

Where Prisoners Are Put on Honor by the State Why the whole world pays tribute to the Cadillac car

In view of the recent trouble at the Nebraska penitentiary and the deplorable results, what Governor West has done and what he is doing to reform criminals and prisons is of peculiar interest at this time.

By C. C. ROSEWATER.

Did you ever hear of convicts working out in the open—without guards—without ball and chain, even without stripes and number? Convicts working in the hopfields and on the roads WITH A CONVICT FOREMAN AND A MILE FROM THE PRISON WALLS. Convicts at work making roads and sleeping UNGUARDED in tents at night.

It doesn't seem believable, yet I saw it myself. I'll admit I felt like the farmer at the circus who stared at the hippopotamus for a long time and then turned away saying, "Oh, h—!! There ain't no such an animal."

I have nosed through prisons before and passed by rows of sullen faces and striped backs, but never under the escort of the governor of the state. Not being possessed of a great deal of morbid curiosity, I usually sidestep invitations to call at jails and asylums, so I really was not enthusiastic last fall after I had finished my business with the chief executive of the state of Oregon, when Governor West picked up his hat as I started to leave, remarking, "Now that we have finished our business, you've got to come out and take a look at my state prison."

We walked out across the capitol grounds and took a street car. A few people said, "Good afternoon, governor," but most of them said, "Hello, Oe." The governor of Oregon doesn't care a snap about dignity. He is no long-tail-coat, silk-hat governor. Oswald West wears a blue sack suit and a derby hat; and his socks are not silk. I thought a man who was big enough to go out and hunt an escaped convict and bring him in at the end of a gun would be a great big fellow, but he isn't. He isn't very tall, nor very heavy, but he has a determined look on his face. I rather imagine the convict didn't hesitate much when he saw the face looking across the barrel of a gun. The summer before last three convicts broke away from the road-making gang and fled into the brush. A posse was organized. Indignant at the storm of criticism of his new system, the governor strapped a gun and went out into the brush himself. About nightfall he saw the smoke of a camp and creeping up he covered his man and led him back to the penitentiary at the end of his gun.

He talked "prison" as we rode along in the street car and took a short cut through a field to the penitentiary. "I had my own notions about penitentiaries before I got to be governor," he said. "We had 500 hungry convicts out here and they used to take them out and run them around the prison yard to exercise them, have them throw sand bags, and then take them back to their cells. Some people would fuss every time they started them at any kind of work, because they took work away from honest labor, and to keep them alive they had to take the prisoners out and exercise them. Did you ever hear of such a lot? Every time the legislature met, there was no money to do the thousand things that needed to be done and here were nearly 500 able-bodied men without work."

"The governor, here in Oregon, can do a lot of things he wants to, and if the people don't like it, they can call him in. We have the 'recall' here in Oregon, you know. I came out here one morning and called the prisoners and guards all together and talked a little common sense to them. I asked them which they would rather do, go outside in the fields and roads and work, or loaf and be boxed up in cells all day; whether they wouldn't rather raise some vegetables and chickens and have better things to eat; whether they didn't want to learn how to do something useful, so they would have a trade and earn a decent living when they got out. Being shut up in a cell all day didn't sound a bit good to them. I used to break horses. What I put up to them was the same old scheme, a measure full of oats in one hand and a club in the other. Of course, they took the oats. A horse will and so will a man. But the club here and there they get it good and plenty, if they don't behave. THERE'S NO FLABBY SENTIMENTALITY ABOUT IT. IT'S JUST COMMON SENSE AND IT'S DOLLARS AND CENTS TOO. I'll show you."

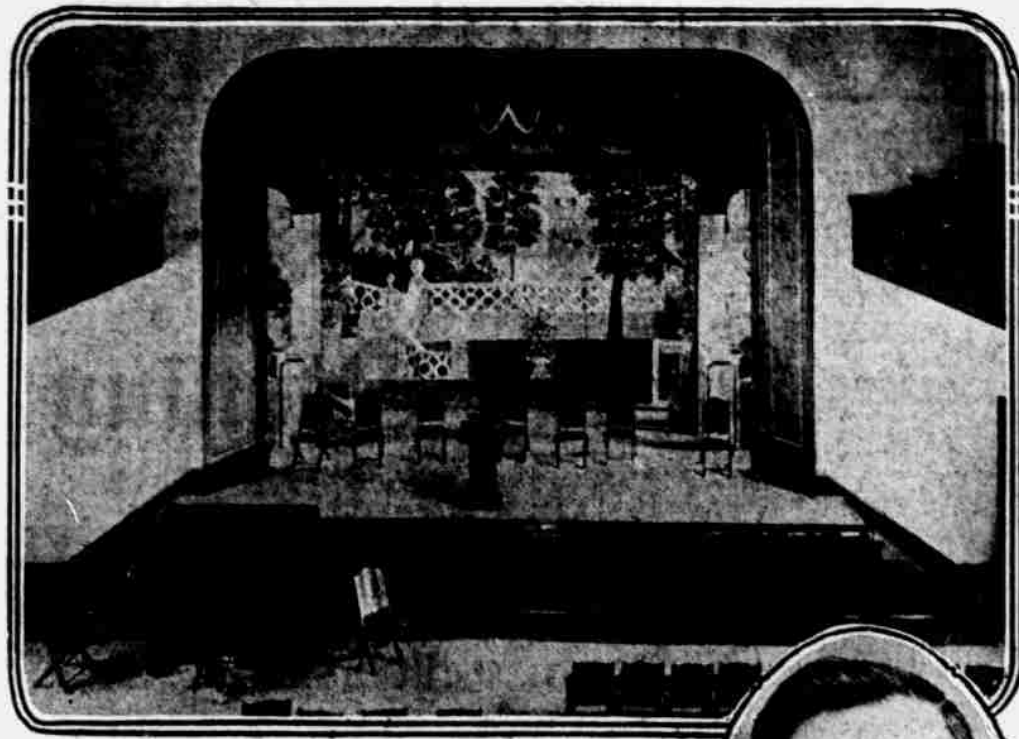
"Do you see this field from the end of the car line to the big wall? We bought and paid for that out of money that these fellows earned. Our attorney general said, that nowhere did the law say, that we could spend our money this way and I told him, that neither did the law say we couldn't. It didn't say we could earn it either. We bought the field."

"We expect to irrigate that field between here and the asylum grounds. We will put it in blue grass and have a fine herd of Jerseys and Holsteins. I recently told the city we would make this a park if they would pave the street from the capitol all the way out here. Of course, they agreed, because they didn't know we would do it anyway. But we will make this a park all the way down to the city limits with fine roads winding through. I'm going to have them make a lake out of this slough over here. Did you ever see anything prettier than the creek with that clump of trees? The kiddies from Salem can come out here next summer and have picnics and dangle their feet in the creek. Isn't that worth while even if there is no law for it?"

"There is to be a concrete hog house that will be a model for any farmer to follow. Farming, you know, is nothing but common sense and hard work. We have the men to do the work and we can get out agricultural experiment station people to make this one of their demonstration farms."

"There are a lot of these boys here in this prison who are just as much interested in these plans and carrying them out as I am. It is easy to get them interested by letting them know what they are doing and why they are doing it, but the main thing is to let them feel that when they work they are sharing in the benefits of what they accomplish."

"Over there is our brick yard. We're making our own bricks. We have to pay \$2 a thousand if we buy them in Salem, and it costs us \$2.20 to make them. A lot of them have been sold to build some of the new buildings of the other state institutions. We let them have them for \$2 a thousand; save the state money and make money to do things around here. That new building over there didn't cost a cent. Our men made the brick and laid it and the few jobs that



STAGE IN THE OREGON STATE PRISON THEATER.

they can't do are paid for with the money they earned.

"This frame building being built here is going to be a model chicken house. And the governor proceeded to show me its fine points and tell me how he planned to stock it with well-bred birds. 'This will furnish all the eggs we need and make a profit besides.'"

Up on the roof were four men shingling it and some other were working below. They were all outside the prison walls and no guard anywhere about. They wore no stripes to distinguish them from the ordinary carpenter. When I expressed my astonishment, the governor exclaimed, "Wait till I show you the bunch out in the hopfield. None of these men will run away. They know they couldn't get very far, if they did try, and it would go hard with them when they are caught. We have 150 men outside and the warden knows whom he can trust. The rest of them inside are encouraged to do their best as well. You know we did lose some, but only three, and we got one of them. Four years ago, when we had them under guard on road work, thirteen escaped."

"What about that capture you made?" I ventured. "Oh, that was a lucky chance," was the modest reply. "I made me mad, when a lot of people, who never have given this work a moment's study, howled because of the runaway and I went out after them myself. I happened to find the spoke of one man's campfire and brought him in. The posse would have gotten him, and I rather regret the dime novel notoriety it gave me. It disgusted me to have a lot of boneheads whine that we were running our prison wrong, just because three got away. The year before we started the new plan thirteen escaped, in all, and no one said anything about it. Frequently there are men breaking away from prison, in every state, and the public never hears of it. The question isn't so much ABOUT THE ONE OR TWO MEN WHO GOT AWAY. THERE ARE LOTS OF WORSE MEN FREE. THE GRAVE QUESTION DEALS WITH THE HUNDREDS OF MEN WHO ARE IN PRISON. Suppose we do lose a few. See what we do for these men and for the state. They learn how to work; they become self-reliant and they make it possible to treat convicts like human beings."

I have heard that some big department stores and factories try to establish an atmosphere of cheerfulness in their establishments, but I never had seen it before in a penitentiary. The convicts brightened up as they saw the governor coming; as a matter of fact, a lot of them simply beamed. He knew most of them by name and it was "Hello, Jim," "Are you getting on to making shirts, Joe?" and "How do you do, boys," all along the line. There was no "present arms" and "hats-off" performance on the part of the prisoners. Most of them, but not all, touched their hats or took them off. Those who did, took them off as though they wanted to, not as if they had to.

The prisoners inside the walls are the ones who need watching and the usual patrol with a gun on the wall was ever present. All the prison daily work is done by convicts, including the making of clothes, caps and shoes. "Here is where we beat the dark cell and bread-and-water plan," said the governor, as he led me into the commodious theater. "We have a show here twice a week; moving pictures, stunts by prisoners and some times by outside talent. Then we always give them Saturday afternoon off for a base ball game. There isn't anything that will make them get quicker than to take away their 'privileges.' They are all great 'fans' and when a man has to sit in his cell and hear the boys in the bleachers yell when somebody makes a three-bagger, it brings them to time in a hurry."

"We drove out about a mile to a field where sixty-one prisoners were picking hops. Again way out there, there were no guards, no ball and chain; no striped suits. "I want you to see these boys work. Most of them have never picked hops before, but they keep at it and do their level best. The work is paid for by the farmer at the regular rates and the men get one-third and two-thirds goes into our fund that is used for all the things we do."

"The same is true of the brick we sell. Those fellows you saw working on the new building, we pay the same price as these men get who work in the fields. They can send the money home, save it until their time is out, or spend some of it at the commissary. Our commissary furnishes them things at cost and those that do good work get the best of it and can buy tobacco, sugar for their coffee, and such things. That's the plan we go on. Those that work may eat. That's what I believe in, anyway—the rich man who won't work oughtn't to eat either."

"The tables are graded and they get better fare at the head tables and pretty poor at the last. One of the worst punishments is to put a man at the bottom table, or 'hog table,' as they call it. "Do you see that fellow going into the foundry? That's 'Lead Pipe Bill.' Never heard of him? His favorite pastime was to meet a man in the dark and the lead pipe did the rest. He was put at the

'hog table' not long ago, and in two days he begged for his chance to be good. It was the social disgrace. Oh, don't laugh, there is as much social distinction here, as there is anywhere."

"I don't think much of this," he continued, as we walked through the foundry. "As we contract work making these stoves and there isn't much in it for the state. We can make more doing other things. I want to run a model farm here some time soon. Please remember, too, that what I call a model farm, is one that pays. And if work gives out, I'll have them whitewash all the fences around here," with a twinkle in his eye. "And when they get through they can do it over again. We won't have any loafers here."

"From what I can see," I said, "you are warden of the penitentiary most of the time, governor."

"I am willing to admit that, and I want you to understand that I am proud of the job. The warden here, Mr. Martin, has been in thorough sympathy and it won't be long before I will feel that I can turn his whole job back to him and I can go about some other business. There has been a great change of sentiment and opinion among our people here in Oregon since we started this system. Most of them thought that it was absolutely foolhardy to 'turn the prisoners loose,' as they expressed it. They found out that we know what we are doing and that the peace of the community is in no way in danger. The farmers at first objected to even having them do road work. Now these same farmers are



GOV. WEST OF OREGON

coming to us to get our help in picking hops and doing all sorts of work and nobody gives the matter a second thought."

"To tell you the truth, we are making a lot of money out of this," said the governor.

"What do you mean by a lot of money?" I questioned.

"Well, our legislature at the last session appropriated \$100,000 for this institution; that is, \$90,000 a year. We are making a whole lot more than that, and if we had to we could make the institution entirely self-supporting. I don't

favor that, however, because there are a lot of things that we should have in order to get the best results, but I am opposed to letting a big lot of 'hustlers' loaf when they can be made to earn their own living."

"As we passed out of the prison gates, crossing the road toward the warden's house, the governor was approached by a man carrying a bit of plumber's tools, who stopped him, saying, 'I have finished that job, governor. I put in three days more than perhaps was necessary on it, but as you said this was going to be my last job I wanted to do it right. Do you think I can get away by Monday?'"

"You can go tomorrow," answered Governor West, "if you will come down to my office and get your papers."

"Do you think you could get me a job in one of the shops downtown, governor?"

"Yes, I can, but I won't," came the brisk reply. The man looked a little crestfallen and the governor added, "You don't want to stay around here. The first time something happens, they'll put out a dragnet and some of those cheap detectives will round you up. You better start in now somewhere else. By the way, if you go down to California you will find you'll not be treated as well as this if you get into the same kind of trouble, so you had better behave."

"That's all right, governor," said the convict; "you don't need to worry about me. I have been treated square here, but I don't want no more of it. I can hold down a good job and I am willing to work if they will leave me alone."

He thanked Governor West and then walked past the guard and into the prison gate.

"What do you think of that?" asked Governor West. "I promised that man to pardon him as soon as he had finished the job on which he was working and he has put in three days more than he had to, in order to make it a good job. I feel that when we can get response like that we are reaching those fellows in the right way."

The warden, Mr. Martin, came up just then, and a curly-headed little girl, who had been watching our approach from the porch, leaped up against the big man as we were introduced. "What do you think of all this, Mr. Martin?" I asked. "I understand you have been here through some of the trouble some times."

"We are certainly on the right track," he replied. "I wasn't very keen about it at first, but I admit now that the governor is right. You can bet that I wouldn't say this unless I believed it, with these babies of mine just across from the prison gate."

Ten years ago the Oregon State penitentiary at Salem had probably the worst reputation of any prison in the country. Everyone will remember the outbreak when Frank Tracy, the Oregon out-law, skipped leaving a bloody trail behind him. Oregon today has within its prison walls, no doubt, just as desperate criminals as there are in any prison in the country, and as Governor West expressed it, "It is no molly-coddle institution." There is no reason why the same progress in prison management can't be made in Nebraska which has been made in Oregon.

any work could be done the students volunteered to do it. They have enlisted a regiment of troops to serve without pay. They have organized associations for securing contributions of money and for instructing the people in the principles of the republic.

Many Officials Are Christians.

It must be remembered that there are probably not more than 5,000 Christians in the 1,000,000 of Canton's population. Many of the new officials are Christians and more are friendly to the doctrine. In fact, the important position in the councils of the province of so small a body has begun to create jealousy in quarters unfriendly to this belief.

The outlook is fraught with grave dangers. The lack of money, the scarcity in the country districts, the idea that liberty means license, the ignorance of the principles of government, the factions and feuds, and the carelessness of foreigners traveling in the affected areas, combined with the inexperience of the new administration and lack of control over the soldiers, make the most sanguine fear for the future. China has awakened.

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CHINA, AWAKE, NEEDS COIN

Government Must Find Substitute for Taxes Abolished.

ARMY CHIEFTAINS ARE UNRULY

Actions of Imported 'Robber Soldiers' Have Complicated Situation in New Republic—Teachers and Students Leaders.

CANTON, China, March 22.—It has been said that Canton is the pulse of China, but it is still truer to say that Canton is the brain of China, not of the old hide-bound, superstitious, unprogressive land, but of modern, progressive, liberal China. Only to mention the names of the great leaders of the time proves the statement: Wu Ting-fang, Tang Shao Yi, Sun Yat Sen and others.

It has been in Canton where the revolution has been nourished and fostered for many years. The actual overthrowing of the city, however, like the preceding of the revolution, was unexpected and in some ways unprepared for. From what seems to be the most trustworthy account of all the many theories, the false report of the fall of Peking, concerted by the revolutionists in Hongkong and the threats of these same men to blow up the city, completed the panic in official circles. The viceroy after some hesitation accepted the offer of the British consul to give him an escort to Hongkong and quietly disappeared from view. The other officials either made their escape or welcomed the new government.

Presidents and Co-Presidents.

Two hundred men came up from Hongkong on November 8th, and on the 9th took charge of the different government offices from which the officials had fled. Since that date there have been several presidents or co-presidents, the most successful of whom has been Wu Hon Man, who is reputed to be a Christian. He was taken to Shanghai, with Dr. Sun to act as his private secretary. The present incumbent is Ch'ao Kwai Ming, who seems to be able to work his own will in the councils of the province.

The government is a dictatorship, as revolutionary governments generally are until a settled government is established, and the army is unruly. Most of the generals are robber chieftains who are invited to come to the city by the revolutionary party for fear the "new army" and the provincial troops would not be able to overawe the Manchu garrison, and the Bannermen or old-style troops. This incursion of robber-soldiers has greatly complicated the problem of government. The several chiefs are working independently and are not submissive to the command of the government.

The great need of the new government has been money. Immediately after the city turned revolutionary, taxes of every description were abolished. "No money" was in the treasury, and many thousands of men to be supported. The officials gave their services two months' free of charge. A great wave of enthusiasm spread over Cantonense everywhere in the world, and millions of dollars Mexican have been paid in as free-will offerings to defray the expenses of the new government. Merchants, landlords, students, ricksha coolies, servants, even, gave liberally of their funds to help the common weal. The need is continuous, however, and enthusiasm quickly dies down. The students of the Canton Christian college, in a campaign for contributions, collected over \$30,000.

The government schools have all closed

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Why the whole world pays tribute to the Cadillac car

What is the source of that mysterious enthusiasm which makes everyone speak in superlative terms of the Cadillac? What peculiar qualities does it possess, which impel the public to dismiss impatiently the suggestion that other cars are "as good as the Cadillac?"

What advantages does the Cadillac offer, day by day, which convince him that his is incontestably the better car?

Why do Cadillac dealers everywhere encounter a lively disposition to compare the Cadillac with the cars of like or halfway higher price?

On what basis can we explain the phenomena, encountered everywhere, of men reverting to the Cadillac, from cars costing two, and three times as much money?

The Primal Cause of Cadillac Efficiency.

The subject is a big one; it cannot be compassed in a brief statement. But the source of Cadillac satisfaction can be indicated.

We can trace the cause; and we can partially picture the effect.

Let us take, merely as an example, separating it from all the rest—the big, little fact.

Every Cadillac piston and every Cadillac cylinder is intermeshed with every other Cadillac piston; and every other Cadillac cylinder.

More than 40 essentially accurate dimensions in Cadillac parts are measured down to one one-thousandth of an inch. Johansson of Eskilstuna, Sweden, is the inventor of the most wonderful system of limit gauges for infinitesimally fine measurements the world has ever seen—gauges which are accurate to the one ten-thousandth part of an inch.

The Cadillac Company is, and has been for years, the world's foremost exponent of its own; and of the Johansson system. Cadillac adherence to unexampled accuracy antedates the Johansson discovery. It goes back forty years to its inception—ten years in its application to the Cadillac car.

So here you have the primal cause—the source of the worst, the mysterious Cadillac enthusiasm—the despair of cars which may look like, but are not like the Cadillac; because they have not wrapped up in them the fervor and the lifetime devotion inspired by an Ideal.

Effects Which Follow the Primal Cause.

And now as to the effect.

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