

# Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

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

## A Profitable Delay

Statements made by Tom B. Kay and John H. McNary, as directors of the new linen manufacturing corporation, prove that the tardiness in organization and operation of the venture has afforded opportunity for a thorough study of the industry, a consultation with other manufacturers and experts, and a survey of the entire linen field, and as a result, original plans of operation have been changed from what would have been at best, a moderately successful plant into one in which almost every element of doubt of certain success, has been eliminated.

As events have proved, this is one case where haste would have meant waste. Moreover, control of the industry, would under first plans, perhaps have eventually passed into foreign hands. Now it stays in Salem, where it belongs, and where the center of the industry will remain.

The original proposal called for the manufacture of coarse toweling and crashes, made from tow, leaving the linen fibre for use by the Canadian or other mills to be manufactured into fine fabrics. The directors properly refused to sanction any such arrangement and called off the proposed deal with the Canadian manufacturers. They were inspired to do this because the tariff duty is only a cent a pound upon tow, and as high as 30 cents on linen fabrics. As Mr. McNary says:

"There has never been a time when the prospects of our industry looked so optimistic. We have sufficient stock subscribed to erect a mill in Salem, with 100 looms, and about 1200 spindles, pay the tariff and freight thereon, including the cost of a site, buildings and incidental expenses, leaving a sufficient working capital. The spindles will be manufactured in Europe, and the looms purchased at Lockport, New York. This will give us an up to date, well equipped mill. The directors have endeavored to be thorough in their investigations in all things essential to the success of our undertaking. We now feel that we are starting on the right line, which if carried out, will make our investments safe, and start a great industry in Salem and the Willamette Valley."

The directors have acted conservatively and wisely and deserve the unanimous support of the citizens of Salem in their effort to create a new industry for Oregon, profitable alike to farm and city.

## A Beautiful Example

It was a touching and graceful tribute that the Salem Kiwanis club paid to Governor Pierce when it presented him, as a Yuletide gift, an artistically drawn and tastefully framed portrait of the executive standing beside his famous pet—once a poor little white-faced calf, emblem of the sagebrush range, now matured into a white-faced bull, emblematic of politics.

The bull is shown shedding great tears, and the governor, in keeping with his kindness, is saving the precious pearly drops by catching them in his famous five gallon hat. This touching scene has raised, among scoffers, the query as to why the bull blubbers, and it has been profanely ascribed to the fact that it was because his taxes had been cut in half. Nothing could be further from the facts.

The bull reflects the environment of the state house and is a living testimonial to the effect of constant companionship with the executive. The bull is shown in tears, because the grateful animal knows no finer way to express his own appreciation than by imitating his sympathetic master. Moreover in his perennial swing about the circle the governor weeps for the bull—so what is fairer than the bull weep for the governor?

The beautiful and touching relations existing between Weeping Walter and the blubbing bull, have inspired the following simple but sincere tribute to this "Damon and Pythias friendship of man and beast:

Weeping Walter had a calf  
Whose face was white as snow  
And everywhere that Walter went,  
That calf was sure to go.

Whenever Weeping Walter spoke  
His message to the wise  
The mention of his white-faced calf  
Brought tears unto his eyes.

The white-faced calf became a bull,  
As calves are wont to do,  
Now everytime that Walter weeps,  
The bull, he blubbers too.

Thus Walter and his weeping bull  
Go down in fame together,  
For in a flood of salty brine  
Their tears flow on forever.

## Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

**A NEW FRIEND**  
Mary liked Will Crandall. Until that afternoon when he walked home with her she had seen him only once or twice, when he had come into the library to consult with his father about various plans. At such times she had pretended to have business that took her to the bookcases at the far end of the room, so that it would be plain that she did not overhear what they were saying, but as old Mr. Crandall talked very loudly and emphatically, she could not help hearing such bits of his conversation as "You're a fool to do it, and I'll never give my consent."

She saw very little of the Crandall family. Mrs. Crandall, a rather pompous dowager who thought of nothing but her social engagements, had come into the library but once, and then Mary had not been introduced to her. Mary saw her sometimes going through the hall, or getting into her car, but Mrs. Crandall never seemed to notice that the girl was there.

Mr. Crandall's two older sons were married, and came to the house rarely. They, like Will, had been introduced to Mary, however, and she realized that they were looking at her keenly, studying her. It made her uncomfortable and she was glad when they left. But Will was far pleasanter. He was much younger than his brothers, much better looking and far more charming of manner. Mary

city lay south of here then. And now it spreads north four miles!"  
Mary laughed softly. Somehow, everything that he said seemed especially interesting or amusing.  
She did not see him again until ten days later. It was Saturday and she had the afternoon off. She was wondering what she would do; it was a beautiful day, and she could not help wishing that she could go somewhere in the country.  
About two blocks from the Crandall home she met Will, hurrying toward it. He stopped abruptly when he saw her.

"Oh, hello! I've been tearing along hoping that I'd get to the house before you left. It's such a gorgeous day—won't you go for a ride with me?"  
"I'd love to go!" Mary exclaimed delightedly. "Only I'll have to go home first and get a warmer coat than this one."  
"That's all right; I've got one that you can wear in the car. Oh come along right now!"

He took her arm and hurried her down a side street to where his car was parked; she was in it and half a mile up Fifth Avenue before she had time to wonder why he hadn't had the car in front of his own home. As if to answer her question he said:  
"That was my studio where the car was—at least, my studio's in that building. I wish you'd come over and have tea with me some day; I'd like to show you some of my stuff, if—well, I suppose it would bore you terribly, only—"

"Indeed it wouldn't. I'd like to come!" Mary told him enthusiastically. "Please do ask me soon."  
"You don't know what you're letting yourself in for," he told her, smiling down into her eyes. "I never mention my painting at home, because none of my people care about things like that. They think I'm an awful fool for wanting to paint instead of going to work for Dad making a lot of money. As if there wasn't money enough now! But if you will come—"

Paris, France.—Mme. Louise Cognac, who, with her husband 53 years ago started a little shop that became a great department store and brought them an immense fortune, is dead.

—well, you just don't know how much you'll be doing for me!"  
He turned away again, and Mary settled back in the seat, smiling happily. She liked Will Crandall better than she'd ever liked anyone else. She could talk with him so easily. She felt as if she had known him for years.  
They left the city far behind them, and went scudding along country roads, uneven, narrow roads, off the beaten track; Will's roadster took the bumps and ruts easily. When sunset came they were up far in the hills, with the Hudson gliding along below. There were no houses anywhere to be seen; they might have been alone in the world.

"It's wonderful, isn't it?" Mary asked, looking up at Will stopped the car on a hilltop.  
He looked down into her eyes so steadily that she flushed.  
"It's the most wonderful thing that's ever happened to me," he told her earnestly. Mary glanced away. It was impossible not to know that a great deal lay behind his words; that some day he would tell her the things that he wasn't actually saying in words now.  
A big, glowing happiness surged up in Mary's heart. She realized that, no matter what might happen to her at any time in the future, nothing could ever make her forget the way she felt at that moment.

### Tomorrow—Stranded!

**Return from Holiday**  
Woodbury, Dec. 25.—Miss Wilma Thrall, who has charge of the office of Dr. Gerald Smith, is expected home tonight or in the morning from a trip to The Dalles and Portland where the Christmas holiday was spent with friends and relatives.

Paris, France.—Mme. Louise Cognac, who, with her husband 53 years ago started a little shop that became a great department store and brought them an immense fortune, is dead.

## Faith Victory That Overcomes World, Baptists Are Told

"The Dominion of Faith," was the subject of the sermon preached by Dr. E. H. Shanks, pastor of the First Baptist church of Salem, at his regular Sunday morning sermon.

"Fear, unbelief, skepticism," he said, "are always elements of weakness. Faith is the victory that overcomes the world."  
"There is a mighty text in the great Faith chapter, Hebrews 11, which reads as follows: 'And what shall I say more? For the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah, of David and Samuel and the prophets; who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, from weakness were made strong, waxed mighty in war, turned to flight the armies of aliens.'"

"That faith will overcome the world is declared in the word and proven in experience. Who is he that overcometh, but he that believeth?"

"Of the three graces, faith, hope and love, faith forms the foundation. It is the bedrock, and so becomes the determining factor in life. Hope raises the superstructure and love is the tenant. Without one the others would be weakened and defeated. Love may be the greatest thing in the world, but faith is the greatest power in the hearts of men. Faith is king."  
"The dominion of faith is not a mere fancy. There is something sovereign in faith. Its jurisdiction amounts to something equal to absolute control. Nothing is impossible to faith. It removes mountains when it is coupled with God and human endeavor. The man of faith is linked up with Him whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and His kingdom from generation to generation."  
"It was the design of the Great Creator in the beginning that man should have sovereign control over the earth. Every living thing in sea, air and on land, and even the inanimate things, were put under Him. Man was to have dominion. The heritage was lost through sin. From that day man's right to rule has been disputed by all nature. Sin holds sway over countless lives. Men have become servants to sin. The prince of the power of the air rules in the children of disobedience. Slaves of appetite, children of passion, prisoners of habit are not free, governing, ruling men. The things they would, they do not, while the things they would not, they do. Yet they boast of their freedom, because they are lulled to sleep by the alien of sin."  
"Who rules his passion better than he who takes a city?"  
"This ruling comes not from within by man's own natural accumulation of power. Men do not gather strength by the cultivation or development of their own powers, but by the coming of the Divine power. It is the strength that God gives. It is the victory that comes by faith."

"This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting," may be said of the majority of devils that are in possession of men today. The face may be very fair, and the speech may be as sweet as honey, yet the heart may be in the bondage of sin. To deny sin does not break the spell of power of sin. There is but one power that can do that, the man Christ Jesus.  
"Death reigned from Adam to Moses because of sin, even though they sinned not after that similitude of Adam's sin. Then law reigned from Moses to Christ because of sin, for 'all sinned and came short of the glory.' Now grace reigns because of righteousness and sin cannot have dominion where God's pardoning love has come and faith hold hold of the promise."  
"My brethren, have dominion. Let not sin reign. Let us be kings and priests unto God. Let faith be supreme; then God can express His life and purpose through us. His servants, and we may prove that faith conquers all and is the hand-maiden of hope and love."

Elizabeth N. J., Dec. 28.—(A. P.)—Police here were informed today that seven alleged international counterfeiters in New York had been arrested as a result of the apprehension here yesterday of Frank Weigand, on similar charges.

Weigand, a former Newark jeweler, was taken into custody at his home by three secret service agents.

Federal agents said that the eight arrests and three additional ones, which they hoped to make today would dispose of a band of counterfeiters whose operations extended throughout the United States and Canada.

Cameras and plates and other apparatus for the making of spurious money were found at Weigand's home and a partial confession was obtained, the officers said.

The agents said that instead of printing presses, the counterfeiters employed a photo-engraving process importing a specially prepared paper from England.

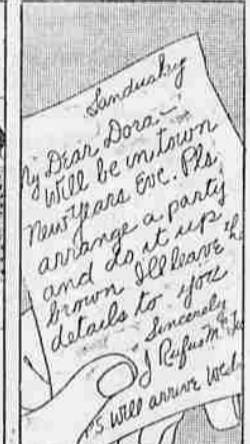
## COUNTERFEITERS RING CAUGHT

## JACKIE COOGAN ON HEILIG BILL

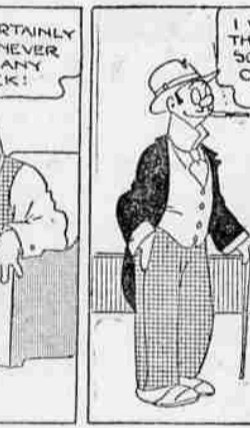
"Old Clothes," a Jackie Coogan production which is now showing at the Heilig theatre is declared to be one of the best films yet produced by the youthful star. Jackie is at his best in this play many declare who have seen his latest production. The play is on the order of his previous film, "The Rag Man."  
The cast includes some noted actors among whom are: Max Davidson, Lillian Elliot, Jean Crasford, Alan Forest, James Mason

By Chick Young

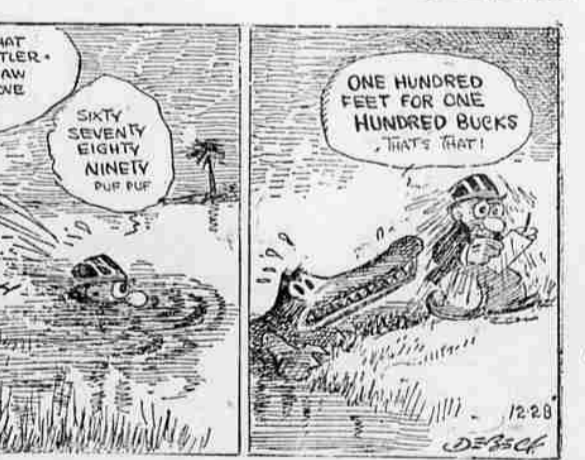
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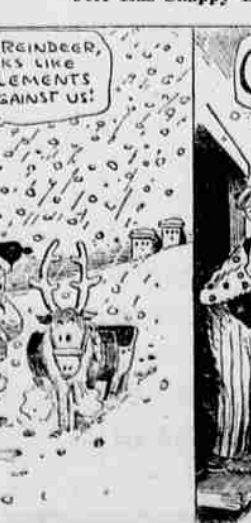
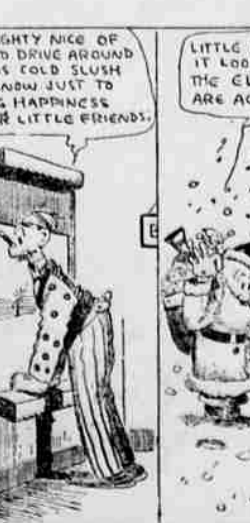
### BRINGING UP FATHER



### BARNEY GOOGLE



### MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher