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## TO RENEW RIVER TRANSPORTATION

It is a condition not a theory that confronts shippers along the navigable streams of Oregon, and it is a peculiar condition too. Complaint has been made for years that the American shipping laws have driven American ships from the oceans. While this is only true in a small part, it is quite certain that fool regulations made by the interstate commerce commission and the state commissions of some states have driven practically all business from the streams. The Mississippi once alive with palatial steamers and great freight carriers is abandoned almost entirely. The Ohio is almost as bare of shipping but the coal barges help give a semblance of life to that stream. Here in Oregon the same story has been told, the same results reached.

Before the building of the O. R. & N. in the earlier days of the state the Columbia was the great freight highway. Private enterprise built railroad portages around the obstructions to navigation of the Columbia at Celilo and at the Cascades. A splendid line of boats brought the grain and products of the Inland Empire to Portland and to the ships of the world. In time even after the building of the railroad along the Columbia the federal government built locks at the Cascades opening the river as far as The Dalles? Later it spent millions of dollars in constructing a canal around the rapids at Celilo and so made the great river navigable to the mouth of the Snake. This gave an outlet to a great stretch of rich agricultural country and on general principles should have greatly increased river traffic. It might have done so had the commissions neglected making so many rules and regulations that the boats could not comply with them and get business. The boats were allowed only a 4 per cent differential. If the freight on the railroad paralleling the river was, for instance \$1.00, the boats were not allowed to haul the same freight at a less price than 96 cents. This differential was not sufficient to cover the expense of hauling to and from the docks, and so by arbitrary interference and criminal ignorance in fixing rates the entire business was taken from the boats and turned over to the railroads.

The same thing was repeated on the Willamette. At one time a river bearing many boats, and that should now be the route over which thousands of tons of farm produce should find its way to market, but which is entirely abandoned above Oregon City. The boat line from Portland to Corvallis which has been maintained for years, the last of the upper Willamette boats, was withdrawn a couple of months ago. This too following the expenditure of \$80,000 last fall at the Oregon City locks. This was another foolish move on the part of the government engineers for the river was closed right in the busiest season, and the boats prevented gathering the cream of the year's trade.

In France the differential allowed in favor of the water transportation is 20 per cent. The same differential allowed in Oregon would again put boats on our rivers and prove of vast benefit to shippers. It appears on the face of the situation as though the whole attempt and purpose was deliberately to ruin all river transportation and turn it over to the railroads. Now that the government has taken over the railroads and has more business for them than they can well handle, it is turning its attention to the rivers as a means of relief from congested freight conditions. It will follow the increasing of rates on the roads by the government, provided no change is made in river tariffs that there will be a differential of 23 per cent and this it is claimed will permit the boats to be operated at a profit. It is rather contradictory work to enforce the Sherman law against combinations in restraint of trade, and then for government and state officials to make such a combination to drive one class of transportation out of business. Nature provided the rivers, and because over these freight can be hauled more cheaply than over the railroads the authorities that be, refuse to allow this competition, that would benefit all shippers contiguous to the rivers, and by asinine rulings close the natural high-

ways in order to protect and build up the man-made ones. An effort is being made to correct this and it is sincerely hoped it will prove successful. God made the rivers, and man has closed them. Our private opinion publicly expressed is that God knew what He was doing and why, much better than the officials who have prevented the people using the highways He provided.

It is stated 40,000 Germans have crossed the border into Mexico and for the deliberate purpose of stirring up trouble between that country and the United States. Carranza seems to take kindly to the "junks," but at the same time seems to retain sense enough not to do some overt act that will get him into trouble. When that bunch of 50 Mexican editors coming to the United States get home they will be able to tell his whiskers and the balance of the Mexicans something about the hated gringos that will set them thinking. When they get an idea of what America is doing in the way of war preparation they will, when they get home, tell their countrymen to be good, and not try to pull the tail feathers out of the American eagle. That bird is not in a mood to stand for Mexican "playfulness" just now.

The Sinn Feiners are still making trouble in some sections of Ireland. Like the pro-Huns in this country would force the hand of the government because they think it has not the time to punish them and is in fact afraid to do so. The world used to sympathize with Ireland, and to admire the Irish people. It does yet admire the Irish character, and the race, yet the refusal to take part in the war for world freedom and to assist their country in prosecuting that war is rapidly winning for them the supreme contempt of the balance of the civilized world. An Irishman who won't fight is a freak, and freaks are not in demand just now.

It seems strange that Warden Murphy should require a deficiency appropriation to run the penitentiary. In view of the regularity with which convicts are walking away we had supposed the only possible deficiency there was in the roll of inmates. By the way, the Oregonian and Telegram used to emit some doleful howls every time there was a request for a deficiency appropriation during the Chamberlain and West administration. Now they can't even notice the inexcusable inefficiency of Withycombe's prison management.

Senators Lodge, Chamberlain, Brandegee and all the other political mal-contents of the senate howled themselves hoarse because the war department did not give the public more information regarding the work it was doing. Now when the approval of movement of troops to France is given, Lodge calls it "bragging and boasting" and asserts that it has probably stirred the Germans to send their submarines to our coast. Moral: no use to try to please a crowd of men whose entire lives are devoted to playing cheap politics.

Harley O. White and Chauncey Bishop ought to be elected school directors without fail. They are candidates only in the senses that they have been induced to serve in response to a demand from those who are interested in keeping up the standard of Salem's public schools. They have been drafted for the public service and their election will insure efficiency and harmony in the board.

Joy riders these days should carry a certificate that they are employed at some useful occupation, when streaking it over the country. Otherwise they may be held up and put at work, far, far from home and friends.

That order that Americans must "work or fight," will save considerable gasoline. Not necessarily because those accustomed to burning it have gone to work, but just in order to "avoid the appearance of evil."

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

### SACRIFICES



WALT MASON

Still, still we bask in gilded ease, and soothe ourselves with fine cigars, and fill ourselves with costly cheese, and choo around in motor cars. We put fine raiment on our backs, we buy silk shirts of gorgeous price; we haven't yet got down to tacks, we haven't made a sacrifice. We read stern tales from o'er the sea, which tell of Britain's battered line, and buy up seven bonds or three, where we should call for forty-nine. We haven't helped our Uncle Sam so much it's worth while to relate; we eat brown bread, well spread with jam, and think we're doing something great. We waste enough, each passing day, (because we do not use our domes) to drive the wolves of want away from fifty thousand soldiers' homes. We waste our coin on princely duds when simpler rags would do as well, we blow our change for smokes and suds, and gawds too numerous to tell. Of sacrifice we're talking large while on our padded course we romp, like Cleopatra on her barge, in luxury and idle pomp. Our loyalty is all a fake unless we show we have some steam; oh, let us prod ourselves awake, and do the things of which we dream!

## The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

### IT'S EXPERIENCE THAT COUNTS.

When Mrs. Collins said she was as much as seven years older than I, so getting the last word—as she perhaps thought, I replied: "I was not referring to age, Mrs. Collins; I know that you and Mr. Howard are about the same age, and I should not think of calling him 'old'; I meant you had had infinitely more experience than I—and it is experience, not age, that counts, so I have been told. It, at least, makes people blase—destroys their enthusiasms."

"You are very wise," she did not attempt to hide the secret. I hoped George would notice and come to the rescue, but he evidently had not observed. "I shall see you again before you leave, George," she turned to him "and in any event, I shall be close on your heels at Bar Harbor."

I said good afternoon to her at the door. Cicely, however, was outside, and accompanied her to the lift, and rang for her.

I expected George would say something about my verbal till, but he never mentioned it. Mrs. Sexton came in, that afternoon, a short time after Mrs. Collins had left. After she had talked to George a few minutes, I took her into my bedroom, and had a heart-to-heart talk with her. I told her how discouraged I was—how I seemed so unwise, so unlearned, in the ways of society. Then I told her of Mrs. Collins' call and of all that was said.

### Mrs. Sexton Sympathizes and Gives Advice

She laughed when I told her of my remark about age, and that I had meant experience.

"Imagine you scored one, there! Julia Collins favors herself because of her vivacity, and brags that she has lost none of her enthusiasms."

"But I don't want her around! I hate her calling my husband 'George' before people. I hate it just as much when she is alone!" I declared with vehemence.

"It is bad form, dear Mrs. Howard, and perhaps she knows it annoys you and does it purposely. She knows better, you may be sure. But because she and others do those things, do not allow yourself to fall into the same error."

I know very well she was thinking of Merton Gray, so I said:

"I have seen no one since our accident. Mr. Gray called up to ask about it, as have many others, but Mrs. Collins was the first caller we have received."

"You had a very close call, I hear."

"Very! But George had a still closer one."

"I was told that, when he thought you were dead, he was absolutely stricken. You have thought him undemonstrative at times—perhaps doubted his love. But times like this bring the truth to the surface. One does not pretend, when one gets so near the crossing."

We talked for some time longer, I told her how I hated her at first—how I resented her presence.

"I knew it, all the time—exactly how you felt," she replied. "I knew also that the time would come when you would change. I saw that in you which would respond to my efforts, or I should not have persisted."

Had she also discovered something in me that would yield to teaching? Was it the same something which had made George want to marry me, to make me over to his ideas of what a wife should be?

"I am glad you did! I don't know what I should have done without you. Probably George would have divorced me, long ago. You remember my dinner—the one Merton Gray made the place cards for? It was the way you helped me, then, that made me like you. Up to that time, I almost hated you. I felt so small—so like a naughty child that was in disgrace. Now I think I shall care for you more than anyone in Morelands. You have helped me so much."

"I am very glad to hear you say that, my dear," she laid her delicate, aristocratic hand over mine. "But you are can be very lovable. I wonder, sometimes, if you know how lovable! It hurts me, and probably hurts your husband much more, when you are not so. Do not allow yourself to become hard and cold, while you are learning to have the noise and social training necessary to fill your position. You will lose more, infinitely more, than you will gain, if you do."

We had tea and muffins served in with George. He pretended to be jealous because we had "talked behind his back."

"We said nothing against you," I told him.

"But my ears burned. You were talking about me."

"Yes—saying very nice things," Mrs. Sexton interposed.

"Thank you!" she said gravely. "I want Helen to think nice things of me always."

(Monday—What Can One Do?)

## Open Forum

### PUBLIC UTILITY PROBLEMS

To the Editor: I read with interest your editorial in last night's Journal relative to public utility companies.

Another difference between a private business and a public utility is that the former may charge any price it chooses for its commodity or service, and is generally not limited in this respect in any way by the government. As a result, a private business charges all the traffic will bear, limited only by the value of the commodity or service to the purchaser or customer. In other words, it charges the highest price that the customer will pay for the article. This price, in turn, is governed by the value of the article to the customer compared with the price for which he can purchase substitutes.

Thus, although a private business may be unable at certain times to charge and obtain a sufficient price to enable it to earn a fair return upon its investment, at other times it is able to make a very liberal profit, and thus offset the losses experienced at other times.

This is not true of the public utility company, as it is held down to a low, but sufficient, rate of return by the government during prosperous times, and therefore the losses experienced in dull times cannot be recovered through a corresponding high rate of return during prosperous times.

Therefore, it seems to be the consensus of opinion that since the public utilities are held down to a low rate of return in prosperous times, that it is necessary to allow them the same return in dull times. If this is not done, the investment becomes unattractive, and no one will buy the stock or bonds because they are not good investments. This makes it impossible for the utility to obtain the money required to provide additional facilities for supplying its service to the public. In some cases the income is so inadequate that even operating expenses cannot be fully met. This results in the utility being unable to supply adequate service to its existing customers.

Therefore, if the government does not protect the investor from losses during dull times, the public will suffer from lack of adequate service, just as they would suffer from exorbitant charges at other times, possibly, if the government did not prevent the investor from earning more than a limited return on his investment at such times.

—W. M. HAMILTON.

### AN OPEN LETTER TO BISHOP MATTHEW HUGHES

Dear Bishop: It was my great pleasure and privilege some years ago to hear your masterly address on Christian education before your own conference at Long Beach, Cal., and also your more recent address on the "Mission of the American Christian College," on the occasion of the installation of President Doney of Willamette university.

I would respectfully call your attention to the following statements in the latter address as reported in the Willamette Collegian, Oct. 18, 1916:

"This institution stands for the Christian religion."

"If this mission is ignored, Willamette has no excuse for continued existence."

"This function of the college is to be kept uppermost."

"It is because we believe that the president-elect has the vision of these ideals and will make them effective in his labors that we give him the place of educational leadership as the head of our institution."

I would also call your attention to the following statements printed in a local daily, Oct. 14, 1918, from the address of the presiding officer, Hon. R. A. Booth who "struck the key note of the entire day."

"We must do something that state schools do not and cannot do."

"The principles of the privately endowed college are to dominate the lives of all men."

I would further call your attention to this striking quotation from the address of Pres. Doney:

"A college can best serve the world by keeping itself unspotted from the world."

From the foregoing we would seem justified in concluding that Willamette stands for the best—for the highest Christian ideals and standards—for burning Christian evangelism—evangelism, the most progressive and aggressive—the most searching and thorough—for the truth that "the church"—or college—"that ceases to be evangelistic will soon cease to be evangelical." You well know how our own in common with other denominations, has declared against that "abominable institution of desecrations," the Sunday newspaper, which Dwight L. Moody, with his wide experience and observation, to whom Willamette owes so much through T. S. McDaniel, has declared to be the greatest foe of evangelical religion—worse than the saloon. It was, as I recall, in the summer of 1888 shortly after the now famous college student conferences had been launched at Northfield, while driven in a hack from the B. R. station to the Northfield seminary grounds by one of Mr. Moody's students, that he remarked that Mr. Moody had been stirring up things by preaching against the Sunday newspaper, that the annual Yale-Harvard boat races, an event of great excitement, had come off on a previous Saturday and among others Mr. Moody's elder son, now the illustrious Wm. R. Moody, appointed by his father his only authorized biographer and his successor as head of the Northfield schools, but then a student at Yale, was reported to have bought

## OUR DAILY STORY

### IN SPRING.

The sky was full of blue, the air was full of ozone, and the boulevard was full of strollers, among them Pauncefoote Wiffle and his fiancée Octavia.

"Oh, Pauncey, just look at that pretty girl! Isn't she cute!" cried Octavia, pointing out a painfully thin, pgeon-toed creature. "And don't you think I'm nice—pointing out all the pretty girls for you?"

"M'n" murmured Wiffle evasively. And they kept on strolling, breathing in the balmy air with deep breaths and breathing it out again almost immediately.

"Oh, look there! Isn't she attractive!" exclaimed Octavia, and indicated a pug-nosed girl with right-angled ears.

"Hucksey," coughed Wiffle uncommunicatively.

A thousand sparrows joyously began to sing the same song, without keeping together very well.

"Oh, Pauncey—don't you think she's perfectly stunning?" demanded Octavia nodding towards a two hundred pound female with a vacant expression.

Wiffle shrugged reticently.

At that moment an absolutely ravishing creature, with stary eyes and a queenly bearing, floated by.

"Now SHE'S rather good looking, I'd say," remarked Wiffle.

Octavia's eyes blazed with anger and she snatched a ten cent pencil from Pauncefoote's vest pocket and viciously broke it in half.

"When you're out with me, I'll thank you not to go gawking after every homely creature that passes!" she hissed. "She's hideous—positively unsightly!"

like others, a Sunday paper containing an account of the race and that the driver believed was why Mr. Moody at that time had preached that sermon.

Such a deed was certainly in keeping with the character of that noble evangelist and reminds me of two notable addresses delivered by Pres. Doney not long before his departure for France, both of which he closed with the same fine illustration with telling effect, adding let us take the place of our boys in their fight with the devil. Do you not think that a Christian college, especially this pioneer Methodist institution standing emphatically for militant Christianity—for Christianity in earnest—should always and everywhere, throughout world wide Methodism, stand with the boys and their friends in their fight against that abominable nuisance, the Sunday newspaper devil?

Also, is it right or wise in this progressive home dry state, in this day of the square deal, of open air diplomacy—of open and above board methods—for a Christian college of marvelous future possibilities which lifts aeft and strives to realize the highest Christian ideals and standards, is it right or wise, I ask, for such a college to give the highest place of honor on its commencement day program to a disciple of "invisible government," a political leader of the notorious anti-prohibition bosses Lodge and Penrose, a member of a corrupt political gang of an hypocritical ungodly old liquor party, over forty years behind the times, ruled by liquor and tobacco? Who out of sympathy with our "narrow" views can teach us not only how to be broad and liberal with our Christian Sabbath, but perhaps also with any of the other commandments of the decalogue?

As "this institution stands for the Christian religion and has no excuse for its continued existence if this mission is ignored," and must keep "itself unspotted from the world," as we do not wish her doors to be closed and as the man you gave "the place of educational leadership as the head of our institution," is now overseas somewhere in France, will you not, Dear Bishop, in his absence, kindly take the place of our boys in their fight with the devil to keep old Willamette unspotted from the world, the flesh and the devil, and "make these ideals effective!"

Yours respectfully,  
—WILLIAM N. TAFT.

## Woman and Son Are Sent to Jail

Portland, Or., June 8.—Mrs. Elberta Brandel and her son Edwin must serve ten days each in jail. She was found guilty today of attempting to obstruct the draft and he of attempting to avoid military service.

The Brandels live in Linn county near Lebanon. Officers who went to learn why Edwin did not appear for entrainment; to Camp Lewis had to force their way through two doors before they found him.

Mrs. Brandel was declared to have assailed the supreme court for declaring the draft law constitutional. She insisted that her son should not enter the army.

## President Ready For Telegraphers Strike

Washington, June 8.—President Wilson has taken a direct hand in the threatened strike of telegraphers throughout the nation. He will confer shortly both with Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union and President S. J. Koenekamp of the Commercial Telegraphers Union, in an effort to avert a walkout, it was learned today.

This afternoon the president conferred with Secretary of Labor Wilson. Hundreds of telegrams have reached the White House demanding that the threatened strike be prevented.

The submarine menace seems to have been somewhat submerged.

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