

# Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

## BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.—Psalms 91:16.

## The Vicious Circle

At the recent public service commission's hearing of the Housewives league's three year old petition for reduced street car fares in Portland, one of the state's professional reformers and uplifters of the down-trodden masses, who fills the newspapers with his panaceas for economic ills, urged the purchase of the trolley lines by the city, the establishment of a five cent fare and a tapping of the general fund to make good deficiencies incurred in operation through failure of receipts to meet expenses.

This is the usual outcome of municipal ownership, the taxpayer foots the bill, but few of its advocates are frank enough to admit it. Instead they profess to believe that by some hokus-pokus, the city needs but to assume control and all the financial troubles that barrage private ownership vanish and profits magically replace losses.

Acquisition by the municipality of any street car system nowadays, would probably greatly please the owners, as it would enable them to unload at a profit that which rising costs of operation and the competition of the auto have rendered an unprofitable investment.

Bonds would have to be issued for the purchase, the interest on them as well as losses in operation paid by the taxpayer, the taxes now paid on the property would be lost and the shrinkage made up by more taxation, politicians would operate the lines for spoils, wages would be increased and fares reduced to secure votes—and all to provide a service to patrons at less than cost of production, a benefit that would be more than off-set by increases in rentals and living costs forced by the resultant high taxation.

This has been the history of municipal ownership of traffic lines and in many ways, of other public utilities, the taxpayer pays for it and reimburses himself by increasing living costs to the consumer who is supposed to benefit, thus completing a vicious circle of inflation that profits no one but the politician and bureaucrat.

## Cherry Prices

The Capital Journal's interest in the fruit industry is that of the grower. If the producer is prosperous, the industries that depend upon him will be. Hence the Capital Journal at all times strives to help the grower secure the highest possible price for his products.

In furtherance of this policy, the Capital Journal recently analyzed a contract offered cherry growers and called attention to the numerous jokers it contained. It performed the same service last year regarding a prune contract offered growers. Both of these contracts make the grower the goat, as he finances the operations of the speculator as well as his own, takes all the chances, and is forced to accept any settlement tendered.

The Capital Journal is not acting in behalf of any buyer or against any buyer. It merely seeks to keep the grower posted upon markets and to enlighten him upon crooked contracts under which he can be fleeced without recourse, in case of falling markets.

There seems no reason why, with cherries selling at 22 cents in eastern markets in carload lots, with a cost of 6 cents for packing, transportation and sale commissions, the Willamette valley grower should not receive at least 12 cents for his fruit, which would give the shipper a net profit of 4 cents. Shippers have paid as high as 16 cents in other districts. It is unfair, under these conditions to only pay the grower 2 1/2 cents on delivery, with a chance of more and a chance of nothing.

There are comparatively few cherries this year, which is all the more reason why a good price should be received. Certainly the man who grows the fruit is entitled to at least 12 cents when the consumer is paying 70 cents.

## One Wife or Approval

By Violet Dare

**BRIDGE TABLE BATTLES**  
Cynthia did not mind playing bridge sometimes, but she hated spending a delightful afternoon playing it with women who treated the game as a matter of life and death. And being late to her sister-in-law's party, given in her honor, did not make the occasion any more pleasant.

Her mother-in-law elbowed her as she entered the door, said "How could you forget, Cynthia dear!" in reproachful tones, hastily introduced her to the guests whom she did not know, and pushed her into her place at one of the tables. The game began.

Cynthia's partner was a large, expansively dressed person who indulged in bitter frankness as the game progressed.

"Partner, why didn't you obey my signal?" "Partner, didn't you understand that I meant you to lead clubs then?" "Partner, you could have raised my bid and been sure of making it."

Cynthia began to feel that she was expected to be a mind reader. The room was close, and heavy with the scent of roses. Her head ached. Her hat felt too tight. The large, vehement woman got more and more bitter. The others at the table began to be implicitly sympathetic. Cynthia wished that she could have worse luck—inevitably she held good cards, played them her best, and then was shown in detail how she could have played them much better. Nothing but a grand slam seemed to satisfy the large woman.

"Young Mrs. Leland plays such a peculiar game!" The large woman, dumpty for that hand, was talking with some friends nearby; ever her lowest tones were easily audible. Cynthia set her jaw, took off her hat, and shuffled the cards, determined to show the enemy of the moment that she could play bridge when she had to, even though she loathed it. She concentrated on the game, playing more carefully than ever before.

and tried not to consider the possibility that, if she played badly enough, nobody would ever dare ask her to a bridge party again! The large woman, playing against her now, opened her bulging eyes wide. Mrs. Leland's peculiar game evidently had its good points, after all.

"I don't understand your bidding—I don't understand—" she murmured feebly, when Cynthia had scored high against her. "Your game is most erratic."

"Yes," retorted Cynthia sweetly, jolting down her score after a hand in which she had taken tricks that seemed lost to her forever. An impudent comment came to her lips, but she checked it. After all, these people were the ones among whom she must spend her life, since she had married Jim. The fact that she would never have chosen them for her friends meant nothing. She must live as her mother-in-law and her sister-in-law wished, apparently—for the present, at least.

"But not any longer than I can help," she vowed, when the game was over at last, and perfectly dressed maids were serving perfectly prepared refreshments. She'd have to do that sort of thing, too, in her house. You were entertained, and then you entertained, and then you entertained again—a vicious circle! She began to estimate the amount of mouse she had eaten since she and Jim returned from their honeymoon and the round of post-nuptial parties began. She was sure that it ran into gallons!

Women were talking to her, making the usual comments, asking the usual questions. How did she like her new home? Didn't she find the city charming? She had gone to Mrs. Lewis' school in Wash-

READ WANT ADS

ton, hadn't she? Perhaps she had known Elaine Graham there? Not "Not that anybody cares whether I knew her or not," she told herself as the chatter ceased. "But they have to say something." Would she ever really know these women, and like them? How stupid and uninteresting she must seem to them, how like a dressed-up doll!

She went home as soon as she possibly could, to find Jim waiting for her. He was tired and rather cross—had looked forward to coming home and finding her there, he announced, and going for a drive into the country.

"But, Jim dear, it was your sister's bridge party; I had to go," she told him.

"Yes, of course," he answered. "But it does seem as if you might be here when I come home early once in awhile. You're always at some party or other."

"It isn't my fault!" she exclaimed. "I hate these affairs. I forgot all about the one this afternoon—was planning to walk down to your office and call for you—and your mother called me up and was furious at me."

"My heavens—you forgot! And you were the guest of honor!" Horror lay heavy in his voice. "Why, Cynthia, that's—well, really, you should have remembered."

"One minute you scold me for going, and the next you find fault because I almost didn't go!" she sobbed. "It was nothing but quarrels all the time I was there—just one constant fight over a card table—and then you and I quarrel when I get home. Jim, I simply hate this way of living. Your mother will never nag me into going anywhere again unless I want to go!"

"Mother never nags," Jim began coolly, looking up from the newspaper he had picked up, but Cynthia had rushed off to her own room, to drop into a corner of the window seat and try to gain control of herself.

Tomorrow—A Trip to the Dog Show.

## Hervey Novel "Ethan Quest" Saved from Fire to Win High Praise



Harry Hervey, author of "Ethan Quest" (Drawn by Christopher Murray)

The manuscript of Harry Hervey's novel "Ethan Quest," which has just appeared in book form, was saved from destruction this spring when the De Soto Hotel, Savannah, was burned. Hervey had his studio in the top story. It was furnished with the writer-traveler's fine Oriental collection. All of this was completely destroyed; but two friends in the author's absence sealed the outside of the building and, at the risk of their lives, saved the manuscript which was just ready to go North to the publishers. Their feat is now being rewarded by the high praise which the book is receiving. The story of "Ethan Quest" tells of a young man's search for an ideal Romance which takes him into the strange places of the Far East, familiar to Harry Hervey through his travels.

## RANCHER WINS RACE WITH AVALANCHE MATTER OF MINUTES

(Continued from page one)

then returned to save as many of his belongings as possible. Most of these he saved by working thru out the night, he reported. Huff said many of his cattle were killed, two ranches above his were wiped out and that the ranger station nearby will be submerged by the rising water. His home, which was in the bed of the sud-

denly formed reservoir, now is under many feet of water.

Despite the fear that has been expressed that another avalanche will descend in the valley, tourists and residents are rushing to the scene of the occurrence, and it already has gained fame as a sight of interest.

Ranchers, forest rangers and others who live near the fallen mountain, however, regard the possibilities more seriously, declaring that other parts of the mountain have been undermined by seepage from melted snow and that it may give away again be-

## ON THE AIR

**SATURDAY NIGHT (Pacific Time)**  
KGW, Portland, Ore., 491.5—6-8 P. M., Jackie Soudera's Portland hotel dance orchestra; intermission solos by Ch. Valentyne; 10-12, Jackie Soudera's Portland hotel dance orchestra. KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.1—6-15-6-30 P. M., baseball 6:35-7:10, Johnny Buick's Cabarets.  
KGO, Oakland, Cal., 561.2—8 P. M., Girard Piano company; All-American composers program.  
KEL, Los Angeles, Cal., 467—5:30-6, Examiner's matinee program; 6-8:15, McDaniel's night-dolins; 8-15-7, radio-serial talk; 7-7:45, vocal recital, pupils of John Smallman; 7-45, Examiner, program by Zoellner conservatory of music; 8-10, play by KPI players, George Frenger, director; 10-11, Packard Radio club, Way Watts and his ensemble; Carleton singers, Jack Kuriz, pianist; Dorothy Cleveland, blues singer; 11-3 A. M., KPI midnight frolic, arranged by Don Meany of scenicland.

**SUNDAY (Pacific Time)**  
KGW, Portland, Ore., 491.5—10:30-12 noon, services from the First Presbyterian church; 7-10 P. M., evening services from First Church of Christ, Scientist.

## FIVE INJURED IN RODEO EVENTS AT PRINEVILLE

Prineville, Or., June 26—Five performers were injured on the opening day of the rodeo show, held in conjunction with the American Legion annual state convention here yesterday. One accident threatens to prove serious, Elmer Smith of Alberta, Canada, attempting to ride a wild horse bareback, was thrown and the animal fell on him.

The convention opened with delegates present from nearly every post and auxiliary in the state. The attendance is estimated at 5000.

In the first event, the free-for-all half-mile thoroughbred race, Caloun, owned by Dora & Carl, placed first; Orcola, owned by Dora & Carl, placed second, and Doctor Hayes, owned by Lorenza Trickey, placed third.

In the first round of the bucking contest, Mac McCallough rode Jumping Jack, Guy Cash rode Steelhold, Hixon on Vanjo Smoky Stevens on Torpedo Ferry Hunt on Quicksett; Al Goss on Payday, Ed Shepherd on Lazy Lake. Pat Woods made the spectacular ride of the afternoon on Jack. Lloyd Henderson rode Barney Dalley.

The crowd was entertained between the events by the fancy riding and tricks by Hiram Versteeg, Ed Wright and his 25-cent mule and by Bonnie Grey and her \$5000 horse; by Sam Garrett, champion trick roper, and by Lorenza Trickey, champion cowgirl of the world, and Harry Walters. Music was furnished throughout

the afternoon by the Sheridan Legion band and Hood River officials Leigon quartet.

In the Roman standing race of one-half mile, Trickey placed first, with Walters second and Steele third.

**Plumbers See Highway**  
Portland, Or., June 26—Delegates to the convention of the National association of Master Plumbers in session here this week sought relief today from heat and business in a trip over the Columbia river highway.

Henry E. Loughey of Wilmington, N. C., was elected president; Albert J. Wilson, San Francisco, vice president; Richard J. Welch, Lowell, Mass., treasurer, and Wilber R. Doshier, Wilmington, N. C., secretary.

"—if you want to forget the weather, remember me!"  
  
**TREE TEA**  
ORANGE PEKOE  
*Iced*

By George McManus

## BRINGING UP FATHER



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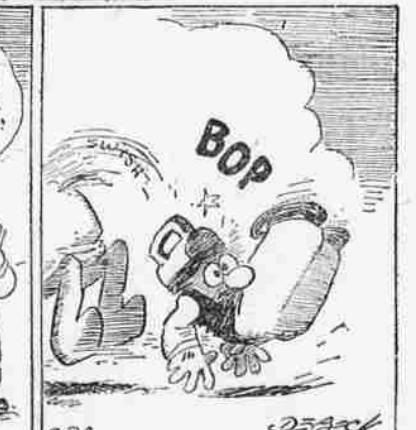
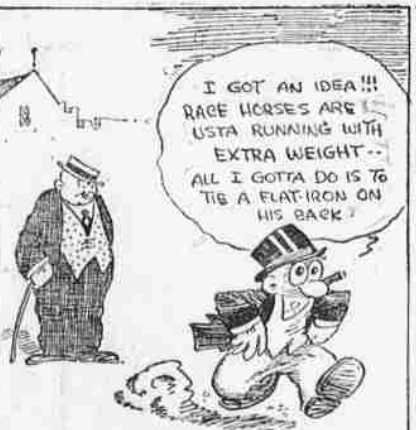
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## BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Another Weight on Barney's Mind

By Billy de Beck



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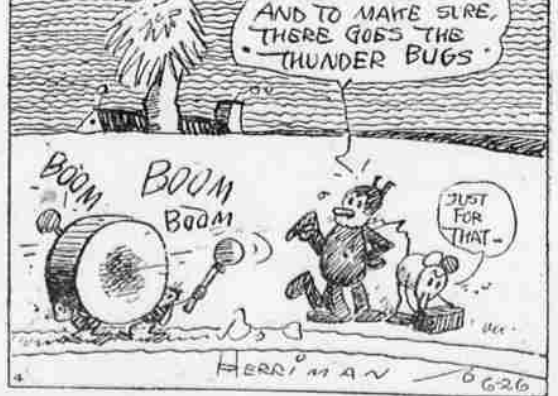
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## KRAZY KAT

The Weather Prophet

By Herriman



HERRIMAN 6-26

## MUTT AND JEFF

They See Fort Wayne, Ind., and Jackson, Mich., and Reach Detroit Safe

By Bud Fisher



AFTER DIGGING DOWN FOR GAS AND AMPLIFICATION THE BOYS NOW HAVE \$8,94.10