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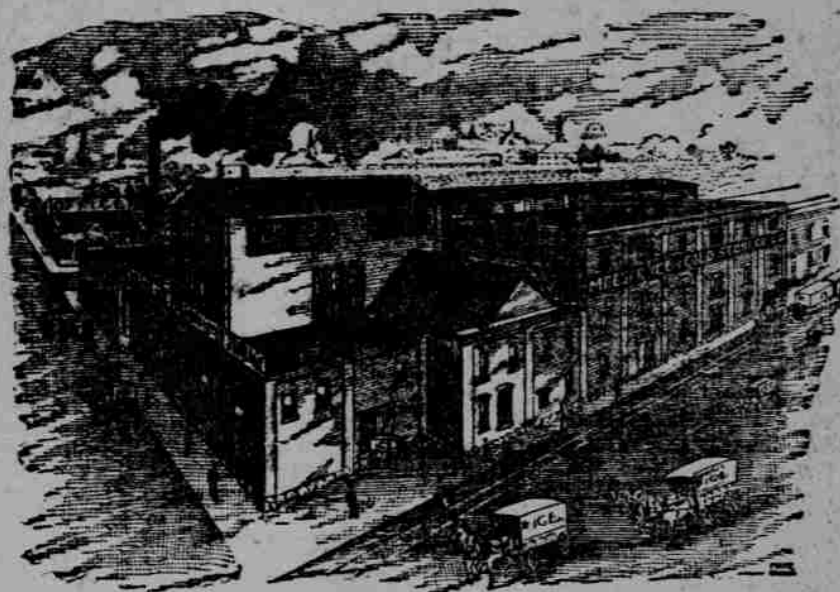
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MR. BOWSER'S APPETITE.

It Longs For the Head Cheese of Other Days.

(Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.) When Mr. Bowser sat down to dinner the other evening, he looked about him in a dissatisfied way, and to Mrs. Bowser's inquiries as to what was the matter he replied: "The fact is I have no appetite and don't care whether I eat or not."



"WHAT HAVE I GOT TO DO WITH BUTTERMILK?"

stuff like a hog? I tell you my appetite is off and wants to be coaxed back. The eternal sameness of your dinners tires me." "I will have pork and beans tomorrow."

"Then you'll eat 'em all yourself. You don't seem to understand that I'm no lumberman or day laborer." "If your appetite craves any particular thing, why don't you tell me and let me get it?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"By George, but I'm dying for a



"WOMAN, TELEPHONE FOR THE DOCTOR!"

taste of head cheese! I wonder if it can be had in the butcher shops."

"I think I've seen it at the butcher's, but it was in the winter," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Season be hanged! There's no more season for head cheese than for strawberry jam. I'm going out to look for some."

Mr. Bowser went to the nearest butcher's and asked for head cheese, and after a look at him the butcher replied:

"I quit making it two months ago. It's too late in the season."

"Too hearty and greasy, you know, for spring."

"That's all bosh. When I was a boy, we used to have it the year round."

out of head cheese, and he returned home to say to Mrs. Bowser: "They can all go to thunder, and I'll sell this house and move out of the neighborhood the first chance I get! The idea that there is no head cheese to be found within a mile of us! It's a Jay town, that's what."

"I'll leave an order with some butcher tomorrow," said Mrs. Bowser. "I have no doubt he'll make up a small quantity to order."

"But I want it tonight and can't sleep without it. If you were a true wife, you'd have my interests at heart."

"Could I tell that you would suddenly crave for head cheese?"

"Certainly you could, but you were looking out for yourself. How is the stuff made?"

"I don't believe I know."

"And why not? It is your business to know. Suppose I said I didn't know how to saw a board in two?"

"I think there's pork and grease in it," she faltered.

"And you may think there's tar and gravel in it also. By John, but the woman of today has about as much idea of housekeeping as a cat has of playing the piano! It is costing me millions of dollars a year to run this house, and yet if I want a pound of head cheese I can't get it!"

Mrs. Bowser felt helpless in the matter and therefore wanted to drop the subject, but after walking about for a few minutes and glaring at the cat in a way to make the poor feline shiver Mr. Bowser suddenly declared:

"I believe I can make the stuff myself."

"I don't see how you can."

"No, of course not. But I do, and I'm going down to the kitchen. Should you want to go to bed before I get through don't wait for me."

He went down to the kitchen and the icebox, and in the latter he found some cold beefsteak, cold potatoes, eggs, celery, radishes, bananas and cheese. For a minute he stood and let his mind wander back to bygone days, but he couldn't remember how his mother made the dish he craved for.

He had a dim recollection that she mixed things up and used a bowl and a chopping knife, and that was what he proceeded to do. If he used beef, there would be no grease, and if he threw in the rest of the ingredients he would have a salad out of it anyhow.

As he chopped away at the beef he added the other things one at a time, and in the course of half an hour he scraped all into a dish, poured on olive oil and vinegar and peppered and salted it to his taste.

"By John, but I've struck it!" he softly exclaimed as he carried the first spoonful to his mouth. "This is the stuff to sharpen the appetite and make a man feel as if he could eat nails. It's head cheese and way beyond, and I believe if I was to put it up in paper boxes it would sell like hot cakes."

Mr. Bowser ate heartily. Whenever his appetite hesitated, he added a little more vinegar and set the wheels going again. Toward the last he found a Bermuda onion and a part of a pineapple and added them to the contents, and he enthusiastically decided that they increased the "twang."

When he could hold no more, he went up to the sitting room. Mrs. Bowser had gone up stairs, and he sat down to finish his smoke and newspaper. All went well for a quarter of an hour, and a cricket was singing on the hearth and the cat rubbing against his legs when a sudden pain seized him. It lasted only two or three seconds, but by the time he had sunk back in his chair it came again, and this time it lifted him to his feet.

The cat looked up at him in wonder, and he had doubts whether it was the toothache or a new corn. Not for long, however. The next pain humped him up and twisted him around and lifted his heels, and he yelled for Mrs. Bowser and fell upon the lounge.

"Well?" she asked as she came down stairs.

"I've got a awful pain!" he gasped.

"What did you eat?"

"Most everything. It must be a case of bilious colic. Lord, but how I suffer! Say, I'm a dead man!"

"I never heard of head cheese killing anybody."

"But it's killing me! Ouch! Woof! Woman, telephone for the doctor or I won't live an hour! By gum! By thunder! By John!"

Half an hour later the doctor arrived, and he worked over the patient for a long hour before he was ready to go. He had his hat on when Mr. Bowser pitiously asked:

"D-doctor, will I live?"

"Oh, yes," was the cheerful reply. "Yes, an ass always lives to be sixty years old, no matter what he eats, and I believe you are only fifty!"

An Hour Too Late.

(From the Free Lance.)

The Man of Science walked up the street with a dazed look in his face. Some one had been talking to him--some one who wasn't a man of science but a Woman of the World, which is quite another thing. She had talked in the rapid, bewildering way that her kind affects. At first the Man of Science hadn't attended much, being deep at the time in the mental speculation as to the effects of certain bacilli on a given ground in a given temperature. But eventually he did listen, because it was borne upon him that this creature, who didn't know the difference between Schizomycetes and Schizophyta, was actually presuming to lecture him.

"Look here, doctor, it's all very well. You may know all that's worth knowing about hearts and brains and all that sort of thing, but so far as human nature goes you're a fool. There's that pretty little wife of yours, for instance, eating out her heart and straining her sensitive brain for a bit of human companionship, a scrap of human love, while you go about looking at your fellow men--yes, at her, too, I dare say--merely as probable subjects for your nasty experiments."

Those were her actual words, and before the doctor had sufficiently recovered from his indignation to speak she had whisked away, with a flushed face, a panting chest and an irritating "frou-frou" of silken skirts. Yes, but her last remark--the remark thrown at him over her shoulder as she disappeared--

"You deserve to lose her, and I hope you will."

The Man of Science gazed after her for full 10 minutes. "You deserve to lose her, and I hope you will," the doctor trembled; then he clenched his hands and unclenched them again. What did she mean? Lose her, indeed! Rosie was in perfect health. Why, he had registered her pulse only yesterday to use it as an example in the book he was writing and to compare it with other and less steady pulses. Did she mean to insinuate that he wasn't attentive enough? Rosie had never complained when they were always discomfilingly in the room together. He made an effort to throw off the vague alarm which possessed him and to go back comfortably to the bacilli. But he couldn't, for, once in a way, they got on his nerves.

To calm himself he stopped a boy and bought a copy of a daily paper, hoping to find in it the finish of a scientific discussion. He made an effort to read it as he walked. Generally he read no more than at other times, but now he found himself staring at the date on the first page over and over again, June the 10th. There was something in his mind that he associated with June the 10th. Was it on that day that he had made his famous discovery? No, of course not! It was the day on which he had married Rosie--Rosie all pink and white and trusting--Rosie fresh from her country home--Rosie as frolicsome and beguiling as a young kitten. For the first few months it was almost delightful to have his precious books throng across the room to the far corner, and to find Rosie perching on his knee instead. But afterward--well, perhaps afterward he had been a little preoccupied. Fame was very absorbing. Had there been room for fame and Rosie in his life of late?

A sudden tenderness overwhelmed him. Little things that he had forgotten surged into his memory. He saw himself sick, well nigh unto death, and he saw the strained, anxious look in Rosie's eyes. He remembered that, in spite of the best nurse to be procured for money, she herself had never left him day or night. He recalled with a pang, the early married life--how she would sit up with him in his study--the luxurious sanctum it was now, but a tiny, shabby room--till the gray dawn crept through the blinds, and made her look gray too, while he worked on, unheeding time or companionship.

The better the day, the better the dead. June 10th--his wedding day--his and Rosie's. Let science take care of itself for awhile. The woman was right; now, at once, he would make amends to Rosie.

His usually brisk footsteps had brought him to the corner of Bond street, opposite a big shop where kems of all kinds dazzled the gaze. He hesitated, straightened his round shoulders and pushed open the glass door.

"A diamond bracelet, please; the best you have."

In ten minutes more the Scientific Man had completed his unscientific purchase, and was tramping out of the shop, with a smart velvet case in his pocket, and a pleasurable warm glow of excitement about him that transformed his thin face and made it human.

Half an hour later he thrust aside the astonished butler and hurried up the stairs of his own house to his wife's boudoir. He felt a boy again--and a reckless, happy boy, too. He hoped she would be out, and she was so he extracted the velvet case and arranged it on a small window table, placing it where the sun's rays caught its contents best. Then he stood back, almost trembling, to admire it.

"Prof. Steinway to see you, sir," said the butler at the door.

"Tell him," said the Man of Science, without turning round, "tell him that I'm engaged."

His eye bowed round the room. He felt wanton now that he had let himself go, and coveted fresh worlds to conquer; in other words, fresh surprises that should greet Rosie on her return.

Flowers! Happy idea! Women always liked flowers. He was rushing out in quest of some when a small pink envelope, lying on another table near the door, caught his eye--an envelope with his own name inscribed in Rosie's rounded writing. He picked it up quickly, and with a strange feeling in his throat as of sudden suffocation, he tore it open. Then he read it again slowly, twice, thrice, then he put it down, still slowly, and glanced at the clock. It was exactly four, and on the first page of the letter in the corner Rosie had written: "3 p. m." A curious pallor spread it open. At first he didn't gather its over his face. He took the bracelet from its case, and dashing it on the floor, he ground it under his heel again and again till it was a worthless, shapeless mass.

Then he went downstairs to his study, locked himself in, and read on and on page after page, until far into the next morning.

And no one ever suspected; no one ever knew. They thought afterward that he had found the bracelet and had started his fury on it because it was the price of blood.

"Well," said the Woman of the World, as she stirred her tea thoughtfully three days later, "I did warn him! I shall always pride myself on that. But, of course, he didn't believe me, and equality, of course, he doesn't care. I always said there was some horrid mechanical contrivance in his chest instead of a heart!"

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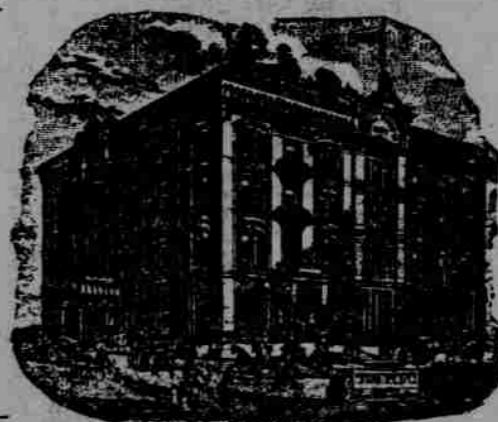
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