

Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper. By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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Presumably, the European demand for American refined sugar is as healthy as it was a few months ago.

It was this demand, occasioned by the great war, of course, and its interference with the sugar industry across the Atlantic, that was attributed to one of the reasons for the high price of sugar in this country not so long ago and when it retailed at over \$8.00 a sack for a short time and hung around \$7.50 for a continued period, both before and after the \$8-sack period, and until recently.

But sugar is now retailing hereabouts at \$6.50 per sack, and the probabilities also are, or may be, that it was merely a coincidence that when sugar was selling at its highest price this summer happened to be the very time when the thrifty housewives were canning and preserving the small fruits and berries; and only another mere coincidence that the \$6.50 sack of sugar has arrived just about the time that the fruit canning season is done with in many households.

Another record-breaking bank showing is expected in Kansas on the calls that have been sent out by both the national and the state banking departments for reports on the financial situation with the banks on September 12.

And there will probably be much pointing with pride in Kansas quarters to that boon companion, Mr. Per capita Wealth, but who is also and rightly looked upon as pretty much of a joker by not a few of the multitudes.

Charles W. Fairbanks, the Republican presidential candidate, is tossing some explosive shells of most damaging proportions into the Democratic camp with his pointed references to the waste or the extravagance of the Democratic administration.

The reckless abandonment with which the Democratic statesmen have tossed the nation's funds amid during the past three years and a half creates a financial record that has no equal in the history of this country.

Nor can the Democratic party hide behind the European war or even the extraordinary appropriations for "preparedness" in one form or another, in any effort to cover up the manner in which governmental moneys have been so lavishly passed around under its rule.

Smith isn't a German name; that is, it isn't when it is spelled that way. But it happens to be the name of a detective who insists that no less than \$9,000 automobiles have been stolen in the United States during the last year and shipped to Europe for use by the Entes 'n' Allies.

And here's where said Smith's pardon will have to be asked. A second reading of the news item to the above effect discloses the fact that Detective Smith says that that many automobiles stolen in the United States in the past year have been unwittingly purchased by agents of the Allies and shipped to the front.

But for some reason or other even that qualification doesn't make the story ring like it was true. Still, Detective Smith, whose habitat is St. Paul, Minn., may know what he is talking about.

ICESBERG, WORST SEA DANGER.

There are few matters about which such widespread ignorance prevails as that of the ice masses with which the North Atlantic, in the region of the Grand Banks, is beset every spring and summer.

Writes P. T. McGrath, in the Atlantic Review, in the Olathe Register: "Bad air tires people more than hard work."—Headline. And he's more than right about it.

The old-fashioned candidate who once kissed the babies now is so hopelessly modern that he won't even serve as judge at a baby show.

A new hat never looks quite so good as in the window of the clothing store, and it's hard to be a good winner than a good loser.

The successful man without the wellhead is a dead end. The happy man without the alien is hard in Olathe. "He's a stranger here," said Lem Lump of a neighbor. "He's lived here only six years."

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The value of the forests for hunting grounds depends largely upon whether they are protected from fire, says the warning. Forest fires destroy the range and breeding places of the same and often kill large numbers of the animals themselves, while a great many more are driven out of the country by the flames.

Furthermore, streams flowing thru burned-over areas are subject to such extreme variations of flow and are often so choked up with deposits of sediment that fish can not live in them.

Each year, it is stated, sees an increase in the numbers of persons who visit the national forests for hunting and other recreation purposes. Every effort is made to encourage this use of the forests. Maps showing the recreation resources have been issued, and the trails built by the rangers open up new country to visitors.

The best indication of a man's fitness to be in the woods, the warning points out, is the care which he shows in handling firearms and fire. None but the most inexperienced tenderfoot will shoot without getting a plain view of his game, while the man who lets his campfire escape or who carelessly drops a lighted match or hot tobacco ashes betrays at once his ignorance of the fundamental principles of woodcraft.

Such men, says the warning, should keep out of the woods. And it might well have added, of the fields and plains also. Many a prairie fire has been started by a careless hunter.

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his government asked, would not be able to decide what his obligation to the government really is. Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania recently showed that the present congress has rolled up a bill of over \$2,000,000,000 against the treasury. He explained that not only appropriations, but also authorizations and commitments for the future had to be taken into account. He calculated the total appropriations to be \$1,710,482,722. Authorizations for the future reached \$623,644,977, thus giving a grand total of authorizations and appropriations of \$2,334,127,699 for the present session. Meanwhile, word comes from Chicago that a comparison of foodstuff prices today with those of a year ago shows that there has been an increase of 25 per cent in the cost of living.

HUNTERS SHOULD BE CAREFUL.

Emphasizing the destruction of property and human life caused by careless hunters, a warning issued by the federal forest service urges all sportsmen on the national forests to use the greatest possible care to prevent forest fires and to avoid such accidents as the one which caused the death of a forest ranger, named Clark, on the Cabinet national forest in Montana last year.

Mr. Clark, it is said, was mistaken for a bear by a careless hunter who fired without waiting to be sure what he was shooting at.

And the warnings and suggestions of the forest service in respect to hunting in the national forests apply with equal force to all variety of hunters throughout the country, whether they operate in the wooded sections and hunt deer and such game, or whether they pursue this the hunting sport in the fields and confine it to bagging game birds.

To show that such accidents as resulted in the death of Mr. Clark are not uncommon, the warning in question quotes an estimate of the biological survey that between 150 and 200 persons are annually killed in hunting accidents in this country and that this number is increasing. Furthermore, it is stated, 15 per cent of all the forest fires in the national forests are caused by careless hunters and other campers.

The national forests, it is pointed out, contain the best hunting grounds in the country. The number of game animals is increasing on account of the protection from forest fires and illegal killing which is afforded by forest officers. On many of the forests, deer, elk, mountain sheep and other species are fairly plentiful, while small game is usually abundant. Bear, mountain lion and other predatory animals are found on most of the forests and the killing of these meat eaters is encouraged because they prey on domestic stock and the herbivorous game animals.

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ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By ROY H. MOULTON.

Note on a Certain Lady. I'm acquainted with a lady fair. I think you've met her, too. She "never has a thing to wear," but she's a wonder to me!

But, still, "without a thing to wear" she goes out in the storm. And, strange to say, this lady fair, somehow keeps nice and warm.

It seems "without a thing to wear" she'd be afraid some day. Somebody would a warrant wear because she went that way.

Uncle Abner. A new doctor from West Hickeyville has opened up an office over Hank's harness shop and a new undertaker from the same town has followed him over here and opened an office next door, which may or may not mean anything in particular.

Elmer Jones has invented some cutlery for right and left. One of the articles is a knife that turns up at the edges so a feller can't cut his mouth and another is a noiseless soup spoon. A fellow who uses the orchestra play, which is a much needed improvement.

Bob Smedley has a good reputation for patience, but he never tried to carry a mattress upstairs.

Mrs. Ann Higgins of our town is practicing up to go on the stage and be an actress. After she has been divorced once more, she thinks she will be well qualified.

Amateur tenors cause about half of the misery in this world and the squeaky phonograph cause the other half.

Most of the young lady pianists who say they can't play nothin' much are tellin' the truth.

An Excusable Mistake. Mr. Pufferford entered the living room and looked at the thing in a startled sort of way. It was a thing with four rubber tired wheels and a pair of handles to push it by.

He could not remember why the thing should be in his house and he was perplexed, alarmed and mystified. He then looked at his wife.

"Well, I'll be wadded," he exclaimed. "This is a fine way to break the news to me. I'll be—"

"Don't get excited," interrupted his wife quietly. "It isn't what you think it is at all. It's only a teacup."

He Should Have Been More Explicit. A Lowell man who was enjoying great sport with the funny tribe at Clifford lake, west of the telegraph office and wired his wife as follows: "I've got one; weighs seven pounds, and it is a beauty." In reply came the following one from his wife: "So have I; weighs ten pounds; he isn't a beauty; looks like you."—Portland Review.

A Few by J. K. Swoopes. Promoters out in Mexico are staging many bouts. While many foreign fighting fans, both on land and sea. Have got it in for Uncle Sam, the unwelcome referee.

The other evening a man rushed into a local garage. He was in a great hurry and was much frustrated. "Give me some red oil, quick," he demanded.

"Red oil? What the—what do you say, are you crazy? Why do you want red oil?" asked the attendant. "For the tail light, you chump," replied the excited man. "A policeman just told me my tail light was out. Hurry up!"

Eve—The Model Wife. She wore no jewels in her hair. She never had a desire to skip to Carrom for a summer trip. In social realms she didn't shine. And never had to stand in line at swell receptions dressed to kill.

There was no up-to-date housekeeping. Though like all women everywhere, she never skulked about the fact. But got along with wondrous tact. The servant problem never vexed her not. She never worried o'er her lot. Or cared a single family jar. Because she had no touring car. And last, but not the least, note. She didn't even want to vote.

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News from eastern fashion centers says that the women are buying "spreaders" notes, the sartorial, or maybe it's the tonsorial, or possibly the hirsutical expert on the Sabatella Herald and he says: explains: This is a bunch of white hair that is put in with their own hair so that it scatters around the head like natural hair.

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THE OLD RED SCHOOL.

I came upon it yesterday at noon. The old red school, how very small it seemed! A school of boys ago, I had not dreamed I'd ever want to go to school in June.

Slow wading the green tangle of the yard (That yard that used to show to blade of grass).

I saw a shadowy crowd before me pass. A merry lot with bare legs brown and hard.

They pushed and jostled through the blue old door. The rusty hinges creaked—I heard the bell And then the master's voice I knew so well—

"How loud my steps across the dusty floor! "Dreaming again!" The master's hand came down.

"Upon my collar. What a hand he had! (I never thought that clutch could make I who had scowled beneath his kindly frown.)

And there was Joe, carrying out his name upon his desk behind his spelling book. Joe who is dead here in a dim crook His arm and cut his boyish way to fame!

Outside the broken pane the bees hummed low. A lone bee! (How swift its passage then!) I heard the cobwebs from a surunken pen. And crossed the clover fields alone and brown.

—Florence Ripley Mastin in Leslie's.

EVENING STORY

The Matchmaker. (By Susan E. Clagett.)

The moon was at its full and the old-fashioned garden at Ellerslie was very beautiful this late September night.

Great clumps of dahlias and varied colored chrysanthemums made spots of color in the dim light, and the hum of voices and gay laughter came from the dining room.

The Shelleys were entertaining the young people of the neighborhood. It was not a dance, merely a supper party, and after the wonderful collation, her heart in her throat and clutching the tree shadows and the scent of late roses and sentiment.

And it was sentiment indeed. Some of the girls were very good and it was play, but so well played that more frequently than not it ended in a game of cross purposes that threatened serious consequences.

It was in such a play that Warren Addison and Nell Iglehart were the principal actors. The other boy and girl were only accessories. They did not know it. If it had been suggested to them that there was lack of earnestness in their companions, they would not have believed it.

All appearances, Nell and Warren were absorbed in the game and take that passed for conversation. In reality they were in the grip of misunderstanding and deep-seated anger.

Warren had come from Baltimore to meet Nell here. She was late in arriving. When she did appear it was with a man he did not know. The man and her lateness—in Warren's opinion—were the cause of the misunderstanding. He had been told that she was to be married to a man he did not know.

Warren had no thought save as the means of dealing a hurt, and as she passed her angry glance he saw her eyes flashing with interest, was always turned toward her. They had bright moonlight making distinct every varying expression.

"Give me some red oil," he declared. "For the tail light, you chump," replied the excited man. "A policeman just told me my tail light was out. Hurry up!"

Uncle Charles was a matchmaker. He would have resented this if any one had had the nerve to declare it, for his matchmaking extended no further than his favorite niece and her boy.

He had no objection to the match. He was a man of power to further a marriage that was violently opposed by the girl's father. There was no up-to-date housekeeping. Though like all women everywhere, she never skulked about the fact. But got along with wondrous tact. The servant problem never vexed her not. She never worried o'er her lot. Or cared a single family jar. Because she had no touring car. And last, but not the least, note. She didn't even want to vote.

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