

# Capital Journal

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

## The Old Roman

"The Oregon state senate will never be the same again," says the Portland Journal, commenting upon the retirement of the venerable Alec LaFollett of Marion county from the upper house. It goes on to assert that it was not Senator LaFollett's fault that state expenses increased and large appropriations were voted, for he had done all that he could to keep expenses down as "his voting record shows an almost unbroken line of noes on appropriation bills during his long and honorable service."

Alec LaFollett, long acclaimed "the Old Roman," was perhaps, the most picturesque character in the senate, and probably, more than any other member, voiced in his falsetto notes, the sentiment of the Willamette valley farmers comprising his constituency. Realizing fully that the only way to cut taxes was to economize, Mr. LaFollett consistently opposed any and all measures increasing public expenditures. No matter what pressure, professional, business, or uplift workers applied, the senior senator from Marion county stood pat and remained true to his convictions, indifferent alike to censure, ridicule or blame. His integrity, courage and stamina won him the respect of all.

Every legislative session needs a few watch-dogs of the treasury, to sit on the lid and look after the welfare of the taxpayers in the perennial raid of special interests, and so Senator LaFollett, who performed this useful function, will be greatly missed. However the genial octogenarian having for many years served the public well, is entitled a well-earned leisure, taking with him the confidence, respect and esteem of the people of Oregon.

## Public Defender Needed

Announcement that Will R. King, a former justice of the supreme court and a lawyer of note, will probably conduct the defense of Tom Murray and his companions in the prison break, assures these defendants adequate representation for their "day in court," which is as it should be.

It is the custom of trial judges to appoint young and inexperienced attorneys to defend those accused of crime, who are without money or friends. This gives the more experienced prosecution the best of it. Courts should appoint the best talent in the community to defend those without funds and it should be compulsory as well as part of the legal code, for an attorney so appointed to give the best possible service.

All this calls to mind the necessity of a public defender as well as a public prosecutor. Until such provision is made, there will always be one law for the rich and influential and another for the poor and friendless. It should be as much the duty of the state to defend as to prosecute, thus assuring a square deal to all.

## Word a Good Choice

Appointment of Tom M. Word, former sheriff of Multnomah and for many years with the federal secret service, as warden of the prison, if made, will reflect credit upon the governor as there is every indication that Mr. Word is the best qualified and most experienced of any of those whose names have been proposed.

Tom Word as sheriff, cleaned-up Portland, routed the ring of gamblers, saloonmen, dive-owners and denizens of the slums who had so long dominated its affairs. His every move was contested in court by the powerful interests he antagonized, but he won out, all along the line.

Mr. Word knows how to handle criminals without either bullying or coddling them. He is a strict disciplinarian and his personal courage has been put to the test a thousand times and not found wanting.

Until, however, the prison is taken out of politics, and placed in control of a non-partisan prison board, there will be little incentive for Mr. Word or any other qualified man to accept the wardenship.

## The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

A WAY OUT  
Andrew stared at his wife as if he could not believe that he had actually heard her.  
"What do you mean by saying that you're through?"  
"Just what you'd suppose. I'm going to leave you."  
"Oh, Patricia, don't be absurd. You've been brooding over this this till you've built up a situation that looks serious to you. I ask you occasionally to help me to entertain people whose good will is important to me and you get all worked up over it. Why, most women would be delighted to live as you do, in a big city, going to the theater and to hotels and restaurants and dance clubs, seeing all the most interesting side of life, wearing beautiful clothes."  
"No they wouldn't, not if they did it as I do. I might as well be the hat check girl in one of those same dance clubs, or an usherette in one of those same theaters. It would be different if I went with friends or even with strangers who interested me. But I don't work hard, as hard as you do, in a different way. You don't even give me wages. A woman who loves her husband as I love you likes to dress for him, to be as attractive as she can. Well, you ask me to dress for the husbands of other women, as I told you a moment ago. You make me feel ashamed of myself. Last night I talked for a few moments with Linda Boyce—Linda's one of my best friends, but she's busy as I am, all day and

all night; we never have an opportunity to see each other. And we speak about Clesy Jerrold, and her sloping with Graham, and I came to see what we are, women like Linda and Clesy and me. Well, unless you want me to be like Clesy, don't urge me to go on in this way any longer."  
Utterly abashed, Andrew turned away. The telephone's insistent ringing a moment later gave him an excuse to leave the room; he came back to announce that he must go down to his office at once. "I'll take a cab; you can have the car," he told her. "I wanted the Hewitts to take it, but Mrs. Hewitt refused. You might telephone her, dear, and send her some flowers—or perhaps she'd like to go for a drive later in the day. Really, you weren't very thoughtful, you know."  
Patricia stared after him as he left the room; a moment later the door closed behind him, and she was alone, to face the middle that her life had suddenly become. Andrew didn't take her threat seriously, of course; he probably thought himself that it was just "nerves," and that she'd get over it. Clesy Jerrold had told her, only a month ago, that she was not living a particularly interesting life in New York. "But Bill won't consent to our taking a home in one of the suburbs," she had said. "And evidently there's nothing for it but to go on." Only Clesy had found something else, and sloped with Graham, and now everyone was

blaming her and sympathizing with Bill, who had thrown his wife at Graham's head.  
Patricia snarled about the room, picking up some rose petals that had fallen on the floor, straightening the row of books that stretched across the small tables at one end of the davenport. How could she force Andrew to realize that she meant what she had said?  
The maid came in with some mail, apologized for her tardiness. "We had a good time, cook and I, at the wedding," she announced. "Was it much trouble for you, not having nobody here?"  
"Not much; I got breakfast myself," Patricia told the girl with a smile, and glanced through her mail. Appeals for money from charitable organizations, an announcement of an advance showing of southern models from her favorite modiste, a letter from her sister. She tore it open eagerly.  
"When are you coming to see me?" That was like Carol, that abrupt beginning. "It's been ages since you promised you'd come, and I'm so anxious to see you. We really are very ray in these parts just now—new country club just finished, new wing of our house just done, new furnishings—everything new but Keith and me, and the baby of course. Only he's rapidly leaving the baby stage and growing up. He's such a darling—do come soon, Pat, before he loses his darling ways and gets to be a horrid little boy."  
Patricia looked at the letter musingly as she finished reading it. Carol grows up, and changing the silver monogram on her familiar gray letter paper from "C. G." to "C. G. W." As Carol Gerard she had been one of the prettiest girls in their crowd; when she married Keith she had been the season's loveliest bride. Then she had gone away, and Patricia had married, and gone away too—they had seen

each other so seldom since then. "I'll go," Patricia decided suddenly. "I'll leave right straight away, and go to see Carol. That will give Andy a chance to think things over, and realize that I do mean what I said to him. Oh, he must be reasonable. I don't want to grow like Linda Boyce, just no good for anything but running around and being nice to men, or like Clesy, who blew up altogether. Andy ought to be reasonable—he ought to help me, instead of urging me on. He doesn't know what he's doing, and I can't make him understand. Perhaps if I go away he will."

Tomorrow—Patricia's Decision.

## RESIDENCE PROPERTY SALES SHOW INCREASE

Meivin Johnson, of 199 South Commercial street, reports the following real estate deals recently closed:  
Mrs. Laura Pratt bought the F. D. Martin bungalow at the corner of Cheneketa and 23rd street.  
Delmar Bond bought a lot owned by W. G. Krueger on Market street.  
Marie Johnson purchased the Gus Gaertner cottage on North Cottage street.  
Mrs. C. M. Elliott sold her 33 acre tract in the Waldo Hills to H. W. Burlin.  
J. W. Phillips, of Sublimity, bought the Glen D. Bailey home at 1375 North Summer street.  
N. D. Butterfield bought a cottage at 1825 North Cottage street from Marie Johnson.  
Henry W. Burlin sold his home at 2540 Claud street to Clara Mae Elliott.  
Jeanette B. Fischer of Silverton, bought a house at 1556 North Capitol street from V. W. Woodruff.

## Church Is Declared Great Missionary Agency In Sermon

"The church is a great missionary organization. It was founded for that purpose," declared Rev. Ernest H. Shanks, pastor of the First Baptist church of Salem, speaking on the subject of "Christian Stewardship" Sunday morning.  
"The church was never intended by its founder to be self-contained. It was not constituted for itself. The very inception was for the propagation of the good news. The promise of its security on the Rock of Ages is based on its testimony. The commission which constitutes its Magna Charta enforces a condition which is inseparably bound up with its marching orders, 'Go ye into all the world.'"  
Rev. Mr. Shanks, quoting from John Moody, said: "If Christ I know, enough all else unknown; if Christ unknown, vain though all else I know."  
The church does not exist for itself, he declared. The very moment it becomes self-centered, it falls in its purposes and usefulness. "The power, presence and blessing of God in Christ Jesus are promised only to those who undertake the program of God. God cannot pour blessing into a church that is made of air tight compartments. The blessings must 'flow through' if they are to be blessings at all. Otherwise they become stagnant and stale and become dead weights and chains to bind, hamper and impede progress."  
"What is true of the church," he continued, "is equally true of the individual Christian. The church is made up of these individual units; so are the members, so is the church. A self-centered life, drawing from every resource available for its own benefit and enjoyment, with no thought of others, nor recognized obligation, no response to human needs, no efforts to bless others, is a useless, unblest, Christ-less life."  
"A silver tongue is of little value, unless the words are golden. Deeds count for more than words. If the soul is truly converted, the pocketbook will be inverted."  
"A Rockefeller may give his millions; a widow may give her penny and the reward be largely in favor of the widow."  
Dr. C. C. Polling, pastor of the First Evangelical church of Salem, preached Sunday morning from the text, "Apart from me ye can do nothing."  
"This is the language," said Dr. Polling, "of Jesus to His disciples on the eve of His departure. These words are applicable to all persons at all times. God's grace is the order of the day in the business world. This is necessary to great success. How much more important to enter into partnership with Jesus for the most important business prosecution in the world—He should be the silent partner in all our life's business. I am sure we would have greater success in all the affairs of life, temporal and spiritual."

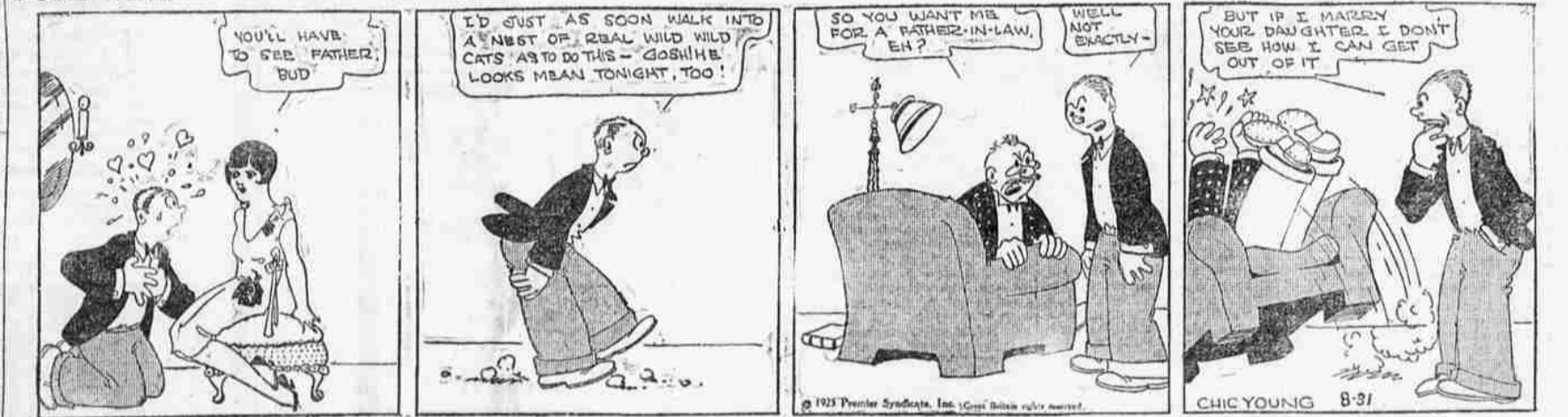
"Without Jesus we cannot do anything against sin. We cannot absolve ourselves from sin; to be free we must be set free by Him who condemned sin in the flesh and made it possible for God to justify us freely from all things which we could not be delivered from by the keeping of the law. God hates sin and must and will punish it wherever found. Be sure your sin will find you out unless Jesus saves you from sin."  
"We cannot, apart from Jesus, deliver ourselves from actual sins, much less deliver ourselves from the inheritance of sin, for we were conceived in sin and born in iniquity, and we all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world and death passed upon all men for that all have sinned." Sin is universal. "We cannot do anything without Jesus to overcome the world. Worldliness and godliness are incompatible. 'The friendship of the world is enmity against God. Jesus and the world are at variance, and there was nothing of the world in Him.'"  
"The Christian must live without the contamination of the world. While we are in the world, yet we are not of it. But to keep unspotted from the world, requires the presence and power of Jesus in the life. Too many have so much of the world in them that they have no room at all for Christ, and as a result live all their lives without hope and without God in the world. Paul exhorts us to 'set our affections on things above and not on the earth.' We cannot do this without the power and grace of Jesus. Paul tried it and cried out, 'Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' But later when the bold apostle took possession he explained, 'But thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ. Through Christ

## BROKEN STEERING GEAR CAUSES FATAL CRASH

Canby, Or., Aug. 31.—When the steering gear broke early Sunday on a car piloted by Fred Lent of the Lent Bros. garage in Canby, Norman Eld was killed almost instantly and the driver suffered injuries from which he may never recover. Owing to Lent's condition, full particulars concerning the accident have not been obtained.  
It is known that the men had been in Oregon City and started for home. The car went into a ditch a few miles south of Oregon City and was wrecked. The fact that the steering apparatus was broken makes it apparent that this was the direct cause of the first fatal accident in Canby this year. Lent is supposed to have been driving when the car left the road. He was brought to his home in Canby in a semi-conscious condition and has not yet recovered.  
Norman Eld was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Eld of this city and had been employed in Lent Bros. garage for some time but had not been working for several weeks because of an accident which affected his eyesight.

By Chick Young

## DUMB DORA



By George McManus

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy de Beck

## BARNEY GOOGLE



By Bud Fisher

## MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher