

# Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon

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

## Making Salem the Goat

The Portland Journal seems very anxious to see the city of Salem get into the light and power business and is constantly urging this municipality to expend its millions in such an endeavor. The Journal grills the power company for having taken an option on the original filings on Marion Lake made by Engineer J. G. Kelley which were offered to Salem and rejected repeatedly.

The amount of power that can be generated at Marion Lake and the cost of its development are unknown and can only be ascertained by an extended survey. If the project checks out as theoretically estimated by Mr. Kelley, and proves feasible, the company plans development. If not, it will let its option lapse.

A similar survey should be made by the city of Salem before it plunges into the power game. It may prove economical and practical to generate this power and it may cost more to develop and deliver the power than it is now furnished for by private companies, in which case it would be folly to attempt development.

The experience of Eugene is no criterion, for Eugene has the McKenzie river in its backyard that has many times the power potentialities of Marion Lake and the North Santiam, as its volume of water is far greater and its cost of development far cheaper. At the best the amount of power that can be generated by Salem is but a fraction of that available for Eugene. As far as water supply for the municipality is concerned, it will be increased rather than diminished by power development at lake and in stream and not threatened, if its use is desired.

Why is the Portland Journal so interested in Salem's power development and so uninterested in similar development for Portland? For 17 years the Portland city charter has permitted municipal development of power and during all these years nothing has been done to secure it. Portland can at any time acquire by condemnation the existing hydro-electric plants furnishing its power—yet the Journal has done nothing towards this end, contenting itself with demagogic attacks upon the power interests.

The Journal's present remarkable interest in Salem's power development is just part and parcel of the racket being worked to elect its largest advertiser governor by fanning the flames of hydro-electric hysteria. That is why it picks on Salem and lets Portland alone in the development of "free power without cost to taxpayers."

## Political Frankness

There is a refreshing frankness about Dwight Morrow that is rare in politicians. In his speech opening his campaign for the senate from New Jersey he said:

All parties, including the Republican party, have been wont to credit themselves with whatever good times happened during their term of power, without looking for the deeper reasons that underlie the ebb and flow of prosperity. Any party which takes credit for the rain must not be surprised if its opponents blame it for the drought.

That is just what is happening to Mr. Hoover and the Republican party. In the last campaign the party was pointed to as the source from which all blessings flow and Mr. Hoover even guaranteed permanent prosperity and the abolition of poverty—and things haven't worked out that way at all. If they had, he would have taken the credit as usual. And if Al Smith had been elected, he would have received the blame by Republicans—there is no doubt about it, just as Grover Cleveland is still blamed for a panic that was in full swing before his election.

So the politicians who claimed the government responsible for good times find themselves hoist on their own petards and the people, resentful at being flimflammed, ready to turn the rascals out for selling them a gold brick.

The blind former Senator Gore of Oklahoma, however says, there is no truth in the assertion that the President has not carried out his campaign promises: "I deny the charge. He has carried them all out—on a stretcher. And he won his greatest fame in feeding the starving people of Europe. Just wait until we all get into the bread line and then you'll see a wonderful example of engineering efficiency."

## Rats in the Idol

Speech delivered before Salem Chamber of Commerce by W. A. Deltell, Democratic Candidate for Congress

Our missionaries tell us strange stories of the customs of heathen peoples, of their blind faith in idols of wood and stone. The poor heathen believes that by appeasing the idol with gifts and laying his tribute at its feet that sickness can be cured, pestilence banished, droughts broken and prosperity assured. So the poor "bemighted" heathen with his hayrick head of hair crawls on his knees to the idol bringing gifts of his scanty stock of rice in times of famine, and the crafty prophets of the idol fatten on the food thus brought.

Over a hundred years ago a church hymn was written which has been sung by every generation since then—you recall it now—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains." One verse I recall runs— "What though the splay breeches blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile, In vain with lavish kindness the gifts of God are strewn The heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone." A story comes down to us from the Chinese that two statesmen were discussing the condition of the realm—probably they were State Committeemen—when the younger asked of the elder: "Sir, what is the greatest danger to our country?" and the elder replied "the rats in the idol."

sugar trust plantations where they are using thousands of Mexicans to "get the protected wages"—then the tune is changed and we hear the slogan the tariff must be high enough to exclude foreign goods. And that is what has happened.

U. S. Steel has grown until it is the largest single tax payer in the nation—and what is more important to you—it is the largest single tribute gatherer. No tribute gatherer for old Rome ever filled Caesar's coffers with gold as has the U. S. Steel corporation levied its tribute upon us. What is U. S. Steel? It is a colossal aggregation of a hundred or more large concerns. It dominates not only steel, but railroads, mines, banks—it is Wall Street itself. Last year it made net profits of 19 1/2 per cent after deducting every possible set off that expert accountants and crafty lawyers—the best that money can buy—could figure out for them. It rivals the government in size—and its dominating influence permeates the very capitol itself. Every citizen in America pays tribute to this idol. You pay in freight rates, for rates are based upon valuation and steel prices determine valuation. You pay in taxes, for your bridges cost more. You pay in rents for construction costs more. In a hundred ways the people pay.

We are building cement bridges, cement roads, at public expense. The tariff increases the cost of roads an average of \$1300 a mile—and you pay in taxes. Sugar has been a beneficiary of the tariff since I was a baby. And the party that gives it the tariff has been a beneficiary by liberal campaign contributions. It was a Grumby, who just a few months ago in the investigation by the senate committee, replied in brutally frank terms, "that tariff beneficiaries get only what they pay for." All your life you have been paying this tribute to the sugar idol. And the idol's attendants have fattened from your tribute. The stock of the sugar trust has increased in value from \$100 a share to over \$1000 a share. Yet this idol still demands even greater tributes—and got it. They got a rate of \$2.40 a sack instead of the old rate of \$1.76—through the efforts of the chairman of the ways and means committee. The rate was cut to \$2.00 in the senate. That means that every time you buy a sack of sugar—no matter what the retail price may be—you pay the tribute of \$2.00. Oregon pays an annual tribute of \$2,000,000. The people of the nation pay \$300,000,000. That is enough to buy every acre of land used in the sugar industry, pay \$300 an acre for it and BUY IT EVERY YEAR. Why do we do it? Ask the heathen why he brings his tribute to the idol. He has been told it will appease the idol and break the drought. Since we import four-fifths of all the sugar we use—why should we tax ourselves \$240,000,000 on this four-fifths in order to give the trust their sixty millions of tribute? Why don't we just give the idol its sixty millions as a subsidy and keep the other 240 millions in our pockets? I'll tell you why. It would wash the paint from the idol and the people would see the sham and might refuse to give the idol its sixty millions. It would be too plain. Idols must be kept painted. Steel idols

are more worshipped when coated with aluminum paint. And aluminum also demands its tribute. I can remember when aluminum was a new thing. It was back in McKinley's day. So a tribute was levied to protect the infant. And the baby grew. It's a lousy giant now. It belongs to Andrew Mellon and his family. Mr. Mellon's income is rated now at \$100,000 a day. But the aluminum idol still cries for tribute and GETS IT. Our chairman of the ways and means attended to that. Another idol we worship is the subsidy idol. This idol is very old. Our grandfathers worshipped it. They gave away millions of acres of the public domain as subsidies to railroads. The Union Pacific got 285,000 acres of land besides finances at the rate of \$16,000 a mile across the plains and \$48,000 a mile over the mountains to Sacramento. Some little gift to the idol wasn't it? Canals got subsidies, barge lines got it. And we've kept it up. Right today we give subsidies to manufacturers by lowering the freight rates on goods entering for foreign shipment. Per-tiler costs our own farmers double rates over what it costs the foreign buyer.

When our war closed we found ourselves the possessor of over 1500 ships. Some very fine ones. We junked the whole lot. Most of them brought three cents on the dollar—although they were brand new. And then the subsidy idol began to wear a coaxing smile. And our generous Uncle Sam turned around and gave fat mail contracts to the very buyers of our own ships. And in addition to the regular price for carrying the mails—we added a subsidy of ten millions a year to keep the idol satisfied. And President Coolidge signed a ten year contract to that effect just before he laid down the sceptre and began punching the typewriter for the new columns. \$100,000,000 of subsidy given to 25 steamship lines. Why it figures out we are paying \$1000 a pound to carry mail to South America.

Why didn't we keep the ships and carry the mail ourselves? Ask the heathen Chinese why he lays his tribute at the idol's feet. And yet you wonder why the postoffice department has a deficit so large that it just isn't polite to discuss in open meetings like this, why your

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rates were raised on postage, and why it is cheaper to send goods by express than by our own parcel post. And ships have rats in them, too, you know.

Democrats are such fussy terriers—always pointing to rat holes! But the people are murmuring. They were promised that if they would bring in an additional tribute of \$40 per family and lay it at the tariff idol's feet the idol would smile a painted smile and the clouds would roll away—and the sun of prosperity shine again—all in 24 hours—just like that! But the same day when the morning papers carried the news that Hoover had signed the Smoot-Hawley bill, the evening papers carried the headlines—"Stocks sink to lower levels," "Wheat drops four cents a bushel," "Cotton market makes a new low for the season."

And out here in Oregon we find our wheat at 44 cents a bushel at Wallowa, wool at lowest prices in years, our prunes unsalable, and hundreds of lumber mills closed down. In the Eugene district alone out of 156 mills all but 23 were closed down last week. Thousands of men out of work.

Figures compiled to September 25—seven months' experience under the new tariff shows that retaliatory tariffs have been erected against us by many nations. Our foreign exports business decreased at the rate of \$100,000,000 a month and still decreasing daily. England bought 43 million dollars worth of cotton where she bought 73 million last year. Our foreign grain market dropped 43 millions. Our foreign automotive orders dropped 25,500 cars to 14,700 cars. Argentina, South Africa, Italy, the United Kingdom—all cut their orders in half or more.

Our total automotive production decreased fifty per cent. What's the matter with the old tariff idol that it doesn't answer our prayers? Does it not remind you of old

Elijah on Mt. Carmel taunting the priests of Baal when their god refused to answer their prayers and send down the fire?

Must we, like old Elijah, cry in taunting terms "Cry aloud; for he is a god; either he is talking (for campaign purposes) or he is pursuing (some voter gone independent) or he is on a journey (W.O.W. convention at Denver, or penitence, he is sleepeth and must be awakened."

Is it possible that this present "slight depression," "readjustment period" is actually like the gold dust twigs washing some of the paint from the gaudy old idol? Are the people discovering it is only a wooden idol after all?

How hard it is for a heathen people to lose their faith in the old idol of their forefathers. What a lot of missionary work must be done to get them to see the light and break away from age-old delusions!

The ritual of our idols tells us it is holy and righteous to give tribute to steel, to sugar and to aluminum. Our money is sanctified when we pay subsidies of millions to shipowners, when we grant freight subsidies to foreign shippers, when we settle with railroads after the war and give them in gold two billion dollars for rehabilitation, when we settle with war contractors and give them one billion six hundred million for unfinished contracts. It is income to the idol when we levy a billion dollar tariff tax upon the people. But it is sacrilege itself according to the high priest of the idol to give even an indirect subsidy to agriculture by enacting the export demerit bill for farmers. Holy money into our treasury must not be cast before the swine. It is needed for subsidies to shipping, for hundred million mail contracts, for adjustments with railroads, and war contractors, and TWO BILLION EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY-ONE MILLION must be handed

back to war profiteers as tax refunds.

Our boys can go to the front and fight for old glory while profiteers fatten. Wilson can levy an excess tax upon the profiteers and take from some of their ill-gotten gains but when the war is over, the ritual of our idol tells us "profiteers must not be taxed" and Oregon's idol votes to repeal the tax and then proceeds to give back to them much of what had been collected from them.

And when it was proposed to pay our veterans their adjusted compensation of \$125 a day—and pay now in gold. The high priest of the treasury says it would cost too much. A billion dollars is too great a strain on the treasury. But a billion wasn't too much to give the war profiteers. They have given back nearly three billion already—and it will soon be four billion unless the people wake up and discover that the idol is only wood—and full of rats. One of them—a lawyer in New York, got five million dollars fee for his share of the pickings.

And while the idol worshippers blindly follow their foolish faith we look out over America's fair fields, blessed with bountiful crops which cannot be sold—and we realize what the old hymn writer meant—"where every prospect pleases and only man is vile." We look out and see thousands of farmers being displaced by foreclosure, hundreds of mills closed down, millions of men out of work, tramping the highways begging for a job and wives looking fearfully into a winter ahead, thousands of small merchants struggling against chain store competition—mergers violating the Sherman anti-trust—hundreds of banks closing and Wall Street crashing with stock panics. What a picture of our fair land! And the idol worshippers offer us as the only remedy "give higher tariff tributes to the idol; more subsidies to the favored contract-

ors; less taxes for millionaires and more tax refunds to profiteers."

Are you an idol worshipper, my friend, or do you dare to think for yourself?

Have I washed a bit of paint from your idol? Will you help me restore the real religion of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none"—the ideal of our forefathers who founded this nation, the ideal of our fathers who fought to preserve the union—the ideal of you veterans who fought to make the world safe for democracy?

Or will you blindly bow down to the painted idol of special privileges for the few and tax burdens for the many? Let us add a new verse to the old hymn: From Skiatook's snowy mountains From Gold Beach's sunny strand, Where the waters of Rogue river Roll down their golden sand, From Umpqua's peaceful valley To Clatsop's breezy plains They call us to relieve them From Hawley's tariff pains.

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