

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

No man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment; for that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse.—Matthew 9:16.

For Uplift and Shake-Down

Next as a public nuisance to the drives bequeathed us by the war for the support of projects that ought to have died with the war, are the various "weeks" initiated in behalf of welfare and other movements, each of which appropriates itself a seven day period to bask in the spotlight of free publicity. The drives have as objective a shelling out and the special "weeks" are for spreading the preparatory propaganda for the touch.

We have a "week" for most every thing now, and a rational organization in its behalf. Some philanthropic person, usually a woman, is flattered or coerced into accepting a state chairmanship and she in turn appoints local chairmen, whose chief duty is to work the local newspapers for free publication of the blah, bull and bunk turned over to them in endless quantity.

These efforts to enlist mass-support through special "weeks" are not confined to proposed better homes, better babies, better this and better that, or to clean-up, paint-up, brush-up and dress-up, or to inducing greater consumption of apples, raisins, wheat, or what-not, but have been utilized by go-get'em manufacturers to boom sales, and stores are expected to step-on-the-gas to push the especially selected article during the chosen period.

We have so many special "weeks" nowadays that the year is not long enough to hold them and they overlap, duplicate and double-up on each other, much the same as our various boards do in their management of state affairs. Life is not only one drive after another but the year is lengthened out for the uplift and the shake-down far beyond the original 52 weeks.

Now Up to Salem

Rapidity with which Portland business men underwrote \$175,000 in stock subscription as Portland's quota of the proposed Salem linen mill is conclusive proof not only of their confidence in the project but that the metropolis is at last sensing her duty and obligation to the state, and her recognition of the patent fact that the more Oregon grows, the greater Portland will become.

This Portland subscription places the success or failure of the proposed enterprise squarely up to Salem. If the city fails to raise her \$300,000 quota, she will have demonstrated that she is lacking in the enterprise, progressiveness and vision that creates cities. She will lose her opportunity to control and dominate a prospective great industry that promises to upbuild both city and state.

Many of our well-to-do investors and capitalists have not as yet subscribed a cent to the proposed linen mill, although better situated so to do than many who have gone the limit of their resources. Some of these are heavy investors in industrial projects in other cities, where their money makes possible payrolls and progress. It is to be hoped that they will at least do as much for Salem industry as residents of Portland are doing. Their attitude has led the Woodburn Independent to remark:

Salem is still short of the requirement of the requisite amount of stock subscriptions for a linen mill. We would suggest that Woodburn be permitted to contribute the balance due and the mill be located here. The five citizens of Salem who subscribed could move to this city, but we prefer that the dead ones remain where they are. But Salem cannot now afford to be placed in the quitter class. Give the Cherrians a reasonable excuse to appear in the Rose Festival parade in gay raiment and with a "linen mill" banner flying. They would not care to represent the City of the Dead or the unprogressive City of Patches. In fact, Salem has gone too far and must make good—and possibly has by the time this appears in print—in embracing a most fitting opportunity to make it the second city in commercial importance in the state. Either that or issue the invitation, "Come and take the capitol; in our lethargic condition we would not miss the removal."

2 PLANES HOP OFF ON POLAR FLIGHT TODAY

(Continued from page one)

The distance is roughly 490 miles. If possible, Captain Amundsen and his companions will make a landing at the pole and attempt to locate its exact position. If this is not found practicable the aviators plan to drop a Norwegian flag in the approximate vicinity.

May Make Landings
The Oslo dispatch said the planes might have to land several times during the trip and that for this reason, they might not return to Spitzbergen for several days.

The planes will fly 100 meters apart at an altitude of 500 meters, keeping in touch by wireless throughout the trip. Each portion of new latitude will be signaled from one to the other. It is expected that they will take from three to four hours to reach the island.

The dash for the pole probably will be started early tomorrow.

First of Three
New York, May 6.—Rodd Amundsen's impending dash to the north pole, by airplane tentatively set to start from Spitzbergen, Norway, this afternoon marks the beginning of the effects of three nations to conquer by air that portion of the frozen northern wastes which in 490 years of exploration by ship and dog sled has been reached by only one expedition, that of Admiral Peary, 14 years ago.

Amundsen, discoverer of the south pole, carrying the flag of Norway, will be followed in June by expedition headed by Donald E. MacMillan, United States, and Gertie Algraveson, Great Britain, all three taking to the air from bases to be established approximately 150 miles by airplane from the pole.

Amundsen, leaving his two ships, Fram and Hobbay, at the northernmost point of Spitzbergen, will attempt the flight in two Dornier whalers—all metal monoplane flying boats with bottom shaped like sleds so they can land on ice, snow or water. The planes, fin-

anced with the aid of Lincoln Ellsworth, New York engineer, who will occupy a seat in the second plane, were built at Pisa, Italy, each powered by two Rolls-Royce engines as arranged one in back of the other; that one can be repaired in flight.

Algraveson's attempt has been termed as daring in extreme as the MacMillan-United States expedition is considered to be the most elaborate. In a blimp, the gas bag capacity of which is less than one twentieth that of the Shenandoah, Amundsen hopes to take off from the ship towered, anchored somewhere west of Spitzbergen. Like Amundsen, he will be content with merely a dash to the pole and a few days exploration.

MacMillan's is the only expedition which hopes to chart definitely that vast unexplored area on the Alaska-Siberia side of the pole. If the aim of the United States, this area may be the unknown continent both Peary and MacMillan on their various expeditions claimed they saw but could not reach because of thoroughness with which the MacMillan-Navy expedition has been planned, it may come to pass that the American will be called upon to rescue the two other explorers. Wireless apparatus will be carried by all three parties.

Americans Win.
St. Anne, Eng., May 6.—(A. P.)—Miss Glenna Collett, American golf star and her partner, Mrs. Alan McBeth, conceding their opponents 19 strokes, beat Mrs. T. H. Miller and Mrs. E. S. Cawley, three and one today in the ladies northern foursomes competition.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- To come into a country
- Suffix (used in forming adjectives from nouns)
- Beast of burden
- Sedate
- Equal
- To look at slyly
- So be it
- Vegetable (pl.)
- Positively not
- Prefix (form of in before L)
- Day last past

HOW TO SOLVE THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE

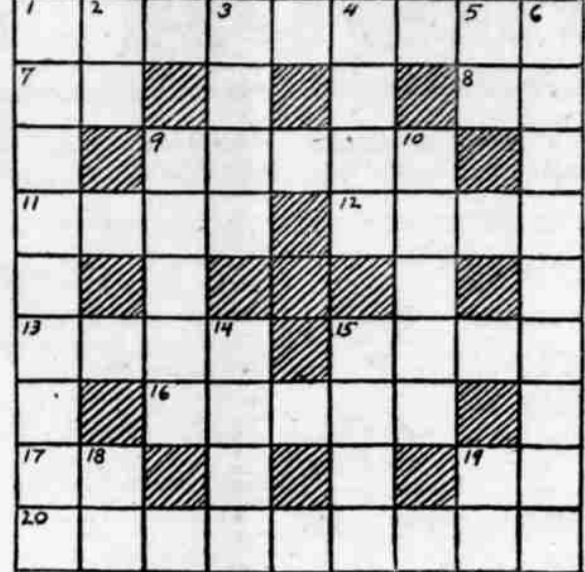
The way to solve the Cross Word Puzzle is to fill in the white squares of the diagram with the words which agree with the accompanying definitions. The definitions are numbered to correspond with the numbers on the diagram.

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 squares remain uninterruptedly.

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

H	E	C	O	P	I	N	G
A	S	A	V	E	O		
L	T	R	A	N	C	E	
T	A	R	L	H	A	G	
E	R	I	N	V	I	S	E
R	I	D	V	M	E	N	
D	E	V	I	S	E	D	
A	I	C	E	S	E		
S	C	R	E	E	N	D	R



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VERTICAL

- Unlawfully
- Belonging to me
- Most important metallic element
- A form of dance
- Telegraph office (ab.)
- Explicitly
- Sum of one and six
- To abuse to
- Orderly
- Fruit
- To have existence
- Iowa (ab.)

My Matrimonial Vacation

by Violet Dare

A MAD ADVENTURE

The stranger whom I'd called Michael turned to me and laughed softly as the door closed behind us.

"How about having a cocktail before we begin explanations?" he asked. "I imagine that they'll take quite some time."

I laughed too. "No, not at all; you'll have them in tabloid form at once." I explained. "I wanted to keep a dinner engagement with out letting my mother know about it, and so—well, I invented an old school friend, Louise, with whom I said I was to dine—and when—when—"

"Your father," he supplied, as I hesitated.

"Why would people always insist on thinking Frank Harrison was my father?"

"No, just—well, a friend of the family who was at the house, who had asked me to dine with him—well, when he said he'd bring me to Louise's house, I gave an address at random, and then he came to the door with me—and there you were!"

He laughed again, uproariously.

"Delightful! Now, surely you'll stop and talk with me a bit before you rush away to this job and dinner engagement, about which mother and the—friend of the family—aren't to know. My name's not Michael, the one you so kindly supplied, but—"

"But why not just be Michael to me?" I asked. "It's dreadful, always having last names and pedigrees attached to everyone. Let's be original."

"Very well. But tell me your name, Nancy—thanks. I'd have called you Diane, but we'll let it

rest at Nancy for the present. Now, on to the library—I've got a shaker full of particularly good brandy and lime juice in there—"

"Oh, no, I can't," I said, drawing back. A strange man wasn't so luscious, but I had no intention of drinking with him, especially as I don't anyway, because it's so late for the complexion. "I'm very late now, and—"

"I won't hear of it!" he protested. "Certainly I'm to be rewarded for playing up to you so admirably. Come along, little girl!"

I shook my head. "No—I'll stay right here, and you can bring the cocktail shaker to me—make it a sort of stirrup cup, if you insist."

"Bringing Mohammed to the mountain, eh? All right—"

He rushed off down the hall. I quietly opened the front door and slipped out the moment he was out of sight. Too bad, when he had been so nice—but really, the situation was getting away from me, and when you're a buccaneer on the social sea you can't afford to let that happen to you.

I ran down the steps, dashed around the corner, and hailed a taxi. I gave the driver the address of the Italian restaurant where I was to meet Nick, and drove a jump breath, which turned into a laugh as we passed the very house from which I'd departed so hastily a moment before.

For on the steps, cocktail shaker in hand, was the man I'd called Michael, looking up and down the street like a cat from which a mouse has just escaped.

"Here one for Nancy!" I said to myself. "Too bad to run away, but here's too dangerous to play with."

"Very well. But tell me your name, Nancy—thanks. I'd have called you Diane, but we'll let it

blow a kiss to him out of the

back window—what a shame that he missed it; I'd have liked to see his face. But then, he might have followed me. And something had warned me that all the little tricks Virginia had taught me might have proved useless against a man of his type. I like a touch of dissipation in a man's face, sometimes, but it's a warning signal from which I fly when I'm all alone with him.

I was awfully late—Nick told me he'd been waiting an hour when I finally arrived, and he was none too pleased about it, either.

"But I had such a dreadful time getting away," I told him. "I had to break another engagement to get here at all."

He forgave me by the time we reached the second course, and I got him to talk about his work—he was the kind of man who always does that. So he talked on and on about the yacht that had just come into port, on which he'd done some work the year before.

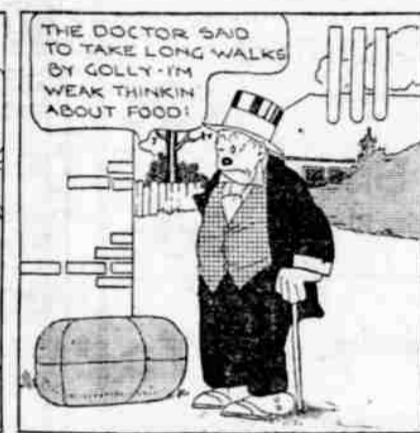
"She's a beauty—the Yashtil," he told me, so enthusiastically as it had been talking about some woman. "I'd love to have you see her. Listen, Nancy, won't you go over her with me some time? I want you to see what I really can do. Of course, one of the big men of the firm destined this boat, but I had a hand in it. I'm so crazy to make something of myself in that line—it's my one hope. I've wasted a lot of time, since—well, since I got pretty hard hit some months ago. I didn't care much for a while, but lately I've been trying hard, and since I met you, somehow, I've wanted to try even harder."

"Oh, I know that you can do anything you really want to," I told him, being somebody's inspiration in such a fun! "I'd love to see the Yashtil."

"Fine. It belongs to a chap named Kirk Jordan, but we won't say anything to him about you going over the boat. It's—well, I wouldn't want you to know him."

Tomorrow—I Need You.

BRINGING UP FATHER

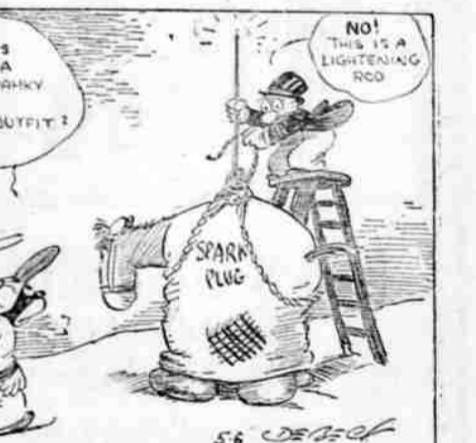


By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney "Runs" No Chances in this Race

By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

The Hidden Gem

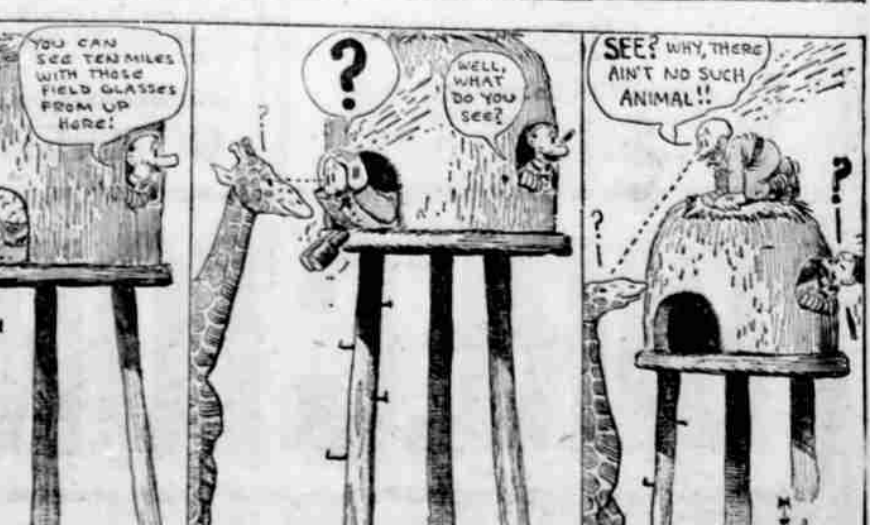
By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

You Can't Blame the Little Fellow—He Never Saw a Giraffe Before

By Bud Fisher



COOLIDGE HOPES TO CUT \$300,000,000 OFF BUDGET

Washington, May 6.—(A. P.)—President Coolidge's drive for economy in federal expenditures will result in another substantial cut in the annual budget. He hopes the reduction will be at least as \$300,000,000, making total estimates to be submitted to the next congress around \$3,000,000,000.

Americans Win.
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