

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
 An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
 at 136 S. Commercial Street, Telephone 81; News 52
 GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher
 Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 By carrier 10 cents a week, 45 cents a month, \$5 a year in advance.
 By mail, in Marion and Polk counties, one month 50 cents, 3
 months \$1.25, 6 months \$2.25, 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents a
 month \$4 a year in advance.

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

Movie Monopoly

As a result of four years investigation, extending into every section of the country, the Federal Trade Commission is expected to issue an order directing producers and distributors to divest themselves forthwith of all theater interests, thus smashing the trust.

The investigation shows that the \$1,500,000,000 motion picture business, fourth among the industries of the country, is virtually under control of one man, Adolph Zukor, who through ownership of theaters, of film producers, and of distributors has established a virtual monopoly by "unfair methods of competition."

Zukor it is alleged, dominates the "Big Three" the Famous Players-Lasky corporation, of which he is president, which has control of Paramount Pictures, and numerous smaller producing companies; the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, organized by his partner Marcus Loew, and the First National. He owns or controls groups of theaters in key cities and the government alleges, through coercive methods controls the films seen daily by 20,000,000 people, paying over a billion dollars yearly. His methods have been of the ruthless, rule or ruin type and the exhibitor is forced to take poor films to get good ones and pay all the traffic will bear.

It is charged that Zukor has a "practical monopoly" of leading stars and comedians, that by virtue of various mergers he became the greatest producer of feature pictures, and that his rise was brought about through a "complete program of extension," a "progressive program of acquisition" by purchase or otherwise and "complete harmony, unity and concert of action."

Many of the government's charges are denied by Zukor's attorneys, but there has been a frenzied effort to "clean house" since the inquiry began, such as separation of theater interests from production by placing them under other management, but retaining possession. The probe, together with an investigation by the department of justice has been in progress since 1921.

Zukor came to America as a penniless Hungarian immigrant when he was 16 years of age. He is now 51. His first job was as a sweeper in a New York fur store. Four years later he embarked in the fur business in Chicago. Nine years later in 1903, he started a penny arcade in New York with Marcus Loew, and upon the invention of movie pictures, turned his "nickelodeon" into a theater and entered the business on a large scale.

Evangelistic Harmony

What a shining example of brotherly love and Christian toleration the various camps of revivalists set. Having successfully pulled off their own revival with the erudite Billy Sunday, the Portland committee in charge is lustily protesting another revival by a rival evangelist, Dr. Price, who converts by healing. It has suddenly discovered the tabernacle a fire menace and declares the proposed gospel meetings would stir up such a state of religious frenzy as to become a public nuisance.

The Sunday committee, composed of three pastors, admitted before the city council that the fire extinguishers on hand during the Sunday revival were useless and a bluff, confessed that the city ordinances were violated when the people were allowed to crowd into the aisles and that the building was a fire-trap throughout the Sunday meetings. The council awakened to the menace, ordered the building torn down.

No explanation is forthcoming, however, as to why Billy Sunday and his committee were permitted for seven weeks to endanger the lives of his congregations in a fire-trap in violation of statutes, or why the council waited until Sunday had left the country and another evangelist invaded it, before it was deemed necessary to enforce the laws. If it is permissible for Billy Sunday to violate laws, why draw the line at Doc Price? Is it a council's province to pass upon the kind of religion that must be preached to secure permission to violate law?

Dr. Price and his methods are objectionable to the Sunday committee, so they want them suppressed. But Billy Sunday and his methods are equally objectionable to another large proportion of the public. If one is suppressed on the grounds of being a nuisance, why wasn't the other? Is Billy Sunday to be given a monopoly on revivals in the metropolis? Haven't the souls that Billy consigned to hell the right to salvation by another route?

SECOND WIVES

By VIOLET DARE

"AT DAWNING"
 A clock struck the hour, and as if he had been a signal, she turned to Bob Randall again, her answer ready.
 Marie sat for a moment longer, looking into Bob Randall's eyes. He repeated his question.
 "Were you afraid I'd care too much for you, or that you wouldn't care enough for me?" he asked.
 "Afraid of both," she answered.
 "You see, I still care for my husband, though I've tried not to. Divorcing him hasn't made the slightest difference. I was only seventeen when we eloped, but I adored him, and my feeling for him hasn't changed. I realize, though, that when he made a success of his invention and we didn't need to struggle any longer for money enough to live on, he began to change. Prosperity and the life we led after that made a difference in him. I've told myself that he isn't the man I fell in love with, and slaved for those five years, but it doesn't seem to matter. I love him still."
 "And so you're determined to go through life alone, not giving yourself a chance to care for someone else?"
 "That isn't exactly true. I didn't tell you where I was going to live after I left the hotel because I—well, I did fear that you'd care too much for me. And I've been afraid that I'd care so much for you that I would find it almost too hard to go on with the life I'd decided on. You see, I don't want to have Billy supporting me, now we're not married any longer. He's settled enough on me so that I can live luxuriously on it, but somehow I just can't take it."
 "I want to support myself. And I'm going to do that. I can't play around with you and have the wonderful time you outlined down here at Carolina's. It might be different if I knew better how to earn my own living, but just now I'm going to work for Mrs. Lindsey's, and trying to study shorthand at night so that I can get a better position later."

"Oh Marie, don't you realize what a mistake you are making?" he asked tenderly. "You weren't meant to work like this. You ought to have every luxury, the sort of life to which you're accustomed."
 "I was brought to live that sort of life," she told him. "But after I married Billy, I didn't have anything; my father practically disowned me, and we had only what Billy earned, which was barely enough to get along on. I did all the work, even the washing. I'm used to hard work. There isn't any harder work in the world than the work the woman at home does, who can't afford to have servants. I didn't mind it; I loved Billy so much that I'd have done anything in the world for him. After he made his money of course, things were different. We could go back into the world I'd left when I married him. But I can work as hard again as I used to. Only it's not the same now, of course—working just for myself is different than working for Billy was."
 She looked away from him then again, into the firelight as if she could make the vision of those old happy days arise once more in the dancing flames.
 Randall took both her hands in his. "No matter how you feel now, I'm not going to let you run away from me again," he said. "And I hope that I can make you love me."
 "If I do love you," Marie told him frankly, "it won't be because you make me do it, but because I can't help it. It doesn't seem to me now that I could ever care for anyone else as I have for Billy, or even as I still do. I've wondered, of course, if when he and Jenny are married it won't make a difference in the way I feel. If it does—"
 "If it does, I pray that your love will turn to me," he said, gravely. "I shall always love you, Marie, and I cannot imagine any greater joy in this world than to have you care for me."
 He had risen as they talked, and came to stand beside her; now bent down and slightly kissed her hair. Impulsively she lifted one hand and gently touched his cheek.
 He straightened up abruptly and went over to one of the long windows, to draw the curtains and let in the dawn. The eastern sky was glowing with rose color; against it one of the bridges seemed to swing airy, its great girders looking frail as cobwebs in the thin air. Marie went to stand beside Bob, her arm thrust through his.
 They stood there, looking into the dawn, their thoughts welded together in that long, quiet moment by the great love that he bore for her and by the honest affection she had for him. He hoped no more deeply than she did that that affection would deepen into love. Marie told herself that her life with Billy was finished, and that life with Bob Randall could be a big, wonderful thing, could bring happiness to others as well as to themselves. No doctor was more famous for his work among the poor, for his experiments that worked toward new cures for suffering humanity. To live with him or help him in his own work—what a privilege.
 And standing there facing the glowing East, Marie breathed a little prayer, that she might give to him the love which Billy had discarded so thoughtlessly.
 Tomorrow—A New Turn of Affairs.

BULGARIANS STUDY GERMAN

Sofia, Bulgaria.—Study of the German language will be obligatory in Bulgarian primary and grammar schools during the coming year. This has been announced in a governmental decree by the Bulgarian premier.

DUMB DORA

BRINGING UP FATHER

BARNEY GOOGLE

MUTT AND JEFF

Home Again from Arctic



Capt. Donald MacMillan, at the wheel of the Bowdoin, wore his Eskimo clothes as he steered the schooner down the New England coast on his way to New York.

EFFICIENCY FOUND TO LAG IN HOT WEATHER

Erivan.—Science has come to the aid of the man who does not want to work in hot weather. Experiments carried out by the Near East Relief among the 15,000 children in its orphanage schools and workshops here prove that mental and physical efficiency are seriously lowered when the temperature rises above 73 degrees.

OFFERS BIG PRIZE FOR FLIER ACROSS OCEAN

Washington, D. C.—While there are several trophies in America offered for outstanding events in air craft performance, officials of the National Aeronautic association here know of only one cash prize now open to competent. This is the \$25,000 prize offered by Raymond Orteig of New York, and open to aviators crossing the Atlantic between Paris shores or the shores of France and New York on a non-stop flight, in either direction.

"Cousin Jane"

(A Review by Warren Spencer.)
 "Cousin Jane" may come as something of a surprise to those who never saw anything in a Harry Leon Wilson book except a funny story. You will laugh a good deal over "Cousin Jane," but you cannot dismiss with the mere word "funny" this unique modern novel of a spell-bound maiden who breaks her own enchantment. As when little Jane, raised as an heiress of a fortune now no more, is first brought to the remote

sleeping mining town and to "Tedmond's Folly," the once grand mansion built by her pioneer grandfather in the flush sixteen, who thinks the old house winks at her with a wicked, unfriendly leer. Her beautiful Cousin Sarah bitterly calls it a trap. It is not until years after Sarah's escape from the trap that Jane realizes what she meant and senses her own captivity.
 In these years of growing up, Jane has been the small, but devoted housekeeper for her two strange men cousins. Sarah's escape was effected by a fleecing of the silver knobs from the many doors of "Tedmond's Folly." And to Jane, too, comes an inspiration which at last wins her press into the gay world from which the cousins have shut her away since she was ten. Jane's sortie into that world is the climax of a story which is remarkable through out for its delicate probing into character and the play of the author's fanciful humor.
 Few places in fiction are as real as "Tedmond's Folly," with its dimming glories and vanished importance. Few persons in life seem any more living beings than the cousins, Jane and Sarah, and the Tedmond brothers—to say nothing of such delectables as Seth Barker, Gus Pedern and Maurice Slater. Wilson's people are always veins of rich metal. But in rare characterization, something more is added in this new book.
 To read "Cousin Jane" is an adventure of the heart. "Inside of us—that's where the biggest things take place," Mary tells Jane. Such an emotional upheaval is Jane's when she makes her final choice of self-sacrifice. And after you have finished her story you will find that a big thing has taken place inside of you. That is the reason that "Cousin Jane" has a momentousness beyond external measurements, and a significance that goes deeper than laughter and tears.

By Chick Young

By George McManus

By Billy de Beck

By Bud Fisher