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Editor and Publisher

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

TRYING TO SWIPE THE ROAD FUNDS.

The Oregonian still contends that Portland is not favored by the expenditures of state road funds upon the Columbia river highway. Also it takes the Capital Journal to task because it calls attention to the fact that the state in general received practically no benefit from the expenditure of the \$6,000,000 appropriated for roads two years ago. It gives figures which are juggled with all the clever ability of that paper to juggle figures when it wants to fool the public, as it so frequently does. The fact is that no money to speak of has been expended by the state highway commission during the past two years except on the upper and lower Columbia highways, roads which are chiefly important to Portland, and a spur from the Portland pavements to Newberg. A little grading on the roads was done in a few scattered localities of the state but the work was unimportant. This year other contracts have been let and we are informed they will exhaust the \$6,000,000 road fund. Among the contracts is one for paving the Salem-Aurora road of which the state supplies about \$120,000 and the government the balance—and this is all that Marion, second county of the state, with the second largest number of licensed machines, gets out of the six million dollar fund. And many counties of the state have fared worse than Marion.

All that the Capital Journal is seeking to do now is to keep the money derived from the sale of the new \$10,000,000 bond issue from being expended on the Mount Hood loop, which is part of Portland's scenic system, planned for the purpose of attracting tourist travel to that city. We would like to see the money expended upon the main highways of Oregon for the purpose of developing the state, and we expected the Portland papers to abuse and misrepresent us for discussing the issue from this standpoint. There is no question but it is the intention of the road boosters of the dominating city of the state to completely pave the Columbia highway from Seaside to The Dalles and construct the Mount Hood loop, if they can influence the highway commission with the help of the Oregonian and other subsidized mediums. Then if there is any money left the rest of the state will be welcome to it.

In common with a large majority of the people of the state, we would like to see Robert A. Booth remain on the state highway commission. Of course, it is a hard, thankless task if a man is honest and expects no graft from the beneficiaries of road contracts, and we can scarcely blame Mr. Booth for desiring to quit.

Poor railroads! Nobody loves them—not even the United States senate.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

GOOD OLD GEORGE.

"Tother day old England's king in a public park appeared, and his subjects, in a ring, gazed upon his royal head; "Good old George!" the people yelled, when their monarch they beheld. And his eyes were misty then, and emotion shook his frame, as he heard the war-worn men call him by that loving name; "Good old George!" his people cried, and his bosom swelled with pride. That was finer far than praise by the stately heralds sprung, than the eulogies of jays drilled of gesture and of tongue; finer than the poet's song; "Good old George!" they whooped it strong. Since the long drawn war began, and the world was trampled flat, George was first of all a man, and a man-sized one at that; so, when he goes kinging by, "Good old George!" his people cry. In the days of stress and dread never shirked he toil or cares; when the people mourned their dead, George's sad heart ached with theirs; now that dreary time's gone by; "Good old George!" the people cry. Could the German kaiser now to his native land return, is there, think you, man or frau, who would not his noblets spurn? Is there one, already, still, who would cry out, "Good old Bill?"

THE PRESIDENTIAL AMULET.

There is one thing about President Wilson that ought to be cleared up.

At a recent dinner given in the White House to members of the congressional foreign relations committee, it was observed that as the guests were about to seat themselves at the table something dropped from the president's pocket and rolled over the floor. It seemed dark or reddish brown. A waiter hurriedly picked it up and handed it to the president, who explained with a little embarrassment that his "physician had ordered him to carry it."

What was it? There have been two explanations printed. One is that it was a buckeye or horse chestnut—an article intrinsically beautiful, and well known by all normal American boys to possess mystical curative and protective powers. The other explanation is that it was a "confere bag" of red cloth, containing some nameless but presumably potent and salubrious compound. The beneficent effects of such an amulet are well known to southern darkies—the president is a southern man.

The entire incident shows President Wilson in a new light. He has been generally regarded as a "thinking machine", with little room for the ordinary human emotions and frailties. But if the president really depends, for his health and personal safety, on the efficacy of some charm carried in his pocket, there is a touch of humanity that instantly makes him kin with the whole illogical and un-grown-up world of humanity.

And this being granted, surely the precise nature of that charm ought to be settled definitely. Is it a northern amulet, or a southern one? Of American or African inspiration? Does Mr. Wilson carry it to ward off rheumatics, or the flu? Did his physician really order him to do it? Or, is it his own idea, and does he tote it 'just for luck'? Several million people would like to know.

A NON PARTISAN PLEA.

The view, seemingly held by a majority of the American papers, that the League of Nations is not a political question, finds admirable expression in an editorial of the Boston Herald. That newspaper, generally considered the leading republican organ of New England, says:

"The wise course for republicans to take is to turn in and help in the realization of the great aspiration which the president set forth, just as they turned in for the success of the armies of which he was the duly chosen commander-in-chief in the recent war. Few men ever lose anything by a broad and chivalrous position. We can afford to think of nothing but that which is best for mankind and for our on-coming civilization."

These relief drives are getting harder and harder and ought to be stopped altogether. The people should serve notice on the big paid foreign relief organizations that they will not put up any more money, now that the war is over, without knowing when and where it is spent. These relief organizations and war work movements which have been maintained ought to be thoroughly investigated officially so we may know how much of our money goes to overhead expense and how much of it is expended for the purposes that are advertised. Anyway, it is time that all these professional war and relief workers were quitting and leaving the Red Cross to finish up all the necessary work, since this organization is thoroughly reliable and has the confidence of the people.

Eugene Debs got what was coming to him but there are a whole lot of men and women more dangerous to society than he still at large. They should all be rounded up before the good work stops.

The real estate market in and around Salem has not been as active in years as it is at the present time. And the transactions now are not based on boom inflation but rather upon established values.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

NEIL TELLS BARBARA A GOOD FRONT GOES A LONG WAYS

CHAPTER XXX.

Much against my will, I had arrived at the conclusion that Neil did not wish me to know anything of his business methods. Not that this was cause for my doubting them perfectly legitimate;

but it, in a way, made me feel that Neil did not think me capable of an understanding things which, it was perfectly obvious, he confided in Blanche Orton. It made me vaguely jealous. I did not, for a moment, yet, believe Neil to be in love with Blanche; but I felt that he thought her worthy of his confidence, in a way that it hurt me to think of.

I was definitely conscious of the possibility that, because of this faith in Mrs. Orton's ability, he might eventually think her necessary to him. Hitherto my happiness had been almost perfect because of my trust in Neil's loyalty.

I regarded the ordinary form of jealousy as unnecessary, and indeed dishonorable toward Neil—toward my love for him. To me, such forms of jealousy were an insult. But could Neil, more than another, permanently control his heart if this woman made him think she was necessary to his success?

Success was Neil's God. If it would make for that success, would he sacrifice me?

I asked myself this question, but refused myself an answer. When I married Neil, although 25 years old, I never had cared for anyone else; never had had the slightest idea of what an all-absorbing love meant to a woman. But now I knew to the fullest extent what I also to know the unhappiness which

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Go where you will, you will find no better stand-by food than Grape-Nuts Delicious and economical.

Open Forum

AN OPEN LETTER

To Bishop William F. McDowell, president of the board of temperance, prohibition and public morals of the Methodist Episcopal church:

Dear Bishop: No man or woman can be a true Christian or patriot and vote the republican or democratic or any license party ticket.

Political action general conference 1916. The time has come when the line should be definitely and sharply drawn between the supporters and porters of this traffic, and those who stand for its abolition. A man cannot, as a Christian citizen, sign a petition for a liquor license, rent property to be used for the purposes of the 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.

What say you?
Respectfully,
—WILLIAM N. TAFT

THE CATERPILLAR PEST

Editor Capital Journal: I am not a calamity howler nor do I seek any notoriety but have something to say I feel should be said. While its other people's business and the state and the country are paying big salaries to men who ought to know and make the facts known over their signatures if they do know and care to earn their salaries. I feel it a sense of duty to call attention to it. If you see fit you can write up the subject matter following in your editorials or publish in the O. F. column. I am not a logan-berry grower but have been making observations, particularly since the last crop of berries were being harvested.

At that time whole rows of vines in some of the vineyards had been stripped of their foliage by caterpillars and of course there were no berries on those vines. This is the first appearance of a pest that threatens the industry and even the coming crop might be a total loss because of the ravages of that caterpillar. It is reasonable to suspect that some pest would develop as they do in all lines of horticulture. And the one that has appeared is next to the most destructive one that might be expected. I refer to the army worm as the most destructive. They will be hard to fight as poison spray would have to be applied before the berries set, since it would not do to poison the berries.

The moths are now flying and the females are depositing their eggs on the bursting leaf buds. So what ever is done will have to be done between now and blossoming time. And had better be done in a test or experimental way at least. Other methods of com-

sometimes comes to women who love Democracy is safe again.

All day I thought and thought and thought. Neil's friend had said that he was fortunate to be able to "enlist the interest of TWO women." and then he had called Blanche Orton "clever and dangerous." Then he had said it was easy to read the character of a woman of her sort: "Charming, fascinating, unscrupulous—when it suits them."

Did it suit Blanche Orton to be unscrupulous? And was there something in her relation with Neil that warranted that remark?

In spite of my anxiety, the day passed swiftly. Neil had asked for an elaborate menu for the dinner; and there were flowers to get, and other things to occupy me. I was all dressed when he came in. Dressed exactly as I had been the night before, pearls and all. And I should have no rival at this dinner. Blanche Orton, in her anky costume, would not eclipse me. It raised my spirits, in a way, that this was so; and when Neil again complimented me, and told me I looked sweet enough to eat, I felt quite satisfied with myself and with my appearance.

Mr. Scott came quite promptly, and I was surprised that Neil should have been so particular, should have gone to so much trouble for him. He was a short, swarthy man, badly dressed although in evening clothes—"Open-faced clothes," he facetiously called them later, on when the wine Neil had given him made him feel more at ease.

His English was poor, and ungrammatical; his voice halted frequently when he tried to express himself. "He needs his money. He hasn't any other attractions." I said to myself but Neil had wanted me to entertain him, so I tried to forget his unattractive personality, and to be as interesting as I could. That I was succeeding, and that Neil was pleased, was evident by his quick, appreciative glances in my direction.

We had coffee in the library—coffee and liquors. Both Mr. Scott and Neil became talkative.

"You're a slick one, Forbes, so I'm told," Mr. Scott remarked. "But you or anyone else will have to get up early in the morning to put anything over on me. I am sure your deal is on the square and I'll take that block of stock."

They excused themselves and went to the desk and talked of checks and shares for about ten minutes. Then Neil gave him some stock certificates—at least that was what they called them—and he gave Neil a check.

After he left, Neil laughed rather sarcastically, and said: "The fool he's dead easy."

"What do you mean, Neil? And why were you so anxious to entertain such a man lavishly?"

"A good front goes a long ways with some people," I tried to get him to say more, but without success. I went to bed, once more, with a feeling that all was not right; but also feeling helpless to change anything.

(To Be Continued)

Don't Cough Until Weak—

Elderly people and others who suffer from stubborn or chronic coughs that wear down the strength, lower vitality and disturb sleep, will find in Foley's Honey and Tar a most helpful and healing medicine. The very first doses bring comfort and ease, as in it you get the curative influence of pine tar and other healing ingredients, together with the mollifying laxative effect of honey.

Foley's Honey and Tar

is recommended also for bronchial and la grippe coughs, hoarseness, tickling throat, and stuffy, wheezy breathing. The wise mother knows it stops croup and it is just what children ought to have for feverish colds, coughs, "snuffles," whooping cough and measles cough. It contains no opiates.

"I was troubled with a cough, and would be completely exhausted after each fit of violent coughing. I bought a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar and before I had taken it the coughing spells had entirely ceased. I wish to say it can't be beat." R. C. Collins, Barnegat, N. J.

"My daughter had a bad case of chronic cough. We finally gave her Foley's Honey and Tar. Its effect was almost immediate for after a few days the trouble entirely disappeared and has not returned." Knudt Lee, Wannaska, Minn.



FOR SALE BY

J. C. PERRY, 115 S. Commercial St.

When I was just eighteen years old, My Uncle Sam called me, To fight the Hun—so I was told, Across the deep blue sea. We drilled both day and night awhile, To waste in mud up to our necks, And live on poisoned air. Mid shot and shell and gas we fought, Mid scenes one ne'er forgets— But Oh! God bless the folks back home Who sent us cigarettes. Their drive delayed, the Hun, dismayed Could not stand Yankee vim, No shot nor shell nor gas could stay Their progress toward Berlin. We stayed in dugouts wet and cold, Our bodies lame and sore, We lit our cigarettes and smiled— We asked for nothing more. Democracy is safe again, And we have peace once more And Oh! how glad we were to land Upon our native shore. But what! what's that I hear, I asked, No cigarettes you say? Why! I'm a soldier lad kind sir— I'm just back today. That makes no difference, said the man Gave my dime back with a smile— You see you're not quite twenty one, You'll have to wait awhile. So I returned to find that we Who fought for freedom dear, Had won it for them "Over there," But lost ours "Over Here." We boys—of course, could eat Hun gas And juggle shot and shell, But smoking cigarettes you know Would kill us sure as hell. So Uncle takes me by the hand, And says "My man, well done!" But you must not smoke cigarettes Until you're twenty one. —E. B. DAUGHERTY.

WHEN THE BOYS "OVER THERE" GET BACK "OVER HERE"

When I was just eighteen years old, My Uncle Sam called me, To fight the Hun—so I was told, Across the deep blue sea. We drilled both day and night awhile, To waste in mud up to our necks, And live on poisoned air. Mid shot and shell and gas we fought, Mid scenes one ne'er forgets— But Oh! God bless the folks back home Who sent us cigarettes. Their drive delayed, the Hun, dismayed Could not stand Yankee vim, No shot nor shell nor gas could stay Their progress toward Berlin. We stayed in dugouts wet and cold, Our bodies lame and sore, We lit our cigarettes and smiled— We asked for nothing more. Democracy is safe again, And we have peace once more And Oh! how glad we were to land Upon our native shore. But what! what's that I hear, I asked, No cigarettes you say? Why! I'm a soldier lad kind sir— I'm just back today. That makes no difference, said the man Gave my dime back with a smile— You see you're not quite twenty one, You'll have to wait awhile. So I returned to find that we Who fought for freedom dear, Had won it for them "Over there," But lost ours "Over Here." We boys—of course, could eat Hun gas And juggle shot and shell, But smoking cigarettes you know Would kill us sure as hell. So Uncle takes me by the hand, And says "My man, well done!" But you must not smoke cigarettes Until you're twenty one. —E. B. DAUGHERTY.

EOLA NEWS ITEMS

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Eola, March 13.—Ray Ferguson returned home Thursday night from Camp Lewis, where he was kept a few days after his return from overseas. He is well and hearty but very glad to get back home.

Mr. Holeman sold a few fat hogs in Salem last week.

Mr. Beckson of West Salem has purchased a new Ford five passenger car for his family.

The people of Eola miss the four o'clock car service very much.

Mrs. Nola Moffitt is stopping with her relatives, the Anticans, for a while.

John Trent visited his kinsfolks in Eola Sunday.

Mrs. Mitty had a very pleasant visit at the Beckson home Saturday.

Maxine Ferguson was very sick Monday night with indigestion.

There is a set of books from the Eola people.

Mrs. Antican has been very sick but is now on the mend. Dr. McCollor has been coming every day to see her.

Mrs. Aeff is helping care for Mrs. Antican.

Mrs. Odum came over from Dallas for a few days to help care for her sister, Mrs. Antican.

OFFICER 666

(Continued from page one)

force and not as mayor that he naturally fell into the ways of ordering people about. Anyhow with the exception of "Officer 666" he was about the most active policeman on the opera house beat last night.

many roles in amateur plays that it would not seem natural for an Elks' play to be put over without L. Cooke appearing on the scene. Hence, while he didn't have a very leading part as a Japanese servant, he was allowed to come out first when the curtain rose and to do a lot of work without saying. Later on he was called upon to talk, although Mr. Mott had to close him up several times.

Murray L. Hart, who was a plain clothes man and not allowed to borrow any police uniform from Chief Varney, appeared quite natural. All he had to do was to smoke a good cigar and put on the swank that is supposed to fit with a plain clothes officer who knew he couldn't be fooled. As Mr. Hart was a real officer in the late war, it just came natural to see that things were going right. He knew the part and acted it.

But while a lot of men we know in Salem were masquerading in police uniforms on the stage last night, there really were two genuine patrolmen mixed in with a governor, a secretary of state, a city mayor and a couple of former military men. These men were Walter Thopson and Harry Row. In the active work of running down Oscar Gingrich it was hard to tell which was which. They guarded well the outer door in a crisis when Gingrich was trying to get away and there was a suspicion that James Mott was about to leave.

As all cannot be stars and do the heavy love making or cut up pictures that were valuable, some must be content without a chance of getting a glad hand. In this patriotic war were Dan F. Langenberg and A. L. Fraser. Both are good actors and both consented to take part in the play for the good of the cause.

Plenty of Action.

While the play is strictly a man's play, yet of course there must be women in the cast to add the necessary romance. Mrs. Walter L. Spaulding put the necessary pep into her acting as an aunt of Miss Olga Gray. When Mrs. Spaulding came on the stage there was something doing all the time and she played most excellently the part of the aunt who had to keep Miss Gray from eloping with Oscar Gingrich.

Miss Cartwright, although a new star in Elkhorn plays, won the approval of the audience almost before she began to talk. Her love making with Karl Hinges was really natural, especially taking into consideration that about 800 people were looking at her. Mr. Hinges helped along wonderfully in the trying scenes of love at first sight and everything was lovely.

As the young lady who fell in love with Oscar Gingrich and later with James Mott, Miss Olga Gray made a most decided hit. Her acting was most natural and she carried well all her trying experiences with Mr. Gingrich who insisted on eloping with her and Mr. Mott who insisted on marrying her. As Mr. Mott put on the play, it is natural that he should have the pleasure of telling Miss Gray a lot of nice things and finally winning out as the curtain went down.

Was Finished Success.

As Salem audiences know Mr. Mott they know that when he announces an Elk play, it's going to be a good one. They know that Mr. Mott is a finished actor and that he knows his business and that is enough to always draw two crowded houses. This time, it will draw three houses. There was 'at a vacant seat in the house last night, nor will there be any unsold ones for tonight. Those who want to see the play will be given a chance at the third and last performance Friday evening at 8:30 o'clock.

And the credit of the fine show last evening is not only to Mr. Mott, the director, but to the fine spirit and enthusiasm of those who gave their time to the production of the play. The audience didn't quite respond with enough uncovers, but it pretty well understood that Salem audiences aren't much on enthusing the first night. They generally live up the second night.