

# Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

## BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.—1 Timothy 1:15.

## The Bee Menace

The Eugene Register objects to calling in the federal government to control the bee menace as suggested by the Capital Journal. It declares:

Have't we officials enough of our own here in Oregon? Hasn't every county in this grand old state a bee inspector, duly wished upon by act of the legislature? Of course it has! So let's make him earn his money.

Since we have bee inspectors anyway, all that is needed is to require them to do their plain duty. Let them go ahead and inspect all the bees within their several jurisdictions and issue to each a license and a tag. Naturally such a license would withhold the privilege of entering unlawfully and without invitation into closed cars on the public highways, and then when a bee was found doing that which its license specifically forbade it could be dealt with harshly. If continued efforts at reform came to failure, its license could be taken away.

The Register fails to sense the true spirit of the uplift, or it would realize that local officials cannot be trusted to enforce such important laws, that more officials are the crying need of the hour, that drastic penalties must be provided, and that real reform rests only in the federal government, even if it is necessary to enact a constitutional amendment to permit its functioning. Think of the backward regions and the absurdity of solving a national problem by county action!

What can a county inspector do against a swarm of bees? The situation demands the full power of government be exerted. There should be city and district bee agents as well as county, a state commissioner, augmented by the governor's special agents and these cooperating with a federal bureau supplemented by the army and navy. Then indeed, could the menace be met, and the country saved.

## "Stop My Ad!"

The local chairman of one of the numerous "weeks" staged for observance through free newspaper publicity notifies the Capital Journal in writing, as a result of the editorial entitled "For Uplift and Shakedown":

Several business men phoned that this will mean a loss of several hundred dollars of advertising.

All of which is very sad, but any advertiser who patronizes the Capital Journal in order to control its policy is wasting his money.

For the unenlightened it must be reiterated that the Capital Journal sells only that commodity known as advertising, not editorial opinion or news. The advertiser who expects to control editorial policy or secure free reading notices as a bonus with his advertising contract will be disappointed. The Capital Journal only guarantees results, and is used simply because it pays advertisers.

So, whether this note is a threat to coerce editorial policy or merely to compel free publication of propaganda, makes little difference, it is equally futile.

## BOOZE FLEET TO WAGE WAR OF VIOLENCE

(Continued from page one)

the passing out of word that rum agents must "get" the guardsmen stationed at Narragansett bay.

Along the Florida coast, too, guns of the rum runners have been brought into play from unexpected quarters whenever a guard patrol appears near shore or travels into one of the thousands of bays and inlets along the gulf coast.

Commander Yeandle, assistant to Admiral Billard, said today the anonymous letters had conveyed information indicating that certain officers and men of the guard are on a "death list" of the rum runners and that other especially efficient guardsmen are to be incapacitated if possible.

### Guardsmen Kidnaped

Boatswain Pearson of the Atlantic City station was kidnaped May 3 while on his way to join a patrol boat at the station. He was bound and gagged but later released on the outskirts of the city when the kidnapers found they had mistaken him for another. The man believed to be wanted by the rum runners has been ordered by the commandant to take extraordinary precautions.

Boatswain Gustafson was another victim of the rum war. He was shot and killed from ambush two weeks ago off Block Island, New London. Threats previously had been made against his life. Officials here believe the patrol of which he was in charge was deceived by a rum runner on the fatal trip and led past another rum runner which opened up a salvo of machine gun fire from ambush. Two others of the crew received serious wounds.

### Families Terrorized

Several cases have been reported to headquarters in which officers or men returned to their homes to find that mysterious visitors had terrorized their families. This is said by Mr. Yeandle to be particularly true around New York.

### The Ships in Rum Row off New York

The ships in rum row off New York have turned to the use of carrier pigeons to convey messages to their shore agents. Three such messages have fallen into the hands of coast guard patrols and on one of the three occasions, the information gained resulted in seizure of a shore craft laden with liquor.

### Admiral Billard Reiterated

Admiral Billard reiterated today his determination to establish a blockade as nearly smuggling proof as facilities permit. The situation has grown so serious, however, that more men and more boats are needed and congress will be asked at its next session to provide them.

### Blockade Succeeds

New York, May 8.—(A. P.)—A great throng gathered at sea today to watch the development of Uncle Sam's blockade of rum row.

off the north and mid-Atlantic coast.

rapidly diminishing, newspaper investigators say, and prices are going up.

Meanwhile some of the rum fleet presumed to have given up the campaign of attrition and headed for home ports in other lands, either hopefully to replenish their supplies of food and water, or to conclude that the dry navy is too strong for them.

And retreat that may have taken place from rum row so far, however, has not yet been substantiated so far as indicated by meager reports from the scene of the passive warfare from 20 to 40 miles off shore. In fact, four new craft, including a large German steamship, have arrived on the row.

But the new arrivals had not been known of the blockade. Like the vendors already on the row, they were promptly picketed by units of the dry navy, which has two small boats watching every rum seller and big cutters in the offing setting as mother ships.

The assertion continues to be made that the blockade's results have been perfect with no contact at all getting to or away from the rum fleet.

The New York American, however, today prints an illustrated story of the successful running of the blockade.

The story says: "A photographer rode breathless in the bottom of a boat amidst 110 cases of labled liquor taken from a rum pirate and ploughed through the water shoreward from the 25-mile limit."

Other newspapers telling of the supply of liquor rapidly decreasing and predicting prices of \$75 a case wholesale for the near future, says that bootleggers ashore are praying for storms to scatter the 100 boats of the dry navy and let smugglers slip through. Scotch has almost doubled in value, the New York World says, now being \$18 a case wholesale.

A 100-mile airplane trip by one newspaper observer resulted in the direct sight of only four two-masted schooners and one tramp steamer on rum row.

Far in the distance, however, were 20 or 30 craft assumed to be liquor ships. Each held its pair of government watchers. Another newspaperman in an airplane reported only two rum craft. Reports that airplanes were part of the blockading forces are now officially denying.

New patrols with fresh crews are ready to relieve those on duty. It is announced by the coast guard and 500 additional seamen are being recruited.

A Hartford dispatch to the New York Tribune says Secretary of the Navy Wilbur inspected rum row yesterday, going out from New London. Asked for his impressions of the rum fleet, he said that conditions at the New London submarines base were excellent.

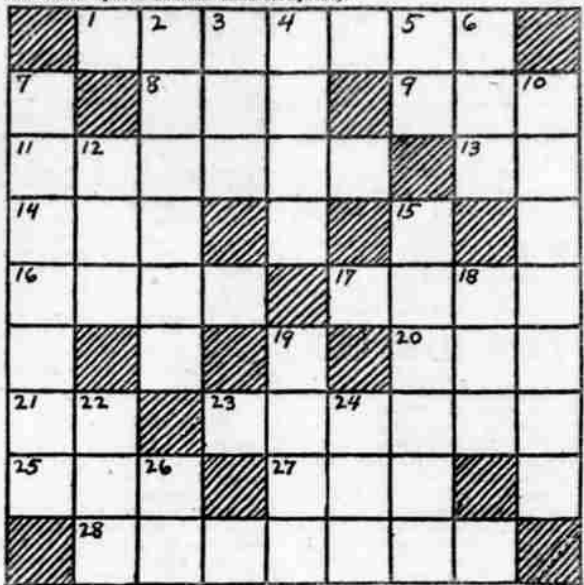
# TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

## HORIZONTAL

- The act of receiving
- Short sleep
- Insane
- Pertaining to Kingdom of Persia
- Bill of Exchange (ab.)
- A sailor (colloq.)
- To remove the old comb from (said of a bee-hive)
- An outlet of any kind
- Norman (ab.)
- New York (ab.)
- City in Ohio
- Sawdust (ab.)
- Grain
- Habits

## 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 uninterrupted.



## SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

C	L	O	V	E	R	E	G
O	A	R	L	A	L		
X	O	B	S	M	A		
A	S	T	A	L	E	S	
G	L	U	T	A	S	K	S
E	B	E	L	T	S	Y	
N	H	R	U	E	W		
T	O	T	M	P	O	R	E
S	T	S	P	O	A	N	G

## VERTICAL

- To empower
- Canada (ab.)
- An heroic poem
- Post master (ab.)
- To label with a tag
- Entire cordage system of a vessel
- Ruin
- Small European deer
- Superficial politeness
- To incline the head
- Morning (ab.)
- Sweet potato
- A solution used in making soap
- South American (ab.)

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# My Matrimonial Vacation

by Violet Dare

## A CUE FOR CUPID

"You'll make him happy by doing so. The money means nothing to him. Just be very nice to him as a reward; he's so fond of you."

She sighed when she said that—and set me to wondering. She was always throwing Frank Harrison and me together. But didn't she like him pretty well herself?

Frank Harrison came up later in the day. His excuse was that he wanted to see if our apartment was warm enough, as there had been some trouble with the heating apparatus of the building. Being our landlord, it would have been easy enough for him to find excuses to come up, even if Virginia hadn't always urged him to come!

I had just come back from lunching with Nick. I was beginning to wonder if he was going to transfer his devotion to his divorced wife to me. I didn't want him to do that—I'd had enough of my devotion, when I found that my husband's wasn't of the lasting variety.

Virginia wasn't at home, so I received Frank. I thanked him for the gorgeous mesh bag he had sent me, and told him that it was so much more beautiful than my own that I really didn't feel that I ought to accept it.

"But you must. It was just a little gift—to take the place of your own bag." He hesitated a moment—"If you'd tell me what was in the bag—what else you lost—let me replace."

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that," I interrupted. I went over to the window and stood there, looking out to where the most beautiful of the city's bridges spanned the

river. I longed suddenly to escape from everything that the world meant to me—all these people who had believed in love and marriage and found them lacking, all these secondlings after what was supposed to be happiness.

Frank Harrison came over to my side and stood there with me. "I'm afraid you aren't happy," he said. "Don't there something I can do?"

I wanted to say "Yes, go away"—and felt guilty, when I remembered how hard he had tried to please me. If only he hadn't given me that beautiful bag, and put his car at my disposal, and gone so many, many things that made me indebted to him!

"Oh, I'll be all right," I told him. "I tumbled into these woods once in a while, and just have to get out of them. Probably what I need is a long walk and a good night's rest—I get to bed so frightfully late."

"Nancy," he said suddenly, and from the change in his voice I knew that something important was coming. "You must know how much I care for you, I want to take care of you, to make you happy. Won't you marry me?"

Worse than I'd expected. It had never occurred to me that when he was so much older than I he'd think of such a thing. I wanted to scream with mad, mad laughter.

"Oh, I—I couldn't," I said. "I realize that you couldn't now, when you haven't divorced your husband," he answered. "But it's only a question of time till you'll do that. Your mother has told me about him, how shamefully he treated you." I wondered what Virginia knew about it. I'd never told her about the day when I

came in unexpectedly and found Claire Eaton in Jim's arms. "Was't you think of me as a possible husband, Nancy dear? I realize that I'm older than you, but that doesn't make any difference with my caring for you."

I heard Virginia's voice in the hall speaking to the maid. Then I just glanced up at Jim, and made a rueful sort of smile, before she came in.

I looked at her critically, as she sat down by the fire and studied gaily with him. She really was very stunning. She knew how to manage a home perfectly, had a great deal of charm, would make the right sort of man a perfect wife. I wondered why it had had to happen that she married my father, who cared nothing for society, and with whom she had quarreled for years. Another sort of marriage—and she'd have been happy.

If only marriages could really be arranged in Heaven, instead of being blundered into on earth!

And there was Frank Harrison who liked exactly the kind of thing that she did, falling in love with me. All wrong!

As I stood there looking at them an inspiration came to me. She liked him. He could be made to like her. Well, what could be simpler than so going his wife's place to Virginia instead of me? He'd never know what had happened.

And with Virginia married to him, I'd be free. I wouldn't have to keep up the sickening social game any longer, wouldn't have to scheme and plan and smile when I hated the whole thing.

I had no hope of going back to Jim. He didn't want me. But I'd find some way of making a new life for myself, one that was more to my liking than my present existence.

I smiled as I watched Virginia entertaining Frank Harrison. I could already see him as my prospective step-father. In that role it wouldn't be hard to be nice to him!

By George McManus

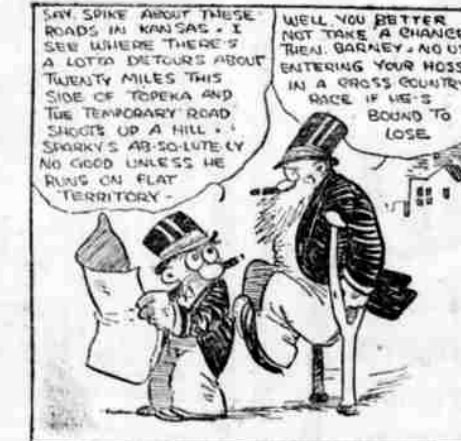
## BRINGING UP FATHER



## BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARKY PLUG

Sparky "Rises" to the Occasion

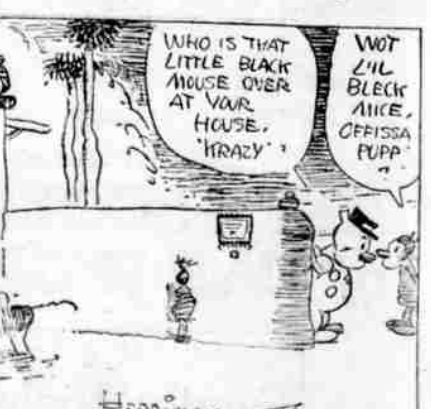
By Billy de Beck



## KRAZY KAT

The Minstrel Mouse

By Herriman



## MUTT AND JEFF

Mutt Must Be Lyin' When He Says He Craves Excitement in the African

By Bud Fisher

