

Capital Journal

An Independent Newspaper, Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday at 128 S. Commercial Street. Telephone 81; News 22.
GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher
Entered as second-class mail matter at Salem, Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier—10 cents a week; 46 cents a month; \$5 a year in advance. By mail in Marion and Polk counties, one month 60 cents; 3 months \$1.75; 6 months \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 60 cents a month; \$5 a year in advance.

FULL LEASED WIRE SERVICES OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS AND OF THE UNITED PRESS

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 hereto.

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

A Lot Of Difference

Gene Tunney, champion bruiser is to receive \$1,000,000 for his half hour in the ring tomorrow evening and Jack Dempsey, ex-champion bruiser \$425,000 for a few minutes pummeling. Tex Rickard who has arranged the bally-hoo will probably clear as much as the two together, which the gullible public will cheerfully subscribe for a fleeting spectacle.

All of which shows there is a lot of difference between prize fights of today and those of past generations. The old time pug defended their title with bare fists behind a hedge hidden from the constable and then fought for a purse made up by the gentlemen at the ringside and a belt of honor. Jean Mace made and lost his modest fortune by taking on all comers for a sovereign each and met in all 500 men.

The great John L. Sullivan made most of his money meeting local fighters under agreement to stop his man or forfeit \$1000. He usually won. His championship fight with Jake Kilrain was for a \$20,000 purse. He got practically nothing when he lost to Corbett, who won about \$40,000. The Jeffries-Corbett fight yielded \$9,900 and \$6,600 respectively. Johnson and Willard fought for \$35,000.

With the commercializing of pugilism, purses began to double and quadruple. The Jeffries-Johnson purse was \$101,000 with receipt percentages that doubled the money. The Dempsey-Firpo fight yielded \$500,000. The Tunney-Dempsey fight last year broke records, \$900,000 being divided between winner and loser.

Prize fighting first came into vogue over a century ago in England. The old English champions were gentlemen who threw their purses to the crowd when the fighting was over. The first great boxers came from Birmingham, and the great steel center was for long the headquarters of British pugilism. Mitchell, Mace and Allen were the last champions to hail from there.

Mitchell came from a fine old English family. Graduating from English high schools, he took a course of surgery in London, where he had his pockets picked and went into a boxing show to earn money enough to pay his fare home. He became champion by putting out all comers. When he fought Sullivan, he weighed but 165 against the latter's 225.

Yes, there's a lot of difference between prize fighters of today, and those of a few years ago. The popular objection to Tunney is that he is something of a scholar and gentleman, as the pugilists of old were, while Dempsey fulfills the modern conception of rough-neck bruiser. Now pugilism is simply a commercialized industry. Gone are the bare knuckles and the fight to a finish. But in its place are gloves, limited rounds and million dollar purses.

Pedestrian Paths

William F. Woodward, former member of the legislature is starting a movement to have the state highway commission and the county courts cooperate to provide safe and suitable paths or walk-ways alongside highways and market roads for the benefit of pedestrians. He declares such provision is as essential as the roadway itself. He states:

There is well-defined hostility toward all motorists by many who must walk, because of present conditions. Our highways were never intended exclusively for wheeled vehicles. There should be a possibility of a common user, with safety for all.

The point is well taken, only what use would the walks be, for who would use them? Who walks nowadays, anyway? Only a few old fashioned fogies. Even the city sidewalks, outside the business district, are so seldom utilized that in many resident districts they are being cut out altogether. About the only pedestrians using the highways are those who insolently flag every passing motorist for a ride, and curse him if he doesn't accommodate them.

For many years the writer has walked to his work daily, a distance something over a mile, for the exercise. Years ago, when the population was far less, there would be many pedestrians on the street going to their work. Every year sees fewer walkers and now he frequently never sees one in a mile going either direction until he reaches the business district, but a never-ending stream of autos frantically rush by, which have put out of business even the street car.

In the days when the working day began at 7 o'clock, every toiler had ample time to walk to his work. Now the day begins at 8 o'clock or later. No one has time or inclination for walking, even though it be but a few blocks. Even the school boys have to have their autos.

The busy business man cannot spare the time to walk a short distance, but must use a car and park it all day with the public street as a garage. To secure the needed exercise to balance his overeating, he pays some professional to put him through a gymnastic course in a stuffy, sweaty gymnasium that takes twice the time and does half the good that a mile walk in the open air would, or he cuts his working hours to motor out to some expensive golf course and aimlessly meanders around chasing little balls.

Even the itinerant toiler must ride in his ramshackle car to his work, though the money so wasted would prevent associated charities from supporting his family in winter time. Whatever money he makes is utilized to run his motor.

Walking, which promotes health and furnishes joys of its own, is becoming a lost art and almost unknown to the rising generation. The only walking they get is by public collection to hire some welfare worker to supervise their mass hiking under discipline. The pleasure of a long country walk to observe the beauties of nature is nowadays unknown. What use would foot paths and highway walks be in these days when there are no pedestrians?

The Unwilling Adventuress

By MILDRED BARBOUR

(Copyright, 1926, Metropolitan Newspaper Service, New York.)

CHAPTER XX
THE NEW FACTORS
"We only reached New York from Florida this morning," Mrs. Howard Cutting, seated on the foot of a chaise longue in the sitting room reserved for Mrs. John Hartley, holding Doris' hand and patting it affectionately from time to time, explained her desperate nephew

answered. Only fancy, you were just starting on your honeymoon, you screechy boy, and we didn't know a thing about it! Imagine our delight when we saw the passenger list a few minutes ago and found: 'Mr. and Mrs. John Hartley!' You could have knocked me over with a feather."

Her nephew rather looked as though he wished someone had employed a more telling weapon—a blackjack, for instance, but his aunt rattled joyously on: "I think your little bride is too adorable. Now, do tell me when it all happened."

She addressed Doris, pressing the latter's hand in both of hers. Doris looked helplessly at Hartley and he looked back at her for a helpless moment. Then, gazing at his scattered faculties, he moistened suddenly dry lips and said, with an effort at a grin:

"I think—why, it was this morning. Yes, yes, of course, it was this morning."

"Dear boy," murmured the lady affectionately. "He's really quite dazed by his happiness, Howard. Do you remember, Howard, how you forgot all the trunk checks, when we left on our honeymoon, and we never got our luggage till the day before we returned home? And I had to wear a blouse and skirt the whole time?"

"I always forget trunk checks," explained her husband with a sickly grin. "Howard always forgets something," his wife declared. "He has absolutely no head for details. Now Jack, tell me all about it."

She returned to her nephew's inquisition, giving a delighted squint. She was plump and pretty in a middle-aged way. She was the type that dotes on romantic novels and chocolate creams, young Hartley remembered with an inward groan.

Doris pulled away from arms that exhibited no inclination to hold her. She thought that Hartley looked more as if he'd enjoy biting her ear viciously, than bestowing the caresses which his aunt urged upon him.

A deep melodious gong sounded along the ship's corridors.

"Luncheon," announced Hartley with satisfaction, as he rose quickly to his feet.

"I noticed plovers' eggs on the menu!"

"Now, Howard!" admonished his wife, "you know you must be awfully careful of your diet on shipboard. The doctor warned you."

"But I've had nothing except tea and toast all the way up from Florida."

"Never mind. You don't want to be sick, do you?" She turned to her nephew and Doris. "Are my two little honeymoon birds coming to the salon, or will you lunch in strictest seclusion?"

"Oh, we'll come to the salon," declared Hartley, giving his bride a meaning and bitter look.

"He berated his relatives out of the stateroom and closing the door upon them, turned to Doris:

"The seclusion stuff is all off—with those two aboard," he announced. "Give me time and I'll think of something else!"

LOU AMES VISITS

Silverton, Sept. 21.—Mr. and Mrs. Lou Ames have arrived here from Fullerton, California Saturday evening and were very pleased to be able to attend the fair and meet old friends. The Lou Ames lived in Silverton nearly all their lives until several years ago. The visitors expect to spend several weeks here.

AT CONFERENCE

Woodburn, Sept. 21.—Rev. Aaron J. Neufeld left this morning to attend the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church which is in session at Salem. A meeting of the official board of the church was held last night to wind up the affairs of the church year, and Rev. Neufeld was invited to return to the church for another year.

Court House Happenings

John Setera was arrested in the Mission bottom section yesterday by Deputy Sheriffs Barber and Schirmer, and State Agent Oakes and 50 gallons or more were seized, along with a wash boiler, part of an oil stove and some coil oil. Setera was lodged in the county jail here.

John Wall, foreman of construction on the N-waters bridge who fell from the bridge a few days ago and fractured his skull, was reported to be in a very serious condition in a Portland hospital, according to a report received by the county court today. He is not expected to recover.

County Judge Hunt, who has been ill at his home for some time, is reported as very much improved, and while not yet able to sit up, has been visited by a few of his close friends.

V. D. McBain, superintendent of schools at Woodburn, has advised the county court that a bus line for school children has been established between Butteville station and Woodburn, and that it is necessary for the bus to go around from Fargo past the Henry Taft place to pick up a number of children.

About a third of a mile of the road is not graded and unless the work is done it may be necessary to abandon the route when rainy season sets in. County Roadmaster Culver already had made arrangements for the grading before the letter was received and the work will be finished before the rains interfere.

Roadmaster Culver stated today that a crew is at work now closing

the 700-yard gap in the pavement at the fish hatchery between Mehana and Station. The work started yesterday and will be finished tomorrow. The gap was made necessary because of the construction of a bridge at this point. Roadmaster Culver said this has made the longest haul for paving materials in the history of county road work, it being necessary to haul for 25 miles. Twenty trucks have been put in operation to put the job over.

LONDON WORKING UNIFORM VOLTAGE

London.—(AP)—The first move has been made in Britain's electrical revolution. The change will raise the voltage in West London to 22,000, four times its previous power.

A thousand tons of machinery have been made necessary by the interlinking of power stations designed by the Electricity act of 1925. The whole of London's supply is to be standardized at 22,000 volts.

As conditions are now, London's housewives find their electric irons, curlers, and other appliances, useless

when they move from one district to another, because of the different voltage.

GIRL WRECKS CAR

Monmouth, Ore., Sept. 21.—Miss Ann Wilson of Lebanon who was driving to Monmouth Saturday evening was crowded off the highway near Sumner, as she started to pass another car. Miss Wilson was unhurt, her car however was quite badly damaged.

JOURNAL ADS BRING RESULTS

A Good Thing—Don't Miss It

Send this ad and ten cents to FOLEY & COMPANY, Sheffield and George St., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive a trial bottle of FOLEY'S HOLEY and FAR COMPOUND for coughs, colds, croup (epasmodic), choking throat also a trial packet each of FOLEY'S PILLS, a diuretic stimulant for the kidneys, and FOLEY'S CATHARTIC TABLETS for constipation, biliousness, and sick headache. These reliable remedies have helped millions. Capital Drug Store.—Adv.



When Glasses Are Needed

"Appeal to O'Neill"

DR. C. B. O'NEILL

New Location
First National Bank Bldg.
Fourth Floor
Phone 625

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA

HO! BOY!! WAIT!! I TELL DORA DAISY DAZZLEBURY, THE HEIRESS TO THE DAZZLEBURY MILLIONS, PROPOSED TO ME!!

MY GOSH!! SHE'S ENTERTAINING BLACKSTONE, MY VALET WHAT A COME-DOWN, AFTER KNOWING ME - SIR RODNEY RUCKETT!!

POOR GIRL - AFTER LOSING ME SHE'S WILLING TO ACCEPT EVEN THE ATTENTIONS OF A LOWLY SERVANT - A MENIAL OF NO SOCIAL STANDING AT ALL!!

- AND YOU ACCEPTED MISS DAZZLEBURY'S PROPOSAL?

YES, DORA I DID - HER PROPOSAL WAS SO BEAUTIFUL NO MAN LIVING COULD HAVE REFUSED IT!



BRINGING UP FATHER

I HOPE AFRICA IS A SMALL PLACE -

I'VE SENT FOR COL. CAPETOWN TO GIVE YOU SOME INFORMATION ABOUT AFRICA!

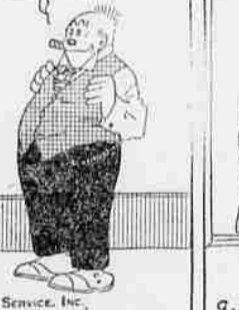
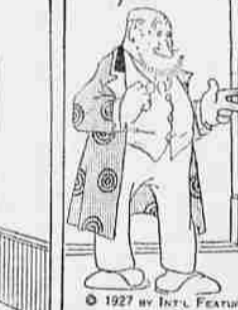
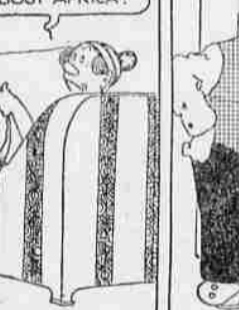
GO YOU KNOW AFRICA!

EVERY INCH OF IT -

ASK ME SOMETHING -

WELL - WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT KIMBERLEY?

IT'S A FINE PLACE - I SPENT SEVEN YEARS IN JAIL THERE!



BARNEY GOOGLE

"All Over? But the Shouting".

EXTRA
BARNEY GOOGLE WINS FLAGPOLE CHAMPIONSHIP
TELEGRAMS AND CABLES OF CONGRATULATIONS POUR INTO THE PROMOTERS' OFFICES WHILE CROWDS OF ADMIRERS BESIEGE THE KELLY BUILDING IN AN EFFORT TO SHAKE HANDS WITH MISTER ROONEY, THE MAN WHOSE SHREW D METHODS OF BUSINESS AND TRAINING GAVE BARNEY GOOGLE HIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S ALL THAT HULLABALLOO I WONDER THAT MUST BE A PARADE OR SUMP - MEBBE THE PRINCE OF WALES IS BRINGING JIMMIE WALKER BACK HOME

GEE, ROONEY, LEMME SHAKE YER HAND - NOBODY BUT YOU COULDN'T ACCOMPLISHED THIS GREAT FEAT - LISSEN TO THAT CROWD, WILL YA? THEY'RE ALL NELLIN' FER ROONEY, THE MAN THAT MAKES CHAMPIONS

MY FAITH NEVER WAVED, MIKE, I KNEW I COULD DO IT, EVEN IN THE FACE OF THE GREATEST OPPOSITION

HEY, ROONEY I HOPE YOU DON'T FEEL HURT

MUTT AND JEFF

A Banker From San Francisco Means Business.

By Bud Fisher



JEFF, I'VE GOT A GREAT SCHEME FOR US TO IMPRESS THE BANKERS AND WESTERN OIL MEN AT THE ILLINOIS ATHLETIC CLUB: YOU GO OVER AND THEN I'LL COME IN AND SAY I WANT TO BET \$10,000 ON DEMPSEY. YOU STEP UP AND TAKE MY BET AND WE'LL WALK OUT SAYING WE'RE GOING TO HAVE RICKARD HOLD THE STAKES. BULLY IDEA, EH?

PARDON THE INTRUSION, GENTLEMEN, BUT I'M TRYING TO PLACE A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BET ON DEMPSEY!

I'LL TAKE THAT BET, STRANGER!

ER - ER - AHCM!

COME ON! WHERE'S YOUR DEMPSEY MOONEY, ? STRANGER!

I'LL HOLD THE STAKES!

ER - ER - M-M!

OH, WELL!