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

Hell No Penitentiary

The Almighty's scheme of punishment differs entirely from that in vogue in Oregon, according to the Rev. Billy Sunday, who as chief devil chaser is a recognized authority upon hell and its penalties. Here the idea of reformation of the sinner has largely replaced that of punishing him, but according to Mr. Sunday, fire and brimstone continue to make existence miserable for the damned in the hopeless hereafter.

Rev. Sunday is very much in earnest about it, too. We read in the Portland papers of his—

Hurrying his words with machine-gun rapidity, not stopping even while his audience thundered its applause; he hammered the pulpit, stood on it, lay on it; stamped about the platform, whirled agilely around on one leg—the other poised at about the level of his neck. Jumped, gesticulated, executed a home plate slide across the entire width of the platform, and wound up, standing with one foot on a chair and the other alongside of the Bible on the reading desk, with hand upraised, appealing to men.

But to get back to hell, a subject everyone should be interested in, because most people are more or less frequently consigned there, this prison of eternity has little in common with the penitentiary of today, for according to Mr. Sunday, hell isn't fitted up as a modern club-house. Evidently gambling, merrawanna smoking, baseball games and radio concerts are tabooed. He says:

God didn't make hell for you to be comfortable in. Penalties, my friends were not made to conform to the comforts of the criminal. Not so! That isn't it at all! You think you might be happy in a hell where they had carpets on the floor, electric lights, electric fans, water and lemonade? Well, I remember that you suck through a straw, have the daily papers and periodicals. Well, it isn't fitted up that way, take it from me.

The Rev. Sunday is a firm believer in the orthodox hell, the best description of which, reads:

Hell is a boiling, seething bottomless pit
 Where poor damned sinners forever sit,
 And broil, and stew and bake and fry,
 Gnawed by the worms that never die!

It is from this fate that Billy Sunday is trying to save Portland, including Mayor Baker and the Oregonian, and we hope they put up money enough at least for their own salvation.

Watching Portland

In its efforts to break the lethargy of Portland and secure promised cooperation in financing the Salem linen mill, the Portland Journal, after summarizing the possibilities, says:

We say we want industries. We complain that we haven't enough industries. It isn't Nature's fault. It's our fault that we haven't in Portland's back yard a linen industry that would be a splendid resource for the United States and a source of millions of revenue a year and marvelous publicity for the state of Oregon.

If we want industries why don't we pay out our money for stock in the Salem linen mill and establish an industry that would be an industry?

Portland has had the opportunity to assist in establishing this industry, so vital to the state's development and welfare, since last spring, but beyond a few subscriptions, most of which were contingent upon the full quota being subscribed, little has been done.

The entire Willamette valley is watching to see if Portland can be depended upon for real cooperation in industry, or if hot-air and glad-hand constitute her quota.

The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

Patricia smiled gratefully at her companion in the sun parlor of the great luxurious hospital. "There is a letter here I must read," she said, "and then I should love for you to tell me—"

with the kindly eyes of the man watching her she took Patricia's letter and nervously to read it.

She was stunned when I arrived in New York," she read through blurred eyes, "to learn that the train to Chicago you were with Gregory Hewitt. I could hardly be expected to believe that such a meeting was accidental. And then to learn that you had accompanied him in his private car on a trip to the southwest—even though you sister and her husband were along—seemed to me to carry but one implication; that you had fled from me and all I had to offer. That our years together meant no more to you than to me more than I can tell you, but that you would steal away on a submarine instead of continue to me frankly seems inconceivable. I was sorry to hear of your accident, but cannot believe that it was this alone that kept you from coming to New York to meet me on my return from Europe. I understand only too well that you do not want to see me again."

The teardrops splashed unbidden down Patricia's cheeks as she gazed uncomprehendingly at the letter in her hand. And it wasn't until her aged neighbor handed her a handkerchief and consolingly said, "There, there, little girl. It's too bad. Is there anything I can do for you?" that she realized what she was doing.

"No, no, nothing," she sobbed, "only I wish my nurse would come and school me in my room. I—"

but the rest of the sentence was veiled in tears which she could not control.

The next day, when she felt more composed, she sought out her friend of the day before and tried to apologize to him, but he would not hear of it.

"I don't wish to intrude, but I felt your grief last night so keenly; I wanted so much to do something to comfort you, and there was nothing a stranger could do, but forgive an old man, please,

OPPRESSION JUSTIFICATION FOR BREAK

(Continued from Page One.)

fired into the cell he occupied, and asked that the jury be allowed the marks on and about the door frame made by these shots.

Blood Thirsty Guard

The defense further contended that one of the "bull pen" guards "has a mania for taking human life both in and out of the prison" and that this guard did without cause at one time shoot and kill one James Oate, a convict confined to the "bull pen." Also that the convicts in general were in fear of their lives at the hands of this guard.

The contention was made each treatment of prisoners is a violation of constitution of the state and of the United States.

Hearing out the intimation that self defense would be outlined by the charge of killing Guard Sweeney was a portion of the request asking that the jury be particularly shown the lock on the front gate of the prison, the former location of the stairs leading to guard tower No. 1, thru which the escaping convicts went over the walls with a view to establishing the impossibility of escaping from the prison without killing one or more guards.

Visit Prison Bull Pen

After an extended conference in the judge's chambers between the opposing attorneys and Judge Percy R. Kelly, Judge Kelly allowed the request of the defense over the protest of the prosecution.

The contention of the state was that such a defense as outlined by Mr. King was not admissible in court inasmuch as an attempt to escape from prison is classified as a crime by statute in Oregon. District Attorney Carson contended that the recognition of such a plea by the court would open the way to any convict to break and mur-

der is necessary for escape with "justification."

The state also contended that the request of the defense, if granted, would inject an irrelevant issue into the case, and that the present condition of the "bull pen" had no valid bearing upon the commission of the crime with which Murray is charged. In all, ten affidavits bearing out these objections were submitted by the state.

No sooner had the selection of the jurymen been completed yesterday afternoon and the jury sworn in than sentimental women, led by the example set by Murray's sister began to flock around the defendant. The court was at ease and the judge and attorneys were conferring over the program of procedure.

Mrs. Nettie Sherman of Jefferson was the twelfth juror selected, and her final acceptance completed the exhaustion of the second jury venire called for the case. Her name was the last of the fifty special veniremen left in the jury box by peremptory challenge of the defense, but George Farrell, whose brother, Frank Farrell, was one of the guards killed by Tracey and Merrill in their escape, was allowed to remain on the jury.

Judge Kelly's ruling to allow the jury to be shown the "bull pen" and other portions of the penitentiary not actually involved as the setting and scene of the Murray-Kelley-Wilson escape from that institution was made during a conference of the attorneys with the court, and only over the strenuous protest of the state. The prosecution contended that only those portions of the prison which figured in the actual break of the prisoners should be shown to the jury, but the court overruled the contention.

ed in the break by the accused convicts, since boyhood, had determined ideas as to what should be done to Murray, and said so.

"I know what I would do to those fellows who go around murdering good people," Herron said in reply to a question by the defense.

Walter Skelton, whose house was robbed by trustees who escaped from the prison, George A. Miller and Charles Easley were others excused for having preconceived opinions.

John W. Gamble, who had served six years as a guard at the prison and who was employed there at the time of the famous Tracey-Merrill break in 1902, was removed from the jury box by peremptory challenge of the defense, but George Farrell, whose brother, Frank Farrell, was one of the guards killed by Tracey and Merrill in their escape, was allowed to remain on the jury.

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LLOYD'S FATE IN HANDS OF TRIAL JURY

(Continued from Page One.)

ated murder, the state's testimony had been to the effect that the crime had been committed in an attempted robbery.

Lloyd admitted freely the circumstances of the time preceding and following the killing of Baun, but declared that he had no

recollection of what happened between the time Baun stopped the car because of engine trouble beyond Buena Vista and a later period when he found himself alone in the car between Albany and Salem driving north on the Pacific highway. He denied part and admitted part of the confession introduced by Francis V. Galloway, district attorney of Wasco county, who was one of the leading witnesses for the state.

Under cross examination Lloyd talked freely regarding all occurrences except the immediate time of the crime. He recounted readily the many places in Oregon and Idaho that he had lived since childhood and declared he had had no serious spells of illness or suffered any bad injuries. He denied flatly, however, that he had admitted the details of the killing of Baun in his confession to District Attorney Galloway, or during the trip from The Dalles to Portland, or before the Polk county grand jury which indicted him.

Of the 18 witnesses introduced by the state that of Mr. Galloway seemed most effective as directly connecting Lloyd with the crime. His testimony consisted of the reading of Lloyd's responses to questions asked him by Mr. Galloway on September 2, the day following his capture at The Dalles. This had been taken down in shorthand by a stenographer and transcribed by typewriter. Defense Attorney Harcombe objected strenuously to its introduction as evidence but he was overruled.

During Mr. Galloway's testimony, Lloyd, who had remained very composed throughout the trial, showed evidence of emotion and his face became very red.

According to Lloyd's answer, read by Mr. Galloway, he had shot Baun when the latter was preparing to re-enter the car after working on the engine. He then declared he had driven away toward Albany without examining the body.

Claaske, O. W. R. N. special officer, relates the capture of Lloyd who was concealed underneath a pile of telephone poles in the rail road yards at The Dalles, and the finding of his valise containing his revolver and ammunition which had been expressed to The Dalles from Mosier. Hans C. Blazer and Ernest Crofton, deputy sheriffs of Wasco county, testified to towing in Baun's abandoned for hire car from near Mosier.

The jury sitting upon the case includes: Fred Aebi, Saver; C. E. Bennett, Dalles; G. F. Brown, Dalles; C. J. DeArmond, Saver; C. E. Dodson, Alirle; G. O. Grant, Dalles; E. P. Lover, Vabeta; A. J. McGowan, Amity; G. A. McCulloch, Amity; Frank Moreland, Monmouth; W. O. Morrow, Independence, and P. M. Ringer, Alirle.

GERMANY BUILDS LONG DIKE

Westerland, Germany—A dike 6.8 miles in length is in process of construction between the island of Sylt and the mainland. Three and a half miles have been built and the entire length is expected to be completed in 1926. The foundation of the dike is constructed of granite and is 165 feet wide. The height will be 2.5 feet above the highest water mark.

ORTHOPHONIC What Is It? See ad on page ten Geo. C. Will

PLANT PEONIES IN OCTOBER
 Choice collection of the most beautiful flower. Large plants to bloom next season. Can supply in rose color, white or assorted. Plant this month. Robt. Linden, 211 W. Mission St., Salem, Or.

While the average receiving set in the United States is said to be superior to that in England, the quality of British radio transmission is better than American.

HEILIG
 Salem
 Not a Motion Picture
 This is the one play of the year that is doing capacity business everywhere. Buy early and take advantage of first pick of seats

Wednesday, Oct. 14
 Curtain at 8:30 P. M.
 You'll Love Him!

TECHNIN
 Cast includes—Mrs. Frank Bacon, Trina Jefferson, Bessie Bacon
 3 Years in N. Y.
 Prices One Performance: \$2.20—\$1.65—\$1.10—75c
 First Guaranteed Attraction of New Fall Season

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA

THEY'RE BEEN NO PEACE AROUND HERE SINCE THAT GIRL NEXT DOOR STARTED GIVING DANCING LESSONS. I WISH YOU'D DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, OFFICER!

I'LL PUT A STOP TO IT!

HO, BOY, THIS CHATELAIN IS HOT!

YOU'RE DOING FINE, BUSTER!

THAT OFFICER DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ACCOMPLISHED MUCH—MAYBE HE WENT TO THE WRONG HOUSE—I'LL INVESTIGATE!

HE'S GOOD!

THAT! HE'ITH GOOD!

HEY, HEY!

OH, BOY!

CHIC YOUNG 10-7

I'VE GOT TO GIT OUT OF THIS TOWN AN GIT HOME TO MAGGIE. I'LL TAKE THE FIRST TRAIN OUT!

SORRY BUT THERE AINT NO TRAIN OUT O' HERE TONIGHT.

WELL, WHEN DOES THAT TRAIN STANDIN OVER THERE GO?

CANT TELL. THE ENGINEER RAN AWAY—IT SHOULD HAVE GONE AN HOUR AGO.

WHERE'S THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE? I WANT TO SEND A WIRE.

HUH, CANT SEND ANY WIRE CAUSE THE OPERATOR RAN AWAY WITH THE ENGINEER TO GIT MARRIED—PURTY GAL TOO!

AWK!

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

BARNEY GOOGLE

A Test of Friendship

BARNEY HOW DO YOU LIKE WORKING IN SAMUEL'S FURNITURE STORE? I'VE BEEN DREADFULLY LONESOME BEING A NIGHT WATCHMAN!

OH I SWEAK SPRAY INSIDE AND HE KEEPS ME COMPANY—I GUESS I CAN MANAGE TILL MY SWEET WOMAN COMES BACK.

I'VE NEVER BEEN IN SAMUEL'S STORE. TAKE ME OVER THERE I MAY FIND THE BUREAU I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

ALL RIGHT, CLARENCE—I KNOW ALL THE SALESMEN—I'LL TELL 'EM TO GIVE YOU A PRICE AND YOU CAN SPLIT THE HALF ON WHAT YOU SAVE.

AHH—THIS MHOOGANY PIECE IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANT!

THAT WILL COST \$75 SO BECAUSE YOU ARE A FRIEND OF ONE OF OUR EMPLOYEES I'LL GIVE YOU TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT.

CLARENCE PLEASE COME HERE.

PLEASE DON'T BUY IT—I KEEP SPARKY'S CATS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

By Billy de Beck

MUTT AND JEFF

MUTT, GUESS WHAT MOTHER GOT YOU FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY?

A BOX OF CIGARS, M'LOVE!

NO, IT'S MORE USEFUL THAN CIGARS.

I'M A PUNK GUESSER! I'LL COME IN AND SEE IT!

THE OLD LADY ISN'T A BAD SORT AFTER ALL! I'VE MISUNDERSTOOD HER ALL THESE YEARS, THASS ALL!

IT'S A TIME CLOCK! WHEN YOU COME IN AT NIGHT YOU MUST PUNCH IT AND THEN I CAN CHECK UP ON YOU IN THE MORNING!

WHAT TH?

Parson's crowd would a'whit!

By Bud Fisher

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