

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Evening Except Sunday
Telephone 81; News 82

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.—Malachi 3:17

The Cloth of Kings

The proposed linen mill will establish in Salem one of the world's oldest arts and one of the most universal. The earliest records of man speak of linen making, while the tombs of the Pharaohs yield vestures of fine textures. The bible is replete with references to this favorite fabric of Jehovah, in which the angels were clad, while fine linen and purple are depicted the garb of kings.

The Lord stipulated that a garment should not be shoddy, mingled linen and wool, and prescribed linen for the ark of the covenant, and for Aaron and the priesthood—

"Linen breeches to cover their nakedness, from the loins even unto the thighs they shall reach." * * * "Coats of fine linen of woven work, and a mitre of fine linen and goodly bonnets of fine linen, and a girdle of fine twisted linen, and blue and purple and scarlet of needlework."

Moses was commanded by Jehovah to use linen in the tabernacle as well as the ark:

"Thou shalt make the tabernacle with ten curtains of fine twisted linen, and blue and purple and scarlet: with cherubims of cunning work shalt thou make them."

When David "danced before the Lord, leaping and dancing with all his might," he was "girded with a linen ephod." Being rebuked by his wife Michol, Saul's daughter, for making a holy spectacle of himself, David threw her over for her hand-maidens. Then he proceeded to cultivate the electorate with the ancient equivalent of the full dinner bucket, distributing to everyone "a cake of bread, a good piece of flesh and a flagon of wine," or as our prohibition friends put it, a cake of raisins.

Solomon, the wholesale lover, who preached morality between marriages, was fond of linen and had "linen yarn brought out of Egypt" for beautification of Jerusalem, when he made silver "to be as stones for abundance." He "loved many strange women" having "700 wives, princesses, and 300 concubines" all of whom, presumably, as consorts of the magnificent monarch, arrayed themselves in fine linen.

Linen even played a part in prophecy. John in his vision of Revelations records:

"Seven angels came out of the temple, having seven plagues, * * * clothed in pure white linen, having their breasts girded with golden girdles, * * * the bride of the lamb, * * * arranged in fine linen, clean and white; for fine linen is the righteousness of saints. * * * The armies which were in heaven followed them upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean."

Just before the Christian era the cultivation of flax for fabric was extensive in Italy and was introduced by the Romans into Flanders and Britain, though Ireland claims priority after the Saxon conquest. In the late middle ages distaff spinning was universal, the yarns being woven into every grade of linen cloth, beautifully embroidered and dyed. However the real Irish linen trade dates from 1694 when French Huguenot refugees established the Linen Manufactory at Lisburn, near Belfast and brought over Dutch spinners, weavers and machinery. Ireland still produces one-third of the world's output.

In 1787 the first linen spinning machinery was installed in England and three years later the first commercial plant began operations in Scotland. It was not however until 1812 that the first factory for weaving linen by power was established in London.

In 1620 the Mayflower pilgrims brought flax-seed and the distaff to America and the spinning wheel was a familiar feature of every household in the colonies. Up to a century ago most American farmers grew enough flax to supply their domestic needs, the spinning and weaving being done by members of the family.

In 1639 Massachusetts passed a law requiring every household to grow at least "one rodd of ground square to flax" and Pennsylvania in 1673 provided a penalty for farmers refusing to produce flax. By 1809 the industry had become important enough to be clamoring for a tariff, but the advent of the cotton gin and the increased manufacture of cotton caused its rapid decline.

Recent improvements in linen spinning machinery and a revolution in processes of retting flax fibre, and manufacturing methods, the invention of flax pulling and other machinery, have now made it possible, by cheapening production, for linen to successfully compete with cotton in home markets, and insure the success of the industry in Oregon.

As linen has been the cloth of kings and a synonym for finery and luxury the world over, giving pleasure to the esthetic, and therefore repugnant to true puritans, let us hope the establishment of the industry in the valley does not produce a systematic agitation (secretly financed by the cotton and wool trusts) among our good religious friends for the prohibition of its manufacture, sale and use, as a sinful gratification of worldly vanity—lest flax goes the way of hops.

We hope the time is far distant when linen will be placed in the same category as a device of the devil as our hook and eye friends class the shiny and sinful button, though we recognize our duty to uplift our fellowmen by removing temptation, so that their narrow paths may be "as a shining light, growing more and more unto the perfect day." But, you never can tell. The Ku Klux Klan may act to save their cotton nightgowns.

LANDING PARTY IS WITHDRAWN

Washington, April 22.—The landing detachment of 165 officers and men from the light cruiser Denver has been withdrawn from Ceiba, Honduras. Withdrawal was effected yesterday and was made possible by the arrival of Honduran government troops to reinforce the units at the port.

CONTRACT IS LET FOR UNION HIGH SCHOOL

Molalla, Or., April 22.—A contract for the construction of the Molalla union high school building has been awarded by the board of directors to Birkenmeier and Farnell of Milwaukee for \$29,798. The heating and plumbing contract was awarded to Rushlight, Haagers and Lord of Portland. The building is scheduled to be completed by September 15. It is financed by a bond issue sold recently to Ferris and Hargrave of Spokane and Portland.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- America (ab.)
- Mountain in Washington
- River in Italy
- Get up
- To crush
- Doubtful (Gr. prefix)
- Right Excellent (ab.)
- Not new
- An ox
- Railway (ab.)
- Dictionary of the church
- Demerit
- South Dakota (ab.)

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 list 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 uninterrupted.

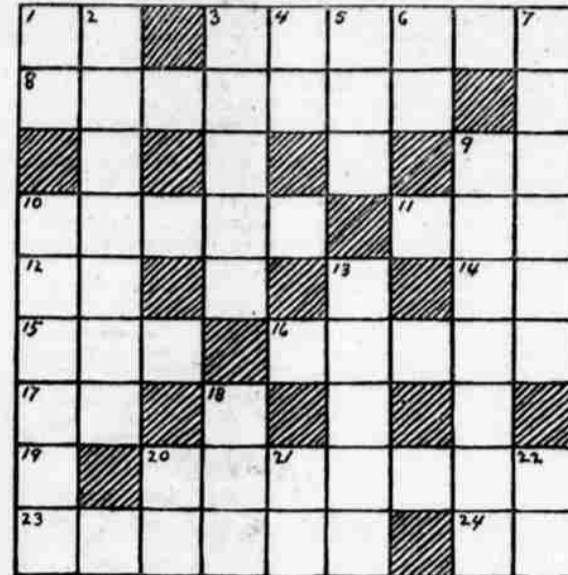
Any word defined under "VERTICAL" will also begin, in the white space that contains its number, but will extend downward as far as the white squares remain uninterrupted.

VERTICAL

- Arrived (ab.)
- Joyfully
- To cleanse
- Upon
- Lately discovered
- Island (ab.)
- One who rents a room
- Mothers and fathers
- Worshipped
- Musky
- Away
- After noon (ab.)
- Exciters (ab.)
- Editor (ab.)

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

M	A	N	D	A	R	I	N
M	B	A	R	G	E	U	
A	T	G	A	S	A	M	
N	O	W	S	I	N	C	
A	N	T	O	N	R	R	
G	E	A	R	S	D	I	A
E	D	U	A	D	L		
R	A	M	I	T	Y	S	
S	A	M	P	L	E	R	S



Copyright 1924 George Matthew Adams

Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life

By IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON

A COWARDLY LOVE

Lille gently led her mother to a big chair and fairly pushed her down into its cushioned depths. Then she dropped down at her feet and pillowed her head in her mother's lap.

For a long while mother and daughter were silent. Then Mrs. Vail said: "Of course, you are anxious Lille, to know what I have found out about my affairs."

"Lille," said Mrs. Vail, "my affairs are in bad shape. My two best producing wells have been drowned out by salt water, all the derricks on my part of the property are burned and it will cost me about \$250,000 to put back into shape the things that were destroyed in 24 hours."

"Smith tells me, however, that the new well which came in on your property will average about 5000 barrels a day. You are rich enough Lille may be singled out by the fortune hunters in Hollywood."

"Have you suffered from them, mother dear, in the past?"

"Yes, I have," Mrs. Vail answered innocently, "until Harold shot them all off."

Lille looked at her mother quickly. Mrs. Vail caught the glance.

"Oh you are just like all the rest, Lille. You think that Harold is the greatest fortune hunter of all, but I contend that I know him better than any of you and that I know that he is not."

"Ever since he has been my friend he has shown me that his advice has been purely disinterested and that he has given it because he cares for me and me alone."

"For instance, look about you. Does't this house express me? 'Well, he helped me to furnish and decorate it. I could not have done it to save my life. It was very pretty but never would have known how to get it.'"

"Did Harold Kennedy take no money for this advice, mother?"

"No, we did the house together just for the fun of doing it, and I learned more of art during that time than I had ever learned."

"The only thing that Harold has ever taken money from me for is the usual commission on my real estate deals, and he has saved me much more than that on every one of them."

"Both he and I consider that commission legitimate."

Mrs. Vail hesitated a moment, her face growing a little paler and more tired looking than it was when she came into her daughter's room.

"Lille I am sorry you don't trust Harold," she said, "it would hurt me more than I could tell you to find out Harold Kennedy was different from what I believe him to be."

"You love him, mother," questioned Lille.

"Yes, the word had a finality and an impressiveness that made explanation unnecessary."

"And he loves you, mother dear?"

"He says he does. At least he said that he loved me a month ago. Since I have lost so much of my money I have been a coward, afraid to put him to the test."

"Such is the inconsistency of my foolish heart that while I would be doubtful if I found out that my money was in any difference to him yet lately I have been curious to know if it really is I or my money."

about it while I had the money but now I am afraid."

"Has Harold done anything since your fortune has dwindled to make you think he cares less for you?"

"Nothing except that on the trip he has seemed quite preoccupied. I sometimes had the feeling that he avoided me. You would probably not have noticed it but it was very patent to me. At times I almost thought that he had fallen in love with someone else but of course he has had no opportunity."

"The ghost of a smile was on Lille's lips. To her mother she was still a child, not old enough to have her own inspirations. She wondered for an instant if mothers always looked on their daughters as never having grown up, just as daughters looked on their mothers as being too old to love or inspire love."

"What would you do if you found out that Harold really did love someone else, mother?"

Lille asked tentatively, for on her mother's answer depended whether or she should prove to her that Harold Kennedy intended to transmute his affections from mother to daughter.

Melissa Vail grew more pale as she said: "I hope I shall never find it out. I have had so little real love, so little tenderness in my life that I am sure if Harold took his away from me I would not want to live."

"You love him, mother," questioned Lille.

"Yes, the word had a finality and an impressiveness that made explanation unnecessary."

"And he loves you, mother dear?"

"He says he does. At least he said that he loved me a month ago. Since I have lost so much of my money I have been a coward, afraid to put him to the test."

"Such is the inconsistency of my foolish heart that while I would be doubtful if I found out that my money was in any difference to him yet lately I have been curious to know if it really is I or my money."

"For instance, look about you. Does't this house express me? 'Well, he helped me to furnish and decorate it. I could not have done it to save my life. It was very pretty but never would have known how to get it.'"

"Did Harold Kennedy take no money for this advice, mother?"

"No, we did the house together just for the fun of doing it, and I learned more of art during that time than I had ever learned."

"The only thing that Harold has ever taken money from me for is the usual commission on my real estate deals, and he has saved me much more than that on every one of them."

"Both he and I consider that commission legitimate."

Mrs. Vail hesitated a moment, her face growing a little paler and more tired looking than it was when she came into her daughter's room.

"Lille I am sorry you don't trust Harold," she said, "it would hurt me more than I could tell you to find out Harold Kennedy was different from what I believe him to be."

"You love him, mother," questioned Lille.

"Yes, the word had a finality and an impressiveness that made explanation unnecessary."

"And he loves you, mother dear?"

"He says he does. At least he said that he loved me a month ago. Since I have lost so much of my money I have been a coward, afraid to put him to the test."

"Such is the inconsistency of my foolish heart that while I would be doubtful if I found out that my money was in any difference to him yet lately I have been curious to know if it really is I or my money."

that intrigues him, I never thought about it while I had the money but now I am afraid."

"Has Harold done anything since your fortune has dwindled to make you think he cares less for you?"

"Nothing except that on the trip he has seemed quite preoccupied. I sometimes had the feeling that he avoided me. You would probably not have noticed it but it was very patent to me. At times I almost thought that he had fallen in love with someone else but of course he has had no opportunity."

"The ghost of a smile was on Lille's lips. To her mother she was still a child, not old enough to have her own inspirations. She wondered for an instant if mothers always looked on their daughters as never having grown up, just as daughters looked on their mothers as being too old to love or inspire love."

"What would you do if you found out that Harold really did love someone else, mother?"

Lille asked tentatively, for on her mother's answer depended whether or she should prove to her that Harold Kennedy intended to transmute his affections from mother to daughter.

Melissa Vail grew more pale as she said: "I hope I shall never find it out. I have had so little real love, so little tenderness in my life that I am sure if Harold took his away from me I would not want to live."

"You love him, mother," questioned Lille.

"Yes, the word had a finality and an impressiveness that made explanation unnecessary."

"And he loves you, mother dear?"

"He says he does. At least he said that he loved me a month ago. Since I have lost so much of my money I have been a coward, afraid to put him to the test."

"Such is the inconsistency of my foolish heart that while I would be doubtful if I found out that my money was in any difference to him yet lately I have been curious to know if it really is I or my money."

"For instance, look about you. Does't this house express me? 'Well, he helped me to furnish and decorate it. I could not have done it to save my life. It was very pretty but never would have known how to get it.'"

"Did Harold Kennedy take no money for this advice, mother?"

"No, we did the house together just for the fun of doing it, and I learned more of art during that time than I had ever learned."

"The only thing that Harold has ever taken money from me for is the usual commission on my real estate deals, and he has saved me much more than that on every one of them."

"Both he and I consider that commission legitimate."

Mrs. Vail hesitated a moment, her face growing a little paler and more tired looking than it was when she came into her daughter's room.

"Lille I am sorry you don't trust Harold," she said, "it would hurt me more than I could tell you to find out Harold Kennedy was different from what I believe him to be."

"You love him, mother," questioned Lille.

"Yes, the word had a finality and an impressiveness that made explanation unnecessary."

"And he loves you, mother dear?"

"He says he does. At least he said that he loved me a month ago. Since I have lost so much of my money I have been a coward, afraid to put him to the test."

"Such is the inconsistency of my foolish heart that while I would be doubtful if I found out that my money was in any difference to him yet lately I have been curious to know if it really is I or my money."

"For instance, look about you. Does't this house express me? 'Well, he helped me to furnish and decorate it. I could not have done it to save my life. It was very pretty but never would have known how to get it.'"

"Did Harold Kennedy take no money for this advice, mother?"

"No, we did the house together just for the fun of doing it, and I learned more of art during that time than I had ever learned."

"The only thing that Harold has ever taken money from me for is the usual commission on my real estate deals, and he has saved me much more than that on every one of them."

"Both he and I consider that commission legitimate."

Mrs. Vail hesitated a moment, her face growing a little paler and more tired looking than it was when she came into her daughter's room.

"Lille I am sorry you don't trust Harold," she said, "it would hurt me more than I could tell you to find out Harold Kennedy was different from what I believe him to be."

"You love him, mother," questioned Lille.

"Yes, the word had a finality and an impressiveness that made explanation unnecessary."

"And he loves you, mother dear?"

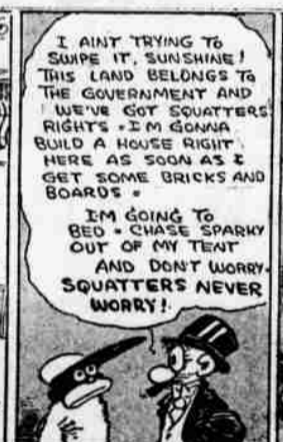
BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

All Modern Improvements

By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

The Skeptical Krazy Kat

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

A Big-game Hunt in Africa Looks Good to Jeff.

By Bud Fisher

