

Capital Journal

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

Triumph of the One Piece Suit

The inspiration of the feminine fashions of today is unquestionably the one-piece bathing suit. The closer clothes resemble this artistic drapery of nature, the more fashionable. Fair, fat and forty, vies with slim sweet sixteen in displaying charms and wrinkled seventy is no trailer in the procession. The slender grace of the young maiden contrasts with the substantial understanding of the middle-aged matron. The Psyche of the city parades her beauty no more recklessly than the Ceres of the fields.

But the one piece bathing suit has not won its victory, even on the beaches, without a long and bitter struggle. Consider its history, as related by the New York World:

Twenty years ago a lady took her dip in a costume which included the following: A pair of bloomers, a blouse, a corset, a skirt, a pair of stockings, a pair of slippers, a bathing-cap, and ribbons which laced up over the stockings and tied above the knees. There came a movement to abandon slippers, and there was a howl. Nevertheless, slippers went. There came a movement to abandon corsets, and there was another howl. Nevertheless, corsets went. There came movements to abandon other articles of the original costume, and there were more howls. Not to be indelicate about the metamorphosis of the bathing suit, things were discarded right and left until at present she stands forth in a one-piece suit, with a wisp of a skirt on it, and all the other accoutrements are now and completely forgotten. She stands forth, and she is accepted; there is none to hold us to her way. And it is discovered that the new costume is more healthful and better in every way. The moral is: Don't soil qui mal y pense.

The triumph of the one-piece suit is now complete. Its influence, its spirit, permeates, it might be said, dominates, the feminine world of fashion. So closely is it copied that from a distance the fashionably attired woman of today, at social functions or on the street, creates the illusion of being on the way to a swim, or a stroll on the beach, an illusion heightened by the wallpaper figured light wraps, designed also on beach models.

Of course a close inspection reveals that the one-piece suit has not been entirely copied, several other articles of apparel still survive, in more or less abbreviated form, hung on, as it were, for ornament or embellishment, mostly in an artistic way to increase the illusion and the cost, but there can be no question as to the inspiration.

Who shall, however, say that the merits of the one piece suit do not entitle it to its present vogue? It is certainly healthier, more comfortable, and better in every way. Let us hope it has come to stay, for who would go back to the monstrosities of the past, to the hoop-skirt, to the wasp waist, to the bustle, to the puffed sleeves and trailing skirts of past generations?

Welcome Home

Another idol is found to have feet of clay, for the myth of another "master criminal" has been shattered and Tom Murray stands revealed as simply an ordinary desperado with plenty of daring and little mentality. His escape can be credited to luck rather than plan, and lack of brains accounts for his capture.

Having been favored by circumstances in making a clever though bloody get-away, Murray spoils it all by bragging of his identity and with a price on his head, was of course betrayed. Not the shrewdness of peace officers, but his own folly brings the dub back to the shadow of the gallows.

Of course Murray has a twisted mentality, or he would not be leading a career of crime, and if he had brains enough to plan a "big thing" he would not be serving time for little ones. Nevertheless he will be a hero to many and strenuous efforts be put forth to save his worthless neck.

As there is no punishment provided for prisoners who escape, unless they are trustees who have broken their word, Murray should be received with open arms and the prison band play "See, the conquering hero comes." Warden Dairymple ought to be so glad to welcome his wandering boy back for the third time to his club, that he should kill the fatted calf, serve an extra dish of ice cream, provide a fresh pipe of merrawanna and a new deck of cards for the evening's poker game, following the radio concert.

The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

The Horrors of Hospitality
The Cleves and their guests arrived at home a little after half-past two in the morning. The great apartment house showed but a few lighted windows, a row of those on the floor next to the top one caused Andrew to snivel ominously.
"The Reynolds are having another party," he murmured to Patricia as they crossed the sidewalk. She nodded without speaking. Her mind was on the morrow's breakfast. And had cook carried out her plan of going to her brother's wedding?
One elevator had stopped for the night; the other was in the basement. Andrew rang the bell vigorously, but there was no response. He rang again and again. Mrs. Hewitt leaned limply against the marble wall of the lobby.
"That boy must have gone to sleep," Andrew exclaimed. "Wait a minute!"
He dashed through a door behind the telephone switchboard, and they could hear his chattering down the stairs leading to the basement. There was a sound of something heavy bumping; a few moments later the elevator door opened slowly, and Andrew was revealed as elevator boy.
"Oh, Mr. Cleve—you're not going to run it yourself!" cried Marcia Hewitt tremulously. "Do you know how? Isn't it dangerous?"
"Not in the least," he assured her. "Every tenant of a New York apartment house takes a course in running the elevator and the switchboard when he signs his wife's

Explosion of Boiler Wrecks Shop Here; Damage Over \$2500

Damage estimated at \$2500 was done when the hot water tank at the rear of the T. M. Barr plumbing shop, 164 South Commercial street, exploded Friday afternoon. Two huge plate glass windows in the front of the shop were completely demolished, glass being thrown far out into the street.
The water tank being in the basement, there was no sharp report heard when it burst. A dull thud could be heard, accompanied by a tremendous shaking that was felt throughout the entire vicinity. Many persons thought at first that an earthquake had taken place.
A large lathe in the rear of the plumbing shop was almost totally destroyed.
Miss Irene Pierce, who is employed in the office, was slightly cut about the face by flying glass. Aside from Miss Pierce no one was injured. The blast occurring after 5 o'clock, it is considered that the lives of one or more men who commonly work in the rear of the shop were probably saved. They had quit work at 5 o'clock. About 15 workmen are employed by the shop, many of them habitually working within range of the explosion.
The tank, which had a capacity of approximately 150 gallons, was used to heat water for the Valley Grille, a restaurant located next door. The water was heated by coils in a nearby furnace.
Cause of the explosion is not definitely known, but is believed to have been due to failure of the safety valve to operate effectively. According to workmen there had been nothing noticed to indicate that the valve was defective.
Pieces of the lathe, located immediately above the tank, were hurled through the floor of the main room, some pieces even being forced on up through the roof. A huge timber supporting the roof crashed down, demolishing a considerable amount of machinery.
Gas pipes running into the building were broken and gas was escaping in large quantities until disconnected by the local fire department, which was called to the scene.
Two small windows, on both sides of the entrance at the front of the store, remained intact. Windows in the double door at the entrance were also left unbroken.
No particular damage was done outside the immediate shop where the explosion took place, although a small shed in the rear of the Valley Grille was somewhat damaged. Windows on the south side of the building remained for the most part undamaged. Windows in the rear and north side of the building were demolished, a few being taken out with such force that part of the brickwork was torn loose.
Workmen were clearing away the debris today.

ACCOMPLISH CAPTURE BY CLEVER RUSE

(Continued from Page Three.)

White Salmon for a time and then hit out by themselves with Willos as leader.
"Instead of going east, Murray, for some unknown reason came down the river and went to Vancouver, where I met him."
"Perfect Gentleman"
"I want to say right here that I never met such a perfect gentleman as Murray. I would not have turned him in but for the fact that he declared I was a menace to society and a lot of such stuff, as that. When he did that I made up my mind that I would turn him over to the authorities, so when we arrived here I took him to the Savoy Hotel and we got a room. Then we planned to do a stickup here. I left him in the hotel and called upon Charles Pilling, member of the night police force and hired him to aid in the stick-up. Of course this was all bluff, but a part of my game. Then I called on George Barner, mayor of this city, and hired him to be taxi driver.
"My next move was to return to the hotel, go to our room, tell Murray everything was all right and to come ahead. We go down stairs and I introduce him to Pilling and Barner and tell him they are to assist us in the stick-up and everything is all right, not to fear."
"No Resistance"
"Just at that point, Pilling and Barner stick their gun in Murray's ribs and, quick as a flash he tumbles and exclaims, 'pretty clever!'"
"That was all he said. He went silent from then on and did not say another word, but I could tell

he was doing some mighty tall thinking. Because of this I will try to get him out of here on the 3 o'clock train this morning to Portland where he can be kept in safety."
Murray was taken to the local jail and locked up under heavy guard. He ate a hearty supper, but refused to talk or make any comment on what had happened.

OPEN FORUM

Contributions to This Column must be plainly written on one side of paper only, limited to 500 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.
To the Editor: In my Capital Journal of Thursday the 20th are these words: "Ignorance among newspaper reporters and head writers regarding primitive man is even more dense than it is concerning evolution, if it is possible." How true that is. This trying to locate the time when "primitive man" came upon the stage of life is about good as wasted, because nobody knows. The geological strata can reveal nothing as to just how old this strata is no one knows.
Of course the scientists tell us what they think which amounts to just what they don't know. Some of them are thousands of years apart. For instance Sir Charles Lyell, the famous English geologist, who died in 1871, that man had been on earth 200,000 years. Thomas Storry Hunt that it was 2,000,000. It is said the French astronomer Laplace had no figures long enough and so concluded that humanity was eternal.
Some of our modern investigators are not so lavish in years so they put the time not more than

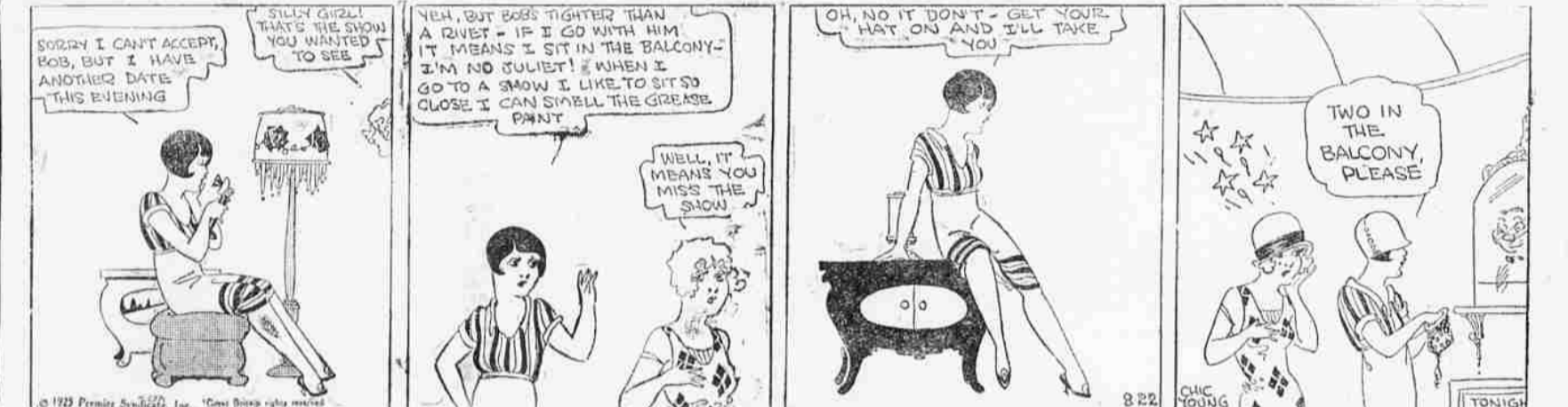
10,000 or 12,000 years and some of them less. I list Geo. Frederick Wright, Prestwick, Prof. R. D. Sillsbury and Dr. Warren Upham, American geologists, Dr. Jas. Croll. Could name others. Prof. W. H. Haynes, American geologist, says: "The evidence for the antiquity of man on the hypothesis of evolution is purely speculative, no human remains having as yet been found in either the Miocene or Pliocene strata."
The late professor Jos. LeConte of the University of California, said the same. Prof. Alex. Winchell, geologist, in "Sketches of creation," says: "The very beginnings of our race are almost in sight."
So I guess I had better stop as that takes us back no further than Genesis and further Adam. West Salem, Aug. 21.

JEFFERSON

Jefferson, Or., Aug. 22.—Lizette Linthrope of Marshfield is visiting Mrs. George Val.
Much excitement was caused Friday morning when the over of the oil stove in the kitchen of the Elite confectionery caught fire. The fire was extinguished after the paper on the wall had burned and the linoleum damaged.
Mrs. Percy H. Kelly of Albany spent Friday with Mrs. Victor Loomer at her country home.
Mr. and Mrs. William Furth and son of Portland visited Mrs. Gertrude Weddle, Thursday.
Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Shields and son spent Friday in Salem.
Mr. and Mrs. William Dodge of Eugene, Sr. and Mrs. Robert McMullen of Portland stopped in Jefferson, Wednesday, to visit relatives on their way from Eugene to Portland.
Mrs. Etta Hall of Portland, Mrs. D. H. Loomer, Miss Frances Bryan and B. T. George motored to Eugene, Thursday.

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



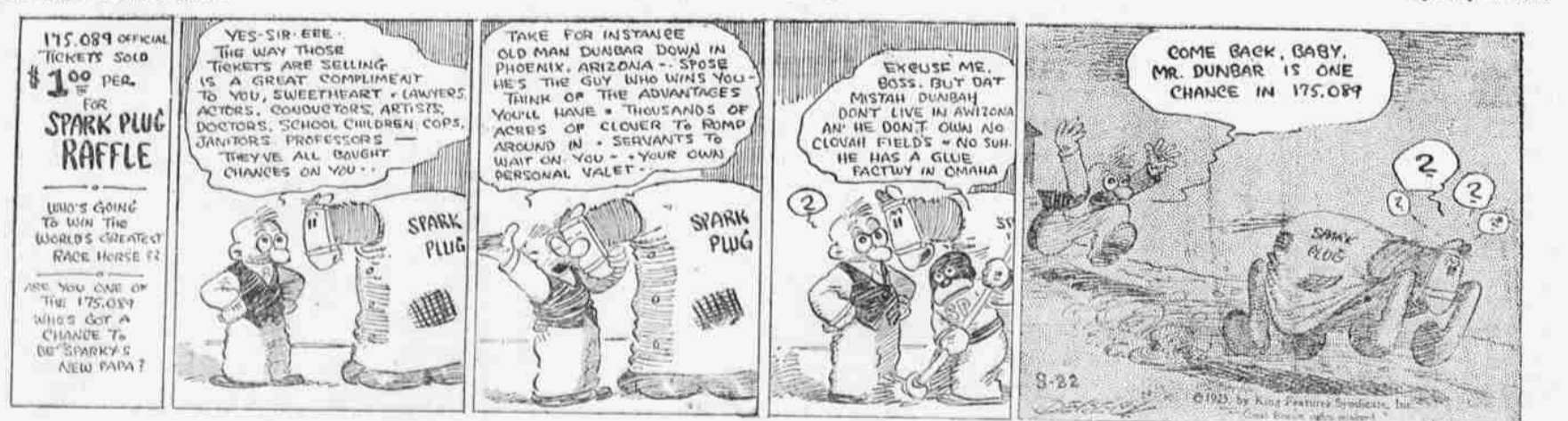
By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy de Beck

BARNEY GOOGLE



By Bud Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher