Capital Journal

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

To the Rescue

Even before the grand jury returns its report of the investigation of the prison break in which two guards were killed, the sob-sisters have opened their batteries to save the necks of the murderers. We are told concerning Murray the leader, that "Tommy was just a little boy of 14 when the world war broke out"—

Just a little boy, whose mother tucked him in bed every night and looked for stone bruises upon his bare feet. His young body was just half grown, his teeth wide apart, and there were a few freckles here and there on his boyish face. Into that roaring hell at the shipyards went the little boy. * * * When the war, and the work, and the noise and the money ended, Tommy was still a child in body and years, but he suffered from "shock" as surely as if he had listened to the cannon's roar and seen his companions weltering in their own blood. Life was not the same. And so, for excitement, Tommy tried a few moving picture stunts of being a bold bandit, and a bad highwayman, same as your own kids secretly long to do at some time in their lives. Oh, mothers and fathers! And he woke up in the Oregon prison.

Very sad and very pathetic, this "little boy" who turned "bold bandit" and multi-murderer "for excitement" years after the war ended and the shipyards were dismantled, who deliberately chose a life of crime instead of one of industry and peace! If he had only staid in the Oregon prison when he woke-up, it wouldn't have been so bad. But he had to stage a few more harmless movie stunts to get out!

And then there is the almost equally sad case of Ellsworth Kelley, the dub of the trio. We are told:

"Twas he who stopped, while freedom was at stake, and bullets were flying, to grasp the hand of his fellow pal. It was he, who kept saying, as they fled (more regretfully than all others) "we have done an awful thing now, we have killed a man." * * * Kelley was the peace-maker, whenever his two pals quarrelled, even at the last he did not carry a revolver. * * * He was imprisoned for a crime against the public safety, when through kindness of his, he tried to release prisoners from the county jail. * * * Surely he has atoned for his crime of sympathy. Let Kelley go free. We who censure Kelley may be, before God, more to blame than he."

Maybe we are, but we haven't conspired to murder and actually killed—that is, most of us haven't. The time to regret this "awful thing" was before it was pulled off and three persons sent to eternity, and only a sentimentalist could claim that Kelley "had atoned for his crime and should go free." As for his chivalry to his fallen pal—well, he "stood not upon the order of his going"—but went while the going was good.

There will be a lot of this blah as the long haired men and the short haired women of the sob-squad get into action, raise funds for defense, keep their heroes' cells decorated with choicest flowers and cheer their passing hours with comforts and luxuries that even Dalrymple's country club fails to provide for distinguished guests. If you have tears, prepare to shed them, but not for the victims of these three noblemen of nature.

On the Map

While the state game commissioners are busy raising cain, expurgating minutes and playing politics, the employes have undertaken the pleasing task of putting themselves and their superiors on the map in commemoration of their distinguished services of being on the state payroll.

Some nine lakes in Clackamas, Marion, Jefferson and Wasco counties, which have just been stocked with Eastern Brook fry, have been christened in honor of these benefactors of the public weal. Among them are noted:

Cap lake, eight acres, named after A. C. (Cap) Burghduff, ex-warden.

Averill lake, 20 acres in area, named after E. F. Averill, new state game warden.

Eloise lake, 25 acres, named after Miss Eloise Bartell, Warden Averill's new stenographer.

Finley lake, eight acres, named after W. L. Finley, new commissioner.

Clifford lake, 10 acres, after Harold Clifford, commissioner.

Jude lake, four acres, after Judas C. Moreland, commission employe.

Russ lake, 10 acres, after Russ Wilcox, veteran packer.

Matt lake, seven acres, after Matt L. Ryckman, former superintendent of hatcheries.

Warren lake, 10 acres, named after Warren Cornell, game commission employe.

Republics are proverbially ungrateful and democracies even more so, so we are glad to note this prompt recognition of genius and public service. Less than 30 days in office, the fame of these illustrious job-holders is now forever assured.

No longer will it be necessary for Oregon to go to the British army and navy for place names for our mountains, rivers and lakes, or to fall back upon the limited fauna of the region, as the pioneers did—not so long as we have game wardens and commissioners, and with the merry-go-round of politics, the supply of these celebrated personages promises to be inexhaustible. Henceforth no pond need be without a name, and no game warden without fame.

The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

DISASTER!

Patricia and Gregory Hewitt made the trip back to the Cleves' apartment almost in silence. Hewitt had hailed a taxi and held brief converse with the driver, in which money changed hands; they fairly flew uptown. Hewitt sat with one hand clenched on his knee; Patricia could hardly keep her eyes from it. It was such a strong hand, so vigorous, so firm—a hand that had been able to grip a man's life when that man was but a boy, and make it a record to which other men pointed with pride and envy.

"That you for being so quiet," he told her when they arrived. "You have the gift of silence."

Patricia smiled. If only he knew how turbulent her thoughts had been, how they had swirled themselves into a hundred different patterns, all based on those few words of his: "If I had a wife like you." She warned herself against this interest in him that was deepening so dangerously.

"I must play the game right; it isn't fair to become interested," she told herself as they waited for the elevator. "That's not included." But after all, what would happen if things that weren't included worked their way into the scheme of things. It was as Linda Boyce had said; men like Richard Boyce and Andrew were so complacent about taking the very best their wives could give, not for themselves alone, but for their business. Was it a woman's duty always to fit in, to make herself a slave body and soul and mind, to her husband?

"I mustn't think this way; I must stop it!" she told herself as the elevator glided smoothly to their floor. It was little effort to stop, however; the moment she opened the front door of her apartment Marcia Hewitt's voice shattered her thoughts and put new hysterics. Her voice rose piercingly.

"I tell you, they've gone off together! They have—I know it. I could see that he was interested in her—getting up to help her get ones into their places.

For Mrs. Hewitt was having breakfast—that's a nice story. How long had they been out there in the kitchen alone—how long? I ask you. Do you know? Of course you don't. Oh, I've always known that it would come—I'm an old woman and he's still young; he—"

"Marcia!" Gregory Hewitt's voice cut across Andrew's efforts to appease Mrs. Hewitt. "Marcia, what on earth are you talking about? What's the matter?"

"Oh, I though I thought—" She burst into tears, whether of relief or anger it was difficult to tell. "I want to go away from here," she sobbed, clinging to him. "I couldn't sleep, it was so noisy, and I called you, but you weren't here. You'd gone with her—" Her voice rose again, accusingly.

"Of course we'll go; we'll leave at once." He helped her to her feet "Shall we go into the other room, and you can dress and tell me what you'd like to do."

They crossed the living room slowly, his arm supporting her, and down the little corridor to the bedroom. Hewitt's shoulders sagged; he looked suddenly ten years older.

As the door closed behind them Andrew turned to Patricia angrily.

"What on earth were you thinking of?" he demanded. "Going off like that, when you know that Mrs. Hewitt wasn't feeling well, and when your duty to her as a hostess—"

"My duty was to him, too, wasn't it?" she demanded. "Oh, Andrew, this is just one little detail of a long story; let's wait till the Hewitts have gone and then talk it all out. I can't—I won't—go on as we've been living. It's all wrong. Mr. Hewitt wanted to go down to the Aquarium—"

"The Aquarium!" Andrew repeated incredulously.

"Yes. So we went. He was sure that his wife would sleep for hours."

"Well, she didn't. She had the maid phone me—got me in the middle of an important conference—and tell me that you and her husband had eloped! I came rushing up here to find her raving and tearing her hair, with windows banging open all up and down the air shaft—I could hear 'em in the living room! You might at least have left some word."

"But there wasn't time. We just rushed away."

She stopped abruptly as Hewitt and his wife came out into the corridor, dressed for the street. Mrs. Hewitt came slowly to where Patricia stood.

"My husband insists that I apologize to you," she said, her voice thick with tears. "My nerves are in such a frightful state—all that noise that kept me from sleeping last night—"

"Oh, I do understand, Mrs. Hewitt, and I'm so sorry that you had a bad night. If there is anything that I can do—"

"You've done quite enough," Marcia Hewitt retorted, her voice acid once more. "Come, Gregory."

And Hewitt, with but the briefest for farewells, aided her to the elevator, followed by Andrew with their luggage. Patricia, watching from the living room window as they stepped into a taxi on the sidewalk six flights below, hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. Poor Gregory Hewitt! Well, now for Andrew!

Tomorrow—The Truth.

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: In a recent issue of your honored sheet there was embalmed an article lauditory to the efforts of myself and one Eldon Brickell in rounding up the escaped children of the Pen, Murray, Willos and Kelley.

This article is a rank misrepresentation of facts as far as myself is concerned. I would have submitted the facts sooner but only yesterday did I emerge from the strawstack wherein I have resided since August 12.

The facts are these:

On above date I had the misfortune to be in the vicinity of Willard school. Learning that the convicts were in my neighborhood I took shelter in a straw stack. Understand please, that no craven motive prompted me, but every man and boy was convict hunting and did not think I was needed. Besides it was at the height of the poison oak season and a straw pile provides the only sure immunity.

Friends neglected to inform me of the convicts' capture until yesterday so I forsook my shelter only to find that now half of those who hunted the eloping prison inmates are pleading that they be turned loose again.

Dear editor, I beg that you do all in your power to see that these men are at least given free board for the remainder of their days, as I would hate to have a strawstack as a permanent residence.

When I first sought shelter I had been informed that these convicts had slaughtered two good citizens of Oregon employed at the penitentiary as guards but this seems to have been an error if I am to believe the sob-sisters who claim these men have done no wrong save to play hooky from tiresome confinement. Other soft hearted persons who believe in pampering criminals assert that these men were unjustly imprisoned and also the convicts themselves (except Murray) claim they did no shooting and had no firearms. Had I known that Murray was carrying that array of three revolvers, two rifles and a shotgun I might have left my shelter and chanced him in a running race.

Again asking that you take all necessary steps to see that the down-trodden convicts are safely impounded and provided with every luxury including a new warden who will provide them with ostermoor mattresses, doorless cells and a guardless enclosure, I am

WILL CARVER.

Salem, Oregon, August 25.

To the Editor: While reading of the prison break and the man hunt my attention was attracted to the sayings and doings of Kelly. Twas he, who stopped, while freedom was at steak, and bullets were flying, to grasp the hand of his fellow pal. It was he who kept saying as they fled (more regretfully than all others) "we have done an awful thing now, we have killed a man." It was then, that I began to say, Kelly is not all bad, notice, he was the peace maker, when ever his two pals quarrelled, even, at the last he did not carry a revolver. I understand, he was imprisoned for 20 years, was it for murder, or holdups, or burglary, or incendiarism, or immorality, or bootlegging. No, A thousand times no. It was only a crime against the public safety when through kindness of his, he tried to release prisoners from the county jail, did he release them, I don't know, what were their crimes, were they great criminals, or in jail for something less offensive, please write it up. Why, for his crime against the public is not so important if their offence was small. Anyway from all I have read there is no personal crime stated against him. Surely he has attoned for his crime of sympathy. Let Kelly go free. We who censure Kelly, may be, before God, more to blame than he. I don't want to be classed sentimental but neither am I a coward. Oregon should not hang a man who committed no actual crime.

ELLA M. FINNEY.

Waconda, Aug. 26, 1925.

To the Editor: I wish to correct the false statement in your paper that stated that I was the one that should receive most of the credit for the capture of three escaped convicts, Murray, Ketley and Willos from the Oregon state prison. I was a member of the posse I admit but was in different localities than the convicts frequented.

On August 12, the night of the escape it was thought that the convicts had gone across the Marion-Polk county bridge. The warden sent Warren Jones and myself on that side of the river to apprehend the criminals if we could. Instead of going across the bridge we went toward Portland but couldn't find them there so we decided to return and give it up as a bad job. On returning the warden informed us that the three convicts were reported to be near Pratum as the taxi driver, whose car was commandeered had returned and claimed that they never crossed the bridge. We then decide that the warden might be right in his first statement and then went across the bridge to Dallas, Independence and Monmouth but again we were unable to locate them after looking until nearly three o'clock in the morning.

The next afternoon we journeyed over to Stayton, Aumsville and Shaw looking for the desperados but were forced to drop the hunt for the time being as we had not eaten any supper, so we came in and partook of some nourishment. After sleeping soundly for several hours we again took up the hunt. This time we were stationed at Sublimity to guard the town so that the convicts might not get playful and take the town away with them. We spent the entire night pacing the streets of the metropolis but for the third time we were checkmated. Other hunts proved fruitless and we seemed to have the three scared of us as they did not appear on the scene.

When it was discovered that the former inmates of the prison had descended upon Portland we were immediately dispatched to Albany and Corvallis. After much search we came in and decided to let the whole state go to-the-dogs and quit the game as the convicts would not take any chances with us on the hunt anyway.

Carson, the informer should be given the entire credit and if it is necessary to erect statues for the hunters it might be a good thing it seems to me to have Dr. Henry Waldo Coe present Portland with a series of Carsons busts to plaster over the state.

It seems that the convicts were all captured in the same territory and yet Carver or myself were never in that vicinity. At least I wasn't. Carver might have been there as I never saw him or anyone else while on the manhunt. Hoping that you will place the honor where it belongs I remain,

Respectfully,

ELDON BRICKELL.

August 28, 1925.

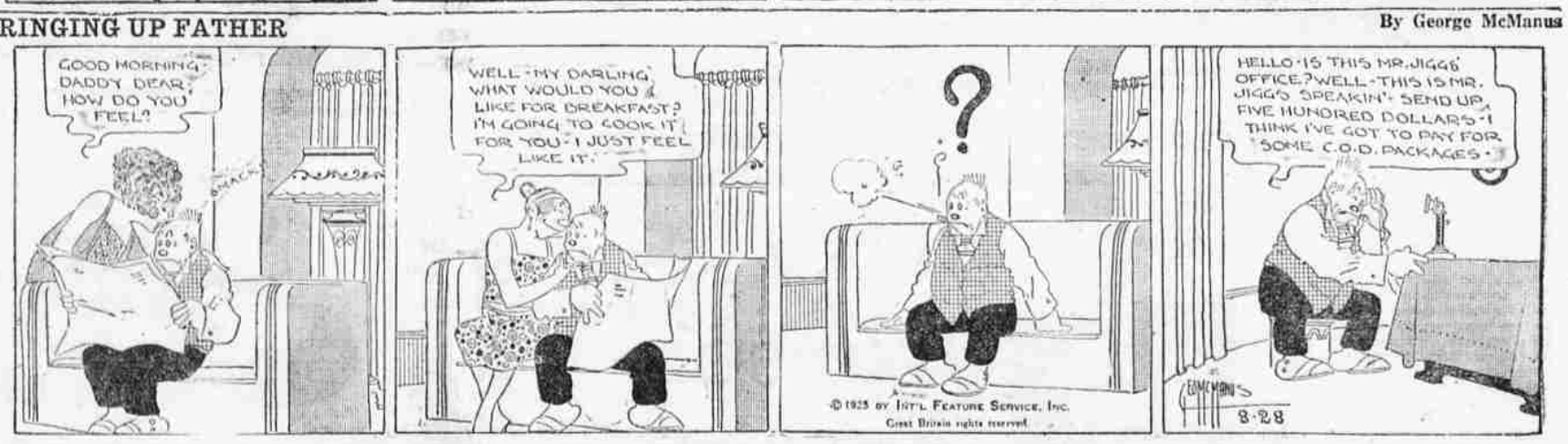
READ WANT ADS

DUMB DORA

By Chick Young

BRINGING UP FATHER

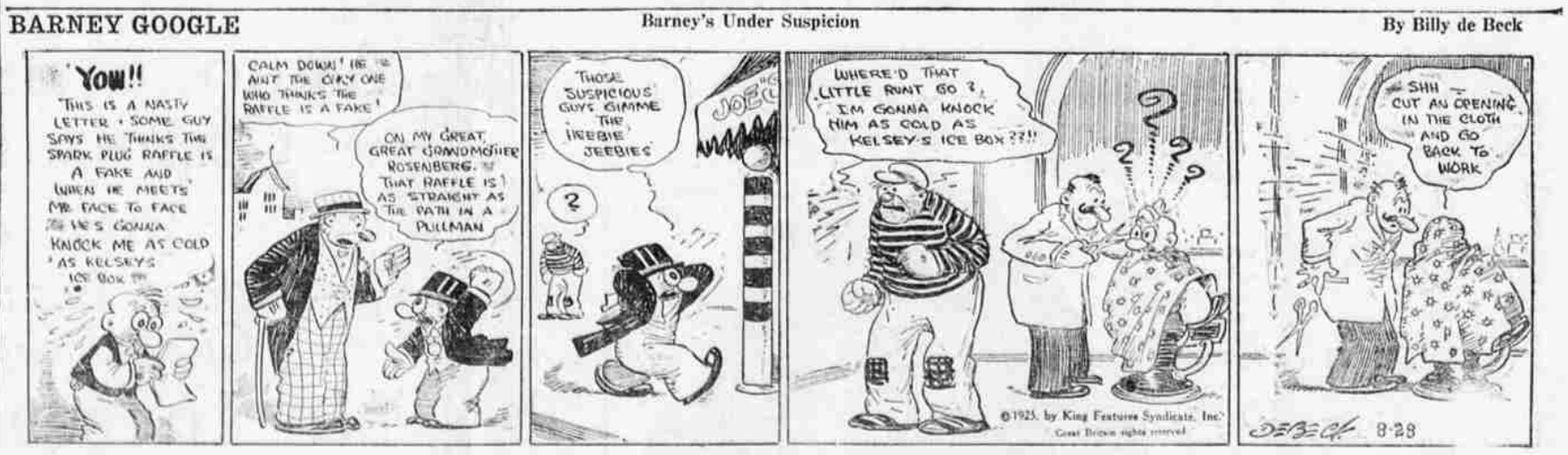
By George McManus



BARNEY GOOGLE

Barney's Under Suspicion

By Billy de Beck



MUTT AND JEFF

They Could Qualify As Judges In a Beauty Contest Easy As Pie

By Bud Fisher