Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday at 136 S. Commercial Street. Telephone 81; News 82

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Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier 10 cents a week, 45 cents a month, $5 a year in advance. By mail, in Marion and Polk counties, one month 50 cents, 3 months $1.25, 6 months $2.25, 1 year $4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents a month, $5 a year in advance.

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

A Tolerant Nation?

Commenting upon the speech of President Coolidge to the American Legion convention at Omaha, the Portland Oregonian says:

America is a living example of that tolerance which the president exhorted us to practice, by which men of diverse races and religions live and work together in peace under one flag. He calls upon us to frown down "manifestations of an intolerance of opinion, a narrowness of outlook, a fixity of judgment" as weakening the force of this example. We cannot "make America first by the cultivation of national bigotry, arrogance or selfishness"; we can do so "by demonstrating the possibility of harmonious co-operation among as many diverse groups."

America a living example of racial and religious tolerance? Since when? Although our constitution insures it, the nation was never further from it than today, and drifting still further away every day.

Is a nation in which the Ku Klux Klan flourishes like malarial mosquitoes in miasmic swamps, a "living example of racial and religious tolerance?"

Is a nation where they deny the ballot to native born Americans because of color, and where they lynch escaped lunatics also because of color, tolerant?

Is a country where they pass laws banning the teaching of science and compel instruction in certain ecclesiastical dogmas as in Tennessee, tolerant?

Is a nation where mobs forcibly deport industrious and competent workmen, as at Toledo, because of race, tolerant?

Is a nation, whose bureaucracy prohibits distinguished foreign statesman from speaking in the country and forbids the entrance of members of parliaments of other countries as delegates to international peace gatherings, because of difference in political beliefs, tolerant?

Is a nation that forbids a citizen from expressing his honest opinions, that refuses him the right to consult freely with other citizens, that forbids right of assemblages on matters of public concern, tolerant?

Is a nation that makes religion a bar for public office and race a bar for immigrants, tolerant?

Is a nation which by statute regulates or attempts to regulate the personal and social habits and tastes of citizens and forces the boot-legging of drinks as well as of ideas, tolerant?

Is a country where elections are decided by appeals to the ignorance, prejudice and hysteria of the moron majority, tolerant?

There was a time, a century ago, after the repeal of the alien and sedition laws, when the United States was really tolerant, and a shining, admired example to the world. But tolerance ended with the civil war and the world war completely demolished its remnants.

But what has Mr. Coolidge done to "frown down manifestations of intolerance"? Has he denounced the Ku Klux Klan and other harbingers of the gospel of hate? Has he protested the exclusion of foreign statesmen because of their philosophy? Has he tried to remedy the wrongs of the negro, or frowned upon fundamentalism and religious intolerance, or protested the absurd and unjust immigration laws, or lifted his voice or his hand in support of that toleration he prates about? He has not. He has, on the contrary, been the spokesman of intolerant reaction.

And what has the Oregonian done to restore destroyed tolerance? It has been silent on all the forms of religious intolerance, openly approved political intolerance and ardently advocated social intolerance.

This virtuous parading of the nation by its president, masquerading in a long discarded tolerance, fools no one, least of all Europe. We are a living example of what should be shunned if toleration is sought.

The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

A CAREER OF PROMISE

From day to day Patricia kept putting off replying to Andrew's letter telling her to communicate with his lawyers about getting a divorce. She had no time for introspection or for brooding over her separation from him. Every day was crowded with engagements—and when an idle half hour confronted her she rushed out to the avenue and shopped.

"There wouldn't be nearly so much unhappiness in the world," Linda Boyce announced to her one day when she had joined her at luncheon in one of the smart little French cafes just off the Avenue. "If every woman had money enough to go and buy a new hat whenever she felt miserable."

"Perhaps you're right," Pat admitted. "But even though I have the money I'm glad I have something to occupy my mind as well."

"I wish you'd take me along with you and let me see what you're doing," Linda urged. "If there is room for another frivolous woman in the profession I'd like to take it up. You look simply radiant and I feel like a last year's car that has been driven too far. Last night I had to leap into my newest finery at the last minute after planning for a quiet evening at home. Dick was taking some people from Boston out to dinner and he had just learned that they hadn't seen the Follies. So we all went there and then we went to the Ki Fay club to dance. You know it is worse there than a subway jam since it is rumored the Prince of Wales went there one night when he slipped away from the society entertainments given for him.

"Tell me Pat, what do you do evenings?"

Pat looked at her and then broke into an infectious smile.

"Don't laugh when I tell you. I read school catalogues and talk over college entrance requirements with poor and earnest young people. Mr. Gillespie sets aside a fund to send deserving young people through college and I am in charge of deciding whether or not they are deserving. Then I help them choose their college and decide how big an allowance they will need. They all seem terribly deserving and pathetic to me and I'd like to give them enough to go out and have a roaring good time. There was one young man the other day who was going to Yale. It had been his life ambition and he had worked in a garage day and night trying to save the money for his tuition but a lot of sickness among his little brothers and sisters wiped that fund out. After we had planned about where he would live and how big an allowance he would get I just couldn't resist taking him to a good tailor and having some decent clothes made for him. He was horrified at the thought of paying one hundred and fifty five dollars for a single suit! I couldn't help thinking of how surprised Andrew would be to see me marching in to order clothes for a husky young garage mechanic with ambitions."

"And is that all there is to it? Don't you get lonely sometimes? And what sort of man is this Mr. Gillespie?" Linda shot the questions at her suddenly.

"There isn't anything in what you're thinking," Pat laughingly assured her. "Mr. Gillespie is a very kindly old man who seems pleased to have me help him give away his money in a way that all organized and inhuman charities would disapprove of heartily. But he isn't in love with me, or I with him. And oh, Linda, I do get lonely sometimes. I'm afraid that if I passed a restaurant where there was a good jazz band I'd break down and sob."

"Well, I don't know, of course, if it interests you," Linda remarked casually. "But Andrew doesn't look very happy either."

That afternoon Pat had to attend a meeting of the trustees of a Newsboys' Home, and her heart fluttered when she saw that the bank where the meeting was to be held, was within a few doors of Andrew's office.

What would she do if she were to meet him? She would have to some day, for even New York wasn't big enough to keep separate two whose interests were so much bound up in one another.

And before she had reached any decision about it, just as her taxi deposited her in front of the bank where the meeting was to be held she got out and confronted—her husband!

Tomorrow—Who Would Be Free

SEEK TO STOP TEACHERS PAY

J. E. Thomas has filed suit in circuit court against Fred Clow and others constituting the school board for Bridge Creek district, or district No. 133, to enjoin them from paying the salary of Lillian Williams, teacher in the district, and also to enjoin her from teaching.

The complaint alleges that she was hired to teach at $115 a month, but the hiring was illegal, according to the complaint, as it was not done at a regular meeting called for the purpose of hiring teachers.

The suit is said to be the outgrowth of local animosities. Not long ago two women from the district were in justice court here involved in an assault and battery row.

Durcnago, Colo.—Stephen Mather, director of the national park system, announced 2,700,000 persons visited the national parks and national monuments of the country during the past summer season.

BAR CONVICT CO-DEFENDANTS AS WITNESSES

(Continued from Page Seven.)

Both Score in Rulings

The state and defense both scored in the testimony and in the rulings of the court yesterday afternoon. The most sensational disclosure was the introduction by the state of a purported confession by Bert Oregon Jones, convict who died in the break, that he killed himself after he had been wounded and lay helpless on the ground just outside tower No. 1.

The alleged confession was in the form of pages torn from a note book which Warden A. M. Dalrymple said had been found on or near Jones' body. The submission of this evidence was a dramatic moment in the trial, inasmuch as the existance of such evidence had never before even been intimated.

Jones Note Book

Warden Dalrymple testified that the notebook was brought to him shortly after the break by a trusty convict named Johnson, a life termer, who said that it had been found on Jones when the coroner was examining the body. Dalrymple said that he found the alleged confession scrawled on several pages of the book in blue pencil, and that he also found a code and other notations in the book. After tearing the confession from the book he gave it to Dewey Jones, the dead convict's brother, who offered to attempt to decipher the code, but was unsuccessful.

Scrawled in an apparently shaking hand the alleged confession read:

"I would like to see Dee. I love him."

(Dee is Jones' brother Dewey.)

"I love Jones my people.

"I would like to give my people money.

"I——" Here the convict had apparently started to write "don't believe' but had scratched it out.

"I die game.

"O my how I hurt.

"My I hate to die—I am now going to kill myself. They will hang me if I don't.

"I killed myself. Oregon Jones."

The second sensation developed when Dalrymple was cross examined by the defense. The warden was just about to be released when he stated that he had another bit of information that had not been brought out by the questioning.

Kelley's Memorandum

"What is it?" asked Will R. King, chief defense counsel.

"When examining the cell that had been occupied by Jones and Ellsworth Kelley the night of the break the principal keeper and one of the guards found some handwriting on the wall in the same blue pencil," Dalrymple said.

"What is it?" King demanded.

"In one place it read 'Tonight at 6 oclock I leave this place dead or alive' and was signed 'Oregon Jones.' Beneath it was written 'Give me liberty or give me death—Crowbar Kelley.' Kelley was known as Crowbar Kelley in the prison."

The defense failed completely to shake th warden's story of his actions at the time of the break. His story was the same as he told to newspapermen at the time.

Davidson Substantiates

Testimony substantiating the existence of Jones' not book was given by John Davidson, guard, who declared that when he and another guard approached Jones as he was lying on the ground just outside the walls Jones was still breathing and a revolver protruded from his pocket. A 30-30 rifle lay on the ground beside him, Davidson said.

"Did you see anything of a blue pencil?" Judge King asked.

"No."

"Did you see a note book?"

"Yes, it was laying on the ground near him."

Davidson then described the note book just as it had been described by Warden Dalrymple.

In telling of his scuffle with the convicts in the turnkey's office Davidson said that he was knocked down by one of the two, he thought it was Oregon Jones, as he was trying to get out of the door. Davidson said that Murray then stooped over him to stab him with a dirk, but that he kicked Murray back, scrambled to his feet and ran for tower No. 1, where he secured a rifle.

To Head-off Convicts

Unable to do any effective shooting from the tower, which was then under a heavy fire from the convicts in the turnkey's office, Davidson said that he made his way down through the trap door in the tower with the idea of heading the convicts off if they tried to force the front gate. Just as he emerged from the tower, he said, he saw the convicts almost upon him in the front yard running for the steps to the tower.

"Murray fired at me with a rifle. He was not more than 10 feet away. But he missed. Jones shot at me too, and so did one of the others."

The attempt of the defense to bring out through cross examination its contention that the convicts were in fear of their lives because of the past record of Davidson, who was a guard over the "bull pen," was blocked when the court sustained the objection of the prosecution to the defense's question as to whether Davidson was a guard on that post some years ago when a convict was killed in the "bull pen."

Peter White Testifies

Peter White, another guard who was in the turnkey's office when Murray and Jones entered and demanded the keys to the arsenal, and who ran out when they entered, said that after leaving the office he ran around to the front gate, but that the guard on tower one was then busy returning the fire of the convicts and could not open the gate for him. He said that another guard on the outside then called his attention to convicts Willos and Kelley coming down the rope from the roof, and that he rushed over to them and, though he was not armed, told them to stand still and stick up their hands. They complied. While they were standing there, White stated, Kelley said:

"Pete, I didn't think it would be as bad as this."

White testified that a moment or two later Jones came around the corner of the building, covering him with a rifle and said to Kelley and Willos:

"Go ahead, the arsenal is open. Get your guns." Then turning to White, Jones shouted:

"C—— D—— you, open that gate."

"How can I when I'm locked in here myself," White said he replied. He said he was the first man in tower No. 1, going there to open the gate for Warden Dalrymple after the convicts had disappeared.

"I found Sweeney on the floor just inside the door. I had to force the door to get it open. He was dead."

James B. Nesmith, turnkey on the night of the break, told of the entrance of Murray and Jones to his office and their demands for the keys to the arsenal. He said that Jones rushed in, struck him on the jaw with his fist and said:

"Get the keys, and damn quick."

Nesmith said that he fooled around with the keys, hoping that some of the other guards would come in and help him, and that Murray getting impatient picked up a heavy brass cuspidor and hurled it at him, shouting:

"We'll make short work of that——"

Nesmith said the cuspidor hit him on the head and knocked him insensible.

Berlin, Germany.—Kegs of beer, bottles of wine and sausages were among the gifts received by President Von Hindenberg on his 78th birthday.

ACID STOMACH!! GAS, INDIGESTION

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Paying for the Home

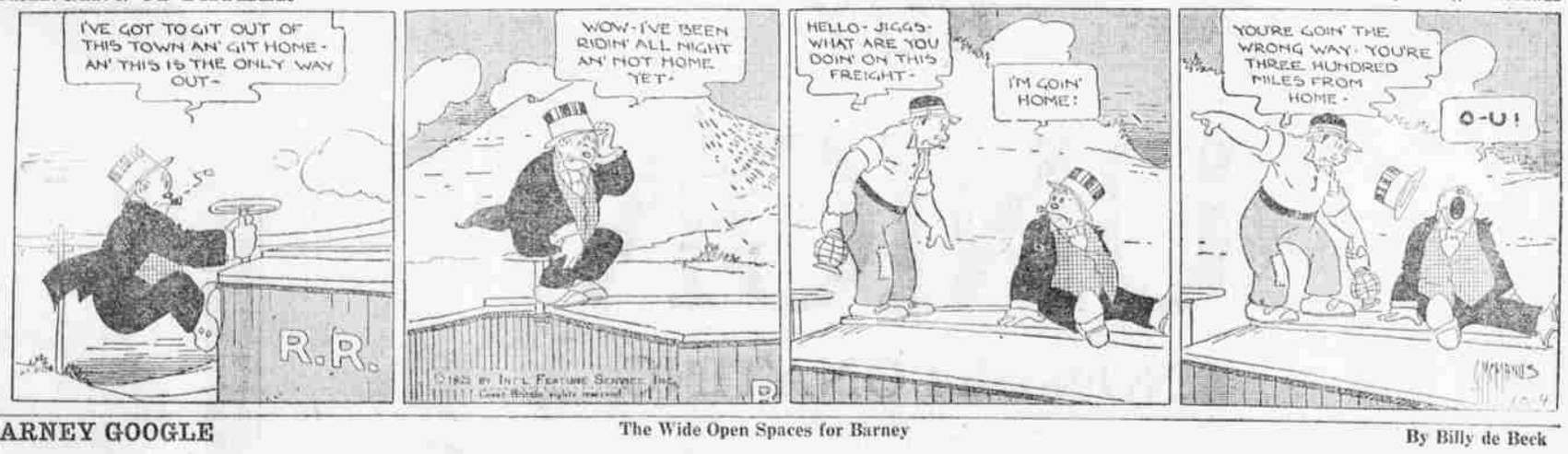
"Up to two years ago my money all went to doctors and medicine for my stomach trouble. I was constantly filled with gas and no medicine helped me permanently until I tried a bottle of Mayr's Wonderful Remedy at that time with excellent results. Now I am using my money in paying for a home." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded. J. C. Perry, D. J. Fry and druggists everywhere.—Adv.

DUMB DORA

By Chick Young

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

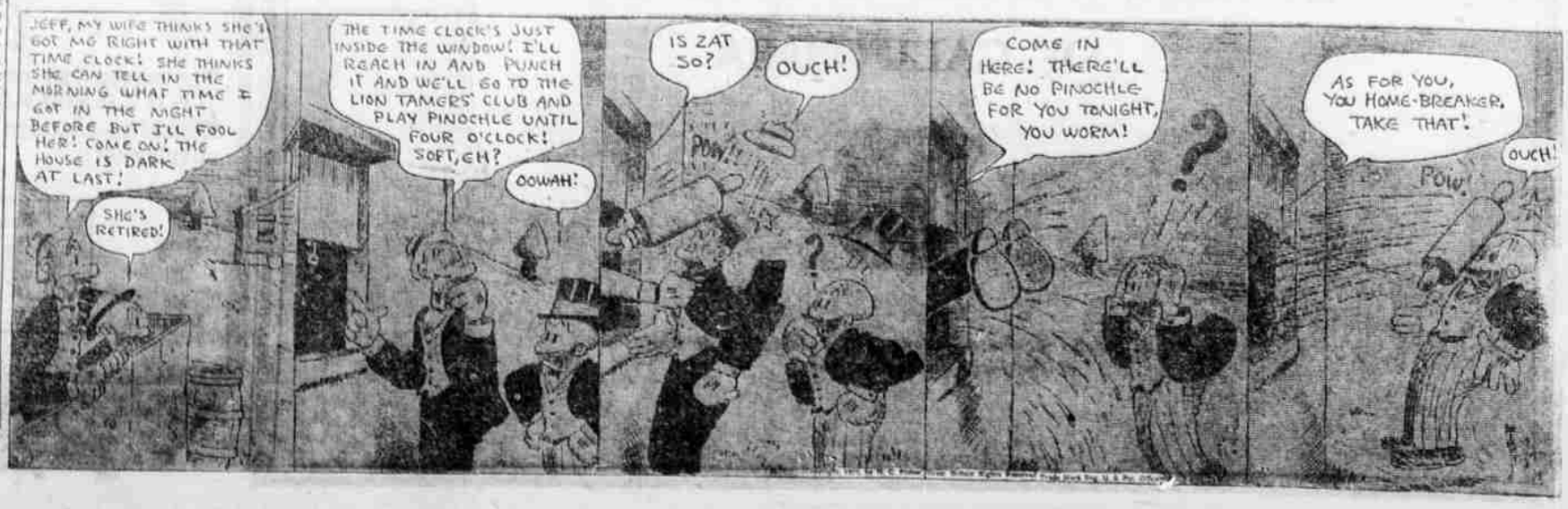


BARNEY GOOGLE

The Wide Open Spaces for Barney

By Billy de Beck

MUTT AND JEFF

The Clock Was There and So Was Mrs. Mutt.

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