

# Capital Journal

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

## Tyrants of the Tin Star

Since when has the wearing of a tin star and a uniform conferred upon their possessor—

The right of life and death on the highway?  
The powers of judge, jury and executioner?  
The authority to murder upon suspicion?  
The sovereignty of the autocrat to disobey whom is death?  
The privilege of killing anyone who loses one of his auto license tags?

Yet this is what a speed cop's star seems to have done for C. P. Talent, traffic officer of Medford who Tuesday, seeing a car near Jefferson with only one license tag, suspected that the car was stolen, gave pursuit and shot and killed the unknown driver who failed to halt upon his demand.

No complaint had been filed against the murdered man, no warrant had been issued for him, even his identity was unknown. If he really had been guilty of a crime, it was a mere coincidence, and does not change the principle, for he was killed on suspicion and the investigation made afterward.

The law is very plain on this subject and there is absolutely no warrant for the murder. The law holds that a peace officer is justified in shooting only when it is known that a felony has been committed and that he must have reasonable grounds to believe and does believe that the man at whom he shoots, committed that felony. He then is not allowed to shoot, except as a last resort to prevent the escape of the fugitive. So long as he can pursue the man with any reasonable probability of taking him, without resort to the use of a deadly weapon, he is not permitted to shoot.

The reason for this rule is that the law, as in this case, prescribes the punishment for a felony of this kind as only confinement in the penitentiary, whereas the officer by shooting, is liable to, as in this case, kill the man, thereby inflicting upon him, punishment in excess of that allowed by law, and doing it without giving the man the trial before a jury without which no person under the constitution, can be deprived either of life, liberty or property.

In this case, a mere officer, constituted himself the judge, jury and executioner. The officer in this case, taking his own statements of what happened, is guilty at least of manslaughter, even though the man killed was guilty of all the crimes of which he was suspected.

Yet the coroner's jury knew so little of the public's rights, that it brought in a verdict exonerating the shooting cop of all blame even before they knew the car was stolen, and found that he had shot "in the discharge of his duty"; and chief traffic officer Rafferty knows so little about the limitation of the rights of peace officers that he praises Talent for distinguished service and brags at a public banquet of the "pleasure" he himself received "in gazing into the still face" of the dead man!

What a blood-thirsty lot these speed cops and their chief must be, and what a goulsh sense of pleasure they have when they gloat over the gruesome bloody corpse and pallid lips of the victim they have sent on suspicion into the life eternal in defiance of his constitutional rights and the law of the land.

## The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

**TURMOIL**  
Patricia closed the door of her room and stood with her back against it, staring through the open window opposite at the tops of the trees that she could see all-hoisted against the moonlit sky. This was too much! She had not so much minded putting Andrew's case frankly to Gregory Hewitt, and his promise to consider Andrew's firm when he changed his legal advisers had made her jubilant. But to scheme to influence him for Keith's benefit, especially when Keith had been so brutally rude—"I shan't do it!" she exclaimed reticulously, tossing her hat into a chair and curling up on the foot of the pretty little matrimonial bed.

She was presently, went into the bathroom and started a hot bath, strolled down into the hall, and began leisurely to undress, snuffing about the room and letting her clothes fall where ever they alighted off. She was thinking hard, trying to decide what to do. If she refused to invite Hewitt to the house, Keith would be decidedly unpleasant. Her sister would resent her actions, of course—Carol adored Keith, even though he did not treat her particularly well. Patricia shrugged her shoulders at that thought, and began to undress, she whistled absently, and she whistled bygone, always, when she was trying to think.

Her fatigue had vanished. Her mind was eager, alert. It raced back to Gregory Hewitt. What was he thinking now of the evening's events—or had he been significant enough to keep him awake last night? Probably not! She was tossing a handful of bath salts into the steaming water when a gentle tapping at her door summoned her. She ran to open it, and Carol, in a negligee and with her hair hanging over her shoulders in two long braids, tipped in.

"Dear, would you mind being more quiet?" she whispered. "The whistling, I mean—and if you could wear something else on your feet than those high-heeled mules—"

"Surely! I forgot about the baby," replied Patricia contently. "Oh, it isn't the baby; it's Keith. He hates any noise in the house after he's gone to bed, and his room is right next yours, you see,

Oh, Patricia, it will be wonderful to have Mr. Hewitt come out to dinner. I have been planning what we'd have, and Keith made one or two suggestions—I'm so thrilled!"  
"But, Carol, I haven't the faintest idea that he can come. He's a very busy man, you know, and it's quite likely that he'll be leaving town immediately."  
"But if you ask him and explain about things, he'll come, I'm sure," Carol replied. "Keith's just been telling me that Mr. Hewitt was awfully pleased to see you, today at his office. And he said—this is just a suggestion, of course, dear, but I do think I ought to say it—Keith told me that it seemed hardly worth your while to allow a man, especially a man so well known as Gregory Hewitt, to greet you so effusively. You're a married woman, you see—and, of course, he's married, too—"

"But that was just a friendly greeting!" protested Patricia, her face flushing with anger. "He merely shook hands with me! Neither of us thought of another thing."  
"Oh, of course, dear, I understand that. But anyone seeing you wouldn't."  
"Why not? There was absolutely nothing wrong with it. Really, Carol, you must need to be so narrow-minded!" She rose and walked the length of the room, half-dressed with embarrassment and disgust.  
"I'm not narrow-minded! I just think that you ought to be more circumspect. And certainly you couldn't call Keith narrow-minded!" Carol left the room abruptly, her head in the air.

"A call him a fussy old hen!" exclaimed Patricia to the closed door. "Narrow-minded! Yes, god! Why, Andrew wouldn't have thought anything of the way Gregory shook hands with me." After all, Andrew was superior to most men, she told herself, as she went into the bathroom and stepped into the tub of steaming, scented water. Andrew was a darling, that's what he was! He had his bad points, of course—and he'd simply have to understand that she must have a home, and children, instead of acting as official hostess for him all the time.

Her mind swung to Gregory Hewitt again. She dragged it

back, but later, as she turned out the night light and rolled over between the heavy linen sheets, the thought of him returned forcefully. "Little Pat, if I could come to you as I'd like to—and ask you to be my wife—she could hear his deep, quiet voice saying what he had said to her that evening, over and over.

She could not help feeling that such thoughts were disloyal to Andrew, but it was impossible to keep them out of her mind. Finally she switched on the light on the bedside table and picked up one of the books that she had brought with her from New York, a book that had lain on the seat beside her in the train during some of her talks with Hewitt. She recalled his picking it up and glancing through it as he talked with her. Then he had tossed it down on the opposite seat with some papers of his own.

She turned the leaves lazily, then quickly flipped them back. For a scrap of paper had protruded; it must have slipped in between the pages when it was thrown down, she decided, as she noted that the writing on it was Andrew's and the words, too, "Keith Willoughby, G. R. Huber," and an address. Keith and his partner!

Tomorrow—Patricia the Reformer

### AIRPLANES CIRCLING OVERLEAF BREAK SPELL OF MEMORIES

(Continued from 1925 one)

grass. "He didn't used to be any fatter than Judge McAlahan," he said. Old friends who had grown up together smiled at each other, facetiously removed each other's hats in anticipation of the camera's click, and in general showed every evidence that they were having a good time.

The crowd began to form early for the matinee. At 1:45 a line ex-

tended out into the street. Pioneers were not kept waiting, however, but passed in without waiting for the others. They filled the entire center section of the lower floor of the Helling theater, which had been reserved especially for them. A few younger persons were present as escorts, and a small sprinkling of grandchildren was also noted.

Slips were passed through the crowd, and the pioneers wrote their names. Most of them also put down the year when they came to Oregon. Some of them didn't. One silver-haired lady smiled as she handed in her slip. "I was born here," she said. "I don't have to say when, do I? I'm only 18 years old, you know."

All 250 of them listened closely as William E. Davis, special guest organist, with the light filtering down upon his console from the sides and rear, played the overture, "The Light Cavalry."

All 250 of them watched the portrayal of events which brought the dreams of a transcontinental railroad to an actual reality while they were settling the northwest. In preparation for his arrival, All 250 of them watched as the two fingered renegade Indian killed Dave's father, they watched the love story which, years later, developed around Dave and Miriam; they watched the pitched battle at the "end of track"; they watched Dave kill, barehanded, the man who had cut his father down years before; they watched—well, they watched the entire unravelling of the story, "The Iron Horse."

At least one member of the audience, Leon W. Miller, of 2503 Fairgrounds Road, was an actual participant in the events which took place. He actually worked on the road when it was being built, coming on to Oregon in 1872.

published yesterday were the following:  
E. J. Groshoug, Anacortes, Wash.ington.  
Mrs. E. A. Busley, 702 Young street, Woodburn, 1848.  
B. B. Gesmet, Salem, Route 5, 1850.  
Mrs. M. R. LaFollet, Brooks and Highland Avenue.  
Mrs. M. A. Rossmann, 707 South 12th street, 1869.  
Mrs. M. A. Peck, South Salem, 1861.  
Mrs. C. T. McFotire, 140 Superior street, 1861.  
Alice Bowen, 656 University street, 1858 (born).  
M. R. Moss, 1251 Saginaw, 1852.  
Mrs. G. Mite, 1865.  
Mrs. Jones, 1865.  
W. H. Parker, Route 5, 1866.  
Mrs. W. H. Parker, Route 5, 1860.  
Mary E. Cox, 253 North Cottage 1863.  
Mrs. E. Buffe, 446 Union, 1905.  
Mary E. Jarora, 2315 Center, 1864.  
Mrs. Jane Watson, 376 South Church, 1870.  
Clarence Blakely, general delivery 1855.  
Cass Gibson, 1415 South Commercial, 1852.  
Mrs. Cass Gibson, 1415 South Commercial, 1865.  
Mrs. Goshie.  
Mrs. Clara Harlan, 245 South Commercial street.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Charlton, 2252 State street, 1862, 1861.  
Anney Guesner Davidson, 1256 South Commercial, 1859 (born).  
Mrs. C. H. Cannon, 1515 South Commercial, 1861 (born).  
Mrs. E. Kirkwood Magera, 1175 Leslie, 1859.  
L. D. Gibson, 1234 South Commercial, 1855 (born).  
Mrs. C. Larson, 567 South Commercial, 1866.  
J. F. Custer, Salem, 1865.  
Oliver X. Jory, 967 South Commercial, 1859 (born).

Mrs. Phoebe Jory, 967 South Commercial.  
H. E. Herren, 1855 (born).  
E. B. Fletcher, 1387 North Win-ter.  
E. S. Hammond, 240 South 21st street, 1850.  
Mrs. Elva Herren Estes, 1556 State, 1866 (born).  
Mrs. John Muehl, 844 Mill street, 1864.  
Mrs. C. F. Emmet, 1695 Saginaw 1852.  
Mr. and Mrs. Abner Lewis, 1525 State street, natives of 1846 and 1852.  
Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Smith, 1255 North 13th, 1817 and 1862.  
Mrs. Eva Howd Keene, 1572 State, 1866.  
Mrs. L. E. Woodington, 850 Saginaw, 1852.  
Mrs. E. R. Macy, 193 Miller street, 1862.  
Susie Dickey Parmenter, 809 North Commercial, 1867.  
Alice H. Dodd, 3007 West street, 1862.  
Mrs. J. H. Albert, North Winter street, 1871.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Gilbert, 2049 Nebraska Ave., 1870.  
A. L. Beckner, Route 8, native of 1854.  
E. W. Emmett, native of 1855.  
Isabel Duncie, 1395 North Cottage.  
D. P. Lane, 1155 Court, 1865.  
Miner M. Gray, 454 South 17th, 1862.  
Mrs. G. Marsters, 1110 North Commercial street, 1857.  
W. B. Buffum, 1140 North Front 1816.  
H. A. Sappingfield, native of 1860.  
Ollie Sappingfield, Macleay, 1869.  
J. A. C. Brant, 494 South Winter native of 1854.  
C. F. Eldin, 246 South Cottage, native of 1865.  
Flora Clark, 1475 Chemeketa, na-

tive of 1851.  
Mrs. J. A. Pooler, 1475 Chemeketa, 1859.  
Mrs. Leulaa Johnson, route 9, 1865.  
R. C. Halley, 240 South 21st street, 1850.  
W. T. Rigdon, 1859.  
Mrs. T. P. Gluley, 655 North Commercial, 1854.  
A. M. LaFollet.  
Mrs. Isabelle Myers Martin, 770 North Front, 1860.  
Mrs. T. B. Jones, 417 North Commercial, 1858.  
J. B. Nesmith, 150 South 21th, 1856.  
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Woolery, 244 South 25th, 1869.  
Mrs. Mollissa Brandenburg, 1309 Fir street, 1862.  
W. N. Savage, 1433 State street, 1850.  
J. S. Van Clove, Route 9, 1865.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McClane, Route 4, 1864.  
Mrs. Martha C. Byrd, Front street, 1859.  
Mrs. S. T. Edmiston, Sherwood, 1864.  
Catherine Jones, 1865.  
Mrs. Maagy Cave, 1160 Mill, 1863.  
Caroline Bushnell, 267 South Winter, native of 1851.  
J. P. Veatch, Cottage Grove, 1865.  
A. W. Veatch, 1414 D street, 1865.  
Judge Peter H. D'Arcy, 1855.  
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Graber, 1202 D street.  
J. Staley, 437 South Commercial street, 1874.  
Mrs. W. H. Nielson, 1730 North Commercial, 1861.  
Alice B. Gray, 454 South 17th, 1870.  
Kate Munkler Herren, 271 D street, native of 1861.  
Mrs. Elizabeth Brinegar, Woodburn, 1855.  
Mrs. Esther Arthur Mang, 1195 Court, 1861.

Mrs. Anna W. Kantner, 863 North Commercial, 1865.  
Mrs. Dora Schellberg, 1725 Fir, native of 1868.  
Mrs. Susan Caplinger, 2318 State street, 1869.  
Mrs. Bertha Carlson, Aumaville 1863.  
Mrs. Penvel Hobson, 1857.  
Mrs. Frances B. Munkler Herren, 971 North Commercial, 1867.  
J. I. Chapman, Willbur, 1855.  
Mrs. W. R. Anderson, 1491 Court, 1852.  
Mrs. Buckner Champlin, 1869.  
J. F. Savage, 1850.  
Annora M. Welch, C. E. Anderson.  
Frank Bruce, 1395 North Cottage street.  
Mrs. Ida M. Babcock, 745 North Commercial, 1857.  
Mrs. M. H. Naam, 795 North Front, 1857.  
Mrs. N. A. Whitteaker, Independence, 1852.  
Mrs. M. D. Manning, Santa Cruz, Cal.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Miller, 2603 Fairgrounds Road.  
L. W. Lee, Aumaville.  
Franklin Herring, 2215 Rex street, 1875.

## BRITISH LORD TAKES INTEREST IN CHICKENS

London, Eng.—Scientists have done a great deal in improving the egg laying capacity of the English hen, it was pointed out recently by Sir Francis Floud, secretary of the English Poultry club, who contended, however, that the egg products were not doing nearly as much work as they should in these days of progress.

Sir Francis said that in 1908 the average output per hen was 72 eggs per year. In 1924 it was 100, but ought to have been 120, which would have increased the wealth of the country considerably.

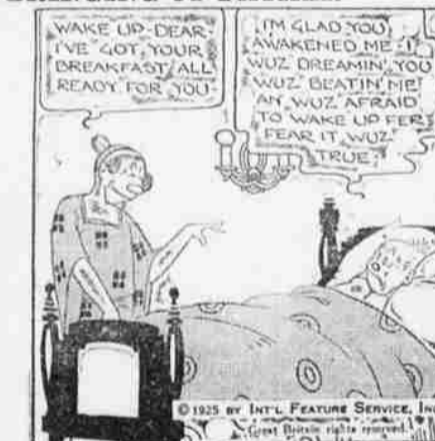
By Chick Young

### DUMB DORA



By George McManus

### BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy de Beck

### BARNEY GOOGLE



By Bud Fisher

### MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher