

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
at 126 S. Commercial Street. Telephone 51; News 52
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.

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

The Referendum

The Oregonian, which is dry only editorially, opposes the proposed referendum upon a modification of the Volstead act to permit making light wines and beer, as follows:

Prohibition was adopted as a national policy, by constitutional amendment, by the vote of the legislatures of all the states, except one or two.

Not a single state has reconsidered its action—not one. Why not? Because the majority, and not the minority, controls.

That is not all. The majority means business. The minority does not know what it means, nor what to do, though it knows what it wants.

Prohibition was enacted by the votes of congressmen and legislators who, under coercion of an organized minority captained by the Anti-Saloon League, which is financed by Rockefeller and the Steel trust, voted dry and remained wet. These same congressmen, none of whom have ever taken the oath of abstinence and who drink as regularly and as often as editors of dry papers, enacted the fanatical and absurd Volstead act over President Wilson's veto and thus made us a nation of hypocrites and law-breakers.

If the majority favors the Volstead act, as the Oregonian asserts, the referendum election would settle it. But there is nothing to indicate that the majority does favor it, for the Volstead act has failed to accomplish its purpose. Instead of emptying jails, it has filled them. Instead of abolishing crime, it has produced crime waves. Instead of making for temperance, it has increased intoxication and alcoholism. If the people are tired of it, they have a right to say so.

Sumptuary and coercive laws like those now on the statute books, defeat themselves and gradually are either repealed or remain as dead-letters. All the laws imaginable will never advance us one inch towards uniformity or standardize our appetites or beliefs. As Thomas Jefferson said: "What has been the effect of coercion? To make one half the world fools and the other half hypocrites."

Big News

The farce opening today at Dayton, Tennessee where dogma is attempting to utilize the machinery of the law to protect itself against scientific research, will have unlimited first page space in the newspapers, not because it is of great moment, except to demonstrate how limited this enlightened nation is, but because its triviality constitutes its appeal. It is much ado about nothing.

Every year we seem to be growing flightier and to demand more in the way of sensation and less in way of intellect. The great news stories are no longer those of historic events. They are those of unimportant and trifling occurrences. The calamity gets a tenth of the space devoted to the experience of a nobody.

The stories that have received the space this year, all over the nation, were those of a man imprisoned by a slide in a cave, of a dog team's race over Alaskan snow-fields with serum, of a futile flight over the Arctic polar-cap and of this medieval Tennessee procedure.

Meanwhile such events as a Mohammedan uprising that threatens to oust Europe from Africa, a Chinese revolution against foreign aggression, quakes that crumble cities of two continents, scarcely receive honorable mention, and would be crowded out altogether by a Loeb and Frank trial or a Patty Arbuckle case.

One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dure

The Atwaters' Dinner Party
Back in her own home again, Cynthia wandered about aimlessly. She was far too angry at her mother-in-law to sit down and be quiet. Over and over she told herself that Madame Leland had had no right to be so unjust. It was unreasonable to suppose that a new comer in the family, like Cynthia, would know just what matters were to be told the rest of the family and which ones were not.

"How could I know that Louella and Stanley weren't to know that she'd made those bad investments, she's always telling me how wonderful Louella is—how could I expect that she didn't tell her everything?" Cynthia demanded of herself. If only Jim were home! If only he hadn't gone away, or had taken her with him, she wouldn't have told Stanley that Madame Leland had made the investments. She went over and over the ground quite uselessly.

She dreamed with care for the Atwaters' dinner that evening, although she would not admit even to herself that she was doing it because Noel Gardner was to be there. It didn't seem exactly right that when she had been married so short a time she should take as keen an interest in a man other than her husband.

And yet he had been so nice! And the other men whom she had met in this town had been so uninteresting! Her frock was one of her prettiest ones, a pale blue chiffon embroidered in crystal beads, made to emphasize a new silhouette that had only recently been approved by the Parisian designers. It clung to her slender form almost as tightly as a Princess model, and although rather extreme, was so well suited to her demure beauty that it escaped being too daring in effect.

Resolutely she got out the make up box that she had ignored since her marriage, because Jim didn't like it. She had assured him that she used make-up because she loved to put it on, but he had frowned and told her that as long as she didn't need it, he considered her use of rouge and mascara nothing short of utter folly.

She applied it carefully now. Just a bit of rouge on her cheeks, blue powder on her eyelids, mascara for her eyebrows but none for her brows, because they were dark enough and it made them look stiff and hard. A touch of rouge on her lips, not enough to deepen their pale pink tint, but just enough to outline them more definitely. A suggestion of blue powder in the tiny crease in her chin; pale tan powder over all, softening, blending, making it all look natural.

She slipped into her frock, lit Franconia and lit and clasp the few fastenings; gathered up her blue velvet evening cloak and folded it at the chinchilla collar about her throat. Ten minutes afterwards she was entering the Atwaters' drawing room, but a few moments later than anyone else, realizing that Noel Gardner's quizzical eyes were studying her, that half the men in the room, in fact, were regarding her with unalloyed approval.

Her brother-in-law took her into dinner, but Noel Gardner sat on her left, and monopolized her through the first two courses with out regard for Stanley's protests. At last he turned reluctantly to his dinner partner, and Stanley claimed Cynthia's attention.

"You're neglecting me shamefully," he murmured.
"Of course I am; you deserve to be neglected," she told him haughtily.
"You got me into the most dreadful trouble, you should have told me last night that Madame Leland doesn't discuss her business affairs with any of the family but Jim."

"I supposed you knew that; when you mentioned the investment she made while you and he were honeymooning I took it for granted that she was willing to let the rest of us know about it."
"Well, she wasn't," she smiled out defiantly. "This afternoon, and I refused to stay with her till Jim comes back, and went home. I'm furious with you, Stanley!"
"Oh, I'm so sorry, child!" He laid one hand lightly on hers for an instant. "I wouldn't have got you into trouble with the duchess

for anything. I merely mentioned what you'd said to Louella when we got home—"
"Yes, and of course she went straight to her mother. It was terrible! I don't know what Jim will say to me. What was the atack she bought, anyway?"
"Oh, she bought some shares in a new real estate development that's being backed by several men here in town, including your friend Noel Gardner, who's sitting next you. Then the bottom fell out of the whole thing, as it was bound to, and she got caught; will lose a pretty piece of money on the whole thing. I'd have told her not to take 'em if she'd consulted me in the first place, but she thinks nobody but Jim knows anything," he concluded moodily.

Noel Gardner—and he'd been so kind!
"Maybe he could help me," Cynthia thought to herself. "Maybe he'd buy back those shares from her, and let me buy them from him. I'll ask him if I can't see him tomorrow at his office about it."
And she turned to Gardner with an eager little smile, Louella, from her place across the table, noted it, and drew her eyebrows together disapprovingly.

Tomorrow—A New Acquaintance
MHI City, Or., July 10.—The cook house of the Sullivan Logging company, located about a mile north of MHI City was totally destroyed by fire Wednesday morning. The house contained a quantity of groceries and supplies, all of which burned. The fire is thought to have started from a spark from the cook stove.

French Ratify Pact
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BRINGING UP FATHER



Missing Salem Girl Killed By Husband of Week In California

Details of the death of Pearl Hill, well known 18-year-old Salem girl, following her mysterious disappearance from her home here three weeks ago, became known today. The girl, who graduated from Salem high school less than a month ago, was married to a Filipino named Villafranca last week, and was shot by him last Tuesday in San Diego. The man died a few minutes after her death, turning the gun on himself. No hint of any impending tragedy, or word that the girl had been married, reached the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hill of 2173 Broadway, until after the shooting had occurred.

From the beginning of her trip to San Diego three weeks ago, the girl's career is charged with mystery. The parents did not know where she was until they received a letter from her, written on her way to San Diego and assuring them that she was safe and urging the parents not to worry about her.

Previous to receiving the letter Mr. and Mrs. Hill believed their daughter to have gone to Portland to visit a married sister. At the time she left home she went with the avowed intention of visiting a friend in the city and was expected back within a few hours after she went away.

The parents had received several letters from the girl while she was in San Diego, each one assuring them that she was in good circumstances and urging them not to worry about her. By a coincidence the parents yesterday received a letter from her which arrived a few hours after the telegram announcing her death. Yesterday's letter, which must have been written shortly before the tragedy occurred, said nothing of any trouble or that she had been married for approximately a week.

Practically nothing is definitely known of the girl's circumstances since leaving home, beyond the fact that she is stated to have made the trip south in company with a girl friend, Miss Hill was 18 years at the time. She had lived in Salem virtually all her life. She belonged to the Sunday school of the First Christian church.

The reports reaching here indicate that she had left her husband and that the shooting followed an unsuccessful attempt on his part to effect a reconciliation.

SCIENTIFIC TESTIMONY IS ATTACKED

(Continued from Page One)
The Tennessee law against the teaching of evolution in the public schools was placed in the hands of a 12-man jury for the second time here today. When court convened for the trial of the 24 year old school teacher, Attorney General A. T. Stewart asked that the grand jury be summoned.

Judge Raulston informed the grand jury that some question had arisen as to the legality of the indictment against Scopes and the case would be given grand jury consideration again. The point at issue was the contention that 30 days

had not elapsed after the call for the special session of the grand jury and the meeting of the body. A last minute change in counsel for the defense was indicated by the failure of John L. Godsey, Dayton attorney, to appear with the other lawyers in court after his absence from a conference of defense attorneys last night had been regarded as significant.

Bryan Is Cheered
During the first two hours of today's court session one outburst of cheering came from the hundreds of spectators crowded into the courtroom. It marked the arrival of William Jennings Bryan to begin his work in connection with the prosecution of Scopes.

Several school boys, former students of Scopes, were called before the grand jury to testify. They were followed by the presentation as evidence of Hunter's biology textbook used by the defendant, and the testimony of Walter White, superintendent of the Rhea county schools and prosecutor of the case.

With a prayer by the Rev. William M. Cartwright, pastor of the Dayton Methodist Episcopal church South, the special term of Rhea county circuit court was convened here at 9:10 o'clock for the trial of Scopes.

After the prayer by Mr. Cartwright, Judge John T. Raulston rapped for "order in the court" at 9:14. Sheriff R. B. Harris announced that court was duly in session.

Pose For Pictures
Activities of the court were held up for a few minutes while counsel for both sides posed with the judge on the stand. A dozen photographs were made. Clarence Barron was in his shirt sleeves. The others were in coats. Judge Raulston posed holding his gavel aloft.

The judge instructed the sheriff to seat all spectators and permit others to stand against the walls. "Mr. Attorney General, I am calling the case of the state of Tennessee against John Thomas

Scopes," announced Judge Raulston. The attorney general asked that the grand jury be drawn and at the meantime counsel from outside the state were introduced to the court and welcomed in the courts of Tennessee by Judge Raulston. The judge assured them that they would be accorded all privileges by resident lawyers.

Court Asks Order
The calling of the names of grand jurors proceeded with frequent suggestions of "lets have order" from Judge Raulston.

The judge broke his eyeglasses and was forced to leave the bench to get Mrs. Raulston's assistance in repairing the damage. The operation was successful.

When the grand jury box was filled, the judge asked if any were so situated at home that they could not serve on the jury, the judge suggesting that not more than two hours would be necessary. Attorney General Stewart amended this by a suggestion that 15 minutes would be sufficient time. At this assurance one reluctant grand juror withdrew his objection to serving. Judge Raulston administered the formal oath.

Proceeding to charge the grand jury, Judge Raulston said that some question had arisen as to the legality of the previous meeting of a special grand jury and he decided to reconvene the grand jury and charge its members again. The judge announced that he would use substantially the same charge he used at the previous meeting of the grand jury. He read the act of the general assembly prohibiting the teaching of evolution, and then read the first chapter of Genesis as he did at the meeting of the grand jury May 25.

Jury Instructed
The withdrawal of John L. Godsey, local member of the defense counsel from the case was indicated as the array of defense attorneys filed into the courtroom and he was absent. Mr. Godsey did not attend the conference of defense counsel last night.

After he had read from the Bible, the judge pointed out to the grand jury that if it was found that the law had been violated, it was the duty of the jury to indicate the guilty person or persons. He added that the question of the wisdom of the law did not enter into the equation so far as consideration by the body was concerned. He said that although a misdemeanor it might be considered a "high" misdemeanor. He dwelt at some length on the possibility of harm resulting in a disregard of the limitations of responsibility in the school room.

The grand jury retired to consider the case submitted by the state and a recess of one hour was ordered.

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WIFE WILL TAKE COMEDIAN BACK

New York, July 10.—(A. P.)—The New York American says today that Frank Tinney, black face comedian, who recently fled to London from his forgiving wife after an episode with Imogene Wilson former Follies girl, is homesick, arks and ready to come back, and that his wife will take him back.

"Why shouldn't I take him back—my Peck's bad boy?" she is quoted as saying. "There are worse men than Frank. It takes more than liquor to ruin him. He's been punished."

Imogene broke into print when Tinney was arrested for hitting on the jaw the girl that Florenz Siegfried glorified. The grand jury failed to indict the comedian. To the surprise of all he fled to London. Imogene fled after him.

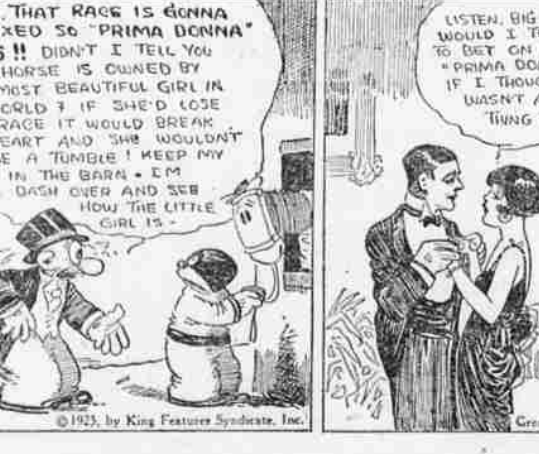
Now the paper says, Tinney has lost Imogene.

By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG



Barney Has More Than One Race to Win



By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT



A Study in Avoirdupois



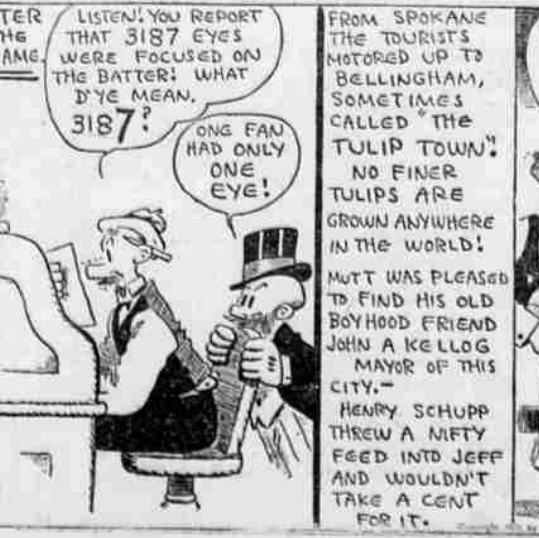
By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF



The Boys Enjoy Themselves in Spokane and Bellingham, Wash., Today.



By Bud Fisher

