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 I sketch your world exactly as it goes." —BYRON.

Who Wrote Genesis?

It is the contention of those that oppose evolution that the bible throughout is an inspired book, and that all of its assertions are to be accepted literally. The two conflicting stories of the creation in Genesis are declared to have been written by Moses as well as the first five books in which the death of Moses is described.

This view, however, is no longer held by bible students, most of whom are just as good Christians as Mr. Bryan claims to be. In fact it is generally believed, on account of basic differences in composition, construction and viewpoint, that the Pentateuch, or first five books of the bible were the product of at least four different schools of authorship, representing as many different eras, and that they were revised and codified repeatedly at much later periods, subsequent to the teachings of the prophets, as only thus can the conflicting accounts be harmonized.

The four principal strata in bible study are represented by the letters J, in which God is referred to as Yahweh (Jehovah); E, in which God is called Elohim; D, the Deuteronomist, and P, the priestly code. These represent schools rather than individuals. J is the oldest, E second, D comes third and P last, after the exile. They are described in detail:

J the Yahwistic is an historical work, belonging to the golden age of Hebrew literature. The author loves, with his unconscious art, to recount the ancient traditions of his race, transmute them with the light of monotheism and is an adept at delineating life and character. Genesis 2, 3, 12, 18, 22, 24 and 28 are samples of his work.

E is also an historical and flourished previous to the overthrow of the northern kingdom in 722 B. C. He gives more detail than but falls short in simplicity and grace of style, being also more didactic and theological. Genesis 20-22 belongs to him. But J and E have been skillfully woven together and the combined narrative is known as J. E. Ex. 20:22 to 23:33 is known as the "first legislation."

D the Deuteronomist composed the law book found in Josiah's reign 621 B. C. and was evidently written shortly before. Its style is distinguished by a large number of peculiar words and phrases. It is the "second legislation" characterized by spirituality and mildness.

P the priestly code, is a body of historical-legislative work written according to a clearly marked plan. Its history is often merely a bare outline, but it gives full details regarding origins of institutions. It dates after the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity. Within it Lev. 17-26 is the "third legislation" incorporated from an older code.

Combinations and revisions of these four sources of authorship of the Pentateuch dove-tailed into each other, continued until about the third century B. C. and their authorships can be traced in other books of the old testament—at least so bible students say.

The Flax Harvest

A tour of the flax fields of the valley reveals some of the finest flax for fibre ever grown anywhere, and some of the poorest. Wherever there was irrigation, there is 100 percent flax. Where the flax was sown early and secured a good start before the heat wave of last month there is a good crop. But where there was a late sowing of seed the fibre is short and the yield poor.

The flax harvest reveals the usual difference between the efficient and the inefficient farmer, for many of those whose flax harvest failed, also failed in other crops. Generally speaking, however, those who have had previous experience in growing flax, have better crops than those who are conducting their first experiment.

The flax yield will adjust itself with experience and time through education and elimination of unfit soils. The most important feature that this year's harvest demonstrates is that the flax-pulling machine is an unqualified success and works both in long, green stalks as efficiently as in short over-ripe flax. In fact it is conclusively demonstrated that the flax crop can be harvested mechanically—which has always been the stumbling block to the development of the industry.

Flax must be pulled at a certain stage to command the highest price and a few days of blistering weather during the ripening state, will hasten the maturing process and depreciate the value of the product. Hence the need of more pulling machines and with additional machines in use, the cost of harvesting to those who have insufficient acreage to justify the purchase of a machine, will be materially reduced.

One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

POLITE BLACKMAIL
 Cynthia was dreading the next morning when her mail was brought to her. She looked thru the pile of letters at once to see if there was any word from her husband; then, disappointed, shuffled them over more slowly. An envelope with the words "Town Talk" in one corner attracted her attention, and she slit it first of all. She had occasionally glanced through a copy of this gossip weekly paper, but had never paid much attention to it.
 Within were a piece of paper and a letter. The former evidently was a proof of a page from the next issue of the paper, with a line drawn in blue pencil around one of the items of news.
 "Those who are in the know are predicting that before long a charming bride who came to town not long ago will become an equally charming divorcee," Cynthia read. "Her husband has seen fit to absent himself from home, giving business as an excuse, and taking his mother with him. The bride far from being disconsolate, is enjoying life with a young man whose wife recently divorced him in Paris. She has closed her husband's home and taken the apartment formerly occupied by her new suitor and his wife, and it is freely predicted that by the end of the year she will become his permanent occupant, having changed her name and her husband in the interim."

Cynthia sank weakly into a chair, and read the hateful notice through again. It meant her, of course—there could be no doubt of that. She turned to the letter. An exclamation was ready for her there.

Most graciously she was informed that "Town Talk" was to issue a special anniversary number in a few weeks. And the editor hoped sincerely that she would feel inclined to contribute to its success by taking advertising space in this special number. If she so desired, her name need not appear in connection with the advertisement she could merely take a page and send in her check, as an appreciation of the service which "Town Talk" had rendered her by entertaining her and her friends.

And no doubt she would be interested in the enclosed page from next week's issue of the magazine, which was enclosed.

Cynthia paced up and down the room, so angry that she could hardly think. It was blackmail! And yet what could she do? Her name was not mentioned, although of course everyone in town who knew her would at once realize that she was meant.

"I'll let them go ahead and print it—I won't be bullied by these thieves," she exclaimed furiously. And yet was that the best thing to do? Wouldn't it be better to let them off? Of course, she had done

nothing wrong. Yet she had given these blackmailers all they needed for just such an attack as this one! Only Jim here here," she sighed. "I'd know how to handle them." But if Jim had been there the whole thing wouldn't have happened.

Of course, she might tell Noel Gardner about it. Perhaps that was the best thing to do. But no sooner had she decided on that course, than she refused to consider it. For she knew well enough what Gardner would do. He would get an affidavit in the offices of "Town Talk" and horsewhip the editor—there could be no doubt of that. Then there would be trouble!

She sat down at last, too tired to walk up and down the room any longer, longing with all her heart for just one person to whom she could go with this new trouble. She felt hideously alone in the world. It seemed to her that she had made a hopeless muddle of her life. She had married Jim with every expectation of being gloriously happy, wanting only to make him a good wife. And then things had been taken out of her hands. Some how her mother-in-law had come between her and Jim, and now Jim and Madame Leland were off on the other side of the world, and she was here, with everyone gossiping about her and Noel Gardner.

"Oh, the only thing for me to do is to straighten things up the best I can and get out of town," she cried at last. She jumped up and ran to her desk. The editor of "Town Talk" had given the advertising rates of his magazine in the world, which he expected her to take, would be three hundred dollars. She hastily scribbled a check enclosed it in his letter, and addressed an envelope to him.

Then she began to dress for the street. Calling Frances, she had her personal belonging packed; the maid looked at her in bewilderment when that order was given, but obediently got out Cynthia's

traveling bags and set to work. "Madam is going away?" she asked, after a few moments. "Yes, for a visit. You can have a month's vacation, Frances, and I'll write you before I return." To herself Cynthia said that she would never come back. And Frances, busily packing filmy lingerie, told herself the same thing. Monday—Cecile Steps In.

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: Why all this ado about evolution? Why not let those that think that way back yonder in the past when they were a tadpole and some one else a fish, have their opinions for as a man thinketh so he is. If they want to think they are simply descendants of the hairy tribe of apes or the sneaking creepy serpents let them think so. I think some apes and serpents too could put some so called smart people to shame when all is taken into consideration because some of their monkey shins proclaim their ancestry as for me I would rather claim Eve and Adam as my maternal and paternal ancestors for man was made in God's own image made He them. I can not picture in my mind as God ever having the least appearance of an ape much less a creepy crawling serpent that glides through the grasses and weeds as if afraid to be seen.

Some day maybe they will awaken to the fact that they have come to this earth through no other power than God's infinite love and wisdom and until then why be but obediently get out Cynthia's causing all those moderate as

much trouble and worry. Who can look a snake in the eye and say to him you are my great great grandfathers' grandfather and some day I am going to be just like you. Won't that be great when I am you and you are me. I can trail along after you in the grass and if I happen to be a rattler or copperhead I can give you a gentle nip on the heel and presto change you are on your way to being some thing else from what you are now. Perhaps a horse or mule with a sweet temper or better still a mosquito so all you will have to do is light on some unsuspecting person and grab a nice juicy dinner or maybe I'll be a roaring lion going about seeking whom I may devour. Nice thoughts for supposed civilized human beings. May they get their eyes open before the decree goes forth from the Divine Creator of all things saying He that is filthy let him be filthy and He that is filthy let him be filthy still.

MRS. M. ALLENBY,
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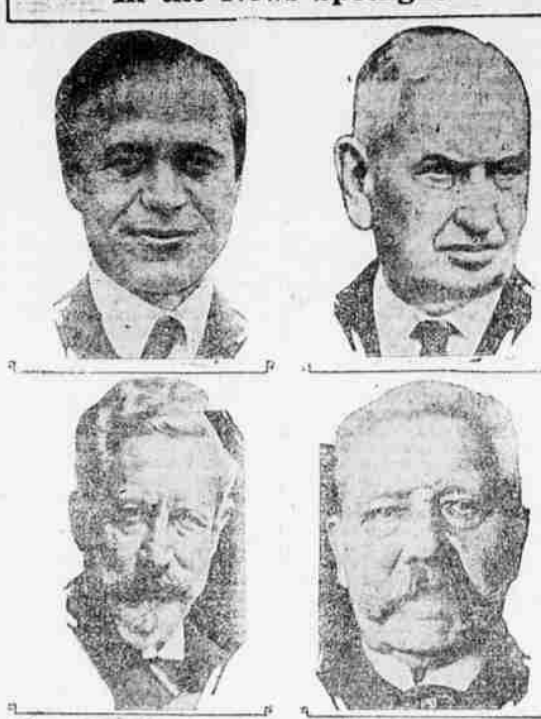
SCRAP HUGE GERMAN LINER

Hamburg.—The Deutschland, a former trans-Atlantic pride of the Hamburg-American line, has been sold to a Berlin firm to be scrapped. The vessel served as an excursion boat under the name Victoria Luise, and after the World War was again put into service between Hamburg and New York as the Hansa.

8300 CLAIM M. E. PENSIONS

Chicago, Ill.—There were 8300 claimants on the pension fund of the Methodist Episcopal church in 1924, to which \$3,252,619 was contributed, Dr. J. B. Higeneley, corresponding secretary of the board of pensions has announced. Since 1908, when the board was organized, the annual distribution has increased \$2,646,239.

In the News Spotlight



Left: LORD BEAVERBROOK & THEODORE BURTON
 Center: EX-Kaiser WILHELM & PRESIDENT VON HINDEBURG

Lord Beaverbrook declared France is fully able to pay her debts and she must pay Britain before paying the United States. Congressman Theodore Burton of Ohio, chairman of the American delegation, offered a resolution against poison gas which was adopted unanimously by the Geneva Arms Control Conference. Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, once the Kaiser of Germany, has assembled at his Doorn home a number of scientists to study ancient Greek and Oriental cultures. President von Hindenburg believes it will not be hard for Germany to meet the disarmament demands of the Allied note.

TRAIN SERVICE INTO MT. ANGEL IS SUSPENDED

Mt. Angel, July 25.—(Special)—Mt. Angel was in a state of excitement today when it became known that the Willamette Valley Southern had definitely suspended its rail operations between here and Bush station, running its last train over that part of the line yesterday.

Announcement was made that the public service commission will hold a hearing in Mt. Angel next Thursday at 10 o'clock to take up the matter of the suspension of service.

The company made application several days ago to abandon operations on that portion of the line but no one here supposed that there could or would be any abandonment until the public service commission had had an opportunity to pass on the question and issue an order.

The railroad company advanced the contention that a trouble between here and Bush station is in a highly dangerous condition, that engineers have examined it and declare that it is virtually suicidal to operate trains over it. Bush station is about 19 miles north of Mt. Angel. Mt. Angel people declare that there is a trestle near Oregon City in fully as dangerous condition as the one near here but the road continues to operate between that point and Oregon City.

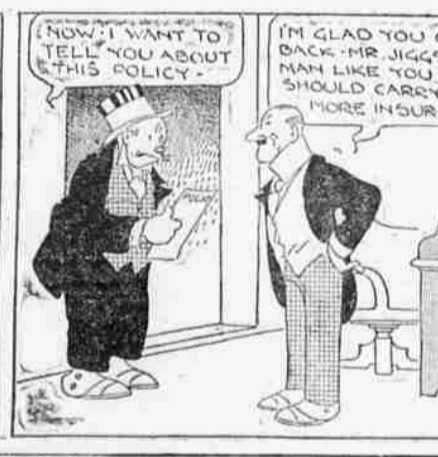
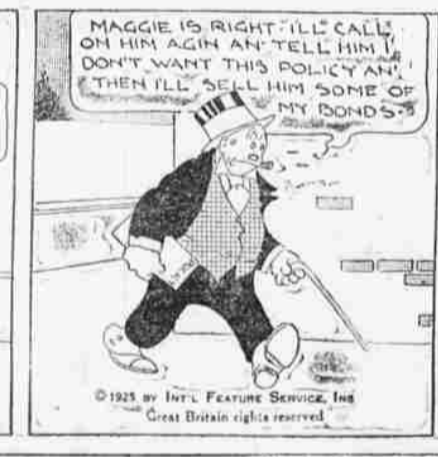
The road has been operating two trains a day between here and Oregon City.

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE



Sparky Squeezes Into Society

By Billy de Beck

MUTT AND JEFF

Are They Enjoying Themselves In Denver? We'll Say They Are.

By Bud Fisher

