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SWEEPING INCREASES

Washington, Aug. 23.—Here are the chief features of the \$8,000,000,000 revenue bill, now nearing completion, which will not be materially changed:

Incomes from \$5,000 to \$50,000 must pay from three to seven per cent. Those above \$50,000 pay a surtax of seventy-five per cent.

Inheritances must pay a tax of from six to thirty-five per cent as the estates range from \$50,000 to \$10,000,000. Those above \$10,000,000 must pay forty per cent. This tax is payable on all insurance policies above \$40,000.

Luxuries and near necessities are taxed from ten to twenty per cent.

Automobiles must pay a tax of from \$10 to \$50 as the horse-power ranges twenty-three to more than forty.

Gasoline is taxed two cents per gallon.

Motor boats must pay a tax of \$10. Pleasure yachts are taxed \$1 a foot up to fifty feet, and \$2 a foot when more than 100 feet long.

Existing low rates on tobacco, cigars and cigarettes are doubled.

Cigars must pay all the way from \$2 to \$30 a thousand, according to retail price.

The existing ten per cent tax on all amusement admissions is doubled. Theatres and entertainment halls must pay a largely increased license fee.

A manufacturers' tax of ten per cent is imposed on soft drinks and a levy of two cents at soda fountains for each drink costing ten cents.

Near beer and all fermented beverages containing less than one-half of one per cent alcohol are taxed ten cents a gallon, instead of one cent under the present law.

The tax on firearms is twenty-five per cent, and 100 per cent on brass knuckles and bowie knives.

A ten per cent stamp tax is levied on all proprietary medicines.

Cosmetics, perfumes and virtually all toilet articles must pay one per cent in taxes for each ten cents of value.

A maximum rate of eighty per cent will be imposed on all war profits.

The tax on excess profits is fixed at from ten to sixty per cent.

It is expected the tax rate on all liquors will be doubled, although no action has been taken on that schedule of the bill.

NOTICE.

The members of the Ned Meriwether Camp No. 241 United Confederate Veterans, are notified that a meeting of the camp will be held at the office of the Adjutant of the Camp at 10 o'clock a. m., on Saturday, August 31st, 1918, at which time business of importance will be transacted, including election of delegates to the Annual Reunion of the Confederate Veterans to be held at Tulsa, Okla., on Sept. 24 to 27, inclusive.

HUNTER WOOD, Sr., Adjutant.
W. P. WINFREE, Commander.

SWEDEN'S POPULATION.

(By Associated Press.)

Stockholm, Aug. 23.—Sweden's population at the end of 1917 was 5,800,847, according to figures just made public. The increase over 1916 was 43,281, which is greater than in any year since 1910. Preliminary figures indicate the highest marriage rate since 1907, but the birthrate—26.84—and the death rate—13.35—were the lowest ever recorded in Sweden.

FOX AS MASCOT.

(By Associated Press.)

Paris, Aug. 23.—A transportation unit of the United States Aviation service has adopted as a mascot a fox presented to the unit by a French pilot at Chateau Thierry. Sergeant A. W. Berger, of New York City, has taken charge of the fox.

The Double Scoop

By IMES MACDONALD

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Alicia Randall was twenty-seven. She had gone through many stages of development since her twentieth year. One of the most charming debutantes in her set, her popularity remained undimmed as new debutantes came dancing after her. She had survived a violent love affair attached to a spectacular engagement with a man who had been unworthy, and she had also survived the sorrows of its ending and the offensiveness of its publicity. Soon afterward she had experienced the death of her father, who was dear to her, and the following financial crash which left her to her own devices for making a living. And she had made her living very creditably, indeed, as the city editor of a certain metropolitan daily can testify, for within a few short years she had advanced from sub-editor to the editorship of the woman's page, which position she adorned when Webster Rhodes joined the staff.

It is to be regretted that when this young man first came under her critical eye, Alicia Randall sniffed a very superior sniff. She was at that point in feminine life where she looked upon all men under ninety-two with suspicion—and upon those under thirty with scorn. She placed Web Rhodes at twenty-five, when in fact, he was nearly thirty, and mentally filed him away as a harmless impertinence, a mere boy. But Web Rhodes refused to stay filed. He sensed her attitude at once and laughed at her, and one morning he thrust his head in her office door and shouted disrespectfully, "Hello, Auntie! How's life?"

And in the days and weeks that followed he cheerfully rumbled up her



Puzzled Alicia.

dignity and tossed it into the ash-can of neglect, once entering her sanctuary to place a kiss with much gallantry on the back of her outraged hair.

"How can you be such an impertinent kid?" she demanded angrily.

"You're lucky, young woman," he grinned. "The next time I'm planning to kiss you right on the nose. Now what do you think about that?"

Whereat she laughed. How could she help it? It was impossible to stay angry at the ridiculous boy. However, she avoided him as much as possible, for he took the most startling liberties with such an ingenuous charm that it was most disconcerting to the reserved Miss Randall, although she knew it was just the overwhelming exuberance of the spirit of his youth.

No one could look into his clean, fine eyes without liking him instantly, and, in spite of herself, she could not resent his freedom as much as she felt that she should, for you see, Alicia was a girl-woman, after all.

The first realization of her own attitude toward Web came on a day when she lunched with Amy Barlow, a girl of the old social whirl in which Alicia Randall had once moved. The luncheon was by appointment at Miss Barlow's request, and its purpose was soon evident.

"There's a very interesting young man on your paper named Webster Rhodes," began the stunning Miss Barlow. "Do you know him?"

Though surprised, Alicia admitted that she did.

"What I want to know is this," smiled the irresistible Amy, "is he vulnerable?"

"I don't understand," spurred the puzzled Alicia.

"The point is this," explained Amy: "The election is but two months away, as you know. Father has gone to extreme lengths to make sure of the election of certain candidates. This Mr. Rhodes has something on father, which if published, would not only overturn his plans but probably involve him in the most disgraceful political scandal that this town's ever known. Mr. Rhodes has been 'approached' without success, and father has put it up to me. She arched her perfect brows with amused confidence in her own powers of persuasion.

Alicia was stumped. "You—you mean to—make him fall in love with you?" she asked.

"Not only that," confided the charming Miss Barlow, "but I would even marry him if necessary. Father says he's rather a splendid chap."

"And you want me to introduce you, is that it?" murmured Alicia.

"Exactly," laughed Miss Barlow. So it was that within two weeks the entire staff was "on," and when Rhodes entered the editorial office he would be greeted with cheers and loud laughter. "And how," someone would ask solicitously, "is the charming heiress resting today?" or "Love me, Webbie, and the world is yours!" or "Noah, old rooster hold out for a stiff doury— and don't forget your honest debts, boy," or "Webbie, dear, marriage is a hard life."

But Webster Rhodes only grinned good naturedly and went on his way—usually with the fascinating Miss Barlow. She phoned him, she noted him, she called for him in her racing car. They drove together, lunched together, and he was entertained at the Barlow mansion whenever it was possible for him to be there.

Week after week of this followed, and Alicia stuck to her job with defiant eyes and tight-pressed lips. Whenever she saw Rhodes she seemed just the same as always, but she seldom saw him now. He was ambitious—she knew that. Money, social position, a beautiful wife—all these things had been held out to him and he had fallen for them!

The election drew nearer and nearer, till it was but five days off—then four. The tension was growing every hour. It drew her back to her desk that night after dinner on the pretense of a press of work, but she did nothing but sit there and wait—she knew not for what. Eight o'clock came—nine—she opened her door and looked out into the big editorial room. She saw Rhodes enter, and noted that he looked tired and unkempt. The city editor leaped up at the sight of Rhodes and went forward to meet him. They talked earnestly for a moment; as they walked over to Rhodes' desk. The city editor was jubilant about something for, as Web slumped down into his chair, his boss slammed him on the back and laughed encouragingly before turning back to his own work, while Web himself sprawled before his desk and put a fresh roll of copy paper into his machine.

Puzzled, Alicia shut her door and waited another hour, then looked out again where Webster Rhodes sat alternately glowering at his copy and writing in spasmodic spurts of energy. Finally he glanced up and saw her standing there. He beckoned and she crossed the room to stand by his side.

"Stick around a while longer, Alicia," he grinned up at her, "if you want to see the fun."

That was all. He did not look at her again but went driving along at his story. And Alicia "stuck around" till one o'clock in the morning, when Webster Rhodes finished his work with a sigh and sought her where she sat with her head in her arms on her desk.

She jumped nervously as she heard the door shut behind him. The drone of the heavy presses that jarred the building had almost lulled her to sleep. "Look," he said, spreading a damp copy of the morning edition before her. And there across the front page was his scoop story of the Barlow election scandal. He had just that moment finished his follow-up story which would be printed in a later edition. In getting together his material and in making his investigations he hadn't slept for two days, and Alicia looked up into his tired eyes contritely.

"I thought you had—had fallen for Amy Barlow—and her—her scheme," she murmured.

"Who? Me? Not on your life!" he said, picking up her hat and jamming it down over her pretty nose. "Come on, let's eat, I'm hungry!"

A tear slid down from one of Alicia's downcast eyes.

"And when I'm hungry," he chuckled, as he gathered her into his arms, "I always want my dessert first. Two scoops in one day is not so bad," he added, after the editor of the Woman's Page had been efficiently although not sufficiently kissed.

Impressionistic.

The artist took his brush, dipped it in a bucket of paint and wiped it across the surface of the canvas several times horizontally. When he had done this he took the result of labor in hand and carefully placed it in an elaborate frame.

"What's the idea?" his boon companion inquired.

"Impressionistic study."

"Do you mean to tell me that is a finished painting?"

"Certainly."

"What are you going to call it?"

"A village street from the rear seat of a motorcycle."

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