

# Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

## BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

*Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come again unto you. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father; for my Father is greater than I.*  
—John 14:28.

### Tom Marshall

It was during the first Wilson term, that a certain Oregon woman, product of a Main street of the middle west, with an exalted opinion of her own high station, an exaggerated esteem for the formulas of "respectability" and an inherited hatred of Democrats as products of Burchard's three R's, Rum, Romanism and Rebellion, returned from a sojourn at the national capital, her worse fears of the country's damnation under democracy confirmed.

Of the many symptoms of national decay this patriot witnessed, two incidents stood forth glaringly—at a public reception at the home of the speaker of the house, Mrs. Champ Clark defied the conventions by playing "Nearer My God to Thee" and other gospel hymns on the phonograph, which was bad enough, but the "most disgusting spectacle" she witnessed was the vice president presiding over the deliberations of that sacrosanct body, the United States senate, reclining backwards in a swivel chair with his feet perched on his desk, busily chewing and expectorating the prize product of old Virginia in true backwoods fashion.

This was indeed a sad shock—but it was a characteristic pose for Tom Marshall, a typical Indiana product, with the shrewd commonsense, philosophy and humor of the old-time country lawyer, who combined keen ability with the wit of the sage, and always managed to extract a moral from his merriment.

Plain, unconventional, democratic, kindly and sympathetic, beloved by friends and respected by opponents, with few vices and many virtues, Tom Marshall was a fine type of American of a past generation—a type now passing away. As vice-presidents go, he ranks among the best that ever attempted the thankless task of marking time in the twilight of oblivion, of being in and yet out of affairs, a fifth wheel of government.

### Monkey-Shines at Monkeyville

Dayton, Tennessee, which is in the spotlight because of the Scopes test of the law banning the teaching of evolution in public schools, has received the sobriquet "Monkeyville" and the drug store which was the scene of the debate that led to the trial, has rechristened itself "Monkeyville Drug-store" and is doing a thriving business in selling miniature monkeys. This frivolous attitude greatly shocks the staid community, which seeks to win fame as Strawberryville, not Monkeyville.

The anti-evolution law has been dubbed "the monkey bill" by newspaper headwriters and jokesmiths all over the land—which tends to increase the popular misunderstanding regarding evolution and its theories, which have nothing to do with monkeys, any more than the law has. Evolution teaches that all life originated from a common source, not that man descended from the monkey, but apparently this is beyond the comprehension of its opponents, and the monkey is used, in pulpits and elsewhere, to ridicule science.

The Scopes case is of importance only in defining the powers of ecclesiastically controlled legislatures to inject religious beliefs into public schools, contrary to the spirit and letter of the constitution. Carried to the highest court for interpretation, the decision will serve as a precedent, either to sanction such control or to squelch further attempts.

As an effective force in circumscribing knowledge of theories generally accepted the Tennessee statute is doomed to failure. It belongs to the fifteenth century when ecclesiastics vainly strove by the rack and fagot-pile of the inquisition to limit the pursuit of knowledge and the quest for truth. Its author, according to Oswald West in the Spectator, came from the most illiterate of the 95 counties of one of the most illiterate states of the hook-worm belt—which probably explains this twentieth century anachronism. So Monkeyville is not a bad name for a town that will stage such monkey-shines.

### TO PAVE GRADE AT OREGON CITY

Oregon City, Oct. 1.—The paving of the Pacific highway between Oregon City and Canby, on the new grade completed last year, will be included in the state highway commission's 1925 program, according to a decision reached by that board at a meeting in Portland Friday. Bids for the hard surfacing of the stretch, which is considered one of the most useful bits of highway in this section of the state, is that it overlooks the falls of the Willamette, will be opened by the commission at its June meeting. When the grade was completed last year it was stated that the pavement might be placed this year or the improvement might be carried over until 1926. The setting of the base and the state highway commission's statutes were to be factors in the decision, according to engineers.

The grade has settled and is in good condition this year for paving, however, and the funds of the state highway commission were found to be in better order than had been predicted for 1925 on the motion to go ahead with the improvement was passed. The paving of the stretch will eliminate practically the last bit of dirt road or the Pacific highway in Oregon.

### Bootlegger Again In Jail; Booze Cache Is Popular Rendezvous

(Continued from Page One)  
themselves in a mood of watchful waiting. Then along came a surprise. They heard the cracking in the ditch which leads along by the

trunk and pushed themselves deeper into their hiding place. Peering through the brush they saw a figure with a pitchfork coming along the ditch on all fours to loom out of sight of the road. The figure turned out to be a man, and as he crept along, he jabbed his pitchfork into every pile of brush or lumps of grass which could conceal anything.

He kept awaiting an approaching officer and eluded to the place where the officers were concealed. He continued to jam his pitchfork into the brush piles, and seemed directly into the pile where a man was hiding. The man was caught, but he evidently missed the man and bottles by a few inches as there was no answering ring and the growler lay on his way. He circled around and came within a few feet of the officers, almost showing the pitchfork into the hiding place of the officers. Then officers held their breath and allowed the prowler to go unobserved on his surreptitious way. He evidently gave the search up in disgust after a time as he turned and made his way back up the ditch and disappeared.

Not more than 10 minutes afterwards Carroll Wright drove up in a car, packed it took a good look around then came into the brush to the whiskey cache. As he uncovered the cache Deputies Smith and Bremner stepped out from their hiding place and put him under arrest. He is merely charged with possession, as the officers have no evidence against him that he had sold any of the whiskey.

The officers believe that the prowler with the pitchfork was someone residing in the vicinity who had been watching operations about the cache with a spyglass, had become convinced that there was some booze to be had for the catching and he was doing his searching when evidently someone in the neighborhood was aware at ball games or otherwise engaged in holiday occupations.

## TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

### HORIZONTAL

- 1 Troubles
- 4 Plural of I
- 7 Editor
- 9 Commence
- 10 Egg of insect
- 12 Executive officer of a college.
- 13 Composition for three performers.
- 16 Eagle
- 17 Guts
- 19 Word of negation
- 20 So
- 21 A flower

### 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 uninterrupted.

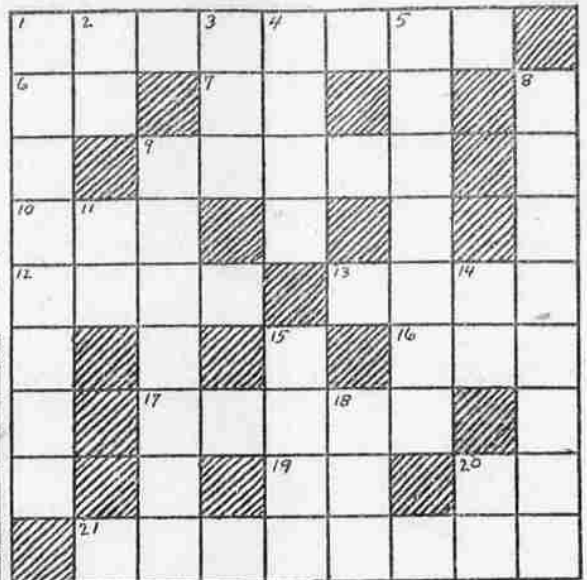
Any word defined under "VERTICAL" will also begin, in the white space that contains its number, but will extend downward as far as the white spaces remain uninterrupted.

### VERTICAL

- 1 Cheats
- 2 Pronoun
- 3 Minute speak
- 4 Strong low heavy vehicle
- 5 Leaves
- 8 Caution
- 9 Stiff with starch
- 11 That is (Lab.)
- 14 Ireland (ab.)
- 15 To cover with slugs
- 18 Food used in Hawaii
- 20 Toward

### SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

VALIANT  
RIMS ARE  
EMIT SPIN  
T D HOLE S  
REER A A N  
E CRAMP A  
ACHE SEAR  
TOO I ONE  
OPULENT



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## My Matrimonial Vacation

by Violet Dare

I wish that I could describe the island to which we went so that everyone who reads this could know how beautiful it is.

Picture a tropical night—a moon light night, everything flooded with the magic whiteness. Palm trees lifting their black, jagged leaves against the sky, swaying slightly in the light breeze; that came from the ocean; the water whispering gently as it rippled into little waves in the path of the moon.

Mr. Ewing had bought the island some years before. Nathale Jordan told me; he had been bitterly disappointed in love, and had decided to leave the world and go off by himself—having plenty of money, that was an easy thing for him to do!

On it he had built a fairy palace, it rose white and enchanting in the moonlight. We could just see it through the trees as we left the yacht and were rowed to shore in a small boat.

Ewing I knew what it was going to be.

Someone told me, a long time ago, that once in every girl's life she meets a man with whom she falls in love at first sight. I don't know whether that is true or not. But I know that it happened to me when I met Bill Ewing.

He shook hands with me, looking down into my eyes. His hand trembled, and so did mine.

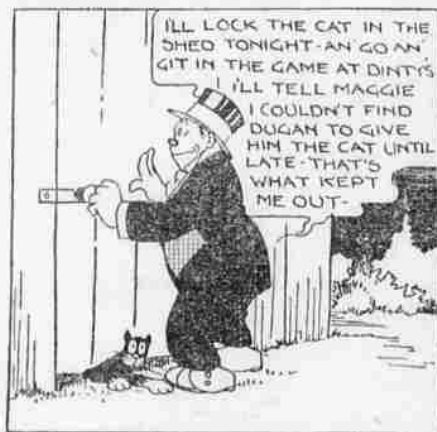
"I haven't met you before?" he asked.

I shook my head, my voice seemed to be stuck somewhere in my throat.

felt toward him as I did toward Bill Ewing.  
He fascinated me. I wanted to be near him all the time, yet I could not talk when I was with him. I felt that he knew everything that I would say.  
We had supper in the dining room, at an old Italian refectory table. Some delightful music was coming over the radio, played by a famous symphony orchestra. When it ceased for a moment, the whispering of the wind in the palm trees and the murmuring of the sea came to us through the open windows. The fragrance of flowers in the garden came too on the warm air.  
Virginia and her admirer seemed far away, almost non-existent. I began to feel that I belonged in this fairy kingdom, that I could never be taken away from it.  
And when I looked up and met Bill Ewing's eyes, intent on me, a new world opened before me.  
I went into Nathale's room early the next morning; I had been unable to sleep, for sheer happiness.  
She was sitting at her dressing-table, making up. Nathale was like a child playing with paints; she would put on rouge and powder and mascara—and then wipe them off.  
"It's such fun," she told me, laughing. "But somehow make-up seems out of place here, doesn't it? Anyway, Bill just sent up word by Dick that we'll go swimming early, and so had better have breakfast in our bathing suite. Sounds attractive, doesn't it?"  
"Anything would sound attractive in this enchanted place," I told her.  
"Especially with Bill around?" she asked me, laughing again.  
"Oh, Nancy, how you are blushing! Don't mind—it's very becoming. You do like Bill, don't you?"  
"Better than I've ever liked anyone else," I answered frankly.  
Tuesday—In Fairyland.

By George McManus

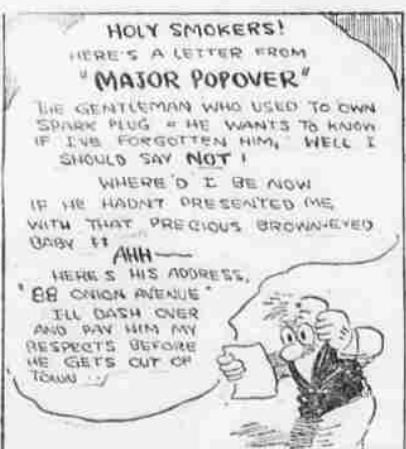
### BRINGING UP FATHER



### BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Meets An Old Friend

By Billy de Beck



### KRAZY KAT

The Eclipse

By Herriman



### MUTT AND JEFF

"Why Do Today What You Can Put Off 'Till Tomorrow?" Says Mr. Mut.

By Bud Fisher

