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

wind and an instant of terrific clatter

BEAT JOY RIDES.

wind and an instant of terrific clatter as the trains 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' 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

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 rythmical motion. The glare of the flames under the boller 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 Scandanavian myths which were supposed to hover over battle a field, just to take the souls of slaid heroes to realms of bliss—and meadable least is old Scandavian for 'booze,' I believe.

"At the right of the cab sat the engineer, his hand at the throttle and his eyes fixed on the track. He scancely eyes fixed on the track of the fixed provides and the eyes fixed on the track. He scancely eyes fixed on the track. He scancely eyes fixed on the track

"At the right of the cab sat the en-gineer, 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 ma-



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 Borrowers than to the Auto Autocrats. Like the bullfrog's voice, this jestlet is very deep and long sustained. Nevertheless since my engine trip I always feel like recommending the same to those who continually whoop up' the excitement of autoing.

Sixty Miles an Hour.

We neared the city, I think we turned a curve. Anyway, far ahead, three lights, forming a triangle of brilliancy against a background of darkness, swung into view. A second later, the whole mass of the city's lights burst on our vision. It was dazling in its suddenness and magnificent in its suplendor and extent. (Word picture No. 3.)

"Soon afterward the delightful perfume of the packing plants 'was born on the breeze' as the poets say. I realized we had entered Armoundale. At this place another engine took the Golden Limited' in charge. Our engire, whose who continually whoop up' the excitement of autoing.

Sixty Miles an Hour.

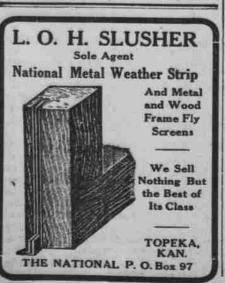
Sixty Miles an Hour.

"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 warring the feminine gender—'say that she is the feminine

overalls and jumpers.
"Almost before I realized it we had "Almost before I realized it we had left Topeka and were roaring over the bridge north of the city. As we came out in the open a peculiar sense of unreality came over me. When I looked out in the vastness of the night sky it reality came over me.

out in the vastness of the night sky it almost seemed that we were detached from the earth and were hurling through space. The fireman's voice recigars they are valuable, besure your dealer gives them to you and bring the space.

will always feel grateful to the fireman for this assurance. Even then it gave me a thrill when we passed au-other train coming from an opposite direction. There would be a menacing glare of blue light, an extra rush of



"The Lights Swung Into View."

ness as well as convenience.

train backed into Topeka. The singular was offered into Topeka. The singular is paid \$4 a hundred miles, the fireman \$2.995. The men who were with me that night between Herington and Kansas City. They are J. K. Sullivan and Charles Duncan. Both men are considered among the best in their line.

This is to be considered in the considered among the best in their line.

the fireman was equally as courteous.

I took my seat in front of him at the left of the cab, after donning a pair of left of the cab, after donning a pair of left of the read tunners. the west.
"The trip from Los Anglese to Chi-

Passing Other Trains.

"If you see a headlight of another train coming, don't get scared about a collision. Remember this is a double track between Topeka and Kansas (City.")

City."

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. Bow

ed up.
"About snipe."

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

bold to say:
"You are going after them for

"Yes."
"Wolves or bears?"

"Snipe."

"And I'll bet you get a wagon load.
You are just the fellow to do it. If you get in a hole, sell your life dearly."

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

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 dreaful slaughter; I killed five hundred and a crow, Though sure I hadn't orter."

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 road-side 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.

after a minute.
"A snipe is a bird."
"He can't be an eagle?"

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 blurr of light and darkness by shilloulettes of human figures—artistic description, isn't it?

"It was all so wonderful, almost welrd at times, the swaying, mad rush therough 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 bits 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 "I-break my armill backed into Topeka. The

snipe, did you?"
"I did."
"It's too bad to disappoint you, but

if you'll come up to the parn, I'll let you shoot at a calf for 10 cents a 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.

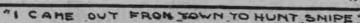
"No, if he's passed this way I

haven't sawn him. "I asked you about snipe—a bird," corrected Mr. Bowser.
"Snipe—a bird? What does it look

"He's a small bird and good to

"Never heard of him. Say, wife, come out here.' The farmer's wife came slowly out







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followed by three children, and the husband asked:
"Mary, 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 gander! I said snipe. A child four years old ought to know what a



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 raisin' all the time. Mebbe they'll tell you at the next

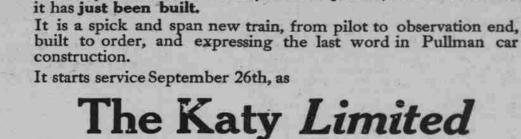
a mile distant. Mr. Bowser reached it to find a woman and a dog at the gate. The one surveyed him with suspicion and the other with distrust.
"Madam," he said, "I am out from town to hunt snipe?"

"Wall, hunt away," was her brusque

"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 the farmer accosted him with path of the ordinary tourist. dwelt the farmer accosted him with:
"Say, stranger, my hired man says
he knows what a snipe is. He says
they are baldheaded on top of the
they are baldheaded on top of the
and have duck legs."

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



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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

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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". If often happens that poets

der the title, "Child Slaves and Other Poems." It often happens that poets are mistaken about their prize productions and while Mr. Long's "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 best of all they all breathe a soul and spirit that are as refreshing as Kansas ozone.

"A Son of the Desert," is a book for boys written by Bradley Gilman and rublished by the Century company. The hero is a fine, manly lad, the son of a Bedouin shelk. He is befriended "Are there any around here?"

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

"Plck '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 stoden 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 holt of you."

"My dear woman—."

But she started to open the gate

they are baldheaded on top the head and have duck legs."

As the car was reached there was the same conductor, and as he took the same conductor, and as he took the same conductor, and as he took success on the American stage, and was success of the Am 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 8 o'clock in the afternoon as Mr. Bowser walked in, hot, tired and dusty.

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

"Earl 'em in cold storage out in thouse," which achieved such notable success on the American stage, and 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 theater this fall. Mr. 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 Guilling Zollinger and

Down in southern Kansas at Arkan- a story, "Chet," by Katherine M. Yates, bown in southern Kansas at Arkansas 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 used to satarize 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 unhanded by Katherine M. Yates, whose previous works, now handled by A. C. McClurg & Co., have attained a sale of over 100,000 coples. 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 "Life 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 Soult to Keep," "The Covered Embers," "A Sacrament," and "The Chief Operator." They all deal with some strong dramatic situation house. They are Democrats there and don't have nothin' but good luck. I'm goin' to turn my coat this fail."

The next house was more than half a mile distant. Mr. Bowser reached it The frontispiece of the October Cen-

tury 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 publish-

"The following books will be published by Houghton Mifflin company to-day: 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 Edgefield," a novel by Miss Eliza Orne White; "The Life, Letters and Journals of Court The Life, Letters and Journals of Court Theory." In a new two volumes. George Tichnor," in a new two volume

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"The Bunnikins-Bunnies in edition; "The Bunnikins-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;" "Tho City of the Dinner Pall," a discussion of the labor situation from a manufacturer's point of view, by Jonathan Thayer Lincoln; "The Right to Believe," by Eleanor Harris Rowland; and new editions of "The Admiral's Caravan," by Charles E. Carryl and "The Odysby Charles E. Carryl and "The Odys-sey of Homer," translated into Eng-lish by Prof. George H. Palmer.

"The Land of Long Ago," by Elisa Calvert Hall, in which Aunt Jane re-appears is a delightful picture of ruras appears is a delightful picture of ruras life in the Biue 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 fall 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 the party of the recollections of the recollec new volume of her recollections of Kentucky home 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.

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 Cale Young Riue; 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; Anatole 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 Fitzroy 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; Plano Answers, by Josef Hoffman; The Land of the Lion, by W. S. Rainsford; Upbuilders, by Lincoln Steffens; Putting on the Screws, by Gouverneur Morris; The Thin Santa Claus, by Ellis Parier 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 joility 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.

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