Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.

The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

The colonel says he is glad he was defeated. That seems to make it nearly unanimous.

Since the colonel went out of office the cry has become "better babies" instead of more babies.

Reforms instituted by the Wilsons are coming thick and fast. The girls wear no "rats" in their hair.

J. K. Sniffer has the garbage contract in Omaha. This seems to be the right man in the right place.

No gold mounted weather forecaster for President Wilson. He has returned a gilded razor strop to the donor.

They have a Bull-Mouse party over in England. This looks like an attempt at infringement on an American copyright.

So far, it appears that President Wilson has declined to receive any presents except an annual pass to the ball games.

Senator Dixon has been calling at the White House. Was he seeking his reward for the great aid he gave in electing Wilson?

The Republican statesman who went to Panama recently and witnessed two landslides must have felt quite at home.

Chicago professor announces that the human race will soon be toothless. At least that's one way of getting back at the beef trust.

Much has been said about the pitcher that goes too often to the well; but how about the pitcher that goes too often to the box?

"President Woodrow Wilson another Abraham Lincoln," is a headline in the Salina Union. Sounds of jealous rage from Oyster Bay.

Presumably Mr. Morgan is making a farewell tour of Europe just to see whether he has overlooked any readily desirable masterpieces.

If the revolutions for revenue only are to be really barred, a lot of earnest patriots will be able to give more time to the raising of bananas.

They had to police the course of the Oxford-Cambridge boat race for fear some suffragette would throw out a marmalade tin and wreck a boat.

The S. R. O. Skirts worn by women are not without their advantages. They allow a greater number of the wearers to occupy the election booths at one time.

A messenger boy dropped dead while delivering an Easter bonnet to a woman in Spokane. Wait till you hear from the husband of that woman when the bill comes in.

A Wichita negro died as the result of eating too much fried liver. Probably the next legislature will pass a law limiting the amount of liver that may be eaten at one sitting.

Nebraska has decided to let the railroad decide how many cars it shall have in a freight train, and the railroad ought to know. It had been proposed in a bill offered in the legislature to limit the number to fifty.

Up at Portland, Maine, the county commissioners have just paid $18,000 for 250 acres of land to be used as a county farm for the shelter and possible cure of habitual drunkards. There is no better cure for the drink habit than plenty of farm work.

The amount of corn in farmers' hands, as computed by the department of agriculture, is less than the trade has anticipated, because the last crop was enormous; but the amount is greater than ever before except that it was slightly exceeded in 1907, following the largest crop we ever had until that of last year. The amount is estimated to be 41.3 per cent of last year's crop. Corn was less affected by the government report than other grains, because the trade had looked for still larger figures. The amount of wheat in farmers' hands is large, but it was exceeded two, three and six years ago. It amounts to 21.4 per cent of the last crop, and this percentage is rather low. Oats were an unprecedented crop last year and more than 41 per cent of the crop remains in farmers' hands.

GETTING AT THE TRUTH.

The Illinois vice commission has rendered a great service to the country by taking what seems to be a wrong line in its investigation. Its apparent assumption that the denizens of the red light district are recruited from working girls whose pay is inadequate to support them has called forth a storm of protest from those who know more about the women of the underworld than it does. The result is that a better insight into this sad and heavy problem is being obtained by the public than has ever been afforded it before.

Miss Heard, superintendent of the temporary shelter for women in Philadelphia, adds her testimony to that of others who know, in declaring that most of the fallen women have drifted into their present position from conditions under which they lived comfortably and decently.

As to the fundamental cause of the downfall of girls, she says: "Motherhood in this country is at a low ebb. Parents pay too little attention to the actions of their daughters, and many would be surprised to learn that the daughter who has gone wrong started her life of shame in her mother's parlor. We who work here in the vice district and who come into contact with the women themselves, know that what I have said is true."

The majority of men ought also to know it is true. They have come in contact with the class of young men, scattered through every calling of life, who consider the leading of a girl from the straight path something to boast of among their fellows. And they should know, from the circumstances as gleefully recounted, that such a thing would have been impossible if there had been the proper motherly care and vigilance.

No, the girl doesn't always go wrong because she has to work hard for little pay. It is because she has not the right kind of home training and protection and because there are always men ready to take advantage of the fact.

A STINGY CONGRESS.

In the preparation of the census results for the public the director of the census had laid upon him the highly unsatisfactory task of making bricks without the requisite quantity of straw. For the ruling powers, in a praiseworthy but unenlightened desire for economy, write Kate Holladay Claiborn in The Survey, have cut down the appropriations for this great enterprise to about half the amount stated by the director to be imperatively needed and to much less than half the amount required to make a thoroughly full and satisfactory presentation of the census facts. Every lover of efficiency should enter an urgent protest against such a short-sighted policy. What should be thought of the business manager whose first act of economy was to discharge the bookkeeper and throw away the ledger? Yet that is precisely what is done in so far as our government curtails its activities in keeping proper account of that most important element of our national resources—our population.

It is unfortunate that supplies are always begrudged to statistical work of any description, due largely to the general prejudice against statistics. The average man is repelled by long, dry columns of figures, and will not try to understand them. Consequently, he thinks them useless, and their preparation merely an excuse for drawing fat salaries. And it is the average man, to a great extent, who controls the purse-strings.

But, after all, these dry "statistics" of our census give the basal facts by which any effective direction of social and political forces must be guided. Indeed, there is hardly a scrap of information in the many bulky volumes of the twelfth census which has not been used to practical purpose and found invaluable by some worker along some line of social advance, and there has been crying need for more—much more information than that census afforded.

SHIRTSLEEVE DIPLOMACY.

It is not always the unexpected that happens. There has been a widespread belief that Secretary Bryan would not be content to be crowded out of the lime light by his chief. His St. Patrick's day speech has made that belief a certainty.

As editor of the Commoner he might indulge in the harmless pastime of twisting the British lion's tail without attracting more than passing notice but as secretary of state his utterances at once become important.

The fact that nobody knows this better than does Mr. Bryan, must arouse a suspicion that his words were not intended solely to please the Irish. The sentiments expressed on that occasion, probably are quite unobjectionable in the United States and would have come in for only passing criticism abroad if uttered by a plain citizen. But the utterance of the secretary of state is construed as the voice of the country.

When he referred to "the degradation of the House of Lords" he stepped on one of John Bull's pet corns and when he declared:

"The fighters for Home Rule are fighters of a world-wide battle, and those who oppose it have sounded the death knell of hereditary government. Thus does truth aid truth; thus does wrong destroy wrong," he gave a slap in the face to all the monarchies of Europe.

His remarks seem especially ill advised, coming as they do just at a time when the Panama canal question is pressing for settlement, and uncalled for when viewed from any standpoint except the one suggested at the beginning of these remarks.

Snow in Jerusalem!

As one would naturally imagine in so generally genial a climate, snow in Jerusalem is as rare as a heat wave in Iceland. Indeed, although the fleecy flakes fall each winter on many of the higher mountains in Palestine, for Jerusalem itself to be covered by a white mantle is regarded as quite a notable event. This particular snowstorm visited the Holy City in March, 1912. Inclement and cold weather had been experienced for some days, when suddenly snow began to fall heavily, and continued to do so on and off for two days, to the perturbation of the natives. The result was that the entire city was buried two or three feet deep in soft snow. So anxious were the European inhabitants to take full advantage of such an exceptional occasion that primitive sleighs were requisitioned and the sport indulged in on the Mount of Olives.—Wide World.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

The retail clerks of Parsons have organized a union.

Arkansas City has decided to spend $6,000 in the erection of a tabernacle.

Newton will take a step toward the metropolitan class by holding a horse show.

Probably the assessor will come to be known as the dog killer hereafter in Kansas.

Careful citizens clean up their grounds at this time of year says the Winfield Courier by moving the ash barrel from the front to the back yard.

A Kansas editor wants the name of the state agricultural college town changed to "Womanhattan" because thirteen of seventeen recently born babies in that town are girls.

In appointing Bert Walker to one of the new boards created by the last legislature Governor Hodges made another "ten strike" with the newspaper men of the state, of whom none is more popular than Walker.—Lawrence Gazette.

The Iola Daily Journal, an independent Progressive newspaper has made its appearance. The publisher is Will H. King who went to Iola recently from Nebraska. The Register, former Congressman Scott's paper, has hitherto had the field to itself.

The Kansas air ships did not go up but the company that was to build them did. The Coffeyville Journal thus tells the story: A meeting of creditors of the "Aerial Navigation company of America" of Girard, will be held March 25 with a referee in bankruptcy. Trustees will be appointed to take charge of the assets of the company. Then an effort will be made to solve the financial puzzles of the concern. It is not given out what the approximate assets or liabilities are. Henry Laurens Call, the inventor and promotor, left Girard, where the plant and offices of the company are, several months ago. Call landed in Girard six or seven years ago and interested capitalists in his scheme which briefly was to form a company, issue stock and sell it. He built several alleged airships. None of his machines ever got very high in the air.

GLOBE SIGHTS

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Variety also helps to make excuses more plausible.

Practice has a reputation of making perfect but it can't prove it.

What has become of the o. f. woman who kept the tea kettle filled?

Neither is anything as important as a freshman thinks a Greek letter is.

Bill Bowen: "The way to quit smoking is to discover a sore on your lip."

There are so many books no one reads we suspect some of them aren't worth it.

Jude Johnson: "This is the glorious time of year when I wish I had an income."

Link Preston: "I can't smoke without becoming sick. Am I in luck or out of luck?"

A man who doesn't care what he says can't expect others to be greatly exercised about it.

No one word in our varied vocabulary has such latitude of meaning as a woman gives "cute."

It is sometimes said a mother looks as young as her grown daughter, and there is more or less other polite fiction.

Ezra Jay: "It's surprising how many people throw tin cans on their neighbors' premises after the sun has gone down."

Trying to be agreeable to him is one way to aggravate a grouch, and there are several others, of which an able-bodied club is most satisfactory.

Link Preston: "Men who put their politics ahead of their families and their God are growing fewer all the time. Who says the world isn't improving?"

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

A string of lies has tangled many a man up.

Many a man who isn't exactly blunt writes with a stub pen.

A husband in the hand is worth two in a breach of promise suit.

Blobbs—"Henpekke boasts of being a man who has made his mark." Slobbs—"Yes; and Mrs. Henpekke, makes him toe it."

Nine-tenths of the women who cry at weddings have been married themselves.

The trouble with a girl's first love affair is that it is apt to develop into an epidemic.

If you want the world to take you at your word, own up to having made a mistake.

It doesn't always take a sweeping assertion to throw dust in the other fellow's eyes.

Silicus—"What do you consider the first requisite of a good husband?" "Cynicus—"A good wife."

The difference between an optimist and a pessimist is that one believes in mascots and the other in hoodoos.

Just because you are standing up for yourself don't feel that you have to be treading on somebody else's toes.

POINTLESS PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

The helping hand is seldom empty.

Be good, but also be good for something.

We feel sorry for the hero who is out of a job.

No man is born as free and equal as a hired girl.

No, Alonzo, you can't always tell a belle by her rings.

"It's no trouble at all," says a bill collector, "to find people out."

Very few men are so in love with their job that they would refuse a better one.

When saloonkeepers begin to talk temperance there is something brewing.

When a young widow gets on a bachelor's trail it's only a matter of time.

A suffragette is a female who is willing to stand up for her rights anywhere, even in a crowded car.

It sometimes happens that a deaf mute is not highly educated, but what he knows he has at his fingers' ends.

A writer says there are more than 20,000 women in New York who are past 45 years of age. No wonder. It is the chorus girl headquarters.

The Inventor—"That machine can do the work of ten men." Visitor—"Gee whiz. My wife ought to have married it."—Puck.

BY THE WAY

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

Spring arrived, officially, sometime yesterday, but official subdivisions of the calendar are about as unreliable, in Kansas, as the Spring Robin and the Spring crocus. The Spring robin is hiding in the hen house, and the Spring crocus is paling beneath a snow bank.

But to some the advent of Spring is not decided by the robin, the crocus nor the calendar, and in this country, where bock beer is comparatively unknown, the druggist's display of sassafras is considered the surest sign.

Not long ago this department heard the story of a "funny" drunk. The story was funny, as told by the sober narrator, but exaggeration is suspected. So far as we could testify upon oath, there is no such animal as a "funny" drunk. If there is, he should be captured and put on exhibition.

A 15-year-old New York kiddo can't dress on the $12,000 per year of her allowance, so it has been raised to $20,000. And with that sum at her command she may be able to dress in the proper style to captivate some dry-goods clerk or chauffeur.

The Paris chief of police who served 20 years before he resigned, should not be so stingy. Thousands of peace officers in this country would like his recipe for staying on the job more than two years at a time, and he should put it in book form for distribution.

Amos Piffleberger telephoned this morning to ask whether it was right to hang a jury. He was instructed that while it might be right, it was not customary, and that it was the consensus of opinion that a light jail sentence was sufficient punishment.

Willum Alum White has found the climate of California very beneficial to his eye sight. He no longer views with alarm, and can even see the good points of a Democratic administration and the good work of a Democratic legislature. A trip to California might benefit other Kansas politicians.

When the Biblical patriarch observed that "all men are liars," he probably had in mind the fact that the most truthful of men will lie about the good time they had on their vacations.

The younger a man, the more he thinks he knows about women, and it is just before he reaches man's estate that he knows it all.

EVENING CHAT

BY RUTH CAMERON.

Does It Pay?

Must I consume my life—this little life,
In guarding against all may make it less?
It is not worth so much!—it were to die
Before my hour, to live in dread of death." —Byron.

We were discussing traveling and the dangers incident thereto the other evening.

"There's one thing I hate to do," said the Author-Man, "and that's to sit on the side of the train toward the other track. I always go through the train till I find a seat on the other side."

"I never thought of that," said the Wants-to-be-cynic, "but I must say I hate to sleep eight or nine stories up in a hotel. I won't go above the fourth story if there's another hotel in town. One night I went to five hotels before I could find a room I'd take."

"I never stayed in a hotel but twice in my life," said Molly-the-little-stenographer-lady, "and then I was too pleased to be there at all to mind what story I was in. But there's one thing that always frightens me, and that is an elevator. I never get into one of those things without expecting to be killed. When I have only two or three stories to go, I always walk."

"How about you?" said someone, turning to the Man-who-thinks, "you travel a lot, what's your special precautions?"

"Me?" said the Man-who-thinks, "I don't believe I have any."

"Aren't you ever afraid of anything?" asked Molly.

"Oh, yes," said the Man-who thinks, "I suppose so, and I used to have quite a lot of precautions to follow. In fact, I used to carry a private life-preserver for ship travel, because I'd heard that the ordinary kind are likely to turn you upside down and drown you instead of saving you. But I finally decided it didn't pay."

"Why?" asked Molly.

"Well, I figured it out this way," said the Man-who-thinks. "By fussing and fretting over these things I was using up a certain amount of time and energy that I could never get back. Of course I might possibly save my life that way, but the chance was so small that I thought it didn't pay. It's like insuring your life at so high a premium that by the laws of probability you'd pay in twice as much as you'd ever get out. There's something in Julius Caesar about it's being better to die once than every day, and that's the way I feel about it."

"Oh, I learned that in school," said Molly. "Isn't this it?

"'Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once,
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come!"

"And yet if Caesar had only been willing to heed the warning, and take a precaution or two, he could have lived twenty years more," said the Wants-to-be-cynic.

"But he couldn't have been Caesar," said the Man-who-thinks.

Bowlegs and Equatorial Surplus.

At the instance of Senator William Alden Smith, the president now has under consideration the question of whether bowlegs should keep a man out of the marine corps. Accompanied by a constituent whose legs will not conform to the arms of a compass, the Michigan senator went to the White House and asked Mr. Taft to make a personal examination of the warped underpinning of his constituent. At the outset, it is understood, Senator Smith said he did not believe his constituent should be kept out of the marine corps just because of this physical defect. Yet, sorrowfully explained the senator and hopelessly acquiesced the constituent, the latter's application had been turned down. The story goes that President Taft caused Senator Smith's protege to back up against the wall in the president's office, Mr. Taft meanwhile making a mental note of the peculiar brand of bowlegs possessed by the Michigan applicant. Mr. Taft, it is reported, also asked several questions. Senator Smith's constituent said his condition was good; that he hadn't an ache or pain, and that there was no reason on earth why he should not be appointed from civil life as second lieutenant in the marine corps, except that his legs were crooked. After the examination was over Senator Smith was assured that the president would take the matter under advisement and determine whether the examining board should be overruled. Senator Smith acknowledged that he had another constituent who was in trouble. The latter had been given a temporary appointment as an assistant surgeon in the navy, the understanding being that within the next month he would reduce his equator one inch. The president, however, was not appealed to in the case.—New York Tribune.

THE EVENING STORY

Beryl and the American Beauties.

(By Ronald T. Hughes.)

Not far from Broadway stood a quaint little florist's shop. Here, among a thousand rare flowers from old Henri's greenhouses, one could find Beryl.

Her father, old Henri, in the little glass-covered greenhouses at the rear of the shop, dug, planted, snipped, and experimented with his flowers—and was happy. The stern laws of supply and demand did not interest him at all. That, he left to Beryl. But, somehow, no matter what the supply happened to be, Beryl always found the demand.

One evening, in early winter, a thin mantle of white covered everything, and a feathery flurry of snow was still falling. Beryl had just turned on the lights in the little shop, and was filling some jars with long-stemmed roses, when a young man, wrapped closely in a large fur overcoat, opened the door, and stepped briskly inside.

"I want," he told her in a very pleasant voice, "some American Beauties sent over to the Alcazar theater—two dozen every day until the end of the week."

He stripped off three twenties from a roll, and laid them on the marble counter.

"The name," he added, "is Miss Joyce Gibson."

Beryl, behind the counter, jotted down the order, and gave him a receipt and the change.

"Yes, sir," she smiled, "and thank you."

He was gone. Beryl looked out after him. "Miss Joyce Gibson," she repeated. That name is familiar. It stared at her from every lithographed billboard in town. Miss Joyce Gibson—the bright star of the musical comedy stage. And he was sending her flowers. With a sigh she turned back to her work.

On each Monday that followed, he came with an order for seven boxes of American Beauties, each box to contain two dozen, each day a box to be delivered to Miss Joyce Gibson, Alcazar theater. Beryl came to look forward to these calls with a certain expectancy, of hope mingled with dread.

At first, he seldom said much. Once he made some remark about the flowers and another time he asked her what her name was. When she answered, "Beryl," he repeated, softly, "Beryl. How very pretty." All that week she murmured these words over and over to herself.

Through the winter Joyce Gibson held sway at the Alcazar. Broadway came, saw, marveled. Beryl went to see her and wondered not that he should send this dainty creature American Beauties every day.

Beryl pondered, also, on many other things. Although her acquaintance with him had ripened into friendship, still she could not say that she was happy. This quiet, easy-mannered young man had come into her life like the slow budding of old Henri's flowers, and she felt that she could never forget.

At times, she could detect a certain tone in his voice, a certain tenderness in his eyes, but in a moment it would vanish. Always he talked of her, of what she liked, of her ambitions, in his gentle way; never of himself; and she could not bring herself to question him concerning his world, much as she would like to.

She could not help but wonder why he did not order the flowers for more than one week in advance. She could associate no other reason for these visits other than—and yet, she reproved herself for her vanity. Still, couldn't he just as well order them by telephone, or send some one else? Beryl was very happy. Her weeks began and ended with his visits.

Old Henri noted her preoccupied manner—and went back to his greenhouses, and his flowers. He knew flowers, not women.

Then, the dread she felt, the thing she anticipated, happened. One night he came later than usual, and placed an order for flowers for three weeks in advance. Beryl looked up at him quickly.

"Three weeks?" she repeated.

"Yes, three weeks. I am leaving town tonight," he said, slowly. "I may not see you again for a long time—Beryl." A flood of color tinged her neck and cheeks at the soft mention of her name. She did not answer. She did not look up.

"When I come back to New York," he continued, "I want to see you again. I hope you will not forget me soon." He held out his ungloved hand. "Good-bye—Beryl," he said, as her timid palm lingered in his.

She knew not how long she stood there looking at the glass door through which he had left. But it was all very plain. No more, for a long time, he said, would she see him. No more would she count the days, one by one, for Monday to come. Time held no further charm for her. The days dragged. The routine of her life, once so full of hope and sheer happiness, became monotonous to her—so monotonous. A hundred times she wanted to go to the Alcazar theater to see Joyce Gibson, but at the thought her feelings revolted. She could not bring herself to go to this girl, whom she had come to hate intensely.

Suddenly there came the announcement that "America's favorite star" and her entire company would go on the road. Beryl watched the papers, hungrily, for every bit of information, hoping to find some reference that might lead to him. But she found nothing, until one morning the papers were filled with the news of Joyce Gibson's sudden marriage to Mr. Ray Mitchell, the young Memphis millionaire, who had been following the show around the country. It was also reported that, on account of the warm weather, it being July, the company had disbanded. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Mitchell were going to spend their honeymoon in Europe, and would stop off at New York for a few days before their departure.

The paper fell from Beryl's nerveless fingers. When her father came in she was standing, leaning against the marble counter, her eyes staring into space. Her father touched her gently on the shoulder. She looked at him, then suddenly burst into tears. Old Henri, unused to the ways of the weaker sex, sent her upstairs and told her if she wanted anything to call him. Then, leaving the partition door between the shop and the greenhouses open, he went back to his beloved flowers.

Toward evening a young man entered the darkened shop. It was only after pounding loudly on the counter that he aroused Henri from his work in the greenhouse. The old man came running out in the dark very apologetic in manner.

"Excuse me, sir, my, my," he prattled, as he turned on the lights, "I clean forgot to turn on the light. My little girl, Beryl, generally attends to this, but she is not feeling well today, sir—" He stopped short.

The young man was sniffing the air suspiciously.

"Pardon me," he interrupted, a troubled look on his face, "but isn't there a strong odor of escaping gas somewhere?"

Old Henri's eyes dilated. His face became a picture of terror. He bounded up the steps two and three at a time, across the hall, and into Beryl's room, the young man following him closely. As the door swung open, the odor of gas became overpowering.

Beryl lay on the bed, as if sleeping, an envelope clutched tightly in her hand. The young man quickly threw open the window and picked the girl up in his arms, and carried her downstairs.

"Phone for an ambulance, quick," he shouted to Henri.

Beryl was taken to the hospital. All night long old Henri and the young man waited. Hope, within them, lingered and died; then flared up, and lingered again. Finally the doctors came out.

"She will pull through," one doctor said.

Old Henri and the other wrung the hands of these two young doctors and babbled their incoherent thanks.

"But," cautioned one of the doctors, holding his hand up in gesture of warning, "she has fallen asleep. You will have to wait until she awakens."

Nurses darted in and out during the long night, and it was not until the slanting streaks of gray morning dimmed the electric lights that Beryl awakened.

Old Henri, in his chair, had dozed off, but the young man sat there, waiting, watching. With a bewildered intake of her breath, Beryl looked around and saw—him. She half arose; and then his arms were around her. Her mind suddenly became clear. She remembered everything.

"You read the letter?" she questioned.

"Every word, Beryl," he breathed, "and—I—love—you—too. Only—you made one mistake. I am not Ray Mitchell. I was only Miss Gibson's manager. The roses were required in the show."—(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"PASS IT ON."

If you have an old lead dime,
Pass it on.
Do not fuss and waste good time,
Pass it on.
You may feel real mean, it 's true,
But in just a week or two
It will come right back to you.
Pass it on. —Cincinnati Inquirer.

If you have a cure for grip,
Pass it on.
Do not let your chances slip,
Pass it on.
Never fear that you 'll forget
The prescription that's your pet;
'Twill drift back to you, you bet!
Pass it on. —Denver Republican.

If your kid says something bright,
Pass it on.
Tell your friends by day and night,
Pass it on.
Tell it loudly on the street
And some day a dad you'll meet
Who the same thing will repeat.
Pass it on. —Allentown Democrat.

If you've got a smile to spare,
Pass it on.
It will lighten some one's care,
Pass it on.
It will make the skies more blue,
It will make hearts seem more true,
And it will come back to you.
Pass it on. —Houston Post.

Do you know some scandal, friend,
Pass it on.
All creation will attend.
Pass it on.
Whether false or whether true,
'Twill be multiplied by two
When the tale comes back you.
Pass it on. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

RUMOR OF THE DAY

"It's going to be a hard winter." "How can you tell?" "By the size of the salary I'm getting."—Boston Transcript.

"What's that you say?" "I say our ancestors didn't know beans." "Well, if prices keep going up, our descendants will become very well acquainted with them."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Why does Miss Schreecher close her eyes when she sings?" "Perhaps, she has a tender heart." "I don't quite understand." "Maybe she can't bear to see how we suffer."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Mrs. Willis—"I'm afraid the young man who married our Emma is very parsimonious." Mr. Willis—"How so?" Mrs. Willis—"She writes that their honeymoon is scarcely costing over his first ten years' salary."—Life.

"What I object to," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "is the fact that you campaign gentlemen don't reciprocate with any enthusiasm when I contribute to your fund." "How can you say so?" rejoined the energetic worker. "You endorse our policies, don't you?" "I suppose so." "And we in turn are willing to endorse any number of checks that you may draw in our favor."—Washington Star.

"A man may have great conversational abilities, and still have very few conversational opportunities." "I know; I'm married myself."—Houston Post.

"I'm a little suspicious of this, it may be spurious." "What is it?" "A dealer offers me a portrait of Rembrandt by Titian."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Ma," said Ethelinda, "is my hat on straight?" "Perfectly, my dear." "Then it's wrong. It ought to be on one side of my head and down over my left eye."—Washington Star.

One of the rules issued by a certain Balkan power for the guidance of war correspondents says that such persons "may be suspended at will." Not, we trust, from the nearest tree?—Punch.

KANSAS COMMENT

MAKE PERSONAL INVESTIGATION

There is so much contradiction in the gas testimony coming before the state utilities commission, so great difference of opinion as to whether the Kansas Natural Gas company can get sufficient gas to supply the cities it serves, that it would appear wise for the commissioners to take a trip to the gas field and investigate the matter for themselves. At present there is a wide-spread belief that the gas company can, at no unreasonable expense, secure plenty of gas, there is good ground for this belief and the people will never be satisfied to pay an advanced rate unless the commissioners do make a thorough investigation before ordering the advance.

And while investigating this matter it might be well to look into the personnel of the different local gas companies. Why is it that the attorneys of some of these companies are fighting the raise and the attorneys of others are asking the privilege of abrogating their contracts with the people of their cities and raising the rates? Why does the Leavenworth company ask to raise the rates and the Topeka company ask that they remain the same? Why does the attorney for the Olathe company ask that the rates be raised and the attorney for the Atchison company ask that the request of the Kansas Natural Gas company be refused. Why does the Wyandotte company demand the right to pay an increased amount to the Kansas Natural? There is something queer about this, something that needs investigation.—Leavenworth Times.

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THE WAGE BILL.

The legislature failed to pass the minimum wage bill and perhaps it is as well that it did. Such a law would probably make more hardship than it would remedy. The probability is that where one woman would get her wages raised by it two would lose their jobs.

It appears to be a hard matter to regulate but every lover of his kind must heartily wish that something might be done to compel the employers of women whose incomes warrant it to pay them more liberally.

Just now an investigation is being conducted by a committee of the Illinois legislature looking toward the betterment of women workers and they are getting some interesting testimony. One man, for instance, whose house earned $7,000,000 profit in 1911, testified that $5 a week was enough for a girl who lives at home and $8 a week for a girl who is entirely dependent upon herself.

It is hard to understand why these women should have such beggarly pay and their employers such princely incomes. It arouses the indignation of those who believe in a square deal.

But how to apply the remedy?—that is the question.—Leavenworth Times

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THE HIGH SCHOOL DAY.

There are still a few high schools in smaller cities that cling to the utterly discredited single session organization. Classes assemble at 8 o'clock or a half hour later and all the pupils are dismissed at half past 12 or 1. There never was a greater mistake made by our school authorities. The single session high school day is a scheme that not only wastes half the pupil's opportunities for learning things that are useful, but doubles all his opportunities for acquiring knowledge and skill that are detrimental.

High school boys and girls are dismissed shortly after noon on the theory that they will prepare their lessons at home. Not 5 per cent of such students ever do any really serious study outside of the school room. The average home is not a very good place for a student to prepare the next day's work. There is always something for the girls to do in assisting with the work. The boys spend on the streets or in worse places the time that should be given up to study.

The new school administration should see to it that all students in the high school stay on the job until 4 o'clock each school day and the new city administration should close up every pool room that allows any school boy to use a cue before 4:30 or 5 o'clock.—Salina Union.

FROM OTHER PENS

PENALIZING MOTHERHOOD.

Women teachers in this city may be wives but not mothers. That is what the vote of the "progressive" board of education, refusing to Mrs. Edgell, a high school teacher, a leave of absence for the purpose of giving birth to and caring for a child in its earliest infancy, means. This vote does nothing for the schools, even if it be conceded that a woman who has children of her own is any less fitted to teach the children of others. Married women teachers will continue to do their duty by their husbands and by society in spite of the singular attitude of the board of education. They will simply be less honest about the reason for their absences than Mrs. Edgell has been. The board of education has merely put a premium upon deception and encouraged the partial neglect of the babies of teachers, who, concealing the cause of their absence, will have to return to their work in the schools after bearing children sooner than they would if the school authorities had adopted a more humane policy. The attitude of the board of education is without excuse. If women who are mothers become inefficient as teachers they should be dismissed because they are inefficient and not because they are mothers. There must be no penalty for motherhood. The law has denied to the board of education the right to dismiss women teachers for marrying. It is time the law denied to it the right to dismiss them after marriage for having children. Here is an opportunity for the legislature.—New York Tribune.

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SECRETARY OF LABOR.

Since there is to be a department of labor and a secretary of labor, a certain curiosity arises in the mind as to the sense in which the congress in creating the department used or meant the word "labor." In the usage of politicians and "labor" leaders "labor" means organized labor and no other. It happens that much the larger part of the labor of the United States is unorganized. Will the department of labor be under the control of and largely devoted to the interests of organized labor or will it be faithful to all labor? This question is asked in no unsympathetic spirit and without prejudice. The matter is difficult, nearly as difficult perhaps as if there were a department of theology to be filled. Mr. Gompers and his friends will gobble the department of labor if they can; and no blame to them. We should say that the appointment of a secretary of labor would not be the easiest of Mr. Wilson's many perplexities and difficult duties.—New York Sun.