

Capital Journal

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

The Warden's Nerve

If Warden Dalrymple had displayed the nerve at the time of the prisoners' escape that he displays now in criticizing C. L. Newman, the New Era rancher whom the convicts terrorized, there would have been a different story. His nerve, however, is of the wrong kind as proven by his record of retreat, battle and pursuit.

Mr. Newman defends his refusal to risk the lives of himself and family by betraying the escaped prisoners during their forced visitation as follows:

My wife and children mean everything to me. Penitentiary officials had Murray, Wilkes and Kelley in cells, away from firearms. They let them escape, let them steal guns from the prison itself, let them slip through a cordon of guards and come to my home to terrorize me and my family. * * * I did what I think was right. I don't care what the warden or his deputies think of my conduct. If they had paid more attention to their business, this thing would never have happened.

Who can blame him? Who would not have done otherwise? When men employed to protect the public fail in their duty, and run to cover and oil cans, how can they expect the innocent bystander not to play safe, also?

Anyone following the testimony given by the prison guards, appointees of the warden, and experienced in their occupation, must be convinced that something is radically wrong at the big pleasure house, miscalled the state prison, and other tragedies may be expected, unless changes are made. So far, the indications are that the escaped convicts told the truth in their story of the get-away.

The Solitary Tribute

The only tribute paid the late "Oregon Jones," convict, killed in the recent prison break, was a floral offering with a card attached reading:

Complimentary. With Sincere Sympathy to Ye Brave and Noble Victim of the System.—R. R. Graves.

Mr. Graves, is listed in the directory as a Salem Heights fruitgrower. The sentiments he expresses would stamp him either as one of the maudlin sentimentalists who glorify criminals or as is more probable a Communist cracking at capitalism.

Oregon Jones was a victim to the "system," his own Ishmaelic system of warring upon society. He deliberately chose a career of crime, to one of industry. The only regret is that the prison system, maintained for the protection of society, functioned so inefficiently that two guards fell victims to Jones' system, with the prospect of other victims before the episode is concluded.

However, Mr. Graves has the right to express his opinions even though they are twisted, whether anyone agrees with him or not. There is much more danger to the republic in suppression of free speech than in foolish utterance. Inasmuch as Oregon Jones paid the penalty there can be little objection to a solitary tribute from a slanted mentality.

Brave Men and True

(From the Eugene Guard)
Warden Dalrymple, in a penitentiary guard, told a thrilling story of his adventures in the prison break of last week. An Associated Press account informs us Sanderfer refused to post No. 1 when the chase began. There he found one guard wounded and another one shooting it out single-handed with the desperado. Sanderfer had neglected to arm himself, but notwithstanding that, Sanderfer, he hit upon a way immediately to be helpful. He would go for a doctor. There was a telephone close at hand, but apparently Sanderfer thought that in his existing state of mind he could run to the state hospital half a mile away in less time than a telephone message could get there over the wire. From his own account of what followed one aimed and fired a bullet which passed Sanderfer's head but missed him. Here came the three of them and I speared up. They must have fired five or six times at me. I reached the hospital and gave the alarm, but was exhausted and had to have the attention of a doctor myself.

The first white undoubtedly was made when the bullet passed Sanderfer. One assassin he may have heard a second when he was in the bushes and passed the bullet, like the colored gentleman in the old story.

A little less exciting, but none the less marked by extreme discretion was the course of Sanderfer's chief.

Warden Dalrymple. He saw Murray in the prison yard and the other desperadoes in the turnkey's office. Let us quote again the always veracious Associated Press for what followed:

"He knew it would be useless to enter the turnkey's office where he would have been trapped if the other officers, so instead, he ran back to his house and armed himself with a shotgun. Judging that the convicts would go toward the state insane hospital, the warden hastened to the prison garage, also outside the walls, and lay in wait. It was from his ambush that he winged Murray a little later."

That is to say the warden of the state prison, knowing that men under his charge as prison guards were being murdered, and in full sound of the shots that were smothering out their lives, lay hidden at his home, fully armed, until the convicts completed their work of slaughter and were at a safe distance to flight. Then and until then the warden shot at them, still from the shelter of the garage.

There is so far so good, no disclosure of the facts herein set out, the Governor, Pierce, sets his head against anything concerning the affair this far that would indicate to him that there was anything wrong with the way the episode was handled by the prison officials and employees. Governor, how can you?

The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

ONE WIFE, INCORPORATED
As her husband turned to speak to the chauffeur, Patricia Clevin surveyed the after-theater crowd that surged up Broadway. It was a warm evening for autumn women sauntered along with their evening wraps thrown back on their shoulders—Patricia resisted. The weight of her heavy silk shawl the passerby stared at her frankly, but she was accustomed to that. She looked particularly lovely this evening. Her heavy black hair was done in a new and especially becoming fashion; the hairdresser had complimented her on being one of the few women who had not had their hair shingled, and she had assured him that hers would have been cut long ago had her husband not forbidden it.

"Wife husband," the hairdresser had exclaimed.

Patricia smiled at the memory now as she tucked a soft strand of her hair into place. She was wearing a frock of pale yellow that blended beautifully with the huge unobscured flowers of her shawl, and brought out the fiery tints of her skin. "Wife husband" she glanced back over her shoulder at Andrew. Was he wise, indeed? She had thought he was during their engagement and during all the first years of their marriage; now she began to have her doubts.

"All right, Patricia; I've told him he needn't come back. There's no telling when he'll be going home." Andrew took her arm and escorted her across the crowded sidewalk to the entrance of the supper club, whose electric signs proclaimed that it was the famous "Hagad."

"You phoned for a table?" he

asked as they were caught in the jam of people swirling about the checking booth and the tiny elevator.

"Yes, for one by the window. Who did you say these people are?"

"The Hewitts. And be especially nice to them, Patricia, please; the man ought to be a big client if we get him. Probably they haven't come yet. Are you sure they'll like this place? Perhaps one of the quieter ones, in the Fifties, somewhere—"

"Oh, Andrew, people always like this place if they come from out of town. It's known everywhere. And some of those clubs in private houses are likely to be shocking, you know—another ain't always late! Remember the one with the mirrors—"

"The Hewitts, don't mention it!" Patricia smiled wickedly. "Here," she spoke to the girl in the booth, handing her her coat and hat. "Just a minute," and he took a huge flask of hammered silver from one of the pockets. "There's another one there, but don't try to open it; the top's locked on," he added to the girl.

Patricia nodded and smiled at her, waiting for the elevator, she reflected that she was always trying to take the edge off Andrew's remarks with a smile. Why was he so rude to people like this girl? Of course, he was an important person; they said that he was one of the best lawyers in town, and though he was the youngest member of his firm the other men respected his judgment always. But why need he act as he did?

She shrugged the thought away; lately she seemed never to know anything about Andrew.

The elevator was as crowded as if it had been one of those in a big department store during a bargain sale. A woman's Paradise head-dress got into Patricia's mouth; a man's elbow jostled her sharply in the ribs. She thought longingly of

her cool, quiet living-room, high above the noise and clamor of the city. If she could only be there, free to enjoy herself! Or if she could only be here with congenial people. But Andrew would insist on talking shop all evening, and she would have to be nice to the Hewitts whether she liked them or not. All her evenings were like that.

"Andrew, do you know what I am?" she said to him as they established themselves at the table she had reserved. "I'm not your wife at all—I'm the wife of your firm. I've just realized it. I live for your business. I spend my time entertaining your clients—the interesting ones usually. It's Mrs. Norton who takes care of the others. And I'm getting frightfully tired of it. I'm not Mrs. Clevin—I'm One Wife, Incorporated."

"Patricia! That's absurd!"

"No, it isn't. It came to me as I sat down here. I've been in this place on an average of three times a week for months. I know the cabaret by heart. The waiters' faces are more familiar to me than my best friends'. Have I got to do this all my life?"

"But my dear, it's as much for your good as it is for mine. I give you more than you have now. Can't you see that?"

"I'd be satisfied with heaps less if you and I had more time to be real companions. We haven't had an evening alone in months."

"But we—here are the Hewitts. Now be nice to them!"

Patricia sighed. "Be nice to them!" That was Andrew's slogan nowadays. Then she glanced up and met Gregory Hewitt's twinkling blue eyes, starting in his lean, tanned face. Well, it wouldn't be hard to be nice to him!

Tomorrow—Flirtation—and Pigs

Of English invention are women's shoes with hollow heels that contain powder boxes.

TOTAL ABSENCE OF DISCIPLINE AT PEN BLAMED FOR BREAK
(Continued from Page One.)

on?" asked one of the jurors.

Governor Aware of It.
"Yes, I told him myself, and he said he would put a stop to it."

"Did he stop it?"

"No, and I want to him again and told him it was still going on. He banged his fist down on the table and shouted that he would see that it was stopped."

"Was it stopped then?"

"No."

Bryan said that when he complained to Warden Dalrymple of the gambling the warden answered:

"How in hell can I stop it?"

"Gambling All the Time."

"There wasn't a card in the institution until this administration came in," said Bryan. "But since then gambling has been going on in the 'dog house' all of the time." The "dog house" is a long shed where unemployed convicts congregate on the island, a portion of the yard separated from the rest by the mill race and shut in on the other two sides by the outside walls. About 150 convicts are usually loitering here later testimony revealed.

The gambling games consist most of poker, Bryan and C. E. Charlton, former principal keeper, explained. The men are all issued two cans of tobacco a week and these they trade in for metal checks made at the prison in denominations to correspond to money. The gambling is done with the checks and the convicts cash these in and are given credit for them by the prison authorities.

Asked if the warden knew that gambling was going on, three of the witnesses testified that he could not help but know, and Charlton said that he had told the warden

about it and had been ordered to keep it confined to "the island."

Hemp Weed Smoked.
Rev. Bryan also declared that the smoking of Merravanna (flower of the hemp plant) is extensive among the convicts. The drug, he said, is obtained from the hemp hauled into the prison yard.

"It is worse than opium," he said, "and sets the men who smoke it almost crazy and makes them violent."

"There is too much jangling among the officials to get any discipline. If they have any differences they should be settled in their offices without everyone in the institution knowing about it."

He said the discipline is very lax as compared to that which existed when he first became prison chaplain.

Testifying as to the discipline maintained at the prison Guard Murphy declared that "from my point of view there is no such thing as discipline." Murphy has been a guard at the prison under five different administrations.

Convicts Running It.
"The convicts are running the institution and are gaining ground constantly," said Murphy. He asserted that the lack of discipline has been frequently discussed among the guards, and that only a few days before the break he had told his fellow guard in the chapel that "someone will have to pay for the way things are running around here."

Several of the witnesses testified that the absence of discipline was common talk among the guards, and that they were "always expecting something to break."

Only recently, according to Murphy, a convict who had been released came to him and said: "Pat, watch your step. There is going to be quite a spill around here this summer."

"An old hard boiled convict like

BUDAPEST CIRCUIT BROKE
Budapest—Three hundred actors and actresses and a like number of other employees in four of the city's largest theaters recently were thrown out of work when the Union Circuit, controlling the theater, declared itself bankrupt. The circuit announced a deficit of \$60,000.

JAP PEER PREDICTS WAR WITH RUSSIANS
Tokyo—Count Michimasa Soyajima, member of the House of Peers and a noted Japanese publisher, who left recently for the United States to deliver a series of lectures at the international round-table conference at the University of Chicago, is of the opinion that Japan, within the next ten years, is likely to go to war, not with America, but with Russia in Manchuria. He so expressed himself recently in an interview.

"War between America and Japan on the Pacific is physically impossible," said Count Soyajima, "on account of the great distance which separates the countries, even if there were cause for war. But war with Russia is not only possible but probable."

WOMEN'S LIZARD SKIN SHOES FAD IN ENGLAND
London—Lizard farming in England has been greatly stimulated within the last few months since the skins for women's shoes have become fashionable. Lizard skins for street wear have become very popular in London this summer and lizard slippers for evening wear have been quite the fad for some weeks.

Dealers say lizard skin shoes are here to stay as the material is serviceable and comfortable and not nearly so expensive as is usual when a new idea is introduced. Lizard skin shoes retail here at from \$15 up.

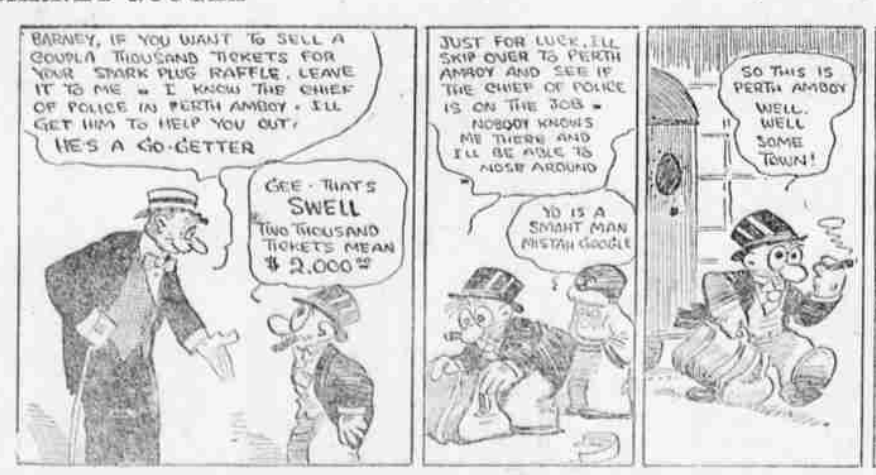
DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE



MUTT AND JEFF

