

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published every evening except Sunday
Telephone 51; news 52
GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

The Future Bright

With record expenditures for new construction assured, with better than average crops predicted, with all of our industries in operation and others in prospect, the year 1925 promises a continuation of the steady growth and progress that Salem has enjoyed for the past six years. The era of agricultural depression is passing, the tourist traffic is becoming an important asset, and new canning plants give assurance that increasing products of orchard and farm will find a market.

The most important development of the year will be the establishment of a flax fibre plant, which if successful, will add a great textile industry to the valley. The project is frankly an experimental one and only experience will demonstrate whether it will be successful, and whether or not, the flax we produce is all that is claimed. Conducted by conservative business men, who have been willing to risk their own capital, there is every assurance of proper management but absolutely no foundation for a premature speculative boom in which only promoters profit and the people foot the losses.

What Salem needs most of all, is new industries and to this end, every effort should be directed. Provide the payrolls, and the population automatically follows. Provide home markets for products to make the farmer prosperous, and farmers from all sections will flock here.

Salem is already the fruit and berry center of Oregon, but its development and growth should parallel that of San Jose, California, which is even nearer San Francisco, than Salem is to Portland, yet has become an attractive modern city of 50,000, independent of the metropolis and providing, with its many fruit processing plants and industries the payrolls assuring prosperity.

San Jose markets annually 120,000,000 pounds of prunes alone, 450,000 tons of fruits, nuts and vegetables. It has 39 canneries, and a total of 73 manufacturing plants, yet its tributary acreage does not begin to compare with that surrounding Salem, whose diversity of products is greater and in quality superior. In addition, Salem has the advantage of resources lacking to the California city, as well as being the state's capital.

Some such agricultural, horticultural and industrial future as San Jose has realized should materialize for Salem in the coming decade—and it will provided our citizens pull together and work together unselfishly for the welfare of city and valley. The future is what we make it, and if we do not show our faith in our own city, we cannot expect others to show it.

The Pope's Jubilee

We read in the dispatches the other day that some 60,000 people had kissed the posts in the vatican at Rome from which the holy doors had been removed at the Christmas inauguration of the Pope's Jubilee or Holy Year which is observed every 25 years, and during which Catholic pilgrims from all over the world visit Rome to obtain indulgences for their sins, much as Mohammedans take the pilgrimage to Mecca. It is estimated that at least 2,000,000 will visit Rome this year.

The ceremony began when the door of the Basilica of St. Peter, through which the pope passed, was knocked down and carried out with all the magnificence of medieval times. The jubilee has been a feature of the church since 1300 when Pope Boniface VIII inaugurated it. Originally intended to be observed every hundred years. Clement VI in 1343, shortened it to every 50 years, later it was cut to every 33 years and in 1470, Paul II abridged the interval to every 25 years. Often the celebration has been prevented by war and by political conditions and its celebration this year reflects comparative peace and prosperity in the world.

Knocking down the door was inaugurated in 1500 by Alexander VI and a feature of this celebration was gilding of the roof of the church of Santa Marie Maggiore with gold brought from America by Christopher Columbus. Most of the great characters of medieval history, such as Dante, Michelangelo, and Ignatius Loyola were attendants at the ceremony occurring during their life time.

Holy year is a sacred festival to Catholics and it is interesting to the rest of the world, as the religious rites of all religion are, reflecting the survival of tradition and formula in the unchanging church.

LIBERTY NEWS

Liberty, Or., Dec. 21.—W. H. Matheson came home from Tacoma to spend Christmas with his family here. He states that there was much more snow here than in Tacoma.

On New Year's day there will be a community dinner held in Liberty hall. This is a neighborhood "get-together" and has a good time. Come with well-dressed hats, spend the day with friends and we promise that you will leave pronouncing it a "perfect day."

Donald Gettler, who is teaching at Springfield, is home spending the holidays (in his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Gettler).

H. H. Mumford, who is working at Toledo, spent Christmas with his family here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Tuck are visiting relatives in Portland.

Bert Dougherty of Oregon City was visiting relatives here last week.

Monsieur Hugh and Ed Westenhous entertained relatives at a Christmas dinner. About twenty gathered at the home to celebrate the best day of all the year.

Mrs. M. W. Pierce is able to be about after two weeks of sickness. Tom Has motored up from Klamath Falls to spend the holidays with his mother, Mrs. E. A. Rae.

Ed Westenhous is confined to his home with an attack of a gripe.

Last week's items stated that the little son in the Wolfe home was to be called Willard Harlan. This was a mistake. It should have been Kenneth Dean.

Portland came home for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dence spent Christmas with relatives at Hood River. J. H. Balms spent part of last week visiting relatives in Oregon City.

Mrs. Tifford left Sunday for Glendale, near Roseburg, where she has a position in a rooming house. She was keeping house for Mrs. Abbott. Mrs. Holder will now assist Mr. Abbott.

Miss Louise Schmidt is spending her vacation with relatives at Marion.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hodges of Monmouth were dinner guests at the Judd home Christmas day.

G. F. Stanton of western Oregon spent Christmas with his sister, Mrs. R. J. Corley.

Miss Ruth Dougherty, who has been staying in Salem, is now staying at home.

NEW INCORPORATIONS
The following articles of incorporation were filed yesterday with the state corporation department:

Lead Tailors, Inc., Portland; incorporators Harry Wayne, Alfred P. Dobson, Samuel R. Weinstein; capital, \$1,000.

Standard Appraisal company, Portland; incorporation, F. L. Bush, A. C. Bush, E. E. Heckbert; capital, \$25,000.

Arise Campbell & Gault, Portland; incorporators, F. W. Arise, Frank E. Hart, O. A. Neal; capital, \$50,000; merchandise.

Egan Land company, Burns; incorporators, E. W. Barrow, Olive G. Barrow, Maggie W. Levens; capital, \$10,000.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

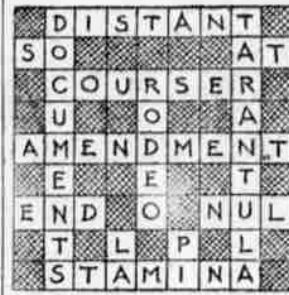
VERTICAL HOW TO SOLVE THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE

- 2. Snake
- 6. Handled
- 7. Poses
- 8. Shouting
- 9. Greek deity

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.

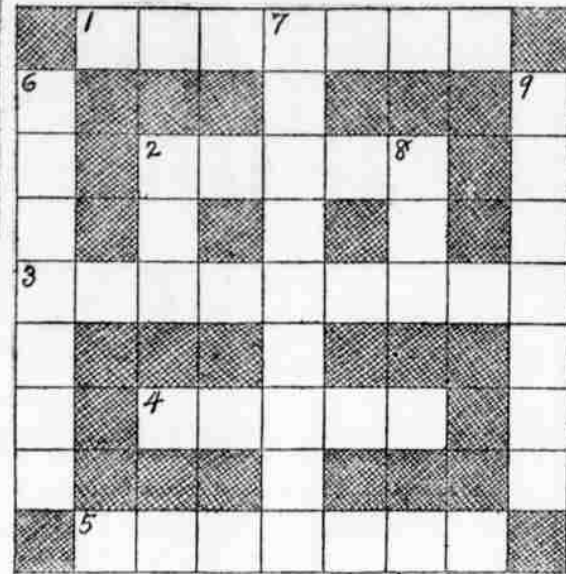
Any word defined under "VERTICAL" will also begin, in the white space that contains its number, but will extend downward as far as the white squares remain uninterruptedly.



SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- 1. Of water
- 2. Bachelor (able)
- 3. Rooms
- 4. Burdened
- 5. Pirate



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The flower of the family

A Thrilling Love Story by IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

UNTIL THE MORROW

"I've disappointed you! What do you mean by that, Gordon?" said Marta. "How have I disappointed you?"

"I thought you were different from other girls," said Marta. "Why should I be different from other girls? I am a girl, and a very young girl at that."

"I thought you were sincere. That was perhaps the reason why I believe you not only meant what you said, but I thought you were above trading your favors."

"Gordon Fleisher," exclaimed Marta, hurt and angry, "I'm sorry to say that I do not know what you mean. For the first time since I have known you, you are speaking a language I don't understand. Are you trying to tell me that I'm not honest?—and casting the bitter pill by saying it is a failing of all girls?"

"Well, I've known many girls, Marta, and I have found out that they just use a man for what he can do for them."

"Stop! Stop, right here, Gordon! I'm not going to have real girls compared with the crowd of Freudian flappers that you have been associating with lately. It is just because you have known only that kind of a girl that you don't understand me. I know now why you say all that. It was because I was honest enough to confess that I didn't want to love you nor any one else just now."

"Do you realize that I have really had no girlfriends? Every one thought I was a child when they sent me to Miss Peckham's school a few months ago. She expelled me without cause, and arriving home, I am hurried into a set of experiences and conditions that make me feel I have grown up over night. And, Gordon, dear," again

Marta's voice took on a deeper, sweeter cadence, "not the least important of these experiences has been with you."

"You say that you have found out that girls barter their favors. That's a horrible thing to say, Gordon. I have found out that men, although they have the worst reputations, may be honorable and honest, and because I have found that out, Gordon, I am afraid. I am afraid to have your arms about me."

"Why, dear, do you know that I hardly know myself and my own capabilities just yet. Give me a little time to learn—to read my own heart, my own soul, before you seek to plumb them."

"Marta, Marta, forgive me. Don't you realize that I love you? I am afraid, afraid to have you go away from me. I'm even afraid to have you learn the depths of your own heart and your own soul, for fear you will not find me there."

"Marta, don't go away—don't go away to school. These last three days you have gone to blinder and more splendid school. Life has been your teacher. Life has been your teacher."

"If I wait, I'll wait for you, dear, as long as you want me to; but, oh, don't go away from me, don't go away where I cannot see you every day; for now I have found you, I cannot give you up."

"You do love me just a little, don't you?"

"I think I do, Gordon, but I am not sure, and I want to be very sure. There are so many things that come into the married life of even the most loving to break up its harmony that I want to know that I could not live without you before I decide to live with you."

"I know it, Marta. I know it very well. I cannot live without you. Why, dear, if you should throw me over—oh, well, what's the use? I can't tell you. It would sound as though I were throwing myself upon your great pitying sympathy."

"Let me wait for you, Marta. Let me put a ring on your finger that will stay to the world that some day I am going to claim my own."

"I can't. I can't. Give me time to think it over. I do care for you. The very touch of your hand sends shivers through my body, and I can hardly meet your caressing eyes without wanting to go straight into your outstretched arms. But I must know if that is really love."

"Take me home, now, Gordon. I see Mr. Fleisher coming. I must talk to my father and mother tonight. I must find out from them if this that I feel for you is love. I must find out from them if love that they probably professed to each other was a love that could carry them both through the tragic experiences which have culminated in the last few days, and still be real and true."

"My mother tactfully promised me, when she left me at the hospital door tonight, that she would go to my father's room before she went to sleep. I hope that when I get there I will find all is right between them, that I will find that what I am feeling for you tonight is what my mother felt for my father in the years gone by, when she was young."

"If I do, Gordon—well—well—wait, and trust me until tomorrow."

Tomorrow—More Than Money.

Cotton Used in Making Films
The leading film manufacturing plant in the United States makes about 150,000 miles of celloid film for the motion picture industry annually, or about 67,000,000 feet per month. Into this goes 5,000,000 pounds of cotton per year and about 150 tons of pure silver. Geo. Eastman first succeeded in making celloid photographic film in 1889

By George McManus

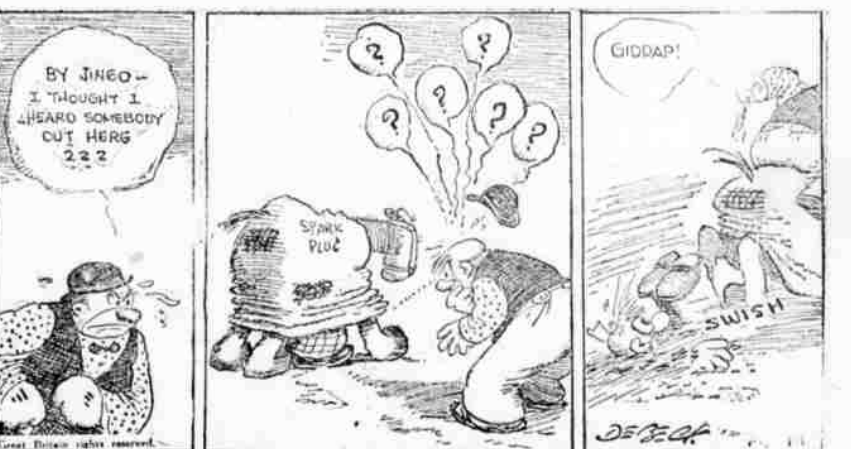
BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Almost Loses His Hide

By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

Starting the Year All Wrong

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

The Lion Tamers' Usher In 1925 In Their New Club House

By Bud Fisher

