

Capital Journal

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

Conviction Probable

Dayton, Tennessee, scene of the Scopes trial, we are told in dispatches, spent an hectic Sunday "girding itself for the war against evolution and liberalism" which starts in earnest today. Inflamed by fiery sermons by William J. Bryan, preparations are underway to "make short work of the 'heretics' in the court proceedings."

All of which indicates that the conviction of Scopes is a certainty, for in such a community, any other outcome is improbable if not impossible. Dayton has a dozen churches, a good many for a small town, and is apparently on intimate terms with the Lord, and as customary with finite minds, the Tennesseans have managed to recreate Him in their own image.

Writing in the Nation from Dayton, Howard K. Hollister relates a conversation with the secretary of the Progressive Dayton club and some of his associates, which throws an interesting side-light on the situation:

"This trial is going to be about the idea of God," I ventured. "Well, there's plenty 'round here that know all about God," said the club secretary. "There's a farmer out here about six miles; he saw God." This provoked a general laugh. "But that ain't the only one," went on another member. "We had a preacher here in the Southern Methodist Church that signed a contract with God. He met God in the street one night, and God told him He wanted him to come and serve Him the rest of his life. But he wouldn't do it, 'cause he said the spirit was willing enough but the flesh was too weak. So he wrestled with God for an hour or so and then signed a contract to serve Him for seven years and no more. That preacher baptized more people than any other preacher in Dayton, more than all the others put together, I guess. Once he baptized seventy-five at a crack."

Tried by a jury of these converts, what chance has Scopes? As in medieval Europe, scientific truth is to be determined by ecclesiastical dogma. The right of legislature and court to define truth and to limit the acquisition of facts, will be legally established—in Tennessee.

Newspapers and Newspapers

The Portland Journal protests the Capital Journal's assertion that the small newspapers ethically have all the advantage over the metropolitan press because they are conducted by their owners and therefore freer to express their honest convictions than the commercialized city press run by hired men whose jobs depend on dividends they pile up for stockholders. It quotes the words of its founder to prove that the Portland Journal works fearlessly for the public interest:

If a time ever comes when The Journal cannot be free, fearless and independent, I will throw it into the river. Pay no attention to boycotters—don't budge an inch. Print the same thing again, if you want to, and let them stop the paper and quit their advertising. We'll run this paper for the common good if we have but one subscriber.

While an owner of a big or little paper could throw it into the river if he desired, no hired man whom the owners employ to operate it, would dare do it, in support of any principle. Their jobs depend upon their ability to safeguard, promote and advance the properties and their remuneration depends upon it.

So, when a crisis arises, and boycotts threaten, we have big city newspapers like the Journal and the Oregonian soft peddling and silent. That is why both never editorially discovered the Ku Klux Klan and grafting secret political societies. That is why neither had the courage to conduct a campaign against the Oregon school bill. That is why neither takes a stand in the battle of Truth vs. Tennessee.

The Capital Journal repeats its assertion that—

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.

And points to the record of the Portland papers as proof of its truth.

The conduct of Salem's fire department in fighting the most dangerous as well as most spectacular fire in the city's history last night, when the Cherry City mill was destroyed, is deserving of high praise. Only their prompt and efficient action kept the fire within its original bounds and prevented a widespread conflagration. Salem is fortunate to have as capable a force and more men and equipment should be supplied with the city's growth as insurance against fire loss.

One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

CYNTHIA'S PLAN
Louella and her husband looked on driving Cynthia home, although she would have preferred going in her own car, which had been ordered to call for her. Louella urged that she telephone her chauffeur that he need not come back.

"In fact, you might just as well ditch him, now that Jim is away," she told Cynthia.

"That Jim's to be back quite soon; it would be absurd to discharge Chester and then have to look for another chauffeur at once," Cynthia protested.

"Oh, but Jim's to be away for some time," Louella answered. "I was talking with mother just before I left her this evening, and she'd had a letter from him. We won't be back for several months she says; he's gone on the coast, and may go to Honolulu before he returns."

"Really?" Cynthia's face fell. "How would she get along without Jim all that time?" In that case, he'd probably written me soon—he'd want me to join him," she said, hardly realizing that she was speaking aloud.

Louella looked at her doubtfully.

"Well, perhaps, though it would hardly seem likely to me," she replied.

Cynthia's face flushed but she said nothing. Why hadn't Jim written her as promptly as he had written his mother. For a moment she was very angry. Then another thought came—probably he had planned to send her a telegram that night, or perhaps he'd call her on the long distance. "I must hurry home," she exclaimed, when she thought of that. "I'm sure Jim will call me tonight on the phone."

"If he does he's more extravagant than he used to be," her sister-in-law commented sharply.

During the drive home Louella was very quiet; it was a disappointing silence, and Cynthia made no effort to break it. Why should her husband's people be so hostile, she asked herself. It seemed impossible to please them. Well, she'd stop trying, if they continued to be so disagreeable.

Stanley escorted her up to the steps to her front door, and waited there with her until it was opened.

"Guess you and I got in wrong tonight," she confided gloomily. "Louella gave me the device when I saw her for a few moments alone, and she'll go on with it when we get home. Think I was too attentive to you at dinner—when it was all I could do to tear your attention away from Noel

"You'd better not have anything to do with me if you want to keep peace in the family; everything I do is wrong," Cynthia retorted. She was tired and unhappy, writhed at the prospect of having Jim away for so long.

"Oh, well, it's just the old question of adapting yourself to new people and surroundings," he told her. "It was hard for me at first, too. As soon as you learn their ways and settle into them you'll be all right."

Cynthia nodded, glad to get rid of him and go into the house alone. It seemed very gloomy and lonesome, but at least she could be alone. She undressed, and sat reading in her little sitting-room, near the telephone, for the next two hours, sure that Jim would call her. But at last, exhausted, she went to bed. Jim evidently hadn't thought it worth the money to call her.

She was at Gardner's office promptly at eleven the next morning, and explained that she understood that he was interested in the stock that Madame Leland had bought, and lost money on, and that she wanted him to buy it back from Madame Leland and then sell it to her.

"You see, she and I have had some difficulty about—well, about other things," she told him. "And I feel that if I could do this it would make matters easier for both of us."

He studied her quietly for a moment. Then he nodded decisively and reached for some papers that were in a drawer of his desk.

"All right; I'll do it," he told her. "As a matter of fact, that stock that Madame Leland bought is very low just now, and of course if she doesn't wish to keep it until it goes up she's at liberty to sell. It's true that I'm heavily interested in it, but I'd have chosen while I was away, and—oh, I won't explain, but I'll buy the stock back from her, and arrange later to sell it to you."

"At the price she paid for it," Cynthia inhaled.

"Yes, at that same price. Now, tell me—can't we have luncheon together?" Cynthia smiled as she shook her head.

"Sorry, but I'm lurching out at the country club with Mrs. Malcolm; we're going to play golf afterwards."

He looked up with interest.

"That's a good way to spend the afternoon—congratulations. Now, I'll phone you later about this matter, and we can settle the details then."

Cynthia drove out to the country club with her thoughts in a turmoil. Her father had left her very well provided for, but if she was to buy this stock she would have to sell some of the securities that he had left her. It would take all the money that she could put her hands on, awaiting up her income for some months to come.

"I don't care if it takes every cent I've got," she decided as she reached the club. "I'll do it."

Her luncheon with Geoff Malcolm was a long round of gossip, and she was glad to leave the table and go out to the veranda. The first person she saw there was Noel Gardner, in golfing clothes. He hurried forward eagerly. "Mind if I join you?" he asked.

"Tomorrow—A Strange Situation."

Missionary History Among Pima Indians Sketched By Dr. Lay

The history of the Christian missionary movement among the Pima Indians of Southern Arizona was recounted yesterday by Dr. Dirk Lay, Presbyterian missionary among the Pimas, who has spent years in their midst. Dr. Lay spoke at the regular Sunday morning service of the First Presbyterian church yesterday.

He told of incidents connected with warfare along the Mexican border, comparing conditions among the non-Christian Indians with those who have been converted. The tale of one particular episode stood out, that of a raid made by a band of Mexican Indians on a group of white men. The men were summarily shot during the process of the raid, one man, a father, living long enough to see his 12 year old boy jerked from the ground where he was lying, railed at with a series of questions, and shot through the body when he hesitated to answer.

"The Pimas, where we live, were originally just that kind of Indians," said Dr. Lay. "Yet now I never have any apprehension what ever in leaving my wife and family there among them and leaving them for long periods of time." He declared that the influence of the Christian missionary had made the difference.

Dr. Lay told of the work of Dr. Cook, veteran of the Civil War, and the first missionary in southern Arizona. Dr. Lay and Dr. Cook were closely associated for many years. Dr. Cook came to Arizona from Chicago without financial backing from anyone, even selling his rifle at one place on the journey to pay his traveling expenses.

He was captured by Indians and would have been killed except for the fact that he was unarmed.

The speaker told the story of "Horse" Williams, one of the first converts among the Pimas, relating the story from what Williams himself had told him. The Indian had been expected by his tribe to be a great chief, having passed with honor the tests given to young Indian men in those days. He had stood on a hill of black units for several hours, naked in the hot Arizona sun, and gradually progressed up to the point where he hoisted the final examination, that of plunging, naked, into a hive of bees. He passed all his tests without emitting a sound. He later joined the white man's church, however, was looked down upon by his fellow Indians, lost most of his family through disease, but remained firm to his faith. He even lost his wife, who had been the principal cause of his conversion.

The Presbyterian church among the Indians of Arizona today is the largest in membership of its kind in the world, Dr. Lay stated, without excepting any other denomination.

"You and I owe a great big debt to these original Americans," he declared. "We can't give them back their country, but we can give them the gospel."

There are at the present time 60,000 Yaqui Indians along the Mexican border without a single missionary among them, he said, stating that there will never be "peace along that border until you're willing to send missionaries."

"In this day of misunderstanding and imperfect interpretation of the scriptures we need to stand on the mount of vision and behold the eternal verities of God." Rev. Fred C. Taylor, pastor of the First Methodist church of Salem, told his congregation at the regular service Sunday morning.

He made reference to the mountains of which the Bible relates. "The mountains were centers of worship and prayer, the places of vision and blessing," he said. "On Mount Sinai God revealed himself to Moses and wrote on tablets of stone the decalogue for the moral and civil government of the world. Mount Moriah was where Abraham worshipped and Solomon built his temple. Mount Carmel was where Elijah built his altar and received his great victory in prayer. Mount Hermon was the place of the transfiguration of Jesus when the disciples heard the voice from Heaven saying, 'This is my son, hear ye him.'"

"Our mountains should meet in its reverence and worship and purity."

"The mount of Calvary brings to us the thought of sacrifice, for on its skull shaped summit a cross was hung on which the Savior of men gave his life for all. The mount of olives reveals to us the ascending Lord, caught from view in a cloud, but promised to return."

"The mountains of Palestine stand out in the Bible as the symbols of the magnitude, the sublimity, the permanence and the eternity of Jehovah. The great characters of Hebrew history are associated with the mountains."

"On God's mountains we meet God, hear His voice; renew our faith; pledge our devotion; and receive our power to live and labor in the valley below."

Rev. Mr. Taylor took for his text the message, "Get thee up into the high mountain, for ye shall serve God in this mountain."

Morton Milling company, Medford, to sell stock in the sum of \$9999.

MUTT AND JEFF SEE CITY VISIT PIERCE MADE CHERRIANS
(Continued from Page One.)

we came hurtling down through the blue mountains, and he simply laughed it off. "Those darned calves have caused me a lot of trouble anyway" was the only kick the governor made when we told him what we had done.

The balance of the day was put in by the two visitors going over the state institutions, taking dinner with Dr. R. B. Lee Steiner at the state hospital, and spending half an hour at the golf links.

Just before leaving, Mutt and Jeff pulled one of their daily jokes.

They were standing on the corner by the "Unit" States National bank, talking to Dave Eyre, Fred Lampert, Iain Smith, George Walters and a few more of the boys.

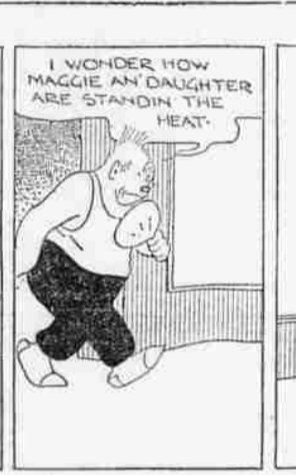
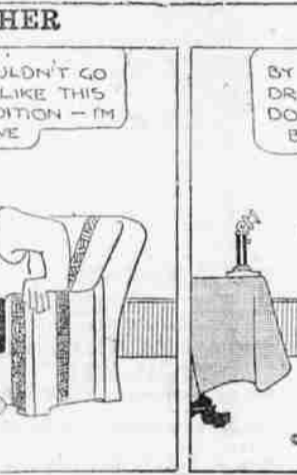
"You see that lady over there," said Jeff to Mutt, suddenly pointing to a woman across the street. "Aw, go on," answered Mutt, "that ain't no lady, that's my wife." And the two roared for their flivver, the last seen of them being a cloud of dust going toward Eugene.

"Same guy," remarked King Bing Perry, as he returned to the drug store and put up a deferred prescription for paragonic. "By George, it was worth it."

\$400 SCHOLARSHIP IS OFFERED AT SHOW
Indianapolis, Ind.—A scholarship valued at \$400 will be among the prizes awarded in the students' national contest in judging cattle at the National Dairy exposition to be held here in October. Offered by the Holstein-Friesian association and the American Jersey Cattle club, it will go to the individual making the highest score in judging Holsteins and Jerseys.

In all there will be 29 awards, which include prizes for teams judging various classes and for individuals making the highest marks in judging of all classes.

BRINGING UP FATHER



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BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Waiting Is Soft For Barney

By Billy de Beck



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KRAZY KAT

By Herriman



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MUTT AND JEFF

They Visit Gov. Pierce's Stock Farm in Oregon and Gaze at Some White Faced Calves.

By Bud Fisher



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