

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Then shall ye call upon me and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you.—Jeremiah 29:12.

Spring Fishing

Glamor of spring, the glory of April, the call of the wild, sent a party to the coast to fish Sunday, as atavism requires a slaughter of some kind of living creature to bring to an end a perfect day. Without some kind of a blood sacrifice, the day would be utterly ruined, of course.

The fisherman spent Saturday evening at Neskowin-by-the-Sea, an all the year 'round resort on the new scenic Roosevelt highway overlooking the Pacific, a resort owned in Salem, built-up by Salem and populated from Salem, that has had a magic growth and become a sort of summer Salem, as well as a strategic point for anglers. There is a fine new three-story hotel with excellent service, a picturesque auto park facing the sea, high pressure water system, sanitary sewer system, store and other conveniences.

As the party arrived, another party of fishermen proudly displayed as trophy of prowess, a large steelhead, the prismatic stripes of this sea-going rainbow glistening in the rays of the setting sun. The mammoth trout had been scooped up by hand in shallow water, where "spent", weak and emaciated from spawning, it fell easy victim. Though dry, tasteless and unfit to eat, it filled some "sportsman's" ideas of sport.

Early Sunday, while the frost jewels still sparkled in the sunlight, after a beautiful drive of ten miles, the party reached Otis, on the Salmon river, its destination, to find autos and anglers more plentiful than fish. Another car arrived from the south containing a merry party of Salem Hi boys and girls. How they got there, 100 miles from home unaccompanied at that time of day, is a mystery that only parents who blame the schools can solve.

There were fifty odd fishermen on the small stream, some trolling in boats, some wading in midstream up or down trying every lure known. Trollers dragged hardware or metal junk, the big bright spoon "sandwiches" being baited with worms or chub as "hot-dogs", an imposing array bigger and heavier than any fish in the creek. Stream waders used principally smaller "hot-dogs" in the form of baited spinners, or salmon eggs, worms, or other bait. Two lonesome fly fishermen cast from the shore where brush permitted access, enjoying the mellifluous perfume of millions of skunk cabbage emblematic of their luck.

Few large trout rose to the fly, though there were plenty of small fish to be thrown back, principally young salmon drifting down to the sea. The junk-peddler, however, secured fair catches, mostly of gravid or spent fish not yet recuperated from spawning, still feeding on the bottom, without life or pep enough to dart and leap for surface flies, therefore unable to put up much of a fight or to be much of a table delicacy after being caught in a primitive manner requiring little skill and no science.

The same story is repeated in all streams and shows the criminal folly of opening the trout season in the midst of the spawning period. Not all the hatcheries in the world can offset the ravages of 90,000 anglers in spawning time. Close the streams from January until June, when spawning is over in all except in mountain headwaters, which should be closed the year around, give nature a chance and hatchery work can be suspended. Trout will then take the fly and have a fighting chance, and there will be no excuse to use the barbarous unsportsmanlike paraphernalia that spells certain slaughter for emaciated victims.

At present there is no closed season for trout big enough to spawn, only for those under ten inches in length. There is no closed season at all in coastal waters. All of which shows what a farce our expensive game protective machine is, which functions only for politics and spoils. Close the season, abolish the commission, save \$500,000 for taxpayers, and get better angling when trout are fit for catching.

Bicycle Parade One Feature of Safety Drive Planned Here

John Rodda, well known bicycle rider and representative of the Cycle Trades of America, yesterday arranged with the local bicycle dealers for a bicycle parade in uniform, the school with the largest number of entries. Later John Rodda will arrange to visit some of the city schools during recess hour and give lessons in road deportment.



John Rodda

All boys and girls who ride bicycles are urged to have their wheels ready and join in the parade. Older persons are also invited to get out their bicycles and take part in the celebration. Scouse race under 10 years, a Cycle Trades of America bronze medal will be awarded first prize.

In addition to the big parade through the city streets and awarding of prizes for the decorated wheels and other make-ups all those who participate will have an opportunity of competing in a novel event, riding on a plank 150 feet long 5 inches wide, and 1-2 inch high. This is said to be an interesting and amusing contest, yet safe for the younger rider to attempt. The first prize to the rider covering the greatest distance on the plank will be a gold watch valued at \$25. There will be no entry fee for this event or the parade. In fact everything is free.

Every rider in the parade as well as those without bicycles, will be presented with a valuable book on safe cycling. Safety first is the slogan of the promoters of the parade and there will be no racing along the road or at Willamette athletic field where a safety first demonstration will be given together with the awarding of the prizes.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | S | I | A | O | A | T | S |
| P | O | R | T | S | P | R | E |
| E | N | E | U | T | A | N | |
| X | W | E | E | M | D | | |
| A | E | A | R | L | O | P | |
| I | T | E | S | S | E | E | |
| R | O | W | P | R | I | O | R |
| S | L | E | W | E | R | N | E |

HORIZONTAL

1. First garden
4. Periods of time
8. Measure of land
9. Curt
10. Wrong doing
11. Heaven
12. 10th letter alphabet
13. To stretch
15. Untanned calfskin
16. Globe
19. Yonder
21. Royal Engineers (ab.)
23. Resembling (suffix)
25. Finland (ab.)
27. Crawl away
29. Andrew (ab.)
31. Writing fluid (pl.)

VERTICAL

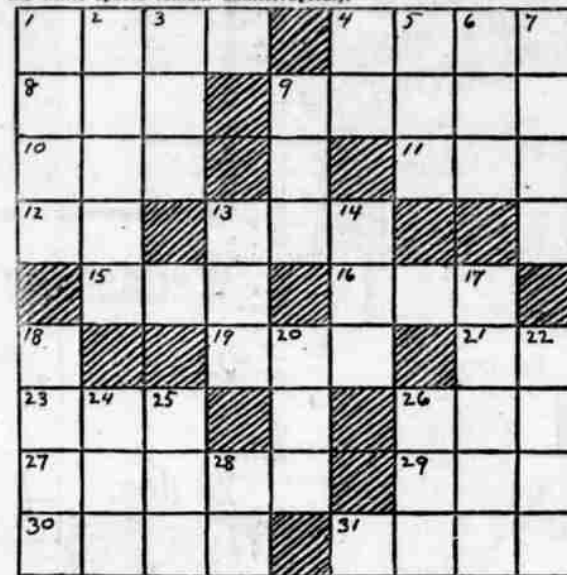
1. Facility
2. To quaff
3. Even (contr.)
4. Used to form nouns of agency (suffix)
5. Russian (ab.)
6. Seek
7. Kind of dog
8. Same as by
13. To watch secretly
14. Gained
17. Edge
18. To cover with moss
19. Tree
22. Finishes

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.



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24. Alling
25. Through (prefix L.)
26. Baseball enthusiast (slang)
28. New York (ab.)

My MATRIMONIAL VACATION by Violet Dare

"GET YOUR MAN!"

A man once called me a synthetic vamp.

"That means you're made by man—artificially transformed into a siren," he explained. "You were meant to be a nice little wife with a devoted husband and a large family, and instead here you are, rushing about and devastating the land, making every man who sees you fall in love with you, asking no quarter and giving none."

Well he was right. Ever since I was seventeen my motto has been, "Get Your Man," and the Canadian mounted police were never much more successful than I. He was right about my not being meant for a stren, too. It was my mother, whom I call Virginia, who made me one.

When I was born she gave me heaven and a blonde! The nurse protested that nobody could tell what so young an infant was going to look like, but Virginia insisted, and she was right. I think she began planning her campaign right then, the campaign that was to give her and me all the things Dad couldn't give us, because he hadn't the money or social position.

Competition was pretty keen as I grew older. I went with the daughters of the best people in town, and when Virginia sent me to a fashionable boarding school she warned me that I must be careful about the girls I associated with.

"Pick out the ones who have family and money, not just the most popular ones," she told me. "There may be a very unattractive girl who has an eligible brother or cousin; if you're nice to her she'll appreciate it. Just be care-

ful!"

I hated advice like that, and determined that I wouldn't get on it. Virginia didn't know about my first trip to West Point, when I was seventeen, my last year at school. It was just after my Easter vacation, when I had gone home, and found her and Daddy having an awful row. One evening I came downstairs, ready to start for a party. The people I was going with were waiting for me, and Virginia was standing in the doorway, looking at them. She made a stunning picture.

Hearing me, she whirled around. "Come into the sun parlor with me," she commanded, and when we had reached it and closed the door, she turned on me almost angrily.

"We've got to find for ourselves," she said. "And we'll do it! I can give you everything for a year, but that's all—before the end of the year you've got to get married, and well married, too. Or we go to the poorhouse. Your father's going to go off to that hunting lodge of his in Carolina, and I'm going to get a divorce."

Dad and I had never known each other very well—he always made me uncomfortable, with his quizzical smile and his eyes that seemed to see right through me. I knew that he'd been so disappointed because I wasn't a boy that he'd never cared much for me.

I went back to school, and three days later I went to a hop at West Point. The man who was to take me—"drag me," in West Point slang—was ill, and another man substituted for him. That other man was Jim Larrabee.

He looked down at me as we were introduced and smiled. That

smile sent shivers straight through me. That night at the hop he took me up to the top of the building, and we spent the evening sauntering up and down moonlit flights, which I believe is one of the most beautiful walks in the world.

The next day he came direct to me after parade, and we spent the afternoon together. When I went back to school Sunday night I wore his dress ring and a big, heavy hat that I couldn't get it on my hand. We were engaged. Virginia was wild. I had told her how we'd live, how the government would give us our house where we were stationed, and most our furniture, and he said Virginia could live with us. I thought she'd like the prospect of my wife.

She simply raved.

"Army officers never have money—you'll be old and dowdy before your time—I won't have your ring back, I'll have more of this nonsense!"

Now, Jim was a fighting Irishman. He was first captain at Point and awfully popular with everybody. He had the reputation of being an awful heart breaker—you know how it always is with these big, rather homely, fascinating men—nobody can see them. Virginia was the only girl I ever knew who could see Jim.

I stole away and went to his apartment. Immediately after exercises he and I slipped away the wonderful big chapel on hill and were married.

I adored him, and I thought I'd "got my man"—once, but almost broken my heart. I was really to listen to Virginia's advice and follow it.

"Don't ever believe any more she said, and I believed her.

Tomorrow—A Critical Moment

By George McMan

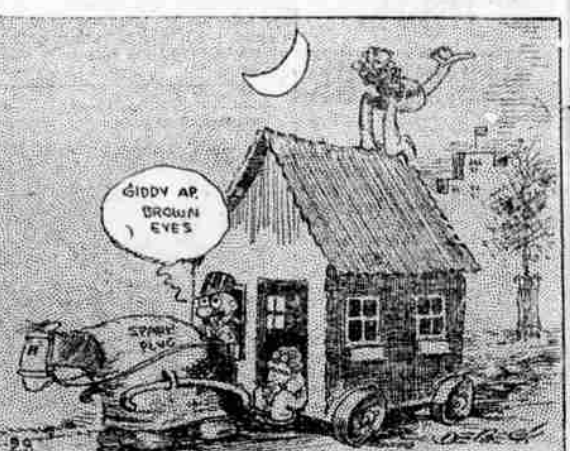
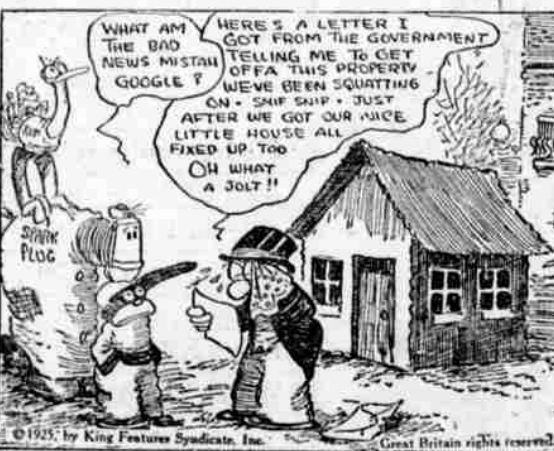
BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Goes Shopping for a Place to Anchor

By Billy de Bee



KRAZY KAT

Krazy's Complex Problem

By Herrin



MUTT AND JEFF

Mutt Gets a Laugh Out of a Native African Chief

By Bud Fisher

