

BEAT JOY RIDES.

Topeka Boy Describes Trip in Engine Cab

From Here to Kansas City on R. I. Train No. 4.

NO CONVERSATION.

Ordinary Speech Impossible on Account of Noise.

Terrific Clatter Made While Passing Trains.

"If I ever get rich, I am going to buy a railroad system just so I can ride on it in the cab of a fast engine, preferably at night time."

This is the remark of a Topeka boy who recently rode in the cab of Rock Island engine No. 4, which pulls the "Golden State Limited" between here and Kansas City. This train, one of the finest in the west, runs between Los Angeles, Cal., and Chicago. Permission for the ride mentioned was granted through the courtesy of G. W. Bourke, superintendent of the Kansas division of the Rock Island. The

wind and an instant of terrific clatter as the train passed.

"At other times the noise was deafening. Conversation would have been impossible. The rush of air about my ears made a constant 'bub-bub-bub' sound and a sensation similar to that experienced by a small boy when his playmates duck him. If you do not understand this beautiful simile, just tick your head under water and you will grasp the idea."

"Nearly every five minutes above the noise would come a steady 'swish, swish' as the fireman shoveled coal into the firebox. The man would stand with his back to me, stooped forward, feet wide apart and swing the heavy shovel back and forth with a skillful rhythmic motion. The glare of the flames under the boiler would be reflected against the engine smoke, a wavering veil of gray against the dark blue of the sky. The trailing smoke, in the light, assumed fantastic shapes, sometimes resembling a human form. Then it would seem to beckon until I thought of those spirits of Scandinavian myths which were supposed to hover over battle fields, just to take the souls of slain heroes to realms of bliss—and maddening the last old Scandinavian 'boozie,' I believe."

Engineer a Statue.
"At the right of the cab sat the engineer, his hand at the throttle and his eyes fixed on the track. He scarcely changed his position except when he left the cab at Lawrence to oil the machinery."

"I was glad to leave my perch and walk on the ground. However, although the engine swayed considerably, the jar nor shaking that I had expected. The track was too well ballasted. "What did Kansas City look like when we approached it that night? The sight was wonderfully beautiful. As

BOWSER'S SNIPE.

He Goes on His Annual Hunt For the Wary Bird.

Mr. Bowser should have due credit. Dinner had been finished half an hour when he suddenly said to Mrs. Bowser:

"Tell the cook to put me on a little something for breakfast. I'll be up at 6, and I want a bite before I go. Neither of you need get up."

"What is it you are going to do?" asked Mrs. Bowser in astonishment. "Why, I go on my annual snipe hunt tomorrow. I have been going for seven years now. The druggist is going to lend me his shotgun."

"Are you going alone?" "Yes, I don't propose to take anyone along to scare the snipe away. The snipe is a wary bird, Mrs. Bowser. He must be trailed down with caution."

"Yes, he must be very wary. You have hunted him for seven years and haven't found him yet. Not a snipe have you ever brought home. You brought home an old crow once, but that was your only game."

"You know what you are talking about, do you?" he asked as he flushed up.

"About snipe?" "Then let me tell you that I don't go out to create a slaughter. I take a day off; I get out into the country. I am satisfied with killing a bird or two. There has never been a time that I could not have brought home at least a couple of dozen had I wanted to make a butcher of myself."

"Your sentiments do you credit, Mr. Bowser. The snipe is an innocent bird. Why should anyone seek to dabble in his blood? Just wade around in the swamps all day and bring home one snipe—just to see if you can tell one from a robin. Your breakfast shall be ready."

Mr. Bowser sprang up to say something, but changed his mind. Why should he lose his temper? Mrs. Bowser was jealous and envious because she couldn't go, too, and it was better to treat her as a child. To get real mad on the evening before his annual hunt might disturb his aim on the morrow. Therefore, like a wise man, he dropped the subject and picked up his paper and went to reading. That night he was restless, and muttered in his sleep. Once Mrs. Bowser heard him growl out:

"Oh, I don't know a snipe from a robin, eh? We'll see about that!"

He was up and away at daylight to catch the first suburban car. He had a double-barreled shotgun and 100 cartridges. He didn't propose to be hemmed in by snipe and run short of ammunition. On the car he looked the real thing, and after working up his nerve a little the conductor made bold to say:

"You are going after them for sure."

"Yes."

"Wolves or bears?"

"Snipe."

"And I'll bet you get a wagon load. You are just the fellow to go after them."

There was a young farmer on the train who had come to town the night before and gone on a booze. He was now better of it, and going home, and hearing the conversation between Mr. Bowser and the conductor he started off singing:

"Oh, I went out to shoot the snipe. And make a dreadful slaughter; I killed five hundred and a crow."

Though sure I haven't order."

At the end of the line Mr. Bowser made his start, followed by a wave of the hand from the conductor. He had gone about 40 rods when he came upon a farmer cleaning out the roadside ditch, and pleasantly asked:

"My friend, can you tell me the best place around here for snipe?"

"What's them?" queried the man after a minute.

"A snipe is a bird."

"He can't be an eagle?"

"No."

"Nor a wild turkey?"

"No."

"Then I never saw one. If I was you I'd be mighty careful how I handled that gun. You'd better leave it here and do your huntin' with a club."

Half a mile further on Mr. Bowser found a pond in a field. It looked like a likely place for snipe and he went over. After he had circled the pond and did not fall, but a young man who was mending the cornfield fence and had not been noticed came sauntering down to say:

"Want to kill some robins to eat?"

"I fired at a snipe."

"A snipe? Why, man, there hasn't been a snipe around here in 500 years. There's the bird you fired at sitting on the fence, and if it ain't a robin then I've gone blind."

"Then there are no snipe around here?"

"Not a one. You come out to shoot snipe, do you?"

"I did."

"It's too bad to disappoint you, but if you'll come up to the barn, I'll let you shoot at a 10 calf for a home shot. You may shoot all day long."

Some snipe-hunters would have become discouraged, but Mr. Bowser plodded along until he came upon a farmer mowing the grass in his front yard. He stopped to ask him about snipe, and the man came to the fence to say:

"No, if he's passed this way I haven't seen him."

"I asked you about snipe—a bird," corrected Mr. Bowser.

"Snipe—a bird? What does it look like?"

"He's a small bird and good to eat."

"Never heard of him. Say, wife, come out here."

The farmer's wife came slowly out.

"I asked you about snipe—a bird," corrected Mr. Bowser.

"Snipe—a bird? What does it look like?"

"He's a small bird and good to eat."

"Never heard of him. Say, wife, come out here."

The farmer's wife came slowly out.

"I asked you about snipe—a bird," corrected Mr. Bowser.

"Snipe—a bird? What does it look like?"

"He's a small bird and good to eat."

"Never heard of him. Say, wife, come out here."

The farmer's wife came slowly out.

"I asked you about snipe—a bird," corrected Mr. Bowser.

"Snipe—a bird? What does it look like?"

"He's a small bird and good to eat."

"Never heard of him. Say, wife, come out here."

The farmer's wife came slowly out.

"I asked you about snipe—a bird," corrected Mr. Bowser.

"Snipe—a bird? What does it look like?"

"He's a small bird and good to eat."

"Never heard of him. Say, wife, come out here."

The farmer's wife came slowly out.



When out auto riding, drop in and leave word for us to call for your cleaning and pressing work. Solid satisfaction is what you will enjoy after we return your work. We doctor old clothes and make them look as good as new with our modern process. Our charges are moderate.

A. W. VOGEL

Successor to C. F. Roediger & Son
CLEANING WORKS
Ind. Phone 957
820 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kan.

A PROFITABLE PLAN

For the person who desires to save is to take monthly payment shares in this Association.
Shares earn six per cent per annum. Mature in 3 to 10 years.
Call for Booklet.

The Capital Building
and Loan Ass'n
453 Kansas Avenue

L. M. Penwell

Undertaker and Embalmer
511 Quincy Street
Both Phones 192

A Voice From the Rockies

Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and other Colorado points are now connected with Topeka by Long Distance Bell Telephone. Clear talking copper circuits.
Use Natural Tones.

followed by three children, and the husband asked:

"Marry, did you ever hear tell of a snipe?"

"Lor, no!" she replied.

"You are sure you don't mean a duck?" was queried of Mr. Bowser.

"Can a snipe be a duck? Can a duck be a snipe? I said I was four years old ought to know what a snipe is."



"HE WAS UP AND AWAY AT DAYLIGHT."

"Yes, I reckon so, but we are a distressed family and don't try to know much. We have chills and biles and fevers and lots of other things, and taxes are raising' all the time. Mebbe they'll tell you at the next house. They are Democrats there and don't have nothing but good luck. I'm going to turn my corn this time."

The next house was more than half a mile distant. Mr. Bowser reached it to find a woman and a dog at the gate. The one surveyed him with suspicion and the other with distrust.

"Madam," he said, "I am out from town to hunt snipe?"

"Wait, hunt away," was her brusque reply.

"Are there any around here?"

"If there was I'd pick 'em myself."

"Pick 'em? How do you pick snipe?"

"Never you mind, but go on about your business or you'll get into trouble. We had a calf stolen last night."

"But you can't for a moment think that I did it."

"I've got my suspicions, and you can see how bad the dog wants to get hold of you."

"My dear woman—"

But she started to open the gate and Mr. Bowser started off, headed for town this time. As he came along to where the "distressed family" dwelt the farmer accosted him with:

"Say, stranger, my hired man says he knows where a snipe is. He says they are baldheaded on top of the head and have duck legs."

As the car was reached there was the same conductor, and as he took up the fare he whispered:

"Left 'em in cold storage out in the country. I see. That's the way I always do. Let the butcher that buys 'em go after 'em."

"Well?" queried Mrs. Bowser at 2 o'clock in the afternoon as Mr. Bowser walked in, hot, tired and dusty.

"Not a word from you, woman—not a word! Some fiend in human form spent last night driving every last snipe out of the country, and I can hear on the person who hired him to do it to spite me."—(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Charles Rann Kennedy took passage for England on August 21, to remain there probably for a year. Mr. Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House," which achieved such notable success on the American stage, was much talked of also by a literary audience when the Harpers printed it in book form, will be produced in London at the Adelphi theatre this season. Kennedy said upon sailing, "I love America more than ever—which is saying much."

Younger readers are catered for exceptionally well by A. C. McClurg & Co. this fall. Included in their fall list are ten volumes of juvenile fiction of good literary quality including work by such favorite authors as Margaret W. Morley and Gullima Zollinger and

A new train that is really NEW

Not only new because it has just been put on, but new because it has just been built.

It is a spick and span new train, from pilot to observation end, built to order, and expressing the last word in Pullman car construction.

It starts service September 26th, as

The Katy Limited

and immediately takes its place among the "crack trains of the Country." It is a limited train of unlimited comforts. Brilliantly lighted throughout. The chair cars are not ordinary chair cars—the Pullmans are not ordinary Pullmans.

It is extra fare service minus the "extra fare" and marks a new era in travel between

Kansas City and Texas

This train will leave Kansas City, daily, at 6:20 p.m. (St. Louis, 10:05 a.m.) and will arrive with Katy regularity at Fort Scott 8:50 p.m.; Parsons 10:00 p.m.; Oklahoma City 7:00 a.m.; Denison 6:10 a.m.; Dallas 9:15 a.m.; Fort Worth 9:35 a.m.; Waco 12:55 p.m.; Austin 5:10 p.m.; San Antonio 8:15 p.m.; Houston 9:50 p.m.

North bound this train will leave Houston at 7:00 a.m.; San Antonio 9:50 a.m.; Austin 1:05 p.m.; Waco 5:00 p.m.; Dallas 8:35 p.m.; Fort Worth 8:20 p.m.; Denison 11:45 p.m.; arriving at Kansas City 11:25 a.m.; St. Louis 6:59 p.m.

Afternoon trains from Topeka reach Kansas City, about two hours before the departure of the Katy Limited, thus enabling you to attend to business in Kansas City and still reach Texas before you would had you taken trains which left Topeka earlier.

The Katy Limited is not in place of, but is

In addition to The Katy Flyer

With two such trains daily, providing the finest service and fast schedules, all one need remember, in planning a trip to Texas is one little word—"Katy"

Full information regarding any trip Southwest—come of ticket, schedule etc., will gladly be furnished by

Geo. A. McNutt, District Passenger Agent
805 Walnut Street, Kansas City



Book NEWS.

Down in southern Kansas at Arkansas City is a man whose soul is filled with song and his tuneful verses have appeared from time to time in newspapers. His name is Sol L. Long and he was reading clerk in the old Populist senate—chosen because he had a melodious far reaching voice. His poetical effusions appeared occasionally but they were not to satisfy his political adversaries and he made no claim to distinction as a poet.

He has now made a bid for fame, however, and has published a book under the title, "Child Slaves and Other Poems."

It often happens that poets are mistaken about their prize productions and with this book "Child Slaves" is entitled to favorable consideration it is by no means his best.

There are many good things in Mr. Long's collection of verse and it is as refreshing as Kansas ozone. The verses are pleasing and delightful and the author deserves a place on the front seat among Kansas versifiers.

The book is published by Long Bros., Arkansas City.

"A Son of the Desert," is a book for boys written by Bradley Gilman and published by the Century company.

The hero is a fine, manly lad, the son of a Bedouin sheik. He is befriended by a young American boy, traveling for his health; and when the American falls into serious peril the young Bedouin proves his nobility and courage.

One adventure follows another, a terrific sand storm, a capture by brigands who are outwitted by an explosion of dynamite, a subterranean escape and the final safe return of both lads after many exciting and thrilling experiences. The author, Mr. Gilman, is a classicist and President Roosevelt at Harvard, and this story shaped itself during a recent visit to Egypt in which he had unusual opportunities for becoming acquainted with the life and customs of the country outside the path of the ordinary tourist.

Charles Rann Kennedy took passage for England on August 21, to remain there probably for a year. Mr. Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House," which achieved such notable success on the American stage, was much talked of also by a literary audience when the Harpers printed it in book form, will be produced in London at the Adelphi theatre this season. Kennedy said upon sailing, "I love America more than ever—which is saying much."

Younger readers are catered for exceptionally well by A. C. McClurg & Co. this fall. Included in their fall list are ten volumes of juvenile fiction of good literary quality including work by such favorite authors as Margaret W. Morley and Gullima Zollinger and

a story, "Chet," by Katherine M. Yates, whose previous works, now handled by A. C. McClurg & Co., have attained a sale of over 100,000 copies. The juvenile taste for stories other than fiction is taken care of by Roman J. Miller's story "Around the World With the Battleships," and four new titles in the "Lift Stories for Young People" translated from the German by Geo. P. Upton. For younger children Mrs. Harrison's fairy tales have been reissued in small gift volumes each containing two stories.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's new book, "The Oath of Allegiance," is published this week by Houghton Mifflin company. There are ten stories beside the title story, including: "The Sacred Fire," "His Soul to Keep," "The Covered Embers," "A Sacrament," and "The Chief Operator." They all deal with some strong dramatic situation and have the imaginative fervor and irresistible appeal for which this author is noted.

The frontispiece of the October Century will be a reproduction in full color of an exquisitely conceived and colored decorative picture by Mr. Charles A. Winter, "The Urn of the Year," with sympathetic lines by Miss Edith M. Thomas.

The following books will be published by Houghton Mifflin company today: A beautiful holiday edition of James Russell Lowell's New England idyll, "The Courtin'"; with many colored pictures and decorations by Arthur I. Keller; "The Wares of Edgewise," a novel by Miss Eliza Orne White; "The Life, Letters and Journals of George Tichnor," in a new two volume

edition; "The Buntings-Bunnies in Camp," a book for younger children by Edith B. Davidson, with colored pictures and decorations by Clara E. Atwood; "More Charades," by William Bellamy, being his fourth collection of "word puzzles"; "The City of the Dinner Pail," a discussion of the labor situation from a manufacturer's point of view, by Jonathan Stacey Lincoln; "The Right to Believe," by Eleanor Harris Rowland; and new editions of "The Admiral's Caravan," by Charles E. Carby and "The Odyssey of Homer," translated into English by Prof. George H. Palmer.

"The Land of Long Ago," by Ellen Calvert Hall, in which Aunt Jane reappears is a delightful picture of rural life in the Blue Grass country, showing the real charm and spirit of the old time country folk—a book full of sentiment and kindness and high ideals. It cannot fail to appeal to every reader by reason of its sunny humor, its sweetness and sincerity, its entire fidelity to life. Aunt Jane has become a real personage on American literature and this new volume of her recollections of Kentucky homes will be welcome by all who have read "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," now in its 14th edition. "The Land of Long Ago," is published by Little, Brown & Co.

Doubleday, Page & Company have an interesting and varied list of publications for the fall of 1909. Their publications for September are as follows: "The Garden Week by Week," by Walter P. Wright; "A Reaping," by E. F. Benson; "Wendell Phillips," by Lorenzo Sears; "David," by Cate Young Blue; "Men, the Workers," by Henry Demarest Lloyd; "The Leopard and the Lily," by Marjorie Bowen; "Auxiliary Education," by Professor B. Maennel; "The Book of Famous Sieges," by Tudor Jenks; "Anetole France," by George Brandes; "The Golden Season," by Myra Kelly; "Warrior, The Untamed," by Will Irwin; "As Old As the Moon," by Florence J. Stoddard; "A Court of Inquiry," by Grace Richmond; "Yucatan, The American Egypt," by Channing Arnold and Fred J. Frost; "Daphne in Flitay Street," by E. Nesbit; "Tales of Wonder," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith (Crimson Classics); "The Southerner," being the autobiographical tale of Nicholas Worth; "Just For Two," by Mary Stewart Cutting; "Piano Answers," by Josef Hoffman; "The Land of the Lion," by W. E. Rainsford; "Upbuilders," by Lincoln Steffens; "The Story of the Screws," by Gouverneur Morris; "The Thin Santa Claus," by Ellis Parer Butler.

The Lass of the Silver Sword by Mary Constance Du Bois is a story for girls and boys—of girls and boys—pleasantly out of the ordinary in its idyllic and many real adventures. The girls are a merry wholesome lot, who band themselves together at school in the Order of the Silver Sword, with impetuous, clever dashing Jean the leader. Summer carries them all to a camp in the Adirondacks, where the days are crowded with forest delights, and where they have many adventures, some of real peril. The story has an unusual spirit and dash, and is as wholesome and tonic as the forest air. The book is published by the Century company.

Wm. E. Connelley's Quantrell book will be published about November.

Get our estimate on that lumber bill. J. B. Whelan & Co., 4th & Santa Fe tracks.

The New Virginia

Tenth and Topeka Ave.

The prettiest private dining room in the city under the management of

Mrs. G. L. Seymore

Special Sunday noon dinner 50c

Board by the week \$4.50

Meal tickets 21 meals \$5.00

Special Sunday Dinner Meal

Tickets 21 Meals \$6.00

L. O. H. SLUSHER

Sole Agent

National Metal Weather Strip

And Metal and Wood Frame Fly Screens

We Sell Nothing But the Best of Its Class

TOPEKA, KAN.

THE NATIONAL P. O. Box 97

TOPEKA, KAN.

THE NATIONAL P. O. Box 97

TOPEKA, KAN.

THE NATIONAL P. O. Box 97

TOPEKA, KAN.

THE NATIONAL P. O. Box 97

TOPEKA, KAN.

THE NATIONAL P. O. Box 97



"The Lights Swung Into View."

boy describes his experience as follows:

"Did I enjoy the trip? Well, rather. It was my first ride on a big engine and things were interesting from the time we left Topeka until we rolled into Kansas City. The journey was filled with half-fledged thrills and beat automobiling. However, 'joy rides' have not been my usual recreation; I belong more to the Wheelbarrow Browsers than to the Auto Autocrats. Like the bullfrog's voice, this jestlet is very deep and long sustained. Nevertheless since my engine trip always feel like recommending the same to those who continually 'whoop up' the excitement of autoing."

Sixty Miles an Hour.

"But to resume: At times we went sixty miles an hour and then some, making only a stop at Lawrence for water and at the Bonner Springs crossing. As you may know Bonner Springs is the only dangerous rival of Kansas City. The other villages, the Golden State Limited ignored save for a warning bell and timely whistle—and the noise thereof—it nearly lifted the scalp from my head. We passed stations so fast that I could get an impression of only a blur of light and darkness by silhouettes of human figures—artistic description, isn't it?"

"It was all so wonderful, almost wild at times, the swaying, mad rush through the night, the glare of the head light on the white ballast of the track, the roar of the breeze made by our great speed and the throbbing of the machinery mingled with the hiss of the steam—there I go again, but I always was strong on impressions."

"Seriously, I was a little bit awed as I stood near the great iron bulk which loomed up above my head when the train backed into Topeka. The engine was chugging his engine when I approached him. He