

# Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

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

## Metamorphosis of the Klan

Despite the flamboyant bluster of Imperial Wizard Evans at the Washington convocation of the Ku Klux Klan's political power and prestige, the result of recent primary elections show plainly enough its decline and fall as a political factor. Even in the state of its origin, Georgia, its endorsed candidates for United States senator and representatives as well as governor were overwhelmingly defeated. In Colorado, where the Klan has ruled supreme for the past few years, it was decisively overthrown. And other states repeat the same story.

When the Klan abandoned night-riding and became law-abiding, even to the extent of parading unmasked, when, in other words it became respectable, it lost its grotesque appeal to the lawless, who under cloak of anonymity had been enabled to gratify fanaticism and satisfy enmities, it joined the numerous orders of secret societies whose activities interest only themselves and not the public.

The national convocation and parade of 20,000 Kluxers last week at the nation's capital attracted much less attention than a year ago and in a few years more will command no more notice than the national gathering of other secret societies, for the Klan's future must be as a fraternal and social organization and not as a political body, for secret political societies are contrary to the spirit of American democracy and historically short-lived.

There were some amusing features in the national parade. The 100 percent American Klan newspapers were hawked by negro and Jewish newsboys. The restaurant and souvenir stands along the avenue, run by Greeks and Hebrews, had special signs of "Welcome K. K. K." over their doors. Henry M. Hyde, the well-known Washington correspondent, writes in the Baltimore Sun:

The parade filled the wide mile-long stretch of Pennsylvania for several hours. Every one of the 20,000 marchers wore an official duncecap—high and white and running up to a sharp point at the top. Looking up the avenue from the treasury these pyramid white points, all in motion, made a curious picture.

The big boys who have a share in the split of the bath-robe fund wore robes of orange and crimson, blue, black and green, with cone-shaped, pointed caps of the same color. They strutted their stuff, four or six abreast. But the thousands were all in white and walked—not marched—in straggling lines, fifteen or twenty wide.

The women—of whom there were thousands—were better drilled and took more pride in their marching. They had taken the feminine liberty of adding red satin caps to their uniforms or trimming the edges of the bathrobes with some other bright color.

It was a flood of unimaginative monotony which poured down the avenue all afternoon, unbroken save by a few pathetic attempts at floats. The kluckers must show more originality if they want to keep up their annual show. It grows tiresome.

All which goes to show that the Klan has lost its menace as well as its novelty and joined the ranks of the common place. Even its parades lack color to amuse the multitude, its night-gowns cannot compete with the bizarre fantastic garb of the ordinary fraternal order any more than its appropriate dunce caps can with the multi-colored fez.

## Theosophists Quarrel

As was to be expected, the branch of the Theosophists headed by Katherine Tingley, a rival of the faction led by Anna Besant, is out with a broadside against the latter's "world teacher" Jeddou Krishnamurti through whom the latter declares Christ is to appear to redeem the world. Although no names are mentioned, the inference is clear in the title "False Prophets and Pseudo-Apostles."

Mrs. Tingley quotes from an article by H. P. Blavatsky, founder of Theosophy as follows:

(a) 'the coming of Christ' means the presence of Christ in a regenerated world, and not at all the actual coming of 'Christ' Jesus; (b) this Christ is to be sought neither in the wilderness nor 'in the inner chambers,' nor in the sanctuary of any temple or church built by man; for Christ—the true esoteric Saviour—is no man, but the Divine Principle in every human being. He who strives to resurrect the Spirit crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions, and buried deep in the 'sepulchre' of his sinful flesh; he who has the strength to roll back the stone of matter from the door of his inner sanctuary, he has the risen Christ in him. The 'Son of Man' is no child of the bond-woman—flesh, but verily of the free-woman—Spirit, the child of man's own deeds, and the fruit of his own spiritual labor.

Mrs. Tingley adds a quotation from William Quan Judge also one of the founders of Theosophy, asserting that those who claim to be Jesus are frauds or insane and show how superstitious and gullible people still are. To which Mrs. Tingley adds:

Theosophy, while accepting and teaching the age-old doctrine of periodic descents or incarnations of Rays of the Divine, also sets forth very clearly the danger, both spiritual and social, of blindly following the teachings or beliefs of people who advance claims to divinity either for themselves or others. While of course, each such incarnation, or Avatars of a Ray of the Divine, necessarily must have a human body to appear among men and teach them, no more claims or representations of being such an incarnation have any value whatever. History both past and present is full of false Christs, false prophets, and of deluded and deluding teachers.

At the same time, Mrs. Besant seems within the tenets of the Theosophical faith which teaches that when man has reached perfection, so that he no longer needs earth experience, he will pass to spheres of usefulness and glory beyond conception, whence he need not return to earth unless he chooses to do so to help humanity, and those who have reached this state have become the great founders of religions and spiritual leaders of humanity. She claims her protegee has reached the required state of perfection to be used for divine inspiration.

## HEARTS ADRIFT

By Mildred Barbour

It was a rainy afternoon and Madge was very bored. She had dressed for tea, but the steady rain precluded the possibility of any callers. She tried to read a novel in the empty drawing room under a cheerful, shaded lamp, but it turned out to be a sugary love story and she flung the book down in disgust. The very mention of love irritated Madge somehow these days.

Wandering to the window, she pushed aside the velvet curtains and stood looking out into the dreary street, drumming impa-

tiently on the cold pane with her slim, jeweled fingers. It was a depressing scene. The grey asphalt was wet and shining and almost deserted except for an occasional speeding taxicab with loosened clanking wheel chains, or a nondescript Ford with flapping curtains. The gutters ran rivers of water and the grey curtain of rain almost obscured the first faint bluish of green along the bare branches of the dripping trees.

"What a night—after Florida!" Madge shuddered and drew the velvet curtains to shut out the dreary

She heard the shrilling of the telephone in the hall and turned an interested ear, hoping against hope for some diversion. When the maid announced a call for her, she sped to the instrument.

It was Cartwright's voice which answered her.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Nothing," she allowed her voice to sink despondently. "It's such a frightful day, too. I'm bored to tears."

"Then maybe you could be persuaded to give a poor devil a cup of tea and a little cheer on this beastly afternoon?"

Madge hesitated for a moment. She had met Cartwright frequently at parties since their return from Florida, but he had never asked to call. She knew that it was indiscreet of him to do so now, and indiscreet, also, for her to receive him. But the temptation was very great.

She decided swiftly.

"Do come. I need cheering too."

"Good. I'll be around in half an hour."

Madge hung up the receiver slowly. There was a speculative light in her lovely eyes. "I wonder," she was thinking, "should I have done that?"

"Suppose someone else should come?"

Again she decided swiftly and ringing for the maid, informed her that after Mr. Cartwright had arrived, she was not at home to anyone. Then she studied herself carefully in the hall mirror, decided her appearance couldn't be improved on, and returning to the drawing room, seated herself in her most graceful, studied posture to await his arrival.

Her heart was beating a trifle quickly with excitement, for she couldn't deny to herself that Cartwright interested, even fascinated her. He represented a new type of man to her. Polished, world weary, cynical, but with an undeniable physical charm and unmistakable

## STAGE WHISPERS

Salem witness. Its first showing of a spoken drama for nearly a year in the presentation of "Seventh Heaven" at the Elsinore tonight by Street's New York Players, and the production will also be the first of its kind in the new theater, with its large stage, complete equipment and comfort and atmosphere.

Emotional force and the call for strong acting abound in "Seventh Heaven," a romantic comedy drama of the Paris slums, and these demands are splendidly met by the Street Players, particularly Tom Chatterton and Mary Daniel, the leads, say those who saw the showing during its two weeks at the Heilig in Portland. Equally glowing are the reports of Barbara Haaland, William Street, Helena Shipman, George Cleveland, Richard Obee and Lawrence Keating in the supporting cast.

The appearance of the players here tonight is something in the nature of an experiment, and return engagements will depend largely upon the supporting patronage they receive this time.

Getting back to pictures after such a week of special attractions as have featured the theater bills during the past seven days would hold a rather drab outlook for the show fans were it not for promise which such pictures as "The Isle of Rebirth," which comes to the Oregon tomorrow for two days, Lillian Rich, Robert Fraser and Victor McLaglen are the stars in this gripping tale of the arctic.

The story has a particular appeal for Oregonians in that the author is an Oregon man, Edson Marshall of Medford.

The Elsinore's mid-week offering also gives promise of some excellent screen entertainment in "Paddock," which opens Wednesday and will remain through Thursday. It is also a screen interpretation of a strong story by a popular author, Rex Beach, and the calibre of its stars is sufficient to insure a creditable production. Lois Moran, Louise Dresser and Noah Beery play the principal roles and the production was directed by Allan Dwan.

Briefly, the story is that of an old-fashioned father who through his narrow-mindedness, nearly wrecks his daughter's life. It's the old theme of parental restraint in conflict with the freedom loving younger generation, but its treatment is unusual and refreshing.

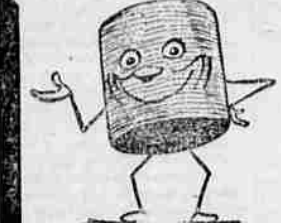
While dwelling on coming attractions at the theaters there are many who will probably be interested in the announcement that "The Volva Boatman" is booked for a return engagement in Salem. Manager Stille gave out the word yesterday that this record breaking production has been billed for a showing at the Oregon early in October.

## MULCT JOLSON FOR \$2627.28

New York, Sept. 21.—(AP)—A verdict for \$2627.28 against Al Jolson, comedian, in the suit for \$571,645 for alleged breach of contract brought by D. W. Griffith, Inc., was returned by a jury in federal court today.

The suit resulted from an alleged agreement by Jolson to act in a motion picture to be made by Griffith. Jolson, however, after viewing a trial run of film, said he realized he would not be successful as a movie actor and refused to continue with the plan. He denied any contract ever had been signed. Griffith asked damages for money he claimed he expended in preparation for the film, which was to have been known as "Mammy's Boy."

General Howze Dead  
Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 21.—(AP)—Major General Robert Lee Howze, commanding officer of the Fifth corps area, U. S. A., died yesterday following an operation for gall bladder trouble. He was 62.



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## DUMB DORA

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## Sunshine Does a Little Foraging

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## HEARTS ADRIFT