

# Capital Journal

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"Without or with offense to friends or foes  
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."  
—BYRON.

## Hear Their Silence

News that the fighting fundamentalists plan to wage war upon the teaching of evolution in the three coast states by initiating bills for submission to the electorate, similar to the Tennessee law, need surprise no one. It is part of the wave of intolerance that is sweeping the land that would standardize humanity in the name of the uplift.

This resort to statute to sustain dogma and limit by law the pursuit of knowledge, is in itself a confession of the weakness of the cause. Tyrants always resort to sumptuary laws to bolster tottering thrones as ecclesiasticism resorts to the injunction to stamp out heresy.

The Scopes' case in Tennessee is important in that, upon the construction of the law, depends the power of the majority to enforce its will upon the minority. The constitution was drafted and adopted to safeguard and protect the rights of the minority. Freedom of instruction and the freedom to learn are fundamental in these rights and must not be fettered by legislation or bigotry. If these rights can be fettered in Tennessee, similar efforts will be made in the other states, and perhaps nationally.

If the right to teach the theory of evolution becomes an issue in Oregon, as it is very apt to become, it will be amusing to listen to the editorial silence of our fearless metropolitan newspapers. So far the artful dodgers have sidestepped committing themselves in their academic discussions of the subject, and we can rest assured that neither the Oregonian nor Journal is going to risk losing a subscriber by expressing an honest conviction.

## Strangely Reminiscent

Now comes the Producers Call of agrarian discontent with a clarion call to arms to overthrow the consolidated wrongs of the world and establish upon the ruins of the monopolistic combines the foundation of a new Utopia where every prospect pleases and everyone is prosperous.

All of this has a strangely reminiscent sound. Periodically the Jeremiad of the political agitator is repeated, mostly during hard times and in the intervening good times is forgotten. The world is strangely out of tune but as a new toy diverts a child, so does a little prosperity the calamity howler, and a public office the reformer.

There was dug up the other day near the site of Babylon some ancient tablets showing that 5000 years ago people were complaining of the same troubles that they are today, of the greed of monopoly, of the heavy taxation, of the corruption of politicians, of the hellward bent of youth, of the bobbed hair and lip-stick of the flapper, showing there is nothing new under the sun, least of all in human nature, and that history repeats itself in cycles, producing similar human reactions. But your political reformer makes the same old blunders.

The American electorate, like an army, travels on its belly and all that has to be done to win any election is to put the fear of an empty dinner bucket in the heart of the multitude and dangle the phantom of promised prosperity before them and monopoly can exploit to its heart's content.

But better the exploitation of big business, which at least offers order and system, than the rule of the ignorant, fanatical and unscrupulous seeking power by muzzling up the world.

## One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

### BREAKERS AHEAD

"Cynthia!"  
Jim Leland's voice was very harsh indeed as he spoke to his wife. Cynthia jumped almost guiltily at the sound of it, and Phil Graham turned and rose at once.  
"Oh, Jim, I'm so glad you're home!" Cynthia cried, as she saw who it was who had spoken. "I was getting tired of waiting up for you, even though Phil was such a delightful company."  
"That was quite apparent—that he was a delightful company," commented Madame Leland fully, acknowledging Cynthia's introduction of Phil with a curt nod. "And now, James, if you don't mind taking me upstairs—"

Jim took her arm and escorted her up the wide stairway; she leaned on him heavily, pausing once or twice as if she had strength to go no farther.  
Cynthia turned to Phil Graham with wide eyes.  
"If she feels as ill as that, wouldn't you think she'd rather stay home than come here?" she whispered.

His face had flushed angrily at Madame Leland's greeting; he swung round now on his heel and started for the front door.  
"You must let me leave at once, Cynthia," he said as he put on his coat. "They don't want me here, and I can't possibly stay."  
"Phil!" Cynthia ran after him and laid one hand on his shoulder. "Don't you see that you must stay? After all, I'm married to Jim, and this is my home. I can't let anyone treat me as she has!"

"But I can't stay, when I've almost been thrown out," he protested.  
"If you hostess, I asked you to come, it isn't my fault if one of my husband's guests is rude to you."

"No, honey, it isn't your fault," he answered quietly. "And I can see how hard things must be for you here. It's a shame. But honestly, Cynthia, you'd better just let me go. Give your husband any reason you like; tell him I got a telegram and was called away, or

anything else you think of—that won't matter."  
"Phil, if you go I'll go too," Cynthia cried, taking hold of his arm. "I'm not going to stay here and be treated so. Jim's mother must realize that this is my home, even if she did give it to us."

Neither of them realized that Jim Leland was standing at the head of the stairs. He started down slowly, just as Phil Graham bent and kissed Cynthia lightly on the top of her head, then strode out of the front door.

Cynthia faced him, her eyes filled with angry tears.  
"Phil's gone," she told him abruptly. "And I can't blame him, after the way your mother acted."

"Have you paused to consider the way you acted?" he asked. "Mother and I came in to find you precisely in Graham's arms, at this hour of the night."

"Jim! You know that isn't true, Phil and I were sitting there on the couch, looking at some kodak pictures that he had, and waiting for you to come home. Surely there was nothing wrong in that."  
Jim shrugged his shoulders, then turned quickly and took her in his arms.

"Forgive me, dear," he begged. "Mother's had news, and I've felt so upset that I wasn't responsible for what I said to you just now. Don't mind, I hear of you."  
"I'm sorry—I was horrid," she answered quickly. "I should have understood."

But she could not feel any more kindly toward her mother-in-law because of the incident, and rejoiced the following day when Madame Leland decided to go back to her own home.

"I came here last night because I couldn't bear to be alone," she explained to Cynthia at breakfast. "But perhaps it's better for me not to stay."  
Cynthia said nothing, and Madame Leland departed when Jim went to his office. Cynthia spent the day planning for the happy evening that she and Jim would have together, and dreamed for late in the afternoon in her pret-

tiest frock. They'd make up for the tiff of the evening before, she told herself. But at six o'clock Jim phoned her, regretfully announcing that he would have to dine with his mother.  
"She wants to talk over some new developments of this difficulty she's in," he told Cynthia. "And I'll have to go."  
"You haven't even told me what sort of difficulty it is," Cynthia reminded him. "Shall I meet you there, or will you call for me on the way?"

"It's financial matters that bother her," he answered, slowly. "Only don't let her know that I told you; she's very sensitive, you know. And I guess perhaps you'd better not go with me, dear; she wants to talk with me alone."  
Cynthia hung up the receiver abruptly. Her disappointment at not having the evening alone with him was so keen that she wanted to throw herself down on the floor and cry. Apparently she was just a stranger in the family, she told herself; she didn't really belong in it at all. She sat down to a lonely dinner, and afterward spent the evening with only Mark, the kitten to keep her company. Try as hard as she could, it was impossible not to feel resentful toward Madame Leland.

Tomorrow—A Firm Resolve.

## ROAD BETWEEN FALLS IS BEING IMPROVED

The road between the north and south Silver creek falls is now under process of improvement, according to County Commissioner Porter of Silverton, who recently visited the work. The improvement between the falls being only to make a summer road out of it, however. Stumps are being blown out, the road is being widened and a caterpillar being sent over it to smooth it out and make it passable to motor vehicle traffic.

On the Silver creek falls road from Silverton work is going ahead in the last stretch of improvement to the north falls, and this road, it is expected, will be passable both summer and winter, although some sections of it will be rough. The improvement to the north falls now being worked on will be 16-foot macadam.

## Three Killed as Car Skids Down Hill



Three passengers met instant death and twenty-five were injured when one Jersey City, N. J. street car skidded down a steep incline during a storm and collided with another also loaded with passengers.

It to smooth it out and make it passable to motor vehicle traffic.

### 1467 ACRES ELIMINATED FROM PLANS

(Continued from Page One.)

relief from high water conditions there were no valid grounds for setting aside the district.

the community.  
**Cost Estimate Lacking.**  
"I admit that what should have been done would have been the preparation of a definite estimate of costs and the amount of work to be done to have been filed along with the petition. But, these estimates can be made by the directors, or under their authority, submitted to a meeting of the property owners whose lands are to be affected and who must bear the cost, and if the work is found too expensive and not feasible, the entire project can then be abandoned."  
"We have so altered the boundaries of the district from the boundaries first asked for that as near as we can do it the high lands in the district will not be benefited are eliminated from bearing a part of the burden of the district and the costs will fall only on those low lands which will be benefited."

Under the new alignment of boundaries, the lands of F. W. Durbin, chief remonstrator against the district, will be set out against a part will be within the district and a part outside of it. The outside part will include the farm buildings and the high lands near the pavement which passes in front of his place.

### Boundaries Altered.

In a general way, in the outlying sections, under the original petition the boundary ran along the paved road to the state institutions. This boundary has been cut back away from the road to exclude the high lands adjacent to it.

south line of lot 3, continuing along the south line of lot 20, extending to the intersection with the west line of 24th street and north line of Mill street, thence west along the north line of Mill street to the intersection with the east line of 18th street, thence north along 18th street to Trade street, thence west along Trade street to Ferry street, thence west on Ferry to 19th, north on 19th to the mill race, east along the mill race to the place or beginning, in addition lots 5 and 6 in block 1, subdivision of lot 26 of Capital Home addition is eliminated from the district by the order.

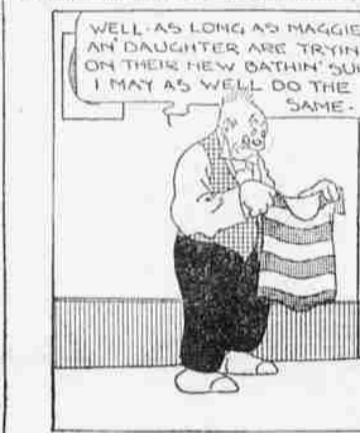
### Loss in Ligation.

The matter of the district has been hanging fire before the court for several months. When first up for hearing protest was filed by some remonstrators, and one of the principal attacks made on the signature of the governor, it being charged that he signed for the board of control, and that there was no authority of law to make such signature valid. The matter was of extreme importance as about 1500 acres of state lands are included in the district and without these the petition would lack the number of acres required, the law requiring more than 50 per cent of the acreage to be represented on the petition. The legislature passed an act validating the governor's signature and it was for this act to become effective that the court awaited before signing the order.

Proponents of the district state that action is imperative in the organization of the district to free the vast area from the annual floods which come at high water and to a large extent destroy the value of their lands as well as the comfort of living.

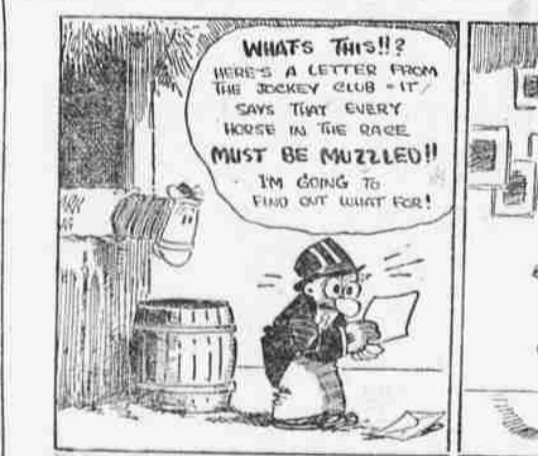
By George McManus

## BRINGING UP FATHER



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## BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG



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By Billy de Beck

## KRAZY KAT



## A Narrow Choice



## WELL, AND WHAT DO YOU WANT, SILLY?



## DONT SUPPOSE ID BE FULLISH ENOUGH TO WANT WOT HE DINT HAVE, DO YOU?



By Herriman

## MUTT AND JEFF



## The Tourists Are Glad to Reach Houghton, Michigan



## SAME HERE!! LISTEN! I READ ONCE ABOUT THE HOUGHTON OZONE BEING POISON TO HAY FEVER GERMS.



By Bud Fisher