife of a New York millionaire has started an anti-noise crusade and has had several phonograph records made of the noises that may be heard every day and night in the week on the thoroughfares of New York city.

Another fond illusion has been shattered. A national lecturer for the Theosophical society recently delivered himself in Chicago of the information that the snakes seen by the drunken man are real. He says that the intoxicated person who sees snakes actually sees them on the astral plane.

of the law of sobriety. The penalties meted out in the astral plane are as painful as the penalties which men suffer in the material world.

THE STATE FAIR.

It is quite time that the business men of this city were getting busy with plans to do their share in impressing upon the members of the legislature the necessity for the establishment of a real state fair in Kansas and also for its location at the city of Topeka.

Next in importance, to this is the location of the fair. And Topekans can well say that this, the capital city of the commonwealth, is the ideal place for it.

It takes a real diplomat to ascertain what friends or relatives would like for Christmas presents without leaving with them the idea that they may expect them.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

The Garden City Telegram is urging people to boll their water. Ordinarily water is too scarce in that part of the state to be used for anything but steam, advises the Hutchinson News.

And it behooves Topekans to get together and work with might and main for the founding of the state fair in this city. The task should not be difficult in view of the material with which they have to work.

MR. STUBBS' GOOD PLANS. Not even the most captious of critics can discover a good reason to find fault with the plans for the betterment of the affairs of Kansas and Kansans that Mr. Stubbs, the governor-elect, has in mind.

When a farmer comes to town with a young colt following an old mare, he has a problem that a woman is often faced with. A widower with seven children stands a better show matrimonially than a Spin, with beauty, family, character, and money.

THE GIRLS ARE NOT STOPPING TO catch their breaths in their chase for a new young man in town. He has neither looks nor money to recommend himself.

THE RECEPTION OF PROFESSOR ADLER, whose Jewish origin and whose education for the Jewish ministry are officially catalogued in the Herby directory, is more than an educational significance.

KANSAS COMMENT

CONDITION OF THE ROCK ISLAND. It is understood in financial circles that the controlling interests in the Rock Island system are very well satisfied with the present status of the financial affairs of the Chicago and Pacific Railway Company.

It is authorizedly stated that the company now has no floating debt and that in its treasury, in addition to a comfortable amount of cash, there are the bonds of the Toledo, St. Louis & Western Railroad company, received in payment for the Chicago & Alton stock which the Rock Island sold to the "Clover Leaf," and also other valuable assets considerably in excess of the aggregate of current liabilities.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Frequently, a man who is a good dancer and is particularly light on his feet is also light in his upper end.

Maybe a horse is safer than an automobile because the driver does not have to depend entirely on his own intelligence.

Many men never get the opportunity of being just how lucky they were when certain girls refused their offers of marriage.

It takes a real diplomat to ascertain what friends or relatives would like for Christmas presents without leaving with them the idea that they may expect them.

DEMOCRACY NEEDS A NEW LEADER.

It will be a hard matter for the rank and file of democracy to give up the leadership of Mr. Bryan, but it must be done. He has been fairly tried in three battles, and he has failed.

FROM OTHER PENS

HOLLAND AND VENEZUELA. A similar action in revoking her treaty of 1894 with Venezuela is an act of retaliation which may have serious results for President Castro's country.

THE HUMAN POPULATION OF country villages, most sad to see, is every year rendered less intelligent than it was 100 years ago.

Does Your Spine Shiver? "A shivering spine," said a psychologist, "is the one infallible proof of an astic temperament."

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR. [From the New York Press.] The reason the baby is always so smart is because its parents aren't.

THE EVENING STORY

Hunting a Homemaker. (By Lulu Johnson.) A mere toddler of a boy stood on the bank above the railroad track.

Found a Deed of 1768. A deerskin parchment deed or indenture dated 1768, one year, August 20, 1768—140 years ago—was found in the waste brought to the Burnsider paper mill a few days ago.

Little Mrs. Bodington pulled me through without a lot of palaver or thousand-dollar doctors to help her. Leave a couple of nurses to wait on her, and the rest of you go to the hospital.

"There is an excellent hospital not fifty miles from here," suggested the family physician. "I can look after you with better assurance of successful treatment."

"Sugden, you're an ass," declared Fairbairn, irritably. "This little woman nursed me single-handedly through an attack of bronchitis, and I guess she can attend to the convalescence."

"I will not undertake to be responsible for the consequences," said Sugden, with ponderous emphasis.

"You don't have to be," was the acid response. "You are going to be packed out of my life with you."

"Do I understand that your name is Robinson Crusoe?" said he.

"Furber was reporting out that he was born in Wardo, Norway, 40 years ago and that he is a mariner, engaged mostly on coastwise vessels on the United States shores."

"Sight Restored by a Rabbit's Eye. Much interest was aroused among physicians yesterday by the announcement of the successful grafting of the cornea from the eye of a rabbit upon the eye of a young man who had been blind since his ninth year."

"I am glad that you were not miffed by the woman who thought that the excitement would have been bad for you."

"It is not the trip I was dreading," admitted Fairbairn, frankly. "I like it here, but I was to stay a little longer. My secretary will stay over in town and bring my important mail every day, and the two nurses will relieve you."

"If you want anything else, buy it or hire it or something. Wilson will give you what money I need. Wilson will be with you until you are well."

"I must be very nice to have someone to do your work the way you want me to do it. Full of sympathy, I said that you are so pleased with him."

"I'm pleased with him," said Fairbairn, meaningly, "so long as you are not too well pleased with him. You won't be pleased with him" he pleaded.

"No more than I am now," she promised, and with that Fairbairn was drawn by the woman who had made him so comfortable.

Fairbairn was in love with his newly found home comforts rather than with the woman who had made him so comfortable.

"I need you very much," he said, earnestly. "I have a house that covers half a square in the most expensive residential district in New York. I have three yachts, something like a dozen automobiles and all the sort of thing, but I have no home. Not since I was a boy, have I realized what a home is. I want you to be my homemaker, and when she died, I never dared repeat the experiment with the women in the set I lived in. You are different. For years I have been hungry. Don't you think that you can come and make it for me?"

The little woman paused for a moment and looked at him. "I am a multi-millionaire as earnestly as though she had not devoted weeks in that pursuit."

There was no ardent affection in tone or look. Fairbairn discussed the matter with as much feeling as though he was discussing the making of some wild sport of his chances if I married him. I also knew that he would

HUMOR OF THE DAY

"Does your husband play poker?" "I don't know," he said. "I broke I always feel that it is necessary for him to be able to handle a hand of cards under a table, and when he seems to be flush I consider it foolish to ask embarrassing questions."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Captain, Ocean Liner—What's giving us such a look to starboard? "That's the First Officer—No, sir; the passengers. A woman has just come out on the promenade deck with a mouth-watering smile."

An advertisement of a nursing bottle printed in a Canadian newspaper concluded with the following: "When the baby is done drinking, dip one in my hand and lay it in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."—Argonaut.

"Margaret, it was very naughty of you to make such a fuss. You said if I'd buy you that new dollie you'd go to the dentist's without a murmur. I didn't murmur, mummy, I screamed."—Lippincott's.

Stranger—That hat of yours has seen some action. "Yes, young fellow, I've buried a good many people in that 'at."—Tit-Bits.

"He isn't so stuck on himself as he used to be, is he?" "No. He got into hot water by drinking a whole lot of punch, and seemed to dissolve."—Cleveland Leader.

"Papa, dear, I feel it in my bones that you are going to buy me a new hat." "Which hat darling?" "I'm not sure, but I think it's in my washbowl."—London Ideas.

"I suppose," said the society baby to its nurse, "that my inclination at present is due to a deficiency of herosy and in what way do your inclinations trend?" asked the society baby, "to give a baw!"—Baltimore American.

Willie Oceanbreeze—What did her father do to you the other night? "Well, turn about is fair play. Didn't the church join them?"—Illustrated Bits.

"What kind of poetry do you prefer?" "Poetical poetry," answered the Old Man. "I don't like to read any of that sort of thing."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Collector—This bill here has been running twenty-five years. Scraggs—When I was a boy, I remember your grandpa's of course. Scraggs—Thanks, I thought maybe you meant the one on your coat that is wearing a campaign button.—Puck.

"I tell you, sir," thundered old Galley, "if it wasn't for me you'd be the most notorious drunkard in the neighborhood." "True for you, pop," retorted young Galley. "I won't be able to claim my honors until you die."—Philadelphia Press.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS. [From the Chicago News.] A man is never sure he knows until he makes good.

An ounce of accomplishment is worth a ton of theories. A silly woman tries to drive a man, a wise one leads him.

You can't always judge the show by the price of admission. A woman will do a lot of cheeky things to improve her complexion.

Fortune is something like a pig stonking about in a field. You'll do the right thing if you stop growling about an imaginary wrong. Don't invest your money in a scheme because it figures out well on paper.

The only way to get the best of some people is to catch them at their worst. When a jealous man marries a jealous woman there is something doing every minute.

Every mother knows that her own children are superior to any other children on the market. Give people what you think they want, instead of what they ask for, and you'll make a lot of enemies.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS. [From the Philadelphia Record.] A man is also the architect of his misfortune. The manufacturer of cradles makes plenty of rocks.

We speak of a fellow as a coming man when he makes a good as bookkeepers, shrewd as a good at figures. A coat of paint won't always make an old woman look as good as new.

The best way for a woman to manage her husband is not to let him know. A seat in a crowded car is a conundrum that a gallant man always gives up.

A chestnut sometimes demonstrates the fact that a worm will turn when bitten upon. Without being a student of physiology the barber can generally size up a man by his mane.

Blobs—"Most" why, is blended, isn't it?" "Slobbs—"Yes, rye, should always be mixed with a grain of common-sense."

THE PASSING OF THE PET.

Mary had a little pup. His fangs were black as jet; If him they had not eaten up, He might have had him pet.

Why did the flea the pup love so? Oh, that is hard to guess; But as they thrived he had to grow Just less and less and less.

The fact of being so bereft Of his dear little pup, For of him she had only left His collar and his tag.

—Indianapolis News.

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All a woman has to do to be able to manage a man is not to be married to him.

A woman can deceive everybody about how she trusts her husband, especially herself.

If a man didn't waste his money on his own favor, he would be a fool.

—Boston Globe.