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GERMANY AND AUSTRIA ONLY.

Whether the drives in Macedonia and Palestine were due to the strategy of General Foch or not they were both made at the right time and have accomplished a good purpose. For some time both Bulgaria and Turkey have been negligible quantities so far as any aid they could send Germany and Austria is concerned, but they were a threat and a menace that could not be overlooked. With the Bulgarian army routed and in a panicky retreat for fifty miles the Bulgarian press suddenly making a unanimous demand for peace. The reason is plain, and that is they now see that they must stand alone and can expect no help from either of the big powers with which they are associated. With the allies driving their army back in hopeless retreat they can foresee what the end is to be, especially after being told by Germany that she could not help them, and suggesting that the Turks send them a few divisions instead. With the Turkish armies practically annihilated in Palestine and unable to help themselves the outlook for aid from that nation is far from encouraging to the Bulgarian leaders. Besides there is a quarrel on between the two countries which is almost an open rupture. Germany while proposing peace without annexations or indemnities, of her own motion annexed a part of Rumania's territory, the Dobruja, to Bulgaria. Turkey at once demanded that a section of her territory given to Bulgaria after the Balkan war be returned to her as an offset to the gift made Bulgaria. This Bulgaria would not stand for, hence the present coolness between these hired assistants of the central powers. However the smashing of the armies of both by the allies leaves them in such shape they cannot even attack each other, let alone help their employers. While both will have to be watched, their power is broken and the fight is now one between the allies on the one side and Germany and Austria-Hungary on the other. The Russian situation is now the only thing the allies have to consider outside of the two leading central powers, and Russia is in such shape that while the allies can expect little help from that source other than such as Siberia may give, Germany can expect but little from her either. The reign of terror manipulated by the Lenine-Trotsky regime will get Germany nowhere, for while it inspires terror it also awakens resistance, that bodes no good for those who are now terrorizing the larger cities of that country. It is a straight fight from this on.

AND THEIR WIVES WORK.

The most amusing thing at the fair is the poultry show. Not that it is a joke by any means, for it is an exhibit of which any state might well feel proud, but the amusing part is the swelled up arrogance of the roosters shown along with the working members of the harem, the hens. The latter are demure and quiet attending strictly to business, taking their food and sipping the water from the cups, just as though they were at home. On the other hand each and every rooster seems to think he is the cock of the walk, and he advertises this idea on every occasion. To see them throw their heads back and give their clarion calls, it is plain they would convey the idea that they were responsible for the country's egg output, instead of being just the ornamental heads of the families. When they crow it is entirely camouflage, but when the biddies get off the nest and advertise the fact briefly with a song of their own, it can be depended on that there are substantial results. The slackers are all males.

Washington's enrollment for the selective draft was 21 per cent greater than the estimates. Oregon for once takes second place, but then the winner used to be part of Oregon and has not entirely forgotten the Oregon methods.

It is stated a Russian soldier fired twice at Trotsky recently and missed both times. This is an unanswerable argument in favor of training every boy in the use of a gun.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers
are receiving subscriptions now for the

4th LIBERTY BONDS

"WHICH WILL WE SAVE?"

Salem's quota in the Fourth Liberty loan drive is \$1,057,896. Of this sum about half, or \$512,300 had been secured up to 1 o'clock Monday afternoon. This is the result of less than three days work and shows how industrious the energetic army of workers under General Steiner has been. However, the cream has been skimmed from the pan, and if the full amount is to be raised it will require not only still harder work on the part of the workers, but a digging still deeper by those who have already responded. It must not be overlooked that the sending of an army large enough to overwhelm the enemy is a necessity if we are to conserve the lives of our boys already on the front. Undoubtedly they could in time beat the hordes of the kaiser without the vast extra army, but it would be at the expense of hundreds of thousands of lives that can be saved by sending an army in such numbers that resistance becomes hopeless. This puts the matter up to us: "Which will we save? Our boys our our dollars?" To send an army of four million across the ocean will require a tremendous sum, but that sum must be spent if we are to win the war with the least loss of life possible. Every dollar subscribed helps to save the lives of our boys, and with this as the alternative who is there that is going to stop putting up short of the last dollar he or she can dig? Solem has responded splendidly but it must do still better if it is to have the proud distinction of having done its full share toward helping win the war and conserving the lives of American boys.

The 57th annual state fair opened its gates yesterday on what gives promise of being one of the most successful meetings. The race program is good, some fine animals being entered for them, and the stock exhibit was never excelled in the history of the event. The judging is well under way and the parade will be well worth going far to see. The pavilion exhibits are of the very best and the horticultural department a bower of beauty that justly attracts crowds and pleases as well as attracts. Wednesday Salem day and of course will be the big day of the fair unless the Portland day, Thursday, outclasses it. As the Elks also have that day as at least partly their own, Salem will have to get a move on if it carries away the honors for attendance this year. The Elks have a way of doing things that sets the pace so fast that competition is left helpless. That this will be the case this year is assured since that is the habit of the big antlered herd.

The governor evidently believes Joe Keller is a pretty good man. Perhaps he is, but since he makes the parole scandal at the prison an issue between himself and Warden Murphy, and as the latter is generally looked upon as being a square man, it behooves the governor to see that an investigation that investigates is made. If it demonstrates that Keller is as good a man as the governor thinks he is, it will be to the governor's credit for having stood by him. However, to back Keller he has to turn against Murphy, his appointee, for both cannot be right. In view of the fact that the governor is wrong whenever he has half a chance at being so, the outlook for Warden Murphy in case of an investigation is far from gloomy.

According to the recent strategy developed by Foch the next drive should be in Italy and against the Austrians. If so successful a smash can be made as that in Bulgaria, or that annihilating drive in Turkey, it will be Germany alone that will have to stand the brunt of the war from now on.

Portland is not satisfied with the showing being made in the Liberty loan. The statement Saturday was to the effect that with 60 per cent of the territory canvassed but about six millions had been pledged while the quota is around nineteen millions.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

CLOSER TOGETHER.

Since our dads died at Valley Forge, before they'd be submittin' to that old bonehead German George who then was ruling Britain, a sort of coldness has obtained between two mighty nations; our bonds of friendship all were strained, though we were blood relations. It took another German king (with soul for war expanding) between these mighty realms to bring the perfect understanding. Our banner floats o'er English domes, the common foe defying; and over countless Yankee homes the British flag is flying. The soreness that one time we knew the German kultur smothered; our friendship's sealed with blood, and true, and we are close as brothers. We sing with them, "God save the King," and raise our glad kyoodle; and they will make the rafters ring with good old "Yankee Doodle." Britannia rules the waves, you bet, and o'er that heaving ocean, we stretch our hands, already yet, with brotherly emotion. When Kaiser Bill has quit the fray, brought down by stress of weather, he'll look at Brit and Yank and say, "I brought the two together!" And that will be the sourest pill, the sickest dose of bitters, that e'er went down old Kaiser Bill or other kingly critters!

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER XL.

Brian and Mollie danced well together. Ruth admitted it when Mrs. Curtis called it to her attention. She also admitted—to herself—that they were enjoying themselves extremely.

She tried to be sensible and not feel hurt and a trifle jealous. Mollie King was an old friend of Brian's, and she must not make him feel that she was narrow about such things. But when their laugh frequently hung out, and Brian insisted upon their having the second dance, one that had been a particular favorite of Mollie's before, Ruth knew him, she couldn't help herself.

Ruth danced once with Brian. She danced well, and usually loved to dance with Brian. But he had been so taken up with Mollie that he spent the time relating some of her bright sayings; which naturally annoyed Ruth, in the frame of mind she was in.

It was midnight when Ruth proposed they go home. For some time Claudio had again monopolized her. And, among other things, he had told her of what a "gay dog" Brian had been before he was married, and how "the village" had missed him.

"You should have taken apartments down town, then you would become acquainted with his old friends," he told her.

Ruth did not tell him she had no desire to know them if they were like him, yet she wanted to. Instead, she then proposed leaving.

Mrs. Curtis accompanied her and Mollie King to the guest room while they donned their wraps.

"What a lovely gown, Mrs. Hackett," she said, "may I ask you is your dressmaker?"

"Lorraine made this. In fact she made nearly all my trousseau. I have needed no one since."

Ruth could not help but notice the look on Mrs. Curtis' face when she mentioned the fact that "Lorraine" had made her gown. Mollie King also glanced at her in a peculiar manner.

"She is horribly expensive, isn't she?" Mrs. Curtis asked. "I have never dared inquire her prices. I know well enough I couldn't afford her, at the Mr. Curtis is doing remarkably well."

"I don't know if she is so expensive," Ruth answered. She had not failed to understand that in some way Mrs. Curtis was hitting her when she had spoken of Mr. Curtis as doing "remarkably well." I know—very little about New York dressmakers. Aunt always had Lorraine make her clothes, and after I grew up, she made mine. I never knew what they cost."

"I'll bet that one you have on, cost a lot. It is exquisite."

"Oh, I happen to know what this one cost. Aunt had it sent down on approval. Lorraine sometimes did that when she got something she thought we would like."

"Would you think me dreadful if I asked you how much it was? I would like her to make me something if she isn't too expensive."

"Oh, not at all! Aunt paid \$200 for this."

Ruth heard a little gasp from Mollie, and Mrs. Curtis frankly said: "That's beyond me. I thought I shouldn't be able to afford her prices."

Ruth felt horribly embarrassed. She had no idea that Mrs. Curtis—and perhaps Mollie King thought she was too extravagant with Brian's money. They had known him a long time, and were fond of him. They both knew she worked in the shop, but of course they knew she could not buy herself expensive clothes yet. She mustn't let them be sorry for Brian because of her.

"You see, I haven't had a new gown since I have been married," she explained rather diffidently, yet with a disarming smile. "Aunt Louisa is very generous and she bought me such an elaborate trousseau that I expect it will last me the rest of my life. Brian—Mr. Hackett has no idea yet what it costs to dress a wife. And won't have for some time to come. We go out so little that I was thinking only tonight that my evening dresses would be out of style before I had had any wear out of them."

Ruth had flushed while making this long explanation. It was so foreign to her, her bringing up, to discuss the cost of her clothes, that she had rambled on, saying more than was necessary. She realized this and it added to her embarrassment.

"You are an interior decorator, aren't you?" Mollie broke in to her relief. How interesting it must be. "Yes, I enjoy it very much."

"Isn't it wonderful that Brian doesn't object?" Mrs. Curtis asked, turning to Mollie.

"Quite wonderful," Mollie replied, but a peculiar look had crossed her face at the question. A look that puzzled Ruth. What could it mean? Had Brian made a confidant of Mollie King when he dined with her? It didn't seem possible and—yet.

On the way home Ruth said to Brian: "Did you say anything to Miss King about my being in the shop—that you objected to it?"

"Perhaps—you don't suppose I want them to think I can't support you, do you?"

Tomorrow—Mr. Mandel sees the new apartment before Brian.)

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21, and it attending school in Portland, spent Saturday and Sunday with home folks.

Mrs. Lewis Sawyer and son Donald of Silverton, spent the week end with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beer.

Mrs. R. C. Jefferson who has visited two months with her parents returned to her home Sunday.

Word was received from Andrew Russ that he was now at Camp Enlist, Va., and he says army life agrees with him, he having been called two months ago and weighed 150 and now tips the beam at 172.

Isaac Stevens spent the week with his daughter, Mrs. E. T. Bateson.

Mrs. J. E. La Croy of Estacada is spending the week at the Thos. Bump home.

John Schmeberk is busy cutting corn in the silos, the corn is excellent this year.

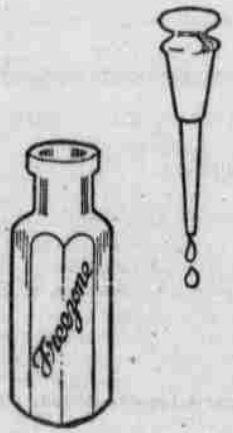
LOST MEN LOCATED

Arcadia, Fla., Sept. 24—Lieutenant Walter Smith, Davenport, Iowa, and Sergeant Thomas O'Connor, Rochester, N. Y., aviators from Dorr field, reported lost in the everglades, have reached Naples, Fla., according to advices received here. The two airmen left Dorr field early Thursday for a cross country flight. They were forced to descend in the everglades.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

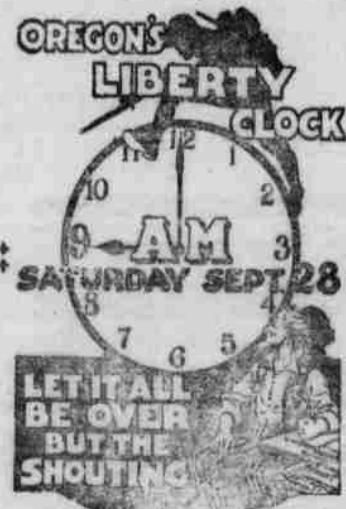
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