THE STATE JOURNAL.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TOPEKA

By Frank P. MacLennan.

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WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, March 20.—For Kansas: Forecast till 8 p. m. Wednesday: Fair, preceded by showers in eastern portion today, colder; easterly winds becoming northwesterly.

Mrs. Leake is lost again.

Mr. Spean's story about Chicago suggests that he might find an opening on the "Sunday Sun."

Very few grown men smoke cigarettes; mostly little boys smoke them; they don't know any better.

J. S. Coxey's middle name is Silica. He will need lots of sand before he and his army get to Washington.

The sugar trust's profits are $1,500,000 a month. Part of this seems to find its way into the United States senate.

The only combatant who has come out of the Brazilian war with honor and glory appears to be Admiral Benham.

Col. Breckinridge once made an eloquent address on "Social Purity." His trial hasn't brought out what kind of nervine he uses.

An anarchist in New York declares that it is his mission to exterminate millionaires. We are not afraid. We haven't got 'em in Kansas.

William Waldorf Astor scorns another scoop. He has been admitted to a London club which heretofore none but Englishmen have got into.

We fear the financial column of too many newspapers is edited by the banking gentleman from whom the proprietor has last borrowed money.

The statement that hair grows after death is received with considerable doubt by the bald-headed man who is trying hard to make it grow before.

Loud hand-clapping is always appreciated at every kind of a concert except one carried on by cats. In this case, such applause makes them run.

Shall Grover veto the bill and lose Missouri, or sign it and gain Wall street? There can be but one answer. Missouri will have to stand on her own bottom.

Gov. Waite and Gov. Lewelling are going to speak at Des Moines on the same day. Isn't there danger in bringing together two violent currents of wind?

"You can't coin a vacuum," says Abram Hewitt about the seigniorage bill. Perhaps not; but 50,000,000 silver dollars will be coined under the bill if it isn't vetoed.

The sudden ending of the last anarchist bomb exploder in Paris has rather damped this business. He didn't even get his name into the papers; it was lost in the explosion.

"Marsellus," says Farmer Roubenjay, reading about the Coxey movement, "I hevn't heard o' that sluce John James Ingaulls playgarized a sermon from there two or three year ago."

If Miss Pollard had only had some big brothers of the ordinary Kentucky stripe, there no doubt would have been another magnificent monument in the historic Breckinridge family burying lot by this time.

There seems to be very little satisfaction in calling a man with a new idea a crank. There are now so many of them that the man without the idea must be a blockhead. By all means have an idea, if it is only a "crank" idea.

Girard World: Ed Hoch, who has always been modest in his political aspirations, and stood back in the ranks is a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of Kansas and is making a vigorous campaign for the honor as a clean man, untrammeled by the machine or any of the bosses. There is no sort of question that Hoch is fifteen thousand votes stronger than Morrill or any of the machine crowd.

Dodge City Globe Republican: Ed. Hoch, the Marion editor, has consented to become a candidate for governor. Like Geo. L. Douglass, he belongs to no ring, clique or faction. He is a pure, clean man, and we hope the convention at Topeka on June 6th will have sense enough to nominate both him and Douglass. The fact that both are opposed to the spoils and machine methods which have driven so many men from the party should strengthen them with the people.

Florence Bulletin: Yielding at last to the solicitation of his party and the entreaties of his friends, Hon. E. W. Hoch has announced his candidacy for governor. And whatever the result of his canvass for the place his entrance in the race marks the dawning of a new era in Kansas politics. If he be successful the politicians will need a new catechism. "Farmers" and "fixers" will be relegated to the rear, and the principle which demands that men be given precedence over methods will prevail. Here at home it is unnecessary to rehearse the story of Ed Hoch's qualifications for the position. The best years of his life have been given to the advancement of Marion county along the line of political and social morality. Nine-tenths of the voters of Marion county will regard it as a privilege and a pleasure to assist in elevating their most conspicuous citizen to the gubernatorial chair.

KANSAS PARAGRAPHS.

Maggie Murphy, long since forgotten by a fickle public, still pumps an organ at Girard.

The Ft. Scott sugar works expect to make use of the product of 1,500 acres of sugar cane this year.

Hammocks are being brought out, mended and tested for a long summer campaign at Wellington.

The big revival meeting at Dodge City has had to stop because the evangelist, Miss Thompson, has the grippe.

The court house controversy between Glen Elder and Beloit is outstripping the gentle spring in growing warmth.

The burning of an ice house at Salina is a solemn warning to Jo Bristow to get his irrigation ditches insured against fire.

Mrs. Annie S. Austin has been renominated for mayor at Pleasanton by a mass-meeting of citizens composed of all parties.

Parsons Methodists gave $100 to the Sedalia college for colored people, and a room in the new institution will be named Parsons.

Anthony is going to follow the example of Hiawatha and settle its postoffice fight by a vote of the Democratic patrons of the office.

Oskaloosa got a new Methodist preacher this conference and everybody turned out the first Sunday to see what his family looked like.

The most notorious violator of the prohibitory law in Osage county is a woman, Mrs. Kate Gibson, who is now serving a thirteen months sentence in the county jail.

A Newton man says that hard times are always followed by a great number of marriages, and he might have added that a great many marriages are followed by hard times.

Four heavily armed men rode into Ashland and the people were scared nearly to death for awhile, but the men proved perfectly harmless, being only United States marshals.

Lawrence World: Charles Finch is not exactly a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but he is leading a double journalistic life. He is editing the Lawrence Journal and the Ottawa Republican.

Florence Bulletin: When a young man—or old man either, for that matter—gets married the fellows with whom he scarcely had a speaking acquaintance are the ones who monopolize his offering of cigars.

A Wichita Beacon reporter found a company of tramps encamped on the river near that place, and the brazen faced things admitted without a sign of shame that they had been bathing and washing their clothes.

MOODY'S SIDE OF IT.

Nearly All of the Old Soldiers' at Dodge Are Satisfied.

Governor Lewelling is making an effort to clear Commandant Chas. H. Moody of the Dodge City Soldiers' home of the charges of mismanagement of the home which have been made against him.

If Moody is not cleared of these charges his candidacy for congress in the sixth district will fall flat.

The governor sent Chas. A. Taylor, of the superintendent of insurance office, to Dodge City to help Moody out of his trouble, and this morning the following telegram was received.

L. D. Lewelling, Governor:

The case against Weil cannot in any way implicate the management of the Soldiers' home even if Weil is proven guilty. The commandant sets forth that the commandant had no knowledge as to the character of the beef. Complaint signed by E. W. Cunningham, adjutant general of the G. A. R.

[Signed] Chas. A. Taylor.

In addition to this telegram the governor received a paper signed by 64 out of the 66 inmates of the home in which they said they and their families had not been mistreated in any way, and that they are served with the same food as that served on the tables of the officers of the home.

The governor also received a letter from the principal of the public school, who said the social condition of the inmates of the home has been much improved under the present administration.

In the communications received by the governor nothing is said about the two hind quarters of diseased beef which it was charged that Weil sold to the Home, and the investigation will only end with the trial of the case, and the conviction or acquittal of Weil, who is a son-in-law of Commandant Moody.

The presbytery of Topeka met yesterday afternoon at the First Presbyterian church to dissolve the pastoral relation of Rev. W. E. Archibald with the Second Presbyterian church of North Topeka. Resolutions were adopted. Rev. Mr. Archibald and family will go to Canada in about three weeks to reside permanently.

The Mechanics' Social club of Topeka has filed its charter with the secretary of state. The capital stock is placed at $500, and the directors named in the charter are John Brousems, Joseph Rankin, Louis Chilson, Chas. B. Sims, Fremont Walls, Byron Cartwright, William Swain, George Etzell and John Dunn.

A HOOSIER HUMORIST

ODD TRAITS OF POET RILEY'S FRIEND, JAP MILLER.

The Hero of a Famous Poem Sells Notions and Talks Philosophy at Martinsville—A Quaint Autobiography and Characteristic Interview.

Have you ever read James Whitcomb Riley's poem "Jap Miller?" If not, there is a treat in store for you. Lots of people, perhaps the majority of Riley's readers, have supposed that Jap was a creature of the poet's dreams or perhaps a composite picture of Hoosier traits. But he isn't. He's real flesh and blood, with plenty of avoirdupois and lives in Martinsville, where the poem locates him. Riley's picture of him is more accurate than the average photograph. Here it is as it is printed in his volume called "Green Fields and Running Brooks:"

Jap Miller, down at Martinsville, is the blam'dest feller yit:
When he starts in a-talkin, other folks is apt to quit.
'Pears like that mouth o' hisn wasn't made for nothin else
But jest to argify 'em down and gather in their pelts.
He'll talk you down on tariff, or he'll talk you down on tax
And prove the pore man pays 'em all, and them's the solid fac's.

JAP MILLER.
[Taken from life.]

Religion, law or politics, prize fightin or baseball—
Jes' fetch up Jap a little, and he'll post you on 'em all.
He's the comicalest feller ever tilted back a chair
And took a chaw of tobacker kinder like he didn't keer.
Thar's whar the feller's strength lays—so commodilks and plain.
Thar hain't no dude about old Jap, you bet you, nary grain.
They 'lected him to council, and it never turned his hed,
And didn't make no difference what ennybody said.
He didn't dress enny finer or rig out in fancy close,
But his voice in council meetin's a terror to his foes.
He's for the pore man ev'ry time, and in the last campaign
He stumped old Morgan county through the sunshine and the rain,
And held the banner up'ards from a-trallin in the dust,
And cut loose on monopolies, and cuss'd and cuss'd and cuss'd,
He'd tell some funny story ev'ry now and then, you know,
Till, blame it, it was better'n a jack-o'-lantern show.
And I'd go furder yit today to hear old Jap norate
Than enny high toned orator that ever stumped the state.
Why, that 'ere blam'd Jap Miller, with his keen, sarkastic fun,
Has got more friends than enny candidate that ever run.
Don't matter what his views are, when he states 'em he states the same to you,
They allus coincide with yourn, same as two and two.
You can't take issue with him, or at least thar ain't no sense
In startin in to down him, so you better not commence.
The best way's jes' to listen, like yer humble servant does,
And jes' concede Jap Miller's the best man ever was.

As may be supposed, Jap is a very popular citizen in Martinsville, and the folks there were greatly pleased when the poem was first published. Jap was immensely tickled with it himself. He had several thousand copies of it printed on cards for distribution among his friends. The reverse of some of these bore his business card, advertising the general notion store he keeps. On the backs of others was the following characteristic autobiography:

In the backwoods of Shelby county, Ind., in the spring of 1851, surrounded by water, mud and decaying vegetation, I was born, having 13 brothers and sisters. My parents did not need me. So when brothers or sisters got mad they thumped me. During this early period of my existence I had all the diseases childhood is heir to. My head was two sizes too large for my weak body. Early in life I developed a wonderful appetite for anything and everything in the grub line. I am a natural product of the backwoods. Polished and refined by the varied society of Martinsville, if there is anything good in my character, give the credit to my neighbors for their religious influences. If you should find some of the bad, charge it to my associates, for I believe that I am a creature of circumstances. I am not a society man, but a lover of good company.

If you are in trouble, come to me. I know what it is. This world is full of sorrow and sadness, and it is also full of sunshine and gladness. Don't be timid, but come and see me. I cannot come to you. I believe in magnetism, but not in spiritualism. My advice is to watch, for there is a devil for every household. Don't let him in. If you are not doing something to make the world better, you are working for the evil one sure. Plant flowers, speak kind words and feed the poor, and when you cannot live any longer some one will shed tears. Don't commit suicide, but wait. A mob may get you. If you want to see me, come to Martinsville. If I am dead, come to heaven.

Your friend, Jap Miller.

Jap has written an account of his first meeting with the poet in a paper read at an Epworth league entertainment. He says when he first saw Riley he knew he was either a poet or a confidence man. They got acquainted quickly, though their questions and answers were all in the shortest possible meter. They sat in an alley back of Miller's store, and Riley made Jap promise to read Dickens. Before leaving, the poet promised to come back at 10 o'clock that night and tell Jap a Dickens Christmas story.

"That night at 10," says Jap, "I went back to the alley, and he was there. No one said anything for some time. Finally the Christmas story was begun, and it was finished at half past 1. We went home. He did not say good night. I did not say good night. In fact, we said nothing at all—we simply faded out of the alley."

THE DANBURY NEWS MAN.

Personal Sketch of the Well Known and Lamented Humorist.

[Special Correspondence.]

Danbury, Conn., March 15.—This little city still shows both publicly and privately visible signs of mourning the loss of one of her best and most popular citizens. James Montgomery Bailey has been known to the world for many years as The Danbury News Man. "Monte" Bailey, as he was familiarly called by those who knew him best in life, was comparatively a young man at the time of his death, having been born in Albany in 1841. At one time he was one of the most famous figures in American journalism, and as the originator of a characteristic style of American humor he has been without a rival.

Probably no more democratic man ever lived than Monte Bailey, or one more easily approached, and his humor was of that natural, spontaneous kind, which came from him easily and without effort. It dealt with the most commonplace realities of New England life, but such faithful pictures did he manage to convey by his brief sketches, and withal so excruciatingly funny, that they found a place in every family circle, east and west and north and south, and at the time when the Danbury News as a weekly was so popular the books written by Mr. Bailey achieved a popularity that has been given to no American humorist pure and simple with the exception of Mark Twain.

Mr. Bailey's early struggles were by no means easy, and it is to be inferred that his boyhood had not the most peaceful surroundings. He told me once that his stepfather—his own father having died when he was very young—was a man of ungovernable temper, but he was quick to add that he was one of the best hearted men living. It is easy to see, however, that Mr. Bailey's youth must have been strongly impressed on his mind by the vivid pen pictures he gave afterward of his boyish experiences.

When a boy, he learned the carpenter's trade, and the most that he received mentally was a common school education. When the war broke out, he enlisted in the Seventeenth Connecticut volunteers, and afterward he went to Danbury, where he got control of The Jeffersonian newspaper and changed it to the Danbury News. It was then, when he was established as the editor of what was in many respects but a village paper, that Mr. Bailey's sense of humor

JAMES M. BAILEY.

became active, and "Life In Danbury" began to appear under the point of his pen in the shape of short sketches descriptive in their character, homely in style and execution, and yet so humorous in their originality and conception that they began to be copied into other journals.

Thus Mr. Bailey passed some of the pleasantest years of his life. It was just as natural for him to write about the things he saw as it was for him to breathe, and he did it easily, with no effort. It was not until four years after Mr. Bailey first began to write his sketches that they influenced the circulation of The News, which suddenly jumped from 2,000 or 3,000 weekly to 30,000, and when Mr. Bailey's first book was published the paper had a steady sale.

The Danbury News Man had found that what he took up more as a recreation had begun to attract attention all over the world, and that he was famous. His books rapidly ran through several editions, and he declares that the climax came when he was offered $25,000 for a series of lectures. This he declined, as he had not confidence in his ability to command the attention of an audience.

"Why, I had no idea I could talk to a crowd," he said to the writer some time ago, "and I never could understand why they seemed to like what I said." The knowledge that he could talk and talk well, so that when his name was announced the lecture hall would be crowded, came to him almost by accident.

Bret Harte lectured in Danbury on one occasion, and Mr. Bailey introduced him to the audience. He intended to make a short formal speech, but he says that something about him seemed to attract, so that he talked on and on, and everything he said was received with applause. Finally, when he did get through and turned to Bret Harte, who was waiting to make his address, the latter whispered to him under his breath: "D—n you, Bailey! You have taken the wind out of my sails."

With such a prosperous paper as The News and the author of such popular books, Mr. Bailey soon found himself in easy circumstances, and he made a trip to England, where he found that his works had preceded him and were having a ready sale. On his return he began to lecture and was favorably received everywhere. Some one asked him not long ago if he were not rich. "Well," he replied, "I am comfortable, but most of my treasures are in heaven."

Such was James Montgomery Bailey, one of the kindliest mortals who ever lived—a man who was never known to turn away a beggar from his door—and perhaps the best epitaph that can be recorded of him should be that the world was better for his being here.

Tom Masson.

BACK NUMBERS

Figuratively speaking are out of date. We can't show you any Clothing for 1893. Our Stock contains nothing but 1894 Styles in Suits of every variety of material for Business or Dress. Approval trend on the heel of merit, and in Topeka, among people of good taste, you hear nothing but praise for our SACK SUITS. They are made up of all the correct materials for this season's wear.

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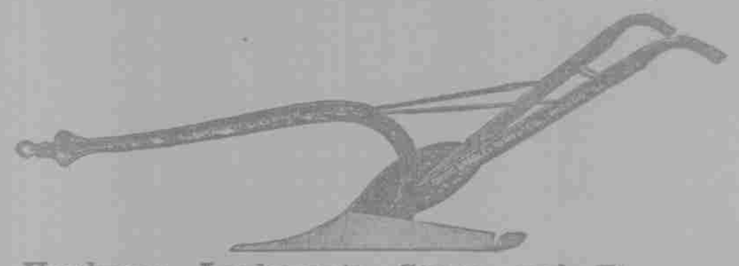

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COLLINGSWORTH LOCATED.

Topeka's Gentleman Gambler Has Gone to Denver to Reside.

Johnny Collingsworth, the gentleman gambler who left Topeka to avoid arrest, is in Denver, and the best information obtainable by the local officers is that he has located permanently in Denver and has shaken the dust of Topeka from his feet for good.

Collingsworth was for several years prior to his last residence in Topeka a citizen of Denver, where he was said to have had a thriving business.

This will be disappointing news to the gambling fraternity of Topeka who plotted to get even with Collingsworth for winning all their money by having him arrested, fined and locked up in jail.

PETTY CASES IN COURT.

Judge Ensminger Listens to the Trivial Woes of Several People.

There were several cases in the police court today, but none of them were more than petty offenses.

Will Miller, aged 20, went into a restaurant near the Rock Island depot and, after eating freely of pie and other regulation articles of restaurant diet, had a dispute with the proprietor over the amount of the bill. The proprietor started across the street for a policeman, and Miller struck him behind the head with his fist. He was fined $10 for assault.

John Dalgreen and George Nichols had a fight in an alley last night. Nichols' eye was swollen shut today. Dalgreen gave bond for his appearance, and did not appear. The cases of both were continued.

Charles Cummings was arrested last night on a warrant for burglary. He and two friends were living together in a house in North Topeka, and they bought a supply of provisions which they kept there. Cummings' two friends went to Lawrence last week and when they returned they found he had broken in and carried off the provisions, which consisted of bread, meat, cheese and crackers. Cummings was turned over to the state.

The six colored people arrested in the colored disorderly house Saturday night were fined $5 each.

Mike Ross, charged with assault, was discharged as nobody appeared in court to prosecute him.

Willie Cooper, a poor creature 12 years old, neither boy nor girl, is being held charged with stealing a laprobe and a pair of reins from Robert Mood. He or she is not entered on the books and is being held. The unfortunate child is allowed to run the streets. Its proper place is in an asylum.

LOCAL MENTION.

The Brewer & Son stock of men's furnishing goods was sold today by the sheriff. Tanner Bros. bought the stock, and the fixtures were sold to Abe August, J. S. Rhodes and others. The stock and fixtures sold for $861.40.

George Eagle's Columbia bicycle was stolen last Sunday evening from in front his residence on Quincy street. He found it in a yard in the eastern part of the city. The thief took it just for a ride or got scared and got rid of it.

The case against Fannie Wright, charged with robbing one of her "patrons" of $35 several weeks ago, was dismissed in Justice Chesney's court today, the complaining witness, T. F. Palmer, having skipped town.

Thomas Sheard of Topeka, has been appointed by Grand Master Ed Wheeler, one of the committee of the state grand lodge on printing and supplies. It is one of the most important committees of the grand lodge and it is a great honor.

The Topeka Commandery No. 5, Knights Templar, holds its annual election this evening in the Masonic rooms. This lodge was chartered in October 1889. Mr. Jonathan D. Norton, as commander, will retire and the officers under him will probably move up a "notch," with the exception of Dr. F. W. Bailey, who holds the office of organist.

MUST HAVE BEEN THIEVES.

The Chief and His Men Chase Them Into the River.

Chief Lindsey and Captain Gish spent most of last evening on the track of two suspicious characters who were offering a dozen pairs of fine shoes for sale cheap. They are supposed to be thieves. These two officers were unable to locate them, but later in the evening Sergeant Tim Donovan chased them down Kansas avenue to the bridge. The men retreated to the island under the bridge and escaped by wading to the shore. The sergeant didn't want to get his feet wet.

Lee Jones as Chairman.

The new Democratic city central committee met last night and elected Lee Jones chairman, T. M. Hawley secretary and Mike Heery treasurer. It was decided to make only a fight in the Second ward, where Mr. Small and Mr. Earnest will receive the support of the committee. No candidates will be brought forward in the other wards. The meeting last night was held in the Flambeau club rooms.

Rev. J. B. Thomas has moved into his residence again on Van Buren street, and last evening gave a "house warming." All the officers of the First Baptist church, with their families, were present and enjoyed a pleasant evening. Refreshments were served during the evening.

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