



### A Galley o' Fun!

**NO COMPLICATIONS.**  
Spot.—What's the matter with the little snob?  
Tatters.—Oh, the doctors have got him scared into thinking there's something wrong with him, but he just has an ordinary case of fleabitis, that's all.

**THE CAT'S GONE.**  
Our cat has left home. Well, I'm glad of it. Let her go. I was sick of seeing her 'round. She was no good anyway.  
It all goes to prove, I say, that a cat isn't capable of affection. Some say that cats do have affection for people. Nonsense! Nothing in it. Cats merely love places.  
Why, just look at that cat of ours! There wasn't a thing that wasn't done for her. She had the best of everything. We fed her things right off the table. And I've got up nights to let her in. And what does she do? Runs away! No more cats for me, thank you!

Gone over to some of the neighbors, I suppose. They're welcome to her. Good riddance, and I hope they get enough of her. If she thinks she can come back here after they get sick of her she's mistaken. I guess they had something to do with her going, too. Likely they've been feeding her and toiling her away. Pretty business that is. Thank the Lord, I've got common decency enough not to steal my neighbors' cats and dogs! I'd sell and move out of this place to-morrow if I could get my price.

I'll seem kind of funny without a cat around. A cat certainly does keep nice away, even if she doesn't kill many. And they look comfortable-like, sitting 'round spitting on their hands and washing their faces. I ain't saying that Buff wasn't a good cat either, mind you. She was an uncommonly good tabby. Clear as a whistle. Everyone used to remark about her tidiness.

I've had loads of chances to get good money for her. I don't think I ever saw her climb up on the table since she was a kitten. And then she had the funniest look or her face—a kind of "middle-me-a-riddle" expression that was comical—wasn't it, though? I've laughed at it many a time. . . . Heigho! Queer, ain't it, how attached you can become to a dumb animal?

The baby will miss her. She was just getting so as to grab out at her and pull her tail. And do you know that good old Buff never would let out her claws, no matter what the baby did. You can't say that of many cats.  
I'd like to know who stole her. Why, certainly, they must have stolen her. She never would have two away. Before I'd steal my neighbor's cat, I'd—what's that? Why, she came to us one day. She looked to lean and peaked that we just had to take her in. She's been with us ever since, till now.

Well, she's gone, and what's gone is gone, and there's no use crying over spilt milk. But every time I think of her—  
What? What's that? Upstairs? Locked in a closet? Now, what do you think of that? Come here, Buff! Come Buff, come Buff! Poo-oo-oo little Buffy! Did they lock her up in the cubby? Did they so? Lock up the daintiest patsy in a dark closet!

Myrtle! Myrtle Jones! Here's Buff! Got any milk handy?  
Poo-oo-oo pussy! Pretty kitty!

### TOO SUDDEN.



The Slave has just been granted a month's vacation from the office; his wife is on a visit to her mother; the canary is dead; and now he doesn't know what to do with his freedom.

### FITTING.

"Did your nephew make a suitable marriage?"  
"Yes," replied the man who habitually thinks along erratic lines. "He has curly blond hair, and has never done anything more herculean than to pick flaws on a guitar, and—well, he married a female baseball player."

### THE FAVORITE.

Referee (in divorce case).—Whom do you prefer to live with, my child—your father or your mother?  
Child.—If you please, sir, whichever gets the automobile.

### PHILANTHROPY.

There were once two boys, James and John. James was impetuous. "I will refrain from taking what doesn't belong to me, first, last, and all the time," he declared, and so lived and died in obscurity.  
But John was vastly more crafty. "I will take whatever isn't nailed down, and then, in the fullness of my years, I will give it back!" quoth he, and became a philanthropist whose name filled the earth.

## MOLOCH AND KIPLING

By R. L. Orchelle

(Editor's Note.—Mr. R. L. Orchelle, the famous American author, who has been sojourning in London, is now traveling in Germany. We here print one of his virile articles sent from Berlin and published in "The Vital Issue." It is a view of the war generally endorsed by German-Americans, and is printed as presenting their side of the issue.)

Day after day I meet Germans of all degrees, from the simple workman to the highest official, diplomat or professor, and always am I amazed at the almost superhuman tolerance, magnanimity and understanding these marvelous people display towards their enemies, French, Russian, English. There appears to be almost no animosity against the two former, and even against England the resentment shown is comparatively mild. It is a mixture of sadness, surprise, perhaps honor and pain, rather than hate. The "Hymn of Hate" made famous by England, is depressed, and apart from a few post cards I have scarcely seen much less heard, that phrase which, as England forth contempt that lies at too cold and low a level to rise to the dignity of hate—England's meanness evokes disdain rather than rage.

Monstrous is the picture of the Germans which the English have created for themselves. It is one with the hideous imaginations of malformed and murky brains that flare up with hate on a moment, then are choked with lily fumes the next. On reading the English papers one asks oneself, half in horror, half in a sort of stupefied amazement, whether it is possible that human beings could accept as real the ghastly caricatures and impossible monsters they have made of other human beings? The belief of the Bushman in his grotesque chimera is no nothing compared to the belief of the Britisher in his Monster German. In the days of Napoleon the ignorant Britisher firmly believed that "Boney" ate women and children; in our days the educated Britisher believes as firmly that the Germans kill them. In the same way we must measure the profound debasement of a man capable of uttering such foul and murky words as those recently spoken by Rudyard Kipling—

"There are but two futures in the world today—human beings and German" (cheers)—by what they disclose of the speaker and not by what they preposterously declare. "We must continue to send our children through Moloch until Moloch perish." (cheers).  
How came this incredible German to take the root in the British brain? How was it possible to make sane men accept as real the crimson devil which British falsehood and slander painted in such horrid hues upon the firmament? From what wicked sorcery and poisonous fumes did this hideous flamboyant diabolism arise in the dull imagination of a withering and no longer virile race? That is a psychological puzzle for those whose minds can probe national mortality. But its mere existence is damning not only for the English—but for that petite nation of virulent and insane gamins, the French.

"The plummet swings constantly from one extreme of madness to another—from shrill jeers of contempt at the weakness and despair of German to frenzied screams of terror at her power and cold-bloodedness. As I have more than once pointed out, the mud-cemented, rotten-timbered House of Lies which the allies reared to shelter their so-called "Crusade," cracks, tortures and melts under the slow but elemental attack of Truth. Hence desperate, furious, imbecile attempts to prop it with further struts and backings of lies—like the Bryce report of German atrocities. The lies men believe accumulate to a mountain within their sight. And this mountain in the imagination of the real barbarian, becomes in time a mythical monster. That monster is Germany as seen by the feverish, war-maddened eyes of the French and English.

There is to be sure, one deep-lying psychological reason for this. The achievements, the victories, the colossal physical power and moral strength of Germany are for a peculiar process of perverted thought re-translated into evil attributes by the obsession in the brains of her enemies. In other words white is deliberately transformed into

black because one sees nothing but red. The inevitable results of modern war waged in the most scientific and energetic and intelligent way in the enemy's country are converted into black "atrocities" by her foes—who have not a single positive achievement to show. The conviction of this truth that must at times steal over such reason as is left in the lands of the allies, produces in turn that ill-balanced, impotent fury that finds no outlet save in coarse abuse, or brutality against the helpless, or in feeble efforts of slander that bespeak the illness of the nausaeus of a nation's soul.

When the inkly pall that hangs before the eyes of these nations shall be lifted and the clean cool wind of a sweet reasonableness blow once more over the hissing lava of their bewildered minds—the true character of the Germans, that grandest of all modern peoples—will emerge stainless, serene and strong. White will be white again, and black black. The damnable attempt to hold up the most cultivated, peaceful, kindly, industrious and law-abiding people in the world as Molochs and monsters merely because the same superior intelligence that displays in the pursuits of peace, guides them in the conduct of war, will collapse like a rank, uprooted weed.

The Germans kept the peace of Europe for 44 years—so they were accused of lusting and plotting for war.

They are the kindest, most humanitarian folk in existence—so they were described as blood-thirsty demons.

Their love of home and children is historical—so they were called destroyers of the one and murderers of the other.

There is no land that displays a deeper, more sentimental love for nationality, art and literature—so they were accused of destroying cathedrals and libraries.

Germany was the only land that had never waged war upon small nations for the purpose of aggression—so she was charged with a desire to dominate the world.

Germany has shown herself as one great inspired organism—she is therefore always described as a blind and ruthless "machine."

Germany furnishes to the world a model of justice, order, clean government and democratic efficiency—she is therefore aspersed as a harsh autocracy.

Today she stands unshaken upon the granite plinth of her righteous cause, calm, unshaken, magnanimous, in the face of her delirious enemies—she is therefore painted as "The Mad Dog of Europe."

But quite apart from conventional morality, there is an immortal tenacity in Truth. And because it is immortal it is terrible. This iron law is the everlasting Nemesis that hangs above the spires of falsehood and hypocrisy. Can they bind the cluster of the Pleiades or loosen the bands of Orion? Perhaps the latter quotation may come home with a peculiar light to the soul of Mr. Rudyard Kipling with his "Fair" for the libelists! Perhaps he will recall the sentiments of his "Recessional" and give us a new definition of hypocrisy! Perhaps he will not refrain from claiming a gift for true prophetic analysis when re-reading the warnings of his "Islanders"!

Perhaps he has not forgotten those days when he lay, ill in America with a fever from which he seems never to have entirely recovered, and Moloch inquired after his condition in hourly telegrams! One of the fatal signs of the darkness that has overtaken the English soul is the peculiar blight that seems to gnaw at the minds of her foremost thinkers and gifted men. Their tongues are dried and their brains ring as hollow as the vibrant leather of the receiving drum. For all this is the fatal, dreadful and inevitable result of the attempts to defend a cause begotten in iniquity, delivered in darkness and nursed upon lies.

I am sitting her in the clear German sunlight, amidst the rustling of the German linden and the song and laughter of healthy, beautiful German children playing in one of the splendid, flower-decked parks of this bright and peaceful Bavarian capital. All about me I feel as though it were an electric current, the gigantic throbbing of the heroic German heart, the masterly, deep, harmonious rhythm of this people's soul. A thousand evidences of their innate kindness blossom up before my eyes—the kindness to children, to dogs, to the aged, yes, to their very enemies, as I saw yesterday at Dohberitz with my own eyes. This deep solicitude for the poor or helpless, sparks from that wonderful and imperishable fire that towers to Heaven as love of Fatherland. Here are soldiers that fought in Belgium now playing with the children or lost in sentimental rhapsodies with their sweethearts. And he who

says these magnificent men were guilty of the horrible cruelties begotten in Belgian brains and sown broadcast by the Franco-British press, knows in his heart of hearts that he lies.

I have these newspapers in my hand—a German, a French and an English. The German is, like nearly all German newspapers, quiet, restrained, seemingly in its tone, a reflection of the true values of the gentleman, which this war has proved as residing more deeply in the German nation than in all others.

The second is the "Le Matin." It reads as though written by maniacs and men possessed of devils, the revelation of a people gone raving mad with the red lunacy of war. Its muddled print swarms with the mouth-missiles of the French—hysterical shrieks of "Les Boches"—ridiculous, impotent yells of "Les Barbares!"

But the darkest depths of brutality and malignity are reached with the English paper. Here, black upon white, in the pure sunlight pouring from these blue heavens, I read these words in the London Times of June 19. They occur in an article entitled "A Tour through the Trenches." "Yesterday one of our brave soldiers captured a German and plunged his bayonet into his body with the words: 'This is for the Lusitania!' Then, after a short pause, he transfixed him for the second time: 'And that's for myself.' No love is left between us and the enemy. Not long ago a German came toward us shouting: 'I am a Christian.' The answer was: 'Are you really a Christian! All right, we'll make an angel of you.' A bullet ended the life of a German scoundrel."

The seventh circle of hell has been reached. Without shame, without one sign of recognizing the enormity of its words, the leading English newspaper lays bare the English soul.

You are right, you proud and honorable Germans; there is no need to lie about your enemies. The inexorable law of things has brought it about that even in their blackest baseness they must inevitably reveal the truth about themselves.

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DO YOU FEEL HEADACHY?  
LOOK TO YOUR STOMACH  
\*\*\*\*\*

It is an unusual thing for a druggist to sell medicine under a guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure. Yet this is the way Daniel J. Fry, the popular druggist, is selling Mio-na, the standard dyspepsia remedy.

Never before has he had so large a number of customers tell him that a medicine has been successful as with Mio-na. People who a few months ago looked like walking skeletons have put on flesh and today are rosy and vigorous with perfect digestion and good health.

There is no longer any need for anyone suffering or making their friends suffer on account of dyspepsia. Mio-na can always be relied upon. The percentage of cures is so great that there is little risk to Daniel J. Fry in guaranteeing to return the money if the medicine does not relieve. And he stands ready to do so without any questions.

Headaches, all forms of indigestion, specks before the eyes, dizzy feeling, poor sleep, ringing in the ears and all forms of liver trouble are helped by Mio-na. A few days' treatment should show considerable gain in health while a complete cure often follows rapidly.

These days are the best in the whole year for the enjoyment of good health, and Mio-na will put you in such perfect condition that you can enjoy every minute of them.

### ROCKEFELLER INTERVIEWED

New York, Sept. 17.—The United Press copyright interview with John D. Rockefeller, Sr., regarding his position toward the allied loan proposal created an immediate sensation in financial circles. Mr. Rockefeller & Co. officials showed an eager interest in it and kept the United Press copy 15 minutes but refused to make any comment on it.

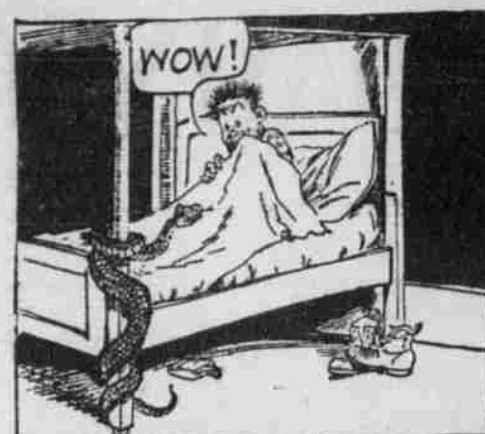
### Good Health To You

The first step is to help Nature improve the appetite and digestion; also keep the bowels regular. This suggests

### HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

## Did It Ever Happen to You?

By Mort Burger



### HAYESVILLE NEWS

(Capital Journal Special Service.)  
Hayesville, Ore., Sept. 18.—Mrs. N. R. Moon and grandson, Wayne, left Thursday a. m. for Willamook to visit relatives. They expect to be gone a couple of weeks.  
Misses Ann and Martha Deany will leave Saturday for Mill City, where they will teach school the coming year.  
Miss Lottie McAfee goes to Gervais where she will teach school begins next Monday, September 20.  
Programs are out for the Hayesville district Sunday school convention which meets at Riekey, September 26.

M. Halbert is making arrangements for an auto truck to take the Hayesville Sunday school.  
There will be preaching at the Hayesville church again next Sunday, September 19.  
Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Lawrence are moving to McMinnville this week to be with their daughter, who is music teacher in the McMinnville Baptist college.  
Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore Tyrell spent Sunday in Salem visiting friends.  
Florence Yoder is among the sick.  
Mrs. McGinnis, of Portland, is a guest at the home of L. T. Reynolds this week.  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown, of Riekey, visited relatives near on Sunday. John Settler has returned home after spending some time in eastern Oregon.  
Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Bailey spent Sunday at Willhoit Springs.  
Mr. Mooney and sister, Mrs. Jones, and son, are now residents of Hayesville. Mr. Mooney went to Washington to look after his property interests there.  
Philadelphia North American: The man who used to refuse to buy a horse that would not stand without hitching now absolutely declines to buy an automobile that is not self starting.

**IMPORTANT**

**Charlie Chaplin in Art**

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10 CENTS AT ALL NEWS-STANDS

**One Hundred**

**Shetland Ponies**

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