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

Steelheads and Salmon Trout

We are indebted to the erudite editor of the Eugene Guard who therewith qualifies for membership in the Spoon, Hot-dog and Salmon-egg club, for the following interesting information concerning steelhead and salmon trout:

Reports from coastal streams announce a heavy run of steelhead salmon, more commonly known to sportsmen as salmon trout. Pounds for pound and ounce for ounce, no gamier fish swims. Late August or early September each year sees them awarding in from the ocean, clean, bright and silvery; hungry and full of fight. They follow the full run of chinooks and silverides, and their favorite food is the roe of the larger salmon.

Those fishermen who disdain the use of any lure other than an artificial fly know naught of the sport of fishing for steelheads. Occasionally the fish are caught with spoon or spinner, but the surest way is to use salmon eggs—the fresher the better. Some individuals will snap at the white meat tail of a crawfish, and the steelhead will not always refuse earthworms.

Steelheads are caught at a season after fly fishing for trout is about over. The lower Willamette offers the sport now; the Willamette and McKenzie later. It is always best near tidewater.

And this from the university city, the educational hub of Oregon! The shamelessness of an "angler" who would champion the use of salmon-eggs to take trout is exceeded only by ignorance of the fish discussed, and in the misinformation spilled upon the public.

The steelhead is not a salmon, but a sea-going rainbow trout, or as it is locally called at Eugene, a red-side. It is classified under Oregon fishing laws drafted by packers, as a salmon, except in Rogue river, so that it can be taken commercially, usually frozen and shipped to eastern markets. It undergoes a metamorphosis in salt water, grows rapidly, becomes silvery, with the steel-blue head which gives the name. The longer it remains in fresh water, however, the more it regains its rainbow characteristics, and by spawning time is flashing the crimson stripes.

The so-called salmon-trout, on the other hand, is a sea-going cutthroat trout which in cold mountain streams, remains the diminutive black-spotted trout and is locally called "speckled trout" at Eugene. It also undergoes a metamorphosis in salt water, developing a yellowish belly. It seldom reaches a weight of over 3 pounds, while the steelhead run from 5 pounds up to 20.

The growth, the coloration, the habits of trout are regulated by environment. Rapidity of growth depends upon temperature of water and abundance of feed. Local characteristics of light and shade, of minerals in the water, etc., give the same fish a different appearance and a different name in different localities, though the fish may be structurally the same, and under the same environment, develop common characteristics.

The migratory instinct is probably hereditary, though also modified by environment. Why the steelheads or rainbows of the Rogue should travel annually to the sea, while the redsides or rainbow of the Mackenzie remain as landlocked trout, is probably due to heredity as well as the difference in the streams, their channels, their food resources and their distance from the sea. Anyway, the difference is there, though structurally the two fish are the same.

Trout are an interesting study and the amount of misinformation current about them is amazing. But it is not necessary to resort to bait to take either steelhead or salmon trout, for both will rise to a fly at this time of year—and there is no comparison of the respective pleasure realized. As well slaughter ducks on the sit by shooting them in the back with a pump-gun as to use salmon-eggs, the least skillful and most unsportsmanlike of methods, to take trout.

Sobsister Staff

A writer in the Open Forum declares that crime is due solely to disordered nervous systems and the "lack of proper coordination between the emotional and intellectual factors." He continues:

The old idea of prisons as a means of punishment is rapidly coming into disfavor as did the burning of witches and the application of the rack and other relics of barbarism. If we look at the problem as it is—the result of heredity and environment we will treat those unfortunate individuals as we would any other sick person. It is well and good to protect society—that is what prisons are for, but not to punish unfortunate individuals for the incapacities of their forefathers nor the degenerating stimulus of their environment which has preyed upon them.

There is no more pernicious theory than the one stated above, which relieves the individual of responsibility for his acts and excuses crime as the result of society's sins, that would convert our prisons into hospitals for the coddling of criminals and thereby place a premium on crime.

This sort of twaddle by well-meaning uplifters, accounts largely for the crime-waves sweeping the country and the tremendous increase of crime in the United States. It is an incentive to crime for the sobsisters and sentimentalists to take punishment out of the prison, and make it as attractive as a country club, to waste sympathy upon the criminals instead of the victims.

We had to restore capital punishment, barbarous as it seems, to curb homicide. We will have to again make our prison places of punishment, if we are to curb crime.

The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

FUGITIVES FROM MATHIMONY
Gregory Hewitt was like a boy just out of school, as he and Patricia boarded the subway and headed for the Battery and the aquarium. "They didn't have subway the first time I came to New York," he told her, shouting above the rumble and clatter of the train. "I rode on street cars. Never had a better time in my life. This is going to be great. Would we have time to ride on a ferry boat? I'd like to try to find the place where I ate dinner that day thirty-five years ago. It was cheap, but they had the best fried oysters and eu-

ria will never give it to me. Now, if I had a wife like you—" "Perhaps you don't really understand your wife," Patricia cut in. "The situation was getting away from her; there had been no hint of sentimental interest in his tone, but she did not dare meet his eyes. "Perhaps not," he admitted lamely. "But if I don't understand her after living with her for twenty-five years, do you think there's much chance that I ever will?" Patricia was silent for a moment, looking out over the blue, dancing water. What a pity that this man, who could give his wife such a brilliant, interesting life, was so hampered! "He may be our next Ambassador to England!"—that was what Andrew had said. She let her thoughts roam, unbridled. That great steamer out there, majestically starting on its journey across the Atlantic—what would it mean to be aboard that boat, the wife of the famous Gregory Hewitt? She imagined the moments before sailing, the new photographs clattering about while Hewitt and his wife posed for them up on the boat deck, the interesting comments of other passengers: "That's Gregory Hewitt and his bride—yes, the girl with the orchids!" She wrenched her imagination away from the picture gallery, to find Hewitt's eyes intent on her, as if he had read her thoughts.

"I think it's time for us to go home," she said, and planned down at her wrist, to turn to him with a start, saying: "Oh, my watch! I've lost it." "Was it something that you were losing?" he asked—a curious question, she told herself afterward. "Why no, not much. Just one that Andrew gave me as a reward of merit," she concluded with a rueful little smile, recalling Linda Boyce's words: "You see,"

she thought she loves me, but in reality she doesn't care any more for me than—well, this is a frightful thing for me to say, but she cares no more for me than I do for her. We ought to be getting along happily together. Instead of that, she came at me, and thought I keep quiet as much as I can about it, I nag, inwardly, at her. I'm not an old man—I'm forty-five years old, and just beginning to get hold of like by the right handle. I can do more than I've ever done before, with the right encouragement and co-operation. But Mar-

who went on, appalled at her own frankness, yet unable, somehow, to curb it. "You see, I help Andrew, by—well, by entertaining his clients and that watch was—" "I see; he pays you off in jewels. Well, we won't look for the watch then," he told her abruptly. "Tell me, little Pat, are you happy?" "Yes, I—oh, I don't know. Andy and I used to be perfectly happy together, but these last six months somehow, things are different." "There was a pause that gripped her like an iron hand. Hewitt stood looking straight down into her eyes, and his gaze held her as if he had taken her into his arms. Then, suddenly, he shrugged his shoulders and turned away. "Shall we go back?" was all that he said.

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:—We read in an editorial of Tuesday's Capital Journal and heredity plays even a greater part in the development of the criminal than does environment. It is true that persons are born with mental as well as physical weaknesses which are easily preyed upon by the associated environments—if good, will keep the individual in his own way from a social unfit and an outcast. But why argue as to which plays the more important part—one (heredity) sets the limits of possibilities for the individual, and the other (environment) forms the possibilities. The two factors are inseparable and work in conjunction with each other. The result is the individual as he appears to the group.

I quote from the editorial: "In any group of criminals, the most common physical characteristics is the tendency towards abnormalities, such as peculiar shaped craniums, prominent lower jaws, irregular ears and teeth and muscular irregularities. On the psychic side, there is absence of moral sensibilities." Such a theory of criminology was put forth by Lombroso in the latter part of the nineteenth century, but criminologists and sociologists today have thrown this theory into disrepute as the facts fail to correlate with such a view. In fact Lombroso never gave his theory a test. An English doctor named Griffith started such a work which was later finished by Dr. Goring. A study was made of three thousand consecutive cases during a period of eight years. His conclusion is as follows:

"Our results nowhere confirm the evidence of a physical criminal type; nor justify the allegation of criminal anthropologists. They challenge their evidence at almost every point. In fact, both with regard to measurements and the presence of physical anomalies in criminals, our statistics present a startling conformity with similar statistics of the law-abiding class. Our inevitable conclusion must be that there is no such thing as a physical criminal type."

Goring reported that he found about the same difference in cranial measurements between the graduates of Cambridge and the graduates of Oxford as between the criminals and the law-abiding

people. As to the psychic factor experiments and data at the present tend to show that criminals have an unbalanced nervous system. Lack of proper co-ordination between the emotional and the intellectual factors which becomes more pronounced with age. The old idea of prisons as a means of punishment is rapidly coming into disfavor as did the burning of witches and the application of the rack and other relics of barbarism. If we look at the problem as it is—the result of heredity and environment—we will treat those unfortunate individuals as we would any other sick person. It is well and good to protect society—that is what prisons are for—but not to punish unfortunate individuals for the incapacities of their forefathers nor the degenerating stimulus of their environment which has preyed upon them. WM. WALSH JR.

TWO INJURED IN SMASH OF AUTOS AT BROOKS

Two persons received minor injuries last night when cars driven by Julian Rapp, of 402 East Mohawk street, Portland, and Ben Clemens, of route 9, settled at Brooks corner, nine miles east of Salem. Mrs. Clemens received severe scalp wounds and suffered from the shock while an unidentified occupant of the Rapp car also received cuts about the scalp from broken glass.

Rapp was driving north on the Pacific highway when the Clemens car, coming south, turned in front of him to enter the service station on the northeast side of Brooks corner. Rapp was driving a Ford coupe and Clemens a Buick touring car. There was considerable damage to both machines.

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA

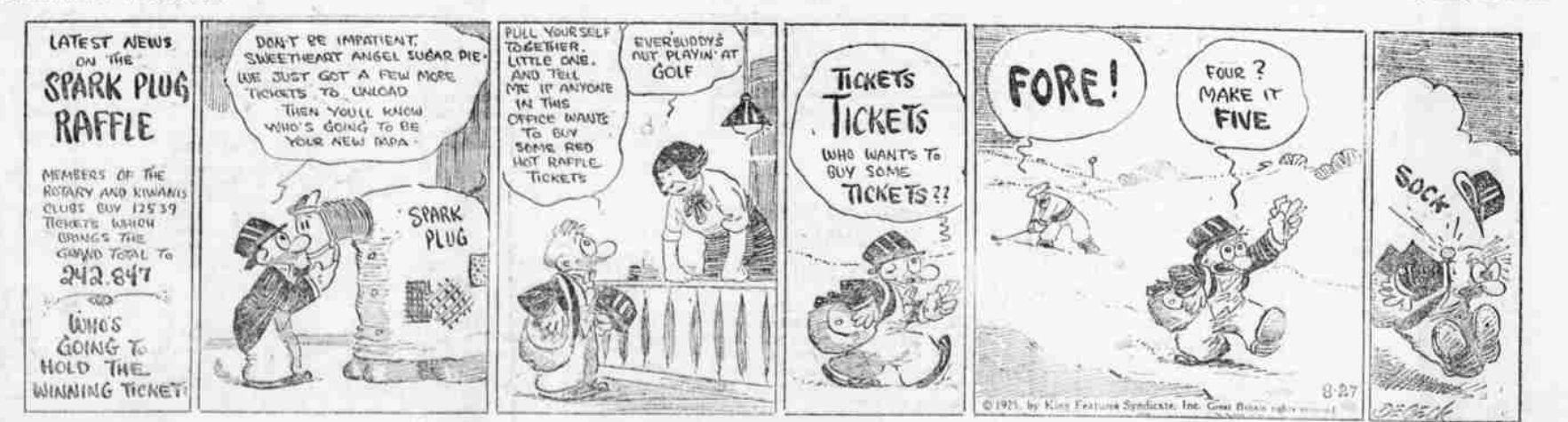


BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

BARNEY GOOLE



Barney Is Game

By Billy de Beck

MUTT AND JEFF



"Daddy" Jeff Is On the War Path Today

By Bud Fisher