

# 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 10 cents a week, 45 cents a month, \$4 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 TRAINED 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.

## Mental Tests

Some "criminologist", whatever that may be, has given "mental tests" to Tom Murray, Ellsworth Kelley, James Willows and William R. Lloyd, the four noblemen of nature about to expiate the sins of society against them, and has discovered that these guests of the state form quite an intelligent group, being far above the average mentally.

Murray, we are sagely informed, is a very superior person, qualified to be the executive of a large business enterprise. Kelley is also much above the average in intellect. Willows alone, was found slightly under the general average. Lloyd is above the average, but not quite as brilliant as Murray.

These same criminologists, applying the same "mental tests" to the drafted men of the army during the war, which was a fair cross-section of the populace, discovered that we are a nation of morons, as about 80 percent of the people average lower in intelligence than Mr. Willows. Yet with the exception of one half of one percent, this 80 percent have intelligence enough to keep out of jail and out of the shadow of the gallows—which none of these specially gifted mentalities had.

This leads to the query, who gave the mental tests to the examiners and how does their intelligence measure up in the only practical mental test—life? What is their capacity as demonstrated by accomplishment, to ask a few questions and by the replies classify another's mentality? The mere fact that such ridiculous and absurd guesswork should be taken seriously shows there is something the matter with the mentality of the guessers.

These mental tests are part of the psychological bunk being taught at our colleges and universities, part of the great delusion that people can be standardized and classified like factory products and that a universal rule of measure can be definitely applied to such an intangible thing as the human intellect.

No formula ever devised can measure mentality, for nature never created any two things just alike, least of all human minds, of which we know so little. Nature which always strives to better, is so prodigal and such a great equalizer that defects in one way are likely to be more than compensated for by development in other directions. There are so many possibilities latent in the brain that it successfully defies any standard of measure as well as efforts at standardization.

## Haney for Senator

Bert Haney's refusal to resign from the Shipping Board at President Coolidge's demand, and his quarrel with Admiral Palmer's policy, is said to have made Mr. Haney the logical candidate for the Democrats for United States senate next year. Certainly no available Democrat is better qualified, and Mr. Haney's stand for Oregon development will give him a strong following among republicans.

Admiral Palmer is merely carrying out the president's policy, which is to withdraw the government from the shipping business because it is a losing venture. This policy works for the larger ports whose developed commerce is looked after by established lines and against smaller ports and those whose commerce is still in the process of development, and to whom some such subsidy as lines operating at a loss, are necessary.

We have here the old, old, quarrel of special interests, such as northwest ports, against the general interests of all the government, with Mr. Haney, democrat, taking the side of special interests, against Mr. Coolidge, republican, taking the side of the general public. Each reverses the historic policy of his party, for it has been the democrats who have opposed subsidy, paternalism and privilege and the republicans who have fostered them.

All of which shows how little real difference there is between the two political parties, a difference becoming less daily as government degenerates into a mere struggle for spoils. The new South, becoming industrial, wants a tariff for her industries, the middle west was specially favored for sugar, wheat and other tariffs, the Northwest wants subsidized steamer lines, etc. Everywhere government has come to mean the doing out of pup for the few at the expense of the many.

## The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

An Unpleasant Transformation  
Patricia hardly knew her sister Carol when she first caught sight of her, waiting in the eager crowd at the train gate. And as for Carol she looked at Patricia, and then looked at the other arriving passengers, as if Patricia had not come. It was only when the pretty smartly clad girl caught Carol in her arms that Carol recognized her.  
"Oh, my dear, I'm so glad to see you," Patricia held her very tight, then released her and stepped back to look at her once more. "You've changed—your dress—it's been such a long time—three years' difference between us."  
Patricia hardly knew what she replied. It had been a shock to see the change in her sister. Carol had always been so lovely; there had been something beautifully youthful about her, something ethereal, even after the baby's birth. But now she was solid and matronly, heavier on her feet, set-

tingled down. She was perfectly groomed, fashionably dressed; about her throat was a string of exquisitely cut pearls, and her earrings, that matched them, were a triumph of the jeweler's art. But something had vanished that had always distinguished Carol; Patricia missed over it as they made their way to a taxi.

"I've got to do some shopping, you won't mind, will you?" Carol murmured regretfully. "Keith's using the car this afternoon, so I came in on the train, and we might just as well use the time till the one I told him I'd come out on to shop. Let's see—" she consulted a scribbled list. "Shirts for the baby—he outgrows them so fast!—and Keith wants me to exchange the suit links he was in the golf tournament last week for a better buckle, though he had had a dozen buckles now—I don't see why he'd want another—"

"How's your golf, Carol?" Patricia asked as they were hurried across town in a taxi. "You used to play such a good game, and living at a country club, you must play a great deal."  
"No, I don't," Carol answered, slowly. "Somehow, there's no time. Turning the house keeps me so busy, and then, of course, there's the baby—"

"But surely you have good servants and a nurse—"  
"Oh, yes, but you can't leave things to them. I always dust Keith's room and his study myself; he doesn't like to have the servants in there. And he doesn't feel that it's safe to leave the baby to Nurse, so, of course, I look after the baby's food myself, and see that he has his bath, and all that—"  
Carol's voice trailed into silence again; she seemed to have her mind so full of something else that she hardly realized that her sentences were left dangling. Patricia looked at her with puzzled eyes. Could this be the gay, happy-go-lucky Carol who had had no sense of responsibility, no thought for anything that meant not being her own mistress?

They arrived at last at Greenways, the country club near which the Willoughbys had built their home. They were one of a dozen families that had settled in a wide semicircle with the club as a nucleus; their homes were unusually attractive, though it was the fashion to refer to them depreciatingly. Having heard Carol chat for a moment on the train with an acquaintance about her house, Patricia was surprised when she saw it, with its beautiful lines, its porches and wide spacious rooms.  
"Carol, it's a darling house!" she exclaimed eagerly, as they left the club bus and walked up the path. "It's beautiful. Now, where's the baby?"

The baby was on his own small screened lawn, in the arms of a nurse who looked so capable that Patricia wondered why Carol should feel that she was more competent than this pleasant-faced middle-aged woman. But Carol fussed over him, asked if he had been fed, if he had had his nap, as if the woman weren't a trained nurse, quite capable of looking after the child's simple needs.

"Why in the world do you bother so with him?" Patricia asked, as Carol went with her to her room. "That woman looks like a perfect wonder."  
"Well, she is; we pay her enough goodness knows! I've given up everything I specially wanted all this last year, it seems to me, so that we could keep her! But I just feel that I have to keep an eye on her—Keith likes her too."  
Patricia's brows went up sharply, and a whimsical little smile curled about her pretty mouth, but she said nothing, until she entered the delightful guest room that was to be hers. Then she was voluble in her praise. Cream-colored walls, pale green woodwork, curtains of taffeta striped with pale green and lavender and yellow, a quantity draped dressing table and bed, a perfectly appointed desk. "Carol, this is the sweetest room I've seen in ages!" she cried.

"Keith thinks that, too; he was awfully pleased with it when it was finished," Carol replied, flushing with pride. "Now—oh, there he is!" as a man's voice was heard on the drive below.

Patricia looked to a window as Carol fled; she was eager to see once more this brother-in-law whose word had become law of recent years.  
Tomorrow—The Stern in the House.  
3 Flavors Missing.  
Paris, Sept. 7.—(A. P.)—The aviators LaPorte and Priol and their three mechanics have been missing 48 hours since their disappearance in the seaplane trials from Corcaze to St. Raphael, in the southeastern coast of France.

Carmel by the Sea, Cal.—Fredrick Egneman, resident of this artist colony, is running for governor on an evolution platform.

## Religion Is Personal Matter Says Tully In Opening Sermon

"Religion is the most important and universal of all themes," said Rev. Norman K. Tully, new pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Salem, in his sermon yesterday evening. Dr. Tully spoke on the subject, "Pure Religion and Unfiled."  
"More people are interested in religion now than in any other subject," he said, "and all people are capable of being aroused to interest in it. This is not true of any other subject. Law, medicine, agriculture and commerce are of incalculable importance, but in any given place and at any given time more people are interested in them than are interested in religion."  
"It is appointed unto all men once to die. Then the question inevitably comes, after death, what? Only religion has the answer for that question. That is why religion appeals to all men, and is the most important theme."

Dr. Tully referred to Tolstoy's definition of religion as "the relation which the individual establishes between himself and God." "Religion is a personal matter," he continued. "Every man has some sort of relationship to God. He grows in grace as that relationship improves. A part of the work of the church is to teach men how to improve that relationship."  
Making reference to the sermon on the mount, the speaker declared that in that sermon Jesus had defined religion in the law of service, inspired by love, and measured by sacrifice. "That is the religion of the practical every day Christian," he said, "who is needed in the world's busy strife. Only divine love can keep a man serving. The service becomes Christian in proportion as it is carried beyond the point of convenience and endures hardship. Such service the world needs."  
"The apostle James, in his matter-of-fact little Epistle, catches the gleam of his divine brother and carries on the idea. He tells us that 'pure religion' and 'undefiled' consists in 'visiting the widows and fatherless in their distress,' and in keeping oneself 'unspotted from the world.' First, he emphasizes service, 'visiting.' That ties us back to Jesus' practice 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' Then he points to purity, 'unspotted from the world.' There lies our greatest practical need. Church people are so much like the world that there is no need of the world changing its ways. We shall remain weak and crippled until we become less like the world and live more unspotted lives. 'Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate.'"

Declaring that religion means the act of binding back to God, Dr. Tully stated, "We need His wisdom, justice, power, holiness, goodness and trusty. The religion of Jesus Christ is preeminently fitted to root, to ground, to build us up in these qualities. All will find success in fulfilling their calling, and serving their present age, by cultivating these qualities."  
Rev. Charles Ward, pastor of the First Congregational church, opened the church for the winter by preaching a sermon on the subject "The Lost Christ," at yesterday morning's services.  
He declared that Jesus had been reared, in his youth, in a religious atmosphere, citing the fact that it was the custom of his parents to go every year to Jerusalem at the time of the feast of the Passover. Rev. Mr. Ward described the trip to Jerusalem at the time when Jesus was lost in the temple.  
"Most people who have known Christ and later lost Him," he said, "have lost Him when leaving the temples of worship." "People frequently say they can worship God as well in field and forest as in any edifice made by hands. They flit away on Sundays to some alluring trout stream or bathing resort or picnic ground, defending their action by saying that they can worship God in the open. But as a matter of fact they do not do so, for the spirit of worship is not in them."  
"Very few people who leave the temples of worship continue long to really worship God at all. Public worship is a quest for God, a seeking of His companionship. 'And he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.' Man is never more noble than when he is seeking God. In worship we fellowship with other seekers and are lifted by a common desire of the group. Our faith is strengthened and our courage increased by the faith of others manifested in public worship. Every one who joins the 'Jesus company' makes it a little easier for others to seek that fellowship. 'In public worship our minds are fixed on Christian ideals, and no

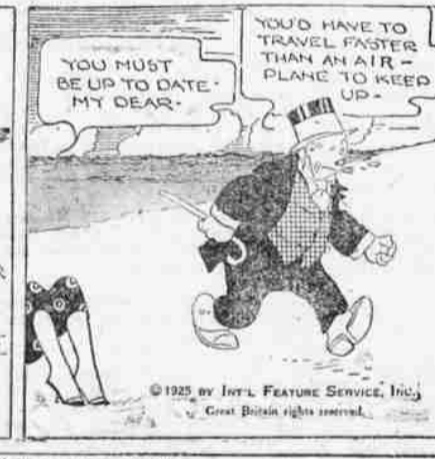
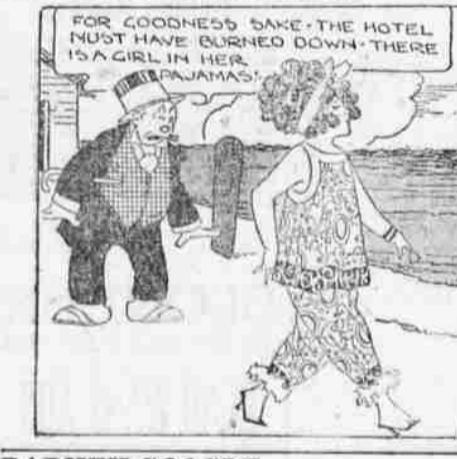
one fixes his mind, even for a brief time, on Christ-like things without becoming more like Christ. That is what Paul meant when he told the Corinthians, 'But we all—beholding as in a mirror the face of the Lord are transformed into the same image.'"  
"We lose through disease in religion as in other things. Darwin had been a theist since childhood in old age regretted the loss of appreciation of music and poetry. There had been a time when the strains of an orchestra thrilled him and when the musings of the poets were understood and appreciated. But other things crowded these out of his mind for years until he could no longer appreciate or understand them. We could cite numerous instances of individuals who once loved Christ and were found frequently in His temples of worship, but who have lost Christ by leaving those temples."  
"The lost Christ was found again in the temple. Most folks who want to find Christ know where to look. We may criticize and condemn the church and say that Christ is not in it, this is a popular pastime with some, but no other institution approaches the church in Christian influence. Most of our humanitarian influences were founded upon the church. Kings and politicians have not made half the contribution to human well-being as have the great spiritual leaders: Moses, Isaiah, Jesus Christ, Paul, Luther, Savonarola, Wesley, Livingstone and the pitiful fathers, and the pitiful fathers. 'If we do not find Christ in the temple of public worship let us examine our own hearts.'"  
"In our religion of any value to us? If so it is worth propagating; if not it is worth keeping."  
"After three days they found Him in the temple. That is where we shall find Him today."

By Chick Young

### DUMB DORA



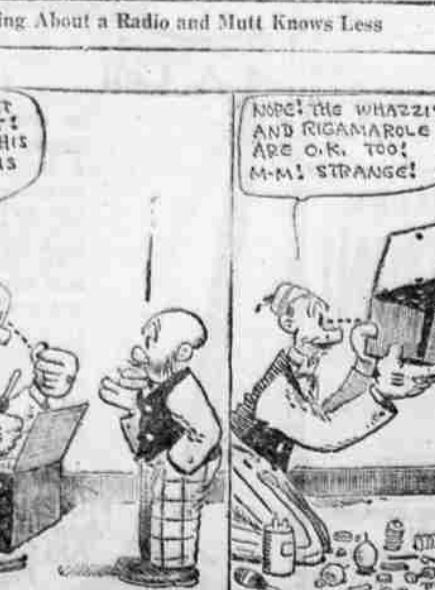
### BRINGING UP FATHER



### BARNEY GOOGLE



### MUTT AND JEFF



### Jeff Knows Nothing About a Radio and Mutt Knows Less

By Bud Fisher