

# Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon  
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday  
at 136 S. Commercial Street. Telephone 81; News 32

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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, \$5 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.

## Ford and the Farm

Henry Ford is out with an attack upon the farm and farmers generally. He asserts that the farmers' toil is waste and food production ideas are all wrong. He predicts that farms in the future will be larger and run more systematically and says the little farmers will have to go, as back numbers. "Why," he asks, "do we need farmers any way?"

It is the cow, however, that evokes most of Mr. Ford's criticism. He declares: "I don't believe in dairy cows. They are the most inefficient creatures in the world. Why should a farmer spend a lot of time tending a bunch of cows? It takes only 30 days of actual farm work to grow and harvest the crops on a dairy farm. The rest of the time is spent taking care of the animals. It's all wrong. Someone will invent a way to make milk synthetically. It will be cheaper and better than the milk we have now. You know, I don't believe much in milk as a food anyhow."

Mr. Ford's idea of the perfect life is that of a factory, with humanity mechanized, standardized and synthetically fed. In his own factories he sacrifices toilers to moving belt efficiency which so exhausts their vitality that human wrecks are turned out almost as rapidly as flivvers.

Nature must be very sinful in Mr. Ford's eyes, for nature is the most wonton of wasteful. In fact nature teaches what Mr. Ford cannot comprehend, that waste is a necessary function of production and that without waste, production would soon cease. Moreover nature refuses to standardize production and never makes any two things alike, whereas Mr. Ford would standardize even humanity.

## White-Washers?

Mc, Milt and Myers come pretty nearly being the Democratic party in Oregon. Whenever there is anything with expenses guaranteed, Milt is the man of the hour. So we find the genial "Sage of Lebanon" on pretty nearly every commission and as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to distant gatherings furnishing round-trip tickets. When however, "my administration" and "my policies" are at issue, an S. O. S. call brings Myers to the rescue.

When, as a result of Ku Kluxing the prison, discipline is banished from the institution and three are killed in a successful break and there is loud and vigorous outcry against the management, who can white-wash Walter better than his old chum Jeff aided and assisted by one who holds office by grace of the governor? So Myers is as much on the job as Cleaver's pooch was on the manhunt.

If Governor Pierce doesn't know what the matter is with the prison, the people have the advantage over him, for the coroner's public investigation of the prison break was very thorough and revealed the sorry story in detail. It doesn't need any special investigators to inform it as to the why and wherefore of prison turmoil and Mr. Myers will have his hands full white-washing the administration even with the assistance of the hero of the battle of the windshield.

## The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

**HASH—WITH ASSISTANCE:**  
As Patricia entered the apartment and switched on the living-room lights Andrew followed, depositing the heavy Mrs. Hewitt on the first chair he came to. Patricia scurried down the hall to her bedroom, where she gathered up the lingerie that had been sent home that afternoon by the armful and deposited it in a dresser drawer. She ran to the linen closet for her best sheets, and was putting them on the bed when Mrs. Hewitt appeared in the doorway.

"I have clean sheets on my bed every day," she announced in a haughty tone. "Oh, so do I, but I was putting on my best ones for you," answered the disconcerted Patricia.

"Nice of you. I'm sure, but I think if you don't mind—I'm so weak from that frightful ride—Mrs. Hewitt sank down on the bed, her sharp eyes roving about the room. "Oh—your dressing table—what is that some pattern as mine—what is that some like that, but I use said now; have the other to my niece. A young girl can't expect to have things like an older woman's, can she? Those are pretty wash very well, though. Do you have a personal maid?"

"No, just cook and a second maid," Patricia replied, frowning. "I'll be glad to help you to bed if you'll let me."

Mrs. Hewitt did let her; in fact, she insisted on so many and such complicated services that it was nearly an hour before Patricia was free to do anything else.

Andrew had installed Gregory Hewitt in his own room and was sprawled on the couch in his den when she finally joined him. Patricia addressed in the maid's bathroom, and then hurried to the kitchen, her lips drawn close about her, to investigate the refrigerator.

It was a discouraging sight. There were the oranges for Patricia's breakfast, bacon, cheese, some lettuce, nothing else. Nothing to make hash of—and Gregory Hewitt had asked especially for hash!

"I'll have to get up even earlier than I'd planned, and run for the store," thought Patricia. The baker's man would leave rolls and the milkman would leave cream. She could give them uncooked breakfast food—there'd have to be extra cream, though—she turned and twisted uncomfortably on the couch while the noise from the apartment below came up the airshaft. The Raymonds always gave such noisy parties! Somebody evidently was imitating Elsie Janis, and some-

body else was singing the song hit of "The Bandolero."  
Patricia shivered but little, and was up and out so early that some of the stores were open. But she found that she could buy tinned hash, which sent her into the seventh heaven of happiness.

"I'll have it baked in individual dishes, with a slice of tomato and a poached egg on top," she decided as she ran home. "And I can heat the baker's rolls in the oven, so I won't have to make muffins—oh, it won't be so bad."  
But it was worse than she had expected. She slipped into the back door in time to hear Andrew saying: "I can't imagine where those towels are. But Patricia'll be back soon; she often goes for an early morning walk."

Patricia went to his rescue, found the extra bath towels, required Mrs. Hewitt, who was prowling through the hall, hunting for the kitchen—she had a bad headache, she told Patricia, and wanted hot water and bicarbonate of soda. Patricia got it for her and went back to the kitchen.  
She was opening the tin of hash when a light tapping on the kitchen door startled her. Gregory Hewitt's head appeared as the door swung back.  
"Are you getting the breakfast alone?" he demanded. She nodded meekly.  
"The cook's gone to her brother's wedding, and the second maid went with her," she answered.  
"And this—is this the hash?" waving his hand toward the tin. Again she nodded.  
"You would have it," she reminded him. "There was nothing in the house to make it of; Andrew and I haven't dined at home for a week."  
"Now see here; I'm going to help you do this," he announced. "You set the table and do the extra, and I'll see to the hash and make top-overs. Wait till you taste 'em!"  
"Wonderful! Here's an apron," she said and tied it around him and presented him with the tin she had been opening, not suspecting for an instant that she might be making hash of his matrimonial affairs at the same moment.  
Tomorrow—A Moment's Continuance.  
Thumb screws adjust the jaws on new clamps for a number of mechanical purposes and help them to hold firmly on irregular surfaces.

Journal Want Ads Pay

## RIVER CHANNEL TO BE DREDGED BY SEPTEMBER 15

"We expect to bring the Northwestern through to Salem by September 15 at the latest," said Fred Gurr, head of the Salem Transportation company, this morning. The Montello, United States government dredge which has been working on the channel of the Willamette river since early spring, finished cutting through the Lincoln bar last week, and has started finishing a few odds and ends below Lincoln bar. It will have worked its way down as far as Wheatland Ferry by the end of this week, leaving Rice's bar, 5 miles down the river from Salem, the only bar remaining to be cut between this city and Wheatland.

Work is reported to be progressing rapidly on the Matloma, government dredge which is being put into condition at Portland. "If the Matloma comes out by the first of September we will make it through considerably before the 15th," says Mr. Carr.

"I want to bring the Northwestern through before the rains come, just to show 'em it can be done with the river at its present level." The Matloma is expected to cut through the channel immediately above Brentano's landing, going from that point to Wheatland Ferry. The Northwestern now runs as far up the river as Brentano's landing, which is some 22 miles north of Salem, freight being taken from there to Salem by truck.

## Off to Her Castle in Spain



MURIEL MCCORMICK.  
Muriel McCormick, grand-daughter of John D. Rockefeller, will spend the Fall in Spain, where the famous artist, Zuloaga, will do her portrait. Friends hint at a romance.

## KELLY AND WILLOS TALK FREELY ABOUT BREAK FROM PRISON

(Continued from Page One)  
then to Fallbridge, and from there to White Salmon. "What did Murray and Willos quarrel about? Oh—with a slight smile and shrug—"about the direction. About who was to lead. Everyone had different ideas."  
"Yes, we broke into a store at Blingen. We left too deep a trail there. We cracked the safe—didn't get much, only a few dollars. But we got some clothes and food."  
Kelly was dressed in good, serviceable rough clothing, with denim overalls outside. The men were all clean and shaved.  
"Then we broke into a section house and took some gasoline."  
Pair Headed for Yakima  
"We put it into a small Overland auto standing near a garage close by. We threw in our stuff and started. Then the Portland county officers got us."  
"We were going to Yakima and had gone about half way. We left the main highway, about a quarter of a mile, to cook some food. The cops who were trailing saw us first. They got mighty close—perhaps 100 feet. They saw us several seconds before we saw them. They all had us covered with rifles when they called to throw up our hands. There was no argument."  
"We had only one gun with us, Willos' .35. It was the one we brought from the den. It was loaded with five cartridges, but only two you could depend on. The others were three different makes, and maybe they didn't fit very well."  
"What's the use of worrying?" Willos said, his hard face unmoved

## COLLEGE IN BOSTON STUDIES EARTHQUAKES

Boston.—When earthquake shocks of any considerable magnitude are felt in any part of the world, the public soon after reads statements of scientists concerning the situation. In recent years statements from the Engineering Economics Foundation have been appearing with increasing regularity and members have been asked many times "Just what are you trying to do?"  
The Engineering Economics Foundation is really a college without a campus, operating in Boston and is engaged in gathering and disseminating information concerning national emergency of all types and methods of reducing loss of life and property in emergency. It focuses its work upon earthquakes because they include virtually all types of hazard.  
The headquarters of this college are in an old house on Beacon Hill, into which come reports from every section of the world that relate to disturbances within the earth. It is from these reports, which scientists study constantly, that deductions are drawn.

## GERMANS FIGHT FOR FRANCE IN MOROCCO

Berlin, Germany.—One-half of the foreign legionnaires fighting on the side of France against Abd-el-Krim in Morocco are Germans, in the opinion of Berlin military experts. "Not only is it untrue that Germans have come to the aid of the Moroccan chieftain, they say, but on the contrary France is being supported by about 12,000 to 15,000 German subjects enrolled in the foreign legion."  
By Chick Young

### DUMB DORA



### BRINGING UP FATHER



### BARNEY GOOGLE

### A New Source of Revenue



### MUTT AND JEFF

### If You Were Mutt Wouldn't You Be Jealous Too

By Bud Fisher

