Capital Journal

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"Without or with offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes." —BYRON.

Bridge Survey Needed

The Kiwanis luncheon club has adopted resolutions calling for a program of construction of permanent bridges for Salem to replace the wooden and temporary make shifts now in use. For this purpose, a bond issue is favored. The Rotary club is also on record favoring such a bridge program, without however, specifying the method of financing.

Permanent bridges are among the city's needs. Salem cannot grow much larger without them. While it is well enough to talk of their need and agitate their construction, it would appear that the Kiwanis are rushing things a little and getting the cart before the horse by not securing in advance a survey of the situation, detailing conditions of the bridges, their approximate life and estimates of the cost of replacing, so that the public can be informed concerning them.

A bridge survey is said to have been made some twelve years or so ago, and doubtless this data is available. The city engineer could make the necessary survey and, unquestionably secure the cooperation and assistance of the state highway department. But until a definite program with an idea of cost is presented, agitation is premature.

It takes more than eating fat luncheons and passing resolutions to build bridges and while the luncheon club's effort is commendable, they will have to present cold facts to realize their commendable purpose.

Commendable Actions

The school board is showing commendable possession of back-bone, an article public bodies are notoriously lacking in and which has not been any too much in evidence in the board's previous dilatory tactics.

Two recent actions of the board merit public approval and popular support, that barring fraternities and secret societies from the high school, and that insisting upon vaccination and quarantine as a method of preventing an epidemic of small pox.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure and the only known effective preventative for small pox is vaccination. There are some parents who object, on religious or other grounds to vaccination, who think that if they wish to expose their children, that is their privilege, but of course in such instances, whatever is for the common good must govern and their children should be barred from school until the danger is passed.

It is to be hoped that the board stands pat and thereby sets a precedent for future action in similar emergencies.

SECOND WIVES

By VIOLET DARE

CUPID TAKES A HAND

Marie whirled around to face the owner of the voice that had spoken so unexpectedly.

"No, there's nothing you can do," she said, trying to speak quietly and control the sobs that choked her throat so. "I'm quite all right."

"Oh, I—I beg your pardon," the man said, apologetically. "I didn't mean to intrude."

He was big and broad shouldered; she could see that as he loomed up there in the half-dark. Nice, too—at least, his voice was very likable, a deep, strong voice, and he spoke with a lazy drawl that she liked. She had a sudden impulse to tel him what she had been crying about, then stifled it. What would he think if she confessed that she was crying because she had just got a divorce from her husband? That she was a silly fool, no doubt.

Suddenly she had a desire to know him, to have him for a friend. She had never had any men friends; Billy had completely filled her life always, from the day of their marriage, when she was seventeen, on. And now that she didn't have him—well, she didn't want anyone else as a husband; she was through with men's love. But to have a man for a friend, a big brotherly sort of person who would chum about with her; how wonderful that would be!

As he walked away she took a quick step forward. The deck was slippery from the rain; almost before she knew what had happened, she had fallen, and the tall man was lifting her to her feet once more.

"Hurt?" he asked, kindly. "Just a minute—there; see if you can walk."

"Oh, I'm all right," she gasped. "See—I just twisted my ankle as I went down, but it isn't hurt, really. It—oh!" as it turned beneath her weight.

"Now, see here; the thing for you to do is to go below and have the doctor look at that; just a little twist may prove more serious than a break, you know. I'll help you."

She hobbled along, with his assistance. As they crossed one corridor she saw Caroline Phillips in the distance, and beckoned to her; Caroline came rushing, and as soon as she was within speaking distance exclaimed:

"Bob Randall! I didn't know that you and Marie were acquainted with each other. Oh—you've hurt yourself! Now, come right in here—wait, let me fix those pillows—what happened?"

Ensconced on a wide sofa with cushions behind her, Marie leaned back while Randall told what had happened, though he did not mention the fact that he and she had not met before that evening. Marie was rather glad; Caroline was a good soul, but she did love to gossip, and she'd tell everyone about that meeting if she knew it, and no doubt add that it was "so beautifully romantic!"

"How convenient that Bob's a doctor," she exclaimed, now. She was kneeling, taking off Marie's slipper and stocking. "He can fix it up for you, whatever's the matter? Want some hot water, Bob? Doctors always seem to, somehow, no matter what happens!"

He glanced at Marie, who nodded at him in reply to his smile. Why hadn't he said up on deck that he was a doctor? Afraid to, probably, for fear she'd think he was suggesting that she ought to let him look after her.

"I wish you would see what you can do for me," she told him.

"Why, of course he will!" Caroline exclaimed. "And if there is anything wrong he can fix it as nobody else can. I suppose after these two years of study abroad you're more of a wizard than ever, Bob!"

He did not even look up from his task of examining Marie's injured foot. But in a few moments he glanced up and nodded at her with a smile.

"Nothing but a slight strain," he told her. "You'll have to rest the foot a bit for a few days. I have a heavy cane that I can lend you, so that you won't have to spend all your time in your chair!"

"Well, that's good news!" remarked Caroline briskly. "I'd have been broken hearted if Marie had had to go around on crutches when she first got home and had to miss my house party. You're surely coming for a day at least, aren't you, Bob? You'll need some time to get used to being home, before you get all your time tied up with patients and hospitals and things."

"I'll be pretty busy—" he began, slowly, but his eyes were on Marie.

Suddenly, thrillingly, she knew that he would come to Caroline's if she was to be there; that even during the time they had known each other, less than an hour, he had become so much interested in her that he wanted to be where she would be. She was amazed at her own feelings, at the queer glow that seemed to rise within her, like a new blaze from embers that have been almost extinguished.

She looked up at him, meeting his eyes squarely.

"Do come to Caroline's," she said softly. "It would be so nice to see you there."

He bowed with mock ceremony. "The princess shall be obeyed," he said. "I'll be there!"

And that night, instead of regrets of the past, anticipations of the future were Marie's companions as she dozed off into dreams.

Tomorrow—New Loves for Old.

RARE STAMPS IN GOLD CASKET AUCTIONED OFF

London, Eng. — A remarkable collection of rare eastern stamps which were kept in a gold casket is to be sold by auction here. The collection was formed by Mohamed Kamel el Kassab, son of the president of the high assembly of Assyria, who is visiting Great Britain.

Every page of the album is exquisitely handpainted with views of Damascus, Alleppo, Beirut, Jerusalem and other cities of Asia Minor and the volume reposes in a massive gold and silver inlaid casket of Arabian design and workmanship.

ON THE AIR

SATURDAY NIGHT
(Pacific Time)

KGW, Portland, Ore., 491.5—12:30-1:30 P. M., concert, courtesy Pacific States Electric company; 2:30, broadcasting play by play reports of the O. A. C. and Whitman football game from Multnomah field; 10-12, dance music by Herman Kevin's Multnomah hotel orchestra by wire telephony from the Indian grille of the Multnomah hotel.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361—4-5:30 P. M., concert orchestra, Hotel St. Francis; 8-10, "Barber Shop Ballads," Joseph Henry Jackson; California male quartet; "The Music of South America," Mrs. J. Del Valle, pianist; Paemore instrumental trio; 10-12, dance music, Hotel St. Francis.

KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.3—6:35-7:30 P. M., Waldemar Lind orchestra; 8-12, Cabira cafe orchestra.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467—7 P. M., Chick Theck's orchestra; 8, Examiner program; 9, Isbell-Boyd program; 10, Packard radio club; 11-3 A. M., Midnite frolic.

SUNDAY
(Pacific Time)

KGW, Portland, Ore., 491.5—10:25 A. M., services of the First Presbyterian church, by wire telephony; 7:25 P. M., services of the First Presbyterian church by wire telephony; 9-10, concert presented by Signor Corruccini, excerpts from the opera "Martha."

Man Thought Dead Tires of Exile and Foreign Languages

New York, Oct. 16.—(A. P.)—William H. Turner, former coal mine foreman of feudist Pike county, Kentucky, tired of being "dead" in Germany, is back in this country to face charges of murdering the unidentified mine worker whose tombstone bears Turner's name.

He also is accused of the murder of Henry Wilson, another mine worker, killed in a mysterious explosion in a coal mine at McCarr, Kentucky. The fatal explosion was considered an accident, until Turner, who blames others for the affair, got homesick in Hamburg, and wrote to a Kentucky friend a letter that reached the authorities.

When Turner, underweight from short rations and with his belongings in a papier-mache suitcase, stepped off the gangplank of the steamer Resolute, arriving from Hamburg yesterday, he was greeted by Taylor Hatfield, one of the famous feudist clan and a deputy sheriff of Pike county. Hatfield showed Turner a warrant for his arrest.

Mrs. Turner, who has been living in Trenton, N. J., with her five children since she and Turner's sister, Mrs. F. F. Farley of Coralgables, Fla., collected $86,000 after Turner's supposed death, said she had thought her husband dead and had been bringing her children up in that belief.

She said she had no part in identification of the body.

In Williamson, W. Va., Joe Jacks, Turner's father-in-law, who was an electrician for the Auburn mine at the time of the explosion last January, has been arrested on a murder charge also.

"We were blasting through gravel to a new cut," Turner began his story to Hatfield and New York police yesterday. "Henry Wilson and some other men were setting dynamite charges. I was in another part of the mine."

Ordinarily, according to Turner, it is a safe and simple thing to attach wires to a dynamite charge. But the circuit must have been closed and the explosive went off as soon as the wires touched it. Wilson and his companion were blown to pieces.

"I didn't known anything about it," continued Turner. "A brother-in-law of mine took me out to drink some white mule. He wouldn't let me go where anyone could see me. He kept making me drink and when I was good and drunk, he pulled a gun on me and said I would have to get out of town and stay out. He told me where to go and what to do. I went."

The remains of Wilson were identified, and when Turner's absence continued for several days, the other body, badly mangled, but about the right weight and measurements, was identified as his. An insurance company paid his "widow" and his sister his insurance without protest.

Turner went to Columbus, Ohio, and thence to New York, where he was met by his father-in-law, Joe Jacks, who had tickets for Norway. From Norway, Turner went to Hamburg.

"I got sick of hearing German and no American all the time," explained Turner, "and not getting enough work or enough food, I just decided to write home and find out what it was all about and get in touch with my wife."

The friend to whom he wrote hurried with the letter to the sheriff and shortly afterward the grand jury brought indictments against Turner and Jacks.

OPEN FORUM

Contributions to This Column must be plainly written on one side of paper only, limited to 300 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

To the Editor:—Shall I take silently, from Will Carver (whoever he may be), the unnecessary insulting applications, maudlin outbursts, and my loudest yelp. Since Steward's etiquette don't say how long silence must endure, it might be best, to let him holler his own head off, or as Pat said to Mike, don't shoot the woodpecker, let him alone and he will batter out his own brains. But I must thank Mr. Carver for informing me that Ellsworth Kelley (now on trial for the prison break), is even better than I had though he was. I thought he tried to let the Jones' boys free. So it was for harboring Murray and others—Florence bank robbers—just harboring them, giving them something to eat, perhaps, he was sentence for not more than 20 years. How kind. His crime, then, was hospitality. Oh, but he broke the law, etc., also against the law to possess to give to a fainting friend, a teaspoonful of liquor to call back from eternity the last heart beat. In either case, law must be balanced with reason. My reason makes a dividing line between harboring and killing. It's a crime to kill Kelley for harboring. It's not an actual crime to harbor "To harbor the harborless is one of the corporal works of mercy," as dictated by Christianity. Deny it if you dare, and that's all that Kelley did. He escaped once in a load of flax from the pen. Mr. Carver would misconstrue, perhaps, by saying Kelly helped the flax get out, just as he blamed Kelley for helping Jones out in 1924 and 1925. Notice, when in the last break, Kelly got to the foot of the prison well and held up his hands to Pete White, he said (while the 15 shots of Jones' were answering the guards): "I did not think it would be so bad, Pete. I didn't think it would be so bad." Score one for Kelley. It was the man in him and not the convict who was talking. Oh, yes, in his prison cell he wrote the words of the great Irish patriot, Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death." I am neither condemning or upholding criminals, as is Mr. Carver. I am only claiming that thus far, as far as I can see, Kelley is not an actual criminal, and for that reason I ask for his life and liberty. I cannot wait till a man is dead before I try to save his life. If I did, seeing it as it appears to me, I would b an accomplice. Don't stand idly by when a man's life is at stake.

ELLA FINNEY.
Waconda, Or., Oct. 12, 1925.

To the Editor.—I see from the papers that a smallpox epidemic is on in Salem and that the school board, parents and doctors are all having unpleasant times about the vaccination business. I went through a smallpox epidemic of very malignant form (black smallpox) in Kansas years ago. All who were first exposed died, including our two doctors. The county authorities sent east and got a smallpox doctor. We sent to Missouri and shipped in several barrels of pure cider vinegar. This was given everyone in the town till the epidemic was killed. Four tablespoonsful a day in a cup of water.

Those who did not begin till after exposed to smallpox did not break out at all, but had some fever. This I know from actual experience. Thought you might use this to get it before the public, as vaccination is risky and undesirable. People in general don't read the Open Forum letters. Would rather you wouldn't use my name. It is likely the doctors will deride this simple remedy.

MRS. A. P.

NEW INCORPORATIONS

Oregon Collection Bureau, Inc., Salem; incorporators, Donald W. Miles, Myrtle A Miles, G. F. Eschwig; capital $1000.

Stedman Electric Power Saw company, Tigard; incorporators, J. F. Stewman, J. N. Attebury, C. R. Stedman; capital, $50,000.

Fordney, Bowman & Wreisner, Inc., Portland; incorporators, Robert C. Fordney, R. P. Bowman, H. E. Wreisner; capital, $10,000; auto accessories.

Willamette Building & Loan association, Portland; incorporators, James C. Cunningham, O. B. Harriman, R. L. Phillipi, P. C. Patterson, A. J. Hale; capital, $1,000,000.

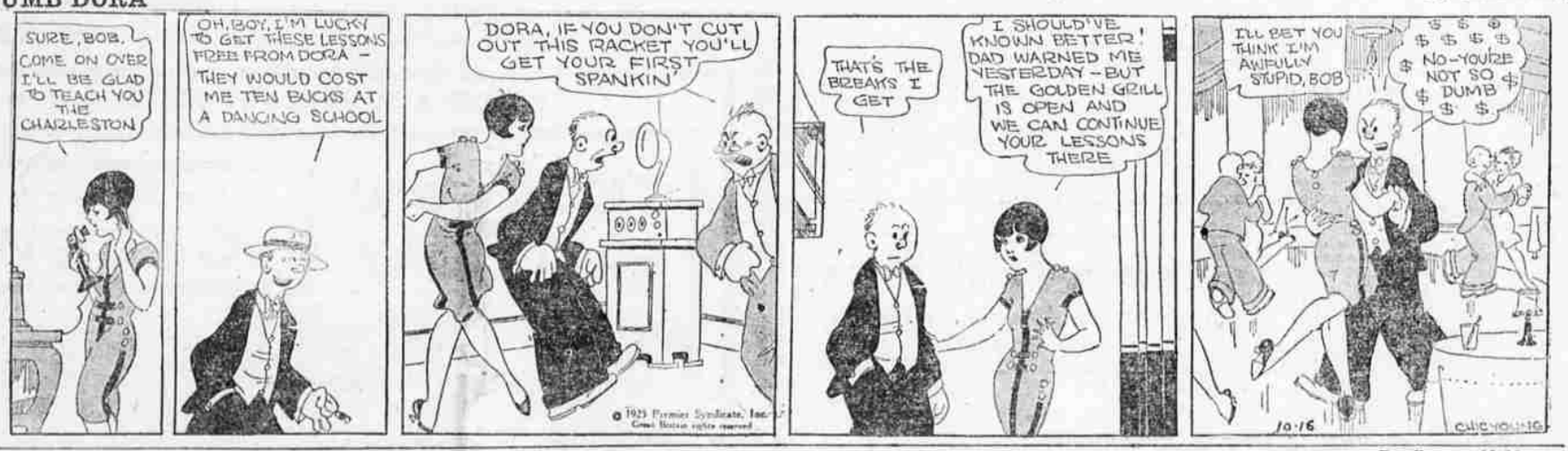
Braley's, Portland; incorporators, Theadore Opsund, G. Zollinger, M. A. Zollinger; capital, $25,000; drugs and chemicals.

Trombley's Service Garage, Pendleton; incorporators, Ben W. Trombley, George F. Clark, John Dickson; capital, $10,000.

Associated Lath Manufacturers, Portland; incorporators, D. B. Minor, R. J. Chrieman, W. K. Peery, M. Findlay; capital, $300.

Notice of an increase in capital from $50,000 to $500,000 was filed by the Robert E. Gold Mining company of Grants Pass.

DUMB DORA — By Chick Young



BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE — Barney Doesn't Fool His Sweet Woman — By Billy de Beck

MUTT AND JEFF — The Little Fellow Passes Up Royalty For Beauty — By Bud Fisher