

## LOCAL NEWS EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK AS DEPICTED BY PARSONS

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY



The Christmas spirit is in evidence—



—and everybody's footsteps seem to lead—



—toward the Christmas tree. It was a—



—merry Christmas so far as Topeka was concerned—



—and the tired merchants viewed the "day after" with satisfaction.



Topeka gets a belated present from the gas company.



Arthur Capper holds an enthusiastic meeting—non-political.

## BOWSER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

He Gets It in the Neck, But Lives On.

Mr. Bowser woke up and sighed. He sat up and groaned. He got out of bed muttering. He came downstairs with a scowl on his face and sat down to the breakfast table with a bang, and when Mrs. Bowser solicitously inquired if he had been hunting for a lost collar button, he curtly replied:

"A man standing on the brink of his grave doesn't feel much like joking."

"Why, you never looked better in your life."

"Perhaps not."

He maintained a frigid attitude during the remainder of the meal, and, as the thought of the coal bill, the gas bill, the butcher bill and the lost bowtie and wondered where the thunderbolt would strike. When they went upstairs he pulled on his coat and vest and pulled back his collar and said:

"I want you to look at the back of my neck. It has pained me all night. I don't think I have a bump around there somewhere."

"I can't say for certain," she replied as she inspected. "But I should think it's been bitten by a spider. There's a lump there, and it's a fiery red."

"But how can I have a bite on the back of my neck?" he demanded as he drew away.

"A spider can bite you anywhere," Mrs. Bowser replied. "I tell you I have a cancer."

"You can't have it," he said. "I'm a doomed man."

"Nonsense! It may possibly develop into a boil."

"But what have I done to bring out a boil? Woman, don't try to deceive me! I have got the feeling that it's a cancer. Father and mother died of them."

"Your mother died of a weak heart, and a rolling sawing caused your father's death, and I don't know what it is, but it's either a bite or a boil, and may be gone in a day."

Mr. Bowser was not convinced. He went to the telephone to get the family doctor, but Mrs. Bowser dissuaded him by saying:

"Let it go till night and give it a chance to develop."

"And for a cancer to seize me in its fangs!"

He started for his office carrying his head stiffly, and soon after he had left the house the cook came up to say:

"You'd better go down town to see about a new cook, mam. If that turn out to be a cancer on Mr. Bowser's neck, I wouldn't stay in this house for \$100 a week. I was working for a man once who had one, and he got up in the night and tried to murder me."

reached perfection and would have taken the prize at any county fair. The color was deep red, and the hardness was akin to a November pear. Mr. Bowser took a position on the broad of his back on the lounge and only moved when fresh polities were applied or the cat set up a wail. Seeing that he was helpless, the cook decided to stay on, but held herself ready for any sudden emergency. Along toward evening Mr. Bowser delivered a brief address on Lactaria Borealis. It was leveled at Mrs. Bowser, and she understood.



IT'S EITHER A BITE OR A BOIL

Friday morning Mr. Bowser got up with a bad bump on his back, and as he ate his tea and toast he requested Mrs. Bowser to telephone for a lawyer to draw up his will and added with considerable zest that he should leave every dollar of his possessions to found an asylum for tramps. She telephoned, but the lawyer had gone off on a hunt, and his office boy for the day, Loss of sleep and worry of the latter sort are bound to exercise distracting influences."

Every man's success in the outside world depends greatly upon his home environment. That is where a wife is so important a partner in the matrimonial firm. The woman who soils and nags and suspects, and who sends her husband away from the house, is not a success in life. One of the greatest railroad systems in the country has had this unwritten rule for years.

At first thought it seems a heartless rule. There are domestic troubles that can't be helped, it will be argued. But consider, for instance, the responsibility of the engineer of a passenger train. If his mind is occupied with family troubles, he is not on the alert every moment, as it must be to safeguard the human freight he carries. A conductor who is worrying over troubles at home isn't in a condition to grasp the contents of orders or to transmit them to his engineer.

A man who must listen to complaints and curtain lectures, who is harried by a fretting wife and unruly children during his time at home, hasn't had enough rest of heart and mind and body rightly to perform his duties as the family breadwinner.

There is really no excuse for most family troubles. They are brought about by discontent, bad tempers, mismanagement, selfishness, unwillingness to bear and forbear.

Much of the home peace lies within the hands of the wife. If she will not do her share to preserve the peace and comfort of her home—even a little more than her share, if need be—she is failing in her duty as a helpmate, and she cannot ensure an employer who refuses to retain the man whose efficiency has been lowered by her own failure to send him away from home each time he is crushed and comforted and ready for the fray.

Our Brilliance Costs High.

In one column of the recent issue of a newspaper was an article dealing with the increasing abandonment of farms and lack of producers of the nation's food. In another column was an article giving the results of a test in a normal school showing that the young women studying to be teachers, all of them graduates of city high schools and some of them graduates of women's colleges, failed to recognize the commonest things of everyday life and couldn't name even a potato plant with the potatoes attached, or recognize an ordinary beet.

In tests of observation it developed that an alarming proportion of these normal school pupils couldn't name the location of their city's 10 principal public buildings, though none of those in the test had lived less than five years in the city and others had spent all their lives there.

In a class of 100 graduates of high schools and six graduates from the women's colleges, 57 were unable to correctly name the branch of a plum tree. This is not so remarkable as it probably wouldn't know a plum tree if they saw it. But this same branch was passed among 100 pupils a second time and 95 of the class failed to recognize that it was the same bit of plum tree that had previously been examined. This is more significant than the failure to recognize the potato plant or the beet.

quake shock had brought about direful results, but alone by itself was not greatly to be feared. Mrs. Bowser returned home in more cheerful spirits, and as she soothed the front door she was alarmed to hear Mr. Bowser dancing about and singing a verse of a topical song. At the door of the sitting room she beheld him cowering about with the cat in his arms and the handgrips of his neck, and as she cried out in alarm he turned and shouted:

"She's gone! She's gone for sure!"

Mr. Bowser's cancer had broken and death had passed him by. He cackled and laughed and chuckled under the chin; but, suddenly remembering his policy, he drew himself up stiffly and said:

"Yes, woman, your fourteenth attempt to assassinate me has failed, and you can instruct your lawyer to see my lawyer tomorrow morning."

"But what did I do?" she asked.

"Poisoned a dining needle as I slept and then jabbed me!"

"You can't believe it!"

"And but for my strength of will it would have been a boil instead of a cancer. Think it over tonight and tell me in the morning how much honesty you want." (Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

**A WOMAN'S OBSERVATIONS.**

(By Edna K. Wooley.)

Something to Think About.

Here is something that every woman ought to read and ponder:

The general superintendent of a certain railway company has issued an order that hereafter domestic troubles will be considered sufficient cause for an employee's discharge from the railroad's service.

"Undoubtedly," said the general superintendent, "domestic troubles account for a number of accidents. A man whose home surroundings are not pleasant often cannot get the proper amount of sleep while on duty. Sometimes words which may have passed between him and his wife linger in his mind after he has taken to the work for the day. Loss of sleep and worry of the latter sort are bound to exercise distracting influences."

Remove the round muscle from 30 small oysters, then rinse, drain and chill on ice.

Place four or five clams in each of six cocktail glasses, and dress them with the following sauce:

Three tablespoons each of tomato catsup and lemon juice, one-half teaspoon freshly grated horseradish, one teaspoon tobacco sauce, two tablespoons clam juice, three-quarters teaspoon of salt and a dash of paprika. Serve very cold.

Macaroni and dried beef—Boil macaroni until tender in salted water. Put piece of butter size of walnut in a spider; when hot put dried beef in and let brown then put in boiling water for amount of gravy wanted, thicken with flour, salt and pepper to taste. Pour off water of macaroni and put macaroni in the gravy. Makes a fine dish for cold days.

Cranberries—This is an unfailing recipe for a most delicious preparation: To one quart cranberries add one pint water. Cover and boil until berries burst. Then add two cups sugar, boil 20 minutes without the cover. They must not be stirred.

Peppernuts—Four pounds brown sugar, one pound currants, one-fourth pound citron, one-half pound almonds, one quart butter, one tablespoon each of ground cloves, allspice, soda and salt, two tablespoons coriander, one teaspoon each of mace, pepper and grated hartsorn.

Stir boiling water over almonds and remove skins. Chop citron, currants and nuts very fine, then put them in the pan with the sugar; sprinkle spices on top.

Stir heartshorn into one pint of sifted flour then put in buttermilk and last, add enough flour to make as stiff as bread dough. Take a good handful of the dough and roll it long like a sausage, then cut it in small pieces and make them round like a marble. Put these in the tins about 1½ inches apart and bake brown. This amount will make about one-half bushel.

ognize the potato plant or to locate the principal public buildings of the city.

Is the fault with our schools or with the students?

Are the young folks so flighty that it's a hopeless task to instruct them? Or are the systems of education along lines that fail to teach the wholesome and necessary things needed in our daily lives?

Is it at all extraordinary that our farms are lying waste when we are educating our boys and girls to be consumers and not producers?

What kind of a trained mind is it that cannot concentrate enough on a plum tree branch so that the same branch will not be recognized upon a second view?

The fact is that we are all trained superficially. It is all on the surface. City people gaze only over the tops of things. There is so much diversity that they seldom take the trouble to observe one thing carefully or to study deeply into any condition. They have no time to waste—that's the feeling and practice.

The same spirit is in the schools. So much must be gone over in such a short time. Only the surface is skimmed. Concentration is neither practiced nor required. Thoroughness is the rule. It's our habit to sneer, in fact, at anybody who is "slow," though slowness means earnestness. Pupils marked "brilliant" in high school and college failed in every essential in the normal school tests referred to.

It is a purely American trait. I doubt if these tests could have resulted as they did in any but an American school. We are all for brilliancy, nothing, for thoroughness. And our "brilliancy" is costing high, for it means means success. Pupils marked "brilliant" in high school and college failed in every essential in the normal school tests referred to.

When a man passes a millinery store window with his wife he tries to engage her in an absorbing conversation on the political situation.

Hayin' Time.

All the treedots are a yellin' And the bees are buzzin' round. The grasshoppers are hoppin' Here and there upon the ground. All the birds are sweetly singin' Workin' morning, night and noon. And a sweet and wholesome odor Is a-risin' from the earth.

And the old sun is a-shinin', Shinin' down for all it's worth. All the country folks are hustlin' Startin' at the break of day. Mether's it a busy season, Me and dad are makin' hay.

Tell you what, we got to go some For there ain't no time to lose, For o'clock most every mornin' Finds a feller in his shoes. Then he's got to feed the horses And the pigs and mind the sheep 'Til he gets 'em to the pasture While you folks in town all sleep. When it comes along to breakfast, Feller's got an appetite And the salt pork and the taters And the beans taste out of sight. Then we hustle for the medder And we hit her up 'til noon. When the dinner bell starts ringin' And she never rings too soon.

Half an hour and then we're at it Pitching hay our very best And we never stop for nothin' 'Till the sun sinks in the west. Then we've got to feed the horses Milk the cows and get the sheep And about the hour of nine we're All in bed and fast asleep. Then we all get up at daylight And we start right in once more, Tell you what, a city feller Never'd think of gettin' sore On his job, if he'd just travel, Outlin' wrong with the tariff. And just stand around and look at Me and dad a-makin' hay.

Memories.

The campaign cartoon of the money king with the dollar mark clothes. The many gold beads. The outing flannel nightshirt. The stage villain with the silk hat and drooping mustache. Sign in every lively stable reading: "Whip light, drive slow; money in hand or no go."

Mechanical canary bird on the end of the hoop rollers in vaudeville.

According to Uncle Abner.

When a friend tells you something unpleasant it is always "for your own good."

## ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

A Change of Occupation.

Oh, what has become of the old-fashioned farmer. Who used to go out bright and early each morn' Before he had breakfast and work in the barnyard. Or plow six or seven large acres of corn?

No longer he drives in an ancient wagon To town with a tattered straw hat and blue jeans. He uses a touring car now on his travels. His wife has the choice of three fine limousines.

You see, things have changed since 'way back in the nineties. 'Tis years since the old man has followed a plow, For he and his wife are just rolling in riches. They take summer boarders at fancy rates now.

It Is Certainly a Scream.

When a newspaper men gets married and says: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

When the father of the young hopeful artist starts in to explain how it is right for the father to do certain things and wrong for the kid to do them.

When two women get to quarrelling as to which shall have the privilege of paying street car fare and neither one opens her purse.

When a \$1,000 a year minister gets up and tells an audience of substantial business men how to succeed in life. When a lady who has never seen anything but "East Lynne" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" reads a paper before the club on "The Trend of the Modern Drama."

When a man passes a millinery store window with his wife he tries to engage her in an absorbing conversation on the political situation.

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## FAMOUS AND VENERABLE "POET OF THE SIERRAS" SINKING IN CALIFORNIA HOME.



Joaquin Miller, the aged "Poet of the Sierras" whose poems of the west have enjoyed a wide popularity is now weighed down by his years and confined to his bed at his picturesque home, "The Highlands," Fruitville, California. The accompanying picture, which is the latest that has been taken of him, shows the poet propped up in bed.

Internal economy stretched on a Stradivarius violin.

And say the common people seem to be getting more common right along.

One cent postage is goin' to make it a lot easier for the chumps who want to write love letters.

There ain't no woman who looks as good at 8 o'clock in the morning as she does at 8 o'clock in the evening.

Elmer Jones of our village gave away nine engagement rings last year and didn't succeed in gettin' one of them back. It is costin' Elmer more to stay single than it would to support a wife.

Miss Euphemia Perkins, our poetess of passion, is certainly getting along. She has written some poetry that has been refused by many of the best magazines in this country.

When a feller gets to the point where he is sure of himself with himself he hits the back trail from that moment. It beats all how many bright young men who get hotheaded have a hankering to start an opposition newspaper in a small town.

Mrs. Anne Frisby says her young son is so bright that she is awfully afraid that when he grows up he will try to be president.

It seems as though the entire population of Norway, Sweden and Denmark must be busy making those safety matches that light only when scratched on the box.

Dolly Gray, Suffragist.

Let the old man run the ranch, Dolly Gray. Let him mind the olive branch, Dolly Gray. Let him spend his time indoors, Dolly Gray. Let him cook and scrub the floors, Dolly Gray. Let him darn and let him mend, Dolly Gray. Don't give him a cent to spend, Dolly Gray. Let him take your place a while; Let him be wrong with the tariff. In the good old-fashioned style, Dolly Gray. Make him ask you for the dough, Dolly Gray. For the car fare, even so, Dolly Gray. Let him all the home cares tote, Dolly Gray. Treat him in a way severe, Dolly Gray. Make him be an shed a tear When he wants to buy a beer, Dolly Gray.

An Up-to-Date Woman.

The telephone on the weather director's desk tinkled merrily and the official answered.

"This is Mrs. Frisby talking," said the voice at the other end of the wire. "I want to ask you if it is going to rain."

"Is it going to snow?"

"It may not snow sometime today. I think perhaps it will."

"Is it going to sleet?"

"I mean is there going to be an east wind that'll blow the soot from the glue factory chimney over into my back yard?"

"Yes, the wind will be in the east all day."

"Thanks; then I will hang out my clothes. If you had said that it wasn't going to rain and wasn't going to snow and that the wind wasn't going to blow from the east I wouldn't have hung them out. I always put the reverse English on the weather predictions. Much obliged; goodbye."

Ode to Our False Teeth.

Our set of false teeth is a prize. We're able now to Fletcherize; And we are not confined to soup. We do things now we couldn't do before. We can be biting too. When to sarcastic talk we stoop.

It ain't no fun to go and sit Down to a banquet, not a bit. When you have no way for to chew, It makes a feller jealous, quite. To see the other fellows bite— The jealousiest you ever saw.

Our new false teeth make quite a bit With us. There's not a doubt of it. They're very handy things to own. We take 'em out with greatest ease And wear 'em just when we durned please. Quite fond of them we're really grown.

They are a very pretty sight; When they are in the glass at night I love to sit and watch 'em shine. The have a warm place in my heart I tell you what, I'll never part With them there chiny teeth of mine.

It almost moves a man to tears When he's been gummint' it for years. To know he's found a good one at last, That he kin up and be quite rash And order steak instid of hash And that his gruel days are past.

Musical Comedy.

Take the following ingredients: One lieutenant (tenor). One princess (soprano). One girl friend of princess (contralto). One chum of lieutenant (baritone). One angry father (basso). Twelve merry village maidens. Six clothing dummies (chorus men). One lightning rod agent (low comedian). One old maid aunt. Two jokes (one for each act). One pale moon. One yacht in distance. One set of shifting clouds. One balcony. Sixteen songs that have nothing to do with the plot of which there is none.

Mix these ingredients thoroughly and divide into two parts with a ten-minute intermission between and there you are.