

Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN. [Entered July 1, 1876, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan., under the act of congress.]

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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 the news of the world for its exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.

Colonel Munsey, apparently, is not among the peacemakers that are blessed.

It would be just like Washington to demand a census during inauguration week.

In spite of a multitude of entreaties, President-elect Wilson still refuses to "play ball."

January weather records were again broken in Kansas during the month just passed. But they were of the heat variety.

A gold mine is a desirable possession, to be sure. But a healthy oil well undoubtedly has it outclassed these days as a profit producer.

Speaker Brown's bill to "recall" the judiciary from politics assuredly is in line with the right idea. One of the original mistakes in this country was to mix the judiciary with politics.

Maybe all Europe is so intensely interested in the Balkan situation because each of its component parts wants a piece of the Turkish pie that is certain to be sliced sooner or later.

Classical educations are beginning to be put to some practical use. A number of Princeton students have emulated the Greeks by opening a shoe-shining parlor.

There will be a few "Rah, Rah, Rah!" at the Wilson inauguration even if there isn't going to be a ball. Twenty-six carloads of Princeton students have planned to participate.

And the professional weather men seem to be getting wiser as they grow older. Their current predictions that Kansas is to experience some winter weather are no more than reasonable. This is the winter season.

At any rate, Clip Castro is enjoying an experience that comes to few persons. He is a man without a country. However, it is not likely that much satisfaction can come to a man in such a situation, even if it is distinctive and unusual.

Notwithstanding the merits of the case, the mere fact that the Kansas senate saw fit to unseat a Socialist, who had been given a certificate of election to that body, will provide rich material for additional raving on the part of the Socialists of Kansas and the nation.

Nor is it likely that West Pointers would learn much to their advantage by a year's experience in the military schools and army of Germany. It was a German military expert who trained the Turkish army that has made such a poor showing against the Balkan allies.

One of the professors at the state agricultural college has evolved the brilliant idea that the farmer should play ball in order to eliminate the slowness in his gait. But even without baseball training the farmer is at least pretty speedy in making home runs when the dinner signal sounds.

New York society women are taking pledges never again to wear the much prized plumage of either the bird of paradise or the egret. This ought to give these birds about all the protection they need. Not so many other women have bank rolls of sufficient proportions to buy the real real thing in these lines.

As far as the people of the United States generally are concerned few of them knew that Bishop Carpenter, one of the prominent clergymen of England, was visiting in this country until he saw fit to pass out an interview to a Boston newspaper man to the effect that it is perfectly proper for women to smoke if they can get any pleasure out of it.

Presumably the hoboes who attended the annual convention of their clan at New Orleans are of the theoretical variety. They passed resolutions urging the government to bring the Panama canal machinery to this country and use it in the reclamation of lands. They argued that this would provide employment for 30,000 hoboes. But the real hobo hates work as much as he does soap. And, as a matter of fact, when a knight of the road goes to work he ceases to be a hobo.

Linguists and translators have finally come into their own. Under the will of an Englishman, just deceased,

an estate of \$5,000,000 is left to missionary societies for the express purpose of giving to every tribe of mankind that has them in it, and which speaks a language distinct from all others, accurate copies of at least the gospels of St. John and St. Luke together with the books of the Acts of the Apostles printed in the language of that tribe.

FOUR YEAR TERMS.

A half-leaf is better than none, of course. But it falls far short of being as satisfactory. And this is exactly the situation with respect to the proposed constitutional amendment lengthening terms of office to four years, as it has passed the senate. It affects only state offices. That is most desirable, to be sure. The people have asked for it. And they have asked for something more. They want the terms of county offices extended in like fashion.

This reform has applied to the people most strongly because it provides the way for putting a stop to the incessant political turmoil that has prevailed in Kansas of late years, and particularly since the inception of the primary. If it is applied merely to state offices the important end sought can scarcely be attained. As a matter of fact the bolting of the county political pot is even more bothersome than are the activities in state politics. A set of county officers is hardly installed before candidates for the same offices begin to preen themselves for the primaries of sixteen months or so away. Not only is their card-passing and buttonholing a nuisance as far as the general public is concerned, but their activities also mean that first-termers in office must devote considerable of their energies to keeping their political fences in repair. They must do this if they would have a chance of gratifying their ambitions for a second term. This necessarily takes time and attention from their work, and their usefulness to the community is thereby just that much impaired.

Then, too, under a four year term, with a ban placed on re-election without an intervening term, no county officer would feel the necessity of measuring any of his acts by political considerations. Indeed, every argument that can be advanced as to why this plan is a wise one for state offices is just as forceful as to why it would be a good one for county offices. Under present conditions, too, municipal elections follow so closely after county and state elections that local politics are continuously on deck. And there will be little relief from too much politics, if county officers are not included in the constitutional amendment in question as it finally comes from the legislature for submission to the people.

WHAT IS SOCIALISM? In the ranks of industrialism the bottom of every recruit is at the bottom of every recruit. It is a fact, though not every one has the wit to find it, writes A. Maurice Lov in the February number of the North American Review. But it is there, and that is the incentive to hard work, to decent living, to the exercise of man's reasoning faculties. That is the reward to which every apprentice may aspire; but what would be his reward if the state took over all industry? Assuming an absolutely honest civil service where there is no favoritism, where influence counts for naught and merit is the sole test—an ideal state of affairs not impossible of realization, but practically almost so—the faithful, diligent, and intelligent government servant would slowly gain his promotion and might hope, after long years of service, to reach the highest rung in the ladder—an agency or the management of an important bakery, let us say. But he would always remain a hired man, a servant of the state. Socialism would mean implanting upon western civilization the debasing and injurious effects of the caste system of the East. A man would be born a baker and die a baker; in all probability the son would follow in the footsteps of the father, and there would be a caste of bakers in America just as there is a caste of offtal collectors in India. I take it this phase of Socialism has not been considered by the working-man, and he believes that the average American working-man is too intelligent and too ambitious to surrender the hope of reward for the dubious benefit of becoming a barnacle of the state, especially as the first and most marked effect of Socialism would be to increase the cost of all commodities without conferring any corresponding benefit.

INCREASING EFFICIENCY. A manufacturer in New York has just completed a twelve-story structure that is as fireproof as modern science could make it writes Thomas Dreier in February Nautilus. Not only is the material of which the building is made of a non-burning nature, but the most modern fire-escape and other protective devices have been installed. You can understand that this one betterment alone will draw thousands of girls who remember what happened to the workers who were caught in fire-traps and burned to death. This manufacturer can have his choice of the best workers because he offers them the best kind of a workshop.

Not only is this building fireproof, but food is served to all workers at cost. The food itself is prepared in sanitary kitchens in the building, and is far superior than that served in the public restaurants which workers are forced to patronize. There are also rest rooms, with reading matter, shower baths, a hospital with trained nurse, and other betterments of a similar nature. This man goes still farther. Not content with providing his helpers with the best during their working day, he has opened a roof garden which is free to them at night. Here they can dance, visit with one another, listen to music, have the usual

summer drinks and loafs at cost—all in a wholesome, uplifting, strengthening atmosphere.

This is not what people call unselfish altruism. All these betterments are provided because it is good business to provide them. With wholesome food, pure air, plenty of sunlight, opportunities for clean recreation, fair and friendly treatment and other good things of this kind, the workers cannot fail to be contented, to find pleasure in their work and to do everything in their power to prevent the loss of their jobs.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Few men are wise enough to go it alone.

A man's troubles are seldom more numerous than he makes them.

More people would be gamblers if there was less chance of losing.

There is usually a wide gulf between a man's salary and what he thinks it should be.

Many folk have what might well be called imaginative ears. They hear so many things that are never said.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Mr. Urs of Dust Corner, Gove county, also is a strong competitor in the Kansas short name contest.

And the conservative Blue Rapids Times reports: "While chopping wood, Willie Netz had a narrow escape from a serious accident. When the axe hit the chunk it rebounded and struck over the head of Willie in the forehead, cutting a gash which required sewing together."

This is the time of year, remarks the Lebanon Times, when the foolkiller is snooping around looking for the fellow who uses an overdose of kerosene in getting a rousing fire started on cold mornings, and it must be kept in mind that the smoldering embers of last night's fire in quite general use is a pretty sure way to start something.

There is a good deal of lying about the parcel post, thinks Editor Brady of the Lawrence Journal-World, and he illustrates the point by telling of a Falls comes a story that a bale of alfalfa came by parcel post. This of course is a coarse, foolish lie. The parcel post will only carry up to 100 lbs. Then from Horton comes another story that a steel culvert came by parcel post. This is another foolish lie. The parcel post will only carry up to 100 lbs. "He has in him the making of four kings and one honest man," Fouquet, who feted his son so magnificently at Vaux, was early in disgrace, and when he died, his son, Fouquet's pious mother could say of her son, about whose soul she had been supremely anxious when the king honored him—"I thank thee, O God; I have always prayed for his salvation, and here is the half hour late and there was a letter from Louis XIV came to him, and he loved me much," was his pathetic confession on his death-bed. But he made a gallant fight until the end, and he is the hero of the illustrations in this pathetic volume is proof. And he is but one of the many heroes who have been mentioned in these more than 600 pages, admirably translated by Gustave Masson. The entire history is panoramic.—Waco Times-Herald.

MISDIRECTED ECONOMY.

To save money in the wrong place is not the same as saving money. It is a surprise that the house followed its committee on Indian affairs in refusing the request of the secretary of the interior to fund the appropriation to hospital, sanitation, and medical work among the Indians in the country as a whole. While the percentage of deaths from primary tuberculosis in the registration area of the United States, which includes twenty-one states, is 11, among the Indians it is 25. The death rate from all causes among these peoples is over 30, or more than double that in the area noted. These facts, the tenth report of the committee in its annual report that the appropriation for hospital and related work among the Indians be increased to \$1,000,000, and that the appropriation of the thirty members of the house committee on Indian affairs, and they declined to do so. The house, which voted to present allowed. The house, which voted millions for additional pensions, balked at three hundred thousand for the purpose of correcting this error by amending the Indian appropriation bill when it comes up for consideration, and consequently those interested in such action should let their senators know what they think about the importance of its being taken.—New York Evening Post.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

Anticipated pleasure seldom pans out right.

Doctors disagree—except as to the size of a ripe apple.

In order to be a social favorite a man may be a cheerful liar, a soft answer to it takes more than a soft answer to silence may be golden, but silver will shut a man's mouth just as effectively.

The days have been short because there is less time in them and time is money.

If we were all as good as we advise others to be, heaven would be right here on earth.

A cloth jacket is warmer than a fur lined coat, there being less temptation to let it open.

Anyways, the leap year girl who proposes to a man was merely trying to make a name for herself.

The poor man must go out and weather the storm, but the rich man can stay at home and storm at the weather.

It is said that men who never drink, smoke nor stay out late at night, live to a ripe age. Perhaps that's their punishment.

Many a man who lets his wife get up and light the fire every morning, and who has a law suit pending by erecting a \$10 tombstone to her memory.

DAFFYDILS

If a man is before a court on a charge of stealing bedclothes would you call it a pillowcase?

(As Otter Abar says: You can't keep a squirrel on the ground.)

Is an honest policeman like a picture taken by a photographer because he is a foe to graft?

(Lis down Fido! You're all wet.)

Is there any relief for a window pane?

Whenever there's going to be a car party for charity the devil feels his work is going to be so much better done by the gossips getting together than he could do it that he takes a day off.

KANSAS COMMENT

JUSTIFIABLE LIFE-TAKING.

A young man was being slowly roasted to death in the ruins of a building in a Texas town the other day and he begged that somebody would save him and put him out of his agony. Presently a doctor stepped up. "Kill me!" cried the tortured young man. "I can't do that, you know," said the doctor, and was going to explain about the ethics of his profession, and read a few pamphlets on the subject, when the sufferer uttered such a frenzied scream of anguish that the doctor's professionalism fell off like a garment, and he became a human being. Taking his hypodermic needle he administered some dope to the sufferer, and the latter fell back dead. Probably the doctor will be investigated or reprimanded or deprived of his diploma or something, but he should be given a gold medal. All doctors should be authorized to end the lives of people who are suffering unbearable tortures, and who ask for death.—Ora Gazette.

STICKING TO THE G. O. P.

The press dispatches from all over the country during the past two weeks contain information which will be of little comfort to the Bull Moosers. From nearly every State have come pronounced statements from leading progressives who declare in emphatic terms that they do not propose under any circumstances to join the Republican party, and from other states come reports that the efforts of these contentions irreconcilables have not availed to prevent Republicans organizing and electing United States senators. In Maine, the Republican party, in Massachusetts the Bull Moosers failed in their efforts to defeat Senator Weeks, who they knew seems to await them in Wyoming, Rhode Island and New Hampshire.—Clay County Republican.

FROM OTHER LENS

WHEN KINGS WERE MADE.

They were strange days, as we read of them now. A new volume from the press of Funk & Wagnalls company, New York, throws on them new gleams of revelation, as from a Twentieth Century searchlight.

A new translation and condensation of Guizot's History of France, and many chapters of it read like a romance. What a singular admixture of pride and piety, of sternness and womanliness, can be seen in those men and women who ruled France, even now, the palace at Versailles, Mazarin, who had seen his birth, and who knew him to the core, said of him: "He has in him the making of four kings and one honest man." Fouquet, who feted his son so magnificently at Vaux, was early in disgrace, and when he died, his son, Fouquet's pious mother could say of her son, about whose soul she had been supremely anxious when the king honored him—"I thank thee, O God; I have always prayed for his salvation, and here is the half hour late and there was a letter from Louis XIV came to him, and he loved me much," was his pathetic confession on his death-bed. But he made a gallant fight until the end, and he is the hero of the illustrations in this pathetic volume is proof. And he is but one of the many heroes who have been mentioned in these more than 600 pages, admirably translated by Gustave Masson. The entire history is panoramic.—Waco Times-Herald.

GLOBE SIGHTS

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

So much of the New Thought is new foolishness.

No story is good enough for a busy man to read.

What becomes of all the patents local inventors take out?

People are not going to stick it if they accept your judgment before it is given.

Even a brave man may be afraid of a microbe, or other enemies he can't see.

A young girl's conversation consists largely of adjectives and exclamations.

Men, however, will not generally object to woman jurors; men are used to being convicted.

We are inclined to question the veracity of the gent who accompanies every advertisement.

While an auctioneer speaks rapidly without saying much, you should remember he gets paid for that line of talk.

We have also a slight curiosity to know whether the place of honor in the next row, or not, but the encyclopedia is in the next row.

A woman's idea of Reluctant Fate is to get a man to marry her in order to get a better neighborhood makes her calls.

When a girl's picture, which has been occupying the place of honor on a young man's dresser requires dusting by the housekeeper it is a sign she has been placed in the ranks of the has-beens.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.] He's a good man who sleeps all the time.

The best cure for kleptomania may be a rest cure.

Art may be long, but it's different with most artists.

The love of money is the easiest of all roots to cultivate.

As a sticker a porous plaster hasn't anything on a bad habit.

When you have a law suit to lose you can afford to hire a cheap lawyer.

Platonic love is a good deal like a gun that you didn't know was loaded.

It is far better to make your mark in the world than it is to be an easy one.

An old bachelor gets a bad case of stage fright every time he thinks of marriage.

Every man lives to congratulate himself that he didn't marry the first woman he thought he was in love with.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.] Ignorance puts up the hottest argument.

Girls don't need much of any teaching to get a thorough education in matrimony.

History is willing to be generous to a dead man because it won't do him any good.

A man can get a very big opinion of himself thinking what he's going to do if he ever gets started.

Whenever there's going to be a car party for charity the devil feels his work is going to be so much better done by the gossips getting together than he could do it that he takes a day off.

THE ART OF DINING.

Now when you dine with Mrs. B. or when she asks you there to tea, although your conversation is bright, remember, you're a satellite.

And though you're full of quips and fun, you must not overcloud the sun. For he who lets his hostess shine is asked another day to dine.—London Opinion.

THE EVENING STORY

Open Window. (By Temple Bailey.)

Phoebe sat all day in summer and sewed by the open window.

"What would I do without my view from the window?" she said to Mrs. Rogers, who sold in her gift shop all the products of Phoebe's skilled stitching.

"You ought to get out more, Phoebe," said Mrs. Rogers. "It's gay enough in summer, when all of the people are at the hotels. You could go out for a walk in the evening and watch the dancing, or there's tennis and golf, everybody is welcome to tea at the country club."

"But, I wouldn't think of going!" said Phoebe, shuddering. "I've just lived here in the village, Mrs. Rogers, all my life, and I'm thirty-five, and I feel as if I were intruding, a quiet little thing like me."

"Well, you don't look thirty-five," said Mrs. Rogers. "You see since mother died, it's all I can do to pay the taxes on my little house. Mother had a pension and that helped."

"You oughtn't to live alone," said Mrs. Rogers decidedly.

"I haven't any one to live with," said Phoebe.

"Then get married," Mrs. Rogers's eyes sparkled merrily.

"Oh, I couldn't." Mrs. Rogers asked, softly, "Was there ever any one, Phoebe?"

"No," Phoebe whispered, "but mother didn't like him, and he went away."

She went back to her little house at the crossroads. From her window she could see the wide green lawn of the big hotel. The tennis courts were too far away for her to watch the play, but she liked the animated picture of the figures moving swiftly in the red of the game. She could see the ardor which marked the holes on the golf course, and the gay awnings of which she was shut out, but she loved it.

As she sewed steadily that afternoon, there came often into her thoughts the suggestion that Mrs. Rogers had made. Why not wear a white gown? Why not be young for once? She thought from her window, and sat there, stitching. Her hair, slightly gray, was stretched back tightly from her forehead; he had a little plaid shawl about her shoulders.

Phoebe's hand went to her heart. She loved to dig among her roses when the darkness hid her from the passing crowd.

As she knelt by the hundred-leaved bush, a voice said, "She's probably married—I haven't dared ask—I passed the other day and saw a stranger sewing by the open window."

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SAYS UNCLE GAV

One has only to be unduly proud of one's virtues to make them more hateful than vices. His that cannot upon occasion forget that he is morally or mentally superior to his neighbor is prone to cover his good points with a cloak of conceit, and there is no more thorough disguise.

Theorize as we will, we regard as bad that which is not agreeable. That, after all, is the basis of the distinction between good and bad, and a very good working definition of evil. He that imputes unto himself righteousness, and insists that his neighbors give constant and unceasing recognition of the fact, may be utterly wrong for the substance and in the name of righteousness make his corner of the world over into a wilderness of woe. He does good by map and chart, and in the mechanical performance of his devotion to the world overlooks the spirit that leaveneth the whole lump and makes it palatable to the publican and the sinner.

His virtue is of the "canned" variety and spoils with exposure to the air of everyday needs. He prickles with ugly pride until he is about as agreeable to the touch as a cocklebur. What good there is in him is so covered up with harsh words and unkind actions that the common run of folks regard him and his goodness as an abomination, which they are.

The touchstone of virtue and the touchstone of ability is service. Service to your moral principles makes neither yourself nor your neighbor happy, you have perverted them. You have made a radical mistake somewhere along the line, and instead of being the shining light that you imagine yourself to be, you're a thorn in the side of your less pretentious betters.

There is an old axiom of law which says that fraud vitiates any contract. Even so, overweening pride in any virtue nullifies it. The virtue that is serviceable has no time for self-advertisement. It is busy with its more serious function of being of use.—(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

EVENING GAT

BY RUTH CAMERON.