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## The Daily Capital Journal

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

### COMFORT ME WITH APPLES.

In response to a letter, inviting him to visit friends in this country, Lord Dusany, English playwright and author says: "I should like to sit by your fire, as you promise, with you and your friends, and eat apples. Would it not be too bad if the greater part of mankind had been made so restless by these restless years that they could only feel at ease by burning cities?"

"How shall we easily turn from those hills and places of vantage whence we watched the ruin of empires, to see simply once more those little beneficent things of which the happiness of men and children was made in the days before the artillery altered the shapes of the hills?"

Lord Dusany has put his finger on the very actual state of affairs. There is hardly anyone not conscious of deep inward excitement, which makes it fairly impossible to turn once more to the "little beneficent things."

But after all that is exactly what the world needs right now more than anything else. The spirit which could only feel at ease by burning cities must be held in firm control while the great questions before the world are being settled. The more homes there are which carefully preserve the homely atmosphere which makes it possible for friends "to sit by the fire and eat apples" the better, for they are the best possible safeguard against world disruption and chaos.

If conditions were right for a renewal of building operations, Salem would be enjoying an old-fashioned boom right now. The town is so well filled that houses are in demand, new businesses and industries are being started and old ones enlarged, and there is considerable activity in real estate. We may be actually booming again before we know it, although this time it will be justified by substantial business growth and development of the country.

One college president protests against military training on the ground that wars are becoming mere matters of science, and that the next one will be fought with germs. That is all right. The only war we expect to fight from now on is the one against disease.

Anyway no pessimist could possibly have the nerve to predict a drought in the near future.

**Velie Six**  
The New Velie Six  
Is the foremost in style and a standard of worth by which all other cars are judged.  
All the features of THE VELIE from the engine to the axles are recognized by the government as STANDARD.  
The Red Seal Continental Motor in a car is itself proof of the Value of the VELIE SIX.  
See this car now on display. A carload expected soon.  
**Salem Velie Company**  
J. W. JONES, Mgr.  
Distributors for Marion and Polk counties, Territory open for good live dealers.

### MOUNT HOOD LOOP GETS OUR MONEY.

So strong is the demand for the immediate completion of the two main trunk roads, that the commission is arranging to have all of the sections on these arteries given immediate attention. Once the boards are cleared of these improvements, the commission will take up the federal co-operation, and among the first will be a decision regarding the Mount Hood loop, to which the commission has been committed for more than a year.—Oregonian.

This paragraph is taken from the report of yesterday's highway commission in Portland. It shows that the tourist road system is to be pushed by the treasury raiders of that city, regardless of the fact that they protest so loudly they do not want a cent of the highway funds. As a matter of fact the biggest part of the \$6,000,000 road bond issue of two years ago was spent for the benefit of Portland—upon the Columbia river highway, connecting with the Multnomah county pavement east and west, and a twenty-mile spur from the Portland pavement out to Newburg. All the time this \$6,000,000 bond bill was pending in the legislature the Portland delegation was protesting that the big city would not ask for a dollar of it: then they took the biggest part of it.

Now history promises to be repeated. The Mount Hood loop is a purely scenic and tourist road, connecting with Portland's Columbia highway system. It will have no bearing upon the development of the state, and be of no value to the farmer or businessman. To spend state road money upon it when so much road work of value to the state is needed, is little less than a crime, and it is safe to say that the bigger part of our state money will go into this scheme, unless the people of Oregon get together and make such a forcible demand for their right to have the money they pay in road taxes expended for the benefit of all the people, that the commission will be forced to listen to them.

During the session of the legislature the Capital Journal sought to have the roads to be improved by the commission designated before the \$10,000,000 bond issue was passed. The attempt was futile because the disorganized mob that was designated as the legislature this year seemed to imagine the people had sent them there for the sole purpose of burning up money and levying new taxes to meet the deficiencies caused by their extravagance.

Portland will get its Mount Hood loop for the benefit of visiting tourists and the roads the people who live in the state want will have to wait while millions are expended elsewhere.

### PLEADING FOR MORE PRODUCTION.

The Salem Kings' Products company wants the farmers and fruit growers of this district to supply its demands. They are advertising for many kinds of produce.

This industry is a good deal larger than many Salem people imagine it is. Last year it used over 14,000,000 pounds of fruit and produce. Its plant payroll in this city was \$110,000—and yet only 15 per cent of the produce used could be procured in the Salem territory. It had to be shipped, even from as far away as the state of Washington, and high railroad freights added to the cost of the products it manufactured.

Not only is this particular concern asking the people to raise sufficient produce to keep them running, but the loganberry juice plants, and the canneries are pleading for greatly increased supplies. They are willing to buy practically everything that the valley is able to produce at open market prices and it is up to the people to respond to their appeals. A market for all these products has been the great demand of the valley for years, and now that it has been secured the growers must make every effort to supply it in order that these industries not only may live, but that they may expand and thus provide a still more active market for their fruit and produce.

Bill Hohenzollern is chopping down trees at Amerogen. Looking back over what was done under his orders in France and Belgium, Bill only seems to be indulging a mania for destroying other people's forests.

The boys of old Company M will soon be home with a record of service that will insure them the warmest welcome this city ever extended to anybody in all its history.

The opponents of the League of Nations are strong advocates of peace—the kind of peace that can be broken at will whenever you think you can lick the other fellow.

All the senators and congressmen want an extra session. How they must love to talk!

### THE PROMOTER'S WIFE BY JANE PHELPS

BLANCHE ORTON INVITES NEIL AND BARBARA TO DINNER.  
CHAPTER XXVI.  
Neil came home very late, and so tired that he went directly to bed. The next morning he was in such a hurry to get down to the office for his mail, which had accumulated during his absence, that I did not attempt to talk with him. I would wait until dinner time.  
He was in one of his excitable moods. Things had gone more than well, he said in response to my inquiry if the business upon which he had gone had turned out all right.  
"I wished I had taken you," he said, "I met several people whom I should have been glad to have you know."  
"Next time I'll make you take me!" I was horribly lonely most of the time, although Lorraine and I went to dinner and were joined by Mr. Frederick and he took us to a show afterward.  
"Frederick took you."  
"Yes. It was all right, wasn't it? I knew he was a great friend of yours, so supposed of course it was all right for us to go. Lorraine quite admired him."  
"Of course it is all right. Did he ask you any questions about me—my trip to Boston?"  
"Not a question." And he had not but after Neil had gone I recalled that he had had a sort of anxious look upon his face as we talked about Mr. Frederick.  
He had been down-town but half an hour when the telephone rang. "You haven't anything on for tonight have you, Bab?" he asked.  
"No—why?"  
"Blanche Orton just called me up and wanted to know. She is giving an impromptu dinner tonight. She will probably call you up in a few minutes. I called to tell you that even if you had arranged something to call it off. I am particularly anxious to meet some one who is to be there. Please have my clothes laid out. I shall be detained down here until the last minute."  
"Very well."  
I had scarcely hung up when the telephone rang again. This time it was Mrs. Orton. "I am giving a very small informal dinner tonight, Mrs. Forbes. Will you and your husband waive ceremony and come?"  
"Mr. Forbes just telephoned me. Yes, we will come." I had no intention that she should think me in ignorance of the fact that she had called Neil first.  
"Yes—I telephoned him as soon as I thought he would be in his office. He is such a popular man that I feared he would make some other engagement before I could reach him." Then: "Dinner at seven."  
Once again my jealousy of Blanche Orton asserted itself. Once more I determinedly put it from me. Really I must not be so foolish. One would think I was 18 years old instead of 26—and an old married woman at that. It showed a littleness in my nature that I must rid myself of—or it would grow upon me. At least I had read that "by giving way to jealousy it only increased its power to make one miserable."  
I loved Neil. I must always love him. Nothing could change that. He had shown me what love meant, and for that reason I must always love him or else lose my self-respect. I would fight to the death for his love, if need be; but I would not insult myself or him by thinking he held me lightly.  
I knew that some people claim that people can love many times. But I knew I should love but once. I believe that many second and third marriages even, are happy ones because they are the only love marriages—that the others were not, though there may have been liking, respect, even comradeship. But that real love is experienced but once was then, is now, my sure belief.  
I would make myself lovely for Neil that night. I had a new gown I never had worn. It was a shimmering thing, all soft shades that were most becoming. Daring as she was in her dress, Blanche Orton would not outshine me.  
But I had not gauged her daring. (Monday—Neil Brings Barbara a String of Pearls)

### Open Forum

#### NOT "2000 MILES FROM MARKET"

Editor Capital Journal:—  
An eastern firm says: "at a farm catalogue in which is printed the following: 'New England and the states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania have over 30,000,000 people living in villages and cities and a few over 4,000,000 living on all the farms in these nine states.'"  
"In the west the reverse is true. There, more people are living on the farms than in the cities. The western farmer is often 2000 miles from his market!"  
"The eastern farmer benefits from having a retail market of one third of the population of the United States at his door and sells his produce on the day or week that prices rule highest."  
In Thursday evening's Capital Journal to the farmers of the Salem district by the Pleasant Northwest Products Company—Oregon's greatest boosters, wherein the prices for certain fruits were quoted.

Is it not possible for the sections of that advertisement dealing with the prices offered to be embodied in a booklet dealing with the advantages of, and the markets in the Salem district?  
As a member of the Salem Commercial club, I suggest that the social end of the club be shut down for a year and the money saved be expended in compiling and publishing a Salem booklet. Even many of our own citizens are unaware of what we possess in our own midst in the way of industry and markets for produce.  
Salem is destined to be the center of one of the greatest fruit growing and canning districts in the world, and also one of the richest.

LYOURS for Salem,  
C. W. NEIMEYER.

### THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

To the Editor:  
We are passing through a period of uncertainty and confusion. We went into the war because our international rights were assailed. To win the war the president was given unusual power and no complaint came from the people. To win the war was the watchword. Now that the war is over we want congress and the president to give the people back the rights and privileges they had before war was declared. We were not fighting for any change in our government but to uphold our rights.  
We believe now that before this country enters into any covenant with the peoples of the world for a league of nations, that this country should be

### EARL RACE

#### AGAINST ALL PARTIES.

To the Editor:  
"No man can be a true Christian and vote the Republican or Democratic ticket."—Evangelist C. B. Hauschild.  
No man or woman can be a true Christian or patriot and vote the republican or democratic ticket.  
Political Action, General Conference, 1916—The time has come when the line should be definitely and clearly drawn between the supporters and partners of this (liquor) traffic and those who stand for its abolition. A MAN CANNOT AS A CHRISTIAN CITIZEN— a man or woman cannot be a Christian citizen and therefore cannot be a true Christian and sign a petition to be used for the purpose of traffic, vote for it or with it, or fail to make his citizenship count as an elector in protest against the traffic's continuance. To do any one of these things is to betray his citizenship, the religion he professes, and the church of the living Christ.—To do any one of these things is to be a traitor to his country, his religion and the Christian church.  
WILLIAM N. TAFT.

### STILL ANOTHER OPINION.

Editor Capital Journal:  
I see in the Open Forum of March first one who signed himself "father," thinks to give advice and perhaps to do much good in the world. I would like to say to that father, go to that woman "God created for you" forsake all else and care for her, and her offspring, as man should, before you set yourself to judge.  
I am a woman and a mother and I know all the words imply. The helpless mother, the innocent babe, is that all? No, where is their natural protection? Who took the babe to the basement? I am old and have made many observations, and have often asked the question: "If God saw man needed a help-mate, why is it that man is always first to condemn the weaker one, whom he should cherish and protect?"  
If man kept his own life, as God intended he should, how many women would bear the grief and shame? And how many little atoms of humanity would be cast on the world?  
Oh, man, go hide your face in shame until you can protect the woman that God gavest thee if you have sons. Teach them to be men. But God pity the girl with such a father.

### MARION NEWS.

Miss Maggie Bartraff of Portland is visiting relatives at Middle Grove. Rudolph Wacken from Camp Lewis, spent Sunday with his parents here. Theresa Zielinski went to Portland Friday to stay a few days with her sister.  
Mrs. Lakinbeal is afflicted with tonsillitis.  
George Parmenter went to Astoria Monday, on business.  
Lester Van Cleave and family went

### RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

#### LONESOME.

I'm lonesome when the winter ends; the winter takes away my friends, by twos and threes and scores; they live through summer, spring and fall, but winter comes, with bier and pall, and stops their earthly chores. Methinks this winter was the worst that ever happened, last and first, it filled so many graves; a hundred friends have gone to sleep in couches narrow, cold and deep, out where the brown grass waves. A hundred dear old friends are gone; no more they'll gossip on the lawn, or in the Blue Front store; I'm lonesome—for old friends I yearn, I look for them at every turn, but see my friends no more. An old gent cannot make new friends, as down the sunset slope he wends, with halting steps and slow; the more the bells of evening ring, the more his soul's affections cling to friends of long ago. The winter bore my friends away; I lost a comrade every day, and some days two or three; I wonder why death's angel comes, to steal my friends, with muffled drums, and why he sidesteps me?

placed exactly in the same position it was before it went into the war. A league of nations as is now considered would cause some change in our form of government.  
The United States has been considered in the past an ideal form of government and the only republic that has existed for so long a time. Why now give the control of our external affairs over to some foreign nations, some of which are only a little more than half civilized and have no written national history, but have only traditions, prejudices and suspicions.  
Do we now wish to cast our lot equally with peoples who have lived under a different form of government than ours and from our experience with them here we know that their idea of liberty is license to commit and deprecations to meet their selfish ends?  
We all want peace and to aid in maintaining peace, but does this country want peace at any price? If we do, why did we go into this war? If we accept peace under the conditions of the league of nations as it now stands, it would surely lead us to disaster. Let us have concern for our own people and country.

### HAZEL GREEN NOTES

(Capital Journal Special Service)  
Marion, Ore., Mar. 8.—Several changes have taken place in our little town recently. Perhaps the most important of these is the change of ownership of both stores, Mr. Smith, of the firm of Smith & Fontaine at Jefferson, has purchased the stock of Barber & Davidson and also Pierson & Son. We understand he expects to combine the stock in one store and use the other building for a feed store.  
The C. A. Hammett family are moving away. Mr. Leo Smith and family will then occupy that house.  
Mr. Oscar Olson expects to go into the chicken business on his place (Hinshaw ranch) by the first of April. Mr. Branners who now live there will move into the house now occupied by the Smiths.  
Mr. Emory Worthing and family have moved back to Brooks.  
A large number of friends gathered at the home of Lewis and Myrtle Bassell Tuesday afternoon for a farewell social and a very enjoyable time was had except for the thought of parting. Refreshments of cake and cocoa were served, and just before anyone left for home Mrs. Pressall, speaking in behalf of those present, made a fitting talk and presented the Russells with a sum of money to purchase a gasoline lamp as a remembrance of the occasion. They then all sang "God be With You" and good-byes were said, amid smiles and tears. The Russells left Thursday for their new home at Middleton.

### A RAW, SORE THROAT

Eases Quickly When You Apply a Little Muterole.  
And Muterole won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Just spread it on with your fingers. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain.  
Muterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It is fine for quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds on the chest (it often prevents pneumonia). Nothing like Muterole for croupy children. Keep it handy for instant use.  
30c and 60c jars; hospital size \$2.50.

### MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER