Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday at 136 S. Commercial Street. Telephone 81; News 82

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier 10 cents a week, 45 cents a month, $5 a year in advance. By mail, in Marion and Polk counties, one month 50 cents, 3 months $1.25, 6 months $2.25, 1 year $4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents a month, $5 a year in advance.

FULL LEASED WIRE ASSOCIATED PRESS SERVICE

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

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

"Duel to the Death"

William Jennings Bryan, who has taken the Lord into partnership, is quoted as saying in a speech at Dayton, Tennessee, where he is helping to prosecute the Scopes case:

The contest between evolution and Christianity is a duel to the death. * * * If evolution wins, Christianity goes—not suddenly, of course, but gradually, for the two cannot stand together. They are as antagonistic as light and darkness; as antagonistic as good and evil."

That all depends upon what Christianity means. If it means living up to the golden rule and precepts taught by Jesus, teaching the theory of evolution will not affect it for there is no contest between such Christianity and science. If it means the dogma and doctrines injected by ecclesiasticism, it may compel a revision of this special brand of theology. If Mr. Bryan's theology is the true religion, it does not need any law of man to safeguard it. If it is not, no law of man can long safeguard it.

Mr. Bryan and the fundamentalists of the Evangelical churches stand where the fundamentalists of the Church stood 300 years ago, when they invoked the Inquisition against advocates of the Copernican theory of the solar system because contrary to the teachings of the Bible. From 1616 to 1757, the works of Copernicus were on the index of prohibited books, in the effort to save dogma, yet dogma had to succumb to reason and abandon the bibical theory of a flat earth around which the sun revolved, just as it will eventually abandon the primitive theory of special creation the authors of Genesis borrowed from ancient Sumerian legends.

Evolution is merely another name for the law of change, growth, progress, that governs the universe. It is inexorable and not bound by the laws of man. That there could be such a farce as that staged in Tennessee is proof in itself of how little humanity has progressed since the days of the Inquisition and how densely ignorant some of those who pose as leaders are. Evolution works so slowly that in 300 years progress in humanity is scarcely discernable and the medieval minded still hailed as prophets.

Big and Little Papers

The Astoria Budget takes the Portland Oregonian to task for not reporting Governor Pinchot's grilling of Secretary Mellon as "whisky distiller and whisky distributor" and his failure to enforce the Volstead act, as the feature of the speech made to the Christian Endeavor convention by the Pennsylvania executive. The Oregonian is accused of deliberately suppressing and coloring news to suit its political policy.

What does the Budget expect? The Oregonian is running true to form. Most journals as the result of the evolution of the party organ into the newspaper, print the uncolored facts in the news columns and opinions in editorial columns. The Oregonian, suffering from retarded development is still party organ. It prostitutes its news columns with opinions, while suppressing opinions editorially, where they belong.

When a political campaign is on, the Oregonian's columns are filled with propaganda foisted upon the public as news. Its local news is colored to its political leanings. When its correspondents do not write in conformity to policy, like H. G. Wells on the Armament Conference, their reports are scrapped. But when leadership is vitally needed as in the Klan issue, the Oregonian is editorially silent.

Our Astoria contemporary errs, however, when its inferiority complex asserts itself in deprecation of the small newspapers. Ethically the latter have all the advantage over the metropolitan press, as they are conducted by their owners and therefore free to express honest convictions, while city papers are commercialized machines run by hired men whose jobs depend upon the dividends they pile up for stockholders.

The small paper that lives up to its opportunity, represents the last stand of that personal journalism that made the press a power in the nation, and as long as it remains true to the best traditions and keeps the editorial divorced from the dollar, its influence will increase as the influence of the impersonal city journalism wanes.

One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

A NEW FRIEND

Cynthia nardly know what she did. In reality she sank down on the curb and had hysterics, while the young man who had been driving the roadster bent over her and frantically tried to calm her.

"You killed my kitten—you killed my kitten—" she sobbed, over and over, while the frightened children stood by, staring at her.

"I'll get you another—honestly, I'm awfully sorry," the young man assured her, sitting down on the curb beside her. "Isn't there something I can do?"

"I don't want another cat, and you can't do anything," declared Cynthia, and went stumbling into the house.

As Cynthia went running into the house, her handkerchief to her eyes, the young man who had run over Mark, slowly followed her, his face grave with regret. She stumbled into the house, and he hesitated in the doorway, hat in hand, looking down at her as she sank into the nearest chair and sobbed unrestrainedly.

"You can't understand—he was the only thing I had," she exclaimed through her tears. "And I loved him so."

"I do know how it is," he told her. "My dog was killed just a few weeks ago, a dog I'd had for years, and for a while life seemed too empty to endure."

She looked up at him then, and motioned toward another chair. "Won't you sit down?" she asked. "I want to apologize for being so rude as I must have been a moment ago. I don't know what I said, but I hated you so for running over my cat, and then offering to get me another one, that I didn't care what I said."

"It was crude of me to suggest that," he answered. "But it's not a bad idea, you know; when a pet of yours dies, if you get another one at once it helps a lot. Now, if you'd let me give you another kitten—"

She shook her head dismally.

"I couldn't have another one; it would make me think of Mark."

"A dog then. I'll tell you, I saw some stunning police dogs this morning, puppies just five months old. I was thinking of getting one myself. Now, why not let me send you one of those? Honestly, if you only would it would make me so happy. I feel abominable over having killed yours. He was under the wheels before I saw him."

"Oh, I know that it wasn't your fault; those children frightened him, and you couldn't possibly have helped hitting him, when he ran into the street so suddenly. That doesn't make it any easier to lose him, though." Her eyes filled with tears again.

"Of course it doesn't. But how about the dog? Won't you let me give him to you?"

"I don't know." Cynthia had suddenly realized that this nice young man who sat talking with her so pleasantly was an utter stranger. What would her mother-in-law say?

"Please do. It's the only thing I can do that will make me feel less like a murderer. Do be kind to me, please."

Cynthia, hesitating, looked at him. He was very good looking, very attractive. As if he read her thoughts, he introduced himself.

"Do let me tell you who I am—I'm Noel Gardner. I've just come around the world. Probably that's what has kept me from meeting you; I used to know everybody in town."

"No, it isn't," she answered, with a shy little smile. "I've been here only a short time, I'm Mrs. Leland James Leland's wife."

"Not really! Why, I received your wedding announcement in Paris. Jim and I are old friends. Isn't that great! Now surely you'll let me give you that dog, won't you?"

She laughed softly. He was the nicest one of Jim's friends that she had met, she told herself; she liked him tremendously even after this short acquaintance.

"Yes, I'll let you send me the dog," she told him, rising. "It's awfully kind of you to offer him to me."

"Not half kind enough. If you know how like a brute I feel you'd understand that it's you who are kind."

She walked down to the curb with him, averting her eyes from the lifeless little body of Mark which lay in the street.

"I'll take care of him, if you'll let me," Gardner offered. "Do let me. And aren't we going to see each other again soon. I'd like to bring that pup over to you."

"I'm staying with Madame Leland just now, as my husband is out of town," she answered. "Perhaps you'd better wait till Jim comes hom. We'd love to have you come over then."

"But perhaps we'll meet before then," he suggested. "Are you going to the Atwater's dinner this evening?"

"I really don't know; I'll have to look at my engagement book to find out," she confessed.

"I see—you're not enough interested in the social doings of our town to care what your engagements are," he laughed. "All right—here's hoping that you'll be there, and that if you are, I'll sit next to you. Good-bye for just now—and do please forgive me for the sorrow I've caused you, if you can."

"There's nothing to forgive," she assured him, and stood there for an instant as he got into his car and drove away, the warm, firm pressure of his hand still making hers tingle.

She turned then and walked back to the house, thinking about him. He had impressed her more favorably than anyone else she had met since coming to her new home as Jim's bride. She went straight to her sitting-room and looked at her engagement book. Yes—the Atwaters' dinner dance was down for that night.

She hummed softly to herself as she went to the closet to select the frock that she would wear.

Tomorrow—Worse Than Ever!

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:—The dog poisoning cases here in West Salem have brought out the report that other dogs have also been poisoned. This writes does not poison dogs and whoever gets in this kind of work he, of course, does not know. Certain it is there are about a score or more of worthless curs whose owners allow them the run of the town. These dogs are, to say the least, a common nuisance and it need not be thought strange if some of them become eliminated. I know of but two whose owners keep the chained. At least two of these loose dogs will bite if not guarded against. About two years ago one of the biting k'nd ended his mortal life by being shot and what a roar the owner did make. There is many a dogomaniac, they put a fictitious value on a worthless cur like neighbor Aschenbrenner, who values his poisoned ones at $500 each—the value of six or seven good milch cows! Now that is all silly enough but it marks the dogomaniac. A few days ago in conversatin with a man living here, he stated that any man who would kill a dog belonging to him would sure suffer the same fate, thus making the life of a human being of no more value than that of a dog. Now let such a man be on a jury considering a dog-killing case and what could one expect? And on about every jury most of the members are apt to be daft on dogs.

B.

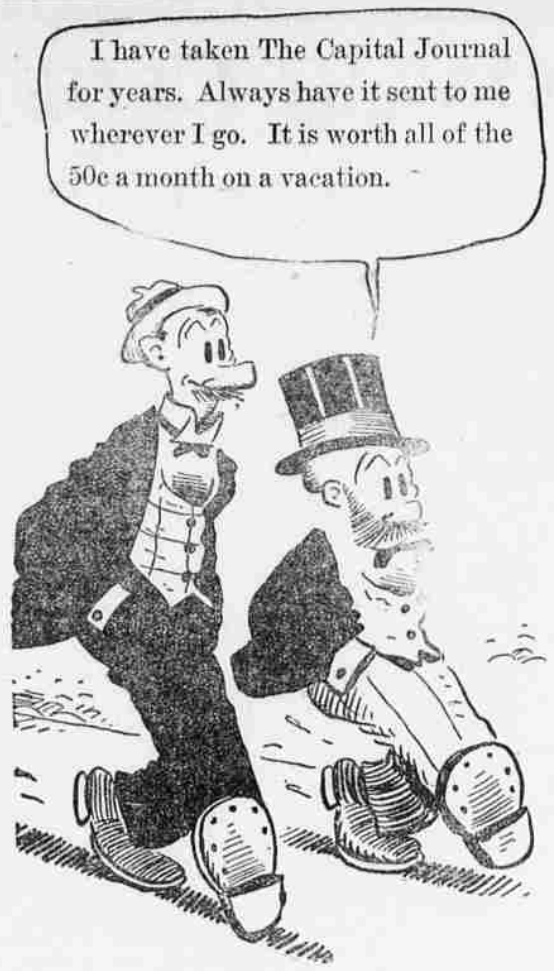
West Salem, Or., July 7.

To the Editor:—I just want to say "amen" to your editorial of today, "Defense Day Bunk," and commend you for being an editor who has the backbone to print what he thinks.

JOS H. ALBERT.

Salem, Or., July 3.

Gwilliam Brothers Bakery company, Baker; incorporators, F. S. Gwilliam, Elwood S. Gwilliam, George S. Gwilliam, J. H. Gwilliam; capital, $5000.



BILYEU QUITS AS COUNCILMAN

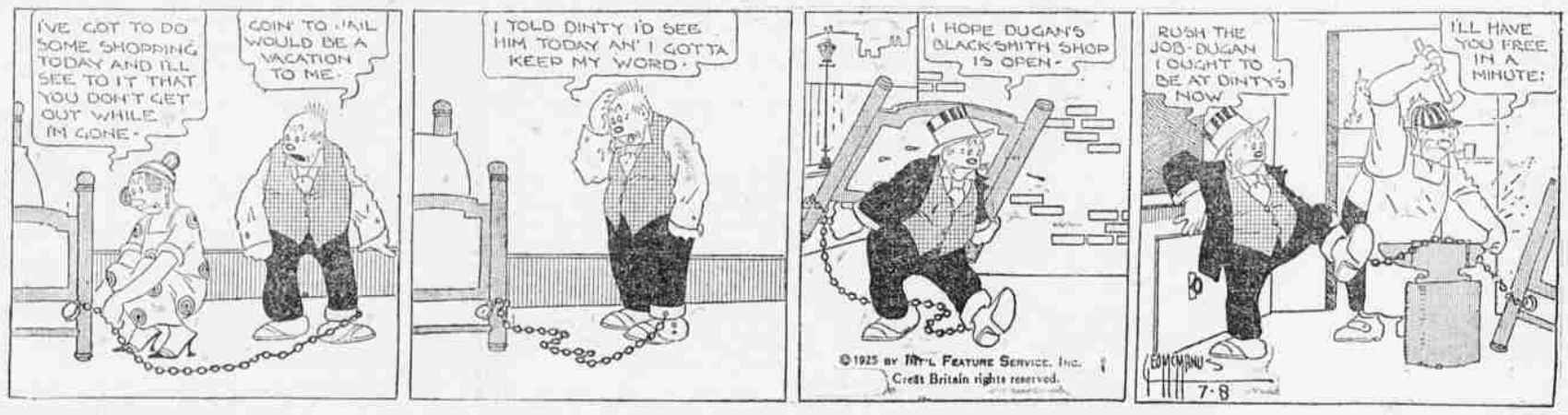
Dallas, July 8—C. N. Bilyeu, senior councilman of the third ward, tendered his resignation at the regular meeting of the council Monday night. The resignation was accepted and Dr. A. B. Starbuck was elected by the council to fill the vacancy. The nomination was made by Leif Finseth, the remaining third ward councilman, and election was by unanimous vote.

Mr. Bilyeu was chairman of the fire and water committee. He resigned chiefly because of the demands made upon his time by the duties of councilman. He had been interested in the city improvement program which has now practically been completed. There is some question as to whether Dr. Starbuck can accept the office as he is already a member of the school board.

GRAIN FIRE DESTROYS BIG STAND NEAR TURNER

Turner, Or., July 8.—Fire presumably caused from a tractor destroyed several acres of standing grain and some bundles lying on the ground. A call was sent to Turner for men by a wood truck. The citizens responded and soon had the blaze under control. The grain belonged to Peter Peterson, who was cutting in the field with a tractor at the time. The quick response to the call for help enabled him to save considerable of the grain.

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG — Arranging the Details — By Billy de Beck

KRAZY KAT — The Mystery Is Solved — By Herriman

MUTT AND JEFF — They Start the Week in Salt Lake City, and Casper, Wyoming — By Bud Fisher