

Capital Journal

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

Creating a Payroll

Saturday the Oregon Linen Mills shipped to linen mills on the Atlantic coast 5000 pounds of weaving yarns it had manufactured, for which it will receive around \$2000. The raw material used in making the yarns cost the mill not to exceed \$800, part of which went to farmers growing the flax. Of the \$1200 difference between the cost of raw material and the value of the yarn \$800 went into payroll, the balance into other operating expenses leaving a small margin of the profit for the company.

If this flax had been shipped to other markets, the returns to the community would have been \$800. The \$800 paid employees and the money spent for power, heat and general expenses, would not have been available for distribution in the community. Some for the 40 people employed at the mill would have been idle.

If the mill, instead of shipping the yarn for manufacture into linen in the east, had been financed so as to operate its other machinery, it could have woven it into 18 inch crash such as is found on sale in all dry goods and department stores. This would have grossed \$2600 in sold unbleached, or if sold bleached, \$3000. The \$800 worth of raw material would have been increased in value \$2200 and 60 people have been employed instead of 40 as at present.

If instead of making crash, fully bleached and hemmed towels had been made, and the mill has made such products, the product could have been sold for \$4000, and the number of employees increased to 75. The plant contains all the required machinery and equipment for carrying through the various processes from raw material to finished commodity for all kinds of linen—only the capital for operating expenses is lacking. The value of the linen mill to the community can thus be summarized:

\$800 worth of raw material—the growing of which profits the farmer, and the processing of which is benefiting the taxpaying by furnishing profitable occupation to prison inmates and gradually making the penitentiary self supporting, produces \$2000 worth of yarn, which gives employment to 40 persons in the mill. The use of this yarn to make crash towels, makes a product worth \$3000, and employs 60 persons in the making. Its use to make bleached and hemmed towels makes a product worth \$4000 and employs 75 persons in the manufacture. Utilized in fine linen products, many more persons are employed and the value of the output doubled.

These figures show the value of the flax industry to the community and the necessity for adequate financing this community owned factory in order that a payroll essential to the prosperity of the community be created. There is a good market for all the flax products that can be turned out. No better flax is grown anywhere than in the Willamette natural conditions, it can be successfully grown, because of the climatic conditions are perfect for its manufacture.

On every pound of raw material shipped out for distant factories to manufacture, Salem is losing the payroll employed in its manufacture, for it could all be manufactured here, and the finished product marketed instead of the raw material. Only last week orders were accepted by the mill for 1000 yards of finished cloth, which has been woven in the past few weeks, while inquiries from San Francisco and Los Angeles for similar products have had to be turned down because the plant is not in full operation.

As before stated, the Oregon Linen Mills is a community financed and owned concern. Failure of subscribers to pay their stock subscriptions to the extent of approximately \$150,000 has left the company owing \$75,000 on a \$450,000 investment. To pay off this debt and provide adequate working capital, a bond issue has been authorized for \$150,000. Stockholders are asked to protect their own interests by subscribing to 30 percent in bonds of their stock investment, none of which to be called for until \$75,000, which will clear off indebtedness, has been subscribed.

The subscribing stockholders will then retain the same proportional interest in the venture, through the bonds that they have in stock and keep the institution an Oregon controlled affair. Unless the stockholders respond, it is almost certain to result in closing down the plant and the liquidation of the company with heavy loss to all concerned, including Salem and Oregon.

Here is a chance to establish a new basic industry that must not be passed up, if we are to continue to grow and progress. The establishment of one successful mill will bring others and insure future prosperity. Do not overlook it. Subscribe to the bonds for they are a community investment.

MYRA

THE STORY OF ONE GIRL WHO DARED

By MABEL GREENE

CHAPTER VI
What Has Gone Before
MYRA NASH, jobless in New York, with a capital of eighty-five cents, has been turned down for the position of companion to the small daughter of
MAIZIE MORRIS, musical comedy star, because of the latter's jealousy of
SAM HORNE, theatrical producer, who is infatuated with Myra's blonde beauty. Myra accepts a dinner invitation from Horne and they drive to a roadhouse in the outskirts of the city. Horne becomes drunk during the evening and when Myra asks to be taken home he refuses.
Murray Turns Rescuer
Not knowing what to do, Myra did nothing save to sit still for a full minute while she strove to rest.
Her mind was a chaos of conflicting ideas—she dallied with the thought of appealing to the tinkers for assistance, but from the publicity that

means of escape might bring.
Horne slouched across the table, his drink splashing in the glass he held loosely in his uncertain hand. His other reached out to grasp Myra's wrist, but she eluded him, and slipped through the screen door into the outer darkness. Her companion half-rose to follow her, then with a muttered curse subsided into his chair to finish his drink.
Myra stumbled on the gravel path as she ran, but terror pushed her on. She reached the open gate of the inn grounds and the road to New York lay in front of her before she slackened into a walk.
Her breath was coming in great sobs. She went more slowly and finally stopped for a moment to rest.
"I must get away from the road if a car comes—he might follow me," she thought to herself. "Oh, the beast—the nasty beast!" She began to cry, the tears streaming

down her face as she leaned against a road-sign.
Suddenly, through the night she heard the sound of steps. Someone was following her! Too worn out to run, she sank by the side of the road, a sobbing, huddled figure in the darkness.
Her pursuer came up to her and a man's voice said:
"There, there. Don't cry. You're perfectly safe now."
Myra looked up. It was Horne's chauffeur.
"Go away," she screamed, hysterically. "Don't touch me—I won't go back to that horrid man—I won't—I won't!"
"Well, nobody wants you to," came the retort, half-conciliatory, half-amused. "If you'll hush that squawking and listen a minute you'll see that I'm trying to help you."
Myra stopped sobbing and drew a deep breath. She got to her feet slowly. Her woman's intuition told her that she was safe.
Her companion's voice came like a whip.
"You're another of these modern girls, eh?" he sneered. "So almighty independent until you bump your nose, and then you howl as loud as the Lord'll let you."
Myra's head came up with a jerk. She disdainfully, but made as though to move away along the road.
"Wait a minute—wait a minute! How do you think you're going to get back to town at this time of the night?"
"I can walk," Myra snapped, thoroughly angry now that the reaction from her terror had come.
The chauffeur laughed.
"You're a spunky one," he commented. "If you'll wait here a few minutes I'll get the car and drop you at the bus line about two miles down the road."
"Won't he—won't Mr. —?"
"Now—he's 'plastered' so he don't know where he is. He'll stay put until I come back and take him home. Stay here a sec.—" He slipped off into the darkness.
In a few minutes Myra saw the big car swing through the gates and as it drew alongside of her the headlights were switched on.
"All right, sister," called the driver. Myra thankfully climbed into the front seat.
"I don't want to ride inside," she shuddered.
"Huh!—you got that bright idea about four hours late."
In a few minutes the car entered onto the main highway, now in deep shadow.
"You'll just about make the last bus—yes, there's her lights across that hill. Be along past here in a minute or two."
Myra touched his sleeve with a timid hand.
"I don't know how to thank you," she began.
The driver swung around and faced her.
"Forget it," he rejoined. "It's all in the day's work."
As he sounded his horn to signal the approaching bus, a sudden thought entered his mind.
"See here—how much money have you got?"
"Eighty-five cents."
"Phew—here, you take this." He slipped a bill into her hand, and as Myra drew back he said:
"It's just a loan—you'll need it."
"How'll I know how to repay you?" Myra hesitated.
"I know where you live—I'll keep track of you until you do pay me," he laughed.
Myra climbed aboard the empty bus with a sinking feeling in her heart, and as the conveyance lumbered cityward she yielded to utter despair. The driver could not hear from his glass compartment in front and there was no conductor

on this late trip, the motorman alone performing the two duties. She gave way to unrestrained sobs. Her fingers reached for a handkerchief finally and encountered the square of pasteboard on which Horne had scrawled the message to Hammerfeld. She recoiled as though she had touched a snake, made as if to destroy the message, and then stopped suddenly.
"Maybe it will be valuable, even if I did give him the slip," she soliloquized. She put the card back into her purse, and wiped her eyes, vainly trying to restore her face and hair to some semblance of neatness.
It seemed hours later when the bus drew up to the subway station at Times Square. Myra slipped out and down the stairs to the south-bound train, which deposited her at a corner just two blocks from her boarding-house.
The clock in the Metropolitan Tower chimed 3 o'clock as she ascended the steps and rumbled in her bag for the door key.
It was gone!
There was nothing to do but ring the bell and arouse her landlady. That bus, middle-aged woman came to the door finally, but when her eyes fell on Myra and she noted the girl's disheveled appearance, she made known her disapproval in shrill tones.
"I s'pose, I can't be too particular about the comings and goings of my guests," she said with suspicion in her voice. "Not so long as they pay their honest debts. But I'll thank you for your room tomorrow morning, miss, and not a minute later."
Myra hurriedly retreated up the dingy stairs as the woman warned to her theme, and gained the refuge of her room.
"What a night," she thought between bitter, hopeless tears. "Where

where—will I go? What SHALL I do?"
HISTORIANS AIDED BY CORNERSTONES
Paris (AP)—Archaeologists of the future, probing into the remains of what was once the city of Paris, will have little difficulty in identifying the American Church of Paris and in ascertaining the exact date of its erection.
In a hermetically sealed glass tube contained in a leaden case which has been placed in the cornerstone of the new edifice of the American church now under construction in the Quai d'Orsay, has been deposited a document intended as a guide for historians as yet unborn. It has written upon it the name and description of the church in more than a dozen languages, including English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Greek, Hebrew, Latin and Syrian.
The exact date of the church's cornerstone laying is stated in letters and characters of every type now known to man. It is moreover given in relation to every type of known chronology, not only those in actual use such as the Christian Era, the Hebrew, the Mohammedan, etc., but also in terms of those which passed into disuse centuries ago.
BERLINERS ENJOY AMERICAN MUSIC
Berlin (AP)—The musical world of Berlin has been extending its acquaintance with American compositions through the arrival here of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague-Coolidge of Washington, Chicago, and Pittsfield, Mass., who two years ago endowed a musical library and concert hall connected with the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.
Under her auspices, the Kolisch Quartet has been giving perform-

ances at the Bechstein hall of pieces of chamber music dedicated to her by Arthur Bliss, Ottorino Respighi, Ernest Bloch (Berkshire Festival Prize Winner) and Arnold Schoenberg.
Other American composers on the program are Fred Jacoby of New York and Charles Morison Loeffler of Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Sprague-Coolidge who came to Berlin after visiting Venice, Vienna and Prague, is proceeding to Amsterdam, Brussels and Paris to introduce American talent there.
Berlin musical critics are appreciative of the American composers' works. Some of them indulge in the melancholy reflection: "We haven't any wealthy women in Germany who give 1000 dollar prizes for chamber music competitions."
Elizabeth Day of New York was among the early autumn artists who initiated the Berlin concert season. She appeared in a program of "lieder" by Robert Franz Schubert, and Brahms.
This is the third season of Mrs. Day's appearance on the German concert stage. She has a large following, especially in the American colony, and has gained the respect and approval of critics known for the severe standards they apply.

WOMEN NOT INVADING ENGLISH COURT ROOM
London (AP)—Women are taking up positions in almost every sphere of life hitherto monopolized by men, but there is one place in the heart of London where no woman is ever allowed.
This place is judicial chambers in the law courts. The work is done by former soldiers and during the general clean-up preparatory to reopening the courts this week and one of them told an enquirer "no woman is ever allowed to clean out a judge's room, or his library or his court. Not likely."
Before the war, the thousands of rooms, and four and a half miles of corridors were kept by men only. During the war period a certain number of women were taken on, but these have been reduced to about 20 and the rest of the work is divided between 90 male workers or ushers as they are called.
Even during the war period, women were not allowed to enter the sacred precincts of a judge's room, and the flowers in the vases, the curtains and other little domestic details were all done by the hands of male ushers.

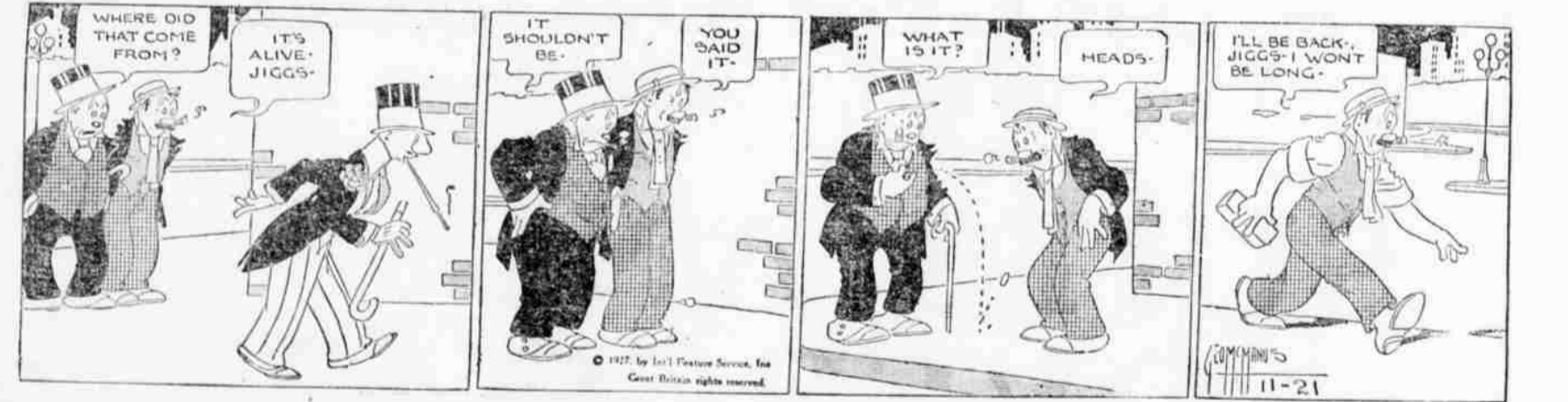
YOUNGSTER, 17, UP FOR SECOND CHANCE
Berlin (AP)—"First marriage?" The license clerk automatically wrote "yes." The bride was 17.
"No," she replied, "previously divorced."
Marriage statistics for Prussia reveal that this youthful divorcee is not an isolated case. Among the brides in the age group between 17 and 19, five had been already divorced, two were widows. A round of 10,000 were entering matrimony under 19 years of age.

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE



MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher