

The Public Investigation

By W. E. Hill

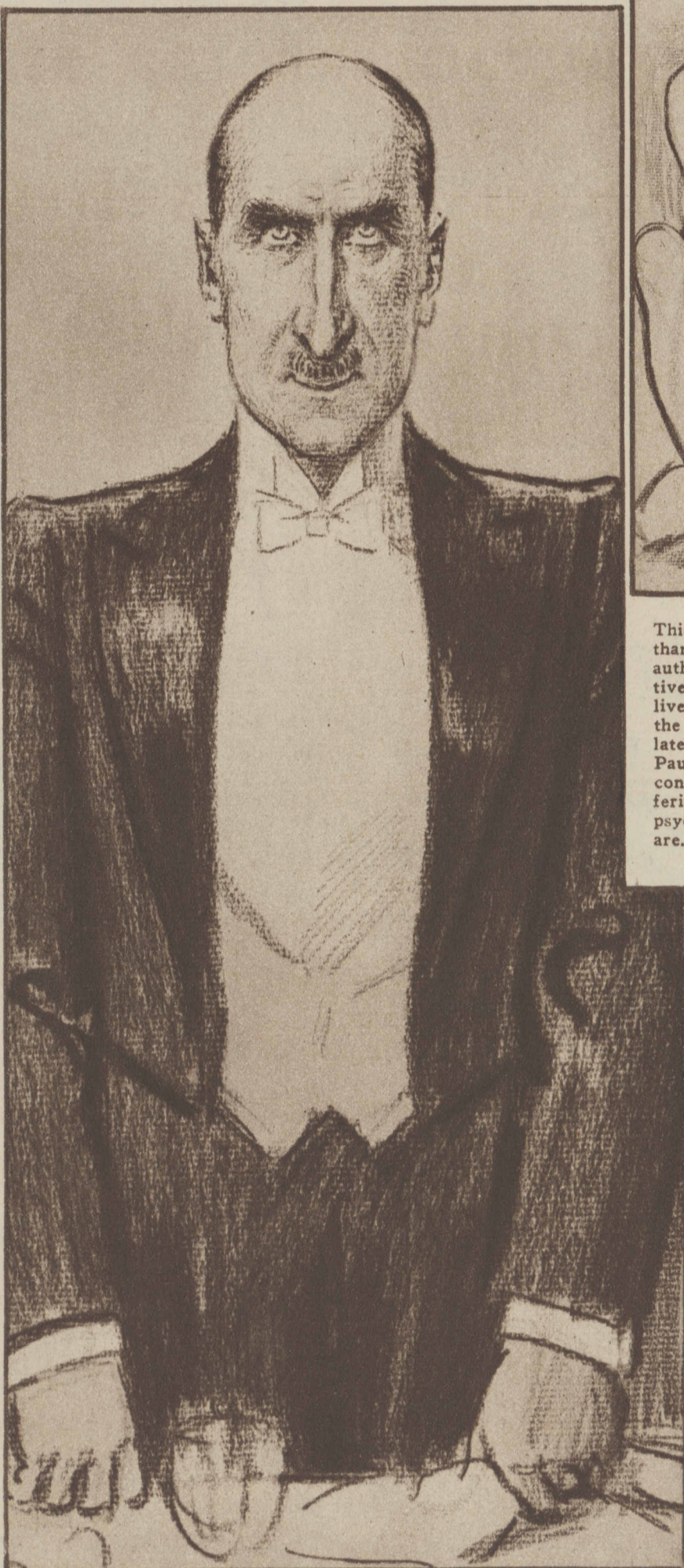
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"I really have no recollection of anything that happened from the time I went to work for Mr. Soapie until I left his employ." (Just a lovely witness for the defense losing her remembrance of dates and figures on the witness stand.)



An investigator from the internal revenue collector's office en route to investigate some one's income tax return. Welcome as flowers in May, he'll be.



An international investigation has to be gone about pretty sotto voce. Lord Liveranlights is ostensibly here on a mission of good will. Just the same, he is going to find out, if possible, why so much money is on this side of the Atlantic.



This vacationist is none other than Peabody McGill Perry, author, who conducts exhaustive investigations into the lives of national heroes from the pages of history. In his latest tome, a debunked life of Paul Revere, he shows pretty conclusively that Paul was suffering from a mixture of all the psychological ailments there are.

The eighteenth amendment calls for a lot of public investigation from time to time, and occasionally a popular night club hostess is invited to tell what she knows, which is not much use, because she has never seen or heard of liquor being sold at the "Boop a Doop" club, and if anything stronger than milk has been found it must have been brought in by a patron of the club.



A public prosecutor posing for a news photo under stimulus of a bank investigation. A pose like this is supposed to give a feeling of confidence to the reading public.



And here we have a political investigator who has engineered no less than an investigation into business depression, and has found that hard times are just an idea in the public mind. "What the country needs," says he, "is more buying and selling, more friendly spirit between capital and labor, more happy co-operation."



Anybody who is anybody is being investigated these days: Judge, policeman, school commissioner, banker, beer racketeer. None of them is worrying very much.



These four members of the local intelligentsia are a snappy little group of inquiring educators who are about to start for Russia to conduct an investigation of the soviet government. Every so often some one investigates Russia and comes back with the news that everything is either just dandy or just terrible. So, of course, it's a tossup what kind of a report these investigators will bring home.