

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
Established March 1, 1898
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
at 444 Commercial Street, Telephone—Business Office 3571,
News Room 3572, Society Editor 3573

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

FULL LEASED WIRE SERVICE OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
AND THE UNITED PRESS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

By carrier—10 cents a week; 45 cents a month; \$5 a year in advance
By mail in Marion, Polk, Linn and Yamhill counties, one month 50
cents; 3 months \$1.25; 6 months \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00 Elsewhere 50 cents
a month; 6 months \$2.75; \$5.00 a year in advance.

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"With or without offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."

—Byron

Once in 57 Years

The democrats were proud of the fact that, for the first time in around 57 years, they had elected a speaker of the house. In that period the chair had been occupied by a great variety of speakers: bankers, merchants, farmers, doctors, lawyers, politicians, etc.—but all had a reasonable amount of ability and none could be classified as dumbbells. These men all knew something of parliamentary law, the rules of the house, how to put a simple motion and expedite business—good or bad. When one undertakes to appraise Speaker Cooter he is stumped—he has nothing to work upon. The gentleman's intentions are all right and he is honest but—well the present session is the answer.

The legislature has been in session over eight weeks and little or nothing worth while has been accomplished. The needs of the state could have been taken care of in two weeks but it took that long for the speaker to straighten out some of the grief he walked into when he turned the control of his committee appointments over to the Multnomah cocktail crowd. It took him another two weeks to learn the rules of the house and how to put his motions.

The speaker's lack of knowledge of the duties of his office, his total inability to expedite business, and his fear of offending and failure to decide, made an ass of his party and a monkey of himself.

Over 1050 bills were introduced at this session. The statehouse was a haven for whiskey lobbyists, race horse and hound dog touts and gamblers. Everything has been legalized and licensed by the house except prostitution and, unless the speaker winds up the show, there will be a chance for it to get under the wire.

The session has cost the taxpayers a lot of money. As pointed out by Governor Martin, the people were not calling for more taxes but less waste and extravagance. Every attempt to control the expenditure of fees collected by boards and commissions was defeated. The only hope for economy is through the budgetary control demanded and received by the governor.

The members of the Willamette democratic society of Portland, who failed to get jobs as sergeant-at-arms or clerks at this session, hired out to the republican lobbyists who were fighting chain store, loan shark bills and promoting cocktail, dog, and gambling legislation. So, when these boys get home and attend the weekly luncheon of their political organization they can report that, after all there is some good to be found in the republican machine—it pays its help well.

Democratic control of the house has been a flop, not so much because of the inexperience of its members, so much as the lack of organization, coordination and system. A great opportunity has been thrown away.

Holding Companies Must Go

President Roosevelt's message calling for the strict regulation of public utility holding companies and rebuking propaganda opposing it which has flooded the capital is a complete answer to the demagogic charges of Huey Long and Father Coughlin that the money changers of Wall Street and the international bankers control the administration and that it has betrayed the public interests. If there is one thing that high finance favors it is the holding company which has enabled the creation of so many millionaires at the cost of investors and consumers.

"Except where it is absolutely necessary to the continued functioning of a geographically integrated operating utility system," said the president, "the utility holding company with its present powers must go. It is a device which does not belong to our American traditions of law and business."

It was the use of the holding company, first to obtain monopoly and later to obtain control with a minimum of investment, for the purpose of inflation and watering securities and avoiding regulation that accounts for many of our huge fortunes. It reached its climax in the operations of the Insulls, Peirces, Foshays and other utility dog-brickers who by means of such devices "have taken for themselves unwarranted economic powers." The president concludes:

I am against private socialism of concentrated private power as thoroughly as I am against governmental socialism. The one is equally as dangerous as the other, and destruction of private socialism is utterly essential to avoid governmental socialism.

Private socialism, which is monopoly through pyramiding companies, forces state socialism and the president is opposed to both and sees prevention only in the redistribution of power by breaking up the holding companies and returning management to local operating companies, now being exploited. The proposed legislation, the executive assures, "will not destroy legitimate business or wholesome and productive investment" and in the effort he has public support.

End of a Meal Ticket

L. A. Liljeqvist, assistant attorney general, argued again before the United States supreme court at Washington yesterday on the state's title to Malheur and Harney lake beds—a case that he has conducted at taxpayers' expense for the past fifteen years without getting anywhere. This time he asks the court to upset the findings of its special master, which gave title to the federal government.

This is the case for which the state land board has paid in the past four years \$6500 and \$2603 expenses to Liljeqvist as special attorney, and he has lost every contention. In the meantime the government has bought out the riparian owners to make a game preserve, it having been created since 1908.

Liljeqvist contends that Oregon is entitled to the lake bed under its own laws. The master held that the common law governed ownership of the area, under which Oregon would get title to the lake beds only to the center of such riparian lands as the state owns, for the right of riparian owners to title is not questioned.

The case has certainly been a meal ticket for Liljeqvist, but the coming decision will end it—perhaps.

Montana Rubiz Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS

Synopsis: Montana and Rubiz have entered the fort of Duray and regained for the church the emerald crown of Our Lady, stolen in the first place by the governor. Montana found the way with the help of Rosita; now Rosita has betrayed him to the governor. He and Rubiz are trying to escape from the aroused fort—and the chances are very slim.

Chapter 24 AT THE POSTERN

Montana reached the stairs that slanted steeply down through the wall. Someone came running up toward him. The soldier jumped back against the wall. "Pardon, señor!" he gasped.

Montana went silently past. He was down the second flight of stairs. He was at the entrance to the guard room. There had been three men in the place when he and Rubiz made their entrance, terrible hours before. There were almost a dozen present now, and there was a captain among them.

From the depths of his throat the Kid summoned a guttural roar: "Attention!" and strode in on the wings of that word.

They came to rigid attention, all of them, their eyes foolishly staring, their arms foolishly stiff at their sides. So the Kid crossed to the door. "Open!" he thundered.

"But, Excellency—" said the captain.

There was a corporal who heard the word "excellency" and sprang like a frightened rabbit to do the first bidding. He worked feverishly, wrenching back the three bolts. He thrust them so fast and hard that they clanged loudly. The heavy door yawned a little.

"Excellency—" said the captain. "Silence!" roared El Keed.

"Silence be damned!" exclaimed the captain. "What are you and who are you?"

He came striding, with a jingle of spurs, and the Kid leaped through the widening lip of the door.

The night struck at him like a wet black hand. He heard, from behind him, a scream of rage and astonishment like the shriek of a woman.

Hard to the left he turned, shedding the encumbering cloak as he ran. Behind him, the arm of light was widening, reaching into the rain of the night. And the guard was pouring out, each man shooting at the brilliant phantom nothingness of the light and the rain.

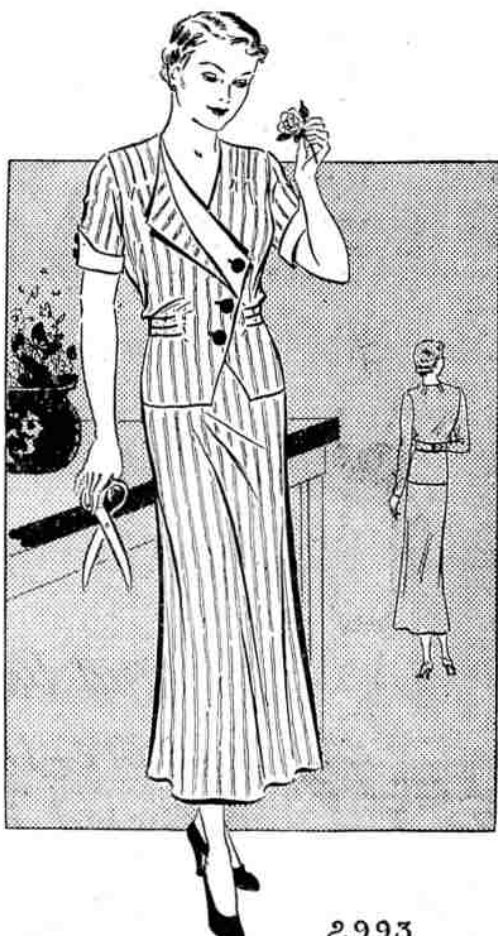
Then they had sight of Montana to their left, already dim with night and distance, and running straight down the slope towards those willows which stood by the bank of the river. They paused even now to fire a few shots, in hope of good fortune.

Young in Line—36 to 48!

Edited by

LAURA I. BALDT, A. M.

For many years Assistant Professor
of Household Arts, Teachers College,
Columbia University, New York, N. Y.



2993

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carpet," said another officer.

"Burn on the carpet? What burn, you fool?" bellowed the general.

Then he saw it, and followed the irregular course of the little black spots to the point where they disappeared under the door of the closet. At that, a suspicion too terrible to pass up into words overwhelmed him. He passed a hand across his shaggy hair.

It seemed to him that a ghost, not Ignacio Estrada, had been rejoicing himself, not long before with the pretty face of a girl. Compared with such a loss as might befall him, what were all the women in the world?

He tore open the closet door. Inside, the thick, strange smell which had been noticeable in the bedroom was much more pronounced. And the door of the safe hung open on one hinge—the drawers had been jerked out half the contents scattered, half taken!

He had a good hold on the edge of the door or he would have staggered. He might even have fallen to his knees under the weight of this calamity. Instead, he merely rolled back his head and stared upwards.

"Father in heaven, what have I done to you?" muttered Estrada.

He turned slowly on the others.

"Get out into every corner of the building!" he exclaimed. "Burrow into the cracks of the stones. Because El Keed is here among us. My God! how can a man walk invisible? I am robbed. Do you hear? And El Keed—"

loud and sustained rattling of guns began at this moment. The general ran to the open window and leaned out.

"It's from the postern! If the thief has escaped by the way he came, I'll skin the guards and eat them with my own teeth!"

"No, Excellency. He could not have gone that way. I myself posted ten men and Captain—"

"Damn the men—damn the captains! Names are no good. Numbers are nothing. Brains are what rule the world. Scatter! Use your feet if you can't use your wits!"

The door was heavy, but Rubiz could have carried it like a feather if he had not known that it was better to assume the swinging, slow pace of the true laborer. So he went patiently down the stairs, and thru the lower gallery, and finally into the great open courtyard, where he was shocked by a noise of firing just outside the fort and a clamoring of voices made high and thin by excitement.

He dropped the door to the ground—but noticing that some soldiers were watching him, he hastily put it on his back once more and went out. Had they captured Montana?

Well, at least the curse of the alarm bell was still in his ear, beating on his brain with the impulse to flee as fast as he could. He kept to his steady gait right across the inside parade-ground. He was right at the gate before he was halted.

"Who goes there?"

"Louis Lapaz."

"What's that?"

"The door of the room of General Estrada."

"What are you doing with the door of the commander?" asked the lieutenant. He began to laugh as he asked the question.

"I am carrying it," said Rubiz, simply.

"I can see you are, donkey. But why are you carrying it?"

"I am taking away," said Rubiz.

"Be patient," said another young officer. "You can see that the man is not right, up here."

"Well, these fools! Luis Lapaz?"

"Yes, señor."

"Where is your pass?"

"I lost it, my señor."

"Come, come! Simpleton or no simpleton, that won't do here! Where did you lose it?"

(To be continued)

Forum

Contributions to this column must be confined to 300 words and signed by writer

To The Editor:—With the Administration's recovery agencies working at cross purposes; with the administrative heads at swords points with each other, and eleven million unemployed at the close of 1934 does not indicate progress in the clearing up of this depression.

It is clearly evident that the underlying cause of the economic upheaval either has not yet been discovered or it is being purposely suppressed so as not to inflame the beneficiaries of vested interests, i.e. the land profiteers.

"That our land policy is at fault needs no argument. The facts speak for themselves so plainly that he who runs may read. Following the war the land boom pushed values far and above the ability of labor and capital to find remunerative employment. Then came the inevitable crash, carrying millions of land investments with it.

We are now passing through the long and costly period of deflation, and when land values recede to a level where labor and capital can once more resume operations, business will revive. But unless our land policy is changed, as urged by Henry George years ago, the same forces that brought about this depression will start us sliding for another fall.

All George's predictions have come true, and if we hope to save our civilization, it behooves us, before it is too late to give heed to his teachings, for there is no other way out.

E. B. WINNEY.
238 So. Lorraine Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Calif.
March 9th, 1935.

Donald—Hugh Gearin has gone to San Jose, Calif., where he will have employment. His brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coffey are now residents of San Jose where Coffey is employed by the Shell Oil company.

News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

Washington, March 13—There seems to be some confusion about Mr. Morgenthau's new gold profit trick. The new deal's severest monetary critic, Senator Thomas, leaped from his seat to cheer it. Apparently he thought it was the old paper stunt in which the magician tears up a small piece of paper and then throws out buckets full of counterfeit money.

The conservative critics applauded it just as much, on the opposite assumption that it was the old illusion trick designed to make the inflationists believe they see money which isn't.

Those who have studied new deal ledgermain from a less partisan standpoint were inclined to believe it was neither. They knew very well that it was the old saw-sawing act. Mr. Morgenthau was merely cutting the gold-girl up without hurting her.

And the conclusion is inescapable that Senator Thomas will not get the best portion.

Tip—The confusion seems to have resulted at least partially from the fact that Senator Thomas apparently was taken back-stage before hand. Some of Mr. Morgenthau's assistants are supposed to have pointed out the inflationary possibilities. That is why Mr. Thomas was all ready with his applause as soon as the announcement was made.

The new dealers are supposed to have especially desired such a result, not only to keep the inflationists in congress quiet, but to shake the stock market out of its sound sleep. The market has been snoring lately in utter disregard of inflationary possibilities.

You may consider it highly significant that the market went right on snoring the first day after hearing of the new trick and the Thomas cheer.

Frills—The simple fact is that Mr. Morgenthau sawed off \$642,000,000 of his \$2,812,000,000 gold profit and used it to retire that insignificant portion of the public debt. The rest of the hocus-pocus was all frill.

The most important frill was the further centralizing of money control in federal reserve by limiting the currency-issuing possibilities of national banks. The new deal has been working for months toward a central bank in the federal reserve without designating it as such. This helped that cause along.

It is true some additional money could possibly be issued, and probably a little will be. But the currency angle of the thing is wholly new. You may be sure that the new issues, when and if made, will not be sufficient to cause monetary inflation.

The thing to remember is that the big share of Mr. Morgenthau's gold profit is tied up in the stabilization fund for more than a year yet. He will use it in a year or so, just as he used the \$642,000,000 portion of it, to retire debt. That has been expected from the beginning.

For the time being, the inflation

of Senator Thomas is probably as important as any other inflation. That is what makes it a perfect trick.

Balm—A confidential letter written by a cabinet officer is being sent around privately by new dealers to some of the most influential business leaders. It contains eight pages (business letter size) of single-spaced typewritten conclusions calculated to clear up uncertainty rooted in some business minds.

While much of it is familiar new deal argument, some portions of it offer more definite promises than the new dealers have chosen to offer publicly. For instance, it assures business men that no new or additional federal taxes are now contemplated or likely to be proposed "unless some action of the congress, like the passage of a cash bonus, will necessitate" extra-budgetary expenditures.

Warning—The letter is marked "For information only and not for release or publication." It was originally written two months ago, but recently mimeographed copies have been made by the government for private distribution. One of the most important phases of it is its hint as to what to expect on new deal labor policy.

"We may reasonably judge the future developments in constructive industrial regulation on the basis of Australia's demonstrated experience," it says. "Australia has applied the principle of industrial regulation by means of fixed wages and hours of work. The experience of 20 years shows that the code

principle has not interfered with private initiative unduly and certainly has not ruined private businesses."

The cabinet officer says quite plainly that the scarcity doctrine of the AAA was "a temporary expedient." He says he sees "no reason for any American citizen having the slightest fear that government competition is going to destroy good utility operations founded on real cash investments." He implies Mr. Roosevelt will veto the bonus and concludes with a significant warning that the president is trying to take economic forces in hand reasonably "before it is too late for the forces of reason to be effective."

Notes—A Canadian citizen is a member of the steel code authority under NRA, which may be a good thing, as several domestic citizens have not proved themselves efficient in settling that situation.

One reason why the oppressed NRA now is getting some sympathy from unexpected business quarters is that its death would probably cause adoption of the 30-hour week at this session of congress.

Lawyers associated with the income tax bureau under Andrew Mellon says he instructed them to resolve any doubtful cases involving his firms in favor of the government.

A city official appearing before NRA uttered his criticism which now is being widely quoted. "What is that I see known as a combination in restraint of trade is now known as a code authority."

Answers to Questions

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Capital Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, director, Washington, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for reply.

Q. Is the African jungle noisy at night? J.A.L.

A. Explorers who have spent some time in the African jungles have described the jungle as being filled with the noises of many animals during the night.

Q. Did Benjamin Franklin or Richard Saunders publish Poor Richard's Almanack? D.W.

A. Poor Richard's Almanack was an almanac first issued in 1732 and annually thereafter for twenty-five years, by Benjamin Franklin under the pseudonym of Richard Saunders.

Q. Where is the Maine desert? L.F.L.

A. What is known as the Maine desert lies within the village of Freeport. This desert is of comparatively recent formation, and covers about 800 acres. The land was formerly green fields and pastures. The soil was shallow and the sand immediately beneath. The cause of the present condition is not definitely known—some say that grazing sheep cropped the grass to the roots and destroyed the turf. Others attribute it to fire. A second desert lies in the vicinity of Waterville, Maine. This is much smaller.

Q. How many high schools are there in this country? L.P.T.

A. About 28,000.

Q. How much is being spent to provide for the Dionne quintuplets? A.B.F.

A. The guardians of the quintuplets are spending approximately \$500 a month on them. The Red Cross is paying the salaries of nurses and other attendants in the hospital provided for them by the Ontario government at a cost of

\$6500. The guardians have to their credit \$15,000 which it is hoped to increase by the end of the year. The sale of pictures in the United States has netted \$9,000.

Q. Will the Archives building in Washington preserve historic films? W.M.

A. A section of the National Archives Act makes it a function of the Archives establishment to accept, store, and preserve motion picture films and sound recordings pertaining to and illustrative of historical activities at the United States.

Q. When was the Linotype machine invented? A.O.K.

A. It was invented in 1885 by Ottmar Mergenthaler, a German living in Baltimore, and was first put into operation by the New York Tribune in 1866.

Q. How long is Mobile's azalea trail? H.H.

A. It is eighteen miles in length.



Now Puffy slows down and drives up to a tree.

"I'll hide," says the cop, "where they'll never see me."

He runs for a hedge just one minute before

The kidnappers' car hurries up with a roar.

ACROSS

1. Property of manner or conduct

4. Pronouns judgment upon

12. Word of

14. Picture stand

16. Expand

17. Artificial language

18. He French

19. Secret military agent

20. Not many

21. Blast

22. Point of time

23. Indian mulberry

24. Article

25. Traditional tale

26. Supplications

27. A. of

28. Walk on

29. Sailors

30. Symbol for cellulium

31. Jewish month

32. Inclination

33. Corded fabric

34. Possesses

35. Indian cushion

36. Note of the scale

37. Strengthening with new material or support

38. Walk on

39. Sailors

40. Symbol for cellulium

41. Jewish month

42. Inclination

43. Corded fabric

44. Possesses

45. Indian cushion

46. Note of the scale

47. Strengthening with new material or support

48. Walk on

49. Sailors

50. Symbol for cellulium

51. Jewish month

52. Inclination

53. Corded fabric

54. Possesses