

# Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon  
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday  
at 136 S. Commercial Street. Telephone 81; News 82

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier 15 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.

**FULL LEASED WIRE ASSOCIATED PRESS SERVICE**  
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

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

## The Vets' Protest

At the meeting of the Marion County Veterans association at Silverton yesterday, resolutions were passed condemning congress for providing for coinage of souvenir half dollars for the benefit of Stone Mountain memorial to the Confederacy and protesting the opening of the Arlington mansion as a museum, declaring that it is "for the display of relics of General Lee and the confederacy" and therefore an "infamous insult to our hero dead."

It is too bad that 60 years after Appomattox such intolerance should govern patriotic organizations and that the magnanimity which the victor owes the vanquished should still be withheld and the bloody shirt continued to be waved. It is doubtful whether the hero dead would regard such memorials as insults, especially as they help bind together a reunited people.

General Robert E. Lee was one of the very greatest Americans. In greatness of character as well as ability he is in many respects comparable only to George Washington. In the judgment of military critics of the world, he ranks as the greatest soldier America has produced.

The son of "Lighthorse Harry" Lee of revolutionary war fame, Robert E. Lee married in 1831, Mary Randolph Custis, grand-daughter of Martha Washington. Her father's home was Arlington, where they thereafter resided. Surely no more fitting place than his old home, a fine bit of colonial architecture, could be devoted to the memory of this famous American.

General Lee, after his surrender, devoted himself to healing the wounds of the civil war and as a college president, guided southern youth to loyal citizenship. When the South had succeeded, it was with pain and reluctance that this opponent of slavery wrote:

With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home.

After the collapse of the Confederacy, General Lee wrote as follows:

The questions which for years were in dispute between the state and general government . . . having been decided against us, it is the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result, and full of candor, to recognize the fact. The interests of the State are therefore the same as those of the United States. The duty of its citizens, then appears to me too plain to admit of doubt. All should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war and to restore the blessings of peace.

To these ends Robert E. Lee devoted the remaining years of his life and well earned the tribute due chivalrous heroes of lost causes.

## Cheating the Gallows

Once again the insanity dodge has cheated the gallows, and Russell Scott will spend a few years as guest of the state in an asylum for the cold-blooded murder of a drug clerk in a hold-up in April, 1924, instead of dangling at the end of a noose.

It is becoming increasingly more difficult to exact the death penalty for murder, no matter how atrocious the crime, especially in Chicago. A Loeb and a Leopold escape—so does a Scott. So do the majority of criminals, which is the principal reason why America leads the world in crime.

Such a law as that in Illinois, which permits a jury of ignorant laymen to pass upon sanity is a farce. It is a subject for experts and scientists. As long as such procedure governs and makes a farce of justice, what good does it do for Chicago bankers to post \$2,500 rewards for dead bandits?

Statistics prove that the city of Chicago has annually more hold-ups and murders than England and Wales put together. The reason can be traced to such insanity trials as that just ended, as well as to our surplus of fool laws, that produce contempt for law, to our lawyers and our courts, who by procedure, delays and technicality are making crime safe for the criminal.

## One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

### OUTLAWED

That evening Cynthia called Jim.  
"Most important to know when you return," she said in her message. She signed her name, and left the office with a little sigh of bewilderment. What would happen when Jim did come back? It was a question that she could not drive from her thoughts, and could not answer.

She had refused to see Noel that evening. Although she still did not realize how people were talking about them, she knew that much gossip must be going the rounds, and she had no intention of making it grow in volume.

But the next afternoon, as she was on her way to order some books, she met Gardner, and he promptly turned about and accompanied her.  
"I've got good news for you," he announced. "Contact tell it over the phone, so I was just going to drop in and tell you. It's about that sub-division of mine. The sale of it is going through—which means that you're going to make a very nice profit on the money you invested in stock. Now, doesn't that make you happier?"  
"Yes, of course, it does," exclaimed Cynthia. Noel had been so good to her she couldn't help rejoicing that he was to profit instead of losing everything he had. For her own sake she could not feel particularly enthusiastic; until her other affairs were in better shape a mere matter of money would mean little.

They walked on, Noel talking enthusiastically. Cynthia listening, making no comment unless it was absolutely necessary.  
He hardly saw Louella when they met her as she was leaving

her bank. Cynthia flushed as she met her sister-in-law's eyes. Louella's habit of head a trifle higher, haughty, entered her car which was waiting at the curb.  
For a moment it was all that Cynthia could do to keep back the tears she had never, cared enough for her sister-in-law to care what Louella thought of her. But she resented being judged by anyone as Louella had judged her.

"I've given her no reason—she's condemning me for nothing, at all!" Cynthia told herself bitterly. Was she to be blamed for the things that had happened to her? How had it been her fault? From the first Jim's family had disapproved of her because she could not find it in her heart to adopt their standards and pleasures.

Yet could she turn her back on the world that they represented and go on a honeymoon that they would always look down on her? Even though she lived on the opposite side of the world, wouldn't she be uncomfortable because she knew that they condemned her, that if even her name was mentioned someone would say: "Oh, yes, she was that girl Jim Leland married—the wrong kind, wasn't she?"  
"I don't care—I just won't care!" she told herself bitterly. Yet she knew that she would always care, no matter how hard she tried not to.

Noel was talking on, planning for the future that they would share. She murmured the proper words at the proper intervals, when he seemed to expect her to; but hardly knew what she was saying.

At last she turned to him abruptly, interrupting him in the middle of a sentence.

"I can't stand it just to wait till Jim comes back to know what's going to happen," she exclaimed. "I want to go home and write to him this minute. I'll send the letter to the stamphip office in San Francisco, so that it will be delivered to him as soon as the ship gets in. Then if he doesn't want to see me at all he can wire me. I've got to do something. Noel, I can't just wait."

"All right—I'll take you home at once," he answered. "There's a taxi—let's take it."

Looking down at her as they sat in the cab, Noel felt sorry for Cynthia than he ever had for anyone else. She was such a child, so helpless in the grasp of circumstances. Jim Leland should have known when he first looked at her that she was not the stuff of which society matrons are made. Noel told himself vehemently. She was the sort of girl who wanted to be a companion to her husband, not a figurehead for his home. Well, everything would be changed now! She would get a divorce and become Mrs. Noel Gardner, and he'd take her abroad to live. She was going to have everything now.

Cynthia, starting out of the window, was thinking very different thoughts. She was wondering if it wouldn't be possible for her to withdraw from the tangle into which she had been thrown by events which she had not willingly controlled.

She could disappear, she told herself. When she wrote to Jim telling his her side of the story she could also tell him good-bye. Surely that would be the simplest thing to do, to slip away quietly, and let matters take their own course. She could not feel that she wanted to be freed from Jim and turn at once to Noel Gardner. In fact, she could not be at all sure now of her love for Noel that had seemed so overwhelming the day before.

Tomorrow—Cynthia talks

## Wins Honors in Society



Mrs. Wm. S. Burden, (insert) Wm. S. Burden.

William S. Burden was voted the most popular man and his wife the best dressed woman at Newport, R. I. in an exciting society popularity contest.

## 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.

**Suppose**  
To the Editor: Suppose someone should discover that traffic on North Capitol street was equal to that of State street, and—  
Suppose that someone should reflect that all that it takes to cause traffic to pause and purchase is convenient opportunities such as are afforded by attractive places of business, and—  
Suppose that someone would add a few such supposes together, deduct the logical deductions and put up a fine business block about Capitol and Marion streets, and—  
Suppose others would see the light and scurry away from the region of high rents and self-satisfied landlords to follow the lead of the man who believes in letting business and the city develop as nature intended—  
Question: Who would mourn for the poor landlords who wouldn't build above two stories nor let loose of a single one of their little old buildings because they were quite satisfied with things as they are?  
Hunch: A very few years like the ones just ahead of Salem could easily locate the old Salem of today and start a new Salem with its main street, up the State highway—and some of the tactics we are right now witnessing might well cause just exactly such a movement. All it would take is a leader with money to build the first real business block in the new district. Others would follow in rapid succession beyond the shadow of a doubt.  
SUPPOSE.

few lines I have in my possession a letter that reads like this.  
July 25, 1925  
Dear Sir  
In order to build up a superior quality of fiber flax seed over a series of years your fields has been inspected and 11 acres, all of the best of your field, we are asking the state flax industry to set aside an certified fiber flax seed to be used for seeding purposes another year. In case you deliver your flax to the state plant advise them of this inspection in order that the longest and best filled flax may be kept separate. You will readily catch the importance of this work as good seed is just as essential to good flax production as it is with any crop.  
Yours very truly,  
WM. L. TEUTSCH,  
District Agricultural Agent.

Two years ago I got 49 bu. of flax seed from the state and I sowed it on 20 acres of land and I pulled and hauled it to Salem and had 22 tons all No. one.  
Last year I got the same seed including some imported pedigreed seed at \$5.00 per bu. and I sowed the same 20 acres and 60 acres more and pulled 29 tons and very little No. 1 and had not our noble governor and our noble superintendent come to our relief, many of us growers when we pulled or mowed our flax grown from the high priced pedigreed seed would not have had flax enough to pay for our seed.  
I have heard so much about pay for flaxing from these highly educated agricultural experts at the Independent Warehouse & Milling company, Wasco, to sell stock in the sum of \$22,523.  
Warrenton Clum company, Port-land, to sell stock in the sum of \$100,000 to \$200,000 was filed by the Coast Finance corporation of Portland.  
Under the blue sky act the following permits were issued:  
Independent Warehouse & Milling company, Wasco, to sell stock in the sum of \$22,523.  
Warrenton Clum company, Portland, to sell stock in the sum of \$100,000 to \$200,000.

call me a baptist if you want to, but I do believe that water would have been more essential last year and this year to 30 inch flax growing, than the selection of seed could have been.

Now, brother flax growers, I am very busy hauling my short stuff grown from the above mentioned seed, but I remember you as soon as I get my short stuff in. I will take upon myself the solemn obligation of going down to the state house and I will appeal to our noble governor and our noble warden and our noble superintendent in soft mild words, and I will pray them to be careful, to be sure and send us out selected seed that we can raise 20 in. flax, whether it rains or not for it is impossible for us to raise 22 in. flax for \$25 per ton up here in the sneeze root valley in which we live, from the seed you are furnishing us, whether it rains or not.

Noble governor, noble warden, noble superintendent, please be careful for we poor flax growers are sure to bump the ceiling if present conditions are not changed. Be careful! Be careful!  
S. B. MILLS.  
Annville, Ore.

## NEW INCORPORATIONS

Articles of incorporation were filed Saturday by the Roseway Battery Station, Inc., of Portland, with a capital of \$5000. The incorporators are W. A. Alverdes, Frank Alverdes and F. H. Alverdes.

Notice of an increase in capital from \$100,000 to \$200,000 was filed by the Coast Finance corporation of Portland.

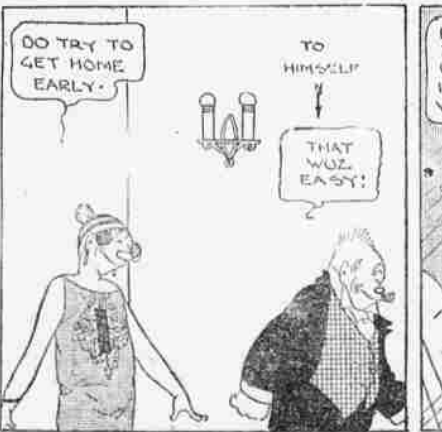
Under the blue sky act the following permits were issued:  
Independent Warehouse & Milling company, Wasco, to sell stock in the sum of \$22,523.  
Warrenton Clum company, Portland, to sell stock in the sum of \$100,000 to \$200,000.

By Chick Young

## DUMB DORA

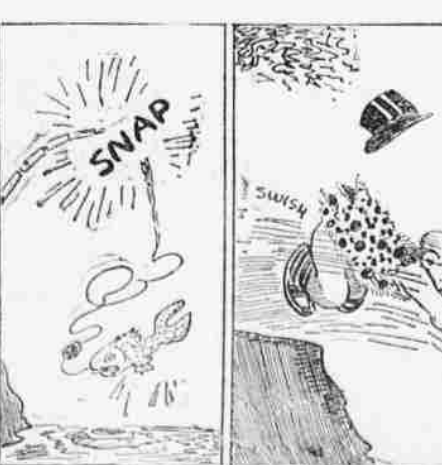
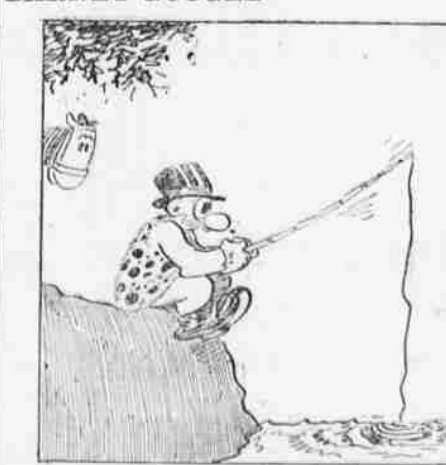


## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

## BARNEY GOOGLE



Fisherman's Luck

By Billy de Beck

## MUTT AND JEFF



The Little Fellow Won't Be Fooled Again In the Dark

By Bud Fisher