

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—Philippians 4:13.

Cause and Effect

Salem is not securing as large a proportion of the auto tourist traffic this year as previously, for several reasons.

1. Completion of the West Side highway, giving a shorter route between Eugene and Portland.
2. The delay and inconvenience of crossing the Willamette river by ferry at Junction City.
3. Failure of Salem to go after the tourist traffic systematically and to erect proper signs at Cory, Alila and Rieklark for diversion.
4. Propaganda against the Pacific highway by communities along West Side highway, seeking to monopolize traffic.
5. Reclamation for alleged unfair treatment given autoists by Salem police.

The West Side will always secure a fair share of the traffic, particularly because of the systematic campaign in its behalf. Then again it has the novelty of newness. When the bridge at Junction City is completed, the natural division of traffic will follow, particularly if organized effort is forthcoming to secure it.

But crabbing about loss of traffic will not secure it. The attractions of Salem and of the state's capital are many, but they must be brought to the attention of tourists and signs at cross-roads should point the way.

There is as little question of organized effort against Salem by victims of some of our policemen, as there is of abuse of authority by these police, who take themselves too seriously. Salem's police force has a nominal chief, but he has little to say. Mayor Giesy is the real chief assisted by the council. The chief cannot hire or fire any policeman, and those who stage the performances, like the treatment accorded E. F. Willett of Yakima Sunday, are the mayor's own selections and report to him.

As it is now, a strange auto, parked along the streets at night is pretty apt to be searched by the snoopers without warrant on suspicion, and the tourist is in luck if he isn't taken to jail and quizzed. It is this kind of stuff that is responsible for the boycott on Salem—and is it any wonder? Treating 'em rough is no way to attract the tourist and the longer it is continued, the greater momentum for the boycott.

Scraps of Paper

The State of Oregon in March 1924, by the State Fish Commission and with the approval of the governor, made a four year contract with Hugh C. Mitchell as state superintendent of hatcheries, inducing him to leave his position with the United States Bureau of Hatcheries, and sacrifice his 20 years seniority with the government. Mr. Mitchell was given official assurance there was to be no politics in the conduct of the office, the position was to be permanent.

The State of Oregon, by the State Fish Commission and with the approval of the governor, June 20, 1925, ruthlessly broke the contract made with Mr. Mitchell and summarily dismissed him, though the efficiency of his administration was unquestioned.

The State of Oregon, by its governor and board of control in 1922 made a contract with W. L. Kuser, then superintendent of the Iowa state training school for boys, where he had won a national reputation, to accept a similar position in Oregon. Mr. Kuser was given official assurance that there was to be no politics in the conduct of the office, the position was to be permanent and efficiency was the only requirement.

The State of Oregon, by its governor and board of control, early in 1923 ruthlessly broke the contract made with Mr. Kuser and summarily dismissed him, though the efficiency of his administration was unquestioned.

The State of Oregon breaks its contract with Mr. Mitchell in pursuance of a political bargain made by the governor with state senators in exchange for support on certain bills during the recent legislative session.

The State of Oregon broke its contract with Mr. Kuser in pursuance of a political bargain made by the governor during the 1922 campaign with the Ku Klux Klan.

All of which proves that contracts made by the State of Oregon, through official boards, approved by the governor, are not worth the ink used in penning them. They are mere scraps of paper to be repudiated at will.

All of which also proves that those who put their faith in the honesty and sincerity of the contracts and agreements of the State of Oregon and its governor, like those who put their trust in kings, are doomed to disillusion and disappointment and to suffer injury and injustice.

For the government of Oregon, whenever it is possible under this administration, is made political spoils and public office a reward for personal service.

One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

BRIDE VS. MOTHER-IN-LAW

Cynthia had not had any idea that her husband's people could be so dreadful. They had been charming when they came on for the wedding, and given her beautiful presents, and treated her so nicely. But now, after the honeymoon, when she confronted them in their own home town as a bride they were simply impossible. They evaded all she had accepted her on approval, and if she didn't suit, meant to make her over or return her, marked "unsatisfactory." She sat at the breakfast table and wept, after Jim had gone downtown, a week after their return from their honeymoon.

"I can't do what they expect me to, I simply can't!" she sobbed. "It isn't my fault that I play a dreadful game of bridge—I'd rather dance than play bridge any day! I hate going to teas and paying calls, and all that—why should I have to do it, just to please Jim's mother? It's enough that I get along so beautifully with Jim, it seems to me."

The second maid tapped discreetly and entered to remove the dishes. Cynthia tried to hide her tear-stained face behind a wisp of a handkerchief, and hurried from the breakfast room to the sun par-

lor, only to find fresh cause for grief. Jim thought it a wonderful idea when she decided to have the sun parlor done in red furniture and Chinese hangings—and then his mother made a tea, and he finally suggested that perhaps it would be better if they did as Mrs. Leland liked, and changed everything as she suggested.

"She gave us the house, you know," he had reminded Cynthia. "I wish she'd kept it." Cynthia had retorted wildly. "If she gave it to us, why can't we do as we like with it?"

But that was just what they couldn't do. Eventually they had to furnish it throughout to suit her. She went about it tactfully, but remorselessly. And Cynthia, to please Jim, gave in about everything but her own bedroom and sitting room.

"Remember, everything in this town is strange to me, and just about everything in the house is, too," she had said. "Even you are almost strange. Well, if I can't have just one corner that's home-like, I can't stand it." So Jim had given in. Cynthia, curled up in the window seat of the sun parlor, smiled wistfully when she remembered how sweet he had been about it. He was always sweet to her except

when his mother interfered about something. Then he suggested, as nicely as he could, that they ought to follow Mrs. Leland's advice. "You see, I'm her only son, and she's always had me," he had reminded Cynthia only the night before. "She can't help taking an interest in my affairs." And as they had argued about it all the way home from the theater, she had made no comment later. "I know that, but why can't she begin to let you live your own life now that you're married?" Cynthia had demanded. "Why doesn't she take an interest in your sister's affairs?"

"She's got them all settled, and doesn't need to," he answered. "She feels that they don't need her so much now. But you're so young, and so unaccustomed to keeping house, and so new to marriage—" "I see," she had answered, disheartened. Jim must be kept happy, of course. And perhaps when they'd been married a little longer, and the newness had worn off, she could persuade him to let her do things a little more as she wanted to.

"The telephone jangled. She answered it, to hear Mrs. Leland's voice. "Good-morning, dear. Everything all right?" Before Cynthia could reply she hurried on. "Did you have Frances clean the upstairs sitting room this morning? It's most important that she do it on the same day every week."

Cynthia glanced guiltily at Frances, who was just removing the last of the breakfast dishes. Of course, she shouldn't have had breakfast so late; she should have got up early, when Jim did, but she had been so tired, and had overslept—and she had forgotten to tell Frances about cleaning upstairs anyway.

"I'll stop for you in half an hour, to go marketing," Mrs. Leland went on briskly. "And I can see then if she's doing it as she should. Don't forget to have your budget slip for today ready, dear."

Cynthia glared at the receiver. She hated that sweet, helpful voice that manner, that implied that Mrs. Leland was just doing everything in the world for her lovely young daughter-in-law. "Why can't I go to market alone?" she exclaimed disgustedly. "I want to walk, this gorgeous morning, instead of going speaking along in a closed car that's never driven over ten miles an hour! I hate a budget. I want to spend money as I like! Frances!" To the maid. "Run upstairs and begin cleaning the sitting room there—Mrs. Leland's coming!"

Frances looked at her guiltily, smothered a giggle, and ran. Cynthia ran, too, gathering up her trailing negligee as she pattered up the stairs. It was wrong, of course, to enter into a conspiracy with her maids this way, against Mrs. Leland, but how else could she get along?

"I'll pull the furniture around a bit and then go down and get the breakfast dishes out of sight," suggested Frances, as she reached the second floor. "Then I can come back when she gets here."

Cynthia nodded, and ran to her own room. Hastily she slipped into a straight serge frock, street shoes and hat, caught up a fur scarf and some gloves, and began to rummage through her desk for the detested budget slip for the day. If only Mrs. Leland would let her alone! Being married was enough to get used to—being made over was too much!

Tomorrow—Marriage, With Teim-nings.

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MEXICAN GENERALS LOSE CITIZENSHIP

Mexico City.—Because they did not first secure permission from congress to fight under the flag of another nation, Generals Calixto to Ramirez Garrido and Juan Merigo will lose their Mexican citizenship if they succeed in their purpose of joining the Spanish forces in Morocco.

Religious Study In Public School Hours Enjoined By Court

New York, June 25.—(A. P.)—The use of a portion of public school hours for religious instruction in churches of Mount Vernon, a West Chester county suburb of New York city, has been forbidden by injunction.

Supreme Court Justice Seeger yesterday granted a writ at White Plains, permanently restraining the Mount Vernon school board from permitting children in the fifth and sixth grades to take 45 minutes of each school week to devote to religious training.

The proceedings were instituted by Lawrence B. Stein of Mount Vernon, a member of the Free Thinkers society of New York. Clarence Burrow, Chicago lawyer, who is to assist the defense in the scope evolution trial, has offered to assist the society if it lost in the first court proceedings, saying that he regarded the matter as important as the evolution case.

It was the society's contention that the action of the Mount Vernon school board was a violation of the state constitution in that it joined state and church by recognizing religion as part of the curriculum.

To the Editor: When I was a boy of 12 years of age I lived with my widow mother and three brothers, in Earlville, Madison County, N. Y. I was next to the youngest of the family. My father enlisted in Company K, 146th N. Y. Vol. Infantry and soon thereafter died, leaving my mother to care for us, and she was compelled to work out by the day for the families of the town. I remember and always will while on this earth a sermon that was preached to me during that time, a man came to our home and asked mother if she had a boy that he could hire to help him do his chores, he said that he lived about 21 miles from Earl-

ville, and he gave mother the names of several people that she was acquainted with as reference, so mother thought it would be all right for me to go and work for the man, so it was arranged between them that I should go the following week.

When the day arrived for me to go, mother gave me a lunch and I started out and walked every step of the way, there was no automobiles those days to pick me up, and the farmers were busy with their crops, and when I arrived at my destination I learned that the man that had hired me had moved away, and no one seemed to know where.

Well, tired and hungry I started back home. I had gone only a little way before it began to get dark and I was so tired and hungry it just seemed that I could not walk any farther, I saw three houses just a little way off and one of them had a light, I decided to stop and see if I couldn't stay there all night, I knocked at the door and a good motherly looking woman came to the door. I asked her if I could stay all night, she hesitated and looked at me for a few seconds then she opened the door for me to come in and be seated, that her husband was at a neighbor's house and when he returned I might ask him.

In just a few minutes a noise was heard at the back of the house and the lady remarked that her husband was coming, so she went out and met him, he came in and sat down by my side, and he asked me what he could do for me, I told him that I wanted to stay with him all night, he said we have just a small home here, and only two sleeping rooms one of them he and his wife occupied, and his daughter who was stopping with a girl friend for the night occupied the other one, he said what I am thinking about is this, my daughter has her personal effects and her clothes scattered around her room we never pay any attention to them, they are hers and she values them very highly, now then if we should let you have her room for the night and you should see something that you would like offely well to have, and you felt sure that we would never miss it, would you take it. In other words, he said if you could, would you, I told the man that I would not touch one thing of his, if he would let me stay.

Well the good lady set me a nice lunch, the man sat down by my side and returned thanks for me, and after I had finished my lunch I asked the man if I could go right to bed as I wanted to get started back home early so that mother would not worry about me if the

man had notified her, for me not to come. The man showed me into the room and as he lit the light I could see things lying around the room, and after he closed the door I started to take my clothes off and when I was ready to go to bed and when I took the pillow slips off, and they were so pretty and how so I could not put my hand on them because I told him I would not touch one of her things in the room, I stood looking at them and also the beautiful spread for a moment then I put my clothes back on me, and I sat down on the floor in a corner of the room, I heard nothing until the next morning when the man came and shook me to wake me up, and when I was awake the man asked me why I didn't go to bed, and told him that I had promised him that I would not touch any of his daughter's things, the man began to cry and his wife came in and he told her what I had done between noon, and she cried, and they had me crying for I was afraid they thought I had done something wrong, finally the man said to me my dear boy I preached you a sermon last night, and this morning you have preached me one that I shall never forget, come with me and have your breakfast, then I will hitch up and take you home, I must meet your dear mother and confess to her for the sermon I preached you, last night.

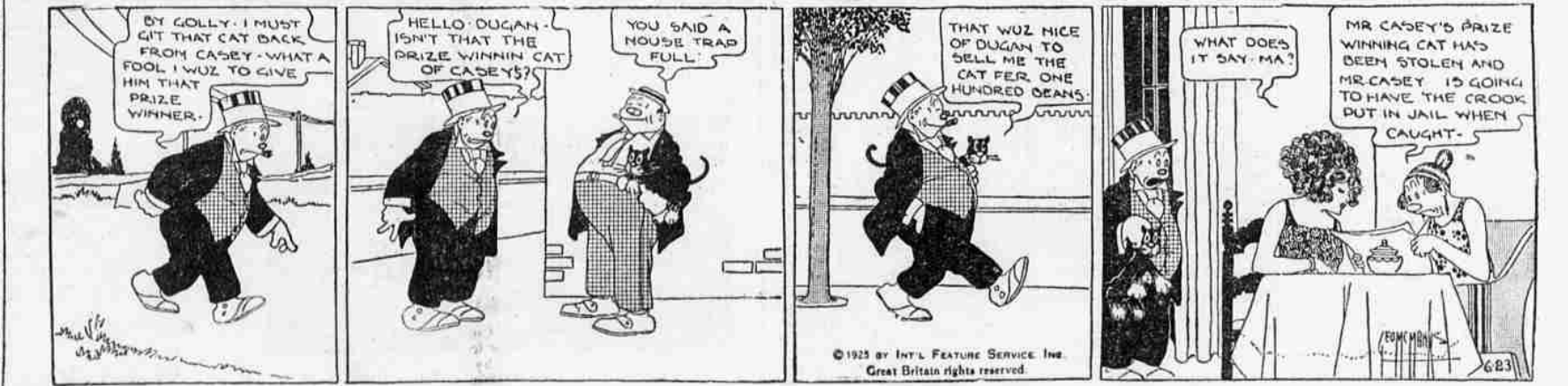
WILL E. PURDY.

WOMEN'S SIDE SADDLE RETURNS TO FASHION

New York.—The American horsemanship of fashion is definitely returning to the side-saddle. Riding masters and horsemen call the growth of her preference for grandmother's day over modern boots and breeches the conspicuous feature of the indoor riding season just closing.

By George McManus

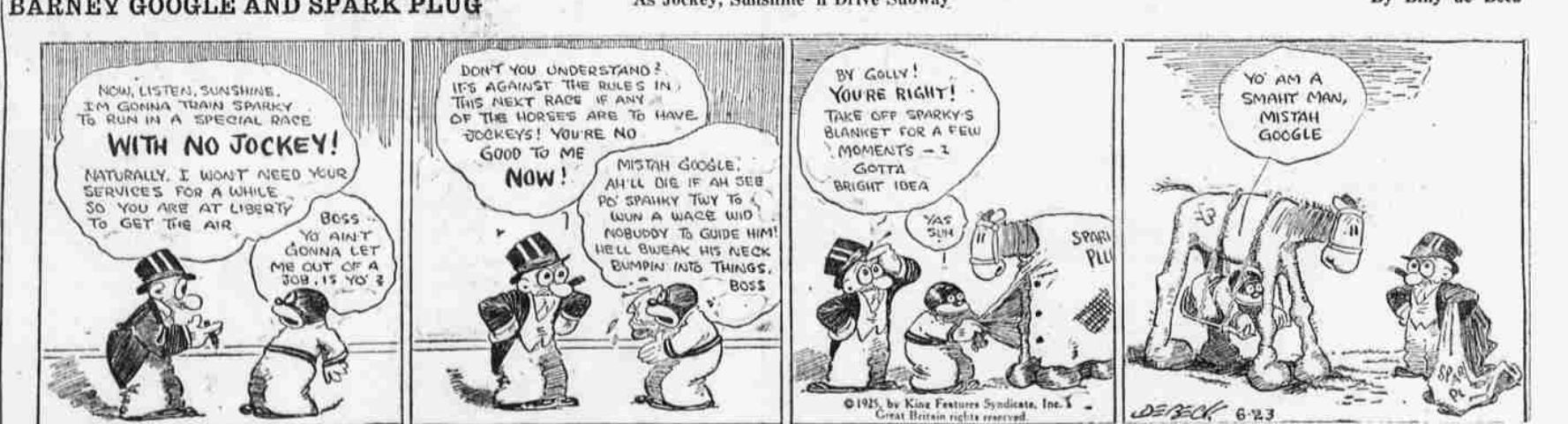
BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

As Jockey, Sunshine 'll Drive Subway

By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

Slightly Scorned Service

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

They Call On Buffalo's Chief Executive

By Bud Fisher

