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An Independent Newspaper.  
By FRANK P. MAO LENNAN.

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**FULL PAVED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.**

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**MEMBER:**  
Associated Press.  
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There are dead loads of reasons for war, but no excuses.

"Norway Mackerel Strong," says headline of market report.

The photographs of Mrs. Carman would seem to indicate a verdict of not guilty.

The Chicago Post speaks of a Hindu from India. Do Hindus ever come from any other place?

While taking stock of military resources the United States should not overlook its standing army of governor's staff colonels.

Fortunately the money wasted on war goes back into circulation, chiefly among those who are not fighting. The loss is not expressible in money.

General Villa carried the Aguas Calientes presidential convention with 15,000 supporters. General Antonio Villareal, compromise candidate, also ran.

Tip to society editors: Mrs. Caranza, wife of the Mexican president with members of their family, is contemplating a visit to the United States.

Probably Italian memories of the recent conflict with Turkey exercise the best sort of a restraint in keeping her country out of the present w. k. war.

The American question is whether to convert swords into plowshares, or plowshares into swords. Better get some raw material and make a few more of both.

General Villareal's hasty evacuation of Aguas Calientes when General Villa moved in with a large armed body is a glittering example of a movement for strategic reasons.

The losses in the Mexican engagement round Naco seem to be chiefly on the American side of the boundary. More argument in favor of that international backstop.

Here's the real point to Congressman Gardner's remarks. Are you in favor of universal military training, or are you not in favor of it? Is it better to be safe than sorry?

Kansas wheat raisers, hearing the unofficial report that the Australian crop is so short that there will be none for export, will hope for the best while waiting for an official statement.

Kansas should worry. Best wheat crop on record is in the bins. Best prices in 40 years are nailed to the masthead for months to come. Nothing to stew about but the income tax.

His uncle says Weiner, the man who threatens to hold up his gift of ten millions to Harvard, has no such amount of money and consequently couldn't begin to give it. Isn't that the wurst?

"All Japan, from the prime minister down," is eager for peace with the United States, reports President Harry Pratt Judson of Chicago University, just returned from the Orient. Consent.

This is the highly recommended season for swatting the chinch-bug. Governor Hodges should not omit the customary autumnal message to the yeomanry of Kansas on this subject. A political campaign should not constitute an open season for this despoiler.

"Drug intoxication," as it is called by the federal public health service, costs Americans 500 millions a year. Incidentally there has been a 100 per cent increase in deaths from diseases of organs affected by some of the more popular nostrums. Perhaps the more intelligent part of the American public will listen, after a while, to the solicitations of professional science and introduce a little enforcement of safety first upon the practice of unrestricted "doping."

**CONSIDER STEEL.**  
Food for meditation upon our industrial methods and an insight into what really ails American railroads and, probably, other industries, is furnished in the day's reports of the suit for the dissolution of the United States Steel corporation now in progress in the federal court at Philadelphia. The newspaper reader who neglects that report is missing something he ought to know about as a citizen of this country. One interesting point should be noted.

In 1911, when the suit for dissolution of the Steel corporation was started, some of the steel directors were directors in 62 railroad corporations operating fifty per cent of the mileage of the country, according to the declarations of Jacob M. Dickinson, counsel for the government.

"The interlocking of directors, Mr. Dickinson added, in respect to the leading manufacturers, is significant in connection with the fact that the price of rails has remained uniform since shortly after the formation of the corporation."

Mr. Dickinson states as a fact that directors of the Steel corporation have been directors in 540 different companies and corporations exclusive of the Steel corporation and its subsidiaries. This interlocking of directors extends to banks and other companies and into all lines of business where the power of either of the metals, steel or gold, may be particularly lucrative.

There, you have the case. A high tariff prevents competition with American made steel which is manufactured by one set of friends. This same set of friends controls the destinies of most of the railroads and sells them steel rails, which cost about \$11 a ton, at a price ranging around \$25. Railroads, compelled to pay double value for immense quantities of steel, complain that they can't make money and ask for more freight rate increase.

Interesting at this time is the recommendation by B. F. Yoakum, who, whether or not he holds any Steel corporation stock, is essentially a railroad operator and builder, that the government should actually take an interest in the ownership and management of the railroads of the country.

American methods of getting at industrial reforms are, to speak plainly, "sloppy." Instead of turning the spigot to shut off national wastes we try holding our hands over the end of the pipe and are squirted in the eyes while groping for the same remedy. As a matter of fact, the cause of the trouble should be set down to ignorance and carelessness on the part of most of the people who, when such defects in our economic system are pointed out, are prone to howl with rage instead of setting about calmly to remedy the difficulty.

It is a restricted number of steel manufacturers are making more money than they need by controlling the market where they obtain most of the profits, at the ultimate expense of the entire country, it is an economic folly. The remedy is probably not to be found in the mere dissolution of the Steel corporation.

The real remedy for this and for all the rest of the long train of similar evils that from time to time are pointed out will result from a stiff course of self education on the part of the American people in the subject of practical government.

**The Priest of La Buisserie.**  
Irwin Cobb, the charming writer of the Saturday Evening Post, has a remarkable story in that paper this week.

A feature of the story is the march of the German army through Belgium. At La Buisserie, when the Germans entered the town, he was told that they put a priest in front of them with his hands tied behind his back, to keep the citizens from firing on them.

This little story, when one first reads it, prompts one to say to himself, "what a wonderful neighbor." Well, well, isn't it awful cruel of those German soldiers to do that?

But when one reflects, what is his thought? Is he not inclined to look at things nearer to me for a parallel case? And is he not inclined to say to himself, "Well, well, why blame the Germans after all; do we not see precisely, or practically, the same thing here in Kansas?"

For who who is more like the priest of La Buisserie than our own Arthur Capper, whom the standpatters have placed before them as a living buckler to minimize the danger of Progressive attack?

The only difference between the two men is this, that the priest of La Buisserie got his leadership by force while Arthur Capper got his by seduction.

And nothing is plainer than that Arthur, like the priest of La Buisserie, is leading the army of standpatters with his hands tied behind his back. It is pathetic.—Dave Leahy in El Dorado Republican.

**Use Nile Weeds for Fuel.**  
For centuries it has been remarked, and returning travelers today relate, that a strange growth of thick weeds and sedge near the surface of the waters of the Nile, above Khartum, is responsible for the impassability of the river at that point. By any one who has visited the Sudan the barely navigable Nile about that region is a source of great disappointment. Former President Roosevelt particularly commented upon it.

Backwater carriers may now save their tears. These vain regrets are literally wasted on the desert air, for two German pundits, Herr Dr. von Rath and Prof. von Horing, together with an English military expert, after a painstaking investigation of this fiber-like moss, have constructed a startling theory that this was the sort of stuff that, under proper geological conditions became what we recognized as coal. Then they set about to prove their hypothesis by facts.

The periodic flooding of Egypt by the Nile may or may not have something to do with the rapid accumulation of this sedge, called auld. It is possibly having it investigated to do with this formation, but that is neither here nor there, so far as coal is concerned. The essential

fact is that it gathers so quickly in the waters of the blue and white Nile that the application of such a refuse and waste to fuel uses will produce a cheap and easily accessible material. Because coal is almost completely absent, it is practically prohibited for fuel use at the necessarily high price in the Sudan, industrial development of the country has been seriously retarded.—Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, in the Indianapolis Star.

**Jayhawker Jots**

"Let us all join hands and help nail the lie—and the liar," proposes Fred Hemenway in the Junction City Sentinel. Why not tie 'em behind our backs?

"One reason for the high cost of living is that so many people have a garage in the back yard where the chicken coop used to stand.—Northwich Herald.

Another gusher quits fowling: "Jan. Gushwa refused to let loose of an item today. It is very quiet when Jim hasn't an item for the paper."—Concordia Kansas.

Tetanus set in after the 16-month-old baby of Henr. Lavrentz of Huron had been pecked on the temple by a rooster. The child died after an illness of two days.

Garden City is vaccinating, quarantining and injecting anti-toxin in a well organized effort to control what threatens an epidemic of epidemic of smallpox and diphtheria.

The editor of the LeRoy Reporter advertises 35 shocks of sorghum for sale. Evidently one of those long delinquent subscriptions, which are the bane of every country editor's existence, has again been paid.

Carping critic comment of Chanute Tribune: "Kansas seems to be about as unemotional as a snake in a chunk of ice. It is only going to celebrate the opening of its new union station three days."

"When one looks at some children that roam the streets and then think of their parents, we wonder, not that those children are so bad, but that they are as good as they are," observes Will Wilkerson of the Spring Hill New Era.

There is considerable booze being handled in Everest and some one is going to feel the heavy weight of the law's right arm, if they are not careful. A disgraceful scene was enacted in town about a week ago and such cases should feel the weight of the law.—Everest Enterprise.

The champion wrestler of Beatrice concludes his letter of challenge to a reluctant rival with the following incendiary sentences: "Well, if this don't bring you out of your shell, I give up all hope of wrestling you and we will all know what is wrong with you. Just try holding our hands over the end of the pipe and are squirted in the eyes while groping for the same remedy. As a matter of fact, the cause of the trouble should be set down to ignorance and carelessness on the part of most of the people who, when such defects in our economic system are pointed out, are prone to howl with rage instead of setting about calmly to remedy the difficulty."

Walter Johnson, the wonder working pitcher of the Washington Americans, is back home at Coffeyville with his new wife to spend the winter in the country home east of the city. He is going to play in five post season games at home for the benefit of his old friends who seldom get a chance to see him operate now that he is playing for the big money.

**Globe Sights**  
BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Old fellows never like talking about "ginger blood."  
The average pauper needs food instead of a blessing.  
Drunks and candidates shake hands entirely too much.  
When Short Jenks talks the most foolish, he is the most serious.

A political speech is flappoodle rendered in a presentable manner.  
A real picture of despair is "baby rack" man when business is bum.  
Some men do God as if they felt they were the only ones similarly engaged.

The real size of the crowd at a political meeting is subject to the widest range of estimation.  
It is the man who has rheumatism who knows the most remedies for that dreaded disease.  
So many has much luck at loving his enemies, although his friends may cause him more trouble.

It has been discovered why Judge Johnson has never been able to land a ship in Atchison. He is a shipbuilder by trade.  
The chickens which scratch up a neighbor's flower bed and cause most of the trouble, however.  
"So far" is more like the priest of La Buisserie than our own Arthur Capper, whom the standpatters have placed before them as a living buckler to minimize the danger of Progressive attack?

The only difference between the two men is this, that the priest of La Buisserie got his leadership by force while Arthur Capper got his by seduction.  
And nothing is plainer than that Arthur, like the priest of La Buisserie, is leading the army of standpatters with his hands tied behind his back. It is pathetic.—Dave Leahy in El Dorado Republican.

**QUAKER MEDITATIONS.**  
[From the Philadelphia Record.]  
A man of many parts—the taker-dresser.  
Nothing is impossible, but it takes a genius to demonstrate it.  
When a woman is always crying, tell her to keep her powder dry.  
Many a fellow rides a hobby who never gets out of the also-ran class.  
Some people are so busy-looking for trouble that they don't see their opportunities.  
It's only when they want to register a kick that some people put their best foot forward.  
Mighty few people make the excuse of being hoarse when asked to sing their own praise.

You never can tell. Many a man who sings "heaven is my home" spends most of his time visiting.  
Wags—"That fellow Longbow should be taken with a grain of salt."  
Wags—"Yes, he's too fresh."

Many a girl is as pretty as a picture, but you don't often see one as pretty as a picture of herself.  
Wags—"That fellow Longbow should be taken with a grain of salt."  
Wags—"Yes, he's too fresh."

"A new broom sweeps clean," quoted the Wise Guy. "But a new servant girl seldom stays long enough to perform that feat," complained the Simple Mug.

**On the Spur of the Moment**  
BY ROY E. MOULTON.

Fail.  
I care not how the birdies sing  
Their charming farewell summer lays.  
I cannot say I'm crazy 'er  
The beauty of these autumn days.  
I care not how the leaves may turn  
From beauteous green to burnished gold.

I care not for the glorious skies  
Of fall the poets have extolled.  
There's just one thought I harbor now,  
A thought that stirs my very soul,  
All else grows pale beside the fact,  
I've got to buy my winter's coal.

Uncle Abner.  
If the war in Europe keeps up  
every military expert in our village  
will be discredited. About twenty-five of 'em have predicted the maintenance of peace.

It doesn't make much difference how much money a fellow has got just so he has got plenty of it, and a man doesn't have to live to be 150 years old to find that out.  
A town without a brass band is like a family without a phonograph. It is liable to worry along and have a pretty good time in life.

If Job never did  
was to try to unscrew the top off'n a glass fruit jar.  
Bud Perkins is so stingy that he stole a ham so that he could be sent to the penitentiary and get a hair cut for nothing.

Miss Amy Stubbs, our village milliner, says competition is so fierce in her line that there ain't no trimmed hat band, if it is a certain kind of wig it may rebound to the opposite direction and the tree may grow, not as the twig is inclined, but just the opposite way.

There are some natures which can be bent in one direction or another by the application of sufficient pressure in the twig stage. There are other natures on which pressure in any direction produces exactly the opposite effect from that desired.

For instance, I know a man who is suffering from indigestion because he has let his teeth go to rack and ruin. He hasn't been in a dentist's chair for twenty years and the reason is this: "When I was a boy my mother kept me most of the time in church or the dentist chair and since I have grown up I haven't been in either." That unquestionable statement, that the trees did not grow as the twig was inclined.

Again, I know a woman whose father and mother were very strict with her as a child. One of the forms which this strictness took was an effort to crush out the love of dainty things, which is as natural to the heart of a pretty young girl as the song is to the throat of a thrush or as fragrance is to the violet.

They dressed her in needlessly ugly clothes. They made her look unlike other children, and in thus trying to mortify her vanity they only succeeded in mortifying her pride and fostering in her a passionate determination to have pretty things some day, at any cost. Since she has earned her own money she has spent every cent she can scrape together on the most frivolous kinds of clothes. Some people think it's a strange view of the training. Myself, I think that with her intense disposition, it is the result to be expected.

Too much pressure may also have another bad effect. The most capable, masterful woman I know has a daughter who is painfully timid and indecisive. It is astonishing to the mother that the daughter does not have more go-ahead to her. It is not astonishing to anyone who realizes that the pressure of one personality has crushed the life out of the other. In other words, this mother, instead of making the tree grow in the right direction, simply broke the twig.

The birch will bend almost to the ground without breaking under a pressure that would snap the pine off short. The nature of a child is surely no less complex and varying than that of a tree. A wise mother will know not only the way in which she wants to bend the twig, but the nature of the wood with which she has to deal.

**THE WAR IN EUROPE.**  
(By our own Staff Correspondent F. A. Kerr.—Censored.)  
The AMSTERDAM correspondent says the war has begun to cut out all swear words as well as those by which the patch from Amster—. It is a war against a correspondent can't even

A terrific engagement has taken place two miles north of—. After the engagement, Gen.— of the victorious army gave out the following interview, which will go down in history among the famous remarks of famous men:  
"We have met—and we are not—. There is no—. The—. yesterday. The—. for—. last man—. for—. at last."  
It is officially reported that the—. a lost—. men in the fighting yesterday and the—. lost—. The—. which is expected to fall. The—. is very ill, but is feeling perfectly well and has left for the—. frontier. General—. says the—. troops are in excellent spirits.  
There is fighting along the whole line. The—. drove the—. back yesterday and then in turn the—. drove the—. back.

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**  
[From the Chicago News.]  
Love for money is never platonic.  
A good conversationalist lets up occasionally.  
Women with the most cheek do the least blushing.  
Sooner or later the high flyer must pay up or come down.  
A man thinks he is misunderstood because he doesn't know himself.  
Every woman enjoys doing charity work—if some man will put up the money.  
A man's interest in a divorced woman never lets up until he discovers why.

Earthly angels are all right, but there isn't much excitement in being married to one.  
About to—. The difference in their mothers' personal opinion.  
He is truly a wise man who refrains from discussing religion, politics or sex with his friends.  
Beyond a doubt the telephone has conferred more benefits upon mankind than all the political orators that ever talked through their hats.

**Humor of the Day**

"What on earth is Eliza fretting so about?" "About the paper she has to read before the Don't Worry Club."—Baltimore American.

"Do you believe he's sincere?" "I do. He says such a lot of disagreeable but truthful things."—Detroit Free Press.

"I would have you understand," said the actor who was talking of salary for next season, "that I have arrived," "guess that's right," answered the manager, "who was once a railroad conductor, and having arrived, here is where you set off."—Washington Star.

**The Evening Story**  
Lettie's Lecture.  
(By Catharine Cooper.)

"My dear Lettie, you are no more suited to the lecture platform than I am to open a mothers' meeting." Norman Prince gazed fondly down at his sweetheart. There was, however, sufficient of masculine superiority in his expression to irritate Lettie.

"Men always make such absurd comparisons," she retorted quickly. "Just because you cannot preside at a mothers' meeting is no reason to suppose I cannot lecture successfully on any subject."  
"The idea is absurd," Norman said, more hotly than he realized. "A girl of your age can't know anything about lecturing on the subject of women who have brought up children as old as you are—well, your own common sense should teach you the folly of such an idea."

"And your own common sense should tell you that I would not consider lecturing on a subject I had not mastered. It is because women have brought up children as old as you are—well, your own common sense should teach you the folly of such an idea."

"And you are going to teach these motherly women that their children might have been had had they been brought first?" Norman laughed long and heartily.

"Your eyes were fixed wrathfully upon him," she was serious over her proposed series of lectures before the club and she did not like being laughed at. She was sorry Norman had not been a disciplinarian to her. It was difficult to give him up, but perhaps when she had succeeded in showing him and her world that she was efficient speaker he would come back to her as a follower in acknowledgment of her gift.

Before she could speak the fiery words that would terminate their engagement Norman himself expressed his opinion to her quickly matured resolution.

"Lettie, I am sorry to have hurt you, but I think I understand you better than you do yourself. You realize that you are going to give me back my ring and tell me never to darken your door again. Isn't that right?"

"Yes!" retorted Lettie defiantly. "Well, under the circumstances, I think you are right. But I see no reason why we should sever our friendship. I have always been your best friend and I always want to remain so."

"I've seen you laughing at me. Can't you manage to promise me that?" "Yes," agreed Lettie, trying not to seem amazed at his reaction. "I will sever the closer tie. But I will be very busy during the next week or two preparing my lecture," she added by way of introducing the new Lettie's head went up and she relatedly pulled off the beautiful ring from her plump little finger and gave it to Norman.

"Oh, thanks," he said, with a merry smile, "we almost forgot to end things properly. He put the ring in his pocket with the casual remark, "I suppose it is up to me to find another girl before this solitaire burns a hole in my pocket."

"I have to get licked every day. It somehow seems to come that way. If some kid don't perform the trick, the teacher does it with a stick. And when the teacher licks me bad I always get the blame from dad. There's nearly always something wrong. Right from the first tap of the gong. There ain't no feller who is so much of a bore as a professional optimist. Every feller wants to laugh most of the time, but he's got to cry once or twice a year to sort of oil up the machinery."

**An Autumn Walk.**  
By gum, I hate to go to school; I'd almost rather be a fool. I got to set in there all day. When I ort to get out and play. I think it is a doggone bluff. I'd make us learn a lot of stuff. Which we ain't getting no use out of. Just look at all the time we lose. Who cares if Nero burned up Rome. Or if the world is round or flat? I don't, and I will tell you that."

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**Kansas Comment**

**THE POLITICAL MICROBE.**  
Some fortunes, beyond question, are founded on politics, and the careers of certain statesmen are worthy of emulation for other than material prospects.

But the fact remains that politics has many followers who would do better as hewers of wood or trench diggers; who would live more happily and do more good in the world by attending to their business, by striving to improve the ship of state, or seeking ballots in strange places. Many a man comes home at a late hour with a boozed breath and a belief that he is saving the nation, while the truth is he is merely wasting time and money and health and ambition. And partial success may be worse than utter failure; a taste of the pork pie of politics has unfitted many a man for the arduous task of earning his bread and other luxuries, and left him a hanger-on whose presence clutters up the pathway.

This microbe of politics is also a sickler, and he who is stricken has trouble getting it out of his system. Some otherwise able editors spoil perfectly good papers by converting them into political organs, because they happen to be bitten by this bug and think the salvation of the state lies in viewing with alarm and pointing with pride. As a matter of fact, said readers are pained and gnash their store or home grown teeth at every morsel of verbiage that takes a greater interest in politics than in doing, but they don't and one of the reasons is the parade of pests who have made politics their life work.—Atchison Globe.

**Evening Chat**  
BY RUTH CAMERON.

**As the Twig Is Bent.**  
"As the twig is bent so the tree is inclined," is a familiar saying, and, like most familiar sayings, as wrong as it is right.

Proverbs are as great liars as statisticians. Bend a twig strongly in one direction and it may stay bent that way and thus determine the direction of the tree's growth. But on the other hand, if it is a certain kind of twig it may rebound to the opposite direction and the tree may grow, not as the twig is inclined, but just the opposite way.

There are some natures which can be bent in one direction or another by the application of sufficient pressure in the twig stage. There are other natures on which pressure in any direction produces exactly the opposite effect from that desired.

For instance, I know a man who is suffering from indigestion because he has let his teeth go to rack and ruin. He hasn't been in a dentist's chair for twenty years and the reason is this: "When I was a boy my mother kept me most of the time in church or the dentist chair and since I have grown up I haven't been in either." That unquestionable statement, that the trees did not grow as the twig was inclined.

Again, I know a woman whose father and mother were very strict with her as a child. One of the forms which this strictness took was an effort to crush out the love of dainty things, which is as natural to the heart of a pretty young girl as the song is to the throat of a thrush or as fragrance is to the violet.

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Too much pressure may also have another bad effect. The most capable, masterful woman I know has a daughter who is painfully timid and indecisive. It is astonishing to the mother that the daughter does not have more go-ahead to her. It is not astonishing to anyone who realizes that the pressure of one personality has crushed the life out of the other. In other words, this mother, instead of making the tree grow in the right direction, simply broke the twig.

The birch will bend almost to the ground without breaking under a pressure that would snap the pine off short. The nature of a child is surely no less complex and varying than that of a tree. A wise mother will know not only the way in which she wants to bend the twig, but the nature of the wood with which she has to deal.

**DRUSILLA'S RIVAL.**  
Drusilla had been absent from the playroom for several days and Bobby Jones began to think she had run away and was having another adventure.

"What happened to you?" asked Bobby, as he came in on the next morning. "I'll begin at the beginning," said Drusilla. "One day my little mother took me in to see the dentist and she had a mother cat and five kittens."

"That was a long time ago," said Bobby, "and she had a mother cat and five kittens."

"The next morning when the maid was dusting the room she did not move the curtain and I was paying every minute of my little mother would come to me. At last she came into the room, and Bobby Jones, who do you think she had? She was wheeling my carriage and in it was kitted in one of my nightdresses, and tried and tried to get out of her arms and ran. I do not know all that happened the next few days. It was took that kitten in my carriage and I don't believe I can ever show my face there again."

"How did