

# Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon  
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday  
at 126 S. Commercial Street. Telephone 51; News 52  
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Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier 10 cents a week, 45 cents a month, \$3 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.

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

## Grand Jury Probe Needed

The prison break and battle resulting in the killing of two guards and a convict, and the wounding of a guard, together with the leisurely and disorganized pursuit, is proper subject for grand jury investigation.

Of course the prison is old and easily broken but there have been wardens whose discipline and efficiency was such that there were no breaks within the walls during their regime—so that it cannot all be blamed on the building.

There are many things in connection with the escape that need explaining, among other things the warden's own inactivity and failure to pursue the escaping men. Then too, the laxity at the prison, which permitted the most desperate criminals, men who on other occasions, have broken prison, to associate together, plot and execute another break without discovery.

The prison has always been a political football and hence more or less manned by incompetents. With inefficiency of politics is now combined the curse of nepotism. Yes, a grand jury probe will put the responsibility where it belongs and probably save future tragedies.

## Remarkable

Eugene is staging a spectacular campaign. The newspapers are filled with page ads predicting all kinds of disasters unless the people vote \$175,000 in bonds to present the Southern Pacific a site for terminals and shops northwest of the city instead of the present site at Springfield, east of the city. The voters are frenziedly informed that Eugene will suffer the fate of deserted villages unless the bonds are voted.

Springfield is busy also, pleading with the voters in "a spirit of friendship and fairness" to vote down the bonds and add both Springfield and the carshops to Eugene and "make a real city," but the still small voice pleading against the pillage of her industries, seems to be drowned in the clamorous broadcasting of the boomers.

To upstate onlookers the spectacle of a city sandbagging an established suburb at the instance of boomers to create a new suburb, at public expense, is a remarkable one and sympathy all lies with little Springfield.

## The Holy Rollers on Shin Bone Ridge

By Allen M. Sumner in the Nation  
The Holy Rollers of Dayton Tennessee, chose the week of the evolution trial for their revival time. "The sin down there in the valley must be wiped out by the glory of the Lamb," said the Rollers.  
The Holy Rollers of Dayton have no church. God frowns upon money, they say, and the contractors and carpenters of Dayton refuse to put stone and mortar together without money. The Holy Rollers, therefore, found their "father church" on Shin Bone Ridge—two massive elm trees, their huge limbs swollen and crackled with age, their leaves interlacing. Rough wooden benches encircle the elms. And crude teapots with fat white wicks crammed into their spouts blow opal flame into the silver of the moonlight. Night things all about. The screech of the bobcat. The wail of the whippoorwill. A whir of bats' wings, and the staccato of insects. The great mountains like black-robed druids keeping watch over their own.  
The Holy Rollers, a hundred or more, sat on the benches and on the dew-wet grass. Curious folk from the lower came to the cars and sat and listened. A deputy sheriff with his pink-dressed girl—sometimes there is trouble.  
"Folks, we ain't got no three books an' they ain't all alike but we can suffer somehow," said Preacher Joe Leflew, clad in blue shirt, torn across the back, showing his sun-bronzed flesh, with torn blue overalls revealing the main veins. The hymn rolled out. A hymn thunderous with rhythm. There was a stamping of feet and hobbled feet, a swaying of bodies old men and old women, girls and boys and little children.  
We ain't got in sin any more, Lamb.  
We ain't got to sin any more, God.  
We're all goin' to glory, God.  
And wash in the blood of the Lamb.  
The song became a dirge and the dirge became a flourish thing, filling in hush and wails and moanings that stifled the wind things of the night.  
Preacher Joe Leflew preached. "Some folks thinks as how as we uns are funny people. They come here, poor sinners that they are, to mock an' revile us. Here's our word of scripture, 'An' Christ reviled to an' fro, as a drunken man. Now, children, dear children, some folks think that means the Lamb was a drunkard. 'Taint so at all. It says 'as a drunken man.' You can't tell me God's son ever went home at noon up."  
Preacher Joe Leflew assailed education. "I ain't got no learning an' never had none," said Preacher Joe Leflew. "Glory be to the Lamb! Some folks work their hands off'n' up 'n to the elbows to give their young-uns education, and all they do is send their young-uns to hell."  
"Glory to His name," shouted the huddled figures, misty-gray in the night damp.  
"I ain't le' no newspaper in my cabin for nigh up to a year since the Lord bathed me in His blood,"

said Preacher Leflew.  
"Glory to the Lamb," wailed the chorus of the saved.  
"I never asked enough to look in one of those here almanacs!"  
"Praise His name," wailed the chorus of the saved.  
"I've got eight young-uns in the cabin and three in glory, and I know they're in glory because I never learned 'em nothin'."  
"Glory to the Lord," wailed the chorus of the saved.  
"I've gotta team of good mules and a wagon an' that's all I have got, but I'd give 'em away tomorrow for more of this good old-time religion."  
"Praise God," thundered the chorus of the saved.  
Testifying began. An old woman of seventy, her gray hairs straggling over her lean, sun-bronzed face. Hands at her hips, she paced the circle hemmed in by wooden benches. She twisted her sharp-tongued old body into gyrations, touched the ground, shrieked and moaned. Ma Ferguson "speaks with tongues" and teifies with strange and stirring words.  
"We can't rejoice on no flowery beds of ease," said Ma Ferguson. "We gotta save the daughters—gotta save their bodies."  
"Glory to God," wailed the chorus of the saved.  
A group of calico-cloined mount-tain women came forward, each about to bring one more potential Holy Roller into this vale of grief and woe, each carrying an infant in her lean, bronzed arms. Like a Greek chorus in the hollow of the night they sang and swayed and cried together, rocking their babies in rhythm with their "speaking of tongues." The hard, dry years that saw the living juice from the bodies of mountain women had leached their faces. The strange light of a vision was in their eyes. They dropped their little bundles of baby flesh. The moon was high now. Blue and silver and amber it dripped light through the elm leaves. The mountain women dropped to the ground. They clutched hands and kissed and freshed and moaned. "Glory save the daughters—gotta save their bodies—gotta save their bodies—"

Again the preacher, his eyes popping out like blue marbles, his check of even-colored hair on end, stretched. He dragged a bench from the outer circle into the central hollow. "Come, sinners," he implored, "come to the meaning bench."  
Song after song was wailed in the hollow of the night.  
From the manner to the cross, Not a moment's time was lost.  
Drama! A spurt of orange, a girl's shrill treble laugh diving into a flaming spot. A girl of sixteen in a flaming spot dress had thrown herself, a little huddled head, upon the bench. Her hands dug into the dirt of the ground. Some wrenched her. Her voice was piping and shrill. "Jesus, save me, God, help me, Christ, come to me."  
The saved surrounded her. Ma Ferguson bent her white hair over the bench, an arm about the sob-

## Naughty Boys, Beware!

bing girl. The mountain women huddled about her. Preacher Leflew stroked her white arm: "Save her God; Jesus, put Your mark upon her."  
Hour after hour passed, the treble piping was hoarse, Midnight—and the Holy Rollers damp and limp with exhaustion, lay flung out upon the grass.

## SEATTLE SHAKEN BY SLIGHT EARTHQUAKE

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 14.—Seattle was shaken by an earthquake late yesterday. A seismograph at the University of Washington recorded the shock at 4:03 o'clock, lasting for more than a minute, with a maximum intensity of 30 seconds. No damage was reported.

Professor Sheldon Grover of the university said "the center was less than 200 miles from Seattle. It was of far greater intensity than a number of tremors which have caused much excitement in Seattle."

## FORD PLANT AT KEARNY IDLE FOR PAST FORTNIGHT

Newark, N. J., Aug. 14.—(A.P.)—Officials of the Ford Motor company yesterday refused to admit that the Kearny plant normally employing from 4000 to 5000 men, was virtually idle now would they confirm reports that the plant shutdown was due to the installation of machinery preparing for radical innovations to be introduced to machinery of the Ford car.

Private investigations among traffic officers, trolley car operators, gasmen and proprietors of stores and lunch rooms near the plant disclosed that the plant had been practically idle for two weeks.



DAVID & GOLIATH. INC.

Little fellows who don't obey mother better beware. Of course the little fellow did not capture this 450 pound jewfish off Miami, but dad, who is Leo P. Baker, of New York, landed the big fellow one hour after he was hooked. (Int'l Newsreel.)

## One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

**A NEW FRIEND**  
As Cynthia finished her supper her new-found friend turned to her. "Now, your husband probably won't be able to see you until very late, and would just know you then and that's all," he told her. "Don't you think it would be wise for you to go to a hotel, and then come back early tomorrow morning? We can find out how he is just before you go, and you'll have no cause to worry. You must have had a long journey, and surely you need a rest."  
"Well—if you think best," she answered slowly. "I wonder—could you find out for me if there's anyone else here with him—that is, anyone who has been interested. I—well, to tell you the truth, I don't know whether my mother-in-law is here or not, and I'd like to know."  
"Surely. While you put on your hat and cloak I'll see my nurse and find out for you."  
He returned a few moments later.

"Your husband came here alone, and there has been no one inquiring for him," he told her. "He was most anxious to see you, but the doctor felt that an immediate operation was necessary. He had an attack of appendicitis, you see, and while there was no danger, Doctor Abbott didn't want to wait. Your husband wanted to wait until you came, but the nurse said that today he received a letter, and after reading it said that you wouldn't be here, and that there was no further reason for delay."  
Cynthia's brow puckered in bewilderment. What letter could that be? Surely not the one in which she had written him that she wanted—

ed to leave him for Noel Gardner. He must have had that several days ago. Unless—perhaps there had been a delay—  
"Oh, I wish I could see him!" she exclaimed. "But, of course, it's better to wait."  
She went downstairs with the doctor, out to his car, and sat quietly while he drove her downtown and to one of the big hotels.  
"I used to live here; perhaps you'd like me to make arrangements for you?" he asked. Cynthia nodded without speaking. She felt so tired that it was an effort even to think; to try to do anything for herself seemed out of the question.

She was breakfasting alone in the huge dining-room the next morning when a page came to her with word that Doctor Hall was calling.  
"Oh, ask him to come in here," she exclaimed. Even after their brief acquaintance of the night before he seemed an old friend. She held out her hand to him eagerly.  
"I came to see if I couldn't drive you up to the hospital," he told her. "But don't hurry through your breakfast. I'll have some coffee with you if I may."  
Cynthia was glad to have him there. He talked to her of the beauties of San Francisco, as eager in his praise of his native city as most Californians are, and although she was thinking of Jim rather than of what the doctor was saying she managed to seem attentive at least.  
She was surprised at her own feeling about Jim. She had thought he? Surely not the one in which she had written him that she wanted—

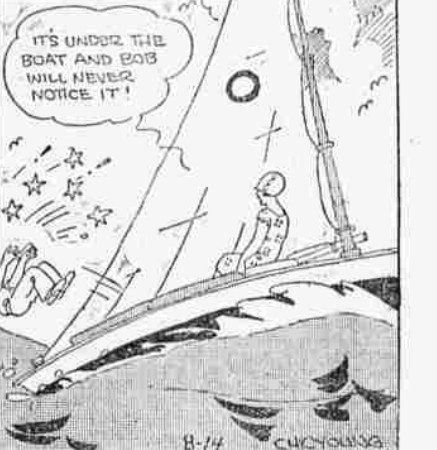
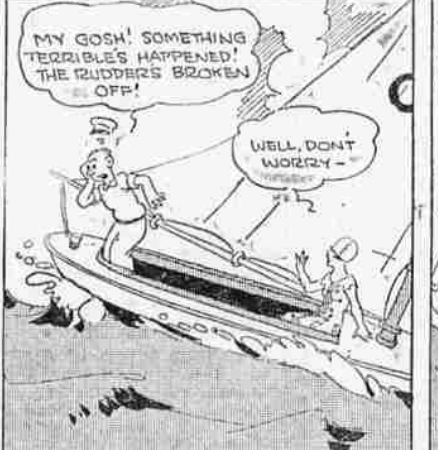
Noel Gardner. But this new emotion was quite different from the others. The thought that she might have lost Jim had kept her awake all night. Without Jim life would be a great blank space, having no reason.  
She had considered leaving Jim when she thought that he no longer cared for her. But she knew not that in her heart she had never really faced that possibility. She had never thought that she would have to go through life without him.  
"Oh, are you sure he's going to get along all right?" she cried, breaking into the middle of one of Doctor Hall's sentences. Then, guiltily: "My husband, I mean. I can't help being worried about him."  
"Absolutely, unless there have been unexpected developments. He'll be wretched for a few days, of course, but then he'll feel fine. You're in a hurry to get to him, aren't you? All right, let's start."  
Cynthia tried to be good company as they rode alone, but her thoughts were all with Jim. What letter had he received that made him think she was not coming to San Francisco in response to his telegram? And how could she convince him that she didn't want to leave him?

Tomorrow—Out of the Past.  
Prince in South America—Montevideo, Aug. 14.—(A.P.)—The Prince of Wales arrived at Montevideo aboard H. M. S. Repulse today. The prince landed shortly after the Repulse dropped anchor. He will visit Uruguay, Argentina and Chile before returning to England.

Tillamook Petroleum Products company, Tillamook; Incorporators, W. J. Pickler, E. J. Whitmore, H. D. Anderson; capital, \$10,000.

By Chick Young

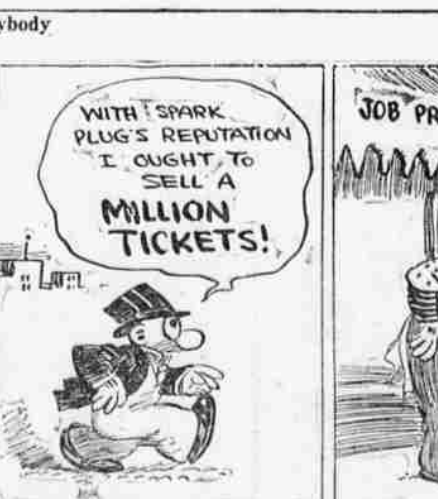
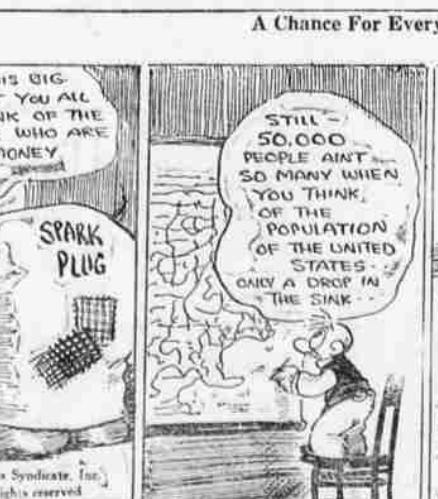
## DUMB DORA



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## BARNEY GOOGLE



## MUTT AND JEFF

