TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL.

By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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If Secretary Taft ever goes on the stump it will have to be a big stump.

Tiflis has also moved into the Russian trouble zone, according to the dispatches.

In Russia towns are blown up with bombs. In Illinois they are blown down with tornadoes.

"Hot water," says a physician, "will cure almost anything." Still, people hate dreadfully to get into hot water.

A national industrial peace conference is to be held in San Francisco. No place could be found where it is more needed.

It is to be hoped that the national industrial peace conference to be held in San Francisco won't be prevented by the strikes.

In the meantime, Congressman Miller's investigation of the lumber trust has not caused that organization to take to the woods.

The politicians will approve President Roosevelt's forestry policy if he will provide for preserving the plum tree for their use.

Everybody else has forgotten the story that Roosevelt once predicted that Cannon would be the next president, but Uncle Joe hasn't.

Speaking of nature fakers, what about the individual who invented the story of the "Three Bears" that we used to hear when life was young?

With an insurrection in progress in France, and Portugal behaving badly, it may console the czar to know that he hasn't a corner on all the trouble.

The premature Fourth of July celebration has already had a sad result at Atchison. Remember the Fourth of July does not come until the next day after the third.

While he is in the state prison Mayor Schmitz will continue to work for the public, although his services will be somewhat different from what they have been heretofore.

It would be a joke on Governor Hughes if the western railroads, where the population is comparatively scarce, should decide that the two-cent fare is all right.

It isn't often that a man's bitter enemies set out to prove that he isn't so wicked as he claims to be, but that is what the Haywood defense is trying to do with Harry Orchard.

If somebody should start a Taft bear craze two years hence to take the place of the Teddy bears, some of the women folks will have their arms full when they lug theirs around.

With J. Pierpont Morgan buying their castles and heirlooms, and Richard Croker winning their money on the derby, the British are having a hard time with the Americans.

Senator Porter, of Montgomery, who is opposed to the direct primary, says he wants to see all party factions wiped out. The way to wipe out party factions is to have a direct primary.

Clad Hamilton is talked of as a candidate for state senator in Shawnee county. How refreshing it would be once more to have a real state senator like Captain Hamilton would make!

The magazine writers and newspaper men are having lots of fun with Fairbanks, and the vice president is just the sort of man who cannot see the joke, which makes it all the funnier.

A blind man has been nominated by the Democrats of Oklahoma for United States senator and now the Democrats are talking of nominating him for president. That would be a mean trick to play on a blind man.

Henry S. New, chairman of the Republican national committee, said recently that the issue in 1908 will be Theodore Roosevelt, and that the successful candidate must be a Roosevelt supporter. "Those who have been criticising the president for his handiwork in various recent exposures," says Chairman New, "cannot keep their equilibrium in 1908. They will be beaten long before the country goes to the polls." Yet Mr. New is one of the Republican wheel-horses of Indiana, the home of Mr. Fairbanks. And Fairbanks lacks a great deal of being a supporter of the Roosevelt policies.

HARRY BONE'S JOB.

The selection of the United States district attorney for Kansas by the department of justice to go to Colorado and conduct the prosecution of fraudulent mining companies, is a compliment for Mr. Bone. The government has set out to put a stop to these frauds as far as it is able to do so, and to that end it is indicting the promoters of the frauds for improper use of the mails.

The mining craze that has swept over the country in the last two or three years is responsible for these frauds. There are legitimate speculations in mining, but this very fact has made the frauds possible. Investing in a mine before its producing qualities are proved by actual deeds is a good deal of a gamble anyway, but it is legitimate if the promoters tell the truth so that the investor—or rather, the speculator—may know just what he is going into. He pays only a small price for his stock, with the understanding that the money is to be used for development purposes, and he has a chance to win big profits—if the project is legitimate.

But the success of some of these projects paves the way for the fraud. The mining shark "salts" a hole in the ground, or he misrepresents it. A show of developing it may be made, but most of the money from the sale of stock goes into the promoters' pockets. Such deals are deliberate swindles wherein the purchaser of stock has no chance whatever to win.

It is these frauds that attract the attention of the inexperienced investor, the person with a little money to invest and who can ill afford to lose it. The shrewd business man and the capitalist do not "bite" on such schemes without thoroughly investigating them. Even if it is legitimate they understand that they run a risk of losing whatever they put into it. It is purely a speculation. But the widow with a small bank account and the man with a few hundred dollars saved up are deceived by the fraudulent promises of big dividends made by dishonest schemers, and their savings go to enrich the promoters of the frauds.

It is this fraudulent business that the government has started out to break up, and it has turned the job over to Mr. Bone. The protection of the public calls for his unqualified success, yet Mr. Bone undoubtedly has a hard task before him. The fraudulent promoters will, of course, stand together. They have a great deal of money to back them and their influence is far-reaching.

It will be a great achievement for Mr. Bone if he succeeds in the task which the government has placed upon him. It is a distinct honor that he is selected for the work, and if he is successful it is not impossible that it will mean higher work for him in the government's department of justice.

A FRANK DISCUSSION.

Once more does Mr. B. F. Yoakum, who is one of the chief railroad magnates of the country, express himself in favor of the government regulation of railroads along the line undertaken by President Roosevelt, and this time Mr. Yoakum's views are set forth in no uncertain manner, as they are contained in an article written by himself in the July number of the World's Work. The article was reviewed at length in the news columns of the State Journal yesterday.

This section of the country is especially interested in Mr. Yoakum's opinions inasmuch as he is the virtual head of the Rock Island-Frisco system, as well as a number of lesser roads. He stands out in direct contrast with numerous other railroad executives, inasmuch as he believes the government should control the capitalization of railroads as well as prevent discrimination and injustice in their rates. While he does not oppose government valuation of the roads, he does not believe it necessary, as he thinks the government can secure all the necessary data for just rate-making without going to the expense of placing its own valuation on the roads.

Another point on which Mr. Yoakum differs from many railroad men is in regard to pools. Mr. Paul Morton and others whose opinions are of value believe the government should authorize pooling instead of prohibiting it, as is now the case. President Roosevelt's recent utterances have declared in favor of allowing traffic arrangements between the roads, subject to government approval, and this has been interpreted to mean pooling. Mr. Yoakum, however declares in favor of traffic associations, and this may be what the president also has in mind.

Coming from the source it does, Mr. Yoakum's article ought to do much good in clearing the now befogged atmosphere surrounding the railroad question. It is from such fair-minded men as Mr. Yoakum appears to be—men who have had experience along that line—that the solution of many of the vexatious details of the railroad problem may be expected.

It was a Missouri man who was too poor to subscribe for a newspaper, but who received a "sample copy" of one of these mail order journals, in which he read an advertisement of a recipe to keep a horse from slobbering. He sent $1.50 for the recipe and received the following: "Teach your horse to spit."

The opponents of the direct primary see a terrible danger in nominating the next Republican state ticket by primary "without the protection of law to prevent fraud." But why are they not also afraid of nominating a ticket by convention "without the protection of law to prevent fraud?" Isn't there more danger that the will of the people will be defeated in putting up delegations to a convention than that it will be defeated in a direct primary? The plea that the primary would not be protected by law is the veriest sophistry, when no convention is protected by law either—and it is notorious that politicians nearly always manipulate the conventions.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

After a silence of nine months, Mr. Kagey, of Beloit, again makes a few remarks through his head gear.

* * *

The Haywood defense proposes to prove that Orchard has committed perjury. If the matter is mentioned to him perhaps he will go on the stand and confess to it. He has confessed to about everything else.

* * *

The Kansas City Post charges the czar of Russia with murder. This is important, as the Post has heretofore led its readers to believe that all crimes were committed by the Kansas City Star.

* * *

George Lerrigo is inviting a great many men outside of the Y. M. C. A. to take a plunge in his big bath tub these days. Evidently Secretary Lerrigo remembers that cleanliness is next to godliness.

* * *

Mark Twain is now a doctor. No wonder he was knocking on Christian Science.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Remembering the weather this spring, the Kinsley Graphic is inclined to regard the historic Mayflower as a myth.

Congressman Victor Murdock was born in Burlingame. He stopped off there for a visit the other day, the first in 17 years.

There is considerable satisfaction expressed by Kansas newspapers because Harry Orchard never lived in this state. He isn't "formerly of Kansas."

A little Sabetha girl lately attended her first comic opera. Upon returning home she described it to her grandmother: "Oh, Grandma," she said, "all the choir came out and danced."

The Emmet Citizen declares that "the new county proposition was born in the throb of eternal progress," but as the exact location of the throb is unknown, the proposition's birthplace is still shrouded in mystery.

Catastrophe chronicled by Bent Murdock: A sweet young thing weighing 250 pounds, fell in love with a mean old thing, weighing but 95 pounds and when she sat on his lap she broke his leg and he is now suing her for damages while she is suing him for breach of promise.

Deacon Walker: Some people don't know what it is to be helpless. I didn't either until I undertook to find a present to send to the new baby belonging to my sister. That was one place where the grand hailing sign of distress did me no good.....I have kept track of the time for the past year and figure that I have lost nine hours and fifty minutes waiting for men to walk across the floor, lift the lid of the stove and spit out a gob of tobacco juice before they could tell me what they wanted.....When Love first begins to sow her germs in a young fellow's system he will waste as much time tying his necktie as a girl will in doing up her hair.....To get a real conservative idea of values you want to listen to the small boy compare the college professor and the home run hitter of the local ball team.....If you happen to like her real well it won't bother you a bit when she does make a horrible play in the game of whist when she's your partner.

Love comes high sometimes, but it ignores expense as well as laughs at locksmiths, if its the right kind. "Nearly everyone in Emporia who uses a telephone," according to the Gazette, "was treated recently to a three-quarters of an hour long distance love affair, that was the hottest absent treatment that has ever gone over the Emporia wires. The wires were so badly twisted up by the wind Saturday night that they leaked in a thousand places, and everyone who happened to be at his telephone at the time heard a young man in Emporia make love, propose and be accepted by a young woman in Kansas City. The young man couldn't have talked a hotter brand of love if he had been in the parlor with the girl, and the rest of the family upstairs in bed. 'It's costing a terrible lot to talk to you, honey,' the man explained, 'but I don't care. I'd spend a week's wages just to hear your voice.....If you only knew how lonely I am here without you.....I'm getting to the point where I can't do without you. You come down to Emporia and I'll buy you all the clothes you want..... Why, make 'em yourself.....Or if you can't make 'em I'll give you the money to have 'em made.....I just got to have you, no matter what it costs.' The young man cooed over the telephone in this strain for three-quarters of an hour, and the girl finally gave up and said she would come. The bill for a three-quarters of an hour conversation to Kansas City is $6."

QUAKER REFLECTIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

If a woman treats her husband like a dog she must expect him to growl.

Some people are as much afraid of a microbe as other people are of a mad dog.

It is just as well to get there with both feet if you feel that you have a kick coming.

Tact is simply the ability to increase the admiration that other people feel for themselves.

Money may not make the man, but substract the money from some men and there isn't much left.

It may also be true that it is none of the business of one-half the world how the other half lives.

Many a poet might have kept the wolf from the door with the money he has spent on return postage.

Blobbs—"She literally threw herself at him." Slobbs—"Well, you know a woman can never hit anything she throws at."

A woman should be just as dear to her husband in the country as in the city. In fact, most things are dearer in the suburbs.

Mrs. Wigwag—"Did you suffer much from your operation, Mrs. Talkalot?" Mrs. Talkalot—"Suffer? Why, I thought I should never live to tell the tale."

Scrawler—"Hello! Scribbler. What are you doing now?" Scribbler—"I am compiling a book of bright sayings of small children." Scrawler—"Think there will be any sale for it?" Scribbler—"Sure. Every father of a two-year-old will want one."

KANSAS COMMENT

WHAT TO DO.

There are times when we believe that an individual is to be commended for administering justice with his own hand. When some ghoul, who delights in tearing a woman's character to shreds, brings to you a story rerogatory to some girl hitherto respected, just swat him good and hard and let the truth or falsity of his story not be an issue. Under the laws of society guilt in the man is condoned while a woman whose character is assailed must sink into the gutter unwept and unmourned. We may regret the customs which do not give the man and woman equal punishment and an equal chance to condone, but as we cannot alter existing conditions the least we can do is to insist upon the purity of the woman assailed unless proof positive to the contrary is forthcoming. At the best the woman's lot is a hard one, so in the absence of father or brother to defend her good name, it should be our duty to remember that we, too, have mothers, wives or sisters, and if we cannot silence scandal mongers by our contempt then a good swat on the point of the jaw is mighty convincing at times.—Marysville Advocate-Democrat.

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IF

Everybody did only congenial work, who would wash the dishes?

Every home had competent help, what would there be to fuss about?

Everybody had the same tastes, would there be pleasure enough to go around?

Quarreling were forbidden by law, what would some people do?

Everybody in the world where a pessimist, would we ever have any prosperity?

Everybody had the power to make himself over, how many would avail themselves of it?

Life never had any drawbacks, would we become insane?

We did not have the newspapers to find fault with, what would take their place?

Every man preferred dark women, what would the blonds do?—Holton Signal.

—o—

POLITICS.

Republican politicians who aspire to be leaders and those who want federal and state appointments are considerably at sea just now as to the exact location of the band wagon. It is rather a melancholy spectacle to watch the uncertain gyrations of the fellows, who want to boss and those who are trying so hard to keep in the middle of the road to the pie counter. The Democratic pie hunters have greatly the advantage of their Republican opponents. From a Kansas standpoint there is but one man in the country who has any show for a Democratic nomination for president and but one Democrat in Kansas, we believe he has given up his residence in Chicago, who has even a ghost of a chance to be governor. The trouble with the Democratic pie counter is that generally there is not much of a counter and mighty little pie.—Holton Recorder.

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BREAKING UP THE TRUSTS.

The government is going to break up the coal trust and has filed its suit. We are scared to death. The government a few months ago broke up the paper trust, and since then print paper has steadily advanced in price. If the coal trust is busted up the same way we shall have to buy it by the pocketful next winter instead of by the bucket.—Osborne Farmer.

—o—

HUMAN NATURE.

When the sun shines and the streets become dusty, you wish it would rain; when it rains and the streets become muddy, you wish the sun would shine. After you are married you wish you were single, and if you get a new dress you wish you had a new hat to match it; if it is a boy you wish it was a girl, and if it is a girl you wish it was a boy—was human nature ever satisfied? Guess not, and glad of it, for then there would be nothing to "kick" about.—Spring Hill New Era.

—o—

A QUALIFICATION.

There is lots of talk about Republican candidates for congress in the Sixth district, but nothing is said about Democratic timber. The brethren had better look around. We are still willing to use what influence we have in the Democaritc party to land the plum for Colonel Jim Lipton of Downs. Colonel Jim would be as able to laugh as loudly as anybody when the returns came in.—Osborne Farmer.

—o—

NO FILLING THERE.

Dr. Wiley now explains that it is not pie, but the filling of the pie, that is dangerous to health. The boarding house pie is vindicated.—Leavenworth Times.

FROM OTHER PENS

ASK SOMETHING EASY.

Is this nation founded in love of liberty, made generous by the plethora of its wealth, lifted to grand heights by the freedom of individual thought and itself the highest concept of government yet born to earth, to stand time's ministering angel among world powers, the big brother to the poor and the weak?—Denver Republican.

—o—

SORE ON THE GAME.

If the baseball that is said to be making rapid progress in Great Britain is of the variety that some of the clubs are providing in this country, it should never again be complained that Englishmen can not appreciate a joke. —Providence Tribune.

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IN PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.

Peace with honor is to be had with the aid of an adequate navy, and it is not to be had in any other way. Until human nature changes to retreat from danger is to invite attack.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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WILL NEVER DRESS LIKE MEN.

"Will women ever dress like men?" asks a New York reformer. No. Even if they wore trousers they would want to put them on by poking their heads through from under.—Chicago Record-Herald.

—o—

SPARKS.

When President Roosevelt's "big stick" clashes with Mr. Baer's "divine right," it may be expected that some sparks will fly.—Columbus Dispatch.

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RASPING TO BAER.

That raucous, nerve-racking sound, Mr. Baer, is merely the government filing its little suit.—Chicago News.

—o—

SKATING.

The skating is not as good as it was, but for a few days yet it would be wise to keep muffs where they can be found on short notice.—New York Tribune.

—o—

THIS IS CANDID.

There are growing evidences that Mr. Watterson's "dark horse" is a chestnut.—Bryan's Commoner.

SHE MUST HAVE IT.

She may have grace, she may be fair,
She may be gentle and refined;
She may have talents that are rare,
She may possess a noble mind;
But in the background she must stay
Unnoticed by the strong and brave,
If she has not found out the way
To do it in a Marcel wave.

Who cares for soft bewitching eyes
Or for a finely chisled nose,
Or shell-like ears or luring sighs
Or cheeks the color of the rose?
Who cares how sweet her voice may be,
What matter how she may behave,
If she neglects to skilfully
Arrange it in a Marcel wave?
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Instructive Little Tale.

There were two brothers, George and William.

William was the good boy. He was studious, methodical and economical.

He went into business, and by hard work and much self-denial at last acquired a modest competency.

George was a gay, careless, easy-going fellow, who never applied himself seriously to anything but enjoyed life as he went along.

One day, however, when he had nothing else to do, he invented a mouse trap. It was a simple little affair, but operated on a new principle, and was different from any other trap in use.

He showed it to his brother, William.

"Bill," he said, "if you will lend me money enough to patent this thing and put it on the market I'll divide all the profits equally with you."

"Nit," answered William, glancing carelessly at the trap. "There's nothing in it."

Thus repulsed, George went to a shrewd capitalist, who at once invested $5,000 in his invention.

And lost every cent of it.

William was right.—Chicago Tribune.

No Romance in Life of a Robber.

William A. Pinkerton today made his annual address to the International Association of Chiefs of Police, in the course of which he said after describing the exploits of the famous band of bandits led by Jesse James:

"The exaggerated publications of the exploits of this band had more to do with the making of 'bad men' in the west than anything that occurred before they began operating or since.

"There is no crime in America so hazardous as 'hold-up' robbery. Over two-thirds of those who have engaged in it have eventually either been killed, outright operating or resisting arrest, lynched by posses, or what is known as 'died with their boots on.' Many were wounded and died from the effects of the wounds, while nearly all others were either captured and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment or driven from the United States, becoming exiles in distant foreign lands.

"Those at large are constantly in fear of arrest, living secluded lives and risking no chances of discovery by communicating with friends."

Sizzling Days Ahead

"Look out for extreme hot weather soon, which will extend clear into November," is the warning given by Amos Fuller, a West Schuykill farmer.

Fuller, who bases his weather predictions on a study of the habits of squirrels, birds, and insects, deprecates the action of many farmers, who, in despair of their early vegetable crops reaching maturity, are plowing such crops under and sowing others. He declares that there will be plenty of time for the early crops to ripen, and that the farmers who are sacrificing them will regret it later on.

Fuller says that large flocks of wild geese, which usually fly northward over the mountains early in April, just made their appearance this week. He declares these flocks are unfailing weather indicators, and that the season being two months late in starting, we will not have any fall frost until two months later than usual.—Tremont (Pa) Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

He Drew the Line.

This tale relates how a bishop, accosted in Fifth avenue by a neat but hungry stranger, derived profit from the encounter. The bishop, so runs the yarn, took the needy one to a hotel and shared a gorgeous dinner with him, yet, having left his episcopal wallet in the pocket of a different episcopal jacket, suddenly faced the embarrassment of not possessing the wherewithal to pay up. "Never mind," exclaimed his guest, "I have enjoyed dining with you, and I shall be charmed to shoulder the cost. Permit me." Whereupon the stranger paid for two. This worried the prelate, who insisted, "just let me call a cab, and we'll run up to my hotel, where I shall have the pleasure of reimbursing you." But the stranger met the suggestion with, "See here, old man! You've stuck me for a bully good dinner, but hanged if I'm going to let you stick me for a cab fare!"—Boston Transcript.

A Burning Nose.

A man with an inflammable nose recently created excitement on the Boulevard St. Michel, Paris. He was lighting a cigarette when his nose became suddenly ignited, and it and his beard were soon on fire. The man jumped about in great pain, and was carried through a horrified crowd to a druggist's shop, where the blaze was extinguished. It was then found that he had a celluloid nose.—Detroit News.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

A woman is just as old as she pretends she isn't.

Some men are willing to do anything—except work.

If you keep turning to the right you will never get left.

Few men would borrow trouble if they had to give security.

Winter has gone and summer is here—but spring forgot to show up.

A woman isn't necessarily homely because she is unspeakably handsome.

Good habits of some men are as expensive as the bad habits of others.

A shrewd man may be both wise and honest, but the chances are that he isn't either.

hTe fewer attractions a woman has for a sensible man the more fools she attracts.

Laugh and the world may laugh with you—but it would much rather "smile" at your expense.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.]

No matter how thin a girl is she may not be so everywhere.

Living in the country is a good training for not going to heaven.

Lots of people will tell you the truth if they think they can fool you that way.

A nice thing about gambling is if you didn't lose it that way you would some other.

A woman has such a queer imagination that when she has the stomachache she can think it's a sign she is going to inherit money.

THE EVENING STORY

Mox's Vacation.

(By Helen Hedges.)

Vardon stopped across the street and turned to smile at the grim old pile. For fifteen whole days he would not enter those dull offices on the seventh floor. For two weeks and a day he was to be care free; free to loaf, to invite his soul and to see Bess Curtain. The last was the best part of it, for Bess had gone to the country at the first sign of hot weather and he had not seen her in weeks.

Up at the house there was a case of fishing rods, and already he could see the brook with its green clad banks, and Bess, sitting on a fallen tree, watching his luck. He raised his hat ironically to the office building and turned down the street.

At the corner the newsboys made a dash for him, but Vardon waved them aside. "Where's Mox?" he demanded, scanning the crowd for the tiny vender from whom he always bought his evening paper.

"Mox ain't here no more," explained Muggsy. "He was crossin' th' street this afternoon and th' fire engine beat him to it.'

"Is he badly hurt?" Vardon's face clouded. The lame newsboy was a sort of protege of his.

"Wouldn't it hurt you t' get run down by an engine?" demanded Muggsy. "Naw, it didn't hurt him. He liked it."

Vardon bought a paper and turned away when there came a tug at his coat and he looked down to see the midget, thin faced and wistful.

"Mox said would y' come t' see 'im? He wants t' say goodby before you went t' th' country. He's in the 'mergency.

Vardon bestowed a dime upon the messenger and hurried on. There would be time to stop at the Emergency hospital on the way uptown. For more than a year "Limpy Mox" had been on that corner, rain or shine, to hand out the evening paper and a greeting. A queer friendship had grown up between the two. It would only take a few minutes. Vardon knew one of the internes at the hospital and could get in even though it were past the evening hour.

In a little while he was standing in one of the wards with grave-faced Dr. Tomlin looking down into the still white face.

"We had to take the leg off," explained the physician. "The heavy wheel crushed the bone beyond mending. It was better so, for the leg never was much good. Now he can get an artificial leg and walk better than he used to; that is, if he pulls through the summer."

"I guess you can do that for him," laughed Vardon. "He's better off here than at his home."

"Bless my soul, we can't keep him," cried the doctor. "My dear fellow, if we keep our patients here until they were fully cured, we should have to refuse aid to more needy cases. The boy must be removed to his home as soon as he can stand it."

Vardon thought of the tenement house district. Mox had always been sickly. A long summer of inaction in the stuffy hole he called home would surely end in death. A few brief questions showed how absurd it would be to expect the organized charities to take proper care of a convalescent.

Mox, just coming out of the ether, clutched the strong hand with his bony fingers and smiled hopefully. "I guess you'll have a good time," he smiled. "Goodby, Mr. Vardon."

Vardon patted the claw-like fingers but he did not echo the goodby, though he turned away. A scheme was working in his brain and he walked home that he might think the better.

It seemed like murder to turn the lad out of the hospital as soon as the condition of the wound made it practicable, yet he could not blame the hospital authorities. They were crowded for room and the sunstroke cases were taxing their capacity. Vardon wanted very much to see Bess. Somehow it seemed as though he might open his heart to her with a better chance of success in vacation time, and all the year he had been planning the trip. He had nearly two hundred dollars saved up, for the Curtains were wealthy and spent the summer at an expensive resort. Yet it did not seem right to spend all the money when it might be the price of Moxie Solomon's life.

With a sudden determination he turned into a side street and presently he was in the Charity organization office. The superintendent was interested, but helpless. Like the hospital, the demands were greater than their resources. He might send Mox away for two weeks with one of the fresh air parties. More than that he could not do—unless Vardon cared to raise a subscription. When Vardon turned away it was with a receipt for more than half his vacation money, in his pocket. Mox's stay in the country until his leg was well was assured.

It was hard to have to write Bess that he was not coming. It was harder still to explain without seeming to ask her appreciation of his action. In the end he said nothing of the reasons, simply writing that unexpected developments made it impossible for him to come.

Mox's delight at the news of his vacation brought a feeling of warmth to Vardon's heart, but it did not relieve the ache when Bess' cold reply came. She had not understood and was angry that he should have changed his plans at the last moment.

Vardon spent two weeks at a cheap resort near town and came back to take up the office grind again. Bess had not replied to his last letter, and though Mox's beaming face as he departed on the train for the country home repaid part of the sacrifice, the dull ache remained.

The next few weeks dragged miserably, then one morning there was a letter at his plate at the breakfast table that, for a moment, seemed to stop the action of his heart.

Bess was coming to town on Friday and she suggested that they might lunch together and he could take her to a roof garden in the evening.

"I have a lot to tell you," she wrote, "I met one of your friends up here and I want to tell you what he said. I shall save it for lunch."

Somehow the days dragged by, but Friday came at last. Sitting across the table from her, Vardon could not realize his good fortune.

"I thought you were angry," he said, as he leaned forward.

"I was," she admitted frankly. "I was counting so much on your visit. I had made no other plans for those two weeks, and when your letter came and you did not even offer an explanation of your rudeness I could not understand it. It reemed as though you wanted to hurt my feelings."

"Could you think that?" he cried reproachfully.

"I am afraid," she confessed shyly, "that in my disappointment I was not fair. Then your friend came and it was all explained."

"Who was that?" he asked curiously. He did not remember having told anyone of his reason.

"A gentleman by the name of Solomon," she smiled. 'Moxie Solomon, I believe it is."

"What is Mox doing in your part of the country?" he demanded. "I understood that he was at Melrose."

"That is just below us. We drove over there one day to see the kiddies and—Mox told his story."

Vardon moved awkwardly in his chair. He did not want to be praised, even by Bess.

"I suppose Mox put a lot of trimmings to it," he said, after a pause.

"He was very truthful," she said, smiling softly. "He said that you were the best man he knew."

"And you think so, too," his voice trembled with eagerness. Bess nodded.

"Good enough—for a husband, your husband?"

"I think so, Dick," she whispered. "That's what I came to town to tell you; to make up for your lost vacation."

"Lost vacation," he echoed. "Why, Mox's vacation was the most selfish thing I ever did, since it won me you."
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HUMOR OF THE DAY

Many a man is unable to meet his expenses because he is headed the wrong way.—Chicago News.

Not Musical.—Biggs—What's your favorite song, Diggs?

Diggs—"Listen to the Mocking Bird."

Biggs—Why, nobody sings that any more.

Diggs—That's just why I like it.—Toledo Blade.

"Don' git too big an idea of youah own importance," said Uncle Eben, "One of de saddest experiences a man kin go through is to wake up an' have to admit dat he's disappointed in hisse'f."—Washington Star.

"Why do you permit so many noises on the street?" asked the visitor.

"Well, you see," replied the Philadelphian, "they distract the attention of strangers so they don't notice the dirt."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Isn't it queer that there are so many bargain sales in umbrellas?"

"Why so?"

"Because, as a rule, they are things of all others to be put up."—Washington Herald.

"Muffies has all sorts of attachments on his car."

"Yes, and I understand the sheriff put another one on it yesterday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ant Veteran—Yes, it was one of the fiercest battles of the war. The ant army fell upon the green bugs and literally ate 'em up.

Willie Worm—At what battle was that, captain?

Ant Veteran—Why, the battle of Ant-eat-em, of course!—Kansas City Star.

Voice (from the parlor)—Mary Ann, did you get the milk for the children and Fido in separate bottles?

Mary Ann—Yes, ma'am.

Voice—Have Fido's milk sterilized?

Mary Ann — Yes, ma'am.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Newport has been admonished to set a pattern in morality. "We'll do what we can," assented the Newporters, "but you know a genuine uplift requires a horrible example. We'll be that."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Of course, Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher, "you'd like to be an angel, wouldn't you?"

"Well—er—yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I'd like to wait till I can be a full-grown angel with gray whiskers."—Philadelphia Press.

Tourist—What do the people round here live on, Pat?

Jarvey—Pigs, sorr, mainly, and tourists in the summer.—Punch.

He—Are you a vegetarian?

She—Oh, no! I love good beef.

He—Ah! I wish I were beef.

She—Well, I like veal also.—Pick-Me-Up.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

(From the Atchison Globe.)

Loyalty won't help you any if it is to a saloon keeper.

The man who whines makes other people look pretty good by comparison.

Some men hate bull dogs so they would censure one for chewing an agent.

If an old man likes a rocking chair, he can't make any claim to being old-fashioned.

If a woman brags a good deal on her kin, it is a sign that they live in another town.

The trouble with so many "walking encyclopedias" is that you cannot shut them up.

As a rule, when a girl begins to give some thought to her beauty it begins to deteriorate.

Our idea of a docile horse is one that can be driven as easily as some men are to drink.

A man thinks he has a good memory because he doesn't forget to lay in a supply of chewing tobacco.

Popularity is overestimated about as often as the money you expect to make in the poultry business.

Praise a husband, and his wife will say with a sigh that she had a hard enough time in breaking him in.

You occasionally see a girl carrying a music roll who probably couldn't carry a tune with its assistance.

A woman thinks a man is a Brute, because sometimes she has to cry before she can have her own way.

Before she undertakes it, the average woman says every day for a week: "I just Must wash my Head today."

When it comes to spoiling them there is not much difference between the youngest child and the only child.

There are as many excuses for the errors of the home team as the mother can find for the mistakes of her children.

We often hear a farmer say: "I met an automobile today, and would have had trouble, if I hadn't been a good horseman."

When you tell a man a big story it is absolutely useless to add that he needn't believe it unless he wants to; he understands that.

"That's a fool notion that you are harboring," a man said to a friend today. "Well," said the friend, "It's not the only one I am harboring."

When the average father visits a soda fountain or an ice cream parlor and gives his order, he is sure to say, "Plain vanilla ice cream is good enough for me."

"She has had such a HARD life," a woman said today, speaking of a friend. The woman is alive and well; she has had two husbands, and both are dead. It seems to us that she has had an easier time than they had.

In a coop in front of an up-town grocery store today, there were eleven spring chickens. All of them were roosters, and blooded roosters at that. Is this a square deal We put the question to President Roosevelt.

When you are attacked by a man who is a bore, or unfair, which is the better plan: To give him both barrels, or to get rid of him with as little trouble as possible? We know two men in Atchison who promptly speak their minds to bores and dead beats, but they seem to have as much trouble as other people