

# Capital Journal

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

## Bulbs and Bureaucrats

Narcissus and bulb importers and flower lovers generally are flooding Secretary of Agriculture Jardine with protests against the decree of the federal horticultural board declaring that after January 1, 1926, no more narcissus bulbs be imported from Europe, except for propagating and scientific purposes.

The board bases its action upon the claim that narcissus bulbs are likely to bring over from Europe certain insects, in particular eelworms and narcissus flies, which, it is feared, might attack field crops, especially onions. To prevent possible danger to onion production, it purposes to deny to home gardeners and apartment dwellers of the nation the enjoyment of 80,000,000 Dutch and French narcissi which were imported last year for use in gardens and greenhouses and for flowering in bowls of water, on living room tables.

This deprivation would continue indefinitely, since the present America production of narcissus bulbs is much less than 1,000,000 and department experts say it would take years for it to equal the amount now imported.

A congressional investigation of the actions of the horticultural board is demanded and the charge is made that it offers the worst example of government by bureaucracy the nation has yet experienced. The board is composed of five unknown employees of the department of agriculture and its assumption of authority practically unlimited.

The board shuts off importations of field, vegetable and flower seeds, regardless of their importance to the commerce or agriculture of the country. It has shut off imports of trees, shrubs, roses and other plants for resale to the people of this country, depriving them of the newer varieties developed in foreign lands and forcing upward, sometimes trebling the prices of similar merchandise produced at home.

Having forbidden the free entry of these plants, it can and does give permits to import the forbidden goods, thus enabling the fortunate recipient of its favors to build up a profitable business in embargoed goods.

The transactions of this board are not public; its records are kept secret. No regulations binding on the board govern its issuance of permits. Before it, the citizens of this country are not equal. One can receive what another is denied.

The narcissus embargo has brought to a climax the fight against the board brewing for the past six years and also emphasized the tremendous growth of government by bureaucracy.

## Political Sports

In Jackson County the politicians, including the organizations of both parties, are united in a bi-partisan political organization, camouflaged under the name of Game Protective association. As few of the "sportsmen" hunt and still fewer fish, the chief objection of the organization is the pursuit of political spoils, and the emoluments thereof. Consequently when these spoils are filched long and loud are the walls of depreciation.

In 1923, the "sportsmen's" organization, having been Ku Kluxed, entered into a bargain whereby it agreed to support Pierce for governor in return for its naming a game commissioner. The "sportsmen" delivered the goods, but the governor didn't. The cussings and lamentations only subsided when the governor turned the commission over to the Ku Klux, which took care of the "sportsmen".

Now that the governor has appointed W. L. Finley, a naturalist, instead of a politician, as commissioner, and the Klansmen have been ousted from their fat berths, great is the grief thereat. So we have the "sportsmen" again resolutin' against the "outrageous action" and all in the sacred cause of sport. A state-wide organization is proposed to "place the game funds beyond the control of unworthy politicians."

The only trouble with this program is that the politicians won't permit either the commission or its funds out of their hands. The political faction that is out is always seeking in, and advertising the fact that only by placing it in power can the situation be saved.

Anglers and hunters could not get less for their money than under the recent regime, so they can view with equanimity the situation, convinced that a naturalist and wild-life lover like Finley will at least try to do something more than place Klansmen in office and operate private hatcheries for profit.

## One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

### CYNTHIA TALKS

Cynthia sat down early the next morning to write to Jim. She had lain awake all the night before making her plans. She would tell Jim all about everything, and then go away somewhere, quietly, and let him go ahead and settle matters just as he liked when he came home. She had made a bundle of her life and would take no further hand in directing it after she had left town.

Noel Gardner phoned her, but she refused to see him. She was beginning to wonder about Noel and her feelings toward him. When she had been recuperating from her accident in the woods, and Noel had been so kind, her heart had gone out to him, filled with love. He was the one man in the world, so far as she was concerned. But now, when she was not with him she could not help wondering about him. After all, she had thought she loved Jim, and had been mistaken. Perhaps she was mistaken about Noel too.

She was half finished with her letter to her husband when Cecile dropped in. "My dear, why stay in the house and write letters when it's such a gorgeous day!" exclaimed that

young woman. "Come on—let's go out and buy something."

Cynthia shook her head. "No, I'm staying home today, doing all the things I haven't had time for lately."

"Oh, nonsense. You stay home too much lately; you're awfully pale and thin. Cynthia, what's wrong?"

She brought out the question so sharply that she took Cynthia off her guard.

"Unable to thin of any answer, Cynthia stammered. 'Why, nothing—nothing at all.'"

"Of course, if you don't want to tell me—but I think I know. It's Noel, isn't it?"

Blushing hotly, Cynthia said both ing. Cecile smiled carefully and went on: "Cynthia, I'm going to tell you something that I've never told any one else. You know, of course, that people have talked a lot about Noel and me; they said that it was because he went around so much with me that his wife divorced him. Well, that wasn't true; she left him because her people made so much trouble between them. But she did go off to Europe and he did go around all the time with me."

"I'll admit that I was perfectly mad about him. He is awfully attractive, and so—well, he makes you feel as if you'd never known any man in the world before, some how. I was lonely and unhappy—and my world just revolved around him."

"It was understood between us that if she divorced him we'd be married. He was still more in love with her than with me—he will always care more for her than for anyone else in the world. But I didn't mind that. I was willing to be content with any little scrap of affection that he'd give me."

"He went to Paris after her, and I sat here and waited for him to come home. I even made part of my trousseau myself—wanted to, you know."

"And then—then he came home, and lost his head over you."

"Now do you wonder that I was disagreeable to you that night when you and he were dining together at the restaurant where I was? Can you blame me?"

"Oh, no—no, of course not!" Cynthia cried. "Oh, I'm so sorry. If I had known—"

"It wasn't your fault. Noel was the one and after all, if he cared more for you than he did for me—"

They talked for the rest of the morning, and when at last Cynthia rose and went to her dressing-room to get ready for a motor trip out to the country club for luncheon, she took her letter with her, and burned it in the little fireplace before she dressed.

"His heart is like a bargain counter," she told herself. "It's all remnants, and first one woman and then another comes along and picks out a little piece that she thinks she likes, and can get at a discount."

And when Noel phoned her that evening she had the maid say that she was not at home.

Monday—Louella Steps In.



DUMB DORA

## Plans For Marriage Of Two American Girls To Foreign Nobles Fail

New York, Aug. 8.—The marriage plans of two American society girls and two blue blooded foreigners have gone awry.

Miss Emmeline Marion Grace, daughter of Eugene G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel corporation is not to wed Sir Michael William Shelby Bruce, adventurous young Scottish baronet because he is to marry an English girl.

Dispatches from London last night said that Sir Michael, a captain in the royal field artillery, and descendant of Robert Bruce, hero king of Scotland, today would become the husband of Miss Dorcas Dalziel Greenwald, daughter of a British colonel.

Miss Grace's engagement was announced last December from her home in Bethlehem, Pa. It was celebrated by a ball. Mr. Grace's secretary from the steel magnate's summer home at Southampton, L. I. yesterday said Miss Grace's engagement was broken several months ago and it was known to her friends here and in London.

Disappointment came to Lieutenant Ernest Lardineel Beed, first assistant secretary of the Italian ministry of the interior, when he arrived on the liner Providence yesterday to learn that his contemplated marriage next Wednesday to Miss Nancy Sayles of Pawtucket, R. I., had been postponed indefinitely.

A few hours later Lieutenant Beed intimated he would return to Italy without a bride. Miss Sayles is reputed to be the wealthiest

girl in Rhode Island. Her mother, Mrs. Frank S. Sayles gave no reason for postponement of her marriage. Lieutenant Beed is a Roman Catholic and Miss Sayles a Protestant.

Lieutenant Beed left \$27,000 in jewelry, his gifts to the prospective bride in the hands of customs officials. He didn't want to pay duty on something he might not need.

Bingham's Chevrolet car, the same car that was seen in the Donald neighborhood and also passing through Aurora a short time after the assault, driven by a man with blood stains on his face, was picked up on a street in Portland and placed in a garage.

It was found that the Washington license on the car was issued to a man named Bingham, although under different initials than those given by Bingham at the hospital.

It has been learned when Bingham arrived in Portland he went to his room, changed his shirt, called a taxi and was taken to the Good Samaritan hospital, walking into that institution alone. He told the nurses that he had been

shot in an altercation over right of way by another motorist near St. Helena.

Sheriff Bower brought Bingham's shirt with him from Portland. Two bullet marks are plain, with some bloodstains on the shirt near each one. One of the bullet holes is in the neckband of the shirt and the bullet grazed Bingham's neck, while the other was through the right breast of the shirt, just below a pocket. Bingham is reported to be lying at death's door in the hospital.

His condition was so bad Sheriff Bower was not allowed to talk to him yesterday, but is satisfied that Bingham was in the vicinity of Donald when the assault occurred and every indication points to the fact he has knowledge of the assault.

Henry Stauffer and his two younger sisters, have lived on the place where the assault occurred for 42 years, and he is a highly respected rancher of the vicinity. He was unable to identify Bingham, although he stood at his bedside in the hospital. Stauffer was assaulted as he opened a barn door, one of his assailants hitting him over the head with a club. He was dazed, and grappling with his foes, had no opportunity to get a good look at them, and as a result was unable to pass on Bingham's identity.

Earl Brown, room mate of Bingham in Portland, who had been arrested by the Portland police, was released after he established a convincing alibi. It developed he had known Bingham at Castle Rock, Wash., but had lived with him in Portland only about 10 days. He had secured a job in a logging camp with another man and planned to go out on it yesterday morning, but his arrest delayed him.

Bingham also was a logger, but as near as could be learned had done nothing during his sojourn in Portland.

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## 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:—Yes, Mr. Bryan the great commoner is dead. His mortal remains now repose on historical Arlington Heights. In the fall of 1871 this writer from the dome of our national capitol by the aid of a field glass had a fine view of this spot. This was an old fashioned southern dwelling with the usual wide porch in front opening upon the Potomac below. The guide stated the here at one time was part of the estate of General Robert E. Lee which was, I believe, confiscated by the government.

As to Mr. Bryan. Will his death work an abatement in the anti-evolution movement? I should say it will accelerate it.

The movement does not seem with anyone man nor with ten. The evolutionists by rostrum and printed book are urging on a might propaganda. The recent debates in San Francisco (last June) between Professor Maynard Shipley of the Science League of America and two fundamentalist ministers has aroused a wide interest. The debates were stenographically reported and nearly two thousand copies have been sold.

This league is represented in 45 states of the union and in nearly 50 colleges, it is stated. I have a copy of these debates. Have read it carefully and have noted that Professor Shipley did not fail to show his antagonism to the Bible and to the religion revealed therein, which is the faith and hope of the many thousands of Christians here, and they will not stand idly by and be indifferent. There will

be and is many a champion who sword unsheathed ready to meet the foe. No. The conflict is on and will not end tomorrow. The late Scopes trial is a matter of international interest also.

Mr. Bryan is quoted as saying that evolution is destructive of Christianity. He only could have meant that it is or might be destructive of the faith or confidence in it in the faith of some believers, for Christianity itself is indestructible.

What now is Christianity? It consists of the teachings and other acts of Jesus of Nazareth. These teachings are acts are so many of the poets and pillars, so to speak, of the Christian temple. And this temple is a divine structure because its author is divine. So nothing can destroy what is divine.

If evolution is true it cannot antagonize Christianity, because it is also true. If evolution is false it cannot destroy what is true. Therefore do not fear. By the way Jesus the Genesis story of creation and primitive marriage, Mat. 19th chapter so he intones a myth must we believe? Also the flood of Noah, chapter 4, and the Jonah story, chapter 12. Now Jesus intones these three "myths" which evolution, of course, rejects? Who is right it or Jesus?

West Salem, August 7.

Klamath Heating company, Port land, to sell bonds in the sum of \$20,000.

By Chick Young

## BRINGING UP FATHER



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## BARNEY GOOGLE



When Barney Isn't Misses, He Doesn't Miss

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## MUTT AND JEFF



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