

Capital Journal

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"Without or with offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."—BYRON.

Oreco's Bond Bubble

In bursting the Oreco bond bubble, the Better Business Bureau of Portland has again justified its existence as a protector of the public from fraudulent investment.

This deal bears all the earmarks of a clever and unscrupulous swindle. Last May a special election was held at Oreco, a village on the Oregon Electric near Portland and the city boundaries changed so as to exclude most of the 400 or 500 residents who lived on one side of railroad track, leaving the town of Oreco, consisting of the property of the Oregon Nursery company and other miscellaneous property and some dozen or so families.

In June, at an election which bears all the earmarks of irregularity, bond issues totaling \$550,000 are alleged to have been authorized by the few remaining inhabitants of the village—and duly signed by the city officials, who were also officials of the Oregon Nursery company, which has been in financial difficulties.

Before the partition of the town, the assessed valuation of Oreco was \$116,000. Its present assessed valuation is probably considerably less. Against this valuation as security, bonds totaling \$550,000 were sold to the president of the nursery company and by him through the fiscal agent of the company, Frank E. Keeler and his connections, peddled to the investing public.

Suit has been started to invalidate \$500,000 of these bonds by purchasers of the first \$50,000.

Another "Vile Sheet"

The Woodburn Independent comments as follows upon Portland's attitude towards the proposed linen mill:

Portland cut down its apportionment to the Salem linen mill and then failed to raise even that. This is not a linen mill for Salem alone, but for the entire state. Portland, interested in its own growth, giving little encouragement to its outside resources, is but pursuing a course that it has followed since it was a hamlet. That is why periodically the metropolis, pausing in its onward career, turns to see what outside resources are doing and seeks trade from that quarter. That city seldom if ever considers appeals from industries other than within its limits and hence, when rather late, that it should not have been so selfish, miserly and blind during its prosperity. Portland in time will recognize the fact that it is not all of Oregon and without the backing of other parts of the state it will again enter into a slump. We are nevertheless proud of Portland, but have little admiration for its seclusiveness. Without the policy of living and helping the rest of Oregon to live it will never step ahead of Seattle—never to be a city of one million inhabitants.

It is now up to the Oregonian to denounce the Independent as a "contemptible, insolent, slanderous sheet" for daring to tell the truth about our sacrosanct metropolis, for abuse is its only defense.

A Loss to Oregon

The passing of Prince L. Campbell, president of the University of Oregon, who throughout his life has been identified with the cause of higher education in Oregon, is a distinct loss to the state. He took a comparatively small college and he left a relatively great university as an enduring monument of his career.

Forced to struggle for existence in earlier years with hostile legislatures and a public opinion inimical to higher education, his unflinching courtesy and tact, as well as his ability and capacity, won over the university's worst enemies and proof of the popularity he obtained for his cause was evidenced in rapid expansion and increased attendance.

Under President Campbell the university kept pace with the progress of the age and its activities covered a multitude of fields. As the popular demand for education extended to ever widening fields the university kept pace with an ingenuity in financing that was perhaps the keynote of his success.

Though gone, he will live as a pioneer who built enduringly and well in enlarging the intellectual horizon of a state.

One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

OUT OF THE PAST

The doctor's prediction had been right. Jim was utterly wretched from the effects of his operation and the other, and could do no more than smile at Cynthia when she entered his room at the hospital. But that smile was enough for her; it told her that whatever he had heard from home he had not turned from her.

"Dear Jim," she whispered as she knelt beside his bed and took one of his hands in hers. "I'm so sorry you're ill—and so glad to be with you again."
"Not half so glad as I am," he answered faintly.
In the corridor she found Doctor Hall waiting for her.

"As you've never been in San Francisco before, I wonder if you won't go driving with me this afternoon and see something of the city," he asked. "I'd like nothing better than to show it to you."
"But—shan't I be interfering with your duties?"
"No—I'll include them in the trip, by calling on a couple of patients while we're out. How'd you like to have luncheon at the Cliff House, and then start out?"
"It sounds delightful," Cynthia replied.

She was glad to do anything that would take her mind off the situation in which she found herself. Until Jim felt better nothing could be done about straightening out affairs between them. And although her husband had been so glad to see her, she could not help wondering what his attitude would be when he recovered.

beside her, looking down at her.

"Noel!" she exclaimed in amazement.

"Exactly: Are you surprised that I followed you?"

"Yes, of course I am. How did you know where I'd gone?"

"He laughed softly.

"Cecile told me. She phoned you and your maid said that you had left for San Francisco. So I took the first train after yours. Tell me, what did Jim say?"

"Jim?"

"Yes, you came to tell him about us, of course. At first I couldn't believe what you'd reported so suddenly, without even telling me where you were going. Then I realized that you'd decided to follow my advice and meet him here when his steamer reached port, tell him all about you and me, and arrange to divorce him."

"Oh, but I don't," she exclaimed. "We—but we can't talk here. Come up to my sitting-room."

He followed her to the elevator. And Doctor Hall, turning to glance back at her from the door, smiled quizzically. He had not been averse to flirting with the pretty, young woman who had come into his life so unexpectedly, and finding her already provided with food for flirtation met by averted eyes.

Once in her sitting-room, Cynthia turned desperately to face Noel Gardner. Memories of the past rose up like ghosts before her.

"Noel, I—I can't go on," she told him abruptly. "I don't love you after all. Oh, I know that I thought I did, but I was mistaken. It's Jim I love. I realized that when I heard that he was ill. And all the way out here."

"Of course you felt that way," he interrupted. Cynthia drew back,

shocked by his matter of fact tone. "Of course you did," he went on. "His being ill made you sympathetic, and you forgot what he really is like. But just stop a minute and remember the past, Cynthia. Remember the way Jim turned you down for his mother, and let her rule both you and him. Remember that he didn't take you to Honolulu with him—he took her. Do you want to go back into that old life, ruled by Madame Leland always in everything?"

"And how do you know that he really wants you? How do you know that he doesn't want your marriage dissolved? Certainly he's acted as if he did almost from the first."

Cynthia turned away with a piteous little gesture.

Perhaps he was right. Perhaps Jim really did feel that way.

"He was glad to see me today," she answered, presently.

"Yes, for a moment. Sick people aren't normal, though—and a man who's just coming out of an anaesthetic isn't himself at all. You did love me back home, Cynthia—remember that too!"

"But—I'd just been ill, too—you might remember that," she told him. "I wasn't myself, any more than Jim was this morning."

But in her heart she asked if he wasn't right.

POPULARITY

(From the Baltimore Evening Sun)

The average man wishes to do his duty. It is, therefore, quite inevitable that the vice of a republic should be the making of laws. As a rule, the men elected as representatives of the people are average men, neither better nor worse than their fellow-citizens. Being average men, they wish to do their duty.

Their duty, obviously, is to run the business of the country. But being newly elected representative, they bring with the zeal of a new broom sees his duty as an obligation to correct existing evils and lay the foundation of Utopia.

What shall he do? The question answers itself. He has zeal and authority; there are faults to be corrected. He will make some laws to correct the faults.

Alas! He is neither a Solon nor a Solomon. His laws serve only to annoy and irritate. He makes bad matters worse. The net good he accomplishes is exactly none.

And the result is that the people are afraid of their representatives. They may enthuse about a man while he is a candidate, but when he takes office and is for the time being independent of them they begin to be uneasy and to watch him with dread.

Whatever this newly chosen representative may do in his efforts to save the country, he may count upon a following. But people find fault more readily than they praise, and an act that wins friends is almost certain to lose others. The more a representative does, the greater the probability that he will become unpopular.

How, then, shall he win popularity? Here, again, the answer is obvious. By doing nothing. Sit quietly in a wood and let the birds draw near. You win their confidence. The birds say to them:

"We can trust him. He isn't going to do anything."

So the people, observing that their servant has no new panacea to force upon them, outgrow their doubts and fears and say: "He isn't going to do anything to us. Hurrah for him!"

The frogs were rather well fixed when their king was a log.

IVITTS NOT IMPLICATED IN ESCAPE

(Continued from page one)

other vegetables available for food nearby. The theory was advanced first by the members of the Portland police detachment aiding in the man hunt, and may or may not be well founded. But those familiar with former occurrences of this kind in which the Portland officers have participated are not above suspecting that many "leads" reported have existed chiefly in their own minds, and have been closely related to their desire to prolong the lark they were enjoying.

Rumors Unfounded

Investigation has revealed no foundation to the various reports of persons who thought they had, or might have seen the convicts, and those in charge of the hunt are loathe to believe that it was one of the fugitives who entered the McIlheny home near Walker school house night before last.

Officers who investigated the reported house breaking yesterday said that they were convinced that if someone did enter the house it was not one of the men sought. Food, they say, would have been the first object of any of the cons in searching the place, and while there was a whole pork roast, a

put of beans and other staples in plain sight none of this was taken. Questioning revealed that Mrs. McIlheny was not sure that the pieces of cake first reported taken were not eaten by a member of the household.

No Trace of Fugitives

The principal support for the theory that the men are still in the vicinity is that no trace of them has been reported from any other locality, and the belief that the experience of Murray and Kelly has taught them that their best chance to escape is to lie under cover until the enthusiasm of the chase has subsided.

The most flagrant and unjust of the errors that have been broadcast in reports of the affair were contained in a story carried in Portland papers yesterday, in which it was sought to connect the taxi driver and his passenger in connection with the convicts in the plot. It was stated that Ivitts had disappeared the day following the escape and could not be found by officers seeking to question him, and that the taxi driver was an ex-convict. The name of Wiley Zinn, another Salem taxi driver, was used instead of that of Zinna Zinn.

Both of them are well known in Salem, where they have resided for years, and local authorities say that neither has ever been a prison inmate.

Facts About Ivitts

This angle of the escape was investigated thoroughly by local officers immediately after the break, and both of these men were absolved of any and all connection with the affair. The facts of this investigation were available to all newspapermen who asked for them.

Ivitts, it was found, had been negotiating with various institutions on the coast for employment, as substantiated by telegrams on file at the office of the state hospital, and the day before the break had been searching the place, and while there was a whole pork roast, a

STRAW STACK MURDER PROBED

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 15.—Oliver Dawson, 25, was being questioned by police today in connection with the finding of the charred body of a woman, believed to have been murdered in a straw stack near Carlisle.

Dawson, it was reported made inquiries at the Victoria hotel for Jeanette Miller of Luverne, Minn., who registered there July 23 and disappeared a day later, leaving no clue as to her destination.

Dawson was questioned last night but failed to reveal anything concerning him with the girl's disappearance or with the murder mystery at Carlisle, officers stated.

The man was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Anderson and Shuey, who declare they are seeking three others in connection with the murder.

institution calling him to a job there. He drew his warrant for accumulated wages that day and cashed it at the state treasurer's office. This, with the money he had on hand, accounted for the \$450 the convicts took from him, of which he said they returned \$40.

After securing the money for his warrant Ivitts went down town and got Zinna Zinn to drive back to the hospital with him to get his belongings.

"Our investigation satisfied us that Ivitts and Zinn had no criminal connection with the escape, and their presence on the scene at the time of the break was pure coincidence," said District Attorney John Carson.

Carson said Ivitts remained here and was available to either him or Coroner Rigdon whenever wanted.

FIGHT FOR LOST LAND IN FLORIDA

Tampa, Fla., Aug. 15.—(A. P.)—Reports that a deputy sheriff had disappeared mysteriously from the west coast section of the Everglades, followed rumors today of threatened vengeance unless state or federal officials intervene.

Governor Martin will be asked by Marco Island homesteaders to intervene in the fight for 3000 acres of "lost land."

Armed with petitions signed by 153 persons said to be almost all the voters of Collier county not in the employ of Enron G. Collier, a delegation of homestead claimants will go to Tallahassee as soon as an appointment can be had to see the governor.

Beginning Saturday the Southern Pacific will place a modern club car in daily service on the Shasta according to announcement made today by John M. Scott, assistant passenger traffic manager. The car will provide barber and valet services for both men and women and make the limited one of the most modern equipped trains in the country.

SHASTA WILL CARRY CLUB CAR HEREAFTER

By Chick Young

PRESIDENT SUFFERS FROM TOOTHACHE

Plymouth, Ct., Aug. 15.—(A. P.)—Even a president gets the toothache. After suffering through the night from a crowned tooth-ache for a visit with his father, motorist to Woodstock today and appointed to Dr. F. R. Jewett, a dentist and an old friend, for relief.

Dr. Jewett removed the crown, put in a temporary filling and asked the president to return later in the day. Mr. Coolidge, much relieved, promised to do so.

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"We can trust him. He isn't going to do anything."

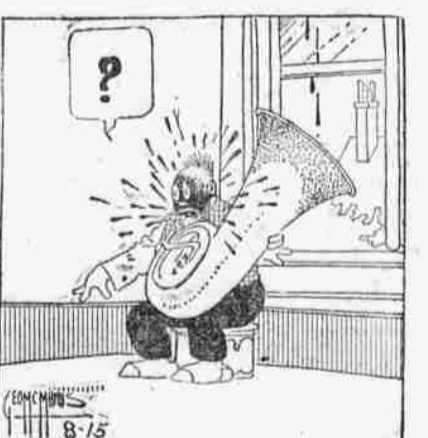
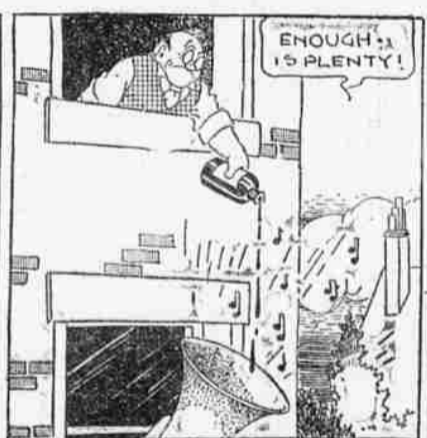
So the people, observing that their servant has no new panacea to force upon them, outgrow their doubts and fears and say: "He isn't going to do anything to us. Hurrah for him!"

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DUMB DORA

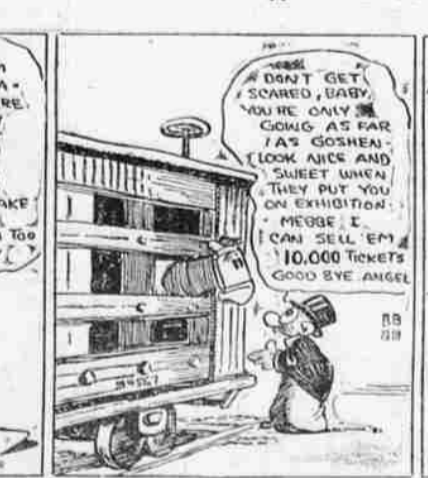


BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE

Appearances Do Count



MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff Seeks Some of Doug Fairbanks Laurels On the Screen

By Bud Fisher

