

**EVENING CAPITAL NEWS**

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**For What Did We Fight?**

IF PRESIDENT WILSON had said to the people of the United States: "Folks, we want you to send your boys to be shot at in France and Belgium; we want you to buy W. S. S. and liberty bonds and conserve food and for a time practically suspend your business and professional life"—

**IN ORDER TO ESTABLISH A LEAGUE OF NATIONS—**

The people of the United States would have said: "NO!" It was not to establish a league of nations that we of Idaho or the people of any other state supported the war.

**THE OBJECT WAS TO WHIP THE HUN.**

That being accomplished, the next thing should have been to present peace terms for the Hun to sign.

The war won and then—the Paris conference.

It has been frittering away valuable time and nothing has been put up to the Hun yet. Instead, the members of the conference HAVE ATTEMPTED TO FIX UP PEACE TERMS FOR ALL OTHER NATIONS EXCEPTING GERMANY.

Meantime, opportunity has been afforded to start a new world conflagration—all because the first business of peace was neglected.

The league of nations could have waited the signature of Germany to peace terms. But it has been made the main consideration.

There is a prospect of failure of the conference and a renewal of warfare—a prospect of Germany, given time to go through the camouflage of reorganization morally, refusing any peace terms.

It is a fine mess into which these idealists are projecting us.

**Why Buy Victory Bonds?**

BECAUSE OUR COUNTRY ASKS IT OF US.  
BECAUSE GOOD CITIZENSHIP DEMANDS IT.

BECAUSE MANLY SELF-RESPECT DEMANDS IT.

BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST INVESTMENT WE CAN MAKE.

BECAUSE IT PROMOTES THE HABIT OF THRIFT.

BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST INSURANCE AGAINST MISFORTUNE OR OLD AGE.

BECAUSE THE NATION SHOULD OWE ONLY ITS OWN CITIZENS.

BECAUSE IT SHOULD NOT OWE ONLY ONE CLASS OF ITS CITIZENS.

BECAUSE IT IS AN IMPRESSIVE DEMONSTRATION OF THE UNITY OF AMERICANS.

BECAUSE IT SHOWS THE INDIVIDUAL PROSPERITY ENGENDERED BY FREE INSTITUTIONS.

BECAUSE, IN FINE, IT IS A DUTY WHICH WE OWE TO OUR COUNTRY AND OURSELVES, WHOSE PROMPT DISCHARGE IS DEMANDED BY AND IS EVIDENCE OF THAT LOYAL PATRIOTIC DEVOTION WHICH IS THE PRECIOUS HERITAGE OF A FREE PEOPLE, AND IS TODAY THE BEST ASSURANCE OF THE PROSPERITY AND HAPPINESS NOT ONLY OF AMERICA, BUT OF MANKIND, AND OF THE PERMANENCE ON EARTH OF CIVILIZATION.

**PUTTING IN THE PUNCH.**

By PEPE.

THE Italian organs are making monkeys of themselves.

BURLESON blames everybody who does not agree with him for his unpopularity. That makes him the most unpopular man in the nation.

IF Mexico refuses to get on speaking terms with the Monroe doctrine, well, we still have some of those little talking machines we used in France.

OR IS Mexico waiting for our money to talk to it?

PORTLAND police debarred from forming a union. But it's all right for them to club together.

FORMER crown prince broke wrist; can't write memoirs. Have to dictate them. Don't worry, princey, no one ever heard of a Hohenzollern losing his voice.

FILIPINOS to be given their freedom. If it's the same kind of freedom we have in this country they are sure to try to push it back on us as damaged goods.

IT IS announced that "Trotsky has ordered his navy to sea to fight." A navy might, of course, go to sea for some other purpose, to fish, for example.

IF you want everybody to agree with you, knock yourself.

BETWEEN the printer and the proofreader it was announced that an actress died recently "a victim of influence."

**A LOAN FOR VICTORY**

(New York World.)

The last of the loans of the United States on account of the great war will be limited to \$4,500,000,000, which is less than had been expected and materially below the huge borrowing of the fourth liberty issue. It will command 4 1/2 per cent interest with partial tax exemption and 3 1/2 per cent with total tax exemption, which are the most attractive rates yet offered by the government. It will run only four years, which adds to its novelty among the great war loans.

There are those who shake their heads dubiously over the success of this undertaking because it will lack the driving power of a nation thoroughly aroused to the peril of its armies in the face of a mighty enemy. But this loan is still a sentimental proposition in spite of the fact that the country is no longer in suspense as to the outcome of the war.

It is a victory loan. It appeals to the sentiment of victory in a war to preserve and extend American liberty, as the other loans appealed to the national determination that liberty should not perish but should be carried to victory. The war is won. The victory is decisive. The soldiers and sailors of the republic returning home appeal powerfully for support in the final financial effort to clinch their mighty achievement. Gratitude for what they have done, thankfulness for a great decision so speedily concluded—does anybody suppose the American people are dead to such sentiments as these?

The loan will not only succeed as a sentimental proposition. It will succeed as a business proposition. Its early maturity should attract the small buyer as shortly offering chances of new bargaining with the government. Its rate of interest is probably the best that can be had from the United States government within the next generation. Its security is as good as that of the liberty loans and the best in the world, and improving right along in the comparison as the other belligerent nations count up their much vaster liabilities from the war. The country faces a period of great prosperity. Its solid money volume is the largest of any nation and the largest ever known, and the circulation of this money volume was never more rapid among all classes of industry.

The loan will succeed because it must succeed. The honor, the prestige and the financial stability of the country are all at stake.

**WE HAVE WITH US THIS EVENING.**

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the lady of a tramp at her rear door. "Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?"  
"Madam, not to evade your question, but merely to obtain information, may I ask what practical utility moss is to a man of my condition?"

A year ago a manufacturer engaged a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the work he was doing. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.  
"Want me pay raised."  
"What are you getting?"  
"Ten shilling a week."  
"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"  
"Fifteen shillings."  
"You think so, do you?"  
"Yes, sir; an' I've been thinkin' so for three weeks, but I've been so blamed busy I ain't had time to speak to you about it."  
The boy got the raise.

**RIPPLING RHYMES.**

FISH

By Walt Mason. Copyrighted.

The fish again are in the brook, from distant waters faring; and I must take a line and hook, and catch a cod or herring. When spring arrives I always feel an idiotic longing to go abroad with rod and reel, where other sports are thronging. My wife remarks, "To streamlet's shore I beg that you won't beat it; go, buy canned salmon at the store, and stay at home and eat it. You're always grouchy as a bear when you come home from angling; the way you cave around and swear sets all my nerves a-jangling." I know she's right; the fishing game I ought to call a halt on; I'll never duplicate the fame of good old Isaac Walton. 'Twere better far to plant some spuds or prune the growing carrot, or gather up my winter duds, and store them in the garret. And yet the mighty urge I feel would make the dearest swab stir; I'll have to try to catch an eel, a dolphin or a lobster. I ought to trim that stately tree, whose life is plainly falling; but oh, the brook is calling me, and I must catch a grayling. I ought to grind the reaping hook, and toil like thrifty brothers; but there are suckers in the brook, and wall-eyed pike and others. So I'll forsake the growing greens, and leave the rhybarb dying, and go and catch some canned sardines, or break a fish-pole trying.

**My HEART and My HUSBAND**

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

What Madge Did to Save Lillian from Worry.

WHAT absolute idiocy, Lillian! I made the protest far more emphatic than my own feelings upon the subject of the mystery of Robert Savarin's collapse at Lillian's feet at the very moment of his return from France. There was a substratum of horror-stricken uneasiness in my own mind as to the very question Lillian had voiced, but it was no part of my plan to let her guess my doubt.  
"But, Madge!" A faint color was creeping into her face, whether from excitement or the effects of the hot draught she had swallowed. "Didn't you hear him say, 'I have come to tell you that I have'—? That must mean 'I have finished what I had to do,' or 'I have found him.' Don't you think so?"  
"Why not, 'I have failed'?" I answered quietly, smatching at the first thought which came to me, although in reality I feared that her interpretation of Robert Savarin's unfinished sentence was far more apt to be correct than mine.  
"Oh, my dear! Do you really think so?"  
No question about the color in her face now. And her tired eyes brightened almost unbelievably. But they darkened again in another moment, and the shadow crept over her face again.

don't know what moment Robert will need you."  
She obeyed me as a little child would have done, and for a half-hour I sat by her, motionless save for the returning pressure I gave from time to time to the hands clinging to mine.  
She spoke but once, and I had to bend my ear to catch the murmured words.  
"Robert—Harry," she whispered mournfully, and I knew that her torrid problem the artist's unexpected return had brought to her.  
"Mrs. Cosgrove arrives."  
But at last she slept, and I resolved that nothing save an imperative call to the sick room should be allowed to disturb her. Opening a window to the city ever possesses, and reassuring myself that she was warmly covered, I went softly out of the room, shutting noiselessly behind me the heavy doors which insured quiet for Lillian at her work.  
Then I went swiftly below stairs, cautioning Betty about the sleeper, receiving an angry toss of the head for my pains.  
"If she ain't disturbed till I do it, she'll sleep all right," she muttered, and room. Where Marion, adorable sprite that she is, was just stretching her sleepy little self and beginning to wonder where her mother was.  
She listened gravely and quietly while I explained that her mother was asleep after watching by "Uncle Robert" and must not be disturbed. By great good luck we had been able to keep from the child the night before all details of the arrival of her beloved "Uncle Robert" except that he had come back very ill, promised seriously.  
"Then I'll tell you something nice," I returned. "Your Auntie Cosgrove is coming this morning."  
"Oh, good!" she exclaimed, jumping up. The next moment her expressive face shadowed.  
"But I mustn't bother her, for she'll feel so bad over Uncle Robert."  
"I think she'll like you to bother her, honey," I said, thinking how the child's thoughtfulness resembled that of her mother.  
And indeed when Mrs. Cosgrove, white-faced, anguished, arrived two hours later, she seemed to find her chief solace in holding Marion closely to her. Together we watched outside the sick room—the nurse had allowed the artist's sister but one glimpse of his motionless form—until after hours that seemed a century the nurse came to the door, spoke quietly to me.  
"I promised Mrs. Underwood to call her if there was any sign of his waking. Will you do it? I think he will rouse soon."

"I know," she said, and I saw tears on her eyelashes. Then she began to cry, weakly, and I knew part of my battle was won.  
"Shut your eyes," I commanded, "and forget everything for awhile. I'll hold your hands tight like this until you're asleep. And I'll attend to Mrs. Cosgrove and everything else. You must get some strength and sleep for you."

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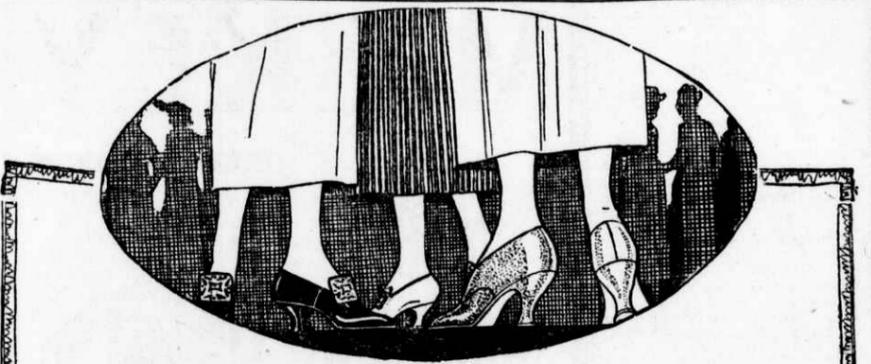
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