

Capital Journal

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Moving the Capital

"Because of the crowded condition of the state house," the office of the state superintendent of banks is to be moved to Portland—although Portland is not the state capital and there is no warrant for the move, except the superintendent personally prefers it, as his family resides there. He is not the first state officer who found the crowded condition of the state house a convenient excuse to operate from the metropolis, despite the fact that he has priority of occupation over the new departments that will presumably occupy his old quarters.

The same excuse given by Mr. Bramwell could be advanced by every state official who prefers to live in a big city to a small one, and as each official does as he pleases, it makes us wonder that any remain in Salem. What is the use of having a state-house and capital with half the state offices located elsewhere, and the taxpayers footing bills for extra rentals?

Of course the state house is over-crowded and a new office building badly needed, but as long as Marion county elects legislators whose main effort is to swat everything that anybody else wants, and oppose all expenditures of every kind, it cannot be expected that Marion county will secure anything more than necessary from the legislature.

The money being wasted in building a duplicate state training school for boys, of which there is absolutely no need, would erect a fine office building and save the state many thousands of dollars a year in rentals—but none of our legislators attempted to divert this money to this useful and needed purpose.

So the game of moving the capital to suit the fancy and whim of the office-holders continues merrily—a few more leaving every year, to open offices in various city business blocks where they will be free from supervision and inspection and can loaf to the heart's desire, unobserved by public or officialdom.

The Clay Eaters' Edict

Governor Peay, of Tennessee, has signed a bill passed by the general assembly barring the teaching of evolution in the public schools, normals and colleges of the state. The executive declares, in a message to the legislature, that the theory of evolution is "at variance with the teachings of man's creation as related in the bible," and defends the measure as a "distinct protest against an irreligious tendency to exalt so-called science and deny the bible in some schools and quarters—a tendency fundamentally wrong and fatally mischievous."

For much the same reason the church three centuries ago forced Galileo to recant, burned Bruno at the stake and placed the ban upon Copernicus, because their theories of the solar system were at variance with the teachings of the bible—but persecution never yet permanently blocked the pursuit of knowledge. The new law will merely handicap with ignorance, scholarship in Tennessee and the truth in evolution will live despite the clay eaters' edict.

The anti-evolution bill speaks for itself of the intellectual fecundity and sterility of Tennessee and the domination of the state's politics by intolerant ecclesiastics, in a spirit contrary to the Constitution and Bill of Rights, which in its first line forbids laws respecting establishment of religion or prohibiting free exercise thereof. It is the old interference by state in religion to escape with the colonists fled to the new world.

Thomas Jefferson, who swore "eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man," held that error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it, but Tennessee seeks to bind reason by statute to perpetuate a theory as scientifically obsolete as the biblical one that the sun do move, and thus reestablish ecclesiastical tyranny over the mind of youth.

The Tornado

(From the Corvallis Gazette-Times.)

Unless you have been through a tornado stricken district or witnessed one of these destructive forces of nature in operation, you will find it impossible to conceive of the horror of the misfortune that recently stalked through Illinois, Missouri and Indiana. There is nothing else unless it be an earthquake, that is calculated to make mere man stand more in awe of his own business.

We have seen big buildings cut square in two, the one half carried to Paris unknown and the other left standing—mute but shocking testimony of man's infinitesimal impotence.

We have seen state roads carried through the air a mile, sliced into pencils and driven into the side of a barn sticking out in all directions like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

We have seen whole flocks of chickens wandering around in strange barnyards apparently looking for their feathers and wondering what it was that had suddenly lifted them into space and tossed them and transported them they knew not where.

We have seen an orchard through which a path of uprooted trees was made lined on either side by sweetly blossoming companion trees untouched and undisturbed. We have seen a field bordering a river bank strewn with fish some dead and some flopping, all sucked from the setting waters.

We have seen buildings turned completely round upon their stone foundations as though some Swift's Gargantuan had been pulling their playful tricks on a Brobdignagian Halloween.

We have seen the wreck and ruin made by the devastating wind whirlpool of destruction as it cut its relentless path through a section of a city of 150,000 while within a few feet of the path on either side would be left standing houses, fences, flowers, everything as they were, in calm indifference to the fact that the same Wind Sisters of Nature who had cast their talisman of protection over them had also executed the scenery that wrought bedevilmint all about them.

We have stood in streets, close to a cyclone cellar, and watched the whirling, threatening black cloud approach from the southwest, spread out like some gigantic witch outlined a pestilent broom. We have listened to its sullen, soul-deadening rumble like some barrage between Goliath and Nature, growing louder and louder as it approached, and then have seen the whirling vortex of destruction suddenly lift itself lightly into the air above and go completely over the town as though its gates had been sprinkled with the blood sign of the Passover.

It is usually made more terrifying by an accompaniment of sharp flashes of lightning, crisp cracks of thunder and droning, wind-blown rain or hail.

We who live in the peaceful Willamette valley are most fortunate. We have no tornadoes, no lightning, no thunder storm, no earthquakes, no cinch-bugs, no grass-hoppers, no blizzards, no droughts, no floods, no torrid weather and little cold. Verily, if the original Garden of Eden was half as fine as this, Eve never would have eaten the apple. She would have needed no knowledge to reach her in stay here. She would have known it by intuition.

CECIL B. MILLE'S "THE GOLDEN BED" A PARANOID PICTURE

A THIEF IS COMING

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- Early part of the day
- Small sweet cake
- Oregon (ab.)
- Disasteful
- Jug
- Pronoun
- Greek prefix
- Depart
- Infinitive article
- Cover
- Strong drink
- Alumni (ab.)
- To mix up
- Drawn about
- To view
- Chancel

HOW TO SOLVE THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE

The way to solve the Cross Word Puzzle is to fill in the white squares of the diagram with the words which agree with the accompanying definitions. The definitions are numbered to correspond with the numbers on the diagram.

Any word defined in the text under "HORIZONTAL" will begin at its number, shown on the diagram, and will extend all the way across to the first black space to the right of that number. That is, the word must begin in the square that contains its identifying number, and extend as far as the white squares continue uninterruptedly.

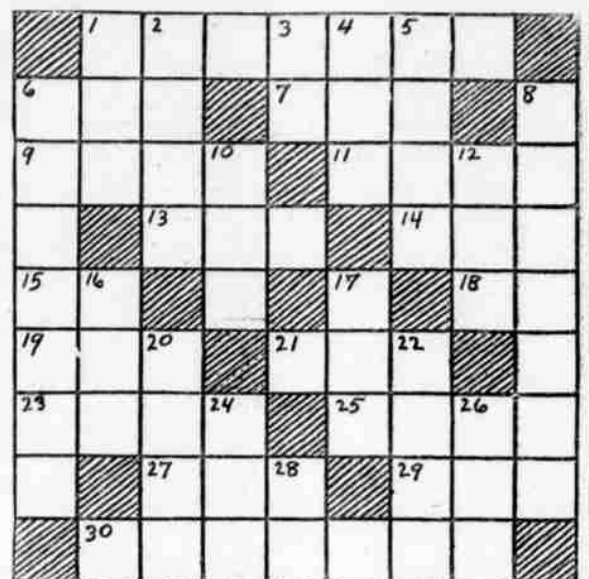
Any word defined under "VERTICAL" will also begin in the white space that contains its number, but will extend downward as far as the white squares remain uninterruptedly.

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

S	T	A	N	D	S	S
D	O	L	A	D	B	I
E	E	L	M	M	A	R
A	L	E	L	I	T	E
S	I	F	T	O	N	E
O	R	I	O	N	O	D
P	E	N	O	A	R	O
P	D	B	O	Y	I	N
Y	T	U	N	E	R	S

VERTICAL

- Drinking cup
- Solely
- Not
- Anger
- Small amphibian
- Robber
- Tawney or grayish
- Beyond
- Period
- To lubricate
- Total
- Draw up
- To powder
- Foregathered
- Inelastic metallic element
- Preposition (I)



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BRINGING UP FATHER



DUMB DORA

(Substituting for Barney Google, during Billy DeBeek's illness)



KRAZY KAT

Unappreciated Talent.

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

Poor Mutt. The twins are driving him cuckoo.

By Bud Fisher



Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life

By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

A WEDDING SCENE

It seemed hours to Antoinette Norton until the heavy lids covering the girl's eyes opened. A slight movement of the lips made her bend down to catch Lillie's whisper: "Is it true, Nonnie? Is it true?"

"Yes, dear. Don't talk until you are stronger."

"Which one is dead? Is it Robert?"

All the anguish of a broken heart was in Lillie's voice as she asked the questions of her faithful friend and companion.

"Who is dead?" she repeated. "Robert or Miss Eames?"

"Miss Eames," Miss Norton answered gravely. "Are you well enough for me to read the details?"

A long account, cabled from Paris; it is not only very tragic but peculiarly interesting.

"Read it, Nonnie," commanded Lillie in a stifled voice.

Miss Norton began: On Wednesday Miss Geraldine Eames was thrown from her horse while riding in the Bois with her fiancé, Robert McLean.

She was picked up unconscious and rushed to the American hospital at Neuilly; she regained consciousness and insisted that her marriage with Mr. McLean should take place at once.

All the legal formalities had been perfected. Miss Eames and Mr. McLean had intended having the civil service that afternoon.

The perfect was brought to the hospital as well as the Rt. Rev. Horace White of the American Episcopal church.

The two ceremonies followed each other as soon as possible, with only the father and mother of the bridegroom present. It was

noticed by those present that the bride seemed to grow weaker every moment. She was hardly able to answer the questions put to her during the religious rite which followed the civil ceremony. Toward the last her voice died away in a faint whisper. She revived later and asked to be left alone with her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. McLean left the room, but lingered outside the door waiting to be called as soon as the few minutes which Miss Eames had requested were over.

There was no sound from the room for about five minutes. Then a unearthly scream, followed by a heavy fall, called them to her bedside.

There they found their son prone on the floor beside the bed, babbling in delirium and their new daughter cold and still in death.

Tenderly they lifted the youth to a nearby chaise longue.

"Jerry, Jerry, speak to me," the bridegroom cried. "I do not deserve to be loved as you love me. But, dear, I'll be the best of husbands to you. Stay with me, Jerry stay with me."

Then the young man opened his eyes and saw his mother bending over him. "Mother, Jerry is dead. She was dead almost immediately after she was thrown from her horse," he said.

"Hush, Robert," his mother exclaimed, thinking her son was still delirious. "Don't you remember that you have just been married to Jerry?"

"Yes, I was married to her after she died," he said solemnly.

"Oh, Robert, Robert, have you lost your mind?" wailed his mother.

"No, dear, I am sane. After you

and dad left the room Jerry told me that she had come back from the shore of eternity to be married to me.

"I had to be your wife, Bob," she whispered, "and I just made a promise that if they would let me come back to earth just long enough to marry you I would return to them forever."

"And then, mother, she seemed imbued with a kind of fictitious strength. She sat up in bed quick as a flash, but her arms around my neck, drew my face down to hers and pressed her cold lips to mine.

"Oh, Bob, I don't want to go back," she said. "I want to stay here with you. I want to be your wife, Rob. Rob, can't you make them give me my promise back? Let me stay with you."

"Before I could do more than take her in my arms I heard her murmur again, 'I've got to keep my promise, I've got to go. Rob, dear, I am your wife. Kiss me. Hold me tight. Keep me with you. I don't want to go. I don't want to go.'"

All day Mr. McLean seemed to be delirious. Over and over he told of his parting with his wife. He kept repeating: "I did try to keep her, but she finally was torn from my arms."

Even after hours of rest had brought a calmness to his world he still insisted that Miss Eames had come back from death's embrace to be married to him.

He was more than ever insistent as to his story when a will was found leaving "everything I have to my husband if he should survive me." The will was a holographic, dated the day before and witnessed by her maid and chauffeur. Miss Eames seemed to have had a premonition of death."



By George McManus