

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Evening Except Sunday

Telephone 51; News 52

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

And ye shall serve the Lord your God, and he shall bless thy bread, and thy water; and I will take sickness away from the midst of thee.—Eccodus 23:25.

For Governor

The Portland Spectator recently suggested Captain C. Chapman, editor of the Oregon Voter, for United States senator, presenting in the Spectator's inimitable way, his claims for the office in a most convincing manner. This led the Burns News to remark:

The Spectator, either through sarcasm or in a spirit of cussedness, has suggested the name of C. C. Chapman for United States Senator. As a propagandist and as a compiler of figures to fool the public on tax matters, Chapman is a decided success, but as a candidate for senator he would be the joke of the campaign, and no one knows this any better than the editor of The Spectator.

All of which provokes The Spectator to reply as follows:

That is rather unkind to Mr. Chapman, and is hardly fair to The Spectator. This paper did not suggest the name of C. C. Chapman for United States Senator. It suggested Mr. Chapman himself for that high honor. Why should the usually astute editor of the Burns News think the suggestion is made either through sarcasm or in a spirit of cussedness. What has he ever read in The Spectator that would cause him to believe that anything is set down here in a spirit of cussedness or sarcasm? The Burns News says Mr. Chapman is a propagandist and a compiler of figures to fool the public? Well, very likely he is; but nevertheless and just the same, The Spectator suggests him for the position of United States Senator. The statement that Mr. Chapman would be the joke of the campaign is a wholly gratuitous assumption, with no better basis of fact than might be found in the Burns News' prediction of the sort of weather we may have for the primaries. But even if he should prove the joke of the campaign, The Spectator again suggests Captain C. Chapman for the position of United States senator.

While Captain Chapman, having helped kill the state income tax in Oregon, would be of immeasurable assistance to President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon at Washington in their efforts to repeal the federal income tax, his record here makes him too valuable to be sent away. We need him in Oregon and suggest him as our next governor instead of senator.

Promulgation of propaganda is now the chief work of an Oregon governor, and in this capacity Captain Chapman is but little less skillful than Governor Pierce, but his ability as a compiler of figures is infinitely greater. While under Chapman the propaganda for white-faced calves of the range would give way to that for the bulls of Wall Street, his familiarity with the adding machine would preclude million dollar mistakes in tax levies.

Contesting for the nomination with Captain Chapman will probably be the hero of Hicktown, Brigadier General White, lone survivor of the battle of the windshield, who has just returned from a victorious campaign in Southern Oregon, where, as his press agent asserts, he "merited the praise of the nation." He is likely, as soon as an angel can be located, to again become "the man of the hour," and lead the embattled hosts of Kluxers, vets and guardsmen under his command to indiscriminate slaughter at the polls.

So we are apt to face a choice of military men for governor, for the war heroes are coming into their own, and we can choose between the calculating captain and the bold brigadier. The brigadier having conclusively proven the truth of the old adage that the pen is mightier than the sword, is armed with a fountain pen, unsheathed and ready for instant action, while the captain carries both a cash register and a cane.

It will be an interesting struggle and already the strategy in unfolding. The brilliant brigadier invaded the Pierce preserves and bid for the vote of the long-haired men and short-haired women by denouncing the accursed cigarette and forever abjuring its use. The courageous captain countered by publicly signing the pledge to abjure the bootlegger and swear-off on the moonshine. The brigadier's next move is anxiously awaited. It will probably be a manifesto against the monkey.

One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

OUT OF THE PAST

The dog show was brand new to Cynthia, and most interesting she stood clutching the top rail of the fence while the judge walked about, looking at the Newfoundland lads, and then watched while the dogs walked and ran around the ring.

Finally, as the dogs were lined up in front of the judge, Graham glanced up at Cynthia and smiled.

"Oh, I do hope his dog wins!" she whispered to Jim. "It's such a beautiful one. How thrilling it must be to go in there with your dog and wonder if he'll win." She stopped, then suddenly joined in the applause that had broken out all around the ring. The judge had handed the blue ribbon to Phillip Graham.

"How wonderful!" she waved to Graham, and hurried down to the site at the end of the fence to shake hands with Graham as he came out. Jim followed more slowly. The dog show was all right, of course—still, he didn't exactly like having Cynthia rush after this fellow so enthusiastically. What if they had known each other years before?

Cynthia and Graham walked back toward him, the huge dog ambling beside them.

"Jim, what do you think? Phil says he'll give me a dog. Isn't that gorgeous?" Cynthia cried. "I can't think of anything I'd rather have."

Jim mumbled something. A Newfoundland in their house? What in the world would they do with it?

"And Jim, Phil can stay all night with us! Isn't that great?" Cynthia went on. "He has to be here for two days longer. Oh, it's so nice to see you again, Phil. After you rushed off to Europe—"

She stopped abruptly, flushing. Phil Graham glanced up from her as she spoke.

Both had come the same memory, that of the evening when he had asked her to marry him, and she, divided between embarrassment and delight, had told him that she was engaged to Jim.

"By George, there's a good dog!" Phil cut in, breaking the un-

comfortable silence. "That Airdale over there. He's likely to win in his class. Isn't he a corker," he added, to Jim.

"Sure is," Jim was not too enthusiastic. "It's great that you can come to us tonight, Graham. Fine to have you."

He and Cynthia sauntered on, looking at the other dogs, while Phil put his own back in its place, to join them later near the door. As they all left the building Jim looked at his wife curiously. She seemed to have regained the gaiety and sparkle that she had so mysteriously lost of late. Had Phil Graham been responsible for this? he asked himself. He did not doubt for a moment that his wife loved him; in fact, Cynthia's adoration was sometimes a bit embarrassing. But certainly she and this fellow Graham were unusually good friends!

When they reached home Frances, the maid, came running to meet them.

"Oh, Mr. Leland, your mother telephoned, and said that it was most important for her to talk to you; she wanted you to telephone the minute you got in."

"I'll call her at once. What time did she phone?"

"Quite a long time ago, about nine o'clock, and then again, just half an hour ago."

Jim hurried to the library telephone without waiting to take off his overcoat. Cynthia promptly divorced Phil Graham of his hat and coat, and led the way to the kitchen.

"We'll get some supper ourselves," she gaily announced to Frances. "Phil can you still make such marvelous cheese toast as you used to? Let's have that, and—"

Let's see what else is in the refrigerator," she knelt before it, and began to rummage about. "Mushrooms—some cold chicken—cream—baked ham—oh, we're going to have a gorgeous party. Phil! Look in that cake box, up there on the pantry shelf—ain't there half a maple nut cake there? I thought so. Get it out, and some bread for the toast, from that other box."

Jim rejoined them to find Cy-

Evolution Conflict Declared No Menace To Christian Faith

This wearing a charming little purple rubber apron with flaunting yellow flowers on the pockets, while Graham had one of cook's serviceable gingham ones. He was stirring the delicious smelling contents of a deep saucepan on the electric stove, and Cynthia was spreading a red and white checkered tablecloth on the kitchen table, and singing gaily.

"Oh, Jim—you're just in time to slice the cheese—very thin—for the toast," she told him.

"Sorry, but I can't," he answered almost curtly. "Mother wants to see me at once, so I'll have to go over there. Don't know what time I'll be back."

"Oh, Jimbo! What a shame that you'll miss the party!" Then, suddenly remembering that that wasn't quite the thing to say first, she added, "I hope there's nothing serious the matter."

Tomorrow—A Request—and a Promise.

THURSDAY, JULY 2 SELECTED FOR 8TH BARGAIN DAY

(Continued from page one)

roads within a radius of 25 miles of Salem, and 500 miles of unmacadamized and gravelled roads.

And these improved highways put 75,000 people within an hour's ride or less from Salem trading district.

A very slight extension beyond the 25-mile radius puts 100,000 people and more tributary to Salem; customers of our stores and shops and business men and centers generally.

An appeal is made to the 75,000 and to the 100,000 and more, to come to Salem, Thursday and participate in the thousands of bargains that will be offered them.

The names of the bargain stores will be published in both The Capital Journal and the Statesman this week, and any who have not joined in the bargain day will want to join, maybe so by calling at either newspaper office.

The present much discussed conflict between Modernism and Fundamentalism is not "weighted with destruction to Christianity," H. D. Chambers of St. Paul's Episcopal church told his Sunday morning congregation. Science so long as it is true, he declared, will not destroy "the fear of God."

"The fear of God," he said, "is not, as you might think, a blind faith, but a knowledge of the things that are true, and that is enough until all things are proven."

Rev. Chambers spoke on the subject, "The Power of Courage," using for his text the passage, "Fear not, but let your hands be strong." The church and Christians have little to fear from attacks from without, according to the speaker, what it has to fear is "that spirit which arranges class against class in serving God."

The reason for the divisions of Christians is far from good Christianity and will result in disaster if continued in. Jesus prayed that all might be one.

"Fear not," do not let the mind dwell on the difficulties. Go labor on, "spend and be spent." Labor is not bounded by today; it is eternal.

Duty as an antidote for fear was cited by Rev. Chambers. "It is a fine thing to be watchful," he said "to wait, to hope and to pray, but a greater thing to work. Work drowns out many anticipated difficulties, averts many instances of slaying thorns that do not exist."

"The thing that unites Christians and makes them strong is not fear, but love and faith, he said. There is no fear in the words of Jesus, "I am with you always," or in the words, "Let your hands be strong."

"The New Commandment," was the subject of the sermon given yesterday morning by Rev. Charles Ward, pastor of the First Congregational church of Salem. Rev. Ward took his text from John 13:34 "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another even as I have loved you."

"In all this disgusting squabble over fundamentals," he said, "practically no mention is made of the new commandment of Christ. Yet Jesus said that this should be the distinguishing mark of his followers: 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another.'"

"It concerns me not," he declared, "whether you are good debaters of church doctrines, but I wish that you might all take as your creed, 'I believe in the new commandment of Christ; I believe in loving my fellow men even as Jesus has loved us.'"

"Such love will eliminate human slavery from the earth; it will banish race hatred and industrial conflicts; it will free humanity of the greatest curse, war. No man, no group, no nation will go out to slay those whom they love with Christ like devotion."

"The dream of human brotherhood will never be realized until men keep this new commandment of Christ. The average man is poor in love. He may have wealth he may belong to a church, but he has too little of the compassion of

Christ in his heart. Any mistreatment of him quickly brings the fiercer passions into action. But our Christian fellowship ought to aid us in acquiring the love-filled life."

Christians are too often prone to be aggressive in their thinking it was stated by Rev. H. F. Pemberton, pastor of the Leslie Methodist church, Sunday morning. "We like to think of Paul when he said, 'What then shall I do?' We might better sometimes turn it around and let Jesus ask us what he can do for us."

"What would you ask Him?" he continued. "We often seek out the smaller, less important things, and let our larger opportunities slip by."

Rev. Mr. Pemberton expressed the Christian ideal as set forth in the words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you." Solomon had the correct idea, he said, when he prayed, "Give thy servant an understanding heart."

"There is no bar to our asking the same thing," he declared. "We talk about the wisdom of Solomon, but other people have been just as wise as he has. We can be as wise as Solomon and pray, 'Give us an understanding heart.'"

Pride, ambition and self esteem are apt to crowd out the finer things of life, he stated, and many persons become indifferent to the Christian life.

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The D'Arcys missed, by one day, the earthquake in Montana and the delay of the trains by filling up one of the tunnels on the Northern Pacific road.

Mrs. Bolton Hamble and little daughter Jean returned Saturday from Cottage Grove and Eugene where they were visiting relatives for several weeks.

Mrs. Maybels Plymire, national president of Alliance Daughters of Union Veterans, arrived in Portland Thursday morning, too late to attend the seventh annual convention. Mrs. Plymire, who was delayed by a washout, which occurred on the way. She suffered a severely bruised shoulder when the train was suddenly brought to a stop.

Mrs. Lucy S. Luce and Miss Carolina M. Shearer entertained Mrs. Plymire Thursday morning with an automobile trip over the Columbia highway. A reception was given in her honor Thursday night in room 525 courthouse by

the new and retiring department presidents, Mrs. Mary M. Entress of Salem and Mrs. Lucy S. Luce of Portland. Many members from tents throughout the state were represented.

A short business session was called, in which Mrs. Plymire announced that the national body contemplated erecting a memorial building in Washington, D. C., the cost of which would be \$100,000. Also a movement was on foot, she said, to oppose the removing of the flag and staff from Arlington cemetery, where it has stood for 85 years.

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BIRTHDAY SALE

See Tuesday's Papers



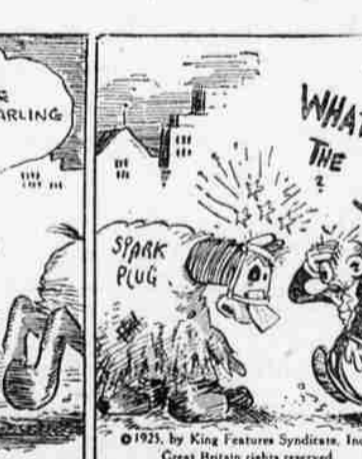
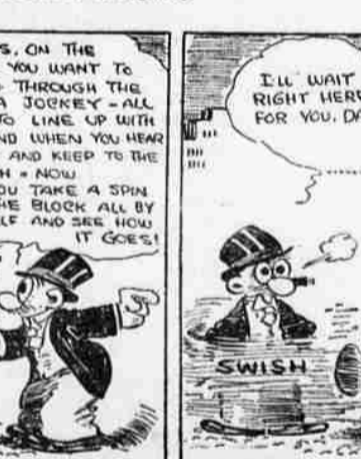
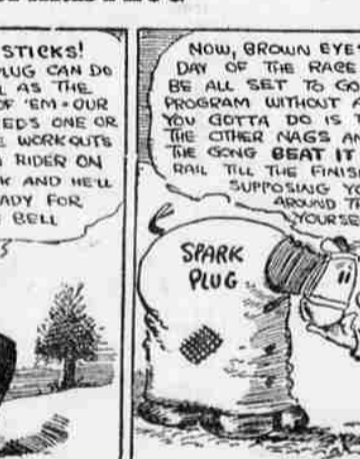
By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

A Ticket for Sparky



KRAZY KAT

The Insulted Ape



MUTT AND JEFF

The Transcontinental Tourists Reach Chicago.

By Bud Fisher

