

CHARLES H. FISHER  
Editor and Publisher

# Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

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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

### TELEGRAPH RATES.

Maybe Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph company, is right and maybe Postmaster Burleson is right, but certainly Mr. Mackay's telegraph rate argument makes a stronger appeal to the public than Mr. Burleson's.

The postmaster general says the rates had to be raised 20 per cent because the telegraph and telephone systems have been operating at a loss under government control, and he believes they will keep on losing no matter who controls them. Mr. Mackay replies that if the Postal Telegraph system is returned to its owners, it will lop off that 20 per cent within twenty four hours.

That would save the American public \$1,000,000 a month. It would save a good deal more than that if the Western Union followed suit, as it would probably be obliged to do. Such sums are small compared with some of the expenses the nation has been up against lately; but because of the very expensiveness of this war, every million saved is a comfort.

If Mr. Mackay will pull down those rates, and keep them down, he can't get his lines back too quick to suit the country.

The Roosevelt highway is one of the most practical and sensible reconstruction measures submitted on the ballot at the June election. It means a step in the direction of development and growth on a large scale after the fashion set by our sister states of Washington and California, which have outdistanced us in population and wealth, due to enterprising policies which have developed the resources of those states on a large scale. The Roosevelt highway proposition would be a big move toward the goal of intensive state development. Millions of acres of new country would be opened up and Oregon would have a coast defense road connecting with the one being built by Washington and California. It would constitute a great tourist highway, but its greatest value would be as a factor in state development. The government matches the bond money dollar for dollar and the bonds are taken care of by the automobile license fund, so that the taxpayers in general will bear no added burden. It ought to be easy for the voters of the state to declare in favor of a big development enterprise of this nature--when it does not really involve the expenditure of a dollar of their money.

The market roads movement seems to be gaining strength throughout the county, and there is a general impression that the \$850,000 bond issue will carry. The acceptance by the committee of the county court's plan of improvement has brought to the movement the complete endorsement of Judge Bushey and the other members of the county court and this fact will have an important bearing upon the result of the election. Summed up, the sentiment seems to be that Marion county should and some day will have permanently improved roads, and that the present time seems propitious for making the start in that direction; that there is nothing worth while to be gained by postponement indefinitely of what must ultimately be done in order to insure the full measure of growth and development for the county.

France, in her last war loan, raised \$5,000,000,000 without any public fuss. In proportion to her national wealth, that means as much as \$20,000,000,000 in this country. Wednesday refrain from bragging about the last American loan.

The Prussian militarists received the terms of the peace treaty on the anniversary of the sinking of the Lusitania--a fitting time to hand down the decree of punishment in order "that these dead shall not have died in vain."

Winnipeg and Seattle have both been boon cities and in many respects their careers are similar. However, at this critical time Winnipeg may lack an Ole Hanson to save her industries and her honor.

Some New York women are going to walk to Washington to urge a boycott of German goods. Is the telegraph service as bad as that?

A good many of those would-be Warwicks are hunting for their presidential timber on cut-over lands.

## THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

NEIL ACCUSES BARBARA OF TAKING THE LETTER.  
CHAPTER XXII

At ten o'clock she had retired and I sat in the library, pretending to read until half past twelve, and then I too went to my room. It might be three or four o'clock before Neil would be home. I was tired, and in spite of my anxiety I soon fell asleep, and did not waken when Neil came in.

He was up even earlier than usual. I could see that he was not entirely at ease, although he did his best to disguise the fact. In view of what Frederick had said, and the letter Mrs. Orton had written, I imagined it had something to do with the business of the preceding night; that things had not gone to his satisfaction.

The postman came while we were at breakfast, and immediately he left Neil commenced to speak about the slow delivery of city letters. I trembled with apprehension. Was he about to tell of the letter which he should have had the day before? But he said nothing, save in a general way, and once more I breathed freely.

After he left for the office I wandered about the house, too nervous to sit myself of anything. All I could think of was the attitude Neil would take when he found no letter from Mrs. Orton was at his office. It was too much to hope that an one had noticed it; it had been too prominently displayed on his desk.

Lorraine Norton came over about eleven, and never was I more delighted to see her. She was full of news, and we chatted until midnight, which I had persuaded her to take with us. She and I went out for a walk together, and made it quite unnecessary for me to exert myself.

"What I tell Neil the truth, that I took that letter, or shall I deny all knowledge of it?" This question was in my mind all day. I hated to tell an untruth, especially to Neil. He might never trust me again should he discover it. That blonde girl at his office--had she noticed the letter particularly? If so she would be sure to tell him; sure to put the blame of its loss upon me. Somehow I knew that girl did not like me; did not even respect me because of my actions at the office when Neil was West. Instinctively I felt she would be glad to humiliate me.

"I will tell the truth if he asks me," I said aloud. I was alone in the library. Lorraine had gone, and I was dressing for dinner. I had dressed early and hurried down. If Neil came in I preferred to see him alone, always supposing he had missed the letter.

It was only a little after five when I heard his key in the door. I picked up a magazine and tried to act indifferent. Little Robert was sitting on the floor with a picture book.

"Send him away," Neil said sternly. "I wish to talk to you."

I called the nurse and gave Robert to her. Then as innocently as I could I asked:

"What is it, Neil? Anything happened?"

"Yes, something HAS happened. Why did you take a letter from my desk yesterday?" I was not to have the chance to deny taking it. He knew I had.

"Because I recognized the writing," I spoke in a low voice which I vainly tried to keep steady.

"That is no reason. What did you do with the letter?"

"Here it is," I had kept it about me, not quite daring to destroy it. Neil took the letter from me, looked at it, then said in a rage:

"So you opened and read it, did you? You pretend to be so punctilious about what I do, and you stoop to do a thing a servant would not do! I am glad I have found out the sort of a wife I should not do what is honorable or dishonorable, and you doing something that the lowest kind of a croak looks down upon. Opening and reading a letter not intended for you. No--don't speak! But from this time I absolutely forbid you my office. I have told the bookkeeper and stenographer that you are never to go inside of my private office again. And--"

"You told them that?" scarcely believing.

"I certainly did and emphasized the fact. Another thing! Don't you ever dare find fault with anything I choose to do. I never want to hear you preach to me about business methods, or anything else," as he finished he turned and before I could answer went on up to his room.

I had made him despise me, and had learned nothing. It would be a lesson to me, little did I know what anguish my foolish act was to cause me. (Monday--Neil Refused to Visit Usual Carers.)

## POLK COUNTY BOY IS PNEUMONIA VICTIM

Swimming In Icy Waters Results In Death Of Paul Koser.

Dallas, May 17.--Paul Koser, the sixteen year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Koser living in the Rickreall neighborhood east of Dallas, died this week from pneumonia contracted about a week ago. Young Koser together with a number of other boys of the community went in swimming in the icy waters of the Rickreall on Sunday, May 5, and shortly afterwards he was taken ill with pneumonia from which he never rallied. The deceased was a student in the Rickreall school and was a general favorite with his playmates. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at the family home and the body was brought to this city for interment.

New Pipe Line Begun  
W. L. Soehren, superintendent of the Dallas Water company, stated that work had begun on the new pipe line to be constructed by his company from the intake at Canyon Creek about eight miles back in the Coast mountains west of this city to Applegate Creek town which the company will obtain a sufficient supply of water to protect the shortage caused every summer by the scarcity of water at the present source of supply. The road to the present source of operations has been repaired and put in shape so that automobile travel can be made now as far as Canyon Creek. A force of twelve or fifteen men will be kept at work on the line until it is completed which Mr. Soehren thinks will take a greater part of the summer. A deed covering the granting of the city of Dallas for permission to cross the land was given the city last week by the Chas. K. Spaulding Lumber company of Salem, who own the timber land to be traversed by the pipe line.

Returns from Orient  
T. C. Stockwell returned to his home in Dallas this week after an absence of several months during which time he visited Vladivostok, Siberia, Nagasaki, Japan and Hong Kong and Shanghai and many other points in the far east. Mr. Stockwell is a wireless operator and has been on the steamer or Cadretta which left Seattle last November, with a cargo of railroad iron, locomotives and other material for the Siberian city. Shortly after leaving Seattle the ship was struck by a fierce gale which sprung several plates and they were forced to put into Honolulu for repairs. Mr. Stockwell states that Vladivostok is one of the driest cities he was ever in and that the American soldiers stationed there are all anxious to get back home. He also stated that the United States was not very well thought of in that locality but that in Japan and China the feeling towards this country was very friendly. Mr. Stockwell took a wireless telegraph in the Portland, M. C. A. school and expects to make a voyage to the east coast as soon as he visits his friends and relatives in Dallas.

Soldier Lands in New York  
Herman Hawkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hawkins and one of the most prominent young men of this city landed in New York city this week, according to a telegram received by his mother Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Hawkins was a member of Company I of this city and has been in all parts of France for the past two years seeing all kinds of service. He is a graduate of the Dallas high school and before his enlistment was employed in the J. G. Hayter book store on Main street.

DIED  
McPADDEN--At her home, 449 North Capitol street, Saturday morning at 4:15 o'clock, May 17, 1919, Mrs. Sallie McPadden at the age of 63 years.

Mrs. McPadden had been ill for the past week and death was due to the attack of pneumonia.

She is survived by two sons, Gilbert McPadden of Portland and Allen R. McPadden of San Francisco, both of whom have been at her bedside for the past three days. Also by a sister, Mrs. Fannie Jackson of this city and a brother, John Chapman of Sherwood, Oregon, a former member of the legislature.

The father of Mrs. McPadden was the Rev. Caleb P. Jackson, a pioneer preacher of the Christian church, who preached the gospel in this part of the Willamette valley in the early '50s and '60s. He came across the plains in 1848 and took up a donation land claim in Howell Prairie, where Mrs. McPadden was born in 1855.

At one time Mrs. McPadden's father was pastor of the Christian church of this city, of which she has been a member. For the past ten years Mrs. McPadden has served as clerk for different delegations in the house of representatives, the last session being with members of Washington county.

She is also survived by an adopted sister, Mrs. Will Kelley of Portland, wife of a former chief of police of that city. Also by a grandchild, the child of Mr. and Mrs. Allen R. McPadden of Portland.

The funeral services will be held Monday morning at 10 o'clock from the chapel of the Rigdon company and will be conducted by the Rev. Leland Porter, pastor of the Christian church. Burial will be in the Odd Fellows cemetery.

## Reasons Why Marion County Should Vote Road Bonds Cited

What is the meaning of this immense balance from this fund alone road bond issue that is sweeping over of \$248,085 to apply on redemption of the state at this time? Why is almost the entire balance of the state to be expended on past and future roads (chiefly the former) in the state of Oregon, within the next five years, in cooperation with the state highway commission of Oregon on substantial, a fifty-fifty basis--the state to match the federal funds dollar for dollar.

Following the lead of the government, our state highway commission is calling upon the counties to match the state funds, and as none of them can do so by direct tax (owing to the six per cent limitation), they are adopting the bond system as the only plan under which they can hope to get state and federal aid in the great road building program that is now being mapped out for Oregon by state and government officials.

Just what aid each county that votes bonds will get is a problem at this time. Nobody knows, not even the members of the highway commission until the results of the bond elections are known and until the merits of the various road projects of the state are investigated and determined. To queries posed to the commission by the several county courts that have appeared before them, the usual answer is: "We cannot answer you now, further than to say: Go home and vote your bonds, and when the proper time comes, you will get substantial aid." In this connection it should not be overlooked that within the next three years the state will have over and above what is needed to meet the payments on the state bond issues, a cash surplus of more than six millions appropriated by the government. This means a surplus of more than twelve millions over and above the eighteen millions provided by state bonds for state highways.

The question that comes home to the people of Marion county at this time is: "Shall we vote our bonds and get a share of this vast fund that is soon to be allotted among the counties, or shall we decide to paddle our own canoe and build our own market roads (and are we practically all feasible postroads) unaided?"

An important provision of the new auto tax law that does not yet seem to be generally known is that one-fourth of the auto tax fund that has to be returned by the state to the counties, must be applied on the interest and principal of county road bond issues, if any there be the exact wording of the law being as follows:

"Shall be used for the payment of interest and retirement of any bonds that may have been issued, or which hereafter may be issued by the county for the purpose of road construction and improvement."

A conservative estimate of Marion county's share of that fund for the next 15 years (the life of our proposed bond issue) is \$521,334, and an exact computation of the interest on the bonds that will accrue which shows the entire interest for the 15 years to be \$275,240.

of education, Willamette university, was in Tualatin yesterday as principal speaker at the graduating exercises of the Tualatin high school.

Mrs. Vera Smallwood of Oregon City is visiting at the home of the Rev. Fred Boynton, 209 Ferry street.

Prof. Ernest Richards will speak at the Willamette church tomorrow morning and evening.

The following were registered at the High hotel today: Walter Hollenback, Seattle; Mrs. F. P. Nutting, Albany; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Fowler, Albany; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Bresley, Falls City; Carl Barnes of Indianapolis, Ind.

Rev. Wilson, the veteran minister and former pastor of the First Presbyterian church, left this morning for his home in Eugene after visiting for several days with old friends in the city.

F. E. Carlsson of the department of public instruction, is spending the day at Corvallis where he delivers an address on school laws before a gathering of teachers.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Schneck of Madford were among the recent guests at the Marion hotel.

Among the recent visitors in the city were J. C. Hazen and family of Seattle.

Rev. Fred R. Boynton and Rev. Alfred P. Bates returned last evening from Tualatin where they raised in one day \$540 for the centenary fund of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Prof. Ernest C. Richards, secretary

Babies Smile  
When stomachs do their work and bowels move so freely. Precious, crying babies need MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The infant and child's favorite to make the stomach digest food, and bowels to move so freely. Contains no alcohol, opium, narcotics, or other harmful ingredients. At your drug store.

I had made him despise me, and had learned nothing. It would be a lesson to me, little did I know what anguish my foolish act was to cause me. (Monday--Neil Refused to Visit Usual Carers.)

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## ALLIES MAY

(Continued from page one)

Italians Give In.  
Paris, May 17--The Italians have consented to the establishment of Flumina as a free port as well as relinquishing their claims to a portion of the Istrian and Dalmatian mainland, it was learned authoritatively this afternoon.

A complete settlement had not yet been reached, however, as the Italians were said to be pressing their claim to certain Adriatic islands.

When the NC-4 first came in sight of the Azores, the NC-1 was reported close behind.

Flagship Is Behind.  
Nothing had been heard of the "Flagship," the NC-3 with Commander Towers, since it was reported off its course between stations 17 and 18, the co-pilots Stockton and Craven. At that time she was having a little difficulty locating herself. Any apprehension for her safety, however, was slight.

After this, other radios trickled in as follows:  
From Ponta del Gada, 11:06 a. m.: "NC-1 passed 19 at 10:14 G. M. T. NC-3 between 17 and 18 at 09:15 G. M. T., but off course. NC-4 passed 22 at 11:09 G. M. T. Weather foggy."

From Ponta del Gada, 11:11 a. m.: "Last information received from NC-3 at 09:15 (5:15 a. m. Washington time): 'We are off course somewhere between 18 and 17.'"

Staple and fancy pieces for the attractive appointment of your table. Beautiful patterns--high quality. Sold by the piece, dozen, or chest assortment.

HARTMAN BROS. CO.  
Jewelers and Opticians  
N.W. Corner State and Liberty Sts.

The Silverplate of William Rogers and his 50n  
The best at the Price

Don't Cough Until Weak  
Tired out and weakened with persistent coughing, elderly people are in no condition to resist disease, and are not easily ward off more serious sickness.

Foley's Honey-Tar  
helps coughs quickly. It brings quick relief from dry and nightcoughs, whether they result from cold, grippe, bronchial affection or tickling throat.

Mr. Mary Kline, an elderly lady of Spokane, Wash., 2131 Princeton Ave., writes: "I was sick in bed with bronchitis, and had a very bad cough. I thought it would come to try Foley's Honey and Tar, so began taking it. It stopped my cough, and I was better. So now I can sleep at night and eat my food. I am 75 years old, and on good as I live will credit Foley's Honey and Tar."

J. C. Perry's

When thirst has made us faint and weary, and sore and on the blink, we always have such lakes as Erie, at which to get a drink. Some look with dire and dark misgiving, upon the days to come, and say there'll be no joy in living, without the demon rum. I hold said demon in abhorrence, I'm glad he has to flee; I'll blow the foam off the St. Lawrence, and drink it down with glee. One half of all the old world's sorrow was brought about by Booze; and I am glad that on the morrow his number he will lose, I've never seen a man the better, more worthy of his salt, for carrying inside his sweater a load of liquors malt. The world will multiply its splendors, and homes will be made glad, when diamond studded Rum Hole tenders can't sell their goods to Dad. The joint still stands with all its gilding, but soon its graft 'twill lose, and wages then will go for building, which used to go for booze. To talk of thirst is vain and dippy; why yearn for liquids pink? We always have the Mississippi, three thousand miles of drink.

J. C. Perry's

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