

Terms of Subscription.

One Year	\$1.50
Six Months	75
Three Months	50

FRIDAY, SEPT. 14, 1917.

JOHNSON SAYS

"CONSCRIPT CASH"

Speaking recently on the question of raising revenue with which to carry on the war Senator Johnson, of California, said:

"The burden of this war should not be placed entirely on the poor. Its expenses should be laid on those best able to pay them.

We have conscripted the youth of the land with an enthusiasm that would brook no delay. We sent that youth forth to fight for the nation, and die if necessary upon foreign soil. I ask that the same enthusiasm be shown for conscripting the wealth of the nation to stand behind these lads.

Those who coin the blood of war are the ones best able to pay the expense of war. I want to see the taxes placed on the huge profits and the huge incomes. Those who make these swollen war profits ought to pay the added cost.

It seems to me quite a trivial thing to take from the swollen fortunes that have come from the war in the last couple of years the little percentage demanded in the pending revenue bill by the majority report. I believe we should take a very substantial part of these swollen profits.

Why should anyone get rich out of these times when so many are getting poor and all are called upon to sacrifice—even to give up life. England to-day takes 80 per cent of the war profits. Do you realize how little we take in comparison? The minimum estimate of war profits last year places those profits at \$1,000,000,000. We would take only 20 per cent of that, but proposed by the majority of the finance committee of the senate less than 20 per cent as compared with England's 80 per cent. Under other laws we take an additional percentage but never approaching at all what England takes.

In urging that the government raise its war revenue by taxing profits and swollen incomes I am doing what I think will best promote the success of this war. We cannot be successful as a warring nation unless we are a united and contented nation. I wish to see people not irritated by any sense of injustice or inequality in taxation. I do not wish our people to feel that this government is willing to conscript the blood of the nation but is not willing to conscript at least a part of the wealth of the nation that happens to be coined out of this blood.

It is a stupendous task we have undertaken, and we will not be successful unless we have vision to see not only what is required on the line of battle, but what must be done to solve the problems of those at home. There must be a sense of democracy in our taxation; for it is necessary, after all, that this democracy of ours should not be impaired by anything congress does or the government undertakes to do. And certainly there can be nothing which can be less democratic than to ask the young men of the country to give up home, relatives, occupation, income, and to face maiming, infection, disease and death, while a few comfortable gentlemen take advantage of this great emergency to build up colossal fortunes which will found economic principalities and tend to destroy democracy for generations to come."

AN EXILE'S RETURN

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

I am a woman artist. I was one day sketching in the Catskills when, hearing a step behind me, I turned and saw coming down the road directly behind me a young man with the flaxen hair and blue eyes of the Saxon. Seeing me, he lifted his hat politely and was passing on when, in order to stop him, I asked him a question about the Catskills. I was so struck by his appearance that I wished to make a sketch of him. He was unable to render the information I asked for, but my ruse served its purpose. He stood, hat in hand, deferentially chatting with me.

He told me that he was a German, that he had not been long in America, that he preferred to travel as a pedestrian and was making a tour through the Catskill mountains on foot. In time I made bold to ask him to pose for me. I dared not offer him money for doing so, for he seemed too aristocratic to receive pay for such a service. He not only granted my request, but intimated that he would buy the picture to stip to his father and mother in Germany.

While I worked on the sketch I drew him on to tell me what had brought him to America. At first I got only evasive replies to my questions, but I purposely delayed my work for time to gain his confidence and at last got the story. The heir apparent of the principality from which he had been disgraced himself by a theft. My model, was present at the time. It would not do for their future ruler to bear a stain, so the party drew lots as to which one should bear the obloquy. It fell to the man I was sketching, and when the theft was discovered he falsely owned himself the guilty one.

His parents were nobles; they settled an annuity upon him, and he left home to become a wanderer. His allowance was not sufficient to enable him to travel by conveyance, so he walked. But he declared he preferred that manner of travel.

The meeting with this man occurred in April. I went into the country earlier than city folk, in order to catch that pale green which only appears on the foliage either in that month or May. I agreed to part with my sketch, since he begged so hard for it. He wished me to put it in oils for him, and I agreed to do so. But to do this I preferred to take it to my studio in New York, where I could work on it to better advantage. I gave him my address in the city, and he was to give me a few sittings there while I was making the transfer from pastel to oils.

It was the middle of July before I completed the sketches I needed for my winter's work and returned to the city. I had told my subject he might call any time after the 20th of the same month. But that was about the time that the emperor of Austria declared war on Serbia. Whether the prospect of a general European war influenced my German friend or not I cannot tell. At any rate, he did not make his appearance. Then the spark of war became a flame and the flame a conflagration. Germany called on her sons to return to the fatherland to do military duty.

One evening when the Belgians and Germans were struggling for the mastery of Liege there was a ring at my bell, and my young friend appeared.

"I come not for you to sit," he said, "but to bid you goodbye. I have found passage for Europe, and if not intercepted by a British or French cruiser I shall probably be able to end my exile and my loneliness on the field of battle."

As he spoke the last words his expressive face showed a sadness that went straight to my heart.

"But the picture, baron," I exclaimed, "will you not wait for me to finish it?"

It was not the picture about which I was concerned. I clung to a stray to keep him from his purpose, to urge him to make a home for himself in America and in time to be happy.

"When you hear that I am no longer sensible to disgrace send the sketch you have made to my parents."

I begged him to alter his resolution, but failed.

"Would you have me add one disgrace to another?" he asked. "I am enrolled as a soldier, and I must serve as a soldier."

He gave me the address of his parents, bade me adieu and was gone.

The war dragged on. Many of our young women went over to work with the Red Cross, and I finally threw down my brush and palette and went to France to nurse the soldiers.

One day among the German wounded who were brought in I recognized my friend met in the Catskill mountains in America. He was badly wounded. He recognized me at once, and his eye lit up at seeing me. He held up a cross made of gun metal and said, "I am no longer disgraced."

"Does gallantry in war in Germany remove such a stain as theft?" I asked.

"Gallantry in war in Germany," he replied, "removes any stain."

"But has not the real thief been called upon to bear the burden that belongs to him?"

"I am proud to say that I still bear that burden. I am conscious of having served my country well, but I have served my prince."

I wondered at the difference in the German and the American mind as indicated by this man whose highest aim was to bear the burden of any man because that man was his prince.

I nursed him, but not to life. He died proud of his sacrifice.

The Scrap Book

A Bit Short. A visitor to St. Louis was whiling his time away by lounging about the steamboat wharves. He was leaning



FISHED HIM OUT.

against a convenient post when a box of matches in his hip pocket caught fire. Before the lounge had fully realized the situation the blaze had become uncomfortably hot and had assumed rather alarming proportions. So he chose the quickest and surest extinguisher by rushing the twenty-five yards to the edge of the wharf and jumping in.

A negro hand eyed this performance dispassionately. He fished the stranger out of the water with a boathook and remarked the fact that the wet one was a newcomer.

"Boss," he said earnestly, "ef you wants ter jump dis yer river you's suttin'ly got to git er longer runnin' start 'an 'at! Yes, suh!"—New York Post.

**Why Not Be Kind?**  
Perhaps it is a rough old world, with much of gloom and hate, and maybe all the folks that live are not exactly straight. And some may grumble over much, and some may cheat and lie, but it may help a little bit if square and true am I.

The world needs more of cheerfulness. That's very plain to see, and 'twould increase the stock of mirth if thoughtful I would be. And one more kindly man there'd be on earth for all to mind, and it might do a lot of good if only I were kind. —Detroit Free Press.

**Too Much Natural History.**  
In a detachment of soldiers captured near Warrenton, Va., several prisoners by a freakish coincidence bore names that resembled those of animals. The sergeant at the desk, a testy, fussy fellow, eyed them crossly.

"Your name!" he snapped to the first.

"Fox."

"Next!"

"Bhaer," was the reply.

The sergeant snuffed and glanced at the third.

"Wolfe," said the soldier, and his interrogator gave him a sharp look.

"Next!" he shouted, and he turned a dark red when the stolid answer came.

"Campbell."

The sergeant knew well enough that they were not tricking him, for those were not days of tricks, and the tired faces wore impatience.

"And what do you call yourself?" he asked another prisoner.

"Lyon," the fellow responded sadly, whereat the officer threw down his pen and shouted, with good natured laughter.

"Go order some cages built!" he roared to a private. "We've got to shut up a whole blamed menagerie in the camp."

**Curran's Wit.**  
Lundy Foot, the tobacconist, applied to John Curran for a motto when he first established his carriage. "My dear Curran," said he, "give me one of a serious cast, because I am afraid the people will laugh at the idea of a tobacconist setting up a carriage, and, for the scholarship's sake, let it be in Latin."

"I have just hit on it," said Curran. "It is only two words, and it will at once explain your profession, your elevation and your contempt for their ridicule. It has the further advantage of being in two languages, Latin or English, just as the reader chooses. Put up 'Quid rides' upon your carriage." As English the words speak for themselves, and "Quid" for the tobacco dealer is put and clever.

Head as Latin the two words put this interrogation, "Why do you laugh?"

**A Suggestive Sermon.**  
The Rev. Dr. Howard, chaplain to Princess Augusta, was so fond of good living that he ran into debt with many of the tradesmen in his parish. It was in their special interests that he one day preached from the text, "Have patience, and I will pay you all." He spoke at great length on the virtues of patience and then proceeded, "I now come to the second part of my discourse, which is, 'and I will pay you all,' but that I shall defer to a future occasion."—London Standard.

**Worse and More of It.**  
There is a story in connection with a certain paper which tells how it referred to two learned gentlemen as "bibulous old flies" instead of "bibulous philites."

Next morning the editor received a very wrathful protest. In his correction and apology, however, he said something about "the learned gentlemen are too fastidious." To the editor's horror the printer again distinguished himself, and the statement appeared. "The learned gentlemen are two fast idiots."

Bad handwriting once resulted in this sentence appearing in an American paper: "Mr. —, a noble old burglar, pointing round in a naked state, it should have read: 'Mr. —, a noble old burglar, proudly loving his native state.'"

His Thirteenth Birdman Dropped

By ALAN HINSDALE

John Ellison was of the third generation of an Irish revolutionist who after the suppression of the revolt in Ireland found it necessary to emigrate. John's grandfather came to America, married an American woman, and a daughter of his married William Ellison, an Englishman.

Johnny was sent over to England to be educated and came back very enthusiastic over the English people. The consequence was that when the great world's war broke out he went over to fight under the imperial British flag.

The only person toward whom John felt a real enmity was Elmer Treat, whose grandfather came from Germany. The two as youngsters had been chums; but, as luck would have it, they split on a girl, and, though neither felt sure he had gained the advantage over the other, the rivalry separated them. Whether or not it broke their friendship this story will tell.

Johnny thought he could serve the fatherland of his ancestors—he considered himself an American, and an American only—in the flying corps. He therefore went to London and after a course of instruction that fitted him to make a bird of himself was sent to the front for active duty. At first he was sent up into the air to locate the enemy's guns and signal their position, but after a year at that kind of service he was made a member of the fighting corps.

When Johnny left America for the war he did so partly because he had been refused by Alice Weatherby. This was the girl that he and Elmer Treat had split upon. Whether Treat had won where he had failed he did not know, but he felt very bitter toward his former friend, because he presumed that Treat had taken unfair advantage of him. But was there ever a rivalry wherein one party did not consider that the other had used unfair means? It is the girl who throws the apple of discord between them.

One day John Ellison went up to get his thirteenth aeroplane. He had brought down twelve and had been duly decorated by the government.

John set out about 10 o'clock of a spring morning. As he rose about the treetops he heard the birds singing below him and wondered if they were not jealous of the invasion of their element. On reaching the height he desired he started toward the enemy's lines. Far in the distance he saw either an aeroplane or a bird, but his practiced eye soon told him that it was the former. Nor was it long before the aeroplane appeared to be heading for John.

When the two came to within a mile of each other each seemed to realize that he was singled out for a fight. They circled about each other, either for observation or for position, neither appearing to care to come to quarters close enough for a fight. John, who was armed with a long range gun, sent a shot by way of opening the scrimmage, but it either fell short or went wild. His enemy did not seem ready for reply.

The combatants were not near enough to distinguish each other's faces, or if they were they were too much covered for them to do so. Presently the stranger suddenly veered from his course and, putting on all speed, made straight for his enemy's machine. John swerved, and the other passed him on the flank, both firing at the same time. Neither man was hurt, but the bodies of both aeroplanes received several bullets.

Now as they dashed past each other Johnny got a view of his enemy, much as he might see it by a flash of lightning. There was something about it that reminded him of his former friend and subsequent enemy who he had believed had acted unfairly with reference to Alice Weatherby. Nonsense! There were a thousand to one chances against his meeting Elmer Treat anywhere on terra firma in Europe and a million to one that he would not meet him a thousand feet up in the air. Nevertheless that brief glimpse he had got of the man in the other machine was marvelously suggestive of Elmer.

But Johnny was fighting for life and realized fully that all his faculties should be exercised in taking the life of the man who was bent on killing him. Besides, the fact that his enemy reminded him of the man he believed had injured him with the woman he loved did not tend to extinguish in him the madness of war. Taking advantage of a turn the other made, in which he exposed himself favorably for a shot, Johnny fired at him and saw him instantly collapse.

"Thank heaven!" said John. "I've passed my thirteenth!"

The enemy's aeroplane began to sink slowly in a spiral. John could not be sure whether or not the man in her had any control over her or not. Slowly she circled till she reached an open space in the rear of the British lines devoid of troops. John followed, struck the ground near him and, when he ceased to move, alighted and ran over to the other aeroplane.

He found Elmer Treat dead.

A retulsion came over John Ellison.

"Curse my thirteenth!" he cried bitterly. "I have killed my chum!"

Ellison asked to be transferred from the flying corps and later was wounded on terra firma. He was discharged and returned to America. But he did not marry Alice Weatherby.

HERREN MILLINERY PARLORS

MRS. L. G. HERREN, Proprietress

HATS, CORSETS and UTILITY GARMENTS HOUSE DRESSES for Women and Children.

Ladies attending the Fair are invited to make this store their headquarters.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

We compete with any first-class Tailoring House in Portland both in material and workmanship.

Order Your Suit Now

Our new Fall and Winter Stock has just arrived. Come in and make an early selection and get your choice.

Louis Pearson, Merchant Tailor

Main Street, Heppner, Oregon

The U. S. army shoe Made in exact accordance with Government specifications Unnecessary weight has been eliminated. This shoe will wear longer than if 50 per cent heavier

E. N. Gonty Shoe Store

Quality, Service & Sanitation

Our Fresh Meats are the best in the City. Our Extension Cooling Plant assures Fresh Sweet Meat at all times.

If you are eating our Hams and Bacon you know how good they are. If you are not we are both losing. Phone us your orders, we guarantee entire satisfaction.

City Meat & Cold Storage Co.

Johnson Bros., Props.

THE BRICK

McATEE & AIKEN, Props. ICE CREAM and CARD PARLORS.