Evangelist Says Statement False

MAYOR OF MEXICAN TOWN IS DOUBTFUL

Says He Does Not Believe Mrs. McPherson Tramped Across Desert

LOS ANGELES, July 2.—(By Associated Press.) — A signed statement issued last night by Ernesto Boubion, Mayor fo Auga Prieta, Mexico, in which Aimee Semple McPherson's abduction story was branded as false by the Mexican official was all but ignored by the evangelist and her mother, Mrs. Minnie Kennedy, on their return here late today from Douglas, Ariz.

Mrs. McPherson refused to discuss the statement and her mother dismissed it with three words and a gesture: "That's Mexico, Mexico," Mrs. Kennedy asserted.

Declaring that he based his opinion on the findings of his chief of police, Boubion asserted in his statement that in his belief the evangelist instead of tramping miles across desert country after escaping from kidnapers had in reality been driven by automobile from Douglas to a shack four miles east of Auga Prieta, then brought even closer to town from which point she staggered into the border community.

Discussing the grand jury investigation which started yesterday into the evangelist's story, Mrs. Kennedy who did most of the talking, said that her daughter would appear voluntarily before the inquisitors.

"We are glad to welcome a grand jury investigation or in any other way assist in clearing up this matter," she declared.

LOS ANGELES, July 2.—(By Associated Press.)—Mrs. Minnie Kennedy, mother of Aimee Semple McPherson, the evangelist, announced upon her return here today from Douglas, Ariz., that her daughter would appear voluntarily before the Los Angeles county grand jury with her story that she was kidnaped at Ocean Park on May 18 by two men and a woman and held for ransom.

The Angeles temple pastor and her mother arrived on the Golden State limited this afternoon from a hurried trip to Douglas, where they went Wednesday for the announced purpose of again attempting to locate the hut where Mrs. McPherson says she was held captive by her abductors.

Efforts on the part of newspapermen who boarded the train at Colton to interview Mrs. McPherson were blocked by her mother, who barred them from the evangelist's compartment.

DURKIN SINGS AS HE FACES GALLOWS

(Continued from page 1.)

cupied most of the afternoon prior to early adjournment. When the recess began, Durkin going with his guards to an ante-room beside that to which the jury had retired while arguments proceeded was heard caroling merrily.

"Have that stopped," shouted a prosecutor to a deputy bailiff. "He hasn't any business serenading that jury."

The court issued a subpoena for George, who helped officers find Durkin when he was sought for interstate transportation of an allegedly stolen car which he was driving when he and Shanahan engaged in their fatal battle after the federal agents effort to arrest the youth. The defense hopes to have George in court tomorrow or Tuesday as a court witness.

MORAL LEAGUE OPENS FIGHT AGAINST EVILS

(Continued from page 1.)

of Salem and the inhabitants thereof.

Article III. The membership of said league shall be comprised of all those who believe in the principles of the league as the same are set forth in Article II hereof and who are citizens of the city of Salem and who shall have subscribed these articles.

Section IV. The president and the secretary-treasurer shall, from time to time, render written reports to the league. The report of the secretary-treasurer shall set forth a complete financial statement of all moneys received and expended by the league.

Article V. Regular meetings of the league shall be held at least once every three months on a day fixed by the executive committee. Special meetings may be called by the executive committee at any time, or by the president on petition of 10 or more members of the league. The executive committee shall meet at the call of the president.

ANDREWS MAY RESIGN AS LEADER OF DRY PROGRAM

(Continued from page 1.)

the fiscal year which began yesterday and to whip his organization into shape before he leaves next week for London.

General Andrews will head the American mission going to England at the invitation of that government in an effort to effect close cooperation between the countries in enforcement of the smuggling treaty.

Should Mr. Andrews decide to retire, it is not believed he would do so before September. He does not want to quit until he is satisfied that he has reorganized the prohibition forces on a working basis.

Another factor in the situation is the health of Mr. Andrews who has been considerably affected in recent months by the strain of his work.

FOUR CONVICTS ESCAPE OVER WALLS OF PRISON

(Continued from page 1)

R. F. Ochs. Warden J. W. Lillie stated this afternoon that they would probably be discharged for inefficiency in performance of their duty.

Details of the escape are hazy in that no one witnessed the break or the events leading up to it. Following an investigation, Warden Lillie declared that the four men were members of a crew at work on a pile of sawdust that had recently been unloaded in the north end of the prison yard.

Soon after lunch, it is thought, the four men obtained a ladder and scaled the wall between towers 2 and 3. A hatchet was used to cut the barbed wire barrier on top of the wall and the men jumped to freedom and escaped through the barnyard between the prison and the state hospital grounds.

The escape was made in full view of the three guards in towers 1, 2 and 3, according to officials of the prison. Guard Cason, it is said, had stepped from his post to inspect the prison flume nearby and it is thought the convicts waited for this move in planning the break.

The four prisoners could not have been gone more than five minutes before the break was discovered, it is thought. This belief is supported by the fact that the men had been observed in the yard not more than ten minutes before the severed wires were discovered.

COUNTY SEES ROAD CONSTRUCTION GOOD

Marion county is the scene of the most widespread road activities in its history, according to County Judge Hunt. Some kind of road improvement is being done in nearly every road district of the county.

The Monitor road paving is being finished rapidly, 600 feet having been laid Wednesday. This is the only paving going on at present this form of activity being behind last year, when 25 miles were put in.

Result of the oiling experiments being made on the Salem-St. Paul and Fruitland roads will decide largely the future of paving program, states Judge Hunt.

"These roads are working fine right now," he said. "If they prove to be the success we hope for we will cut down on pavement for a while and extend oiling operations, as we can spread out over a greatly multiplied area in oiling for the same money and give service to a much greater number of people."

THAT TERRIBLE THORNE GIRL

BY FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

NINE

Sydney Harmon was his usual scatter-brained self all this time, paying great court to Sylvia, declaring with elaborate fervor that she was the only woman he had ever loved, but Sylvia laughed at him, forgot him the next moment, unconscious of the fact that Mrs. Harmons' eyes followed her reflectively. Isobel Harmon was not an actress. Her only connection with the world of the screen was through her husband, admittedly one of the best art directors in Hollywood. She had been a great society belle in Louisville, before her marriage, and even now, at thirty, was a beautiful woman, handsome, high-spirited. If her husband's attentions to younger women, women whom she considered her social inferiors, annoyed her, she kept it to herself. She may not have been jealous of him, but no doubt his many affairs hurt her vanity—her pride. It was perhaps unfortunate for Isobel Harmon that she had married a man a year younger than herself, and one who persistently refused to grow up.

Sylvia, quite unaware of the bitterness in the older woman's heart, was puzzled about Jean. It seemed to her that Sydney avoided the girl, to shower attentions on herself. Was that an attempt to draw a smoked herring across his trail—to distract his wife's attention from Miss Martin by letting her think he was crazy about Sylvia? That Jean had cared for him—still cared for him more than she would admit, Sylvia knew. She even feared at times that the affair had gone further than Jean, at any rate, ever intended. Had Sydney grown tired of the girl, decided to transfer his attentions to herself? Or was he trying to make Jean jealous, now that she had, in plain English "thrown him down?" For Jean had done just that—had refused for over three weeks to go out with him, permit him to come to the house.

The tests for the Celeste part had been the cause of this, in the beginning. Jean's fear of being talked about. Now that the tests were over, Sylvia wondered if Mr. Harmon would again take up the pursuit. She hoped not, was glad in any event that she was soon to start for the east. She was no prude, but she knew very well that the reputation of a girl on her way to stardom must be spotless as that of Caesar's wife, and she had no desire to become involved, even remotely, in any gossip concerning Sly Harmon and his affairs. For which reason she gave him and his fantastic attempts at love-making a very wide berth.

The last of the parties in her honor had been at the Allisons' and Sylvia went to it alone. Jean, with a sore throat, the suggestion of a temperature, had decided to remain at home. And because of her friend's illness, and because she was a bit tired after her round of festivities, Sylvia left early.

When she reached the bungalow, shortly after midnight, she found Jean in bed, complaining of chills, of pains in her chest and back. Stripping off her evening things, Sylvia busied herself putting a hot water bag at the girl's feet, dosing her with quinine and aspirin, and finally went into the kitchen to fix her a hot drink. It was while busy at the latter task that she heard a knock at the front door.

She glanced at the little clock on the kitchen dresser, saw that it was after one. A caller at this hour of the night was out of the question, even though the house was lit up. A telegram, perhaps. Howard Bennett had been sending her almost daily messages of congratulation. And her father, in his last letter, had spoken of not feeling so well. She drew her negligee about her and hurrying to the front door flung it open.

To her amazement, her anger, Sydney Harmon stood in the entrance, swaying unsteadily as he clutched the door frame. Before Sylvia could utter a word he had thust himself into the room. She saw at a glance that he was drunk, and had reached the last stage of unreasonableness, so she tried persuasion.

"You can't come in, Sydney," she whispered. "Please go." She held open the door.

With an inane chuckle Mr. Harmon closed it, leaned smiling against its panels.

"Can't come in? Thash rich. Why, Beautiful, I am in." He stumbled forward and fell into a chair.

"But you must go at once," Sylvia pleaded, flushing as she saw him eyeing the thin robe she wore. "Please."

With a laugh he dragged a bottle from his pocket, set it unsteadily on the table.

"Got a l'il present here for Jean," he muttered. "Called her up. She said she was sick. Poor kid. Grippe. Nothing like a shot of good old Kentucky Burbon for the grippe. Where is she?"

"She's in bed," Sylvia told him. "She can't see you. Now you must get out of here, Sydney, at once." To her consternation his only answer was a snore; he had gone fast asleep.

In a state of terror Sylvia pounded him, but he roused himself only long enough to mumble some foolish remark, then again relapsed into slumber. She heard Jean calling to her from the bedroom and went into her.

"Sydney Harmon is in the living room drunk,"—she said shortly. "He's gone to sleep and I can't wake him. What are we going to do?"

"Let the dumbell sleep it off," Jean muttered, and turned her face from the light.

"But—Jean—we can't do that," Sylvia cried. "Suppose somebody were to find out he's here. Don't you realize it's nearly two o'clock in the morning? We've got to get rid of him."

"Might call the police," Jean suggested faintly.

"But—don't you see—that would mean a terrible scandal. We must persuade him to go quietly. Do you think you could wake him up—induce him to go? He said he wanted to see you."

"I feel too sick to try, Sylvia," the girl whimpered. "Honest to God I do. I'm not able to get up. Try throwing some water in his face. That might wake him."

Sylvia went back to the living room. Mr. Harmon was still snoring rhythmically. Acting on Jean's suggestion she brought ice water from the pantry, dashed some of it in his face, poured the rest down his back.

The cold douche had the desired effect. Mr. Harmon opened his eyes and seeing Sylvia standing before him smiled foolishly and reached out his arms.

"Beautiful," he said gaily, "most beautiful woman ever saw in my life."

Sylvia recovered his hat from the floor, handed it to him.

"You must go now, Sydney," she said and went to the door. "Have you your car?" How he had ever driven in such a state was a mystery to her; she hoped no late passer-by from the Allisons or elsewhere had noticed its distinctive color, its familiar racing lines.

"All right, sweetheart. Going pretty soon now." He glanced toward the door of Jean's bedroom, noticed it was closed. "Nice li'l kid, Jean," he whispered, "but you're my own sweet child. Say, Sylvia, give me one l'il kiss, won't you, before I go?" He tried to take her in his arms but she evaded him.

"Sydney," she said harshly, this foolishness has got to stop. If you don't get out of here at once I'll call the police."

"Now—now—sweetheart, you wouldnt' do that. You know how I've always loved you. Just came here to see Jean so as to be near you. I've got to have a kiss—honest—I've got to. Can't help thinking about you." He grinned foolishly, held out his arms. "Don't you see I am in earnest, sweetie? Just one kiss and I swear to God Ill go."

"No." Sylvia's temper was gone now, and a sense of disgust filled her. "I won't kiss you and if you dont' go, I will. I won't stay in this house with you another minute. Beast!"

With the stimulus of the last drink had come a dangerous perverseness. Mr. Harmon laid his hat on the table and came toward her.

"Going to kiss you, Sylvia, dear," he muttered thickly. "That's all there is to it." He no longer stumbled, now; his unsteadiness had gone under the influence of passion. Sylvia would have fled to her bedroom, locked herself in, but he stood in the way. She backed slowly toward the French windows which opened to the little porch, Mr. Harmon following her. She had never seen him before like this, knew if he touched her she would scream. And then she suddenly realized what it would mean to rouse the neighborhood, bring strangers into this scene, to find her with another woman's husband, at two o'clock in the morning. It would be nothing short of suicide, so far as her reputation was concerned. She shuddered as she thought of this aspect of the case, of what it would mean to her, to have such a bit of scandal bruited about the studios of Hollywood. Her screen career would be ended.

(To Be Continued)

SO VERY FLATTERING

The Pierrot collar is reurning, usually in organdie or chiffon, though it has actually been seen in starched linen.

At The Theatres

The Elsinore—Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackail in "Ranson's Folly."

Oregon—Kenneth Harlan and Patsy Ruth Miller in "The King of the Turf."

Bligh—5 acts Vaudeville and pictures.

FIRST NATIONAL BIDS CONSIDERED

Estimates Ranging From $203,000 to $100,000 Excluding Small Jobs

No decision has yet been reached by First National Bank officials on who is the lowest bidder for the construction of the new 11-story bank building, for which bids were opened July 1. Bids range from over $203,000 to $100,000.

These figures do not include the several sub-contracts, such as plumbing, painting, elevators, and wiring, on which separate bids were made.

A rumor that the bank has secured the building used by the Spa restaurant was denied by officials. "We have not acquired that building and have no intention of trying to do so," said T. A. Livesley. "In fact we don't want it, even if it was available. We are going ahead with our original plans.

No definite plans for financing the building have been developed yet. As the bank itself is prevented by national laws from owning the building, an outside firm or holding corporation must own it.'

CITY SEEKS TO DELAY $20 STAGE FEE FIGHT

(Continued on page 2.)

against the ordinance forces a show down for local taxis too, seven of which are operated by local owners. With Fred A. Williams presenting no denial of Hal D. Patton's statement that the present city attorney is in the services of the Parker stages, city council at its next meeting will consider hiring an attorney to fight the city's battle as hard as John Logan will fight that of the stages.

Goodell in Town—

Myron H. Goodell visited in Salem Friday. He is from Portland.

MAD DOG ATTACKS CHILD

WALLA WALLA, Wash., July 2—(By Associated Press.)—Severely bitten on the hand and cheek while defending her baby sister from the family dog, which had suddenly gone mad with hydrophobia, the ten year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Edwards of Touchet, Wash., was rushed to a hospital here today and treated with a hydrophobia serum. The baby was lying in its buggy at home when the dog attacked her.

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