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.

Mexico is said to be praying for peace. Praying seems to be the only recourse left in this case.

These days the governor of North Carolina is saying as little as possible to the governor of South Carolina.

So far, no Topekans have been forced to change their base merely for the sake of finding weather of the winter resort variety.

A New York clergyman fears that to have boxing and wrestling bouts in the church club gymnasiums "might attract the town's underworld." Well?

"Man," says a woman writer, "contributes nothing to the home but money." Still, not every wife has the nerve to send out for a neighbor every time she wants the back of her gown hooked up.

That eastern college professor who has found by investigation that red-headed men seldom marry women with red hair had his labor for nothing. The custodian of the seismograph station in Washington could have given him that information offhand.

Another exceedingly expensive fire has occurred in Rossville. Wouldn't it be a wise investment for all of the small towns in Kansas to put some of their funds in a system that will provide them with some sort of fire-fighting facilities? Only a very few of them have anything in this line.

Attorney General Dawson has discovered that the coal companies pay no attention to their royalty contracts with the state. But there is nothing unusual about such an attitude. Most men seem to be obsessed with the notion that it is perfectly legitimate to beat the state out of its just dues.

Mr. Sartin, the chairman of the provisional organization of the Progressive party in Kansas, is certain that there is a strong Progressive sentiment in most of the counties in this state. But it failed to manifest itself at the recent election in the interests of many Bull Moose candidates who were slaughtered in rather unmerciful fashion.

"There could be no money trust," is the opinion of J. Pierpont Morgan. Maybe so. But there seems to be something that makes a good strong noise like one. Perhaps it is merely a combination of the money interests. Mr. Morgan declares that he believes in combinations, rather than competition. And there doesn't seem to be any particular reason why the men who have their paws on the bulk of the money in the nation could not effect a combination if they so desired. Then, too, there appears to be some power that fixes the rate of interest daily, or as often as is necessary for all sorts of loans that are made in the big financial centers, just the same as the quotations ommittee of the Elgin board of trade used to fix the price of butter daily.

Probate Judge Schoch has begun another wise reform in Kansas by calling a halt on the marriages of infants. He started the ball a-rolling by refusing to issue a license for the wedding of a girl of 13 years to a man of 25. Judge Schoch will refuse in the future to issue marriage licenses to any couple where the girl in the case happens to be under 15 years of age. Even such an age is altogether too premature. All the probate judges in the state should follow the example of the Shawnee county jurist until the legislature gets wise enough to pass a stringent law fixing a decent and reasonable age limit in this particular.

Scarcely had the announcement of the government's suit against the Butter trust had time to circulate around the country before the news came from Elgin that the board of trade there had abolished its butter quotation committee which has been arbitrarily fixing the price of butter each day for the past 17 years. This was followed by news from Chicago and other big centers that many men prominent in the butter trade were of the opinion that butter would be much cheaper in the near future than it had been for years. A variety of technical reasons are put out for this change in prices. But it will be difficult to convince most folk that the action of the government in proceeding against the butter combination was not the controlling factor. President Taft's administration is ending in a blaze of glory.

A SATURDAY SERMON.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. St. Luke II : 13-14.

This is a report of one of the incidents when an angel of the Lord came upon the shepherds in the fields around Bethlehem and announced to them the birth of a Saviour, the Christ child. It is the anniversary of that birth which will be celebrated within the next few days. And on that occasion there will be a multitude of men and women, in the East, in the South, in the North and in the West, who will be praising God, glorifying him in the highest, and pouring out torrents of thankfulness that he sent Jesus of Nazareth into this world to show the way to a better life.

Even the agnostic, or the atheist, if he be an honest student of history, cannot fail to concede that the world and its people have improved in countless ways because of the life and the teachings of the son of Mary. Throw out all ideas of his divine origin; dismiss, if you will, as being improbable or impossible the many marvelous miracles that he is credited with having performed; and he yet looms up as the most remarkable personality in the history of all time. His simple, but nonetheless profound pronouncements present the perfect code of life for the individual and therefore for the nation. For no nation can hope to be any better or more advanced than is the average of its individual citizenship. Jesus of Nazareth was the greatest of reformers. And simply because he laid down no rule for his fellows that he was not willing to practice himself. His doctrine of the brotherhood of man and his promulgation of the golden . have been more largely responsible for the progress of all people to a more righteous civilization, than any other agency or dogma.

But clothe Jesus with the garb of the son of God; accept the authenticity of the reports of his acts that were even more wonderful than his words, and his person assumes such enormous and majestic proportions, that it is almost impossible for the average mind to grasp its significance. Millions and millions of men and women, from one end of the earth to the other, do this very thing. Their numbers are being added to daily. And it is not too much to say that they comprise the backbone of the human race.

There is no reason, though, why all men, whether they profess to be Christians or not, cannot join in the general acclaim at the Christmas season and sing the hosannas of praise that are due to the greatest preacher that the world has ever known. Every man can profit by his teachings and his examples. And as more men do, and to the extent that they do so, just so much quicker and greater will be the progress of humans to a plane where a larger justice in all things will prevail.

IMPORTATION OF LUXURIES.

Importation of luxuries into the United States is now running at the rate of $1,000,000 a day. This is more pretty excellent evidence that old General Prosperity is as busy as a bug in this land, and that the slumps in Wall street are merely trifling sores exclusive with that locality. Of course the term "luxuries" is an elastic one and its applicability determined, to some extent, by the viewpoint from which used; but it is at least a fact that during the month of October, 1912, the imports included 14 million dollars' worth of art works; 5 million dollars' worth of tobacco, cigars, and other smokers' materials; 4 million dollars' worth of diamonds and other precious stones; 4 million dollars' worth of laces and embroideries; over a million dollars' worth of feathers, natural and artificial; more than a million dollars' worth of decorated china; over a million dollars' worth of toys; nearly a million dollars' worth of champagne, cordials, liqueurs and other articles of this class; nearly a million dollars' worth of cabinet woods, of which mahogany formed the principal part; and sundry other articles usually considered as luxuries, bringing the total imports of this class of materials for the month of October up to 32 million dollars.

While the heavy importation of articles of this character naturally occurs during the closing months of the year, the figures of October are exceptionally high, probably the highest on record as regards importations of luxuries, this being due in a considerable degree to the unprecedented importation of art works, this single item having amounted to practically 14 million dollars in the month of October, against 4½ million dollars in October of last year; while for the 10 months ended with October the total importation of art works was 49 million dollars, against 18½ million in the corresponding months of 1911 and 14 million in the corresponding months of 1910.

These high figures for October and the accumulated months ended with October suggest that the imports of articles which may fairly be classed as luxuries will probably aggregate 250 million dollars in the calendar year 1912. Of this sum art works will, according to the latest estimate of the statistical division of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, approximate 70 million dollars; precious stones, between 40 and 50 million dollars; laces and embroideries, between 40 and 50 million; cigars, cigarettes, and other articles for use of smokers, between 40 and 50 million; and numerous other articles of less value, including toys, approximately 9 million dollars; champagne, about 5 million dollars; feathers, natural and artificial (chiefly ostrich feathers), about 10 million dollars; beads and bead ornaments, a couple of million dollars; automobiles, a couple of million dollars; and perfumeries and cosmetics, nearly 2 million dollars.

All the world profits by this distribution for luxuries of 250 million dollars a year of American money. Of the art works imported, of course the bulk come from Europe, most of them the product of labor performed many years ago, since a very large proportion of the art works now being imported are twenty years old or over and a considerable share 100 years old and over. The forty-odd million dollars' worth of diamonds and other precious stones imported, though chiefly drawn from Europe, are in most cases the product of South Africa; and this is true also of the several million dollars' worth of ostrich feathers imported. Of the forty-odd million dollars' worth of tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes imported, the largest single contributor is Cuba, though probably 10 million dollars' worth of the total originates in the Dutch East Indies, half way round the globe, and considerable quantities in the Near Orient, chiefly in Europe, Asia and Africa. Of the forty-odd million dollars' worth of laces and embroideries imported, a very large proportion is from Europe.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Any number of people need things that they don't want.

* * *

With most folk, happiness is a synonym for prosperity.

* * *

An honest confession is also sometimes good for a few years in the pen or a heavy fine.

* * *

Legislation should also be enacted declaring an open season all the year 'round on practical jokers.

* * *

It isn't right to judge everybody by the company he keeps. Sometimes it's impossible for him to dodge it.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Speaking of plutocrats, John Gary, of Haddam, marketed 108 fat hens there recently.

It is eas to do your Christmas shopping early if you have the price, points out the Alma Signal.

Some saying of Uncle Si, in the Ottawa Republic: A liar is a feller accomplished in th' art of dodgin' facts.. ...T' tooth-puller, same as th' grocer, sells extracts....Sometimes th' girl with a rosebud mouth eats onions. An' then you don't think of the roses.

A writer in the current issue of a popular magazine gives as a reason for the decline of the old-fashioned singing school, that there are not enough tenors to take the altos and sopranos home. This reminds "Marguerite," the Bodare correspondent of the Douglass Tribune, that that community's supply of bass sing rs has been overlooked again.

"Last year the packers charged us high prices for meat, charging the shortage of feed as an excuse," remarked an Alma butcher to the Alma Signal recently, and he continued: "Now, with feed plentiful, they are charging about the same prices and claiming a shortage of cattle. Buy from whatever packer we may, we find the price exactly the same. No combine, perhaps, but a mighty good understanding."

The other day a man went into a Marion store and bought a small article and told the proprietor to charge it. "The charge is ten cents," said the proprietor. "Why, how is that," said the man, "I have been paying only five cents." "Well," replied the proprietor "five cents is for the article and five cents is for booking and collecting." The man paid the five cents. This is a very little incident but there is considerable in it to think about if you want to take the trouble.—Marion Record.

GLOBE SIGHTS

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Did anybody ever collect punitive damages?

You may feel sure of a good deal that isn't true.

An assistant may not do most of the work; he may only think so.

When the styles in men's hats get as bad as possible, they may begin to improve.

There are times when one should take life easy, like an agent takes your money.

We also rejoice in the fact that this world seems better to us than it does to an evangelist.

Unless you get the postoffice, or something just as good, politics won't help you much.

If your health is good you can't maintain a grouch steadily. Or, play it the other way across.

A snob is the guy who devotes a lot of time to show the superiority he doesn't possess.

Most other crops are sometimes short, but the supply of blotters is usually up to the demand.

If you buy a railroad ticket you pay for it now, but if by any chance you shouldn't use it, you wait till next year to get your money back.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

The level-headed man is not apt to be a rounder.

One half the world doesn't care how the other half lives.

The watchmaker's advertising should always be timely.

Few men travel on the road to Success without an occasional puncture.

Don't always judge by appearances. Many a temperance woman wears corkscrew curls.

Blobbs—"Do you believe the office ever seeks the man?" Slobbs—"The tax office always does."

The man who is his own best friend must be satisfied to have few others.

You can't say of a girl named Rose, or Violet, or Lily, that she hasn't a scent to her name.

When a bachelor gets tired giving wedding presents he can console himself with the thought that it is better to give than to receive.

Wigg—"I never saw any one so exceedingly modest as that girl from Boston." Wagg—"That's right. She won't even take off her glasses when there are men around."

Polite Percival had been caught in the act of stealing eggs. "I've been layin' fer you," announced Farmer Meddergrass. "That is very kind of you, sir," replied Polite Percival, "but really, I have been laboring under a misapprehension. I actually thought the hens laid them."

BY THE WAY

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

When one has cold feet and the sniffles, he has to be some optimist to get any satisfaction out of the report that the temperature is 122 in the shade over in Australia.

"This thing called filial love, is peculiar, isn't it?" asks an Atchison reporter in closing the account of a woman who refused to appear against her husband after having him pinched for batting her over the roof with a stove poker. But there are still other localities where $2.15 words are used without due regard for the rules laid down by the late Mr. Webster.

If you really want to, you can think of a number of good things about Christmas. Of course, among the "good things," the simp who is trying to make himself solid with some girl is the "goodest," but there also is the opportunity offered poor but honest merchants to unload cigars, neckties and slippers that would remain in stock indefinitely before the ultimate consumer would fall for them.

It is reported that Chicago will be "open" until 3 o'clock New Year's morning. No one who has been in Chicago will doubt it. In fact, it will be a surprise to many to learn that Chicago has ever been closed since the big fire.

Kansas officials, according to recent report, want to know how to stop the epidemic of crime. Why not pardon or parole a few more horse thieves and murderers?

Continuing the subject of crime, there is a "crime wave" in Kansas City. A crime wave in Kansas City consists of about a dozen stick-ups or murders in one evening. In a tank town, the theft of one antique chicken constitutes a "crime wave." From which it may be gathered that some definitions depend largely upon location.

It is alleged that Charles Seacat, of Cherryvale, has joined the navy. He should make a brave sailor. It requires nerve for one of that name to voluntarily seek the society of a lot of old seadogs.

There should be no misunderstanding in the Pip Daniels family after his approaching marriage. Pip has notified Gwendolyn that he spent too much time and effort in learning how to smoke to quit just yet.

In "Passin' On Party," Effie Graham has proven that there is still some original story material. Hundreds have written negro st.ries, but she is the first to take a slant at the transplanted variety. The "Uncle Tom" brand of "cullud folks" have figured in song and story for many moons, but it remained for a Topeka school teacher to discover the best side of the Kansas type.

When Jim Simpson and Cy Leland tried to snake D. O. McCray into the Bull party, Mac pulled back on the halter.

"I joined one of those things 20 years ago," he objected, "and I won't go into another until I have lived down that record."

SAYS UNCLE GAV

No thoughtful man ever complains that he fails for lack of moral encouragement. There are more boosters than knockers on earth and we have inherited the habit of hero worship from hundreds of generations of ancestors. If there is one universal, ineradicable instinct in the heart of humanity it is that one.

We literally adore success. To pay homage to strength is as natural as sunshine. To ascribe to others even greater merit than they possess is no less natural. The whole world is a great mutual admiration society, with an occasional discordant note representing some one's personal interest. Those who make good even in a small way, we delight to honor.

Even the street sweeper has his admirers who will pause to remark that he's "the best in his business." The policeman on the corner is something like a hero to half the people who pass. The small merchant is a marvel of business acumen to most of his neighbors, and the banker who is gradually getting a grip is hailed as a captain of finance. The poor pest who pounds a piano in Tin Pan alley numbers of his followers by the tens of thousands and the writer of dribble and drivel is no worse off.

No encouragement. No lovesick, little wisp of a school girl ever paid greater homage to a handsome stranger than the mass of humanity pays to him that does the least useful thing. We have the habit of boosting and we must find our heroes and demigods. The fact that we waste our worship upon some mighty poor material is only another evidence that we're hungry to honor some one. It's a fact fraught with extreme significance to the man who is capable of making good.

Even if you don't catch the eye and the ear of the world at large the "I-Knew-Him-When" club will see that you are not overlooked. Next to paying disinterested homage, we love to bask in reflected light. It is true that some members of this particular organization are moved, through envy, to say all manner of evil, but the anvil chorus was never yet able to drown the deeptoned diapason of the booster's te deum.—(Copyright, 1912, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.]

Happy family life is insured in the pantry.

When marriage is a failure, there are no assets left.

A woman brags about her family; a man about himself.

A big bunch of violets from him could make a pretty smart girl think a cannibal was a missionary.

When a man gets a cable dispatch, he wants to pull it out of his pocket with showy carelessness like a $1,000 bill.

DAFFYDILS

BY U. NOALL.

Can a xylophone?
(Stand back, men. The colonel was never known to show fear.)

Can a catfish?
(Drop that oyster and leave the wharf!)

Does it do any good for a man to inquire where has his coal-bin?
(Aw, take a lot. Take two.)

A SMALL ORDER.

This is all that I expect
Santa Claus to bring to me;
One large boat—my old one's wrecked;
One large, lovely Christmas tree;
Then I need a larger drum,
That says "boom" instead of "tum";
And I want a nice long whip
That will make our tomcat skip;
Then I hope to get a ball
That will dent the hardest wall,
And a bat that will not split
Ev'ry time that it is hit;
Next I'd choose a pair of skates
Just as nice as sister Kate's,
And a bright large monoplane
That will carry rag-doll Jane;
Then I'd like a lot of things
That are run by hidden springs—
Rats and spiders, and the like;
And I need a brand-new "bike"
With a coaster-brake that will
Make work easy down a hill.

There! that's all I asked him for.
Still, I'm hoping (since he's Dutch)
That he'll bring a few things more—
As I have not asked for much!
—St. Nicholas Magazine.

THE EVENING STORY

The Lady of the Revels.

(By Louise Merrifield.)

"You're sure, perfectly sure, Joe, that he won't be back?"

Nell leaned forward eagerly, her elbows on her desk. Behind her in his glass cage little Marcus, the cashier, worked over his books. Old Wayman was still in his office, and she knew he would join in with the rest. Had she not dropped a sprig of holly on his desk that noon, and caught his answering grin of holiday appreciation? And that left the two office boys, Carlson, head buyer, and silent Brett, advertising manager for Rudd & Howards.

She had been with the firm three months, as secretary and stenographer. At least that was what she had been engaged as. But Joe expressed the general sentiments of the office when he said she was the "whole bolt of goods."

"And it's a good thing for us fellers that Wayman picked her, too," he added. "Remember the last live wire Ruddy took? Harvest moon, red hair, red face, red dress, just as soon hand a feller a crack as breathe. I tell you it takes temperament to be a sten. and manage an office bunch. Ruddy hasn't the taste in girls of a giraffe.

"He doesn't know yet that Nell Austin's in the office. She's a pencil support, that's all, to him. And me and Wayman's ready with the four-room honeymoon first installment any time she says."

"Because, listen, Joe," she went on. "I want you to go out and smuggle in a tree. Not too big, you know, I'll put it on my desk. Get a stand for it, too, sure, and candles and ornaments, and things. I've got the presents in my bottom drawer."

"Aw, now, say, you didn't go and spend a lot on us fellers, did you, Miss Austin?" Joe stumbled over the words. "You're too good to be true, know it? Now I'll have to go buy you a box of holiday mixture, won't I?"

"Oh, don't tease, Joe," she begged, her eyes shining with happiness. "Don't you love Christmas eve yourself? Don't you always want to do something different from any day in the whole year? Wouldn't you, if you could, start off this very night, and cross the desert on a camel if you could find a star big enough to lead you?"

"Lead me where?" grinned Joe, tolerantly. "Over in the sand flats around Amityville, L. I. Shall I get these here glass things or paper angels?"

"Joe, haven't you any sentiment?" severely.

Joe lost his balance at the swift upward lift of her lashes. He forgot Wayman and Marcus and the advertising man and the rest. He even forgot he was only twenty, and that just eight dollars weighted his Saturday envelope.

"Have I any sentiment? Say, listen a minute, Nell. If you'd give me a ghost of a chance——"

"Better bring the glass ones, Joe," smiled Nell, coloring as Brett's head turned toward them. "And hurry."

But Joe took his time. She went on into the private office and Brett asked Joe where he was going. So did Wayman. So did Carlson. And when Joe left he carried a pot of ready cash that had not been entirely contributed by Miss Austin.

When she came out of Rudd's room the tree stood on her desk, a chunky, well-spread spruce, and Joe was trimming it. Not a head was raised from any of the desks. Nell hardly noticed anyway. Her cheeks were flushed, and she carried her little rounded chin a bit higher than usual. She had been clearing off the large flat-topped desk and filing the last pile of personal letters, and a couple of lines in one had caught her eye. It was from a business friend of Rudd's and read:

"I shall be mighty glad to have you take Miss Ives as secretary. She has been with us fourteen years, and is the best I have found to handle general correspondence. She isn't much on the looks, but after your last experience, I think it up to your friends to take care of you."

So he had discussed her with his men friends.

She was his "last experience." And here for three months she had barely met his eyes, had said as little as possible to him. She had come to the position straight from the little college town where her people lived. Her father had been a professor at the university Rudd claimed as his alma mater. Even Nell could remember ten years back when she had been a little short-skirted kiddie of eleven, taken to see the great rowing match up at New London, and her brother had pointed out to her Rudd, the mighty "stroke" in the home crew. Often now, when he was not looking, she had caught herself eyeing him appraisingly as he crossed the long office. He was thirty-five now. His head was lowered like a charging bull at the world in general, his lips rarely opened except to give an order, his eyes were steel gray and she did not like the lines of his mouth.

But she had tried to suit him, and surely he might have told her, have given her some warning that he was looking for another secretary. And to have the news sprung suddenly on one like that Christmas eve somehow jarred the delicate nerves that send their messages of peace and joy to the brain. Her hands were ice cold and shook a trifle as she helped Joe fasten on the rest of the ornaments and lights. Perhaps the tears that rose to her eyes blurred the number of packages that Joe was diligently tucking away in the spruce boughs.

"I think we might light it now," she whispered at last. "You may tell the rest, Joe, if you will."

But Joe did it in his own peculiar way. Mounting lightsomely on the nearest desk, he proclaimed the glad tidings, and did a sidestep to rouse the proper spirit in the bidden guests. They roused well. Nell laughed and half apologized, but Joe silenced her. He went into Ruddy's sanctum and came forth robbed in the green couch cover with a wreath of evergreen a-tilt on his head, and Ruddy's own antique brass paper cutter for scepter.

"Oh, but Joe, what if he should come back?" faltered Nell. "You know you shouldn't——"

Joe capered merrily as master of ceremonies.

"Shouldn't I? If the old man himself was to open that door and walk in I'd say——" He paused. Nell was standing on top the desk, reaching down the presents. Old Wayman was balancing himself on a chair to help her. Brett had a string of pink popcorn, munching it, and Carlson and Marcus were popping carnival caps out of Christmas crackers. But Joe's round, black eyes were fixed on the door of the private office. Framed in it stood Rudd, his heavy overcoat sprinkled with snow. He had entered through the outer door unseen.

"What would you say, Joe?" asked Nell, curiously. "I know what I'd say."

She paused, and held a lighted pink candle up in one hand. "I'd say, 'Even if you are the crossest, grumpiest, old plotter in the world, I'm going to hand you down a Christmas angel just the same, and a string of popcorn, and a candy turkey, and—and, let's see? We'll give him this.'" Her hand reached up for one of the parcels, a little bronze paperweight of a Chinese mandarin.

"He thanks you," said Rudd at her elbow, bowing low. "This is indeed a surprise. Boys, you will find Santa Claus has left parcels in on my desk for you all."

Joe tumbled first, and led the way, until only Rudd and Nell were left in the outer room, facing each other across the desk with the lighted tree between.

"I have something to put on your tree if you don't mind," he said after a pause.

Nell thought of the letter. He would probably try to give her a consolation prize before discharging her.

"You may do quite as you like, Mr. Rudd," she said, clearly, "in your own office. I am sorry I have done this."

He did not seem to hear her, so busy was he in hanging a very small parcel to a branch of the fragrant spruce. Then he took the little bronze image from her, and held it in his hand.

"Do you mind opening it now, before the boys return?"

She reached for it in silence. The outer paper slipped from her hands. Within was a small dark green leather case, and she opened that, too, with cold little fingers. Then she looked up at him from the ring that lay there, a circlet of narrow gold set with one diamond, not too large, just an imprisoned bit of sunlight like the high light in her eyes now.

Rudd watched her. The lines of the fight softened in his lean, young face. He looked hungry and yearning. Against the dark, rich background of the spruce, with its gleaming candle points of light, she seemed illusive, like some sprite of the hour almost in her light-fitting gown of dark red, with narrow bands of fur at sleeves and throat. He had never seen her "dressed up" before. She always wore black, he knew, but this was Christmas eve, and she was the lady of the revels.

"Will you wear it, Nell?" he asked under his breath.

"Why?" her dark eyes sent a signal of distress toward the closed door where Joe and the rest were. "I can't; don't you see that I can't, Mr. Rudd? It's good of you, too good, but truly I don't want it. I don't mind your sending me away. I was filling your letters, and saw what had been said about another secretary——"

"Did you?" His eyes held a glint of quick amusement in their depths. "I am getting another secretary, Nell, to fill your place, dear."

"Don't you dare to call me that," flashed Nell suddenly. He caught her hands before she could get away.

"Nell," he pleaded, "can't we be married right away, and go home for the holidays? Don't answer if you're going to say no. I've been trying to tell you for a month, every time you came near me. I've written to your mother and good old Bob, and they're with me. It's just up to you, sweetheart. I can't put it the right way but, Nell, I want you; I want you for comrade and sweetheart and wife, do you understand? How could I talk to you the past three months when every time I opened my lips they tried to say that?"

Joe's head appeared at the door of the inner office. Nell could not see him from where she stood. Somehow her head lay back on Rudd's shoulder, and he motioned to Joe to go away. The lady of the revels was busy.—(Copyrighted, 1912, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

EVENING CHAT

BY RUTH CAMERON.

What Nobody Wants to Do.

"Thinking is just what nobody wants to do," said Arnold Bennett once on a time. And to my mind he certainly struck twelve with that sentiment if he ever did.

How few people really do think about the little matters of everyday life!

Last summer I frequently had occasion to make a short trip during which I changed from one train to another. The second t in always stood on a siding waiting for the passengers. There was usually a large crowd so that all could not get seats. On leaving the first train this crowd divided itself into two groups,—the hoi polloi of those who were not in the habit of thinking about little things, and those few who were. The first group rushed over to the train, jumped on the nearest car and scrambled for seats. The second class walked rapidly along the outside of the train to the front cars where there was no crowd, then leisurely selected comfortable seats. By the time the overflow of the first group had managed to make a difficult way down the crowded aisles of the rear cars, they found the front cars fully tenanted by the people who were in the habit of taking thought about the little matters of everyday life.

Occasionally I used to look about at the faces of the people in the front part, and almost without exception they were intelligent faces, thoughtful faces, the faces of men and women who were undoubtedly making their way in the world because they had learned to do something besides follow the leader in the game of life.

There is a best way to do every little thing, whether it be washing dishes, or trying to get a seat in the train, or writing a letter. There is also a routine way of doing every little thing.

Occasionally these two ways are one; more often they are not.

And the successful men and women are those who use their thinking machines in deciding whether the routine way is the best way, and do not accept it unless it is.

It is easy to do things in the routine way.

It requires effort to think.

That is why "thinking is just what nobody wants to do."—at first, at least. After you have made the effort a little while, like all good habits, it ceases to be an effort.

The men and women who get the habit of thinking about little things are the men and women who can think to some purpose about bigger things. In business they are the people whose salaries rise as inevitably as the rivers in spring, in the home they are the folks who astonish their neighbors because they accomplish so much so easily.

Do you think? Not just when you are up against it, and have to put your rusty machinery into ineffectual motion, but every day, every minute, about every thing?

It pays.

Must Walk Chalk Line.

Applicants for a night's lodging must hereafter be able to walk a literal chalk line—a white streak across an 18-foot room—before there is any shelter for them at the Wayfarers' Lodge of the Associated Charities here.

Superintendent Howell Wright, of the Associated Charities, instituted the custom last night when he refused lodging to a tramp from Philadelphia because he wavered from the narrow path.

Wright said he believes the custom should become general, and that applicants who are unable to negotiate the feat in proof of their sobriety will be turned out in the cold. The more serious cases will be given to the police.—Cleveland dispatch to Washington Post.

The Creation of New Worlds.

People ask: "How was the universe created?"

The fact is the universe was never "created." It is in a process of perpetual creation. It is being made, destroyed, and re-made, all the time. The telescope and the spectroscope bring down to us pictures of parts of it in all the stages of growth and decay. The most fascinating problem of modern astronomers is the searching out of that great process; the discovery of the method of the world machine. It is a question not of what happened once ages ago, but of what is all the time happening.—World's Work.

KANSAS COMMENT

YOUR TOWN.

People do not usually treat their possessions with indifference. The town you live in is your town. If you reside on a farm, the town nearest to you is your town. It belongs to you just as much as it does to anyone. The existence of that town is a blessing to you and you are a benefit to it whether you want to be or not. Your town offers you and yours many advantages. Be loyal to your town. Civic pride and loyalty to your town makes for your happiness and financial prosperity. Never knock your town. If you cannot see anything about your town worth boosting, move—keep on moving, until you find the town you can enthusiastically boost. Be a booster. Boosters are the stuff good towns are made of. Your schools, churches, society, and your merchants are always just what you make them. Do your duty to your town, and that example will be the best argument you can make to others that community loyalty pays. Patronize the merchants of your town. If they should not have in stock what you want have them order it for you on approval. The mail order house will make you put up your cash before you even see the article and the city merchant will treat you with but little consideration. Who contributes to your churches, street or park improvements, school, library or to the sick and distressed of your town? Not the mail order house or the city merchant, no, indeed, they would be mighty peeved if you should ask them to. You must depend upon the business men of your town for this help. A wise merchant will not turn a booster down on any reasonable request. Let your motto be: "My Town, First, Last and Always." Boost, boost, everlastingly boost. That is the only fuel that will get up a head of steam sufficient to make the wheels go around fast enough to get you and your town anywhere. Resolve to say something good about your town every day during 1913. Be it ever so little say something complimentary of your town every day. Remember this resolution and at the dawn of 1914 you and the town will be enjoying prosperity unparalleled in its history. Your property will be worth more, your trade will be increased, your job will be more certain and there will be general prosperity. Make this resolution and stick to it and these conditions will surely exist within twelve months. It is so easy to do, it is Christian-like, it is conducive to sound sleep and good health. The only good men in your town that could possibly suffer because of your keeping such a resolution are the physicians.—Marysville News.

SKUNKS CAN NOW BE KILLED.

The skunk season opened recently. This isn't a joke. There is really a fool law on the statute books of the state which prohibits the killing of skunks between March 15 and November 15. During that period no matter how heavily laden the breezes are in your neighborhood with the delicate fragrance of sweet scented mephitis, you can be jerked into court and fined for killing one of them. You still think you are being trifled with, don't you? But the Tribune crosses its heart and hopes to die if it isn't telling the truth, as you can find it by searching the pages of the great and mighty law books of Kansas. An open season for skunks, wouldn't that make a corpse laugh at the funeral?—Chanute Tribune.

FROM OTHER PENS

WHEN WOMAN MARRIES.

Discussing the conditions under which women have to work, Miss Ida Tarbell is quoted as saying: "Another factor similar to the girl that works for less than a living wage is the woman that marries and continues to work. She is the most vicious element in the workaday world." This statement, following upon the advice given to working girls by Mrs. Belmont that every married woman should continue her business and have a career of her own, will be apt to confuse those whose opinions are derived from authorities. Both Miss Tarbell and Mrs. Belmont are experts in the matter, but neither has had a rounded experience. The one has worked but was never married. The other has been married but has never been a worker. It is a question which of the two is the more expert on the whole issue. In the end the smoke will go up the chimney in the old way. Women who can marry and quit wage-working will do it. Those who cannot will do the other thing. Life is never lived to match the counsel of experts.—New York World.

TEMPERANCE AND TENDING BAR.

It is an ingenious comment upon the custom of barroom drinking that several bartenders are advocating the formation of a "water wagon" association for their fraternity. One loop veteran is quoted as saying that he has not touched liquor in seventeen years except with his hands. During that time in his positions of authority he has had to discharge many bartenders for drunkenness. He is an incorser of the prohibition suggestion made by the secretary of the union. The bartender, naturally, has a good chance to make an exhaustive study of mankind, either mildly inspired or riotously inclined. That some of them come to feel an aversion for the man who cannot "handle" liquor is logical, but if all the bartenders went on the wagon would they not become so alert physically as to increase the activities of service? Or would they become missionaries by example? If the heavy drinker finds a lesson on both sides of the bar, he may not have to proceed any farther for conversion.—Chicago Evening Post.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Free food for thought may be had at any public library.

There are more little big men on earth than big little men.

Some people find pleasure but a stepping stone to misery.

In some communities the heaviest demand is for light literature.

Platonic friendship is seldom practiced on a girl who has money.

Fortune may be fickle, but misfortune can always be depended upon.

It's easy to get a man to agree with you if he wants to borrow money.

Some of the charity that begins at home is too feeble to cross the road.

There are a lot of dead ones that are of no benefit to the undertaker.

A short prayer from the heart is more effective than a long one from the lips.

Many a woman is blind to a man's faults because he threw gold dust in her eyes.

After a jealous man gets married to a jealous woman there is something doing every little minute.

A loyal wife is one who has implicit confidence in her husband, even when he's running for office.

No, Cordelia, the bride never marries the best man at her wedding, but she probably thinks she does.

Ever notice that all old fashioned photographs of a bride and groom look as if they were standing up to be shot?

It isn't very consoling to a homely girl to be told that a beautiful disposition is more admirable than a beautiful face.