

Capital Journal

An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday at 136 S. Commercial Street. Telephone 81; News 52

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher
Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier 10 cents a week, 45 cents a month, \$4.50 a year in advance. By mail, in Marion and Polk counties, one month 50 cents, 3 months \$1.25, 6 months \$2.25, 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents a month, \$5 a year in advance.

FULL LEASED WIRE ASSOCIATED PRESS SERVICE
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

"Without or with offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes." —BYRON.

Same Old Story

Below is reprinted an editorial from the Portland Journal relative to the failure of Portland, one of the richest cities per capita in the country, and metropolis of Oregon, to subscribe her agreed and guaranteed quota in the proposed Salem linen mills to develop the textile industry for the state. It is no fault of the Portland Journal that Portland utterly fails to live up to the responsibilities of a metropolis, that she still pays dog in the manger and hog in the trough, when it comes to upbuilding industry and developing resources, outside her own city limits, for the Journal has done its best to awaken the city from her sleeping sickness.

We of interior Oregon who raise the food to feed Portland supply the market for her manufactured products, and the profit for her jobbing houses, had learned through years of sad experience the futility of expecting any better assistance from her than a hot-air, hand-shaking, wind-jamming excursion to discover us every few years. When it came to money, we had to dig it up ourselves from other financial centers, for the development of Oregon has been financed from other sources than the metropolis.

However we had been so frequently assured that Portland had seen the light and the village of yesteryear, with its limited vision and self-centered selfishness, had been reborn and full of the spirit of community cooperation and state uplift, was just rare-in' to go to the assistance of her tributary region, that, as hope springs eternal, we began to believe it. We put it to the test—and now are disillusioned.

San Francisco capital has built up and developed California and no California town appeals in vain to the city by the golden-gate to help unlock natural resources or develop industry. Seattle has always a helping hand for enterprises in her tributary territory—as does Spokane in hers, but Portland's millions go into her own sky-scrapers or other ventures within her own limits.

Someday perhaps, when enough new blood and new money has poured into Portland's over-flowing coffers, and men of broader vision have replaced her myopic pawn-brokers, the over-grown and top-heavy metropolis may realize her mistake and cease trying to become a city state—but recent developments indicate that day is still in the distant future.

However Portland's failure to cooperate does not mean the abandonment of the linen mill enterprise or of the effort to create a huge textile industry for the valley. It will merely force a change in plans. The enterprise will go forward, perhaps on a slightly smaller scale, and with necessitated modifications, to a successful termination.

If there is not a new Portland, there is a new Salem and a new spirit of cooperation in the valley and if Portland refuses to aid us, we will adopt the old territorial motto and "fly with our own wings."

Portland's Failure

(From the Portland Journal)
In Portland we say we want industry. We talk about industries, we tell about what industries would do for us, we clamor for industries.

But industries don't establish themselves. They can't establish themselves. Somebody has to establish them. Somebody has to pay.

If Portlanders won't pay, who will? What is the spectacle when Portland asks outsiders to do all the paying? If Portlanders have no faith in Oregon as an industrial state, how can they expect outsiders to have that faith?

Uplstate towns in the Willamette valley have subscribed heavily to the stock of the Salem linen mill. A quota was given Portland. Very properly, the upstate people looked to Portland to participate in the industry. In the long run it would be Portland that, as the ante-metropolis to which most commercial drifts, would share most heavily from the development.

That Portland cut her quota to \$125,000. And she hasn't even raised that. In fact, she is far short of it. In a canvass of several hours the other day, not a cent of stock was subscribed for. Is that our example? Is that to be the end? Do we really want industries? If so, how badly?

The United States produces no linen of consequence. The Willamette valley is the chief producer of flax for fiber in America.

There is abundant testimony that the world produces none better. And how much linen is used in the United States? What home is without it? What dining tables in homes, restaurants, hotels, are without linen? For beds, for clothing, for towels and for hundreds of other uses millions use yards of linen are in constant use. Ask because they are few spots in which it can be produced, and because the few spots in which it can be produced are not utilized, America imports practically all her linen. And the Willamette valley is the favored spot in which America can best grow the flax for fiber from which the linen is manufactured.

Here is an industry to diversify agriculture. Here is an industry to give Oregon a new crop. Here is an industry to turn farms from production of crops that won't sell to a crop that will sell, that will sell because without competition at home and because we have to go to Europe to buy it.

And Portland's failure to subscribe \$125,000 of the stock for a linen mill to which Willamette valley towns have subscribed more than half a million dollars is the one thing that blocks further progress in the enterprise. And Portland is one of the richest cities per capita in the United States.

Do Portlanders really want industries? Do we?

I'll be glad to buy it of you—that is if you don't mind taking part of the money now and taking my note for the rest."
"Do you want to buy it because you think I need the money, or because you want the stock?" she asked him bluntly.
"He did not answer at once, and she knew that he was trying to plan a reply that would hide the truth from her."
"Well, I've always hoped to control all the stock in the company at some time, and the only way to do that is to buy it back gradually," he answered firmly. "Of course, I'd like to own yours."
"You speak as if it was impossible to believe that the stock was anything that anyone would want," he told her, laughing. "Of course I want it. I'm sorry not to pay you in full at once for it, but you won't have to wait long."
He watched her closely as she sat without speaking for a moment, trying to decide what to do. She could not explain even to herself her hesitancy over selling the stock. She had not wanted it in the first place, had bought it only so that her mother-in-law would stop fussing over having bought it. Yet now she felt that she must not grant his request and let him buy it back.
She rose at length still undecided.
"Let me wait until tomorrow to decide, won't you?" she asked. "I can't seem to make up my mind just now."
"Well—of course I'm eager to have the thing settled, but if you insist on waiting—"
"Oh, don't think me unreasonable, but somehow I can't say that I'll let you have it now," she interrupted. "I'll phone you the minute I decide what to do."
She walked to Louella's despite the fact that she still did not feel strong. She could not escape from the feeling that there was something she must know before she decided about selling the stock that Noel wanted.
Louella's text was exactly like so many others that she had attended that she was not at all interested. It was only when Stanley mentioned in, nodded to his wife, and set down beside Cynthia that the affair became interesting. For his first words after he had greeted her, concerned the matter that was on her mind.
"How do you feel now about that stock you had Gardner buy back from Madame Leland and sell you?" he asked. "Oh, the secretary leaked out—don't look so surprised. But you're not such a financier as you'd supposed are you?" She stifled her first impulse, which was to ask what he meant, and pretended that she knew.
"Perhaps it looks different to you than it does to me Stanley," she said.
"Perhaps—but with that whole sub-division in the file it's now, with the land right next it sold for factors, I'm glad I don't own it," he replied. "Gardner thought it was going to be the smartest residential district in town—and now he'll be cleaned out, for he's put every cent he's got into it. Hope it doesn't hit you awfully hard."
"Oh, not at all," Cynthia retorted sharply. So that was Noel's reason for wanting her to sell—he thought he could save her money for her, somehow, even though he lost all his! "I wonder if Louella would mind if I ran away now; I'm still half an invalid."
Louella excused her, and she made her way to the street. Half a block from Noel's office she dismissed the car.
"The office had been closed for the day. Noel was sitting at his desk, his head in his hands. He looked up suddenly as she appeared in the doorway.
"I've decided about that stock, Noel," she said quietly. "May I come in and tell you what I'm going to do?"

Truth and Purpose Subjects of Sermons In Salem On Sunday

Discussing the question, "What is Truth," Rev. H. D. Chambers, rector of St. Paul's church, yesterday declared, "This question is being asked today by many. The question today is more difficult than in the past, because the field is so much larger." Rev. Mr. Chambers took for the text the passage from St. John, "Philate said unto him, What is truth?"
Some who ask this question still continue to attend church, declared Rev. Chambers, and some have ceased to attend, and many who attend are indifferent to it. Others, he said, seem to have reached the point where the religious problem, important as it is cannot be solved.
"Is it to be wondered at," he asked, "that this is the condition? There are so many voices, conflicting, differing. So many different thoughts; so many differing leaders; so many sects of many names. There are the constructive and destructive critics, the many and differing interpretations of the Bible, claiming that all others are wrong. Is it any wonder that people ask, 'What is the truth?'"
No one age or school of thought reflects the whole truth, he said, because "we are limited in our point of view, and subject to change. If we could view the whole subject from all ages we might find a better conclusion."
"Many attempts have been made, and are being made to confine all truth to one party or sect, and as time goes on we see how we have failed in any or all attempts to confine truth. All contained possibly some germ of truth but are, to say the least, partial. No one age or school of thought can or does reflect all truth."
"Here, then, comes in the Christian religion, which is not a sentiment or an emotion, but the everlasting truth as taught and exemplified in Jesus Christ. It is the Christian doctrine that He lived before all worlds, in every age, and will live forever. Then in this light we may view the centuries. Jesus Christ told his followers before He left the world that He would provide them and their followers with the Holy Spirit which should guide them unto all truth. He seems to be traveling the great highway of the ages, speaking not to the few followers gathered in Galilee, but to every age, when multitudes should come from the east, west, north and south to sit at His feet."
"Called For a Purpose," was the title of the sermon given by Rev. F. W. Launer of the local Evangelical church located at 17th and Chemeketa streets, Sunday morning. Rev. Mr. Launer used for his text the 16th verse of the 28th chapter of Acts, "I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness."
The pastor related how Paul appeared before Agrippa and told the story of his life as a persecutor of Christians, and acquainted Agrippa with the facts connected with his conversion to Christianity. "He made a decided impression upon Felix and the court," he said.
Christ had appeared before Paul converting him from his former ways, for a definite purpose, Rev. Mr. Launer said. First, that he might be converted and made a minister. "The world was in need then, and is in need now," he declared, "of true ministers." Second, Christ appeared to the young persecutor in order that he might be made a witness.
"Every Christian should be a witness," said Rev. Launer. "We should be imitators of Jesus Christ, who was the faithful witness."
"God called every one in this house," he declared, "for a purpose. There is not a boy or girl that does not have a purpose. Will you give your talent to another? Will you be ready and willing to go out in the name of your Savior and be labeled a child of the living God?"
"The question becomes a personal one. Has Jesus Christ appeared to you? If so has He appeared for a purpose. Hear Him as He speaks to you, as he spoke to Saul or Tarsus centuries ago. I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness. What have you been doing for Christ?"

JAILED STUDENTS IN MASQUERADE

Haled before the police court at The Dalles for stealing a ride on a freight train, three Willamette university students gave to the police the names of three other Willamette students, all of whom were prominent in student body circles, according to word reaching Salem Saturday.
Ward Southworth, prominent wearer of the bar-W, Cornelius Bateson and Aubrey Fletcher, football star, were on their way to the wheat fields of eastern Oregon, where they intended to work until fall.
Taken into court they gave the police, instead of their own names, the names of Stanley Emmiel, Hugh Bell and Leland Chapin. Emmiel was president of the student body here last year; Bell was prominent on the campus, particularly in Y. M. C. A. work; Chapin was president of the Y. M. C. A. and at the time his name was turned in at The Dalles for stealing a ride on a freight train, was actually on his way to China, where he is to be a member of the faculty of Canton Christian college.
Southworth, Fletcher and Bateson went on east the following day, after spending a night in jail at The Dalles.
New York, Aug. 3.—(A. P.)—Hit on the temple with a batted ball while watching a baseball game yesterday, Chester Menzies, 17, died while being taken to a hospital.
By Chick Young

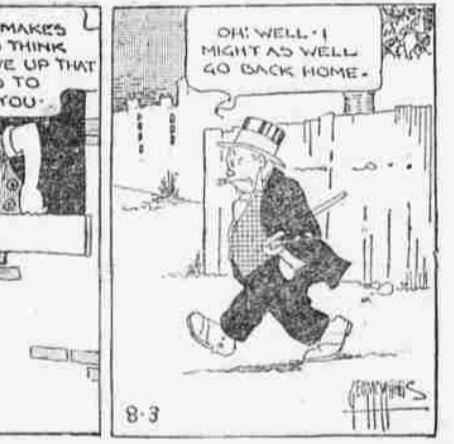
TWO BALL PLAYERS KILLED BY BASEBALLS

New Orleans, La., Aug. 3.—(A. P.)—Preston Rushing, 24, member of the Denham Springs, La., baseball club, who was struck on the head by a titchell ball during a game at Amite, La., yesterday

DUMB DORA



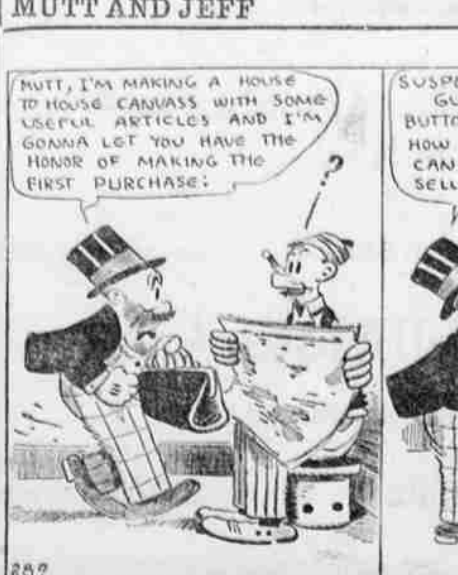
BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE



MUTT AND JEFF



One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare
One of Noel Gardner's predictions was a successful one; it was only a day or two until Cynthia once more could take her place in the world. The fact that she had but little time to do so did not keep her friends and relatives from insisting on entertaining for her. Jim's second sister, who had but recently returned from abroad, made things even more complicated than they had been before.
She was dressing for the tea that Louella had threatened to give when Noel Gardner called her up. She had not seen him since the day on which he had advised her to try to patch things up with Jim, although each morning he had sent her flowers and had asked for her over the telephone.
She hesitated a moment when he asked if he might see her that day.
"It's most important," he agreed. "I wouldn't ask you if it weren't." "I could come in to your office," she told him. "Would that do?" She had felt that he rebuffed her at their first meeting, and had decided to be cool and polite in future—so far as it was possible in a man who had risked his life to save her own.
"Very well; I'll be in all day," he answered. If he was disappointed at not seeing her at home he gave no sign of it.
She stopped at his office on the way to Louella's.
"I want to ask you if you'll sell that stock you had me buy from your mother-in-law for you," he began, as soon as she had seated herself beside his desk.
"Why—I hadn't thought of selling it," she answered slowly.
"I realized that. But if you would