

# Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

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### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

## Free School Books

The Woodburn Independent, as a clinching argument for free school books, declares that bachelors are unpatriotic and have no right, even as taxpayers, to express opinions on matters concerning public schools. By the same inexorable logic, young and old maids are also disloyal and have no business teaching in the public schools. By similar reasoning married men and women, without children, should also be barred from consideration of school matters as slackers, leaving only parents, whose patriotism is proven by offspring, to teach, manage and control schools.

This might be a good scheme. Certainly there would be no objection if the parents for whose benefit the schools are conducted, would also finance them. But the great American patriot will do nothing of the sort. He wants the bachelors and the maids and the childless to instruct and pay for teaching his children. This they have always cheerfully and without protest done. Most of them in addition, are already paying bills for educating as well as rearing other peoples children. Now, however, some of the parents want the taxpayer to buy the text-books as well as build, furnish and maintain the schools, so as to leave them more money for gasoline and movies.

Our ever-growing paternalism seeks to make the child the ward of the state, to make the teacher do the work of the parent, to not only instruct children but care for them physically, morally and even socially, as well as amuse them. Frills and foibles to this end overload the curricula, and overburden the teachers with the result of a constantly increasing taxation and a growing parental irresponsibility reflected in the child.

Of course free school books are popular—anything free always is. Even the Portland Oregonian, after half a century of vigorous opposition, has switched to favor it, as becomes that great panderer to popularity. The school machine is for it, for it increases its power. So is the state bureaucracy, it extends the political patronage—and all in the sacred name of education. To criticize the public schools, even in friendly fashion, is as the Woodburn paper hints, treason.

With free books provided, the next step will be free lunches, indeed these are already provided in some schools, along with free transportation and free clinics. Then there should be free clothes, to lift another burden from the indigent, and promote the cause of education.

Perhaps the skull of that two horned creature with cloven hoofs found in Mongolian wilds by the Andrews expedition was that of one of Billy Sunday's devils. It must have been for Billy Sunday the world is only 6,000 years old, so how could a 6,000,000 year old animal have roamed it?

## The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

### WHO WOULD BE FREE?

Patricia tucked her hand and tried to brush past her husband as though she had not seen him, but he exclaimed "Patricia, were you coming to see me?"  
"How like a man," she thought, "even so nice a man as Andrew always to think that a woman was looking for him if she came anywhere near his neighborhood."  
"Would you have seen me if I had?" Patricia asked a note of wistfulness creeping into her voice.  
"Oh, I don't know," Andrew answered brusquely. "I suppose like a fool I wouldn't have. But come—let's go where we can talk. How do you, Pat? You're looking won't you I must say. But how are you getting along?"

She smiled at him quizzically. "I can't talk to you now, Andrew," she said, dreading almost to speak for fear he would be whisked away from her again. "I'm late now for an important meeting. I must go in. But won't you come to see me tonight, at my hotel?"  
"I don't understand all this Pat," he said, a note of tenderness creeping into his voice. Then, after a moment's hesitance, when she didn't speak he added, "I'll come."  
Patricia couldn't have told any one after the meeting what it was about; she was only vaguely conscious of a pounding at her heart and of a circle of faces around a table not one of which was the least bit interesting because not one of them looked like Andrew. But though she was not observing, she was not unobserved. The queenly bearing of her head, her aristocratic carriage, made such an impression on several of the men present that they resolved at once to ask her to interest Clayton Gillette in other projects of theirs if she was always at the jeweler's. These committee meetings might not be so bad.

But Patricia hurried away in a daze before any of them could approach her. She wanted to get to fifty-seventh street to a certain little shop where she had seen a wine-colored evening dress, before it closed. Andrew had always liked her in that color. Then she must pick up her crystal beads and earrings that were being cleaned and restringed at the jeweler's. "I'm fluttering like a debutante," she confided to her reflection in the mirror, just as the telephone rang announcing Andrew.

There was a quaver in her voice as she started talking to him; she wondered if he would give her a chance to tell her story or if he would just cut her off brusquely. In cold silence he heard her tell of her trip to her sister's, of how

Keith had immediately used her friendship with Hewitt to further his business and of how she had come back to Chicago injured only to find his telegram ordering her back.  
"And where is Hewitt now?" Andrew asked, his voice smothered with anger.  
"Oh, you don't understand," Patricia's voice broke with a sob. "I don't know where he is, and probably never will. I didn't leave you for Gregory Hewitt; she went on. I left you because you were making me a part of your business—and such an unworthy part. I was nothing but a dressed-up doll who entertained your business associates. We had no real friends. We rarely had time even to see each other."  
"And are you happier now?" he asked with a sardonic smile.  
"In a way, yes," Patricia stubbornly though she knew that this was her chance to fling caution to the winds and tell him that she would come back to him on any terms. "Of course, I miss you terribly. But I realize that what I want now was what I wanted before when I was with you—a real home, real friends, time to know each other—and children."  
"We couldn't have all that Pat," he assured her earnestly. "I only asked you to help me because I needed you. Next year, perhaps we can break away from the awful one that you hate so. Come back and I will forgive you for running away."  
"Forgive me?" Pat's eyes blazed with anger as she backed out of his arm. "You forgive me for what?"

Her color was angry now and burning tears were coursing down her cheeks. "You have nothing to forgive, and I can't, I won't come back."  
As he went out the door, she flung herself on a couch and cried convulsively. She had struck for her freedom and oh how she hated it! If she could call Andy back now, she would do it gladly, even though she knew that going back under the old terms meant unhappiness for both of them.

Monday—A Strange Meeting.

### ARGENTINE FARMS ADVANCE

Buenos Aires.—Farm machinery imported from the United States during 1924 is reported to have totaled nearly \$17,000,000, an increase of \$4,000,000 over the previous year. The imports included 4035 threshers, 46,497 plows, 4874 harvesters and reapers and 2428 tractors.

## 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: I applaud the Capital Journal often, but when it grows at the free text-book idea (issue of Sept. 29) it strikes me on a tender spot, and I must line up momentarily with the liberators.

Your statements that "the state could not publish the books as cheaply as private publishers" and that "state printing has usually been a source of graft and political patronage," are impossible of verification. (Please thank me for using this mild and polite designation instead of the shorter and more noisy one which first came to mind.) In a few days a complete and authentic report of the state's printing establishment will be released to the press, and will give you adequate books for retracting both of the above statements and apologizing to all concerned; and many of us will note with interest whether or not you can do that as handily as you do with sundry projects and theories with one satirical snort of your fierce nostrils—without being always sure as to just what you are snorting about.

The plan of making pupils in public schools purchase their own text-books and other supplies is as old-fashioned and ridiculous as the back-in system of parking automobiles. In the foregoing states east of us they are getting rid of it rapidly.

Why call it a "free school system" when it isn't?  
It is no more logical to place the heavy cost of text-books solely on the shoulders of those who use them, than it would be to demand that they alone should be assessed for the funds for teachers' salaries.

### DUMB DORA



### BRINGING UP FATHER



### BARNEY GOOGLE



### MUTT AND JEFF



—the middle class, Lord bless 'em—the class that raises children instead of lap-dogs.  
I am willing to raise a future president, but inasmuch as he is going to be a first class president for everybody, everybody ought to "chip in" and keep him from claiming all of the credit.  
A. M. CHURCH.

To the Editor: About and concerning the public contributions of a few ladies who would, it seems, like to restore freedom and citizenship to the Convict Heroes, Kelley, Wilkes and Murray.  
I have just consulted Stewart's "Rules of Etiquette" as to how long silence must endure under such maudlin outbursts as those of Ella M. Finney, "Mother of Five," Mrs. Winger and others who have pleaded for these three who took part in the slaying of Guards Holman and Sweeney in the penitentiary break of August 12.

While there seems to be no rule, there is little doubt that Stewart would recommend almost any violent action but I will merely try to correct Ella M. Finney on a few points in her last sob sister Kelley.  
In the first place, Ellsworth Kelley was sentenced to the Oregon state prison for his part in shielding Tom Murray and his partners after the Florence bank robbery where a loyal employee of the bank was injured quite seriously. His sentence of "not more than 20 years" was not a result of an attempt to "let the Jones boys free," (quoting Mrs. Finney).  
However, two time there is record of Kelley's willingness to free at least one of the Jones brothers as is proven by his joining in the two breaks from the prison led by "Oregon" Jones in 1924 and again in the one of 1925.

Ella Finney's loudest yelp is in her repetition of the words of "Kelley" (his own version given to the press) where he is supposed to have yelled "—we have done an awful thing." Witnesses of the murdering of the guards scoff at Kelley's "How kind I was" version of his participation.  
But we will ask that Ella Finney and others who plea for criminals, pause a moment and recall the fusillade of shots by the three convicts, the slaughtering of the guards and finally we have the picture of Kelley taking a loaded shotgun and escaping to commit other "awful things."

When criminals escape their farms less little criminals we can always depend upon two certain things: First—Well meaning persons who cannot vision difficulties encountered by officers and institution of bulls are free and eager to criticize.  
Second: Sobbing parties loudly assert that the killers are "poor, innocent boys persecuted by heartless peace officers and plead that they (the criminals) be freed again upon society.

Now these three men are facing trial. I believe they will be given a square deal. I also believe that the public, the honest relatives of Guards Holman and Sweeney and that Guard Lutz Savage, who is on a bed of pain, will all be given a square deal.  
Here is a suggestion. Will any of these sob sisters open their homes to these killers and constantly associate with them for a given time (say a year)?

The facts I have given concerning Kelley are but a few of many. Mrs. Finney admits that she knows nothing of Kelley except for his quoted version of this one incident. She may better inform herself by conversing with officials and newspapermen only too well informed as to his "career."

The writer is not prejudiced toward convicts. He knows several who have returned to civilian life and who have made good on their

## TOM JEFFERSON TO PLAY HERE ON WEDNESDAY

Opportunity to witness "Lightnin'", the famous comedy classic that shattered Broadway's record with its three years' run at the Gaiety theater, will come to the Health, next Wednesday, October 14.

John Golden has announced a special "Lightnin'" cast, headed by Thomas Jefferson, for a tour of important cities that might otherwise be compelled to wait two years longer to meet Bill Jones, the brilliant vaudeville actor, the Reno judge and the other characters who contribute to the mingled laughs and thrills of the most eagerly awaited play to this city under the positive assurance of Mr. Golden that it will lack none of the smarminess of Broadway presentations. Winchell Smith, who wrote "Lightnin'" in collaboration with Frank Bacon, has personally staged the production.

Mr. Jefferson, whom local playgoers will see as Lightnin' Bill Jones, is a son of the late Joseph Jefferson. He bears a striking resemblance to his father and it was not until Mr. Golden succeeded in placing him under contract that the producer consented to organize the touring company.

Bessie Bacon, daughter of Frank Bacon, will be seen in the role of the vaudeville actress, and Miles McCarty will play the Reno judge. Newspaper reviewers are agreed that "Lightnin'" is the strangest interval lies in the quaint originality of its central character. Bill Jones is a gentle-mannered old mountain truant, and precocious not unlike Rio Van Winkle, and it is a happy coincidence that the character will be introduced here by a son of Rip's beloved creator.

Mail orders for "Lightnin'" will be filled at once in the order received.

WILL CARVER, Salem, Oregon, October 6.

## SNOW AND SLEET BLANKET EAST

Chicago, Oct. 10.—Snow has made its debut in the east and midwest, showing of the current forecast entitled "Weather-Unsettled."

It took the leading role in the north central state, Pennsylvania and northern New York, accompanied by a fanfare of killing frosts, sleet and cold. But its premiere brought gloom to sportsmen yesterday, resulting in postponement of the world series and Chicago city series and money fields for today's football games.

Rising temperatures were promised the midwest today or tomorrow as the troupe of elements extended its run in the east.

Mexico.—A Riff in worth \$14 to a Spanish soldier. For each captive the payment of 100 pesetas is paid.

By Chick Young

By George McManus

By Billy de Beck

By Bud Fisher

Mr. Lucke, who is an engineer, will remain at the home of Mr. and Mrs. if he finds anything suitable in