

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fail.—11 Peter 1:10.

Three Valley Crops

Announcement that Bruce Cunningham, largest grower of loganberries in the valley, has plowed up his berryfield of 105 acres and abandoned an industry which five years ago netted him over \$500 an acre, signalizes the passing of what promised to be the valley's most profitable crop, one that had attracted national attention and for which there seemed a wonderful future.

The loganberry has not yet recovered from the demoralization following the agricultural collapse of 1920-1. After-the-war inflation had sent prices to a height that caused a buyers strike and in the ensuing depression, canneries, processing and juice manufacturing plants throughout fruit districts were forced into bankruptcy and the loganberry hardest hit of all, lost the national market created by widespread publicity.

Since then the loganberry grower has had a hard time to dispose of his output at a profit, and the acreage is being gradually reduced as growers become discouraged and drop out. As the crop is cut, the surplus will be wiped out, and the prices will become better, even if without systematic effort to restore the industry.

The loganberry will be stabilized and take its place with the raspberry, the blackberry and the strawberry, as a profitable crop, under the economic law of supply and demand, though it will probably never yield the fortunes promised and actually made during the great loganberry boom of a few years ago.

There is another of our most profitable crops in which many fortunes have been made, also going the way of the loganberry—the hop industry.

The Willamette valley is peculiarly fitted by nature for the production of hops, hops sought the world over because unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Hops have been as ideal a crop for our river bottom lands, subject to annual overflow, as the loganberry for our uplands.

The Volstead act, which forbids the production of beer, for which hops are used almost exclusively, is responsible for the destruction of the great hop industry of the valley. The acreage in hops has shrunk to a third of its former size and is diminishing yearly. Were it not for the foreign demand, a demand much curtailed by embargoes by governments in favor of home industry, this only remaining market would be lost. Only the clandestine illegal operations of breweries in the east, defying the Volstead act, and the pound package demand, both limited, remain to create an American hop market.

Modification of the Volstead act, to permit making light wines and beer, would save the hop industry and stimulate the berry industry by offering a market for surplus fruit for wine—but while likely to come eventually, it is distant at present.

What are we going to get to replace the loganberry and the hop to provide a profitable crop for our farmers and factories for our cities, and fill the gaps caused by their loss? What other crop can the valley produce, for which it is ideally situated with superior climatic advantages? There is but one, that we know of, and that is flax.

Flax grown in the Willamette valley is as superior to other flax as our hops are superior to other hops and it is demonstrated that linens made from it cannot be excelled anywhere in the world.

A market for flax products is assured as the United States imports annually over \$100,000,000 linen products. The industry cannot be overdone, as but few places can raise flax fit for fibre.

Flax then, points the way to our salvation, the eventual creation of a vast textile industry in the valley to furnish a market for our farmers and payrolls for our city, and prosperity for all.

The way to start this needed industry is to build the proposed linen mill and you can do your share by subscribing to its stock, and thus secure one profitable crop to replace the two no longer profitable.

Older Girls to Hold Next Conference In Eugene; Pick Heads

Eugene was yesterday selected for the annual Older Girls' conference in 1926. Dates for the conference were tentatively set at the week end following Easter. It is hoped to hold three conferences in Oregon instead of one, considerable difficulty being experienced in traveling from all parts of the state to one place of meeting. If present plans of those in charge of the conference are carried out two other cities in Oregon will be selected as meeting places. A morning watch was held at 6:30 Sunday morning. A talk, "Who Are My Sisters?" given by Miss Sumie Yamamoto at this time, was declared to one of the outstanding features of the conference. The speaker, a native of Japan, has been in the United States for 12 years, and is a student of Linfield college. Miss Oral Henthorne, pastor's assistant at the First Presbyterian church of Portland, read the last chapter, "The Life of Christ," at yesterday morning's meeting. Miss Anna Perachovich, an Alaskan Indian, related an account of the situation in the Prince of Wales islands of Alaska.

Kathryn Beeley of Eugene high school, Miss Anna Perachovich, now living at Chomawa, Miss Mary Cole of Monmouth, Miss Susie Church of Salem, Miss Ruth E. Ross of Salem, Miss Esther Schoester of Linfield college and Miss Esther Manner of Portland. The two Salem girls are students in Willamette university. Alternates chosen were Miss Eleanor Eastman of Portland, Miss Nettie Singleton of Portland, and Miss Sumie Yamamoto of Linfield college. Three of the delegates are to have their expenses paid; the rest go at their own expense. Officers for the coming year, elected Saturday night, are as follows: Miss Ruth E. Ross of Salem, senior in Willamette university, president; Miss Dorothy Shaw of Portland, vice-president; Miss Nettie Singleton of Portland, secretary-treasurer. Miss Susie Church of Salem, junior in Willamette, is the retiring president. A series of resolutions were adopted before adjournment yesterday.

Oppose Passport System. Washington, April 20.—The desire of the Washington government to abolish passport visa fees for all except immigration passports has been communicated to all countries by the state department.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

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 uninterrupted. 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.

HORIZONTAL

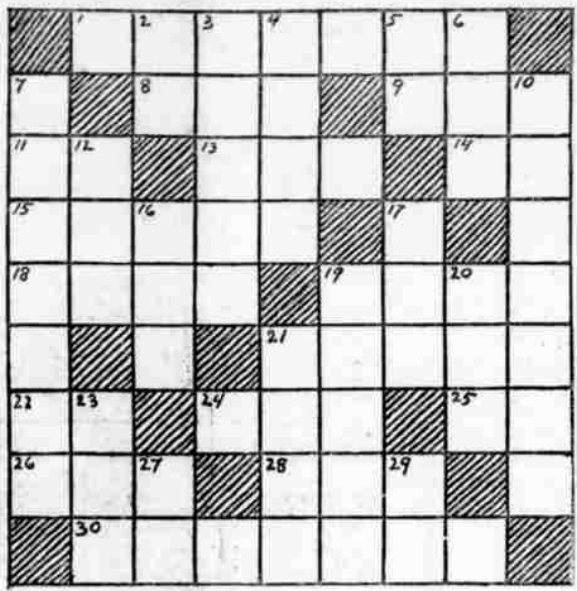
1. Switched
8. Single
9. Perceived
11. Preposition
12. A jackdaw
14. Doubly (prefix L.)
15. Mistle made from apples
18. Destroy
19. To lure
21. Suffered
22. Fullness (sb.)
24. Huge snake
25. Director (sb.)
26. At once
28. A rounded mass
30. Having a beard

VERTICAL

2. Exclamation
3. Beneath
4. Not far
5. Suffix (used to form plurals)
6. Fatlier
7. Service held at night
10. Coldest season of year (pl.)
12. Expression of impatience
16. Opposite of night
17. Remote
19. Plank
20. Indiana (sb.)
21. Coarse rustic
23. Steal
27. Pronoun
29. Exist

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

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



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Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life
By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

THE CURSE OF GOLD

"Yes that does sound silly little," Ovid Marchmont said when Little intimated he stood ready to help Mrs. Vail out of her financial difficulties. "Melisay knows that I would be very glad to help her by placing every cent of my resources at her disposal but she has declined peremptorily to borrow a dollar. "She also told me that Harold had advised not to borrow from friends or relatives. "In that he is right," said Nonnie unexpectedly. "I know that if I were in her position that I would take financial assistance only from strangers. I have known more friendships blasted and more families broken up by muddled money transactions than from any other cause. "I am afraid Harold has frightened mother into thinking that way, for she will not take back even the property she has just given me and she is rather stubborn about it. "Just then Mrs. Vail came into the dining room with a smiling "Good morning" and produced that awkward silence that always follows the unexpected entrance of the person under discussion. Waiting until she was seated Mr. Marchmont said, "Melisay, would you congratulate me?" "Oh, they put out the fires before they reached your wells," exclaimed Mrs. Vail. "I saw by the papers last night that there was grave danger of the flames reaching your wells. I do congratulate you, Ovid, with all my heart. "Again everybody was uncomfortably silent. Little felt an hysterical desire to laugh, and then he turned a desire to cry, for she knew that her mother had not the slightest notion why Uncle Ovid wished to be congratulated. She wondered if it were possible that her mother were one of those women who might not love a man well enough to marry him, yet who would be extremely jealous of any other woman. She began to be very sorry for her mother who had lost not only a large part of her wealth but the man who had been devoted to her for as long that she had probably grown to feel him indispensable in her scheme of life. "Mother," she interposed, wishing to get the whole thing over as soon as possible, "Uncle Ovid is not asking your congratulations on the saving of his oil wells although the morning paper says they have been saved. He is asking your congratulations on his approaching marriage. "Mrs. Vail turned pale. She looked uncertainly first at Marchmont and then at Miss Norton. "It is—" she began hesitatingly. "Yes, mother, it is Nonnie." "Then I do congratulate you, Ovid, with all my heart. Nonnie is perhaps the one woman in all the world that I could see you marry with the sure conviction that she will make you happy the remainder of your life. "Antoinette, you are indeed fortunate. Fate has given you the one man I know, pur sans reproche. "She turned her head quickly. "Isn't that Harold going out on the platform? Please give me the pleasure of telling your happiness to him." Mrs. Vail arose from her chair hastily and left the room. From

where she sat Little could see the side of her face and knew that the tears had begun to course down her cheeks. She was sure, however, that the others had not noticed them. "I don't hear Harold go out," said Marchmont innocently. At this the two women exchanged a glance of comprehension and Little again remarked that Nonnie was a very understanding woman. Mrs. Vail did not make her appearance at luncheon. She sent word that she was very busy, getting her things in shape so that she could go directly to her lawyers from the train when she reached Los Angeles. Neither was Harold Kennedy seen by any of the party. He told Mr. Marchmont who knocked at his door to inquire if he were ill that he had some important papers to look over and sign before he reached home. Little left the newly engaged pair to themselves directly after breakfast and retired to her room where she was soon making up for her sleepless night. She told Nonnie who came to her just before luncheon that she was going to stay in her room to sleep until they arrived at the station. "I am just beginning to know that I am frightfully tired as well as sleepy," she said. "I am quite sure that I shall not be missed. With mother and Harold and Uncle Ovid and you, you ought to know, Nonnie there is no place for me."

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Solves the Rent Problem

By Billy de Beck

KRAZY KAT

The Kop's Helping Hand

By Herriman

MUTT AND JEFF

Mutt Flashes a Bit of Trick Stuff on the Baseball Fans

By Bud Fisher