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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

THE FAIR IS OVER

The state fair ends tonight after one of the most successful meetings in its history. One of the most pleasing features was the splendid weather, cool, clear and dustless, due to light rains just before the fair and which proving beneficial for a little while led to the fear the week was to be a rainy one. While there is abundant cause for congratulation on the management and successes of the fair, there are several things that can be improved upon with little trouble which while of minor importance are still sufficient to cause annoyance. Of these the Capital Journal will have a few words to say later, but as a beginning it would suggest that the sale of peanuts and popcorn in the grand stand, while filling a long felt want for some, might be carried on successfully without some leather lunged person yelling his wares at the top of his voice which is generally considerably louder than the band.

Yesterday the house and senate conferees agreed on the terms of the $2,700,000 war tax bill increasing it by $250,000,000. This increase was made by added taxes on automobiles, amusements, transportation, patent medicines and cosmetics, restoration of one cent tax on bank checks, the special munitions manufacture tax of 16 per cent and a one cent increase on first class postage with an agreement for a graduated zone increase on second class mail rates. There is yet in conference the $8,000,000,000 urgent deficiency bill over which there is expected no debate. The soldiers and sailors insurance bill is lying in the senate committee and will most likely go over for the session. With these measures out of the way it is possible congress may soon reach an adjournment. It needs a rest---and so does the country.

The Oregonian intimates that Governor Withycombe has designs on succeeding himself as governor. If so he will find many who have no desire to see him win. Among these are one or two Portland gentlemen, the Hon. Gus Moser, for one, and here in Salem there are said to be one or two who will make the governor put the spurs to his political steed if he does not want to see the distance flag dropped on him. Other sections of the state also have candidates for the place, and it is quite probable Eastern Oregon will have a strong candidate or two. As a question of geography the great Inland Empire is entitled to almost anything it wants---and can get, in a political way. That section has had no state official, outside of a commissioner and school superintendent since Moody was governor. "Loretta" will have to go into active training soon if the governor expects to make a winning race.

The sentence of General Soukhomlinoff to prison for life causes an exchange to say the Russians are chary about using capital punishment. Perhaps, but the answer will be more definite when the personal enemies of Korniloff, who are to try him, having already condemned, return their verdict and fix the punishment. If Korniloff does not pay the death penalty then the Russian character, it can be asserted, has undergone a radical change.

Japanese visitors are getting a lesson in American hustling. The distinguished commission now at Washington was simply astounded at the magnitude of the preparations undertaken and the stupendous work already done. Kaiser Wilhelm has no doubt also learned something of this, though with him it is hearsay and not personal observation, and consequently he does not realize so well just what Americans are doing.

At Butte the exemption board reported about two-thirds of those drafted had failed to show up and only 315 could be sent to camp in response to orders. It is signifiicant that where strikers are most abundant, slackers predominate. One kind of treason naturally begets another.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers
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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

THE SECOND LIBERTY LOAN

Preparations are complete for the second golden offensive against kaiserism which smash starts Monday, when subscriptions for the second Liberty loan open. Three billions must be raised. Anticipating another oversubscription Secretary McAdoo has planned to raise the loan total to four billions if necessary, so as to take care of all subscriptions. It is to be a people's loan with bonds of $50 and up. These bonds pay four per cent interest and are to be paid in 1942, the government retaining the right to pay them by 1927. This loan pays half a cent higher interest than the first, and bonds may be converted into later issues at still higher interest rates if such are offered and the purchasers desire to make the change. Bonds can be bought on the installment plan with payments October 1, November 15, December 14 and January 13. The issue is exempted from taxes except inheritance, excess profits, war profits and income surtaxes. The first loan bonds were exempt from supertaxes, thus giving wealthy men an advantage over the small purchaser. This inequality is entirely eliminated in the new issue. In this connection it might be stated that Germany is just completing a bond issue sale which German papers claim is being taken rapidly, and it is up to Americans to show the kaiser and his dupes that the American backs his government for every dollar he is worth, and stands solidly behind the boys at the front so long as there is a dollar in cash or a place in the world where credit is good. Of course there will be still other bond issues, as some seventeen millions of dollars must be raised by next June and with the present issue taken, there will be still ten or twelve billions to be taken care of by that time.

It must be remembered though, that this money does not go out of the United States, but is all to be expended here at home. Even the money loaned the allies is to be spent here and will soon find its way back into circulation through the customary channels of trade. There will be a vast sum returned to the northwest for spruce lumber, and another great sum for ships built in the northwest, if the laborers do not prevent it. By the time the three or four billions are expended the money will be back in the hands of the people again and they will be abundantly able to subscribe for additional issues.

A dispatch to the Capital Journal late yesterday afternoon was to the effect that the strike in Portland was virtually settled. Union leaders made the statement and added that the men would get all their demands except the closed shop. It was also stated the strikers would all be back at work within a few days. It is hoped this is true but with the uncertainty shown in San Francisco and the refusal of the boilermakers union to even obey the rules of their organization, outsiders will believe the strike is over when work is resumed, not when labor simply promises it.

Colonel Roosevelt at a luncheon at Minneapolis yesterday, given by the Labor's Loyal Legion, made a short speech, but it was long enough for him to allude to La-Follette as "the most sinister enemy of democracy in the United States," and to liken Congressman Lundeen to a "lesser microbe." Of Senator Gronna he said he was one of LaFollette's "me-toos." It was a real pleasant party from the colonel's viewpoint, and he enjoyed himself "as much as could be expected under the circumstances."

Heflin having agreed to name 14 congressmen who have acted suspiciously can now add the fifteenth. Yesterday Congressman Norton of North Dakota wanted to discuss the house Rules committee's decision not to press investigation of Heflin's charges. Heflin objected and Norton went over to his desk and shook him tumbling him from his seat to the floor, a convincing argument.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

HOMESICK

There is no sickness more severe than that a fellow knows when far away from comrades dear, from good old friends and foes. A man may have the croup or mumps, the jaundice or the gout, and never know the doleful dumps, if he's a nervy scout. But courage will not brace him up, when, far removed from home, he yearns for book and chair and pup, and for his fine-tooth comb. I used to scrap with David Dose, my neighbor, every day, and thought that I'd enjoy repose when I had gone away. I built me then a little crib, among the mountains bare, and took my tucker and my bib, and spent the summer there. And how I longed no person knows, while I lived in that shack, to throw some bricks at Mr. Dose, and see him throw them back. Man longs for old familiar things when he abroad may roam; no new surrounding ever brings the joy he feels at home. Some neighbors envy me my cot beside a snow-capped hill, where there are never flies to swat, and heat waves do not kill. But when I'm there I huddle up before the glowing fire, and long to see my cat and pup, my book shelves and my lyre.

The Daily Novelette

THE INTRUDER.

Sanitt Terry pricked up his ears in horror. Could it be a fly that he heard? Yes, it could!—he saw it buzzing lonesomely around the lamp. Visions of typhoid fever, Mexican rash, flat foot, falling hair and arenes, and a thousand other ills transmitted by flies flashed through his brain.

"Henrietta! Children! To arms!" he cried, and a moment later Mrs. Terry and the two children, Semma Terry and Solla Terry, came dashing in with fly swatters. Sanitt Terry was already busy with his own swatter, and just as the others entered he knocked over the lamp, a $300 Tweezian china lamp, which shattered to bits.

Then the chase began in earnest. All in the first two minutes, Mrs. Terry destroyed a Pttravian vase, carved with figures of flying twillies, worth $400; Semma Terry crashed completely thru an oil painting of King Strudel, an original by Bloobens, valued at $2,300 and Solla Terry swatted beyond repair a $1,440 Japanese doll which four Swiss workmen had taken three years to make in Germany.

Half an hour later with the room a wreck, Mrs. Terry lying in one corner with a broken ankle and Solla Terry lying in one corner with a sprained knee, the fly escaped through an open window.

"Victory!" cried the Terry family, and gave three exhausted cheers.

And He Did

Make Trip Through Pass to Pendleton in 22 Hours

From Eugene to Pendleton in 22 hours is the time made by E. C. Simmons of Vick Brothers, and Mrs. Simmons in the latter's yellow Ford automobile. The trip was made through the McKenzie pass by way of Prineville, Mitchell and Heppner to Pendleton, a distance of 400 miles. Mr. and Mrs. Simmons returned Sunday from their trip which was made to take in the Round-up.

"We had a very interesting and not especially hard trip," Mr. Simmons said. "The roads really are not bad, excepting in the hilly country from Mitchell to Heppner. The McKenzie pass is a boulevard compared to the road there."

Mr. Simmons said that the round up was "simply grand." He believes that its success is partially due to its promptness. Every event came off at the minute scheduled. There were 30,000 people in attendance on Saturday, the last day.

Mr. and Mrs. Simmons returned on the train because of the press of business. Homer Rowling, who is visiting at Hood River, will drive their car back.—Eugene Guard.

Chancellor Michaelis in a recent speech before the reichstag said: "Who tries to come between the kaiser and his people bites granite." Possibly this is the reason the government recently enlisted 2,872 dentists. What ever it is the boys bite, whether granite or the kaiser's neck, Uncle Sam is seeing to it that their biters are in first-class shape.

Apparently Butte is the most disloyal city in the United States. Of the first contingent of the draft many failed to show up and of the second quota more than a score have deserted. The exemption board has started a hunt for the slackers and announces its determination to bring every one of them back for punishment.

The kaiser sneered at America for having no army. It is a safe bet he is not sneering at the American secret service which deciphers his codes faster than his trickey ones can make them, and also captures them when they are thought safely hidden. It is not contempt for this branch of the service that he feels, but possibly it is a feeling of rage.

German aviators are dropping notes in the American camp in France declaring the American force is too small to molest. Time will correct this; and when America gets ready for business these same airmen will find the American forces are too large to molest. As a matter of fact these same men will have to keep their little old flying machines in some cellar if they want to save them.

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Some have said, "Do you presume to say that you know more about me or my business than I do?"

The answer unhesitatingly is "yes." I can tell you after a consultation (which is based on definitely scientific principles) just what line of work, professional, mechanical or commercial you should undertake as a LIFE VOCATION.

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You would not of course, for while you are the owner of the stomach and are better acquainted with the conditions surrounding it, still the physician has made more of a detailed study of the matter and is therefore better qualified to give an opinion and effect a cure.

So, I have made a careful study of people and vocations and am in a better position to help you than you are to help yourself.

My office at Room 2, Salem Commercial Club, will be open for business from 9 a. m. to 7 p. m. My fee is small. You are invited to call.

JAMES M. HEADY,
Doctor of Vocations.

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

A LAST WEEK END VISIT

CHAPTER XVIII.

The last Sunday in September mother invited Elsie and Tom down to spend the week end with us. They were to go down Friday night and return with us on Monday morning. Bob was delighted.

"I'll wallop Tom Barton so he'll remember this time!" he declared as he swung his racket idly back and forth. He had had it restrung and was sure he could win again.

"I hope so, if it will please you." I returned. I like Tom, and was willing Bob should be amused with him. That was quite different from enjoying the society of the exotic Mrs. Root, or the psychological discussions he frequently held with John Kendall. Discussion which often brought the blushes to my cheeks, and compelled me to leave the room because of the nakedness of their descriptions; the—as Bob put it—'calling a spade a spade.'

"I do hope it will be nice weather," he next said. "It will be our last Sunday down there—that is at your father's. He told me they were going to close the house this week."

"Yes I know. Thoe always do immediately after labor day."

We were a gay party Friday afternoon when we left the house for our week end with mother. Tom insisted that we all go in his touring car, so Elsie and I sat in the tonneau with the golf sticks and tennis rackets, beside the other luggage. Tom drove, and as it was a lovely day the ride was most enjoyable.

It was only five o'clock when we arrived. Bob jumped out, and after greeting father and mother, called:

"Come on, Tom, time for a set before dark!" so swinging their rackets they rushed off.

"Didn't I tell you they were nothing but boys?" Elsie demanded.

"All men are more or less like children in many ways," mother smilingly returned, while I stood watching Bob hurry away from me, and my eyes filling at the thought that he had forgotten to kiss me.

"Come on, Elsie, let's freshen up before they get back!" I called, running up stairs ahead of her, so concealing my emotion.

Dinner was ready when they returned, and we had to wait while they bathed and dressed. I was disposed to scold a bit, but mother only laughed and said:

"Never mind making any apologies, just hurry along and get down as soon as you can. If the dinner isn't quite as hot as it should be you will know who is to blame."

"No wonder your husband looks so contented and happy, Mrs. Lawton. You certainly know how to make people comfortable — and feel comfortable, too."

"There is no use fussing over non-essentials, Elsie. What difference does it make if the roast is cold if our hearts are warm? The boys will be happier over their vacation if no one frets over their going out or being late for meals," and the mother never glanced at me I knew she was talking for my benefit.

"You're not a bit like your mother, are you, Margaret?" Elsie said musingly a few minutes afterward.

"Oh, I don't know, why?"

"She is so placid, nothing trivial seems to annoy her. I suppose if some great trouble came she would be like the rest of us, but she is so restful. Some women would be angry to get up a nice dinner and have it get cold waiting for those two men."

"You mean that I would?"

"No not exactly that! the dinner I mean. But you do fret over such foolish things, Margaret. You will surely make yourself most unhappy if you worry every time Bob is out of your sight."

I realized that Elsie had seen my tears, but was fortunately saved making any reply by a shout from Bob announcing they were ready and hungry as bears.

Dinner was very gay in spite of its being a bit cold. Bob and Tom made plans for every minute of our stay.

"If the rest of you would like to come over to the links I'll drive you over in the morning," Tom said. "Or if you do not care for that and would like a nice long ride, I'll get a chauffeur from the garage to drive you where you like"

"Unless the girls want to watch you play, I shall vote for the latter proposition," mother replied. "Father and I enjoy driving immensely, and don't often get a chance in such a car as yours, Mr. Barton."

"All right, tell me the time you will be ready and I'll send a man over with the car."

"Ten o'clock will suit me," and as we all acquiesed, it was settled.

We had a beautiful ride way down to the end of the island. We stopped for luncheon at a quaint little inn almost hidden from the road by vines and trees. We reached home just as the boys came in tired and happy from their day's sport.

The next day they were up at daybreak, and only came in again as dinner was ready. They had lunched at the club house. We started for home directly after dinner. I for one glad to get back where I could at least see something of Bob in the evening. At mother's he had been so tired he had gone to bed immediately after dinner both nights.