

U. S. MONEY IS AT WORK ABROAD

\$18,000,000,000 Rebuilding Industry and Commerce.

JUST PLAIN BUSINESS PLAN

America, Greatest Debtor Nation in 1914, Now World's Largest Creditor — Private Citizens Sending Savings to Foreign Concerns and Drawing Big Returns — Building Packing Houses in South America and Sugar Mills in Cuba.

Approximately 18,000,000,000 of American dollars now are at work in foreign countries rebuilding industry, re-establishing commercial connections and earning substantial interest rates for their American investors. It is shown in data in possession of the Commerce and Treasury departments.

America, before the great war one of the world's biggest debtor nations, now stands at the head of the international financial list as the greatest creditor country.

American investors, small as well as large, are following the example established by their government when it loaned \$10,000,000,000 to the governments associated with it in the great war. American private citizens are sending their savings and their capital to private citizens and private concerns of foreign countries to swing business and commerce out of the world-wide economic depression.

Dollars earned and saved in this country are now flowing to Europe, Asia and South America to build manufacturing plants, rehabilitate railroads and canals, construct wharves and docks and erect warehouses so that the world's business and trade may be resumed in proportions greater than those of 1914.

American investors are taking advantage of legitimate business and commercial opportunities. There is no philanthropy about the matter. Millions invested abroad will bring millions plus more millions back to the United States. Farsighted business men of this country are helping the world's business back on its feet so that the world in turn may send orders for goods and interest on investments back to the United States.

At five per cent, the yield on America's investments abroad totals \$900,000,000 a year, which is a return of \$2,500,000 for each day of the year, including Sundays.

A steady stream of interest payments now are floating toward America, filling the pocketbooks and fattening the bank accounts of those thrifty persons who are taking advantage of international investment chances such as have presented themselves only once or twice in the world's history.

May Soon Have Bourse.
Establishment of a bourse to deal in foreign securities has been given consideration by some government officials. The proposal for the bourse was first voted by Eugene Meyer, managing director of the War Finance corporation. Meyer's proposal was for the setting up of a private house to enable Americans to buy foreign industrial and government issues. New York bankers showed keen interest in Meyer's suggestion.

Investments made in Europe and South America by Americans have averaged \$1,000,000 a day for the past 12 months. And the stream is getting bigger each day.

Since the outbreak of the great war private American citizens have purchased nearly \$3,000,000,000 worth of foreign securities, as well as \$4,000,000,000 worth of American securities which were repurchased from their foreign owners.

Another \$3,000,000,000 is piled on the foreign investment by the trade balance in favor of American manufacturers, producers of raw materials and exporters. Private American contractors now are creditors in large part for big lots of war materials delivered to foreign governments. The United States government, through the military and naval branches, is creditor of several foreign governments for nearly \$3,000,000,000 of surplus war material. And finally the government is creditor for \$10,000,000,000 worth of loans made during the great war with money first advanced by American citizens through the several issues of Liberty bonds and Victory notes.

In advancing money to foreign industries and governments, investors of the United States at this time are performing a service similar to that rendered this country by investors of Great Britain, France and Italy during the period of big development in the United States. After the Civil war the United States turned to the western states to build its continental railroads, open mines of copper, gold and silver, and construct great grain elevators.

Returning Favor Done in 1865.
There was in this country not enough capital to develop these industries or open the railroads to them. The pounds and francs of thrifty French, British and Belgian citizens flowed into the United States in millions, seeking profitable and safe return. The American dollar was "out" in the international exchange markets

JANE'S SHARK

By MARY A. MURDOCK.

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Jane's glance triumphantly swept the long stretch of deserted beach. Not a soul in sight! For an hour at least she might confidently expect to keep all this wonder to herself. Glee-fully she visioned the chagrin of Tom, not to mention her half-dozen other satellites, when they should have discovered her when they already taken her morning dip, without their ubiquitous ministrations.

It was five o'clock, and half an hour before sunrise. Jane waded out towards a not distant sand bar, her eyes fixed on the eastern sky, where the gray mist was parting, to reveal hidden color treasure of orange and gold. She felt suddenly awed. How big everything was! How tiny her hands seemed. Buoyed in front of her on the surface of the water. At that moment she half wished for a chance to snub the owner of a certain steadying if presumptuous arm, then shaking off the weakness and determined to glory in her new found freedom, she plunged, squealing irrepressibly, into an oncoming wave and swam with an even, sure stroke for the bar.

Once there, she turned to glance at the hotel, oddly somnolent in the half light, then with a superior sniff, intended for its lazy inmates, she stretched luxuriously on the sand and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the spectacle to the eastward. For a full half-hour she watched and marveled and dreamed. How trivial now seemed yesterday's preplexities and intrigues! Her unaccountably poor showing at the tennis tournament, that cataclysmic error which had caused her partner to view her in stunned surprise—how little such things really mattered. She remembered with a certain sense of shame the flirtations which had marked her stay at this most popular of beach resorts. What poor sport it was, after all. Henceforth she determined to repress the eternal Eve in her and to save her smiles for—him. And a delightful speculation gripped her as to who—he might be.

A cold tongue of water lapped her bathing slipper and she jumped up, shivering. The tide had risen. Jealous waves were already trying to edge her off her perch. She fussed with her cap in preparation for the swim back, pausing for a last look at the King of Day, now well over the rim of the world.

For a while she stood there, a charming figure in her modish sea suit, eyes agleam with youth's love of life, curling tendrils of gold whipping her creamy throat. Suddenly she stiffened and a sharp cry escaped her.

Cradled between two of the larger overlapping waves she had espied something sinister and white, a gleaming mass that moved and glowed in the long rays of the morning light. A sort of numbness seized her, as through her mind there flashed all the stories she had heard recounted of the white-bellied terror which many of the hotel habitués were reputed to have glimpsed thereabouts, always from the asylum of a dock.

Jane viewed despairingly the fast-diminishing strip of sand. Ten minutes at the most, and she would have to take her chances with the thing in the water. On the verge of fainting, she yet managed to find her voice. At first thin and weak, desperation lent it strength. A favoring breeze aided her, and the cry which roused half a hundred sleepy vacationists from their beds was that of "Tom!"

Tom heard with the rest, and not one of the wondering watchers saw anything grotesque in his pajama-clad figure, as it flew to the water's edge.

"Get a boat, Tom," Jane screamed, then toppled and fell.

But Tom didn't go back. A few minutes and he had in his arms a strangely docile Jane, who could only whisper faintly, "Tom, darling Tom," and who clung piteously to him.

As he swam back to the beach, now thronged with half-clad people, his precious burden held close, he was too deliriously happy to wonder why Jane, conceded the best swimmer in the crowd, had not dared negotiate the short distance. Time enough for explanations later—for the present life was very sweet, with that soft "Tom, darling Tom" in his ears.

Through a haze of joy, he was conscious that one of his vigorous strokes brushed away something which felt like seaweed, but which was apparently a white satin petticoat, and he wondered from whose closetline it was missing.

Movements of the Earth.
The continents stand at an average height of about 15,000 feet above the ocean bottom and their weights causing a pressure of 15,000 to 20,000 pounds per square inch on their bases is supposed to be causing a slow creeping of the land into the sea against the 5,000 pounds of pressure by the water at the bottom. The rocks of mines are observed to creep under less pressure. In recent experiments, two hemispheres of rock were fitted together by plane surfaces, and a cavity was ground in one or a steel washer was laid on it and the hemispheres were then forced together by hydraulic pressure continued for months, at room temperature. It was demonstrated that a pressure of 80,000 pounds per square inch will close even small cavities in granite, basalt, obsidian or limestone.

PROBLEM IN MASKS

By CAROLINE H. WILSON.

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"How utterly absurd," exclaimed Cecile, impatiently tossing her book onto the table.

"Why, what is absurd and what are you reading, anyway?" asked Florence. "The Masquerader," and it is preposterous to suppose that the wife of one man could mistake the other man for her own husband. It is ridiculous, I say."

"Oh, I don't know," said Florence. "I agree with Cecile," exclaimed Verona, a Western girl, and a pupil of Sargent's gymnastic school. "Some trick of speech, some mannerism, or peculiarity of deportment, would surely give one away."

"That's so," chimed in Rachel. "Just look at this room full of girls, for instance. No two of us are alike. Mary calls everyone 'my dear' and exclaims 'Oh, grief!' every time that anything goes wrong. Florence's pet expression is 'Gummy.' Cecile is generally mute. Maud could be identified anywhere by her laugh, and I suppose I have my share of peculiarities."

"Then Florence talks all the time and when no one else will listen to her talks to herself."

"Well," added Maud, coming to Rachel's defense, "you just try being somebody else, as Mr. Loder did, and you will notice those things."

"Gummy!" exclaimed Florence. "I have just the idea!" Then she paused. "Yes, I have it."

"Well, what is it?" asked Cecile, interested to see if anyone could solve the problem that had perplexed her.

"We will have a stunt show at dinner tonight, and impersonate each other. Then we will see if it changes Loder taking the place of Chilcote successfully."

"Agreed. We have half an hour to dress," said Maud, "so let us fly to our rooms."

It was planned that Maud was to take the part of Cecile, the quiet one, and the youngest of the college house family. Maud, the boisterous tomboy, who was fully 5 feet 9, was struggling into a shirtwaist of Cecile's. A short skirt, which came nearly up to her knees, completed the ludicrous effect.

Cecile, in her room before the mirror, had a very woe-begone countenance.

Florence came into the room laughing uproariously, perhaps rather overdoing the part of Maud. Maud, the tomboy, came in silently and slipped into Cecile's place. Her lips were tightly compressed to restrain from laughter.

That meal was a merry one. Florence, imitating Maud, who was always quoting Shakespeare, presumably to air her knowledge of Professor Klitledge and his English two-class, amused everybody.

Mary talked on every subject dear to a freshman, "cuts," "quizzes" and "summonses to the dean."

Rachel, trying to be Western, flatted her a's, rolled her r's, talked about cowboys and branding cattle, and finally waxed eloquent on woman's rights.

Verona, vainly trying to disguise her Western mannerisms, talked enthusiastically about the latest exhibition of pictures by a Spanish artist—in Boston.

"Well, one might for a very short time, if he was physically like the one he was impersonating. But I think it would be deadly wrong even if it were possible."

"Well, I still think it was right. Think of the relief to Chilcote's wife. And think of his power in Parliament, which Loder more than sustained," said Florence.

"A gentleman to see Miss Cecile," announced the maid at the door.

"I consider it an awful overthrow to the novel," said Maud, "but we've seen ourselves as others see us, at any rate."

Just then Cecile came back to the room, looking flushed and twirling a big diamond on her finger.

"Girls, I have changed my mind. It is possible and right to wear a mask. Mr. Morris says he asked me to be his wife because he thought me a sweet little thing, not too priggishly pedantic."

"Here! Here!" yelled Maud, at the top of her lungs. "And you graduating from Sanders' theater tomorrow with a magna cum laude and final honors to Latin and French, all covered in three years and a half! You deceiving little blue stocking!"

Just to Be Neighborly.
"My dear," said Mr. Bibbles, "I don't want to object to your friends, but Mrs. Woppit is quite impossible. I thought so, too, before I got well acquainted with her," replied Mrs. Bibbles, "but she is really quite a charming woman, and she tells me Mr. Woppit is an expert in making home brew." "Well, well, I guess we ought to be neighborly. We'll run over together this evening and ask how they are."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Under Radio Guidance.
It is now possible to send a crewless vessel as far as radio impulses will carry. The same means can be used in sending a giant torpedo against a foe regardless of how far distant the enemy might be, provided he is within reach of the radio. In vessels the device is attached to the fuel engine, the water engine and the steering mechanism making it possible to guide, fuel and water by radio.

GO IN COMFORT

Go at your pleasure—go where you choose and when you choose, with your family or your friends. Enjoy the boundless beauties of nature, the pure air, a lunch in a shady wood, a fishing excursion, a rest by a cool lake or stream. You can in a Ford. Millions have learned by experience that to own and operate a Ford is not an extravagance; they have learned that the many pleasures derived from a Ford takes the place of other pleasures, and the saving thus made often pays for the car and its maintenance. Lets talk this matter over. Get the facts and figures.

STEWART MOTOR CO.

ENDS "SHRIMP DANCE"

Modern Machinery Does Away With Picturesque Custom

Sun-Dried Shrimps Were "Chucked" to Music of Banjo Plunked in Weird Minor Key.

New Orleans.—Due to the inroads of modern machinery, the "shrimp dance," one of the picturesque bits of routine that for years has marked the work on the shrimp-drying platforms along the Louisiana south coast, this year goes into the lumber room of memories to join other quaint customs of bygone years.

Machinery hereafter will "chuck" the sun-dried shrimps.

To the tourists who have ventured down into the wilderness of low-lying marshes, where the shrimp platforms gather in the cargoes of the trawlers, the "shrimp dance" has ever been a colorful memory.

Boiled in salt water in great copper vats, dried in the sunshine to ruby redness, the shrimps have been swept up into huge circles in the past years. Then, while guitar or banjo or accordion wailed and plunked a dancing strain in a weird minor key, the husky platform workers, hands on hips, have shuffled over the circular piles of shrimp. Beneath their tread the brittle shells cracked into fragments.

Following the dance the pinkish shrimp meat was shoveled through great screens, the brittle shell fragments falling through, while the piles of dried fish were packed in barrels.

The shrimp industry in Louisiana has grown to greater proportions than is generally known. During the season of 1920, 20,716 persons were supported by the industry, more than \$1,000,000 were invested in shrimp fleets, and the catch was listed by government officials at 28,850,000 pounds.

Sam Irvine finished picking his hops Thursday.

Tell The Post About It!

Last of Three Friends.

Chauncey M. Depew is the last of three distinguished friends, of whom General Horace Porter and Joseph H. Choate are dead, remarks the Detroit News. They were for years a link between the present generation and that of Civil war days. General Porter campaigned with Grant and was present when Lee surrendered. All three were noted orators. General Porter was regarded as having the superior mentality and his achievements as soldier, diplomat and railroad financier and builder made him most conspicuous.

Choate's oratory was closely associated with his winning personality. Depew's addresses are notable for their spontaneous humor and wit, while General Porter drafted speeches with infinite care and delivered them with impressive intensity and sincerity.

AIRLIE

The basketball team elected their officers last Friday. They have Lyle Hadley for captain, Guy Wisecup for manager and Winifred Tubanot for secretary and treasurer. The girls' team has Bertha Englehorn for captain, Winnegene Peterson for manager and Lillie Smith for secretary and treasurer.

Miss Bertha Sheney is staying at Dave Steckley's home while attending school here.

Miss Lillie Calkins was shopping in Independence Saturday.

Miss Dorothy Gross spent a pleasant afternoon in a dentist's chair last Saturday in Albany.

The high school organized the student body for the following year. The officers are Guy Wisecup, president; Bertha Englehorn, vice-president;

Lille Smith, secretary; Lyle Hadley, treasurer; Robert Harris, sergeant-at-arms, and Harold Fleischman, door keeper.

The Calkins boys and Frank Cooper attended the state fair Monday.

Homer Toedemeier entertained a few of his school friends at a birthday party last Saturday evening.

Miss Ardell Watson was married to Raymond Johnson of Corvallis last Saturday at her home near Airlie. Rev. Carroll officiated.

J. F. Ulrich was a business visitor in Dallas Saturday.

L. M. Boyer is going to have a sale October 3. Mr. Boyer expects to move to his farm about 18 miles south of Albany.

The high school attendance is larger this year than ever before. There are at the present time 28 and probably there will be a few more.

H. M. Hayles made a business trip to Seio Saturday.

Frank Williamson left for California Monday morning.

Mr. Carney was a visitor in Buena Vista, Independence and Dallas last Saturday.

Dr. Thompson wishes to notify his friends and patrons that he will visit Independence Wednesday, Oct. 5, and may be consulted at the Beaver Hotel. He will be pleased to meet both old and new patrons and look after their optical needs on that date. 17-2t



SIMPLEX UNIVERSAL

UNIVERSAL RANGES and FURNACES

being demonstrated this week on second floor New Pavillion Oregon State Fair.

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