

Topeka State Journal
By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

Entered July 1, 1875, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan., under the act of congress.

VOLUME XXXIV.....No. 243

Official State Paper.
Official Paper City of Topeka.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week to any part of Topeka, or suburbs, or at the same price in any Kansas town where the paper has a carrier system.

By mail one year.....\$3.00
By mail six months.....\$1.90
By mail 30 days, trial order.....\$1.00

TELEPHONES.
Private branch exchange. Call 107 and ask the State Journal operator for person or department desired.

Topeka State Journal building, 500 and 502 Kansas avenue, corner Eighth.
New York Office: 250 Fifth avenue, Paul Block, manager.
Chicago Office: Steger building, Paul Block, manager.
Boston Office: Tremont building, Paul Block, manager.

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.

Another bumper crop in 1912 will be made up of the campaign lies.

Neither does the ship of state carry enough lifeboats and life preservers for all the politicians who would take passage on it.

A scientist says that the average American wastes fifteen years of his life. But then there is a lot of fun in a political campaign.

Wizard Burbank has produced some queer results in horticulture but he isn't responsible for what the women are carrying around on their hats.

Summer travel on the western roads is reported to have been poor this year. Well look at the crops the western people had to take care of!

Wouldn't it have been a great relief from the annoyance of the politicians if the world's series could have been continued right up until election day?

Now that baseball's sun has set for a few months, the heroes of the gridiron will be given some of the attention to which they think they are entitled.

A salvo of well-directed shots will probably be the reply of the Balkan states to the demand of Turkey for an apology for the alleged insolent note they sent her.

William Jennings Bryan is not alone in his surprise that some of the friends of Colonel Roosevelt should attempt to make use of his attempted assassination to help the political cause he has fathered.

That Boston judge who announced the score of one of the championship games in court and then said he didn't know what it meant, should either join the Ananias club or gain admission to an old ladies' home.

And if the Balkan states are not successful in their war against Turkey the Christians in Macedonia will pack up their goods and chattels and move en masse to a more desirable clime, if they know on which side their bread is buttered.

No criticism will attach to Governor Wilson if he reconsiders his decision not to campaign actively while Colonel Roosevelt is hors de combat. The colonel continues to fire political broadsides at the Democratic presidential candidate even from his cot in the hospital.

Here's another forceful sermon against excessive indulgence in alcoholic beverages. Some highwaymen at Portland, Ore., would not take one of their pals with them on one of their sorties because he was intoxicated. Of a truth, no one in these days of grace has any use for the man who gets drunk.

Notwithstanding the fact that Turkey has met with reverses at the beginning of her trouble with the Balkan states, many military experts are of the opinion that she will give a good account of herself later on. And if numbers count for anything these contentions appear to be well founded. Turkey has an army of approximately 1,000,000 men, while the combined military strength of the small states leagued against her is less than 700,000 men.

Topeka's public-spirited citizens who are backing the baseball team are entitled to the thanks of every one in town for their determination to "stick it out," and provide a better team for next year. Surely that team will be worthy of most generous support from the fans. As a member of the Western League Topeka has a conspicuous place on the baseball map. This is a fine advertisement for the city, and the men who are carrying the financial burdens of the club are deserving of the heartiest congratulations and all possible encouragement.

When airship lines to the various planets are established, it is likely that the tourists who patronize them will fight shy of a trip to Venus. A French astronomer, writing anonymously, but supposed to be none other than Camille Flammarion, insists that Venus is a veritable nightmare planet, a nest of reptiles and a swarm of monsters. Big saurians do battle there,

and pachyderms may live at the poles on the planet, as well as primitive men. Incidentally this is another fine chance for Dr. Cook to engage in a little exploring that would be distinctive.

PROFESSIONAL EVANGELISTS.
The other day there was a national convention of evangelists in Chicago. The first thing they did—the principal topic of their session, in fact—was the serious consideration of methods. What they said and what they intend to do, hereafter, will make their work more agreeable to mankind and far more profitable to them in saving souls.

Evangelical work doesn't count as it should because of the smear of professionalism across it. The early evangelists were men called to their work; white-souled, red-blooded fellows who bore hardship, poverty, mistrust, the opposition of the formalists and the active hostility of the sinners.

But they "made room" in their own lives and so in their work.

Some of these men still exist—more than the world takes heed of, for their modern ideas are smothered in the brass band din of the professional evangelists. These latter go into evangelism as a business. Some are religious grafters and virtually levy a poll tax of so much a head on sinners temporarily stirred into a seeming conviction of their own misdoings by the theatrical appeals made to them.

These professionals run their affairs like a show. They are press-agented like the ring circus and when God-fearing and respectable elements of the religious world, and men and women outside the church who still believe in the holiness and the dignity of their work, make protest they delight in the fight.

It gives a chance to be more spectacular, more clamorous, more irrefragable in their bragging ways. A newspaper means many more dollars in their pockets.

It was against these professional evangelists, as men and as religious workers and against their blasphemous ways, that the evangelists in session in Chicago protested. One testified that when he entered the work a professional offered to teach him the tricks of the trade. "I have got 'em all skinned a mile in taking an offering," was the wretch's tutor's state ment. "It was methods like this which were denounced and the meeting can not help doing good.

NEW YORK'S "GUMMEN."
To the country the most amazing and shocking feature of the revelations which have come out of the metropolis since the murder of the gambler, Rosenthal, who "squealed," is not the rottenness uncovered. It is not the police corruption charged and apparently proved. Those shameful conditions were fairly well understood. They have not seemed out of keeping with what has been known about New York. But the country has learned in astonishment of the existence of gangs of actual and potential murderers, familiar to the underworld and feared as men who could be hired for the butchery of any one hated by persons in authority or those with plenty of money to pay for the assassination of their enemies.

It has not been generally known that the largest city of the country tolerated the presence of bands of outthroats who killed for a price, or to placate some kingpin, or to avenge some brutal act or public official as cruel and brutal as he was false to this trust. The nation has never been taught to believe that the police were powerless, even in New York.

The need of reform in the chief center of population, wealth, commerce and industry in the New World is evident; greater than the most pessimistic Americans have supposed. It goes farther down toward the savagery which it was thought had at least been made less bold and bestial on Manhattan Island than it is in the wildest towns of the newest states and the crudest mining camps.

HEALTH FOR SALE.
One of the most interesting and important papers presented before the Fourth National Conservation congress, which met last week in Indianapolis, was written not by a physician or a sanitarian, but by a business man, Mr. E. E. Rittenhouse of the Equitable Life Assurance company. Mr. Rittenhouse, in the opening paragraphs of this address, recognized the crucial point in the present situation. He said: "It takes money to carry on a great educational movement and it takes money to conduct a public health campaign. The war between preventable disease and death is therefore a struggle between the dollar and the death rate." These words should be placed before every citizen, for his instruction and as a warning. With our present day knowledge of disease, good health is a commodity which can be bought, if our cities, counties and states are willing to pay the price. For \$1.50 per capita per year, any community can practically banish those diseases which we now have the means of preventing and can greatly reduce the number of deaths from all causes. One dollar and a half per year. Not quite half a cent a day to save life from destruction by known causes. Three cents a week, twelve and one-half cents a month, to protect each man, woman and child from disease, which we know how to prevent and which we know will exact a toll of many lives during the next year and all succeeding years until proper preventive methods are inaugurated! A piteously small sum, one thinks. Yet how much are our most advanced commonwealths spending for this purpose? Pennsylvania heads the list with 48 cents per capita, per year. It means that the man who does not spend a cent; New York spends 1.1 cents; Massachusetts 1.2 cents; Indiana, 1.5 cents; and so on. In 1911, fifty of the largest American cities with a total preventable death list of

117,724, spent an average of 30 cents per capita to prevent disease, and \$1.55 per capita to prevent fires. According to The Journal of the American Medical Association, if we could have in every city as good a sanitary service as we now have fire protection, many lives that are now needlessly sacrificed could be saved. The people can have such protection if they want it and if they will pay for it. Safety from disease can be obtained just as we obtain safety from fire and from thieves. Health can be secured if society will foot the bill.

JOURNAL ENTRIES
Few pocketbooks are in need of anti-fair treatment.

A friend in need is generally away on a vacation.

Most people are more skillful in picking berries than they are in picking winners.

How a horse must laugh when he pulls a wagon by an automobile that is stuck in the mud.

Not a few men are so easy they can be fooled two and three times in the same week by the widowers who marry again, for instance.

JAYHAWKER JOTS
As might be expected they have a Stone church at Rock, Butler county. A man may get crooked enough to hide behind a corkscrew, but the crookedest man on earth wouldn't have any luck behind a pretzel.

The Haddam Clipper-Leader's idea of a successful small town business man is one who can incur an overdraft at his bank without being called up on the carpet.

After a woman has been married a few years, says the Ellinwood Leader, the quilts she makes for the widowers of the newspapers make her home happy for her husband.

Charlie Blakesley, of the Kansas City Star, calls attention to the fact that if you are in the habit of cursing to break the ice on that slogan, "Come on in, Coldwater's fine."

Fred Kenner, the Madison Spirit man, has figured it out this way. A fight between two men is really one of a man and a corkscrew, but the crookedest man on earth wouldn't have any luck behind a pretzel.

Related by the Fort Scott Tribune: A man who remained in a party not long ago. His clothing was torn and tattered and great blotches of mud were smeared on his face. His mother asked him if he had a good time and he exclaimed: "Mother, I forgot who, took the first somebody's side and I helped the other fellow some. Mother, it was the grandest fight I have ever seen, and all the girls man after man hid until it was over, then when they started to leave we ran them home. Mother, it was a fine party."

Some observations by Tom Thompson of the Howard Courant: If a girl believes all you say, she is under nineteen. . . . It is creditable to be a "truster," but why couldn't he have been a "good conductor" in operation. . . . A little girl can feel entirely comfortable when she is dressed up, but a boy never can. . . . Why do so many folk raise the devil and get into a quarrel? . . . The "question of the day" might generally be better known as the quarrel of the day. . . . Men are always on the sides to every question—one right and one wrong side. Your side is never the wrong side, of course.

According to Uncle Abner.
There ain't no way of telling 'st how old a woman is, and safer not to, anyhow.

I always feel sort of suspicious-like of a feller who don't take the slightest interest in either baseball or politics.

"Ammy Tibbs is gettin' to be quite a dude. He has got the party now—one on each side in the laundry."

The main trouble is that, when a feller is able to take a real hot block of locs, he is a braver man who has never been at war with his wife.

Some men enjoy poor health—probably because they are pious.

"A woman can't see the good of having a secret if she can't tell it."

The way to get your expectations to come out right is to have any.

The man who stutters has one advantage; he never speaks before he thinks.

Only a girl in love with a poor man can appreciate the folly of being rich.

Many a man who begins with an occasional "smile" allows it to develop into a perpetual grin.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune and it's up to him to keep solid with the building inspectors.

No doubt some clubs have all the comfort of a club and all the good points of a club would prove more attractive to some men.

Some women are conceited enough to think their husbands love them so much that they can go around the house with their hair off and their teeth out.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
[From the Chicago News.]
There are a lot of family trees that need spraying.

You'll never get to the front by following the crowd.

There are degrees of praise often scares the wolf from the door.

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GLOBE SIGNS
BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.
It is so hard to find an eye witness. Most people who shoot off their mouths have poor aim.

Perhaps if good advice cost more, more of it would be used.

Sometimes a traveling man overestimates the value of a new story.

Many a man is sometimes so biased against a fellow traveler that he will give a good makes you quit trying.

If a girl has her society on firmly it works downtown as well as in a drawing room.

One trouble is that the women who could sell suffrage most aren't working for it.

An auctioneer isn't paid or promoted to sell for giving bargains to the general public.

Women, after they win in their contest for the privilege of voting, probably will take up for ball.

You may have observed that there are several exceptions to the rule that fat folks are good natured.

And the wicked who flee when no puritanuseth may pose as paragons of purity when they find they aren't chased.

A mean man usually is convinced that a number of good ones is that way because of lack of nerve or opportunity.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
[From the Philadelphia Record.]
It doesn't pay to grow sadder without giving wiser.

Many a man has found himself undone from trying to do others.

Lots of people waive their rights, but pugilists also waive their lefts.

The mind is a storehouse, but it needn't necessarily be a junk shop.

The stinky man may be open to suspicion, in spite of the fact that he is clean up front.

Not—"Mrs. Talkalot tells everything she knows." Belle—"And a lot more besides."

When a woman makes a hairpin answer as a button-hole, she goes to extremes.

Silicious—"Give me a synonym for repentance." Cynicus—"How would being found out do?"

Travelers seldom hear good of themselves," quoted the Wise Guy. "Or anybody else," added the Simple Mug.

The fellow who feels that he hasn't a friend in the world might just as well be a baseball umpire or a book agent.

There are times when, even to the poet, a head of cabbage boiling in the pot has a sweeter odor than a bunch of violets.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.
[From the New York Press.]
Car fare is all a woman needs for a day of shopping.

A man can pray hardest to get rid of a cold that makes her nose red.

It scares any wife to think what if a prince should fall in love with her.

The money that has run through the taximeter will never spurge again.

Nobody knows the road to heaven, but anybody can follow the one to the other place with his eyes shut.

BY THE WAY
BY HARVEY PARSONS.

The Woman Question cannot be located, much less answered, in a paragraph, but the first and second choices are undoubtedly: "Does my skirt show?" and "Where were you last night?"

It may be, of course, that the season has something to do with the recent outbreak of cursed fools, who have tried to kill someone. Nuts ripen rapidly in October.

It is reported by game conservationists that the viable supply of elk is in Jackson's Hole. And it is reported by others that the Bull Moose are in a bigger, deeper one.

Principal trouble with the Giants seems to have been that they neglected to knock Wood in the tenth.

When a man is requested to hold a special session at home, it is usually for the purpose of passing an appropriation bill.

Straw votes may be good stuff to feed dark horses but they are not worth much for anything else.

The revolution in Mexico begins to look like business now. One of the Diaz boys has started out to see about recovering a portion of the family property.

Schrack says he belongs to no political party. The chances are good that none of them will attempt to prove him a liar on that statement.

The ball used in the last game of the series should be put in a glass case. It was used by the most expensive ball ever dropped. Snodgrass dropped more in less time than any speculator during recent years.

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT
BY ROY K. MOULTON.

An Epitaph.
"Here lies a poor woman who always was tired. She lived in a house where the help was scarce. Her last words on earth were: 'Dear friends, I am going to wash my face. No cooking, no washing or sewing; but everything there is exact to my mind. For where they don't eat, there's no washing dishes. I'll have my soul anthems will always be ringing.' But having no voice, I'll get out of the singing. Don't mourn for me now. Don't mourn for me, never. I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

Hot Weather Ideas.
One should always beware of falling in love with a woman who lives along a business street where the buildings are high. Some of them are heavy and fall with terrific force, sufficient in fact to smash a derby hat.

So far as it is known there is no form of life in the vicinity of the south pole. This is a great relief. It saves us the trouble of trying to find a form of life which afford good protection from the biting winds and the very low temperature outside.

Some observations have lost their lives in snow slides on the mountains of Alaska.

According to Uncle Abner.
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DAFFYDILS
BY U. NOALL.
If New York has quite a few girls has New Orleans molasses?

(She may have lost her charm and beauty, but she still retains her girlish laughter. Ha ha! Ha ha! Ha ha!)

If you found an old shoe in the lane would you call it an alley gaiter? (Throw him out the window. He's the boob that put the turn in turnups.)

When the Turks are defeated does the Montenegrin?

(And the professor will now sing that pathetic little ballad, entitled, "Darling, I am growing whiskers.")

THE HIRED GIRL'S WAY.
The nights our hired girl stays home, An' don't expect her best, 't call, She's jes' as nice as she can be. An' doesn't hustle round at all. Sometimes she takes me on her knee An' tells me tales of pirates bold That used t' sail upon the sea In search of silver and of gold.

An' she don't pack me off t' bed Or tell me a supper time is through. Or tell me what I'm in her work t' do. Becoz she's got her work t' do. But in the kitchen I can stay An' get her out the nastiest things Of soldiers fightin' every day An' princies bold, an' evil kings.

But when her beau is comin' up, T' take her out t' see a show, She makes me hustle through our tea. So's she can get dressed up to go. An' you jes' order see her frown If Paw's sits talking very long. An' you should hear her bang around T' let him know he's doin' wrong.

An' Paw don't das't t' say a word, An' Paw jes' swallows down his tea. An' then she grabs the dishes up, An' she says she ain't got no me. You can't hear her scold plates and An' see her grab each dish and cup, An' wash 'em clean as quick as that. But Paw he's in a comin' up.

Sh' don't have time for stories then, Or nothin' else I want to hear. Paw says there is no stoppin' her When she's eger t' get through. An' if I don't like it, not at all, An' I don't like it, not at all, I can't see why she acts that way. Jes' coz her beau is goin' to call.

THE EVENING STORY
BY RUTH CAMERON.

There are several kinds of grown up children in this world. One kind that everybody loves, the folks whose hearts have refused to grow old with their body, who had something of the enthusiasm and optimism of young people which usually come with the years, and have kept all the fine enthusiasm and optimism of young people who have grown old but refuse to admit it by their manners or their clothes. Too often we laugh at them when we should ought to pity them.

And then again, there is the kind of grown up children, who, while they have lost all the fine qualities of youth, they still keep its pettiness—and as for these, well, to me, at least, it's pretty hard to remember that they aren't big enough to deserve dislike.

In our neighborhood there is a person with the outward semblance of a man. People who see him on the street or know him usually think he deserves to be called one. People who know him better usually come to realize that he is simply a grown up child of the least desirable class. There is a little example of the tricks by which he has earned this reputation.

In company with several other young couples he and his wife usually go for a walk. He preferred the card playing and said so with all the imperiousness of a spoiled child. The rest of the party naturally voted for him to speak to the offenders any more.

What do you think of that? He said so constantly, on the street, at social gatherings and at every social they all frequented, but he passed them by in stony silence. The other day he found himself on the street early in the morning. He was there at that refusal to yield to his preference that he not only stayed at home and played cards, but he actually attempted to play an entire afternoon with a group of his wife's acquaintances. He refused to yield to his preference that he not only stayed at home and played cards, but he actually attempted to play an entire afternoon with a group of his wife's acquaintances.

"Why do you think so?" It was not Peter, the kind host, who made the demand, but Peter, the shrewd, who had been saying "What makes you think that she is going to marry Bob, Kate?"

"Her attitude and his. Love some body else, Peter. There are several prettier girls here."

"There is nobody like Anne, girl. You know that."

"From the way you men rave over her, I suppose you are attracted to her. She has a wonderful charm. I wish Bob would bring her in before night. Moccasin Trail is lovely but dangerous."

"There's Bob now! He is riding in alone. Lord, I wonder what's happened!"

Peter hurried out of the lodge to meet the horseman. Bob's face was ghastly white.

"Has Anne come in?" he gasped. "No; what's the matter?"

"She suggested that we take different roads at Fern spring. A little way the trail forks there. We were to meet at that bald place on the mountain. Look! Look! I waited up for you, but you didn't come. The way she was to go. I haven't seen her."

Before he finished talking, Peter was giving orders quickly to the servants who were attracted by the excitement. Everybody except Peter seemed to lose his head.

"Saddle some horses. Be quick about it! Get lanterns and wood and torches. Find a heavy cloak. She'll be cold when we find her."

He threw himself on the first horse that was brought around and dashed off the others following. A little way down the road he met the mare Anne had been riding. She was walking slowly, her bridle trailing. Peter urged his horse on.

Anne, hurt, alone and night rushing on swiftly as it does in the mountains! Peter set his teeth and looked for the police beside the road above the spring. Anne, the tender, fragrant girl of his dreams, was not there. He peered into the shadowy places, half afraid to look for fear of what he might see.

The evening star suddenly burned, clear and beautiful, and a prayer waked in Peter's heart. If only it were given to him to see her.

There sounded a faint cry. Peter listened. It was only the wind sighing through the trees and the bushes, and the echo in his heart. A brown thrush called plaintively.

Peter knew why it was, but he flung himself off his horse and raced up a tiny path where he and Anne had wandered one day. A flaming maple was there where he had boyishly carved their names. He looked around and there he found her, crumpled up in a little heap of riding hat and three-cornered beaver. He was always thankful afterward that he had filled a silver flask that morning with water. Peter scrambled up to her and held her up to his eyes. She was so pale and cold that he was glad to see her. It was Peter who spoke to her.

"Her eyelids fluttered and opened. She said, 'What are you doing here? I come,' she said with childish faith. 'It's my ankle, Peter.'"

Ever so long as she lay as white as moon-flower there in the dusk when Peter stripped off his coat and folded it about her tenderly. He put his hands on her hands and walked beside her down the trail, holding her up as best he could. A servant came with torches and lighted the way. Peter scowled. He offer to ride and bring back the spoils for her to see. "Don't make me feel that I am hinderin' you," she begged. "You'll stay with me, won't you, Peter?" and Peter's heart sang for joy because she had granted him the privilege.

When they had gone and the yelping of the dogs sounded far away, Peter threw a big hickory log and some pine knots on the fire. Then he sat down close beside Anne's chair and lifted one of her hands to his lips.

"Anne, if anything had happened to you today I would have tried to go on trying to live without you."

Anne stole a glance at him. It was a strange look. "I would have tried to go on trying to live without you."

"Peter, you've made yourself ill walking all that way and holding me in your arms," she cried. "That will do."

"He questioned her and she held her by her solitude. 'I love you so, Anne.'

He took her other hand, and leaning over her he kissed her cheek and the misty dream in her eyes.

"I would never grow tired with you, Anne. Do you care? Is it possible that you care?"

"More than I can ever tell you," whispered Anne. The color flooding her face, she held her close. "Have you seen my misery, Anne? I thought you loved Bob Carter. Why didn't you find some way of letting me know that I was a chance?"

"Oh, Peter," laughed Anne happily, her eyes shining, "I see you're here. You see my misery? I thought that you loved Jane and Alice and Mary. I went up that rough trail today and I was just because I was being to look at our names carved on that maple tree."

"No plural when we get home, Anne, my girl is kissed by me and you too. 'We will have just one name. I wonder how a man can be so stupid! I had to have two names, and you name me 'And Anne,' came a laughing voice from his shoulder.—(Copyright, 1912 by McClure's Newspaper Syndicate.)"

EVENING CHAT
BY RUTH CAMERON.
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In our neighborhood there is a person with the outward semblance of a man. People who see him on the street or know him usually think he deserves to be called one. People who know him better usually come to realize that he is simply a grown up child of the least desirable class. There is a little example of the tricks by which he has earned this reputation.

In company with several other young couples he and his wife usually go for a walk. He preferred the card playing and said so with all the imperiousness of a spoiled child. The rest of the party naturally voted for him to speak to the offenders any more.

What do you think of that? He said so constantly, on the street, at social gatherings and at every social they all frequented, but he passed them by in stony silence. The other day he found himself on the street early in the morning. He was there at that refusal to yield to his preference that he not only stayed at home and played cards, but he actually attempted to play an entire afternoon with a group of his wife's acquaintances. He refused to yield to his preference that he not only stayed at home and played cards, but he actually attempted to play an entire afternoon with a group of his wife's acquaintances.

"Why do you think so?" It was not Peter, the kind host, who made the demand, but Peter, the shrewd, who had been saying "What makes you think that she is going to marry Bob, Kate?"

"Her attitude and his. Love some body else, Peter. There are several prettier girls here."

"There is nobody like Anne, girl. You know that."

"From the way you men rave over her, I suppose you are attracted to her. She has a wonderful charm. I wish Bob would bring her in before night. Moccasin Trail is lovely but dangerous."