

# Capital Journal

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

## "A Public Outrage"

Senator Wheeler of Montana declares the nomination of Roy West, of Chicago, attorney for the Insull super-power interests "a public outrage" and serves notice that he will lead a fight to prevent confirmation by the senate. He says:

When Fall was appointed, no one suspected his connection with Doherty and Sinclair. Everybody, however, knows today that Roy West is Sam Insull's attorney, friend and business associate. West himself has testified that he is a large stockholder in the Insull group of companies which are an integral part of the power trust.

As an ex-officio member of the federal power commission, Secretary West will have a decisive voice in the leasing of federal water power sites conservatively estimated to be worth more than a billion dollars. If I am correctly informed, Insull corporations have at least half a dozen applications for leases pending before the federal power commission and perhaps a considerable number more which have been filed in the names of affiliated companies.

Though Mr. West has long been prominent as a public utilities corporation lawyer, his name has been in the newspaper headlines but once before his appointment to the cabinet. This was on July 27, 1926 when he appeared before the Reed senate committee investigating the campaign expenditures of Frank L. Smith in Illinois. Mr. West then testified that he had handled Insull money in the Illinois primary, that he had been an attorney for the Insull companies since 1897 and that he had "always conferred with Mr. Insull as to his investments, particularly concerning his own companies, and as to politics, during these twenty-five or more years."

As Secretary of the Interior, Mr. West is head of the reclamation service. He is head of the geological survey. He directs the activities of the commissions investigating the construction of a dam at Boulder creek, and the operation of Muscle Shoals, both vigorously opposed by the power companies. He is ex-officio member of the federal power commission which issues licenses for the development of water power on navigable streams. He is the one official that should be free from connection with the utilities and represent the public interests against private exploitation.

Mr. Hoover has not defined his attitude toward power development, but pussy-footed with generalities. Yet it is one of the great issues of the campaign. Mr. Hoover has said he stood for the Coolidge policies. Under Coolidge the federal water power commission has been so starved for lack of funds that it had to suspend licensing last May and is five years behind its schedule. Mr. Coolidge gave a pocket veto to the Muscle Shoals bill, following this with the appointment of the chief attorney of the power interests to supreme power on the cabinet, thereby aligning the administration with the water-power interests. Is Mr. Hoover to carry out this same policy of using the agencies of government for the privileged?

## Bargain Rates

We are in receipt of a circular letter from Los Angeles asking us whether we believe in "the Spirit of 1776, the cause of the American farmer, in special privileges to none and prosperity for all." If we do, we are invited to join the "American party" and safeguard these principles, as we have been recommended for membership.

We are further informed that there are no bosses or cliques behind the scenes dictating the policies of the American party, that red, radicals and professional reformers are not wanted, that while no effort will be made to put tickets in the field for 1928, the real issues and qualifications of candidates will be investigated and the facts reported to the membership. All this can be had for one dollar per year, beginning on the Fourth of July.

These are bargain rates and should be taken advantage of at once by our political patriots, who have been used to punting up far greater sums. The first American party, the Know-Nothings of the 50's charged substantial fees as did the second, the A. P. A.'s of the '90's. Opportunity knocks at the door of the 100 percent patriots who have grown accustomed to the \$10 fee of the K. K. K. to say nothing of \$10 nighties.

Even at only a dollar per head, from the number of boobies in the county, there should be fat pickings for the organizers. Of course they cannot expect the flood of wealth that deluged the wizards and kleegles, but for a quiet mail order business with solicitation costing only a cent and the exploitation of patriotism among our most profitable industries, the future is bright.

But how did we get in the sucker list?

# THE LOVE DEBT

By Claire Pomeroy

### CHAPTER NINE

A rather puffy-eyed and shabby Larry appeared at breakfast next morning. Fannie opposite him was as uncommunicative as he was and the trim little maid, with a look of gentle surprise in her eyes, served the silent pair the daily meal which Larry regarded with an expression of acute distaste. He passed a trembling hand across his freshly shaved cheeks and sighed heavily. "I must have been pretty blotto last night," he said, not meeting his wife's calm blue eyes. "Did you put me to bed or was I able to get there myself?"

## Acid Stomach

"Phillips Milk of Magnesia"  
Better than Soda

Hereafter, instead of soda take a little "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" in water any time for indigestion or sour, acid, gassy stomach, and relief will come instantly. For fifty years genuine "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians because it overcomes three times as much acid in the stomach as a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda, leaving the stomach sweet and free from all gases. It neutralizes acid fermentations in the bowels and gently urges the excreting waste from the system without purging. Besides, it is more pleasant to take than soda. Insist upon "Phillips." Twenty five cent and fifty cent bottles, any drugstore. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles M. Phillips since 1875—A-66.

Do you know that first grade cars have Knight famous European high motors.

The Packard of France. The Daimler of England. The Mercedes of Germany. The Varcar of France.

"Let your Next Car be a Willlys Knight!"

"I put you there," Fannie replied coolly.  
"Thanks."  
Silence again.  
"Aren't you going to eat your eggs, dear?" Fannie asked him in solicitous tones.  
He gave her a blighting stare.  
"Eggs?" He spoke almost in a whisper. "No, no eggs, thanks."  
Fannie was consumed with curiosity as to her husband's whereabouts the night before and she could contain herself no longer.  
"Was it the business engagement that wrecked you or—?"  
Larry had retired behind the merciful front page of the morning newspaper and his words came somewhat jerkily.  
"Yes, in a way."  
"But how?" Fannie prodded. "Do you know you drank practically a whole decanter of whiskey after you got home? Goodness, Larry, I hope you're not going to turn out a drunkard!"  
Larry pushed back his chair impatiently.  
"For heavens sake, Fannie, don't start getting red shawl and doing the drunkard's wife act," he hurried at her. "I met a bunch of fellows at the club—fellows I want to do business with and we had some drinks. Had a splitting headache when I came home and took a couple more drinks to straighten me out." He looked across at her searchingly. "And that reminds me, sweet one. Where were you last night and what time did you get home? The old man can ask a few questions, too."  
Fannie reddened under his scrutiny. A feeling of anger came over her then, and she looked him squarely in the face.  
"I wondered if you were going to ask me," she said coldly. "You weren't very much concerned how I spent my evening, and you didn't even think it important enough to talk to me on the telephone, did you?"  
It was Larry who reddened now.  
"Now that you're finally begun to wonder where I was," continued Fannie, "I'll tell you. I went for a ride with Mr. Tucker. He phoned and asked us both to go and when I told him you were out he was kind enough to ask me to go anyway."  
"You went with him alone, eh?" Larry asked darkly.  
"Certainly, why not?"  
"Nothing," said Larry, uncomfortably. "Only I don't trust him so much, Fannie."  
"Well, I do," snapped Fannie. "And I'm not going to quarrel or argue about it." She was close to tears and Larry, regarding her trembling chin and misty eyes leaped up and made his way to her side.  
"All right, honey," he said, holding her in his arms. "We won't say any more about it. Come on, give us a kiss." He pressed her to him almost fiercely and in his dark eyes was a hint of anxiety. Fannie melted into his arms and raised her mouth to his and their first quarrel was averted.  
"Say, Fannie," said Larry suddenly, as they walked arm in arm out of the breakfast-room. "I wish you'd go and call on Dad this afternoon."

## A NERVOUS OLD GENTLEMAN



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Just run in and pay him a little visit, you know, I would, myself, but I haven't got time, and anyhow, he'd much rather get a look at you."  
"But, why today?"  
"Well, to tell the truth," Larry replied, clearing his throat, "I'm thinking of borrowing a little money from Dad. Won't have to do it at all, but just the same, I don't want him to think we're neglecting him."  
"All right," agreed Fannie. "I've a bridge game, but I'll start a little early and drop in at his office."  
Fannie genuinely loved Larry's father. Samuel Holt was a fine-hearted, level-headed tolerant sort of man. He had raised his son in a womanless home; Larry's mother having died when the boy was still in short trousers, and Samuel Holt had kept the house in as near a perfect state of comfort and neatness as his wife's capable hands had done. There would be occasional attentions of a temperamental

cleaning woman, but Larry's father had kept house for the most part, in addition to the small and moderately successful real estate business he conducted. Had he been more the go-getter type, he could have made the large profits his competitors gained, but he had no desire to attain more than a comfortable living.  
Fannie found him at his shabby, disordered desk and she perched on his knee and kissed the tip of his nose, to his evident enjoyment.  
"How are you two young rogues making out over there in millionaire row?" he asked with twinkling eyes.  
"Simply scrumptious, Daddy," Fannie told him. "You must come in and see us. Please Daddy," she begged, "you never have."  
The kindly man promised he would see them soon and planting a butterfly kiss on the weathered cheek, Fannie danced off to her bridge party.  
"See Dad?" Larry asked her that evening when he came home with school-boy promptness.

"Certainly did," replied Fannie. "Isn't he an old dear, Larry?"  
"Get your life he is," answered Larry with enthusiasm. "Oh, by the way, Fannie," he added, "Gang's coming over tonight. Ted's bringing some people and I have an idea the great lover will be among those present."  
"Who do you mean?" Larry told "You ought to know," Larry told

## For Freckled Tanned Sun Spoiled Skin

To reveal the exquisite loveliness hidden beneath a freckled or tanned complexion, use pure mercolized wax. Applied nightly to the face like a cold cream, the wax gradually peels off all particles of scorched and hair-tended cuticle. The under skin then revealed, is clear, smooth, white and youthful. Procure an ounce at any drug store and keep your skin young, beautiful. To quickly remove wrinkles and restore facial contour, use as an astringent, 1 ounce powdered saccharine and 1 half pint witch hazel. adv.

her with a grin. "Why, Tucker, who else?"  
Fannie's lip curled and she threw him a withering look.  
"And is Sinuous Sonia coming also?" she inquired with heavy sarcasm.  
Larry blushed.  
"Probably."  
It was a gay party. The red-haired girl did her dance as she invariably did at every party she attended. The blonde youth with his customary forced expression, played his toe-ticking tunes on the Holt's miniature grand piano, which they would one day pay for. Fannie, in a flame-colored frock that brought a glint to the eyes of Dane Tucker in which there was a tinge of cruelty, danced in his arms and laughed up into his face with conscious coquetry. Sonia Redfield, with Larry hovering near more often than not, was beautiful in a gown of clinging black, her petulant mouth redder than ever. The maid had trundled into the room a tea-cart laden with ice, ginger ale, tall glasses and several bottles with labels that might or might not have been authentic. Their arrival, at any rate brought rousing cheers from the throats of the assembled guests and there had been a grand rush in their direction.  
Neither Fannie, in the arms of Dane Tucker, nor Larry, bending eagerly over the reclining Sonia, heard the ringing of the doorbell. The flustered maid busy in the kitchen with preparations for luncheon Fannie had ordered her to

## How To Have A Clear Head

End Stiffness, Sneezing, Huskiness, Inflammation

Do you get up in the morning with a stopped-up nose? Are your breathing passages clogged with a cold? Are you subject to catarrh, bronchial irritations, asthma or hay fever?

If so, here is a pleasant, harmless cigarette that will clear out head, nose and throat.  
It is the formula of Dr. J. W. Blosser, and is composed of medicinal flowers, herbs and berries.  
Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes contain no tobacco, no cubes, nothing habit-forming, and are entirely harmless. They are used by women and children as well as men.  
It is so simple to inhale this soothing smoke. Much more convenient than using sprays, washes, douches, etc.  
If you suffer from any catarrhal trouble, catarrhal deafness, asthma, hay fever, bronchial irritations, or frequent colds, get Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes from any drugist, and prove for yourself their pleasant, beneficial effects.

**DR. BLOSSER'S Medical Cigarettes**

servo, had not announced the new corner. . . . The man, a little stooped of shoulder and shabby of dress stood in the doorway and surveyed the scene in the living-room. No one noticed him as he watched them from the darkened hall. With a sad expression on his thin brown face, Samuel Holt tip-toed softly back to the outer door and silently let himself out of his son's apartment.  
(To Be Continued)

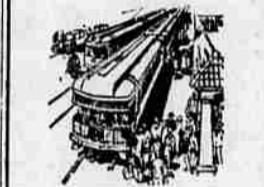
## Itching Torture

Use Zemo, Healing Liquid

There is one safe dependable treatment for the itching torture of Eczema. The first application of Zemo usually stops itching and gives relief. It will help rid the skin of pimples, itches, blotches, Blemishes and similar annoying skin irritations.  
You will be surprised how quickly skin troubles will react to this clean, antiseptic, soothing liquid. Use to apply at any time. 35c. and \$1.00.

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Oregon Electric Ry.

By Chick Young.

## DUMB DORA



BUT THEY PROMISED FAITHFULLY THEY'D STAY IN TONIGHT AND HELP ME GO OVER MY DEFENSE PLANS  
THEY'RE DANCING AT THE GOLDEN GRILL, ROD  
I'VE CALLED HIM THREE TIMES-- HE DOESN'T ANSWER HIS PHONE  
OH, DEAR, WHAT CAN WE DO? WE'RE IN A TERRIBLE FIX  
YOU'RE A COUPLE OF FINE ONES! OUT DANCING WHEN YOU KNOW HOW I NEED YOUR HELP--- YOU NEVER THINK OF ME, DO YOU?  
THAT'S A FINE WAY FOR YOU TO TALK!  
WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET YOU ON THE PHONE FOR HOURS  
YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE WE THOUGHT ABOUT WHEN BRADLEY FOUND HE'D LOST HIS WALLET  
YOU AIN'T SO DUMB!  
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## SENTIMENTAL DORA



I EXPECT THE CARPENTERS TO-DAY-- SO YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TALK TO THEM-- SO I'M GOING TO LOCK YOU IN YOUR ROOM.  
BY GOLLY, I'M MARRIED TO A WARDEN.  
I WANT THE HOUSE GONE OVER THOROUGHLY AND DO ALL THE REPAIRS NECESSARY.  
WE'LL LEAVE OUR THINGS OUTSIDE UNTIL WE KNOW JUST WHAT IS TO BE DONE.  
WELL--THIS LOOKS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.  
IT'S A GOOD THING I GOT A FINE TRAININ' CARRYIN' A HOD ON A LADDER IN ME YOUNG DAYS.  
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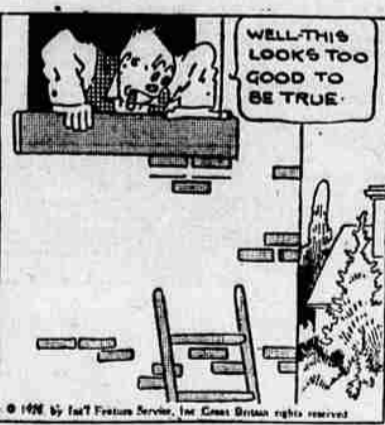
## BRINGING UP FATHER



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## MUTT AND JEFF

Mutt Makes A Wonderful "Recovery."



MUTT, THE RULES ALLOW ONLY FIVE MINUTES TO LOOK FOR A LOST BALL! YOUR TIME'S UP, YOU GOTTA TAKE A PENALTY STROKE AND SHOOT ANOTHER PILL!  
IS THAT SO? YOU GO AHEAD AND PLAY OUT THE HOLE! I'M GONNA FIND THIS PILL IF IT TAKES AN HOUR!  
WE'RE SHOOTING FOR A BUCK A HOLE AND WE WERE ALL EVEN AT THE LAST TEE! MUTT'LL NEVER FIND HIS PILL AND THE PENALTY STROKE WILL COST HIM THE HOLE AND A BUCK! I CAN'T LOSE!  
FORE!  
WHAT'S THIS?  
I ASK YOU-- WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT? I'VE GOT HIS PILL IN MY POCKET!



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By Bud Fisher.