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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations

WHERE WILL THE ROAD MONEY GO?

The proposed \$10,000,000 road bond program is briefly as follows:

The money raised from sale of bonds is to be augmented by the government until it is estimated that a total sum of \$16,000,000 will be available for road construction. The ten million bond issue is to be taken care of by virtually doubling the automobile tax, and by a tax of one cent a gallon on gasoline and half a cent a gallon on distillate.

Of this \$16,000,000 road fund \$7,500,000 is roughly estimated to be necessary to complete the pavement of the Columbia river highway and the Pacific highway from Portland down both sides of the river as far as Junction City, and from that point on down to the California line. The remaining \$8,500,000 is to be expended upon lateral roads or secondary highways to be selected by the state highway commission.

This is one point where every member of the legislature should demand a show-down. They ought to know where this money is to be expended in road-building before they vote to exhaust the entire bonding resources of the state to provide a road-building fund. The necessity for knowing about this is emphasized by the demand of Portland boosters that the Mount Hood loop be placed on the program as one of the roads to be constructed and paved.

Now the Capital Journal has often expressed confidence in the personnel of the state highway commission. It has not changed that view, but these men may find Portland influence—for the big city is now in complete political control of the state—too strong to resist. Take the \$6,000,000 bond issue of two years ago; the lion's share has gone to the Columbia river highway which is a Portland tourist road and millions more of the next issue will go the same way. Marion county, for instance will receive about \$120,000 of state money out of this \$6,000,000 fund when the Salem-Aurora road is paved this year, the remainder of contract price coming from the government funds. Of course, Marion county voted against the road bond issue, but it is the second largest county in the state with the second largest number of automobiles in the state, and these automobiles are taking care of the interest and are expected to repay the principal some time. Naturally Marion county should have received more than \$120,000 out of \$6,000,000, but the fact is only mentioned to show the danger of allowing Portland to dictate the expenditure of the bond money on purely tourist

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

OLD BOOZE.

Old Booze is dead, so toll the knell for this old maudlin knave; the mourners raise a joyful yell as they stand by the grave. Old Booze hung on with teeth and nails, he tried to dodge the tomb; he hoped to sell his gins and ales until the crack of doom. He hoped to do his ancient task till Father Time is gone; but we've outgrown the jug and flask, outgrown the demijohn. Old Booze is dead, at rest he lies, cashed in beyond recall; he never helped a man to rise, but made a million fall. Old Booze will sleep beneath the loam until the bright sun pales; he never built a toilet's home, but he filled many jails. Old Booze has crossed the great divide to see what's doing there; and we'll have less of suicide, and less of black despair. And we'll see less of woman's tears, of children needing bread, of wages gone for foaming beers, since Old Man Booze is dead. He'll dish no more the poison drink to knock the good man down; his funeral would make you think a circus is in town. The sextons chortle as they work and dig the clammy clay, and in the shadow of the kirk the pastor yells "Hooray." The undertaker is on hand, with festive lilt and runes, and by the fence the village band is playing ragtime tunes.

roads. Other counties fared even worse than Marion. The commission may try to play fair but the least it can do is to throw out some big sops to the Portland crowd, even if it does not grant all that is asked for the city's scenic system of highways.

Worst of all there is no assurance that the present highway commission will serve until the entire \$16,000,000 is expended. As a matter of fact one member is serving very strongly against his personal inclination. Members may resign, or die or fail to be re-appointed by the governor, so that the present personnel of the commission can be regarded as anything but a permanent safeguard guaranteeing the proper expenditure of the millions entrusted to the commission for the building of good roads where there is the greatest need for them.

The roads that Oregon wants are those which will assist in the business of the state and the development of the country. Many of these roads are needed in both eastern and western Oregon. We can get along without the tourist roads like the Mount Hood loop, and we need the money too badly elsewhere to spend large amounts of the money realized from bond sales upon it.

If we are to go into this great road-building expenditure the members of the legislature owe it to their constituents to find out before they provide the money where it is to be spent. A general road system should be mapped out and adopted and it should be enacted into law so that the commission will be bound by it. These roads should be located where they will benefit the people who live in the state instead of those who drive into or through it on pleasure tours.

The disquieting rumor is prevalent again that the boats may be taken off the river, because the people operating them are short of capital. This should be prevented if possible, and it ought to be possible if a guarantee of business will keep the line open. Salem and the other towns along the river need the boats and need them badly.

The German crown prince that was spying his crown princess that was for divorce. Fritz didn't mind being married as long as Germany paid the bills; but when it comes to supporting a wife and children himself, that's a different matter.

There is a bill before the senate to appropriate \$40,000 for additional land around the state prison. Whether it is proposed to lay out golf links or polo grounds for the use of the convicts the bill does not explain.

If it is possible to talk anything to death the paving trust might just as well be measured for its casket.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

NEIL TELLS BARBARA OF HIS LOVE
CHAPTER VI

I have been this particular to tell of my simple home life, so that it may perhaps win me, if not forgiveness for what came after, at least some sort of understanding of my foolishness, my mistakes. For I was also to blame for what happened.

I wanted desperately to go to the station to meet Neil, that lovely May day when he was to arrive, but he had said nothing of my doing so in his letter, so I remained at home, anxiously watching from the window, shaded by the curtains.

My heart almost literally leaped into my mouth when I saw him swing up the street, carrying his big suit case as if it weighed no more than a feather. Neil was very strong, he had gone in for athletics in college, and had been very proud of his record.

He turned into his aunt's gate, and my heart went back where it belonged again. But in less than fifteen minutes he was with me.

"How do you do, Bab?" was what he said, but the way he held both my hands, the glad look in his eyes, made it adequate. Mother was with us, or I thought he perhaps might have kissed me.

He was to remain less than a week I almost cried when he told me. But I was so happy that he was with me that I determined to try and forget how soon he would leave me again.

"You see I had to come, Bab," he said later in the evening when we took a long walk, just the same as we did the summer before.

"You had to come," I repeated, wondering.

"Yes, I had to see if you were still here."

"Why, you know I was. Haven't I written you regularly?"

"Yes, but somehow I wanted to look at you. Bab, to see if I had idealized you too much; or if you were far ahead of all I thought you."

"Well!" I laughed nervously as I asked the question.

"Miles ahead, Bab. I don't believe there is another girl in the world just like you. You are very pretty too, Bab. Did you know that? Of course you did, you have a mirror. And Bab! you look very sweet in that pale blue dress; it is like a faint moonbeam, in this half light."

We talked a lot more nonsense, at least Neil did. I mostly listened. Then when he left me for the night he leaned over and kissed me once again on my cheek. Just a quick brushing of his lips across my face.

"You're a dear, Bab!" he said, and then I was alone.

But somehow I knew that Neil was beginning to love me. I felt no shame over that kiss as I had over the other. He had said loving things to me before he kissed me. I thrilled all over with the knowledge, and before I went to bed I knelt down and thanked God for Neil.

The days passed so swiftly that the day he was to leave, found me all unprepared to lose him. He had been tenderly loverlike all the time, I think mother say how things were drifting for she made no demands upon me, and I had been constantly with Neil. He was to take a train about ten o'clock that connected with his train at the junction. We took a walk after dinner but neither of us talked much. Without either, scarcely realizing it, our steps

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turned to the wood at the end of the village, and we sat down on the log where Neil had given me his first kiss. There he told me how dear I was to him, and asked me to be his wife. When I said "yes" he took me in his arms and told me of his love, how he had thought he would forget me, but had been unable to. How superior I was to all other girls, and all the other things which lovers say.

Then after a time, when the first sweet emotions of our love had passed, he said:

"Come, dearest, we must go and tell your father and mother. I fear they will hate to give you to me, because I have to take you so far from them."

Father and mother weren't nearly as surprised as I thought they would be. They setled beautifully, and when Neil said he would like to be married in September, they gave their consent. Then until time for his train, we were alone again. I wept a few tears, but they were happy tears, and he wiped them away with his kisses. Then father and I went to the station with him, I was not to see him again until he came for me in September.

I sometimes have wondered if—had I known the unhappiness, the agony I was to endure with Neil, I would have married him? Yet, knowing all as I now know it, I doubt if I would have had strength to give him up—my first lover, my Neil!

(To be Continued.)

TRANSPORT ARRIVES

New York, Feb. 13.—The transport Stockholm has arrived here from Brest with 2,084 soldiers and officers aboard, including the following units:

The 369th infantry field and staff headquarters company, medical detachment and companies A, B, C and D, composed of men from Camps Upton Taylor, Lee, Gordon, Travis, Funston Sherman and Meade.

Among the casual officers on the Stockholm were Majors W. F. Allis, Se-

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attle, Wash., and S. O. Johnson, Berkeley, Cal.; Captains C. O. Dorsett, Seattle; F. A. Jetter, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; O. H. Kendrick, San Francisco.

The following first lieutenants were aboard: H. B. Kiff, Portland, Oregon; E. B. Milburn, Butte, Mont.; R. G. Thompson, Oakland, Cal.; L. R. Chouts Butte, Mont., and Llewellyn McCew, Portland, Or.

Private William Heinrich, of Lebanon, reported killed in action last September, writes home that he is alive, but was severely gassed.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

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