

Weekly Reflector.

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PLAYING THE GAME.

Here are a few things for the prayerful consideration of those "independent" newspapers in Kansas which profess themselves as unspeakably shocked because a Taft committee has been organized to support the renomination of the president.

The news dispatches announce the opening in Chicago of a La Follette political headquarters from which the campaign for the presidency of Mr. La Follette will be conducted throughout the west. There is no reason to believe that Kansas will be overlooked.

A La Follette headquarters has been maintained for two months or more in Washington city where offices have been leased, a corps of clerks and stenographers hired and a vast amount of literature distributed throughout the country. The manager is Walter L. Houser, ex-secretary of state of Wisconsin, and a practical politician. A large sum of money has already been spent in the La Follette campaign. Rudolph Spreckels, Medill McCormick, Gifford Pinchot, Jonathan Bourne, all millionaires, and others are mentioned as the most liberal contributors.

The friends of Woodrow Wilson have established on Broadway, New York, a press bureau that looks diligently after the presidential prospects of that distinguished gentleman. It is said that this bureau has broken all records for the diligence and thoroughness with which it has gathered press clippings about Governor Wilson and distributed them throughout the United States. One estimate is that the bureau has collected for its own purposes matter to fill thirty thousand newspaper columns. An able corps of newspaper men is employed to sift, re-edit, classify and systematize the Wilson material, after which it is sent where it is expected to do the most good.

A great deal of money has been expended already in the Wilson campaign. A large amount has been disbursed on behalf of Mr. La Follette. Somebody is putting up the money—many somebodies, no doubt. The organizations of both Wilson and La Follette are along the lines of approved political methods. The avowed purpose is to influence public sentiment for their respective candidates and to get votes in the various state primaries or state conventions.

Will those Kansas newspapers which profess to see in the organization of the Taft committee a menace to the rights and liberties of the people tell us what they think of the kindred outrages being perpetrated by Mr. Wilson and Mr. La Follette, or in their respective names?

PUT A CLAUSE IN THE LEASE.

Don't let the good roads movement lag. In most every county means are being devised to make the roads so good that all with vehicles will want to travel by road. The result is increase in property values and more satisfaction all around. In Chautauqua county the good roads movement is so universal that there is barely a poor road in the county. And all the work is done by willing hands at small expense. Every farm owner should put a clause in the lease requiring the tenant to drag the road whenever it needs dragging and every farmer should cheerfully drag his road and see that it is well kept. Good roads pay about as well as anything about the farm.—Exchange.

The Salina Union says a nephew of Governor Stubbs is holding down a fat job in the state grain inspector's office. It is a wonder that D. R. G. stands for it.

Three parties started December 1 from the University of Kansas to cooperate with farmers and orchard growers of the state and instruct them in orchard culture and management, winter pruning, spring spraying, and how to discover and destroy the San Jose scale. The principal purpose of the expeditions, which are sent out by the entomologist, is to eradicate this most serious menace to Kansas orchards.

"FROM JEST TO EARNEST."

After delivering his ill-timed annexation speech in the reciprocity debate, Champ Clark was careful to inform the country that he was joking. It was conceded by his best friends, at the time, that it was a poor jest, but an unfortunate utterance if made in earnest. Now comes Mr. Clark and declares, in a speech at Fremont, Neb., that he is not only in favor of the annexation of Canada, but believes he could beat Mr. Taft—and presumably any one else—on that platform. It is a curious illustration of the inability of a public man to separate his own wishes from the trend of public opinion, and to imagine that what seems good to him must seem good to others. If the press of this country is in any sense representative of average sentiment, such a proposition would be overwhelmingly defeated not only in the country as a whole but in every individual state as well. That its rejection would be even more emphatic in Canada admits of no doubt. Obviously, if we are ever to have closer relations of any sort with our northern neighbor, the initiative must come from her. The outcome of our little trade flirtation is not such as to inspire further advances from this side of the line, even if we were disposed to make them. It is hard to understand the motive of so prominent a public man in persistently keeping up the agitation. As a private citizen one may be tolerably free with his tongue if he enjoys it, for it is not likely to harm any one. But when one is elevated to a great office he should bridle the unruly member when tempted to mistake his own wishes for the will of the people. If Mr. Clark's conduct in connection with this matter is a fair index to his characteristics, he is obviously not constructed of presidential timber. There is a good old saying, more forcible than elegant, that "An ounce of keep your mouth shut is worth a pound of wish you hadn't said it." The doughty speaker should lay it to heart.—G. P. G.

ANYBODY'S MIRACLE.

Anybody who grows wheat can grow "miracle wheat" without sending to Pastor Russell for seed at \$1 per pound. If Pastor Russell has studied scientists' reports on wheat-growing one-half as diligently as he has studied the scriptures he would not have been led into an innocent (if it was innocent) endorsement of the miraculous power of Brother Bohner's grain nor been impelled to write the letter which appeared in the press. It is a matter of scientific knowledge that our farmers would get better crops if they sowed half as much wheat as the custom of their fathers calls for. Miracle wheat, it is asserted, "should be sowed. Probably it is carefully selected seed. Careful selection of any standard wheat and thin seeding will do approximately all the wonders claimed for the highly expensive divine gift of which Pastor Russell is custodian. The great trouble encountered by scientists is in convincing our farmers that this is true. They cannot get away from the conviction that the more seed sown the greater the yield. Pastor Russell may succeed where scientists have failed. If so he will not be compelled to make good his promise to refund the \$1 per pound paid by dissatisfied farmers. And after thinking the matter over we are not sure that the man who scorns "book farmin'" but is ready to accept the same thing if branded as a divine gift or revelation ought not to have to pay dearly for his education. If this measure of success is attained Pastor Russell's eyes should be opened to other opportunities. An innocent dyspepsia remedy accompanied by a blessing and sound scientific advice as to diet, hygiene, exercise and other items of physical morality would be a similar benevolence to those who prefer mysteries and miracles to physicians' advice. It also ought to prove as remunerative to the free tract fund of Pastor Russell as his miracle wheat, and lead to enterprises of large variety which will readily suggest themselves to the fertile mind of that distinguished shepherd.

WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

A good chance for a real story lies in the Los Angeles case and the McNamara confession. Of course no one with any sense believes the mush that Lincoln Steffens sent out about the golden rule. That was a press agent's yarn to cover up the real truth. The prosecution had ample evidence to hang two murderers, guilty of killing 21 men and destroying immense property. Why did the court agree to let them off with a prison sentence? Who engineered the deal? What was the consideration? Was Los Angeles scared and its businessmen afraid to let the trial go on? Was some one "higher up" to be protected? Was it politics? The nation would like to know the truth about the affair.

FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT.

By a business woman in the Garden City Telegram: I have a respect that amounts almost to veneration for the man who can speak the English language as if he had been born with all of it in his mouth, and the extract from an obituary notice, which is here quoted, has me going south. Some western editor seized his battered typewriter, descended upon the dictionary and with one fell swoop removed the following:

"His death was caused by a complication of diseases, superinduced and exaggerated by an over-indulgence in spirituous liquors which resulted in inebriety."

And now, with such words as are left in the impoverished language, this column will limp gamely on.

As I have said before, sympathy is a heavenly thing, but it doesn't pay to go around unloading it on every helpless fellow being who strikes you as needing it.

Likely he doesn't, and, in that case, he isn't going to be bashful about telling you so. I know a girl, a good, sensible, lovable girl, who suddenly developed a large, unhealthy idea that she had about the biggest bunch of trouble that had been recently bestowed upon this suffering earth. It was some time before I could lay a finger on the spot, but when I did it struck me that what she needed was work. Out of the mistaken kindness of my heart I recommended a place I knew she could fill in a city bank and offered my feeble influence to help her get it.

And did she fairly bubble over with gratitude. She did not. She wrote me:

"What on earth are you driving at, anyhow? Why should I want to 'make good' in business when there are so many other things to be done that I'd rather do? What I want is a home of my own," etc., etc.

Bless the lamb. It's the same "as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end," she "wants a home of her own." And she utterly ignored my honest endeavor to give her what I thought she wanted, and turned me down cold because I wasn't in a position to hand her over a deed to a cottage built for two and the man necessarily attached.

I think every woman who earns her own way has great, broad, human sympathies for other women, and a deep-rooted desire to help them get what they want out of life. But that girl will have to get what she wants, unaided and unabetted by me. It's out of my line.

It is fully as blessed to know how to receive as to know how to give, and it takes a great deal more tact.

The girls have been drifting back into the offices for their summer vacations. A man's vacation is shorter, but nearer the real thing than a woman's. He takes his old clothes and two weeks off and hikes for some quiet place up the river where he can fish to his heart's content for fourteen days. Sundays not barred. A woman is different. She takes all her best clothes, one month's time and all her accumulated savings of the other eleven months, and starts, not for a vacation of rest, but for the time of her life. Sometimes she gets it. And if she doesn't it's her own funeral, anyway, and she'll tell you so.

Angeline came in the other day from a four weeks' sojourn by the sea waves. When she told me last spring of this proposed trip, it sounded good enough. There was nothing, it would seem, to interfere with her leading a simple, restful existence, and coming back to the office brown and fat, morally, spiritually and physically strengthened for the wear and tear of another year. The brownness and fatness and restedness are not, however, visible to the naked eye, though at least one person in this office has had presence of mind enough to refrain from mentioning it. But when I watched Angeline unpack one steamer trunk, one suit case, two hat boxes and a traveling bag, and shake out the frills and flummeries of her summer wardrobe; when I picked a pair of black velvet shoes off the bosom of her thinnest white frock and tucked them in the shoe bag, and by a stroke of genius, bulled a huge deplumed lace hat and a pert be-ribboned and roses automobile bonnet into place on the crowded top shelf of her closet, I had serious misgivings about the simple life at the seashore. And I couldn't help asking her why in tunket she had taken all that finery to a secluded seashore, where the eye of sinful man such glory might not see. And—

She told me I knew perfectly well that no woman dresses to be seen of men—that it is all for the benefit of the other woman. Furthermore, she adds, I know as much about it as I do about Canadian reciprocity, and it takes a person who isn't familiar with the first thing

about dress to tell another what's what. Wow!

I've always loved the reason that a Missouri woman gave to an inquiring sister, who wanted to know why she hadn't been to church all summer.

"Well, I'll tell ye," she said. "the fact is, I've just been deviled to death with company."

It was such a nice, frank straightforward answer. She didn't make a defense of solid argument and trim it up with scraps of sentiment. She didn't indulge in the usual fairy tales, or say she didn't like the new preacher, or couldn't stand for the soprano singer in the choir. She said no trite excuse. She came straight through the woods and declared in the plain language of this United States that she'd "been deviled to death with company," and went her way serenely conscious that the blame was resting where it rightfully belonged.

And I told Angeline that such an answer as the Missouri woman gave showed a wonderful self-poise. Angeline said she thought it showed nerve. Whatever it may be called it is something totally lacking in me and I am still skulking behind the statement that I haven't been feeling well lately, or that it rained too hard for me to get out of the house, when anyone wants to know why I haven't been to church.

In spite of all we say, the expected is just about as hard to bear as the unexpected. The latter may give us more of a jolt at the time, but that is the only appreciable difference.

COMMON SENSE IN DRAGGING.

Hutchinson News: Common sense should be used in road work. It is good to have a crown to a road, so what water does fall may run away and not soak in the road, but there is such a thing as a poorly constructed crown. There is such a thing as building a crown that will drive travel to the sides and not to the top of the road. It is wrong to build a crown out of loose dirt—and then go away and leave it, for the travel never comes to pack it down. The travel stays on the side. It is wrong to rake the grass, weeds, sod, trash and stubble into the middle of the road and leave them there, for they are poor road material and ruin a road. Almost everyone who uses country roads knows that this is done far too often. The crown of the road, if it requires grading at all, should be built little higher than the remainder of the traveled space, and if it can be built there without the use of a grader, but put in place by a drag, it will be a much better road. The drag is the thing.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

A former Abilene man sends us a local paper which has a column or so telling that he is descended from a duke. What of it?

There is a lot of rot about ancestral pride. Vast numbers of Americans are descended from ancient rulers of Europe, and likewise, the very same Americans are also descended from the criminal population of ancient Europe. To be descended from an ancient king is just as likely to be good reason for reproach as for pride, because a large proportion of the ancient rulers of all nations were criminals of the deepest dye, and held their jobs because they were worse and more reckless criminals than other aspirants to their thrones. To be descended from an ancient who died upon the gallows is just as likely as not to be as good reason for pride as reproach, because the established policy of many rulers in ancient times, was to punish the good, as it is in Russia today.

We invoke history and arithmetic to establish both the above contentions.

Don't get swelled up over your ancestry. Try to live a life that will make your descendants proud of you, even if you should end it upon the gallows—for righteousness' sake.

Is the automobile market going to give out? Apparently not; just listen to the facts given to a New York chamber of commerce in a recent speech by J. N. Willis: There are in American cities and towns 18,900,000 families, of whom 4,208,000 have incomes in excess of \$1200 a year. "All eligible as auto owners," he tells us. There are in use today 455,000 cars, leaving the comfortable margin of 3,755,000 (how families yet to be supplied. Then there are 1,245,000 farmers making \$1200 and more a year who can also buy cars, raising the total to 5,103,000. As we produce new cars at the rate of 250,000 a year, there's an eighteen year job in sight for our factories. That isn't all—not by a jugful. We're exporting 15,000 cars a year, we've got a lot of bachelor men and girls not listed as "families," and there's a weary world of possibilities in the line of commercial motor vehicles. "Then think how fast they wear out!"

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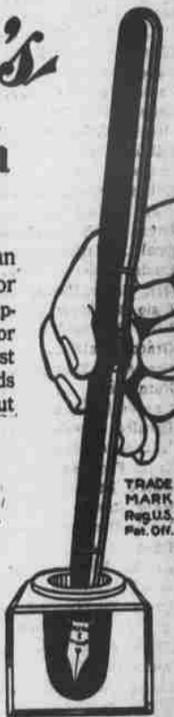
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