

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted.—James 1:9.

Abas the Bee!

Dispatches in the past few weeks have carried the news of half a dozen automobile smash-ups due to the pernicious activities of buzzing bees, circling about drivers' heads locating suitable landings for attack. Sooner or later, in repelling the aerial invaders, control of the machines was lost and the cars landed in the gutter and their occupants in the hospital.

For a bee to wreck an auto constitutes a crime that should no longer be tolerated. It calls for speedy action by our welfare societies to provide drastic measures for suppression. Our roads must be made safe. There "orta be a law" compelling busy-body bees to keep off the highways and away from motor-cars, providing compulsory progressive penalties of fine and (not or) imprisonment for violations.

Inasmuch as no sober, respectable, law-abiding bee would be found bumping on the public highway, the mere fact of the presence of one in or about motor cars thereon, should be prima facie evidence of a mixture of nectar and gasoline fatal alike to bees and autos. It should not be necessary to even sniff the breath of a bee for evidence, and the federal supreme court will doubtless hold a search warrant as unnecessary for the bee as the auto, both being transients.

Here is an opportunity for a new uplift movement—a society for the suppression of boozey bees. Show the public on the films the true character of the bee, what a terrific looking creature it really is under the microscope, illustrate the tragedies resulting from the buzzing challenge to the chauffeur, plead eloquently for the defense of society from such a monster, and it will be easy to pry the pennies from the pockets of the poor to be spent without accounting in a holy cause.

Such laws, once on the statute books, where they would be speedily placed by a complaisant legislature, would become sacred and the salvation of the government depend upon their strict enforcement, necessitating a special Boozey Bee bureau, with a staff of snoopers paid at public expense to locate and suppress, not only the offending bee, but the sweet-scented flower that brewed its jag and caused its downfall.

This nation must and shall be saved—cost what it may! Abas the bee!

Build Up Salem

The best way to build up Salem and Oregon and create permanent prosperity is to finance our enterprises at home. This keeps both the control and profits here, and insures a policy favorable to the community and the state.

Many of our industries have been established by outside capital. This sends the profits away and so helps keep the state poor. With non-resident control, the profits become the sole consideration and there is no interest in the welfare of the community.

Oregon capital has too frequently been sent out of the state for bonds and securities that develop other sections and upbuild other cities, instead of being kept working here. Industries, like canneries and fruit processing, we have left to outside capital. Consequently many of our canneries are owned in California, their output is misbranded as California product, their only interest is to pay as little as possible to farmers and in wages and send to California as large profits as possible—a policy destined to impoverish the state and enrich California.

Oregon has been kept poor and lagging behind her sister states in the program of development simply because her own citizens had so little faith in their own state that they make their investments elsewhere. The profits made here consequently go away to enrich those who have had faith in Oregon's future and put it into industrial production—and Oregon remains a backward state.

The proposed linen mill offers an opportunity to correct this situation, to develop a great Oregon industry and keep its control and its profits in Oregon. With Oregon management, the welfare of the country becomes inseparably linked with the welfare of the industry. Climatically and otherwise, the Willamette valley is superbly adapted for the growing of superior flax fibre, and undoubtedly such an industry will be developed by outside capital and its profits leave the country, if we do not underwrite the project ourselves.

It is therefore, not only sound sense and good logic to subscribe for stock in the proposed linen mill, but fine business judgment. In no other way can the money be better invested for upbuilding Salem and developing the valley. As the Portland Journal remarks:

Nobody has ever heard a derogatory word concerning a possible great flax industry in Oregon. Nobody has ever heard from any flax expert anything but the most glowing expressions of what can be done here in the flax field.

The flax equals the best in Belgium or Ireland. Soil and climate are perfectly suited. The industry would be another avenue into which to draw agricultural production and thereby help diversity.

And the world needs flax and other products of flax, and is clamoring to pay big prices for them.

And Salem is so located as to be the natural center of a big flax enterprise. At this distance, it looks like this is the time for Salem citizens to build up Salem.

My Matrimonial Vacation by Violet Dare

NICK'S PAST
And then I stopped. Jim wouldn't want me. He'd been quite willing to leave me behind. Intently I recalled that moment when I had seen him with another woman. Celia. What a fool I was!
I put on my prettiest frock, and when Frank Harrison came, gave him such a charmingly friendly greeting that Virginia smiled on me in approval, and he promptly offered me his car to use whenever I liked.
"You might just as well have it," he urged. "The streets are impossible in this weather, of course, and I don't like to think of your taking taxi, they're so unclean. It's such a lovely little thing," he added, to my mother, "that we'll have to take good care of her."

spoke. I didn't like that part of the picture quite so well. The telephone rang just then, and the maid said it was for me. I flew to answer it.
"Hello, Nancy!" It was Nick Wayne's voice. "Come on for a nice tramp through the Park. I'm at the corner drug store."
"Oh, I can't—I'm so sorry!" My retreat was shrewd. I was longing to get out of the atmosphere that Frank Harrison and Virginia together managed to create, "make it an hour later and I'll come."
"Fine—we'll have dinner together somewhere where it only costs a dollar!" he laughed.
I went back to the living-room, wondering whether to tell Virginia that I was going to dine with Nick, or just to camouflage it a bit. One can always announce "an old school friend" to duty in such a case as that. And Virginia suggested some of mine because they had money and social position. If I mirrored that a girl belonged to the Junior League, lived in a smart neighborhood and went with the right "people," Virginia would let me go even if Frank Harrison was at the house.

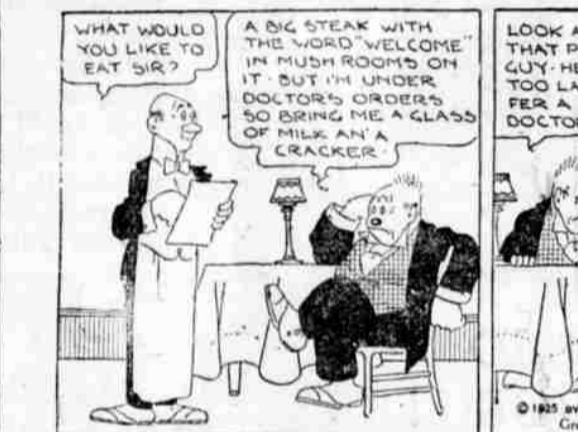
As I went back to the living-room I wondered what it would be like to have a mother whom one needn't deceive. What a luxury! I'd never had anyone in whom I could confide as some girls do in their mothers or fathers. I'd hoped Jim would be that sort of person—what a hope!
"Mr. Harrison has asked us to dine with him, dear," Virginia purred as I curled up in the big chair by the fire. "Isn't that delightful?"
"Oh, but I—I've just accepted an invitation for dinner," I told her, then, warned by her frown of displeasure, "I'm dining with Louise—you remember her?"
She didn't, of course, as I'd invited Louise on the spur of the moment. But she smiled and nodded. Sometimes I marvelled at the ease with which even so clever a woman as Virginia could be deceived.

"Where's Louise live, dear—I've forgotten," Virginia asked, moving the humidifier to where he could easily reach it. I could see that she was trying to place this friend of mine.
"Yes—we could drop you at her house when we go to dinner," Frank added.
"Caught! I gave a number on Park Avenue, just at random, hoping Jim would be one of the huge apartment houses where so many smart people live."
"Oh yes. I used to know some people who lived there—say, by Jinks, they were the parents of the girl that young fellow you introduced me to the other night was with. You know—Nick something or other. He's a bad egg, that fellow. Wrecked that sweet girl's happiness—parents had to take her to Europe to get her away from him. Just a regular booger—no good at all. Thought he was going to get into society and land a fortune by marrying her, and when he found out that Daddy still

held the purse strings and expected him to support his wife—well, I couldn't begin to tell you how he treated the girl. Shameful. Why, he—
I stood up so quickly that my tea cup crashed from the arm of my chair to the floor.
"It can't let one of my friends be slandered in my presence!" I said sharply, turning toward the door. Even though I'd known Nick just a few hours, really, I didn't like to hear him speak of that way.
"The child is so loyal to her friends—just like me," I heard Virginia say as I rushed out of the room. "It doesn't matter what they do, she's devoted to them. If only she had had a father to stand by her when her own husband—"
I couldn't help smiling at that. Trust Virginia to try to take advantage of every twist of the conversation. She'd get a lot of sympathy for me and herself too out of that one!

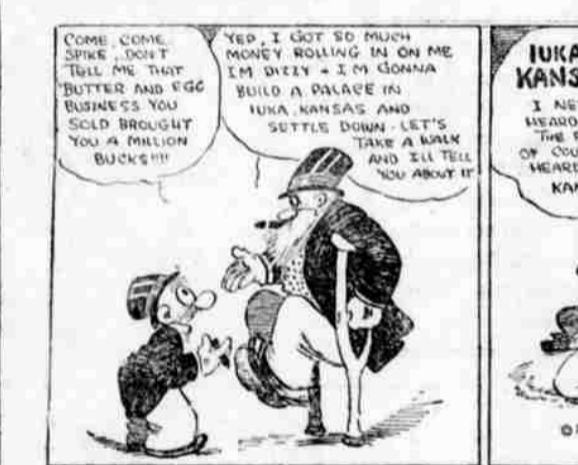
Frank Harrison drove me to the Park Avenue address while Virginia gazed for dinner. My heart sank when I realized that it was an apartment house, but a small, private one. And he had the car wait while he escorted me up the steps to the front door!
He rang the bell, and I waited bravely enough. What would I do if a butler opened the door—and I asked for someone who didn't live there?
But a perfectly nice man opened the door to a young man, but just that fascinating age when there's a touch of gray on the temples and some quizzical wrinkles around the eyes. I looked straight at him and said "Oh Michael, how nice to see you! Has Louise come yet? I'm dining with her."
My heart leaped to my throat. Would he play up?
He gasped, and then smiled, almost chuckled.
"Yes, she's here," he said. "We've been waiting for you."
Frank Harrison said goodbye and left—and I walked into that strange house, with a perfectly strange man.

BRINGING UP FATHER



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BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG



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KRAZY KAT



MUTT AND JEFF



TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- Personal pronoun
- The top course of a wall
- To rescue
- An ex-dash
- Black, sticky substance
- An ugly crime
- Ireland
- Official endorsement used on passports
- To be free of
- Plural of man
- Contrive
- Congrats into ice
- To shield from observation
- Doctor (ab.)

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

D	I	D	B	L	A	N	D
R	E	D	U	E	O	R	
A	L	L	C	O	S	E	Y
E	H	H	O	B			
M	E	A	L	I	D	E	A
O	S	Y	L	E	D		
D	P	H	O	N	E	M	
J	S	A	R	M	B	I	
S	T	A	T	E	W	E	T

VERTICAL

- A fragman's rope
- Vehicle
- Roughly elliptical
- Writing instrument
- Leave
- A long, sweeping step
- Set of bells tuned to a scale
- Comfort
- Barren
- To give rise to
- Sin
- Strive for superiority
- Senator (ab.)
- No

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 uninterruptedly.

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 spaces remain uninterruptedly.

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By George McManus

Barney Surveys the Situation



By Billy de Beck

A Familiar Dialect



By Herriman

An African Night is Full of Dangers to Our Adventurous Duet.



By Bud Fisher

And then I stopped. Jim wouldn't want me. He'd been quite willing to leave me behind. Intently I recalled that moment when I had seen him with another woman. Celia. What a fool I was!