

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Thou shalt keep therefore his statutes, and his commandments, which I command thee this day, that it may go well with thee, and with thy children after thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days upon the earth, which the Lord thy God giveth thee, for ever.—Deuteronomy 4:40.

The Loganberry

Those who have thought the day of the loganberry past, have another guess coming, according to official figures of the northwest fruit and vegetable pack for 1924. These show that not only were more loganberries canned last year than in previous history, but that more were canned than apples or pears, and more than blackberries, strawberries and raspberries combined.

In 1924, there were 366,073 cases of loganberries canned and all sold as against 226,673 in 1923, 268,304 in 1922, 227,482 in 1921, 195,075 in 1920 and 204,022 in 1919. Last year the total pack of blackberries was 170,677 cases of strawberries 91,103 cases, of raspberries 89,612.

The great bulk of loganberries have in the past, as with other berries, cherries, etc., been barreled, or dried, or used for juice, but the steady growth of the cannery output proves that the loganberry is here to stay and growing in favor as a canned product, and while the large grower perhaps cannot produce them profitably at prevailing prices, the small grower can and does. So the loganberry patch will remain as one of the assets of diversified farming.

Why Discrimination?

According to official figures, the Southern Pacific paid \$1,338,097.46 taxes in Oregon in 1924, or 3.14 percent of all taxes levied in the state, and 7.34 percent of the total taxes of counties in which it operates.

What did the motor truck and bus lines, which are traversing these same counties destroying the highways, pay? Nothing.

The Southern Pacific paid \$121,357.52 or 6.68 percent of the taxes in Marion county, \$40,773.83 or 7.17 percent of the taxes in Polk county, \$90,532.26 or 8.05 percent of the taxes in Linn county, and in some counties, like Douglas, it paid as high as 17.86 percent of the total tax.

What percent of the Marion or other county tax did the motor truck and auto bus lines that are destroying county as well as state highways pay? Not even one-half of one percent.

The Southern Pacific is only one of several railroads, such as the Oregon Electric, Union Pacific, Spokane-Portland & Seattle, etc., that pay taxes, furnish payrolls, and purchase, build and maintain their own rights of way for public service.

Motor truck and auto bus lines pay no taxes and build and maintain no right-of-way, but utilize the \$60,000,000 highway system of the state, which they are pounding to pieces at public expense for private gain.

Why should we soak the taxpaying railroads, who utilize their own property for public service and let off seat free non-taxpaying motor trucks and auto busses utilizing public property for private profit?

Why should anyone sign the petition to referend the proposed very light tax upon motor trucks and auto busses to provide a repair fund to partially make good destruction caused, and thus permit free destruction for two years more?

If you have signed this referendum petition, under misapprehension, request your name be eliminated.

Italy's Anniversary

Ten years ago today Italy entered the world war with a declaration against Austria, although bound by the triple alliance to assist Germany and Austria, a treaty which she had repudiated three weeks before.

Italy entered the war as a result of a bargain made with the allies. In addition to concessions agreed to by Austria, the allies promised Italy post-bellum sovereignty over Trieste, the larger part of the Dalmatian coast and the Duolacene in return for active cooperation against Austria. These terms had been incorporated in the treaty of London signed May 9, 1915.

Though apparently actuated by greed rather than principle in joining the entente, it was really pressure of public opinion against Italy's traditional enemy, Austria, which forced the Italian government to enter the war, and naturally to make the best possible bargain for Italy in the process.

Italy's participation diverted from the French and Russian fronts a large part of the enemy's forces and hence had the effect of prolonging the struggle and exhausting the enemy, although the initial campaigns were failures and ended disastrously for Italy. However, in the final campaign, the Austrians were completely routed. During the conflict 5,720,000 Italians were mobilized, of which 460,000 were killed, 947,000 wounded and 1,393,000 taken prisoners, the total casualties being 2,800,000.

Torn between fascists and communists, ruled by a dictator, who has ruthlessly overridden the constitution and usurped power, Italy's hope for the future lies in the wisdom and sanity of her king, Victor Emmanuel, whose record bears out the pledge he made when he ascended the throne a quarter of a century ago upon the assassination of his father.

Unafraid and sure I ascend the throne, conscious of my rights and of my duties as a king. Let Italy have faith in me, as I have faith in the destinies of our country, and no human force shall destroy that which with self-sacrifice our fathers builded.

EWING PRESIDENT OF PRESBYTERIAN CLUB

At the annual meeting of the Men's club of the Presbyterian church Tuesday evening, the following new officers were elected: Archie Ewing, president; H. C. Davis, vice-president; Joseph Albert, treasurer; E. T. Prescott, secretary.

The meeting was presided over by the retiring president, John H. Scott. Rev. Long made an interesting review of the history of the organization. The regular business of the evening being disposed of the speaker for the evening, Charles E. Ward, pastor of the Congregational church, was introduced and spoke on the subject, "Is Prohibition a Failure?"

WEEKS TO REST 3 MONTHS

Washington, May 23.—(A. P.)—Secretary Weeks will spend three months resting in New England, expecting to return to his desk at the war department by September, fully recovered from an illness which began April 12. He left Washington for Boston last night to consult physicians regarding a possible operation to relieve him of gall bladder trouble which developed during his convalescence after a thrombosis attack.

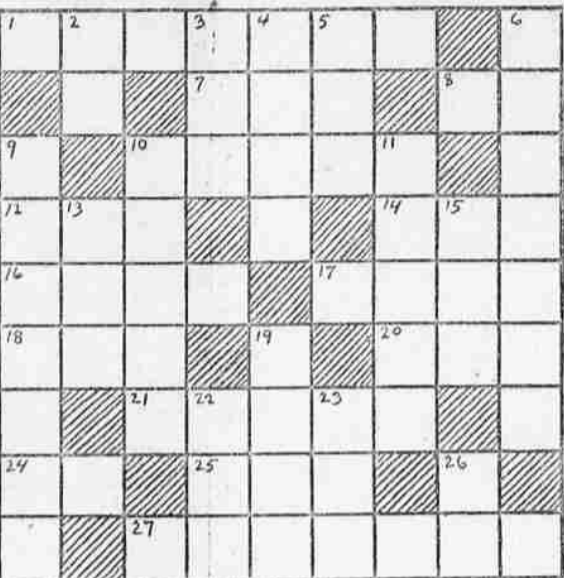
TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- Changing slowly and regularly
- Hostelry
- Anglo-Norman (ab.)
- Pointed rod for roasting meat (pl.)
- Liquid juice of plants
- Vehicle
- Not fast
- Small excrescence formed in the skin
- Ever (contr.)
- Man's name
- General course or direction
- Towards
- Sooner than
- One who speaks

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.



SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

WARDER GIB DO
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My Matrimonial Vacation

by Violet Dare

When I got Mr. Jordan on the telephone and told him who I was, he was even more surprised than I'd expected.

"Why, little Nancy!" he exclaimed. "How delightful! Are you going to be a sweet child and let me take you to luncheon?"

I had been called a "sweet child," especially by a man I hardly know. But then, it was all in a good cause, I reminded myself.

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm going to do," I told him. "I want you to give me some good advice."

"About your mother's investments?" he asked, his tone a bit colder.

"No, indeed—about a friend of mine and some affairs of the heart," I answered.

"Oh—that's more interesting. Come downtown at once, and I'll be waiting for you."

I couldn't help wondering what the people in his office thought. I was quite sure that the switchboard operator had listened while we talked; no doubt she thought I was just another of his chorus girl friends, trying to get him to do something for me.

I was not using Frank Harrison's car that day—I never used it when I could help it! I took the subway downtown and then took a taxi the few blocks to Mr. Jordan's office, so that I wouldn't have a big taxi bill to pay. I wouldn't have taken a cab at all but I was afraid that he'd be waiting at the door for me.

That was exactly what he was doing. I paid the man in a hurry and ran across the sidewalk to the door of the office building.

"Why didn't you wait and let me pay the cab?" he asked as we shook hands.

"Oh, I like to be independent," I told him. "That was true enough, though it's a luxury that I can't indulge in if much money is involved."

When he had ordered luncheon and had a cocktail, I began to tell him what I'd wanted to see him about. I didn't give any names, but my own wife was in—that she didn't get on well with her husband, who went around with other women and didn't appreciate her, that she was on the verge of divorcing him, and marrying a young houndier who would certainly take all her money and then leave her.

"And he may not even do that," I went on. "He may just involve her in some situation that makes it possible for him to blackmail her, and then make her pay him heavily, and go away. Of course, in a way that would be better, because if she marries him she's sure to be unhappy, but she is such a lovely person that I feel that I must save her from the whole thing. Let's think some way of doing it. Can't you help me?"

Now, he was like most men—the thought of beauty in distress attracted to him. If I had told him it was his own wife, he probably wouldn't have been so eager. But this unknown, beautiful woman brought out his sense of chivalry at once.

"If I were you, I'd let the young blackmailer involve her in this situation and then let the husband know. Make him come to the rescue," he advised. "If he does still care for his wife, as you say he does, that will be enough for him."

"Oh, that's exactly the thing to do," I exclaimed. "Of course—how clever you are!"

He smiled delightedly, and I wondered for the hundredth time why a man like him should be so susceptible to flattery.

He urged me to go driving with him that afternoon, but I had other irons in the fire. I rushed home, and found Virginia having tea with Frank Harrison. They assured me that they'd been just waiting for me—that they'd thought I might like to go with them to the Zuluaga exhibition later. That amused me—I wondered how long it would be before they would feel that they wouldn't make excuses for being interested in each other.

Virginia looked lovely. Nobody would have suspected that she was the mother of a grown-up daughter like me.

"Frank is entertaining non-ferrous friends from our town this evening, Nancy," she told me, as she poured some tea for me. "You arrange to come of course!"

"Oh, I'd love to, but—I really feel your expression that no other engagement could be made an excuse. I fell back on a time-honored white lie, hating myself for doing it, but telling myself that Nature's Jordan's happiness may be saved even if I did not trouble at home. I feel so perfectly worn out—have such a headache—am sure I'd be an addition to any party."

"She does look very pale," Frank Harrison said. "Perhaps would be better if she stays home tonight and get a good rest. I was grateful for that. But I'll slip out, after they had gone, slipped out, and joined Nath Jordan, Phil LeLand and Nick dinner. We went to the theater and then to one of the night club and of course the first person saw when I entered the club was Virginia. I hated to face her."

Monday—A Dangerous Game.

By George McManus

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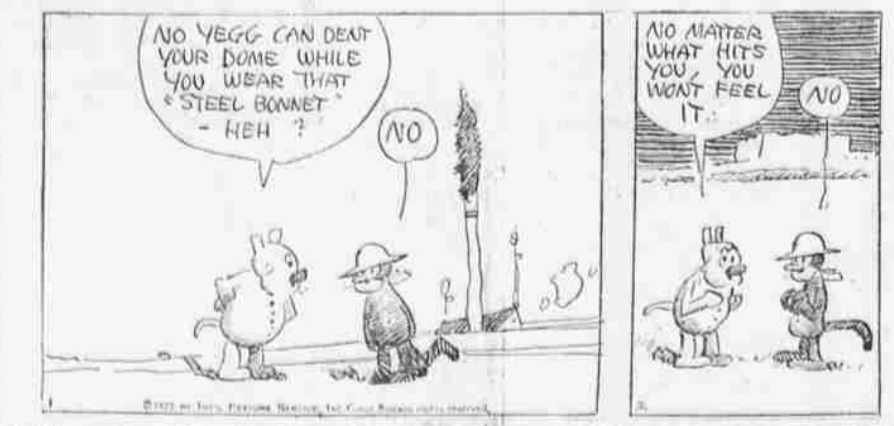
BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG



KRAZY KAT



MUTT AND JEFF



By George McManus

Barney's "Licked" Before the Race Starts. By Billy de Beck

Discarded Protection. By Herriman

MUTT AND JEFF. By Bud Fisher