

# Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

## BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

And will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.—II Corinthians 6:18.

## Replace the Resources

The most important feature in connection with the proposed linen mill is the necessity of providing a profitable crop for farmers as well as a manufacturing industry for the city. This is stressed by T. A. Livesley, one of the largest investors in the project, in a letter to the Oregon Voter as follows:

Oregon is only holding her balance by a little in her favor, from the natural resources which are going out at the rate of sixty-six million per annum, and what will be her condition when the lumber is exhausted? Is it not time that we looked for something else? You can recollect when Oregon produced 150,000 bales of hops, which was a big industry, that has largely been taken away from us by adverse legislation on, and millions of private and foreign capital have been confiscated in consequence, and the press came out and said loganberries would take the place of hops. They have come and gone. We had the dehydrated vegetables, which were advocated very extensively by the press, and this has practically gone out of business, for lack of a market. But here is a proposition that has stability, that is protected by a tariff. We are importing \$100,000,000 of linen annually, and we are convinced that Oregon can grow a large quantity of very fine flax. This industry will open up a business that will equal our lumber industry, and will be here after our lumber industry has passed.

It is the necessity for developing a new agricultural and manufacturing industry, one for which the Willamette valley is peculiarly naturally adapted, one that will furnish a home market for farm products as well as home payrolls that has led far-sighted and public-spirited citizens to attempt to finance the proposed linen mill, to the end that the valley may eventually develop a great textile industry.

No more important project has ever been before the state, especially important to the farmer, whose greatest need is a crop that can be raised at a profit with an assured market, yet we fail to observe any support for the enterprise from our so-called state agricultural college, altho there is no better way that agriculture could be served. If there are any experimental flax farms, we have not heard of them, and there is no effort to aid in financing the project at Corvallis.

## "We are Tired"

Symptomatic of the growing revolt among university students against the exultation and commercialization of college football, we quote the following from the Daily Northwestern of Northwestern University which predicts that "many, many years after the Senate has come to the support of the League of Nations", the students will rise up and say:

- We are tired!
- We are tired of this everlasting blah-blah about a winning football team.
- We are tired of having a football coach who trains forty men and receives as large a salary as four instructors who teach one particular subject to 500 students.
- We are tired of having alumni come back and say what a fine halfback there is in Podunk High school and can't we find a job for him.
- We are tired of this stadium bunk whereby 50,000 spectators watch twenty-two men—or rather employes—battle for supremacy.
- We are tired of being told that Northwestern needs more men.

One of the best things about Willamette University is that it has no winning football team, and probably never will have, to demoralize its students, who have a serious purpose in life and attend to secure an education and not to play games or witness spectacles.

However the influence of commercialized college athletics has spread to the high schools, where its influence is much more pernicious as the pupils have neither the judgment nor perspective of college students, so the reaction is more injurious both to the student body and the athlete.

## HINDENBURG INAUGURATED AS PRESIDENT

(Continued from page one)

monwealth; to perform my duties conscientiously, and to deal justly with all."

To this he added the religious affirmation "So help me God," thereby setting a new precedent for German presidents.

Herr Doobe addressed the field marshal briefly expressing the hope that during his administration the economic reconstruction of Germany which had been begun under President Ebert would be continued as well as the policy of mutual understanding in the formulas which had been successfully initiated so that the terrible consequences of the war would gradually be removed.

In acknowledging Herr Loeb's greetings, President Hindenburg referred especially to the "republican constitution of August 11, 1919," adding, "the reichstag and the reich president belong together as both are elected by direct vote of the people."

The president's voice as he replied to Herr Loeb was firm and resonant. He said he had solemnly, on his word as a man, taken the oath of the constitution and he would again affirm that he would devote himself to the task of uniting the German people.

The ceremony concluded with President Loeb calling for three cheers for the German republic. Those the captives gave enthusiastically rising from their seats.

After the conclusion of the program in the reichstag, President Hindenburg left the chamber accompanied by all the cabinet ministers. Then in the presence of a large crowd outside the reichstag building he took a salute from a regiment of "Deutschland Uber Alles."

After reviewing the regiment of reichwehr President Von Hindenburg re-entered his motor car and accompanied by Chancellor Luther rode to the executive mansion between two squadrons of cavalry.

The streets were lined with thousands of cheering persons as the new executive drove by. When the president arrived at the German "White House" he was received by a crowd of several thousand and again the "Deutschland Uber Alles" was struck up.

"Down with monarchism, long live the soviet republic!" was the

raised by the communist agitators as the president-elect entered the reichstag chamber. They withdrew immediately afterward and the rest of the ceremony proceeded without a hitch.

The president-elect left the chancellor's palace where he had spent the night at about 11:45 a. m. for the reichstag building where the inaugural ceremony was held.

At the door of the reichstag building Von Hindenburg was greeted by the vice-presidents and the administrative director who conducted him to the waiting Herr Loeb. The marble steps leading to the chamber were decorated with deep blue hydranges, the new president's favorite flower, with laurel trees on either side.

At noon Von Hindenburg, accompanied by Loeb entered the chamber which was bare of decorations except around the president's table. Behind the president's chair hung a huge tapestry bearing the German coat of arms, which encased in laurel wreaths interwoven with the republican colors of red, white and gold.

The president's table at which Von Hindenburg stood while being sworn into office was covered with a large republican flag and was flanked on either side by hydranges.

The inauguration took place in the presence of the members of the reichstag, whose socialist members wore red carnations.

## NEW INCORPORATIONS

Under the bills act the following permits were issued:

Notice of a decrease in capital from \$200,000 to \$275,000 was filed by the Home Independent company of La Grande.

Notice of a decrease in capital from \$50,000 to \$10,000 was filed by the Badley-Smith Motor company of Portland.

The Wood's company, Portland, to sell 5500 shares of non-par value stock and \$950,000 in preferred stock.

Farmers Loans & Mortgage company, Portland, to operate as stock brokers.

Notice of an increase in capital from \$500,000 to \$500,000 was filed by the Guaranty Oil company of Oregon, of Eugene.

Notice of an increase in capital from \$25,000 to \$150,000 was filed by the Grand-Morrison company of Portland.

# TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

D	A	N	T	E	R	I	N	G
U	N	I	O	R				
J	N	E	O	B	A			
L	I	B	R	A	T	I	O	N
D	O	I						
I	N	T	E	R	E	S	T	S
N	O	B	V	A	O			
G	O	O	I	A	N			
S	H	I	N	G	L	E	R	S

## 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 spaces remain uninterruptedly.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8						
9						
10						
15						
18	19	20				
21						
22						
23						
24						
25						

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### HORIZONTAL

- Those who grapple
- To move rapidly by one's own energy
- To cut slightly and suddenly
- America (ab.)
- To move with a lever
- Master of Arts (ab.)
- Unlighted
- An elf
- Suffix used to form comparative degree
- Humor
- To speak
- Everybody
- Viciousness

### VERTICAL

- Vastness
- Strong drink
- Indefinite article
- Tract of land used for recreational purposes
- 14th letter of alphabet
- Edible
- Scarcity
- Prefix before (as in time, etc.)
- Cut down
- Forelimb of bird adapted for flying
- Knock lightly
- An ell-shaped addition to house
- Year (ab.)
- None

## BRINGING UP FATHER

## BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

## KRAZY KAT

## MUTT AND JEFF

# My MATRIMONIAL VACATION

by Violet Dare

**BEARING THE LION**

I didn't tell Virginia anything about my previous meeting with her brook—after all, it would mean so much explaining, and I've found that it's better never to explain things if you can possibly get out of it. If I told her that I'd had so that I wouldn't have to dine with her and Frank Harrison, and gone into the house of a perfect stranger when he opened the door, rather than tell Frank that I hadn't told him the truth, matters would be so complicated!

So I just said that the man had been awfully nice, and that he had been going to carry her account a bit longer and was sure the stock would go up and she wouldn't lose it and wouldn't have to put any more money up in order to hold it. "That's wonderful!" she said. "A pretty girl can do anything! Haven't I always told you that?"

She had, of course. I went to my own room, feeling tired and discouraged and rather cynical. What a world—there one's own mother urged one to go out and try to get the most out of men that way! I wished with all my heart just then that I'd gone to the Philippines with Jim; even if he did care more for another woman than he did for me, I wouldn't have had to do the sort of thing!

I dressed for the party that evening rather indifferently, not caring much how I looked. Virginia came in just as I finished, and made me to my hair over again and put on another frock.

"Sometimes you seem to take actual pleasure in looking just as dowdy as possible!" she stormed. "Don't you know that the very time when you look your worst is likely to be the one when your appearance counts most?"

I didn't say anything, it's impossible to argue with Virginia. Of course, she thought she was giving me good advice. But for about the millionth time in my life I wished that I'd had a different kind of mother.

I wished that we had in America a custom that is frequently followed abroad, where mothers sometimes change children for a year or so. An English girl I'd known at school had been sent, when she was twelve, to stay with a Swiss family in their home, and her daughter of about the same age had come to her. Except for occasional visits at home she had stayed there for three years.

She told me that when she finally went home to stay she met her parents on a new footing. She got acquainted with them all over again. As a result, her mother was a companion to her, rather than a grown-up person whom she had to mind. She said that it was an experience she wouldn't have missed for the world.

If only I'd had three years with another kind of woman, instead of Virginia!

The party was going full tilt when I arrived. A girl's voice floated out to me as the butler opened the door; she was singing a silly little song that hadn't any end, and through the doors leading to the living room I could see a man playing the piano. I paused a moment in the doorway, looking at the guests over before any of them saw me. Nobody that I knew, except the host—and I hardly knew him. Just one more New York party!

"Oh—the lovely lady!" The young man who'd been playing rushed over to me. "Welcome home." Some gorgeous dance mu-

sic came over the radio at that moment, and he put his arm around me. "Come on, wide-eyed child, let's dance—we can be introduced later."

"As it happened, we weren't, but that didn't matter. I felt quite sure that I'd never want to see him again. I didn't care for any of the women; they seemed to me to be decidedly decreed. And the men didn't act as if they had much respect for them, but of course they'd do that even at the nicest parties nowadays."

Mr. Jordan drew me aside after that dance saying that he wanted to have a talk with me.

"Some of these people are leaving before long, and then we'll really have a good time," he said. "Along about four o'clock the party ought to get well started."

"Oh, but—I'll have to go before then," I protested.

"Indeed you won't. Listen, my child—you're not going to walk out on me after what I did for you this morning, are you?"

I liked him less than ever then. A gentleman wouldn't have reminded me of it, I told myself—but then, a lady wouldn't have allowed him to help her. I was as bad as he was.

"Not if you want me to stay," I told him. After all, I could slip away when he didn't notice my going.

The party got rowdier and rowdier as it got smaller. I told myself that I simply must leave. And there was no chance. Mr. Jordan made it impossible for me to slip away.

Finally I managed to slip away to the telephone in the hall. I called a number that was blazoned across the top of the 'phone book. "I want to report a book—" I cried in anguished tones when I got it. "This is number 50-and-so Park Avenue—sent the engine quick!"

Ten minutes later three of them had arrived, siren whistles shrieking. Everything was confusion. I grabbed the butler, made him get my coat, and left in the midst of the tumult without being noticed.

Tomorrow—A Strange Encounter.

By George McManus

By Billy de Beck

By Herriman

By Bud Fisher