

STATE WANTS NO ROUTE FOR MILLER'S STORY

History of His Telegram to Secretary Metcalf Denies Orchard When He Was Hogan Is Denied.

(United Press Leased Wire.)

Boise, Ida., Dec. 22.—The prosecution in the Pettibone case did not conclude this morning, as was expected, owing to the failure of one witness from Colorado to reach the city. After a short morning session court adjourned until this evening, when the state will finish its case and the motion of the defense that the court instruct for a verdict of not guilty will be argued.

This morning Mrs. Ida Toney and her son, Mark Toney, were recalled to identify letters written by them to Fred Miller and Clarence Darrow, but the letters were not offered in evidence.

E. M. Sablin, an attorney of Idaho Springs, Colorado, testified that Lyte Gregory, one of Orchard's victims, was employed in looking up evidence against Western Federation of Miners men who were charged with burning the property of the Sun and Moon Mining company in Colorado. These men, witnesses said, were charged in one count with conspiracy and in another with arson, and it was between the two trials that Gregory was killed.

On cross-examination witness said Gregory had not been used as a witness in the first trial, but he said it was because he was shot. Otto Peterson, clerk of the district court for this (Ada) county, was called to show that a subpoena for Fred Miller, the Spokane attorney for the defense in the Haywood case, had been served and returned. The defense objected and the court held it incompetent.

Hawley said Miller had avoided being a witness in the Haywood and Pettibone trials, but witness denied this saying he was in Boise during the Haywood trial and sat at the table with the other attorneys for the defense. The court instructed Peterson to look up the record on this point. It was shown that Miller was still an attorney of record in the case.

The state wants Miller to explain the telegram he sent Orchard immediately after his arrest at Caldwell, in which he stated he would go to Caldwell to defend him.

RECORD OF PAST YEAR

(Continued from Page One.)

mountain range to a sound port when the same tonnage would roll down the Columbia river water grade to a good harbor.

Down to the present date this month the wheat exports of Portland have been very large, and plenty of ships are on hand to carry the grain now in sight. The cargoes have been large. The record of Portland and sound ports show average larger cargoes out of this port than out of the sound. There have been nine cargoes exceeding 115,000 bushels out of Portland, and eight cargoes of similar size out of both Tacoma and Seattle in the same period, according to the official harbor report.

The ships leaving Portland with wheat cargoes exceeding 115,000 bushels between December 1 and December 22 were: Auchincrag, 292,365 bushels; Tiberius, 223,879 bushels; Como, 254,728 bushels; Waverline, 120,309 bushels; St. Mirren, 118,829 bushels; Craven, 218,543 bushels; Glenstrae, 239,882 bushels; Ostara, 118,968 bushels; Canabon Bay, 120,000 bushels. Cargoes exceeding 115,000 bushels leaving combined Puget sound ports in the same time were: Brablah, 122,559 bushels; Craghall, 224,559 bushels; Apharima, 273,826 bushels; Minnetonka, 179,493 bushels; Franky, 220,380 bushels; Jethou, 227,053 bushels; Strathgairn, 225,135 bushels; Dumfriesshire, 145,459 bushels.

EDITOR JAILED

(Continued from Page One.)

ing. Such heinous crimes must be punished, they are dangerous at once to life and limb. But anyone can try to brain a man with an ax and secure immunity from the blind-folded representatives of justice.

A Night in Jail.

By George Putnam, editor of the Medford Tribune.

I am awakened at midnight from the first deep slumber. The Pullman conductor, with a lantern, is peering into my face.

"Is this Mr. Putnam?"

"Yes."

"Then consider yourself under arrest. I am the deputy sheriff of Douglas county. Hurry up and dress."

"What am I arrested for?" I ask.

"On telephone request from the sheriff of Jackson county, Ferjury. I think a grand jury indictment."

Then I remembered that I had heard intimations of indictments for holding out to criticize a grand jury and a deputy district attorney. On some trumped-up charge or other.

"Is it necessary for me to spend the night in jail? Can't I go to a hotel. I will pay for a deputy to stand guard and sleep with handcuffs." I urged.

"Have friends in Roseburg who will vouch for me and go bail if necessary."

"But it is in vain. The jail for me."

Going into the sheriff's office, my coat, grip and umbrella are deposited. We cross to the jail. The double steel doors are noisily unlocked and clank and groan ominously as I enter.

"There is plenty of wood to keep the fire going, and plenty of company. I will phone Sheriff Jackson of your arrest and see if he will let you out on bail," says my jailer, departing after the great doors are shut and bolted. But he does not return.

The jail is not inviting. The air is foul. There is no ventilation. The floor is cement. The walls, sub-ceiling and partitions are steel, striae with three-inch square openings between. At one end of what might be styled the reception-room is a dilapidated table loaded with odds and ends of food, the remnants of the prisoners' supper. On another table is a pile of old papers and a greasy bunch of cards. A rough home-made bracket juts from the wall laden with a miscellaneous assortment of rubbish. On the floor is a pile of old magazines.

Several dilapidated chairs surround the table. In one corner of the room is a bed, on which a mere boy is sleeping. Two broken-down chairs and two logs of wood answer as legs. On strings behind the stove hang some clothing newly washed and drying.

"Hullo, partner!" exclaims a man of 40, who emerges from one of the cells, clad only in a flannel shirt with loops against his bare legs. "Got any tobacco?"

Another prisoner.

Another prisoner, mere boy, enters. Both are held as suspects in burglary cases. "There are seven of us here; eight with you," says the elder. All the

men are in the same cell.

"What am I arrested for?" I ask.

"On telephone request from the sheriff of Jackson county, Ferjury. I think a grand jury indictment."

Then I remembered that I had heard intimations of indictments for holding out to criticize a grand jury and a deputy district attorney. On some trumped-up charge or other.

"Is it necessary for me to spend the night in jail? Can't I go to a hotel. I will pay for a deputy to stand guard and sleep with handcuffs." I urged.

"Have friends in Roseburg who will vouch for me and go bail if necessary."

"But it is in vain. The jail for me."

Going into the sheriff's office, my coat, grip and umbrella are deposited. We cross to the jail. The double steel doors are noisily unlocked and clank and groan ominously as I enter.

"There is plenty of wood to keep the fire going, and plenty of company. I will phone Sheriff Jackson of your arrest and see if he will let you out on bail," says my jailer, departing after the great doors are shut and bolted. But he does not return.

The jail is not inviting. The air is foul. There is no ventilation. The floor is cement. The walls, sub-ceiling and partitions are steel, striae with three-inch square openings between. At one end of what might be styled the reception-room is a dilapidated table loaded with odds and ends of food, the remnants of the prisoners' supper. On another table is a pile of old papers and a greasy bunch of cards. A rough home-made bracket juts from the wall laden with a miscellaneous assortment of rubbish. On the floor is a pile of old magazines.

Several dilapidated chairs surround the table. In one corner of the room is a bed, on which a mere boy is sleeping. Two broken-down chairs and two logs of wood answer as legs. On strings behind the stove hang some clothing newly washed and drying.

"Hullo, partner!" exclaims a man of 40, who emerges from one of the cells, clad only in a flannel shirt with loops against his bare legs. "Got any tobacco?"

Another prisoner.

Another prisoner, mere boy, enters. Both are held as suspects in burglary cases. "There are seven of us here; eight with you," says the elder. All the

men are in the same cell.

"What am I arrested for?" I ask.

"On telephone request from the sheriff of Jackson county, Ferjury. I think a grand jury indictment."

Then I remembered that I had heard intimations of indictments for holding out to criticize a grand jury and a deputy district attorney. On some trumped-up charge or other.

"Is it necessary for me to spend the night in jail? Can't I go to a hotel. I will pay for a deputy to stand guard and sleep with handcuffs." I urged.

"Have friends in Roseburg who will vouch for me and go bail if necessary."

"But it is in vain. The jail for me."

Going into the sheriff's office, my coat, grip and umbrella are deposited. We cross to the jail. The double steel doors are noisily unlocked and clank and groan ominously as I enter.

"There is plenty of wood to keep the fire going, and plenty of company. I will phone Sheriff Jackson of your arrest and see if he will let you out on bail," says my jailer, departing after the great doors are shut and bolted. But he does not return.

The jail is not inviting. The air is foul. There is no ventilation. The floor is cement. The walls, sub-ceiling and partitions are steel, striae with three-inch square openings between. At one end of what might be styled the reception-room is a dilapidated table loaded with odds and ends of food, the remnants of the prisoners' supper. On another table is a pile of old papers and a greasy bunch of cards. A rough home-made bracket juts from the wall laden with a miscellaneous assortment of rubbish. On the floor is a pile of old magazines.

Several dilapidated chairs surround the table. In one corner of the room is a bed, on which a mere boy is sleeping. Two broken-down chairs and two logs of wood answer as legs. On strings behind the stove hang some clothing newly washed and drying.

"Hullo, partner!" exclaims a man of 40, who emerges from one of the cells, clad only in a flannel shirt with loops against his bare legs. "Got any tobacco?"

Another prisoner.

Another prisoner, mere boy, enters. Both are held as suspects in burglary cases. "There are seven of us here; eight with you," says the elder. All the

NO ROUTE FOR FLEET'S RETURN

History of His Telegram to Secretary Metcalf Denies Orchard When He Was Hogan Is Denied.

(United Press Leased Wire.)

Washington, D. C., Dec. 22.—"The program for the return of the battleship fleet is a matter that has been discussed among the officials of the navy department, but as yet no decision has been reached and will not be for some time to come," declares Secretary of the Navy Metcalf.

The secretary's remark was called out by a wireless message from the flagship Connecticut stating that Admiral Evans had authorized the statement that the navy department's present intention is to have the battleship fleet return by way of the Suez canal next summer or fall. As the president, through Secretary Loeb, previously had spoken to the same effect, it seems clear that Admiral Evans' statement was not suggested by any definite move so far determined upon by those supreme in authority.

beds are full, but you can use mine if you want and I will take the table. My bunk's not very clean; they are all inhabited.

"I thank my fellow-jailbirds, but decline their courtesy and they retire for the night. I build up the fire and try to read the two or three-year-old magazine, but the light is too dim. A huge rat comes out to keep me company. I watch him as he runs back and forth on the floor and over the prisoners' sanitary bunks, greed shining in his little beady eyes."

It is a dismal night, but my thoughts are tropical tonight. The drone of the steady downpour outside is interrupted only by the creaks of the sheetiron floor as prisoners turn uneasily in their slumber. The night seems endless. Another rat joins the first and then another, but they scamper when I move. Finally the darkness wears gradually away and the twilight that answers for daylight creeps slowly in. The rats have gone and only the fifth and squallor and misery of a wretched civilization reserves for its unfortunates shows in a gray dawn of a Sabbath day to usher in the merry Christmas season.

Lights Go Out. It is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean house as best they can in the dark. At noon it is still too dark to see to read a paper. The prisoners tell me their stories.

The sheriff appears. The doors swing open with their customary clatter. My name is called. I find with the sheriff of us. Then the prisoners are taken to the Roseburg Review. The sheriff has just received a telegram authorizing my release on bond. Mr. Wimberly offers to go upon the bond. Medford friends phone offering assistance, and my day in prison ends. On the afternoon train comes Deputy Sheriff Grant of Jackson county and bail is arranged.

At 5:15 o'clock it is still dark, but the electric light goes out. At 9 o'clock the prisoners awake and make their dreary toilet. At 10 o'clock the sheriff comes with the breakfast basket. Two meals a day only are served prisoners, consisting partly of scraps from the Hotel McAllen, run by the sheriff. Biscuits, fried potatoes and meat comprise the menu, with coffee. We eat on tin plates. There is one fork and three teaspoons and no knives for the prisoners. The prisoners clean