

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.—Revelations 11:15.

To Be Expected

The acquittal of W. D. Shepherd of Chicago on the charge of murdering his foster son W. N. McClintock, by administering typhoid germs, so as to secure the latter's fortune, causes no surprise, as the evidence against him consisted largely in the unsupported testimony of an admitted crook, whose word no jury would accept. In fact the entire case appears the result of a frame-up to secure a redistribution of the McClintock estate, inspired by the enmity of Dr. Harry Olson.

This case, so abounding in startling and sensational charges, is one of those in which the accused is tried in the newspapers. In the effort to prejudice the public and create a sentiment against the defendant that would influence the jury the wildest kind of accusations followed each other. Shepherd was charged with all the crimes in the calendar, while the cemeteries were robbed of the bodies of those long dead to convey the impression that the accused was a multi-murderer.

The prosecution was so bitter that it savored of persecution and when there was no evidence worthy of the name to support the many accusations, the natural reaction brought acquittal. Where the prosecution has a strong case, it does not have to resort to such a propaganda of publicity.

Let the Battle Rage

The great pitched battle last week in the fastnesses of West Virginia between dry agents and moonshiners in which one agent was killed and two others seriously wounded, turns out to have been a clash between two groups of prohibition enforcers, one national and one state, each of which mistook the other for rum runners, and started shooting.

There is nothing surprising about this as it is the established custom of dry agents, who are a law unto themselves, to shoot as they search, on suspicion, and investigate afterwards. Being immune from punishment, they are perfectly safe in perforating the innocent public.

Near Corvallis recently a woman driving to see her sick husband was shot at, scared half to death, searched and insulted by dry sleuths because she had no booze. It is a common pastime for them to puncture tires and autos with bullets on suspicion. They have shot men dead, carrying home candy to children and have even shot down, with immunity, a United States senator.

Now that they have taken to shooting each other, they have found a proper outlet for their lawless activities. Let the battle rage.

Criminals Intelligent

It has been commonly supposed that a majority of criminals were mental defectives, subnormal, but mental examinations of prison inmates in many states by Dr. Carl Murchison, professor of psychology in Clark University, who during the war was one of the chief examiners in making intelligence tests of drafted soldiers, shows that the percentage of intelligence considerable higher than among the drafted men, and hence among the general public.

Some surprising results materialized. Dr. Murchison says:

After hearing the guards in a certain penitentiary describe in condescending terms their ideas of criminals, the author had an opportunity to compare the mental test scores of the guards with the mental test scores of these same criminals. The average score of the criminals was just seventy-five per cent higher than that of the guards.

While 41 percent of the prisoners ranked in the three highest mental grades, less than 30 percent of the drafted men fell in the same category, showing that criminals, as a rule, are quite as intelligent as the mass of the people.

Contrary to general belief, the tests show that it is the prisoners who pass the highest mental tests who are most likely to commit more than one crime and become second and third timers, and Dr. Murchison concludes that "great harm has been done by the propaganda that creates the impression that the criminal is feeble-minded and an individual to be fawned over and petted."

One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

A TRIP TO THE DOG SHOW

Cynthia could not bear to quarrel with Jim; half an hour after going to her room she wanted nothing else so much as to make up with him. She washed her face, brushed her hair, and started downstairs, ready to beg him to forgive her; half way down she met him coming up on the same errand.

"Cynthia dear!" He took her in his arms as they sat down on the step on which they had met. "I'm so sorry—I wouldn't have hurt you for the world! But knowing you and my sisters, and how they'd feel when they'd arranged a party in your honor and then you'd forgotten all about it, of course I spoke hastily."

"I know it, and I'm sorry, too. I won't do such a thing again," she promised him. "All right, it's a bargain between us. We'll both do the best we can, and straighten things out somehow. Now, how about dinner?"

Mrs. Lafand Senior always pretended that Cynthia bought just what she wanted to when they went shopping.

But tonight she and Jim could not quarrel. She had a momentary regret for whether it was a well-balanced meal or not. And afterward they could saunter companionably through the brightly lighted streets to the big armory where the dog show was being held, not bothering to talk, just enjoying being together.

Glancing up at her husband, Cynthia began to hum softly to herself. She was so happy, just because she was with him. Of course it was no wonder that his mother adored him so; who could help it. They entered the armory to the accompaniment of the barking of hundreds of dogs; a moment later they were walking along the middle aisle, looking at the dogs that were placed on either side in partitioned-off benches.

Cynthia adored dogs; she could hardly bear to leave the wire-haired terriers, but two minutes later was lost in admiration of a gentle Newfoundland who had instantly taken a liking to her.

"Cynthia Herbert!" She looked up quickly at the sound of a familiar voice, calling her by her maiden name; the big, broad-shouldered young man who had spoken clutched her hand delightedly. "After all this time, to see you—here! How are you, and what are you doing in this town?"

"Oh, Philip, how wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I'm married and live here—Jim, this is a dear old friend of mine, Philip Graham."

She caught Jim's arm and swung him round to face Graham. "But, Phil, why are you here?" "Exhibiting these," he answered waving his hand toward the Newfoundland and his companions. "Interest in these dogs has been dying out of late, that I was eager to revive it. I was always crazy about 'em, you remember. So I've been raising them at my place in the country, and showing them—there's nothing more exciting to do. I'm going into the ring now with this fellow."

Eagerly Cynthia followed him through the crowd, and found a place at the low fence that surrounded the ring where dogs were judged. To Jim, who stood at her elbow, she briefly outlined her acquaintance with Philip.

"He was the brother of a girl I chummed with at boarding school," she explained. "I used to see a lot of him; we were awfully good friends. Their parents were dead, and after his sister married he lived alone at their country place except in winter, when he went south or abroad. He used to give wonderful parties out at Chimney Corners."

"And wanted to marry you, I'll bet," Jim cut in, laughing.

Cynthia flushed rose pink. "Well, yes, he did," she admitted. "But I'd got into the habit of thinking of him as a good friend, really as an older brother, and I couldn't care for him any other way. Maybe, if you hadn't come along—"

He glanced at her sharply, not sure whether she meant it or was trying to tease him. But Cynthia was not smiling, as he had half expected her to be; she was intent on the judges, and on the group of people who were entering the ring with their dogs.

Philip was coming in, and reluctantly Jim admitted to himself that the fellow was good looking. He had the ruddy, healthy complexion of a man who is much in the open air; his well-worn tweed clothes were the right kind for a man of his type, and sauntering along with the huge dog beside

him, he might well attract any woman.

Jim knew his first pang of jealousy. Hitherto he had accepted Cynthia as his wife; she was just that, completely. But now he began to wonder. Cynthia was a remarkably pretty girl. "Maybe, if you hadn't come along—" The words rang in his ears.

Monday—Out of the Past

CRATER LAKE JAUNT CAUSE OF SQUABBLE

(Continued from page one)

avoided destination at the time the caravan started. Announcement of the fact was purposely left until the last moment it is believed, and at that time a vote taken among the enlisted men on the question of going on to Klamath Falls or returning directly to Medford and camp. The men voted almost unanimously, to go on to Klamath Falls, a trip that meant an additional 150 miles for the civilian automobile drivers who had volunteered the services of themselves and their cars.

The fact that the state traffic officers—ones in particular—did use strenuous methods to coerce drivers into taking their cars on to Klamath Falls is not denied by officers. It has not been shown, however, that General White is responsible for the traffic officers' actions. Nobody denies that the traffic men one particularly, named J. J. McMahon, exceeded their authority, proclaiming that the caravan was under military law, which they through some unknown process, claimed to represent. Names were taken of some few who defied the officers and turned back but the same negligible results occurred in their cases as in the cases of the company of enlisted men who went on to Crater Lake from Union creek, where camp was made Saturday night.

OPEN FORUM

Contributions to This Column must be plainly written on one side of paper only limited to 300 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

To the Editor: I believe you are very much too hard on the Evangelical churches in your recent comment on the debate on evolution in Portland. Of course evolution, when broadly and properly defined, is taught in practically every college in the land and in pretty nearly every high school. Of course it is accepted by practically every man of science in the world. Much as they may try the fundamentalists cannot read all or many of the evolutionists out of the group of Christians and into the atheist class. I have no doubt but that there are five or more church members evolutionists in America for every atheist evolutionist. And I have no doubt but that the same proportion holds between Christian and atheist teachers of evolution in the colleges of America and also in the high schools of America. It is doubtful that there are as many as two protestant theological secretaries in America where a majority of the faculty have not accepted the scientific theory of evolution as a pretty well established fact and explanation of God's method of creation. Quotations from John Wesley, recently cited in an article in the Methodist Review, prove that the founder of Methodism was very much of an evolutionist about the time that Darwin was born.

The fundamentalists recognize the situation in the thinking of Christian scholarship, and some of their aggressive leadership does not hesitate to seek to play the part of Protestant popes in the excommunication of their Christian brethren. In the language of the Baptist Standard such would be Protestant popes are alarmingly increasing in number. I have myself heard a fundamentalist lead

er speaking in a large Salem church denounce Protestant theological seminaries and universities as manifestations of the Anti-Christ, practically conceding that there were no Christian universities any more and declare that we hope soon to have (I. e. to found) a Christian university. And I have heard the man who is today the chosen leader of the Federation of Churches in America tell a Salem student audience to follow truth, and when truth as they found it in their studies conflicted with their creeds to revise their creeds. Were you not too hard on the churches—even as some fundamentalist leadership has sometimes seemed to be too hard on God—which is the reason why much of fundamentalism has never been orthodox in church history generally, but in large measure has been and is regarded as a one-time Portland Presbyterian pastor termed it to me as "tolerated heresy." A large part of the people in the churches who call themselves fundamentalists today are quite unwilling to follow the leadership of that line of thinking to the goal that that leadership would take them. Most of them will concede that those whom the popes excommunicate are their very good fellow Christians, and that the essence of Christianity is not involved in these controversies.

Sincerely yours,
F. G. FRANKLIN.

Bank Reserve Drops

New York, June 27.—The actual condition of clearing house banks and trust companies for the week shows an excess reserve of \$22,422,950. This is a decrease in reserve of \$21,209,500 compared with last week.

ACQUITTAL SUFFICIENT SAYS CROWE

(Continued from page one)

of using typhoid germs to kill William Nelson McClintock, his millionaire foster son, after the jury trying him deliberated five hours and forty minutes last night.

Within a half hour he was freed from the county jail, where he has been since March 13 on his personal bond of \$5000 on the charge of slaying Mrs. Emma Nelson McClintock, William's mother.

It was said at the criminal courts building that six ballots had been taken by the jury, the vote for the first standing 11 to 1 for acquittal.

Feel Case Ended
The verdict was considered by the Shepherd attorneys as ending all possibility of further criminal action against him. It gave him the presumptive ownership of the McClintock estate, left him by McClintock's will, pending final action in a suit to break the will started by nine cousins of the dead youth.

Despite the jury finding, Judge Harry Olson, municipal court chief justice and investigator of the investigation of McClintock's death will continue to probe and prosecute, if that is possible, he said.

During the trial Judge Olson expressed keen disapproval of the efforts of the state's attorney and reiterated his criticism when informed of the acquittal.

A burst of cheers, despite warnings of bailiffs against any demonstration came from the crowded spectators when the verdict was announced by William Burnett, foreman.

Shepherd Elated
Flashlights as news photographers snapped the jury and a broad smile wreathed the face of the accused.

Shepherd and his attorneys, William Scott Stewart and W. W. O'Brien shook the hand and thanked each jurymen as he filed from the box.

Mrs. Julie Shepherd, his wife was not in the courtroom. She waited with friends at a downtown hotel where she was joined by Shepherd, his brother J. Henry Shepherd of Little Rock, Ark., and Robert Stoll, his former law partner.

Today they planned a triumphant return to the home in Kenilworth, a suburb, where they lived with young McClintock since the death of his mother 16 years ago.

State Satisfied
"The state made a good fight and lost," said Robert E. Crowe, state's attorney. The verdict speaks for itself.

Attorney Stewart, who argued throughout the trial that his client was the victim of a plot, said "the verdict is in reality a finding of guilt for the plotters. It is another proof of the sanctity of the jury system."

Miss Isabelle Pope, fiancée of young McClintock, who waited at his deathbed with a license to wed him if he recovered, said the verdict was what she expected.

"There was so much left out—so much detail that was important to the whole story—that I did not see how the jury could convict Mr. Shepherd," she said.

DISPUTE OVER WATER LEADS TO SHOOTING

Bend, June 27.—A dispute over hot water led to a shooting affray last night at Opal City in which two men were injured, according to Sheriff Ray J. Freeman of Jefferson county who brought one of the men to the Bend hospital this morning. At the request of Freeman, Sheriff Roberts of Deschutes county placed Jesus Manzanera a Mexican section hand under arrest this morning in Bend. Manzanera admitted that he was the one who did the shooting.

A man named Carlos who was shot in the hip is at a local hospital while Pedro Coyas, who had a flesh wound in his leg is at Madras.

By George McManus

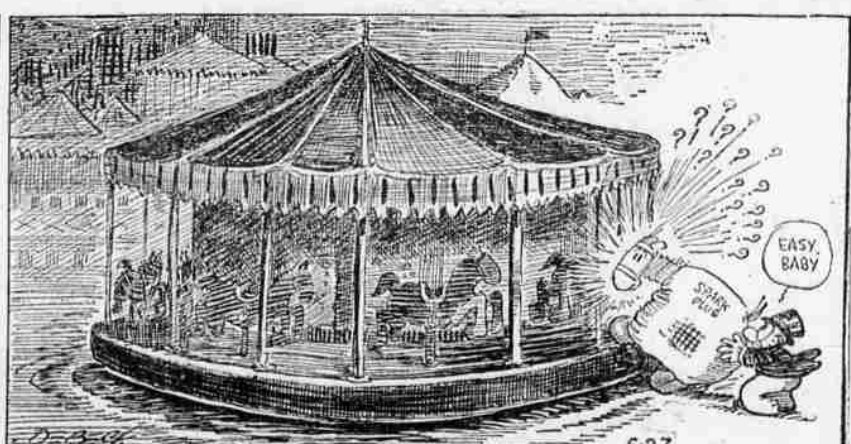
BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

A New Experience for Sparky

By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

In Hot Pursuit

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

They Reach Port Huron After Visiting Grand Rapids and Ludington, Mich.

By Doc Fisher



CASH ON HAND WHEN THEY REACHED PORT HURON SPENT \$94.10 FOR BREW 6.00 BAL. \$88.10