TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL.

BY FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.
Issued for Every Day in the Year.

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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS EVERY WEEK DAY AND PUBLISHERS' PRESS REPORT ON SATURDAY NIGHT FOR THE EDITION FOR SUNDAY MORNING.

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The State Journal receives for exclusive publication the leased wire report of the Publishers' Press for the edition for Sunday morning.

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

Mrs. Russell Sage recently gave $75,000 for a school, and Uncle Russ had to work mighty hard to play even the next day.

The board of treasury examiners recently certified that the state has $547,000 in the First National bank. But has it?

Since the Emporia Town Row has been settled you will notice that William Allen White is lecturing on "The Golden Rule."

If Mr. Rockefeller has any untainted dollars why doesn't he make his donations with them and use the other kind in his business?

If we have a warm fall the coal trust will, of course, expect us to pay it enough more to make up for what it loses because of warm weather.

The Democrats may be a little short of national issues just now but there is plenty of time for an issue factory to do business between now and 1908.

If Secretary Taft should be the presidential nominee the next Republican platform would have to be a mighty strong affair to sustain his weight.

W. R. Hearst did his best to dodge the municipal ownership people in New York but they caught him and forced their nomination for mayor upon him in spite of his screams.

The claim of that New York thief that he stole that $360,000 on a bet to prove that he could, makes Tom Cordry wonder why such a smart fellow as Tom Kelly never thought of that excuse.

Isn't it strange that Mr. Cleveland should pick such a threadbare subject as woman suffrage to talk about, when he might tell us a lot of interesting things he has recently found out about frenzied life insurance?

A Chicago man claims to have been driven to drink by his wife's new hat. That is an excuse that other men had not thought of. Very likely they will be urging their wives to buy new hats every few days in the future.

We have accused Mr. Rockefeller of a good many things but thus far no one has proved that he has taken any of the insurance money that should go to widows and orphans and has given it to some political campaign fund.

President McCall is said to have been a poor, barefoot boy at one time. This may be true, and it is also important in that it shows that some poor men will graft just the same as the rich when they get the chance.

Mr. Curtis says it is too early to announce his senatorial candidacy. That's the way Senator Long talked once upon a time. Perhaps Mr. Curtis picked up a few pointers about running for senator the last time he made the race.

"Scotty" has been to Death Valley and made another "pile." While the race of his Death Valley special was an interesting event, it is to be hoped that he does not make quite as big a fool of himself this time as he did with his last "pile."

The Ohio supreme court is hearing a few things about Mrs. Chadwick, inasmuch as her appeal has reached that tribunal. Of course the Ohio supreme court doesn't read the papers and it must be very much surprised and shocked by this time.

Most of the senatorial candidates do not greatly enthuse over the idea of having the Republican state convention nominate the candidate for United States senator. Most of them will be running for congress or some other job at the same time, and it will look somewhat nervy to run for two good offices simultaneously.

In the opinion of the Hutchinson News the Kansas towns that are making a fuss because the census report showed that they have lost in population, ought to have "made a howl when their lazy assessors were not doing their duty." Very likely Secretary Coburn would move to amend by including some of the county clerks.

There was a real genteel bull fight in a Los Angeles suburb the other day, in which both men and animals were padded like football players so that none should get hurt. But, says the Los Angeles Express, "during the fight a savage animal kicked a matador in the stomach and otherwise was real rude to him. This is an outrage and the bull should be given a real hard slap with a shingle."

THE TOPEKA REVIVAL.

It cannot be denied that Topeka is undergoing a remarkable awakening. Within the past ten days hundreds of people, both men and women, have been brought to openly declare their desire to lead a better life, and thousands of others have been benefited and made better.

It is doubtful if it were possible for men to attend such services as have been held in Topeka recently without having their better natures stirred and awakened within them a longing to cease their wrong-doing, be it great or small. Professing Christians need this awakening as a rule as well as the worst sinners, for many professing Christians, notwithstanding good intentions, often fall far short of the standards set by Him whom they profess to follow.

There is a remarkable power in the gospel of the Savior of men. Skeptics may scoff at it, but it is there just the same. It has made millions better—millions who have testified that it gives a peace that comes from nothing else. There are countless instances in which it has taken drunkards from the gutter and positive criminals from their crime and reformed them.

It is doubtful if Topeka ever saw such a revival as is now in progress here. The sermons that have been preached have been characterized by simplicity but power. They have done great good, and anything that makes men better deserves the commendation of all who have a desire to improve the world instead of making it worse.

INSURANCE BLACKMAILERS.

In his testimony before the insurance investigation committee in New York, President McCall of the New York Life Insurance company complained that a large majority of the bills affecting insurance that are introduced into the various legislatures are blackmailing bills.

It is quite possible that this is true, but if so, what has brought it about? Are not men like McCall largely responsible for it?

It is a well known fact—at least it has been commonly supposed to be the case, and the testimony already brought out in this investigation has corroborated the supposition—that the big insurance companies put up large funds with which to influence legislation. In other words, the insurance companies began corrupting legislatures by buying measures which they wished passed.

How natural then arat corrupt and dishonest legislators should take advantage of this condition? When the insurance companies did not have any measure for which they wish to buy votes, how natural it was that corrupt men should "make" measures that the companies should wish to buy votes against. Every corruptionist was looking for "his share" of the corruption fund, and if the insurance companies did not make the opportunity to buy him, he took pains to make the opportunity himself.

The desire of these big companies to do an illegitimate business, to make more money than they should in order to give the officers large "rake-offs," make them exceedingly vulnerable to the legislative highwayman. The corrupt legislator or lobbyist studies to find these weak points and he attacks them. If these big corporations always did a legitimate business it would not be necessary for them to buy votes. By being honest they could get all the votes needed merely from a sense of justice. The majority of the men in the average legislature are not intentionally corrupt nad most of them will not stand for the hold-up business in legislation—if they know it. These highwaymen are so adroit that they cover up their real purposes, of course, and the insurance companies are so corrupt and so vulnerable that they dare not expose the hold-up bills.

If the insurance companies were honest and always did a legitimate business, exposing the legislative highwaymen, they would not be subjected to sand-bagging legislation.

AN EASTERN VIEW.

The agitation of the pass question in Kansas has attracted considerable attention in the eastern press, and now Governor Hoch's attitude is coming in for some comment. Here is the opinion expressed by the Springfield (Mass.) Republican:

"Governor Hoch of Kansas has declared against the use of railroad passes by public officials, and yet he uses them himself. This inconsistency he defends by the statement that he has paid for his passes many times over by the advertising he has given the railroads in his newspaper, the Marion Record. At this distance the defense looks like a foolish evasion of the issue. In his capacity as an editor Governor Hoch might buy transportation by means of railroad advertising but on a proper business basis this would not come to him in the form of free passes. His ground is therefore fatally weak. The governor of Kansas will do well to follow the example of Governor Mickey of Nebraska, who has returned his passes to the railroad companies."

A Chat With Augustus.

Going to get married are you, Augustus? Going to take your own little tootsy-wootsy by her lily-white hand and sail away with her on an eternal sea of bliss and honey. Bet you four bits, my boy, that sometimes you will think that the honey has been soured and the bliss has turned to blister. Also, I will bet you that you will discover that your tootsy-Wootsy's hands did not become lily-white by washing the dishes and scrubbing the kettles.

Hard-hearted old wretch to talk in this way, am I not, my boy? No romance left in me, or I could not do it, hey? I think that you are mistaken, Adolphus. There still is considerable romance hidden beneath this pachydermatous skin of mine, but you still are living in a "fool's paradise," and I should sooner do something toward awakening you from it gradually than to see you awakened too suddenly.

You suggested to me that the girl whom you are about to marry is an angel, and it was evident that you expected to be lulled to sleep by the rustle of her wings. It follows that when you discover that she has no noticeable wings, and that you are kept from sleep by the clatter of her elastic jaw, you will be deeply pained. It is this shock that I would spare you if I could. Women are not angels. If they were they would not give birth to such critters as you and me. They are merely human beings, as full of faults as virtues, and about the utmost that can be said for them is that they generally are worthy of a better man than the one whom they marry.

You would readily admit that this is all true—except in the case of your own remarkable tootsy-wootsy. Well, wait a while, and see what happens.—San Francisco Call.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Secretary Coburn reports that Topeka has lost 1,332 in population since last year according to the returns made to him by the county authorities. Isn't this enough to call forth a set of burning resolutions from the 75,000 club?

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The Red Headed club at Washburn ought not to have any trouble getting all sorts of favors from the congressman of the new Eighth district.

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A poet in the Chicago Tribune makes "news of her" rhyme with "character." Isn't that putting a pretty severe strain on the license of that particular poet?

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Very likely the bulletins concerning yellow fever foci will soon be displaced by those about yellow insurance foci.

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"The wise man," says the pointed paragrapher of the Chicago News, "doesn't waste any time arguing with the prize fighter." But doesn't the prize fighter waste still less arguing with a wise man?

* * *

Experience teaches that the best way for a girl's parents to get her to like a man is to oppose her going with him.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

The Iola Record suggests that Judge Flannelly of Oswego would be a good man to run the Topeka woolen mills.

The Salina Union complains that big juicy grasshoppers on the sidewalk are more slippery than the far-famed banana peel.

A Sumner county pear tree is working overtime this year. It is now growing the second crop of the year and is commencing to bloom for the third time.

The muse of the Ottawa Republic pipes out this lyric: "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock, the plumber gets his hammer out and begins again to knock."

According to the Winfield Courier the school house pump in a Sumner county district refused to work. An investigation showed a snake two and a half feet long above the lower valve, and the people who have been using the water wonder how long the snake had been there.

In speaking of the recent advance step taken by the State Journal and Capital, the Cawker City Ledger says: "Those Topeka papers are up-to-date all right. It won't be long before they will be printing two or three editions each day." The Ledger evidently does not know that the State Journal has been printing four editions each day for several years.

A young West Point officer recently told an Atchison girl some of the experiences a new man at West Point is put through, and the Globe repeats some of them. He said that a West Pointer's first year was one long succession of horror; that a man who had distinguished kin suffered more than some poor unknown. He says that when Captain Hobson's brother entered West Point the West Pointers made him take a toy ship and sink it again and again in a puddle of water; that General Sheridan had a relative there, and he was compelled to ride a hobby horse around crying: "Sheridan, forty miles away." A young relative of General Grant's had to hold a paper wad between his shoulders as he leaned up against the wall, and exclaimed: "I will hold this wad if it takes all summer," in imitation of a famous remark of General Grant's. And when the young fellows at West Point could get hold of a home paper belonging to a brand new West Pointer, they added to his torture by making him learn by heart the complimentary notices written about him when he left home. Many of the local papers would express the wish that the young fellow's name might be enrolled in the hall of fame, all of which the poor wretched West Pointer had to learn and recite amid the whoops of his tormentors.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

[From the Atchison Globe.]

The Mysterious Man never turns out to be a good man.

Remember while you think you are aggressive, others probably think you are a knocker.

When a man says he has "an equity" in a piece of property, it means he hasn't much interest.

The dressmakers can tell far ahead if the season is to be gay, but it takes the milkmen to tell what particular week.

An Atchison baker today played a mean trick on the flies: he made a pie, and the top of it was of fly paper.

What has become of the old fashioned farmer who imagined he earned a living for three or four town people?

After a woman has been married for a few years to a man who moves often, she hates even an orator who has moving powers.

You know how people kick: at the park last night a woman complained because she couldn't hear the bands in the moving pictures.

There is no waste time that worries a man half so much as the few seconds he spends waiting for Central to answer the telephone.

Dear, but we'd hate to be so mean! A pretty visiting girl in town recently proved so fascinating to the men that five home girls have ruined their complexions crying about it.

A school teacher asked a dull boy: "A man has seven children. If he should get seven more, how many would he have?" The boy scratched his head a while, and replied: "Well, I can't just figger it out, but he'd have enough all right."

A book entitled, "How to Become Young After You Think You Are Old," has just been printed. There is no way to become young after you think you are old. Old people may buy such a book, but as a matter of fact, it will do them no good.

They tell of an Atchison man and his bride who went away to a lonely cottage in the woods to be All Alone with their happiness. On the second day the groom said, "Wouldn't it be nice if some friend came along?" and the bride sighed, "Yes, or even an enemy."

If we had so much time we could stay in bed, and know that supper would be breakfast when we got up; if all the clocks were stopped, and time was all and everything; if assured that Death would forget us, and we would spend an eternity on earth, we do not believe we would have time to read any of W. J. Bryan's predictions, letters or advice.

KANSAS COMMENT

THE WAY OF THE JOINTIST.

In a few days twelve men selected from among the voters of Montgomery county will be asked to pass upon the guilt or innocence of the jointists who have been arrested recently for violating the prohibitory law in Coffeyville and Caney. It is a well known fact that these men expect to escape either through the lack of evidence to convict, some technicality, the indulgence of an influenced jury, or the leniency of the court. They were permitted to go unpunished a year ago on promise that they would abandon the business. They broke faith with the court. Since then they have been repeatedly arrested and enjoined. They have as often laughed the court to scorn. Some of them are now under contempt proceedings. They have made a laughing stock of the court and defied the law. They have had their inning. For them a sadder page is to be written. For no self-respecting court can permit such flagrant disrespect of its orders to pass unpunished. If the jury which sits in judgment at the trial of these men does its duty an object lesson will be given to evil-doers in Montgomery county which must have a wholesome effect so long as the present judge occupies the bench. Some years ago a similar condition existed in another state. The court gave each man convicted the full penalty. A number of prominent men enriched the county treasury several thousand dollars and kept the county jail from falling into decay from the lack of use. That was the end of joints in that county.—Independence Reporter.

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WHERE, OH, WHERE?

The State Journal asks: "What has become of the Mother Florence Memorial that Governor Hoch started?" It is probably sleeping peacefully with the other numerous things talked about by our "great business administration."—Fort Scott Republican.

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A POINTER.

W. R. Stubbs announces that he will be a candidate for United States senator if he can secure the election without a scramble. He evidently thinks the senatorship should be tendered him on a golden platter. He will discover, however, that senatorships are not handed around in that fashion and that if he wants to get there he will have to get out and get a hustle on him to even get into the "also ran" class.—Wellington Mail.

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IT NEVER RAINS THERE.

Chief Rain-in-the-Face, confessed before his death that he killed General Custer. He left this in writing, signed by himself: "I killed him. I was so close that I saw the powder that blackened his face." He is a good Indian now, and it will never rain in his face again.—Chanute Sun.

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THE REAL THING.

It can no longer be said that Kansas has not been touched by Grecian culture. Louis Charowhas and Johanna Schmidt were married at Topeka last week and the Grecian ceremony was used.—Independence Reporter.

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NO LONGER A "FARCE."

They are carrying the joke pretty far in Emporia. The officials are going to call on the carpet the men who sign applications for liquor of the drug stores too frequently.—Concordia Kansan.

FROM OTHER PENS

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Since the manager of the Madison apartment house has made war on the American woman's best friend, the kimono, will not some other intrepid soul arise and do battle with other follies in woman's dress? Yes, and far graver follies than that of the kimono. For the kimono, though it may not be the correct costume for corridor promenades, is harmless enough. But could we say as much for all garments worn by women? Take, for instance, the full dress costume, which is the only correct thing for evening wear. Suppose a fair dweller in the Madison apartments should come down to answer the telephone in such a costume? Would the management object? Hardly! Such gowns worn about that building would give tone to the house and increase the value of the apartments. Yet how much more immodest it appears to a member of the great unwashed, not trained to look with approval upon the display of neck, arms and bust with which the elect are wont to honor the populace. The kimono, though it is loose and bag-like, at least covers its wearer up.—Detroit Journal.

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THE HELLO GIRL.

We have all felt at times that the telephone still lacks a great deal to be a perfect machine, that there is inattention, poor connection, needless delay and somtimes almost impudence in the telephone service, but how few ever feel that it is not an automatic that they are using, that the voice they hear answering their impatience is not part of the machine, that there is a personal equation to be considered, a woman away off somewhere in the unidentified "central" who has feelings and self-respect, just as other women have; a woman who will recognize a cross tone just as quickly as if she were visibly present, and a woman entitled to respectful treatment, just as much as if she were in her own home. The fact that you can stand miles away and talk into her ear does not detract from her right to the kind word and civil treatment.—Jersey City Journal.

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CAN THROW IT STRAIGHT.

It is said that a woman never hits anything when she throws a rock, but she smashes the target when she throws a hint.—Dallas News.

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MAKE IT GRANDFATHERS.

The country has its eye on Philadelphia. Well, we shall show them that the Philadelphia of our fathers still lives.—Philadelphia Press.

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ALWAYS THE WAY.

Mr. Cutting reminds all parties that he has been and will be always ready to fuse when he can do so on his own terms.—Newark Evening News.

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TAMMANY DOING IT.

If Leader Charles F. Murphy, of Tammany Hall, isn't personally conducting the anti-Tammany fusion scheme, some clever understudy of his must be supervising the job.—Hartford Times.

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NOT COUNTING FINANCIERS.

Eight hundred robberies have been reported to the police in New York city since July 1. This shows that the smaller robbers have not been idle there, either.—Chicago Tribune.

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MAYBE.

The president will probably take a long rest after he leaves the White House, and will not need to worry as to the future. He has an example in Grover Cleveland, who seems to be doing very well in private life.—Utica Press.

FATHER TIME DEFENDED.

Time a thief? No, never!
Time's an honest wight,
Gracious, tender, clever,
Far from dark affright.
What he takes is taken
Not in wrath and gloom;
For the fruit that's shaken
Other fruit will bloom!

For the hasty learning,
Illy tempered zeal,
Tolerance discerning
Time will us reveal!
For the sole reliance,
Bruited loud abroad,
On the strength of sciences,
Comes the thought of God!
—New Orleans Times Democrat.

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Postal Card Fad.

The souvenir postal fad is growing until it threatens to tear all the bands that have hitherto kept Cosmos from bursting. Mr. Joseph Goldman, of New York, declares that his house alone sells $2,000,000 a year in Europe, in postal cards, and $500,000 a year in this country.

"But the souvenir is yet in its infancy in this country," he added. "Europe has been enjoying the craze for years, and we are making souvenir cards for practically every country on the face of the globe. For instance, we make cards bearing scenes of farthest Alaska. Of course, we don't make them for sale in Alaska, because the lone traveler in some lost canon hasn't time to stop his reindeer to buy a postal card—but we put them on sale in large cities, for the benefit of collections. This breach of the postal card craze has grown immensely, and now the country is full of collectors, who buy in lots of 25 or more whenever they can run across a fresh line and put them by with their other thousands. Yes, the collecting fad has taken a firm grip and is hanging on with the tendency of a bulldog that has obtained a jaw-hold on some unwary tramp.

"We are getting out a new line in Baltimore now—souvenir cards of before and after the fire, and views of your prettiest corners and most famous markets in history. Our photographer comes on in advance of the line, gets an assortment of pictures and turns them in to be done up in colors. He works the same way everywhere, and we have photographers on the road now wherever there is anything to photograph."—Baltimore News.

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Some Big Families.

John Gully, grandfather of the ex-speaker of the British house of commons, had twenty-four children. A year ago a Northampton (England) shoemaker entered as his plea in the police court that he was the father of thirty-two children, of whom twenty-seven were living. Twenty- years ago an English city boasted of a couple who were "the happy father and delighted mother of thirty-three children," ten of them being alive in 1890.

But the record in family numbers is believed to belong to Scotland. It is that of a Scotch weaver in the seventeenth century, whose wife bore him sixty-two children. Only twelve died in childhood, forty-six sons and four daughters living to be 21 and upward. This almost incredible record is said to be fully and absolutely authenticated. Sir John Bowes and three other gentlemen each adopted and reared ten of this prodigious family.

A century ago there died in Jamaica a woman named Mills. Her age was given as 118 and she was followed to the grave by 295 of her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren — no fewer than sixty of whom, all named Ebanks, belonged to the regiment of militia for St. Elizabeth parish.—Chicago News.

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Badge of the Profession.

The following story, as told by a friend of F. Hopkinson Smith, has been going the rounds concerning his earlier days:

"Occasionally he used to come to the restaurant where we ate our carefully calculated dinners—a figure tall, immaculately dressed, and with a fine air. We had long admired him from a distance, wondering who he was, and why a man of such obvious importance should dine in so modest a place.

"One day after a week's absence he came in and sat down at the table opposite with so grand a manner that our curiosity overcame our courtesy.

"With a subtle gesture we called Sadie, the waitress.

"'Why,' said she, 'his name is Smith.'

"'Well,' we insisted, 'what does he do for a living?'

"'I'm not sure,' she replied, 'but I think he is a writer fellow. Anyway, he never seems to have much money.'"—New York Times.

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The Reason for It.

The infant terrible in a West End home "got even" with mater-familias recently, though she had to wait some months to do so. One Saturday the infant terrible was entertaining a young man of her own age at her house. She was dancing about in glee, and her mother asked what made her so happy. "No school today," she said gleefully; "no school today." Her mother looked sternly at the child and said: "But you have got to take a bath." The young lady felt quite mortified before her guest. Recently there was "some company" at the same West End home. A gentleman congratulated the hostess on her excellent appearance. The infant terrible was close at hand, and explained: "It's 'cause ma has had a bath." There were blushes which could be seen.—Albany Journal.

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Washington Clerks.

One of the Washington correspondents has made the startling discovery that some of the clerks in the departments at the capital are as industrious and expert loafers as may be found anywhere outside of a village livery stable. This, however, as a discovery will hardly rank with the finding of America or the digging up of the Kohinoor diamond. It fact, some people not a bit brighter than they look had long suspected it. There is no case on record where a clerk in Washington has gone out with a search warrant looking for work. If it knocked at his door he might tell it to call around next day or if he were in the mood he might tell it to chase itself. If the clerk gets around on pay day—and he does—he can't see that there is anything else for him to do but go home to vote occasionally. Let us be reasonable with the clerks. They are only human; at least we should judge so from their actions.—Chicago News.

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One at Lord Denbigh's Expense.

This story is told of Lord Denbigh's visit to Boston with the Honorable Artillery company of London:

One day while passing the Old Granary burying ground Lord Denbigh turned to Governor Bates and asked:

"What is going on over there? I have noticed that these churchyards of yours seem to be the scene of some strange activity."

"Oh, that's one phase of the mining craze," replied the governor.

"What, grubbing for gold in a churchyard? Why, that's vandalism."

"Oh, it's not gold these grubbers are after; it's ancestors," was the governor's reply, with a smile.—Boston Herald.

THE EVENING STORY

HER NEW GOWN.

Florence stood before the pier glass. Small Phyllis sat up in bed. Florence's expression was meditative. Phyllis looked unmixed admiration.

"It cost a hundred dollars," murmured Florence.

"It's lovelier than anything," breathed Phyllis, in awe.

The gown enveloped Florence like a sunset cloud. It should have been described in terms of rosy mists and silver ebullitions. The bill, however, dealt only with cold actualities. "Gown of ash pink chiffon and under robe of white peau de cygne," read the bill. Further over, in conspicuous isolation, were the figures, "$100."

Florence pursued the study of the pier glass and gradually her mood relaxed. "As you no doubt know, Phyllis," she pensively remarked, "a maid of honor is some one whose dress is described in the society column the morning after. Well, for three successive weddings Miss Florence Lockhart, maid of honor, has looked radiant in a white soft silk, that flowed in graceful folds' and so forth. That white silk of mine was getting deadly monotonous. I shall relieve many wearied readers. I shall at last look raidant in something else."

Phyllis' smile was amiable but vague.

"Only," continued Florence, "father said it must not cost more than $50, and, however I put it, $100 is just twice fifty."

Meditation, tinctured with gloom, again possessed her. Without enthusiasm she removed the sunset cloud and spread it on the chintz rocker, to be called for later.

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Phyllis watched the operation. She then submitted to the ceremonial of tucking in.

"And remember," said Florence, as a final inducement to immediate slumber, "I am going to put a piece of wedding cake under your pillow for you to dream on."

But when Florence had left the room Phyllis again sat up in bed. Wedding cake, according to her idea, was not stuff made to dream on. She decided to remain awake and put her portion to a better use.

Small Phyllis retired with the birds, and there were still faint glimmerings of daylight in her room. The pink gown lay temptingly outspread on the chintz rocker. Slowly she crept from bed and approached. She touched the soft chiffon with reverent fingers. She lifted it gently and smoothed the silky under robe. Soon familiarity bred feminine desires, and Phyllis tried on the waist. There was no criticism whatever to be found with the fit, and the absence of sleeves and the low-cut neck delighted her soul.

She grew bolder, tried on the skirt, finally turning it inside out in her zeal for becoming effects.

By this time it was dark and nothing could be seen but the faint white glimmer of her last artistic arrangement. Reluctantly Phyllis returned to bed, there to await as patiently as might be the advent of wedding cake.

However, the vigil soon ended and Phyllis slept. That was even before Florence burst into the room like a whirlwind.

"Late, as usual," she moaned to herself. "That's 8 striking now, and the ceremony's nearly due. I'll keep them all waiting. There's that miserable gown? Won't father take my head off! But perhaps when he sees how really lovely it is—oh, these hooks! The idea of dressing in the dark anyhow! But I haven't a second's time and the gas might waken Phyllis and she would be sure to delay me. Everything was all right, though, when I tried it on this afternoon, and I can look in the glass when I get there."

But she didn't. She was excitedly seized by the bridal party and thrust into line. She passed dizzily up the aisles with the usual creeps and tremors of stage fright. She followed the dread ceremony in the same flushed and eager way. She kissed the bride flurriedly, whisked in to see the presents, hustled out again for a salad and ice in the dining room, talked incoherent nothings to hundreds of guests who replied in kind. In short, she enjoyed her first lucid interval on the way home in the carriage.

"There," she sighed, "I forgot Phyllis' wedding cake after all."

It is a fact that lucidity does not always bring happiness. The next thought was of her father. "I'll tell him, tonight," said Florence. "I couldn't sleep if I didn't. Perhaps when he sees how really lovely it is—"

It was a desperate hope.

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Florence threw back her long carriage cloak and entered her father's study with a brave front.

"Why, daughter!" were his first words. "I thought you were going to have a new gown tonight. I thought you had laid aside $50——"

But Florence's expression checked him. She was gazing at herself in horror. From her shoulders to the floor and sweeping far behind, the lamplight shimmered on white peau de cygne. "Horrors!" she murmured, "I have the gown on wrong side out."

The following morning readers of the society column perused it again: "The maid of honor, Miss Florence Lockhart, looked radiant in a soft white silk that flowed in graceful folds."

But it was all the same to small Phyllis.—Chicago News.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Burglars who rifle safes should be shotgunned.

Many a lawyer has discovered that a wife's word is law.

Listen when two women quarrel if you would hear the truth.

The size of the lion's share depends upon the size of the lion.

It is usually safe to judge a woman by the things she doesn't say.

Many a man's winning ways are due to the way he deals the cards.

No, Cordelia, the milk of human kindness isn't dispensed from cans.

If you are wise today you can afford to risk being otherwise tomorrow.

A practical joker is one who possesses the ability to turn his jokes into cash.

A small boy's idea of greatness is to be able to lick another boy a size larger.

True, the pen may be mightier than the sword, but the pencil isn't much good without the help of a knife.

Too many men use up all their religion on Sunday—and consequently have none left for the balance of the week.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.]

It is awful hard to believe all the things you want your children to.

Once in a while two people stay married because they love each other.

There is always some part of a woman's figure that she feels is a great credit to her.

A man has to love a girl an awful lot to think that a cold in the head is becoming to her.

A bachelor thinks that running an automobile is very extravagant until he tries to run a family.

THE MOUNTAINS.

Oh, the mystery of the mountains!
With their caves and moss-rimmed springs,
Where no trespasser has ventured,
Save soft-footed wildwood things;
There are heights no man has conquered,
And delights no soul has found,
Treasure land of joy and romance
Is that high, enchanted ground.
—E. A. Lenie in Four-Track News.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

"My new theater," boasted the manager, "is absolutely fireproof. Stage, walls, seats, even the curtain—all made of steel."

"You have overlooked one thing," objected the insurance man. "I attended the show last night and observed that your actors are undeniably wooden. It's a bad risk."—Cleveland Leader.

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"The policy holders must have a voice in the management of the insurance companies," declared the vociferous citizen.

"Now, look here," said the life insurance official. "Do you think the policy holders have any business capabilities?"

"Why, certainly. I, myself, have thought out half a dozen good grafting schemes."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

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"Thar's no tellin' what big things are in store for us," said the old man. "A feller may be raised an' born to the ox-cart, an' yit, who knows but he may yit be run over by a $3,000 automobile, an' git his pictur' in the papers—jest like the fellers that run away with the bank's funds."—Atlanta Constitution.

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Wagger—They say that old Couponnes, the banker, has untold wealth.

Gagger—Yes, that's what the tax collector suspects.—Town Topics.

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"I made an awful faux pas last night," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Did you?" replied her hostess. "I've been waitin' to make one for a long time, but I ain't been able to get a pattern. Whose did you have?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

—

Gyer—my brother has been greatly benefited by patent medicines.

Myer—So? What kind did he take?

Gyer—Oh, he didn't take any. He's a druggist.—Chicago Daily News.

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"Mary Anne, didn't I hear you kiss that policeman in the kitchen last night?"

"I hope not, mum."—Chicago Journal.

—

At last there arose in the halls of legislation a statesman who seemed to have something like a good idea.

He introduced a bill providing a severe punishment for anyone who agitated fool legislation, such as taxing bachelors, abolishing tips, regulating the size of women's hats and similar freak laws.

Whereupon the authors of bills to tax bachelors, pension old maids, compel women to wear divided skirts and to alight from street cars properly, prohibiting lovemaking in parks, and so forth, denounced him as a three-ply idiot and a trampler upon the inherent rights of his fellow-men.—Judge.

Mr. Blower—Doctor, I am getting too stout. Can you suggest something to reduce my weight?

Dr. Wise—Yes; nothing reduces flesh quicker than worry. Just spend a few hours every day thinking that your bill will just be twenty."—San Francisco Call.

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Whenever you hear people say:
"She has a lovely character."
You know she's homely, right away,
And ask no further news of her.
—Chicago Tribune.

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Howell—A man is considered innocent until he is proved guilty.

Powell—Single man, aren't you?—Smart Set.

—

"Hey, kid! See dat man wid de long neck?"

"Yep."

"Retcher he's de president of de rubber trust."

—

"I understand Mrs. Vick-Senn and her husband had some high words yesterday."

"It's true so far as it relates to her. He may have had a few words also, but he didn't get a chance to use them."—Chicago Tribune.

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The hot wave now doth pass away
And leave us all unnexed.
The weather bureau will display
The cold wave signal next.
—Cleveland Leader.

—

"How did you find out you could draw?" inquired the admirer of the celebrated illustrator.

"By the marks I received in school for the excellence and fidelity of my work," replied the eminent one. "My work was a caricature of my beloved teacher on the blackboard and the marks came from the teacher's cane."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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"'Blessed are the peacemakers,'" quoted the moralizer.

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the demoralizer. "When a man attempts to make peace between a husband and wife what he usually gets doesn't sound like a blessing to me."—Chicago News.

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"You wouldn't believe, would you," she asked with a cunning little simper, "that I have a daughter who is nearly as tall as I am?"

"No," he answered, thinking of something else, "is she married or single?"

Yet he wondered why she turned her back to him to talk to a foolish-looking old man who dyed his goatee.—Chicago Record-Herald.

QUAKER REFLECTIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

"Hands up!" exclaimed the clock as it struck the noon hour.

A gridiron and a piece of toast will make the bravest bird quail.

To make hay while the sun shines you must get up before sunrise.

Water pipes will soon be indulging in their annual game of freeze out.

It isn't safe to judge a man's experience by the advice he gives.

A young girl should remember that it isn't rings that make the belle.

Bread may be the staff of life, but the average man is out for the dough.

When the parlor entertainer sings "Coming Through the Rye" it generally drives us to drink.

Somehow or other the fellow who persists in singing his own praise never seems to lose his voice.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but when it comes to cutting remarks where does the tombstone artist come in?

Wigg—"They tell me Sillicus is operating in the stock market. He's pretty green, isn't he?" Wagg—"He used to be, but now I understand he has been done up brown."

"Do have some more chicken, Mr. Starboarder," exclaimed the landlady. "It is very good." "Pardon me for contradicting you," replied Mr. Starboarder, "but I have always been led to believe that the good die young."