

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.—Proverbs 3:16.

Despite the Knocker

For some unknown reason, the Oregon Voter, a Portland periodical of propaganda, published by C. C. Chapman, has been conducting a campaign of knocking against the proposed \$640,000 linen mill at Salem. Launching a seven page attack upon the proposition in the issue of April 18, the assault has been renewed weekly, either directly or by innuendo.

Just why a Portland publication should waste so much space and energy in an effort to prevent the establishment of a new industry at Salem that means payrolls for the cities and profitable crops for the farmers of the entire Willamette valley, is a mystery. A similar effort to establish a linen mill at Vancouver, Washington, has brought forth no word of criticism, all of which was reserved for the Oregon enterprise.

Whatever Mr. Chapman could do to discourage investors has been done. Marked copies of his magazine have been sent prospective stockholders all over the valley. That the effort has not succeeded better, is due to the correct appraisal of his periodical by the public.

The Voter's attitude is typical of the old Portland, the Portland that tried to hog all the industries of Oregon and viciously fought the efforts of the little towns to build themselves up, the Portland that opposed all other harbor development and prevented rail rate adjustments, that refused financial aid for Oregon projects and otherwise failed to live up to the responsibilities of a metropolis.

The Voter's carping criticism and efforts to destroy are, however, in marked contrast to the spirit of the new Portland of today, whose leading financiers and businessmen are actively contributing their time and investing their money in making the Salem linen mill a possibility, proving that the Portland of today is not unmindful of her duties to the state, realizing that as Oregon develops, Portland grows.

Nothing will assure Portland's future or provide a market for her products better than to build up a vast textile industry in the Willamette valley that is so climatically suited for it, an industry that will bring population and prosperity for the entire state.

Bryan the Bigot

William Jennings Bryan is making a fine exhibition of himself in his campaign against evolution, against science, against knowledge, displaying that insufferable intolerance that has ever characterized ecclesiasticism. No medieval pontiff ever thundered against heresy more vigorously than he and only the fact that the world has outgrown the rack and fagot-pile of the inquisition prevents the Commoner from frothing their assistance to stamp out "modernism."

And what is heresy? Heresy, in this particular instance, is religious opinion opposed to the doctrinal standards held by Mr. Bryan. The modernist is denounced as a heretic because he believes in evolution, which holds that all life originated from a common source, rather than in the literal interpretation of the book of Genesis and its special creation theory.

"The law of God is the law of change," yet Mr. Bryan having finished, formalized and standardized his beliefs would have them immutable and unchanged for all time, for everyone else, all other interpretations being false, his only being the true gospel—"the world is flat and the sun do move." He sets himself against change despite the fact that the world is dynamic, moving, changing, developing, growing and progressing. "Daily the veils are being lifted from the face of facts, that God is not only transcendent but essentially immanent."

Christianity should not be as much concerned with Genesis as with the new testament. Both Jesus and Paul were heretics in their day and bitterly opposed by the Bryans of their time. The real heresy is the departure of the church from the teachings of Jesus, the failure to oppose war and social injustice and bring about "peace on earth, good will toward man" through living up to the golden rule.

TWO GIRLS HERE TO STAGE DRIVE ON SALEM'S RATS

A rat extermination campaign, led by two pretty young southern girls, will begin in Salem tomorrow.

Miss Helen Caldwell of Huntington, West Virginia, arrived in this city today preparatory to her



Miss Helen Caldwell

campaign in Eugene extending over a week's time, and en route in Salem will last a week.

The drive here has the support of local health officers, who will assist them in the campaign, Miss Caldwell states.

Like all modern warfare, the campaign here will be conducted on an absolutely scientific basis. Cyanide carbonate is the deadly ammunition the girls recommend. Six one teaspoonful of this with three or four times as much of any ordinary food that the rats like, they state and then just leave it somewhere where he will get it. Their methods have been worked out under government supervision, they state.

Millions of rats have been exterminated through the efforts of these modern pest pipers since they first started out on their campaign four and a half years ago. Their first drive was staged at Norfolk, Virginia. Since that time the people of Virginia have put on two drives a year against the rodents.

According to the girls' statistics, every ordinary city in the United States has an average of two rats to each citizen. If Salem has a population of 25,000, Miss Caldwell states, there are approximately 50,000 rats in the city. The animals eat up \$1.82 worth of food each year. According to that in Salem the damage amounts to—well, fight it out for yourself, she says.

RAGE FOR TENNIS STRIKES ENGLAND

London—The increasing popularity of tennis among Britons is giving the professional the time of his life. There are not enough to go round and not only are instructors at London and provincial clubs working overtime, but they have to refuse many applications from people owning country houses who wish to obtain their services over the week-end.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- Young trees
- Tide (ab.)
- Towards (ab.)
- Attorney (ab.)
- Contraction of "I would"
- Old English (ab.)
- To fringe with dye
- Personal pronoun
- Solution (ab.)
- Animal's foot
- Not new
- Railway (ab.)
- First note musical scale
- Nickel (ab.)
- Pennsylvania (ab.)
- Circuit
- Without pain

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

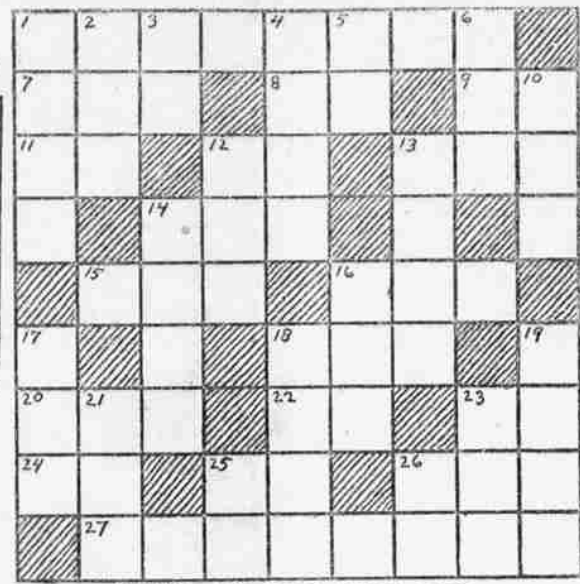
M	A	C	E	H	O	P	E
M	R	U	G	U	N		
T	I	M	P	A	R	T	S
R	O	B	E	B	E	N	
A	N	T	B	M	A		
D	H	A	O	V	E	R	
E	M	U	L	A	T	E	
R	E	G	U	L	A	T	E
S	T	E	W	S	L	E	W

VERTICAL

- To move about
- Suitor
- Pint (ab.)
- Newspaper paragraph (colloq.)
- North (ab.)
- To tell
- North
- Greasy liquid
- Strong, low heavy vehicle
- To carry
- Recompense
- Monday (ab.)
- Coarse outer coat of wheat, rice, etc.
- Measure of weight (pl.)
- Muscular organ

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.



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- Disciple (ab.)
- Philippine Islands (ab.)
- Preposition (used in I, phrases)

My Matrimonial Vacation

by Violet Dare

PLANS GONE WRONG

I didn't. Further search failed to reveal it. I couldn't help wondering whether or not Nick's friend Leland had a faulty sense of "class and things."

It was several days before I saw Nick, who had gone to Boston on business. I kept thinking about that friend of his, Phil Leland, wondering if he really had taken my gold mesh bag and Nathalia's bracelet the evening he went with us to the dance club.

And if he had, what were we to do about it? Nathalia was really distressed about her bracelet, but refused to think that Leland could have taken it.

"That's absurd," she insisted. "He was a very pleasant young man, very well bred. He's a friend of the Williamsons, whom I've known for years, and of the Philadelphia Laurences. I'm sure you're mistaken about him, Nancy."

"Well, perhaps I am," I answered, and resolved not to let her know how sure I was that I was not mistaken at all. When Nick got back, I told myself, I'd find out all about this Leland chap.

I dropped in at Nathalia's the next evening and found him there. We chatted about the various clubs and theaters and things like that—he certainly seemed familiar with them all! He had given a little dinner the evening before at Leonie's, the very smart new restaurant frequented by the Four Hundred, and the name of the society woman who had acted as hostess for him was certainly a guarantee of respectability.

Yet I had my suspicions. Nick phoned me as soon as he got back, and I begged him to meet me somewhere at once.

"Nick, what about this man Leland?" I demanded. "Is he perfectly all right, or is he inclined to nick up things that don't belong to him? Katharine lost a bracelet the evening we went to that dance club with you and him, and I lost my gold mesh bag with the emerald class—and I can't help wondering—"

"Why not wonder if I took them?" he asked. "Because I know better. But I have wondered about Leland, especially since you told me that he hasn't much money but goes around with a wealthy crowd."

"Well, I don't know anything about him, but I do know that he's pretty much up against it. I saw him this afternoon, and he wanted to borrow some money. Said he gave a dinner at Leonie's the other evening, rather unexpectedly. You know, that place is owned by a man who gives the names of the women who dine there to the society reporters. He knows lots of society people and has done pretty well in getting them there."

"It seems that Leland was asked to dine there the other evening by Mrs. Winton, the young Mrs. Winton. There were three other men and several debutantes in the party. When the check was brought the other men were dining. She handed it to Leland and said: 'You'll settle for this, won't you? The boys always do. Then you can be host at the dinner—won't that be fun?'"

"The check ran well over two hundred dollars, with the wine and all, and Leland was pretty well stumped; hadn't a cent, as he had been laid out last week in the stock market."

"But why does he try to go with people like that?" I asked. "Oh, just because he likes to. I

guess. And there's always a hope of a rich marriage just ahead, you know. He's attractive, dances well, and young men are all too few these days. He probably figures that if he can last through the year he'll get his reward."

"I think that's disgusting!" I exclaimed. And yet was I any more disgusting than the game that I played? If Virginia had had her way, I'd have been angling for a rich husband just as Leland was angling for a rich wife.

We had gone to the Plaza to have tea and dance, following out my plan of letting Nick's wife's friends see us and tell her.

What I hadn't counted on was seeing the lady herself. She came in with two other very pretty girls and sat not far away from us. She was beautifully dressed, an exquisite looking thing. She looked as if she'd had someone to take care of her from the day she was born, as if she'd never had to wonder about money, never had to ask for anything she wanted because it was given to her without her asking.

I wondered what it would be like to feel like that. She spoke to me very sweetly, too sweetly. I knew that she hated me, because she thought I had caught Nick's heart on the rebound after she divorced him. Well, I hoped she was worried—it would do her good!

"Haven't you better ask her to dance?" I said to Nick. "I'm sure she'd like to."

"That's why I'm not going to," he answered. "I've always tried my best to do what she wanted me to—I think that was one reason why I lost out with her."

"Well, next time you get a chance, try the cave man line," I suggested. "She'll take you back, you know; she wants to now."

"Foolishly," he replied. "But I don't know that I want to go. You're very attractive yourself, Nancy."

Tomorrow—Two Birds With One Stone

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

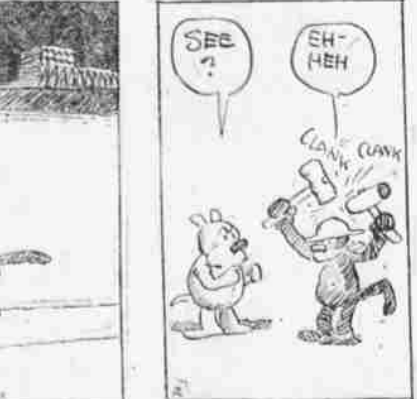
BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG



A Five-Man Job

By Billy de Beck

KRAZY KAT



The Kat's Doomed Dome

By Herriman

MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher