

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL.

By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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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 telegraphic report...

Well, the drought is cracked again. June fourteenth will be Flag day. Don't forget your flag.

June continues to do a pretty fair job of weather making.

The postoffice department has set out to beat the twine trust by economizing in the use of twine.

Yesterday was a pretty fair imitation of summer and it is probably safe now to take down your base burner.

An heir of "Silent" Smith's is quoted as saying that riches seem like a dream. And perhaps he is afraid he will wake up.

"Don't kiss the babies." Is the slogan of a woman's club gathering at Atlantic City. It is respectfully referred to the candidates.

Gross offense committed by the Kansas City Times: Will not be necessary for anyone to ask Mr. Tucker if he ever got the Hook.

A San Antonio paper prints an editorial headed "We Drink Too Much." That has always been suspected of San Antonio, but it might try swearing off.

Now that the Kansas-Colorado case has been thrown out of court for want of evidence, the Arkansas is lower than it has been for years at this season.

It is a common occurrence now for a Kansas country paper to record the arrival of a carload of automobiles—and still the bank deposits continue to pile up.

Naturally Wichita just can't help walking horse because Johnny Reiff rode the horse that won the Derby over in England this week. Wichita claims Johnny Reiff.

The Standard must have lost its rabbit foot or else it has seen the new moon over the wrong shoulder. It has certainly been doing an excellent job of losing in its court troubles lately.

Garden City's protest against Tatt's idea of abolishing the tariff on Philippine sugar leads Joe Bristol to suspect that Garden City wishes to climb out of the "stark band wagon and walk."

The restaurant business appears to have been fairly profitable in San Francisco when the restaurant keepers could afford to pay a thousand dollars a year each to Ruef for protection.

The green bug has given many farmers down in southern Kansas a chance to be patriotic this year and celebrate the Fourth of July in a fitting manner. They usually celebrate the Fourth in the harvest field, but this year, owing to the aid given them by G. Bug, they will be able to take a vacation.

The place of honor in the June Club Member is given to "The Call of Kansas," the poem that was sent by a homesick Kansas girl in California to the Lawrence Journal and which has been reproduced throughout the state. By the way, isn't it about time for Editor Brady to disclose the name of the author of that poem?

Prophecy of Victor Murdock: "Ballie Waggener, who is to contest the constitutionality of the railroad rate law in Kansas, will carry it to the supreme court. If it mixes up the legislative, executive and judicial branches and the supreme court happens to be feeling that way when it reaches them, it will be knocked sky high."

Henry Allen has won his fight for clean streets in Wichita. At the last session of city council an ordinance was passed prohibiting the distribution of bills and posters in the streets, making it a misdemeanor for any one to sweep or throw any dirt or trash or paper into the streets or alleys, or upon vacant property. The police department has instructions to see that this ordinance is strictly enforced, and the result is found to be a great improvement in the physical condition of the city.

W. Y. Morgan, who was chairman of the house committee on railroads last winter, prints an editorial on the subject "Fool Railroad Tactics" in which he says: "It is reported that one or more of the railroads of Kansas are refusing to obey the law, and are issuing permits to passengers to ride on certain freight trains. If this is true it shows the fool management which brings the railroads half their troubles with the public. When the

railroads are attacked or the public demands rights or concessions, the railroads are great for the law. They run to the court for protection and they appeal to the law for the consolation. But when a law stands in the way of their convenience they break it without a quiver. And that is the reason why public sentiment is not touched by the sight of a railroad in distress, because when the railroad has the power, it doesn't give three whoops for anybody else's distress."

A SATURDAY SERMON.

ORCHARD AND HAYWOOD. The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.—Jeremiah 17:3.

It is enough to shake even the optimist's faith in humanity to read the confession of Harry Orchard in the Haywood case. If his confession is true, he had a part in practically all of the outrages and murders that were committed at the time of the labor troubles in Colorado and Idaho. Whether or not one believes Orchard, the confession is enough to shake the faith in humanity to read the confession of Harry Orchard in the Haywood case.

There is no doubt that members of the Western Federation of Miners have done much that is reprehensible. There is no doubt that their leaders stirred up strife and hatred and ought to have been suppressed. But there is also no doubt that the miners suffered great provocation and that wealthy mine owners were none the less reprehensible than the labor leaders. The fact that Moyer and Haywood, in their positions as the executives of the miners' union, stirred up strife and hatred against the wealthy classes, does not prove them guilty of murder.

In this connection the opinion of a Kansas man who is in a position to judge somewhat of this matter is of value. He is at present a Kansas editor, but he was in the newspaper business in the Cripple Creek district during the labor troubles out there. He is extremely conservative, of good judgment, and having unusual opportunities, as a newspaper man, to get at the facts, the State Journal values his opinion in this matter. This man knew something of Moyer and Haywood, and he says unhesitatingly that he cannot believe them guilty of complicity in the crimes charged against them. While the Western Federation of Miners was oppressive and dictatorial when they had the chance, it is inconceivable, says the man, that an organization it or its officers committed the outrages it is charged with. In fact, he asserts that it was proved in court that the alleged attempted wreck of a Cripple Creek & Florence train, which Orchard claims to have "tipped off" to the mine owners, was planned and "averted" by a detective in the employ of the mine owners. The Vindicator "explosion," this man asserts, may not have been an explosion at all. While the story was sent out that the mine had been "blown up" by striking miners, as near as could be discovered it was simply an accident caused by an incompetent engineer, who ran the case as high above the mouth of the shaft that cable broke and the cage dropped back, killing two men. Every item of news that was sent out of the district, this newspaper man says, was censored by Sherman Bell, and not a thing was allowed to go out that was not colored to favor the mine owners. With such testimony as this coming from a reliable and disinterested source, it is well to discount at least a portion of Orchard's confession until it is corroborated. Orchard may have been the fiend he asserts he was, but if so, he would readily confess more than he was really guilty of. He also tangled himself up in his crimes if there be he might help himself.

The juror in the Haywood case certainly has a grave and difficult responsibility resting upon it.

Back of this tragedy and the other crimes and outrages of the labor war are the strife and hatred of man for man. There is wrong on both sides. Each wishes to get the better of his fellow. There is always joy in hell over the hate that is engendered in a war between capital and labor. The devil plays one against the other, when the labor boss and the capitalistic boss try to get an unfair advantage of each other.

Some people see a bloody war coming between these two forces. We are optimistic enough to believe it may be averted; but the only thing that will do it is the doctrine of the real Square Deal—the Golden Rule—the teachings of Jesus Christ. When men are willing to give to others the same opportunities and privileges they claim for themselves there will be no more strife between capital and labor. When Capital gives Labor its just reward and the due proportion of the returns from its work; when Labor is willing that Capital should have the rewards that belong to it in turn; and when each individual is willing to give aid to his weaker and more unfortunate brother, then there will be no more strikes. But as long as men hate each other, as long as there are Moyers and Haywoods and capitalists to stir up that hatred, and as long as there are fiends like Harry Orchard, labor troubles will continue. The hearts of such men need changing.

MR. YOAKUM'S APPROVAL.

Mr. B. F. Yoakum is one railroad magnate who comes forward and roundly applauds President Roosevelt's Indianapolis speech. This is not

the first time, either, for Mr. Yoakum has been talking that same way for months.

If more railroad men, high in authority, would line up like Mr. Yoakum and help carry out the general policies laid down by the president, anti-railroad prejudice would speedily die out. The trouble is that some railroad magnates wish to override all laws that they do not happen to like. They seem to think that laws are made for the other fellow but not for them. The fact is that if railroads expect to be protected by the law, they must be amenable and obedient to the law.

It is probable that the president had men like B. F. Yoakum in mind when he spoke of "honest railroad managers."

JOURNAL ENTRIES.

Some boys are like a postage stamp: They have to be licked before they will do what is required of them.

A young Topeka mother feels as though she has been cheated. The baby had three new teeth before she discovered them, and she has missed a lot of opportunities of bragging.

That was a pretty fair rain Thursday night, Colonel Jennings. Come again, thank you.

Now will the sweet girl graduates please get busy and prepare to feed the hungry harvest hands.

Inasmuch as Topeka kept the top of the column during the close of last season, it would not look well for us to keep it this year. Therefore, we gladly let the honor go to Wichita for the present—especially as Wichita seems to be playing better ball. We trust Wichita appreciates our generosity in the matter—Topeka Journal.

Wichita appreciates it, and will try to continue to merit place at the top so generously conceded.—Wichita Beacon.

But, really, there is no use in being a piggy about it, Wichita.

JAYHAWKER JOTS.

Neosho county is facing a school man's famine. Thus far the shortage is 25.

Concordia is also striking a swift gat. A carload of autos was recently unloaded there.

There were 185 teams hitched around "the square" at Holton on one time last Saturday.

Ex-Senator W. A. Harris has been elected manager of the International Live Stock show at Chicago.

Down in Pratt county some of the farmers are paying a bounty of five cents a head for Jack rabbits.

The new library building at the State Normal has been officially named "Kellogg Library" in honor of L. B. Kellogg, former attorney general, and also president of the Normal.

Although no Holton drug stores have liquor permits, the Recorder says that there is sufficient drunkenness in the town to warrant the suspicion that somebody is in the bootlegging business.

Charles M. Schwab's 2 1/2 million dollar home in New York is for sale, and a Kansas editor suggests that here's an organization it or its officers committed the outrages it is charged with.

Two Leavenworth highwaymen were executed recently when they held up a victim and found nothing on him but an unsalable watch. They returned the timepiece but did not "ave the holdups the price of a meal to go with it.

Look out for items like this during the next two months. This one is from the Isabel Herald: "A man tells me he has seen a man who looks like A. B. Rohrer and John Wheatley have wheat that will run nearly forty bushels to the acre."

Isabel Herald: Uncle Harnes Ford lives in Pratt county. He is eighty years old and has commenced to break out forty acres of land on an eighty he has recently purchased. He has a fine farm and does his own plow and he intends to do the work himself. Uncle Harnes has lived in several counties of this state at different times and has made a fortune and has several heavy losses, but although he can neither read or write, he has managed to accumulate a considerable amount of money. He has raised a large family of boys and girls and has given them a good start as to property when they came to maturity and still he has several thousand dollars worth of real estate left, and he does not need to do an hour's work.

QUAKER REFLECTIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

In society many a bud blossoms into a wall flower.

The innocent would even spend the coin of vantage.

The fellow with a fiery temper naturally often feels put out.

Some people are not satisfied to tell the truth; they want to stretch it.

Life is a game of chance in which the cards are very often stacked.

Perhaps Justice is blindfolded because she so often gets a black eye.

Another man's failure makes a poor foundation on which to build our own success.

Just because a man means well it doesn't signify that he is a man of means.

The suburbanite, chasing after his train, puts his carfare under the head of running expenses.

Asking for bread and getting a stone must be a good bit like asking for assistance and getting advice.

Bibbs—"Bones always has an ax to grind. Sibbs—"Well, that is better than turning the grindstone for someone else."

Hoax—"Wigwag actually thinks he is good looking." Joax—"Oh, I hardly think that. He merely boasts that he has the handsomest mug in the barber shop."

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.]

If a girl has indignation she thinks it's a sign of a great romance.

There are those who like and those you don't speak to by marriage.

It is better to be sorry that you didn't marry a girl than that you did.

Nobody could have much fun if there weren't laws, rules and regulations against it.

The easiest way to have a man get the best of you is to think you are smarter than he is.

A woman couldn't really have a good time away on a visit unless she could worry about how the children are at home.

KANSAS COMMENT.

WHERE IT COMES FROM.

For our part we prefer the man, no matter what his religious profession, who loves his wife and home, who is tolerant of other religions, who is devoted to his obligations promptly, who is a hypocrite who raises his eyes devoutly and thanks God that he is not like other men.—Mack Cretcher.

It is over fifteen years ago, and I know that if I were to marry you and leave him all alone here it would break his heart." "Let him come with us," suggested Bob, walking up and down the strip of beach below the sand dune where the figure in the blue cloak sat in solitary state.

"It's a great climate out there. It'll be all right as soon as he gets accustomed to the change. Of course, it might come hard to an old man like that."

"You just said he wasn't old."

"He's too old to care one way or the other."

"Bob Daution, how can you talk so heartlessly?"

"Just because I want you for my wife," he said, "and any obstacle that stands in my way after you yourself have said yes has simply got to be overcome—that's why. I like Mr. Rutherford all right. He's a fine old fellow. But if he'll let me have you, I'll be blighted our whole life's happiness in order to insure his not getting lonesome. And he won't be. He has lots of neighbors."

"He hates neighbors," interposed Gwendolin sadly, her chin on her palms. "He has quarreled with the Lawrences over the greenhouses they built, that spot in the garden, and the house, and he doesn't like the new people at Greystone a bit. He says they're too excitable."

"He did, did he?" laughed Bob. "Well, he didn't enjoy excitement in his life. When I drove in to the office yesterday I saw him riding beside little Mrs. Anslee in her red and black runabout. They were clipping along on the post road to the bank, and he didn't look worried a bit over any excitement."

"He was not riding for pleasure," said Gwendolin coldly. "Mrs. Anslee's little red runabout was bitten and scratched by the doctor's, Teddy was with them."

"Well, he wasn't in evidence, and I didn't hear any moaning or grumping. The old boy and the widow seemed to be enjoying themselves all right. Anyway, that kid ought to be suppressed. He put one of those snapping traps on the yard last week and it didn't do a thing but nip Napoleon's ear and take a bite at Lady Gaga's nose."

"What were the terriers doing?" Gwendolin's blue eyes lighted with quick merriment.

"Nothing except kiy-ing. You can't take a grip on a terrier's skull, and when one would make a dash at the turtle's head it would draw it in. And Teddy thought it was great fun."

"So it was," approved the young woman, who at the moment was thinking of the sand dune. "I don't know if Teddy had so much sense of humor. That must be why Uncle Hal likes him. Generally he doesn't care for children."

"Maybe Teddy would keep him from being lonesome then after we've gone to Denver," Bob waited an instant, then caught encouragement and stepped above him, and took the sand dune at four steps. "Gwen, darling, quick tensing and behave. It isn't a joke. It's our life's happiness at stake. Because this old fossil wants your company. What do we care even if he cut you off without a cent? I'll have enough for two. And I'm not afraid of night and tell him the whole thing, and let him sizzle."

"You can't tell him tonight, Mr. Daution," interrupted an interested, eager little voice from the other side of the dune. "He's coming over to our house for dinner. Why don't you tell him right now?"

Bob withdrew him arm hurriedly from its resting place, and Gwen Gwendolin's hand brushed against his as she laughed at the picture below them. Standing in the pool of water left by the tide in the rocks, the old fellow's legs were rolled high about his bare tanned legs, and his face was intensely serious, as he balanced a tin pail and a toy rifle in his hands, and stared at the two figures on the sand dune.

"What are you doing, Ted?" asked Bob, impersonally. "Digging for clams?" "Nope, Crabs," returned Ted, laconically. "Got five. Two's most dead, though. Why don't you tell him right now? He's over there with mamma, over behind the clubhouse. They're sitting on the rocks, talking about our coming to live in his house. Say, I'm going to have a room all to myself. He says, 'Aren't you glad I'm coming to live with you, Gwen?'"

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HIS PART.

Vacation time is drawing near, in all the trolley cars we hear the fair sex telling their tales of woe. To Jersey comes a man you know— And speaking in a care-free way While one who sits in his chair there. A bit of fringe is all his halo— He says to stay at home, old fellow. There'll be no rest for poor old dad! —Birmingham Age-Herald.

THE EVENING STORY.

The Diplomacy of Ted. (By Isola Forrester.)

"You see, I wouldn't mind it a bit if it were not for Uncle Halbert, but if I marry you and go to Denver, Bob, what would become of him? He hasn't a soul in the world but me, and he's forty-nine."

"Party-nine isn't old," interrupted Bob gloomily. "It isn't for most men, but it is for a man like Uncle Halbert," Gwendolin answered seriously. "It isn't as though he had an active business life, Bob. He has always been so easy on you. You know what I mean; he has lived by himself and for himself until mamma and I came to live at the Maples. That is over fifteen years ago, and I know that if I were to marry you and leave him all alone here it would break his heart."

"Let him come with us," suggested Bob, walking up and down the strip of beach below the sand dune where the figure in the blue cloak sat in solitary state. "It's a great climate out there. It'll be all right as soon as he gets accustomed to the change. Of course, it might come hard to an old man like that."

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HOUSING.

Der most stardink noos of der pest week las dera yedst still a hondrt seloones in Lefortov.

Count Okuma, of Chapan, las still demanding a apologiomium. In der Chantown atfording lagger dot vot der Chaps in Friscoo really vandt vorer gen a apologium las afeeral skare frots vich was removed by der Friscoo rough-necks, allretty.