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BY FRANK P. MACLENNAN

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The charges and counter charges made by the opposing political parties regarding the raising of huge campaign funds might cause one to wonder what would happen if no money were spent in an effort to elect any particular candidate. Would the result be different? Could not the people be trusted to make a proper choice while uninfluenced by any sort of propaganda? For the past half century political campaigns have been carried on in much the same manner that is in evidence at this time. Sometimes one party has won; then the other, yet the country has prospered and the rights of its citizens, in the main, have been protected. The candidates usually are men whose records are known or can be acquired from the newspapers; the things for which they stand can be found in the party platforms and the letters of acceptance. What more can the voter need in order to form a proper judgment and cast his ballot intelligently?

A substantial reduction in taxes at the earliest possible day is vitally essential if business is to assume anything like a normal course, if the cost of living is to be reduced and the general welfare and prosperity of all the people of all parts of the country is to be assured. And it is not the direct taxes that the people are called upon to pay that are the most burdensome, but the taxes collected all along the line by manufacturers of and dealers in the things the public must buy.

Austria is reported to be turning out paper suits at 15 cents each. Paper must be cheaper over there than it is on this side of the Atlantic.

Governor Cox in outlining the plan of the Republican "drive" failed to mention the "four-minute men." No "drive" plan is complete without these.

It is all right, of course, for those California native sons to visit Senator Harding at his home in Ohio. But why do they plan to ask him a lot of questions, some of which may prove embarrassing. Since the senator has expressed himself freely and clearly on most questions of general interest, it may be inferred that the Californians have some interest peculiar to their native state to serve.

The proprietor of a summer hotel at a Maine seaside resort is sharing the profits of his hotel with his corps of chambermaids, waiters, cooks and other employes. It would be interesting to know whether the tips go into the common fund.

Big campaign funds are never used fairly. Most of the money is spent to pull thru "favorites" who are unpopular with voters.—Sioux City Tribune.

Tariff talk is springing up in connection with the campaign. Protection is supposed to bring higher wages and higher prices. Aren't these high enough already?

Tom Watson, one of the few old-time Farmers' Alliance leaders, has been nominated for United States senator in Georgia. His election is certain. Perhaps he will revive the "Subtreasury Plan."

Altho raw wool is a drug on the market, the cost of woolen garments of all kinds is almost prohibitive. Everybody but the consumer is making a hard fight to maintain prices. The wool grower is unwilling to come down on his product, so is the manufacturer. His workmen want their wages maintained. The garment workers and their employes also are in the line-up. The only show the consumer has lies in the chance that accumulations of wool and wool products will become so great that an unloading process will be forced. To prevent this the wool growers may sell their sheep and manufacturers close their plants for a time but the latter situation could not last indefinitely because there is too much capital invested in the business. All will conclude that a reasonable profit is better than no profit.

THE PLUMB PLAN.

In the recent Labor Day parade in this city there appeared banners advocating the "Plumb Plan" for disposing of the railroad problem. Lest there be those who may have forgotten what this plan is, it may be well to refresh their memory on the subject.

The Plumb plan, as developed and as it is proposed by its sponsors to apply to all industry, provides that—

"Society (meaning the public) shall receive profits on its investment in the shape of better, cheaper, and more service." The investment of society is deemed to be the grant to industry to do business.

"Capital shall receive its share in guaranteed protection of investment, and that current rate of return which in the markets of the world procures the acceptance at par of the securities which represent invested capital." The capital required to support an industry shall be deemed its investment.

"Labor shall receive as its return upon its investment of human effort that rate of wages which in the free markets of the world procures the service of that class of labor, and, in addition to wages, shall receive its share of all the savings which labor can effect in the processes of production."

Capital, it will be noted, is to receive nothing from the savings of labor, nor is it to share any benefits by reason of "better, cheaper, and more service." And it is highly probable, labor being what it humanly is, that society would never receive any benefits through savings, which includes cheaper service, or thru increased service, for the simple reason that labor would step in and demand it as its due. Society would be in the position of a holder of common stock in a concern which never declared dividends beyond the preferential holdings.

Capital obtains the acceptance at par of its securities in the markets of the world frequently because of some improved method of manufacture, some decreased unit cost of output, due to the invention of some labor-saving device, or to some means of increasing production. The Plumb plan proposes that labor shall absorb profits so derived, which would, of course, depreciate the value of the securities offered for sale by capital and eventually make it difficult, if not impossible, to market them. Incidentally, the securities marketed by capital are the stocks and bonds purchased by society. As to which group is to bear the losses in lean years, the Plumbites are silent.

Nor could it be expected that labor under the Plumb plan would long be contented with "that rate of wages which in the free markets of the world procures the service of that class of labor." Judging from a resolution unanimously adopted by the American Federaton of Labor in Buffalo two years ago, American labor wants something better than the free market rate of wages, and under the protective policy it receives it.

The Plumb plan is the first step in a plan to squeeze capital out of industry and substitute government ownership.

It appears that the American Federation of Labor is having trouble in raising a campaign fund, just like any other political organization. Most men know how they want to vote and many are unwilling to give up money for the purpose of inducing somebody else to vote their way. Anyway, campaign funds are used largely to make good jobs for camp followers.

THE SHOPPING SEASON.

Don't let the expectation that prices will come down prevent you from doing your Christmas shopping early. It took a long time to convince the people of the advantages of early Christmas shopping, but once persuaded they have since acted in accordance with the oft-repeated slogan.

But the same reasons urged for early holiday buying really apply to seasonal shopping. The fall rush will soon begin. Such as wait until it is well on will suffer from delays in being waited upon, and they will also be naturally precipitated into buying what is not thoroly satisfactory.

Wise shoppers will buy now. They have a wide range of choice. They can take the time to look around. They can ask the salesfolk all about each article. The salesfolk, in turn, give them information that is worth while. They are not under pressure and, consequently, eager to complete a sale in the shortest possible time, so as to make way for those who are waiting to be served.

The window shoppers are busy, but it will be advantageous to do interior shopping now. One not only gets a chance at the cream, but at exercise of deliberate, intelligent choice, guided by experts with the leisure to render real service.

Topeka stores are well stocked and ready for business. There is little chance for a fall in the prices of the goods already on hand. There is no good reason why those who expect to buy should delay.

The substitution of soft collars for the other kind appears to have had its effect on Troy, N. Y., the center of the linen collar industry. The city has lost 4,000 population in the past 10 years.

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL
Information Bureau
FREDERIC J. HASKIN, Director, Washington, D. C.

RENT STRIKE IN WASHINGTON.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 6.—The feverish hunt for homes at a payable figure, just now going on in almost every large American city, has attained a special intensity in Washington. With sweet accord the landlords have suddenly raised the rents on Washington apartments from 20 to 100 per cent, with an average in the neighborhood of 50 or 60 per cent.

The immediate result is an immense emotional upheaval varying all the way from mild irritation to tragic despair. There are some persons whose rent has been raised from $100 a month to $200, and to whom this means nothing more than postponing the purchase of a new car. And there are others whose rents have been raised from $12 a month to $20, and to whom this means taking food away from the baby.

Every afternoon when the newspapers come off the press there are apartment hunters ready to grab them and eagerly to search the for-rent columns. Some of these are prosperous-looking chaps who get into cars and dash off to have the first look at the more desirable offerings. But there is also the woman with one baby on her arm, and a child of five by the hand, who wearily boards a trolley on the same quest, and who will be too late if the apartment is relatively a good bargain.

A Dramatic Situation.

The situation here is especially dramatic because the Ball Rent act is still pending in the supreme court with the betting about even as to whether it will be sustained or not. Some rent laws have been declared unconstitutional, but on the other hand a law almost exactly like the Ball Act was recently sustained. The Ball Act, in brief, establishes a rent commission which has power to determine what is a reasonable rent to a given property. Unless an appeal is noted, this becomes the rent. If an appeal is taken in 10 days by any party to the complaint, the matter goes into court, but the court can only decide points of law. Thus it may hold that not all evidence has been adduced, and may compel more evidence to be taken. The rent commission makes another finding, which is final.

This act has been declared unconstitutional by the lower courts here, and is pending in the supreme court with the prospects that it will be decided there by the first of December.

In this situation, the tenant who believes that he is being mulcted has the basis upon which to make a fight, and thousands of them are making it. They have formed an organization known as the Tenants' Protective League of Washington for this purpose. The league, which has a membership fee of $2, gives free legal advice, and legal services for half the usual attorney's fees. It has an arrangement with a bonding company by which any of its members can be bonded, who wish to refuse to get out of their apartments.

By making use of the services of this league, a tenant in Washington may stay in his apartment at the old rent and defy his landlord, usually with considerable success. When he receives the notice to get out within thirty days, he simply pays no attention to it. The landlord then goes into court to get a writ of eviction. One of the league attorneys appears and notes an appeal. This means that the case cannot be decided until the constitutionality of the act has been passed upon by the supreme court.

Legal Delay Helps Tenant.

If the supreme court holds the act unconstitutional, then the writ of eviction can be issued, and the tenant can be put out. But that is about all that can happen to him, according to attorneys for the league, and it is not apt to happen for a long time. Here the well known delays of the law, which usually benefit the stronger party, are on the side of the tenant. Cases of this kind are piling up so fast that many of those being filed now will not be reached for a couple of years, during all of which time the tenant will be enjoying the use of the apartment at the old rent. Furthermore, these attorneys say that no action for the additional rent, which the tenant refused to pay will be effective unless the landlord has refused to accept the old rent, which is paid by the tenant to the bonding company.

The total cost of thus noting an appeal and resisting eviction, provided the machinery of the league is used, is about $69. In the event that the Ball act is sustained by the supreme court, and the tenant wins in the action for a writ of eviction, he will get back all but $27 of this money.

Of course the landlord may combat in various ways the desire of the tenant to stay in the apartment. He may cut off the heat, the light, the gas or the telephone service, and perhaps if he is ingenious he may find other ways of annoying the recalcitrant. Various cases of this have occurred. Usually, however, this sort of guerilla warfare is carried on by landlords (and more often by landladies) who own a single building each and live in it. Thus a case is reported of one woman with a baby 13 months old who refused to get out or to pay the advanced rent. She could not find another place to go and she could not find the money to pay more rent. The landlady promptly cut off the gas, so that the woman could not cook anything.

A Vindictive Landlady.

Another landlady took all the furniture out of a furnished apartment, from which the occupant refused to move, except a single chair. This she herself occupied and announced her intention of staying there until the tenant had vacated.

Such instances as this are rare. A reputable real estate agent does not care to go in for such practices, and in the present state of public feeling on the rent question, he can scarcely afford to do so. In fact, the real estate agent who collects the rents and manages the property for the owner, is often a strong force for amelioration. Frequently he admits that the rents are excessive and endeavors to persuade the owner to set a more reasonable figure. The tenant is his client, as well as the owner, and it is to his interest to keep everything harmonious and smooth-running.

In some cases all of the tenants in a given apartment house have held an indignation meeting and have agreed neither to pay the advanced rate nor to vacate. Several such apartment house soviets announce themselves ready to take over the property and keep it heated if the owner does not do so. Against such an organization the landlord is apt to be helpless.

If such a spirit were more general, rent profiteering would soon be a broken industry. Here, as usual, the ultimate consumer loses out because he is afraid or unwilling to fight, and because he will not organize and cooperate with his fellows.

Dorothy Dix Talks
BY DOROTHY DIX
World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

Marrying Mother.—2.

Maud may be all that your fondest fancy craves. She may be pretty, and dainty and sweet and appear so amiable that the proverbial butter would not melt in her mouth. But all the same, look at Maud's mother. Is mother sloppy, and slouchy, and thriftless? Is her house always in confusion? Does the parlor sofa need sweeping under? Are the curtains crying aloud for soap and water?

Don't marry Maud unless you want to live in the same disorder and dirt, for Maud has been brought up to be lazy, shiftless and untidy, and she will always think you are an unreasonable crank if you desire a well kept house.

Is Maud's mother wasteful and extravagant? Does she live beyond her means? Be sure that she has taught her daughter that clothes are the most important thing on earth to a woman, and that she must have them, no matter how she gets them. In her very cradle Maud was taught to worship the great god—Appearances—and when she marries she offers up her husband as the sacrificial goat.

And look at Maud's father. Is he care-worn and hump-shouldered? Has he got that deprecating, hopeless, furtive expression of a henpecked man—the man who is afraid of his wife? If you don't want to understudy him, beware of leading Maud to the altar. She has been taught that a husband is good for nothing but a bill payer. She has been so used to making a door-mat of her father that she will not even know that a husband has a right to be regarded as a household ornament.

But if Maud's mother is an intelligent, open-minded woman; if she is a good housekeeper and a thrifty manager; if she is good natured, tolerant and sympathetic, and if her husband looks happy, contented and well fed, go along and marry the girl without fear.

Such a mother teaches her daughters to be good wives, and to do their duty. They will know how to cook, sew and get the worth out of their husband's money; and, above all, they will treat their husband with tenderness, consideration and respect, as they have been taught to treat their father.

Don't marry a girl, son, under the fatuous belief that you can make her over to suit your ideal. Her mother beat you to that job by some six or eight or ten years and you can't undo her work any more than you could make over a jug that a potter had shaped.

The only safe thing in matrimony is to pick out the kind of mother-in-law you like and marry the girl she has reared.

Dorothy Dix

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George Matthew Adams Daily Talk

NOT LIFE—BUT LIVING.

Life does not hang heavy on the one who is interested more in living than in life merely.

If sometimes think of death as something that is worked TOWARD. For we are all traveling toward it daily—whether we think of it or not. But to think of it as something to be feared or avoided (which is impossible) is to burn up the precious years that are ours.

Not life—but living is the real adventure!

Thrills are things which come from within—from what we see or experience from without. It's living right in the heart of happenings and being a part of them which brings to us our sense of ownership over triumphs.

Few things are so constructed that they can be saved. At least for any length of time.

Even the great painting, the huge structure, the most magnificent moving city will sometime crumble—and be but a memory of what the past has to say.

Men's lives—to the most active and triumphant one—are all in the end woven into an even story expressive solely of what the age worked out. Like the tiny bits of sand which make up the extending coast, so do the lives of mortals make up the groundwork of time.

We are important only as we serve. Not life—but living is our task.

Let us keep right on getting up in the morning, washing our faces and eating our breakfasts—and going to our several works—but let us not get confused as to the end of it all. Let us not measure or weigh our acts or doings and then stand out and boast their merit. Let us rather do and dare and dig—and then come tired to our couches—to rest for another day!

Let us keep right at the job—of living—and be glad and happy and helpful—so that the last sleep shall be filled with sweetened odors and our long dream tinted with the rays of the falling sun in its setting.

Then we can say that we—lived!

Dinner Stories

"Rastus, how is it you have given up going to church?" asked Pastor Brown.

"Well, sah," replied Rastus, "it's dis way. I likes to take an active part, an I used to pass de collection

basket, but dey's give de job to Brothah Green, who jest returned from ovah thai-ah."

"In recognition of his heroic service, I suppose?"

"No, sah, I reckon he got dat job in reco'nition of his having lost one o' his hands."

"When I started out in life," said the physician, "I wanted to be a great humorist, but my family persuaded me to study medicine."

"Well," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop, soothingly, "mebbe you realized your original ambition, after all. Most of these liquor prescriptions you write are jokes."

Evening Story

Grease Paint and Rouge Pot.

BY H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.

Richard Heaton, his bow and violin temporarily at rest across his knees, watched the string of girls as they trooped wearily in from the wings and down the stage once more. This was the ninth time they had been ordered to "for the luva Mike, try it again" in the rasping voice of that beetle-browed Gunnings who sat somewhere out in the darkness and issued his commands between puffs at a cigar as black and thick appearing as himself.

"Where's the glamour of the stage, Jim?" Dick asked the question of the second violin in his right.

"Search me," returned the other, "specially when you draw a card like Gunnings for boss. Outside fiction and the movies, he's the only one of his kind."

"My last job when I quit here is going to be letting him know what I think of him," retorted Dick, and spoke more truthfully than he knew.

At that moment the bit of "business" which had been going wrong was straightened out, and the music was called for. Heaton, chin on his instrument, arm swinging to the rhythm of the bow, viewed the tenth entrance of the girls, who this time came in, swaying in unison, one hand on hip, the other raising aloft an imaginary goblet.

Letter perfect as to the score, Dick let his thoughts run on. What attraction for girls did this "being on the stage" possess? Only in such rare cases as to be negligible did it offer other than hard, grilling work and a living wage. In fact, taking it by and large, it was much like the makeup of the girls themselves—enticing from a distance, disillusionizing at close range.

The Empire Stock company was interspersing its repertoire of unadulterated drama with an occasion musical comedy, which demanded an augmented cast. That accounted for Elsie Parker's being able, thru the friend of a friend, to get the chance of holding down an occasional minor part. This week, it was merely a question of dancing in from back stage, meeting a similarly capering line of youths, conversing with them for a moment in "animated aside," and making an exit rear left—all of which Elsie assured herself was infinitely preferable to standing behind the ribbon counter of the "Five and Ten" saying, "Here's your change, Madam."

Today, Elsie let her eyes rest on the face of the first violin, dimly visible beyond the him of the state. It held no particular personality for her, yet she sometimes fancied its eyes were tired.

And then, one day, she discovered the face belonged to a very real and live person.

On the very last night of "Take Care, Tracy," the youth who was Elsie's vis-a-vis in the goblet dance didn't appear. And Gunnings, tearing his hair, sent for Heaton, said he'd heard he'd done amateur stuff and would he, for the luva Mike, this one night take the regular guy's place? It was easier to get along without one of the violins than the sixth member of a sextet.

And Heaton, inwardly cursing himself for an idiot and wondering what power on earth had led him to oblige Gunnings, found himself going thru the antics of the man for whom he was substitute, and because he had watched the "business" for successive nights performing it quite satisfactorily. And, incidentally, Elsie Parker found him much more interesting than her former partner.

During the "aside," supposed to convey to the audience desperate flirtation, Heaton asked curiously, "Where do you come from?"

"Vermont," said Elsie simply, but not forgetting the smile demanded in the by-play.

"That so?" said Heaton. "So do I! Anywhere near Doane?"

"Why, I'm from Bemis, only ten miles away!"

And then came the cue for exit rear left.

Three weeks later, Dick sat in his nine by twelve bedroom, his chair with its one weak leg, tilted back against the once white-enameled rail of his bed. Near him, on the painted "wash stand" insufficiently covered with a dingy scarf, lay an open letter. He picked it up and read its brief contents again.

"Dear Richard—We have got to sell the farm. Your father is getting too old to work it. And there's nobody else unless you come home. It seems too bad to let the old place go. But it can't be helped. The lilacs are all in bloom today. Lovingly,

"MOTHER."

Slowly he crushed it in his hands, and with it he destroyed his dreams—dreams of a great violinist bowing low, right and left, to an applauding multitude. If he stayed he saw himself for what he would always be—a second-rate player in a second-rate theater. He would go home. Was he sorry? He wouldn't be—under certain circumstances.

That night Gunnings called for a rehearsal at ten forty-five, immediately after the evening's performance. And because he had had a row with the leading lady, he took it out on the rest, and eventually landed on the least offensive of them all—Elsie.

"What the devil d'ye mean by chewing your words like they was so much spaghetti?"—and he went on with infinitely more biting sarcasms. Elsie alternately flushed and paled, and endeavored to keep back the foolish tears.

Suddenly, from somewhere behind Gunnings, came a tense, dangerously quiet voice: "Let up on Miss Parker, you infernal slave driver!"

The man turned as if shot. "Who the—You!" and certainly never before had Dick appeared other than mildly placid. But tonight it was a new Dick, a Dick who had been patiently waiting for the rehearsal's end to ask a tender query of the girl whom he had discovered to be, under the grease paint, not a homely little thing, but a quaintly pretty girl with appealing eyes under softly curling lashes.

Suddenly Gunning's anger culminated in one last explosion. "For the luva Mike—the both of yer—you're fired!"

Dick looked him over—then turned on his heel.

A few minutes later Elsie, her face delicately, naturally flushed, emerged from the stage door with Dick into the quiet coolness of the starlit night.

A block beyond the theater he drew in a deep breath and gently tucked her arm into his. "We haven't known each other long," he began, "but it has been quite long enough for me to know what I want most on earth. I am going back home to take over the old farm. But I don't want to go alone. Will you come?"

Dick's heart sank as Elsie didn't answer. He couldn't know that in that instant slipped away—unregretted—the girl's dreams of a superb actress in an ermine-bordered gown swaying the emotions of a vast audience. He thought she didn't care.

"It's a 'sweeter, greener land,'" wistfully urged the man, who in moments of stress was given to quoting Kipling, and even Omar Khayyam.

"Oh, it is—it is!" breathed the girl. "When can we go?"

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JUST A GIRL
By JANE PHELPS

MARY QUOTES HER MOTHER.
CHAPTER 90.

During the evening Mary recurred to my meeting with Jack Pryor. She was so sympathetic, so sweet, that I just laid my head on her shoulder and had a good cry. The disappointment because of not securing a position, coupled with the unexpected meeting, and the memories it had evoked, had made me foolish—I told her. She petted and comforted me as if I were a child instead of as old as she. I soon felt better.

"A little cry don't hurt no one," she said as I wiped my eyes. "Now go to bed. He'll most likely go back to New York tomorrow, and you'll never see him again—unless you send for him."

"I'll never do that, you may be sure," I replied as I followed Mary's advice and went to bed. But I did not share her optimism.

The next day when I went out I wore a veil, and carefully kept away from any place where it was at all likely I would run across the elegant Jack Pryor. I walked as little as possible, as I applied at place after place, only to be told they were filled or that I was not expert enough. The street cars were sure to be safe for me; men like Jack Pryor did not ride on them as a rule.

As the days passed and I saw nothing more of Jack, I again breathed freely.

Mary was not with me as much as before I had been taken ill. For one thing, I only spent a couple of hours each morning with her at the shop, and for another, her evenings were mostly given up to Thomas Clancy. She had become engaged to Thomas and they were to be married as soon as they had saved enough to furnish a home.

"I shall keep right on working when we are married," Mary said when she told me of her engagement, and showed me her ring. "A girl never knows how a man is going to turn out, and I ain't takin' any chances. Tom is all to the merry as far as I know. But ma used to say, 'No woman don't know a man till she's lived with him,' and I sort of have a notion ma was right."

I had met Mary's Thomas, and he had impressed me as a nice, straightforward young fellow, just the sort Mary would fancy. He was rather serious, but Mary needed a balance wheel often. She loved pleasure, and at times lacked judgment, altho perfectly capable of taking care of herself.

My life now seemed to run along in a ceaseless grind of work, worry, and disappointment. I became depressed, and unhappy. I still continued to draw just enough from the business to pay Mrs. Fagin, and my car fares. But it now belonged to Mary. I had Mr. Pope attend to it so there would be no trouble about bills, and so forth, and I felt that I could not go on taking money from her much longer. Also I never had been able to redeem my jewelry, and the interest would soon fall due.

I could send mother nothing at this time, and could see no chance to keep my promise to make a home for her. I often wondered what I should do when my clothes were out and I had to replace them. So far I had spent very little for clothing. Some low-heeled shoes, one cheap suit, aprons, and a few little things had been the extent of my purchases.

I had become desperate. I offered to work for little or nothing until I had proved my worth, only to be told there was no place for me. Then one day when everything looked darkest, I determined to try one more place before I gave up. I applied at the office of a firm of brokers. They had advertised that they wanted a girl immediately.

To my surprise the man to whom I spoke—the manager—said he would give me a trial. I was to report for duty the next morning. I had named $19 as the salary I wished at first. I never had been paid over $8 at any place I had worked, and trembled, fearing I had asked too much.

I hurried home with my good news. Mary and Mrs. Fagin both rejoiced with me, but Mrs. Fagin remarked when Mary left us together:

"Don't set your heart on it, Miss Zena. You ain't never done that kind of work, and perhaps you won't suit. I'd hate to see you feel too bad if you can't get along there."

But even dear practical Mrs. Fagin could not quell my joyous, happy feeling. I was at last engaged as an office girl. I would make good! I must.

But had I known what was before me, I wonder if I would have taken the place, delighted as I was to get it.

(To be continued.)

Questions—Answers

Q. Who was the first American novelist? —Q. E. D.

A. The man who is usually referred to as the first American novelist and whose claim to the title seem to be undisputed, was Charles Brockden Brown, who was born in Philadelphia in 1771, and died in 1810. His best novel, "Wieland," is a morbid horror story, based on ventriloquism, and while improbable it contains scenes of great power. He published several other novels, and in 1799 a book of divorce and marriage which enunciated many views then considered very radical but now widely accepted. No other novels than his were published by a native American until the appearance of "The Spy" by James Fenimore Cooper in 1821.

Q. What percentage on an investment would be yielded by Victory Liberty Loan bonds, and when do these bonds mature?—F. E. R.

A. The actuary of the Treasury Department states that money invested in Victory Liberty 4¾ per cent notes of 1922-1923 at the price of $5.78, which was being quoted at the time the question was asked, would yield, if held until maturity, 6.466 per cent interest. These bonds may be redeemed at the option of the government on June 15 or December 15, 1922, and they must be redeemed by June 15, 1923.

Q. Please give a recipe for chili sauce —M. E. M.

A. Skin, cut in pieces and put to cooking, one-half bushel tomatoes. Put thru meat grinder 18 green peppers, 18 onions, and add tomatoes. Add 1½ cups sugar, 3 cups vinegar, 3 teaspoonfuls cinnamon, cloves and allspice, 5 tablespoonsful salt, and red peppers to taste. Cook slowly until fairly thick, usually about three hours.

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Topeka State Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. This offer applies strictly to information. The Bureau cannot give advice on legal, medical, and financial matters. It does not attempt to settle domestic troubles, nor to undertake exhaustive research on any subject. Write your question plainly and briefly. Give full name and address and enclose two cents in stamps for return postage. All replies are sent direct to the inquirer.

ON SECOND THOUGHT
BY JAY E. HOUSE.
(From Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

We read the lightest word that falls from the lips of our favorite candidate for president, Hon. Warren Gamaliel Harding, with avidity. His phraseological cadences allure and hold us. Some of them stir us. Notable among these is the asseveration, delivered in his Labor Day speech, that this country should pay an honest wage for honest work.

But we believe Mr. Harding stopped far short of the possibilities of that form of rhetorical assault. And, as one who has his good fortune at heart, we suggest these triphammer sentences bearing upon the issues of the campaign be incorporated in future speeches:

Beyond the Alps lies Italy.
Night brings out the stars.
The end crowns the work.
A primrose by a river's brim.
A boy's best friend is his mother.
The dew is on the rose.

Man's work's from sun to sun; a woman's work is never done,
Great trees from little acorns grow.

It may be the Republican campaign is by way of being managed in flawless fashion. We don't know; we never conducted one. But we believe the wallops we have suggested, if incorporated in the candidate's speeches, would add zest to the campaign.

It is with considerable disappointment that we announce Lieutenant Commander John Philip Sousa's inability to accept the invitation, recently extended, to conduct the column for a day. Lieutenant Commander Sousa, in declining the commission, furnished us with a detailed schedule of his daily activities. It appears the only hours in which he is entirely at leisure are those lying between 4:30 and 6:30 o'clock in the morning. Inasmuch as about two hours are required in which to write the column, Lieutenant Commander Sousa would have no time left in which to coddle the reflective mood. The reflective mood being one of the inherent aids to columnizing, we reluctantly excuse Lieutenant Commander Sousa from the appointed task.

But we seize the opportunity to counsel Lieutenant Commander Sousa concerning the preservation of his health. We believe he is smoking too much. His schedule indicates that he smokes about twenty cigars a day. We get along very nicely on fifteen, and we say fifteen cigars a day are enough for anybody.

The Best Definition Yet.

Sir—As I am in need of a pair of striped earmuffs, I venture to enter your competition. A split infinitive is a sort of metaphorical split stick in which the inexpert writer gets his nose caught if he does not watch out. Now, as no one will give you a better definition, will you please forward the earmuffs without any more delay than Mr. Burleson forces on everything that goes thru the mails? G. W. D.

We eagerly anticipate the appearance of Secretary Baker on the stump. We are curious to know why soviet rule in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth was abandoned after having been sanctioned by the war department. May be Secretary Baker will tell us.

We say when soviet rule fails in a penitentiary there probably are reasons why it should not be adopted in the country at large. If such reasons exist, Secretary Baker is one man who knows what they are.

"When the battle was over," writes one of th correspondents who was on the ground, "and Referee Dougherty had raised Dempsey's right hand as a signal to the doubtful ones that Dempsey had won, there was wild cheering among the spectators."

The correspondent's word-picture stirs our insatiable lust for information. Why were the spectators cheering? And who were the doubtful ones, and of what were they doubtful?

It is understood, of course, that we put the questions out of idle curiosity. Our interest in the matter may be expressed in the hope that the rough manner in which the champion handled Miske will not bring on another attack of curative of the spine.

And that is a matter upon which we feel deeply. We believe that hereafter, and either by law or the weight of public sentiment, those who have suffered from curvature of the spine, those who are tubercular and those who have angina pectoris, should be barred from fighting the heavyweight champion, whoever he may be.

Life is full of inglorious moments, but one we experienced on Labor Day was as bitter as any we have known. It came when, playing a strange course, we laid our mashie shot dead on the pin, only to discover that we had "approached" a direction flag.

Lieutenant Commander John Philip Sousa, being unable to avail himself of the invitation to conduct the column for a day, we invite Fannie Hurst to fill the time originally allotted to him. Miss Hurst's slant on the marital relation intrigued us. We are satisfied it would do as much for readers of the column.

The projectors of "The Girl in the Limousine" having failed to find a field for it in the metropolitan centers, we recommend that they try Joplin, Mo., and the mining camps adjacent. A play such as "The Girl in the Limousine" is reputed to be should run a solid year on the Joplin circuit.

Certain of the New York column conductors are making merry over the revelation that Eugene Field got $50 a week for writing one. We fail to sense the japery in the circumstance. Fifty dollars a week is a very large sum to pay for writing a column, but Mr. Field was an exceptionally gifted man.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK
BY LEE PAPE.

THE PARK AVE. NEWS.

Weather. All depending.

Sissiety. Miss Mary Watkins and Miss Loretter Mincer are practicing by holding a half of a onion in front of her eyes, wile Miss Loretter Mincer prefers horse reddish.

Litterary Notes. Sam Crosses big sister is away in the country using up her vacation, and Sam is lerning to rite on the typeriter on her typeriter in her absents.

POME BY SKINNY MARTIN.
Safety Second

Never teeze dum animals.
In the first place its not rite.
And anyway besides in the 2nd place
Even the dummest can bite.

Intristing Facks About Intristing Peeple. Pudge Simkins has bin studying the habits of ants by watching some in his back yard, saying he mite rite a book on the subjeck if he notices any new habits.

Holesome, delicious and durable. Home made mullasses candy, 35 cents a pound, in a bag, $6 in a box. See Low Davis. (Avvertizement.)

JUST FOLKS
BY EDGAR A. GUEST.

LINES TO A SECRET FOE.

I have a foe, a bitter cruel foe,
Who mocks at me wherever I may stray;
Makes little of my dreams from day to day,
And strives to steal the courage from my blow;
Plants doubts for me to find where'er I go
And bids me flee when I have willed to stay;
Frightens me oft with failure's dread array
And puts my cheek when fear should never show.
He wields no blade of bright and shining steel,
He is not mortal, yet this foe is real,
Relentless, heartless, aye and adamant.
I would dare much and climb life's parapet
Yet still I may not dare to move, lest
By one small voice which whispers low:
"You can't!"

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25 YEARS AGO IN TOPEKA
From the Columns of THE TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL

September 11, 1895.

Grand Secretary Wilson of the A. F. and A. M. is busy sorting out and overhauling old and musty documents belonging to the various lodges thruout the state, filed with the grand lodge for preservation. Some of the papers run as far back as 1854 and are yellow with age. One of the most valued and revered is the charters of the first three Masonic lodges established in Kansas territory. The dispensations were granted by the grand lodge of Missouri to Round Prairie, Leavenworth, and Grove (now Wyandotte) in 1854. When the charters were granted Round Prairie made lodge No. 1. Wyandotte is the oldest lodge in Kansas, it having received the first dispensation.

Mrs. D. T. Nicoll is visiting in Kansas City.

Miss Lulu Alcorn and Miss Lillie Travis went to Horton today to visit their cousin, Miss Hill.

At the meeting of the Oxford club held at the Throop last evening, Mr. Tom King was elected president, Mr. Tom Gillespie, secretary, and Mr. Howard Wood, treasurer.

Miss Anna G. O'More of Gardner, Kan., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. C. Clemens, of Clay street.

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Our Special Outfit F — Our Special Victrola Outfit F includes newest Cabinet Victrola Style XI with 12 10-in. Double-face 85c Victor Records (24 selections) — $160.20 Very Easy Payments.

Style VI, $35 · Style IX, $75 · Style X $125 · Style XI $150 · Style XIV $225

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