

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Evening Except Sunday
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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.—John 7: 17.

A Blossoming Easter

"What is so rare as a day in June?"
An Easter Sunday when it falls on blossom day in the Willamette valley, under the blue and gold of a sunny April sky or draped in a bridal veil of Oregon mist, with the soft green witchery of spring transforming the hills into fairyland, "unlocking the flowers to paint the laughing soil" to the lilting melodies of birds, amidst a fragrant mass of bloom laden trees, heralding the fruition of the coming harvest.

From early dawn, when "jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top" till night's curtained shadows fall and "the moon takes up the wondrous tale and nightly to the limning earth, repeats the story of her birth" midst a flood of softened silver, the "holy spirit of spring is working silently," magically performing the annual miracle of the renewal of life.

Such an Easter is a very real symbol of a new and quickened existence, of the resurrection and the life eternal. Is it any wonder that our modernized spring festival has been a sacred celebration since humanity evolved from the darkness of doubt the hope of a future? Joy over the awakening of nature from the death of winter became rejoicing at the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, at the resurrection of Christ from the grave.

Blooming Salem, this Easter Sunday, welcomes the world to view, amidst a bewildering succession of picturesque landscapes, the varied panoramas of orchards, extending o'er hill and valley, mile upon mile, which

"A wondrous snow of starry blossoms bear
And spread rich odors through the springtime air."

Our Opportunity

Promotion of the proposed linen mill offers Salem a chance to measure up to her opportunities and develop an industry that furnishes a profitable crop and home market for farmers and a payroll for the city. Failure to finance the plant will indicate that the community is lacking in the public spirit that creates cities.

The development feature must overshadow either the investment or speculative features, for establishment of an industry such as proposed, is essential in upbuilding state and city. Every possible safeguard, including experienced management and an organized selling force, has been provided to insure the safety of the investment, make it a profitable one, and eliminate the speculative features common to new enterprises, but even if these were lacking, it would be worthwhile from a development standpoint.

The local men back of the enterprise are hard-headed business men who have made a success of their own enterprises, and as directors will see that investors interests are taken care of. The proposers of the project are successful linen manufacturers who have built up a million dollar enterprise from comparatively small beginnings.

The linen mill will mean far more to Oregon and Salem than the paper mill has or can mean and should be as profitable an investment, so if you are really interested in the prosperity of valley and city, you will do your part to establish it by subscribing for stock.

For a Free Ferry

Petitions are again in circulation requesting the county courts of Marion and Yamhill counties to cooperate in establishing a free ferry across the Willamette at Wheatland, to replace the privately operated toll ferry.

Sooner or later a bridge will have to be built to span the river somewhere between Salem and Newberg, for convenience of residents of both counties who now have to go many miles out of their way or else pay a toll to cross the stream. In the meantime, the counties should maintain a ferry to aid in the development of this fertile district.

A ferry is jointly operated by Marion and Polk counties at Independence, and certainly the residents of the Wheatland-Dayton section are entitled to the same consideration as those of the Independence country.

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:—As there has been quite a lot of talk in regard to the fish ladders in Salem I would like to throw a little light on the subject. I was ordered and hounded by the deputy game warden to build a fish ladder which I did and maintained for two years. The ice last winter damaged it and it is not now in good conditions. The game warden is now ordering another fish ladder installed so here is where the hitch comes in.

The state penitentiary maintains a small diversion dam at the headwaters of their race or power ditch. Here all the water from the natural channel of Mill creek is sent through their ditch during the spring and summer when the fish are running. The result is the natural channel of Mill creek is dry and all fish which go up the stream are stopped at the discharge waters of the turbine wheels inside the prison yard where salmon or other fish can be caught and which has been done and sold in Salem markets. I do not care about the few salmon that were caught out there. That is not the issue.

The penitentiary warden says that a fish ladder would be impracticable or words to that effect. On the outside of the prison wall where the spillway is located there is an excellent place for a fish ladder and it could be put in at a small cost. All that would be required to make the ladder practicable would be a fine grate across the creek to keep the salmon from entering the prison yard to turn them up the spillway

NEW INCORPORATIONS

Wolf Creek Tavern, Wolf Creek; incorporators, John Lathrop Douglass, Madge L. Douglass, Hazel E. Douglass; capital, \$50,000.
Bayer Tag & Label company, Portland; incorporators, Lee Boyer, Milton Meyer, Jack Winkler; capital, \$10,000.
Journal Garage company, Portland; incorporators, P. L. Jackson, S. R. Winch, R. W. Hagood; capital, \$15,000.
Old Homestead Baking company, Portland, from \$10,000 to \$50,000; Oregon City Abstract company, Oregon City, from \$10,000 to \$50,000.
Mountain State Power investment company, Albany; incorporators, M. A. Morrison, A. S. Cummings, O. G. Corns; capital, \$10,000.

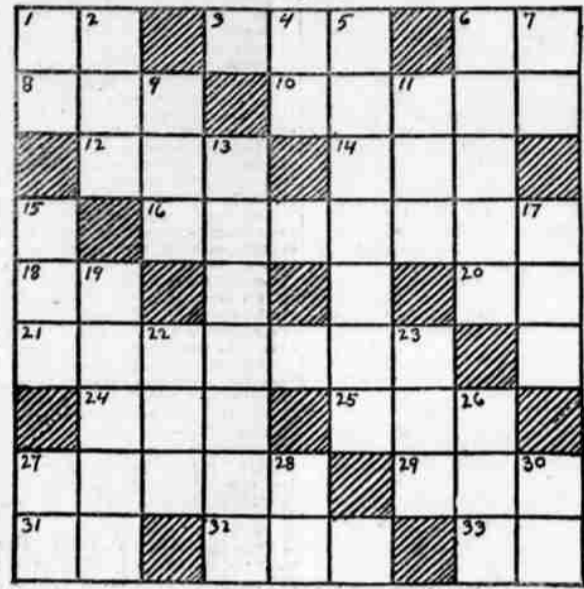
TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- Old Norse (ab.)
- Pouch
- Greek letter
- Sisal
- Venures
- Youth
- Used in making soap
- Edges
- Italian (ab.)
- South (ab.)
- River in Ireland
- Suffix
- Move head slowly up and down
- Finish
- Measure of weight
- Frown (L. prefix)
- Propel with oar
- Toward

HOW TO SOLVE THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE

The way to solve the Cross Word Puzzle is to fill in the white squares of the diagram with the words which agree with the accompanying definitions. The definitions are numbered to correspond with the numbers on the diagram.
Any word defined in the text under "HORIZONTAL" will begin at its number, shown on the diagram, and will extend all the way across to the first black space to the right of that number. That is, the word must begin in the square that contains its identifying number, and extend as far as the white squares continue uninterrupted.
Any word defined under "VERTICAL" will also begin, in the white space that contains its number, but will extend downward as far as the white squares remain uninterrupted.



VERTICAL

- Either
- Knob
- Advertisement (ab.)
- Large kettle
- Earls
- Island (ab.)
- Boy's name
- Not so old
- Discount (ab.)
- Earth
- Years (post)
- Conjunction
- Word negation
- Speck
- Editor (ab.)
- Perform
- North (ab.)

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

IS SADDLE
FIR DEE X
FRIM S UP
M DESPISE
AM DIA ER
SANDPIT T
TMLRID
E PER NIB
RAISED DI

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Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life
By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

THE SOUL KISS LINGERS

Lillemay Vall looked out of the window. The train was traveling 60 miles an hour across the Nebraska prairie. She wondered if somewhere on the continent Rob was opening his eyes upon a different and stationary landscape—just a little while ago the two had been together. Time, space and circumstance had been as nothing to their souls.

The maid set the coffee and fruit on the little table beside her. For a moment she stood waiting for orders but seeing still that faraway look on the face of her mistress she left the compartment with the words—"If you want me, Miss Lillemay, will you ring?"
Lillemay was not aware that her maid had left the room. She was living again the visit of her lover. Reason was trying to tell her it was all a dream but in her soul she knew Rob had come to her last night across the miles of sea and land to tell her she was no longer a poor little rich girl. He had been with her. She still felt the thrill of his kisses; she still heard his voice.

More vivid became the events of the night, more sure her conviction that her dream—if dream it was—was truer and more real than things she had always considered national.

She looked about the little room. For a moment her nostrils were assailed by the fragrance of cigarette and smoky scotch home—things that always followed Rob. She almost looked to see if a bit of a "far" were lying on the window sill.

With renewed energy and happiness she drank her coffee and called her maid to draw her bath.

"Miss Lillemay," said Marie as she entered. "Mrs. Vall asks that you come to her whenever you wish in the lounge. She has been up quite a while."

Lillemay turned to the girl in surprise. Until that moment the world had been peopled only by Rob and herself. She smiled as she realized she had been doing that which she had found faulty in her mother and the others the night before. She had been too absorbed in her own affairs.

Should she tell her mother of Rob's visit to her? Instantly she decided she could not tell anybody of the wonderful thing that had happened to her. They would call it only a dream and it would make her very unhappy.

Lillemay dressed very quickly and soon was in the lounge. Every one was already there; they seemed to be very much interested in some sort of discussion.

As she appeared in the doorway Harold Kennedy sprang to his feet. "Welcome, fair maid," he exclaimed, "there is no need to ask you how you have spent the night. Aurora herself could not be more radiant than you are this morning."

Acknowledging his compliment with a smile Lillemay went to her mother's chair and stooped to kiss her.

"Did you sleep well, dear," she asked.

"Splendidly," was the surprising answer. "I think we all spent a restful night; we went to sleep knowing we were nearing home."

Nothing was said about the burning oil wells. Lillemay took it for granted nothing more had been heard about them. She looked around. Harold Kennedy, she

thought, was a little pale and strained but his mother did not seem to notice it. She called herself faithful.

The train was passing through a village. "You see," spoke up Nounie, "that Peter Ibbotson picture is being shown in all the small towns. We just passed it on another billboard. We have been talking Lillemay, about that story. Mr. Marchant said he was sure it was all a dream. He insisted no one could project his soul into another life during sleep."

"Mr. Kennedy, however, seemed to think that Peter really did live for 20 years a life in which he left the prison walls at night and visited the woman he loved."

"Well," said Mrs. Vall, "very strange things are happening every day. We have begun to think that they are commonplace. We accept them without the slight of discussion. It does seem as though it could be no more peculiar to transport our spirits across miles of space than to transport our voters across the world as we do today."

Monday—In Which Eros Falls

OREGON AND STANFORD VIE

Palo Alto, Cal., April 11.—A dual track meet between the University of Oregon and Stanford university was the attraction here this afternoon. Because of heavy rains yesterday it was uncertain how the athletes would find the field. A morning of sunshine was hoped for to avoid a repetition of the mud fest last Saturday between the track teams of Stanford and the University of Nevada.

Coach Hayward and Graduate Manager Jack Benefield had brought 19 runners, jumpers and weight lifters from Eugene, and a like number of Cardinals were selected to entertain the visitors. The meet was scheduled to begin at 2:30 p. m.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



BY GOLLY THERE GOES MAGGIE PRACTISIN ON THE PIANO AGIN SHE PLAYS WORSE EVERY DAY.



I'M GONNA ASK HER TO STOP IT EVEN IF I HAVE TO TAKE A DEATH FOR IT.



OH! HOW DO YOU DO MR JIGGS? YOUR WIFE TOLD ME TO WAIT FOR HER AS SHE HAD TO RUN TO THE STORE.



I HOPE MY PLAYING DOESN'T ANNOY YOU.

HOT A BIT I LOVE IT. MAY I TURN THE PAGES FOR YOU?

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BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

No Lost Nation

By Billy de Beck

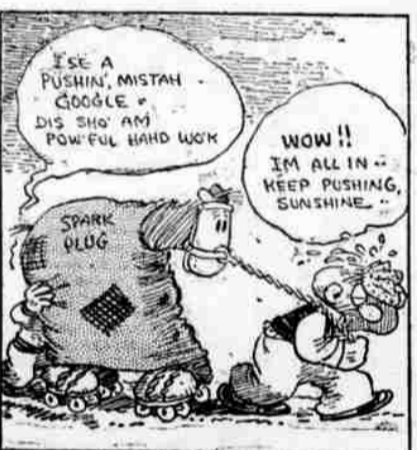


DON'T BE SILLY MR GOOGLE. IN THAT SIX DAY HORSE RACE NEXT WEEK—NOBODY EXPECTS THE HORSES TO GALLOP ALL THE TIME. THEY CAN WALK AND TAKE IT EASY. JUST SO THEY KEEP MOVING IS ALL THAT'S REQUIRED. OF COURSE, THE JUDGES WILL BE THERE JUST LIKE A SIX DAY BIKE RACE AND KEEP TAG ON 'EM.

AFTER THE FIRST DAY I'M AFRAID MY SPARKY'LL BE TOO TIRED TO ENJOY WALK!



WE'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH SPARKY! IF HE GETS TOO TIRED TO WALK WE'LL PULL HIM AROUND THE TRACK ON ROLLER SKATES! FASTEN UP ON GOOD SUNSHINE—THEN WE'LL DRAG HIM DOWN THE ROAD FOR A COUPLE OF MILES TILL HE GETS USED TO 'EM.



ISE A PUSHIN', MISTAH GOOGLE? DIS SHO' AM POW'FUL HAND WORK.

WOW!! I'M ALL IN—KEEP PUSHIN', SUNSHINE.



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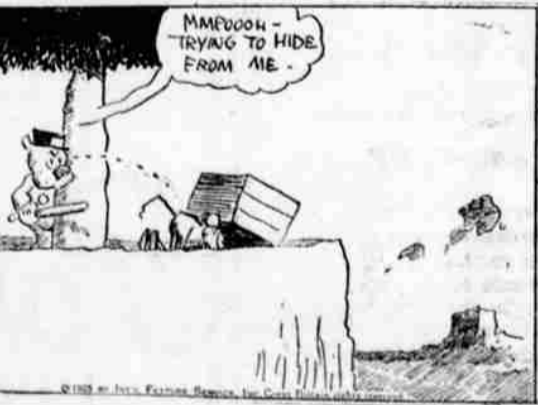
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KRAZY KAT

The Illusive Mouse

By Herrimus



MAMMOON—TRYING TO HIDE FROM ME.



I CAN STAY ON TOP OF THIS BOX, JUST AS LONG AS HE CAN STAY UNDER IT—AND MAYBE, A WE BIT LONGER.



I'LL PASS BY ON MY TIPPIL TOE, SO AS NOT TO AWAKE HIM—'HOPS' NEED A LOTTA SLEEP.

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MUTT AND JEFF

Naw Sir! The Best Ain't Any Too Good For Jeff.

By Bud Fisher



COME ON, JEFF! THE DAY IS IDEAL FOR GOLF!

HUH? AND ME WITH LUMBAGO THAT'S NEARLY KILLING ME! NO, THANKS!



LUMBAGO? YOU FOOL, WHY DON'T YOU GET A PLASTER AND SLAP IT ON THE SPOT AND STOP THE PAIN!

I'LL DO IT! THE PAIN IS SOMETHING AWFUL!



I'M GLAD MUTT USED ME UP ABOUT THE PLASTER—I'M SO IGNORANT ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT!

BOSS, I WANT ONE OF THESE PLASTERS YOU STICK ON A BACK FOR LUMBAGO.



I UNDERSTAND! YOU MEAN ONE OF OUR POROUS PLASTERS!

NAW SIR, I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR POOREST PLASTERS. I WANT THE BEST ONE YOU'VE GOT!

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