MOSES' LAWS NO GOOD IN KANSAS

The Supreme Tribunal Holds State Act Alone Governs Employes.

EIGHT HOURS ENFORCED

But Now Case in Which No Precedent Lies Will Supply Another Test on Ancient Law—Quotations from Bible in Court Records.

Topeka, Kan.—The Laws of Moses do not prevail in Kansas. The Kansas Supreme Court has held that while it had all the respect for the Mosaic law, still, the statutes of the State did not mention these laws as particular statutory provisions, hence the laws of Moses, as laid down in Exodus, Leviticus, Deuteronomy and Malachi are void officially in the Sunflower State.

In two suits in the Supreme Court, one already decided and the other to be decided within a few days, the attorneys for one side or the other laid much stress on Biblical statutes and argued that while there might be no specific statute adopting the Mosaic law, still the laws have been recognized for hundreds and thousands of years. It was shown that many people paid little or no attention to any statutory law, but they obeyed strictly the laws of the Bible and found it exceedingly easy to keep out of the laws.

In Exodus, Deuteronomy and Leviticus are found laws for the payment of wages. A man paid by the month could be compelled to work from sun up to sundown, and then on into the evening. A man paid by the day could be compelled to work only from the rising of the sun to the setting. In a suit against the city of Ottawa for violating the eight-hour law, that prohibits workmen on public work being kept on duty more than eight hours, these laws were cited. The attorneys for the city of Ottawa actually laid more stress on the Mosaic law than on the statues or Court decisions. The employes at the water and light plant were being worked in two shifts of 12 hours each, and as these employes were paid by the month, it was argued, that under the laws of the Jews the city had the right to compel the men to continue at labor until it saw fit to put others in their places.

In deciding the case against the city, the Supreme Court, in a decision written by R. A. Burch, Associate Justice, said:

"An argument is made that because these employes are paid by the month the statute has not been violated. The principal authorities cited are Exodus, Deuteronomy and Leviticus. Much as it respects the laws referred to, the Court feels it is bound by the act of the Kansas Legislature regulating labor under the sociological conditions existing in this State."

Kansas City, Mo., owns its own water works. The intake in the Missouri River and the settling basins and miles of heavy flowlines are in Kansas, several miles above Kansas City, Kan. All property belonging to the State, cities, counties, townships and school districts is exempt from taxation. Until last year the property of the Kansas City (Mo.) waterworks in Kansas was exempt. Then it was discovered that there was no law that actually permitted this and the property was placed on the tax rolls.

Kansas City, Mo., brought a suit to prevent the collection of the tax. In the arguments presented to the Supreme Court it was admitted by the attorneys for the Missouri city that there was no statute, or court decisions, on the subject so complete reliance was placed in the Mosaic law. The following quotations from the Bible were inserted into the records:

Also, thou shalt not oppress a stranger, for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.—Ex. 23-9.

And if a stranger sojourn with thee in four land, ye shall not vex him.—Lev. 19, 33.

And I charged your judges at that time, saying, hear the causes between your brethren, and judge righteously between every man and his brother, and the stranger that is with him.—Deut. 1:16.

And I will come near to you to judgment; and I will be a swift witness against.... those.... that turn aside a stranger from his right.—Mal. 3:5.

It was argued that the Missouri city's property was as that of a stranger within the gates of Kansas and that it ought not to be taxed, as one State should not take jurisdiction over the person or the property of persons living in other States. If a man should damage the flow lines or water plant, of Kansas City, Mo., in Kansas, the Missouri city would prosecute the criminal under the Kansas laws and in Kansas courts.

But, the property of foreigners can only be taxed as Kansas property is taxed and this kind of property being exempt in Kansas, it was urged that the same sort of property belong to a city of another State be exempted.

GO AHEAD AND KISS HER

Dr. Young Rushes to Defense of Osculation, Declaring Pastime Safe and Sanitary.

Chicago, Ill.—Health Commissioner Young appeared in a new role today, that of champion for something as old as the human race—the kiss. Other health guardians to the contrary notwithstanding, he says to keep right on kissing as often as the girl will permit; that the disease germ does not lurk and multiply on the ruby lips as some experts claim.

When the printer's proof sheets of matter to go into the weekly Health Bulletin were submitted to Dr. Young by C. St. Clair Drake, a strict sanitarian, the health commissioner found an article devoted to kissing. "That will never get by me," said Dr. Young, after perusing the opening lines. The article in part read something like this:

"And there is no telling the amount the students of the subject claim; the cases are numerous of tuberculosis and other diseases communicated by a kiss."

"Nonsense," Dr. Young said, and again he perused: "Therefore, kissing should be avoided; should not be indulged in." Right there the commissioner blew up. "Here, here! get busy quick," he yelled to his secretary. "Have the article against kissing cut from the bulletin; let people kiss all they want."

"A kiss," Dr. Young said in explaining his view, "is dangerous when it is indulged in so as to lead to observation by an irate papa or mamma. The degree of aggravation differs in each case. But kissing isn't anything that sanitarians should go into fits over."

CONVICT HIDES 16 DAYS.

Missouri Bank Robber Tries in Vain to Escape by Way of Sewers.

Leavenworth, Kas.—After hiding 16 days inside the walls of the State Penitentiary at Lansing without finding a chance to escape, Dan Carney finally was captured while hiding behind a machine in the prison laundry.

In his sixteen days of hiding, Carney had obtained a little food from fellow-prisoners, mostly bread which they smuggled to him under their coats. When captured he was weak from want of food and had to be taken to the hospital before he could be placed in the dungeon for punishment.

Carney is a member of the gang of bank robbers which terrorized Western Kansas until about three years ago and has spent most of his adult years behind prison bars. In his attempt to escape, Carney traveled through all the sewers under the prison, but always found the outlets so small that he could not get through, and several times he narrowly escaped death by being caught in small pipes.

Several nights he tried to get over the walls, but never could catch any of the guards napping. Once he was almost over the wall when the guard appeared, however, without seeing him, when he dropped back into a shadow.

Carney escaped from the Missouri prison once, after hiding out more than a week within the walls.

'SQUIRE HAS HARD QUESTION.

Meaning of Cross on Letter Is Issue In Case Before Him.

Ford City, Pa.—Whether a cross mark at the bottom of a letter is a symbol of affection or a threat to do harm will have to be decided by Justice August Klose, of this place, as a result of a charge of surety of the peace brought by Mrs. Mary Klaput, who conducts a boarding house at this place, against Lorenz Shisky, a boarder.

In making the charge the woman submitted a letter, alleged to have been written by Shisky and left on the dining room table for her to read. There was a large cross mark at the bottom of the letter.

Translators are divided in their opinion whether the contents of the letter can be construed as a threat or a declaration of affection. Shisky disappeared when the woman made the charge against him and so far has not been arrested.

'Girl's Gift Fed to Fire Horse.

Huntington, W. Va.—Although each of the nine men attached to the central fire station uses tobacco, not one will touch any of the tobacco contained in three packages. That tobacco belongs to Joe, a fire horse, and it is fed to him regularly.

The three packages were sent to Joe as a Christmas present by Miss Eleanor Flaig, of Roanoke, Va. It was not until the arrival of this package did the firemen learn that Joe used the weed.

Miss Flaig formerly owned the horse and she had fed it tobacco regularly. The package was addressed to "Mr. Joe, Fire Horse, Huntington, W. Va."

The firemen, in turn, sent Miss Flaig a large box of candy "with compliments of Mr. Joe."

Boy Captures White 'Possum.

Pyatt, Ark.—Melvin Casey caught a white possum in the woods near his home. The animal is in perfect fur, and is one of a few that are caught occasionally in this section.

A WRESTLE WITH HOPE

She piled her needle steadily. Although her eyes could not distinguish the stitches her face did not betray her emotion. She listened silently heretofore while her husband aired his views (which was pretty often lately) on the vicissitudes of fortune and crouched behind the shield of his own argument. She simply sewed faster and later, with a set determination to hold on to what purpose she had no clear idea.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." The thought had crowded into her tired mind and, unconsciously she voiced it.

"Bosh and fool talk!" exclaimed her lord, in a disgusted tone.

"Hope, my son," began her husband, before she could rally her senses and reply to the child's question, "is a mental butterfly—an illusive, a mythical creature! In youth it takes on many shapes and colors and flutters about until we are hypnotized with its glistening promises, scintillating before us. We lift our heads and bray at the material commonplaceness about us and give chase. It is always just a little bit out of our reach; but we'll soon catch up! So on we go, over hill and through dale, catching our breath in short gasps; getting stuck in mud; sometimes wading through water, often losing our footing; diving in the shadows of a forest, getting scratched and entangled by the underbrush; but with our eyes ever on 'hope' we struggle on, until exhausted we fall by the wayside, striking with a force that dispels the illusion, and we find we're just where we started from—old and tired out by the exercise and also with the realization that we did not quite overtake what we had spent our strength and time in chasing. That, my boy, is 'hope'! But we can't escape it! It comes early in life, like the measles and chicken pox, and a desire to foster it is instilled into our minds with the other fairy tales told us at bedtime. We outgrow the others 'Jack, the Giant Killer' and 'Cinderella' and such trash but 'hope' is a fixture—and the only way to get rid of it is to run her down!"

"Ma, what is hope, anyway? Pa didn't mean what he said did he?"

The mother finished shaking out her little son's garments and hung them in place, before retiring herself by his bedside for their usual bedtime chat.

"Ma, please; you tell me all 'bout hope."

"Hope, my dear, is a great lie that helps us to see our way when it otherwise would seem too dark to go on."

"Is there hills and mud and bushes and everything pa said?"

"Yes, and hope helps us to make the top and helps to guide us through the bushes and over the rough places; but we must put on seven-leagued boots and do the climbing and feel for the brambles and make the rough places smooth ourselves. Hope can only light the way but it's a great help—a very great help. It keeps us from getting discouraged and—"

"What's getting discouraged ma?"

"Oh, it's lying heart and giving up—"

"Is it the same as getting 'down on your luck'?"

"Why, I think so. Where did you hear that?"

"The Kidderzes said it. They meant pa. But I was there, so they didn't say so, right out. But I know they was talking 'bout him. They said his pants bagged and his shoes wasn't shined and he looked like he was 'down on his luck'; and I came right home and looked at him and I know they meant him. What makes him so, ma?"

"Oh, son, you mustn't listen to such talk! Your papa is all right. He's a good, brave man! There's no such thing as luck; if there were papa could take care of it. You mustn't lose faith in your papa, son! Now, you go to sleep."

"What was that you said 'bout hope made you sick?"

"I'll tell you when you're old enough to understand—good night."

"Tell me now, mamma."

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

"Is that all?"

"But when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life.' Now go to sleep; mamma must go back to her sewing."

She returned to the sitting room and resumed her work, while the silence was broken only by the rustle of her husband's paper. Finally he spoke: "You better put by that sewing—you're tired. I've concluded to take up with Wilson's offer—It isn't much, but it's a starter. Come, Mary, come, put that up. I'm going to see him in the morning and begin the chase again. There, there, Mary, I'll tell you something more—I heard what you said to the boy and I'm going to wear 'seven-leaged boots' this trip!"—Lena Spalding.

Big Surprise.

"My wife has got into trouble trying to smuggle."

"Mine's in bad, too. She went and bought me a seat in the Senate as a little surprise, and now she's been indicted for bribery."—Kansas City Journal.

In 1902 the mileage of wires used for telephones was four times as great as that of telegraph wires, but five years later it was eight times as great.

A CURFEW FOR HUSBANDS.

We have received an interesting suggestion from a member of that much-abused and, we make bold to say, in part misunderstood class of our population, husbands. The proposal is in brief that the State should intervene in behalf of those weaker and defenceless beings and so regulate their treatment through rigid legislation as to restore to them some portion of their ancient prerogative. As our correspondent insists upon complete anonymity and requests that not even the body of his letter be printed (lest the language betray his identity) we are compelled to restate his plea in our own words.

First of all, he urges a curfew law, which shall fix definitely the time when husbands must be off the streets. At present, it is asserted, the captive husband has no minutes which he can call his own. The hours of unremitting toil are, of course, fixed by custom and the standard of luxury now obtaining in our American houses. So also is it plainly requisite that the common husband should ordinarily be indoors by a certain hour, for even though carefully trained and broken to town, country and suburban service, it is axiomatic that the best of husbands will hang themselves if given too long a rope.

Therefore our correspondent would introduce a curfew ordinance, to be authorized by the Legislature and enacted by the local town and city authorities, fixing the exact hour when a husband may return home with no questions asked. In this city, suggests the New York Press, it might be 7 p. m.; in the suburbs (having regard to the rigor of the life and the confining customs of such communities) the hour might be set as late as 7:30.

This would be, however, but the beginning of a general reform system. At most, such a curfew device would give the average husband only an hour or so of freedom at the end of each working day—"the daily rest hour," as our correspondent calls it. "Why should there not be a day out?" he boldly continues in his rash enthusiasm. Not weekly, of course. But, say, monthly—or perhaps twice a month in the long, hard winter. The writer evidently states his extreme of hope, and would plainly accept a lesser portion as a compromise.

While we do not feel at liberty to quote verbatim from this husband, we gladly remark upon the adn trable spirit of humility in which he urges his far-reaching plan.

WOMEN ALWAYS TO BLAME.

It used to be the woman who could not cook who was blamed for all the ills of society. Now it is the woman who does not understand interior decoration. A writer in The Wall Paper News contends that one-half or a larger proportion of the domestic infelicity in the world is caused by the inharmonious color schemes in the home. "Imagine, if you can," he says, "the condition of a mind confined in a room where discords are continually being struck on a piano—not one discord, mind you, but continuous, day after day, and month after month. The result would be irritability and distraction, to say the least; probably insanity.—Why? Because the mind is affected through the ear by the discordant sounds. Just so with inharmonious colors. They affect the mind through the eye as forcefully as sound through the ear and cause irritability, fretfulness and bad temper, with its evil results."

INDIAN NAMES.

Minnehaha, laughing water—what prettier name, in sound and in sense, could there be? But the saddest thing about American nomenclature is the way in which languages have been cross-bred, with deplorable results. All these Indian "Minne" names are delightful when left alone; and the white man did well in naming the state of Minnesota after the river, which, being interpreted, is "sky-tinted water." But then he must go and contrive "Minneapolis" for its chief town—a shocking mixture of Indian and Greek. What lovely names they must have missed when they imported their Jacksonvilles to dispossess the red man's language!—London Chronicle.

THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.

The famous naval battle in Hampton Roads was the first real test of the ironclad vessel. Before that memorable affair there had been one or two armored craft, but they had not been tried in battle. The Hampton Roads fight sounded the doom of the wooden warship. It was seen at once that such vessels were useless against craft like the Monitor or Merrimac, and the navies of the world were instantaneously revolutionized. Since 1862 no nation has had other than armored warships.

JAMES BRYCE.

James Bryce is not by birth a Canadian. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1838. Mr. Bryce's book, "The American Commonwealth," is generally reckoned, even among Americans, as being one of the best ever written upon that subject. The author seems to have understood our social and political condition thoroughly, and writes in a way so winning and clear that his book has ever been a great favorite on both sides of the water. His other important work, "The Holy Roman Empire," is universally esteemed among the readers of history.

If an idea should ever strike some fellows they would be knocked silly.

All the world's a stage, except a few, and they are stage-robbers.

GUNMEN BATTLES IN NEW YORK

Streets Frequently Resound With Crack of Revolvers, as Gangsters Shoot at Enemies.

New York—Five desperadoes rode up with much clatter and noises, esconced themselves behind a barricade and fired 75 shots at their adversaries. So far as is known, nobody was hurt. Does that sound like the narrative of a simple frontier incident out in the wild and wooly? Well, it is not. The incident happened right in the heart of New York the other night. Yes, it happened alongside of Madison Square Garden, where Harry K. Thaw killed Stanford White, where Gunboat Smith knocked out Bombadier Wells and where William Jennings Bryan made his celebrated speech on his return from Europe.

The desperadoes were Eastside gunmen. They rode up in an automobile and their barricale was a Madison avenue street car, loaded with men and women who were thrown into a panic at the prospect of playing innocent by-stander roles. It was the most spectacular exploit that the gunmen have pulled off since the murder of Gambler Herman Rosenthal, that bone-head play that has played hob with the crooks and the police graft system ever since. But in lesser degree such things happen in New York almost nightly.

The pale and aenemic gangsters of the East Side are constantly at war with each other. They pose as "bad men" but they are not bad men at all in the frontier sense. They are drug-weakened weaklings who have no sand and could not stand up half a minute in a hand to hand dencounter with fists or shillalahs. But when it comes to potting their enemies with automatics from the luxuriously upholstered tonneaus of whizzing automobiles, they are there with both feet and their hair braided.

More feuds rage among the rival gunmen on the East Side than in the towns of Texas. The gangsters fall out over their women, over the division of spoils resultant from their depredations and over the testimony of squealers in criminal cases. They know no law but their own, and scorn the police and courts. When they have a difference to settle, they mount their automobiles and ride madly about town, shooting recklessly whenever they pass their adversaries.

DIXIE DAMES VISIT PRESIDENT.

"He Was a Very Helpful Little Boy," Says One Sister Reminiscently.

Washington—In the throng of visitors at the executive offices recently President Wilson found two friends of his boyhood days—Misses Elizabeth M. and Ellen D. Bellamy, of Wilmington, N. C. The two sisters well advanced in age, were ushered into the outer offices just as the President, according to his usual morning custom, began shaking hands with the friends of congressmen.

"There he is now," said one of the sisters. "I know I could tell him, but how old he has gotten. We used to call him Tommy. I am afraid I'll call him that yet."

"You mustn't do that," the other interrupted. "It's Mr. President now."

"You know the first time I ever saw him," Miss Ellen said, reminiscently, "he was riding a bicycle."

"It was the first time I ever saw a bicycle, too," her sister rejoined.

The two sisters told one of the secretaries how their brother, as family physician for the Wilsons, was summoned to attend the mother of the future President.

"Tommy came over," said Miss Ellen, "to get me to stay up with his mother. He stayed around and was a very helpful boy. I said at that time Tommy would make a fine husband off somebody some day. How proud his father would be if he could see him now."

Just then the President came along—the two women introduced themselves and President Wilson said he remembered them quite well. He expressed his regret that Mrs. Wilson and the members of his family were not home to greet them, and the two sisters went forth beaming with satisfaction.

KEEPING GIRLS ON FARMS.

Discussed by Grangers at Meeting in Pennsylvania.

Greensburg, Pa.—"Go on with the discussion," invited an earnest member of the Pomona Grange which met here recently. "Why I can stay here until midnight." All of which seemed to indicate that the subject up for its pros and cons—as interesting to the speaker as it proved to the other members.

"How shall we keep the girl at home on the farm?" was the general topic of the day's meeting. In its various phases the question was discussed by a half dozen members of the grange. Acting Master M. N. Clark, of Claridge, was kept busy recognizing speakers. Some of the grangers advocated making the farm so attractive that the girls would not want to leave unless to go on a farm of their own giving the girls an allowance and their own share of the farm products—In short making the farm the co-operative business of the family. Others said that the girls should leave the farm and get a more thorough education so as to broaden their minds and learn appreciation of home comforts by contact with probably lesser comforts in the world.

DRAWS OUT BLOOD AND CLEANSES IT.

At Johns Hopkins University Baltimore, Dr. Wm. H. Welch, dean, has demonstrated that the blood of the human body may all be pumped out and cleansed and returned. With a marvelous apparatus the blood is pumped through an artificial kidney. The physicians who made the machine are Dr. John J. Abel, Dr. Leonard C. Rowntree and Dr. D. B. Turner.

World Aero Race Planned.

Three hundred thousand dollars will be offered in prizes for a race around the world in any kind of motor-driven aircraft, the racers to start from San Francisco in 1915. The proposition is to have the race under the auspices of the Panama-Pacific exposition. The route suggested starts from San Francisco through Reno, Nev., and Cheyenne, Wyo., and from there through either Kansas City, St. Louis or Chicago to New York. Arnold Kruckman, manager of the bureau of aeronautics of the fair, will have the racing arrangements in charge.

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