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Bryan's New Crusade

"It is not often that a single state can make a whole continent ridiculous, or a single man set Europe asking whether America has ever really been civilized. But Tennessee and Mr. Bryan have brought off the double event," writes George Bernard Shaw, world famed dramatist, author and critic, commenting on the Scopes anti-evolution trial at Dayton, Tennessee.

However, there is shrewdness and method in Bryan's madness, for to regain his discredited political leadership, he has deliberately mixed religion with politics and is now engaged in playing the part of a modern Peter the Hermit to arouse popular passions and prejudices for a sectarian political crusade in behalf of Fundamentalism—at least no other inference can be drawn from his recent public addresses in Tennessee.

So Bryan appears as the defender of the faith, protector of Christianity and preserver of the bible, seeking to arouse a militant sectarian movement to establish by constitutional amendment or otherwise, Fundamentalism as the official national religion. With all his eloquence and power, he pictures the Scopes trial as the exposure of a Pagan plot to sap the foundation of Christianity and defend Tennessee against apocryphal attacks by heretics.

Success for any such effort to restore medievalism may seem impossible in this enlightened day and age, but recent developments prove that we are not so very enlightened after all. Bigotry and intolerance are latent in a large element of the population and it only requires systematic effort to fan the fires of fanaticism among the ignorant and prejudiced.

The Bryan crusade is no laughing matter. People thought national prohibition a joke, but the Anti-Saloon league mixed religion and politics and it became an actuality. And after all there isn't much difference between legislating on what people must drink and what they must think. Then along comes the Ku Klux Klan, mixing religion and politics in grotesque and absurd fashion in a menacing effort to upset the constitutional tradition against religious and social discrimination and its ephemeral strength enrolls millions before fight over spoils, not principles, disrupts it.

The methods used to put over prohibition and Ku Kluxism, coercion of legislators and newspapers, put over Fundamentalism in Tennessee, though neither legislature nor governor really favored it, and the same method will be resorted to to put it over in other states and in the nation. Legislators will have the option of being labelled as atheists and infidels, or of voting favorably and hence support will be dragged by terrorism as cowards and hypocrites are cowed into servility.

People as a rule are much more interested in religion than in politics. Less than half of them turn out to vote for a president. These apathetic citizens, however, are most of them susceptible to religious agitation and an emotional campaign like that launched by Bryan in the name of Christ to "preserve the bible" and "defend God" is certain to precipitate a frenzy that bodes ill for the nation. Which makes us wonder if Shaw is not right in asking whether we are really civilized.

Mencken On Dayton And the Scopes Trial

Spotlights on Dayton, Tennessee, and its people as presented by H. L. Mencken, the brilliant critic and author, in the Baltimore Sun, have resulted in a being requested to leave town. Some of his remarks are retained below:

It may seem fabulous, but it is a sober fact that a sound Episcopalian or even a northern Methodist would be regarded as virtually an atheist in Dayton. Here the only genuine conflict is between true believers.

To call a man a doubter in these parts is equal to accusing him of cannibalism. Mencken says himself is not charged with any such infamy. What they say of him, at worst, is that he permitted himself to be used as a paw by scoundrels eager to destroy the anti-evolution law for their own dark and hellish ends.

It was obvious after a few rounds that the jury would be unanimously for Genesis. The most that Mr. Darrow could hope for was to snook a few men bold enough to declare publicly that they would have to hear the evidence against Scopes before condemning him. The slightest sign of anything further brought forth a preemptory challenge from the state. Once a man was challenged without examination for simply admitting that he did not belong formally to any church. Another time a panel man who confessed that he was prejudiced against evolution got a hearty round of applause from the crowd.

One accused of heresy among these people is like one accused

of boiling his grandmother to make soap in Maryland. He must resign himself to being tried by a jury wholly innocent of any suspicion of the crime he is charged with and unanimously convinced that it is venial. Such a jury, in the legal sense, may be fair. That is, it may be willing to hear the evidence against him before bumping him off. But it would certainly be spitting into the eye of reason to call it impartial.

The court house is surrounded by a large lawn, and it is peppered day and night with evangelists. One and all they are fundamentalists and their sermons and sayings fill the air with orthodoxy. I have listened to twenty of them and had private discourse with a dozen, and I have yet to find one who doubted so much as the typographical errors in Holy Writ. They dispute zealously and far into the night, but they begin and end on the common ground of complete faith. One of those holy men wears a sign on his back announcing that he is the Bible champion of the world. He told me today that he had studied the Bible four hours a day for thirty-three years, and that he had devised a plan of salvation that would save the worst sinner over heard of, even a scientist, a theater actor or a pirate on the high seas, in forty days. This gentleman denounces the hard-shell Baptists as pestiferous. He admitted freely that their sermons were powerful preachers and could save any ordinary man from sin, but he said that they were impotent against iniquity.

The Bible champion is matched and rivaled by whole herds of other metaphysicians, and all of them attract good houses and have to defend themselves against constant attack. The Seventh Day Adventists, the Campbellites, the Holy Rollers and a dozen other sects have field agents on the ground. They follow the traveling judges through all this country. Everywhere they go, I am told, they find the natives ready to hear them and dispute with them. They find highly accomplished theologians in every vil-

lage, but even in the county towns they never encounter a genuine skeptic. If a man has doubts in this immensely pious country, he keeps them to himself. In a word, the new Jerusalem, the ideal of all souls saviors and exterminators. Nine churches are scarcely enough for the 1900 inhabitants—many of them go into the hills to shout and roll. A clergyman has the rank and authority of a major-general of artillery. A Sunday school superintendent is believed to have the gift of prophecy.

Local Pastor Reads Own Work On "Life" As Evening Sermon

The first chapter of a book on "The Science of Life," being written by Rev. C. U. Mower of the United Brethren church of Salem, was read by Rev. Mr. Mower before his congregation Sunday evening.

"There can be no science in doubting anything, nor investigating everything, in search of truth," he declared in his introduction. "Nor does the investigator need the scientific education, and all or any of the instruments that some would have him think. He only needs reason and patience. Apply these to nature and he will find cause and effect, law and order, continuity, life and God."

"Since nothing can be without a cause, our existence must have its cause. When I have sought for a correct idea of what life is, from the philosophy of ancient and modern times, I find it an interesting journey, starting from nowhere and leading to nowhere. It is simply the earlier fancy of a mind portraying the evidence of myths that were controlling mankind alike in peace and in war. This at once abridges reason, stops research, and makes this age the dupes of the dead, mistaken past."

DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE



MUTT AND JEFF



hand the sky after the storm, are still other forms of life in wonder and beauty." Rev. Mr. Mower states that he intends to have 13 chapters in his book, which is being written for a library in Boston. He states that he will read one chapter each Sunday evening until all 13 chapters have been completed.

APPLICANTS FOR EXHIBITS AT FAIR POUR IN

Ella Schultz Wilson, manager of the Oregon state fair, reported to a meeting of the fair directors Saturday that applications are coming in rapidly for exhibit space, and indications point to crowded pavilions again this year.

All space in the machinery building has been cleared out and the space will have to be supplemented by tents. At least 34 of the 36 Oregon counties are expected to have entries in the county display contest.

The legislature of 1925 appropriated money for a new boys' and girls' club building, and this will soon be completed at a cost of \$30,000. Entries have been closed for the racing program of fair week with practically every event filled.

It was announced by the board that Saturday, the last day of fair week, will probably be American Legion day, with program features that are expected to draw better than the final day of the week has in the past.

One Wife on Approval

A GAY HOUSE WARNING
 The impromptu tea party at Cynthia's that afternoon developed into a hilarious affair with Noel's arrival. Helene Jordan telephoned for her husband, who arrived, bringing his business partner, while Noel was making the cocktails. Helene put on the phonograph, and began to dance with Gregory Jordan at once; his partner promptly appropriated Helene.

Cynthia, joining Noel in the butler's pantry, began to try to explain matters. "I didn't want Cecile to phone you; she did it before I could stop her," she told him. "I wouldn't have done it for anything."

"My dear, don't you suppose I know that you wouldn't dream of asking for the key to my liquor closet?" he asked. "And don't you suppose that I know Cecile and her ways thoroughly? Don't let this thing worry you. As a matter of fact, I was going to suggest that you use whatever you found here that you wanted. And, incidentally, do you mind if I leave my private stock here? The laws here in town are being enforced so strictly just now that I don't dare try to move any of the stuff to the club."

"Keep it here by all means," she urged. "I'm so glad that you understand about Cecile's phoning her; it really worried me."

"Don't ever let anything Cecile does do that, or you'll never have a peaceful moment," he advised her. "And don't ever worry about what I may think, either. Work you accept me as a friend, Cynthia, and trust me to know the truth about you, or at least not to jump

merriment so enjoyed by Cecile and Helene, but at least it was better than utter solitude and thoughts of an indifferent husband, she told herself. She began to wish that someone—anyone, even Louella—had asked her to dine with them that evening.

She was just trying to eat her salad when the phone rang, and Noel Gardner's voice came over the wire. "Won't you dine with me?" he asked. "I can't seem to get up my enthusiasm over eating alone, and I found that there wasn't so much work to do at the office after all."

Cynthia smiled. She had suspected that he wasn't telling the truth when he protested to Cecile that he would be busy till late that evening. "You ought to see me this evening, so that I can transfer that stock of your mother-in-law's to you," he went on. "It's really important."

"Then why not dine here with me?" she asked. His acceptance was so eager that she wondered if she had done wisely; after all, their business should be transacted at his office, and Jim and his mother and sister would certainly have disapproved of her asking Noel Gardner to the house.

"Oh well, Frances can chaperone us," she told herself as she ran out to the kitchen to ask the maid to heat the fowl that had been sent out a moment before, untouched. "Company for dinner?" Frances asked in surprise. "Oh, Mr. Gardner!" Her tone spoke volumes, but far from disapproving, she quite plainly was delighted. "Shall I heat the soup, too? He'll be hungry."

Cynthia nodded and hurried to her room to rearrange her hair. She felt like a lonely child that had been asked to a party quite unexpectedly. Tomorrow—Cecile Gives Warning.

By Chick Young

By George McManus

By Billy de Beck

By Bud Fisher