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

—BYRON.

Justice Miscarries

Mistrial of the De Autremont trial because of the death of a juror is reported to have cost Jackson county \$25,000 and the worst of it is, that the money has all been wasted as well as the time of the witnesses and that the expense must be duplicated next fall. In addition, the accused must be held in prison for another six months without the chance to establish his guilt or innocence.

The mistrial and the delay are directly due to the obsolete legal system we labor under in Oregon, a system designed primarily to secure delay and retard rather than speed justice. The legislature obstinately refuses to make changes in procedure recommended by courts and bar associations, because the class of lawyer-politicians usually represented in that body are those that profit by the existing system.

Other states have provided for a thirteenth or alternate juror to obviate just such miscarriage of justice as in the DeAutremont trial. And there is no reason why the remaining eleven jurors could not decide the case as justly as the twelve, which custom has decreed.

Our jury system was derived from Normandy where it was established by Carolingian kings and appeared in England after the Norman conquest, superseding trial by ordeal and battle still utilized in barbarous lands. Probably the number of jurors was made a dozen, because the number twelve had mystical significance.

There were twelve signs of the zodiac, invented probably before 3000 B. C.; there were twelve months in the year; the first code of moral laws drawn up in Rome 450 B. C. was in twelve parts engraved on twelve copper tablets; there were twelve apostles in the Christian church; there were twelve nights from Christmas to Epiphany, originally the old winter festival of the heathens, when Woden held procession; there were twelve apostles or church prelates who ruled Ireland in the dark ages; there were twelve peers or paladins of France, companions in French romance and history; in brief the number twelve seems to have played a part of its own in the folk lore of every people and to have influenced other institutions beside the law in the evolution of civilization.

There is no surer way to breed contempt for law than by just such miscarriages as that in the DeAutremont case, and it is small wonder that the law and its obsolete processes are viewed with popular disdain.

The Flood Victims

Secretary Hoover estimates the property damage already caused by the Mississippi flood at between \$250,000,000 and \$300,000,000. In addition nearly half a million people are homeless—without homes or occupation and dependent on charity for the next year. The disaster is an appalling national calamity.

It is apparent that no matter how generously the public responds to the appeals for funds for Red Cross work, that only a small percentage of funds needed for relief as well as rehabilitation can be thus raised. Passing the hat cannot remedy this disaster. Only congress can accomplish this task and the sooner it is called for the purpose, the better.

The restoration of half a million refugees to their homes and their normal mode of life, their re-establishment in self-supporting industry is one of the greatest tasks ever undertaken, and one that can only be undertaken by the nation. Feeding flood victims and providing temporary shelter, as is now being attempted, is a simple proposition in comparison. To delay rehabilitation is to promote economic waste, social derangement and industrial demoralization. Every day lost, makes the task more difficult.

Ample funds are available for this work—a proper national undertaking. All that is necessary is to summon congress to authorize the expenditure, for the money expended will be a good investment. President Coolidge however will rise to the emergency as usual—that is he will do nothing. He will demonstrate the customary small man's grasp of big things and find refuge in inaction—lest congress ruffle his serenity.

Candlelight

By RUBY M. AYRES

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FIRST LOVE LETTERS

William banged his book down on a table and leaned upstairs to his room, and it was there by the light of an indifferent gas-jet and with the aid of a scratchy pen and a bottle that was almost dry of ink that he wrote his first love-letter.

"Dear Minnie—As I suppose you are home by now I will keep my promise and write you a letter. I hope you got home all right. I am sorry you ran away in the rain like you did—"

At the time he had been thankful, but he had forgotten that now—"It is still raining here, but I hope it will clear up tomorrow so that I can go fishing."

And at that point he stopped, gnawed the end of his pen and frowned. What a stupid letter! Not at all what he intended to write. However, perhaps she would understand.

He dipped the nib in the ink bottle again, found it quite dry by this time, and getting up added some water from the washstand jug. With matters slightly improved, he continued:

"If you had stayed my mother would have asked you to tea. Perhaps next summer we shall both go to the same place again. Do you hope so? I think I do. I shall look out for an answer to this letter."

With love from
"William the Third."

added two crosses which might have been intended for kisses or mistaken for scratches out.

Minnie took them for kisses, and she carried the not very satisfactory epistle about with her till its edges grew ragged and its writing blurred.

Three days afterwards she answered it, and this is what she wrote:

"Dear William—I got your letter and I got home safely. I got up early and took it out of the letter box before anyone came down. Thank you very much. I hope it cleared up so you could go fishing. I wish I could go fishing with you. Yes, I hope we go to the same seaside next year, but I hope first you will ride down on your bicycle. I go back to school on September 3rd. When do you go? It is very nice here today, but I wish I was with you."

"Love from
"Minnie."

And then in order to get a stamp with which to post that letter, Minnie stole for the first and last time in her life. Having asked her mother and Aunt Louise, and even the housemaid in vain for a penny with which to buy one, she was finally reduced to despair.

"A penny! What do you want a penny for?" they each demanded in turn, her mother gratuitously asking the question. "Do you think I am made of money?" She had no patience with Minnie. She considered it a personal affront that the

child was so plain and uninteresting.

"What do you want a penny for, pray?" Aunt Louise demanded. "You're only just come back from a lovely holiday. You're an ungrateful little girl!"

"When I was your age, Miss Minnie, I never had any money at all, the housemaid said severely, adopting the tone of rebuke and disapproval which every member of the household reserved for Minnie.

"A penny isn't much," the child pleaded. "It's too much for you anyway," was the only reply she got. "And run away and don't bother."

Minnie went out of the room, her heart beating high with indignation and down to her father's study. It was a room of which she usually stood in holy terror, but now, knowing he was out, she entered with a firm step.

She crossed the soft carpet to the writing table and lifted the silver lid of his stamp-box. So many stamps! Halfpenny and penny ones! Surely it would not be such a terrible thing to take just one?

But she shut her eyes as she took it. She kept her eyes shut as she liked it with a hot, guilty tongue, and stuck it into the envelope which was addressed in a smudged, scrawling hand to "Master William Winter." Then she shut the lid of the silver box again and walked firmly out of the room.

But that night she faltered a little over her prayers, and when it came to the last words, "God bless me and make me a good girl," for an instant she hid her face in the counterpane, and waited breathlessly for some sign of the Almighty's anger.

But nothing happened, the Almighty apparently not being at all shocked. But after the first few weeks the correspondence between William

the Third and Minnie began to flag and lose interest. William went back to school and found other distractions, and Minnie's face which had at first haunted him into a faithful persistence that was almost a pain, began to fade from his memory. When her letters came—childish letters and badly written—he read them almost guiltily and hurriedly destroyed them. He had got to that age when he had a nervous horror of chaff, and yet not quite to that age when it was considered the manly thing to receive letters from girls.

So Minnie's last letter was left unanswered altogether, and the weeks went by and the months, and another summer came and went, and William the Third spent his vacation with a school friend who lived in the country, and they had a sister who was as pretty as a picture, with long, fair, real curly hair, and eyes as blue as a summer sky, and William always felt tremendously romantic whenever he was with her, and tremendously anxious for her to like him. The odd thing about it all was that for some time to be explained, reason, her presence brought the memory of Minnie back most forcibly to his mind, with the result that one day he went up to his bedroom, armed with paper and pens, and sat down and wrote her the following not inspired epistle:

Dear Minnie:

I darsay you have forgotten all about me by this time, but I have not forgotten you. I am waiting here for my holidays with a chap from our school, and we are having a good time. Where are you spending your holidays, and do you remember last year? I am going home on Tuesday, so write to me there.

Hoping you are well,
Love from William the Third."

Minnie found that letter lying on the hall table one afternoon when

she came in from school. Fortunately neither her Mother nor her Aunt Louise were in when it arrived, or she would never have received it, but as it was, she fled upstairs to her room with it, her heart beating fast, and her hands shaking with nervous excitement as she opened it.

For months William had not written to her at all; furthermore he had left her last letter unanswered. Well, she would treat him in the same way, she decided, and so, although she carried the unromantic epistle about with her by day, and slept with it under her pillow by night she let a whole month go by before she wrote in reply, and then it was a very short letter and entirely non-committal.

"Dear William
Thank you for your letter. I am glad you had a good holiday. I did not have one at all this year. You never rode down on your bicycle, did you? I hope you are well," and after much consideration she signed herself—

"Yours sincerely,"
(sincerely) spelt wrong

"Minnie Atherton."

William read the letter with a faint sense of disappointment until he got to the mis-spelled word—then he looked supercilious and thrust it hurriedly away in his pocket.

So once again Minnie's letter remained unanswered.

Tomorrow—A Long Deferred Trip.

London—Lady Astor's defense of capital: "I thank God we have got it when I see non-capitalistic countries."

DIAMOND CUTTERS IDLE
Aitwerp, Belgium.—Due to overproduction in the Belgian diamond industry, diamond cutters have been thrown out of work and a three-day week has been suggested.

UNDER FIVE PRESIDENTS
Springfield, Minn.—Through the terms of five presidents John Schmelz has been postmaster here.



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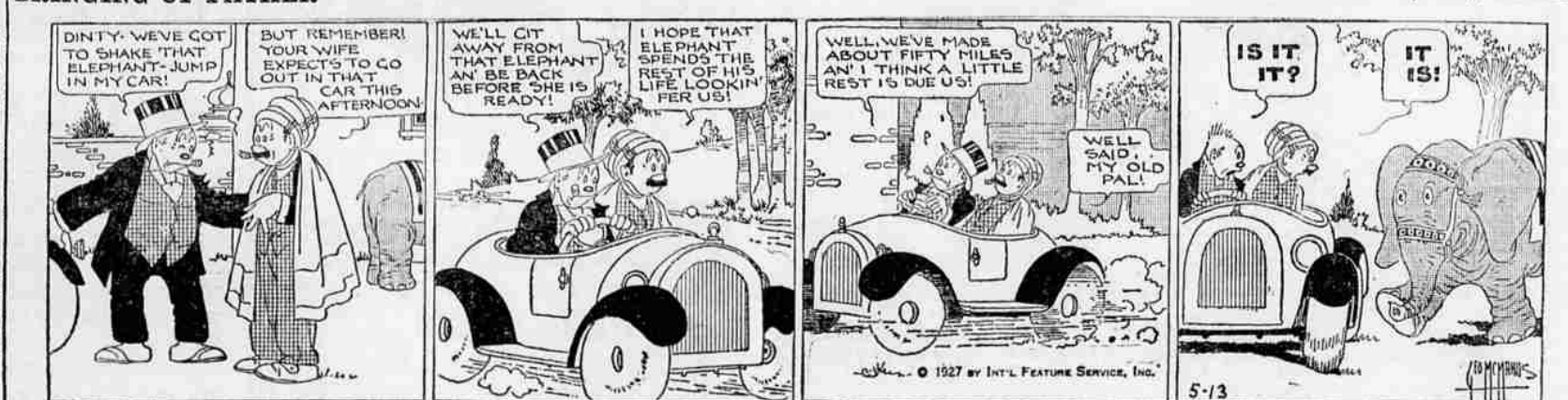


By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE



MUTT AND JEFF

