

Capital Journal

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

The Power Trust Probe

The fact that the majority of the United States senate ordered the Federal Trade commission to probe the power trust instead of authorizing a senate probe, seems to have unbalanced our esteemed contemporary, the Portland Journal. It raves and shrieks hysterically and in a cataclyptic convulsion consigns the senate majority to damnation.

In an editorial entitled "The Rotting Parties," the Journal establishes a new standard of democracy and a new gauge of republicanism. Of the Democrats voting against a senate probe, it says:

By the Jeffersonian test, they are not Democrats. By the Woodrow Wilson record in public life, they are not Democrats. They are venereal reactionaries wearing the Democratic label.

Twenty Democrats voted with Senator Walsh and for an investigation that would lift the lid. They are a true expression of what Jefferson, Jackson and Wilson stood for.

Of the Republicans voting against the probe, the Journal says:

By the Lincoln test, the 25 are not Republicans. By the Roosevelt record of war on forest, power and other monopolies, they are not Republicans.

They and the 18 Democrats are in a party all their own, a party of betrayal, a party of boot-lickers of Big Business, a hermaphrodite party that is nameless and platformless.

Since when, it might be asked, did a political investigation, conducted by senate politicians, on the eve of a national election, for political effect, become the test of Jeffersonian or Wilson democracy, or of Lincoln or Roosevelt republicanism? Nor are we willing to believe that the senators, who voted as they did, comprising many of the ablest men, are "boot-lickers" of the power trust. Moreover, the Federal Trade commission was organized for just such probes, and the senate is already investigating almost everything under the sun and getting nowhere.

We are inclined to think that the power trust made a mistake in opposing, by a huge lobby, a senate investigation. It would have been better policy for the public utilities to have declared, that while they did not want investigation, because they believed it not needed, that if the senate was determined to have one, it be as thorough as possible and that Senator Walsh, who started it, conduct it, and show up any rottenness, if there is any, for their own benefit as well as the public's—and if there was none, to give a clean bill of health.

It must be admitted that the power trust is under a cloud of public suspicion. Its open purchase of a senator in Illinois, its corrupt and pernicious political interference in Maine, in Pennsylvania and numerous other states, has created a public hostility that any white-wash by the Federal Trade commission will only intensify. Consequently the utilities have not aided their cause any by working against a senate probe—but have only damaged it.

The Portland Journal, however, need not despair. If the senate prove faithless to its Jefferson, Wilson, Lincoln and Roosevelt test, it can set a shining example by conducting an investigation of its own into power trust activities in Portland and Oregon. It has all the evidence before it, including the pyramiding of utility company capitalization by endless mergers and absorptions, each accompanied by promotional inflation. It has the open record of their interference and domination of politics—so there is no lack of opportunity.

For many years the public utility companies have controlled the administration of Portland. Until a few years ago, they openly paid the mayor a bonus to make his salary large enough to keep him on the job. One of their henchmen is county chairman of the Republican party. Their influential lobby is always on deck at the legislature. In addition they maintain a political publicity bureau. When public clamor against increased rates became too strong, another of their henchmen organized the Ku Klux Klan and started a racial and religious war in which the high rates were completely lost sight of—as intended.

Now the proposal is made of another utility merger in which a company capitalized at \$81,000,000 is to absorb a rival \$23,000,000 company. This invokes a pyramiding of capital similar to those in the past and is part of the plans of the super-power trust that by interlocking directorates controls the power of the nation.

Here at home, is ample opportunity for the Portland Journal to live up to its ideals, though it has been strangely silent in the past. Why roast the senate for side-tracking power trust investigation at Washington, when it can conduct its own power trust investigation in Portland? If the utility companies come with clean hands, they will be the last to object.

Ribbons and Laces

By RUBY AYRES

CHAPTER XLVI

Linda's mind flew ahead to a day when they would be married—she was not sure that it would be a happy thing to be Andrew Lincoln's wife! Would there ever again be other women in his life? She remembered that he had once cared for Joan Astley, or, at least, had allowed her to think that he cared. How many more Joan Astleys had there been in the years that were gone?
She asked yet another anxious question:
"But will you always love me? Always? Won't you get tired of me some day, perhaps?"
He shook his head; he found her very adorable in her childish anxiety. "You must be content to wait and find that out," he told her.
"But I want to know," she insisted, "because I shall always be even as nice as I am now. I often have headaches and get cross; and when we are married—" She broke off to ask quickly: "Why, what is the matter?" for he had taken his arms from about her almost as if he was angry.
He gave a forced laugh.
"Nothing! I thought I heard Mrs. Johnson coming. Go on! What were you saying?"

Linda looked at him with apprehensive eyes.
"Mrs. Johnson is out," she said, slowly.
"Is she?" He took her hand, drawing her again into his arms. "Well, don't waste the precious time asking me foolish questions, and telling me things about yourself which I don't want to hear and don't believe. I don't believe you are ever cross. You couldn't be! I don't believe I should love you any less if you were—and I should love you more if your head ached."
With a little confiding movement she laid her head down on his shoulder.
"It aches now," she said, with a half-sigh.
Lincoln turned his head and kissed her hair.
"You want a holiday. I'll take you away somewhere, shall I? Where would you like to go?"
"Mrs. Johnson said I ought to have a day in the country."
He laughed at that.
"Nonsense! You want a week, or a month! When shall we go?"
"Whenever you like."
He looked into her eyes.
"You will be pleased to go with me, Linda?" he asked slowly. "To

go—alone with me?" he said again with emphasis.
Linda nodded. "I shall love it."
Already she felt brighter and happier; she closed her eyes and tried to forget that there was another man somewhere in the world whose voice had been sweeter music to her than Andrew Lincoln's; then suddenly she looked up.
"I forgot to tell you—I had such a funny letter from—from my mother."
He raised his brows.
"Did you? Well—what did she say?"
Linda told him as well as she could.
"I should forget it," he said swiftly. "It's no use worrying over other people's peculiarities."
"That's what Mrs. Johnson said, but—all the same, I hate her to write to me like that."
"I thought you didn't care for your mother."
She shook her head.
"I suppose I don't, really, and yet... I wish she had not written like that."
He stroked her cheek.
"She will soon forget it."
"Yes, she will be pleased when I tell her about you!" She gave his hand an affectionate little squeeze.
"She probably knows that you have an aunt who is a countess and mother loves a title."
Andrew Lincoln looked away from her.
"What... what will you tell your mother about me?" he asked jerkily.
Linda answered readily enough.
"That you love me. That we are going to be married."
There was a little silence, then Lincoln bent and kissed her again, with almost passionate regret it seemed.
"Well, don't tell her yet," he said. "Don't tell anyone till I say that you

may. We must have everything fixed up first."
Linda agreed readily to Lincoln's suggestions.
"It will be much nicer to keep our engagement secret for the present," he urged fondly. "Something which only you and I know about."
He broke off sharply, turning his head, as there was a footstep outside the front door and the sound of a latchkey.
He moved away from Linda angrily.
"I thought Mrs. Johnson was not coming back tonight?" he said sharply.
Linda nodded, flushing in confusion.
"I thought so, too. She told me so."
But it was Mrs. Johnson, for at that moment the door opened and she came into the little hall.
She looked rather pale and breathless, as if something had happened to upset her, and she stood for a silent moment looking at them before she closed the door behind her.
Linda began hurriedly to tidy her hair; she felt confused and shy; she was sure that Mrs. Johnson would guess now that Andrew Lincoln loved her; she waited with a fast-beating heart for him to speak.
But all he said was: "I thought you were not coming back tonight?"
Mrs. Johnson met his angry eyes coolly, almost with defiance.
"I changed my mind," she said. She passed him, and went into the little sitting-room, switching on the light as she went.
"Did you have a good time at Brighton?" she asked carelessly. "And will you stay to supper with us?"
Lincoln did not answer; he stood looking from Linda to the elder woman with a strange expression in his eyes, then he took up his hat

"I can't stay, thanks all the same." He spoke jerkily; he took Linda's hand, and pressed it. "I shall see you tomorrow," he added, and without another word of farewell took his departure.
PROGRAM AT PARK SCHOOL TOMORROW
A combination Washington and Lincoln day program will be given by pupils of Park school tomorrow. Washington's birthday, at 10:15 o'clock in the morning, Mrs. W. J. Entress will give a talk on Abraham Lincoln and Mrs. Mary L. Fulkerson, county school superintendent, will speak on George Washington.
The complete program, to which friends and patrons of the school are invited, will be as follows: song, "America," poem, "My Hero," by Adelbert Henderson; exercise by seven 3A children; exercise by Elma Eudnell and Bobby Baker; "Why Sambo Came Home," by Waterman and Eddie Hamilton; Washington, by three 5A boys; song by 3A class; flag drill by 1A and 2B pupils; talk on Abraham Lincoln by Mrs. Entress; recitation by Billy Lacey; recitation by Gerald Cottew; song by 3A pupils; Lincoln and Washington sayings by 12 6th grade boys; "Making a Flag," by four 5A pupils; flag drill by 12 4A and 5B pupils; song by first grade children; exercise by four 3B boys; song by fourth, fifth and sixth grades; Gettysburg address by sixth grade; dialogue by Bernice Fitzgerald and Mary Hunsaton; "Lincoln and Washington" by Gaylord Miles and Delbert Grimes; song by the sixth grade; talk on George Washington by Mrs. Fulkerson; minette by eight boys and eight

girls of the 5A class; song, "America, the Beautiful."
After the program school will be dismissed for the day.
COUNTY WORKERS GET INSURANCE
Traveling Auditor George Woods of the industrial accident commission spent some time at the court house yesterday going over the records of employees for the purpose of gathering data under the new law going into effect January 1, placing all county employees engaged in hazardous occupations automatically under the workmen's compensation act.
While the law was passed by the last legislature it did not become effective until January 1. All county

employees in the state engaged in hazardous occupations are affected by the act.
Mr. Woods told County Clerk Boyer that the cost to the county will be \$245 a thousand dollars on the payroll, this, however, affecting only the payroll of the employees to be covered by the operations of the law. Employees affected will not be clerical or regular officials, but only those engaged in employment where dangerous factors enter in, such as in road work, bridge construction or other kind of building operations. While he made a resume of the books and payrolls yesterday, he has as yet made no report on the approximate number of employees likely to come under the provisions of the act, or could he give any approximate estimate of the probable annual cost to the county.
Remote Tasmania is to have a large silk mill.

LOCAL INVESTORS LOSE IN FAILURE
Thirteen residents of Marion and Polk counties are listed among the creditors of the defunct brokerage house of Overbeck & Cooke, Portland, in the schedule of bankruptcy filed by the receiver in the federal district court yesterday.
Those creditors listed from this section of the state are Dr. William Cole, Charles Eppley, M. C. Halverson, Louis Lachmund, J. F. Young, and W. W. Looney, all of Salem; N. G. Mickel of Mt. Angel; John Guthrie Silverton; Louise Miller, Jefferson; E. T. Pierce, Aumsville; and Delmer L. Powers and H. Zimmerman, Aurora.

DUMB DORA
SEE HERE, DORA, I DON'T APPROVE OF THE WAY YOU'RE CHASING AFTER THIS FELLOW TOM. IT'S OUTRAGEOUS.
I HAVE TO, DAD. HE'S SO BASHFUL AND ANXIOUS, THIS IS LEAP YEAR.
I DON'T CARE WHAT YEAR IT IS. MY DAUGHTER'S NOT GOING TO CALL UP A MAN AND ASK HIM TO TAKE HER TO THE THEATRE.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, DAD. I TOLD HIM I'D PAY FOR THE TICKETS.
YOU'D BETTER SPEAK TO TOM ABOUT IT, MR. BELL.
WHEN HE COMES OVER TELL HIM I WANT TO SEE HIM.
HE'S NOT COMING OVER HERE.
I'M GOING TO CALL FOR HIM.

BRINGING UP FATHER
MAGGIE-OO I HAVE TO GO TO THE OPERA. I'D RATHER STAY HOME AND READ.
VERY WELL. YOU ALWAYS HAVE AN EXCUSE. BUT NONE OF THEM ARE ANY GOOD.
THAT WUZ EASY. JUST AS SOON AS THEY LEAVE I'LL SNEAK OUT TO DINTY'S.
3 HOURS LATER.
WAKE UP DADDY.
OH! IT'S TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T COME TO THE OPERA. IT WAS GRAND.
WHAT TIME IS IT?

BARNEY GOOGLE
A Born Politician
THE COUNTRY AT LARGE SEEMS TO BE RECOVERING FROM THE ASTONISHMENT IT EXPERIENCED WHEN THE BILGOGATS FLASHED THE NEWS TO AN UNSUSPECTING PEOPLE THAT BARNEY GOOGLE WAS THE CHOICE OF THE ROYAL ORDER FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
THOUSANDS OF LETTERS ARE POURING IN ON BARNEY BESEECHING HIM TO ANNOUNCE HIS PLATFORM. OTHERS PRAISE HIM AND A FEW CONDEMN HIM IN AN UNCERTAIN TONE.
MR. GOOGLE I AM SENATOR NAULTY AND THIS IS CONGRESSMAN HUGGINS. WE HAVE COME TO ASK YOU A MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION - ARE YOU FOR PROHIBITION OR AGAINST IT - ?
YES!
THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE TO HEAR A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE TALK - YOUR ANSWER WAS STRAIGHT FORWARD AND UNQUALIFIED - YOU'RE A BORN POLITICIAN - SHAKE.

MUTT AND JEFF
They've Got Uncle Sam In A Nice Pickle.
AH, A CALLER! IT'S PROBABLY THE PRINCE OF WALES WHO WISHES TO SEE US!
OR KING GEORGE! ADMIT HIM!
BY ORDER OF CALVIN COOLIDGE, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, YOU MUST PROCEED WITH ME TO THE BATTLESHIP MEMPHIS WHICH WILL CONVEY YOU BACK TO WASHINGTON D.C. YOU BOLOS HAVE GOT ALL OF EUROPE READY TO DECLARE WAR ON UNCLE SAM!
HUH!
FELLOW CITIZENS, THE ACTIONS AND DEEDS OF THE SO-CALLED GOOD WILL AMBASSADORS MUTT AND JEFF IN EUROPE HAVE PLACED US ON THE BRINK OF WAR WITH ALL EUROPEAN POWERS! SECRETARY MALLON IS GOING TO FLEAT A FIVE BILLION DOLLAR LIBERTY LOAN BOND ISSUE IN ANTICIPATION OF WAR, ETC!
WHILE OVER HERE
HUMILIATING, I CALLS IT!
JUST FOR THIS I'M GOINNA VOTE THE STRAIGHT DEMOCRATIC TICKET NEXT NOVEMBER! AND HOW!
IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE WAR!
ON THE ATLANTIC

