The Oregon Statesman

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

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BUSINESS OFFICES:
Albert Byers, 336 Worcester Bldg., Portland, Ore.
Thomas F. Clark Co., New York, 128-136 W. 31st St.; Chicago, Marquette Bldg.; Doty & Payne, Sharon Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.; Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

TELEPHONES:
Business Office....23 or 583 Circulation Office....582 News Department....23-106
Society Editor.....106 Job Department.....583

Entered at the Post Office in Salem, Oregon, as second-class matter.

December 29, 1925

SELF-MASTERY:—Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have domination over me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable of Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer. Psalm 19: 13, 14.

SALEM'S SECOND LINEN MILL

Work is to now go forward on Salem's second linen mill, and under more favorable auspices than was expected—

More favorable to both the stockholders and the city, and to the flax growing and manufacturing industry as a whole—

More favorable because the primary machinery will not cost as much as was estimated, and the ownership and control will be almost entirely in Oregon hands, and largely in the hands of the people of Salem and vicinity.

There is a great possibility that the value of the common stock that is taken by the preferred stock holders will before long be selling at a higher price than the preferred stock—

And the men who get the common stock with their purchases of preferred stock will control the mill. Under the arrangement as now agreed upon, no one is to be given a preference in the purchase of common stock. The one-fourth of the common stock that was to have gone to the Canadian promoters of the enterprise will not be issued at all. The benefits of control and of ultimate dividends will accrue to the men who have bought or are to buy the preferred stock.

There is another very favorable phase of the new situation in the development of this enterprise, and that is the fact that the mill as at present outlined by the directors will be one that will be capable of turning out both the coarser goods, like crashes and toweling, and also linens of both medium and high quality, like linings and dress goods, and table cloths and napkins, etc. In other words, it will make up as part of its output, and very largely, goods that are protected from 25 to 55 per cent ad valorem—

And it will without doubt make profits for its stockholders, and, if kept under as prudent management as it starts out with, will grow into a great institution—

And, more than this, will be the second forerunner of a gigantic flax and linen industry in Salem, destined to become the greatest single industry in Oregon, for which nature prepared the Salem district to a perfection not found elsewhere in the entire world.

Another important thing: This second linen mill, being managed and largely owned by Salem people, will naturally be conducted in such a way as to encourage other mills; for part of the original idea of its establishment is to develop the industry here—

First, in fact, to develop the industry, and second to make money for its stockholders.

So, when there is opportunity to run an extra shift in making yarn for a specialty mill, that will be done—first to get that additional mill, and second to make better profits for the stockholders of the original mill.

Such an opportunity is likely to come very early in the operation of this second linen mill for Salem, for it is known that specialty manufacturers are already looking this way, brought to this attitude by the high protective duties on all the finer manufactures of flax.

It is a wonderful outlook. It was a fortunate delay. The directors are now agreed upon the program of building, and they have a vote of confidence that is unanimous from the stockholders.

There is great occasion for rejoicing.

This will give a stimulus to the business of Salem "right off the bat," and it will put a stiffening under property values here that will be seen at once.

Bits For Breakfast

Now watch Salem grow—

And you will see at once evidences of speeding up.

There were some deals being held up pending the beginning of active work on the second linen mill; and no telling how many not generally known; and one good thing brings another.

Several men present at the noon meeting yestedray of the Salem Chamber of Commerce asked to be allowed to buy some linen mill stock—at the close of the meeting. Another man asked to double his former purchase. So the thing is going strong, and will be that way indefinitely.

Albert Richard Wetjen, Salem's most widely known and successful writer, has a story in the current number of the Saturday Evening Post, entitled, "Pound for Pound." It is a sea story, and it is written in a style to give a very good idea of the ability of Philosophies of Mr. Wetjen. It is a great sea story.

Very soon, it will be determined whether the artificially dried retted flax at the state flax plant is suitable for spinning for the making of twines and threads. The Miles mill is trying it out. If found suitable, the drying operations will be extended, and there will be winter retting. This would be a tremendous advance in the industry.

Mr. Aldred, the man who is to supervise the putting up and running of Salem's second linen mill, examined the experimental retting and drying operations at the penitentiary, when he was here a few days ago, and he pronounced the scutched output of this fiber as strong and suitable for twine and thread. He said its suitability for the making of yarns for weaving into fine linens remained to be shown.

George Clarke, a celebrated negro minstrel, on one occasion when being examined as a witness, was severely interrogated by a lawyer.

"You are in the minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Is not that rather a low calling?"

"I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am proud of it."

The lawyer fell into the trap.

"What was your father's calling?" he inquired.

"He was a lawyer," replied Clarke.

THE ARIZONA SHERIFF

Tales of his adventures, his courage, his humor, his keen intelligence—as collected by Major Grover F. Sexton, "The Deputy from Yavapai County." How with nimble gun and motor car he brings swift and sure justice to evildoers.

TWO-GUN MABEL

She was a battling, two-gun woman, as desperate as any frontiersman, was Mabel Wilson; and many a peace officer in Arizona has listened to her crackling voice, coming from a stocky-built woman of generuos proportions, with the injunction:

"Drop your gun and put 'em up!"

The deputy sheriff in Mohave county had the drop on her, too, when she turned her sawed-off shotgun in his face and told him to let go the pistol and elevate his hands. He couldn't shoot a woman!

They didn't know who she was, down in Yavapai county, but they had heard that a slim man and a big woman were smuggling in automobile loads of whiskey from northwest of the city of Prescott, evidently from Williamson valley.

So Sheriff Ed Weil, whose long-barreled 45 gun commands respect all over the state, took a couple of deputies in his big Studebaker car and, driving out east of the city to disarm suspicion, circled around and beat it through the Sierra Prieta mountains, going out on Burned Ranch road.

Two nights and a day they laid out in the mountains, atop the big mesa on which Prescott is built, without sleep and almost without food. They gave up the hunt at dawn, the end of the second night, and came back in for water.

Roads were icy and covered with snow, for it was February, and up here in the mountains it gets pretty cold o' nights. Deputies Bill Poulson and Frank Denny were wrapped up in quilts in the back seat, while Sheriff Weil, a stripling in endurance in spite of his fifty-some years, drove.

Suddenly the great brakes of the car stopped it almost dead still.

"Pile out, you fellows," the deputies heard Weil shout, as they picked themselves out of the bottom of the car to see the sheriff's long pistol coming out of its holster.

Beside the road, as though drawn up for camp, was a car, and beside it a slender man and a stout woman. At the sheriff's command the man put his hands up, and Weil inquired:

"How did you folks happen to be out here in the cold?"

"We camped here for the night," said the man, "and were just breaking camp. How far is it to Prescott?"

The sheriff lowered his gun. The woman started slowly toward their car, and Denny, out of curiosity, stirred the tarpaulin on the ground with his foot. He heard a clink and, lifting it, found eight cases of moonshine.

Poulson looked around to see what had become of the woman. She was stepping quickly toward her automobile. Out came Poulson's 45 again as he said:

"Get away from that car, sister, and stand up with the man you're with, or we'll be shipping your body out on the morning train. I used to be an undertaker and one dead one looks like another to me."

She looked at him a long time.

"Make it snappy, lady, if you please," added Poulson, and she saw the big hammer on his six gun starting slowly back.

This was a different kind of deputy than she ever had encountered. She stepped back. It was Mabel, and it was her first defeat at the hands of a peace officer. On the back cushion of her car, just inside the door, lay her own 45 revolver and sawed-off shotgun, loaded.

They locked Mabel and her companion, Albert Norton, up, and next day went back and found an additional 10 cases of contraband liquor.

From seams and false pockets in her heavy dresses she dug up $1000 in cash as a bond, then blew out of the country, to be seen no more to this day. Norton began to couch and appear ill, so he was put downstairs, in the temporary cells as a hospital. From there he sawed his way out through a window and escaped and he, too, has never returned.

"If that gun-handlin' woman will just stay away, it's O. K. with us," say the deputy sheriffs—all except Poulson, who still says: "She'll come back, and maybe I'll have to prove yet that one dead person looks like another."

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

Cut License, Raise Gas Tax

Editor Statesman:

I see in the Capital Journal's editorial of December 23, an article like this: "Knows No Bounds." I see the editor is taking another whack at the trucks and automobile stake operators, the only two systems of transportation we have today that can hold and are holding the railroad companies to a just and reasonable price. The editor sets forth in the third paragraph what would happen to Oregon should the above mentioned bus and truck people win their contention. Does the editor not admit that the above companies are bearing the heaviest burden in the upkeep of our highways today? It appears that the editor does not know that the California tourists and business men are operating upon our public highways under a $3 license and they can operate 90 days, then go back to California and come back for 90 days more and not pay towards the upkeep of our highways, except what gas they buy here. It appears the editor thinks the above mentioned cars and trucks are the only cars that are wearing our highways. Speed is power, and that is what cuts probably one stage to 100 speeding cars. A steady drop will wear a stone. Cut the price of the license half in two, and raise the price of gas, then the people who operate on our highways will help keep them up.

J. B. MILLS.

Aumsville, Oregon, Route 1, Bx. 49. December 26, 1925.

A CHICKEN RANCH NEAR SALEM

BY GLADYCE HATCH

After trying unsuccessfully to obtain a dozen eggs at about four different groceries, I entered a fifth and inquired hopefully: "Have you any fresh eggs?"

"About a dozen."

"I'm very sorry, but we have only nine. You see, it is almost impossible to get a sufficient supply of eggs to met the demand we have for them."

So I joyfully took the nine eggs and handed the forty-five cents, or five cents apiece for them and went on my way wondering why it was such a difficult task to obtain a dozen, ordinary, fresh han's eggs.

I tried to penetrate the mystery and find the seemingly unknown reason for the absurd prices and scarcity of eggs in a town like Salem.

The next wek I went on a tour of inquiry around the city.

I found that chickens very seldom sell for less than forty cents per pound and that eggs are always sold at a very high price.

"Why is it necessary to change these exhorbitant prices?" I asked. "Does it cost so much to raise chickens and produce eggs that they simply can not be sold cheaply?"

I found that the main reason prices are so high is that very few people have attempted to make a commercial enterprise of chicken raising.

I found that green feed is to be obtained all the year and that there is also abundance of grain in the country, thereby insuring plenty of feed for the chicks.

Due to the mild weather and even temperature, the open front frame houses are satisfactory, making the cost of building much less than in the Mississippi valley.

Plenty of green tuff and mild weather encourage the hens to lay throughout the entire year, enabling the poultry man to take advantage of the highest market.

Because of even climatic conditions, the incubators can be started in January so that there will be frys and broilers much earlier in the season than is the rule elsewhere. The weather continues to be cool throughoutt he summer so that the incubators do not have to be stopped on account of extreme heat.

The first three hundred egg Leghorn hen was produced in the Willamette valley. There is a flock of hens near Salem containing thirteen, three hundred egg hens.

Many varieties of chickens are desirable. Leghorns have always been considered excellent for anyone whod esires eggs more than meat. Plymouth Rocks are hardy and attain a good size early, since they grow quickly. Rhode Island Reds are very good, both for eggs and meat. The capons can always be sold at meat markets and to individuals as many prefer them to anything else.

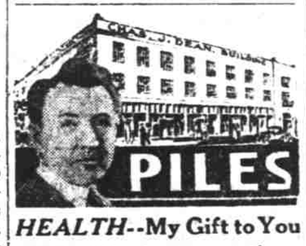
About ten acres is the most desirable amount of land to be used for commercial chicken raising, although a person might begin on a smaller scale and increase the business as he realized more profits.

There is the City of Portland only a few miles distant, with a population of about 200,000, and surely most of them use eggs and eat chicken. Then there are the eastern markets, where eggs can always be shipped.

No weather extremes, desirable markets and need for chickens and eggs, besides the location, all help to boost Salem and the vicinity of the Willamette valley as the center of the chicken raising business.

Scholls—Fred Groner raises $19,500 worth of walnuts on his 300-acre orchard.

Oregon will use 80,000 barrels of oil, costing $450,000, to oil 630 miles state highway in 1926.



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SCHOOL DAYS --- By DWIG

SOME SUNDAY SERMONS FROM SALEM PULPITS

"Sin and Its Forgiveness," Is Sermon Topic of Rev. N. K. Tully, at the First Presbyterian Church

By DR. TULLY

How we should like to know the origin, purpose, effect and end of sin, but neither the Bible nor Jesus will let us speculate. The Bible is the most practical of all books, and Jesus is the sanest of men. Th eytell us that we are not here to pluck the heart out of every mystery but to do our work; strength sufficient is promised for that. Mere curiosity seekers find no satisfaction in the scriptures.

The Bible recognizes the realty of sin, acknowledges the presence of it, points out the malignity of it, and stirs up in the heart a passionate desire to get rid of it. The Bible teaches that sin is universal; it has vitiated all departments of man's being; it exists in two forms, sin of action and sin of condition; and it is so hateful to God that it lies under his wrath and curse.

The world objects that sin is a little thing, and mocks the church for making much ado about little. It asserts that sin is a pardonable ignorance which men will overcome; or that is a necessity of our nature. To all such assertions the church shouts, "No." Sin is not a trifle in view of the mountainous masses of woe which it has caused; men do not outgrow it, but rather grow worse in it; and the sane-headed Shakespeare said it is the foppery of the world to say that men sin by compulsion. Sin is a disease, an awful disease; a load, a crushing load; a debt, an immesurable debt; a slavery, a galling intolerable slavery. It makes the head of humanity sick, and the whole heart faint. Only the Gospel of Christ can bring us relief.

For a great problem Christianity offers a great remedy: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have eternal life." The death of Christ is the central fact of the New Testament. It tills the conversion of Jesus, Paul, Peter, and John. The supreme voice of the New Testament is, "Behold, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world."

Men and women, I plead with you to turn to Him, and He will teach you the blessedness of sins forgiven.

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The Statesman Publishing Co.

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At Business Office, Ground Floor

New Year's Edition

The Oregon Statesman

Friday, January 1, 1926

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