Capital Journal

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

A Game Shake-Up

Appointment of Will L. Finley, naturalist and biologist, as state game commissioner, is one of the best that Governor Pierce has made. It insures that game affairs will at last be taken out of politics and the game work of the state be devoted to protection and propagation of wild life instead of remaining a political football. That is, it will be if the governor gives a free hand. If not, we can expect Mr. Finley to go the way of Hugh Mitchell.

What puzzles everyone is how the appointment came to be made, for as Mr. Finley not only knows something about wild-life, but knows probably more than anyone in the state, under all the rules that govern the political game, he is completely disqualified for the office. It will be a strange thing to have anyone connected with the game commission who knows anything about the subject.

* * * *

The game commission was first organized under Governor West. Internal rows caused a reorganization shortly after him. After Withycomb's election, it was reorganized as a republican adjunct. Then the commercial fishermen's war with the sportsmen caused two reorganizations under Olcott, first a new joint board named by the legislature, then seperate boards named by the governor. Then after the world war it was rorganized as a Ku Klux Klan adjunct and has continued so since. It is high time to reorganize it again in the interest of our game resources.

Discontent with game management centers in the fact that the more money the commission takes in, the smaller the results. Although the warden annually reports hundreds of millions of trout fry hatched, held and liberated, none of the streams show any increase—in fact the extermination of trout proceeds as rapidly as ever. The truth of the matter is that hatchery operations have been faulty and results greatly inflated. It is a scientific problem conducted unscientifically. The policing feature has been largely a matter of favoritism.

* * * *

It will, of course, help to have game affairs efficiently and scientifically conducted, but we can never restock our streams as long as the present fool laws are on the statute books. They must be replaced by those necessitated by nature. We open our angling season in the midst of the spawning season, simply because this is what is done in eastern states where the only trout is the eastern brook that spawns in the fall instead of spring, just as we follow eastern example and roof bridges for snow altho we have none. As long as we tolerate the taking of ripe gravid and spent trout and refuse to give nature a chance, all the hatcheries in the world cannot replenish our streams.

However all of those who are generally interested in wild-life apart from the mere desire for slaughter will welcome an intelligent administration of game matters.

One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

A STRANGE SITUATION

For a moment Cynthia did not know quite what to do as she faced Noel Gardner on the country club porch. Certainly it would be pleasant to play golf with him, and after his kindness of the morning, in saying that he would buy back from her mother-in-law the stock which Madame Leland was so upset about, Cynthia felt that she could hardly refuse to let him join her and Cecile Malcolm in their game.

And yet she hesitated. Cecile had said quite frankly that she had known him well before he went abroad, but that she didn't know just how good friends they were now that he had returned. Perhaps Cecile wouldn't want to play with him. Perhaps she'd prefer to see him alone before she associated with him publicly. The dinner party of the evening before had not thrown them together enough to create any difficulty.

"I don't know—I'm waiting for Cecile," Cynthia told him, nervously.

"And you don't know whether she'll want me or not?" he asked with a smile. "I can answer for her, I think; I'm sure she won't object. But here she is now, if you'd rather put it up to her."

Cecile ran down the veranda, followed by a caddy with her clubs. She held out her hand to Noel eagerly.

"Noel—don't tel me that you're going to play with us!" she exclaimed with delight. Then to Cynthia: "Noel taught me how to play golf—as well as how to do many other things," with a sideways glance at him that was tinged with malice.

"And as in other things, you didn't need much teaching," he commented. "Shall we begin?"

Cynthia did not enjoy the game. There was another one being played by Cecile Malcolm and Gardner that she could not follow, a conversational game, filled with references to someone named "Helena," with little, malicious threats on Cecile's part, followed by what seemed almost like appeals to the man, who obviously was quite uninterested in her, and rather inclined to be annoyed at her persistent attempts to interest him.

Cynthia was glad when the game was over, Gardner drove back to town in his own car, and Cynthia went with Cecile, who sat moodily in a corner, hardly speaking. She did volunteer one bit of information, however.

"I suppose you've heard of Helena, Noel's wife?" she asked. "Oh, you haven't? Well, they were married two years ago, eloped on the eve of her wedding day—she was to have married another man. Her people simply raved, of course. They didn't like Noel; he'd never amounted to much, and the other man was one of the most influential in town. They were right about Helena and Noel — they couldn't get along at all, and last year she went to Paris with her father and mother, and later wrote Noel that she was going to get a divorce.

"He rushed over here, but couldn't make her change her mind. She divorced him, and now he's come back to try to brace up the business that he deserted when he hurried off after her. He's still in love with her, people say—oh, and they're right, too, I'm a fool!" she concluded abruptly, and turned to stare out of the window.

Cynthia was glad to leave Cecile when she arrived at home. She hurried into the house to see if there was any message from Jim. On the table in the hall was a letter, she tore it open, scanned its two pages hurriedly. He wrote to tell her what she had already heard from his mother, that he was going to be gone longer than he had expected, would probably go to Honolulu before he returned.

"It might not be a bad idea for you to close our house and stay with mother while I am away," he added. "The expense of keeping it open is considerable, and although I know that you find it hard to get along with mother, I'm sure that you will love her as I do when you know her better, and be glad that you took this opportunity to get really acquainted with her."

Cynthia's eyes blazed. She had thought that Jim would suggest that she join him on the Honolulu trip, or at least would regret that she wasn't going too. Instead he calmly planned for her to stay with his mother!

There was to be a dance at her sister-in-law's that evening. She ran upstairs to dress for it, but first unlocked a portfolio that lay on her desk and did some rapid figuring on a desk pad.

"I could just make it," she reflected. "That is, if that stock Noel Gardner is going to sell me doesn't cost too much. And Jim certainly can't object if I use my own money!"

She was glad to have the first dance with him.

"Tell me," she began breathlessly, "just how much will that stock cost?"

"Well—about ten thousand dollars."

"Then—then—" she thought for a moment. She could sell some of her bonds that her father had left her, and buy the stock. She could sell the rest, and carry out the plan she had made that afternoon.

"Do you know of any nice little apartments that are for rent?" she asked Gardner. "I must have one at once—just big enough for me and a maid."

"I certainly do!" he answered. c"I've been planning to rent on that I—well, that I used to be interested in. If you'll let me, I'll show it to you tomorrow morning. May I call for you at ten."

Tomorrow—A Decisive Step.

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: On last Sunday while peacefully traveling north on the Pacific highway between Roseburg and Eugene, keeping closely to the right hand side of the pavement and letting the speeding world go by, a traffic officer roared up from the rear and bawled out "Get that car off the pavement, there's a caravan coming." Not knowing what he meant we pulled off as ordered and in a moment a string of gaily decorated cars went whizzing by at a speed of easily 50 miles an hour. The drivers were tooting horns and the other occupants yelling at the stalled cars. Later in the day while approaching Salem and pulling slowly up a grade, another motorcycle wrizzed up and bawled out a similar order. At this point on the highway there was a sharp drop below the grade while the fill outside the pavement was not wide enough to hold a car. On my refusal to pull off the officer became abusive, not only ordering the car off the road but shouting "If you don't get off I'll shoot you full of holes." He also threatened arrest if his orders were not obeyed. In the meantime the car had been driven as far off the pavement as safety permitted and the caravan had sped by. The officer after some more threats of arrest for resisting an officer, and finding himself left behind struck out to catch his convoy.

Now Mr. Editor, what I would like to know is this. What right has a traffic guardian to compel a car traveling in the same direction to absolutely get off the highway to allow a caravan to break all the speed rules of the road. By what authority can the traffic officials permit the use of the highways in such a manner. It was Sunday, thousands of cars were out for the day, there was a continuous procession of tourists, vacationists, people on their way to church, and hundreds of cars were returning from the Christian Endeavor convention at Portland. There was no emergency for speed on such a day a caravan from a neighboring state is not only permitted to break every traffic rule but is actually convoyed by special state officers who compel travelers to give up their right of way, with added threats o farrest or being "shot full of holes." What are the highways for, Mr. Editor, and how can ordinary, peaceable car drivers be expected to obey the rules of the road when the officials in charge violate them in such a manner. Such flagrant disregard of law and justice, together with discourtesy and abuse is bound to have it effect on the public mind.

CITIZEN.

To the Editor: Say Mr. Editor can you tell me what has become of the agriculture commission that President Coolidge appointed first after his election? Are they in Europe looking after the interests of American farmers? or are they in Europe looking after the world peace treaty, as I have heard of them doing anything for the farmers yet of course I do not read all the papers part of the time neither do I read part of the newspapers all of the time, and they probily have done and said things that some farmers does not no and there is no doubt in my mind but they have done and said things that they do not want the farmers to know if you remember I said in one of my letters to your open forum just after the commission was appointed that I feared they would forget the farmers before spring and I hope I may die if I don't believe the simple statement has come true. it has bin said that Abraham Lincoln said they can fool all the people part of the time but they can't fool part of the people all the time of course he didn't mean the American farmers of 1925 for I believe they can and do fool part of us farmers all the time for if they don't get us on agriculture or horticulture line of industry they will catch us on some other. Well say one of wall streets represnatives you simple farmers can you keep cool? do you not know Coolidge is cool and has been cool for over two years, and do you not know wall street and the oil companies and the clansman elected Coolidge yes we no it and so far as I no the klansman made a sad sad mistake. Well by the way I have a brother living in Lewis Co. Wash. and he is 54 yrs. old and I understand he is a clansman I do not know he has been a democrat all his life and he cast his first republican presidential vote for Coolidge and by George Hary he has been just a little cool every since. Well says the representative do you simple farmers not no Coolidge knows the sad condition the eastern Oregon farmers is in he knows the eastern Oregon farmers is in he knows the eastern Oregon farmers payed $2.25 per bu to reseed their land last spring and he knows the wheat growers will do well if he gets $1.25 per bu for his $2.25 wheat Coolidge nowa when the farmers are expecting the change in grain prices Coolidge knows when the adjustment will be and that will be just about thrashing time and Coolidge is going to see the farmers is not fooled along that line this time.

E. B. MILLS
Aumsville, Ore.
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To the Editor:—I see by a news item in your paper that the county court has made an order attempting to establish the so-called Salem drainage district and I am asking space in the Open Forum to ask the promoters of said scheme, or the court that made the order, if any of them consider that it is anything but a crooked graft, to tell me how they think it would be possible to drain that district, if it needed draining, without any outlet for the water, since it is a physical fact that Church street, which is the western boundary of the proposed district, is more than one-third of a mile from the Willamette river. And a further physical fact, known not only to the promoters, but to the court as well, is that the electric light plant and the paper mill are both located on the Mill creek below and between the western boundary line of the proposed district and the river, either of which industries could compel the district to put all of the water back into the ditch, right where it is, before it leaves the district. And no one but an anarchist or communist would have the law so changed that they could not do so, for who would invest his money in the development of a power site, if after his plant has been installed, someone could tap the stream above him and leave his wheel high and dry, especially so when the owner of the plant is the owner of the entire length of the creek and has been for more than half a century.

I may write more later when I feel more like writing, but will close for the present, thanking you in advance for your courtesy.

D. CLIFFORD.
2470 Turner Road, Salem, Or., July 9, 1925.

To the Editor:—We in our family take and pay for The Capital Journal. We have done so for several years. We admire the open and fearless convictions as expressed in its editorials, though we do not always agree.

In the Wednesday issue it is stated that "the Copernican theory of the solar system" is "contrary to the teaching of the Bible." I do not so understand it, but that it is in accord with a statement in Isa. 40:22.

"It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth," etc. This must mean that the earth is circular (round) of that it moves in a circle or orbit or both. If these "fundamentalists" (?) back there had read their Bible they would not, perhaps, condemned Galileo and Copernicus.

The truth is the Bible was a prohibited book it was placed under a ban as some of the evolutionists would like to do. Going back to the verse referred to Isa. 40:22, the heavens are stretched out as a curtain and spread out as a tent to dwell in. Now that is no poetic imagry but a statement as to an appearance in nature. Go out upon the ocean or go anywhere, the view is not obstructed, and look around where sky and water or earth meet, the appearance is round. It doesn't look square. It is the appearance of the big round tent. The old prophet was not beind the times; it was not a mistake of Moses this time.

And the earth is not flat and the Bible does not say it is. Our great mountain chains prevent a flat earth.

If The Capital Journal will point to a statement anywhere in our English Bible, either the authorized version or the revisions, that the earth is flat, I will pay a year's subscription to begin next January.

B.

TRIO ON PROGRAM AT CHAUTAUQUA

Following a complete program this afternoon by the Charles Mitchell Mixer trio, given before a substantial crowd of people at the Chautauqua tent, the same trio will give a prelude as the first part of this evening's program.

Captain T. Dinsmore Upton is to give an address this evening as the main part of the program. His subject will be "The Prayer in the Shadow."

"The Mikado," presented last night before an audience that filled the tent to overflowing, with a number of special chairs brought in for the occasion and a ring of people standing at the edge of the tent, proved to be the greatest attraction that has yet been seen at the Chautauqua. The colorfully decorated stage, the costumes and the general presentation of the well known comic opera combined to make the number a success.

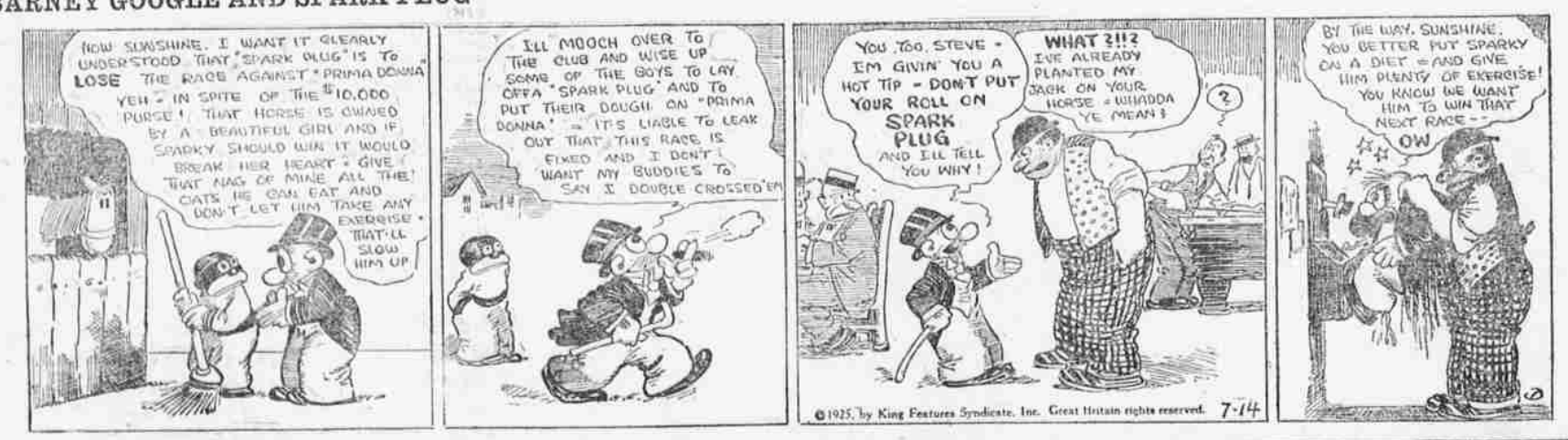
BEALS EXPECTED TO ABIDE BY DECISION

If Attorney General Van Winkle holds that A. G. Beals cannot legally hold office as a member of the state fish commission and at the same time hold office as state senator, it is understood that he will resign as senator. This was the opinion expressed here yesterday by Senator S. M. Garland of Lebanon, who also was appointed on the fish commission and whose status is the same as that of Beals, except that Garland has not yet taken office as commissioner. Garland indicated that he would prefer to sit in the senate than as a member of the fish commission.

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

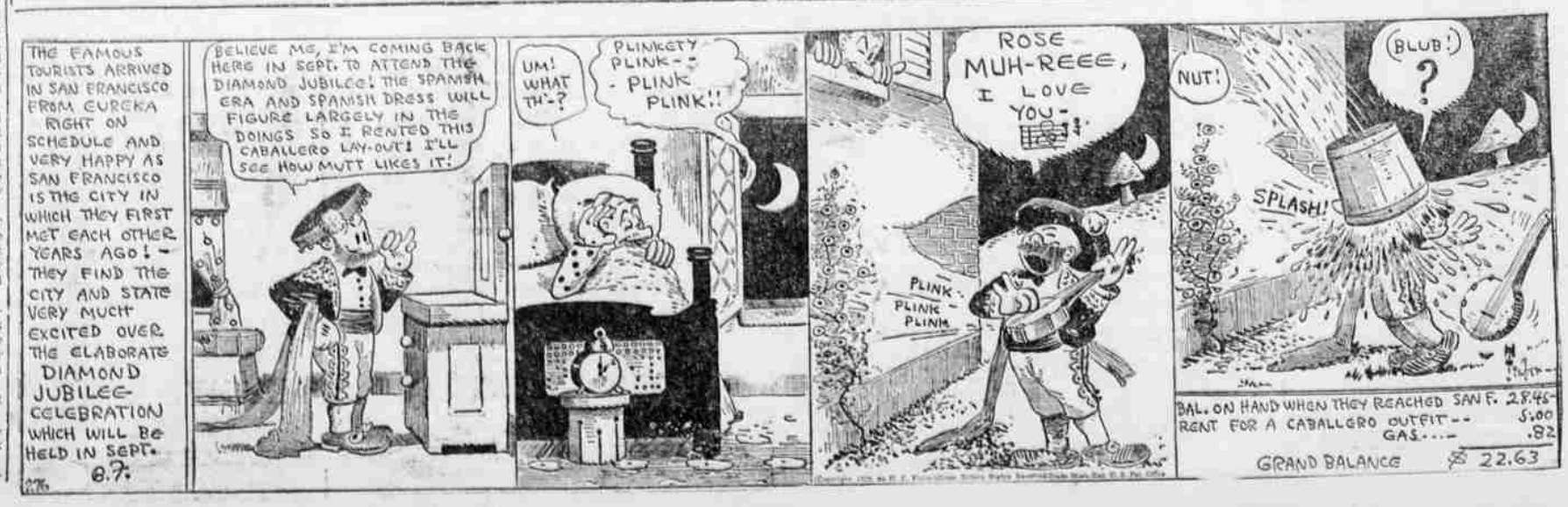
Barney's Mind Is Changed

BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG — By Billy de Beck



By Herriman

KRAZY KAT — By Herriman

They're in San Francisco and Extremely Happy About It.

MUTT AND JEFF — By Bud Fisher