

Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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MEMBER: Associated Press.

Rumania appears to be learning to her sorrow that an invitation from the Entente Allies to the little nations of Europe to get into the war on their side doesn't carry with it a guarantee that a sufficient amount of assistance will be given to keep them from being annihilated by overwhelming and better trained forces.

Ambassador Gerard, of course, has nothing to say as to the trend of his personal sympathies in respect to the European war, but the photographs taken of him and his wife on their arrival in New York seem to establish the fact that the cut of his derby hat is intensely pro-German.

Nor is there any good reason why much credence should be placed in the many reports of the sighting of the U-55 or other German submarine commerce raiders from different places on the Massachusetts coast.

Naturally this business is reflected in orders for other commodities not directly used in munition production.

Isn't the Atlantic coastline so densely populated that it would be almost impossible for German submarines to establish a secret base in some nook of it without somebody discovering it long before this?

Dr. H. Parker Willis, secretary of the federal reserve board, who has just returned from a trip to the Philippines, announces that there is a crying need for American capital in China.

"Candy Day" having been allotted a place on the American calendar it is up to the prune enthusiasts and the cranberry cranks to insist that their favorites be given like recognition.

Just why the big milk distributors of New York City kicked so strenuously over paying the dairymen a cent more per quart for the products of their cows is something of a mystery.

It is always so easy for the distributors in this land of the free to pass such increases in prices on to the long-suffering consumers, the easiest marks on earth.

Claimants for the honor of being the champion high school football team in Kansas are a trifle dilatory this year about making their announcements.

Kaiser Wilhelm also seems to have a balky reichstag in his hands these days, and unlike his erstwhile friend, the czar of Russia, he cannot put an end to the deliberations of his national assembly with a mere wave of his hand.

INSIST ON GOOD SCHOOLS.

This is the time of year when special interest is taken everywhere in the schools, says the Kansas Industrialist.

The young men and young women have gone off to college, the high school students are filling the local newspapers with accounts of football, debate and other activities, and the smaller boys and girls are getting acquainted with "teacher" in the elementary schools.

It is significant that the papers devote very little space to anything done in the elementary schools, whether in town or in country. The papers print what the people

are most interested in. If the elementary schools were a chief interest of the people, the newspapers would be full of elementary school stories. There is a lack of interest in the elementary schools, whether people realize it or not, that keeps them from improving as fast as they should. How many parents know just what their sons and daughters are studying, and just how they are being taught? Everywhere the attention of parents would improve the schools. This is particularly important, however, in the country. In the cities educational work is more definitely systematized, with a large number of supervisors to see that it is carried on properly. In the country, if the parents don't watch the schools, nobody will do it, except the county superintendent, who never has sufficient time to give due supervision to every school. The country children need just as good training and in just as good schools as the city children. They will get it if their parents will investigate and then insist.

CONTINUED WAR PROSPERITY.

That there is little likelihood of the European war ending in the near future would seem to be indicated rather emphatically by the continued orders for rifles and other munitions which are being filled and placed in this country by the European belligerents.

The Midvale Steel company is making 3,000 rifles per day and expects by the first of the year to increase the daily output to 7,000.

The Westinghouse Electric company has a contract for 1,500,000 rifles for the Allies and is turning these out as fast as its factories can produce them.

The Remington company has contracts totaling \$160,000,000 for rifles to be shipped to England and France and in order to fill its contracts more rapidly it has invested \$25,000,000 in the extension of its factory, thus furnishing no inconsiderable market for many American materials and employment of American labor outside of the direct production of the rifles themselves.

This large demand for materials for the production of arms and munitions has served to maintain the prices of copper and zinc.

J. P. Morgan & Co., acting for the Allies, placed orders for brass during the month of August to the amount of 15,000 tons.

What the activity in the copper market means to various communities in the United States is illustrated by the case of Butte, Mont.

Also credited with a population of less than 40,000, the mining industry alone affords that town a monthly pay roll of \$2,350,000. This is an average of nearly \$60 per month for every man, woman and child in the town. Of course, the population is abnormal now, and many of those on the list are pay roll live outside of the city limits.

These figures, however, illustrate the enormous effect of war orders upon the industries of towns so situated.

Naturally this business is reflected in orders for other commodities not directly used in munition production.

And so from these concrete instances cited, it is no more than reasonable to draw the conclusion that the European war, and because of its munitions' demands alone on this country, is responsible in a large measure for the prosperity that prevails here, or more particularly in widely separated sections of the land.

MOTORIST'S BLACK PLAGUE.

Motorist is the "black plague" of the motorist, writes H. W. Slauson in Leslie's. After three or four thousand miles the lungs of even the best-designed motor may be so thoroughly encrusted with the black deposit that it can not be expected to deliver its full efficiency.

This incrustation interferes with the proper radiation of heat, decreases the compression space so that premature ignition occurs, enters the spaces between the valves and their seats, thus causing a loss of compression and power of the explosive force, and may even curl up into points and projections which become incandescent from the heat of the motor and which will serve as auxiliary spark plugs, lighting the mixture long before the piston has reached the top of its stroke.

And for this "black plague" there are relatively as many so-called "cures" on the market as for any disease affecting the human anatomy. These are in the form of chemicals and mechanical devices which may or may not prove of benefit to the motorist, depending not only upon the individual merits but also upon the manner in which they are used.

Carbon formation may be attributed to one or all of three primary causes, as follows: First, the lubricant; second, the mixture; and third, the mechanical condition of the motor.

All lubricant contains carbon, otherwise it would not be a mineral oil. But this carbon is combined with hydrogen to form the "hydrocarbon" which is the general classification of all mineral fuels and lubricants.

When combined in this state it does no harm, as it is only when the excess carbon is freed from the oil that it will "distill" out in the form of the deposit which proves so annoying to the motorist. Some grades of oil possess a greater amount of free or uncombined carbon than do others, and these, it would seem, would be the ones which would leave the greatest amount of carbon when they are burned in the cylinder. But the nature of this carbon residue will largely determine the amount remaining

in the engine, for if it is of the dry powdery type it will blow out with each exhaust stroke, whereas if it is of the gummy, sticky kind it will accumulate on the iron surfaces and gradually harden as it is subjected to continually increasing degrees of heat. But not only should oil of the proper quality be selected, but it is important also that the lubricant should be of the correct thickness or "viscosity," as it is termed. A thin oil may be adapted to one type of motor having but infinitesimal clearance between the piston and cylinder walls, a heavier oil would be needed if this space is greater, or if the engine is to run at a higher degree of heat. For example, a motor having badly worn piston rings or scored cylinders, which permit a thin oil to pass by the piston, would smoke badly if the grade suitable to that motor when new were employed. In this case, a heavier oil than that recommended should be used to overcome the mechanical defects of the worn motor. The proper mixture to be supplied to the cylinders is also an important consideration in overcoming the carbon evil.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Cheerfulness in adversity is only another of the myths.

Passing a law is one thing; enforcing it is another story.

Why call him a soldier of fortune when he is so often broke?

There seems to be an overabundance of booty prizes for the players in the game of life.

Considering how long it has been on the way, the human race is still running reasonably strong.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

A grouch, explains the Hawatha Kansas Democrat, is a barnacle on the hull of happiness and good health.

It is the belief of the Olathe Register that the political party that will go before the people on the plank to the dry, smooth asphalt to five minutes, preferably three, will sweep the country.

The blind man with a hand organ is a thing of the past, declares the Osborne County Farmer. A blind man was in Osborne recently and used a photograph to entice nickels from the charitable.

At the present price of millinery and leather goods, Imri Zumwalt of the Bonner Springs Chronicle, says that buying a new hat and a pair of shoes becomes a case of burning the candle at both ends.

How quickly money fails to keep one happy, observes the Fort Scott Tribune, and it cites this instance: A farmer near Eldorado, who now has an income of \$100,000 a month from oil leases, is complaining because the oil derricks mar the beauty of the landscape.

The secretary of the Dumright, Okla. Auto Association, has discovered a new way to beat the garnishment game, notes the Newton Kansan-Republican. Two gentlemen simply garnish the wages of each other for an equal amount, and, as under the law but one garnishment action can be had on a man's wages, the man can out merely the costs of the action.

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They're getting into politics and glory in the state. They're cutting quite a figure in the realm of business life. Now this may be the straggling bit, but it must be confessed.

After all, and done, we like the home girl best.

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ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

The New Staff.

I listen to a nifty wood-vill team. As they let off their rag-time steam. I listen as they wildly beat the drum. The audience applauds and calls it great. They do not sing the old songs any more. The songs that had some music in the score. They shout they yell, they wildly paw the air.

Until I think it is some weird nightmare. They do not really sing, the only talk To Jerry minstrel strains and Castle walk. No, they do not sing the old songs any more. The like of which no negro ever sang. They twist they turn, they dance upon their knees. They mark time by the trombone's blatant cut to the foot stuff temporarily.

It is to hear, just once, I would, by King. A song or two our grandmas used to sing.

Why Buy One.

"I started out to buy a car this spring," said the tall man at the end of the bar.

"Yes," said the short man with the fuzzy fedora. "Why not? You can afford it all right."

"I can afford to buy one all right," said the tall man, "but I don't have to. My wife and I can get all the riding and more than we want without putting up the \$1,500. I have discovered a scheme whereby I can enjoy all of the benefits while the money stays in my pocket."

"When I let it be noised around that I might buy a car there were upwards of thirty automobile agents at my office in less than no time and each one wanted to take my wife and myself out riding. I picked out one and he chased us around every day for two weeks. Then I let another have his turn, then the other, then another. We are riding all the time and every agent sticks to us about two weeks. I have got it figured out that there are just six agents in this town to last us until late this month, and then the riding season will be over and I won't really have to buy a car until next year, even then perhaps there will be a new crop of agents in our midst. Why buy a car?"

"Why, indeed?" repeated the short man. "Tomorrow morning, bright and early, I shall announce that I am about to buy a car. Thanks, old man."

Personal.

Marie—No, we don't know of any eligible bachelor who wants to get married. They may have to, some day, to stay out of the poorhouse, but we don't know of one who really wants to.

W. E.—The only way you can win any money from playing cards is by keeping a cold hand up the left sleeve and by dealing off the bottom.

Daisy.—We don't know whether blondes or brunettes are the more temperamental. Ask some man whose wife has been both.

Sold Ivory.—I had a good looking fellow for about six weeks and she will come and eat out of your hand.

Girls.

They're getting into politics and glory in the state. They're cutting quite a figure in the realm of business life. Now this may be the straggling bit, but it must be confessed.

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NEW HEAVEN.

Paradise now has many a knight. Many a lordling, many lords. Glimmer of armor, gleam and bright. The young knights have put on new swords.

Some have barely the down on the lip. Some from the nose and the ears. Their wounds are rubles, glowing, and deep. Their scars are anemist—glorious scars.

Michael's army bath many new men. Gravel knights they may sit in stall. Kings and captains, a shining train. But the little knights are dearest of all.

Paradise now is the soldiers' land. They have caught the shining seed. Comrades all in a merry band:—And the young knights' laughter pleases God.

—Katharin Tyng, in London Pleaseth.

EVENING STORY

A Triple Miracle. (By Sarah Longley.)

Betsy picked her way thru a debris of marble chips, shavings and powdered plaster, evaded piles of lumber and saw-horses and dodged pools of mortar ready to catch the unwary. For the great domed hall of the Browns' city house was being remodeled according to plans drawn by Harrison, the celebrated architect.

Reaching the door of the library, she unlocked it, groping her way in the dark among the heavy, doors of shrouded furniture, and drew up a window shade to let in some sun.

"How dark and stuffy and dusty! But I must call mother on the phone and tell her I got here safely in my new roadster and I'll start for Clover Hill at once. Oh, don't worry about the car. I'm not afraid of a little wind; besides I've got to learn to take all kinds of roads. Harrison? No, I haven't seen him—just some workmen. Things are terribly messy. Well, bye-bye. I'll be home by 6. Yes, I know you're having a dinner. Don't worry."

"That's a wonder to me," said Betsy indignantly, "how some people can treat a car so. No matter what kind it is, it's a car—same as a yellow pup is a dog. If it's yours you've got to take dog."

"That's true," said a man on the stone balcony outside the window, "but I don't know how to take a dog. I'm clean. He would only go out and roll in the gutter again. If his insides are well taken care of, he's happy as a pig in mud. I'll tell you."

Betsy looked at his overalls and grimy hands and changed the subject. "Have to get to the office floor and see the boss. What can I do?"

"You can go up a ladder perhaps. But it's pretty high. Anything I can do?"

"I don't think so."

"I'm willing—and honest, I won't touch anything!"

Betsy was in a quandary. Suddenly trusting his brown eyes. "Here's the key to mother's room. Open the big box at the foot of the bed and get a tin of smooth asphalt as an extra talisman on a dog, clung foolishly to the tires."

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