

Progress and Development in the ELECTRIC AND GAS INDUSTRIES

In Salem and Vicinity During the Year 1914

The following figures show the confidence of the owners of the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company in the future growth and prosperity of Salem

Additional Investments Made in Salem and Vicinity by the P. R. L. & P. Co. in 1914

For additional poles and wires	\$19,725.20
For additional gas pipes	3,389.50
For installing poles and wires in alleys and removing same from streets	6,325.79
For sundry additions to gas and electric plants	462.09
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	\$29,902.58

Cash Paid Out IN SALEM and Vicinity by the P. R. L. & P. Co. During 1914

For labor	\$51,481.74
For material, supplies, etc.	13,353.41
For taxes, licenses, assessments, etc.	8,440.84
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	\$73,275.99

Salem to Be Linen Center

That the growth of flax is destined to be one of the great industries of the Willamette valley is accepted as a certainty by every person who has ever looked into the matter. The climatic conditions here are perfect for the proper handling of the straw and putting it in shape for parting with its fibre.

It is not a new proposition, for an old Belgian flax expert, Mr. Eugene Bosse, has demonstrated that conditions here are ideal, and that the growing and handling of the crop are both possible and profitable. Mr. Bosse twice in a small way began the manufacturing of flax products, here, but both times his plant was destroyed by fire. These were said to be incendiary origin, and somehow the idea prevailed that the factories were destroyed at the behest of foreign linen manufacturers. While this is improbable, and the fires probably due to accident, it can be said now that no cause exists for the act being repeated. The factories of Belgium are wiped out, and it is not probable there will be a flax crop raised for several years in that country. Certainly not until the war ends, and then not until factories can be rebuilt and business again resumed. Outside of Belgium, Ireland is the great linen producer, and with the markets bare of linen, which they will be shortly, she cannot begin to supply the demand.

Fiber Is the Best.

For these reasons the time is now most opportune for taking the industry up and getting it on its feet within the next two or three years.

The fibre grown here is of the very best quality, and the flax raised by Mr. Bosse to Belgium were awarded first prize over the very finest Belgian product.

The matter was taken up a year or two ago, but was "killed with kindness," as too much was undertaken. It was proposed at that time to raise \$150,000 for establishing a plant here, and it could not be done "off-hand." The proper plan will be to commence in a small way, get a fair acreage planted next year and enough machinery to prepare the fiber for shipment to the east. Once it is demonstrated to the linen manufacturers of the east that Oregon fiber is the equal at least to any in the world, and that the supply will be made to equal the demand, and the question of "plant" will settle itself. With an unlimited amount of new material and the greater and cheapest water power in the world easily available, the plants will come, will be erected by eastern capital, and the industry will take care of itself. All it wants is a chance, and that chance it is up to Salem people to give it.

It is an ideal product from the city's view, for it means the employment of a large number of people throughout the year, and a payroll that will affect all branches of business. The commercial club has taken hold of it, and it is hoped will perfect a plan for giving the flax business in all its primary

stages, at least, a thorough try-out.

Salem a Linen Center.

The Willamette valley will be some day the linen center of the world, whether we get it started now or not, for here in Oregon, and practically here alone, are the climatic conditions ideal for the business.

The immigration department would not see too closely the coming of a few Belgians to this country, and while it is against the law, and properly so, to assist immigrants in getting here, the aiding of a few of those unfortunate people to locate here would perhaps be permissible. A loan or so understanding the growing of flax and its preparation, would be of great assistance in starting the matter, and which just now there are perhaps few in Belgium, certainly among the million interested in Holland, there are many who understand flax culture and handling. Correspondence with the American minister to Holland or the American consul at some of the larger cities, would easily secure the right persons, and arrangements could then be made for getting them here.

However, whatever is done in the matter, the one thing to avoid is undertaking too much or in the proverbial language of the cowboy camp, "bitting off more than we can chew."

Salem must have factories if she is to grow, and to have them she must have something to manufacture. Flax is the solution of the problem, for it is one of the products that provides employment the year around, and there is practically no limit to the possibilities of the industry. For the next five years, at least, flax and all flax products will command big prices, and never again will conditions be so favorable for putting the industry on its feet and making it a success.

Mr. Glumm on Christmas.

My old friend Mr. Glumm declares that holidays are all a sell. They interfere with our affairs and cost a lot of cash as well. And yet his words cannot provoke my envy for his hoarded sum. I'd rather find myself dead broke than view the world like Mr. Glumm.

He vows that festival events
Are but rehearsals for ill health.
He tastes no pleasant condiments
Unless, perchance, 'tis done by stealth.
But when dyspepsia cannot make
My views of life to his succumb,
I'd rather have a stomach ache
Than nurse a grouch like Mr. Glumm.
—Washington Star.

Christmas Sentiments.

The real spirit of Christmas is giving, not getting.
As you would that men do unto you,
So ye even so to them.
The world is full of the people who ask so much of what they can do and that they are going to do that they ever have time to begin. Christmas is a splendid opportunity for ac-

CHRISTMAS AGAIN!

Once more the hallowed, glorious Christmas time is upon the earth. At last the long year of toil over tools and arts and industries is all but ended. The Christmas festival, dedicated to happiness and good will, has come. This morning the whole city has awakened to quadruple joy. The very atmosphere of our earth is rosy, stained with the rich colors of the heart. All windows are bright with holly and evergreen. Parents have discovered that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Joy runs riot in the heart of little children. Youth overflows with animal spirits. Suddenly the aged have shed their years and become young again. Before the light had fully dawned the carols had begun to be heard in the churches. And every passing hour will behold larger multitudes thronging to these temples of the soul. All feel that no flowers are sweet enough, no songs bright enough, no gifts rich enough for the Christmas day. For once all strife and animosity have disappeared from the market place.—Rev. Newell D. Hillis, D. D.

THE BIG CHRISTMAS

THE trust magnate was breakfasting sitting opposite his handsome, haughty looking wife. The room was done in oak and tapestry, and in the great fireplace a fire of Yule logs burned.

He was iron gray, thin, tired looking, with an occasional attractive twinkle in his eye. She was inclined to be stout; her hair was snow white, elaborately dressed. A shadowy sweetness lingered in the corners of her mouth.

"Do you remember one Christmas day, so many years ago," she questioned him. "When we were so poor we had no dinner?"

"Clearly. And now we have no digestion," he remarked.

"And one Christmas when you were so ill and we were in a hotel and so uncomfortable?"

He nodded cheerfully.

"You are forgetting the big Christmas," he remarked.

"We've had so many of them together," she said, "it makes me feel quite old and a little bit sad."

"Think back," he said, "to one Christmas night that we were together in a sleigh on the old mill road. There were stars in the sky, and it was cold. You were snuggling close to me."

"Why, Harry, we weren't engaged

then.

"You were one of those snugglesome girls, Mary. I repeat, you were crowding me some, but I didn't mind it. You wore a red knitted hood that under your chin and a—tipper—yes, that's it, a tipper of white fur with little black specks on it like a cat."

"Ermine, you foolish boy."

"And suddenly we bumped over something and you were scared, and the next thing—you had kissed me."

"It was you that kissed me. The idea—why?"

"How could I? I was driving. You deliberately kissed me, Mary. Don't deny it after all these years."

"I don't remember it, Harry."

"I remember it distinctly, for I had always wanted to; but, being a modest youth, I was afraid. But that delightful bump in the road broke the ice. I dropped the reins and asked you to marry me. You said yes. You remember now, don't you?"

She was blushing faintly, and the shadows that had been dimples deepened at her lips. She nodded her head.

"The horse jumped. Over went the sleigh, and we tumbled into a big snow-drift, not quite knowing what was the matter. The horse, being the one lively stable back in the place, was used to horses, so he just stood still, looking back at us while I fought the cutter and lifted you in. We were the happiest two in the world, weren't we?"

"Yes," she said softly.

"That was the big Christmas, Mary."

A CHRISTMAS ARMFUL



FIRE AT BAY CITY.

Bay City, Ore., Dec. 17.—The cannery of the Bay City Storage & Fisheries company, on Siletz bay, was destroyed by fire early today. The loss is estimated at \$25,000 with only partial insurance. The safe was the only thing of value saved. Fifty people were employed in the cannery. The cause of the fire is not known.

SELLING OR BUYING, THE JOURNAL WANT ADS ARE WHAT YOU NEED.

Merry Christmas

During the year just passing our business has shown a substantial increase over last year. In order to better care for our present volume of trade, and to be better prepared to care for the increase we expect next year, we have extensively remodelled the interior of our store.

We extend to you a cordial invitation to call and inspect our new arrangement, for we want you to see for yourself how well we are prepared to care for your orders.

Next week, December 21, 22, 23 and 24, we are offering some special inducements in seasonable goods, which will make it more than worth your while to give us a call. Watch for our advertisement in Monday's Journal.

We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

WARD K. RICHARDSON

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