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

Intolerance

H. L. Mencken, author and magazine editor, who it was reported was requested to leave Dayton, Tennessee, where he was reporting the Scopes trial, because of his criticism of fundamentalism and the conduct of the trial, says:

One of the master delusions of the American people is to the effect that they are in favor of free speech. They are actually almost unanimously against it. It would be difficult, indeed, to find any record of a free people who wish to greater trouble and expense to put it down. Under certain archaic Oriental despotisms, perhaps, it has been more violently combated and suppressed, but surely never under the forms of self-government. And where in the United States is the enemy to it most implacable? Precisely in those areas where the people take most pride in their undiluted Americanism.

Intolerance, which has ever been the curse of humanity, seems on the increase as the constitutional limitations adopted to curb it are being nullified more and more by legislators and courts. Democracies, enforcing the tyranny of the majority, are just as intolerant, perhaps more so, as autocracies, utilizing intolerance for the perpetuation of privilege.

Disagree with the mob on any controversial issue, and it will want to lynch or at least boycott, just as the mob stoned or crucified 2000 years ago. The fact that one is entitled to his day in court, or to an honest expression of opinion does not appeal to the rank and file.

It requires high intelligence and great poise to concede the other fellows rights and opinions when they differ from the majority, an intelligence and poise lacking in the radical even more than in the conservative—and hence the suppression of free speech and the limitations of a free press in what is perhaps the freest of nations.

The Con's Story

The story of the prison battle and escape as written by Murray and signed by his fellow convicts, Ellsworth Kelly and John Willos, and given to their forced host, makes good reading, even if it is more or less typical "con talk," colored to suit the fancy of the desperados and to be taken with a grain of salt.

In many respects, the convict's narrative is confirmed by the investigation now in progress by the coroner. Neither account reflects much credit on prison officials or management and both prove that in the battle of wits and daring, the convicts had all the best of it.

It seems incredible that such an escape could be made and so little interference experienced from officials who watched the break in progress.

Planting for Profits

A recent survey of the Yakima valley by the Department of Agriculture declares that the farmers of that section have shown poor judgment in selecting their crops for planting on the basis of relative profits for the previous year, thereby producing much to sell when prices are low and very little when prices are high. If prices fall off one year the next year little is planted of that crop and so the growers lose the benefit of the price recovery. Conversely, high prices one year result in an overwhelming production of the favored crop the next and selling values hit the toboggan.

This situation is not confined to the Yakima valley, but exists so generally in agricultural sections that many of the shrewder farmers make it a rule to plant those crops of which there was a surplus the year before, knowing that the majority will plant those of which there was a shortage.

As a general rule the farmer who specializes in certain diversified crops, year in year out, beats the game.

One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

JOURNEY'S END

Cynthia's dinner with Noel Gardner was far from being a success. In his opinion, he had counted on being able to convince her that she was quite wrong in her decision to go back to her husband. But all of his arguments were unavailing. "And what if he tells you that he doesn't want you?" he demanded at last.

"I don't know," she answered slowly. "I—oh, I'm sure that he won't do that."

Gardner only raised his eyebrows quizzically, shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject.

As soon as she reached the hotel again Cynthia phoned the hospital and succeeded in getting Jim's nurse.

"Oh, Mrs. Leland, I'm so glad you phoned!" the girl exclaimed. "I tried so hard to reach you earlier in the evening, but at the hotel they said you were dining with a Mr. Gardner and that they didn't know where you were. Will you come to the hospital at once, please? Your husband had a slight turn for the worse this evening."

Cynthia flew out to the street and took a taxi, heading the driver to hurry as fast as possible. Jim's nurse said that she had called loudly gone off with Noel Gardner and didn't want to be disturbed!

At the hospital she was taken straight to his room.

"Dearest," she murmured, kneeling beside his bed, "I'm so sorry they got things mixed at the hotel—I wanted to leave you—"

A touch of the nurse's hand on her shoulder stilled her. In Jim's eyes was an expression that she could not read, but he smiled faintly and touched her hand.

"Stay here," he whispered. A few days later he had improved enough to listen to her explanations—jumbled though they were, he was satisfied with them.

"It would have been my fault if I'd lost you, dear," he told her. "I

didn't realize the mistake I was making by letting Mother rule our affairs so completely. But while she and I were traveling together somehow I became conscious of it. "And I knew then, too, that I never could be happy without you. I wanted to come back, and yet I wanted to let you find out for your self whether you really wanted me, or someone else."

"But the letter I wrote you about Noel Gardner—what did you think when you read that?"

"That I had sat still too long. I realized that it wasn't fair to let you find out all alone whether or not you cared for me. That was the reason for my telegraphing you."

"And the letter that made you tell them to go ahead with the operation and not wait for me?"

"That was one from my sister saying that you and Noel Gardner had gone away together. I gave up then, because I thought you really didn't care for me."

Cynthia drew a long breath of relief and held his hand tight in both her own.

"I've been a silly little fool, Jim dear, but I know better than to be one again," she whispered. "I'll try to understand your mother better, and not mind when she interferes."

"She's not going to interfere so much after this," Jim answered. "If you don't mind living here, I can make my headquarters here in San Francisco instead of at home. Tell me, would you like that?"

"Oh Jim, I'd love it!" she exclaimed eagerly. "If I could just have you all to myself—if I could just have you all to myself—no old friends of your girlhood bobbing up—well, that's all I'd want."

And Cynthia smiled, though there were happy tears in her eyes. Even though Jim's family even yet didn't approve of her, she was sure that he did.

She was no longer on approval!

THE END

FUGITIVES TELL STORY OF ESCAPE

(Continued from Page One.)

An open, long-bladed paring knife. Then Jones came in. Jones did not bother Slaughterhouse and Slaughterhouse did not kick Jones. Jones seemed to lose his head for a minute, and instead of letting the turkey go ahead and open the case, knocked him down with a blow of his fist.

"Jones was unarmed as yet, and the game was locked. Jones ran over to a desk in the corner of the turnkey's office and looked for a six-shooter in the drawer.

"In the meantime the guard in No. 1 tower began shouting blind into the turnkey's office. The turnkey ran out at that time, holding his jaw. I grabbed a heavy spoon and cracked the lock of the gamecase, handed a 30-30 rifle, fully loaded, to Jones. Jones was excited and began emptying the gun at tower No. 1 through the window.

Another Gun Emptied
"When he emptied the first gun he picked up another one and did the same thing, but did not register a hit. Jones was running wild. He expected to be killed, and was apparently making his last stand. He was shouting wild.

"Nobody was hurt up to this time Jones and tower 1 were the only ones that fired, except one shot I fired at tower 1, but I saw no one to shoot at, just fired at random.

I took two six-shooters, a 28-special Colt and a 25-20 Smith & Wesson. Jones took his sword-off-shogun, loaded with buckshot, and ran back out on the lawn. When we got out on the lawn Kelly and Willos were standing with their hands in the air under cover of five guards armed with guns, just outside the iron fence, and also covered by the guard in the

bulpen, tower No. 7. No shots were fired from tower No. 7.

"The only thing which kept the guards from shooting them was that guard Pete White was standing between Willos and Kelly. He being there was the only thing which kept Willos and Kelly from being shot down in cold blood, as a deputy warden told White to get away from them and also told the guards to shoot them."

Newman interrupted to ask why was Pete White between them and the answer was:

Pete White Unarmed
"Because Pete White did not want to see a man shot down in cold blood. He (Pete) came over voluntarily. He was unarmed. When Jones and I ran out of the turnkey's office the guards that had Kelly and Willos covered ran for cover. Willos and Kelly were still unarmed, with their hands in the air."

(Newman asked: "Were you shooting when you came from the turnkey's office?") Murray answered: "No, I was not, but I would not swear about Jones, but he did not hit anybody. I threw Willos a .38 Colt. The guards had run for cover, scattered towards the trees and the garage."

Shelter Found Behind Tree
"The warden, deputy warden or turnkey did not know where they were. There wasn't any shooting going on right here, owing to the fact that the guards were seeking cover, and we all ran. Kelly, Willos and I, across the lawn to tower No. 1.

"No, I tower was not shooting, and I got behind an oak tree, and I told him to come out and throw his gun down or we would smoke him out of there. Instead of doing so he kept himself covered as well as he could behind the walls of his tower and tried to get a shot at us with his rifle. As it was his life or ours, I shot him in the head with the .42-20. He fell dead and I made a run for the steps leading up to the tower. Willos was

right behind me. Neither Willos nor Kelly had fired a shot up to this time. Just as I went up the first two steps of the tower stairs Guard Holman, who was concealed behind the iron fence, shot me through the left arm. Just as he shot me Willos shot him with a pistol. (Story was interrupted here while there was an argument as to who killed him.)

"Kelly didn't have any gun until we got inside of tower No. 1. We had to go through tower No. 1 and drop from the way to gain our liberty. By the time we went through this tower the bullets were coming fast from the outside of the iron fence and in the garage, five or six shooting at us on the way

OPEN FORUM

Contributions to This Column must be plainly written on one side of paper only limited to 300 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

To the Editor:—I was so deeply impressed with the Statesman's account of Warden Dal's midnight ride through Aumsville, Stayton and Sublimity that I have been prompted to write a poem to commemorate the event. In my attempt I got only as far as the first verse which took him to Aumsville. The verse is as follows:

The night was dark and dreary
And the owls were in the trees,
When the warden sped to Aumsville
With his gun between his knees.

I am, however, unable to get him any further than Aumsville, so I am asking that you kindly have Harry Crain or some of the other boys in your office complete the poem by adding sufficient verses to get the warden through Stayton and Sublimity and back to Salem without his getting hurt.

"Here lies Murry
Who died in a hurry,
As they did in the days of yore,
He fell through the trap
Into the coroner's lap.
And struck for the golden shore."

OSWALD WEST,
Portland, Or., August 17, 1925.

Through I picked up Guard Sweeney's (of tower No. 1) rifle. We all dropped to the ground outside. Jones, Willos and I were on the ground, and I called to Lute Savage, who was standing in the garage, to come over to where we were, as we wanted him for protection from the bullets from the other guards. He wouldn't come, so I took one shot at him with my pistol. Whether I hit him or not I don't know.

Jones Shot In Side
About this time Jones was shot in the side somewhere. (There was a little argument about where he was shot.) About that time Willos and I started for No. 2 tower, along the side wall, as this was the best

route for our getaway. Kelly stopped to shake hands with Jones. Jones said: "Tell the boys to play careful and not make it more than one." Jones then took the gun and fired a load of buckshot through Holman's head, who was sitting up against the wall. Made him unconscious of what was going on around him. (Murray interrupted here to tell Newman that they were telling him the God's truth.) Murray said: "I want my mother to read it."

"Kelly then picked up the shotgun, which was empty, and followed Willos and I past No. 2 tower toward the insane asylum. (Newman asked him what No. 2 tower had been doing all this time.)

"No. 2 tower was deserted, and someone wearing a dark suit was running toward the insane asylum ahead of us. We thought it was the guard from No. 2 post, although we would not swear to it, as we were not sure. We never did notice any shots coming from No. 2 tower, and he could have shot at us when I shot at Lute Savage. We rushed toward the insane asylum, commandeered an automobile and from then on the public knows how.

We haven't harmed no one and intend to harm no one as long as they don't stand between ourselves and liberty. (Signed) —

"TOM MORRIS,"
"ELLSWORTH KELLY,"
"JAMES WILLOS."

"P. S.—The last we saw of Jones he was sitting on the ground, fully conscious, and unable to walk, and I Slaughterhouse Davidson shot him he must have walked up on him and shot him like a dog, giving him no chance.

Newman asked them if they could make any individual statement and Murray said: "No, this goes for all of us. We all vouch for it." Newman asked Murray: "What do you think of Dalrymple as a

warden?"

"He's as good a man as could be in the position. He's had a hard time during his administration, and he has made the best of a bad job."

Willos was asked: "What do you think of Dalrymple as a warden?"

"According from what I have learned from other prisoners who have asked for a chance to make good, he was all right."

Newman asked: "Is he a good disciplinarian?"

Willos said: "Yes, sir; absolutely."

Kelley was asked the same question. "I think he is very level-headed, and I think he uses more common sense than some of his subordinates."

"What do you think of his actions in the last showdown?"

"No other course to follow," said Willos. Newman asked Murray: "Was the break executed as planned?"

"No, we planned to slide down the rope, go into the turnkey's office, put the turnkey and any other civilians who might be there in front of us, march them straight towards No. 1 tower, using them as a protection, as insurance against being shot at against the wall, disarm the guard in No. 1 tower, take him with us if necessary; go to the prison garage, take one of the fast prison cars, and use that for our getaway."

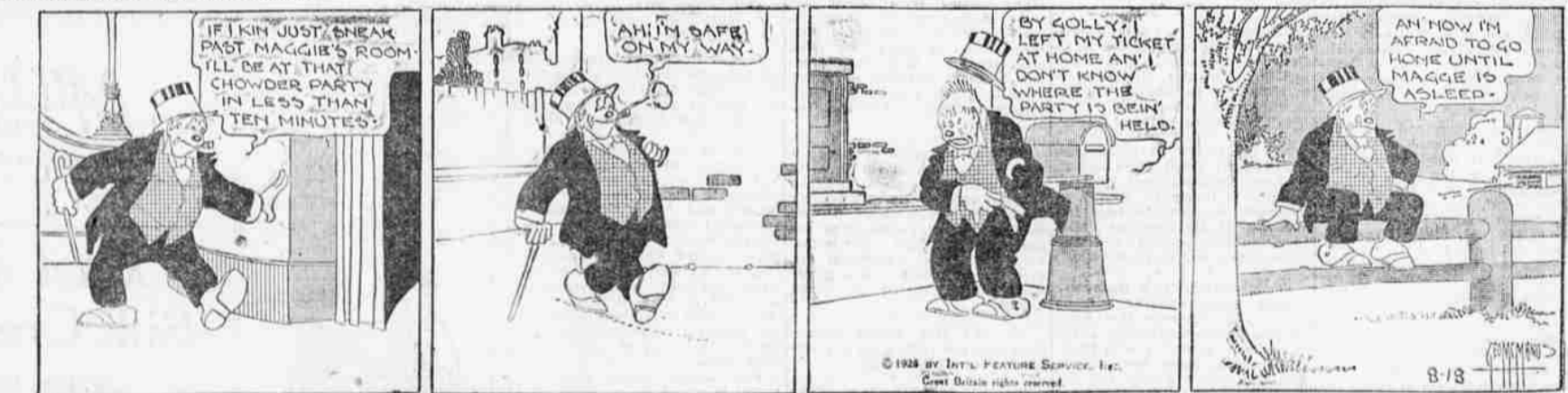
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BRINGING UP FATHER



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MUTT AND JEFF



507