

THE OREGON STATESMAN

Issued Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 215 S. Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

R. J. Hendricks, Manager
Stephen A. Stone, Managing Editor
Ralph Glover, Cashier
Frank Jaskoski, Manager Job Dept.

DAILY STATESMAN, served by carrier in Salem and suburbs, 15 cents a week, 50 cents a month.

DAILY STATESMAN, by mail, \$6 a year; \$3 for six months; 50 cents a month. For three months or more, paid in advance, at rate of \$5 year. (THE PACIFIC HOMESTEAD, the great western weekly farm paper, will be sent a year to any one paying a year in advance to the Daily Statesman.)

SUNDAY STATESMAN, \$1 a year; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months.

WEEKLY STATESMAN, issued in two six-page sections, Tuesdays and Fridays, \$1 a year (if not paid in advance, \$1.25); 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months.

TELEPHONES: Business Office, 23. Circulation Department, 583. Job Department, 583.

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second class matter.



SALEM SHOULD DO IT; AND DO IT NOW

Editor Statesman: Replying to your editorial of February 13th last of and about flax: Mr. Hansett, of the Oregon Flax Fibre Co., has sent me a copy. Shoe twine does not sell for \$6; only \$2.50, and shoe machine twine \$2.90, Barbour's Irish linen; and there comes about 20 tons to Oregon, and there comes about 80 to 90 thousand pounds of salmon twine to Portland, besides sack twine over 30 tons. Salmon twine comes at \$2.50 per pound and sells to the fishermen at \$2.75. This is nearly all manufactured at Paterson, N. J., when it SHOULD ALL BE WORKED UP AT SALEM, and not have to pay the freight both ways.

Mr. Hansett just shipped 30 tons of flax to Massachusetts, and it's sure to come back spun into various twines and thread. Twenty millions of dollars linen is annually imported into the United States, and two millions in wool.

Ireland has nearly 2,000,000 spindles, and the United States has 8,000. The writer has tried to spin Canadian and Minnesota flax, but did not have any luck with it.

But Oregon flax is great; I have never seen any in Ireland, Northern France or Russia to come up to it. I hope I may be able to start some small spinning plant some time soon.

SALEM SHOULD HAVE THIS INDUSTRY. Besides an oil mill, Flax seed mill, One making tow into rope, Linen flax and ramie into fiber silk, Soft single threads into huck toweling, And several other by-products.

—J. P. CLARK.

Portland, Ore., March 8, 1920; No. 851 E. 39th St. The above letter is commended to the earnest attention of the Salem Commercial Club and the business men and property holders of Salem.

Mr. Clark is a man who evidently knows how to spin flax and manufacture it into various articles of commerce.

He should be encouraged to come to Salem. He should be backed, if he needs backing, to get him started. The fact that we raise the finest flax in the world here in the Salem district is established; has been established since 1876 or earlier.

The thing for us to do is to get the flax fields connected up with factories here.

The Oregon Flax Fibre Co. at Turner has made a good start; so has the flax mill at the Oregon Penitentiary. But it is time to go a step further; several steps.

In fact, it is time for us to step out, and begin to realize on Oregon's coming greatest industry; it is surely coming; and the sooner the better for our country and our city.

What the Johnson boom for president really needs is an interstitial billy goat or monkey gland or two.

But, at that, it will not be so many months until that patched-up Wilson cabinet will be relegated to the political scrap heap.

It is almost as hard to keep a member of the cabinet on the job as it is a housemaid. There have been nineteen changes in the Wilson cabinet since March 4, 1913.

With butter at \$1.25 a pound in England, how do they lubricate the flapjack cold and pallid on a clammy plate? But possibly they do not have flapjacks in England. There are so many good American things they miss over there.

Instructions from the state department provide for vising passports so as to allow German citizens to come to the United States "if their visit will be beneficial." Where do they get that "beneficialist"?

FUTURE DATES. March 22, Friday—Willamette "Frosh Glee." March 23, Monday—Willamette debate trout for women. March 25, Friday—Meeting of Women's Republican club at armory. March 27, Saturday—Intercollegiate debate, Willamette vs. College of Puget Sound. April 11, Sunday—Baseball, Salem Stars vs. Broomfield. May 11, Tuesday—Intercollegiate debate, Willamette vs. O. A. C. September 27 to October 2—Oregon state fair.

LADD & BUSH, BANKERS

Established 1868

General Banking Business

Office Hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

If you suffer from headache, be sure and call on us. Perhaps we cannot help you; then we will simply tell you so. If eyestrain is the cause of the headache, our glasses will relieve.

HENRY E. MORRIS
Eyesight Specialist
305 State Street

home service program for 1920, checked up on the case and it is in his report the real story is revealed. It is a chapter in the famous Charles L. Taylor murder case in which Martin Clark was convicted on circumstantial evidence, then granted new trial. The case held the interest of Oregon for weeks. Dr. Wheeler writes from Eugene:

"Ensign J. L. Kelso spent an hour and a half today in a cell with a man being tried for murder. The Salvation Army officer is his 'next friend.'"

"Last July two men went hunting up the mountain side together. They agreed to separate and meet later. One man did not show up. The alarm was given, they searched for days and finally found the body of the missing hunter with a deer strapped to his back. There was a place a little distance away where a man had stood in the bushes and had dropped two empty shells. Twigs were cut where he had shot through the bushes.

"Suspicion, of course, fell on Clark who had gone up the mountain to hunt with Taylor. He was arrested, found guilty on circumstantial evidence, given a new trial and has been in jail all this time, since last July.

"The family, his wife and seven children, sold their little place, the auto, the horses, the cattle and furniture—everything that would bring money—and they were in comfortable circumstances—to defend the father. The family made a heroic struggle to get along. The girl Ethel, 18, went to work in a telephone office at \$14 a week. The boy, 16, drove a truck. Out of the income of these two breadwinners the mother saved \$100 during the last two months. Saved it to defend her husband. But the flu came along last week and put them all down at the same time. The girl worked on Wednesday, took sick, went back Thursday, determined not to lose that \$14 which would help her father. She was stricken at her work, went home and Sunday made the supreme sacrifice. Her devotion had caused her death.

"Ensign Kelso and Mrs. Kelso, the sheriff and Clark went from the jail to the little home, where the prisoner conversed with the wife who was hot with fever, through a closed window. The father was the only one able to go to the cemetery, the others all lying sick. A big, strong, mountaineer, he shook from head to foot, and all he could say at the grave was 'poor little girl.'"

"The Salvation Army is taking care of the sick family. A Salvation Army lassie has been attending their slightest need night and day since the sickness struck. For days she did not have her clothes off.

"Today, in the prison cell, sitting alongside of the stricken father, is Ensign Kelso, his 'next friend.'"

(And speaking of "human interest" matter, perhaps the average person does not know just what it means, in a newspaper office. It is a short, gripping story appealing to the emotions, concerning people—and the schools of journalism direct that such "stories," which are of course not stories at all, in the usual acceptance of the term, but news items—the schools of journalism direct, that they be placed in the second, fourth and sixth columns of the first pages of daily newspapers; and under small headlines; between the articles with the larger headlines.—Ed.)

P. S.—All of which leads the writer to inquire when Salem is to have its new Salvation Army building, and its enlarged Salvation Army work—with especial reference to its employment department.

One of the most important matters needing attention in the United States is an employment program that will function; founded on horse sense. And one of the most important things in Salem is a proper employment bureau working along practical lines; without any frills, but with a lot of pep and efficiency.

Portland's Foreign Shipping Grows Fast

PORTLAND, March 6.—Portland's foreign commerce is growing rapidly, according to a summary of the number of ships entering and clearing the port and the amount of cargo carried, just issued by the foreign trade bureau of the Portland chamber of commerce. During January and February 20 ships cleared for foreign ports as against 15 for the first two months of 1919. During the same period five ships from foreign ports entered the harbor for discharge of cargo as against none for 1919. In the same two months 93 ships engaged in domestic commerce left the port as against 71 for last year and 93 entered the harbor as against 70 for 1919.

A CHILD SHALL LEAD

BY MOLLY BRUNK

He was running away from conscience, which, if you have ever tried you know is a very difficult thing to do. That inner voice had been tormenting him all morning. He could not keep his mind upon business matters, and even the thought of Helen brought no lasting joy. He would have to drown the thing in forgetfulness, but that would be impossible if he remained indoors. He grabbed his hat, dashed through the outer office, and hurried down the three flights of stairs. He did not take the elevator, because in it he would have to rub elbows with people, and he was seeking to avoid humankind, as he was seeking to escape his conscience.

He climbed into a heavy, low-hung car, and turned its nose countryward. He sped by rolling meadows, waving grain fields, wooded spaces, and over murmuring brooks and streams; but the beauty of it all was lost on him. The sun-washed road lay straight and smooth. Where it melted into far perspective a figure trudged, beneath a heavy load. The young man in the low racing car did not see the figure until he was within a hundred yards of it, and he was moving so swiftly, that it was necessary to back his car to get within halting distance. He was angry because the boy was there, drooping under his heavy load; angry with himself because he had seen him, and angry for being so silly as to bother with picking him up.

But the boy was glad, glad, glad, as Pollyanna would have been. He had about exhausted his reserve energy. The young man took his enormous roll of clothes and bedding and placed them in the cockpit of the car.

"Where're you headed for, son?" he wanted to know of his passenger.

"I was on my way to Jones' ranch seven miles out. I go out there every summer 'n work, to help my mother 'n Fanny. Fanny's my little sister. Dad died four years ago, so I'm th' head of th' family now. I'm 12, y' know!" he told him proudly.

"Isn't that a pretty big load for a little chap like you to be carrying?"

"I don't think it is; look what we all got to carry!"

They sped on silently, the boy shortly reaching his destination. The young man in the car went on a bit farther, and parked in the shade of a big oak. Dozens of cars passed, but he did not see them. He sat with his arms folded across the big steering wheel, his eyes straight ahead, staring at nothing. The boy's words, "Look what we all got to carry," came back again and again.

They rang hollowly in his brain, bringing picture after picture that was not pleasant. He thought of the folk who toll all day in sweatshops and factories; of the unloved rich folk, who were sad in a golden world of their own building; thought of the men out of work, with families suffering for bread; thought of the boy and his splendid optimism, in the face of the long years ahead, and their work-filled drabness. And then he thought of his own place in life, that was infinitely better.

He recalled every word of the man who had solicited for funds yesterday, for the new general hospital, that the city was endeavoring to build.

"We must have a bigger hospital," they told him. "The present ones are entirely inadequate. Last winter when the influenza epidemic was raging, families with one patient, had the services of a trained nurse, because of the overcrowded conditions of the hospitals, when one nurse in a hospital, like the one planned, could have cared for eight or ten persons. The result was that dozens of deaths resulted that should not have occurred."

They had said that with his large business, built entirely upon local money, they thought a \$1000 subscription a moderate one.

The words of his argument came back. Hadn't he given to the Red Cross during war time, and hadn't he bought war savings stamps, and liberty bonds, and so forth, ad infinitum? But they had come back at him with the statement that from the latter he had been the beneficiary, making a perfectly safe investment, from which all men benefited.

He knew that they were right, but it was hard to sacrifice the money just now, with the long-planned business transaction, that promised so much, just materializing.

At 15 miles an hour he had been running away from temptation to aid his fellowmen, but was his experience that a 60-horsepower racing machine is a jealous mistress. For retrospective, sentimental, or philanthropic thoughts she grants no leave of absence. He had not escaped. The boy had stopped him, setting him to thinking again.

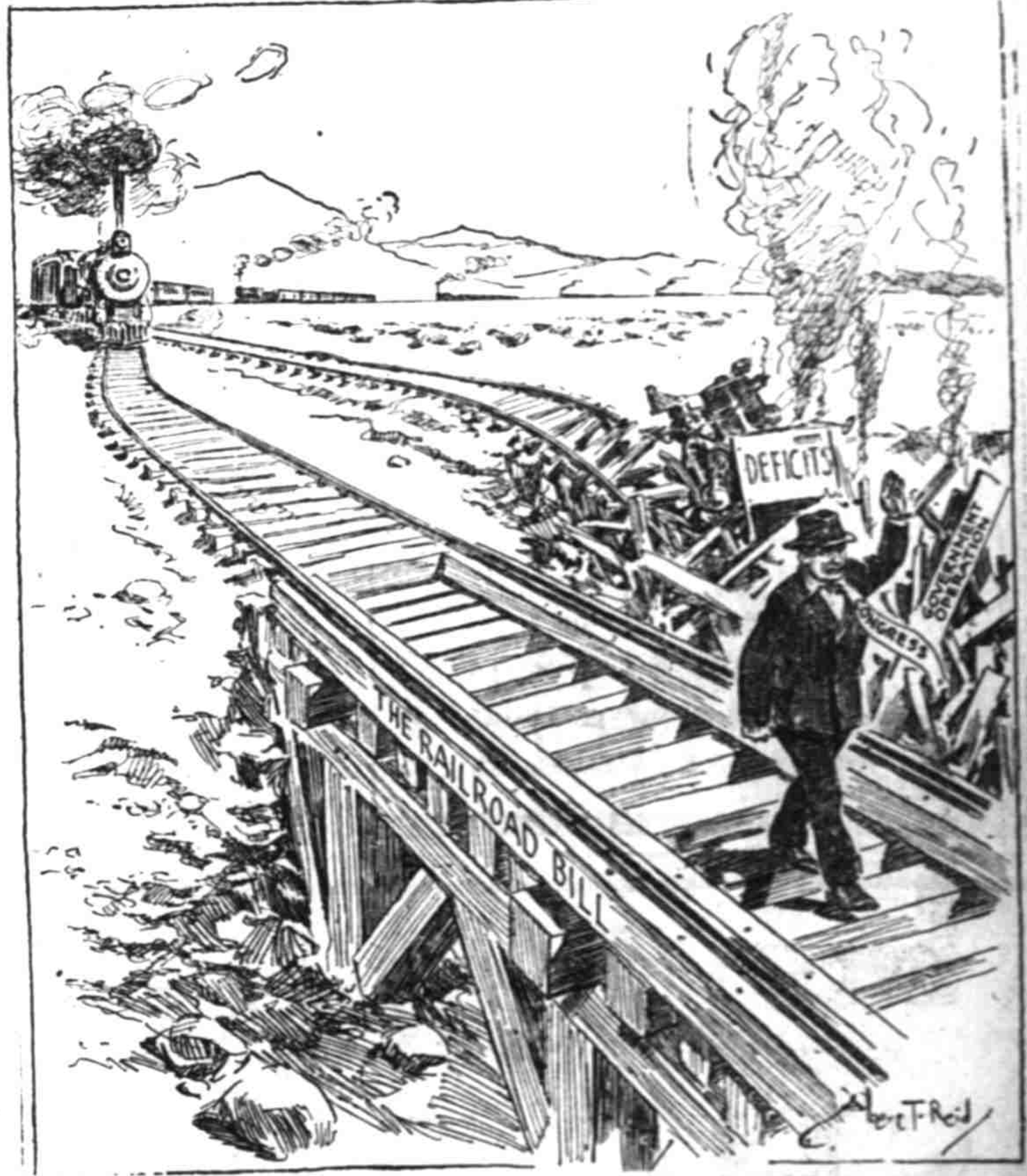
A half hour passed, and the young man turned his car cityward. He drove to the place where subscriptions were being received, and signed his name to a check that read, "\$1000!"

Then what is the matter with the Pacific northwest; with white coal enough to fill our three states with the hum of the wheels of industry and transportation and commerce.

In fact, Dr. Bohn predicted that this section will become the greatest manufacturing center of the United States.

It is high time we hurried the

OUT OF THE DESERT



electric light and power lines into the country.

Many readers expressed surprise yesterday at the great importance of the goat raising industry in the Salem district.

There are several more surprises in store for future Salem slogan issues of The Statesman.

The fact is, we ourselves need waking up to our opportunities; to the advantages we possess over all other sections; to the virtual franchises by which we are endowed—

in order that we may more fully appreciate the great future of Salem and the glorious country of which she is the manufacturing and market and political and educational center.

Two Eggs at Price of Four Dozen Gets Result

LONDON, Feb. 19.—So struck were the congregation at a church here with an illustration by the minister that they doubled his stipend. "The minister was preaching on the

high cost of living and exhibiting a basket with 48 eggs in it said: "This is what a predecessor of mine got for a shilling 75 years ago."

Next he showed another basket containing two dozen eggs. "This," he said, "the next minister purchased for a shilling 15 years ago."

"Today," he went on, "I get two eggs for my shilling."

"Yes, they sometimes launder the soiled money at the treasury." "Can you tell me where they hang it out?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.



SHOES OF ALL KINDS

At Wonderfully Low Cost



THE STOCK REDUCING SHOE SALE

Now In Progress

But Closes Saturday, March 13th, 9 p. m.

- There are Ladies' Shoes at \$1.70, \$2.90, \$3.90 and up
- Men's Shoes at \$4.95, \$5.40, \$6.20, \$6.30, \$7.40 and up
- Boys' Shoes at \$2.19, \$2.90, \$3.35, \$3.80 and up
- Misses' Shoes \$2.80, \$2.90, \$3.30, \$3.60 and up
- Children's Shoes \$1.90, \$2.10, \$2.20, \$2.80 and up
- Babies' Shoes 50c, 85c, 95c, \$1.25 and up

DON'T DELAY AND BE SORRY LATER

Shoe Prices Are Advancing, Be Wise, Buy While Your Money will buy more only at

LAST CALL



167 North Commercial St.

Look for the Electric Sign

"SHOES"



Good Morning! Have You Subscribed For The Hospital Today?

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Will rule the world.

Who will rule the world?

The nation with the hydro-electric power.

That is what Dr. Frank Bohn said in his lecture at the armory last night.

Then what is the matter with the Pacific northwest; with white coal enough to fill our three states with the hum of the wheels of industry and transportation and commerce.

In fact, Dr. Bohn predicted that this section will become the greatest manufacturing center of the United States.

It is high time we hurried the