

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

And I will strengthen them in the Lord; and they shall walk up and down in his name, saith the Lord.—Zechariah 10:12.

British Protect Hops

Winston Churchill, chancellor of the exchequer, under the new conservative government of Great Britain has announced in the House of Commons that he intends to put an import duty of 17.14 cents per pound on hops entering the United Kingdom from the United States, effective on the expiration of the British hop control next August.

The tariff, if it goes into effect, is intended to increase government revenues as well as protect British hop-growers and is so high as to be practically prohibitive and thus destroy the only remaining market for American hops.

In deserting their free trade policy and resorting to a protective tariff, the British are taking a leaf from American policy and giving the United States a dose of the medicine we have doled out to Europe for many decades. The result will be to raise the price of hops to the brewers, who pass it on to the consumer, so everybody is penalized except the British hop-grower. That is the principle of the tariff.

Our hop growers have always clamored for a tariff on hops and always had one to protect them from European competition, despite the fact that Europe has always furnished a good market for American hops and since prohibition almost the only market. A tariff upon those products for which we find a market abroad, is the height of political bunk—yet the farmer always falls for it, even though it forces him to pay high prices for everything he buys and puts nothing in his pocket.

The resentment American hop-growers will feel against Great Britain for placing a high duty on hops, will be but a faint reflection of the world-wide resentment cherished against the United States for its tariff policy, which bars foreign products and hence keeps Europe from paying her war debts in the only way they can be paid. As a fomentor of international ill-will and cause of war, the tariff cannot be excelled.

This proposed British tariff emphasizes the need of securing another profitable crop in the Willamette valley to eventually replace the Oregon hop, and no crop promises as much as flax. The tariff should be a stimulant in financing the linen mill, so as to secure an assured market for the flax.

The Iodine Cure

One of the recent re-discoveries of medical science is that iodine is a cure for goitre, which is an enlargement of the thyroid, the most important of the little understood ductless or "endocrine" glands, which play such a vital part in our bodily and mental life. Goitre is not only ugly and likely to interfere with breathing, but the consequent disarrangement of the thyroid menaces the health and mentality, not only of the sufferer but of future generations. When this gland fails in a future mother, the child is likely to be a cretin, dwarfed, deformed, and imbecile. Go out to the feeble-minded institution, if you want to see some.

Goitre is caused by a lack of essential chemicals in drink or diet, and it has been pretty well determined, by experiments, that the needed chemical is iodine of which our modern food supplies little. Uncooked green leaves, the entire grain of wheat and other sources supply iodine, but we are careful not to utilize them. It has been conclusively demonstrated since 1917 that iodine is not only a preventative but a cure in most goitre cases.

The ancient Greeks treated goitre by administering the ashes of seaweed—and iodine is their principal ingredient. Iodine was recognized a century ago as a cure, as proven by an essay upon the subject published by W. Gairdner, M. D., in London, 1824. How it ever came into disuse is one of the mysteries of medical fashion.

Iodine is now administered by adding to drinking water, two American cities thus treating the water supply, or to the table salt, or to children's sweetmeats, or in volatile form to the air. Where utilized, the birth of cretins has ceased. Its most popular form is in a chocolate preparation, used in Switzerland. The cost is infinitesimal and the use beneficial, even when goitre has not developed.

CHINESE DOMINATE IN TAHITI ISLANDS

Papeete, Tahiti—It seems to be increasingly evident that the destiny of these islands is to become Chinese in the not distant future. A steady immigration from China, together with a heavy birth rate among those already in the colony, indicates an early preponderance of Chinese over the remnants of the native race.

Gradually but surely native lands are passing to Chinese ownership. The vanilla industry is already under their control. It is only a matter of time, in the opinion of all observers, when the whole commerce of the colony will be theirs.

MONUMENT HONORS CALIFORNIA PADRE

San Fernando, Cal.—Another chapter of the story inscribed in the crumbling remains of a chain of 21 missions, the earliest of which were founded more than a century and a half ago in California, will be written soon with the unveiling at the San Fernando mission of a monument to Father Junipero Serra, Spanish missionary who established the mission. The statue, depicting the missionary father leading a shy Indian boy into the realm of Christianity, is of bronze and is seven feet six inches in height. It is the work of Mrs. Sally James Farnham, New York sculptress.

TO GHEER SWEDEN PATIENTS

Stockholm, Sweden.—The hospital wards of Sweden will no longer be mere "military deserts," and the eyes of patients will not be wearied by staring at the desolate leaves of absence.

SUPPORT OF BRITISH COLLEGES IS URGED

London, Eng.—A splendid way to bring about a better understanding between the United States and England would be to send all the wealthy men of the British Isles to America for the purpose of acquiring the knack of making frequent and liberal donations to educational institutions. A. L. Fisher, member of parliament, told members of the English speaking union at a luncheon recently at which he was the guest of honor.

URGE CURBING OF CHILD MARRIAGES

New York.—There is need for important reforms in the marriage laws and their administration, either or both, in practically every state in the United States, according to a 150-page report on "Child Marriages" issued here today by the Russell Sage Foundation as the result of a several years' investigation extending to 30 cities in practically every section of the country.

WAR ROMANCES FIZZLE OUT

Viennoa.—It has been estimated that, of the marriages hastily contracted during the war, 80 per cent have resulted in divorce. Many of these romances began, and culminated, when officers and men came home from the front on being wearied by staring at the desolate leaves of absence.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- Anglo Saxon (ab.)
- One who has charge of a publication
- Textile fabric with corded surface
- Taking a rate of interest beyond what the law allows
- To absorb
- Reformed Episcopal (ab.)
- Egypt (ab.)
- Roman Emperor
- Car
- Virginia (ab.)
- New
- Come to fruition
- Imperfect of arise
- Arkansas (ab.)
- Walking with long steps
- Steamship

VERTICAL

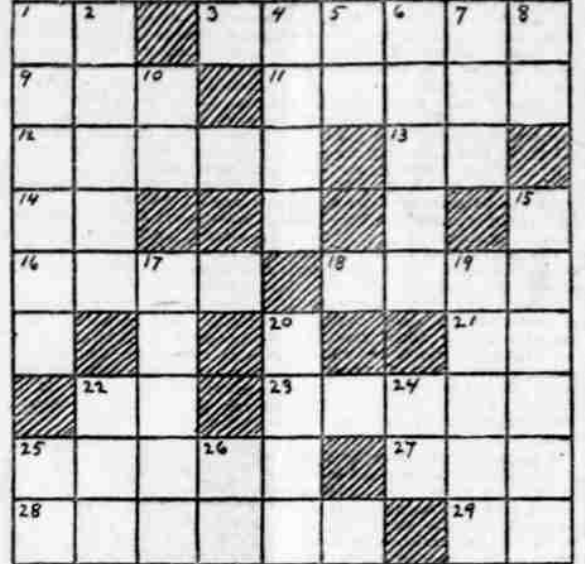
- Forest
- Dress material
- Nobleman of highest rank
- Has existence
- Revolves
- Oregon (ab.)
- Hallway (ab.)
- Philippine Islands (ab.)
- Antics
- Sailless ship, recent German invention
- Affairs
- Raised
- Dexterity
- Pennsylvania (ab.)
- Academy of science (ab.)
- South (ab.)

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

ANGER MET
NORN BANE
TOO LENDS
NO UST
R MARCH S
US C AS
S INCH LEA
TRIO OVEN
YET TREND

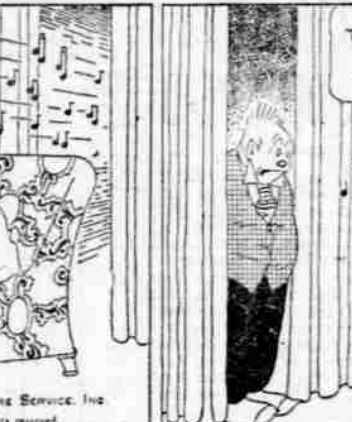
HOW TO SOLVE THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE

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.

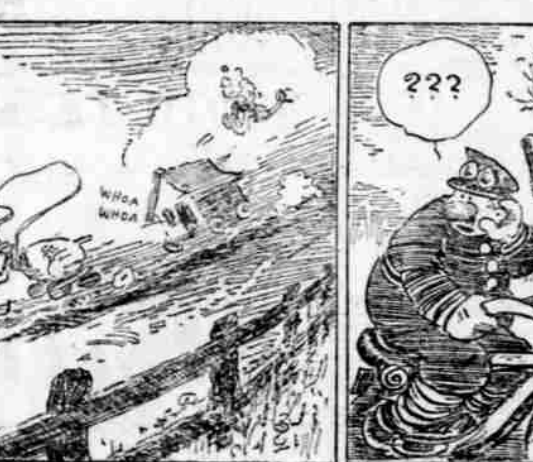


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BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG



KRAZY KAT



The Inquisitive Mouse



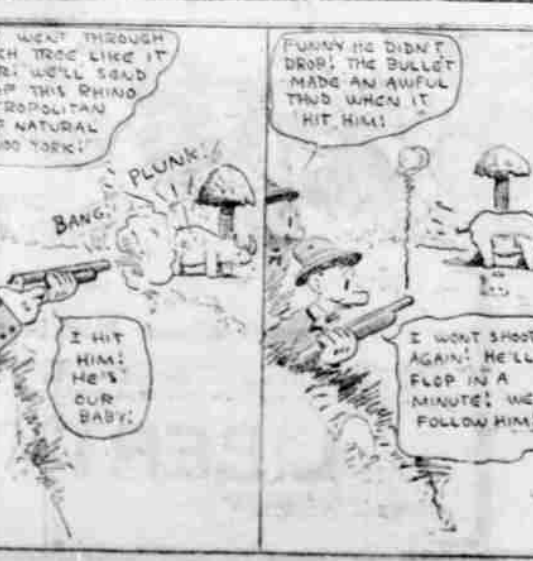
MUTT AND JEFF



MUTT AND JEFF



The Rhino Thought the Bullet was a Flea Alighting on his Back



URG CURBING OF CHILD MARRIAGES



My Matrimonial Vacation

by Violet Dare

He was old enough to be my father, and I didn't like him particularly well. But in the game which I'd entered because I was a beggar, I must take what comes my way. And he could be useful to Virginia and me.

"I'd love to go," I told him, with a smile. "But how could I be lonely for anyone else when I'm with you?"

He was grinning fatuously as we got into his car.

Virginia had tried her best to impress me with the necessity of being nice to our landlord, Frank Harrison.

"He's giving us this apartment at a very low rate," she told me. "Otherwise we never could afford to live in such a smart neighborhood. And he's done a great deal of redecorating for us that wasn't called for at all. So be nice to him."

I hate this "being nice to" anybody with a lively sense of humor. But of course it was all in the day's work to be pleasant to Mr. Harrison. So as we drove along to the smart supper club that he had selected I did what I could. That is, I played chords while he talked. We had plenty of opportunity, as traffic near the open house was terrific, and the club we were going to was in the fifties, blocks away.

He was quite impressed with his own importance, which I wouldn't have minded so much if he hadn't insisted on talking about it.

But it was even worse when he tried to come down to what he considered my level, and tried to be jolly and full of fun and slang.

"Guess we'll show 'em all right, won't we?" he remarked, as we reached the club, and he helped me out of the car. "I'm crazy about dancing—'hot dog!'"

I sighed and wished I were home in bed. Just the first of my impossible wishes for the evening! The club was to be a big old house, the front of which had been left just as it was. Usually they do these places over with Italian looking awnings or Russian insignias on the front, which belong to the houses about as much as spaghetti on Irish stew.

A colored butler ushered us in and when we had left our wraps we went to the toll room, a charming place with beautiful crystal chandeliers. The atmosphere was perfect, really that of a party in a private house. The small tables were in what had been the drawing room and library. The club was very exclusive. Frank Harrison assured me—no one had to be passed by the directors to get in.

I simply adored it. I began to be happier. After all, I knew that I looked nice, in my new frock of pink and silver, and the orchids Frank Harrison had sent me were gorgeous, and life might be worth giving even if my husband had chosen to desert me!

I smiled at Harrison, not because I cared anything about him but just because I felt happy. But of course he took it to himself—men always do.

"How about champagne?" he asked as the waiter passed beside our table. I wondered if I'd ever know him well enough to tell him to go ahead and order expensive things without making such a point of it. I agreed and suggested some other things, not that I

was hungry, but I knew that he'd probably pick just the wrong ones, and the waiter was looking at me so superciliously that I felt I couldn't stand that.

"And now let's dance," urged Harrison. "That's some music! He loves me, baby, this is going to be one great big night!"

If only he wouldn't talk that way! He was not so bad when he was just himself—I suppose he thought he was being adorable. We began to dance and I saw that I was in for it. He did everything but count. So I showed him a step or two; that meant that we all but stood still in one spot on the floor—he was inclined to go in for long glides and a sort of half-stimpy, and I hated being made conspicuous in a place like that.

"Awful conservative, aren't you?" he remarked, as the music stopped. "I thought all youngsters like you were crazy about the shimmy and the Chicago and dances like that."

I wanted to tell him that the latest fad dance was the Charleston and that one didn't do that, but decided that I didn't know him well enough. And the piano floor did seem like the way he was dancing.

Our supper was on the table when we returned to it, and I was glad. Anything to keep us from dancing any more. I thought of my nice Jim and how wonderful he danced—oh, well, he was spent long ago. I'd across the country, probably holding Claire's hand by this time and telling her how beautiful she was, while he, my husband, played poker in the smoker! A man at the supper table of a smart dance club is worth half a dozen on a train that's hundreds of miles away and going in the opposite direction.

Woolworth Store Sells Wildroot
The Woolworth 5 and 10 Store has just received new stock of Wildroot Hair Tonic and Wildroot Liquid Shampoo as advertised in National magazine.—Adv.

By George McManus

By Billy de Beck

By Herriman

By Bud Fisher