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

The New Fashions

More miles to the gallon is the popular slogan for the autoist and more dresses to the yard seems to be the maxim of dame fashion, for the press dispatches are replete with delineations of new styles absorbingly interesting to femininity but mystifying to mere man. Evidently the progress of the fair sex towards Mother Eve's simple and hygienic fig leaf continues uninterrupted as a flimsiness lighter than thistle-down and a transparency that leaves little to the imagination replaces the cruder fabrics of the unemancipated age.

The skirts are to be "very, very short" leaving a hiatus above the rolled sox making for chapped knees when old Boreas gets into action. However, white monkey fur trimmings will keep the hiatus warm. The rapidly receding waist line lands below the hips, somewhere in the hiatus—if it lands at all. "Nude visionette vests" whatever they may be, with gun-metal buttons are featured, while the "flapper silhouette" has joined the hoop-skirt in the discard.

The prevailing colors are newly created for the occasion and remind one of the new peonies and gladioli; neptune, a light water green; romance, a rose coral; autumn, a golden brown, and gypsy, a deep wine shade—all attesting the infinite variety of fashion.

As my lady's complexion nowadays, changes like the chameleon's, with the color of her apparel, so must it reflect the entrancing hues of her gossamer garb. Ears, after a long eclipse, may again be glimpsed, but they must be tinted from flesh color to deep cerise, to blend harmoniously with the environment, while finger-nails will be painted in various hues to match the gown. We never knew what finger nails were for before, but there is no reason why lovely woman should not have ten resplendent gems to adorn her digits, changing their hues along with her costumes.

When it comes to woman crowning beauty, her shorn tresses, a wonderful vista is opened by fashion's new decrees. There is leeway for artistry and temperament. The hair is to be cut on the bias, long on one side, bobbed the rest of the way, and draped about the head to camouflage long hair, after the fashion of middle-aged men seeking to hide their baldness. It will be permissible with longer frocks, instead of draping, to wear the hair on one side of the head, in two or three curls down the chin line, colored, we presume to suit the occasion. Another, or Madonna type, will part the hair in the middle, smooth, with a knob at the nape of the neck for a resplendent buckle.

However, masculinity is interested, not so much in the mysterious processes, by which the fair sex enhance their beauty or struggle to attain it, for it has not the mentality to master their mystery, but in the fearful and wonderful effects, and looks forward with as much joyful anticipation to the ever-changing panorama presented by the fantasies of feminine fashion as it does to a performance of the gaudy girls.

In the meantime, what is mere man doing to emancipate himself from the rigid formula of uncomfortable and unattractive clothes and seek his freedom in the evolution of a glorified BVD? Nothing, or worse than nothing. A slave to convention, and entirely lacking either in artistry or imagination, he is further than the savage from either comfortable or beautiful apparel. Apparently he must wait until the superior sex, having attained their objective, and recovered the fashions of the Garden of Eden, takes him vigorously in hand and reforms his apparel to harmonize with theirs.

The Man the Women Loved

By RUBY M. AYRES

MOLLIE LEARNS THE TRUTH

During the afternoon Mrs. Dawe

coming into the room, saw the

learn on her daughter's cheeks.

"What are you crying for?" she

demanded truculently. "About

Dorothy still? Well, and as it is, I

consider she has only herself to

thank."

"Oh, Mother, don't say that."

"I do say it," Mrs. Dawe main-

tained shortly. "What did she want

to be riding horseback about the

village alone for, I should like to

know?"

"She has always ridden about

alone," Mollie defended her friend

tremulously. "It was just a dread-

ful accident."

Mrs. Dawe sat down in an arm-

chair and dragged a cushion be-

neath her untidy head.

"John Morland will marry again,

of course," she said complacently.

"And a fine catch he will be for

some fortunate girl."

"Oh, Mother!" There was shame

and horror in Mollie's voice. "How

can you think of such things

now?"

Mrs. Dawe laughed unkindly.

"Don't be so absurd, Mollie. I

know the world and I know men,

and I know that they are fickle

creatures. In a year's time, per-

haps less, John will be leaving his

appetite and mooning about after

Number Two."

Mollie left her work and walked

out of the room. In her brave, un-

selfish soul she felt that life was

truer and just, than met her in

the hall.

"A lady," he announced, and

pointing a not over-clear finger

know there was nothing I could

do."

Isabel broke in:

"You, there is. That's why I've

come. It's John! Mollie, he hasn't

spoken or shed a tear since this

morning when she died. It's too

awful to see him. We can't rouse

him. It's just as if only his body

is there, and that the rest of him

has gone so far away that we can't

reach him. Mother is breaking her

heart, and the doctors are worried

to death. They say he must cry, or

he will lose his reason."

"Is he—la he alone?"

"Patrick Heffron is with him,

but even he can do no good—and

so I thought—you were Dorothy's

friend—she was fond of you, and

I thought that if you would speak

to John—if you would just speak

to him about—her!"

A little convulsion of fear swept

through Mollie's heart. To ask this,

of her! She could not bear it! Then

she caught herself sharply to-

gether, she was selfish to refuse.

She had been Dorothy's friend.

"Very well," she said quietly. "If

you'll just wait while I get my hat

and coat."

Mrs. Dawe called shrilly to her

as she came downstairs again.

"Where are you going?"

But for once Mollie did not an-

swer. She and Isabel went out into

the road together. It was growing

dark, and the sky was full of

clouds, from behind which a pale

moon occasionally peeped. There

seemed nothing to be said. In the

hearts of both girls life had sud-

denly called a full stop. It was

only when they reached the house

the air was heavy with the scent

of lilacs.

Mollie gave one swift glance at

the white shrouded figure on the

couch, and for a second she

blenched and her heart seemed to

stop beating before her eyes fell

upon the tragic man crouched be-

side it; then she forgot everything

else in a great rush of pity as she

swiftly crossed the room.

"John, dear John!" She went

down on her knees beside him and

Morland raised his head from be-

tween his hands and looked at her.

Such stony despair, such utter

hopelessness! Mollie had never

seen anything like it, had never

dreamt that such things could be,

but all the mother in her sprang

into being as she gazed upon this

man's ruined life, and with a sud-

den beautiful impulse she put her

arms round his neck, drawing his

head to her shoulder.

"Oh, John, poor, poor John!"

She felt him tremble against her,

felt how his whole body was torn

with sudden agonized emotion.

"I want her, Mollie, I want her!"

There was such dreadful self-

revelation in the cry—the utter-

ance of a despairing soul on the

very brink of hell, that for an in-

stant even Mollie's brave heart

quailed, then with a great effort

she controlled herself.

She smoothed his hair with tre-

mendous fingers, and eager sym-

pathy and understanding sent the

right words to his lips.

"You've got her, dear, she's

your's, always yours. Death can't

take away people we love. It can

only pull a blind down in between

us for a little while. She's yours

more now than she ever was."

The simple words touched the

right chord, laying warm, gentle

fingers on the ice which bound his

broken heart, and suddenly the

tears came and then dreadful sob-

bing, as he clung to her as if she

had been his mother and he a boy

at her knee, seeking for comfort.

Then after a long time he kissed

her cheek with shaking lips and

put her gently from him.

"Leave me alone now—just for

a little while!" And Mollie stum-

bled to her feet and went out of the

room and out of the house, for-

getting her hat and coat, half-blind

with her own tears and choking

with sobs, so that she had reached

the dark road before she realized

that she was not alone, and that

Patrick Heffron walked with her.

She stopped then, and tried to

speak, but he said gently:

"It's all right. Never mind me,

dear."

And they went on again silently,

till Mollie broke out into sudden

uncontrollable passion.

"Oh, I think God is cruel, cruel

to have taken her away! Why

couldn't it have been me, or some-

one else who isn't wanted?"

"Mollie, for God's sake—"

But she went on recklessly.

"It's broken John's heart. He'll

never be the same again. And she

was so young and happy."

"Happy!" He caught the word

up almost with a groan.

"Mollie, do you think she was

happy? Do you really think she

was? I'd give my soul if I could

believe it too."

They were at the Vicarage gates

now—where only last night they

had said goodbye with no thought

of this tragedy, and the pale moon-

light from the cloudy sky fell full

upon Heffron's drawn face as Mol-

lie looked up at him and dashed

her tears away.

"She must have been happy,

surely!" she said quickly, recog-

nizing the pain in his voice and all

eagerness to comfort him. "She

had everything in the world she

could want, and John adored her.

And then there was the baby—oh,

the poor darling baby. Pat—"

A swift inexplicable look crossed

Heffron's face—was it shame, or

fear, or sorrow—or a strange mix-

ture of all three, which for a flash-

ing moment revealed itself to her

before he turned his head away?

Mollie did not know, could not tell;

she only knew that something

Coming to the Elsinore For Three Days



Scene from ROLAND WEST'S production of "THE BAT"



"Darling Love," with Elaine Hammerstein, will be the photo-play offered at the Elsinore thea-

tre Friday only in connection with

the varied program of Associa-

tion vaudeville. The attraction is

a scene adaptation of Albert Pay-

son Terhune's well-known novel,

"Driftwood," an unusually drama-

tic story of the romance which en-

tered the life of an entertainer in

a tawdry little cafe. The regener-

ating power of love is depicted in

graphic sequences.

Coming to the Oregon for a two-

day run starting Friday night is

"The Pleasure Buyers," from the

novel by Arthur Somers Roche,

a high-speed mystery drama. The

photo-play reaches a thrillingly

logical but unexpected denouement and has moments of suspense that no previous hint of the plot should be permitted to spoil. The continuity follows the shooting of Gena Cassens as she sits in a chair in his luxurious home at a gay resort. Circumstantial evidence points to six possible persons.

One of the costliest mystery melodramas ever made in extravagant Hollywood, "The Bat," will be offered at the Elsinore beginning Saturday and closing Monday night. The photoplay is Roland West's production of the famous novel by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood, and the stage play produced by Wagnhals and Kemper. Wherever exhibited "The Bat" has drawn capacity audiences which have been baffled as to the identity of the little character until the closing moment of the attraction. Every member of the cast of "The Bat" was required to take an oath not to reveal the roles portrayed and no one was permitted beyond a "deadline" on the sets while the scenes were being taken. While the general plot of the novel and stage production has been followed, new complications to baffle the audience and to provide plenty of comedy have been included to avoid the maxim that "all gasps and no laughs" produce a dull picture.

MISS HALL HOME

Woodburn, Aug. 13.—Miss Merle Hall, who has been teaching the past four years in the Lewiston normal school, arrived home recently to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Hall. Miss Hall was accompanied by her friend, Miss Faith Vince of Pollock, Idaho, and the two are leaving today for a week at Newport.

RETURN TO PORTLAND

Woodburn, Aug. 13.—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dubois and children of Portland returned to their home yesterday after three weeks at the home of Mrs. Dubois' brothers Mat and Ben Miller.

By Chick Young