

Capital Journal

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

Exit Billy Sunday

The Rev. Billy Sunday has concluded his work of saving Portland from the devil by telling all those who differed from him to "go to hell" and received as pay for his labors \$8,469 in offerings, or \$1,200 per week net, for the seven weeks, in addition to all expenses for himself, wife and staff, including hotel bills, railroad fare and salaries for assistants. This was rather poor picking for Billy, who netted \$25,000 recently for saving Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and cashes in proportionately in other places, and probably accounts for the grilling he gave Portland.

It is claimed that 15,000 "hit the sawdust trail" in Portland, that is Billy's way of expressing conversion under his circus of salvation. How many of the conversions are permanent remain to be seen. There are always a large proportion of back-sliders as the excitement subsides. However it is possible to figure in dollars and cents the cost of salvation by dividing the total cost of the campaign by the number of souls saved, and so put salvation on a stable commercial basis—so many dollars spent, so many souls saved. Time will prove whether the investment is a profitable one.

As a rule, the Holy Rollers have it all over the occasional revival and the itinerant evangelist, for they keep up the emotional excitement all the time, theirs is a perpetual revival, so there is little opportunity for back-sliding. The stimulation of the spasmodic revival soon wears out and as the new converts fall away, it is necessary to repeat the performance to inflate membership.

The first to welcome the reverend B. S. to Portland were Mayor Baker, the Portland Ad club and the Oregonian. They are also listed among those bidding him farewell. However, we fail to find any record of their hitting the sawdust trail or even reaching the mourners bench—hence we must conclude the great revival a failure in its principal mission.

Wants the Press Muzzled

Governor Pierce is again indulging in his favorite pastime of rapping the newspapers. Nothing in them ever suits the executive. Either they print too much about him or they print too little, they never hit it right. The governor is now censuring the press for the amount of space devoted to the prison break and declares the publicity given crime is its chief inspiration. He wants the W. C. T. U. to start a crusade to "clean-up" the country press and then start after Portland newspapers.

As usual the governor has the cart before the horse. Let him first "clean-up" the Portland press and then go after the country papers. When he establishes his censorship in the metropolis, it will be time to attempt it in the country. In the proposal to muzzle the press, the governor exercises his usual statesmanship.

The newspapers, which exist to print things as they happen, were not responsible for the prison-break, which was due directly to the inefficiency at the prison, for which the governor was and is responsible. Why blame the press for the administration's achievements?

That the governor is a firm believer in suppressing the news, particularly regarding the prison, is proved by his refusal to publish the report on the penitentiary break and battle made by his own committee of investigation, which he agreed to abide by, but has pigeon-holed. If the papers could only be muzzled, the public would know nothing of the administrative farce staged at prison and capitol.

SECOND WIVES

By VIOLET DARE

BILLY AGAIN
Marie went that afternoon to the country club with the other guests at Caroline Phillips' house party. She feared that Billy and Janny would be there; all the country club would be, as well as many people from other places, for the finals in an important golf tournament were to be played off. Marie had dressed carefully; even while she told herself that it wouldn't matter to Billy what she wore, since he no longer cared for her, she dressed with the thought of him in her mind. She thought of Janny too; at least this girl who had taken Billy's heart from her would not be able to think that she could do it because Billy's wife was dowdy!

As she walked with Bob Randall down to the first tee, where a crowd had already gathered, Marie realized that people were looking at her; she hid their interest to her clothes, and to the possibility that they had heard of her matrimonial troubles; people were always interested in those, even when the parties most concerned were complete strangers!

She did not realize that her own beauty attracted attention; she had never estimated it at its full worth. She and Randall paused where they could watch the two men who were playing against each other in the final match.

"If I were doing anything like that, I'd be so excited that I'd hardly know whether I was on my head or my heels," she remarked to him, laughing. "Important moments always excite me."

"Then I'm to know that if I see you excited, something important is happening?" he asked.

"Well—yes." Her thoughts had leaped into the future telling her that when she was working as an obscure clerk in some department store it would hardly be likely that the millionaire Dr. Randall would ever see her, whether she was excited or not!

The two contestants drove off,

and everybody promptly trooped after them across the golf links. As she stammered along Marie realized that Billy and Janny were very near, and that they were quarreling.

"You made me hurry so that I shan't feel properly dressed all afternoon!" Janny was saying petulantly. "I don't see any reason for nothing here so soon; we needn't have started till five minutes later, any still we'd have been in time."

"You look perfectly dressed, as usual," Billy replied; obviously, he was trying to quiet her down. He hated rows so, especially when other people could overhear, and Janny was making no effort to keep their troubles from the public. Glancing around, Marie saw that several people were listening, and smiling.

"Oh, you're just saying that because you don't care how I look," Janny retorted. "I know I look as if I'd stood in the middle of a room and had my make-up throw my clothes at me! Why, when I got here I found that one of my hooks on the shoulder of my dress was unfastened! Now Billy, you might just as well understand right now that I simply won't be hurried when I'm dressing!"

"You always used to get dressed quick enough," Billy grumbled. "You never tried to rush me," she replied.

"He's going to discover that he's got a Tartar when he marries her," a man near Marie remarked to his companion, apparently not knowing that Billy's first wife was within hearing. "Queer, isn't it, that a fellow can be so blind?"

Someone else was laughing softly, and saying something about Billy. Marie could not stand it. Billy might have changed the center of his affections from her to Janny, but she wasn't going to have him laughed at by perfect strangers!

Turning, she pretended that she had just caught sight of him at

that moment. "Oh, how do you do!" she remarked cordially to Janny, going to her side. "How nice to see you! You know Dr. Randall, don't you? Hello, Billy. It's going to be a great match, isn't it? Did you see that first drive?"

Janny, who had scowled at first, beamed on Bob Randall and promptly tried to attach him. That was a habit of hers, where new men were concerned. Billy turned gratefully to Marie. She did not know whether he knew that she had overheard the quarrel between him and Janny; she hoped that he didn't. But she knew that he was grateful to her for joining them at that moment and making it impossible for Janny to go on fussing at him.

"I wanted very much to see you this morning," he told her, in a low voice so that Janny could not hear what he was saying. "There's that house in town, you know; we didn't settle about it before you went away, and I'd like to sell it, but I'll have to have your consent; we own it together, you know."

"Oh yes; just send the papers to me and I'll sign them," she answered. "Things going well, Billy?"

"Fine! Couldn't be better. Why, that Adams deal, oh, but you don't know about that, do you?" He stopped abruptly; she realized that for the moment he had forgotten that they no longer talked over all his activities together, as they had in the past. And she knew that that realization hurt him cruelly.

For an instant they looked into each other's eyes, one soul meeting another, frankly. Then suddenly Janny's shrill voice recalled them to the present.

Tomorrow—A Key to the Future

Hollywood, Cal.—The United Artists, comprising Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and other producing stars, expect to be joined by Gloria Swanson at the expiration of her present contract.

White Seal MacMillan's Pet



Dr. Walter Koelz, U. S. Inspector of Fisheries, is holding, at Sydney, N. S., the baby white seal the MacMillan party captured during its stay in the far North.

AGGIES PREPARE FOR CLASH WITH MONTANA

Corvallis, Oct. 26.—(A. P.)—With Coach Schisler and his Aggies due home today from Stanford, fans here are anticipating the homecoming game with Montana next Saturday as one of the most colorful and spectacular contests of the season.

Though the Aggies could not hold Stanford's powerful drives Saturday, they showed a flashy offensive in scoring their 19 points which brought even the home team's stands to their feet. Montana, too, has a speedy, colorful team fighting to maintain its lately acquired standing in the coast conference.

TORNADO AND SUNDAY GALE CLAIM LIVES

(Continued from page one)

general impairment to wires by the tornado.

Four Children Killed
In addition to two dead in Crenshaw county, there were eight dead in Pike county and seven in Barbour. Of the eight who lost their lives in Pike county, four were children of the same family, while their father and mother were seriously injured and are not expected to live. Two other persons of the same family name, Knight, were also injured.

In Barbour county, six negroes were killed.

Residents near the path of the tornado were aroused by the roar of the twister and the cries of the injured. They rushed into the stricken area in a deluge of rain, working for hours in a search for

the dead and giving aid to the injured.

17 Planes Beached
New York, Oct. 26.—(A. P.)—A disastrous Sunday gale swept the middle and north Atlantic states. An 85 mile an hour rain bearing wind caused seven deaths and much property damage in five states. At Woburn, Mass., 300 houses were shattered and troops were called out. Seventeen navy seaplanes were strewn on the beach at Barnstable, with seven demolished. Ocean and coastal shipping was demoralized.

The fatalities were:
New York City—Expectant mother dragged from fifth story window by wind whipped clothesline. Mother and child die after Caesarian operation.

Two fishermen drowned in a capsized motorboat off Rockaway Point.

Baltimore—Child killed by falling tree.

Patterson, N. J.—Child killed by falling brick wall.

Woburn, Mass.—National guardsman killed by falling tree while repairing his automobile.

Several towns were in darkness last night and others were cut off from wire communication.

Greatest damage apparently was in Woburn, Mass., where Mayor Thomas H. Duffy has issued an appeal to contractors to cease their regular building work and concentrate on repairing shattered homes. Mayor Curley of Boston has telephoned a relief offer.

With 500 houses unroofed or with walls caved in and the streets a mass of tangled wires and wreckage, looting began in that city. A residential and manufacturing suburb of Boston, and a national guard company was called out to keep order.

Two women are in a hospital, one seriously injured by the falling spire of the Unitarian church. Seafaring men in New York said it was the worst storm known in years. The two masted schooner Columbia was saved by the coast guard cutter Harlan in New York harbor less than 100 feet from the rocks on Governor's Island, after both her anchors were torn away. The tug DeHarden returned to port after losing in the storm a drydock she had in tow.

Rescued From Harzes
Two women and 15 men were rescued by a coast guard patrol off Sandy Hook after drifting for hours on a string of 12 empty barges, which were abandoned.

Forty feet of shod over a Brooklyn elevated railway station were torn off, the roof of a five story tenement was peeled off and a 24 inch smokestack weighing several tons fell from the top of a five story office building without injuring anyone, although heavy traffic had to be detoured afterward.

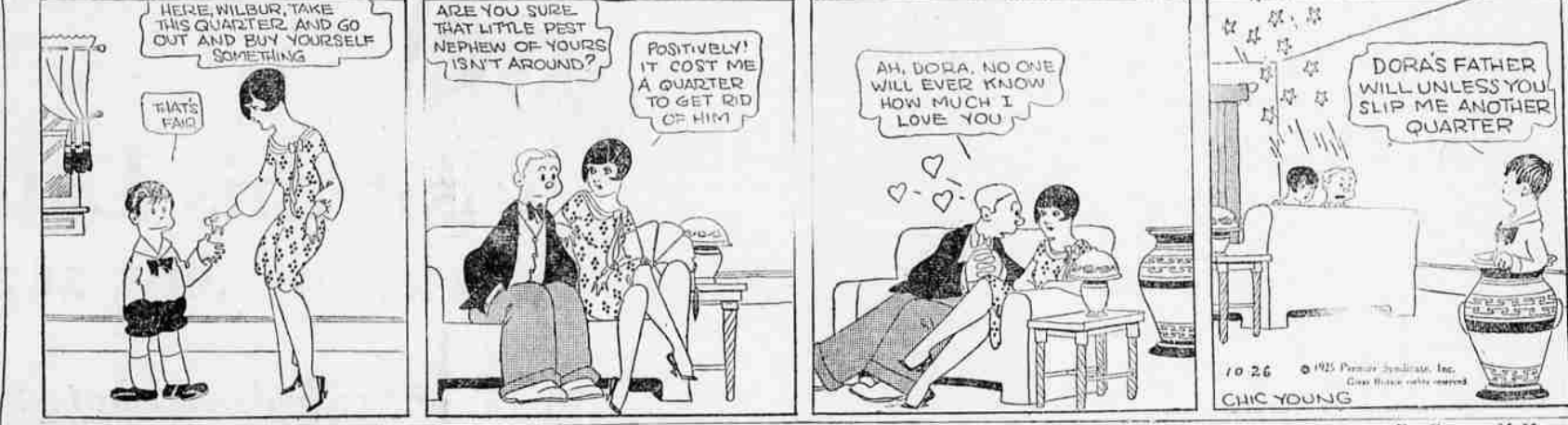
Trolley and other traffic was reported halted or delayed in a score of places in the metropolitan and suburban areas.

Seaplanes Wrecked
Baltimore, Md., Oct. 25.—(A. P.)—Ten United States navy seaplanes were battered into shapeless heaps and several lost, seriously damaged yesterday when, under the buffeting of a terrific southwest gale, they dragged with them or broke loose from 475 pound anchors and piled up along several miles of seawall and beached at Solter's Point, near the mouth of the Patuxent river. Six other machines safely rode out the storm.

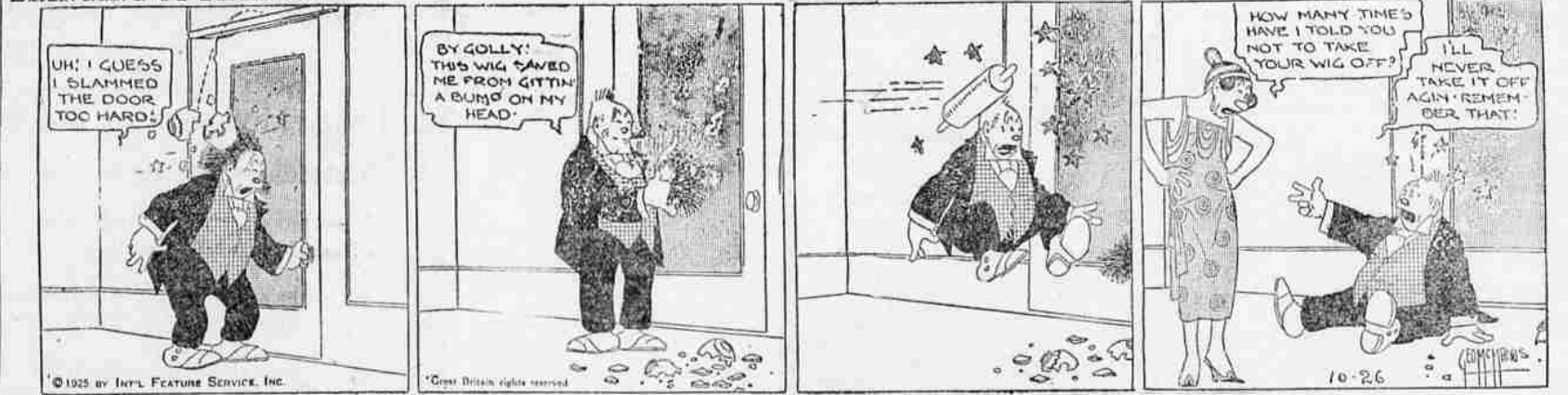
The planes were a double detachment from Hampton Roads, 10 attached to scouting squadron VS1, six to torpedo squadron VTL, while the seventeenth machine wrecked, was a staff plane. All had been at anchor off the point since last Friday when they were brought here to take part in an aerial page in connection with the Schneider seaplane trophy race at Bay Shore Park.

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE

It Looked Like It Was All Up With Barney

By Billy de Beau



MUTT AND JEFF

A Cheap Joint Is Good Enough For Mutt When He Dines

By Bud Fisher

