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FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES
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SUBJECT TIRESOME BUT OF VAST IMPORTANCE

The average person never troubles himself to speculate as to what would happen if the country failed to raise foodstuffs enough to supply it. Here in America there has always been plenty and to spare. The city man knows he can go to the hotels or restaurants and with a small sum of money purchase what he wants to eat. He does not bother himself about where it came from or worry for fear there is no more. He knows the food has always been there when he wanted it and can hardly realize that sometime this would not be the case. A short time ago the whole country was alarmed over a threatened strike of railroad employes, fearing a famine on account of lack of transportation. This would no doubt have been a very serious condition, but it would have been trifling compared to what would happen if the farmers should go on strike and refuse to plant their crops. That would mean death by starvation. That is the condition that on a small scale confronts us now. The farmers are not going on strike, but they are short of help to get their crops planted and will be short of help to harvest them unless help is furnished them from some source. The trouble with the situation, too, is that every person will feel that others will furnish the required help, and that everything will come out all right. Perhaps it will, provided too many do not take this view of the matter but if they do someone is going to suffer. In some quarters it is said the farmers are fearful there will be over production if they all plant to the limit, and that consequently prices will fall. This is an idle fear. If the war continues every pound of eatables that will bear shipment will be in demand, and more. If the war ends during the summer the demand will be still greater, for a hundred million of those now fighting us will require to be fed, for they cannot grow sufficient for their own wants for a year at least. And so it is up to us and everyone of us, to do his or her part, and to grow as much as possible of the things we consume. On top of that it is up to us and each of us to see the farmers have all the help required both in planting and harvesting his crops. This is a rather tiresome subject, but it is one of such vast importance that it cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of those who are non-producers.

Wheat went up yesterday in Chicago about ten cents a bushel. At the same time the price jumped on the coast, some sales being made at interior points at a rate equaling \$2.54 a bushel at Portland, which is said to be the record price for the United States. It is claimed the prices will go still higher. This may be but there must be a limit and it would seem it was about reached. Any further advance is liable to cause the government to intervene and take over all cereals. It is only about three months until the new crop is available, and with the coming of the spring vegetables the consumption of bread will be reduced. With these two causes there must be an effect, which will be lower prices. The potato crop will also be coming into market in a couple of months, and this will cause a still greater reduction of bread consumption, and cause a further decline in breadstuffs.

Yesterday a loan of \$200,000,000 was made to England without asking any security or going through the formality of having a lawyer mixed up in the deal. Secretary McAdoo just handed Sir Cecil Spring-Rice a treasury warrant for the sum and the latter on behalf of the king gave the secretary his personal receipt for it. Our Cousin Johnny's credit is pretty sound on this side of the Atlantic considering he has been spending considerable of his capital lately.

Germany trying to tempt Poland with the promise of a little government of its own is much like offering Texas to Mexico; the gift being perfected when the Mexicans took possession of it without any assistance from the kaiser. The Poles would rather take their chances with democratic Russia than autocratic Germany. They have not forgotten a visit paid them by the Prussian armies not long ago.

THREE OF LIBERTY'S FLAGS

Washington, which in this case means the United States, gave the French commissioners a welcome yesterday that must have warmed their hearts. It was proper that this should be done, for in the party was that grand old man of the war, General Joffre. It was he who commanded the armies at the Marne when in one of the most desperate struggles history records the conquering hosts of Germany were checked and turned back. In many respects it was the most momentous battle in history, for it saved civilization from being set back a century. Had the defense failed a chapter would have been added to the world's history, that future ages would have read with wonderment and shame. It was this kindly-eyed old Frenchman who by his splendid strategy and keen military judgment, saved France from ruin and the world from disaster. Another feature of the occasion was that it was the first time since the revolution when the flags of three countries, Great Britain, France and the United States have flown over our territory at the same time. Then it was the tri-color that floated with the Stars and Stripes against the flag of England. The aid given us in those days has never been forgotten, and France holds a spot of her own in every American heart. At that time the English flag was that of an enemy. At the same time there is little doubt but that even in those days there was a large element of English people that was secretly glad that the colonies achieved their independence. Anyway it was a clean fight, and women and children were not murdered by either side. And when the fight was over it was but a short time until it was forgotten, for each retained the respect of the other, and there was little animosity remaining after a few years. Of course we liked to pull the lion's tail occasionally especially about election times but that was for local consumption. With the three flags standing together for the one purpose, to give the world a lasting peace, there can be but one result, and that is the accomplishing of the purposes for which they are struggling.

It is said, "The world will be surprised at the moderation of the kaiser's peace terms." The kaiser himself will be astonished at the moderation the allies and the world will demand of him before his peace terms will even be considered. As a matter of fact it will not be the kaiser who prepares the terms. The kaiser once said to his subjects who wanted a larger share in the affairs of government that "Germany would be a democracy when the war ended." This is what caused Mr. Balfour recently at Washington to say it would, and the kaiser for once was right.

Dell Blancett, of Pendleton, suggests raising a regiment of cowboys for service in France. With a bunch of rough riders such as straddle the outlaws at the Round-up it would be no strange thing to see some of them riding the big shells fired by the French, across the Hindenburg line. Anyone who can stick a wall-eyed cayuse in action, should have no trouble riding a curtain fire or any little thing like that.

There is talk of cutting out the Portland rose festival for the year, one of the reasons being that something might happen that would spoil it. This of course is true, but on the other hand there might something happen that would greatly enhance the carnival spirit. However it is up to Portland to decide the matter, for it is her show, though all of us enjoy attending it.

Champ Clark certainly hit conception a hard blow yesterday and his speech stiffened the backs of those engaged in fighting it. On top of this Clark asserts the bill will never pass.



WOMEN WOULD FLY FOR U. S.—YOUNG LADIES OF THE WOMAN'S MILITARY RESERVE OF THE United States, anxious to be able to fly for their country, being instructed in aviation at the Sheepshead Bay racetrack. The women are learning all about aeroplanes and after a course of instruction expect to be skilled aviators, ready to fly for the U. S.

State News in Brief

At a meeting of the First National bank of Ashland trustees yesterday the bank decided to advance seed money to the young people of the surrounding community who will prepare and look after garden plots during the coming summer.

The Pelican Bay Lumber company of Klamath Falls, began operations Wednesday in their logging camp on Upper Klamath Lake, and, although the full force is not on hand as yet, every effort is being made by the company to secure the 300 hands necessary as quickly as possible.

Eighteen Prineville boys left Monday with Corporal Davis, of the recruiting office, for Portland, to enlist in the army. Most of these will join the Coast Artillery. This brings the number from Prineville to nearly 40.

The Eugene Fruitgrowers' association generally commenced operations Wednesday with a prospect of a continuous run until fall. Large quantities of rhubarb have been delivered by growers, and this crop and broccoli are expected to supply the necessary raw material until gooseberries are available.

Glenn Fisher, nine-year-old son of H. J. Fisher, was struck by a locomotive while playing on the track at Roseburg yesterday and seriously injured. It is thought he will recover.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Advertised April 25, 1917: Allison, A. A., Bradford, Mr. Oscar, Cain, B. A., Cave, Mr. Milton, Dove, Miss Hazel, Dunlap, Mr. D. O., Fore, Mr. Geo., Freden Mrs. Fronia, Grabe, Mr. Leslie, Hough, Mr. C. C., Hancock, Miss Edith, Hutchinson, Bess, Kinell, Miss Kate, Laird, Miss Lucille, Lee, Dr. W. B., Lewis, Mr. W. T., Olemann, Miss Mae, Patton Mr. Matthew W., Queberg, Miss Margaret, Randall, Mrs. Platt, Riley, Mr. J., Smith, Mrs. M., Simonton, Mr. P. B., Shaw, R. S., Schick, Mrs. Meriam, Terrel, Hiram, Wilde, Mr. A. W., August Huckestein, Postmaster.

OPEN FORUM

THE \$6,000,000 BOND ISSUE

Of all the measures to be voted on at the June election this one is of transcendent importance to the taxpayers of the state, and accordingly it is receiving great interest from the intelligent voters.

This \$6,000,000 bond issue is, in truth and in fact a \$7,900,000 bond issue, because it calls for the issue of \$1,900,000 in bonds under H. R. No. 21 to meet the federal appropriation for post and forest roads provided by the Shucklerford bill. This second issue follows inevitably upon the first. If I were a thoroughgoing advocate of the policy of bonding for building good roads I would nevertheless oppose this particular issue of bonds at this particular time. There are countless cogent reasons why we shall not wisely and well who vote it down.

To outline briefly a few of the most salient and obvious reasons: We live in strenuous times when our resources and energies are circumscribed and in great demand in this quarter and in that for many years has common labor been so scarce, amounting almost to a dearth on farms and in shops. Not in years has the cost of living been so high, and the cost of all the elements that go into making good roads is correspondingly high. Very wisely and justly does the negative argument on this bond issue in the voters pamphlet contend: "At the present time labor is fully employed, vast public improvements ought to be carried on at a time when laboring men need work. Would it not be best to do part of our road work, at least, with a state warrant, with labor from the state penitentiary? At the present time the cost of materials is excessive. Why should we do this work at this time at a greatly enhanced cost?"

Our nation is just entering a great foreign war and must assume and incur vast bonded indebtedness. The issue of this world war is as yet uncertain for unforeseen complications may yet arise. In such times it behooves good citizens to assume no unnecessary bonded indebtedness. Let us build all the good roads we can on the "pay as you go" plan. Another reason why

thoughtful conscientious voters oppose this road bonding scheme arises in their suspicion of the motives of the men who fathered it and forced it through the legislature. We know these gentlemen only too well, know them of old, and "by their works." Many of the laws that they have tried to foist upon the people in the past were fearfully and wonderfully made—aye just all finding out. Let us be wise and examine the label on the goods before we part with our good money.

I have listened to the pleadings of some of the paid advocates who go about the country persuading the people to vote these bonds. They do not impress me as frank or candid. The story is altogether too beautiful, too one-sided. According to this beautiful story the roads are to cost nobody a cent and the people have only to ride up and down them and enjoy life and get rich in what they save in gasoline and tires.

Much capital is made out of the personnel of the new state road commission. Good men doubtless, but how remarkable that a commission appointed to build roads for farmers should be composed entirely of capitalists, bankers and promoters. The history of bonding for roads in this country has been very largely a history of graft and extravagances on the part of the "machine," and devastation and ruin to the farmers and taxpayers. Let's go slow until we know that the "machine" has really had a "change of heart."

—S. H. VAN TRUMP.

CONCERNING BONDING

Hillsboro, Ore., April 23.—Editor Capital Journal: As a citizen and taxpayer of Oregon interested in the road bond issue proposition, I enclose herewith an article clipped from the "Willets News" of Willets, Cal., relating to the bonding policy of California.

I wish you would publish for general information at least that portion of the article that I have marked.

The promoters of the road bonding scheme have certainly pursued a course to arouse the resentment and opposition of the farming class because of actions as follows:

First—Passing the state highway commission bill with an emergency clause attached.

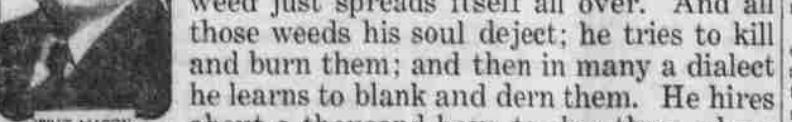
Second—Repealing the laws provided

(Continued on page six.)

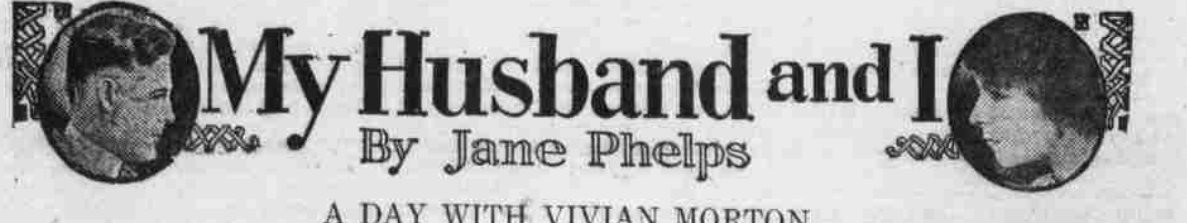


THE SPRING PEST

If I could wield the pen of Pope, or talk like forty Bryans, I'd hand out much impassioned dope concerning dandelions. Man strives and strives to have a lawn the town will be applauding; at twilight hour, at noon, at dawn, you see him sowing, sodding. He sows about a ton of seed of blue grass and white clover, and then that dandelion weed just spreads itself all over. And all those weeds his soul deject; he tries to kill and burn them; and then in many a dialect he learns to blank and dern them. He hires about a thousand boys to slay them where they're blowing; for every one a youth destroys, ten million will be growing. And so for years he struggles on, still hoping, still dreaming of a handsome lawn, then sees there's nothing doing. And then at last he falls from grace, he ceases all his trying; the dandelions take the place, the grass is brown and dying. And people, as they journey by, observe, and mutter glumly: "That shiftless fellow doesn't try to make his place look comely!"



WALT MASON



A DAY WITH VIVIAN MORTON

CHAPTER XXVIII.
I had spent the five dollars Tom gave me for gloves, a veil, and white crepe collar and cuffs to freshen up my tailor suit, which now looked so terribly countryified to me; but the result was far from satisfactory. I was almost tempted to call Vivian Morton up and say I was ill when the day dawned bright and warm for the time of year. But I couldn't quite resist the lure of the promised good time, and was ready and waiting nearly half an hour before she came for me.

As I leaned luxuriously back in the car listening to her clever talk, I again wondered why Tom had elected to marry me when he might have married Vivian Morton. She wore a tailor suit as she said she would, but her fur stole and muff gave her an air of elegance. Then, too, her suit was of finest broad cloth made in the latest style, with a little becoming toque to match trimmed with the fur.

We rode down through Central Park, then on down crowded Fifth Avenue to Washington Arch. I mentioned that that part of New York was entirely unknown to me, and she told the chauffeur to go through Greenwich Village, and to drive slowly so that I might see the historic and Bohemian places which she pointed out.

A Place to Lunch.
"Where shall we lunch?" she asked after looking at her cute little wrist

watch. "We'll go anywhere you like."
"Oh, I'm sure I don't know where to go," I replied. "I have only been to the Waldorf."
"That eliminates that; we'll go to one of the up-town restaurants. They are always crowded on matinee days, and I think you will enjoy watching the people."
"I always do!" I replied.
As she had said the place on upper Fifth Avenue was crowded. But the moment the head waiter saw us, he came forward, and calling Vivian by name said:
"Just a moment Miss Morton, I'll find you a table," and although there were many others waiting he came back almost immediately and gave us a table in the center of the room.

I was impressed—more than the occasion warranted as I know now—with this attention, and looked curiously around to see if others had noticed, while the head waiter stood quietly while we should decide what we would eat.

"What would you like, Mrs. Randall?" Vivian asked.
"Oh, you please order Miss Morton," I almost gasped, assumed to show my ignorance of the dishes with the French names, "I like everything."
"That makes it easy!" she laughed, and gave the order.

A Delicious Luncheon.

"A clear soup, brook trout, a broiled chicken and some salad, coffee and a sweet," she told the waiter, then turned to me: "With that do?" she asked.
"It will do nicely," I replied, and it was really a delightful luncheon, wonderfully well served. But more than my interest in the food, was my interest in the crowd of fashionable people in the place.

"It is interesting, isn't it?" Vivian queried smiling at me. "But you mustn't neglect your luncheon."
Suddenly I thought I saw a familiar back. It couldn't be—it WAS Tom. And opposite him sat a girl, rather a young woman, who, even in this fashionable assembly, would be noticed for the richness and modishness of her toilette.

I quickly glanced at Vivian to see if she had noticed the unconscious start I gave, but she was busy with her chicken and I was sure had not seen Tom. If only we could get away without her knowing that he was there. I do not pretend to analyze my feelings, but I instinctively felt that he had no right in this expensive place; no right to take anyone but me out to lunch with him. And I was greatly relieved, although my pleasure in the day was gone, when Vivian said: "We'll have to go at once or we will be late for the play."
Tomorrow—An Explanation.

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